THE COMPLETE
DRAMATIC AND POETICAL WORKS
OF
WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

WITH A
SUMMARY OUTLINE OF
THE LIFE OF THE POET,
And a Description of His Most Authentic Portraits;
COLLECTED FROM THE LATEST AND MOST RELIABLE SOURCES,
BY
JOHN S. HART, LL.D.,
LATE PROFESSOR OF RHETORIC AND THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE AND LITERATURE IN
THE COLLEGE OF NEW JERSEY, ETC., ETC.
TO WHICH IS APPENDED A
Descriptive Analysis of the Plot of Each Play;
TOGETHER WITH
AN ALPHABETICAL INDEX TO THE CHARACTERS OF SHAKESPEARE'S PLAYS,
AN INDEX TO FAMILIAR PASSAGES, AND A COMPLETE GLOSSARY
OF THE WORDS USED IN THE TEXT THAT VARY FROM
THEIR MODERN SIGNIFICATION.

THE TEXT EDITED BY
W. G. CLARK AND W. A. WRIGHT.
WITH
Twenty-Five Full-Page Illustrations
BY
THE MOST EMINENT ENGLISH AND GERMAN SHAKESPEARIAN ARTISTS.

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THE Publishers of "The Avon Shakespeare" are well aware of the many editions of Shakespeare that have already issued from the press of both England and America, but they have, nevertheless, been induced to undertake the publication of the present volume by the generally expressed desire for a book in large, clear type, the text of which should embody the latest revisions of the best Shakespearian scholars. As the readings of Messrs. Clark and Wright have been carefully followed, it is believed this result has been most fully achieved.

The graphically descriptive Life, by Dr. John S. Hart, is rich with new and varied information, gleaned by the accomplished hand of the author from the late discoveries made by Shakespearian antiquaries, who have been stimulated in their untiring researches after all relating to the great poet's life by the ever increasing, never flagging, public interest in one of whom his personal friend "Rare Ben Jonson" said, "Neither man nor muse can praise too much."

In the typographical arrangement of this work new features have been introduced,—each page being indexed at the page-head with the Scene and Act, while through the printed text, by means of the dark displayed type, the eye catches, without an effort, the main points or characters that appear on that page; an advantage the student cannot fail to heartily appreciate.

A Descriptive Analysis of the Plots of the Plays, prepared with great care by Mr. Julius Frankel, is presented as peculiar to this edition. By it the reader is enabled to gain, if so desired, a clear understanding of the story of the plot before reading the text of the play.

The Alphabetical Index to the Characters in Shakespeare's Plays, The Index to Familiar Passages, and the very complete Glossarial Index, are valuable features, important or essential to the fullest understanding of Shakespeare's works by either the student or the general reader. The Illustrations are from drawings by the most celebrated artists who have made the study of Shakespeare's plays a specialty.

The publishers desire here to express their thanks to Mr. J. Parker Norris for much valuable information and assistance given during the progress of the work.
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A SUMMARY OUTLINE
OF THE
LIFE OF SHAKESPEARE;
WITH A
Description of His Most Authentic Portraits.

CHAPTER I.

Marvelous Ignorance of the English Nation in regard to the personal history of their greatest author—dictum of Steevens on the subject, 1773—Recent awakening to the importance of the inquiry—organized efforts in the last fifty years to rescue from oblivion whatever in the life of Shakespeare has not absolutely perished—success of these labors.

To the observer of our literary history, who stands at the head of King James's reign, and looks down the current towards the present time, the very first object in the foreground is one proudly eminent, an object not unlike the pyramid of Cheops, as seen by the traveller, which, whether you go up or down the Nile, whether you penetrate its rich valley from the east over the sand-hills of Arabia, or from the west across the trackless desert of Sahara,—from whatever quarter of the horizon you approach,—is the first object to strike, the last to fade from the vision. So is it here. Whether we approach the year 1600 travelling backwards from the names of Longfellow, Tennyson, Wordsworth, Coleridge, Byron, and Scott; or descend towards the same point from the author of Piers the Plowman, Chaucer, Wyatt, Surrey, Sidney, and Spenser, whether we cross the current of our literature by a transition from that of Germany, France, Spain, Italy, or the Orient,—from whatever quarter of the literary horizon we direct our gaze towards the point indicated, one object stands proudly eminent, one name rises spontaneously on every tongue—the greatest name in all English, in all modern, perhaps, absolutely, in all literature. Shakespeare possibly may not be read as much, he certainly is not acted as much, as he once was. But he is studied more; he is better known; his fame is steadily in the ascend. His star is confessedly higher and brighter now than it was at the beginning of the present century; it has risen perceptibly within the last twenty-five years; it is even yet far from having reached its meridian.

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

This statement, at the time it was made, was substantially true. It is hardly an exaggeration to say that the English nation, at the end of a century and a half from the death of their greatest author, knew less of his life, if less were possible, than we now know of Homer's, after the lapse of nearly thirty centuries. It is, in fact, in comparatively recent times only that the lives of men of letters have been counted as forming any important element in the history of a race. If a man fought a battle, or negotiated a treaty, or held a place at court, or was prominently connected in any way with the civil or military administration
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to be a collection of absurd and contradictory traditions; and, on the other, has become something more than a mere tissue of dates and legal entries. He has become, indeed, to some reasonable extent, personally known.

CHAPTER II.


THE date of Shakespeare's birth is not exactly known. The nearest approach to it that we have is the day of his baptism, which is found in the parish register of Stratford. He was baptized April 26, 1564. As baptism in those days followed close upon birth, the probabilities are that Shakespeare was born within three or four days of the date of his baptism; and as the 23d of April is the day consecrated to St. George, the tutelary saint of England, Englishmen have been not unwilling to assume that Shakespeare was born on that day. Moreover, unvarying tradition—which must be allowed its weight of authority where historic evidence is wanting—has uniformly assigned the 23d of April as the day on which the Great Poet was born; and accordingly that day is now, as it ever has been, celebrated as his natal day all over the world.

Of Shakespeare's parentage we now know several important particulars,—important, because they contradict and set aside some of the absurd traditions respecting the poet himself. To the intelligent comprehension of the problem of Shakespeare's authorship, it is necessary to know something of his original condition in life—whether he was of gentle blood or of base, whether, in the technical sense of the word, he was educated or was merely self-taught, can make his writings neither worse nor better. But the circumstances of his birth and education, his manner of living and his means of knowledge, do affect materially the inferences which may be drawn from his writings. They are essential conditions in the problem of his authorship.

John Shakespeare, the father of the poet, was originally, according to the best information thus far obtained, what would be called a "gentleman farmer." The description given by Harrison, in his introduction to Holinshed's Chronicles, published somewhere about 1580,* of a certain class of Englishmen in the days of Elizabeth, might, it is believed, fit very well the character and worldly circumstances of John Shakespeare. "This sort of people," says Harrison, "have a certain preciosity and more estimation than laborers and the common sort of artificers; and these commonly live wealthy, keep good houses, and travel to get riches. They are also, for the most part, farmers to gentlemen, or at the least wise artificers; with graving, frequenting of markets, and keeping of servants (not idle servants as the gentlemen do, but such as get both their own and part of their master's living), do come to great wealth, insomuch

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that many of them are able and do buy the lands of unthrifty gentlemen, and often settling their sons to the schools, to the universities, and to the Inns of the Court, or otherwise leaving them sufficient lands whenever they may like, without abate do make them by those means to become gentlemen." John Shakespeare seems to have been, during a considerable portion of his life, an incipient gentleman, somewhat after the same sort.

It further appears that he resided originally in a small village (Snitterfield) three miles from Stratford, that he went to Stratford about the year 1561, and engaged there in trade of some kind, made purchases of property, and continued to reside there during all the minority, at least, of his son William.

The name SHAKESPEARE was a familiar one in the county of Warwick, being found on record—in that county in six different places in the fifteenth century, twenty-two places in the sixteenth century, and thirty-two places in the seventeenth century. The name has in itself evidence of the occupation of its original holders. Verstegan, the antiquarian, in a work published in 1666, which would occur on the like, have been surnames imposed upon the first bearers of them for valor and feats of arms." Camden, under the same date, 1605, says that many ancient families are named "from that which they commonly carried; as, Palmer, that is, Pilgrim, for that they [the pilgrims] carried palms when they returned from Hierusalem; Long-sword, Broad-spear, For-tescue (that is, Strong-shield), and in some such respect, Break-speare, Shake-speare, Short-bolt Waggstaff." Fuller, in his Worthies of England, 1662, refers to the "warlike sound of his (the poet's) surname, whence," says he, "some may conjecture him of a military extraction,—Hauti-vibrans, or Shake-speare." Hall further records, in his Chronicle, already quoted, that after the battle of Bosworth Field, 1485, which secured the kingdom to Henry VII., "the king began to remember his especial friends and factors, of whom some he advanced to honor and dignity, and some he enriched with possessions and goods, every man according to his desert and merit." This Bosworth field is only thirty miles from Stratford, and one of the Warwickshire Shakespeares, apparently an ancestor of William, seems to have been among those who fought in this battle, and who was thus enriched with possessions and goods. It is furthermore a matter of record that a grant of arms was made to "John Shake-page, Shakespear, in the county of Warwick, gentleman," a grant first drafted in 1598, and afterwards confirmed in 1599, in which it is recited that "his great-grandfather, and late antecessor, for his faithful and approved service to the late most prudent Prince, Henry VII., of famous memory, was advanced and rewarded with lands and tenements, given to him in those parts of Warwickshire, where the said service was displayed by some descents in good reputation and credit." The grant of arms thus granted to the family contains a gold speard, headed with silver on a bend sable, on a field of gold, and also for its crest a falcon brandishing a spear. Spenser, in a passage generally believed to refer to Shakespeare, calls him Action, a name formed apparently from the Greek aure, an eagle, and says, his muse doth, like himself, "heroically sound," the poet's name, too, it is to be observed, was in that day sometimes printed as two words, connected by a hyphen, Shakes-phear.

The poet's mother was of an ancient and somewhat wealthy family, of the name of Aske. Arden is said, by Dugdale, the antiquarian, to be an old British word, and to signify "woodiness" or "woodland," and the family has been traced back to the time of Edward the Confessor. "In this place," says Dugdale, "I have the privilege to speak historically of that most ancient and worthy family, whose surname was first assumed from their residence in this part of the country, then and yet called Arden, by reason of its woodiness, the old Britons and Gauls using the word in that sense." Dugdale further says that Tur-chill de Warwick, "a man of especial note and power," and of great possessions in the time of the Conqueror, "was one of the first here in England that, in imitation of the Normans, assumed a surname, . . . and wrote himself Turchillus de Eardene [Turkll of Arden], in the days of King William Rufus." Sir John Arden, of this ancient family, was squire of the body to Henry VII. The office was in those days one of considerable importance. The squire only could array the royal person; no one else could set hand on the king. The squire carried the king's cloak when the latter walked out, and presented the potage when the king would drink, and slept at night in the presence-chamber, for the protection of his majesty's person.

Robert Arden, nephew of this Sir John, was groom of the chamber to the same Henry VII. This office also, though inferior to that of squire, was yet one of some mark. While the squire slept in the same apartment with the king, the groom slept in the same ante-room outside, to guard the door. He also presented the robes with which the squire arrayed the royal person, and performed various other offices of a like nature. Besides this office, the younger Arden received from Henry VII. a lease of the royal manor of Yoxall, in Staffordshire, and was likewise keeper of the royal park of Aideric. This Robert Arden, the younger, Groom of the Chamber to Henry VII., was grandfather of Mary Arden.

Thus it appears that both the Shakespeares and the Ardens were persons of consideration in Warwickshire, in the reign of Henry VII., and for the generation or two immediately succeeding.

Robert Arden, son of the Robert just named, at his death, in 1556, divided his estate, by will, among several children; but Mary, his youngest, appears for some reason, to have been prominent in his thoughts. She was one of the executors of his will, and received therein a special legacy in these words: "I give and bequeath to my youngest daughter, Mary, all my land in Willmecote, called Arden, and the crop upon the ground, sown and tilled as it is, and £6 13s. 4d. of money, to be paid over ere my goods be divided." This Willmecote estate consisted of about sixty acres of land and money, and is situated about three miles from Stratford, in the parish of Aston Cantlow.

I have said the skeleton of Shakespeare's history has been clothed with flesh and blood, by transferring to a few naked facts materials drawn from contemporary lenses literature. I now give a specimen of this mode of giving "to airy nothing a local habitation and a name." Suppose, in the first place, the extracts from the will just quoted. Next, suppose a line extracted from the parish register, being the official record of an interesting domestic occurrence a year
or two later. From these two facts a fertile imagination has woven a narrative somewhat after this wise:—Mary Arden! The very name breathes of poetry. But Mary is a mourner. Her father is dead, and she is now left without guidance, an heiress and an orphan. Mary lives, indeed, in a peaceful hamlet. But there are strange things around her,—things incomprehensible to a very young woman. When she goes to the parish church on Sunday, there are many things which she did not see there in her father's time. She hears the mass sung and sees the beads hidden. Once, certainly, within those walls she had heard a very different form of worship. She recollects that in her childhood the rich religious houses of the vicinity had been suppressed, their property confiscated, and their buildings torn down or defaced. Now there is apparently a new power trying to re-

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

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

store these institutions. There are around her mutual persecutions and heart-burnings,—neighbor warring against neighbor, friend against friend, parents against children, husband against wife. Mary muses on many things with an anxious heart. The wealthier Ardens of Kingsbury and Hampton, of Rotley and Rodbourne and Park Hall, are her very good cousins; but bad roads and bad times keep them separate; and so she leads a somewhat lonely life. But village gossip tells of a young man, a yeoman of the neighboring town, an acquaintance of her father's, who often comes to sit upon those wooden benches in the old hall. He is a substantial and cowardly young man, already a burgess in the village. From him she gathers useful suggestions as to the management of her little estate;

and their son had, without the shadow of a doubt, all the advantages of breeding and education usually derived from growing up in such a family and attending the village school. What the latter was we shall presently inquire.

John Shakespeare and Mary Arden were married probably in 1557, some time, at all events, between November 24, 1556, the date of Robert Arden's will, and September 15, 1558, the date of the baptism of their first child. This first child died in infancy. Their second died before it was a year old. Their third, William, as before stated, was baptized April 26, and is commonly reputed to have been born April 23, 1564. He was therefore the oldest of the family, excepting those that died in infancy.

* Altered from Knight, p. 11.
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CHAPTER III.

THE SHAKESPEARE HOUSE, ITS IDENTIFICATION AND HISTORY—EVIDENCE IT AFFORDS IN REGARD TO THE CIRCUMSTANCES OF SHAKESPEARE'S BOYHOOD—BAPTISMAL REGISTER OF THE SHAKESPEARE FAMILY—EVIDENCE IT GIVES IN REGARD TO THE COMPANIONSHIP OF THE BOY WILL SHAKESPEARE.

The house in which Shakespeare was born has been identified with sufficient certainty. It was situated in Henley Street, and was bought by John Shakespeare in 1556. He lived in this street, and most of the time in this house, from 1551, the time of his coming to Stratford, till 1601, the time of his death. The property passed, by inheritance or will, first to William Shakespeare, then to his eldest daughter, Susannah Hall, then to his granddaughter, Elizabeth Hall (afterwards Lady Barnard), and then to Thomas and George Hart, grandsons of Shakespeare's sister, Joan, who was married to William Hart, of Stratford. It remained in possession of the Hart family till about the year 1820, the last of that name who occupied it being the seventh in descent in a direct line from Joan Shakespeare, the sister of William. By special contributions, in 1849 this house was made the property of the nation. It has been restored as nearly as possible to its original condition three hundred years ago, has been filled with Shakespeare mementoes of every kind, and a fund has been set apart for the purpose of keeping it permanently in repair, and open to the inspection of visitors from all nations. Enough remains of the original structure to show that Shakespeare was born, and that he spent his boyhood and youth, in a home fully equal, in regard to the comforts and proprieties of life, to those common among the well-to-do burgheer class of England in the sixteenth century.

No one who wishes to trace the circumstances which have influenced, for good or evil, the growth of a great intellect, will overlook the companionship of childhood. Who were the youthful companions of William Shakespeare? The parish register of Stratford, after the date of William's baptism, contains among others the following entries of the Shakespeare family: Gilbert, baptized October 13, 1566; Joan, baptized April 15, 1569; Richard, baptized March 11, 1574; Edmund, baptized May 3, 1580.

Putting these dates together, and calling imagination once more to our aid, we find that when William was two and a half years old, Gilbert came to be his playmate; when William was five years old, that most precious gift to a loving boy, a sister, was granted, to grow up with him, and to find in him at once a playmate and a protector; at ten, he had another brother to lead out into the green fields; and at sixteen, the youngest was born, "the baby," whom William probably never regarded in any other light than as a plaything.

These things may be accounted mere fancies. I think they contain a doctrine. Selfishness and gloom are apt to Marry a country child. The baptismal register shows, in the childhood of Shakespeare, no cause at least for the existence of such morbid affections, as his writings give no evidence that such feelings ever did exist in his healthy and cheerful mind.

Stratford-upon-Avon is a small town in Warwickshire, ninety-six miles north-west from London. Its population in the time of Shakespeare was about fifteen hundred. The municipal government consisted of a bailiff, aldermen, and burgesses. The bailiff, or chief alderman, once a fortnight held a court. There was also a court-leet, which appointed "ale-tasters," a class of officers to prevent fraud in the quality of that important element in an Englishman's comfort. The court-leet appointed also affeerors, whose duty it was to punish citizens for various minor offences for which there was no express provision in the statutes. Last, there was the constable, an officer of no little consideration in such a town. John Shakespeare, the father of William, held successively all these offices. He was on the jury of the court-leet in 1556, an ale-taster in 1557, a burgess in 1558, a constable in 1559, an affeeror in 1559 and again in 1561, an alderman in 1565, and high-bailiff or chief magistrate in 1568. William was in his fifth year when his father was at the height of his municipal distinction.

One thing is noticeable in regard to this gradual elevation of John Shakespeare in the social scale. In all the registers where his name occurs prior to 1571, he is recorded simply as John Shakespeare, in one place as John Shakespeare, grover. But in a record on September 28, 1571, William being then in his eighth year, the father's name is entered as Magister Shakespeare; and ever after among his neighbors he is known, not as Goodman Shakespeare, or plain John Shakespeare, but as Master Shakespeare. This title of Master or Mr. was then never used, as now that of M. D. is never used, except by virtue of some specific legal right. This change of title in the history of John Shakespeare, it can hardly be doubted, was in consequence of his increasing wealth and his position in the village. It shows incontestably that he was about this time a leading man in the town, and consequently that his son, the poet, could not have been the illiterate butcher's boy that the early biographers represented him to be. We are left free to admire his transcendent genius without being called upon to believe the absurd fables of his downish ignorance.

As further bearing upon the circumstances of the poet's childhood, the following ascertained facts may be cited, showing the probable occupation and the worldly condition of John Shakespeare. In 1556 he
acquired a tenement and garden adjacent, in Henley Street, and also a tenement with a garden and croft [small enclosed field] in Grenchly Street, both in Stratford. In 1557 or 1558, he acquired by marriage the estate of Asbies, sixty acres of land and house, three miles from Stratford; also, by inheritance, some landed property at Snitterfield, three and a half miles from Stratford. In 1570, he held, as tenant under Sir William Clopton, a meadow of fourteen acres, at an annual rent of £25 (≈ $200 then). The inference from these facts is unmistakable. John Shakespeare was at one period living upon his own land, and renting the land of others, and actively engaged in the business of cultivation, in an age when tillage was profitable. When, a little later in life, he came to the village and settled in Henley Street, he probably kept up his agricultural operations, and also kept a shop in his house, where he sold the products of his farm,—butcher's meat, wool, hides, and other articles, such as gloves made from the skins of the animals slaughtered. Harrison says: "Men of great port and countenance are so far from suffering their farmers [tenants] to have any gain at all, that they become graziers, butchers, tanners, sheeprunners, woodmen, and demique quid nom."

This explains the mystery of the apparently contradictory traditions in regard to the occupation of John Shakespeare. We see how he was a "butcher," also a "wool-merchant," also a "glover," also a "farmer," also a "yseman:"

Grammar School Attended by Shakespeare, Stratford.

He finally John Shakespeare, the woodman of Arden, sold timber to the corporation of Stratford.

The evidence is tolerably complete that John Shakespeare, in his later years, for some cause not ascertained, fell into pecuniary difficulties and embarrassments. He was evidently in straitened circumstances in 1579; was turned out of the aldermanship in 1586; was arrested for debt in 1587; and, finally, in 1592, was reported by the authorities as absenting himself from church for fear of being arrested for debt. But as these things occurred chiefly after the formative period in the life of his son William, and as these difficulties, even when greatest, did not seem to affect the social status of the family, it is hardly necessary to pursue the subject further, except to remark that, probably on this account, William was thrown upon his own resources somewhat earlier than he might otherwise have been. The boy evidently knew little either of a father's care or of a father's control after the age of fifteen.

CHAPTER IV.

SHAKESPEARE'S SCHOOL AND SCHOOLMASTERS — WHAT IS KNOWN OF HIS COURSE OF STUDY — HIS KNOWLEDGE OF LATIN AND GREEK — EVIDENCE IN HIS WRITINGS OF HIS BEING A CLASSICAL SCHOLAR.

STRATFORD-UPON-AVON was, as it still is, a quiet place, comparatively free from disturbance and excitement. Its ecclesiastical foundations were numerous and ample. With one of these, the Guild of the Holy Cross, was connected an endowed grammar school. It was founded in 1452, in the reign of Edward IV., by gift of Thomas Jolyffe, on condition that the authorities of the town and guild "should find a priest, fit and able in knowledge, to teach grammar freely to all scholars coming to the school, . . . taking nothing of the scholars for their teaching." The school was afterwards enriched by Sir Hugh Clopton, the great benefactor of Stratford, and finally was reorganized by Edward VI., in his royal charter to the town, which requires, among other things, "that the free grammar school for the instruction and education of boys and youth there, should be hereafter kept up and maintained as theretofore it used to be."

There is no register, or document of any kind, to show that Shakespeare actually attended this school. That he did so attend, however, is morally certain, from the fact of its existence, and from his father's position and standing in the village. We have no record that the showers fell or the sun shone upon the little garden and croft in Henley Street, yet we make no question of the fact. We have an almost equal certainty that the boy Shakespeare, "with his satchel and shining morning face," found his way regularly to the grammar school in Chapel Street.

A grammar school in England in those days meant a school for teaching mainly Latin and Greek, corresponding in some respects to the old-fashioned academy once so common in this country. It was always taught by men of the clerical profession, graduates of the universities. The teacher of this particular school from 1572, when Shakespeare was eight years old, to 1580, when he was sixteen, was a graduate of Cambridge, the Rev. Thomas Hunt, who was at the same time rector of the adjoining parish of Lapworth. In this school, and under this teacher, without a shadow of doubt, Shakespeare was instructed in the knowledge of the ancient tongues. As to the extent of this knowledge, an unfair presumption has been created by the oft-quoted expression of Ben Jonson on the subject. Jonson, who knew Shakespeare intimately, speaks of his having "small Latin and less Greek." This was said in Ben's usual style, more to point an antithesis than to express what he meant. The pupil of the great Camden, was eminent for classical scholarship, and gloried in the fact. Statements by him on this subject, therefore, are to be received with some degree of allowance. What seemed to him a small modicum of Latin and Greek may have been after all a very fair possession. But taking his expression literally, it shows that Shakespeare had certainly some
considerable knowledge of the classics, and with equal certainty that he had in his youth attended the public grammar school, where only in Stratford this knowledge could have been acquired by him. Now the course of studies in these old endowed grammar schools is a matter of public record. It included instruction always in Latin and Greek, often in French, and sometimes in Italian. The classics usually read were Caesar, Sallust, Cicero, Terence, Virgil, Horace, and Ovid, in Latin; Lucian, Xenophon, Homer, and Aristophanes, in Greek.* The pupil, furthermore, was obliged to read a goodly portion of this Latin before beginning Greek. It is doubtful whether, in any public grammar school then existing in England, a boy could begin Greek without a familiar acquaintance with at least Caesar, Cicero, Virgil, and Ovid; and after beginning Greek, the Latin, be it remembered, would be still continued; be it remembered too that the Greek itself was studied through the medium of the Latin, only the grammar and the only dictionary of the Greek at the pupil's command being written in Latin, as indeed it was done in my own school days. So far as the dictionary was concerned, Shakespeare then could not have had even the little Greek that the critical Ben was willing to allow him, without having known a good deal of Latin. In all probability he knew as much of both as would be learned by a student who attended the grammar school until he was fifteen or sixteen, but who did not go thence to the university. There is nothing in his history, and still less in his writings, to make it necessary to suppose, as has been very generally done, that for his knowledge of Roman affairs he was dependent entirely upon the very imperfect translations then extant of the Roman writers. The signs, too, are unmistakable that in the use of words he was thoroughly at home in the classic element of the language, to an extent utterly unattainable by one who had never studied Latin and Greek.

There is perhaps no more decisive test of scholarship,—meaning by that term acquaintance with languages,—than the extent of a man's vocabulary. The number of different words that common uneducated people use is surprisingly small. A thousand or two, sometimes only a few hundred, are all the words at their command. Illiterate men of today, like Bunyan, have of course a larger stock at command. But even in their case the number of different words used by them is comparatively small. The words they do use are forcible and are used with great vigor, but the range is limited. Men acquire a wide range of words in two ways, namely, 1st, by becoming acquainted with numerous and varying subjects through study and observation, and, 2d, by the study of languages, and by the latter chiefly. Hence it is noticeable that writers who have studied foreign languages, ancient or modern, excel others in the range of their vocabulary. Milton, for instance, who was eminent as a scholar, uses in his poetical works no less than eight thousand different words. But Shakespeare, in his poetry, nearly doubles the amount, using more than fifteen thousand—a vocabulary larger, so far as known, than that of any other English writer. A more convincing proof of scholarship could not well be conceived.

It may not be amiss to dwell a moment longer upon this point, as it is an essential fact in any theory that undertakes to explain intelligently the problem of Shakespeare's authorship. "A young author's first work," as Coleridge well observes, "almost always bespeaks his recent pursuits." The earliest productions of Shakespeare, accordingly, those written soon after he had left school, betray unmistakably the classical scholar. Compare them with those of any untutored genius, say Bunyan, and see the difference. *Venus and Adonis," the "first heir of his invention," and the *Rape of Lucrece,* published only one year later, are both on classical subjects; and while treated with originality of conception, the author using freely old materials to construct an edifice of his own contrivance, are yet thoroughly and consistently classical in all their ideas and devices. They show a mind steeped and saturated with a knowledge of Greek and Latin fable. Would an unlettered village youth have ventured on such subjects, in addressing a nobleman like Southampton, distinguished alike for his own scholarship and for his patronage of scholars? All of Shakespeare's earlier plays, such as *Love's Labour's Lost,* *The Comedy of Errors,* and the three parts of *Henry V,* abound in classical allusions, classical quotations, and Latinisms both of diction and construction, almost to the verge of pedantry;—not indeed the direct pedantry of his contemporaries, Marlowe, Greene, and Peele, who made open show of their learning, and who stole bodily from the ancients; Shakespeare, even in these earlier days of his authorship, when still fresh from his school studies, and infected to some extent with the spirit of his times, yet used his classical knowledge as a master, not as a servile copyist. As he proceeded in his work, and acquired maturity of power and of art, his mastery appears both in his less frequent use of classical allusions and in the wonderful nicety with which the allusions actually used are wrought into the substance of his own thought. In the Latin constructions sometimes used in these later plays, and in the Latin-English words which he sometimes coins, he shows not only singular facility of invention, but a strange directness. Milton himself does not walk with more assured tread than does Shakespeare, whenever he has occasion to resort to classic lore. And then how wonderfully steeped with beauty are these classical words and ideas, after having passed through his subtle brain! How purely classical, yet with a grace how entirely his own, is that exquisite image in *Hamlet*:

"A station like the herald Mercury,
New-lighted on a heaven-kissing hill."

Observe, too, the new use to which this master of language here puts the word "station"—a mode of standing—a use of the word how purely Latin, and yet how thoroughly Shakespearian. Perhaps, however, there is not in all his works a finer instance of his absolute dominion in the world of words than in that singular expression in *Macbeth*:

"This my hand will rather
The multitudinous seas incarnadine."

Not only by words and phrases, however, does he show knowledge of classical lore, but by the completeness with which he enters into the life of the ancients, as in the Roman plays, where he seems to be actually co-existent with Caesar and Pompey, with Brutus and Cassius, with Antony and Cleopatra. It is not possible to believe that this intimate knowledge of the "very form and pressure of the time" in those old Roman days, came from copying extracts from school grammars and lexicons, and reading the wretched translations of Thomas Phaer and Arthur Golding. The foundation of this classical knowledge, assuredly, was laid in that public grammar school at Stratford, where, during all his boyhood, to the age beyond that at which youth then went to the universities, he had the continued instruction of a learned clergyman, himself a graduate of Cambridge. There
and then, beyond question, Shakespeare became acquainted with the classical tongues, and with some of the masterpieces of classical composition; and this familiarity with the ancients, thus began in youth, was, there can be as little doubt, continued in later life, while seeking materials for his own great works. No other theory seems possible. No other satisfies the conditions of the problem of his authorship. Assuredly, he was an intelligent, educated artist, not an inspired idiot.

CHAPTER V.

OTHER EDUCATIONAL INFLUENCES ACTING UPON HIS YOUTHFUL MIND.—(a) RELIGIOUS TRAINING AND ASSOCIATIONS, THE QUESTION WHETHER JOHN SHAKESPEARE, THE FATHER, WAS A CATHOLIC, STRONGLY PROTESTANT CHARACTER OF THE STRATFORD PARISH CHURCH, LIST OF THE SERVICE BOOKS USED IN THAT CHURCH, CATECHISMS AND MANTALS OF RELIGIOUS INSTRUCTION IN WHICH SHAKESPEARE IN HIS BOYHOOD WAS DRILLED; (b) CHRONICLES AND LEGENDS WHICH FORMED A PART OF HIS YOUTHFUL READING, A LIST OF THESE BOOKS GIVEN; (c) LOCAL ASSOCIATIONS TO WHICH HIS YOUTHFUL MIND WAS SUBJECT, REMARKABLE SERIES OF FACTS ON THIS POINT.

BUT education is more than learning. Education is growth, and whatever contributes to the growth of a great intellect, whether it be the religious associations of church and home, the story books devoured, the local usages and traditions by which one is surrounded and inspired, whatever thus acts upon the growth of a great intellect, is a part of its means of education. Let us glance at some of these outside "schools and schoolmasters" of the boy Shakespeare.

And first of religious associations. On this point I propose to dwell a little, as the subject is one not so generally understood as it should be, and the facts that bear upon it are not matters of conjecture, but of record—clear, positive, and well defined; and they throw a strong light upon one of the most marked features of the author's works. More than a century and a half after his death, the theory was broached that John Shakespeare, the father of William, was a Catholic. The facts in regard to this matter are, briefly, as follows: The Hart who, in 1770, occupied the Shakespeare tenement in Henley Street, had the roof new tiled. The bricklayer employed for this purpose professed to have found between the rafters and the old tiling a manuscript, which on examination purported to be the confession of faith of John Shakespeare, and which contained ample avowals of his being a Roman Catholic. The authenticity of this document, like the notorious Ireland forgeries, is now entirely discarded by Shakespearean experts and critics. John Shakespeare was of course born a Catholic, as were the great body of other Englishmen born prior to the breach between Henry VIII. and the Pope, in 1531. But the fact that he held various civil offices in Stratford, and especially that of chief burgess or mayor, shows incontestably that John Shakespeare was, outwardly at least, a Protestant during all the time of William's boyhood, for by the statute of Elizabeth, 1559–9, known as the oath of supremacy, every civil magistrate in the realm was bound under penalties of forfeiture and imprisonment to conform to the established reformed religion. John Shakespeare in his old age is indeed officially reported, among others of his neighbors, for "not coming monthly to the church," as required by statute, but at the same time it is significantly added that he was thought "to forbear church for debt or fear of process;" in other words, he stayed away from church to escape the penalties involved in default of debt, not out of disaffection for the reformed religion.

Then we have the fact, from which there is no escaping, that William and all his brothers and sisters were regularly baptized in the Stratford parish church, which was not only Protestant but Puritan, the vicar, Richard Bifield, being one of the most zealous of the Puritan divines.* Shakespeare himself, his wife, his daughter, his son-in-law, all lie buried in the most conspicuous position in the chancel,—the strongest possible attestation that this Protestant church was the religious home of the Shakespeare family.

The services of that church, then, were, beyond question, among the educational influences under which the intellect of Shakespeare grew. Let us see for a moment what these services were, and how far they were of a kind likely to influence such a mind. The Psalter in use there, the only one in fact then known to the English church, was the hard, bald Dorie of old Sternhold and Hopkins. The Psalms to which without doubt his boyish ears were accustomed. The Book of Common Prayer, adopted in the reign of Edward VI., 1549, and reaffirmed by Elizabeth, 1559, was then in use in all the churches, and was, with all its wealth of purest English, perfectly familiar to the youthful Shakespeare. The portions of Scripture which he heard from the Prayer-Book on the Sabbath were, as they still are, from Cranmer's version, 1540, known as The Great Bible, a huge folio for the use of the churches. But the household Bible of that day, the only one printed in small volume, was the Geneva version, executed by the Presbyterian refugees at Geneva, Switzerland, in 1560. This Geneva Bible, it can hardly be doubted, was the one used in the household of John Shakespeare and of his son William. It was indeed for half a century, that is, until the appearance of our present version, in 1611, the common household Bible of the great majority of the English people. That Shakespeare was familiar with this Geneva Bible is further proved by a critical examination of the Scripture words and phrases which he uses in such abundance, and which are clearly those of the Geneva version.

In this connection it is proper to notice certain manuals of religious instruction in which all young persons were then drilled. Shakespeare, in King John (I.I.), mentions one of these, the Absey Book. This Absey Book, so called from A B C, is the name of a little manual for the instruction of young children, put forth in the first year of the reign of Edward VI. It contains the "A B C, the Pater Noster, Ave, Creed, and Ten Commandments." It contained also, in some of the subsequent editions, a few short lessons for reading and spelling, and a brief catechism of religious instruction. Besides this Absey Book, Edward, before the close of his reign, put forth a new edition of the old English Primer, being a "short catechism of plain instruction, containing the sum of Christian learning." These two manuals, the Absey Book and the Primer, covering substantially the same ground as that occupied half a century later by the New England Primer put forth by the "great John Cotton" of Boston, were made obligatory. Every schoolmaster of the realm was required, by royal command, and under severe penalties, to teach these

* Various little incidents show the Puritan character of the vicar. In the church, the roof was clean, the seats were bare, the junior clerks dressed in gray, the priest wore the "vulgar" chasuble. And in answer to a colleague's question how a simpleton like himself could hope to "animate the image in the chapel," in 1588, a man is fined by the authorities for travelling on the Sabbath. The inscriptions on the tombstones of the Shakespeare family in the church all speak deep religious feeling of the John Bunyan order.
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manuals to his pupils. It is morally certain then that Shakespeare connoted them and committed them to memory.

To recapitulate: From the plain old Psalter of Sternhold and Hopkins, in use in the parish church, from the genealogies of the book of Common Prayer, from the daily use at his mother's knee of that most familiar household book, the Geneva Bible, from the careful training which good Master Hume gave him in the Abbey Book and the Primer, it is easy to understand how a mind so susceptible to external influences as was that of Shakespeare became so imbued and saturated, as we find it, with Scripture and doctrine. Other educational influence needs to be mentioned. Shakespeare's plays show him to have been early familiar with the old English chronicles and other legendary lore which formed a part of the popular reading of that day. A mind such as his would naturally revel in this kind of reading, as did Walter Scott's in the old border ballads of Scotland. Some of the books in this kind at the command of the youthful Shakespeare, which he has used so largely in his work, and which evidently helped to mould and fashion his thoughts, it is worth while to mention. They were "the books, the academies," (Love's Lab. Lost, IV. iii.) from which his soul drank nourishment, just as truly as it did from Master Hunt and Lily's grammar and the volume of Greek and Latin lore over which he pored in the famous Chapel Street grammar school. Among the books thus devoured by the imaginative boy we may reckon, with scarcely a possibility of mistake, the following:

1. The Palace of Pleasure, by William Painter, 1566. This was a collection of stories and novels, from various languages, translated into English. In this collection we find among others the pitiful Italian story of Romeo and Juliet, as translated from the French of Boistcute.

2. Fabyan's Chronicle of the old British history, 1516. This contains among its many wild legends the "story of Leir and his three daughters"—a story peculiarly interesting to a Warwickshire man, as "Leir" is reputed to have founded the neighboring town of "Caeclier," now called Leicester.

3. Hall's Chronicle, 1548. This was devoted to a narrative of the wars of the houses of York and Lancaster, a large part of the battle-fields of which were within a day's walk of Stratford-upon-Avon. The old boy had, probably, well thumbed by the youthful bard may be inferred from the fact that three-fourths of all his great historical plays were founded on materials gathered from this field.

4. Holinshed's Chronicle of England, Scotland, and Ireland, 1577. This is another fascinating book of the same sort. Shakespeare follows it in all his plays on English history. He doubtless devoured it when a boy, just as Walter Scott devoured the old Scotch ballad books and collected folk tales from the mouths of the old people of King Lear.

5. Gesta Romanorum, translated into English by Robinson, 1595. This was a famous story-book of those days. It was a vast storehouse of monkish and medival legends, full of fascination for an imaginative mind, and containing among other things the two stories which form the groundwork of the Merchant of Venice, also the story of the Emperor Theodosius and his three daughters, which is another form of the old fable of King Lear.

6. Reginald Scott's Discovery of Witchcraft, 1584. This work, with its infinite details and wild stories of witches, fairies, hobgoblins, and other uncanny folk, must have had a strange fascination for the mind that has given us the weird sisters of Macbeth, Ariel and Caliban of The Tempest, and all the long list of Puck, Peaseblossom, Titania, Queen Mab, and their fellows.

Many other books might be mentioned as forming very probably a part of the library of the boy Shakespeare. But of these six which have been named, large, famous and imaginative as are the Book of Common Prayer, Fabyan's Chronicle, Hall's Chronicle, Holinshed's Chronicle, Gesta Romanorum, and Reginald Scott's Discovery of Witchcraft, we can no more doubt than we could if we saw the very books themselves with his autograph upon them, the very dog's-ears telling us where to turn for the well-thumbed pages which have formed the staple of so many of his most glorious creations.

In considering, remember, the educational influences that gained hold and colored the character of this wonderful man. I have spoken thus far, first, of his school and the studies which he pursued there; secondly, of his church and his religious instruction and associations; thirdly, of the story books and legends which were within his reach, and with which his works show him to have been entirely familiar. All these things are strictly educational; by grouping them together thus in one view, we are able to realize to some extent the kind of atmosphere in which the mind of Shakespeare was immersed, and in which it received such a healthy development. But there was still one other educational influence, not inferior to any of these. I refer to the powerful influence of the local associations that were around him on every side, and on this point I shall make no apology for entering a little into particulars. The subject, you will find, is in the highest degree suggestive.

In the childhood of Shakespeare, it can hardly be doubted, was one of great physical activity. The Stratford bust, which, with all its faults as a work of art, is perhaps the best authenticated likeness of him, tells unmistakably the same story. In his writings, too, he displays a minute familiarity with out-door sports of every kind, an acquaintance with external nature and country scenes, such as is never gained except by those whose childhood and youth are spent largely in the open air, among the green fields and by the hedges-rows and lanes of the country. The free, harum-scarum country boy speaks out from his page in places innumerable. In this, as in many other points, there is a striking resemblance between Shakespeare and Sir Walter Scott,—the same healthy robustness of thought, the same joyousness of temperament, the same fondness for out-door life and out-door sports, the same close observation of nature, the same love for legendary lore, wistful or unwritten. The story of Scott's early life fortunately is on record; and, by analogy, it tells us plainly how, in corresponding circumstances, the Stratford boy with his great exuberance of life deported himself among the stirring associations by which he was surrounded. Let us look for a moment at some of these local transactions and associations, which were likely to act upon the imagination of a thoughtful boy in that spring-time of life when the quick-comerancies of the brain are just beginning to take root.

We have all read Walter Scott's description of Kenilworth Castle, and of the gorgeous pageants exhibited there by the Earl of Leicester to Queen Elizabeth. All mid-England was there by thousands, three hundred and twenty hogsheads of ale drank on the occasion testifying to the extent of the gathering. Is it likely, can we conceive it possible, that a boy of active habits and ardent imagination, then in the twelfth year of his age, and living only thirteen miles away, would be absent from such an exhibition? The dramatic cast of many parts of that superb entertainment must have been especially suggestive to the
mind of the young villagers. When, on that occasion, the great Earl welcomed his sovereign with a more than regal magnificence, it is not hard to believe that his ambition looked higher than the part of favorite counsellor and minister. The Stratford boy would not be slow to take up the pleasing surmise, as it passed from month to month among the gaping multitude, nor would he soon forget the pageant itself, or the gay throngs surging in and out through the lordly portals. The only passage in the plays in which Shakespeare appears distinctly to allude to Queen Elizabeth is one in which seems to have been caught on this occasion. Bear in mind that in these shows at Kenilworth, the mythology of lakes and seas abounds. "Arion appears sitting on a dolphin's back," "Triston, in likeness of a mermaid, comes towards her majesty." With these things in mind, let us see if we do not get some new light on the origin of that exquisite passage in the speech of Oberon, in A Midsummer-Night's Dream, already referred to (II. I.).

Obe. My gentle Puck, come hither. Thou 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 arm he took Was by his own, and one by the west. And loosed his love-shaft smartly from his bow, As it should pierce a hundred thousand hearts; But I might see young Cupid's fiery shaft Quench'd in the chaste beams of the watery moon, And the imperial vates pass on.

In maiden meditation, fancy-free.

Ruins of Kenilworth Castle.

Let us look at some of the other local associations: Only ten miles from Stratford was Warwick Castle, the seat of the great Earl, the king-maker, with its huge piles of masonry and its rich historical associations. Many an old servitor of the house would be there, only too glad to pour into the ear of the curious boy the tales of tragic interest which had been enacted within and around its walls.

A mile from Warwick, at Blacklow-hill, was the scene of another startling tragedy. There, in 1312, the favorite of Edward II., Piers Gaveston, was beheaded by the barons. Conspicuous among the objects that would here rivet the attention was the ancient statue of Guy at Guy's Cliff, the famous "Black Dog of Arden," by whose hand the butchery was perpetrated. Only twelve miles away was the scene of the great battle of Evesham, where, in 1265, Edward I. defeated the barons under Simon de Montfort. The tomb of King John was at Worcester, only twenty miles away. Coventry, eighteen miles away, was the seat of the famous Black Prince. There were the famous lists where, according to Shakespeare's own description (Richard II., I. iii), the quarrel first began between the houses of York and Lancaster. There, too, was something still more attractive to a young poet. The Coventry Mysteries, the most famous of their kind in England, were then in full activity, and the people of the rural counties were hardly less attracted to them than are the people of Germany now to the Passion Plays of the Oberammergau. All mid-England thronged to see these remarkable open air theatricals,—the germ from which in less than twenty years Shakespeare's own theatre was to spring.

A two days' walk would bring one from Stratford
to Shrewsbury, where the Hotspur Percy was slain, and the Scotch Earl Douglas taken, and minute touches in Shakespeare's description of the fight show that his eye was thoroughly familiar with the scenery of this great battle-field.

One day's walk down the Avon brings you to the scene of the most famous battle of Tewksbury,—the crowning event of a terrible sixteen years' war. In that battle, as Margaret so piteously says to Richard, "Thou sluest Edward, my poor son, at Tewksbury." (Richard III., i. iii.).

The battle of Bosworth Field was fought within thirty miles of Stratford. Burton, writing in 1624, says the inhabitants then living around the plains of Bosworth Field "have many occurrences and passages of the battle fagot in memory, by reason that some persons thereabout, which saw the battle fought, were living within less than forty years." Forty years after Burton's date takes us back to the sixteenth year of William Shakespeare. Why should not he, the boy-dramatist, like Scott, the boy-novelist, have gathered knowledge and caught inspiration from the lips of these old narrators? The battle of Bosworth Field was, in Shakespeare's day, the Waterloo of English history. Burton, in another place, speaking of this battle, identifies the spot "by a little mount cast up, where the common report is, that at the first beginning of the battle Henry Earl of Richmond made his parrenatical oration to his army (Richard III., V. iii.); [also] by divers pieces of armor, weapons, and other warlike accoutrements, and by many arrow-heads new found, whereof about twenty years since [1604] great store were digged up, of which some I have now in my custody, being of a long, large, and big proportion, far greater than any now in use; as also by relation of the inhabitants, who have many occurrences and passages yet fresh in memory." Let it be remembered in this connection that of the ten historical plays, no less than eight are associated in many of their battle-fields with the localities which have been named, and with which Shakespeare was from boyhood perfectly familiar. Of these plays, four, namely, Richard II., Henry IV. Part I., Henry IV. Part II., and Henry V., constitute a connected tetralogy, showing the rise of the House of Lancaster. The remaining four, namely, Henry VI., Part I., Henry VI., Part II., Henry VI. Part III., and Richard III., constitute a second tetralogy, showing the rise of the House of York. The wars described in these eight plays agitated the English people for less than a century. The memory of them was still fresh in the minds of the English people at the time when Shakespeare's boyhood began, being about as far removed from him as the events of the American Revolution are from us. The battle-fields of these fierce wars and the monuments of them on every side of him were a part of the educational forces to which his young mind was subjected.

No one who has read Romeo and Juliet is likely to forget the amiable Friar Lawrence. The picture of this kind-hearted old man has all the marks of a portrait, the original of which may be traced with no great violence and probability. Twelve miles from Stratford, at Evesham, were the ruins of the famous Abbey of the Benedictines, which had been robbed and dismantled by Henry VIII., in 1539. More than one hundred and fifty inmates of this monastery were turned up upon the world. Many of these men doubtless were still living, sheltered in the cottages of old servants and retainers of the monastery; and nothing is more likely than that young Shakespeare came in contact with more than one of these meek and peaceful old men. "The Infirmarist of a monastic house, who had charge of the sick brethren, was often in the early days of medical science their only physician. The book knowledge and the experience of such a valuable member of the conventual body would still allow him to exercise [these] useful functions when thrust out into the world; and the young poet may have known some such kindly old man, full of axiomatic wisdom," who unconsciously sat for his portrait of Friar Lawrence. It is observable of all Shakespeare's pictures of monks, that they are drawn in the spirit of charity, and show the benevolent and kindly side of their character. The expelled Benedictines of Evesham, living in a serene and peaceful old age before his eyes, would naturally prompt to such a view.

Shakespeare's knowledge of archery and other field sports often comes out in his writings. In the Venus and Adonis, for instance, the practised huntsman appears as unmistakably as in Scott's Lady of the Lake. The painting of the hare-hunt, in the Venus and Adonis, is for minute accuracy unequalled in all English literature. So in the Merchant of Venice, he shows his familiarity with archery. (I. i.)

In my school-days, when I had lost one shaft,
I shot his fellow of the self-same lath,
The self-same with more advised watch,
To find the other forth, and by adventuring both
I oft found both.

The ancient sport of archery was revived in England with much ceremony in 1550, Shakespeare being then sixteen years old. A short distance from Stratford, about a mile from the little village of Bidford, was still standing twenty-five years ago an old crab-tree, known as Shakespeare's Crab-Tree, and celebrated partly by the tradition that he was one of a party who accepted a challenge from some Bidford topers to try which party could drink the most ale, but more certainly by the tradition that under this tree were many games of archery, in which Shakespeare and other Stratford boys took part.

CHAPTER VI.

THE STORY OF HIS DEER-STEALING, HOW FAR IT IS TO BE CREDITED.

There is another somewhat circumstantial tradition of Shakespeare's youth, which may be exaggerated in many of its details, and yet must have had some foundation in truth,—enough at least to add to the conviction that when a boy he was addicted to boisterous sports and boozing companions. "He had," says Rowe, one of the earliest of the biographers, 1709, "by a misfortune common enough to young fellows, fallen into ill company, and amongst them, some that made a frequent practice of deer-stealing engaged him more than once in robbing a park that belonged to Sir Thomas Lucy of Charlecote near Stratford. For this he was prosecuted by that gentleman, as he thought, somewhat too severely; and, in order to avenge that ill usage, he made a ballad upon him; and though this, probably the first essay of his poetry, be lost, yet it is said to have been so very bitter that it redoubled the prosecution against him to that degree that he was obliged to leave his business and his family in Warwickshire for some time, and shelter in London." Rowe speaks of the ballad as being lost, but some learned antiquaries have long been in the habit of fragments of it from the lips of two or three extremely aged persons who had portions of it in memory. The first stanza, at least, has been clearly made out from two
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Independent sources. The ballad may possibly not have been Shakespeare's, but there is no doubt of its having come down to us by direct oral tradition, reaching back very nearly to Shakespeare's day.

To understand the malicious poem upon Sir Thomas's name, it should be remembered that in the language of heraldry (see Lucus, Fr. luc) meant a pike, a kind of fish, and that three white lucies or pikes, interlaced, were in the quartering of the coats-of-arms of the Lucy family. The balladist, whoever he was, quibbles upon the rustic pronunciation of the word "1-o-a-s-e," which was also sounded "luce," and thus brings out the provoking idea which so nettled the provincial dignitary. The stanza is as follows:

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

Shakespeare certainly at no period of his life was above this sort of quibble, and in his Merry Wives of Windsor (L. i.) he uses almost exactly the same expression, so that readers have very generally believed that Sir Thomas sat for the picture when the dramatist gave us his inimitable portrait of Justice Shallow:

Slen. All his ancestors that come after him.

May give the dozen white luces in their coat.

Shat. It is an old coat.

Evans. The dozen white louses do become an old coat well; it agree well, pleasant; it is a familiar beast to man.

Charlecote, with its ample parks and its noble mansion and its worthy surroundings of every kind, was in the immediate vicinity of Stratford, and doubtless was one of the objects that helped to fill the mind of the young bard with images of beauty, whether the story of his youthful escapade there be true or not.

CHAPTER VII.

His Marriage—Painful Specimens Raised in Regard to It by Recent Discoveries—Questionable Character of the Transaction—Happiness or Unhappiness of His Married Life, the Arguments Pro and Con—The Romance Connected with the Name and Memory of Anne Hathaway.

What I have given thus far in regard to the personal history of Shakespeare is, I am constrained to say, though extremely probable, yet, with one single exception, devoid of absolute certainty. Truth to say, from the register of his baptism to his nineteenth year, we have not one fact strictly personal to himself which we can affirm on direct and positive evidence. The second fact of his life for which we have authentic documentary evidence is his marriage. The date of his marriage is involved in the same difficulty as the date of his birth. The reason of the uncertainty as to the exact date is that the marriage register has not been found. But not many years ago a legal document was brought to light which fixes the date within a day or two. In the year 1856, there was discovered in the Consistorial Court of Worcester, the county adjoining to Warwickshire, a document relating to Shakespeare, which on examination proved to be his marriage license. In this document, bonds are given by two of his neighbors to indemnify the Bishop for licensing the marriage with only once pub.

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

The marriage took place on May 26, 1582, two days less than six months, the parish register of Stratford contains this entry: Baptized, Susannah, daughter to William Shakespeare.

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

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

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

Let still the woman take
An elder than herself; so wears she to him,
So sways she level in her husband's heart,—

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

It is but just to say, before dropping this disagreeable part of the subject, that there are many plausible theories for mitigating and even reversing the ordinary judgment upon this transaction. The evidence is complete that the ceremony of Hand-fasting, or Troth-p pleasantly, duly made before competent witnesses, was then popularly considered as nearly, if not quite, equivalent to formal marriage; and parties thus betrothed lived together openly, and without scandal, as man and wife, before the formal marriage ceremony in church took place. Shakespeare himself, in Winter's Tale, speaks of illicit intercourse before "Troth-plighted, in the same manner as of illicit intercourse before marriage, putting the two on an equality. The charitable presumption, say those who admit this view, is that Shakespeare and Anne Hathaway were thus troth-plighted, and considered man and wife, months before their formal marriage. Certain it is that no breath of scandal on this account has reached us from the gossip of his own time. The marriage license that has been referred to, it is further to be noticed, is attested by the seal of Richard Hathaway, the father, showing his presence and assent to the transaction. There is, moreover, documentary evidence to show that this Richard Hathaway and John Shakespeare, the father of William, were personal friends, doing neighborly acts for each other in the way of business; that Richard Hathaway, Jr., the dramatist, two years the senior of Shakespeare, and his associate in literary and dramatic work, was in all probability Shakespeare's
brother-in-law; furthermore, Jack Sandells and John Richardson, Shakespeare’s bondmen, on the marriage license, were neighbors and friends of the Hathaways; and finally, the Shakespeares and the Hathaways seem from various circumstances to have lived on the most neighborly terms.

As to the omissions of the will, it is to be remarked that the “best bed” in such a family was usually an heirloom, and went, according to English custom, to the heir-at-law; that the “second-best bed” was doubtless the one connected with the bridal ceremony and the married life of the parties; and finally, that by English law the wife had her widow’s portion, and was thus amply provided for without any special legacy in the will. Still, the one awkward fact remains, and the union, it is feared by many, was an ill-assorted one, and as such was a misfortune, even though not a crime.

In this connection, too, it must be added that a portion of the sonnets seems to reveal to us some dark passages in Shakespeare’s London life, and from this the inference has been made that he was driven to seek in forbidden ways the companionship and solace that he did not find by his own hearth-stone. That he did not, however, by the fascinations of the capital, become seriously alienated from his Stratford home is as clear as day, and is among the important facts bearing upon this vexed question. He never became a Londoner, as did Jonson and the other dramatists of the day. All the pet names given him by his contemporaries connect him with his country home. He is ever “the sweet swan of Avon,” “the bard of Avon,” not of the Thames. Every year, during his long sojourn in London, he made his annual visit to Stratford. His children are baptized, married, and buried there. His earnings, year by year, are invested there. It has even come to light that among his investments was a purchase of land at Shottery, the seat of the Hathaway Cottage, which certainly does not look as though the place had become distasteful to him. Everything in fact that we certainly know of the history of the man shows that Stratford and its surroundings, the residence of his wife and the scene of his youthful love, continued to the last to be the home of his affections. Had there been any such alienation as has been imputed, there would not have been on the part of the injured wife that strong desire, which we know her to have expressed, to be buried in the same grave with him.

Anne Hathaway, the name of the young woman who so early gained such an ascendency over the youthful poet, was, according to a very general tradition, possessed of great personal beauty. There is indeed no direct contemporary record to this effect. But the tradition is at least an innocent one, and is not contradicted by any adverse testimony.

Of the sonnets, there are two or three at least that are redolent of this spring-time of life, and which I for one can hardly help believing were written by him before leaving Stratford, and were inspired by this Stratford beauty. One of these, a half playful, half passionate vein, is a continued parody or pun on his own name of “Will.”

Whoever hath her wish, thou hast thy ‘Will,’
And ‘Will’ to boast, and ‘Will’ in overplus;
More than enough am I that vex thee still,
To thy sweet will making addition thus.
Wilt thou, whose will is large and spacious,
Not once vouchsafe to hide my will in thine?

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

Another sonnet, in like youthful vein, differing so widely from the deep tragedy that pervades others of his sonnets, is addressed to some one playing on the virginal, an instrument of music then in use, the keys, called “Jacks,” being of wood.

How oft, when thou, my music, music play’st,
Upon that blessed wood whose motion sounds
With thy sweet fingers, play’st, play’st, play’st,
The wiry condit 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,
Over whom (which) thy fingers walk with gentle gait,
Making dead wood more bliest than living lips.
Since saucy jacks so happy are in this,
Give them thy fingers, me thy lips to kiss.

Sonnet cxxvii.
This sonnet, whether addressed to Anne Hathaway or not, is at least a refutation of the theory that all the sonnets were inspired by a male friend. The sentiments here expressed are surely not those of man towards man, but of a man towards a woman.

Anne Hathaway’s cottage, at the little village of Shottery, a mile and a half across the green fields from Stratford, still remains, and in it the “second best bed with the furniture,” bequeathed by her husband. Nothing more picturesque is to be seen in all the country round.

The next entry in the Stratford register with which this story is concerned is the following: Baptized, February 2, 1585, Hamnet and Judith, son and daughter of William Shakespeare. Shakespeare’s wife bore him only these three children. Hamnet, the only son, died at the age of twelve. The daughters, Susannah and Judith, were both married. Judith was married to a Stratford man, Thomas Quiney, and had three sons, who however all died without issue. Susannah, the oldest daughter, and the chief inheritor, was married to Dr. Hall, an eminent physician of Stratford. She had one daughter, Elizabeth, who was twice married, the last time to Sir John Barnard, but she likewise died without issue. No lineal descendant of Shakespeare, therefore, now exists.

CHAPTER VIII
WHAT LED SHAKESPEARE TO THE PLAYERS AND TO LONDON.

Many conjectures and surmises have been given as to the cause of Shakespeare’s leaving Stratford for the metropolis. The real cause I take to be that stated briefly by Aubrey, the earliest of all the biographers (1670), “This William,” says Aubrey, “being naturally inclined to poetry and acting, came to London.” Let us see if some light cannot be thrown upon this brief paragraph.

Among the fiscal accounts of Stratford have been several entries which may be serviceable in this matter. These entries are charges of public money expended by the authorities for certain theatrical performances at different times, from 1569 to 1580, that is, from the fifth to the seventeenth year of William Shakespeare. In 1569, when his father John Shakespeare was chief magistrate or Bailiff, there was a payment of £9 to the Queen’s Players, and of 12d. to the Earl of Worcesters Players. In 1573, the Earl of Leicester’s Players received 5s. 8d. In 1576, my Lord of Warwick’s Players had a gratuity of 17s., and the Earl of Worcester’s Players one of 8s. 6d. In 1577, my Lord of Leicesters Players received 15s., and my Lord of Worcester’s Players 3s. 4d. In 1579, my Lord Strange’s men, at the commandment of the Bailiff, 5s., and the Countess of Essex’s Players 14s. 6d. In 1580, the Earl of Derby’s Players, at the commandment of the Bailiff, 8s. 4d.

These entries are explained by the following passage in a book by R. Witte, 1639, who gives his own age at that time as seventy-five, and who must therefore have been born in the same year with Shakespeare. Witte is describing what he had seen in a country town near Stratford when he was a boy. His description, in connection with the foregoing entries, is almost as satisfactory as if it had been said in express terms that the same thing was seen by Will. Shakespeare, another boy, in another town of merry England, “all in the olden time.”

"Upon a Stage-Play which I Saw when I was a Child."

"In the city of Gloucester, the manner is (as I think it is in other like corporations) that when Players of Interludes come to town, they first attend the Mayor, to inform him what nobleman’s servants they are, and so to get license for their playing; and if the Mayor like the actors, or would show respect to their lord and master, he appoints them to play their first play before himself and the aldermen and common council of the city; and that is called the Mayor’s Play, when every one that will comes in without money, the Mayor giving the players a reward as he thinks fit, to show respect unto them. At such a play my father took me with him, and made me stand between his legs, as he sat upon one of the benches, where we saw and heard very well. The play was called ‘The Cradle of Security,’ wherein was personated a king or some great prince, with his courtiers of several kinds, amongst which three ladies were in special grace with him: and they, keeping him in delights and pleasures, drew him from his graver counsellors, hearing of sermons, and listening to good counsel and admonitions, that in the end they got him to lie down in a cradle upon the stage, where these three ladies, joining in a sweet song, rocked him asleep, that he snorted again, and in the mean time closely conveyed under the clothes wherewith he was covered a vizard like unto a swine’s snout upon his face, with three wires of glass fastened thereunto, the other end whereof being severally held by these three ladies, who fell to singing again, and then discovered his face, that the spectators might see that they had transformed him, going on with their singing. Whilst all this was acting, there came forth of another door, at the farthest end of the stage, two old men, the one in blue, with a sergeant of arms, his mace upon his shoulder, the other in red, with a drawn sword in his hand, and leaving with the other hand upon the other’s shoulder; and so they two went along in a soft pace, round about by the skirt of the stage, till at last they came to the cradle, where all the Court was in the greatest jollity; and then the foremost old man with his mace struck a fearful blow upon the cradle, whereat all the courtiers, with the three ladies and the vizard, all vanished; and the desolate prince, starting up barfaced, and finding himself sent to judgment, made a lamentable complaint of his miserable case, and so was carried away by wicked spirits.

"This prince did personate in the gest the wicked of the world; the three ladies, Pride, Covetousness, and Luxury; the two old men, the End of the World and the Last Judgment. This sight took such impression in me that when I came towards man’s estate, it was as fresh in my memory as if I had seen it newly acted."

Now if R. Witte, born in 1564, saw when a child this exhibition in the town of Gloucester, I do not find it at all difficult to believe that when, in 1569, John Shakespeare, Bailiff of Stratford-upon-Avon, ordered the payment of 9s. to the Queen’s Players for the exhibition of a Merry Interlude, his son Will, then five years old, stood in like manner between two benches, as he sat upon one of the benches, and there saw a like notable ‘gest;’ and that he continued to witness the other exhibitions of a like kind which occurred from time to time in his native town during the whole period of his boyhood.

The inference which these records suggest is strengthened by others of a later date. The first direct evidence that we have of Shakespeare’s being in London
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is a list of certain persons in that city, engaged as players and as proprietors of the Play House. In this company, of which Shakespeare is one, occur the names of several other actors from the same county of Warwick, and one other at least from Stratford itself.

Thus, then, it was. The great dramatist found, even in these rude exhibitions, something congenial. He found in these wandering and clumsy theatricals the elements of his own glorious day-dreams. His soul was touched, rudely it may be, but on that chord which yielded its deepest and sweetest music. To join his fellow-townsmen who had already embarked in this business, and to seek by it in the great metropolis the means of living and of fame, was certainly one of the most natural and probable of all possible results. It was instructive. His leaving Stratford for London at the time he did needs no further explanation. It requires no fable of deer-stealing and prosecution, no interposition of paternal misfortunes, no fiction of domestic disquietudes and treasons. Shakespeare found himself among the players for the same reason that the birds in spring-time find themselves among the branches. He became a dramatist under a law as generic as that which draws sweetness from the Æolian harp when kissed by Zephyrus, or that which opens the throats of the feathered tribes when vernal airs and genial skies warm them into melody. It was nature herself prompting her favorite son to his appropriate work. The strolling players and the merry interludes, at the little town of Stratford-upon-Avon, were to Shakespeare the mirror of Merlin, revealing to himself the secret of his own wonderful powers. The powers were there. They needed only an occasion to put them in motion.

CHAPTER IX.


One of the riddles of literature is that so little should be known of the man who is beyond question the greatest genius that literature has to boast of; and the riddle is all the more perplexing from the fact that this man lived in the very focus of English civilization, at one of its most illustrious epochs, and that he has been dead only about two centuries and a half. The exact date of Shakespeare's going to London is not known. The probability is that he went about the year 1586, four years after his marriage, he being then twenty-two years old, and his youngest child not yet two years old. He died in 1616, and the last four or five years of his life are known to have been spent in his native village, after his retirement from the metropolis. This would make his London career cover a period of about a quarter of a century.

The first notices we have of Shakespeare in London are in connection with the company of actors known, first as the Lord Chamberlain's men, and afterwards as the King's Players. Some account of this company therefore is the first thing in order. Strolling actors were at that time liable to be taken up as vagrants. To relieve them from this penalty the better class of actors attached themselves to the service of some nobleman, and, as his servants, they were by law free from arrest. One company, known as the Earl of Leicester's Players, early acquired special distinction, and in 1574, through his influence, obtained a special charter from the Queen. The leading proprietor in this company was James Burbage, a Warwickshire man. This James Burbage was, in Shakespeare's boyhood, the man of greatest mark in the theatrical world. He was the pioneer in the building of play-houses, the first house ever built in England specially erected for theatrical purposes being that put up by him in 1577, in Shoreditch, on ground formerly belonging to Holywell Priory. It was in the open fields on the north side of London, and just outside the city limits. This building was known simply as the Theatre. After occupying it more than twenty years as a play-house, Burbage pulled it down, carried the materials to the other side of London, on the south bank of the Thames, and there, in 1599, with these materials, built the play-house known as the Globe. He had also, some three or four years before, near the north bank of the Thames, opposite Southwark, erected still another play-house, known as the Blackfriars, being built upon a part of the foundation of the old monastery of the Black Friars, which had been demolished in the reign of Henry VIII.

This James Burbage had a son Richard, who was confessedly the greatest actor of his day, and one of the greatest of all time. He was about the same age as Shakespeare, and was the leading man in the company of players to which Shakespeare belonged. They played chiefly in the buildings just described, put up by the elder Burbage, namely, the Theatre, the Blackfriars, the Globe. The principal actors in this company were Richard Burbage, William Shakespeare, Lawrence Fletcher, Augustine Philips, John Heminge,
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Henry Condell, William Sly, Robert Armin, and Richard Cowley. This company, varying a little from time to time as to its constituency, yet remaining substantially the same, was at first under the protection of the Lord Chamberlain, and its members were known as his men or his servants. But on the accession of James 1603, he took them under his own special protection, and they were known hereafter as the King's Players. All of Shakespeare's plays were brought out by this company.

The Burbages, father and son, were in particular intimately associated with Shakespeare all through his theatrical career, and the younger of them is one of those affectionately remembered by Shakespeare in his will. Another man for a time of this company, though he appears afterward to have gone over to a rival company, was Thomas Greene, of great celebrity as a comic actor. He is generally believed to have been a Stratford man, and to have been directly instrumental in introducing Shakespeare to the company. Still another member of this company, John Heminge, is said to have been from Shottery, the residence of Anne Hathaway, near Stratford. He remained with the company to the last, and was one of the editors of the first Folio.

Richard Burbage.

To understand the theatrical history of this period, it must be borne in mind that while both Elizabeth and James, and the court generally, looked with favor upon actors and acting, the city of London, under the influence of the Puritan element in the church, discountenanced stage playing, and did everything in their power to suppress it. Hence nearly all the early play-houses were built in places contiguous to the population, but outside the limits of the corporation and beyond its jurisdiction. There were three such play-houses on the north side of the city, in what was then open country, in the neighborhood of Shoreditch. These three were: 1. The Theatre (Burbage's already named), 2. The Curtain, 3. The Fortune.

Two others, already mentioned, and belonging to the Burbages, were The Blackfriars, on the north bank of the Thames, and within the corporation limits, and The Globe, on the south side of the Thames, in the suburb known as Southwark, and sometimes as the Bankside. The Blackfriars, according to documents first brought to light by Mr. Halliwell, in 1874, was built in 1596, and the Globe in 1599. Shakespeare's theatrical career began at the old theatre in Shoreditch, outside of the city on the north, and continued there for the first ten or twelve years; it was then divided for a time between that theatre and the Blackfriars; and finally, for the last twelve or fifteen years, was divided between the Blackfriars and the Globe.

CHAPTER X.


The evidence is conclusive that Shakespeare began his theatrical career as an actor, and that he took parts both in his own plays and in others. Some of the parts taken by him, as that of the Ghost in his own Hamlet, and that of the old man Adam in As You Like It, are pretty well ascertained. It is also known that he played in Ben Jonson's Every Man in his Humor.

The earliest authentic mention of Shakespeare as a player is in March, 1594, four years earlier than any authentic mention of him in this capacity heretofore supposed to exist. In the document just unearthed by Halliwell, and published in 1874, of the authenticity of which there has been thus far no question, Shake- speare is named as one of the Lord Chamberlain's servants who had acted two comedies before her majesty Queen Elizabeth during the preceding Christmas season, that is, in December, 1593. This document, then, shows Shakespeare, at the end of seven years from the time of his supposed advent in London, to have already risen to such consideration in the theatrical world as to be one of the three most eminent actors of the day, specially invited to play before her majesty on that occasion. Kempe and Burbage, the two others associated with him, being the acknowledged sovereigns of the stage. The document is interesting also as showing the exact amount paid for their services, viz., £20 equal to £100, or £500 now. The whole entry is worth quoting. It is in these words: "To William Kempe, William Shakespeare, and Richard Burbage, servants to the Lord Chamberlain, upon the Council's warrant, dated at Whitehall, 15 March, 1594, for two several comedies or interludes shewed by them before her Majesty in Christmas time last past, namely, upon St. Stephen's day and Innocent's day, £18 6s. 8d., and by way of her majesty's reward £6 18s. 4d., in all £20."

In regard to his ability as an actor, Chettle, writing while Shakespeare was still on the boards, 1592, testifies that "he is excellent in the quality which he professeth," and Aubrey, writing half a century later Shakespeare's death (1670), says "he did act exceedingly well." If in this respect he did not come up to the consummate ability of his friend, the younger Burbage, who was indeed the Garrick of his day, he
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yet evidently was an actor of no mean ability, and his practical experience on the stage contributed largely, without doubt, to that masterly knowledge of stage-effect which is so conspicuous in his plays.

There is a well-authenticated tradition that Taylor, one of the Blackfriars' company, who acted Hamlet, was instructed in the part by Shakespeare himself; also, that Lowine, who acted Henry VIII., was likewise instructed in it by Shakespeare; and, finally, that Betterton, who, half a century later, became famous as a personator of these two parts, was aided therein by the stage traditions in regard to the manner of presenting them introduced by Shakespeare himself.

The evidence, furthermore, is conclusive that for many years Shakespeare was engaged both as a writer for the stage and as an actor. All his predecessors and most of his contemporaries were at once players and writers. Such was the case with Marlowe, Greene, Lodge, Peele, Nash, Munday, Wilson, Field, Heywood, Webster, and Ben Jonson. It was not until some time later in the history of the drama that the business of author and actor became distinct. All the early dramatists were actors, and took part in acting their own plays.

It is further probable that Shakespeare began the business of dramatist in the same manner as his predecessors, namely, as a "playwright." That is, he began, not by composing original plays, but by tinkering up and improving plays already extant. The drama, about the time that he began authorship, seems hardly to have been considered a part of literature. The person who prepared a play for the stage was not looked upon as an author. It was all one to the audience whether that which pleased them was original or borrowed. The actor sometimes came in for a share of personal regard, but no one ever thought of the writer. It can hardly be doubted that Shakespeare, while enjoying his theatrical success, felt keenly the humiliating social position to which his profession at this time subjected him. It is absurd to suppose that such a genius as Shakespeare's, did not know its own value. Read the fifty-fifth sonnet:

Not marble, nor the gilded monuments
Of princes, shall outlive this powerful rhyme;
But you shall shine with an uninterrupted fame—
Youricord and name shall fill from age to age
The excellent art of our time unaided, and
Nor Mars his sword nor war's quick fire shall burn
The living record of your memory;
Gilding the path with alabaster and emery;
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.

Bearing in mind this his sublime consciousness of his own greatness and of the assured eternity of his lines, how infinitely touching is the pathos with which, in another sonnet (111th), he refers to the social humiliations to which his profession subjected him.

O, for my sake do you with Fortune chide,
The envy goddess of my harmful deeds,
That did not better for my life provide
Than public means which public manners breeds.
The ancient says that name receives a hand,
And almost thence my nature is subdued
To what it works in, like the dyer's hand.

The feeling thus experienced, as he looked upon the great and noble who came to his play-house merely to be amused, is not at all in conflict with the fact that he enjoyed heartily his life, such as it was, though it did not give him social intercourse with the titled ones about him. We can well believe the traditions of the smiling and the jesting of the Prince and the Earl of Pembroke, and of the wit-combats of which Fuller speaks, 1602, between Shakespeare and Ben Jonson. "Many," says Fuller, "were the wit-combats betwixt him and Ben Jonson; which two I beheld like a Spanish great galleon and an English man-of-war." Master Jonson, like the former, was built far higher in learning; solid, but slow in his performances. Shakespeare, with the early dramatists, prepared a piece for the stage purely as a matter of business. They took, or they made, whatever was likely to gain the end—to draw an audience. Shakespeare doubtless soon found that the less he took and the more he made, the more acceptable the preparation became to the public. Hence he passed by a natural transition from what has been technically called a "playwright," to a writer of original plays. Another thing also is probable, and indeed is evident from recorded facts, that his plays became gradually so important to the company to which he belonged, that he dropped entirely the office of actor, and confined his attention exclusively to writing. At what time precisely this change took place has not been ascertained. All that we know certainly is that during the early part of his theatrical career he was an actor, afterwards he was both actor and writer, while for many years before his death he was connected with the stage only as a writer. The story of his having begun by holding the horses of those attending the theatre is now generally discredited. If the thing did occur, it must have been at the theatre, in Shoreditch, to Shakespeare himself.

As this theatre was out in the open fields, many of the play-goers coming from the city would reach the place on horse-back, and so the holding of the horses would become a considerable business.

The date of the composition of the several plays is involved in great obscurity. A discussion of the subject would involve many dry details quite unsuited to sketch like this. One general remark, however, may be made, bearing upon this point. It is doubtful whether any one of the plays was published under the author's own inspection and authority. It was to the interest of Shakespeare and his company to keep the plays in manuscript in the theatre, as the main part of their stock in trade. The printing of them for persons to read lessened their value as a means of attracting people to the play-house. The fact, therefore, of the plays not coming out during the author's life, and under his own direction, is proof rather of his thrift, than of the neglect and reckless indifference to which it has been generally ascribed. In 1623, seven years after his death, two of his friends and fellow actors published his plays in a large folio volume, from the original copies then in the theatre. This publication is regarded as the true Edizione Princeps, and as the chief authority in determining the text. A considerable number of the plays were published separately during his life. These were printed in small 4to pamphlets, and are known as the Early Quarto's. Their publication, however, is generally believed to have been surreptitious, without the supervision or consent of the author.

The fact that the plays were kept in the theatre as a part of the theatrical property has had the additional effect of making it next to impossible to fix a definite time for the composition of each. We can form no sense of a comparison of styles, as well as from contemporary records, that certain of the plays were written earlier, and others were written later. But even when a play had been once produced in the theatre, there is no proof that Shakespeare did not continue to alter and amend it from year to year. The proof indeed is just the other way, and the general conclusion now is, that all the plays were touched up from time to time, and that many of them, particularly those first written, were rewritten again and again.
**THE LIFE OF SHAKESPEARE.**

Swan of Avon,” “my Shakespeare,” “my gentle Shakespeare.” Spenser, in the passage first quoted, speaks of “gentle heart” and “that same spirit.” So here, when in speaking of Action he says, a “gentler shepherd may no where be found,” it seems but natural to infer that he means the same genial, love-inspiring spirit.

Another expression deserves notice. The Muse of Action, it is said, does “like himself heroically sound.” This seems to carry a plain reference to Shakespeare’s name, which in that day was often printed as two words joined by a hyphen, Shakespeare, and as such considered significant, and played upon according to the fancy of his friends. Thus Ben Jonson translates the name into “Shake-a-Lance” and “Shake-A-Stage;” Greene calls him a “Shake-scene;” Fuller refers to the “warlike sound of his surname, whence some may conjecture him of a military extraction,—Hasti-vibrans, or Shake-spear;” and finally the coast-of-arms devised for him by the Herald’s office bears the crest of a falcon brandishing a spear. These things look certainly as if Spenser was aiming at the same mark when he speaks of a poet whose Muse does like himself heroically sound. Notice further the difference between the kind of praise now bestowed and that given three years before. Then the qualities spoken of were the “honey” and the “nectar,” the “joy” and the “jolly merriment.” Now, his Muse is “full of high thoughts’ invention.” This too is supposed to be explained by a comparison of dates. In 1591, Shakespeare had written little, if any thing, certainly, with possibly the Venus and Adonis, and some of “his sugred sonnets among his friends.” But now, in 1594, three at least of his great tragedies had been put upon the stage, namely, Richard II., Richard III., and Romeo and Juliet. Well then might Spenser speak of the heroic sound of his name and of his high thoughts’ invention.

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

> If music and sweet poetry agree, As they must needs, the sister and the brother, Then may my simple work not be mistrust to me, Because thou lovest the one, and I the other. Do good to thee I dare, whose heavenly touch Upon the lute doth ravish human sense; Spenser to me, whose deep consecr is such As strong as to the soul’s deep consecr, needs no consecr. Thou lovest to hear the sweet melodious sound That Phoebus’ lute, the queen of music, makes; And I in deep delight am chiefly drowned When he himself to singing he betakes. One god is god of both, as poets feign; One knight loves both, and both in thee remain.

After Spenser, the next writer, chronologically, who refers to Shakespeare is Robert Greene. This occurs in a tract published in 1592. Greene was quite notorious in his day. He wrote chiefly for the stage, and was charged with various excesses in private life. In a fit of repentance, near the close of life, he wrote a tract called A Great’s Worth of Wit; Bought with a Million of Repentance. It was addressed to “those gentlemen his quondam acquaintance who spend their wits in writing plays, and more particularly to Marlowe, Lodge, and Peele.” He urges these writers to cease writing for the stage; to take warning from his experience; and, if nothing else would move them, to be assured that the actors and the public were very unstable in their likes and their dislikes, and would soon abandon them for some new favorite. His words are: “Base-minded men, all three of you, if by my misery ye be not warred; for unto none of you, like [unto] me, sought those burrs to cleave; those thorns of his, I mean, that speak from our mouths, those antics garnish in our colors. Is it not strange that I, to whom they all have been beholding; is it not like that you, to whom they all have been beholding, shall (were ye in that case that I am now) be both at once of them forsaken? Yea, trust them not; for there is an upstart crow, beautified with our feathers, that with his Tyger’s heart want in a Player’s hide; supposes he is as well able to bombast out a blank verse as the best of you; and being an absolute Johannes Factotum, is in his own conceit the only Shake-scene in a country.”

Here Greene is in ill temper with some young upstart, who, at first only a player, has presumed to write also for the stage, and who is obviously supplanting Marlowe, Lodge, and Peele. From the date, 1592, and from what we know of the other dramatic writers then living, the new “upstart” could have been none other than Shakespeare, and this inference derives additional strength from the epithet which Greene gives him, “the only Shake-scene in a country.”

Thus the great dramatist, now only twenty-eight years old, and only six years in London, is already beginning to supersede his predecessors and contemporaries, and to excite in consequence their jealousy and hatred. One of the epithets applied to him is especially instructive—Johannes Factotum, literally, a John-do-everything, or, in good English idiom, a Jack-at-all-trades. Now the whole tenor of Shakespeare’s writings, as well as all the traditions concerning his life, go to establish the conclusion that he was remarkable for his common sense and his practical talents. His transcendent genius did not prevent his attending to ordinary business in an ordinary way—did not hinder him from being shrewd at a bargain and thrifty in the management of affairs. It is easy to see that these qualities, in connection with his genius as a writer, would naturally give him in a short time the chief control of the theatre to which he was attached. The disparaging epithets of Greene mark the precise time (a critical point in the history of any rising man) when, from superior business talents as well as from superior genius, the actual management of affairs had gone into his hands, but his superiority had not yet been fully recognized. He was still one who could be tantalized by his declining rivals as an “upstart,” one who could imagine himself able to write as good a blank verse as any of his contemporaries—one who was “in his own conceit the only Shake-scene in a country”—one who thought he could be writer, player, manager, and what not—in fact, a very and “absolute” Johannes Factotum. Greene’s Groat’s Worth of Wit led incidentally this same year to a notice of Shakespeare by Henry Chettle, another dramatic writer of the period. Chettle had been instrumental in the publication of Greene’s pamphlet, and finding that injustice had been done therein to some of the parties attacked, he published a tract of his own, called Kind-Hart’s Dream, intended to make reparation. It occurs in the following passage, referring to Shakespeare: “Myself have seen his demeanor no less civil than he excellent in the quality [which] he professes; besides, divers of worship have reported his uprightness of dealing, which argues his honesty, his justness in his purchase, that approves his heart.” The character which Chettle here gives of Shakespeare is precisely that already suggested, namely, that he was a man of genius, possessed of good temper, thrift, and common sense.

I have dwelt a little upon these four passages, Spenser 1591, Greene and Chettle 1592, and Spenser again
1594, because they are the first of all, and because, obscure as they are in some respects, they yet show how early Shakespeare became a man of mark. The other instances will be quoted more briefly.

This same Henry Chettle a few years later refers to Shakespeare again, under the name of Melicert, taking him to task for not sounding the praises of Elizabeth, at the time of her death.

Nor both the silver-tongued Melicert
Drop from his honied muse one sable teare,
To morn her death that grace'd his desert,
And to his laies op'd her royall care:
Shakespeare, remember our Elizabeth,
And sing her rape, done by that Tarquins, Death.

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

Though Collatine have dearly bought
To high renowne, a lasting life,
And found—that most in vanity have sought
To have—a fair and constant wife,
Yet Tygome plucks his glistening grape.
And Shakespeare paints poor Lucrece rape.

Gabriel Harvey, who figured largely in those days as a literary critic, and who was much mixed up with the affairs of Spenser and Sidney, published in 1592 four letters "especially touching Robert Greene and other parties by him abused." In the third letter is a paragraph addressed to one of the parties thus abused by Greene. The circumstances of the publication make it wellnigh certain that the person thus addressed was Shakespeare. The passage is so accepted by Dr. Ingleby, one of the most careful and exact of Shake-spearian scholars, that Harvey's words are: "Good sweete Oratour, be a devine poete indeede; and use heavenly eloquence indede; and employ thy golden talent with amounting usance indede; and with heroical cantoes honour right vertue, and have brave valour indeede; as noble Sir Philip Sidney, and gentle Maister Spencer have done, with immortal Fame; and I will bestow more complements of rare amplifications upon thee than ever any bestowed upon them; or this Tounge ever affected at all.

Six years later, 1598, Harvey wrote: "The younger sort take much delight in Shakespeare's Venus and Adonis; but his Lucrece, and his tragedy of Hamlet, Prince of Denmarkes, have it in them to please the wiser sort."

Drayton, in his Matilda, also of 1594, gives the following allusion to the new poem:

Lucrece, of whom proud Rome hath boasted long,
Lately reviv'd to live another age,
And here arriv'd to tell of Tarquin's wrong,
Her chaste denial, and the tyrant's rage,
Acting her passions on our stately stage,
She is remember'd, all forgetting me,
Yet I as fair and chaste as ere she was.

In a work called Polimantia, 1595, the following expression occurs: "All praise the Lucrece of sweet Shakespeare."

The Return from Parnassus, a play acted by the students of Cambridge, 1606, contains remarks on several contemporary poets—Spenser, Constable, Lodge, Daniel, Watson, Drayton, Davis, Marston, Marlowe, Shakespeare, and Churchyard. Of Shakespeare the following is said:

Who loves Adonis' love or Lucrece' rape,
His sweeter verse contains heart-robbing life;
Could but a graver subject him content,
Without love's foolish, lies languishment.

In the prose part of the play, the following dialogue occurs between the actors, Kemp and Burbage.

"Kemp. Wly, here's our fellow Shakespeare puts them all downe—aye, and Ben Jonson, too. O! that Ben Jonson is a pestilent fellow; he brought up Horace, giving the poets a pill; but our fellow Shakespeare hath given him a purge that made him beray his credit.

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

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

Ad Guilemum Shakespeare.

Honie-tong'd Shakespeare, when I saw thine face,
I swore Apollo got them, and none other.
Their verse-Ieare, their thoughts Irome.
Some heaven-born goddess said to be their mother.
Rose-check'd Adams with his sarkie visage,
Faire fire-hot Venus charring him to love her;
Chaste Lucretia, virgin-like her dresses,
Fowd hast-stunp Tarquins, falling still to prove her;
Romea, Richard, mere whose names I know not,
Their sung tongues and power-attractive beauty
Say they are saints, although that Su they shew not.
For thousands vowe to them subjective dute;
They burn in love, thy children, Shakespeare hath the.
Go, wo thy Muse! more Nymphus brood beget them."

These various extracts, I may remark in passing, are quoted, not for their value as poetry, but for their value as evidence, and this respect there seems no possibility of gainsaying their force.

In 1598, Richard Barnefield writes:

"And Shakespeare, thou whose honie-flowing Vaine
(Pleasing the world) thy praisis doth obtaine,
Whose Venus and whose Lucrece (sweete and chaste)"

"Honie-tong'd Shakespeare, when I saw thine face,
I swore Apollo got them, and none other.
Their verse-Ieare, their thoughts Irome.
Some heaven-born goddess said to be their mother."

"Faire fire-hot Venus charring him to love her;
Chaste Lucretia, virgin-like her dresses;
Fowd hast-stunp Tarquins, falling still to prove her;"

"Romea, Richard, mere whose names I know not,
Their sung tongues and power-attractive beauty
Say they are saints, although that Su they shew not.
For thousands vowe to them subjective dute;
They burn in love, thy children, Shakespeare hath the."

"Go, wo thy Muse! more Nymphus brood beget them."

In this same year are other incidental notices, either of Shakespeare himself, or of some of his writings. But I must omit these notices in order to dwell more at length upon the most important of all, the testimony of Francis Meres. Meres was a clergyman, "Master of Arts in both universities," "an approved good scholar," and a compiler of school-books. His testimony is the more valuable both because of its fulness and explicitness, and because, from his very occupation as a compiler, he would be more likely than almost any other kind of writer to be a reflector and representative of public opinion. Meres's book, called Palladis Tamia, or Wit's Treasury, was published in 1598. It was a text-book for schools, giving a brief account of the chief English poets, comparing them with the corresponding Greek, Latin, and Italian poets. In this work, after enumerating the great tragic poets of Greece and Rome, Meres says we have in English Marlowe, Peele, Watson, Kyd, Shakespeare, Drayton, Decker, Ben Jonson (the names are given in chronological order). Again, in like manner, our writers of comedy are given—Lily, Lodge, Gascoigne, Greene, Shakespeare, Nash, Heywood, etc. After quoting the Greek and Latin poets who had excelled in lyric poetry, he says, the best among our lyric poets are Spenser, Daniel, Drayton, Shakespeare, etc. In like manner, those famous for elegy are Surrey, Wyatt, Sidney, Raleigh, Dyer, Spenser, Daniel, Drayton, Shakespeare, and so on. Referring to the exo monumentum of Horace, he says, we have in English like enduring monuments in the works of Sidney, Daniel, Drayton, Shakespeare. He even quotes Shakespeare as one of those by whom the language had been improved: "The English tongue is mightily enriched and gorgeously invested in rare ornamentes and resplendent titles: by such Philip Sidney, Spencer, Daniel, Drayton, Warner, Shakespeare, Marlowe, and Chapman." Some of Meres's particular expressions are remarkable. "As the soule of Euphorbus was thought to live in Pythagoras, so the sweete, wittie soule of..."
Ovid lives in mellifluous and honey-tongued Shakespeare; witness his Venus and Adonis, his Lucrece, his sagred Sonnets among his private friends, &c."

"As Epius Stolo said, that the Muses would speak with Plautus' tongue, if they would speak Latin; so I say, that the Muses would speak with Shakespeare's fine-filed phrase, if they would speak English."

"As Plautus and Seneca are accounted the best for Comedy and Tragedy among the Latins, so Shakespeare among y Ephile English is the most excellent in both kinds for the stage: for Comedy, witness his Götlemé of Verona, his Errors, his Love's labour's lost, his Love's labour's wone, his Midsummer-night dreame, and his Merchant of Venice; for Tragedy, his Richard the 2, Richard the 3, Henry the 4, King John, Titus Andronicus, and his Romeo and Juliet."

Here, then, in 1598, we have Shakespeare, after a career of only twelve years in the metropolis, profile publicly in a text-book as among the great English authors whose works alone are a monument "are perpetuum;" his name placed conspicuously in four successive lists of writers who have distinguished themselves severally in Comic, Tragic, Lyric, and Elegiac poetry, and in still another list of those who by the
elegance of their writings have enriched and beautified the language, his name, too, occurring in these various catalogues more frequently than that of any other English writer, even Spenser and Drayton, who, in this respect, come next, standing at considerable distance away; and, lastly, we find quoted by name, besides the Venus and Adonis, the Lucrece, the Sonnets, no less than twelve of his great dramas, the whole coupled with the significant judgment of the critic (after naming all the great lights of English literature down to that day, except Chaucer) "that the sweet witty soul of Ovid seemed to live in mellifluous honey-tongued Shakespeare, and that if the Muses should ever deign to speak English, they would speak with Shakespeare's fine-filed phrase."

To say, after this, that Shakespeare was not known or recognized in his own day, is as absurd as it would be to say the same of Spenser, Sidney, Raleigh, and Ben Jonson. What admirer of Shakespeare even now could well speak of him in higher terms of praise than did this Francis Meres in 1598? All this, too, be it remembered, when he was, as it were, only at the beginning of his career, and with eighteen years of the most productive and most conspicuous part of his life still before him. Was either Longfellow or Tennyson, with all the prestige of university honors and influence, and with all the machinery of modern book-making and advertising, better known or more fully recognized at the age of thirty-eight than was Shakespeare at that age? Could either of them at that age have been ranked as best of English writers, in each of the four classes of Lyric, Elegiac, Comic, and Tragic verse?—or, in each of these styles, have been safely placed in comparison with the greatest of Grecian and Roman writers? Ben Jonson, who was as competent to speak of Shakespeare as would be Longfellow to speak of Tennyson,—even more competent, for Jonson and Shakespeare were intimately acquainted personally, wrote for the same stage, lived in the same city, dined at the same tavern, where they had those famous "wet-combats" of which Fuller speaks—Jonson, in the lines prefixed to the first Folio, speaks of Shakespeare in terms, not only of the greatest affection, but of the most exalted eulogy,—speaks not only of his unparalleled genius, but of his consummate art; and extols him as surpassing, not only Chaucer, Spenser, Marlowe, and all other English writers, but even the ancients whom Ben worshipped,—surpassing even Aristophanes, Terence, and Plautus in comedy, Eschylus, Euripides, and Sophocles in tragedy.

The strange hallucination that Shakespeare was unknown among his contemporaries may have come in this way. Soon after his death, all stage-plays were at a discount under the sway of the Puritans. On the overthrow of the Commonwealth and the incoming of the Stuarts, French notions of taste were in the ascendant. The stage was indeed revived, but it was that of France, not the good old English drama. Then again with William of Orange and Queen Anne came the reign of Classicism. And so, for one cause and another, for a full century after the close of the great Elizabethan period, Shakespeare, it is admitted, was under a cloud.

No more thorough evidence of this can be given than that, even so late as 1793, Steevens, one of the great Shakespearian editors of the last century, could write of the Sonnet, Sonnets, whose praises the men of Shakespeare's own day could never tire of sounding, that it was not within the omnipotence of an Act of Parliament to compel people to read them, and he actually refused to print them in his extended edition of Shakespeare's works, regarding those wonderful lyrics as so much worthless rubbish, and allusions to them in the following quaint language: "We have not reprinted the Sonnets, etc., because the strongest Act of Parliament that could be formed would fail to compel readers to render them a service."

In his own day, however, Shakespeare was the acknowledged sun of the literary firmament. We of the present century have but revived and raised somewhat the estimate in which the English people held him two hundred and fifty years ago.

Before dismissing this topic, it is worth while to notice, in these many references to Shakespeare by his contemporaries, how uniformly he is mentioned in terms of affection. This would seem, as before observed, to indicate the possession on his part of an amiable and obliging disposition, and gives plausibility to the tradition handed down by Aubrey, showing the origin of the friendship between Shakespeare and Ben Jonson. "His acquaintance with Ben Jonson," says Aubrey, "began with a remarkable piece of humanity and good nature. Mr. Jonson, who was at that time
THE LIFE OF SHAKESPEARE.

CHAPTER XIII.

RELATIONS OF SHAKESPEARE AND HIS COMPANY TO QUEEN ELIZABETH AND KING JAMES.

The company to which Shakespeare belonged was under the patronage of Hunsdon, the Lord Chamberlain, a kinsman and favorite of Queen Elizabeth, who had given the Lord Chamberlain use of the splendid palace of Somerset House, in which palace, it can hardly be doubted, the Chamberlain's company often played for the amusement of the Queen and Court. Shakespeare's plays, and Shakespeare himself, were well known to Queen Elizabeth. Indeed, one of the best authenticated traditions in regard to him is that the comedy of the Merry Wives of Windsor was written at her express suggestion. The refraining of Shakespeare from adulation, considering how grateful it was to the ears of the royal maids, speaks also trumpet-tongued for his manly independence. Blue eyes, blonde complexion, and golden hair, all predictable of Elizabeth herself, had become, by a sort of legal presumption, the only types of female loveliness. Yet in the face of this, the dramatist has the courage, perhaps, considering the imperious temper of the Queen, we might call it the audacity, to admire a regular brunette: He thus writes to some sweetheart:

Thine eyes I love, and they, as pitying me,
Knowing 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 shines in the even
Doth half that glory in the sober West.
As those two mourning eyes become thy face;
O, let it then as well be seem thy heart
To mourn for me, since mourning doth thee grace,
And suit thy pity like in every part.
Then will I swear beauty herself is black
And all they foul that the complexion lack.

Sonnet cxxii.

Spenser, or Sidney, or Raleigh, would as soon have cut off his right hand as to express admiration for such a woman.

Shakespeare, in this as in many other matters, was wiser than his time; he well knew that in the age to come his one delicate allusion to the Maiden Queen, in the passage in Midsummer-Night's Dream, already quoted, would be counted of greater worth than all the open flatteries poured out by his contemporaries with such lavish profusion.

Elizabeth was fond of theatrical exhibitions, and it was probably in consequence of this inclination of hers that the play-houses, which at different times, under the influence of the Puritan party, were ordered to be closed by the authorities of the city of London, were yet enabled to continue their performances, with little interruption, to the close of her reign.

On the accession of James, the Puritan party renewed their efforts to suppress the play-houses, and at first met with some success; but soon after reaching London, the new monarch changed his mind and took the Lord Chamberlain's Players (Shakespeare's company) under his own protection, allowing them henceforth to be called the King's Players, and giving them a special license with special privileges. The date of this license is 1603, and the name of the players, as given in it, are Fletcher, Shakespeare, Burbage, Philips, Heminge, Condell, Sly, Armin, Cowley,—nine, Shakespeare being second on the list. We note also, that in a list of the comedians who represented the dramatica persona at the performance of Ben Jonson's Every Man in His Humor, at the Blackfriars, in 1598, Shakespeare's name heads the list.
The first occasion, apparently, on which this company played before King James was when the Earl of Pembroke, the squire of his household, took them in getting from the government some abatement of taxes, as well as a portion of the government grant for the relief of certain cities and towns that had suffered by the plague or by fire. From the same document we learn that "he is willing to disburse some money on some odd yard land or other at Shottery," the birthplace and early home of his youthful sweetheart, Anne Hathaway. In Feb., 1598, in an inventory of corn and milk in Stratford, taken in apprehension of scarcity. William Shakespeare is entered as possessing ten quarters, being the third largest holder in his ward. In this year also we find him selling a load of stone to the corporation of Stratford. In October of the same year he is assessed in the parish of St. Helen's, Bishopsgate, showing him to be a property holder in London, his rates being 15s. 4d. In this same month, too, Richard Quiney of Stratford, [father of the Quiney who afterwards married Shakespeare's youngest daughter,] writes to his "loving good friend and countryman, Mr. William Shakespeare," asking the loan of £20,—showing that the poet was not only a property holder but a money-lender. Four years later, 1602, Shakespeare, for and in consideration of the sum of £320 of current English money, purchased 107 acres of arable land in the parish of old Stratford, the negotiation being conducted by his brother Gilbert. Later in the same year he bought a house in Walker Street, near New Place, Stratford; and later still, for the sum of £60 ($1500), "one messuage, two orchards, two gardens, and two barns, with their appurtenances." Three years later, 1605, he made his largest purchase, buying the unexpired lease of a portion of the tithes of Stratford, Old Stratford, Bishopston, and Welcombe, for the sum of £440. Shakespeare's annual income from these tithes, as we learn from another document, was £129 (c. £8000 now). Later still, 1612, he bought a house, with ground attached, near the Blackfriars Theatre, London, for the sum of £140. We find him also, 1604, bringing an action against Philip Rogers, in the Court of Stratford, for £1 15s. 10d. being the price of malt sold him at different times; and, again, 1609, instituting process for £26 debt and 24s. damages and costs, against John Addenbrock of Stratford, — all things showing clearly that "poetry and acting" did not make the man of genius negligent in matters of business.

Now, putting together these various facts, we find that the dramatist was steadily advancing in fortune as well as in fame, and that, at the end of twenty years from the time of his going to London, he had, by a steady pursuit of his profession, risen to be a man of mark in the theatrical world. Every step in his history, so far as we are able to trace it, shows that he was "handsome in law, endowed in body," the kind of man who suffered flights of genius, but by hard work and persevering industry. As his writings show him to have been one of the greatest of geniuses, so his life shows him to have been one of the most industrious and methodical of workers. He chose one profession; he pursued it without intermission for a period of thirty years; he pursued it in connection with the same company; he pursued it in the same place. He rose, not by a bound, but by a step by step, year by year, slowly, steadily, surely, triumphant. He produced, in the twenty-five years devoted mainly to authorship, no less than thirty-seven great plays, or an average of one and a half plays a year, the latest plays ever the best, each
PROBABLY PERIOD OF HIS WITHDRAWAL FROM THE STAGE
AND FROM LONDON—STATE OF HIS AFFAIRS AND OF
HIS FAMILY AT THE TIME OF HIS RETIREMENT.

It is not certainly known at what time Shakespeare
closed to appear on the stage as an actor. The
year 1604, however, is generally regarded as the prob-
able time. The growing importance and popularity
of his plays and his continued increase in wealth make
it improbable that he continued to act later than the
date named. The last record of his name in the com-
pany of the King's Players is on April 9, 1604, when
he stands second on the list, the only one above him
being Burbage, who had for a long time stood at the
head of his profession as an actor. The general belief
is that Shakespeare ceased to appear as a player soon
after this, in other words, when he was forty years
old, and had been eighteen years in London. This
may be considered as the culminating point in his
personal history.

I have already expressed the opinion that Shake-
peare possessed an unusual degree of common sense,
that he was amiable, conciliatory, and prudent; in
short, that he had that class of qualities which fit a
man for business, while they are vulgarly thought to
be incompatible with genius. This is a class of quali-
ties which it is difficult to show. Of indiscretion the
proofs are generally positive and tangible. But pru-
dence and discretion in the management of affairs
must be established by negative evidence. It is cer-
tainly, however, no unmeaning circumstance that
during the whole period that Shakespeare exercised a
controlling influence in the theatrical company, its
affairs were managed, not only with thrift, but with-
out those quarrels and jars for which the profession in
all ages has been notorious, and also without those
causes of offence which the other theatres were per-
ceptually giving to particular individuals or classes,
civil, political, or religious. It is noticeable also that
almost immediately after Shakespeare's withdrawal
from the management, the company were beset with
difficulties, and numerous complaints were lodged
against them for offences against morals, manners, or
taste. Thus, December, 1604, John Chamberlain writes
of a certain tragedy by the King's Players, in which
kings and princes are brought upon the stage, "I hear
that some great counsellors are much displeased with
it, and so it is thought it shall be forbidden." Again,
1605, the Mayor of London complains that "Kempe,
Armyn, and others, at the Blackfriars, have not for-
borne to bring upon their stage one or more of the
respected Aldermen of the City of London, to their
great scandal, and the lessening of their authority."
Again, in 1606, it is complained that they brought
upon the stage the Queen of France in a manner very
offensive to the French ambassador; also, "They
brought forward their own king [James] and all his
favorites in a very strange fashion; they made him
curse and swear, because he had been robbed of
a bird, and beat a gentleman because he had called off
the hounds from the scent. They represent him as
drunk every day." In consequence of these irregular-
ties, three of the players were arrested, and the per-
formances were prohibited. These indiscretions and
difficulties among the King's Players, occurring
in quick succession after Shakespeare had ceased to
be of the company, speak trumpet-tongued of those
which did not occur during the eighteen years that he
was in the management.

James I. of England and VI. of Scotland.

After ceasing to be an actor, Shakespeare's connec-
tion with the stage was that only of a writer of plays,
and this connection he continued to the end of his life.
This, however, did not necessarily require his residence
in London. Even while living in London, he was wont,
according to Aubrey, "to go to his native county once
a year." Various documents show that he early con-
templated the project, which he finally executed, of
retiring from London, to spend the close of life in his
native village. We have already seen how regularly,
from year to year, he invested in and around Strat-
ford the money accumulated from his professional
labors. At least seven years before he ceased being an
actor, and fifteen years before retiring from London,
he had become a property-holder in his native town.
The village tradition, in the generation after his death,
was that Shakespeare, "in his elder days, lived at
Stratford, and supplied the stage with two plays every
year, and for it had an allowance so large that he
spent at the rate of £1,000 a year." This, doubtless,
is an exaggeration, certainly as to the amount of
money spent. At the same time, the tradition obvi-
ously had some foundation in truth. He had already,
some years before, bought the largest and finest resi-
dence in Stratford, that built by Sir Hugh Clopton in
the reign of Henry VII., and known as "The Great
House," and afterwards as "The New Place;" and
there is good reason for believing that his style of
living there was that of a "fine old English gentleman,
al of the olden time."

The time when Shakespeare retired entirely from
London is not known. The most probable conjecture
is that which places it in 1613, when he was forty-
eight years old, and after a city life of twenty-six
years. His father, mother, and two younger brothers
were now dead. Gilbert, however, the brother next younger than William, was still living. His sister Joan had been married [to a Mr. Hart, of Stratford] and was also still living, as were also her husband and several children. His wife also, now fifty-six years old, was still living. His oldest daughter, Susanna, had been married some five years before to an eminent physician of Stratford, Dr. John Hall, and had one child four years old. His youngest daughter, not long after to be married to Thomas Quiney, vintner and wine merchant of Stratford, was still at home. It is not at all unlikely that both daughters, with the son-in-law and the grandchild, all lived together in the Great House, and that the other house belonging to him in the village was occupied by his brother Gilbert, who had looked after the poet’s property during his absence in London.

When, therefore, the great dramatist retired from the metropolis, crowned with honor and laden with wealth, he was not in the condition of most even successful adventurers, who after a life of distant toil and struggle seek to spend its close among the green fields which had gladdened their eyes in childhood. They return ordinarily too late, when their own faculties of enjoyment are exhausted, and most of the friends of childhood are gone. Shakespeare, in 1612, was still in the prime of life and in the full vigor of his faculties. He had about him a large family circle, and children and children’s children were around his hearth-stone. The popular tradition, minute documentary evidence, his whole recorded career, his whole character, go to show that his last days were eminently peaceful and serene. The thought contained in the 146th Sonnet, the nearest approach we have in any of his writings to an expression of his own personal feelings on the subject of religion, might well befit this period of his life, though written some years earlier:

Poor soul, the centre of my sinful earth,
Leagued with these powers that thee array,
Why dost thou pine within, and suffer death,
Painting thy outward walls so costly gay?
Why so large cost, having so short a lease?
Dost thou upon thy fading mansion spend?
Shall worms, inheriters of this excess
Eat up thy charge? Is this thy body’s end?

CHAPTER XVI.

A SERENE SUNSET—THE Portraits of Shakespeare.

Shakespeare died, after a short illness, April 23, 1616, aged exactly fifty-two. During the quarter of a century that he had been embarked upon the great ocean of metropolitan life, he had no doubt often been vexed and agitated. His profession was one peculiarly fitted to produce disquiet and perturbation. But agitation, while it upturns and dislodges the feeble plant, makes the hardy to send its roots more deeply and firmly into the soil. The soul that is well balanced acquires only additional composure and self-possession from conflict. The conflict of life in which Shakespeare had been engaged had not only been eminently successful as to all external circumstances and relations, but had left him calm, contented, and peaceful within. From a meridian of intense activity and splendor, he went, like Chaucer before him, gracefully and composedly to his long repose:

So fades a summer’s cloud away
So sinks the sun when beams are o’er,
So gently shuts the eye of day,
So dies a wave along the shore.

Of the portraits of Shakespeare there are three at least which have good evidence of being taken from life. These are the Stratford bust, the Droeshout engraving, and the oil painting known as the Chandos portrait.

The bust was made apparently from a cast of the features taken after death, and was executed soon after that event; how soon we do not know, but certainly before 1628, for it is referred to in the First Folio, published in that year. Shakespeare is buried in the church of Stratford-upon-Avon, near the north end of the chancel, and there is a slab over his tomb, with, the quaint inscription so often quoted, and said to have been written by Shakespeare himself:

Good friend, for Jesus sake forbear
To dig the dust enclosed here:
Bless be he that spares these stones,
And curse he that moves my bones.

To the right and left of him in the chancel, are the tombs of several other members of his family: his wife, his oldest daughter Susanna, his son-in-law, Dr. Hall, and Thomas Nash, who married his grand-daughter Elizabeth. On the north wall of the chancel, and facing these tombs, and at an elevation of a little more than five feet, is an ornamental niche or frame-work of stone, containing the bust already mentioned, nearly lifesize and extending down to the middle of the person. The poet is represented sitting, as if in the act of composition, his hands resting on a cushion, one holding a pen, the other a sheet of paper, while his eyes are looking, not at his work, but straight forward towards the spectator. The face is apparently of flesh color, the eyes a light hazel, the hair and beard auburn; the doublet or cloak was scarlet, and covered with a loose black gown without sleeves; the upper part of the cushion was green, the under part crimson, and the tassels gilt. This Stratford bust is of great value, as having been made so early, and as having in all probability been cut from some authentic likeness. As a work of art, however, it is open to obvious criticisms. The skull has the smoothness and roundness of a boy’s marble, and about as much individuality of expression. The eyes and eyebrows are unduly contracted, the nose has evidently been shortened by an accident of the chisel, the cheeks are puffy and spiritless, the moustaches are curled up in a manner never found except in some city exquisites, the collar

Chancel of Stratford Church,
With Shakespeare’s Tomb and Bust.

of enjoyment are exhausted, and most of the friends of childhood are gone. Shakespeare, in 1612, was still in the prime of life and in the full vigor of his faculties. He had about him a large family circle, and children and children’s children were around his hearth-stone. The popular tradition, minute documentary evidence, his whole recorded career, his whole character, go to show that his last days were eminently peaceful and serene. The thought contained in the 146th Sonnet, the nearest approach we have in any of his writings to an expression of his own personal feelings on the subject of religion, might well befit this period of his life, though written some years earlier: 
looks like two pieces of block-tin bent over, and finally the expression of the eyes, so far as they have any expression, is simply that of easy, well-conditioned good nature, not overburdened with sense or intellect.

In conjunction with this bust should be taken the picture lately discovered, and known as the Stratford portrait. It is the property of the town, and is exhibited among the other curiosities at the Shakespeare House. No one who has seen the bust can look upon the picture without being satisfied at the first glance that the two are connected. But was the picture made from the bust, or the bust from the picture? Stratford people strongly insist on the latter, believing firmly that the picture was taken from life, and was the original of the bust. Critics and scholars outside of Stratford take, for the most part, the opposite view. Whichever theory is true, the picture without doubt is of great value, and is worthily placed for perpetual keeping in the same town with the bust to which it is so closely connected.

Next to the Stratford bust, in the matter of authenticity as a portrait of Shakespeare, is the engraving by Martin Droeshout prefixed to the first folio edition of the plays, that of 1623, and generally known as the Droeshoot portrait. What portrait was used by him in making this engraving of Shakespeare is entirely a matter of conjecture. The probability is that it was some coarse draft by the actor Burbage, who had some pretensions as a painter, and who would be very likely to make a picture of his distinguished fellow-actor. If such a picture were hanging somewhere about the theatre, nothing would be more natural than for the actors, Heminge and Condell, in bringing out an edition of their friend’s plays, to use for the engraving this picture with which they were familiar. All this, however, is pure conjecture. What more concerns us is to know that Ben Jonson has testified in the strongest manner to the correctness of the likeness. His words, printed on the page facing the engraving, are as follows:

This Figure, that thou here seest put, It was for gentle Shakespeare cut, Wherein the Grauer had a strife With Nature, to out-doo the life: O, could he but have drawn his wit As well in brasse, as he hath hit His face; the Print would then surpass All, that was ever writ in brasse, But, since he cannot, Reader, look And not on his Picture, but his Book.

That the original from which the engraving was made must have been poor and bald as a work of art is manifest on the slightest inspection. This, however, is by no means incompatible with its having been a faithful likeness. The work of the engraver corresponds in this respect to the work of the painter. The engraving is to the last degree hard and stiff; it evidently is the work of one whose aim was to make a likeness rather than a work of art.

In comparing the face and head thus presented with those of the bust, we observe that while there are great differences, both in detail and in the general impression, it is easy to see the same man underlying both. There is the great distance between the eyes and the amplitute of forehead, so noticeable in all the likenesses. The flesh of the face is not so full and puffy as in the bust. The nose, not chopped off as in the bust, is however as straight as a stick, instead of having that delicate aquiline formation observable in one portrait which I shall show you. The beard is shaven from the chin, but a few hairs are sprouting on the under lip, and there is a very light moustache. The forehead is high and bold, as in all the portraits, and the hair hangs in long, smooth locks over the ears and the back of the head. The costume is evidently some theatrical display put on for the occasion and smacking very much of the stage-tailor. There is a doublet buttoned up to the chin, and a plaited lawn ruff standing out all round in a most uncomfortable and ungraceful position, and apparently stiffened in the edges and elsewhere with wire. One feature, the most noticeable of all, is the projection of the forehead. In all the other likenesses, without exception, the forehead, with its noble expanse, recedes gradually and evenly. But in the Droeshout engraving, the forehead is like some jutting cliff, projecting over, almost overhanging, the brow, in a way that is hardly less than monstrous. This misshapen character of the forehead may without difficulty be accepted, not as a part of the likeness of the poet, but as a part of the unskilful etching of the engraver. It certainly looks not unlike a huge goitre transferred from the throat to the brow.

Of the painted likenesses of Shakespeare none ranks so high as that known as the Chandos portrait. The history of the picture is tolerably complete. It belonged originally to John Taylor, painter, brother of Joseph Taylor, a player in Shakespeare’s company. It was left by will to Taylor by Sir William Davenant. From Davenant it passed in 1668 to John Otway, from him to Betterton the actor, from Betterton to Mrs. Barry, from Mrs. Barry, through two other hands, to the Duke of Chandos, under whose name it was finally bought in 1848, at public sale, by the Earl of Ellesmere, and by him presented in 1856 to the Na-
breath of forehead, that is to be seen in the Droeshout, though the forehead is still ample and strikingly noble. There is more general softness than in any of the other portraits. The picture is decidedly artistic, and the artist apparently, to some extent, sacrificed literal likeness to artistic effect. The complexion is dark; there is a pinkishness of color about the eyelids; the lips are inclined to be full and sensuous; the ear that is visible is tricked out with a ring; the hair, a dark auburn, that in the Droeshout is plaited and smoothed down, hangs here in easy, unstudied profusion on the sides and back of the head, while most of the lower part of the face is covered with a soft beard of the same color. No lines of deep thought are in the face, no furrows on the brow. There is an equal show of softness, almost of effeminacy, in the costume. The dress, so far as it can be made out, is of black satin, and the collar is of fine plain lawn, folding over easily but simply.

The Droeshout Portrait.

At the first glance, on looking at the Chandos portrait and then at the Droeshout, one can hardly believe them to be representations of the same person. Yet, on placing them side by side, and deliberately tracing the lines of each, one after the other, the substantial identity of the two is clearly established.

In addition to the three portraits which I have named, to wit, the Stratford bust, the Droeshout engraving, and the Chandos painting, there are many others of varying authority and celebrity. Of these I shall mention but two, the Terra-Cotta bust, and the German Death-Mask.

In 1845, in tearing down an old tea-warehouse in London, the foundations were laid bare of the famous Duke's theatre, built by Sir William Davenant, in 1682, in Lincoln's Inn Fields. Among the curious articles thus brought to light was a beautiful terra-cotta bust, which on examination proved to be beyond question a likeness of Shakespeare, yet having a character of its own quite independent of all the other acknowledged likenesses, and carrying us back to within at least forty-six years from the time of his death. This bust, after having been for some years in possession of its finders, Mr. Clift and his distinguished son-in-law, Prof. Owen, of the British Museum, was finally bought by the Duke of Devonshire, and by him presented to the Garrick Club of London, in whose possession it now is. The work is highly artistic in its style, in the position of the head and person, and in the character and arrangement of the costume. It has the refinement of the Chandos painting without its effeminacy, is more intellectual than the Stratford bust, but not so massive or robust as the Droeshout engraving.

It remains to say a few words of the German Death-Mask. The history of its discovery, which is somewhat curious, will be given as briefly as possible.

Count Francis von Kesselstadt, who died at Mayence, in 1843, the last of his line, had a valuable collection of curiosities and works of art, which had been for several generations in possession of the family, and which at his death were sold at auction in Mayence. Among the articles then sold was a small oil painting, which is known to have been in the possession of the family for more than a century, and which in the family traditions was invariably regarded and spoken of as a portrait of Shakespeare. It bore indeed an inscription to that effect, Den Traditionen nach, Shakespeare. The picture came, in 1847, into the possession of Ludwig Becker, court painter of Darmstadt, and after his death into the hands of his brother, the present possessor, Dr. Ernest Becker, private secretary of the Princess Alice of Darmstadt. It represents its subject as lying in state after death, on a bier, with a wreath round the head, covering in part the baldness of the crown, and with a candlestick, and the date 1637, dimly seen in the background. From certain peculiarities in its appearance, Mr. Becker and other artists and antiquarians who were consulted, came to the conclusion that it had been painted from a death-mask, and he accordingly set about making inquiries on the subject. He first found that a plaster of Paris cast of some kind had been in the possession of the Kesselstadt family, but that on account of its melancholy appearance, it had received little consideration, and what had become of it no one seemed to know. After two years of fruitless search, he at length, in 1849, found the lost relic in a broker's shop in Mayence, among rags and articles of the meanest description. A comparison of this cast with the picture convinced Mr. Becker, on artistic grounds, that the two were related to each other, and were representations of the same person. On the back of the cast is an inscription, the letters and figures being in the style common two centuries and a half ago, and the inscription having in all respects the appearance of being contemporary with the cast. An examination of the cast, while in England, by experts at the British Museum, showed that the inscription had been cut at the time the cast was made. A microscopic examination by Prof. Owen showed also that the hairs still adhering to the plaster were human hairs. The inscription on the back of the cast, in deeply cut letters, is as follows:

† A° Dm 1616

The cross is the usual mark in such inscriptions to signify "died." The letters A° Dm are the familiar abbreviations for Anno Domini. It is then clearly a cast of some one who died in 1616, the year of Shakespeare's death; it is also, in the opinion of the Beckers, clearly connected with the Kesselstadt picture. This cast, then, of 1616, it is claimed, is the original from which was painted the picture of 1637, which picture is, according to the Kesselstadt tradition, a portrait of Shakespeare, and has in fact a very strong likeness to him.

Further, it is known that the Stratford bust, which
THE LIFE OF SHAKESPEARE.

gives unmistakable evidence of having been produced from a cast, was made in London, by a "tomb-maker," as he is called, by the name of Gerard Johnson, and that this Johnson was a Hollander, a native of Amsterdam.

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

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

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

The mask or cast creates immediately in the mind of the beholder, even when nothing has been said to him in regard to its claims, the impression that it represents some remarkable man. The experiment has been frequently made, and uniformly with this result. It was exhibited, without a word of explanation, to Herman Grimm, the celebrated art critic of Berlin.

"At the very first glance," says Grimm, "I taught to myself that I had never seen a nobler countenance."

"What a noble, clean-cut, aquiline nose; what a wonderfully shaped brow! I felt that this must have been a man in whose brain dwelt noble thoughts. I inquired. I was told to look at the reverse of the mask. There, on the edge, out in figures of the 17th century, stood A.D. 1619. I could think of no one else who had died in this year except one who was born in the year Michael Angelo died,—Shakespeare."

Another impression, that one can hardly fail to receive from the mask, is the absence of any marked nationality in the features. The same thing is true of the well-known mask of Dante, in Florence; there is nothing Italian about it. So there is nothing distinctively English in this cast which claims to be the death-mask of Shakespeare. It gives us, as do his writings, the idea of a generic man,—a representative of the human race rather than of any distinct nationality. Another characteristic of the mask, equally marked, is the exceeding fineness and delicacy of the lines which make up the countenance. Grimm notices this peculiarity. No one, in fact, can fail to observe it who looks upon the mask.

While the mask differs, in one respect or another, from every recognized likeness of Shakespeare, there is no marked feature in any one of them which cannot be found in the mask. The variation in each case being easily explainable by the personal peculiarity caprice, or unskillfulness of the particular artist. Thus the best represents a round, full-faced man, decidedly puffy in the cheeks, while in the mask the face is thin and spare, and wears a thoughtful and rather melancholy look. Now it is well known that the flesh after death always falls away, giving this character to the face. So universal is this result that artists, in making a bust, or painting a picture, from a death-mask, always make allowance for the falling away of the flesh, and fill it out to the supposed fullness of life, either from conjecture, or from some photograph, or other evidence of the ordinary condition of the face in health. Gerard Johnson, in undertaking to supply

Monument at Stratford.
this supposed falling off in the flesh, simply overrid the matter, and gave us a portly, jovial Englishman, instead of the thoughtful author of Hamlet and Lear. Underlying the superabundant fulness of flesh, however, the eye can easily trace in the bust all the essential lines of grace and thought to be seen in the mask.

The bust, as compared with the mask, is noticeable for the shortness of the nose, and for the extraordinary distance (one and a quarter inches) between the nose and the mouth. John Bell, the sculptor, asserted on anatomical grounds, that the maker of the bust had met with an accident at the point of the nose, and then, instead of doing his work over again, he had cut away enough of the lower part of the nose to give the feature the requisite amount of nostril. The bust certainly has the appearance of having undergone some such manipulation.

Another point, in which the mask and the bust differ, is the distance between the eyes, and also between the eyebrows. The unoccupied space in the centre of the forehead, between the beginning of the ridge of hair on one side and the beginning on the other, is larger than I recollect to have seen in any human being. A corresponding width exists between the two eyes, the distance from the centre of one eye to the centre of the other being two and three-quarter inches. This feature gives to the face, as seen in the mask, an amplitude of forehead that is truly majestic, and one, when looking at it, cannot help feeling, that he understands better than he did before, where those great creations of genius came from, that have so long filled him with amazement. The bust-maker, on the contrary, through inadvertence, or possibly mistaking certain accidental irregularities of the plaster for a continuation of the hair, has run the brows more closely together, and then, to maintain consistency, has in like manner brought the eyes more closely together, to make them correspond with the brows. The effect of the narrowing of the forehead is further heightened by the fulness and puffiness of the cheeks already described; and the result of the whole is to give us the impression of a merry, good-natured farmer, instead of the majestic thinker that looks at us from the mask. And yet we can see how, through inadvertence, misconception, and maskfulness, the one might have grown out of the other.

The mask has met with a slight accident, the tip of the nose on one side having crumpled, or having been broken, marring a little the nostril on that side. The features as revealed by the mask have a manly beauty, of the intellectual type, that is very noticeable, and that has called forth spontaneous admiration from all who have looked upon it. There is also an indescribable expression of sadness that no one fails to notice. Mrs. Kemble, on seeing it, burst into tears. Grimm suggests in this connection another idea, namely, that in the first moments after death the disguises of life disappear, and the real character comes out in the countenance. "Though life," he says, "may prove deceptive on this point, not so death. It is as if, in the first moments after death had laid his sovereign and soothing hand upon man, the features reassumed before our eyes, as final imprint, that which they enclosed as the actual gift of creative nature, namely, the very sum and substance of life. Strange resemblances, wonderful confirmations of character, reappear in these first moments after the last moments."

Some of the hairs of the moustache, eye-lashes, and beard are seen in the mask, having adhered to the original conceave shell and been thence transferred to the convex mask. These hairs, on examination with a glass, are found to be of a reddish brown, or auburn, corresponding in this respect with what we know historically to have been the actual color of Shakespeare's hair. If the mask be what is claimed for it, we have here literally a bit of Shakespeare himself.

The eyes are closed, and the left eye shows a slight defect from some cause. The moustache is rather full, and in the shape now frequently worn, the ends hanging down diagonally to the right and left, so as to cover the corners of the mouth. The "tomb-maker," in the Stratford bust, has curled them up in a way which alters the whole expression of the face, giving it a gay and jaunty air. The rest of the beard is shaven, except a small tuft under the chin, of the cut now called an "imperial." The nose is thin, delicate, slightly aquiline, and the profile altogether is extraordinarily beautiful. The boldness of the outline, as one looks at the mask in profile, raises the expectation of a narrow face and head, instead of the broad, commanding face and forehead which meet the eye on turning the mask, and looking at it full in front.

The impression which these various likenesses make upon the mind of the observer, especially the impression made by the mask, is that of majesty and force: what a noble face this man had! how worthy of the noble thoughts to which he has given utterance! We feel instinctively like applying to him the words which he has himself put into the mouth of Hamlet, when addressing his father's portrait:

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 doth seem to set his seal, To give the world assurance of a man!

Shakespeare's House Restored. (As it appeared 1878.)
AN ANALYSIS
OF THE
PLOTS OF SHAKESPEARE'S PLAYS.

THE TEMPEST.
See Page 1.

In this comedy, Shakespeare is thought by able critics to have given us his most finished literary composition, and one in which the great poet has expressed his highest and serenest view of life. One of his latest productions, first published in 1623, no source of the story of the play can with any certainty be pointed out. Malone supposes it to have been written in the year 1611, and probably produced in the latter part of 1612 for the first time. Shakespeare, who was fond of music, makes admirable use of this art in The Tempest. Indeed, the serious parts of the drama are well suited for an opera.

SCENE. — The sea with a ship, afterwards an uninhabited isle.

In a cave hewn out of the solid rock lived the aged Prospero and his good and beautiful daughter, Miranda. This home was on an island, and thither Miranda had come with her father when she was hardly three years old. The cave in which they resided was divided into several cells, one of which, serving as Prospero's study, was provided with a number of books on astrology and magic, the knowledge of which Prospero had made exceedingly useful since his arrival on this island, which had been enchanted by the witch Sycorax, who died there shortly before his coming. Prospero by his art released many good spirits which the sorceress had imprisoned in the trunks of giant trees, because the spirits had refused to obey the wicked behests of the old enchantress. These liberated spirits were, after his coming, the instruments of the obedient will of Prospero. Ariel was the most prominent, who, gentle as he otherwise was, bore a deep-seated grudge towards the monster Caliban, the son of Sycorax. Caliban was found by Prospero during one of his excursions through the island, and was brought by him to the cave, where Caliban was taught to speak, but, owing to his perverted nature, little good and useful could he learn, and therefore was employed to do the more menial work, such as carrying wood and water. Ariel's duty was to compel the monster to perform these services. Ariel, invisible to all other eyes but those of Prospero, would often torment and harass Caliban. By the aid of these powerful spirits, Prospero ruled the winds and the waves. Thus he raised a violent storm, in the midst of which he showed his daughter a large ship, which he told her was full of human beings like themselves. Miranda begs her father to have mercy on their lives. The father soothes her agitation, and informs her that no person of the ship's company shall be hurt, that all transpiring would be done on behalf of his dear child.

He now relates to her the cause of their inhabiting this island. "I was Prince of Milan," said he, "and you a Princess and only heir. My younger brother, whose name was Antonio, I intrusted with all my affairs of state, and devoted myself in retirement to profound study. My brother, desiring himself the duke, with the aid of the King of Naples, a powerful prince and deadly foe of mine, effected my downfall. Knowing that they durst not destroy us because of the strong love of my people, they carried us on board a ship, and when some leagues out at sea Antonio forced both of us into a small boat without sail or mast. But a faithful lord of my court, named Gonzalo, had secretly hidden water and provisions on board, and also some invaluable books. Our food lasted until we landed on this island, and ever since my pleasure has been to instruct my darling child. This tempest I have raised so that by this accident the King of Naples and your treacherous uncle might be brought to this shore." Prospero having concluded his narrative touched Miranda with his magic wand, and she fell fast asleep. At this instant Ariel appears and gives a vivid account of the tempest to his master. Of the ship's crew not one soul has perished, and the vessel, invisible to them, is safely moored in the harbor. Meantime Ferdinand, the duke's son, reaching the island, meets Miranda. They mutually express surprise, and fall in love. Ariel, hidden by his master, now brings the king, Antonio, and the noble Gonzalo before Prospero, who embraces his brother and forgives him his past treachery. Prospero then dismisses Ariel from his service, buries his wand and books in the earth, vowing never henceforth to make use of the magic art. He then returns with the king, his brother, Gonzalo, Ferdinand, and Miranda to his native land, where, soon after their arrival, the nuptials of the hero and heroine, Ferdinand and Miranda, are celebrated, and "honor, riches, marriage-blessing" await them.

The characters in this play, while real and living, are conceived in a more human way, more as types, than in any other work of Shakespeare. Prospero is the embodiment of the highest wisdom and moral attainment; he is the great enchanter, and altogether the opposite of the vulgar magician. With the command over the elemental powers which study has brought to him, he possesses moral grandeur and command over himself. He sees through life, but does not refuse to take part in it. Gonzalo is human and common sense incarnate. All that is meanest and most despicable appears in the wretched conspirators. Miranda is framed in the purest and simplest type of womanhood, while Ariel is a being of life and joy knowing no human affection; in Caliban is his opposite, a creature of the passions and appetites. There is a beautiful spirit of reconciliation and forgiveness presiding over all, like a providence.
THE PLOTS OF SHAKESPEARE'S PLAYS.

THE TWO GENTLEMEN OF VERONA.

See Page 18.

THERE was no edition of this comedy until 1623, but according to Malone as well as Chalmers, it was written in 1595. Though this play furnishes fewer occasions for music than some others, yet some are employed in the plot as well as musical allusions. Shakespeare in this play introduces all the musical terms in use in his time; as, a tune, a note, sing out, too sharp, too flat, harsh descant, the mean base, etc.

SCENE.—At times in the cities of Verona and Milan, or on the frontiers of Mantua.

Valentine and Proteus were two young gentlemen, who lived in the city of Verona, between whom a firm friendship subsisted. They pursued their studies together, and passed their leisure hours in each other's company, except when Proteus visited a lady whom he loved; and these visits to Julia and his passion for her, were the only points on which the two gentlemen differed. Valentine, who was not in love, often wearied to hear his friend so incessantly talking of his Julia, and occasionally would taunt Proteus for his passionate and idle fancies. One morning, Valentine came to Proteus, and informed him that he was going to Verona for a time, as he was going to Milan. Proteus, however, tried to induce his friend not to leave him; but without avail. The two friends parted with vows of unalterable friendship. After his companion had left, Proteus wrote a letter to Julia, which he intrusted to her maid Lucetta to deliver to her mistress. Julia, though loving Proteus as much as he did her, acts coquettishly, refuses to accept the letter, and orders her maid to leave the room; but being curious to know the contents of the missive, calls Lucetta in again, and asks her what o'clock it is. Lucetta, who knew that her mistress rather desired to see the letter, without heeding the question, again presents the rejected epistle. Julia, incensed at this presumption on the part of her servant, tore the missive in pieces and threw them on the floor, ordering Lucetta out of the room.

When Julia found herself alone, she gathered the fragments up and began to piece them together, and made out the words, "love-wounded Proteus," but she could not make out the whole, and mortified at her own perversity in destroying such sweet and loving words, she pens a much kinder letter to Proteus than she had ever done before. While Proteus was in raptures over his letter, he was interrupted by the appearance of Antonio his father, who asks him what letter he was reading, and is told that it is one he received from his friend Valentine, at Milan. His father desires to read the news, but the son, greatly alarmed, assures him that there is nothing new, further than Valentine is well beloved by the Duke of Milan, who greatly benefits him with favors, and desires his friend Proteus to be the partner of his fortune. Antonio, deeming the advice of Valentine very worthy of attention, resolves to send the son at once to Milan, to spend some time there in the Duke of Milan's court.

Proudly Proteus drew the claw of his claw on his father, bid Julia a mournful farewell. They exchanged rings, and mutually promised to keep each other forever in remembrance. Proteus set out on his journey, and, arriving at Milan, found his friend Valentine really in favor with the duke; and moreover Valentine had become as ardent a lover as Proteus ever was. The lady of his love was Silvia, daughter of the duke, and his love was returned, though they concealed their affections from the duke.

who intended his daughter should marry the courtier Thurio, whom Silvia despised. While these two rivals were, one day, on a visit to Silvia, the duke himself entered the room, and informed them of the arrival of Proteus, who soon thereafter made his entrance, and was introduced by his friend to the fair Silvia. Valentine imparted to him in confidence the whole history of his love, how lovingly, carefully they had concealed it from the duke, and that, desiring of ever obtaining the father's consent, he had urged Silvia to leave the palace that very night and go with him to Mantua. Then he showed Proteus a ladder of ropes, by help of which he intended to aid Silvia to get out of one of the windows at dark. Upon hearing this confidential recital, strange to say, Proteus resolved to go and disclose the plan to the duke. The duke, after hearing the intelligence, resolved to frustrate Valentine's intentions, and by artifice makes Valentine betray the secret himself, and after upbraiding him for his ingratitude, banished him from the court and city of Milan. While Proteus was thus treacherously betraying his friend, Julia, who is insensible of the absence of her lover, resolved to dress herself and her maid Lucetta in men's clothes, and thus set out for Milan. Here she was hired by Proteus as a page, who, not knowing that she was Silvia, sent her with letters and presents to Silvia—even such gifts as Silvia had given her as a parting gift at Verona. Silvia, utterly amazed at this, rejects the suit of Proteus and refuses the ring, and Julia (disguised as the page Sebastian) praises Silvia and confides to her that Proteus had a love in Verona, who, as she knew, fondly loved him. Valentine, who hardly knew which course to pursue after his banishment, was set upon by robbers, who prevail on him to become their captain, threatening, if he refuses their demand, that they will murder him. Proteus, who now realizes that the page Sebastian is no other than Julia, and thrilled with this proof of her constancy and true love for him, took again his own dear mistress and joyfully resigns all pretensions to Silvia to Valentine, who so well deserved her. Proteus and Valentine while enjoying their happy reconciliation, were surprised by the appearance of the Duke of Milan and Thurio, who came there in pursuit of Silvia. Thurio, who had been sternly rejected by the lady, was now in despair of ever obtaining the fair lady. Proteus, in rival, in full possession of lady Sylvia. The lovers and the duke return to Milan, where the nuptials are conducted with all due pomp and ceremony.

Shakespeare has in this play settled down in the field of Italian story, which is to be hereafter the scene of his greatest triumphs. The Two Gentlemen of Verona and its incidents were great favorites with Shake-
THE MERRY WIVES OF WINDSOR.

See Page 35.

This is the only Shakespearian comedy which is entirely without serious characters and situations; nevertheless, it shows an almost irresistible and comic distortion — although jocosely carried out — to prove the sacredness of wedlock. Queen Elizabeth, whose ear was perpetually assailed by fulsome panegyric, and who encouraged all sorts of silly shows, May games, and buffooneries, was not insensible to Shakespeare’s talent; and having been much delighted with the character of Falstaff, as delineated in the first and second parts of Henry the Fourth, advised, or, perhaps we may rather say, commanded, the bard to portray the fat knight in love. Such is the tradition of the origin of the play, some incidents of which may have pleased the daughter of Henry VIII., although they are somewhat repulsive to modern taste and delicacy. According to Chalmers, this comedy was written in 1596, while Malone asserts 1601 as the proper date.

SCENE. — At Windsor, or near to it.

Falstaff, the droll hero of the trilogy of Henry IV. and V., is unable, on account of his limited income, to defray the costs of his extravagant tastes. He hits upon the odd idea, which is doubly amusing from his age and physical defects, of trying his luck in love, and thus replenish his empty purse. He writes love-letters to Mrs. Page and to Mrs. Ford simultaneously. His followers, Nym and Pistol, angry at him, resolve to inform the husbands of this shameful conduct. Both ladies having received letters of the same import, show them to each other, and mutually agree to retaliate upon Falstaff. As a mediator, they choose their talented friend Mrs. Quickly, who informs Falstaff that both ladies accept his suit, and expect to see him. Page has implicit confidence in his wife’s fidelity, but Ford does not trust his wife, and disguising himself, assumes the name of Brook, asking Falstaff’s assistance in his designs upon Mrs. Ford. He learns from Falstaff that this lady had promised to meet him. Just as the knight is about to enjoy the company of Mrs. Ford, Mrs. Page informs him that the injured husband is on his way hither, having half the inhabitants of Windsor at his back. The unlucky lover is hastily thrown into a clothes-basket and covered with a quantity of dirty linen. He is carried to a bleacher and there thrown into a shallow ditch. But, despite this involuntary bath, Falstaff is not yet the wiser, and runs again into the trap set for him. In Ford’s house, he is found again by the jealous husband. The ladies this time dress him up in the garb of an old woman, who is known as the discrepitable sorceress, or old witch of Brentford. Ford, who had forbidden this hag to enter his threshold, drives Falstaff, after giving him a severe thrashing, from his abode. Mrs. Ford now imparts to her husband the whole affair, cares him of his jealousy, and, in company with Mr. and Mrs. Page, prepares the third part of the joke at Falstaff’s expense. A rendezvous is made, with a night in the oak of the fabulous hunter, Herne, where, according to a popular superstition, fairies and elves carry on their revels at midnight. Mrs. Ford and Mrs. Page, in pursuance of their plan to revenge on Falstaff his attempt on their chastity, decoy him, under pretence of an amorous meeting, into Windsor Park at midnight, where he is attacked by Evans and all the kin and kindred of the family. Ford and Page, who are dressed as bobs, torment him with torches, and pelt and plague him in various other ways. Falstaff is represented ludicrously disguised, having a buck’s head forced on his head, and seated beneath the oak with his mistresses, who affect surprise at their being discovered.

In juxtaposition, and yet distant from the story of seduction and deception, a case of elopement is enacted in the play, as a counterpart of the former in its substance, particulars, and final result. Mr. and Mrs. Page have a daughter, of marriageable age, whom their hand and heart three lovers woo — Squire Fenton, whose love is good and true, is responded to by Anne; and Slender, the cousin of the country Justice Shallow, a dunce with an annual rent of £300, who is the favorite of Anne’s father, and last, the dandified French Doctor, Caius, who is favored by Mrs. Page. Under Herne’s oak, where Anne is enacting the queen of the fairies, Slender, according to the father’s plan, is to elope with the daughter, but the mother, having planned a like affair, wants him to elope with Dr. Caius. The shrewd Anne apparently accedes to each plan, but on her part plots and prepares with her lover a different understanding, in consequence of which Slender indeed elopes, according to the plan of the father, with a fairy dressed in white; Dr. Caius, after the plan of the mother, with one in a green garb; but neither of the two have Anne Page, nor even another girl, but only disguised boys. Fenton and Anne, however, gain their purpose, and reach the church, from which they return husband and wife. The parents yield, with great resignation and heartiness, to the inevitable, and after a general reconciliation, from which even the fat and guilty Falstaff is not excluded, the comedy closes.

In Falstaff, bubbling over with humor combined with that consummate conceit which makes his character so ineffably droll, we have a picture that only Shakespeare could draw. Falstaff is the representative, in his idleness and self-indulgence, of the debauched professional soldier of the day. But this lewd court hanger-on, whose wit always mastered men, is outwitted and routed by the Windsor Wives: "Wives may be merry, and yet honest too," is the healthy moral. The play has no paths about it: it is only merry; but, nevertheless, it is admirably constructed. The double plot works through it without a hitch; and the situations are comically first-rate, though we confess the tone is lower than in both Shakespearian’s earlier and later works. There are no grandees in the play; it seems a play of contemporary manners and a direct sketch of English middle-class life. The sweetness of “sweet Annie Page” runs all through it. She is the young English girl of Shakespeare’s admiration, not yet seventeen, with pretty, brown-haired, small-voiced, whose words are few, but whose presence is everywhere felt. True to her love, she is ready-witted, and dutiful to her parents, only disobeying them for the higher law of love. Her real value is shown by the efforts of those three lovers to get her. Fenton is
THE PLOTS OF SHAKESPEARE'S PLAYS.

MEASURE FOR MEASURE.

See Page 56.

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

SCENE.—City of Vienna.

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

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

THE COMEDY OF ERRORS.

See Page 78.

The Menacehmi of Plautus have furnished our poet the matter for this lively, entertaining, and ingeniously executed play, which is so full of a witty spirit. It is one of his earliest dramatic efforts, and perhaps was written before the year 1593, though Malone fixes the date at 1598. In the Comedy of Errors music has no mention.

SCENE.—Ephesus.

Various and prolix disputes and contentions between the cities of Syracuse and Ephesus caused, in retails-
tion for the precedent set by the former city, the enactment of a cruel law, according to which all intercourse between these two places was abolished, and any inhabitant of Syracuse seen in Ephesus was punished with death and confiscation of his estate if he were not able to pay a ransom of one thousand marks. Ignorant of this law, Egeon, an aged merchant of Syracuse, is found in the streets of Ephesus, arrested, and by the duke condemned to be executed. Upon the question, what has induced him to visit Ephesus, he relates that his wife had borne him twins, who had so extraordinary a resemblance to each other that he had purchased of their poor parents two twin brothers, whom he had brought up to attend upon his own sons. Suffering shipwreck Egeon had been separated from his wife, with their older son and his comrade. The younger son, who, after he had grown to manhood, had been afflicted with an irrepressible longing to go in search of his lost mother and brother, was still engaged in this search; both sons he now deemed lost to him, since for seven years he had sought for them on all seas, but in vain, and it was thus he had come to Ephesus. The duke, influenced by a feeling of pity, grants Egeon one day to procure the thousand marks for his ransom. Egeon’s sons, of exact form and size and bearing the same name—that of Antipholus—were at this time in Ephesus with their servants the younger Antipholus, bearing the latter’s name, was his servant. The younger Antipholus had just arrived with his Dromio; the older brother, however, had already lived twenty years in the city, having, as a courageous soldier, once saved the duke’s life, and had in the course of time become a rich and highly respected merchant. He married a rich heiress of Ephesus named Adriana, whose beautiful and wise sister Luciana resided with them. The twins and their followers, who bear such striking resemblance to each other, cause many vexatious and entangling mistakes, and thus, quite naturally, many very comically amusing scenes are enacted, and errors upon errors follow. One bewitching mistake confounds the other. The errors which are occasioned by confounding the two gentlemen and their servants with each other, cause the Antipholus of Syracuse to believe that he is under the influence of magicians, and therefore seeks refuge in a cloister, whose abbess, Emilia, charitably grants to him a place of refuge. Adriana, who presumed the fugitive to be her husband, complains to the duke of the conduct of the abbess, who refuses to give up the fugitive, who is deemed insane, before his cure is effected. One word draws another, until it becomes finally apparent that the jealous Adriana is the wife of the Ephesian Antipholus, whom she had often tormented with her silly suspicions. After confessing her behaviour to the abbess, the latter seriously expostulates with her. Meanwhile, evening comes and Egeon is to be executed, when opportunely at this juncture the twin pairs, and those with whom they have been confounded, all meet in the vicinity of the convent. The penetration of the duke at once solves this mystery of errors. The excellent abbess is none other than Emilia, the long lost wife of Egeon and the loving mother of the two Antipholus. The noble duke now pardons Egeon, who is released with a princely ransom; Adriana is permanently cured of her jealousies, while Antipholus of Syracuse marries her sister the good and fair Luciana.

In the Comedy of Errors, which commentators believe to be either the first or the second written of the dramas of Shakespeare, he has exquisitely brought in the pathetic element in Egeon’s story and threatened death, the mother’s love and suffering, and the reuniting of the family at the end of the play. He has also presented the beautiful element of the affection of Antipholus of Syracuse for Luciana—the first introduction of that serious and tender love which is never after absent in Shakespeare’s plays. The sweetness of Luciana in dissuading her sister from jealousy, in her advice to Antipholus of Syracuse, her sister’s supposed husband, in Scene 2 of Act III, before she consents to her suitor’s love, is very beautiful in its tender thoughtfulness. Adriana, though jealous and shrewish, really does not mean to be, and truly urges that her love is the cause. The contrast between the two brothers of Syracuse and of Ephesus is finely marked. The Antipholus of Ephesus was a man without a father’s or a mother’s training, and with no purpose in life like his brother. He is a brave soldier, but has no true view of love and marriage; he has taken a wife, yet consort with a courtesan. Antipholus of Syracuse, brought up under a father’s watchful care, is a far better type of a man. The search for his lost twin brother has given him a purpose in life; and although his temper is somewhat too unrestrained and he beats his servant too often, yet he reverences women, and declines the opportunity to avail himself of the mistake of his unknown brother’s wife. Of the two Dromios, the Syracusan seems to have been the better. He is more humorous and cool and takes his troubles better than his master. The noble and pathetic figure of Egeon forms a fine background to the play, his long search for his wife appealing to all hearts. This drama forms a fine acting play, the humor being brought out most comically.

MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING.

See Page 92.

THE more serious parts of the material on which this comedy is founded, were known to the reading public of England, at the time of our poet, through various works, such as the episode of Ariodant and Genevra, in Ariosto’s Orlando Furioso, which already then existed in two English translations. The nearest resemblance to this play is a novel of Bandello, entitled, “Timbroe di Cardonias, and Felicia Leonata.” The other comic parts of the play, and the persons represented therein, seem to be altogether Shakespeare’s own creation. According to Malone, the play was written in 1600; while Chalmers reports it a year earlier, that it was printed in quarto, and was entered at Stationers’ Hall, August 28, 1600, under the name of Benedict and Beatrice. There is much music in the play, especially in the masquerade, Act II, Scene 2, and several songs are introduced. In the last Act, Scene 8, the epitaph and song are beautiful, and well calculated for music.

SCENE.—Messina.

Leonato, the Governor of Messina, has an only daughter, named Hero, who lives with his niece, Beatrice, in her father’s palace. Beatrice is a lively and witty girl, the very counterpart of the sedate Hero. Returning from a happily ended war, appear as the guests of Leonato, Don Pedro, Prince of Arragon, with his favorites, Claudio and Benedick, all old friends and acquaintances of the governor and his family. Claudio sues for the quiet Hero, wins her love, and, through the mediation of the Prince, obtains the consent of her father. Benedick and Beatrice, both animated by a spirit of thoroughly inexhaustible
THE Plots of Shakespeare's Plays.

humor, begin a real contest of wits, incessantly teasing each other, and both to all appearances utterly forsaking love and matrimony. By an amusing plot, however, both, while deeming themselves unobserved, are made witnesses to pre-arranged conversations, from the purport of which it is intended to convince them that Beatrice is inspired with love for Benedick, and Benedick is equally in love with Beatrice. Both are deceived by the trap set for them; but nothing novel is produced thereby; they only obtaining the knowledge how their affairs are situated. The Prince of Arragon had also brought with him to Messina his bastard brother, Don John, a man discontented with himself and all the world, full of venom and rancor, who seeks pleasure in making mischief. He slanders the pure, innocent, and chaste Hero, as being a common strumpet, and proposes to convince the Prince and Claudio of the truth of his assertion by ocular proof. In the course of the night preceding the nuptials, Margaret, Hero's attending gentleman, clad in her mistress's garments, is induced to hold an interview with her lover, Borachio, one of Don John's followers, which might have been proof of Hero's guilt, had it really been she who had conversed with him. Claudio, whom the cunning rascal has induced to be a witness to this midnight meeting, becomes naturally enraged, and with youthful fervor hastily, without further investigation of the charges, resolves on a terrible revenge. The marriage of Claudio with Hero is about to be solemnized, but is prevented by the artifices of Don John. In the church, in the presence of all witnesses, Claudio denounces the innocent Hero as an impure woman, and charges her with unchastity. Hero faints at the terrible accusation, her father is distracted, and the bridal company breaks up in confusion.

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

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

LOVE'S LABOUR'S LOST.

See Page 112.

A ROMANCE or a drama from which our poet might have gleaned the material for this play, is thus far not known. The argument on which this comedy rests is the important contrast between the fresh and youthful, ever new blooming reality of life and the abstract, dry, and dead study of the strictly pedantic life. Shakespeare wrote the play, according to Malone, in 1594; according to Chalmers, in 1592.

SCENE.—Laid in Navarre.

The young and kind-hearted Ferdinand of Navarre conceived the somewhat fantastic idea of spending, in company with three knightly followers, Biron, Longaville, and Dumnain, three years in strict seclusion from the outer world. In pursuance of this aim, they have sworn a sacred oath, especially binding themselves to abstain from all social intercourse with women, and to devote themselves to the study of wisdom and learning. Their plan, however, is forthwith defeated by the arrival of the fair Princess of France, with her attending ladies—Rosaline, Maria, and Katharine. This party, on account of pressing affairs of state, request an immediate audience, which cannot be denied. All these knights of wisdom and abstinence fall in love with these ladies, who are just as amiable as they are good and subtle. A quick encounter of the wits ensues, during which the gentlemen tease and deride each other for breaking their vow, each at the same time trying to justify himself, but all aiming to win the hearts of the fair French ladies. The latter, on their part, try to cleverly defend themselves by vying with one another in witty retorts, and by cleverly ridiculing the courtiers for their foolishly conceived but quickly violated plan of affected struggle after wisdom. Intermingled in the play, as the most amusing and diverting contrasts, are the comical episodes between two bombastic and learned pedants, Holofernes and Nathaniel, as well as the pranks of the arrant knight and braggdocio, Armado, a youthful and saucy page, who acts the part of a privileged fool. The entire plot of the story and of the actors is suddenly interrupted by the announcement of the death of the sick and aged father of the Princess of France; and the drama closes with a very earnest lesson, and that, though expressed by the king in a jesting mood, is exacted by the ladies (though in another shape) as an expiration and for repentance. A duetto between Spring and Winter (Cuckoo and Owl) makes a charming epilogue, which in a poetic form sheds a light over...
THE PLOTS OF SHAKESPEARE'S PLAYS.

with the same magic fluid which had already proved so efficacious on his queen, Titania. Puck, by some mistake, enchants instead Lysander, but finding out his error, so enchants Demetrius, which forbids their union; and, that both Lysander and Demetrius, on awakening, fall in love with Helena, whom they both perceive at the same moment. As a result, Helena now thinks the declarations of both these suitors malicious mockery, while Hermia, who, meantime, had arrived upon the scene, is inscrutable to discover herself thus so suddenly deserted by the hitherto faithful Lysander.

Meantime Titania has yielded to the wish of Oberon, and the latter, joyful over the reconciliation with his wife, removes the magic spells from Lysander and Bottom; only Demetrius' spell will not leave him, or rather the spell she supplied by the magic which the devoted fidelity of Helena imparts to him, whose love he now rewards in turn with his love. The Duke Theseus, of Athens, whose marriage is also about to be celebrated, obtains the consent of Hermia's father to her union with Lysander, and thus it happens that three marriage ceremonies take place, on which occasion the artisans enact their very jovial and grotesque play of Pyramus and Thisbe, which they have so faithfully and amusingly rehearsed. Congratulations and fairy dances conclude the nuptial feasts and the drama.

The finest character in the play is undoubtedly Theseus, and in his noble words about the artisans' play, the true gentleman is shown. Theseus is Shakespeare's early ideal of a heroic warrior and man of action. His life is one of splendid achievement and joy; his love is a kind of happy victory; his marriage a triumph. But his wife's character is poor beside his. There is not much marked difference of character between the lovers Demetrius and Lysander, nor is there much distinction between Helena and Hermia, except that in person Helena is the taller of the two and the gender in disposition. Though the story is Greek, yet the play is full of English life. It is Stratford that has given Shakespeare his out-door woodland life, his clown's play, and the clowns themselves—Bottom, with his inimitable conceit, and his fellows, Snug, Quince, etc. It is Stratford that has given him all Puck's fairy lore—the pictures of the sweet country school-girls, seemingly parted and yet with a union in partition. There is exquisite imagery running through the play—a wonderful admixture, though it be, of delicate and aerial fancy beside the broadest and coarsest comedy.

THE MERCHANT OF VENICE.

In this play our bard celebrates the idea of a universal philanthropy, in the first place, as a Christian charity, but more especially in its tenderest and most gentle emanations, as friendship, connubial love, as well as grace and mercy, in opposition to the strict tenet of the law. George Chalmers fixes 1597 as the date of this comedy, while Malone reports 1599 as the exact time of its appearance. The musical elements of this interesting drama are beautiful, numerous, and celebrate the infancy of a well-known and now proverbial eulogium on modulated sounds: "The man who has no music in his soul," etc.

SCENE.—Partly in Venice and at Belmont.

A rich and fair heiress named Portia, who lives at Belmont, near Venice, is, according to the last will of
women that the poet shows us first in gloom and then brings into the sunshine of love. She is gloomy, naturally, at the momentous chance that her fate hangs on, until it gives her the man she loves. She has wit and humor, and good judgment, too. She is unselfish, for she allows her husband to leave her so soon to save his friend. Note her quick insight and wit; on the call for action, her self-reliance; the admirable handling of her case in court; the reserving of her power to the last, hoping to raise Shylock to the nobleness she would have him reach. See how the essence of all the virtues of woman is in her speech for mercy, which will echo through an all time. In the trial scene she keeps her happy, roguish humor, chaffing her husband about giving her up, and insisting on his ring (this latter scene is remarkably effective on the stage). No words can praise Portia too highly. Jessica, “the most beautiful pagan and most sweet Jew,” is romantic and impulsive. Love is her ruling passion, as greed is that of her father’s.

Antonio is a noble gentleman. There is a beautiful and touching unselfishness about him, as note his message to Bassanio, who was a fine enough fellow, but far inferior as a character to the woman whose love he won. In Shylock, we have the embittered hate of ages of cruelty and oppression flaming up to strike when chance allowed it.

THE PLOTS OF SHAKESPEARE’S PLAYS.

See Page 170.

The material of this play the poet gleaned from the story entitled “Rosalinde, Euphues Golden Legacie,” etc., which its author, Thomas Lodge, wrote at sea, on a voyage to the Canary Islands. The drama was written in 1600, when Shakespeare was thirty-six years old. There are various remarks on music and several songs embodied in this comedy.

SCENE.—Is laid first near Oliver’s house; afterwards in the usurper’s court, and in the forest of Arden.

A French duke, who had been deposed and banished by his younger brother Frederick, withdrew with a few faithful followers to the forest of Arden, leaving his only daughter Rosalind at the court of the usurper as a companion of the latter’s only daughter Celia: these ladies love each other like sisters. This affection which subsisted between them was not in the least interrupted by the disagreement between the fathers, and becomes not the less tender when Rosalind falls in love with the brave Orlando, who, in a wrestling match with a hitherto unexcelled athlete, wins the victory in the presence of the assembled court; but Orlando having learned from Adam, his father’s aged steward, of the deadly enmity of his older brother Oliver, seeks safety in flight. Adam affectionately accompanies him, and proffers Orlando the money he has saved. But the faithful servant, through infirmity and fatigue, is unable to proceed far on the journey. Orlando cheers his drooping spirits and urges him to go forward. The older brother, Oliver, was charged by the usurping duke with having aided the flight of Orlando, and the duke orders him to arrest and bring back the fugitives. Rosalind, having been banished from her uncle’s court, left it clad in the disguise of a page, and chance led her towards the forest of Arden. Celia, the usurping duke’s daughter, loving Rosalind tenderly, accompanied her in her flight in the garb of a shepherdess. More for the purpose of pastime and sport than for

A true and noble woman the poet portrays in Portia. In the language of Jessica, “the rude world has not her fellow,” and to this all who have studied the play will agree, echoing the words of Mrs. Fanny Kemble, when she says, “Shakespeare’s Portia, then, as now, is my ideal of a perfect woman.” She is one of those

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THE PLOTS OF SHAKESPEARE'S PLAYS.

THE TAMING OF THE SHREW.

See Page 190.

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

In The Taming of the Shrew no other use is made of music than to introduce minstrels at the wedding.

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

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

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

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

Gremio, the oldest of Bianca's rejected suitors, is satisfied with receiving an invitation to be the guest at the festivities in honor of the wedding; Hortensio, the younger lover, seeks consolation by marrying a young
All's Well That Ends Well.

Encouraged by the countess, to whom she had confided her love, she journeys to Paris, and succeeds in inducing the king to confide in her method of curing him. She agrees to suffer condign punishment in case she shall not succeed in restoring the king's health; on the other hand, should she cure the monarch, she promises that she shall be married to the man of her choice, and besides receive a rich dowry. Under her ministering care the king recovers entirely, and chooses the young Count of Rousillon for her spouse, who, despite all unwillingness and resistance at first, finally yields to the behests of his sovereign, and is married to Helena. Bertram has no affinity for his young wife, and moreover considers their marriage a mésalliance, flees from Helena soon after the marriage ceremony is over, and hides himself to Florence, where he enters the service as a soldier—meanwhile informing Helena by letter that she should never again see him in France, nor greet him as her husband, until she could wear on her finger the ring which he claims to have inherited from his ancestors as a family relic, and could nurture a child of his paternity on her breast. Despite these two seemingly impossible conditions, Helena does not despair in her hope and love. Without trying to conceal her truth she follows her tenant lover to Florence in disguise, where, with the assistance of the chaste daughter of an honest widow named Diana, she is soon in a condition to demand the fulfillment of her husband's strange conditions, and returns to France simultaneously with Bertram, where she has been announced as dead. As soon as the count is convinced of the truth of her assertions, he is thrilled with manifold emotion at such enduring love, and, in rapture over her high-spirited devotion, clasps Helena in his arms, henceforth bestowing all his affection on her. The unmasking and punishment of a villain named Parolles, a follower of Bertram, forms a diverting entertainment and an embellishment to the scenes, an episode of which calls to mind some of the parts of Fallowstaff's experience.

In this play the object of Shakespeare was no doubt, covertly, to teach a lesson to the English people on the pride of birth, in the poor, lowly-born Helena, richest and highest in the noblest qualities, and proving also how much true love could take a woman through unprompted and unsmirched. Coleridge calls Helena "Shakespeare's loveliest character;" and Mrs. Jameson says: "There never was, perhaps, a more beautiful picture of a woman's love, cherished in secret, not self-consuming in silent languishment, not desponding over its idol, but patient and hopeful, strong in its own intensity, and sustained by its own fond faith. Her love is like a religion—pure, holy, deep. The faith of her affection combining with the natural energy of her character, believing all things possible makes them so." Quick as she is to see through Parolles, she cannot see through Bertram, for love blinds her eyes. How beautiful is the confession of her love to Bertram's mother; and what a fool Bertram appears in leaving his sweet, unselfish young wife, and bow his brutal letter only brings out by contrast her truth and nobleness. How earnestly she wants to save him. She knows the urgency of his "important blood," and takes advantage of it to work a lawful meaning in a lawful act, and so, without disgrace, fulfills the condition her husband's baseness has made precedent to her reunion with him. Shakespeare has, indeed, proved in the character of Bertram (one who prides himself sternly in his uncles beneath a noble name rested a noble soul. Bertram, to speak mildly, is a snob, a liar, and a sneak, and it requires all the love of the
lower-born lady, of God's own make, to lift him to a level that obtains any of our regard. He has physical courage, but of moral courage he has none, and is unable to judge men.

TWELFTH NIGHT; or, WHAT YOU WILL.
See Page 233.

The sources which our poet made use of for this comedy are found in the novel entitled "Apollo-nius and Silla." According to some, he is said to have probably used two Italian comedies of similar name, namely, "Gli'inganni" and "Glingannata." Twelfth Night was written in 1600; but there is no edition of an earlier date than the first folio, in 1623. This comedy opens with a beautiful eulogium on music, which prevails throughout. The use of Evarista, in the same manner as at present, seems to have been well known at this time, as appears in Act I.

SCENE.—Laid in a city in Illyria, and the sea-coast near it.

Sebastian and his sister Viola were twins of the most remarkable resemblance to one another. Having both escaped the danger of perishing by shipwreck, Viola is rescued by the captain and taken to the coast of Illyria. Through the aid of her benefactor, the maiden, dressed in male attire, enters into the service of Duke Orsino. Intimate acquaintance with this handsome and elegant man inflames the susceptible heart of Viola with the fire of a first love. But the duke loves Olivia, a rich and fair young countess. Viola, in her disguise as a page, introduces herself to Olivia, on behalf of her master, Orsino, who passionately loves Olivia, who is, however, in mourning for her brother; and, unable to return the duke's affection, refuses at first even to listen to Viola's message, but no sooner sees her than, ignorant of her sex, she falls in love with the page; forgetful of the vow of entire seclusion from the world, Olivia unveils herself before Viola (Cesario), confessing her feelings, which, of course, are not returned. Viola, now perceiving the danger of her disguise, hastens from the presence of Olivia, with the emphatic declaration that she would never love a woman. Meantime her brother, who too had been saved by the captain of a vessel, arrives likewise in Illyria. His benefactor, who had at a former time during a naval engagement inflicted great damage on the Illyrians (had even caused the death of their duke), is of course in imminent peril among these people. His liberty, his property, yes, even his life, are in jeopardy, and nothing but the love for his protégé could have caused him to land. A ruffian who courts Olivia, and is jealous of the supposed rival Cesario, whom he deems the favorite of the countess, attacks Viola, and Antonio, confounding her with Sebastian, hastens to her relief. Officers of the law appear upon the scene of the tumult, and, recognizing Antonio from his taking part in the naval combat, take him off to prison. After Viola's departure from the scene of the trouble, Sebastian, who is in search of Antonio, appears, and is himself attacked by Viola's adversary. The countess, who having now interceded with the duke, mistakes Sebastian for Orsino's page, and as such loads him with caresses. Sebastian, astonished at his good fortune and struck with her beauty, falls in love at first sight. A priest at hand solemnizes the marriage ceremony without delay. Viola, who makes herself known as Sebastian's sister, by her womanly charm, spirit, and faithful love, wins the heart of the duke, and on the same day she is made the "mistress of her lord" and Illyria's duchess.

Viola is the true heroine of the play. She is sad for her brother's supposed death; but she is thankful for her own escape, and looks disaster full in the face, taking practical steps for her future life. The duke wants sympathy, and she gives it to him; she knows the duke loves music, and she gives it to him to cheer him in his love-born state. Note the real love that Viola describes, and the fancied love the duke feels for Olivia. That is a touching scene between Viola and the duke, where the music makes her speak in so masterly a way of love; and where Viola, in answer to the duke's fancied greatness of his love, gives him such hints of her own far greater affection for him, that no man not blinded by phantasm could have failed to catch the meaning of her words. Then comes that scene when the man she adores threatens her with death, and she will take it joyfully from him whom she declares then she loves more than life, and finally the reciprocation of her love by the duke. The duke has a fanciful nature; he is a dreamy, musical man. Still, he is not to be despised. His is a rich, beautiful, artistic nature, fond of music and flowers, and his love once obtained makes him a husband tender and true. The comic characters of the play are Shakespeare's own. The self-conceit of Malvolio is refreshing.

THE WINTER'S TALE.
See Page 251.

The plot is taken from the "History of Dorastus and Fawnia," by Thomas Green, and was written, according to Chalmers, in 1601, and according to Malone in 1604; and first appeared in the folio of 1623. Schlegel, the great German translator and Shakespearean scholar, says that the title of this comedy answers admirably to its subject. It is one of those histories which appear framed to delight the idleness of a long evening. There are two somewhat absurd songs, some other musical illusions, and a pedlar's song woven into this drama.

SCENE.—Sometimes in Sicilia and at times in Bohemia.

Polixenes, King of Bohemia (a country we must imagine in this play to extend to the sea-coast), is on a visit to the court of his lifelong friend Leontes, King of Sicilia, and after a sojourn of nine months at last resolves to depart. The urgency of Leontes to induce his friend to continue his visit somewhat longer being without avail, he requests his queen Hermione to try her fortune in accomplishing that end; and the queen really succeeds in persuading the guest to defer the return to his own country for another week. But suddenly in the king's heart a suspicion now arose by reason of this success wrought by the persuasive eloquence of his wife, and he became at once inflamed by such a violent fit of jealousy that he even seeks to take his noble friend's life. By an honorable confidential friend, whom he sought to employ as a tool to carry out his revenge, Polixenes is prevented from further designs upon the King of Bohemia. But Leontes is still jealous of his wife, and with Polixenes enters her apartment and demands the delivery of his only son, Mamilius. Hermione remonstrates, and is ordered to prison; while there she is delivered of a daughter, Perdita. The infant is brought by Paulina, wife of Antigonus, a lord of his court, to her father, but is
the story is told of Sicily, we see all through that the great poet has English scenes in his mind’s eye. The lovely country around Stratford is always before him as he writes.

THE LIFE AND DEATH OF KING JOHN.

In more than one respect this tragedy is not only the prologue, but the basis of the entire dramas of Shakespeare which treat upon the history of England. It appears to have been written in 1596, but not published till 1623. It was founded on the old play entitled The Troublesome Reign of King John. The action of this present tragedy occupies a space of about seventeen years, beginning at the thirty-fourth year of King John’s life. There is no music in this play but trumpets and the din of war.

SCENE.—Sometimes in England and France.

After the demise of Richard, surnamed Cœur de Lion, John wrung the English crown from the weak hands of his nephew Arthur, whose claims were supported by King Philip of France. But in the hope of incorporating England with his kingdom by the plan, the French monarch is prevailed to sanction a marriage between the dauphin and a niece of King John, and is about to withdraw his aid from Arthur, when the arrival of the Cardinal Pandulphe, the pope’s legate, prevents him consummating the agreement, and the dogs of war are again unleashed. Constance, mother of Arthur, having in vain endeavored to interest the French king and the legate in behalf of her son’s claim to the crown, appeals in paroxysms of despair to heaven, and denounces Arthur’s uncle, John, the usurper of the throne and her son’s rights.

Philip of France in a decisive engagement is defeated, and the captured Arthur is handed over by his uncle to the keeping of a certain Hubert, chamberlain to the king. John, feeling insecure from the superior claim of Arthur, orders Hubert to put out his eyes in prison. Hubert, moved to pity by the youth and innocence of the victim, spares him. But on quitting him, the prince, in dread of another attempt, leaps from the ramparts, and is found dead by Pembroke. A number of discontented barons resolve to free themselves from the yoke of the tyrant, and to this end invite the Dauphin of France to assume the English crown, with the sanction of the pope. On the arrival of the dauphin, John is compelled to yield an ignominious abdication by abjectly placing his royalty at the disposal of the cardinal, who then endeavors to stay the advance of the dauphin. His intercession proves, however, unsuccessful; and hostilities are about to be resumed, when the news of the loss of a French transport, having a hundred and forty ships in her train, together with the news of the desertion of an English reserve force, causes the ardor of the French prince to cool, and inclines him to make peace. Meantime, King John is poisoned by a monk, and his son Prince Henry succeeds to the throne. The departures from history which Shakespeare in this play introduces, are all designed in the interest of dramatic art, and not with the pretext of adhering to strict historic truth.

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The character which stands foremost in King John is Constance, with that most touching expression of grief for the son she has lost. Deserted and betrayed, she stands alone in her despair, amid false friends and ruthless enemies — an eagle wounded, but defiant.
THE PLOTS OF SHAKESPEARE'S PLAYS.

Considered as a dramatic picture, the grouping is wonderfully fine. On one hand, the vulture-like ambition of the mean-souled and cowardly tyrant John; on the other, the selfish, calculating policy of Philip; between them, balancing their passions in his hand, is Cardinal Pandulph, the cold, subtle, heartless legate; the fiery, reckless Faulconbridge; the princely Lewis; the still unconquered spirit of old Queen Elinor; the bridal loveliness and modesty of Blanch; the boyish grace and innocence of young Arthur; the noble Constance, helpless and yet desperate — form an assemblage of figures that, taken altogether, cannot be surpassed in variety, force, and splendor of dramatic and picturesque effect.

THE TRAGEDY OF KING RICHARD II.

See Page 292.

The principal source from which Shakespeare drew the argument of this play was Holinshed's History of England, and he has been adhered to this information. Without detriment to this its practical source, he has followed history literally, with an almost perfect fidelity. Inasmuch as the first edition of this tragedy appeared in 1597, there is good reason to believe that it was written in 1596. Here we have music in abundance. Military instruments are admirably described. All instruments played with the bow, in Shakespeare's time, were fretted except violins, and this is made obvious in this historical drama.

SCENE.—Dispersedly in England and Wales.

Henry Bolingbroke, Duke of Hereford, eldest son to John of Gaunt, the Duke of Lancaster, denounces Thomas Mowbray, Duke of Norfolk, as a traitor, and, among other accusations, charges him with abetting the murder of the Duke of Gloucester, the king's uncle. Norfolk, the accused duke, denies the charge, and offers to prove his innocence by single combat. The king consents to this, and orders the adversaries to appear on a certain day at Coventry. They arrive there punctually, ready for the encounter; but just at the moment when the signal for commencement is to be given, King Richard protests. Knowing that his own skirts are not clear of the taint of his uncle's death, hence afraid of the consequences of the duel, whatever the result of the latter may be, and also secretly dreading the adversaries, he banishes both nobles, having first assembled the lords of his realm and received their assent. Thomas Mowbray, Duke of Norfolk, is sentenced to perpetual banishment, while the Duke of Hereford is exiled for ten years, which term the king reduces, out of regard for the aged John of Gaunt, to six years. The king also commands them while abroad never to have verbal intercourse with each other, as he is afraid of their mutual explanations. Soon after Bolingbroke's departure, his father, the Duke of Gaunt, dies, and the king perpetrates the injustice of confiscating the estate of the deceased duke, thus cheating the banished Henry Bolingbroke out of his inheritance. Enraged over this undeserved robbery, Bolingbroke awaits a good opportunity to return to England for the purpose of dethroning King Richard. He knew how to ingratiate himself with the army and the English people, being either relied by blood with all the great families, or connected by the bonds of friendship with them. Richard meanwhile is living in great luxury, surrounded by worthless favorites, and influenced by them to tyrannize over his people, who grow bitterly discontented. Richard having gone to Ireland to avenge the death of the viceroy, Count Le Marche, who had been slain by the Irish during an insurrection, Bolingbroke makes good use of his absence, having heard of it previously; and, taking the name of Duke of Lancaster, returns to England, landing near Ravensburgh, in Yorkshire. The Duke of Northumberland and his valiant son Henry Percy (Hotspur), having been insulted by Richard, at once join Bolingbroke's forces. Discontented men pour in from all quarters, and soon swell the forces of Lancaster to an army of 60,000 soldiers. Even Langley, Duke of York, who had been left by Richard as regent in London, offers no resistance, being himself too weak, and, moreover, having been deceived by Bolingbroke, who represents that he had merely returned to have his banishment and the wrongful sequestration of his estates annulled. Bolingbroke, emboldened by continued additions to his army, now enters London at the head of his troops, where he is hailed by the people as their deliverer from a justly hated tyranny. Other cities follow the example of the metropolis. Richard, having heard of Bolingbroke's return from banishment and his attempt to usurp the crown, lands on the coast of Wales, from his Irish expedition, and receives the news of his rival's progress and the danger to which himself and his followers are now exposed. But he can learn nothing but misfortune; for his favorites, Bushy, Green, and Earl of Wiltshire, had already been executed, the Earl of Salisbury's army is scattered, his own troops are weak and inclined to desert, the people embittered, and the regent, York, though thus far a neutral, neither as friend nor foe had gone over to Bolingbroke. In this desperate dilemma, Richard appeals to the victor, and invites him, through the agency of the Duke of Northumberland and the Archbishop of Canterbury, to visit him at Flint, near Chester. The duke receives Richard, who with humbled face appears. Seated upon two miserable horses, Richard and Salisbury accompany Bolingbroke to London. Richard is dethroned and condemned to perpetual imprisonment. Bolingbroke ascends the throne under the name of King Henry IV. The old Duke of York becomes a firm friend to the king; the Duke of Aumerle, son of the Duke of York, continuing the firm friend of Richard, notwithstanding his deposition, comes to visit the old duke, his father, with a paper so carelessly concealed on his person, that York, doubting his loyalty to Bolingbroke, seizes it, and finds a treasonable plot to restore Richard to the throne. The father vows to immediately inform the king, but the son himself and his mother intercede, and obtain the king's pardon. Richard dies in the fortress of Pemfret by the hands of assassins, whose leader, Sir Pierce of Exton, without equivocation, asserts that he had been induced by Henry IV. to commit the murder. This charge is afterwards denied by the king. Nevertheless, King Henry resolves, in atonement of the bloody deed, to take a pilgrimage to the Holy Land, and with this vow, uttered at the coffin of his predecessor, ends the tragedy.

No doubt one of the motives which induced the great poet—a sincere patriot, a lover of his country, and a keen observer of the times—to take up the role of the historical plays, of which Richard II. is one, was to point out the great dangers to the state, and to the sovereign, of unworthy favorites. The degenerate son of the Black Prince, the flower of warriors, was seduced by Sir John Fastolf, and his thus儿 shamed king in words only—for act effectively he cannot. His nobles quarrel in his very presence; and the contemptible meanness of his nature is shown in his inability to take the reproof of the noble, dying Gaunt.
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It is not until his death that we feel any pity for the weak and dethroned king. In Bolingbroke, the poet has drawn the wily and astute leader, prompt to seize and turn to his own advantage the errors of his rivals.

THE FIRST PART OF KING HENRY IV.

See Page 316.

The author that Shakespeare follows in this historical drama is again the chronicologist Holinshed. So far as the comic scenes with Falstaff and his followers go, the play was perhaps already known in 1588 as a favorite, though weak and rude popular play, under the title of The Famous Victories of Henry the Fifth. The tragedy, however, was written in 1597, entered in Stationers' Hall in February 25, 1597, and printed in quarto form in the following year. Falstaff furnishes the funniest music in this play.

SCENE.— Entirely in England.

The first part of the play covers a period of but ten months, viz., from the battle of Holmedon, on September 14, 1402, until that near Shrewsbury, which was fought July 21, 1403. After the deposition and death of the unfortunate Richard, we find Henry IV.'s attention drawn to the invasion of the Scots, who, under their heroic leader, Archibald, Earl of Douglas, threaten the borders of England, but are defeated and beaten back by the celebrated Henry Percy, surnamed Hotspur. The report of this victory has scarcely reached the ears of the king, when, he, despite all the customs and usages of the times, insists upon the delivery of prisoners of the princes made by his victorious general, Percy, and especially insisted on having the body of the gallant Douglas. Enraged at this claim, Hotspur liberates all his captured prisoners without a ransom, and, in conjunction with his relations and followers, plans an insurrection against his new lord, whose ascent to the throne they had so recently effected. After a treaty with the Scotch and Welsh leaders, the insurgents march on Shrewsbury, where the king, leading his men in person, advances on them. A decisive battle ensues, in which Hotspur is slain by the hands of Prince Henry, and the insurgents suffer a total defeat, all their leaders being taken captive. Worcester and Vernon suffer execution, but Douglas is set free without ransom and permitted to return to Scotland. The earnest and tragical scenes of the play are in bright contrast with the comic parts, and these latter are interspersed on the following basis. Henry IV. is apprehensive of his son Henry, Prince of Wales, because the latter is a young man of remarkable talents; but the suspicion is entirely ill-founded, since the prince has never acted in conflict with the duties and love due from child to parent. The prince does not feel altogether at ease at court, and, perhaps for prudential reasons, seeks to avoid meeting his cold-hearted father. Desirous of becoming acquainted with the life and doings of the people, even of the lowest orders, he surrounds himself with a band of jovial, careless characters, who under the lead of their princely leader perpetrate the wildest tricks and follies, even going so far as to commit criminal acts. The principal scene around, both as to physical appearance and intellectual calibre in this company, is Sir John Falstaff, the most amusingly entertaining character that author has ever described. Among the funny scenes, Falstaff, having joined the royal army, in a skirmish with Douglas pretends to be slain. Prince Henry, recognizing his jolly old companion seemingly among the dead, ludicrously avows his intention to have him embowelled, but is no sooner gone than the knight jumps to his feet, and, congratulating himself on his narrow escape, insures his safety by immediate flight.

In this drama we have the headlong valor of Hotspur, the wonderful wit of Falstaff, the noble rivalry of Henry Percy and Henry, Prince of Wales. Kingdoms are striven for; rebels are subdued. Through every scene beats the full strong pulse of vigorous manhood and life. The whole play is instinct with action. Every character lives, and what magnificent creations they are. Hotspur, Glendower, Henry and his son Prince Hal, Douglas, Poins, Lady Percy, and Mrs. Quickly. In comic power, though, Shakespeare culminates in Falstaff, and who can say enough of him? He is the very incarnation of humor and lies, of wit and self-indulgence, of shrewdness and immorality, of self-possession and vice, without a spark of conscience or reverence, without self-respect—an adventurer preying on the weaknesses of other men! Yet we all enjoy him, and so did Shakespeare himself. Falstaff's most striking power is seen when that rough knight is cornered. Look at the cases of Poins; of Prince Hal's exposure of his robbery; of his false accusation of Mrs. Quickly; his behavior in the fight with Douglas, and his claiming to have killed Hotspur. His affrontery is inimitable. He is neither a coward nor courageous. Like a true soldier of fortune, he only asks which will pay best—fighting or running away—and acts accordingly. He evidently had a sort of reputation as a soldier, and was a proficient one, obtaining a commission at the outbreak of the war.

The power of the barons was at that time too great, and turbulence consequently followed. But a strong will is now vested in the throne—no fine sentiments followed by nothingness, no piously weak moralizing with him. What Henry has won he will keep, let who will say nay. Henry acts generously, for he offers peace even to the arch-rebel Worcester, his bitterest foe. It is refused, and then having doffed his easy robes of peace, and crushed his old limbs in ungentle steel, he orders only Worcester and Vernon to execution. Other offenders he will pass upon.

His character, his asperity and foresight, are shown in his talk with Harry, when he contrasts himself with Richard the Second. No wonder such a king regretted the heir he feared to leave behind him, little then knowing the stuff his son was made of. This son, Prince Hal, Henry of Agincourt, is Shakespeare's hero in English history. See how he draws him by the mouth of his enemy Vernon; how modestly he makes him challenge Hotspur; how generously treat that rival when he dies; gives Douglas his freedom, and gives to Falstaff the credit of Hotspur's death. And Hotspur we cannot help liking, with all his hot-headedness and petulance. But he believes too much in himself, and all must give way to his purposes. He is too aggressive.

THE SECOND PART OF KING HENRY IV.

See Page 330.

Holinshed's Chronicles has also been the source from which the poet delineated this second part of Henry IV. The time covered by this historical drama extends over the last nine years of this king's reign. This part was probably written immediately after the first part of the play had been finished, that is in 1598. It was entered at Stationers' Hall, August 28, 1600.
THE PLOTS OF SHAKESPEARE’S PLAYS.


After the death of the ardent and heroic Percy (Hotspur), the insurgents lose all energy; and although Scroop, Archbishop of York, uses his clerical influence for the success of their cause and thus effect an increase of their numerical strength, yet all the leaders of the insurgents, with the exception of Mowbray, are more inclined to seek redress for their wrongs by a capitalization, than to hazard further their fortunes in battle. On the other hand, the leaders of the king’s army, Prince John of Lancaster and the Earl of Westmoreland, do not incline to risk a decisive battle, and hence they invite the ringleaders of the insurgents, when both armies are confronting each other near Gaunttree forest, to hold a conference. This leads to a compromise, according to which the insurgent vassals, by authority of the king, receive the assurance that their troubles shall be redressed, and at the same time a disbandment of the troops is stipulated for both sides. The royal troops, however, receive secret orders of a treacherous import, not only to keep together, but to pursue the disbanded insurgent army, and to annihilate it. This they do, and Archbishop Scroop and his fellow-conspirators are without delay led off to execution.

Meantime the king’s strength is failing him, and even the news of the destruction of his enemies does not tend to restore him. Feeling the approach of death, Henry orders the crown to be placed on his pillow. Prince Henry, during one of the king’s fainting spells, supposing him dead, takes the crown to try it on; but the king recovers, and commands the diadem to be restored to its place, upbraiding the son for his precipitancy; although the dying king is so well satisfied with the innocence of his motives for the action, that he fully excuses the prince. The king soon after this incident died, and the son having succeeded to the throne, on his return from his coronation was rudely saluted by Falstaff, who presumed on the former vicissitudes of intimacy. Falstaff, however, was sternly reprimanded by the new monarch and discarded.

There is a quieter tone pervading this second part: it hardly has the freshness and vigor of the first. Indeed, it would be difficult to keep up the first impressions of Falstaff and the impetuous valour of Hotspur. Even Shallow cannot make up for them. The king leads, not at the head of his army, but in his quiet progress to the grave. The most striking speech in the play is that of Henry the Fourth’s on sleep. The lower rank of the people come more to the front in this play; and we have more prominence given than before to the low tavern life and the country squire and his servants. Though the hand of sickness is on the king, yet “he is still hard; and as soon as Hotspur is beaten, another army marches against Northumberland and the archbishop, whose two separate rebellions Shakespeare has put into one. How strong is the wish of the old king for the redemption of his son, Prince Hal, from the slough in which he is wallowing. And in the king’s last speech to his gallant heir we see the man’s whole nature—wily to win, strong to hold, a purpose in all he did. For Prince Hal we have one to be placed on two predictable ones. The shadow of his father’s death-sickness is on him, and he goes in half self-disgust to his old, loose companions; but there is not much enjoyment in his forced mirth; he feels ashamed of himself, and soon leaves Falstaff and his old life forever. He now deeply feels the degradation of being Falstaff’s friend. On hearing of the war again, the prince changes at a touch and is himself. The next time we see him in his true self is at his father’s sick bed, where again he wins to him his father’s heart. When Prince Hal becomes king, his treatment of his brothers, the Chief Justice, and Falstaff, is surely wise and right in all three cases.

THE LIFE OF KING HENRY V.

See Page 364.

On the writings of the chronologist Holinshed this drama is also founded. Shakespeare truthfully celebrates this, his favorite hero, as the ideal king and warrior; and history itself grants to the master of dramatic art that in this opinion he is entirely justified. The year of the composition of this history is alluded to in the prologue to Act V. of the play, viz., 1599. One cannot mention the year without the thought of that great contemporary of Shakespeare, Edmund Spenser, burnt out of the Irish house he has lovingly described, losing there one of his children, and dying miserably in a tavern in King Street, Westminster, on January 13, 1598, leaving behind him these last lines of his unfinished Faerie Queene as the subject of his last thoughts, as his last prayer on earth:

"For all that movest doth in Change delight: But thenceforth, all shall rest eternally
With him that is the God of Sabanchight.
O! that great Sabanch, God grant me that Sabanch’s sight!"

Book VII., Canto VIII., stanza ii.

One likes to think of the two poets knowing, honoring, and loving one another, of Shakespeare’s following Spenser to his grave in the Abbey, near Chaucer. There is manifest allusion to the different parts of music in the first act.

SCENE.—In England and France.

The incidents represented in this drama reach from the first year of Henry V.’s ascension to the throne to his marriage with Katharine, and are spread over a period of six years. Henry had scarcely come into possession of the English crown, when he prepared ways and means to carry out and fulfill his dying father’s injunctions, and by conquests abroad seeks to obliterate the stain which his title bears, on account of his father’s usurpation. In pursuance of this plan, he renews an old and outlawed claim to the crown of France, and, for the purpose of enforcing his right, makes preparation by gathering and equipping a large army. The French court, intimidated by such a claim and warlike demonstration, basely attempted the capture and assassination of the English monarch.
through bribing three powerful noblemen who are intimately connected with Henry. This plot is discovered, and the conspirators are executed. Henry, having invaded France on her breach of treaty, marches with his troops to Harlequin, summoning that city by herald to surrender, but being answered with contempt and defiance, he determines to take the town by storm, in which he succeeds. Afterwards, at the great battle of Agincourt, King Henry encounters the French army, which outnumbered him six to one, and gains a splendid victory, which breaks the power of the French, although the culmination was not really reached until the capture of Rouen, Jan. 16, 1419. The King of France is now compelled to yield to the severe conditions which the victor imposes, namely, to acknowledge Henry as heir to the French crown, and to give him his daughter, the Princess Katharine, for his wife. In this play Sir John Falstaff does not appear in action, but, according to Mrs. Quickly's description, meets a quiet and gentle death, after a prolonged illness.

There is but brief play of the tender passion in this drama, which is fairly resonant with the clash of contending armies, of fierce alarms, wounds, and death. There are some exceedingly fine scenes, as, mark the touching picture of the dying York and Suffolk, and the humility with which King Henry after the battle of Agincourt, on bended knees, ascribes the credit of the victory alone to God.

Henry is the true warrior; Shakespeare's ideal king, evidently. See the good humor and self-control with which the king receives the dauphin's insolent message (sting him though it does), and his strong resolve to win or die; and see the devotion of all his thoughts and energies to carry out this resolve. See how he convicts traitors out of their own mouths, and sends them to death, not for his personal wrong, but for seeking England's ruin. Note Henry as the soldier; the splendid patriotism and rhetoric of his speeches drives the warm blood to our cheeks as we read. How humble he is when victory is his, and how well he merits it by his foresight, skill, and valor. As a lover, the character of the king comes out well — no grand words, no pretence, but just a plain, blunt soldier, with a good heart. We can hardly realize that such a man was the father of that miserably weak creature, Henry the Sixth.

In the play of Henry the Sixth, Shakespeare deals in three parts with a weak king, Henry the Sixth; in one part with a strong king, Richard the Third. The subject is a splendid one for the dramatist. On the one side is the narrative of individual love; on the other, the overthrow of a kingdom and a throne. The love of Guinevere and Lancilot of old is reproduced in the guilty love of Margaret and Suffolk, leading to the bloody wars of York and Lancaster, which filled England with civil war and lost her the realm of France. The fair Margaret was turned by ambition into "the she-wolf of France." Her pride was so overweening, that it caused her to level the noble Humphrey, the sole support of her husband's throne, and thus makes room for all the angry tumults of the nobles and the designs of the bad and crafty Gloucester to work their way.

And then the ruined queen, bereft of husband, love, child, throne, has nothing left to console her, but waits grimly for the overthrow of her enemies, checking over the villainies of Richard and the storm that is gathering to overwhelm him at Bosworth Field. The characters of the far-seeing Exeter, the noble Talbot, that splendid soldier, the gallant Salisbury and the generous Bedford, stand out among a host of traitors, or worse, that figure on the scene. The cruelty of the English and the indifference of the French to that splendid woman, Joan of Arc, appear in bold and sad relief. There is noble material for tragic poetry here. On the side of Lancaster the chief personal force lies in Queen Margaret. The great Duke of York dies, but his place is filled by the portentous figure of Gloucester, so terrible by his energy, his disregard of moral restraint, and his remorseless hatred to all who are opposed to him. Henry VI. is the foil of Shakespeare's English kings. Possessed of that negative kind of sainthood which shuns evil, but shining courageous effort also, he becomes the cause or occasion of almost as much evil as if he were actively criminal.

THE FIRST PART OF KING HENRY VI. See Page 389.

SHAKESPEARE, in producing this work, was perhaps indebted only to the Holinshed Chronicles, which, however, was handled with poetical freedom, without binding himself to dates regarding the historical facts. It was written in 1597, as Malone informs us, but according to Chalmers in 1598. The play is ushered in with solemn music.

SCENE. — Partly in England and France.

The drama opens with the scene of Henry V.'s body lying in state previous to being solemnly buried at Westminster. The crown of England has scarcely been transferred from the head of the conqueror of France to that of his son, yet a tender child, when the French, animated by the spirited courage and valor of the maid Joan of Arc, seize the favorable opportunity to reconquer their old possessions and to take the oath of allegiance to Charles, their hereditary prince. Meantime, the quarrels of the dukes of York and Somerset, disputing the claims of the rival houses of York and Lancaster, appeal to Warwick, Suffolk, and their followers, then present, in confirmation of their respective claims. Warwick, determined to declining to answer, Plantagenet, Duke of York, bids those who agree with him to approve it by plucking a white rose. Beaufort, Earl of Somerset, adopts for the same purpose, as his emblem, the red rose, that the partisans of each might be known. These troubles form the embryo of that inextricable series of fierce internecine wars which shortly thereafter drenched the kingdom in blood. The heroic Talbot, Earl of Shrewsbury, and his son, John Talbot, with their little army of soldiers, were by the united armies of the enemy overpowered and sacrificed to the personal jealousies of the English nobility, who failed to send reinforcements. The extraordinary success which attended the French armies under Joan of Arc, named the Pucelle, in raising the siege of Orleans and everywhere repulsing the English, made the latter attribute her victories to magic. On being captured by the English, and under the threat of a cruelty that marked the ferocity of the age, burned as a witch. Meantime, King Henry VI. is induced, by the artful suggestions of the Earl of Suffolk, to ask for the hand of Margaret, daughter of Reignier, Duke of Anjou. An alliance is formed quickly with her father, and the duke is sent to France to accompany the princess to England. With the consummation of this fatal marriage for England concludes the drama.

The Plots of Shakespeare's Plays.
THE SECOND PART OF KING HENRY VI.

See Page 410.

SCENE.—In various parts of England.

The second part of this tragedy, considered by itself, comprises the period intervening between the marriage of the king to Margaret and the first battle of the St. Alban's, covering a period of ten years. Scarcely have the nuptial ceremonies between King Henry and Margaret of Anjou been celebrated, when the new queen develops a plan to obtain un

limited control over her husband, and by the aid of several powerful nobles, especially by that of her lover Suffolk and of Cardinal Beaufort, Bishop of Winchester, to force the Duke of Gloucester from his position of Regent. Their first attack is aimed at the wife of Gloucester, the ambitious Eleanor Cobham, who is accused of witchcraft, sentenced to recant in public and to endure an imprisonment for life. Immediately upon this, the virtuous Duke of Gloucester himself is taken in custody, and charged with high treason. All this is done against the will and desire of the king, who entertains no suspicion against the Regent, whose accusers, becoming aware that their evidence of guilt is insufficient, cause the Regent's assassination, and on the day set for his trial he is found dead in his bed. The Duke of Suffolk is accused by the popular voice of having murdered the Regent, which obliges the king to send Suffolk into banishment. He was afterwards taken at sea by pirates, and in a little cockboat beheaded. Meantime, Salisbury and Warwick, who, from the first dispute in the Temple-garden, became convinced of Plantagenet's claim to the crown, having had first removed from him the "attaint of blood," and reinstated in the dukedom of York; now salute him as king. The scene of the terrible end of Cardinal Beaufort, uncle to Henry VI., is graphically delineated in the third act. A prey to the keenest remorse, the wretched prelate is represented on his death-bed. The king, with his nobles, pay him a visit; but the cardinal, disregarding all, raves incoherently about his crimes. At the moment of his death, the king demands a sign of his hope; but instead of giving it, he grins, gnashes his teeth, and expires, leaving Henry horror-struck. Meantime, the government of Ireland is intrusted to the Duke of York, who, before his departure, in order to test the feelings of the populace, induces an Irishman, a bold commoner, named Cade, to announce himself as a descendant of Edmund Mortimer, and to aspire to the latter's pretensions to the crown.

THE THIRD PART OF KING HENRY VI.

See Page 434.

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

The play begins with the Duke of York's triumphant entrance into the city of London, where he swears from the weak Henry an acknowledgment of his inherited right to the throne, and between them the agreement is consummated that the duke, as regent, shall rule over England with the fullest sway, while Henry VI. shall, during his lifetime, remain in undisturbed possession of the throne and royal dignities. The opposing factions, however, soon cause a breach of this contract. The Duke of York, defeated in a battle near Wakefield, in Yorkshire, and captured, is cruelly treated by the revengeful Queen Margaret, who places a paper crown upon his head and taunts him till, while offering a handkerchief dipped in the blood of his recently murdered son, asks the duke to dry his tears with it. Soon after this scene the Duke of York is murdered. The powerful assistance rendered by the Earl of Warwick, summoned the "King-Maker," now gives the vanquished hosts of York strength to turn the tide of war and to defeat their adversaries near Towsen, in Yorkshire, and Duke Edward is raised to the throne. King Henry flees to Scotland, but is afterwards captured and placed in the Tower. Queen Margaret and her son go to Paris to obtain possible aid from the King of France, whose willingness to aid them is much weakened by the presence of Warwick. The latter had received from his liege lord orders to sue for the hand of the Princess Bona, King Lewis's sister. Suddenly a messenger arrives from England, bearing the news of Edward's marriage to the beautiful widow, Lady Elizabeth Grey. Enraged at this insult, Warwick concludes a treaty with Margaret and Lewis, and dethrones Edward, who escapes to Burgundy. Here he obtains troops, which enable him soon to effect a landing at Ravenspurg. The people of England flock to the standard of King Edward,—who, from his social and kindly manners, has always been a favorite with the populace,—and look upon Warwick and his allies as favoring the cause of the nobles. The city of London, too, espouses the side of Edward, and furnishes men enough to swell his constantly increasing army. Finally, in the decisive battle of Barnet, Warwick suffers complete defeat, and dies on the field. Prince Edward and his mother, Queen Margaret, being taken prisoners in the still more conclusive battle of Tewksbury, where the remnant of the Lancasterian power is really annihilated, are brought before the victorious Edward, who roughly charges the prince with rebellion, but is so forcibly answered by the royal youth, that Gloucester, Clarence, and their followers assassinate the prince almost in the king's presence. The imprisoned king, Henry VI., is afterwards murdered in the Tower by the duke, Richard of Gloucester (afterwards Richard III.). With an expression of Gloucester's intended villany upon the offspring of Edward, and the banishment of Queen Margaret by Edward IV., the tragedy is concluded.

THE TRAGEDY OF KING RICHARD III.

See Page 458.

THOSE deep mines of historical wealth, the Chronicles of Hall and Holinshed, furnished Shakespeare with the data for this play, which was entered at Stationers' Hall, by Andrew Wise, October 20, 1597, and published in a quarto volume the same year. It was probably written in 1592. The length of time comprised in this drama is about fourteen years, covering the last eight years of King Richard's life—beginning with Clarence's imprisonment, 1477, and ending with Richard's death at Bosworth Field, 1485.

SCENE.—England.

The threatened extinction of the house of Lancaster, as well as the falling health of King Edward, impel the ambitious Richard, Duke of Gloucester, to begin his struggle for the throne by thrusting aside the Duke of Clarence, his older brother, whom he causes to be murdered in the Tower. King Edward died soon after this event, after having seemingly lived...
reconciled his blood-relations and followers with the brothers and cousins of his wife, the Queen Elizabeth, and having appointed his only living brother, Richard, Duke of York, as guardian over his minor children, first conferring on him, during the minority of the Prince of Wales, the office of Protector and Regent. Richard, however, upon the death of his royal brother, immediately takes the two young sons of Edward—the Prince of Wales and the Duke of York—away from the control of the relations on their mother's side, Rivers, Grey, and Vaughan, and has them unhappy noblemen, under the charge of high treason, executed. A like fate meets Lord Hastings, whom, having proved himself utterly averse to Gloucester's plans of usurpation, he denounces as guilty of treason and sorcery at the Council table, and procures an immediate condemnation and execution. Through the powerful assistance and conivance of the Duke of Buckingham, who insidiously spreads a report of the illegitimate birth of the late King Edward, as well as of his two sons, Richard succeeds in having the crown formally offered to him, which offer he accepts, and with hypocritical reluctance. The sons of Edward, having been placed in the Tower, are, soon after the coronation of Richard, and by his order, murdered by his creatures, Deighton and Forrest, who execute their cruel task at midnight by suffocating the royal boys.

The king's next crime was the poisoning of his wife, so that he might be free to marry the oldest daughter of his brother Edward, Princess Elizabeth. Buckingham having opposed the murder of the sons of Edward, soon becomes a thorn in Richard's side, and he punishes that nobleman by a refusal to fulfil the promises that had been made him prior to Richard's ascending to the English throne. This duplicity on the part of the king causes Buckingham's defection, for which he is arrested and at last executed.

Richard III. is interrupted in his schemes of violence and murder. Henry, Duke of Richmond, lands with a large army near Milford-haven, and is marching towards London, when on the way thither he meets the army of Richard, who meets the death of a warrior in the battle of Bosworth Field. The crown now comes to the victor, who rules under the name of Henry VII., and by his marriage to Elizabeth, daughter of Edward IV., unites in firm and enduring marriage the two bloods of York and Lancaster, and thus forever settles the fierce quarrels and bloody conflicts between the rival races of the White and of the Red Rose.

It may be here stated that the ancestors of Shakespeare are said to have fought at the battle of Bosworth Field, and derived their warlike name from military services rendered to the cause of Richmond in that famous action.

Shakespeare has most powerfully depicted the contending motives and feelings in the character of Richard III. His depressing and insulting his victims with the zest of grim humor, and his delight in gulling fools and in his own villany, are admirably and frequently brought out. Villain as he is, he has the villain's coolness, too. He never loses temper, except when he strikes the third messenger. Richard is a skillful general, looking to things himself, and prompt to take proper measures. He dies a soldier's death, and in the last and effective battle-scene, where, unhorsed, he so gallantly fights on, we almost admire him. The action of the play covers fourteen years—from Henry VI.'s murder, May 21, 1471, to Richard III.'s death, August 22, 1485.

THE LIFE OF KING HENRY VIII.

See Page 486.

NOT published until 1643, when it appeared in folio form. It is the Epilogue to the historical cycle of the bard's dramas, and was probably written in 1601.

SCENE.—Chiefly in London and Westminster; once at Kimbolton.

This historical drama comprises a period of twelve years, commencing in the twelfth year of King Henry's reign (1521), and ending with the christening of Elizabeth in 1533. The Duke of Buckingham (son of the same duke who had been executed by order of the tyrant, Richard III.) becomes unfortunately entangled in personal disputes with Cardinal Wolsey, who, under the reign of Henry VII., had obtained great influence and power, and now finds means and ways to bribe several intimate attendants of his rival, and thus to convict the duke of treason. Soon after this, Henry meets, at a grand masquerade given by Wolsey, Lady Anne Bullen, and, struck with her beauty, immediately singled her out from all the ladies present, and falls violently in love with her. Anne Bullen's charms enhance the scruples he had long pretended to feel as to the legality of his marriage to Queen Katharine, his deceased brother's widow. Cardinal Wolsey fears the connection of his monarch with an Englishwoman, who is suspected, moreover, to favor the doctrines of the Reformation; considering this affair also as prejudicial to his own dignity and that of the Pope, he sends a message to the Pope, to whom Queen Katharine had appealed, to delay the decree of divorce. This letter, and a statement of the immense possessions and wealth of the Cardinal, by a singular mistake, fall into the hands of the king, who, enraged at this treachery, immediately divests Wolsey of all his worldly pomp and offices, and the fallen favorite is only saved from being found guilty of treason by his sudden death. The new queen, Anne Bullen, is now crowned with great state and ceremony, while Queen Katharine dies heart-broken at her divorce from the king. Meantime, a conspiracy is planned against Archbishop Cranmer, to whom the king is indebted for the ecclesiastical and temporal benefits of the divorce. Cranmer meets his royal master, to whom he had been accused by enemies who had been eagerly plotting his destruction for favoring the doctrines of the Reformation. The prelate, glad of the opportunity, kneels, pleads his cause, and so well satisfies the king of his innocence, that he raises him, and restores him to more than his former share of favor. The play closes with the ceremony of christening Princess Elizabeth, the afterwards famed Queen Elizabeth of England.

Written, as this play was, at a period treading close upon Shakespeare's life,—in the reign of the great, but at times irascible daughter of Henry VIII., Queen Elizabeth,—we can well understand how Shakespeare was obliged to temporize and sacrifice the opinions and unity largely to policy. The strongest sympathies which have been awakened in us by the play run opposite to the course of its action. Our sympathy is for the grief and goodness of Queen Katharine, while the course of the actor requires us to entertain, as a theme of joy and compensatory satisfaction, the coronation of Anne Bullen, and the birth of her daughter, which are in fact a part of Katharine's injury, and would seem to amount to little less than the
THE PLOTS OF SHAKESPEARE'S PLAYS.

TROILUS AND CRESSIDA.

See Page 510.

A TRAGIC comedy, founded on Chaucer's "Epos Troilus and Cressida." The play was written in 1602, and entered in Stationers' Hall, February 3, 1603, but not printed till 1609.

SCENE.—Troy, and the camp of the Greeks in front of that city.

Calchas, a Trojan priest, treacherously leaving the cause of his country, is taking part with the Greeks, to whom he becomes of great service. As a reward for these services, he demands the exchange of an eminent Trojan, named Antenor, for his daughter Cressida, who lives under the protection of her uncle Pandarus, in Troy, where her beauty and charms have made a deep impression on the heart of Prince Troilus, a son of Priam the king, Cressida has already accepted the suit of her lover, and was betrothed to him, when her happiness is interrupted by the arrival of Diomedes, who is ordered by her father to have her exchanged, and brought back to him. The lovers, on parting, swear eternal fidelity, and Troilus soon finds an opportunity to reach the camp of the Greeks. Here he learns the sad news of the unfaithfulness of his betrothed, who had already transferred her love to Diomedes, and convinces himself, by obvious proof, of her defection. Meantime, Andromache and Cassandra, the wife and sister of Hector, alarmed at the prognostics they have had of his fate, write, entreating him not to go to battle, Andromache making her infant join in their prayers to dissuade him. But affirming his vow to the gods, his honor, and his fame, he resists, rushes to combat, and is slain by Achilles. Troilus now vows to avenge the death of his brother Hector on the Greeks, and by such vengeance to stifle his grief. With a terrible curse against the pandering Pandarus, the drama is concluded.

This is the most paradoxical and variously interpreted of all the dramas of Shakespeare. This heroic comedy, tragic-comedy, or parody, as some have termed it, is not merely written as a pleasant satire on ancient knighthood and heroism, but is perchance wrought out to serve a counterpart to Falstaffianism, with the intent of quieting or soothing the noble heroes of the 16th century with the dubious consolation that knighthood among the ancients was of no finer quality. The principal idea is rather intended to show the deeply founded and effective contrast existing between the spiritual and intellectual formation of the ancient Greeks, as compared with the modern aim of Christianity. The play points to the fact that the Trojan war—as extolled by Homer—in so far as its real issue was concerned, turned simply upon the recapturing of an adulterous woman who had eloped with her paramour, and whose immoral conduct can by no means be excused on account of Paris' ideal beauty. In this play the moral is rendered prominent, that the kidnapping of Helen did not deserve the great Greek war of retribution, since the honor of the people had not been more impugned by the action of Paris than by that of Helen. Thus the play causes the moral conviction of the reader to revolt against such an aim, and this effect of the drama becomes the lasting impression. The love-story of the faithful Troilus, and the false and lustful Cressida, which gives its name to the play (albeit it is not its real turning-point), serves only as a modified repetition of the history of Menelaus and his faithless spouse, Helen, and hence presents as all the more conspicuously glaring the crime that led to the famed Trojan war.

CORIOLANUS.

See Page 556.

SHAKESPEARE derived his material from Plutarch's "Life of Coriolanus," which he read in North's translation. This tragedy was neither entered at Stationers' Hall nor printed till 1623, but probably written in 1609 or 1610.

SCENE.—In the city of Rome and the territories of the Volsciens.

Calus Marcius, a scion of one of the oldest and noblest families of Rome, who, after his father's early death, is educated by his mother, Volumnia, had already while a youth shown his valor as a warrior in the battles against banished Tarquin. Every war brought him fresh public acknowledgments of his merit and honor. Thus he had attained great dignity and renown, when a dispute between the senate and the people occurred, caused by the severe oppressions of the patricians and wealthy citizens, which the senate sustained. Owing to the humorous eloquence of Menenius Agrippa, however, the people were quieted, after granting them five tribunes and representatives in the senate-chamber. The people are now willing to serve as soldiers, a duty they had hitherto refused. But the patricians are at first discontented with the innovation, which is especially very violently opposed by Marcius. A war with the Volsciens gives him occasion to renew his valorous deeds. The general, Cominius, who praises the greatness of his military exploits before the soldiers, gives him the name Coriolanus, for the victories he attained near Caroli. Soon after this occurrence, he is a candidate for the Consulate, but, against all precedent, he imprudently, in a speech, derides the people, and they withdraw their votes from him. Highly incensed at this defection, he assails the populace in an oration before the senate, demanding the abolishment of the tribunal. The people, embittered and enraged at this, threaten to throw him from the Tarpein rock, but he is rescued by the patricians. Failing to conciliate the plebeian faction, he is banished from Rome, and, burning with rage, vows the destruction of the city. He joins the Volscian forces, and by his prince, Auscius, is made commander-in-chief of their army, then about to be led against his own country. His mother, urged by the imperilled Romans, is prevailed upon to go with her kinsmen to the camp of the Volsciens, to pacify, 

lix
if possible, her son. Listening to her entreaties, Coriolanus resolves to retreat, and thus Rome is spared. But the Volscians, fired by Tullius, are now displeased with Coriolanus, and call him to account for his action. He is about to defend himself in public, when Tullius, fearing the impression of his eloquence, under the tumult of his followers, assassinates him. His corpse is buried by the Volscians with all the honors due his noble memory.

Coriolanus is among the finest of the group of Shakespeare's Roman plays. The hero lived in the early days of Rome, in those pure, old, austere times when the great city had driven Tarquin from his lustful throne; for it was against that monarch that Coriolanus had won his first garland of oak by overwhmmingly defeating him. How nobly the pure white figure of Volumnia rises, clad in all the virtues that made the noble Roman lady. See how she overcomes her mother's righteous indignation against her townsman's injustice to her gallant son; and how with happy victory won she returns to Rome to give the proud city its life!

Coriolanus is in many respects a noble character and among the "flower of warriors;" but his pride is overweening, and that flaws and ruins the jewel of his renown. Treated with ingratitude, base and outrageous though in his case it was, he cannot put his country above himself. His grip is on her throat, when his wife, Virgilia, stirs his mother to appeal to him, and in that scene in the Volscian camp, Coriolanus, who has thought himself above nature, cannot resist their appeals. His wife, mother, and boy prevail. Coriolanus is himself again, and takes death, as he should, at the hands of his country's foes.

TITUS ANDRONICUS.

See Page 584.

THis play is the tragedy represented by human depravity in its most vindictive form—a thirst for revenge. Whence the poet gleaned the material for this play has not been accurately ascertained. It was one of his first attempts at a drama, and was written as early as 1587, though some say 1589, when Shakespeare was scarcely twenty-five years of age. A great many editors and critics have supposed the play spurious, for the color of style is wholly different from that of Shakespeare's other plays, but nevertheless the evidence is now strong in favor of its genuineness.

SCENE.—Rome and the adjoining country.

Titus Andronicus, a noble Roman general, victorious in the war against the Goth's, returns, crowned with honors, to Rome, bringing back with him, as captives, Tamora, queen of the Goths, with her sons, Alarbus, Chiron, and Demetrius. Of his own twenty-four sons, but four were left to him; the rest suffered death for their country on the battle-field. Through Andronicus's valor, Saturninus is raised to the vacant throne of the Empire. The emperor marries the captured queen of the Goths, and is by her goaded to bloody deeds of revenge against Titus, who had ordered the slaying of her son Alarbus as a sacrifice for the fallen sons of Rome. Tamora now instigates her wicked sons, Demetrius and Chiron, to murder Bassianus, brother to the emperor and husband of Lavinia, daughter of Titus Andronicus, whose dead body they remove; and still further urged on to diabolical deeds by Aaron, a Moor (who is believed by Tamora), they deprive Lavinia of her chastity, cut off her tongue and both her hands. Thus mangled, thewidowed Lavinia alarms her young nephew by following him and being unable to speak. The miscreants themselves report the cruel deed to the emperor, and charge two sons of Titus with the crime of having murdered Lavinia's husband. Titus, in the anxiety to save his sons, is insidiously advised by Aaron to cut off his own hand, which he sends as an expiatory sacrifice to the emperor. The latter returns his hand, accompanied by the heads of his already executed sons. The great afflictions suffered by Titus weaken his reason. By means of a staff held in the stump of her arm, Lavinia writes the names of the murderers of her husband in the sand, and causes thus the forming of a plan of revenge between her father, her uncle Marcus, and her now only brother, Lucius. Meanwhile, the empress bears a child. This illegal issue of the Moor, Aaron, by the empress, is, to avoid detection by her husband, the emperor, sent by its mother to be murdered. Demetrius and Chiron, the ready instruments of her crime, profess immediate compliance, and draw their weapons to dispatch it, but Aaron snatches his infant from its nurse, and vows vengeance to any one that touches it. To further conceal the foul deed, the Moor kills the nurse, and hastens with his child to the Goths. This same course is taken by Lucius, who now, like a second Coriolanus, advances against Rome at the head of a Gothic army. Dire punishment overtakes Saturninus and Tamora, who are slain; the latter had, however, before her execution, a thysatele meal set before her—that is, the flesh of her own slain sons were served up for the repast. Aaron is buried alive; Titus (a second Virginius) stabs his own outraged daughter, and is himself slain by the hands of Saturninus. Lucius, the son, and Marcus, the brother of Titus Andronicus, press a kiss of love upon the pale lips of the murdered hero. Lucius, the favorite of the people, is proclaimed Emperor of Rome, and rules wisely and well the lately terribly disturbed empire.

ROMEO AND JULIET.

See Page 584.

ONE of the earlier productions of our poet, and one of the most celebrated of his dramas, this play appeared first in print in 1597, and had, up to the year 1609, been published in four editions, each issue with improvements and additions. It was written, without doubt, in 1592.

SCENE.—For the greater portion of the play, in Verona; in the Fifth Act, once at Mantua.

Between two patrician houses of Verona, the Capulets and Montagues, existed from time immemorial a deadly feud. The family of Montague had an only son, named Romeo; that of Capulet but one daughter, named Juliet. Romeo's outward demeanor and education were the model of noble manhood, while Juliet's form and features were in unison with the purity of her mind, the ideal of noble womanhood. They did not know each other, when it happened that the old Capulet prepared a festival for his friends, and Romeo, the young heir of the Montagues, introduces himself, disguised, with some gay friends, his cousins Benvolio and Mercutio, who are also in disguise, to this event. Here obtaining a sight of Juliet, Romeo falls at once in love with her.
THE PLOTS OF SHAKESPEARE'S PLAYS.

An interesting dialogue takes place between the lovers, which is interrupted by Juliet's nurse. Tybalt, a fiery kinsman of Juliet's, having discovered Romeo, vows to slay the interloper. The interview, however, has succeeded in producing the most ardent passion between Romeo and Juliet, and the latter endeavors to secure the interest of her nurse, of whom she makes eager inquiries about her lover, but is tantalized by the nurse with the most provoking garrulity. The mutual impression the lovers have is so ardent that already, on the following day, a secret marriage is the consequence, at which Friar Laurence, confessor of the two, is induced to officiate, because the hopes that by this marriage, sooner or later, a reconciliation between the two rival houses may be effected. Immediately after this ceremony, a duel is provoked by Tybalt, the fierce cousin of Juliet, with Mercutio, the gallant kinsman of Romeo. Mercutio is slain; and Romeo, who had endeavored to prevent this duel, allows himself, by his momentary passion, to be drawn into a conflict with Tybalt, in which he kills the latter. A tumult ensues between the Capulets and Montagues, with the prince, arrive at the scene, and the latter, not fully aware of the provocation, orders the banishment of Romeo. Romeo having ascended to Juliet's chamber window, holds a stolen interview, and swearing eternal constancy, prepares to depart by the way he came. During this scene between the lovers, the nurse calls Juliet, who alternately answers her, and tenderly takes leave of her lover. Romeo, by the advice of the good Friar Laurence, flies to Mantua. Juliet, inconsolable over this separation, weeps bitterly. Her parents think that the death of her cousin Tybalt is the cause of her tears, and resolve to marry her to the kinsman of the prince, Count Paris, who now sues for her hand. Juliet, to avoid marrying Count Paris, and to preserve her faithfulness to Romeo, swallows an opiate furnished by Friar Laurence, the effect of which is to produce the temporary semblance of death, and is found by her nurse and others in this trance on the morning of the intended nuptials. Universal grief follows, and Friar Laurence, with a view to moderate it, and to prove his friendship for Romeo, recommends the immediate interment of Juliet's body. Meantime, the messenger sent by Friar Laurence is not admitted, because he had tarried in a post-house, and returns home without seeing Romeo, while Balthasar, Romeo's servant, although enabled to communicate with his master, only informs him of Juliet's death and burial, not being aware of the rest. Romeo, in his despair, procures a deadly poison, returns to Verona, where he visits Juliet's tomb at midnight, unaccompanied, from the miscarriage of the friar's note, with her reported death being but a trance. Count Paris, the intended husband selected by Juliet's parents, meets Romeo; they quarrel, fight, and Paris falls. Romeo takes a draught of the poison, and lies dead. At this moment, Friar Laurence arrives, to await Juliet's awakening. She, on learning the melancholy catastrophe, kills herself, and dies in the arms of Romeo. The friar previously requests her to follow him into a convent, but is frightened off by approaching footsteps. Juliet, imprinting an affectionate farewell kiss on the lips of the dead Romeo, takes his dagger and stabs herself. Meanwhile, Paris's aides-de-camp the guards, who, on seeing what had taken place, call the prince, the Capulets, and Montagues to the scene, while another attendant brings Laurence and Romeo's servant thither. The prince investigates the tragedy, and Friar Laurence rehearsesthe details of the melancholy story. His statement is corroborated by the page and Balthasar, and also by a letter from Romeo to his father. Over

the bodies of their unhappy children, the deadly enmity of the Capulets and Montague families ceases, and they are finally and effectively reconciled by the great grief that has overwhelmed them.

This drama is among the most powerful of the great poet in strong delineation of passion and richness of fancy. In Juliet we have the first striking figure of Shakespeare's youthful conception of womanhood. The glorious figure of girlhood, clad in the beauty of the southern spring, stepping out for scarce two days from the offer of her grand but loveless home into the sunshine and warmth of love, and then sinking back into the horrors of the charnel-house and the grave, is one that ever bansts the student of Shake- speare. The deeper and richer note of love which the great bard has struck becomes deeper and richer still in Romeo and Juliet. Fierce Tybalt; gay, fiery Mercutio; gallant Benvolio; tender, chivalrous Ro meo — we see them all in fancy as they move under the intense light of the Italian sun. Romeo bars the way; the Capulets are abroad; Mercutio's laugh rings down the street; his jewelled cap flames in the sunlight. Such sights and sounds are as these crowd on the mind's eye as we read and think. "Passion lends the lovers power," as the old song says. It is the time of the affections and warm youthful blood. But these viol ent delights have violent ends, and Juliet, "ill-divining soul," prepares us for the end that awaits the delicious, passionate love of the garden scene. Far above any thing Shakespeare had yet written stands this and the lovers' subsequent meeting and parting. The character of Juliet, too, is the guiding star of the play — far above Romeo, whose sentimental weeping for Rosaline, and grief when he hears of the order for his banishment, call forth a well-deserved reproach from Friar Laurence. The nurse, so thoroughly a charac ter, is the first and only figure of the kind in Shake speare (except, perhaps, Mrs. Quickly). The fussy, bustling, hot-tempered old Capulet is a capital figure, too. The play is "young" all through, not only in its passions, but in its conceits and its excess of fancy.

The time of the action of the play is five and a half days. The ball is on Sunday night; the lovers are married on Monday, and pass the night together. Juliet drinks the sleeping draught on Tuesday night, and on Wednesday, instead of marrying Paris, is found seemingly dead and entombed. She sleeps more than forty-two hours. On Thursday Romeo returns, and poisons himself before Juliet wakes before the dawn of Friday. She stabs herself, and the families are roused from their sleep to come to the tomb, as pre viously related.

TIMON OF ATHENS.

See Page 606.

IT has not yet been decided as conclusive whether Shakespeare obtained his basis for this tragedy from North's English translation of Plutarch, or from Payne's earlier work, entitled "Palace of Pleasure," nor is the date of its composition stated as certain. It was probably written in 1605.

SCENE.—Athens and the contiguous woods.

Timon, a noble citizen of Athens, equally renowned for his patriotic love for the cause of his fatherland, as on account of his immense wealth, is charitable beyond prudence, without aim or measure. Surrounded by a crowd of parasites, he is distributing to
one of them a rich jewel, nearly the last remains of his wealth. His friend, Aemilius, the cynical philosopher, warns him of the consequences of such prodigality, but his advice is not listened to. When reduced in fortune, he knocks at the door of his friends, who formerly had been his daily guests, but finds, as might be expected, closed doors and deaf ears. Filled with bitter rage, he once more invites these false friends for the last time, but places before them, in covered dishes, nothing but lukewarm water, a fitting symbol of their friendship, and, with terrible curses, throw the vessels at their heads. Aedonied and treated with the blackest ingratitude by those he had enriched and benefited, Timon spurns the hated city of his residence, and, renouncing human society, seeks the shelter of the forest, where he becomes an inveterate misanthrope. All invitations for a return to Athens he rejects; neither Flavius, his honest steward, who offers to divide his savings with him; nor Alcibiades, his general, who offers to revenge him; nor the senators of Athens, who offer him the highest office of honor, were able to change him. In this seclusion from the busy world, he draws from his bitter experience the motives of the people who come thus to meet him— not moved by pity or even curiosity, not for the purpose of consolation or atonement, but for the selfish and covetous reasons of thirst for gold, for it was rumored in Athens that, while digging roots, he had found a treasure which a miserly fellow had once buried. Still a prodigal with his gold, not for charitable purposes, but animated by evil intentions, Timon meets all who visit his retreat only to bribe and excite, and so to lead to the destruction of the hated human race. A warrior under Alcibiades at last finds Timon's grave, and reports the inscription, written by himself, witnessing to the loathing he felt for mankind until death.

JULIUS CESAR.

See Page 657.

Among the materials used by Shakespeare in this play were North's translation of the biographies of Julius Caesar, Marcus Antonius, and Brutus, by Plutarch: perhaps Appian and Dio Cassius were not unknown to him. It was probably written in 1602, soon after the completion of Hamlet.

The political moral of the tragedy is, that the most unstatesmanlike and politically immoral policy is that which is not in keeping with the strictest requirements of the laws of right and equity. A treacherous or cruel deed, even carried out from noble or patriotic motives, cannot escape the Nemesis of retribution.

SCENE.—In the city of Rome; afterwards at Sardis, and near Philippus.

Julius Caesar, renowned for many gallant deeds, and for his brilliant victories loved by the Roman nobility as well as by the people, after vanquishing the younger Pompey in Spain, thought that the time had now come to carry out the ambitions desire, so long entertained, of making himself the absolute ruler of the Roman Empire. On his return to Rome, contention was caused by the display made of the vanquished prisoners—an ostentation which had not been previously attempted—and the magnificence of this triumphal march could not altogether drown the displeasure; nevertheless, the Romans vied in showing Caesar honors, which almost amounted to adoration. In fact, Caesar was already a monarch, and his admirers urged him now to assume the name and the crown of an emperor. As Caesar was now on the eve of his departure for the war against the Parthians, his partisans endeavored to spread the rumor that, according to a prophecy contained in the book of Sibyl, only a king or emperor could be victorious over that people. At the Lupercalian festival, Antonius, approaching Caesar, offers him the crown, which is three times rejected by Caesar, and, amid deafening applause of the people, the crown is returned to the capitol. Caesar, however, in opposition to this act, displaces the two tribunes who had, in different parts of the city, deposed the murmurers in honor of their royal mantle, and imprisoned several citizens who had called him king. This strange conduct at last awakened the anger and suspicion of some of the prominent Romans against Caesar's seeming ambition. At the instigation of Cassius, a conspiracy was formed. All was soon ready for execution, and it was resolved that Brutus should be the leader, because his mere presence would, so to say, sanctify and strengthen the justice of any action. Brutus was a true Roman in that luxurious and corrupt epoch of Roman history. Even the love and honor which Caesar had once bestowed on him he forgot, in his patriotic hope to redeem Rome, and by his leadership gained to the conspiracy many of the noblest Romans. Without any offering of sacrifice or vow, the sacred league was formed, that Caesar at the festival of the Ides of March (the 15th) should be slain. Of the Roman ladies, Portia, the wife of Brutus and Cat0's spirited daughter, was the only one who had knowledge of the conspiracy. On the fatal day, the assassination of Caesar is enacted in the senate-chamber, Casca giving the first thrust. After having received twenty-three wounds, the last of which Brutus inflicted, Caesar falls. Cassius had urged that Mark Antony should also be slain, but the humane policy of Brutus saves him. Mark Antony weeps over Caesar's fall; and having obtained permission to make a funeral oration over the dead body, seizes the opportunity to so artfully work on the passions of his auditors, the turb'ent Roman populace, as to cause a riot, leading at length to a civil war, in which he gains supreme power. His further attempts, however, to follow the example of Julius Caesar are frustrated, and he is compelled, against his will, to acknowledge Octavius Caesar and the influential Lepidus as triumvirs in the government, whose first act was that bloody proscription, from which even Cicero the great orator is not exempted, but falls a victim. After being present at the execution of those of their enemies who had lingered in Rome, Octavius and Antonius embark for Macedonia to pursue Brutus and Cassius, who, after the news had been imparted to them that Portia had committed suicide by swallowing burning coals, venture, on the day of Cassius's birthday, the decisive battle of Philippi. Mark Antony seems on the point of gaining the last great battle against the conspirators, and disarmy seizes the victors. Brutusavoids to spread among the victors' hands, and impressed with the fate denounced against him by Caesar's ghost, which had appeared to him the preceding night in his tent, commands his page Strato to let him fall on his sword, and thus dies. His corpse receives an honorable burial at the hands of his victorious enemies.

Julius Caesar is not the real hero of this play, but Brutus is; yet Caesar's spirit rules, as Cassius and Brutus before their deaths acknowledge. Caesar's murder is the centre and hinge of the play. The death of the great soldier overcomes his conquerors; for though his bodily presence is weak, his spirit rises, arms his avengers, and his assassins proclaim his might.
Shakespeare has made the Caesar of his play not the brave and vigorous subdueur of Britain and the Goths, but Caesar old, decaying, failing both in mind and body; his long success had ruined his character and turned his head. The character of Brutus is that of one of the noblest of men the poet has drawn—if not the noblest. Brutus believes himself the man to set the times right; but as honor calls him he must act. He is no judge of men; he cannot see that Cassius is playing on him as a fop; he misjudges Antony, and allows him to make that most effective appeal at Caesar’s funeral to the passions of the fierce Roman mob; he always takes the wrong steps in action; he has his faults, too, as see his ungenerous upbairding of Cassius about getting gold wrongly, when he, Brutus, had previously asked for some of it; and how his vanity gives way to Cassius’s appeal to him in the scene after Caesar’s death. That is a glorious scene between Brutus and his wife—for soul to soul; no thought of earthly dallying between them.

MACBETH.

See Page 647.

HOLINSHED’S Chronicles, formed on the “History of Scotland” by the Scotch chronicler, Hector Boethius, forms the basis to the plot of this tragedy, which was written in 1606.

SCENE.—Principally in Scotland. At the end of the Fourth Act, in England.

The throne of Duncan, king of Scotland, is threatened by one of his vassals, who is aided by the Norwegians. But this danger is averted by the lustrous valor of his cousin, Macbeth and Donalbain, generals of the army. On their return from the last decisive victory, these officers meet, upon a lonesome heath, three witches; the first greets Macbeth as Thane of Glamis, the second as Thane of Cawdor, while the third hails him with the prophetic announcement: “All hail, king that shall be hereafter!” Nor does Banquo go away without a prophecy, for the witches say that his sons after him shall be kings in Scotland. The early fulfilment of these first two prophecies excite in Macbeth’s breast the hope that the other will be fulfilled, and that he will ascend the throne of Scotland. Macbeth, without delay, had informed his wife of all that had happened, who is not only an ambitious woman, but withal an unfeeling and unscrupulous one, and consequently a person ever ready to do anything, however wrong, to accomplish her designs. Lady Macbeth is told by her husband that King Duncan is about to visit the castle, and she at once resolves to murder the king. Duncan, who on his journey is accompanied by Malcolm and Donalbain, his sons, and a numerous train of nobles and attendants, comes to honor, by his presence, the heroic Thane, is met en route by Macbeth, who has hastened to welcome him. The king’s arrival causes great rejoicing; he makes valuable presents to the attendants and also to Lady Macbeth, his kind hostess, whom he presents with a valuable diamond. Being tired with his day’s travels Duncan retires early to sleep. At midnight the murderers hie to their terrible work. Macbeth wavers; but his wife knows how to banish all his scruples, and taunts him bitterly until he nixes himself for the bloody deed, and kills the sleeping king with the dagger of one of the king’s officers on guard, in order to draw the suspicion on them. At morning dawn the bloody deed is confirmed with Macbeth’s name. Although Macbeth and his lady are pretending the deepest sorrow and distress, and the former, in exalted rage, rushes to King Duncan’s room and stabs the two officers on whom he endeavored to cast suspicion, all doubt who the real perpetrators are. Malcolm and Donalbain flee; Macbeth is crowned king, and thus the prediction of the weird sisters is literally fulfilled. Macbeth, after usurping the crown, to secure himself in the possession of it, caused Banquo to be assassinated by the hands of hired murderers, and celebrates his success by a grand banquet. He is alarmed in the midst of it by the appearance of Banquo’s ghost! The queen and nobles, to whom the spectre is invisible, express amazement, and vainly strive to soothe him. Macbeth storms his castle and murders pitilessly Lady Macdouff and her children. Remorse and the dangers that menace her husband’s throne having thrown Macbeth into a dangerous condition, rest becomes a stranger to her narrowed mind; she walks in her sleep, and in that state discloses the secret of the king’s murder to her physician and her attendant, and at last kills herself. The entire country is in revolution; one after another desert Macbeth’s falling cause, and the weird sisters drive him finally, by their mischievous oracles, into a state bordering on insanity. They tell him he need not fear any harm to his person until Birnam wood shall come to Dunsinane; nor could any born of a woman cause danger to him. But in the attack upon Macbeth’s stronghold the wood really advances towards Macbeth’s castle. The English soldiers, while on their march, passed through these woods of Birnam, and, in order to conceal their numbers, carried green boughs and twigs in leaf before them. This is the significance of the prediction of the weird sisters; and a foe not born of woman arises indeed against him. His wife in the ordinary manner of man, but was prematurely taken from his mother. The finale is reached when Macbeth falls in a struggle with the avenging Macduff; and Duncan’s oldest son, Malcolm, ascends the throne as legal heir and king of Scotland.

Macbeth is a play of conscience, though the workings of that conscience are seen far more in Lady Macbeth than in her husband. The play is designed to show, too, the separation from man as well as God, the miserable, trustless isolation that sin brings in its train. Before the play opens, there must have been consultations between the guilty pair on Duncan’s murder, and when the play opens, the pall of fiendish witchcraft is over us from the first. The fall of the tempted is terribly sudden. Lady Macbeth has a gallantry of Macbeth, the gratitude of Duncan, and the picture of Macbeth’s castle, so pleasantly put into Duncan’s and Banquo’s mouths. Macbeth had the wrong nature for a murderer—he was too imaginative. The more blood he shed, which he thought would make him safe and hardened, did but increase his terrors. But he resolves to know the worst, and after his second visit to the witches, the courage of desperation takes the place of the feebleness of the guilty soul, and finally he faces and meets his own death with a coolness almost admirable.
THE PLOTS OF SHAKESPEARE'S PLAYS.

HAMLET, PRINCE OF DENMARK.

See Page 666.

Many books and essays have been written concerning this tragedy of all the tragedies of Shakespeare, but none of the critics, in their analysis of the play, vary materially, especially in the understanding of the principal character. According to the general acceptance of modern critics, Shakespeare designed to delineate his religious, moral, artistic, and dramatic acknowledgment of faith, and wrote this drama for the exaltation of the dramatic art upon the stage, as an educator as much entitled to serve the highest interests and aims of humanity as any other educational influence.

The source from which Shakespeare gathered his material, was probably the novel entitled the "History of Hamlet," by the Danish author, Saxo Grammaticus. This drama was written, according to Dr. Drake and Chalmers, in 1587, while Malone fixes the date in 1600, and it appeared first in print, in a quarto edition, in 1604.

SCENE.—Elsinore, Denmark.

Prince Hamlet, the son of King Hamlet, of Denmark, after receiving the news of the sudden death of his father, leaves Wittenberg, where he had been in pursuit of learning, and returns to the residence at Elsinore. In addition to the deep mourning caused by the great loss he had sustained in his father's death, he is, moreover, exceedingly affected by his mother's speedy remarriage. The queen, who had been loved with tenderness by King Hamlet during the thirty years of their married life, and who simulated, at the funeral of her husband, the most frantic grief, had, nevertheless, but a few brief weeks thereafter, celebrated her nuptials with Claudius, the brother of the late lamented king. Prince Hamlet's uncle, Claudius, was a prodigal and a hypocrite, who had also contrived to accomplish his election as king of Denmark. Hamlet, from this hasty and unseemly marriage, and other scandalous incidents which had transpired in the court, had long suspected a secret crime, and over this his brooded in a melancholy which alarmed his friends. Hamlet, moreover, from Horatio, and some officers who were devoted to him, learned that the ghost of the departed king had appeared to them on the portico, before the palace, at midnight. Prince Hamlet, on hearing this report, accompanied the guard on the following night, and he, indeed, discerns in the apparition, which also appears to him at midnight, the spirit of his father, who informs him that his sire had not died a natural death, but had been stealthily poisoned by his brother Claudius, the now reigning king. The ghost asks Hamlet to revenge the murder, but to spare his mother, who had been induced to commit adultery by the ignoble usurper. Hamlet vows revenge, and at once resolves on a plan to carry out this intent. But his righteous revenge is delayed by difficulties, since he does not design to commit murder or any other crime, and, moreover, respects the opinion of the minister concerning his mother, whom he did not wish to harm.

Hamlet, closeted with his royal mother, upbraids her with her incestuous marriage to his uncle, and his father's murder. His father's ghost, at this moment, appears to him. The queen, to whom the spirit is invisible, seeing Hamlet gaze on and converse with empty air, thinks his mind is disordered, and displays the greatest consternation. During this interview Hamlet hears a noise behind the arras, and thinking it to be the king, thrusts his sword through the hangings, only to find he has killed Polonius, who was eavesdropping. Hamlet now resolves to act like one whose mental faculties had become clouded, and in this completely succeeds, to all others but his friend Horatio. In this affected aberration of mind, Hamlet leads the entire court at his will to carry out his purpose of judge and avenger; and he also finds in this affectation of insanity the means of advising his beloved Ophelia to remain single. By a theatrical performance before the court, he succeeds in convicting the king of his crime. Ophelia's mind, distracted with the slights of Hamlet and the death of her father, gives way, and in pursuit of her insane amusements she is drowned. Laertes, Ophelia's brother, is instigated by the usurping uncle to fight with Hamlet, and how this act of revenge not only causes the death of the criminal king, but also the poisoning of the queen, of Laertes, and Hamlet, the drama fully unfolds.

In judging of the character of Hamlet, we must get rid of the absurdity of supposing him a man of decision and action, whose hesitation was due only to want of conviction of his duty.

While we all admire his brilliant intellectual gifts of wit, sarcasm, reflection, and courage and his virtues, we must still find him infirm of purpose in his disordered view of God's earth and its inhabitants, and of life, with his shirkings of duty. But in his uncertainties about the mysteries of death and of the future world Hamlet but typifies each one of us at some time or other in our lives. And this is the secret of the attraction of Hamlet over us. How powerfully drawn is the scene where Hamlet, rising to nobleness and truth, upbraids his mother for her disgraceful adultery and treason to his noble father's memory, which Hamlet has felt to his inmost soul. And against his mother and her sin all the magnificent indignation of his purity and virtue speak. We forget his bloodstained hands in the white heat intensity of his words. In his second interview with Ophelia, he turns to her at first with gentle words and affection, which are curdled into bitterness and brutality by her offer to return his gifts and by seeing her father behind the screen.

Horatio, with his fortitude, his self-possession, his strong equanimity, is a strong contrast to Hamlet; and Laertes, who takes violent measures at the shortest notice to revenge his father's murder, is another contrast in a different way; but then Laertes is the young gallant of the period, and his capacity for action arises in part from the absence of those moral checks of which Hamlet is sensible. Polonius is owner of the shallow wisdom of this world, and exhibits this grotesquely while now, on the brink of dotage, he sees, but cannot see through, Hamlet's ironical mockery of him. Ophelia is sensitive and affectionate, but the reverse of heroic. She fails Hamlet in his need, and then in her turn becoming the sufferer, gives way under her afflictions. We do not honor, we commiserate her.

But whatever vacillation shows in the character of Hamlet, his grand, over-mastering purpose of revenge for his murdered father never leaves him. Polonius, Rosenerantz, Guildenstern, Ophelia, all whom he thinks plotted against him, are by his means dead; and then comes the end — the erring queen dying by her guilty husband's means, and he shortly following her; Laertes reaping the due reward of treachery, though forgiven by Hamlet before dying, and — then the death of "that man in Shakespeare we feel most pity for."
THE PLOTS OF SHAKESPEARE'S PLAYS.

KING LEAR.
See Page 696.

THE legend of King Lear and his three daughters existed in the mediaeval ages, in the Latin and French versions, and is also found in Holinshed's Chronicles of England, whence Shakespeare obtained the material for this drama, written in 1605.

SCENE.—The Kingdom of Britain.

Lear, King of Britain, having reached his eightieth year, concluded to resign his crown, and to divide his dominion between his three daughters—Goneril, wife of the Duke of Albany; Regan, the wife of the Duke of Cornwail; and Cordelia, for whose hand and heart the King of France and the Duke of Burgundy are wooing. The old king questions his daughters as to which of them has the greatest love for him, and while Goneril and Regan, in the most exaggerated terms express their affection, Cordelia, scorning the fulsome meanness and hypocrisy of her sisters, declares in clear and simple words her childish love for her father. Lear, who had always been a fiercely passionate man, feels so embittered at the seeming callousness of her reply, that he rejects and disinherits his formerly favorite daughter, and divides his realm between the two elder daughters equally. He reserves for himself merely the maintenance of his title as king, and a hundred knights as attendants. With each of his daughters he is to alternately live one month at a time with his knightly guard. The Earl of Kent, who naturally raises objections against this precipitate action of the king, is banished from the kingdom. Cordelia, although disowned and spurned by her father, and now rejected by the Duke of Burgundy, is nevertheless chosen as the wife of the King of France, solely on account of her virtue, merits, and charms. But the real characters of Goneril and Regan soon manifest themselves. They begin to treat their aged father with coldness, and they not only suffer, but order, moreover, that the servants fail to show the respect due to the old king. These unnatural daughters furthermore demand the entire dismissal of his guard of one hundred faithful warriors. Lear flies from Goneril and Regan, but only as it were from one trouble to a greater, for each sister endeavors to vie with the other in mockery and derision. This is too hard for the weak old man to bear. In his despair he becomes insane, and leaves the court at night during a violent rainstorm, his daughters closing the door on him. But the faithful Kent, in the disguise of an attendant, and his fool, accompany Lear through the dismal darkness, until the Earl of Gloucester meets them, who had discarded his son Edgar on account of the slanderous accusations by Edmund, his bastard son. In a howl upon the field the earl found his son Edgar, in a disguise as poor Tom, and here the poor old king with his two faithful friends at last found refuge. Through the aid of Gloucester and Kent, King Lear is securely brought to the town of Dover, where Cordelia lands with an army from France, for the purpose of reinstating her father upon the throne. Goneril and Regan, meantime, fall in love with Gloucester's bastard son Edmund, and Regan is poisoned in a fit of jealousy by her sister, while her husband, the villainous Cornwall (who had deprived the Earl of Gloucester of his eyes, for the latter's intercession for the aged king), dies by the hand of one of his own servants. Goneril ends her accursed career by committing suicide. Cordelia's army is outnumbered and defeated by Edmund's soldiers, and Cordelia and her father are captured. After Cordelia had been strangled by an assassin hired by Edmund, the latter meets his well-deserved fate in a duel with Edgar. Lear dies while tenderly clasping in his arms the corpse of Cordelia, but Edgar, Kent, and the Duke of Albany remain to again firmly establish the much harassed kingdom of Britain.

Lear is especially the play of the breach of family ties—the play of horrors, the unnatural cruelty to fathers, brothers, and sisters of those who should have loved them dearest. Lear, as he is first presented to us, is so self-indulgent and unrestrained, so fooled to the top of his bent, so terribly unjust, not only to Cordelia, but to Kent, that we feel that hardly any punishment is too bad for him. Stripped of power by his own rash folly, his own fool teaches him what a fool he has been. When he has come to himself, cut off the flatterers who surrounded him, and realizes the consequences of his own folly, our sympathy for him melts into tender pity. The pathos of his recognition of Cordelia, his submission to her, and seeking her blessing, his lamentation over her corpse, are exceeded by nothing in Shakespeare. Note the wonderful power of this last scene—the poor old king, bending with piteous lamentations over the dead body of his murdered daughter, trying to raise her to life, and, falling, clasping into them, will tigers of despairing insanity. Cordelia is the sun above the depths shown in the natures of her sisters Goneril and Regan. The noble and long-suffering Kent is a fine character. Edgar and Edmund are a contrasted pair; both are men of penetration, energy, and skill—Edgar on the side of good, Edmund on the side of evil.

OTHELLO, THE MOOR OF VENICE.
See Page 722.

BASED upon a romance contained in the Italian collection of "Teuctomithi," by Giraldi Cinthio, this tragedy was written in 1612 and first entered at Stationers' Hall, Oct. 6th, 1621, being printed in the following year.

SCENE.—During the First Act in Venice; during the rest of the drama at a seaport town in Cyprus.

Othello, a courageous Moor, and able commander-in-chief in the service of the republic of Venice, wins the love of Desdemona, a noble Venetian lady, and only daughter of the Senator Brabantio. The marriage secretly concluded between them is not acknowledged by the father, who deems the affinity of his daughter for a Moor, celebrated though he might be, as inexplicable and unnatural, and that only by spells and witchcraft could the fair Desdemona have been seduced to marry Othello, without the consent of her parent. At this juncture the services of the gallant Moor are needed by the republic of Venice to repel the invasion by the Turks of the island of Cyprus. Othello, accompanied by Desdemona, his wife, Cassio, his lieutenant, and Iago, his ensign, with Iago's wife, Emilia (the latter acting as attendant to Desdemona), accompanies the party. A storm scattered the Turkish fleet; but another tempest is rising against the peace of Othello, stirred up by a devil in the form of a human being. Iago entertains a deadly hatred against Othello, partly because he accuses him of having had in the past an illicit connection with his wife Emilia, and partly because Othello had preferred Cassio and had appointed him to a vacancy of a higher rank; whereas Iago believes he, from his bravery and knowledge, was fairly entitled to that place. Iago therefore
plans a terrible revenge whereby he wishes to destroy the Moor, Desdemona, and several others. During a festival he induces Cassio, who happened to be officer of the guard, to partake of wine. A quarrel is thus sud-

denly contrived, Cassio giving great offence, and even using his drawn sword. The alarm-bell is sounded, which brings the general to the scene, and Cassio loses his lieutenancy. The unfortunate officer, brought to despair by the loss of his position, his unhappiness still further enhanced by the displeasure of his gen-

eral, applies to Desdemona, who, through her womanly sympathy, becomes his warm defender and intercessor, though more because she during her courtship had had her heart set on the bearer of the missives between herself and Othello. Cassio, while beseeching his high-spirited patroness to intercede for his reinstatement, at the approach of the Moor quickly withdraws from her presence; Iago cunningly uses the fatal movement by ingeniously devised hints, which awaken the jealous feelings of Othello; and in further explanation of this conduct beguiles Othello, by telling him that a woman who had de-
ceived her old father in such a clever manner could also be induced to betray her husband. Desdemona, having received from Othello a handkerchief, the gift of the Moor’s mother to her son, is asked for it by Othello. This handkerchief had been stolen from her for the purpose of exciting her husband’s jealousy. Innocent how she had lost it, Desdemona apologizes, but Othello, believing this to be but a confirmation of Iago’s charges against his wife’s chastity, becomes en-

raged, and quite her with fierce injunctions to seek the handkerchief immediately and bring it to him. Wild with jealous frenzy, and resolved on her death for her supposed infidelity, Othello enters his wife’s chamber at midnight, awakens her, charges her with having loved Cassio, and, notwithstanding Desdemona’s protestations of innocence, smothers her while entreating for mercy. Immediately upon this tragedy Desdemona’s inno-
cence is brought to light, by the explanations of Iago’s wife Emilia, for which her husband fatally stabs her. Othello’s anguish on realizing that he was the murderer of his innocent and trusting wife, who had ever been tenderly faithful to him, was so great that he fell upon his sword, and died pressing a last parting kiss on the lips of his dead wife.

The magnificent third act of this play is thought by many commentators to be Shakespeare’s masterpiece. Othello has a true and noble nature, naturally trust-

ful, with a kind of grand innocence, retaining some of his simpleness of soul amid the subtle and astute Ve-

netian politicians. All that he tells of himself wins our hearts, like Desdemona’s, to him. Of regal de-

scent, no boaster, but a doer, he has no self-distrust when dealing with men. He commands like a full soldier. Although he tells a “round unvarnished tale,” yet we see in it proof of that imaginative power which imparts the nobility of the soul to Iago — “honest Iago.” Othello has every manly virtue, and his love is so devoted that he can give up war for it. The first note of coming discord is struck by Iago’s “I like not that,” and the first real suspicion is in Othello’s “By heaven, he echoes me.” But when, owing to Iago’s insinuations, jealousy has once taken hold of Othello’s mind — he only knowing till then woman’s nature through the followers of the camp — imagination works with terrible rapidity. The light of love which lit his face when he before met Desdemona, when he yielded to her first en-
treaties for Cassio, leaves him never to return. Des-

demon’s ill-starred answers, coupled with Iago’s cun-
nning promptings, hurry on poor Desdemona’s death. Then comes the disclosure of the dupe he has been: and the kiss with which he dies, shows where his love still was, and pleads for him. A noble nature “per-

plex in the extreme.” Cassio, notwithstanding his moral weaknesses, has a chivalrous nature, and has an enthusiastic admiration for his great general and the beautiful lady, his wife. Emilia may be compared to Paulina, in the Winter’s Tale.

**ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA.**

See Page 748.

PLUTARCH’s life of Antony was the source from which Shakespeare gleaned the historical data for this tragedy, which was entered in the Stationers’ book May 2, 1606, and was, according to the conjec-
ture of Malone, composed in the same year. It was not, however, printed till the folio of 1623.

**SCENE. — In different parts of the Roman Empire.**

After the pitched battle of Philippi, where the last remaining force of the republic under Brutus and Cassius met with utter defeat, upon the division of the Roman territories ensuing, Asia fell to the possession of Mark Antony, who ruled that country as an auto-
crat with unlimited power, and became a slave to his love for pomp and display. In this condition he is mastered by an irresistible love for Cleopatra, the widowed Queen of Egypt. At Tarsus he met her for the first time, and, spellbound by the power of her charms, was induced by her to follow her to Alexand-
dria, where she idled away his time amid pleasures and festivities. Bad news from Rome awakens him from the intoxication of his amorous pleasures, and he, with heavy heart, tears himself away from Cleopatra, and hastens back to Italy. Here a reconciliation takes place, not only between himself and Octavius, but also between the triumvirs and Sextus Pompeius (Pompey).

To strengthen this renewed friendship, Antony married Octavia, the beautiful sister of Octavius Caesar, who accompanied her husband to the seat of his government in the eastern provinces of Rome. Meantime, Pompeius had, despite all agreement, again renewed hostilities, and as Lepidus (who had supported Oc-

tavius in this engagement) now demanded an increase of power, he deprives him also, without raising a sword, of his army and dignity. These successes of Octavius alarmed Mark Antony, who sends his wife from Athens to Rome as a mediator, while he himself goes to Egypt, and at Alexandria commences the former life of luxurious pleasure in company with Cleopatra. A breach between Mark Antony and Octa-

vius Caesar now becomes unavoidable, and the fortunes of war must decide between them. Antony, with Diomed, his general, takes a last farewell of Cleo-

patra preparatory to a battle with Caesar, who is now encamped before the walls of Alexandria. An-

tony recommends Diomed to the queen’s special favor, who promises to reward him. An attendant brings Antony’s helmet, and a slave puts on his sandals, while the Queen of Egypt, pressing his fate, is loth to part. Antony for the last time tries the fortunes of war, at first with some show of success, but is soon deserted by the fleet, which consists chiefly of Egyptian vessels, and, being also defeated on land, flies in despair to Alexandria, under the delusion that Cleopatra had betrayed him. The latter, to escape his ill-humor, goes herself to a temple, and is announced as having
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died. Antony, on hearing the sad news, falls on his sword, but not being killed, and learning that Cleopatra was still alive, causes himself to be carried to her, so that he may die in her arms. Octavius extends to Cleopatra his protection and sympathy, but sends his friend Proculius, to keep strict guard over her, hoping to take the young queen to Rome to grace his triumph; but Cleopatra, acquainted with the defeat and death of Antony, and anticipating her own treatment from the conqueror, applies asp to her bosom and dies. Charriman, her faithful maid, follows her mistress's example, but before dying has time to relate to Cæsar's guards, who are breaking in, the tragic death of Egypt's queen.

Nowhere else does Shakespeare appear a greater master of a great dramatic theme. In Julius Caesar we are prepared for any outbreak on the part of Mark Antony — by the wildness of his blood and want of a noble purpose in his ordinary pursuits, by his selfishness and unscrupulousness, too; by his proposal to sacrifice Lepidus. And though the redeeming qualities of his nature might be thought to be shown in his love for Cæsar, his appeal to the people for revenge, and his skill in managing them; yet in his development lust and self-indulgence prevail, and under their influence he loses judgment, soldiership, and even the qualities of a man. His seeming impulse towards good in his marriage with Octavia lasts but for a time — all her nobleness and virtue cannot save him. He turns from this gem among women to the luxurious Egyptian, and abides by his infatuation even when he knows he is deceived. How powerful is the story wrought out of the great soldier sinking to his ruin under the gorgeous colorings of the Eastern skies and the varying splendors of the lustful queen! "She makes hungry, where most she satisfies." To Cleopatra it is hardly possible to do justice here. The wonderful way in which Shakespeare has brought out the characteristics of this sumpuous, queenly harlot, goes far beyond all his previous studies of women. The contrast between her and the noble Roman lady Octavia, to whom her waiving husband bears such favorable witness, is most marked and most interesting. Enobarbus, who sees through every wile and guile of the queen, is, as it were, the chorus of the play.

CYMBELINE.

See Page 775.

CYMBELINE, the king from whom the play takes its title, began his reign, according to Holinshed, in the nineteenth year of the reign of Augustus Cæsar, and the scene of the tragedy commences about the twenty-fourth year of Cymbeline's reign in Britain, i.e., in the sixteenth year of the Christian era. This play was written, according to Malone, in 1605, and, according to Chalmers, in 1606.

SCENE. — In Britain and in Italy.

Cymbeline's first wife died when his three children (two sons and a daughter) were very young. Imogen, the eldest of these children, was brought up in her father's court, but the two sons were stolen out of their nursery during their infancy, and no trace of what had become of them, nor by whom they had been abducted, could be discovered. Cymbeline was again married. His second spouse was a wicked, plotting woman, and extremely cruel to her stepchild Imogen, and yet, despite this hatred, desired her to marry Cloten, a son of her own by a former husband; since by this means she hoped, at the death of her husband, to place the crown of Britain upon the head of Cloten, who was the eldest of the three children. When the last children were not found, the princess Imogen would be the sole heir of the king. But this design was spoiled by Imogen herself, who, married, without the consent or even knowledge of her father or the queen, an accomplished gentleman named Posthumus, whose father had died a soldier's death in the wars for Cymbeline, and his mother, soon after his birth, died also for grief at the loss of her husband. Imogen and Posthumus grew up at court, and were playmates from their infancy. When Cymbeline heard of this marriage, he banished Posthumus from his native land forever. The queen, who pretended to pity Imogen for the grief she suffered at losing her husband, offered to procure them a private meeting before Posthumus set out on his journey to Rome, whence he intended to go. The young couple took a most affectionate leave of each other. Imogen gave her husband a diamond ring, which had been her mother's, and Posthumus promised, never to part with this ring, which also fastened a bracelet on the arm of his wife, which he prayed she would preserve carefully as a token of his love, and both vowed eternal love and fidelity. Imogen remained a solitary and sad lady in her father's palace, and Posthumus reached Rome, where he fell into company with some gay young men of different nations, each one of them praising the ladies of his own country, and his own love. Posthumus, who had praised his own dear Imogen as the most virtuous and constant woman in the world, offended by this speech, a gentleman named Iachimo, who felt aggrieved that a lady of Britain should be so praised above the refined Roman ladies, his countrywomen. Posthumus, having wagered with Iachimo his ring against a sum of gold, that the chastity of his wife Imogen was invulnerable, the artful Italian, who had journeyed to Cymbeline's palace in Britain, contrives to hide himself in her bed-chamber, and thus furnishes himself with particulars in describing her person and her apartment, and, as a further evidence, by stealing her bracelet, in order to induce Posthumus to give him the ring. Returning from Britain with the tokens he has stolen, Iachimo claims from Posthumus the forfeit of his wife's infidelity. Posthumus at first doubts, as does his friend Phillario, but Iachimo's proofs are so strong, that he at length yields to their force, gives him indignantly the ring, and vows vengeance on Imogen. Posthumus, now convinced of his wife's inconstancy, employs his servant Pisanio to repair to Britain for the purpose of murdering her; but Pisanio, in the full belief of Imogen's innocence, advises her to disguise and absent herself for a time from her father's court, and wait till her truth can be made apparent. Wandering in pursuit of this advice, she became very tired, and a kind Providence strangely directed her steps to the dwelling of her long-lost brothers, stolen in infancy by Belarius, a former lord in the court of Cymbeline. Belarius, banished for alleged treason, had brought the princes up in a forest, where he lived concealed in a cave. At this cave it was Imogen's fortune to arrive, and she entered at once. On looking about, she discovered some meat, which she began to eat. Her two brothers, who had been hunting with their reputed father, Belarius, by this time had returned home, and missed the fair wanderer, imagined there was an angel in the cave, so beautiful did Imogen look in her boy's apparel. Imogen now addressed them, and begged pardon for her intrusion, offering money for what she had eaten, which
THE PLOTS OF SHAKESPEARE'S PLAYS.

PERICLES, PRINCE OF TYRE.

See Page 803.

The story on which this play is formed is of great antiquity. Shakespeare probably gleaned it from Lawrence Twine's novel, entitled "The Pattern of Painfull Adventures," published in 1567. That he also knew the treatise based on the same matter, viz., "Confessio Amantis," by Gower, appears already from the rôle of the chorus, which Shakespeare conveys to the ancient English poet for the elucidation of the plot and the connection of the various scenes. The English poet Dryden, in the prologue to his tragedy, "Circe" (1677), calls "Pericles the first work born to Shakespeare's muse." This tragedy was entered at Stationers' Hall, May 2, 1608, by Edward Blount, one of the printers of the first folio edition of Shakespeare's works; but it did not appear in print until the following year, and then it was published not by Blount, but by Henry Gosson.

SCENE.—In various countries.

Antiochus, king of Antioch, desirous of having his daughter remain unmarried, and thus in his own keeping at the palace of his court, causes her suitors to be slain if they are unable to solve a riddle which he submits to them. In this way the great beauty of the young princess, who is presumed to be a virgin, becomes a fatal snare to the lives of numerous wooers, who, while burning with ardent love for her, rashly undertake the great task of trying to untangle the puzzle. At last the enigma is solved by Pericles, Prince of Tyre, who at once resigns all his claims on the fair girl, since he has learned with horror, from the solution of the riddle, that king and princess—father and daughter—lived together in incest. Notwithstanding this refusal to marry the princess, Pericles is invited by Antioch to remain as a visitor at his court for some time. But the Prince of Tyre concluded not to stay, since it had been intimated to him that this invitation was merely extended to consummate his murder, Antiochus fearing the circulation of the report of his nefarious conduct and that of his unchaste daughter. Pericles hastened away to Tyre, but even in that city he does not feel secure against the persecution of Antioch, and, fearing that his presence at home might embroil the people of his country in war, resolved to go on a voyage, planning meanwhile to intrust his government to the care of Helicanus, a lord of his court and one of his most faithful advisers. Pericles goes to Tarsus, where he soon becomes beloved, and moreover ingratiates himself with the people by rendering them aid in a terrible famine, by supplying them with stores of provisions for their relief. Cleon, the governor of Tarsus, prevails on Pericles to settle in his country, but Pericles declines, and on resuming his travels he is driven by a storm at sea to the coast of Tarsus, where he, as victor in a tournament, wins the hand of the fair Princess Thaisa, daughter of King Simonides. After staying a year at the court of his father-in-law, Pericles starts on his return home, having previously heard the news of Antiochus's demise. The sea, never a friend to Pericles, treated him badly, for scarcely had the vessel set sail when another gale nearly wrecked the ship. The young wife of Pericles, who accompanied him, was terribly frightened by the fearlessness of the tempest, although its prevalence was confined and delivered of a daughter, who, being born at sea, received the name Marina—that is, "the sea-born." Thaisa while in childhood is afflicted with spasms and convulsions, and in this state, taken for dead, is placed in a well-sealed casket.
and thrown in the sea, because the storm, which was still raging with unabated violence, worked on the superstitious sailors, who did not think the sea would become calm again so long as a dead body was on board. The waves drifted the casket towards the shores of Ephesus, where Cerimon, a noble physician of great renown, soon succeeded, by means of his science and art, in reviving the apparently dead Thaisa, and restoring her again to life and vigor. Thaisa now enters the temple of Diana as a priestess to serve that goddess. Meantime, her husband, Pericles, filled with a consuming melancholy, had intrusted his daughter to the care of Cleon and his wife Dionyzia, and left Tarsus for his home in Tyre. Marina grew up at the palace of her foster-parents, and when she had reached her fourteenth year, by her matchless beauty and unequalled mental gifts, provokes the jealousy and envy of her foster-mother, whose daughter, Philoten, was entirely obscured by the brilliant charms of Marina. Dionyzia, determined to rid herself of such a rival, hires an assassin, who is just in the act of murdering the fair Marina when he is deprived of his victim by the sudden interference of some pirates, who wrest Marina from her clutches and escape with their fair prize to Mitylene, where they sell her to the keeper of a brothel. But the virtuous Marina knows not only how to keep herself pure and undefiled in the house of lust and sin, but also how to so impress her vicious tempters that they desert from their immoral practices. Through the intercession of the governor of Mitylene, Marina obtains her liberty, and by virtue of her many talents is enabled to maintain herself until she is found by her father, who, driven by melancholy and despair, had again set out on his travels, and by a strange chance reached Mitylene, whence father and daughter embark for Ephesus. Here, visiting the temple of Diana, father and daughter have the inexpressible joy of finding in the high-priestess the long-lost wife and mother.

The drama concludes with Pericles and Thaisa blessing the nuptials of their daughter and Lysimachus, the governor of Mitylene, and giving the crown of Tyrus as a wedding-gift to the happy couple. Cleon and Dionyzia, the wicked foster-mother of Thaisa, met with a sad but deserved fate at the hands of their own outraged people, who, enraged at their ingratitude towards Pericles—the friend of the citizens in their great extremity—set fire to the palace, which was burned with all its occupants in one general funeral pyre.

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**THE PLOTS OF SHAKESPEARE'S PLAYS.**

**SHAKESPEARE'S POEMS.**

See Page 822.

**BESIDES** the thirty-seven poems contained in this edition, Shakespeare wrote the following poems, which were at first published separately. In *Venus and Adonis*, entered in the Stationers' register, and printed in 1593, we have the same luxuriance of fancy, the same intensity of passion as in *Romeo and Juliet*, unlawful as the indulgence in that passion is. From whatever source came the impulse to take from Ovid the heated story of the fierce lust of the heathen goddess, we cannot forbear noticing how, through this stifling atmosphere, the great poet has blown the fresh breezes of English meadows and woodlands. No play has fuller evidence of Shakespeare's intimate knowledge and intense delight in country scenes and sights. This poem was printed six times during Shakespeare's life, and was dedicated by Shakespeare, when twenty-nine years of age, to the young Earl of Southampton. *The Rape of Lucrece* followed, 1594, and was also dedicated to Southampton, as "the first heir of my invention," who, according to Sir William d'Avenant's statement, presented the poet with the sum of £1000, so he might make some purchase. If the incident is accepted as a fact, it is honorable to the liberality as well as the cultivated taste of the Earl of Southampton, and shows that the "poor Warwickshire lad" met with a munificent patron at an early stage of his literary career. *The Passionate Pilgrim* was printed in 1599; *A Lover's Complaint*, not dated; and a collection of *Sonnets* appeared in 1609. That some of these sonnets existed in 1598 we now know. They are so evidently intensely autobiographic and self-revealing, so one with the spirit and inner meaning of Shakespeare's growth and life, that we cannot take them in any other way than as the records of his loves and fears. Shakespeare's admirers are so anxious to remove any seeming stain from the character of their ideal, that they deny that these sonnets are life pictures, forgetting how great is the difference between our times and those of Queen Elizabeth, and that an intimacy now thought criminal was then, in certain circles, nearly as common as hand-shaking is with us. "There are some men who love for 'love's sake,' and loving once love always; and of these was Shakespeare," says a distinguished author. "They do not lightly give their love, but once given, their faith is incorporate with their being."
CHRONOLOGICAL ORDER

In which the Plays of Shakespeare are supposed to have been written, according to the arrangements of

CHALMERS, MALONE, AND DR. DRAKE.

Chalmers and Malone reject Titus Andronicus and Pericles as spurious. Dr. Drake does not notice the former play, but, on the authority of Dryden, admits the latter as genuine, and supposes it to have been produced in 1590. The dates which they severally ascribe to the remaining plays are as follows:

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Play</th>
<th>Chalmers</th>
<th>Malone</th>
<th>Dr. Drake</th>
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<tr>
<td>The Comedy of Errors</td>
<td>1591</td>
<td>1592</td>
<td>1591</td>
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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.

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

ACT I.

Re-enter Boatswain.

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

Re-enter Sebastian, Antonio, and Gonzalo.

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

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

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

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.

Mariners. All lost! to prayers, to prayers! all lost! Boats. What, must our mouths be cold?

Gon. The king and prince at prayers! let's assist For our case as theirs. Seb. I'm out of patience.

Ant. We are merely cheated of our lives by drunkards.

This 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.

[Exeunt Ant. and Seb.]

Gon. Now would I give a thousand furlongs of sea for an acre of barren ground, long heath, brown burze, any thing. The wills above be done! but I would fain die a dry death.

[Exeunt.]
SCENE II.—The island.  Before Prospero's cell.  

Enter Prospero and Miranda.

Mir.  If by your art, my dearest father, you have put the wild waters in this roar, allay them.  The sky it seems, would 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, Dusht 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 ere It should the good ship so have swallowed'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.  I have done nothing but in care of thee, Of thee, my dear one, thee, my daughter, who Art ignorant of what thou art, nought knowing Of whence I am, nor that I am more better Than Prospero, master of a full poor cell, And thy no greater father.

Mir.  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:  

[Lays down his mantle.

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

Sit down; For thou must now know farther.

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

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

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? [is it

Pros.  Thou hast'd, and more, Miranda.  But how That this lives in thy mind? What seest thou else In the dark backward and abysm of time? If thou remember'st aught ere thou camest here, How thou camest here thou mayst.

Mir.  But that I do not.

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

Mir.  Sir, are not you my father?  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: 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, farther.

Pr.  My brother and thy uncle, call'd Antonio— I pray thee, mark me—that a brother should Be so peridious,—he whom next myself 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 rapt in secret studies.  Thy false uncle— Dost thou attend me?

Mir.  Sir, most heedfully.

Pros.  Being once perfected how to grant suits, How to deny them, who to advance and who To trash for over-topping, new created, The creature that was mine and changed'em, Or else new form'd 'em; having both the key Of officer and office, set all hearts' the state To what tune pleased his ear; that now he was The ivy which had hid my princely trunk, [not. And sudd'k my verdure out on't.  Thou attend'st Mir.  O, good sir, I do.  

Pros.  I pray thee, mark me.  I, thus neglecting worldly ends, all dedicated To closeness and the bettering of my mind With that which, but by being so retired, O'er-prized all popular rate, in my false brother I wak'd an evil nature, and my trust, Like a good parent, did beget of him A falsehood in its contrary as great As my trust was; which had indeed no limit, A confidence sans bound.  He being thus lorded, Not only with what my revenue yielded, But what my power might else exact, like one Who having into truth, by telling of it, Made such a sinner of his memory, To credit his own lie, he did believe He was indeed the duke; out o' the substitution, And executing the outward face of royalty, With all prerogative: hence his ambition growing— Dost thou hear?

Mir.  Your tale, sir, would cure deafness.  

Pros.  To have no screen between this part he And him he play'd it for, he needs will be [play'd Absolute Milan.  Me, poor man, my library Was dukedom large enough: of temporal royalties He thinks me now incapable; confederates— So dry he was for envy, wi' the King of Naples To give 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 slopping.  

Mir.  O the heavens!  

Pros.  Mark his condition and the event; then tell 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 inveterate, hearkening 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
ACT I.

THE TEMPEST.

SCENE II.

Fated to the purpose did Antonio open
The gates of Milan, and, I the dead of darkness,
The ministers for the purpose hurried thence
Me and they crying self.

Mir. Alack, for pity! I,
not remembering how I cried out then,
Will cry it o'er again: it is a hint
That wrings mine eyes to 't.

Pros. 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 importimt.

Mir. That hour destroy us?

Pros. Well demanded, wench: My tale provokes that question. Dear, they durs not,
So doth 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, 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,
Did us but loving wrong.

Mir. Was then to you!

Pros. Alack, what trouble
Thou wast that did preserve me. Thou didst smile,
Infused with a fortitude from heaven,
When I have deck'd the sea with drops full salt,
Under my burthen greaun'd; which raised in me
An undergoing stomach, to bear up
Against what should ensue.

Pros. How came we ashore?

Mir. By providence divine.

Some food we had and some fresh water
That a noble Neapollitan, Gonzalo,
Out of his charity, being then appointed
Master of this design, did give us, with
Rich garments, linens, stuffs and necessaries, nay, many
Which since have steadied much; so, of his gentle-
Knowing I loved my books, he furnish'd me
From mine own library with volumes that
I prize above my dukedom.

Pros. Would I might
But ever see that man!

Pros. Now I arise: [Resumes his mantle.
Sit still, and hear the last of our sea-sorrow.
Here in this island we arrived; and here
Have I, thy schoolmaster, made thee more profit
Than other princes can that have more time
For valuer hours and tutors not so careful. [you, sir,
Mir. Heavens thank you for't! And now, I pray
For still 'tis beating in my mind, your reason
For raising this sea-storm?

Pros. Know thus far forth.
By accident most strange, bountiful Fortune,
Now my dear lady, hath mine enemies
Brought to this shore; and by my presence
I find my zenith doth depend upon
A most auspicious star, whose influence
If now I court not but omit, my fortunes
Will ever after droop. Here cease more questions:
Thou art inclined to sleep: 'tis a good dulness,
And give it way; I know thou canst not choose.

[Miranda sleeps.

Enter Ariel.

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

Ariel and all his quality.

Pros. Hast thou, spirit,
Perform'd to point the tempest that I bade thee?

Ari. To every article. I boarded the king's ship; now on the beak,
Now in the waist, the deck, in every cabin,
I 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 precursors
O' the dreadful thunder-claps, more momentary
And sight out-running were not; the fire and cracks
Of sulphurous roaring the most mighty Neptune
Seem to besiege and make his bold waves tremble,
Yea, 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 mind and play'd
Some tricks of desperation. All but mariners
Plung'd in the foaming brine and quaff the vessel,
Then all afeare with me: the king's son, Ferdinand,
With hair up-staring,—then like reeds, not hair, —
Was the first man that leap'd; cried, ' Hell is empty,
And all the devils are here.'

Pros. Why, that's my spirit!

But was not this nigh shore?

Ari. Close by, my master.

Pros. But are they, Ariel, safe?

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

Pros. Of the king's ship
The mariners say how thou hast disposed
And all the rest o' the fleet.

Art. 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-vox'd Bermoothes, there she's hid:
The mariners all under hatches stow'd;
Who, with a charm join'd to their suffer'd labour,
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?

Pros. At least two glasses. The time 'twixt six
Must by us both be spent most preciously. [and now
Art. 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?

Art. My liberty.

Pros. Before the time be out? no more?

Art. I pray thee,
Remember I have done thee worthy service;
Told thee no lies, made thee no mistakes, served
Without or grudge or grumblings: thou didst
To bate me a full year. [promise
Pros. Dost thou forget
From what a torment I did free thee?

Art. Thou dost, and think'st it much to tread
Of the salt deep,

[the ooz
ACT I.

THE TEMPEST.

SCENE II.

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

Ari.

I do not, sir. [forgot
Pros. Thou liest, malignant thing! Hast thou
The foul witch Sycorax, who, with age and envy
Was grown into a hoop? hast thou forgot her?
Ari. No, sir. [speak; tell me.
Pros. Thou hast. Where was she born?
Ari. Sir, in Argier.

Pros. O, was she so? I must
Once in a month recount what thou hast been,
Which thou forget’st. This damn’d witch Sycorax,
For mischiefs manifold and sorceries terrible
To enter thee, hearing, from henceforth.
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
And here was left by the sailors. Thou, my slave,
As thou report’st thyself, wast then her servant;
And, for thou wast a spirit too delicate
To act 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
Imperious 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 strike. 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.

Pros. If thou more murrmur’st, I will rend an oak
And dig 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 spirits gently.

Pros. Do so, and after two days I will discharge thee.

Ari. That’s my noble master!

Pros. What shall I do? say what: what shall I do?

Pros. Go make thyself like a nymph o’ the sea; be
To no sight but thine and mine, invisible [subject
To every eyelash. Go take this shape
And hither come in: go, hence with diligence! [Exit Ariel.

Ari. 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,

Pros. I do not love to look on.

But, as ’tis, we cannot miss him: he makes our fire,
Fetch in our wood and serves in offices
That profit us. What, ho! slave! Caliban!
Thou earth, thou! speak.

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

Pros. Come forth, I say! there’s other business
Come, thou torture! when? [for thee:

Re-enter Ariel like a water-nymph.

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

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

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

Enter Caliban.

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

Pros. For this, be sure, to-night thou shalt have
Side-stitches that shall pen thy breath up; archins
Shall, for the rest of that day, be vast and precise,
All exercise on thee; thou shalt be pinch’d
As thick as honeycomb, each pinch more stinging
Than bees that made ’em.

Cal. I must eat my dinner.

This island’s mine, by Sycorax my mother,
Which thou takest from me. When thou camest first,
Thou strokedst me and madest much of me, wouldst
Water with berries in ’t, and teach me how [give me
To name the bigger light, and how the less,
That burn by day and night: and then I loved thee
And show’d thee all the qualities o’ the isle.
The fresh springs, brine-pits, barren place and fer-
cursed be I that didst so! All the charms [title: 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, [thee.
Whom stripes may move, not kindness! I have used
Filth as thou art, with human care, and lodged thee
In mine own cell, till thou didst seek to violate
The honour of my child.

Cal. O ho, O ho! would ’t had been done!
Thou didst prevent me; I had peopled else
This isle with Calibans.

Pros. Abhorred slave,
Which any print of goodness wilt not take,
Being capable of all ill! I pitted thee,
Took pains to make thee speak, taught thee each hour
One thing or other: when thou didst not, savage,
Know that thy 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, [natures
Though thou didst learn, had that in ’t which good
Could not abide to be with; therefore wast thou
Deservedly confined into this rock,
Who hadst deserved more than a prison.

Cal. Thou 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 best,
To answer other business. Shrugs’t thou, Malice?
If thou neglect’st or dost unwillingly
What I command, I’ll rack thee with old cramps,
Fill all thy bones with aches, make thee roar
That beasts shall tremble at thy din.

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

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

Pros. Re-enter Ariel, invisible, playing and singing; Fer-
dinand following.

Ariel's song.

Come unto these yellow sands,
And then take hands:
Courtstaid when you have and kiss’d
The wild waves whist,
Foot it feitly here and there; And, sweet sprites, the burthen bear.
Burthen [dispersely]. Hark, hark! Bow-wow.

The watch-dogs bark: Bow-wow.

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

Pros. The fringed curtsies of thine eye advance And say what thou seest yon.

Mir. What is 't? a spirit? Lord, how it looks about! Believe me, sir, It carries a brave form. But 'tis a spirit. [senses Pros. No, wench; it eats and sleeps and hath such As we have, such. This gallant which thou seest Will wreck thee. And, but he's something staid With grief that's beauty's canker, thou mightst A goodly person: he hath lost his fellows [call him And strays about to find 'em.

Mir. I might call him A thing divine, for nothing natural I ever saw so noble.

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

Fer. Most sure, the goddess On whom those airs attend! Vouchsafe my prayer May know if you remain in 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? 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 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; [Milton Pros. [Aside] The Duke of Milan And his more braver daughter could control thee, If now 't were fit to do. At the first sight They have changed eyes. Delicate Ariel. [sir; I'll set thee free for this. [To Fer.] A word, good man: Why hast thou done me 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 hast here usurp The name thou owtest 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 If the ill spirit have so fair a house. [temples Good things will strive to dwell with it.

Pros. Follow me. 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. No;

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

Mir. [Draws, and is charmed from moving. 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 makest a show but darest not strike, thy con science Is so possess'd with guilt: come from thy ward, For I can here disarm thee with this stick And make thy weapon drop.


Mir. 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 And to them he are angels.

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

Pros. 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 [To Ari.] Hark what thou else shalt do me. [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.

ACT II.

SCENE I.—Another part of the island.

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

Gon. Beseech you, sir, be merry; you have cause,
So have we all, of joy; for our escape
Is much beyond our loss. Our hint of woe
Is common; every day some LEAF's wife,
The masters of some merchant and the merchant
Have junctures 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. Prithie, peace.

Seb. He receives comfort like cold porridge.

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

Seb. Look, he's winding up the watch of his wit;

Gon. Sir,—[by and by it will strike.

Seb. One: tell.

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

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

Ant. DOLour comes to him, indeed: you have
Seb. You have taken it wiser than I meant

Gon. Therefore, my lord,— [you should

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

Alon. I prithie, spare.

Gon. Well, I have done: but yet,—

Seb. He will be talking: [first begins to crow?

Ant. Which, of he or Adrian, for a good wager,

Seb. The old cock.

Ant. The cockerel.

Seb. Done. The wager.

Ant. A laughter.

Seb. A match!

Ant. Though this island seem to be desert,

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

Ant. Uninhabitable and almost inaccessible,—

Seb. Yet,—

Ant. Yet,—

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

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

Temperance was a delicate wench. [livered.

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

Ant. The air breathes upon us here most sweetly.

Seb. As if it had lungs and rotten ones.

Ant. Or as 't were perfumed by a fen.

Gon. Here is everything advantageous to life.

Ant. True! Have means to live.

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

Gon. How lush and lusty the grass looks! how

Ant. The ground indeed is tawny.

Seb. With an eye of green in 't.

Ant. He misses not much.

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

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

most beyond credit,—

Seb. As many vouched rarities are.

Gon. That our garments, being, as they were,
drenched in the sea, hold notwithstanding their
freshness and glosses, being rather new-dyed than
stained with salt water. [it not say he lies?

Ant. If but one of his pockets could speak, would

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

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

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

Adr. Tunis was never grace 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?

Gon. 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.

Ant. And, sowing the kernels of it in the sea,

Gon. Ay. [bring forth more islands.

Ant. Why, in good time.

Gon. Sir, we were talking that our garments

Seb. Comes now as fresh as when we were at Tunis at

the marriage of your daughter, who is now queen.

Ant. And the rarest that'er came there.

Seb. Bate, I beseech you, widow Dido.

Ant. O, widow Dido! ay, widow Dido.

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

Ant. That sort was well fished for. [riage?

Gon. When I wore it at your daughter's mar-

Alon. You cram these words into mine ears against

The stomach of my sense. Would I had never

Married my daughter there! for, coming thence,

My son is lost and, in my rate, she too,

Who is so far from Italy 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?

Fron. Sir, he may live:

I saw him beat the surges under him,

And ride upon their backs; he trod the water,

Whose eminently he flung aside, and breasted

The surf most swoln that met him; his bold head

'Bove the contentious waves he kept, and o'er

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. [loss

Seb. Sir, you may thank yourself for this great

That would not bless our Europe with your daugh-

But rather lose her to an African. [ter,

Where she at least is banish'd from your eye,

Who hath cause to wet the grief on 't.

Alon. Prithie, peace.

Seb. You were kneel'd to and importuned other-

By all of us, and the fair soul herself [wise

Weigh'd between loathness and obedience, at

Which end o' the beam should bow. We have lost

I fear, for ever: Milan and Naples have [your son,

More widows in them of this business' making

Than we bring men to comfort them:

The fault 's your own.

Alon. So is the dearst o' the loss.

Gon. My lord Sebastian.

Seb. The truth you speak doth lack some gentleness

And time to speak it in: you rub the sore,

When you should bring the plaster.

Seb. Foul weather?

Ant. Very foul.

Gon. Had I plantation of this isle, my lord,—

Seb. He 'd sow 't with nettle-seed.

Gon. Or docks, or mallows.

Seb. And were the king on 't, what would I do?
ACT II.

THE TEMPEST.

SCENE I.

Seb. 'Scape being drunk for want of wine.

Gon. I the commonwealth I would by contraries Execute all things; for no kind of traffic Would I admit; no name of magistrate; Letters should not be known; riches, poverty, And use of service, none; contract, succession, Bourn, bound of land, tilth, vineyard, none; No use of metal, corn, or wine, or oil; No occupation; all men idle, all; And women too, but innocent and pure; No sovereignty; —

Seb. Yet he would be king on't.

Gon. All things in common nature should produce Without sweat or toil: treason, felony, Sword, pike, knife, gun, or need of any engine, Would I have not; but nature should bring forth, Of its own kind, all fison, all abundance, To feed my innocent people.

Seb. No marrying 'mong his subjects?

Gon. None, man; all idle: whores and knaves.

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

Gon. God save his majesty!

Seb. Long live Gonzalo!

Gon. And,—do you mark me, sir?

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

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

Ant. 'Twas you we laughed at.

Alon. Who in this kind of merry fooling am nothing to you: so you may continue and laugh at nothing.

Ant. What a blow was there given! [still]

Seb. An it had not fallen flat-long.

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

Enter Ariel, invisible, playing solemn music.

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

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

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

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

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

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.

[Alonso sleeps. Exit Ariel.

Seb. What a strange drowsiness possesses them!

Ant. It is the quality o' the climate.

Seb. Why doth it not then our eyelids sink? I find not Myself disposed to sleep.

Ant. Nor I; my spirits are nimble. They fell together all, as by consent; They dropp'd, as by a thunder-stroke. What might, Worthy Sebastian? O, what might? — No more: — And yet methinks I see it in thy face, What thou shouldst be: the occasion speaks thee, and My strong imagination sees a crown Dropping upon thy head.

Seb. What, art thou wak'ing?

Ant. Do you not hear me speak?

Seb. I do; and surely

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

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

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

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

Seb. Well, I am standing water.

Ant. I'll teach you how to flow.

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

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. Prithee, say on: The setting of thine eye and cheek proclaim A matter from thee, and a birth indeed Which thrues thee much to yield.

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

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

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

Seb. He's gone.

Ant. Then, tell me,

Who's the next heir of Naples?

Seb. Claribel.

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

Seb. What stuff is this! how say you?

'Tis true, my brother's daughter's queen of Tunis; So is she heir of Naples; 'twixt which regions There is some space.

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

Seb. Methinks I do.

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

Seb. I remember You did supplant your brother Prospero.
ACT II.

THE TEMPEST.

SCENE II.

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 fierce hind, in the dark
Out of my way, unless he bid 'em: but
For every tripe are they set upon me;
Sometimes like apes that now and chatter at me
And after bite me, then like hedgehogs which
Lie humbling in my barefoot way and mount
Their pricks at my footfall; sometime am I
All wound with cloven tongues Do bise me into madness.

Enter Trinculo.

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

Enter Stephano, singing: a bottle in his hand.

Step. I shall no more to sea, to sea,
Here shall I die a-shore—

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

[Drinks.

The master, the swabber, the boatswain and I,
The gunner and his mate
Loved Mall, Meg and Marian and Margery,
But none of us cared for Kate;
For she had a tongue with a tang,
Would cry to a sailor, Go hang!
She loved not the savour of tar nor of pitch,
Yet a tailor might fetch her where'er she did
Then to sea, boys, and let her go hang! [itch:
This is a scurry 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 's with savages and men of Ind, ha? I have not scaped drowning to be aheard
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
legs, who hath got, as I take it, an agile. Where
the devil should he learn his 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 neet's leather.

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

THE TEMPEST.

SCENE I.

Enter Ferdinand, bearing a log.

Fer. There be some sports and painful, and their labour

Delight in them set off: some kinds of baseness
Are noblest grown, and most base matters
Point to rich ends. This my mean task
Would be as heavy to me as odious, but
The mistress which I serve quickens what 's dead
And makes my labours pleasures: O, she is
Ten times more gentle than her father's crabbed,
And he's composed of harshness. I must remove

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

Trin. O Stephano, hast any more of this?

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?

Ste. Out o' the moon, I do assure thee: I was the man i' the moon when thou wast born.

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.

Trin. By this good light, this is a very shallow
Monster! I feard of him! A very weak monster!
The man i' the moon! A most poor credulous
Monster! Wellrawn, 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.

Trin. By this light, a most perilous and drunken
Monster! when 's god's asleep, he'll rob his bottle.

Cal. I 'll kiss thy foot; I 'll swear myself thy sub-

Ste. Come on then; down, and swear. [Ject.

Trin. I shall laugh myself to death at this puppy-
Headed monster. A most scurvy monster! I could

Ste. Come, kiss. [find in my heart to beat him,-

Trin. But the poor monster's in drink: an abominable
Monster! [thee berries;

Cal. I 'll show thee the best springs; I 'll pluck
I 'll fish for thee and get thee wood enough.
A plague upon the tyrant that I serve!
I 'll bear him no more sticks, but follow thee,
Thou wondrous man.

Trin. A most ridiculous monster, to make a won-
der of a poor drunkard!

Cal. I prithee, let me bring thee where crabs grow;

And I with my long nails will dig thee pig-nuts;
Show thee a jay's nest and instruct thee how
To snare the nimble marmoset: I 'll bring thee
To clustering filberts and sometimes I 'll get thee
Young scamels from the rock. Will 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

Cal. [Sings drunkenly]

[again.

Farewell, master; farewell, farewell!

Trin. A howling monster; a drunken monster!

Cal. No more dams I 'll make for fish;

Nor fetch in firing

At requiring;

Nor scrape trencher, nor wash dish:
'Ban, Ban, Caliban
Has a new master: get a new man.
Freedom, hey-day! hey-day, freedom! hey-
day, freedom!

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

ACT III.

SCENE I.—Before Prospero's cell.

Some thousands of these logs and pile them up,

Upon a sore injunction: my sweet mistress [mess
Weeps when she sees me work, and says, such base-
Hadh never like executor. I forget;

But these sweet thoughts do even refresh my labours,

Most busy lest, when I do it.

Enter Miranda; and Prospero at a distance, unseen.

Mir. Alas, now, pray you, work not so hard: I would the lightning had
Burnt up those logs that you are enjoin'd to pile!
Pray, set it down and rest you: when this burns,
'Twill weep for having wearied you. My father

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ACT III.

THE TEMPEST.

SCENE II.

Is hard at study; pray now, rest yourself;
He’s safe for these three hours.

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

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

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

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

Pros. Poor worm, thou art infected!

This visitation shows it.

Mir. You look warily. [me

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

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

Fer. Admired Miranda! Indeed the top of admiration! worth What’s dearest to the world! Full many a lady I have eyed with best regard at 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 fire: 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: bow 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. 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.

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

Fer. My husband, then? As bonding you of freedom: here’s my hand.

Mir. And mine, with my heart in t: and now Till half an hour hence. [farewell

Fer. A thousand thousand!

Pros. So glad of 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, Stephano, and Trinculo.

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

Trin. Servant-monster! the folly of this island! They say there’s but five upon this isle: we are three of them: if th’ other two be brained like us, we must needs have our choice between us.

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 swam, ere I could recover the shore, five and thirty leagues off and on. By this light, thou shalt be my lieutenant, monster, or my standard. [ard.

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

Trin. Nor go neither: but you’ll lie like dogs and yet say nothing neither.

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

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

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

Cal. Lo, how he mocks me! wilt thou let him, Trin. ’Lord’ quo’t he! That a monster should be such a natural!

Cal. Lo, lo, again! bite him to death, I prithee. Ste. Trinculo, keep a good tongue in your head: if you prove a mutineer,—the next tree! The poor monster’s my subject and he shall not suffer indignity.

Trin. 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 Ari. Thou liest. [me of the island.

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

Ste. Trinculo, if you trouble him any more in’s tale, by this hand, I will supplant some of your Trin. Why, I said nothing. [teeth.

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

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

THE TEMPEST.

SCENE III.

From me he got it. If thy greatness will
Revenge it on him,—for I know thou darest,
But this thing dare not,—
Ste. That's most certain.
Cal. Thou shalt be lord of it and I'll serve thee.
Ste. How now shall this be compassed? Canst thou bring me to the party?
Cal. Yea, yea, my lord: I'll yield him thee asleep,
Where thou mayst knock a nail into his head.
Ari. Thou liest; thou canst not. [patch
Cal. What a pied ninny's this! Thou scurvy I do beseech thee, greatness, give him blows
And take his bottle from him: when that's gone
He shall drink nought but brine; for I'll not show
Where the quick freshes are. [him
Ste. Trinculo, run into no further danger: interrupt
the monster one word further, and, by this hand,
I'll turn my mercy out of doors and make a stock-fish of thee.
Ste. Didst thou not say he lied?
Ari. Thou liest.
Cal. And to take thou that. [Beats Trin.] As you like this, give me the lie another time.
Trin. I did not give the lie. Out o' thy wits and hearing too? A pox o' your bottle! this can sack and drinking do. A murrain on your monster, and the devil take your fingers!
Cal. Ha, ha, ha! [farther off.
Ste. Now, forward with your tale. Prithess, stand
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 him with a stake,
Or cut his weazand with thy knife. Remember
First to possess his books: for without them
He's but a so', 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 is 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 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 wilt he be asleep—
Wilt thou destroy him then?
Ste. Ay, on mine honour.
Ari. This will I tell my master. [ure:
Cal. Thou maketh me merry; I am full of pleas—
Let us be jocund: will you toss the catch
You take alive but while-er it?
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 tabor and pipe.
Ste. What is this same?
Their manners are more gentle-kind than of
Our human generation you shall find
Many, nay, almost any.

Pros. [Aside] Honest lord,
Though much 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, express-
ing, Although they want the use of tongue, a kind
Of excellent dumb discourse.

Pros. [Aside] Praise in departing.

Fran. They vanish'd strangely.

Seb. No matter, since
They have left their viands behind; for we have
stomachs.

Will 't please you taste of what is here?

Alon. Not I.

Gon. Faith, sir, you need not fear. When we
were boys,
Who would believe that there were mountaineers
Dew-Japp'd like bulls, whose throats had hanging
at'em
Wallets of fish? or that there were such men
Who bounds stood in their breasts? which now we
Each pull-out of five for one will bring us [find
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;
alas his wings upon the table; and, with a quaint
device, the banquet vanishes.

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

[Alon., Seb., &c. draw their swords.

[ drawn

Yon fools! I and my fellows
Are ministers of Fate: the elements,
Of whom your swords are temper'd, may as well
Wonnd the loud winds, or with hemock'd-at stabs
Kill the still-closing waters, as diminish
One dewle that 's in my shone: 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 suppliant good Prospero;
Exposed unto the sea, which hath requir 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. Thie 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 [from—
You and your ways; whose wrathes to guard you
Which here, in this most desolate isle, else falls
Upon your heads — is nothing but heart-sorrow
And a clear life ensuing.

He vanishes in thunder; then, to soft music, enter the
Shapes again, and dance, with 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 that thou hastid to say: so, with good life
And observation strange, my measurer ministers
Their several kinds have done their work.
My charmes and these mine enemies are all knit up [work
In their distractions; they now are in my power;
And in these fits I leave them, while I visit
Young Ferdinand, whom they suppose is drown'd,
And his and mine loved darling. [Exit above.

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

Alon. O, it is monstrous, monstrous!
Methought the billows spoke and told me of it;
The winds did sing it to me, and the thunder,
That deep and dreadful organ-pipe, pronounced
The name of Prosper: it did blass my trespass.
I therefore my son I' the oze is bedded, and
I'll seek him deeper than e'er plummet sounded
And with him there lie mudded. [Exit.

Seb. But one fiend at a time,
I'll fight their legions o'er.

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

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

Adr. Follow, I pray you. [Exeunt.

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—Before Prospero's cell.

Enter Prospero, Ferdinand, and Miranda.

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

Fer. Against an oracle.

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

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

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

Pros. Fairly spoke.
SIT then and talk with her; she is thine own.
What, Ariel! my industrious servant, Ariel!

Enter Ariel.

Ari. What would my potent master? here I am.
Pros. Thou and thy manner fellows your last ser-
Did worthily perform; and I must use you [vice
In such another trick. Go bring the rabble,
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?
Pros. Ay, with a twink.

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

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

Ari. Well, I conceive. [Exit.
Pros. Look thou be true; do not give dalliance
Too much the rein: the strongest oaths 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 am I, my Ariel! bring a corollary,
Rather than want a spirit; appear, and perty!
No tongue! all eyes! be silent. [Soft music.

Enter Iris.

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

Enter Ceres.

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

Cer. Tell me, heavenly bow,
If Venus or her son, as thou dost know,
Do now attend the queen? since they did plot
The meanest 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 deit
Cutting the clouds towards Paphos and her son
Dove-drawn with her. Here thought they to have
Some wanton charm upon this man and maid, [done
Whose vowe are, that no bed-right shall be paid
Till Hymen's torch be lighted: but in vain;

Mars's hot minion is returned again;
Her waspish-headed son has broke his arrows,
Sweares 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 prosperable
And honour'd in their issue. [They sing:

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

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

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.

Fer. Let me live here ever:
So rare a wonder'd father and a wife
Makes this place Paradise.

[Jun and Ceres whisper, and send
Iris on employment.

Pros. Sweet, now, silence!

Juno and Ceres whisper seriously:
There's something else to do: hush, and be mute,
On which our specious, and ever-blessed looks,
With your sedged crowns and ever-harmless looks,
Leave your crisp channels and on this green land
Answer your summons; Juno does command:
Come, temperate nymphs, and help to celebrate
A contract of true love; be not too late.

Enter certain Nymphs.

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

Enter certain Reapers, properly habited: they join
with the Nymphs in a graceful dance; towards the end whereof Prospero starts suddenly, and speaks
after which, to a strange, holy, and confused noise, they heavily vanish.

Pros. [Aside] I had forgot that foul conspiracy
Of the beast Caliban and his confederates
Against my life: the minute of their plot [no more is almost come. [To the Spirits] Well done! avoid; For. 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
Are melted into air, into thin air:
And, like the baseless fabric of this vision,
The cloud-capp'd towers, the gorgeous palaces,
The solemn temples, the great globe itself,
Yea, all which it inherit, shall dissolve
And, like this insubstantial pageant faded,
Leave not a rack behind. We are such stuff
As dreams are made on, and our little life
Is rounded with a sleep. Sir, I am vex'd;
Bear with my weakness; my old brain is troubled:
Be not disturb'd with my infirmity:
If you be pleased, retire into my cell
And there repose: a turn or two I 'll walk,
To still my beating mind.

Per. Mir. We wish you peace. [Exeunt.
Pros. Come with a thought. I thank thee, Ariel.

Enter Ariel.

Ari. Thy thoughts I cleave to. What 's thy pleas-

Pros. Spirit, yea? 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. [Exeunt?

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

Ari. I told you, sir, they were red-hot with drink;
So full of valour that they smote the air [ing;
For breathing in their faces; beat the ground
For kissing of their feet; yet always bending
Towards their project. Then I beat my taper:
At which, like unback'd colts, they prick'd their ears,
Advanced their eyelids, lifted up their noses
As they smelt music: so I charm'd their ears
That calf-like they my lowing follow'd through
Tooth'd briers, sharp furzes, pricking goss and thorns,
Which entered their frail shins: at last I left them
' T 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 stable to catch these thieves.

Ari. I go, I go. [Exeunt. 

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

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

Come, hang them on this line.

Prospero and Ariel remain, invisible. Enter Cali-

Trin. Stephano, and Trinculo, all wet.

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

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

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

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

Trin. Thou wert but a lost monster.

Cal. I will give thy favours, if thou wilt give
me thy favour still.

Be patient, for the prize I 'll bring thee to; [softly,
Shall hoodwink this miscuisine: therefore speak
All 's hush'd as midnight yet.

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

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

Ste. I will fetch off my bottle, though I be o'er
ears for my labour.

Cal. Prithee, 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, thy Caliban,
For aye thy foot-licker. [thoughts.

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

Trin. O king Stephano! O peer! O worthy Ste-

Phano! look what a wardrobe here is for thee!

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

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

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

Trin. Thy grace shall have it.

Cal. The dropsey drown this fool! what do you mean
To doth on such huggage? 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.

Ste. [your grace.

Trin. Do, do: we steal by line and level, an' like
Ste. I thank thee for that jest: here's a garment
for 't: wit shall not go unrewarded while I am king
of this country. 'Steal by line and level' is an excel-

lent pass of pate; there's another garment for 't.

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

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

Ste. Monster, lay-to your fingers: help to bear this
away where my hogshead of wine is, or I 'll turn you
out of my kingdom: go to, carry this

Trin. And this.

Ste. Ay, and this.

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

Prospero and Ariel setting them on.

Pros. Hey, Mountain, hey!

Ari. Silver! there it goes, Silver!
Pros. Fury, Fury! there, Tyrant, there! hark!

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

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

Ari. Hark, they roar!

Pros. Let them be hunted soundly. At this hour
Lie at my mercy all mine enemies;

Ste. Shortly shall all my labours end, and thou
Shalt have the air at freedom: for a little
Follow, and do me service. [Exeunt.
In the line-grove which weather-fends your cell;
They cannot budge till your release. The king,
His brother and yours, abide all three distracted
And the remainder mourning over them,
Brimful of sorrow and dismay; but chiefly [zalo;
Him that you term'd, sir, 'The good old lord, Gonz-
His tears run down his beard, like winter's drops
From eaves of reeds. Your charm so strongly works
That if you now beheld them, your affections [em
Would become tender.

Pros. Dost thou think so, spirit? [Aside]
Ari. Mine would, sir, were I human.

Pros. And mine shall.
Hast thou, which art but air, a touch, a feeling
Of their affictions, and shall not myself,
One of their kind, that relish all as sharply,
Passion as they, be kindlier moved than thou art?
Though with their high wrongs I am struck to the
Yet with my nobler reason 'gainst my fury [quick,
Do I take part; the marier 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.

Art. 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 eye not b钍te, but all the pastime
Is to make midnight mushrooms, that rejoice
To hear the solemn curfew; by whose aid,
Week 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 rifled Jove's stout oak
With his own bolt; the strong-armed promontory
Have I made shake and by the spurs pluck'd up
The pine and cedar: graves at my command
Have waked their sleepers, o'er, and let 'em forth
By my so potent art. But this rough magic
I here enjoin thee; to this art thou hast access
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; Sebastian and
Antonio in like manner, attended by Adrian
and Francisco: they all enter the circle which
Prospero had made, and there stand charmed; which
Prospero observing, speaks:

A solemn air and the best comforter
To an 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 social to the show of thine,
Fall fellow drops. The charm dissolves space,
And as the morning steals upon the night,
Melting the darkness, so their rising senses
Begin to chase the ignorant fumes that mantle
Their clearer reason. O good Gonzalo,
My true friend, and lord, sir.
To him thou follow'st! I will pay thy graces
Home both in word and deed. Most cruelly
Didst thou, Alonso, use me and my daughter:
Thy brother was a furtherer in the act. [blood,
Thou art pinch'd for 't now, Sebastian. Flesh and
You, brother mine, that entertain'd ambition,
Expell'd remorse and nature; who, with Sebastian,
Whose inward pinches therefore are most strong,
Would here have kill'd your king; I do forgive thee,
Unnatural though thou art. Their understanding
 Begins to swell, and the approaching tide
Will shortly fill the reasonable shore
That now lies sea and mudly. 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.

Pros. Why, that's my dainty Ariel! I shall miss
But yet thou shalt have freedom: so, so, so. [thee;
To the king's ship, invisible as thou art:
There shall thou find the mariners asleep
Under the hatchers, and the masts and boathawns
Being awake, enforce them to this place,
And presently, I prithee.

Ari. I drink the air before me, and return
Or ere your pulse twice beat. [Exit.

Pros. Behold, sir king,
The wronged Duke of Milan, Prospero:
For more assurance that a living prince
Does now speak to thee, I embrace thy body;
And to thee and thy company I bid
A hearty welcome.

Alon. Whether thou be'st he or no,
Or some enchanted trible 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,
If I am happy, I tell thee: this must crave,
An if this be at all, a most strange story.
Thy dukedom I resign and do entreat
[pero
Thou pardon me my wrongs. But how should Pros-
Be living and be here?

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

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

Pros. You do yet taste
Some subtilties 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 lords,
were I so minded,
I here could pluck his highness' frown upon you
And justify you traitors: at this time
I will tell no tales.


Alon. No.

Pros. 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.

Pros. I am woefully for 't, sir.

15
Alon. Irreparable is the loss, and patience
Says it is past her cure.

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

Alon. You the like loss!

Pros. As great to me as late; and, supportable
To make the dear loss, have I means much weaker
Than you may call to comfort you, for I
Have lost my daughter.

Alon. A daughter? O heavens, that they were living both in Naples,
The king and queen there! that they were, I wish
Myself were muddled in that oozy bed [ter?
Where my son lies. When did you lose your daught-

Pros. In this last tempest, I perceive, these lords
At this encounter do so much admire
That they devoun their reason and scarce think
Their eyes do offices of truth, their words
Are natural breath: but, howsoever you have
 Been justled from your senses, know for certain
That I am Prospero and that very duke
Which was thirst forth of Milan, who most strangely
Upon this shore, where you were wreck'd, was landed,
To be the lord on 't. No score yet of this;
For 't is 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. I would not for the world, [wrangle
Mir. Yes, for a score of kings you should
And I would call it fair play.

Alon. If this prove
A vision of the Island, one dear son
Shall I twice lose.

Seb. A most high miracle!

Fer. Though the seas threaten, they are merciful;
I have cursed them without cause. [Kneels.

Alon. Now all the blessings
Of a glad father compass thee about!
Arose, and say how thou camest here.

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

Pros. 'T is new to thee.

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

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

Alon. I am hers:
But, O, how odd 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, [gods,
Or should have spoke ere this. Look down, you
And on this couple drop a blessed crown!
For it is you that have chaldk'd forth the way
Which brought us hither.

Alon. [Aside] I say, Amen, Gonzalo: 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! [Aside]

Gon. Be it so! Amen!

Re-enter Ariel, with the Master and Boatswain
anxiously following.

O, look, sir, look, sir: here is more of us:
I prophesied, if a gallowes were on land,
This fellow could not drowm. Now, blasphemy,
Upon this shore, where you were wreck'd, was landed,
To be the lord on 't. No score yet of this;
For 't is 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
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But never saw before; of whom I have
Received a second life; and second father
This lady makes him to me.

Alon. I am hers:
But, O, how odd 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.
THE TEMPEST.

ACT V.

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.
These three have robb'd me; and this demi-devil—
For he's a bastard one—had plotted with them
To take my life. Two of these fellows you
Must know and own; this thing of darkness I
Acknowledge mine.

Cal. I shall be pinch'd to death.

Alon. Is not this Stephano, my drunken butler?

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

Alon. And Trinculo is reeling ripe: where should
Find this grand liquor that hath gild'd 'em? They
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! [cramp.

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

Ste. I should have been a sore one then.

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

[Pointing to Caliban.

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

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

Pros. Go to; away!

Alon. Hence, and bestow your luggage where you


Pros. Sir, I invite your highness and your train

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

[Exeunt.

EPILOGUE.

Spoken by Prospero.

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

CALLIBAN, STEPHANO, AND TRINCULO HUNTED WITH HOUNDS.—ACT IV., SCENE I.
THE TWO GENTLEMEN OF VERONA.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Duke of Milan, Father to Silvia.
Valentine, Proteus, the two Gentlemen.
Antonio, Father to Proteus.
Thurio, a foolish rival to Valentine.
Eglamour, Agent for Silvia in her escape.
Speed, a clownish servant to Valentine.
Leonce, the like to Proteus.
Panthino, Servant to Antonio.

Julia, beloved of Proteus.
Silvia, beloved of Valentine.
Lucetta, waiting-woman to Julia.
Host, where Julia lodges.
Outlaws, with Valentine.

Servants, Musicians.

SCENE—Verona; Milan; the frontiers of Mantua.

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 duly 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,
Commend thy grievance to my holy prayers,
For I will be thy beadsman, Valentine.

Val. And on a love-book pray for my success?
Pro. Upon some book I love I'll pray for thee.
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 swam 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;
Cov looks with heart-sore sighs; one fading morn
With twenty watchful, weary, tedious nights:
If haply won, perhaps a hapless gain;
If lost, why then a grievous labour won;
However, but a folly bought with wit,
Or else a wit by folly vanquished.

Pro. So, by your circumstance, you call me fool.
Val. So, by your circumstance, I fear you'll prove.
Pro. 'Tis love you cavil at: I am not Love.
Val. Love is your master, for he masters you:
And he that is so yoked by a fool,
Methinks, should not be chronicled for wise.

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

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

Pro. And 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.

Pro. He after honour hunts, I after love:
He leaves his friends to dignify them more;
I leave myself, my friends and all, for love.
Thou, Julia, thou hast metamorphosed me,
Made me neglect my studies, lose my time,
War with good counsel, set the world at nought;
Made wit with 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
ACT I. THE TWO GENTLEMEN OF VERONA. SCENE II.

for wages followest thy master; thy master for wages followeth 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 your letter to her, a laced mutton, and she, a laced mutton, gave me, a lost mutton, nothing for my labour.

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

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

Pro. Nay. — Ay, why, that's noddy.

Speed. You mistake. 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. [Letter.

Pro. No, no; you shall have it for bearing the expense. 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. [She?

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

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 commence to be 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. I must go send some better messenger: I fear my Julia would not delign my lines, Receiving them from such a worthless post. [Exit.

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

Enter Julia and Lucetta.

Jul. But say, Lucetta, now we are alone, What will thou then counsel me to fall in love? Luc. Aye, madam, so you think needfully.

Jul. Of all the fair resort of gentleman That every day with parle encounter me, In thy opinion which is worthiest love? [Mind Luc. Please you repeat their names, I 'll show my According to my shallow simple skill.

Jul. What think'st thou of the fair Sir Eglamour? Luc. As of a knight well-spoken, neat and fine; But, were I you, he never should be mine.

Jul. What think'st thou of the rich Mercatio? Luc. Well of his wealth; but of himself, so so.

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

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

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

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

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

Luc. Then thus: of many good I think him best. Jul. Your reason?

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

Jul. And wouldst thou have me cast my love on Luc. Ay, if you thought your love not cast away. Jul. Why he, of all the rest, hath never moved me. Luc. Yet he, of all the rest, I think, best loves ye. Jul. His little speaking shows his love but small. Luc. Fire that's closest keepeth burns most of all. Jul. They do not love that do not show their love. Luc. O, they love least that let men know their love. Jul. I would I knew his mind.

Luc. Peruse this paper, madam.

Jul. 'Tis from Lucenna, from whom?

Luc. That the contents will show.


Luc. Sir Valentine's page; and sent, I think, from He would have given it you; but I, being in the way, Did in your name receive it: pardon the fault, I pray.

Jul. Now, by my mother's, a foolish broker!

Are you presume to harbour wanton lines? To whisper and conspire against my youth? Now, trust me, 't is 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 boy, will scratch the nurse And presently all humbled kiss the rod! How curiously 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 the paper 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. As little by such toys as may be possible. Best sing it to the tune of 'Light o' love.'

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ACT I.

THE TWO GENTLEMEN OF VERONA. SCENE III.

Luc. It is too heavy for so light a tune.
Jul. Heavy! belike it hath some burden then?
Luc. Ay, and melodious were it, would you sing it.
Jul. And why not you?
Luc. I cannot reach so high.
Jul. Let 's see your song. How now, minion!
Luc. Keep time there still, so you will sing it:
And yet methinks I do not like this tune.
Jul. You do not?
Luc. No, madam; it is too sharp.
Jul. You, minion, are too saucy.
Luc. Nay, now you are too flat
And mar the concord with too harsh a descant:
There wants but a beam to fill your song.
Jul. The mean is drown'd with your unruly bass.
Luc. Indeed, I bid the base for Proteus.
Jul. This bubble shall not henceforth trouble me.
Here is a coil with protestation! [Tears the letter.
Go get you gone, and let the papers lie:
You would be thumbing them, to anger me.
Luc. She makes it strange; but she would be best pleased
To be so anger'd with another letter. [Exit.
Jul. Nay, would I were so anger'd with the same!
O hateful hands, to tear such loving words!
Injurious wasps, to feed on such sweet honey
And kill the bees that yield it with your stings!
I 'll kiss each several paper for amends.
Look, here is writ 'kind Julia.' Unkind Julia!
As in revenge of thy ingratitude,
I throw thy name against the bruising stones,
Trampling contemptuously on thy disdain.
And here is writ 'love-wounded Proteus.'
Poor wounded name! my bosom as a bed
Shall lodge thee till thy wound be throughly heal'd;
And thus I search it with a sovereign kiss.
But twice or thrice was 'Proteus' written down.
Be calm, good wind, blow not a word away
Till I have found each letter in the letter,
Exeunt Lucetta.

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 cloister?
Panth. 'T was 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 trial in his youth.
Ant. Nor need'st thou much importune me to that
Whereon this month I have been hammering.
I have consider'd well his loss of time
And how he cannot be a perfect man,
Not being tried and tutor'd in the world:
Experience is by industry achieved
And perfected by the swift course of time.
Then tell me, whither were I best to send him?
Panth. I think your lordship is not ignorant
How his companion, youthful Valentine,
Attends the emperor in his royal court.
Ant. I know it well.
Panth. 'T were 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 advised:
And that is way which I too well like it.
The execution of it shall make known.
Even with the speediest expedition
I will dispatch him to the emperor's court.
Panth. To-morrow,may it please you,Don Alphonso,
With other gentlemen of good esteem,
Here journeying to salute the emperor
And to commend their service to his will.
Ant. Good company; with them shall Proteus go:
And, in good time! now will we break with him.

Enter Proteus.

Panth. Sweet love! sweet lines! sweet life!
Here is her hand, the agent of her heart;
Here is her oath for love, her honour's pawn.
O, that our fathers would applaud our loves,
To seal our happiness with their consents!
O heavenly Julia!
Ant. How now! what letter are you reading there?
Panth. It is not to please your lordship, 'tis a word or
Of commendations sent from Valentine,
Deliver'd by a friend that came from him.
Ant. Lend me the letter; let me see what news.
Panth. 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 affected to his wish?
Panth. As one relying on your lordship's will
And not depending on his friendly wish.
Ant. My will is something sorted with his wish.
Muse not that I thus suddenly proceed;
For what I will, I will, and will have an end.
I am resolved that thou shalt spend some time
With Valentinus in the emperor's court:
What maintenance he from his friends receives,
Like exhibition thou shalt have from me.
To-morrow be in readiness to go:
Exeunt not, for I am peremptory.
Panth. My lord, I cannot be so soon provided;
Please you, deliberate a day or two.
Panth. Look, what thou want'st shall be sent after
No more of stay! to-morrow thou must go.
Come on, Panthino; thou shalt be employ'd
To hasten on his expedition.

[Exeunt Ant. and Pan.}

Panth. 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,
Lest he should take exceptions to my love;

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ACT II.

THE TWO GENTLEMEN OF VERONA. SCENE I.

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

ACT II.


Enter Valentine and Speed.

Speed. Sir, your glove.
Val. Not mine; my gloves are on.
Speed. Why, then, this may be yours, for this is
but one.
Val. Ha! let me see: ay, give it me, it’s mine:
Sweet ornament that decks a thing divine!
Ah, Silvia, Silvia!
Speed. Madam Silvia! Madam Silvia!
Val. How now, sirrah?
Speed. She is not within hearing, sir.
Val. You, sir, who bade you call her?
Speed. Your worship, sir; or else I mistook.
Val. Well, you’ll still be too forward. [slow.
Speed. And yet I was last chidden for being too
Val. Go to, sir: tell me, do you know Madam
Speed. She that your worship loves? [Silvia?
Val. Why, how know you that I am in love?
Speed. Marry, by these special marks: first, you have learned, like Sir Proteus, to wreathe your arms, like a malecontent; to relish a love-song, like a robin-redbreast; to walk alone, like one that had the pestilence; to sigh, like a school-boy that had lost his A B C; to weep, like a young wench that had buried her grandam; to fast, like one that takes diet; to watch, like one that fears robbing; to speak puling, like a beggar at Hallowmas. You were wont, when you laughed, to crow like a cock; when you walked, to walk like one of the lions; when you fasted, it was presently after dinner; when you 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 malady.
Val. But tell me, dost thou know my lady Silvia?
Speed. She that you gaze on 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 her not?
Speed. Is she not hard-favoured, sir?
Val. Not so fair, boy, as well-favoured.
Speed. Sir, I know that well enough.
Val. What dost thou know?
Speed. That she is not so fair as, of you, well.
Val. I mean that her beauty is exquisite, but her favour infinite.
Speed. That’s because the one is painted and the other out of all count.
Val. How painted? and how out of count?
Speed. Marry, sir, so painted, to make her fair, that no man counts of her beauty.
Val. How esteemest thou me? I account of her
Speed. You never saw her since she was deformed.
Val. How long hath she been deformed?
Speed. Ever since you loved her.
Val. 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 child at Sir Proteus for going ungarnered!
Val. What should I see then?
Speed. Your own present folly and her passing deformity: for he, being in love, could not see to garner 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 swinged me for my love, which makes me the bolder to chide you for yours.
Val. In conclusion, I stand affected to her.
Speed. You would be 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 be interpr to her.

Enter Silvia.

Val. Madam and mistress, a thousand good-morrows.
[lion of manners.
Speed. [Aside] O, give ye good even! here’s a mil-
Val. Sir Valentine and servant, to you two thou-
sand.
[She gives it him.
Speed. [Aside] He should give her interest, and
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.
[done.
Sil. I thank you, gentle servant: ’tis very clerkly
Val. Now trust me, madam, it came hardy off:
For being ignorant to whom it goes
I writ at random, very doubtfully.
[pains?
Sil. Perchance you think too much of so much
Val. No, madam; so it stead 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 anothe-
[It?
Val. What means your ladyship? do you not like
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;
ACT II.  THE TWO GENTLEMEN OF VERONA.  SCENE IV.

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

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

Speed. O jest unseen, inscrutable, invisible, as a nose on a man's face, or a weathercock on a steeple! [suitor, My mistress goes to her, and she hath taught her He being her pupil, to become her tutor. O excellent device! was there ever heard a better, That my master, being scribe, to himself should write the letter?

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

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

Val. To do what?

Speed. To be a spokesman for Madam Silvia.

Val. To whom?

Speed. To yourself: why, she wooes you by a Val. Who figure? [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 not perceive the Val. No, believe me.  [jest?

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

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

Speed. Why, she hath given you a letter.

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

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

Val. I would it were no worse.

Speed. I'll warrant you, 'tis as well. For often have you writ to her, and she, in modesty, Or else for want of idle time, could not again reply; Or fearing else some messenger that might her mind discover, [her lover.

Herself hath taught her love himself to write unto All this I speak in print, for in print I found it. Why muse you, sir? 'tis dinner-time.

Val. I have dined.

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


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'ersteps me in the day Wherein I sigh not, Julia, for thy sake, The next ensuing hour some foul mischance Tornch me for my love's forswornness! 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.

[Exit Proteus.

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.

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 Launtes have this very fact: 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 surest-natured dog that lives: my mother weeping, my father wailing, my sister crying, our maid howling, our cat wringing her hands, and all our house in a great perplexity, yet did not this cruel-hearted cur shed one tear: he is a stone, a very pebble-stone, and has no more pity in him than a dog: a Jew would have wept to have seen our parting; why, my grandam, having no eyes, look you, wept herself blind 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 right shoe is my mother: nay, that cannot be so neither: yes, it is so, it is so, it hath the worse sole. This shoe, with the hole in it, is my mother, and this my father: a vengeance on 't! there 'tis: now, sir, this staff is my sister, for, look you, she is 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 myself; 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; well, he weeps on. Now come I to my mother: O, that she could speak now like a woman! Well, I kiss her; why, there 'tis; here's my mother's breath up and down. Now come I to my sister; mark the moon 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, abroad! thy master is shipped and thou art to post after with oars. What's the matter? why wepest 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, he that 's tied here, Crab, my dog.

Pan. Tut, man, I mean thou 'lst 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!

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

Pan. Come, come away, man; I was sent to call

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

Pan. I'm sure he's bound.

Launce. Well, I will go.  [Exeunt.


Enter Silvia, Valentine, Thurio, and Speed.

Sil. Servant!

Val. Mistress?
ACT II.  
THE TWO GENTLEMEN OF VERONA.  
SCENE IV.

Speed. Master, Sir Thurio frowns on you. 
Val. Ay, boy, it's for love.
Speed. Not of you. 
Val. Of my mistress, then. 
Speed. 'Twas good you knocked him. [Exit.
Sil. Servant, you are sad. 
Val. Indeed, madam, I seem so. 
Thur. Seem you that you are not? 
Val. Haply I do. 
Thur. So do counterfeit. 
Val. Do you, sir. 
Thur. What seem I that I am not? 
Val. Wise. 
Thur. What instance of the contrary? 
Val. Your folly. 
Thur. And how quote you my folly? 
Val. I quote it in your jerkin. 
Thur. My jerkin is a doulet. 
Val. Well, then, I'll double your folly. 
Val. Give him leave, madam; he is a kind of 
Thur. That hath more mind to feed on your blood 
than live in your air. 
Val. You have said, sir. 
Thur. Ay, sir, and done too, for this time, [begin. 
Val. I know it well, sir; you always end ere you 
Sil. A fine volley of words, gentlemen, and quickly 
shot out of your company. 
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. 
Thur. Sir, if you spend word for word with me, I 
shall make your wit bankrupt. 
Val. I know it well, sir; you have an exchequer of 
words, and, I think, no other treasure to give your 
followers, for it appears, by their bare liveries, that 
they live by your bare words. [father. 
Sil. No more, gentlemen, no more: here comes my 
Enter Duke. 
Duke. Now, daughter Silvia, you are hard beset. 
Sir Valentine, your father's in good health: 
What say you to a letter from your friends 
Of much good news? 
Val. My lord, I will be thankful 
To any happy messenger from thence. 
Duke. Know ye Don Antonio, your countryman? 
Val. Ay, my good lord, I know the gentleman 
To be of worth and worthy estimation 
And not without desert so well reputed. 
Duke. Hath he not a son? 
Val. Ay, my good lord; a son that well deserves 
The honour and regard of such a father. 
Duke. You know him well? 
Val. I know him as myself; for from our infancy 
We have conversed and spent our hours together: 
And though myself have been an idle truant, 
Omitting the sweet benefit of time 
To clothe mine age with angel-like perfection, 
Yet hath Sir Proteus, for that's his name, 
Made use and fair advantage of his days; 
His years but young, but his experience old; 
His head unmellow'd, but his judgment ripe; 
And, in a word, for far behind his worth, 
Comes all the praises that I now bestow, 
He is complete in feature and in mind 
With all good grace to grace a gentleman. 
Duke. Beshrew me, sir, but if he make this good, 
He is as worthy for a gentleman's love 
As meet to be an emperor's counsellor. 
Well, sir, this gentleman is come to me, 
With commendation from great potentates; 
And here he means to spend his time awhile: 
I think 'tis no unwelcome news to you. 
Val. Should I have wish'd a thing, it had been he. 
Duke. Welcome him then according to his worth. 
Silvia, I speak to you, and you, Sir Thurio; 
For Valentine, I need not cite him to it: 
I will send him hither to you presently. [Exit. 
Val. This is the gentleman I told you ladyship 
Had come along with me, but that his mistress 
Did hold his eyes lock'd in her crystal looks. 
Sil. Belike now he the hath enthralled them 
Upon some other pawn for fealty. [still. 
Val. Nay, sure, I think she holds them prisoners 
Sil. Nay, then he should be blind; and, being blind, 
How could he see his way to seek out you? 
Val. Why, lady, Love hath twenty pair of eyes. 
Thur. They say that Love hath not an eye at all. 
Val. To see such lovers, Thurio, as yourself: 
Upon a homely object Love can wink. [tlemen. 
Sil. Have done, have done; here comes the gen-

Enter Proteus. [Exit Thurio. 
Val. Welcome, dear Proteus! Mistress, I beseech 
Confirm his welcome with some special favour. [you, 
Sil. His worth is warrant for his welcome hither, 
If this be he you oft have wish'd to hear from. 
Val. Mistress, it is: sweet lady, entertain him 
To be my fellow-servant to your ladyship. 
Sil. Too low a mistress for so high a servant. 
Pro. Not so, sweet lady; but too mean a servant 
To have a look of such a worthy mistress. 
Val. Leave off discourse of disability: 
Sweet lady, entertain him for your servant. 
Pro. My duty will I boast of: nothing else. 
Sil. And duty never yet did want his need: 
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 Thuriol. 
Thur. 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 Thuriol. 
Val. Now, tell me, how do all from whence you 
came? [commended. 
Pro. Your friends are well and have them much 
Val. And how do yours? 
Pro. I left them all in health. 
Val. How does your lady? and how thrives your 
love? 
Pro. My tales of love were wont to weary you; 
I know you joy not in a love-discourse. 
Val. Ay, Proteus, but that life is alter'd now: 
I have done penance for contemning Love, 
Whose high imperial 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 entranced eyes 
And made them watchers of mine own heart's sor-
O gentle Proteus, Love's a mighty lord 
[row. 
And hath so humbled me I am content 
There is no woe to his correction 
Nor to his service no such joy on earth. 
Now no discourse, except it be of love; 
Now can I break my fast, dine, sup and sleep, 
Upon the very naked name of love. 
Pro. Enough; enough; let him come 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.
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Val. Call her divine.

Pro. I will not flattery her.

Val. O, flatter me; for love delights in praises.

Pro. When I was sick, you gave me bitter pills, And I must thank you for them.

Val. Then speak the truth by her; if not divine, Yet let her be a principality, Sovereign to all the creatures on the earth.

Pro. Except my mistress.

Val. Sweet, except not any; Except thou wilt except against my love.

Pro. Have I not reason to prefer mine own?

Val. And I will help thee to prefer her too:
She shall be dignified with this high honour—
To bear my lady's train, lest the base earth
Should from her vesture chance to steal a kiss
And, of so great a favour growing proud,
Disdain to root the summer-swell'd flower
And make rough winter everlasting.

Pro. Why, Valentine, what braggarism is this?

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

Pro. Then let her alone. [own.

Val. Not for the world: why, man, she is mine
And I as rich in having such a jewel
As twenty seas, if all their sand were pearl,
The water nectar and the rocks pure gold.

Pro. Forgive me that I do not dream on thee,
Because thou seest but I dwell on my love;
My foolish rival, that her father likes
Only for his possessions are so huge,
Is gone with her alone, and I must after,
For love, thou know'st, is full of jealousy.

Pro. But she loves you? [marriage-hour

Val. Ay, and we be betroth'd: nay, more, our
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 and 'greed on for my happiness.

Good Proteus, go with me to my chamber,
In these affairs to aid me with thy counsel.

Pro. Go on before; I shall inquire you forth:
I must unto the road, to disembark
Some necessaries that I needs must use,
And then I'll presently attend you.

Val. Will you make haste?

Pro. I will. [Exit Valentine.

Even as one heat another heat expels,
Or as one will by strength drives out another,
So the remembrance of my former love
Is by a newer object quite forgotten.

Is 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—
That I did love, for now my love is thaw'd;
Which, like a waxen image 'gainst a fire,
Bears no impression of the thing it was.
Methinks my zeal to Valentine is cold,
And that I love him not as I was wont.
O, but I love his lady too much,
And that the reason I lasst power of his love,
That which I owe is more than I give.
Then, how shall I dote on her with more advice,
That thus without advice begin to love her!
'Tis but her picture I have yet beheld,
And that hath dazzled my reason's light;
But when I look on her perfections,
There is no reason but I shall be blis'd.
If I can check my erring love, I will;
If not, to compass her I'll use my skill. [Exit.

SCENE V.—The same. A street.

Enter Speed and Launce severally.

Speed. Launce! by mine honesty, welcome to Milan!
For Valentine myself, for Julia Silvia.
I to myself am dearer than a friend,
For love is still most precious in itself;
And Silvia—witness Heaven, that made her fair!—
Shows Julia but a swarthy Ethiope.
I will forget her, I will,
Remembering that my love to her is dead;
And Valentine I'll hold an enemy,
Aiming at Silvia as a sweeter friend.
I cannot now prove constant to myself,
Without some treachery used to Valentine.
This night he meaneth with a corded ladder
To climb celestial Silvia's chamber-window,
Myself in counsel, his competitor.
Now presently I'll give her father notice
Of their disguising and pretended flight;
Who, all enraged, will banish Valentine;
For Thurio, he intends, shall wed his daughter;
But, Valentine being gone, I'll quickly cross
By some sly trick blunt Thurio's dull proceeding.
Love, lend me wings to make my purpose swift,
As thou hast lent me wit to plot this drift! [Exit.

SCENE VII.—Verona. Julia's house.

Enter Julia and Lucetta.

Jul. Counsel, Lucetta; gentle girl, assist me;
And even in kind love I do conjure thee,
Who art the table wherein all my thoughts
Are visibly character'd and engraved,
To lesson me and tell me some good mean
How, with my honour, I may undertake
A journey to my loving Proteus.

Luc. Alas, the way is wearisome and long!

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

Luc. Better forbear till Proteus make return.

Jul. O, know'st thou not his looks are my soul's
Fity the dearth that I have pined in, [food?
By longing for that food so long a time.
Dildst thou but know the inly touch of love,
Thou wouldst as soon go kindle fire with snow
As seek to quench the fire of love with words.

Luc. I do not seek to quench your love's hot fire,
But qualify the fire's extreme rage,
Lest it should burn above the bounds of reason.

Jul. The more thou damnest it up, the more it
The current that with gentle murmurs glides, burns.
Thou know'st, being stopp'd, impatiently doth rage;
But when his fair course is not hindered,
He makes sweet music with the enam'li'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 post 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 beseeem some well-reputed page.

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

Jul. No, girl; I'll knot it in long strings
With twenty odd-conceited true-love knots.

Luc. To be fantastic may become a youth
Of greater time than I shall show to be. [breeches?

Luc. What fashion, madam, shall I make your
Jul. That fits as well as 'Tell me, good my lord,
What compass will you wear your farthingale?'
Why even what fashion thou best likest, Lucetta.

Luc. You must needs have them with a codpiece,
madam.

Jul. Out, out, Lucetta! that will be ill-favour'd.

Luc. A round hose, madam, now's not worth a
Unless you have a codpiece to stick pins on. [pin,

Luc. As thou lov'st 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 unstaid a journey?
I fear me, it will make me scandalized.

Luc. If you think so, then stay at home and go not.

Jul. Nay, that I will not.

Luc. Then never dream on infamy, but go,
If Proteus like your journey when you come,
No matter who's displeased 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 lov'st me, do him not that
To bear a hard opinion of his truth:
Only preserve me in my love forever
And presently go with me to my chamber,
To take a note of what I stand in need of,
To furnish me upon my longing journey.
All that is mine I leave at thy dispose,
My goods, my lands, my reputation;
Only, in lieu thereof, dispatch me hence.
Come, answer not, but to it presently!
I am impatient of my tarancce. [Exit.

ACT III.


Enter Duke, Thurio, and Proteus.

Duke. Sir Thurio, give us leave, I pray, awhile;
We have some secrets to confer about. [Exit Thu.
Now, tell me, Proteus, what's your wish with me.

Pro. My gracious lord, that which I would dis-
The law of friendship bids me to conceal: [cover
But when I call to mind your gracious favours
Done to me, and sacrificing 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 be stol'n away from you,
It would be much vexation to your age.
Thence, for my duty's sake, I rather chose
To cross my friend in his intended drift
Than, by concealing it, heap on your head
A pack of sorrows which would press you down,
Being unprevented, to your timeless grave.
ACT III.  THE TWO GENTLEMEN OF VERONA.  SCENE I.

Duke. Proteus, I thank thee for thine honest care; Which to requite, command me while I live, This love of mine has seen. Then, Haply when they have judged me fast asleep, And oftentimes have purposed to forbid Sir Valentine company and my court; But fearing lest my jealous aim might err And so unworthily disgrace the man, A rashness that I ever yet have shunn'd, I gave him leave, to the greatazing long: 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 conveyed away.  

Pro. Know, noble lord, they have devised a mean How her chamber-window will ascend And with a corted 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, go I my Lord, do it as cunningly That my discovery be not aimed at; For love of you, not hate unto my friend, Hath made me publisher of this pretence.  

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

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

[Exit.]

Enter Valentine.  

Val. Sir Valentine, whither away so fast?  

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 Beseeming a wife as well as a gallant man: Cannot your Grace win her to fancy him? 'ward, Duke. No, trust me; she is peevish, sullen, fro-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 cherish'd 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 she's a woman, as well as a darling toy; Cannot your Grace have me to do in Duke. There is a lady in Verona here Whom I affect; but she is nice and coy And nought esteem my aged eloquence: Now therefore would I have thee to my tutor— For long age I have forgot to court; Besides, the fashion of the time is changed — How and which way I may bestow myself To be regard'd 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. Do you not know, sir, the woman that I sent her.  

Val. A woman sometimes scorns what best con-Send her another; never give her o'er; [tents her. For scorn at first makes after-love the more.  

Val. If she do frown, 'tis not in hate of you, But rather to beget more love in you: If she do not smile it is not for you alone; For why, the fools are mad, if left alone. Take no repulse, whatever she doth say; For 'get you gone,' she doth not mean 'away!' Flatter and praise, commend, extol their graces; Though 'er's so black, say they have angels' faces. That man that hath a tongue, I say, is no man, If with no 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 That no man hath recourse to her by night. [safe,  

Val. What lets but one may enter at her window?  

Duke. Her chamber is aloft, far from the ground, And built so shelving that one cannot climb it Without apparent hazard of his life.  

Val. Why then, a ladder quality made of cords, To cast up, with a pair of winding books, Would serve to scale another Hero's tower, So bold Leander would adventure it.  

Duke. Now, as thou art a gentleman of blood, Advise me where I may have such a ladder. [that.  

Val. When would you use it? pray, sir, tell me.  

Duke. This very night; for Love is like a child, That longs for everything that he can come by.  

Val. By seven o'clock I'll give 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?  

Val. 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, A hark lay, that in those baleful eyes I see: 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 lither 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 What's here?  

'be,'  

'Silvia, this night I will enfranchise thee.'  

'Tis so, my lord here's the ladder for the purpose. 

Why, Phaethon,— for thou art Merops's 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 Longer than swiftest expedition Will give thee time to do as our royal court, By heaven! my wrath shall far exceed the love I ever bore my daughter or thyself.  

Be gone! I will not hear thy vain excuse;
ACT III.

THE TWO GENTLEMEN OF VERONA.

SCENE I.

But, as thou lovest thy life, make speed from hence. [Exit.]

Val. And why not death rather than living tor-
To die is to be banish'd from myself; [ment?
And Silvia is myself: banish'd from her
Is self from self: a deadly banishment!

What light is light, if Silvia be not seen?
What joy is joy, if Silvia be not by?
Unless it be to think that she is by
And feed upon the shadow of perfection.

Except I be by Silvia in the night,
There is no music in the nightingale;
Unless I look on Silvia in the day,
There is no day for me to look upon;
She is my essence, and I leave to be,
If I be not by her fair influence
Foster'd, illumined, cherish'd, kept alive.

I fly not death, to fly his deadly doom:
Tarry I here, but attend on death:
But, fly I hence, I fly away from life.

Enter Proteus and Launce.

Pro. Run, boy, run, run, and seek him out.
Launce. Soho, soho.

Pro. Will thou set thee thither?
Launce. Him we go to find: there's not a hair
on 's head but 'tis a Valentine.

Val. Valentine?

Pro. No.
Pro. Who then? his spirit?
Val. Neither.
Pro. What then?

Val. Nothing. [strike?
Launce. Can nothing speak? Master, shall I
Pro. Who wouldst thou strike?
Launce. Nothing.

Pro. Villain, forbear.
Launce. Why, sir, I'll strike nothing: I pray you,—
[a word.

Pro. Sirrah, I say, forbear. Friend Valentine, Val. My ears are stoop and cannot hear good news,
So much of bad already hath possess'd them.

Pro. Then in dumb silence will I bury mine,
For they are harsh, untuneable and bad.

Val. Is Silvia dead?

Pro. No, Valentine.

Val. No Valentine, indeed, for sacred Silvia.
Hath she forsworn me?

Pro. No, Valentine.

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

Launce. Sir, there is a proclamation that you are
vanished.

Pro. That thou art banish'd — O, that's the
From hence, from Silvia and from me thy friend.

Val. O, I have fed upon this woe already,
And now excess of it will make me surfeit.

Doth Silvia know that I am banish'd?

Pro. Ay, ay; and she hath offer'd to the doom —
Which, unreversed, stands in effectual force —
A sea of melting pearl, which some call tears:
Those at her father's church feet she tender'd;
With them upon her knees, her humble self;
Wringing her hands, whose whiteness so became
As it but now they waxed pale for woe: [them

But neither bended knees, pure hands held up,
Sad sighs, deep groans, nor silver-shedding tears,
Could penetrate her uncompassionate sire;

But Valentine, if ta'en, must die.

Besides, her intercession chafed him so,
When she for thy repeal was suppliant,
That close prison he commanded her,
With many bitter threats of birching there. [speaks
Val. No more; unless the next word that thou
Have on the malignant power upon my life:
If so, I pray thee, breathe it in mine ear,
As ending anthem of my endless dole.

Pro. Cease to lament for that thou canst not help,
And study help for that which thou lament'st.

Time is the nurse and breeder of all good.

Here if thou stay, thou canst not see thy love;

Besides, thy staying will abridge thy life.

There is hope for a lover's estate, when

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 carry thee through the city-gate;

And, ere I part with these, converse 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! [boy,

Val. I pray thee, Launce, an if thou seest my
Bid him make haste and meet me at the North-gate.


Val. O my dear Silvia! Hapless Valentine!

[Exeunt Val. and Pro.

Launce. I am but a fool, you look; 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 he 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 't is a milkmaid; yet 't is not a maid, for
she hath had gossips; yet 't is a maid, for she is
her master's maid, and serves for wages. She
hath more qualities than a water-spidel; 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 is she better than a jade. Item: She

Is a milk; look, you, a sweet virtue in a maid
with clean hands.

Enter Speed.

Speed. How now, Signior Launce! what news
with your mastership? — [sea.

Launce. With my master's ship? why, it is at

Speed. Well, your old vice still: mistake the word.

What news, then, in your paper?

Launce. The blackest news that ever thou
heardest.

Speed. Who man, how black?

Launce. Why, as black as ink.

Speed. Let me read them. [read.

Launce. Fie on thee, jolt-head! thou canst not
Speed. Thou liest; I can. [thee?
Launce. I will try thee. Tell me this: who begot

Speed. Marry, the son of my grandfather.

Launce. O illiterate loiterer! it was the son of thy
grandmother: this proves that thou canst not read.

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

Launce. There; and Saint Nicholas be thy speed!

Speed. [Reads] 'Imprimis: She can milk.'

Launce. Ay, that she can.

Speed. Item: She brews good ale.

Launce. And therefore comes the proverb: 'Bless-
ing of your heart, you brew good ale.'

Speed. 'Item: She can sew.'

Launce. That's as much as to say, Can she so?

Speed. 'Item: She can knit.'

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

Speed. 'Item: She can wash and shoot.'

Launce. A special virtue; for then she need not
be washed and scoined.

Speed. 'Item: She can spin.'

Launce. Then may I set the world on wheels, when
she can spin for her living.

Speed. 'Item: She hath many nameless virtues.'

Launce. That's as much as to say, bastard vir-

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tues; that, indeed, know not their fathers and therefore have no names.

Speed. Here follow her vices.

Launce. Close at the heels of her virtues.

Speed. Item: She is not to be kissed 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. She hides her vices 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.

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 Speed. Item: She is curt.

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 her father's praise; 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 hair, 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 hair.—

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 thy love letters!—

Launce. Now will he be swayed for reading my letter; an unmanly 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 Proteus.

Duke. Sir Thurio, fear not but that she will love now Valentine is banish'd from her sight. [You, Thu. Since his exile she hath despised me most, Forsworn my company and ral'd at me, That I am dun and lean, [Exit. 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.

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

Pro. Gone, my good lord.

Duke. My daughter takes his going grievously.

Pro. A little time, my lord, will kill that grief. Duke. Sir, I believe: I think 'tis 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.

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 makes you do this? do you forget

The love of Valentine and love Sir Thurio?

Pro. The best way is to slander Valentine

With falsehood, cowardice and poor descent,

Three things that women highly hold in hate.

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

Pro. Ay, for this enmity, and for it:

Therefore it must with circumspection 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. [him, Duke. Where your good word cannot advantage 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 ought that I can speak in his disparage,

She shall not long continue love to him.

But say this weal her love from Valentine,

It follows not that she will love Sir Thurio.

Thu. Therefore, as you unwind her love from him,

Lest it should ravel and be good to none,

You must provide to bottom it on me;

Which must be done by praising me as much As you in word dispos'd Sir Thurio. [kind,

Duke. And, Proteus, we dare trust you in this

Because we know, on Valentine's report,

You are already Love's firm votary

And cannot soon revolt and change your mind.

Upon this warrant shall you have access

Where you with Silvia may confer at large;

For she is lumpish, heavy, melancholy,

And, for your friend's sake, will be glad of you;

Where you may temper her by your persuasion

To hate young Valentine and love my friend.

Pro. As much as I can do, I will effect:

But you, Sir Thurio, are not sharp enough:

You must lay long time to frame your desires

By wailful sonnets, whose composed rhymes

Should be full-fraught with serviceable vows.

Duke. Ay,

Much is the force of heaven-bred poesy.

Pro. Say that upon the altar of her beauty

You sacrifice your tears, your sighs, your heart:

Write till your ink be dry, and with your tears

Moist it again, and frame some feeling line

That may discover such integrity:

For Orpheus' lute was strong with poets' sinews,

Whose golden touch could soften steel and stones,

Make tiger cower and tame his bellowings

Forsake unsounded deeps to dance on sands.

After your dire-lamenting elegies,

Visit by night your lady's chamber-window
ACT IV.

THE TWO GENTLEMEN OF VERONA. SCENE II.

With some sweet concert; to their instruments
Tune a deploring dump: the night's dead silence
Will well become such sweet-complaining grievance.
This, or else nothing, will inherit her. [love.

Duke. This discipline shows thou hast been in
Thu. And thy advice this night I'll put in practice.
Therefore, sweet Proteus, my direction-giver,
Let us into the city presently

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

Duke. About it, gentlemen!

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

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

[Exeunt.

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—The frontiers of Mantua. A forest.

Enter certain Outlaws.

First Out. Fellows, stand fast; I see a passenger.
Sec. Out. If there be ten, shrink not, but down with '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, will we, for he's a proper man.

Val. Then know that I have little wealth to lose:
A man should go 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
If crooked fortune had not thwarted me. [stay'd,
First Out. What, were you banish'd thence?

Val. I was.

Sec. Out. For what offence?

Val. For which that now torment me to re-
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, never 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.

[riar,
Third Out. By the bare scalp of Robin Hood's fat
This fellow were a king for our wild faction!

First Out. We'll have him. Sirs, a word.

Speed. Master, be one of them; it's an honourable
kind of thievery.

Val. Peace, villain! [to?
Sec. Out. Tell us this: have you any thing to take
Val. Nothing but my fortune. [hemen
Third Out. Know, then, that some of us are gen-
Such as the fury of ungodly youth
Thrust from the company of awful men:
Myself was from Verona banished
For practising to steal away a lady,
An heiress, and near allied unto the duke.

Sec. Out. And I from Mantua, for a gentleman,
Who, in my mood, I stabb'd unto the heart. [these.
First Out. And I for such like petty crimes as
But to the purpose — for we cite our faults,
That they may hold excus'd our lawless lives;
And partly, seeing you are 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? [consort?

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

First Out. But if thou scorn our courtesy thou

Sec. Out. Thou shalt not live to brag what we have offer'd.
Val. I take your offer and will live with you,
Provided that you do no outrage
On silly women or poor passengers.

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

[Exeunt.

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

Enter Proteus.

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

Enter Thurio and Musicians.

Thur. How now, Sir Proteus, are you crept be-
fore us?

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

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

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

Thur. Who? Silvia?

Pro. Ay, Silvia; for your sake.

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

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

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

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

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

Jul. But shall I hear him speak?
Host. Ay, that you shall.

Jul. That will be music. [Music plays.
Host. Hark, hark!

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

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

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

Then to Silvia let us sing,
That Silvia is excellant;
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?
Jul. Not so; but yet so false that he grieves my very heart-strings.
Host. You have a quick ear.
Jul. Ay, I would I were deaf; it makes me have a slow heart.
Host. I perceive you delight not in music.
Jul. Not a whit, when it jars so.
Host. Hark, what fine change is in the music!
Jul. Ay, that change is the spite.
Host. You would have them always play but one
Jul. I would always have one play but one thing.
But, host, doth this Sir Proteus that we talk on
Often resort unto this gentlewoman?
Host. I tell you what Launce, his man, told me: he loved her out of all nick.
Jul. Where is Launce?
Host. Gone to seek his dog; which to-morrow,
by his master's command, he must carry for a present
to his lady.
Pro. Sir Thurio, fear not you: I will so plead
That you shall say my 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?

[truth,
Pro. One, lady, if you knew his pure heart's
You would quickly learn to know him by his voice.
Sil. Sir Proteus, as I take it.

Pro. Sir Proteus, gentle lady, and your servant.
Sil. What's your will?

Pro. That I may compass yours.
Sil. You have your wish; my will is even this:
That presently you lie you home to bed.
Thou subtle, perjured, 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?

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Return, return, and make thy love amends.
For me, by this pale queen of night I swear,
I am so far from granting thy request.
That I despise thee for thy wrongful suit,
And by and by intend to chide myself
Even for this time I spend in talking to thee.

Pro. I grant, sweet love, that I did love a lady;
But she is dead.

Jul. [Aside] T were false, if I should speak it;
For I am sure she is not buried.
Sil. Say that she be; yet Valentine thy friend
Survives; to whom, thyself art witness,
I am 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 one yet your picture for my love;
The picture that is hanging in your chamber;
To that I'll speak, to that I'll sigh and weep:
For since the substance of your perfect self
Is else devoted, I am but a shadow;
And to your shadow will I make true love.

Jul. [Aside] If 'twere a substance, you would,
surely, deceive it.
And make it but a shadow, as I am.
Sil. I am very loath to be your idol, sir;
But since your falsehood shall become you well
To worship shadows and adore false shapes,
Send to me in the morning and I'll send it:
And so, good rest.

Pro. As wretches have o'ermight
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.
Sil. Pray you, where lies Sir Proteus?
Host. Marry, at my house. Trust me, I think
'tis almost day.

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

[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. [row.
Sil. Sir Eglamour, a thousand times good-mor.
Egl. As many, worthy lady; to yourself:
According to your ladyship's impose.
I am thus early come to know what service
It is your pleasure to command me in.

Sil. O Eglamour, thou art a gentleman —
Think not I flatter, for I swear I do not —
Valiant, wise, remorseful, well accomplish'd:
Thou art a man; ignorant, what canst thou do?
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 the lady and thy true love died,
Upon whose grave thou vow'dst pure chastity.
Sir Eglamour, I would to Valentine,
To Mantua, where I bear he makes abode;
And, for the ways are dangerous to pass, I do desire thy worthy company, Upon whose faith and honour I repose. Urge not my father's anger, Eglamour, But think upon my grief, a lady's grief, And on the justice of my flying hence. To keep me from a most unholy match, [plagues. Which heaven and fortune still rewards with I do desire thee, even from a heart As full of sorrows as the sea of sands, To bear me company and go with me. If not, to hide what I have said to thee, That I may venture to depart alone. 

Eglamour, 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 betideth me As much I wish all good befoulde you. When will you go? 

This evening coming.

Eglamour. Where shall I meet you? 

At Friar Patrick's cell, Where I intend holy confession.

Eglamour. 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 to Mistress Silvia from my master; and I came no sooner into the dining-chamber but he steps me to her presence and steals her capon's leg: O, 'tis a foolish thing when a cur cannot keep himself in all companies! I would have, as one should say, one that takes upon him to be a dog indeed, to be, as it were, a dog at all things. If I had not had more wit than he, to take a fault upon me that he did, I think verily he had been hanged for 't; sure as I live, he had suffered for 't: you shall judge. He tells me him, in the company of three or four gentlemanlike dogs, under the duke's table: he had not been there—bless the mark!—a pissing while, but all the chamber smelt him. 'Out with the dog!' says one: 'What cur is that?' says another: 'Whip him out' says the third: 'Hang him up' says the duke. If, having been acquainted with the smell before, knew it was Crab, and goes to 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; 'it was 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: yea, 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 didnst thou see me heave up my leg and make water against a gentlewoman's farthingale? didst thou ever see me do such a trick?

Enter Proteus and Julia.

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

Jul. In what you please: I'll do what I can. Pro. I hope thou wilt. [To Launce] How now, you whoreson peasant! Where have you been these two days loitering? Launce. Marry, sir, I carried Mistress Silvia the dog you bade me.

Pro. And what says she to my little jewel? Launce. Marry, she says your dog was a cur, and tells you curish thanks is good enough for such a Pro. But she received my dog? [present. Launce. No, indeed, did she not: here have I brought him back again. Pro. What, didst thou offer her this from me? Launce. Ay, sir; the other squirrel was stolen from me by the hangman boys in the market-place: and then I offered her mine own, who is a dog as big as ten of yours, and therefore the gift the greater. Pro. Go get thee hence and find my dog again, Or 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 entertained thee, Partly that I have need of such a youth That can with some discretion do my business, For 'tis not to yond foolish lout, But chiefly for thy face and thy behaviour, Which, if my augury deceive me not, Witness good bringing up, fortune and truth: Therefore know thou, for this I entertain thee. Go presently and take this ring with thee, Deliver it to Madam Silvia: She 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.

Jul. Alas! Pro. Why dost thou cry 'alas'?

Jul. I cannot choose But pity her.

Pro. Wherefore shouldst thou pity her?

Jul. Because I methinks that she loved you as well As you do love your lady Silvia. She dreams on him that has forget 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 she withal tell my lady I claim the promise for her heavenly picture. Your message done, lie home unto my chamber, Where thon shalt find me, sad and solitary. [Exit. Jul. How many women would do such a message? Alas, poor Proteus! thou hast entertain'd A fox to be the shepherd of thy hounds. Alas, poor fool! why do I pity him That with his very heart despiseth me? Because he loves her, he despiseth me; Because I love him, I must pity him. This ring I gave him when he parted from me, To bind him to remember my good will; And now am I, unhappy messenger, To plead for that which I would not obtain, To carry that which I would have refused, To praise his faith which I would have disparaged. I am my master's true-certified love; But cannot be true servant to my master, Unless I prove this traitor to myself. Yet will I woo for him, but yet so coldly As, heaven it knows, I would not have him speed.

Enter Silvia, attended.

Gentlewoman, good day! I pray you, be my mean To bring me what I shall 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.
Act V.

The Two Gentlemen of Verona. Scene II.

Sil. From whom?
Jul. From my master, Sir Proteus, madam.
Sil. O, he sends you for a picture.
Jul. Ay, madam.
Sil. Ursula, bring my picture there.

Go give your master this: tell him from me,
One Julia, that his changing thoughts forget,
Would better fit his chamber than this shadow.
Jul. 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 they are stuff'd with protestations
And full of new-found oaths; which he will break
As easily as I do tear his paper.
Jul. Madam, he sends your ladyship this ring.
Sil. The more shame for him that sends it me;
For I have heard him say a thousand times
His Julia gave it him at his departure.
Though his false finger have profaned the ring,
Mine shall not do his Julia so much wrong.
Jul. She thanks you.
Sil. What say'st thou?
Jul. I thank you, madam, that you tender her.
Poor gentlewoman! my master wrongs her much.
Sil. Dost thou know her?
Jul. Almost as well as I do know myself:
To think upon her woes I do protest
That I have wept a hundred several times. [her.
Sil. Belike she thinks that Proteus hath forsook
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 my judgment, was as fair as you;
But since she did neglect her looking-glass
And threw her sun-expelling mask away,
The air hath starved the roses in her cheeks
And pinch'd the lily-tincture of her face,
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 judgments,
As if the garment had been made for me:
Therefore I know she is about my height.
And at that time I made her weep agood,
For I did play a lamentable part:
Madam, 'twas Ariadne passion'd
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.
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
A virtuous gentlewoman, mild and beautiful! [her,
I hope my master's suit will be but cold.
Since she respects my mistress' love so much.
Alas, how love can trifl'd with itself!
Here is her picture; let me see; I think,
If I had such a tire, this face of mine
Were full as lovely as is this here:
And yet the painter flatter'd her a little.
Unless I flatter with myself too much.
Her hair is auburn, mine is perfect yellow:
If that be all the difference in his love,
I'll get me such a colour'd periwig.
Her eyes are grey as glass, and so are mine;
Ay, but her forehead's low, and mine's as high.
What should it be that he respects in her
But I can make respective in myself,
If this fond Love were not a blinded god?
Come, shadow, come, and take this shadow up,
For 'tis thy rival. O thou senseless form,
Thou shalt be worshipp'd, kiss'd, loved and ador'd!
And, were there sense in his idolatry,
My substance should be statue in thy stead.
I'll use thee kindly for thy mistress' sake,
That used me so; or else, by Jove I vow,
I should have scratch'd out your unseeing eyes,
To make my master out of love with thee! [Exit.

Scene I.—Milan. An abbey.

Enter Egliamour.

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 be a picture; and I will delay
Until she be to come before time;
So much they spur their expedition.
See where she comes.

Enter Silvia.

Sil. Lady, a happy evening!
Egl. Amen, amen! Go on, good Egliamour;
Out at the postern by the abbey-wall;
I fear I am attended by some spies.
Egl. Fear not: the forest is not three leagues off;
If we recover that, we are sure enough. [Exit.

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

Enter Thurio, Proteus, and Julia.

Thur. Sir Proteus, what says Silvia to my suit?
Pro. O, sir, I find her milder than she was;
And yet she takes exceptions at your person.

Thur. What, that my leg is too long?
Pro. No; that it is too little. [Rounder.
Thur. I'll wear a boot, to make it somewhat
Jul. [Aside] But love will not be spurr'd to what
Thur. What says she to my face? [fit loathes.
Pro. She says it is too fair;
Thur. Nay then, the wanton lies; my face is black.
Pro. But pearls are fair; and the old saying is,
Black men are pearls in beauteous ladies' eyes.
Jul. [Aside] 'Tis true; such pearls as put out ladies' eyes.
For I had rather wink than look on them. [eyes;
Thur. How likes she my discourse?
Pro. I'll tell, when you talk of [peace?
Thur. But well, when I discourse of love and
Jul. [Aside] But better, indeed, when you hold
Thur. What says she to my birth? [cowardice.
Pro. That you are well derived.
Jul. [Aside] True; from a gentleman to a fool.
Thur. Considers she my possessions?
THE TWO GENTLEMEN OF VERONA.  SCENE IV.

Pro. O, ay; and pities them. 
Thu. Wherefore? 
Jul. [Aside] That such an ass should owe them. 
Pro. That they are out by lease. 
Jul. Here comes the duke. 

Enter Duke.

Duke. How now, Sir Proteus! how now, Thurio! What of your Saw Eglamour of late? 
Thu. Not I. 
Pro. Nor I. 
Duke. Saw you my daughter? 
Pro. Neither. 
Duke. Why then? 
Shall she fled unto that peasant Valentine; 
And Eglamour is in her company. 
'Tis true; for Friar Laurence met them both, 
As he in penance wander’d through the forest; 
Him he knew well, and guess’d that it was she, 
But, being mask’d, he was not sure of it; 
Besides, she did intend confusion 
At Patrick’s cell this even; and there she was not; 
These likelihoods confirm her flight from hence. 
Therefore, I pray you, stand not to discourse, 
But mount you presently and meet with me. 
Upon the rising of the mountain-foot 
That leads toward Mantua, whither they are fled: 
Discreet, sweet gentle soul, and follow me. [Exit. 
Thru. 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. [Her? 
First Out. When the gentleman that was with 

Third Out. Being nimble-footed, he hath outrun 
But Moyses and Valeriust follow him. 

[us, 
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 cap-
tain’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, unfruitful woods, 
I better brook than flourishing peopled towns: 
Here can I sit alone, unseen of man. 
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? [law. 
These are my mates, that make their wills their 
Have some unhappy passenger in chase. 

They love me well; yet I have much to do 
To keep them from uncivil outrages. 
Withdraw thee, Valentine: who’s this comes here? 

Enter Proteus, Silvia, and Julia. 

Pro. Madam, this service I have done for you, 
Though you respect not 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 
Love, lend me patience to forbear awhile. [hear! 
Sil. O miserable, unhappy that I am! 
Pro. Unhappy were you, madam, ere I came; 
But by my coming I have made you happy. 
Sil. By thy approach thou makest me most unhap-

[our presence. 
Jul. [Aside] And me, when he approacheth to 
Sil. Had I been seized by a hungry lion, 
I would have had a breakfast to the beast, 
Rather than have false Proteus rescue me. 
O, Heaven be judge how I love Valentine, 
Whose life’s as tender to me as my soul! 
And full as much, for more there cannot be, 
I do detest false perjured Proteus. 
Therefore be gone; solicit me no more. [death. 
Pro. What dangerous action, stood it next to 
Would I not undergo for one calm look! 
O, ’tis the curse in love, and still approved, 
When women cannot love where they’re beloved! 
Sil. When Proteus cannot love where he’s be-
Read over Julia’s heart, thy first best love, [loved. 
For whose dear sake thou didst thine faith 
Into a thousand oaths; and all those oaths 
Descended into perjury, to love me. 
Thou hast no faith left now, unless thou ’st but 
And that’s far worse than none; better have none 
Than plural faith which is too much by one: 
Thou counterfeit it to thy true friend! 

Pro. In love 
Who respects friend? 
Sil. All men but Proteus. 
Pro. Nay, if the gentle spirit of moving words 
Can no way change you to a milder form, 
I’ll woo thee 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. Ruffian, let go that rude uncivil touch, 
Thou friend of an ill fashion! 
Pro. Come, Valentine! 
Val. Thou common friend, that’s without faith 
or love, 
For such is a friend now; treacherous man! 
Thou hast beguil’d my hopes; nought but mine eye 
Could have persuaded me: now I dare not say 
I have one friend alive; thou wouldst disprove me. 
Who should be trusted, when one’s own right hand 
Is perjured to the bosom? Proteus, 
I am sorry I must never trust thee more, 
But count the world a stranger for thy sake. 
The private wound is deepest: O time most accurst! 
Mongst all foes that a friend should be the worst! 
Pro. My shame and grief confounds me. 
Forgive me, Valentine: if hearty sorrow 
Be a sufficient ransom for offence, 
I tender’t here; I do as truly suffer 
As e’er I did commit. 
Val. Then I am paid; 
And once again I do receipt the honest 
Who by repentance is not satisfied 
Is nor of heaven nor earth, for these are pleased. 
By penitence the Eternal’s wrath ’s appeased: 
And, that my love may appear plain and free, 
All that was mine in Silvia I give thee.
Comes not within the measure of my wrath;  
Do not name Silvia thine: if once again,  
Verona shall not hold thee. Here she stands:  
Take but possession of her with a touch:  
I dare thee but to breathe upon my love.  
Thu. Sir Valentine, I care not for her, I:  
I hold him but a fool that will endanger  
His body for a girl that loves him not:  
I claim her not, and therefore she is thine.  
Duke. The more degenerate and base art thou,  
To make such means for her as thou hast done  
And leave her on such slight conditions.  
Now, by the honour of my ancestry,  
I do appeal 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 unival'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  
I now beseech you, for your daughter's sake, happy.  
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.  
[Thee.]  
Duke. Thou hast prevail'd; I pardon them and  
Dispose of them as thou know'st their deserts.  
Come, let us go: we will include all jars  
With triumphs, mirth and rare solemnity.  
Val. And, as we walk along, I dare be bold  
With our discourse to make your grace to smile.  
What think you of this page, my lord?  
[Blushes.]  
Duke. I think the boy hath grace in him; he  
Val. I warrant you, my lord, more grace than boy.  
Duke. What mean you by that saying?  
Val. Please you, I'll tell you as we pass along,  
That you will wonder what hath 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.  
[Exit.]
THE MERRY WIVES OF WINDSOR.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Sir John Falstaff.
Fenton, a gentleman.
Shallow, a country justice.
Slender, cousin to Shallow.
Ford, two gentlemen dwelling at Windsor.
Page, William Page, a boy, son to Page.
Sir Hugh Evans, a Welsh parson.
Doctor Caius, a French physician.
Bardolph, Pistol, Nym, sharpers attending on Falstaff.

Robin, page to Falstaff.
Simple, servant to Slender.
Rugby, servant to Doctor Caius.
Host of the Garter Inn.
Mistress Ford.
Mistress Page.
Anne Page, her daughter.
Mistress Quickly, servant to Doctor Caius.
Servants to Page, Ford, &c.

SCENE—Windsor, and the neighborhood.

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

ACT I.


Enter Justice Shallow, Slender, and Sir Hugh Evans.

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

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

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

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

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

Slender. All his successors gone before him hath done t'; and all his ancestors that come after him may; they may give the dozen white laces in their Shal. It is an old coat. [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 Slender. I may quarter, coz. [old coat. Shal. You may, by marrying.

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

Shal. Not a whit.

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

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

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

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

Evans. It is petter that friends is the sword, and end it: and there is also another devidet in my pain, which peradventure prings good discretions with it; there is Anne Page, which is daughter to Master Thomas Page, which is pretty virginity.

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

Evans. It is that fury person for all the oord, as just as you will desire; and seven hundred pounds of money, and gold and silver, is her grandair upon his death's-bed—Got deliver to a joyful resurreccions!—give, when she is able to outake seventeen years old: it were a goot motion if we leave our pribbles and prables, and desire a marriage between Master Abraham and Mistress Anne Page. [pound? Slender. Did her grandsire leave her seven hundred Evans. Ay, and her father is make her a petter penny.

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

Evans. Seven hundred pounds and possibilities is good gifts.

Slender. 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 peast the door for Master Page. [Knocks] What, hoa! Got pless your house here!

Page. [Within] Who 's there?

Enter Page.

Evans. Here is Got's pleasing, and your friend, and Justice Shallow; and there 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.

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 Mistresses 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.
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 my lodge.

Fal. But not kissed your keeper's daughter?

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

Fal. I will answer it straight; I have done all that is now answered.

Shal. The council shall know this.

Fal. 'T were better for you if it were known in counsel; you'll be laughed at.

Evans. Panca verba, Sir John; goot worts.

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

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

Bard. You Banbury cheese!

Shal. Ay, it is no matter.

Pist. How now, Mephostophilus?

Shal. Ay, it is no matter.

Nym. Sice, I say! panca, panca: slice! that's my humour, cousin.

Shal. Where's Simple, my man? Can you tell?

Evans. Peace, I pray you, now let us understand. There is three umpires in this matter, as I understand; that is, Master Page, fidelicet Master Page; and there is myself, fidelicet myself; and the three pass it. Lastly, and finally, mine host of the Garter. Page. We three, to hear and end it between them. Evans. Fery greet: I will make a brief of it in my note-book; and we will afterwards ork upon the cause with as great discreetly as we can.

Fal. Pist'! Pist. He hears with ears.

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

Fal. Pist'! did you pick Master Slender's purse?

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

Fal. Is this true, Pist'?

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

Pist. By these, I maintain-foreigner! Sir John and master mine, I combat challenge of this latter bilbo. Word of denial in thy labras here! Word of denial: froth and scum, thou liest!

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

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

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

Shal. 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: he, what the ignorance is!

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

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

Evans. So Gotudge 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.

[Sit Exit Anne Page.

Shal. O heavens! 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.

[They kiss her.

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

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

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

Enter Simple.

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

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

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

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

Shal. Nay, but understand me.

Shal. So I do, sir.

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

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. Marry, is it; the very point of it; to Mistress Anne Page.

Shal. Why? If it be so, I will marry her upon any reasonable demands.

Evans. But can you affect the 'oman? Let us command to know that of your mouth or of your lips; for divers philosophers hold that the lips is parcel of the mouth. Therefore, precisely, can you carry your good will to the mark?

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, Got's lords and his ladies! you must speak possisible, if you can carry her your desires towards her.
ACT I. THE MERRY WIVES OF WINDSOR. SCENE III.

Shal. That you must. Will you, upon good dowry, marry her?  
Slen. I will do a greater thing than that, upon your request, cousin, in any reason.  
Shal. Nay, conceive me, conceive me, sweet cox; what I do is to please you, cox. Can you love the maid?  
Slen. I will marry her, sir, at your request: but if there be no great love in the beginning, yet heaven may decrease it upon better acquaintance, when we are married and have more occasion to know one another; I hope, upon familiarity will grow more content, had you not said, sir; I heard them talking.  
Shal. I will marry her, and I will wait upon her, fair Mistress Anne.  
Evans. Od's pleased will! I will not be absence at the grace.  
[Exeunt Shallow and Evans.  
Anne. Will 't please your worship to come in, sir?  
No, I thank you, forsooth, heartily; I am very well.  
Anne. The dinner attends you, sir.  
Slen. I am not a-hungry, I thank you, forsooth. Go, sirrah, for all you are my man, go wait upon my cousin Shallow.  
[Exit Simple.] A justice of peace sometimes may be beholding to his friend for a man. I keep but three men and a boy yet, till my mother be dead; but what though? yet I live like a poor gentleman born.  
Anne. I may not go in without your worship: they will not sit till you come.  
Slen. I' faith, I'll eat nothing; I thank you as much as though I did.  
Anne. I pray you, sir, walk in.  
Slen. I had rather walk here, I thank you. I bruised my shin th' other day with playing at sword and dagger with a master of fence; three venyes for a dish of stewed prunes; and, by my troth, I cannot abide the smell of hot meat since. Why do your dogs bark so? be there bears in the town?  
[Exit Anne.]  
Slen. I love the sport well; but I shall as soon quarrel at it as any man in England. You are afraid, if you see the bear loose, are you not?  
Anne. Ay, indeed, sir.  
Slen. That's meat and drink to me, now. I have seen Sackerson loose twenty times, and have taken him by the chain; but, I warrant you, the women have so cried and shrieked at it, that it passed; but women, indeed, cannot abide 'em; they are very ill-favoured rough things.

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

SCENE II. — The same.  
Enter Sir Hugh Evans and Simple.  
Evans. Go your ways, and ask of Doctor Caius' house which is the way: and there dwells one Mistress Quickly, which is in the manner of his nurse, or his dry nurse, or his cook, or his washer, and his wringer.  
Sim. Well, sir.  
Evans. Nay, it is petter yet. Give her this letter for: for it is a 'oman that altogether's acquaintance with Mistress Anne Page: and the letter is, to-declare and require her to solicit your master's desires to Mistress Anne Page. I pray you, be gone: I will make an end of my dinner; there'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! [and wisely.]  
Host. What says my bully-rook? speak scholarly.  
Fal. Truly, mine host, I must turn away some of my followers.  
Host. Discard, bully Hercules; cashier; let them wag; trot, trot.  
Fal. I sit at ten pounds a week.  
Host. Thou 'rt an emperor, Cesare, Keisar, and Pheezar. 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.  
Host. It is life that I have desired: I will thrive.  
Pist. O base Hungarian wight! wilt thou the spigot wield?  
[Exit Bardolph.  
Nym. He was gotten in drink: is not the humour conceited?  
Fal. I am glad I am so acquit of this tinder-box: his thefts were too open; his pilchard was like an unskilful singer; he kept not time.  
[Rest.  
Pist. The good humour is to steal at a minute's  
Pist. 'Convey,' the wise it call. 'Steal!' foh! a fico for the phrase!  
Fal. Well, sirs, I am almost out at heels.  
Pist. Why, then, let lobes ensue.  
Pist. There is no remedy; I must cony-catch; I must shift.  
Pist. Young ravens must have food.  
Fal. Which of you know Ford of this town?  
Pist. I ken the wight; he is of substance good.  
Pist. My honest lads, I will tell you what I am  
Pist. Two yards, and more.  
[About.  
Pist. No quips now, Pistol! Indeed, I am in the waist two yards about; but I am now about no waste; I am about thrift. Briefly, I do mean to make love to Ford's wife: I spy entertainment in her; she discourses, she carves, she gives the look of invitation: I can construe the action of her familiar style; and the hardest voice of her behaviour, to be Englished rightly, is, 'I am Sir John Falstaff's.'  
Pist. He hath studied her will, and translated her will, out of honesty into English.  
Nym. The anchor is deep; will that humour pass?  
Fal. Now, this sport goeth: he have 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.  
[The angels.  
Nym. The humour rises; it is good: humour me  
Pist. I have writ me here a letter to her: and here another to Page's wife, who even now gave me good eyes too, examined my parts with most judicious
cellades; sometimes the beam of her view gilded
my foot, sometimes my portly belly.

Pist. Then did the sun on her well shine.

Nym. I thank thee for that honour.

Fal. O, she did so course o' er my exteriors with
such a greedy intention, that the appetite of her
eye did seem to scourch me up like a burning-glass!
Here's another letter to her: she bears the purse
too; she is a region in Guiana, all gold and bounty.
I'll bear this letter to them both, and they shall be
exequers 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 simple wear steel? then, Lucifer take all!
Nym. I will run no base humour: here, take the
humour-letter: I will keep the value of reputation.

Fal. [To Robin] Hold, sirrah, bear you these let-
ters tightly;
Sail like my pinace to these golden shores.
Rogues, hence, avault! vanish like hailstones, go;
Truth plied for to them both, and they shall be
exequors 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 simple wear steel? then, Lucifer take all!
Nym. I will run no base humour: here, take the
humour-letter: I will keep the value of reputation.

Fal. What, John Rugby! I pray thee, go to
the casement, and see if you can see my master,
Master Doctor Caius, coming. If he do, I faith,
and find 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 served in place. I'll call in this both, and, I war-
rant 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?

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

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

Sim. Yes, forsooth: not as a man of his hands
as any is between this and his head; he hath
fought with a warrener.

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

Sim. Yes, indeed, does he.

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

Re-enter Rugby.

Rug. Our, 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.

[Shutting] And down, down, adown, &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 botiller
vert, a box, a green-a box: do intent vat I speak?
a green-a box.

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

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

Quick. Is it this, sir?

Caius. Ou! oui mette le au mon pocket: depeche,
quicky.
Vere is dat knave Rugby?

Quick. What, John Rugby! John!

Rug. Here, sir!

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

Rug. 'T is ready, sir, here in the porch.

Caius. By my trot, I tarry too long. Od 'sme!
Qu'ai-j'oublie! dere is some simples in my
closet, dat I vill not for the vardi I shall leave
behind.

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

Caius. O diable, diable! vat is in my closet?
Villain! larron! [Pulling Simple out.] Rugby, my
rapier!

Quick. Good master, be content.

Caius. Wherefore shall I be content-a?

Quick. A young man in honest man.

Caius. What shall de honest man do in my closet?
dere is no honest man dat shall come in my closet.

Quick. I beseech you, be not so phlegmatic. Hear
the truth of it: he came of an errand to me from
Parson Hugh.

Caius. Vell.

Sim. Ay, forsooth; to desire her to—

Quick. Peace, I pray you.

Caius. Peace-a your tongue. Speak-a your tale.

Sim. To desire this honest gentlewoman, your
maid, to speak a good word to Mistress Anne
Page for my master in the way of marriage.

Quick. Tell me all, indeed, la! but I 'll ne'er
put my finger in the fire, and need not.

Caius. Sir Hugh send-a you? Rugby, bailee me
some paper. Tarry you a little-a while. [Writes.

Quick. [Aside to Simple] I am glad he is so quiet:
if he had been throughly moved, you should have
heard him so loud and so melancholy. But notwith-
standing, man, I 'll do you your master what good
I can: and the very yea and the no is, the French
doctor, my master: — I may call him my master,
look you, for I keep his house; and I wash, wring,
brew, bake, scour, dress meat and drink, make the
beds, and do all myself. —

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

Quick. [Aside to Simple] Are you avised o' that?
you shall find it a great charge: and to be up early
and down late; but notwithstanding,—to tell you in your ear; I would have no words of it,—my master himself is in love with Mistress Anne Page: but notwithstanding that, I know Anne's mind,—that's neither here nor there.

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

Quick. Alas, he speaks but for his friend.

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

Quick. Sir, the maid loves you, and all shall be well. We must give folks leave to prate: what, the good- jer!

Caius. Rugby, come to the court with me. By gar, if I have not Anne Page, I shall turn your head out of my door. Follow my heels, Rugby.

[Exeunt Caius and Rugby.]

Quick. You have an fool's-head of your own. No, I do not Anne's mind for that: never a woman in Windsor knows more of Anne's mind than I do; nor can do more than I do with her, I thank heaven.

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

Quick. Who's there, I come! Come near the house, I pray you.

Enter Fenton.

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

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

Fent. What news? how does pretty Mistress Anne?

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

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

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

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

Quick. Well, thereby hangs a tale: good faith, it is such another Nan; but, I detest, an honest maid as ever broke bread; we had an hour's talk of that wart. I shall never laugh but in that maid's company! But indeed she is given too much to allachly 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 Y i' faith, that we will; and I will tell your worship more of the wart the next time we have confidence; and of other woes.

Fent. Well, farewell; I am in good 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 scarped love-letters in the holiday-time of my beauty, and am I now a subject for them? I'll have none. [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, pitty me; 't is not a soldier-like phrase; but I say, love me. By me, Thine own true knight, By day or night, Or any kind of light, With all his might For thee to fight, John Falstaff.' What a 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.
of thy letter; but let thine inherit first; for, I protest, mine never shall. I warrant he hath a two-thousand in his pocket; and I have 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 Pellan. Well, I will find you twenty lascivious turtles ere one chaste man.

Mrs. Page. Nay, this is the very same; the very hand, the very words. What doth he think of us? Mrs. Page. Nay, I know not: it makes me almost ready to wrangle with mine own honesty. I'll entertain myself like one that I am not acquainted withal; for, sure, unless he know some strain in me, that I know not myself, he would never have boarded me in this fury.

Mrs. Ford. 'Boarding,' call you it? I'll be sure to keep him above deck.

Mrs. Page. So will I: if he come under my hatches, I'll never to sea again. Let's be revenged on him: let's appoint him a meeting; give him a show of comfort in his suit and lead him on with a false baited delay, till he hath pawned his horses to mine host of the Garter.

Mrs. Ford. Nay, I will consent to act any villainy against him, that may not sully the chariness of our honesty. O, that my husband saw this letter! it would give eternal food to his jealousy.

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. Well, I hope it be no.

Page. Hope is a curtail dog in some affairs:

Sir John affects thy wife.

Ford. Why, sir, my wife is not young. [poor, poor, poor!]

Page. He woos both high and low, but rich and both young and old, one with another, Ford;

He loves the gallimaufry: Ford, perpend.

Ford. Love my wife!

Page. With liver burning hot. Prevent, or go thou, and sit down here, with Ringwood at thy heels: O, odious is the name! Ford. What name, sir? Page. The horn, I say. Farewell. [night: Take heed, have open eye, for thieves do foot by Take heed, ere summer comes or cuckoo-birds do Away; Sir Corporal Nym! [sing. Believe it, Page; he speaks sense.]

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 humoured letter to her; but I have a sword and it shall bite upon my expectation. [He gives her a purse; there's the short and the long. My name is Corporal Nym; I speak and I avouch; 'tis true: my name is Nym and Falstaff loves your wife. Adieu. I love not the humour of bread and cheese, and there's the humour of it. Adieu.]

Page. The humour of it, 'quoth a!' here's a fellow frights English out of his wits.

Ford. I will seek out Falstaff. [rogue. Page. I never heard such a drahling, affecting Ford. If I do find it: well. Page. I will not believe such a Catalan, though the priest o' the town commended him for a true man.

Ford. I give a good sensible fellow: well. Page. How now, Meg?


Ford. I am 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 who 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.

[Exeunt Mrs. Page, Mrs. Ford, and Mrs. Quickly.

Page. How now, Master Ford!

Ford. You heard what this knave told me, did you not? [me? Page. Yes: and you heard what the other told 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 inquisit: he turn towards our lives: as yoke of his discarded men; very rogues, now they be out of service. Ford. Were they his men?

Page. Marry, were they.

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

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

Ford. I do not misdoubt my wife; but I would be loath to turn them together. A man may be too confident: I would have nothing lie on my head: I cannot be thus satisfied. Page. Look where my ransoming host of the Garter comes: there is either liquor in his pate or money in his purse when he looks so merrily.

Enter Host.

Host. How now, mine host!

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

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.

Shal. Sir, there is a fray to be fought between Sir Hugh the Welsh priest and Catus the French doctor. Ford. Good mine host o' the Garter, a word with your boy. Host. What sayest thou, my bully-rook?

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

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

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

Host. My hand, bully; thou shalt have egress and regress; — said I well? — and thy name shall be Brook. It is a merry knight. Will you go, An- heire?
Shal. Have with you, mine host. 
Fal. I warrant thee, nobody hears; mine own people, mine own people.
Quick. Are they so? God bless them and make them his servants!
Fal. Well, Mistress Ford; what of her?
Quick. Why, sir, she's a good creature. Lord, I find your wife's a wanton. Well, heaven forgive you and all of us, I pray!
Fal. Mistress Ford; come, Mistress Ford.—
Quick. Marry, this is the short and the long of it; you have brought her into such a canaries as 'tis wonderful. The best courtier of them all, when the old lady 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; smoking so sweetly, all muss, 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 slip a cup of wine to 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 the which she thanks you a thousand times; and she gives you to notify her that she will be sure to keep it 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! she wears all life; and he's a very jealousy man: she leads a very rampold 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 furtious 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 bade me tell your worship that she had sent her love 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: that were a trick indeed! But Mistress Page would desire you to send her your little page, of all loves; her husband has a marvellous infection to the little page; and truly Master Page is an honest man. Never a wife in Windsor leads a better life than she does: do what she will, say what she will, take all, pay all, go to bed when she list, rise when she list, all is as she will; and true as the desert is, 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 he may know one another's mind, and the boy never need to under-
to know what she would have given; briefly, I have pursued her as love hath pursued me; which hath been on the contrary all occasions. But whatsoever I have merited, either in my mind or in my means, meed, I am sure, I have received none; unless experience be a jewel that I have purchased at an infinite rate, and that hath taught me to say this: 'Love like a shadow flies when substance love pursues.'

Pursuing this 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. [me?]

Fal. To what purpose have you unfolded this to Ford. When I have told you that, I have told you all. Some say, that though she appear honest to me, yet they say she is bilateral her worth 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 admissitance, authentic in your place and person, generally allowed for your many war-like, court-like, and learned preparations.

Fal. O, sir!

Ford. Believe it, for you know it. There is money; spend it, spend it; spend more; spend all I have; only give me so much of your time in exchange of it, as to lay an amiable siege to the honesty of this Ford's wife; use your art of wooing; win her to consent to you: if any man may, you may as soon as any. Fal. Would it apply well to the vehemence of your affection, that I should win what you would enjoy? Methinks you prescribe to yourself very preposterously.

Ford. O, understand my drift. She dwells so 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 strongly embattled against me. What say you to 't, Sir John?

Fal. Master Brook, I will first make bold with your money; next, give me your hand; and last, as I am a gentleman, you shall, if you will, enjoy Ford's wife.

Ford. O good sir!

Fal. I say you shall.

Ford. Want no money, Sir John; you shall want none. 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, that I will you tell her; for then the time the jealous rascally knave my 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; yet wrong him to call him poor; they say the jealous wittolly knave hath masses of money; for which his wife seems to me well-favoured. I will use her as the key of the cuckoldly rogue's coffer; and there's my harvest-home.

Ford. I would you knew Ford, sir, that you might avoid him in his onset.

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. For I am a damned Epicurean rascal. What a matchless composition! My heart is ready to crack with impatience. Who says this is improvident jealousy? My wife hath sent to him; the hour is fixed; the match is made. Would any man have thought this? See the hell of having a false woman! My bed shall be abused, my coffers ransacked. My reputation given up; and I shall not only receive this villainous wrong, but stand under the adoption of abominable terms, and by that does me this wrong. Terms! names! Amainon sounds well; Lucifer, well; Barbazon, well; yet they are devils' additions, the names of fairies: but Cuckold! Wittol!—Cuckold! the devil himself hath not such a name. Page is an ass, a secure ass: he will trust his wife; he will not be jealous. I will rather trust a Fleming with my butter, Parson Hugh the Welshman with my cheese, an Irishman with my aqua-vite bottle, or a thief to walk my ambling gelding, than with my wife herself: then she plots, then she cumbines, 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. Fle, 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.

Rug. Ah, but that cannot fence.

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!

[Shal. and Page retire.]

Caius. Vat be all you, one, two, tree, four, come. 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 punto, thy stock, thy reverse, thy distance, thy montant. Is he dead, my Ethiopian? Is he dead, my Francis? ha, bully! What says my Esculapius? my Galen? my heart of elder? ha! is he dead, bully stale? is he dead?

Caius. By gar, he is de coward Jack priest of de world; he is not show his face.

Host. Thou art a Castalion-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 not 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 itches to make one. Though we are justices and doctors and churchmen, Master Page, we have some salt of our youth in us; we are the sons of women, Master Page.

Page. 'Tis true, Master Shallow.

Shal. It will be found so, Master Page. Master Doctor Caius, I am come to fetch you home. I am sworn of the peace: you have showed yourself a wise physician, and Sir Hugh hath shown himself a wise and patient churchman. You must go with me, master doctor.

Mockwater.


Caius. Mock-vater! vat is dat?

Host. Mock-water, in our English tongue, is valour, bully.

Caius. By gar, den, I have as much mock-vater as de Englishman. Scourvy 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.

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 to 't, or let him wag.

Caius. Me tank you for dat.

Host. And, moreover, bully,—but first, master guest, and Master Page, and eke Cavaleiro Slender, go you through the town to Froimore.

[Aside to them.]

Page. Sir Hugh is there, is he?

Host. Is he there: see what humour he is in; and I will bring the doctor about by the fields. Will it do well?

Shal. We will do it.

Page. Shal., and Slen, Adieu, good master doctor.

[Exeunt Page, Shal., and Slen.

Caius. By gar, me 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 Froimore: I will bring thee where Mistress Anne Page is, at a farm-house a-feeding; and thou shalt woo her. Cried I am? said I well?

Caius. By gar, me dank you for dat; by gar, I love you; and I shall procure-a you de good guest, de earl, de knight, de lords, de gentlemen, my patients.

Host. For the which I will be thy adversary toward Anne Page. Said I well?

Caius. By gar, 'tis good; well said.

Host. Let us wag, then.

Caius. Come at my heels, Jack Rugby. [Exeunt.]
ACT III.  THE MERRY WIVES OF WINDSOR.  SCENE II.

Evans.  I most fehemently desire you you will also look that way.

Sim.  I will, sir.  [Exit.

Evans.  'Pless my soul, how full of chollors I am, and trembling of mind!  I shall be glad if he have deceived me.  How melancholes I am!  I will knock his urinals about his knave's costard when I have good opportunities for the ork.  'Pless my soul!  [Sings.

To shallow rivers, to whose falls
Melodious birds sing madrigals;
There will make our peels of roses,
And a thousand fragrant posies.
To shallow —
Mercy on me!  I have a great dispositions to cry.

Re-enter Simple.

Sim.  Yonder he is coming, this way, Sir Hugh.

Evans.  He's welcome.  [Sings.

To shallow rivers, to whose falls —
Heaven prosper the right!  What weapons is he?

Sim.  No weapons, sir.  There comes my master,
Master Shallow, and another gentleman, from Frogmore, over the stile, this way.

Evans.  Pray you, give me my gown; or else keep it in your arms.

Enter Page, Shallow, and Slender.

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

Slender.  [Aside] Ah, sweet Anne Page!

Page.  'Save you, good Sir Hugh!

Evans.  'Pless you from his mercysake, all of you.

Shal.  What, the word and the word! do you study them both, master parson?

Page.  And youthful still! in your doublet and hose this raw rheumatic day!

Evans.  There is reasons and causes for it.

Page.  We are come to you to do a good office, master parson.

Evans.  Fery well: what is it?

Page.  Yonder is a most reverend gentleman, who, bellikey having received wrong by some person, is at most odds with his own gravity and patience that ever you saw.

Shal.  I have lived fourscore years and upward; I never heard a man of his place, gravity and learning, so wide of his own respect.

Evans.  What is he?

Page.  I think you know him; Master Doctor Caius, the renowned French physician.

Evans.  Get'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 Hibocrates and Galen,— and he is a knave besides; a cowardly knave as you would desires to be acquainted withal.

Page.  I warrant you, he's the man should fight with him.

Slender.  [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.

Slender.  So do you, good master doctor.

Host.  Disarm them, and let them question: let them keep their limbs whole and hack our English.

Caius.  I pray you, let-a me speak a word 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 ape.

Evans.  [Aside to Caius] Pray you, let us not be laughing-stocks to other men's humours; I desire you in friendship, and I will one way or other make you amends.  [Aloud] I will knock your urinals about your knave's cogscumb for missing your meetings and appointments.

Caius.  Diable!  Jack Rugby,— mine host de Jar- teer,— have I not stay for him to kill him? have I not, at de place I did appoint?

Evans.  As I am a Christians soul now, look you, this is the place appointed: I'll be judgment, by mine host of the Garter.

Host.  Peace, I say, Gallia and Gaul, French and Welsh, sole-curer and body-curer!

Caius.  Ay, dat is very good; excellent.

Host.  Peace, I say! hear mine host of the Garter.  Am I politie? am I subtle? am I a Machavel? Shall I lose my doctor? no; he gives me the potions and the motions.  Shall I lose my parson, my priest, Sir Hugh? no; he gives me the proverbs and the no-verbs.  Give me thy hand, terrestrial; so, Give me thy hand, celestial; so.  Boys of art, I have deceived you both; I have directed you to wrong places; your heads are mighty, your skins are whole, and let burnt sack be the issue.  Come, lay their swords to pawn.  Follow me, lads of peace; follow, follow, follow.

Shal.  Trust me, a mad host.  Follow, gentlemen.

Slender.  [Aside] O sweet Anne Page!

Page.  [Exeunt Shal., Slender, Page, and Host.

Caius.  Ha, do I perceive dat? have you make-a de soot of us, ha, ha?

Evans.  This is well; he has made us his blunting-stog.  I desire you that we may be friends; and let us knog our prains together to be revenge on this same scall, scurvy, cogging companion, the host of the Garter.

Caius.  By gar, with all my heart.  He promise to bring me where is Anne Page; by gar, he deceive me too.

Evans.  Well, I will smite his noodies.  Pray you, follow.

[Exeunt.

SCENE II.—A street.

Enter Mistress Page and Robin.

Mrs. Page.  Nay, keep your way, little gallant; you were wont to be a follower, but now you are a leader.  Whether had you rather lead mine eyes, or eye your master's legs?

Rob.  I had rather, forsooth, go before you like a man than follow him like a dwarf.

Mrs. Page.  O, you are a flattering boy: now I see you'll be a courtier.

Enter Ford.

Ford.  Well met, Mistress Page.  Whither go you?

Mrs. Page.  Truly, sir, to see your wife.  Is she at home?

Ford.  Ay; and as idle as she may hang together, for want of company.  I think, if your husbands was dead, you two would marry.

Mrs. Page.  Be sure of that,— two other husbands.

Ford.  Where had you this pretty weathercock?

Mrs. Page.  I cannot tell what the dickens his name is my husband had him of.  What do you call your knight's name, sirrah?

Rob.  Sir John Falstaff.

Ford.  Sir John Falstaff!

Mrs. Page.  He, he; I can never hit on's name.  There is such a league between my good man and he! Is your wife at home indeed?

Ford.  Indeed she is.
ACT III.  THE MERRY WIVES OF WINDSOR.  SCENE III.

Mrs. Page.  By your leave, sir: I am sick till I see her.
[Exit Mrs. Page and Robin.

Ford.  Has Page any brains? hath he any eyes? hath he any thinking?  Sure, they sleep; he hath no use of the other.  Why, thou wilt carry a letter twenty mile, as easy as a cannon will shoot point-blank twelve score.  He pieces out his wife’s inclination; he gives her folly motion and advantage: and now she’s going to my wife, and Falstaff’s boy with her.  A man may hear this shower sing in the wind, and Falstaff’s boy with her!  Good plots, they are laid: and our revoluted wives share damnation together.  Well; I will take him, then torture my wife, pluck the borrowed veil of modesty from the so seeming Mistress Page, divulse Page himself for a secure and wilful Actor; 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.  I am 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, be-gar; and de maid is love-a me: my nurs-a Quickly tell me so much.

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 smellers of the town.  Why, this boy will know no 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.

Host.  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 woofing at Master Page’s.  [Exit Shal. and Slen. Caius. Go home, John Rugby; I come anon.

[Exit Rugby.

Host.  Farewell, my hearts: I will to my honest knight Falstaff, and drink canary with him.  [Exit Ford.  [Aside]  I think I shall drink in pipe-wine first with him; I’ll make him dance.  Will you go, 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.  Come, come, come.

Mrs. Page.  Give your men the charge; we must be brief.

Mrs. Ford.  Marry, as I told you before, John and Robert, be ready here hard by in the brew-house: and when I suddenly call you, come forth, and without any pause or staggering take this basket on your shoulders: that done, trudge with it in all haste, and carry it among the whistlers in Detached-head, 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.  [Exit Servants.  Mrs. Page.  Here comes little Robin.

Enter Robin.

Mrs. Ford.  How now, my eyas-muskat? 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 in 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 cue.

Mrs. Page.  I warrant thee; if I do not act it, kiss 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 Mrs. Ford, O sweet Sir John!  [hour!  Be gone, ye base, ye cunning, ye balmy, ye Mitsubishi 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.  In thy 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 shهلة: the tire-valiant, or any tire of Venetian admittance.

Mrs. Ford.  A plain kerchief, Sir John; my brows become nothing else: nor that well neither.

Fal.  By the Lord, thou art a traitor to say so: thou wouldst make an absolute courtier; and the firm fixture of thy foot would give an excellent motion to thy gait in a semi-circled farthingale.  I see what thou wert, if Fortune thy foe were not, Nature thy friend.  Come, thou canst not hide it.

Mrs. Ford.  Believe me, there’s no such thing in me.  Fal.  What made me love thee? let that persuade thee there’s something extraordinary in thee.  Come, I cannot cog and say thou art this and that, like a many of these lisping hatchaw-buds, that come like women in men’s apparel, and smell like Bucklers’ braise in some 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.

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Fal. Thou mightst as well say I love to walk by the Counter-gate, which is as hateful to me as the neck of a thick-klin.

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

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

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


Fal. She shall not see me: I will ensnare me behind the arras.

Mrs. Ford. Pray 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! [Page]

Mrs. Ford. What's the matter, good Mistress 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! You will mislead me!

Mrs. Ford. Why, alas, what's the matter?

Mrs. Page. Your husband's coming hit, woman, with all the officers in Windsor, to search for a gentleman that he says is here now in the house by your consent, to take an ill advantage of his absence: you are undone.

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 a limb 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 dispensing knight!


Re-enter Servants.

Go take up these clothes here quickly. Where's the cowl-staff? look, how you drum! 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

Serv. To the laundress, forsooth. [this?]

Mrs. Ford. Why, what have you to do whither they bear it? You were best meddle with buckwasting.

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 unkneel the fox. Let me stop this way first. [Locking the door.] So, now uncase.

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

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

Evans. This is a very fantastical humour 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 pleaseth 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 disolute disease will scarce obey this medicine.

Mrs. Ford. Shall we send that foolish carrion, Mistress Quickly, to him, and excuse his throwing himself 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 tomorrow, eight o'clock, to have amends.

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

Ford. I cannot find him: may the knave bragged of that be could not compass.


Mrs. Ford. Heaven make you better than your Ford. [thoughts!]


Evans. If there be any paper in the house, and in the chambers, and in the coffers, and in the presses, heaven forgive my sins at the day of judgment!

Caius. By gar, nor I too: there is no bodies.

Page. Fie, Master Ford! I am not ashameded? What spirit, what devil suggests this imaginatiou? I would not ha' your distemper in this kind for the wealth of Windsor Castle. [it.]

Ford. 'Tis my fault, Master Page: I suffer for Evans. You suffer for a pad conscience: your wife is as honest a 'omans as he will desires among five thousand and five hundred too.

Caius. By gar, I see 't is an honest woman.

Ford. Well, I promised you a dinner. Come, come, walk in the Park: I pray you, pardon me; I
will hereafter make known to you why I have done this. Come, wife; come, Mistress Page. I pray you, pardon me; pray heartily, pardon me.

Page. Let's go in, gentlemen; but, trust me, we'll 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. [company.

Evans. If there is one, I shall make two in the Caiaus. If dere be one or two, I shall make a the Ford. Pray you, go. Master Page. [turd.

Evans. I pray you now, remembrance to-morrow on the lousy knave, mine host.

Caiaus. Dat is good; by gar, with all my heart! Evans. A lousy knave, to have his gibes and his mockeries! [Exeunt.

SCENE IV.—A room in Page's house.

Enter Fenton and Anne Page.

Fent. I see I cannot get thy father's love; Therefore no more turn me to him, sweet Nan. Anne. Alas, how then? Fent. Why, thou must be thyself. He doth object I am too great of birth; 'And that, my state being gall'd with my expense, I seek to heal it only by his wealth: Besides these, other bars he lays before me, My riots past, my wild societies; And tells me 'tis a thing impossible I should love thee but as a property. Anne. May be he tells you true. Fent. No, heaven so speed me in my time to come! Albeit I will confess thy father's wealth Was the first motive that I wou'd thee, Anne: Yet, waking thee, I found the father Than stam's in gold or sums in sealed bags; And 'tis the very riches of thyself That now I aim at. Anne. Gentle Master Fenton, Yet seek my father's love; still seek it, sir: If opportunity and humblest suit Cannot attain it, why, then,—hark you hither! [They converse apart.

Enter Shallow, Slender, and Mistress Quickly.

Shal. Break their talk, Mistress Quickly: my kinsman shall speak for himself. Slender. I'll make a shaft or a bolt on 't: 'slid, 'tis but venturing. Shal. Be not dismayed. Slender. No, she shall not dismay me: I care not for that, but that I am afraid. Quickly. Hark ye; Master Slender would speak a word with you. Anne. I come to him. [Aside This is my father's O, what a world of vile ill-favour'd faults Looks handsome in three hundred pounds a year! Quickly. And how does good Master Fenton? Pray you, a word with you. Shal. She's coming; to her, coz. O boy, thou hastad a father! Slender. I had a father, Mistress Anne; my uncle can tell you good jests of him. Pray you, uncle, tell Mistress Anne the jest, how my father stole two geese out of a pen, good uncle. Shal. Mistress Anne, my cousin loves you. Slender. Ay, that I do; as well as I love any woman in Gloucestershire. Shal. He will maintain you like a gentlewoman. Slender. Ay, that I will; I come out long-tail, under the degree of a scare. I'll make you a hundred and fifty pounds jointure. [himself. Anne. Good Master Shallow, let him woo for Shal. Marry, I thank you for it; I thank you for

that good comfort. She calls you, coz: I'll leave Anne. Now, Master Slender,— [you. Slender. Now, good Mistress Anne,— Anne. What is your will? Slender. My will! 'od's heartings, that's a pretty jest indeed! I ne'er yet, I thank heaven; I am not such a sickly creature, I give heaven praise. Anne. I mean, Master Slender, what would you with me. Slender. Truly, for mine own part, I would little or nothing with you. Your father and my uncle have many motions: so if any man be his done! They can tell you how things go better than I: you may ask your father; here he comes. [Exit Page and Mistress Page.

Page. Now, Master Slender: love him, daughter Anne.

Why, how now! what does Master Fenton here? You wrong me, sir, thus still to haunt my house: I told you, sir, my daughter is disposed of.

Fent. Nay, Master Page, be not impatient. Mrs. Page. Good Master Fenton, come not to my Page. She is no match for you. [child. Fent. Sir, will you hear me?


Fent. Good Mistress Page, for that I love your In such a righteous fashion as I do, [daughter Perforce, against all checks, rebukes and manners, I must advance the colours of my love And not retire: let me have your good will. Anne. Good mother, do not marry me to yond fool. Mrs. Page. Good Master Fenton, come not to my Page. Quickly. That's my master, master doctor. [band. Anne. Alas, I had rather be set quick i' the earth And bow'd to death with turnips! [ter Fenton, Mrs. Page. Come, trouble not yourself. Good Mas- 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. Quickly. 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. Quickly. 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,— Bardolph. 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? 2 I'll give you another trick. I'll have my brains t' 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 descend. 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 swollen! I should have been a mountain of mummy.

Re-enter Bardolph with suck.

Bard. Here’s Mistress Quickly, sir, to speak with you.

Fal. Come, let me pour in some suck to the Thames water; for my belly’s as cold as if I had swallowed snowballs for pills to cool the reins. Call her in.

Bard. Come in, woman!

Enter Mistress Quickly.

Quick. By your leave; I cry you mercy: give your worship good morrow.

Fal. Take away these chalices. Go brew me a 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. 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 took their erection. [promise.]

Fal. So did I mine, to build upon a foolish woman’s Quick. Well, she laments, sir, for it, that it would yearn your heart to see it. Her husband goes this morning a-binding; 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 not, between nine and ten, sayest thou?

Quick. Eight and nine, sir.

Fal. Well, be gone: I will not miss her.

Quick. Peace be with you, sir. [Exit.]

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 wild distemper, they conveyed me into a buck-basket! [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 knaves, his hinds, were called forth by their mistress to carry me in the name of foul clothes to Datchet-lane: they took me on their shoulders; met the jealous knave their master in the door, who asked them once or twice what they had in their basket: I quaked for fear, lest the lunatic knife would have searched it; but fate, ordaining he should be a cuckold, held his hand. Well: on went we for a quarter, 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 trotted 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 Etam, as I have been into Thames, ere I will leave her thus. Her husband is this morning gone a-biriding; I have received from her another embassy of meeting; ’twixt eight and nine is the hour, Master Brook.

Ford. ’Tis past eight already, sir.

Fal. Is it? I will then address me to my appointment. Come to me at your convenient leisure, and you shall know how I speed; and the conclusion shall be crowned with your enjoying her. Adieu. You shall have her, Master Brook; Master Brook, you shall cuckold Ford.

Ford. What! 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 shall; but I will not 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 heat 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; 't is a playing-day, I see.

Enter Sir Hugh Evans.

How now, Sir Hugh! no school to-day? [to play. Evans. No: Master Slender is let the boys leave Quick. Blessing of his heart!
Mrs. Page. Sir Hugh, my husband says my son profits nothing in the world at his book. I pray you, ask him some questions in his absence. [come. Evans. Come hither, William; hold up your head:
Mrs. Page. Come on, sirrah; hold up your head; answer your master, be not afraid.
Evans. William, how many numbers is in nouns?
Will. Two.
Quick. Truly, I thought there had been one number, because they say; 'Od 's nouns.'
Evans. Peace your tattlings! What is 'fair,' will Pulcher. [William? Quick. Polecats! there are fairer things than polecats, sure.
Evans. You are a very simplicity 'oman: I pray you, peace! What is ' lapis,' William?
Will. A stone.
Evans. And what is ' a stone,' William?
Will. A pebble.
Evans. No, it is ' lapis; ' I pray you, remember in your brain.
Will. Lapis.
Evans. That is a good William. What is he, William, that does lend articles?
Will. Articles are borrowed of the pronoun, and be thus declined, Singulariter, nominativo, hic, hae, hoc.
Evans. Nominativo, hag, hag, hog; pray you, mark: genitivo, hujus. Well, what is your accusative case?
Will. Accusativo, hinc.
Evans. I pray you, have your remembrance, child; accusativo, hung, hang, hog. [you.
Quick. 'Hang-hog' is Latin for bacon, I warrant Evans. Leave your prabbles, 'oman. What is the locative case, William?
Will. O,— vocativo, O.
Evans. Remember, William; locative 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,— horum, harum, horum.
Quick. Vengeance of Jenny's case! 'lice on her! never name her child, child, if she be a whore.
Evans. 'Oman, shame, 'oman.
Quick. You do ill to teach the child such words: he teaches him to hick and to hack, which they 'l do fast enough of themselves, and to call ' horum: ' lice upon you!
Evans. 'Oman, art thou lunaticies? hast thou no understanding for thy cases and the numbers of the genders? Thou art as foolish Christian creatures as I would desires.

Mrs. Page. Prithhee, hold thy peace.
Evans. Show me now, William, some declensions of your pronouns.
Will. Forsooth, I have forgot.
Evans. It is qui, que, quod: if you forget your ' quies,' your ' ques,' and your ' quods,' you must be preaches. Go your ways, and play; go.
Mrs. Page. He is a better scholar than I thought he was.
Evans. He is a good sprag memory. Farewell, Mistress Page.
Mrs. Page. Adieu, good Sir Hugh. [Exit Sir Hugh.] Get you home, boy. Come, we stay too long. [Exeunt.

SCENE II.—A room in Ford's house.

Enter Falstaff and Mistress Ford.

Fal. Mistress Ford, your sorrow hath eaten up my sufferance. I see you are obsequious in your love, and I profess requital to a hair's breadth; not only, Mistress Ford, in the simple office of love, but in all the accoutrement, complement and ceremony of it. But are you sure of your husband now?
Mrs. Ford. He's a-birding, sweet Sir John.
Mrs. Ford. Step into the chamber, Sir John. [Exit Falstaff.]

Enter Mistress Page.

Mrs. Page. How now, sweetheart! who 's at home besides yourself?
Mrs. Ford. Why, none but mine own people.
Mrs. Page. Indeed!
Mrs. Ford. No, certainly. [Aside to her.] Speak louder.
Mrs. Page. Truly, I am so glad you have nobody here!
Mrs. Ford. Why?
Mrs. Page. Why, woman, your husband is in his old lones again: he so takes on yonder with my husband; so rails against all married mankind; so curses all Eve's daughters, of what complexion soever; and so buffets himself on the forehead, crying, 'Peer out, peer out!' that any madness I ever beheld sequestered but tameness, civility and patience, to this his distemper he is in now; I am glad the fat knight is not here.
Mrs. Ford. Why, does he talk of him?
Mrs. Page. Of none but him; and swears he was carried out, the last time he searched for him, in a basket: protests to my husband he is now here, and hath drawn him and the rest of their company from their sport, to make another experiment of his suspicion; but I am glad the knight is not here; now he shall see his own foolery.
Mrs. Ford. How near is he, Mistress Page?
Mrs. Page. Hard by; at street end; he will be here anon.
Mrs. Ford. I am undone! The knight is here.
Mrs. Page. Why then you are utterly shamed, and he's but a dead man. What a woman are you! — Away with him, away with him! better shame than murder, 'oman.
Mrs. Ford. Which way should he go? how should I bestow him? Shall I put him into the basket again?

Re-enter Falstaff.

Fal. No, I'll come no more i' the basket. May I not go out ere he come?
Mrs. Page. Alas, three of Master Ford's brothers watch the door with pistols, that none shall issue...
out; otherwise you might slip away ere he came.
But what make you here?
Fal. What shall I do? I'll creep up into the chimney.
Mrs. Ford. There they always use to discharge their birding-pieces. Creep into the kiln-hole.
Fal. Where is it?
Mrs. Ford. He will seek there, on my word. Neither press, coffer, chest, trunk; well, vault, but he hath an abstract for the remembrance of such places, and goes to them by his note: there is no hiding you in the house.
Fal. I'll go out then.
Mrs. Page. If you go out in your own semblance, you die, Sir John. Unless you go out disguised — Mrs. Ford. How might we disguise him?
Mrs. Page. Alas the day, I know not! There is no woman's gown big enough for him; otherwise he might put on a hat, a muffler and a kerchief, and so escape.
Fal. Good hearts, devise something: any extremity rather than a mischief.
Mrs. Ford. Go, go, sweet Sir John: Mistress Page and I will bring in ten for your head.
Mrs. Page. Quick, quick! we'll come dress you straight: put on the gown the while.

[Exit Falstaff.]
Mrs. Ford. I would my husband would meet him in this shape: he cannot abide the old woman of Brentford; he swears she's a witch; forbade her my house and hath threatened to beat her.
Mrs. Page. Heaven guide him to thy husband's cudgel, and the devil guide his cudgel afterwards!
Mrs. Ford. But is my husband coming?
Mrs. Page. Ay, in good sadness, is he; and talks of the basket too, howsoever he hath had intelligence.
Mrs. Ford. We'll try that; for I'll appoint my men to carry the basket again, to meet him at the door with it, as they did last time.
Mrs. Page. Nay, but he'll be here presently: let's go dress him like the witch of Brentford.
Mrs. Ford. I'll first direct my men what they shall do with the basket. Go up; I'll bring him for him straight.
Mrs. Page. Hang him, dishonest varlet! we cannot misuse him enough.
We'll leave a proof, by which all 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 druff.

[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.
[lead.
First Serv. I hope not; I had as lief bear so much

Enter Ford, Page, Shallow, Cains, and Sir Hugh Evans.
Ford. Ay, but if it prove true, Master Ford, have you any way then to unfool me again? Set down the basket, villain! Somebody call my wife. Youth in a basket! O you panderers rascals! there's a knot, a knot, a cindler, a coffer, and a trunk, against me: now shall the devil be shamed. 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 pinioned.
Evans. Why, this is lunaticks! 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.
Ford. Well said, brazen-face! hold it out. Come forth, sirrah.
[Pulling clothes out of the basket.
Page. This passes.

[alone.
Mrs. Ford. Are you not ashamed? let the clothes Ford. I shall find you anon.

Evans. 'Tis unreasonable! Will you take up your wife's clothes? Come away.
Ford. Empty the basket, I say!
Mrs. Ford. Why, man, you're not
Ford. Master Page, as I am a man, there was one conveyed out of my house yesterday in this basket: why may not he be there again? In my house I am sure he is: my intelligence is true; my jealousy is reasonable. Flick me out all the linen. Mrs. Ford. If you find a man there, he shall die a flea's death.

Page. Here's no man.
Shal. By my fidelity, this is not well, Master Ford; this wrongs you.

Evans. Master Ford, you must pray, and not follow the imaginations of your own heart: this is Ford. Well, he's not here I seek for. [jealousies.
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 lemon? 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?
Mrs. Ford. Why, it is my maid's aunt of Brentford.
Ford. A witch, a queen, an old cozening queen! 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 hang, you; come down, I say!
Mrs. Ford. Nay, good, sweet husband! Good gentlemen, let him not strike the old woman.

Re-enter Falstaff in woman's clothes, and Mistress Page.
Mrs. Page. Come, Mother Prat; come, give me your hand.
Ford. I'll prat her. [Beating him] Out of my door, you witch, you hang, you baggage, you polecat, you ronyon! out, out! I'll conjure you, I'll fortune-tell you.
Mrs. Page. Are you not ashamed? I think you have killed the poor woman.
Mrs. Ford. Nay, he will do it. 'Tis a goodly credit for you.
Ford. Hang her, witch.
Evans. By yea and no, I think the 'oman is a witch indeed; I like not an 'oman has a great peard; I spy a great peard under his muffler.
Ford. Will you follow, gentlemen? I beseech you, follow; see but the issue of my jealousy: if I
cry out thus upon no trail, never trust me when I open again.

Page. Let's obey his humour a little further: come, gentlemen.

[Exeunt Ford, Page, Skal., Caius, and Evans.

Mrs. Page. Trust me, he beat him most pitifully.

Mrs. Ford. Nay, by the mass, that he did not; he beat him most unpitifully, methought.

Mrs. Page. I'll have the cudgel hanged and hung o'er the hearth; 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 scarce the figures out of your husband's brains. If they can find in their hearts the poor unvirtuous fat knight shall be a further alliterated, 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 be not publicly shamed.

Mrs. Page. Come, to the forge with it then; shape it: I would not have things cool.

[Exeunt.

SCENE III.—A room in the Garter Inn.

Enter Host and Bardolph.

Bard. Sir, the Germans desire to have three of your horses: the duke himself will be to-morrow at court, and they are going to meet him.

Host. What duke should that be comes so secretly? I hear not of him in the court. Let me speak with the gentlemen: they speak English?

Bard. Ay, sir; I'll call them to you.

Host. They shall have my horses; but I'll make them pay; I'll cause them: they have had my house a week at command; I have turned away my other guests: they must come off; I'll cause them. Come.

[Exeunt.

SCENE IV.—A room in Ford's house.

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

Evans. 'T is one of the best discretions of a 'oman as ever I did look up.

Page. And did he send you both these letters at an instant?

Mrs. Page. Within a quarter of an hour. [will; Ford. Pardon me, wife. Henceforth do what thou I rather will suspect the sun with cold [stand, Than thee with wantonness: now doth thy honour In him that was of late an heretic, As firm as faith.

Page. 'T is well, 'tis well; no more: Be not as extreme in submission As in offence. But let our plot go forward: let our wives Yet once again, to make us public sport, Appoint a meeting with this old fat fellow, Where we may take him and disgrace him for it.

Ford. There is no better way than that they spoke of.

Page. How? to send him word they 'll meet him in the park at midnight? 'Fie, fie! he 'll never come.

Evans. You say he has been thrown in the rivers and has been grievously bent andhashed a 'oman: methinks there should be terrors in him that he should not come; methinks his flesh is punished, he shall have no desires.

Page. So think I too.

Mrs. Ford. Devise but how you 'll use him when he comes.

Page. 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 ragged horns;

And there he blasts the tree and takes the cattle

And makes milk-churn 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 edd

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, And rattles in their hands: upon a sudden, As Falstaff, she and 1, are newly met, Let them from forth a sawpit rush at once With some diffused song: upon their sight, We two in great amazedness will fly: Then let them all encircle him about

And, fairy-like, to-pinch the unclean knight, And ask him why, that hour of fairy revel, In their so sacred paths he dares to tread In shape profane.

Mrs. Ford. And till he tell the truth,

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

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

Ford. When the children must be practised well to this, or they 'll ne'er do 't.

Evans. I will teach the children their behaviours; and I will be like a jack-an-apes also, to burn the knight with my taber. [wizards.

Ford. That will be excellent. I 'll go and buy them

Mrs. Page. My Nan shall be the queen of all the fairies,

Finely attired in a robe of white.

Page. That silk will I go buy. [Aside And in that Shall Master Slender steal my Nan away [time 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 pleasures and fery honest knaveries.

[Exeunt Page, Ford, and Evans.

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, and is fitter of all sorts.

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.
ACT IV.

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 a chamber, his house, his castle, his standing bed and trundle-bed; 'tis painted about with the story of the Prodigal, fresh and new. Go knock and call; he'll speak like an 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? 'tis thine host, thine Ephesian, calls.

Fal. [Above] How now, mine host!

Host. Here's a Bohemian-Tartar tarrying the coming down of thy fat woman. Let her descend, bully, her descent; thy chambers are honourable: let privacy; fie!

Enter Falstaff.

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

Sim. Pray you, sir, was 't not the wise woman of Fal. Ay, marry, was it, mussel-shell: what would you know?

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

Fal. I spake with the old woman about it.

Sim. And what 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, quick.

Sim. I may not conceal them, sir.

Host. Conceal them, or thou diest.

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

Fal. 'Tis, 'tis his fortune.

Sim. What, sir?

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

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

Fal. Ay, sir; like who more bold.

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

Host. Thou art clerkly, thou art clerkly, Sir John.

Was there a wise woman with thee?

Fal. 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, wench.

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 there is three cozen-germans that has cozened all the hosts of Readings, of Maidenhead, of Colebrook, of horses and money. I tell you for good will, look, you are wise and full of gibes and villanous stocks; and 'tis not convenient you should be cozened. Fare you well.

[Exit.

Enter Doctor Caius.

Caius. Vere is mine host de Jarteer?

Host. Here, master doctor, in perplexity and doubtful woman.

Caius. I cannot tell vat is dat: but it is tell-a me dat you make grand preparation for a duke de Jamany: by my brot, dere is no duke dat de court is know to come. I tell you for good vill: adieu.

[Exit.

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

Fal. I would all the world might be cozened; for I have been cozened and beaten too. If it should come to the ear of the court, how I have been transformed and how my transformation hath been washed and cudgelled, they would melt me out of my estate by drop and liquor fishes in my boots with me: I warrant they would whip me with their fine wits till I were as crest-fallen as a dried 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 the other! 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; speciously 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? I was beaten myself in all the colours of the rainbow; and I was like to be apprehended for the witch of Brentford: but that my admirable dexterity of wit, my counterfeiting the action of an old woman, delivered me, the knave constable had set me i' the stocks, i' the common stocks, for a witch.

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

Fal. Come up into my chamber. [Exeunt.

SCENE VI.—Another room in the Garter Inn.

Enter Fenton and Host.

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

Fent. Nor I, sir, nor I: for want my pack. Assist me in my purse.

And, as I am a gentleman, I'll give thee A hundred pound in gold more than your loss.

Host. I will hear you, Master Fenton; and I will at the least keep your counsel.

Fent. From time to time I have acquainted you With the dear love I bear to fair Anne Page; Who mutually hath answer'd my affection. So far forth as herself might be her chooser,
ACT V.

THE MERRY WIVES OF WINDSOR.

Even to my wish: I have a letter from her
Of such contents as you will wonder at;
The mirth whereof so larded with my matter,
That neither singly can be manifested,
Without the show of both; let Falstaff
Hath a great scene; the image of the jest
I'll show you here at large. Hark, good mine host.
To-night at Herne's oak, just 'twixt twelve and one,
Must my sweet Nan present the Fairy Queen;
The purpose why, is here: in which disguise,
While other jests are something rank on foot,
Her father hath commanded her to slip
Away with her to 'my 'wit' sat 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 backing 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 doctor. Now, thus it rests:
Her father means she shall be all in white,
And in that habit, when Slender sees his time
To take her by the hand and bid her go,
She shall go with him: her mother hath intended,
The better to do her to the mark.
For they must all be mask'd and vizarded,
That quaint in green she shall be loose enrob'd,
With ribands pendent, flaring 'bout her head;
And when the doctor spies his vantage ripe,
To pinch her by the hand, and, on that token,
The maid hath given consent to go with him.
Host. Which is to decide, 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 recompense. [Exeunt.

ACT V.

SCENE I.— A room in the Garter Inn.

Enter Falstaff and Mistress Quickly.

Fal. Prithée, no more prattling: go. I'll hold
This is the third time; I hope good luck lies in odd numbers.
Away! go. They say there is divinity
in odd numbers, either in nativity, chance, or death.
Away! 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.

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,
as like a poor 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
Goldsmith 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.

Shen. 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 be
come 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 v'lt 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 't is 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 and all?
Mrs. Page. They are all couched 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.

[Exit Mrs. Page. Against such lewdsters and their lech-
Those that betray them do no treachery.

Mrs. Ford. The hour draws on. To the oak, to
the oak! [Exeunt.

SCENE IV.— Windsor Park.

Enter Sir Hugh Evans disguised, with others as
Fairies.

Evans. Trib, trib, fairies; come; and remember
your parts: be bold, I pray you; follow me into the
pit; and when I give the watch-ords, do as I bid
you: come, come; trib, trib. [Exeunt.

SCENE V.— Another part of the Park.

Enter Falstaff disguised as Herne.

Fal. The Windsor bell hath struck twelve; the
minute draws on. Now, the hot-blooded gods assist
me! Remember, Jove, thou wast a bull for thy Europa; live set on thy horns. O powerful love! that, in the whole set, and think not on, 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 semblance of a fowl; think on 't, Jove; a foul fault! When gods have hot backs, what shall poor man do? For me, I am here a Windsor stag; and the fattest, I think, if the forest. Send me a cool rut-time, Jove, or who can blame me to piss my tallow? Who comes here? my doe?

Enter Mistress Ford and Mistress Page.

Mrs. Ford. Sir John! art thou there, my deer? my male deer?

Fal. My doe with the black sent! Let the sky rain potatoes; let it thunder to the tune of Green Sleeves, hail kissing-comfits and snow eringoes; let there come a tempest of provocation, I will shelter me here.

Mrs. Ford. Mistress Page is come with me, sweet.

Fal. Divide me like a bire 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 Heres? Why, now is Cupid a child of all rhyme 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. Page. Away, away!

[They run off.

Fal. I think the devil will not have me dammed, lest the oil that 's in me should set hell on fire; he would never else cross me thus.

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 oyes.

Pist. Elves; list your names; I tell you airy toys.

Cricket, to Windsor chimneys shalt thou leap;

Where fires thou find'st unraked and hearties un;

There pinch the maids as blue as niberry: [swept, Our radiant queen hates sluts and sluttery. [die;

Fal. They are fairies; he that speaks to them shall I'll wink and cough: no man their works must eye.

[Dies down upon his face.

Evans. Where's Bede? Go you, and where you find a maid

That, ere she sleep, has thrice her prayers said,

Raise up the organs of her fantasy;

Sleep she as sound as careless infancy:

But these she sleep, and strew up in their sins,

Pinch them, arms, legs, backs, shoulders, sides and

Quick. About, about; [shins.

Search Windsor Castle, elves, within and out;

Strew good luck, ouphes, on every sacred room;

That it may stand till the perpetual doom,

In state as thou 'tis fit, Worthy the owner, and the owner it.

The several chairs of order look you scour

With juice of balm and every precious flower:

Each fair instalment, coat, and several crest,

With loyal blazon, evermore be blest!

And nightingale-fairies, look you sing,

Like to the Garter's compass, in a ring;

The expresse that it bears, green let it be,

More fertile-fresh than all the field to see;

And 'tong solit qui mal y pense ' write

In emerald tufts, flowers purple, blue, and white;

And like sapphire and rich embroidery,

Buckled below fair knighthood's bending knee.

Fairies use flowers for their charactery.

Away; disperse; but till 'tis one o'clock,

Our dance of custom round about the oak

Of Herne the hunter, let us not forget.

Evans. Pray you, lock hand in hand; yourselves in order set;

And twenty glow-worms shall our lanterns be,

To guide our measure round about the tree.

But, stay; I smell a man of middle-earth.

Fal. Heavens defende me from that Welsh fairy,

lest he transform me to a piece of cheese! [birth.

Pist. Glow-worm, thou wast o'erlook'd even in thy

Quick. With trial-fire touch me his finger-cud;

If he be chaste, the flame will back descend

And turn him to no pain; but if he start,

It is the flesh of a corrupted heart.

Pist. A trial, come.

Evans. [Come, will this wood take fire?

They burn him with their tapers.

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 I 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 are 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 enguel, 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 dear.

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 folly into a received belief, in distaste to all name and reason, that they were fairies. See now how wit may be made a Jack-a-Lent, when 'tis upon ill employment!
Evans. Sir John Falstaff, serve Got, and leave your desires, and fairies will not pinze you.
Ford. Well said, fairy Hugh.
Evans. And leave your jealousies too, I pray you.
Ford. I will never mistrust my wife again, till thou art able to woo her in good English.
Fal. Have I laid my brain in the sun and dried it, that it wants matter to prevent so gross o'erreach as this? Am I ridden with a Welsh goat too? shall I have a coxcomb of trife? 'Tis time I were chow'd 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?
Page. Old, cold, withered and of intolerable entrails?
Ford. And one that is as slandering 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 methuslins, and to drinkings and swearings and starings, pribbles and prabbles?
Fal. Well, I am your theme: you have the start of me; I am dejected; I am not able to answer the Welch flannel; ignorance itself is a plummet o'er me: use me as you will.
Ford. Marry, sir, we'll bring you to Windsor, to one Master Brook, that you have cozened of money, to whom you should have been a pandar: 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.
Slend. Whoa, ho! ho, father Page!
Page. Son, how now! how now, son! have you dispatched?
Slend. Dispatched! I'll make the best in Gloucestershire know on 't; would I were hanged, la, else!
Page. Of what, son?
Slend. I came yonder at Eton to marry Mistress Anne Page, and she's a great luberry 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, I would I might never stir!—and 't is a postmaster's boy.
Page. Upon my life, then, you took the wrong.
Slend. 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?
Slend. 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 ye garçon, a boy; ye paysan, by gar, a boy; it is not Anne Page: by gar, I am cozened.
Mrs. Page. Why, did you take her in green?
Caius. Ay, by gar, and 't is a boy: by gar, I'll raise all Windsor.
Page. This is strange. Who hath got the right Anne?
Page. My heart misgives me: here comes Master Fenton.

Enter Fenton and Anne Page.
How now, Master Fenton!
Anne. Pardon! good father! good my mother, Page. Now, mistress, how chance you went not with Master Slender?
Mrs. Page. Why went you not with master doctor, maid?
Fent. 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 undutious title, Since therein she doth evitate and shun A thousand irreverent cursed hours, [her. Which forced marriage would have brought upon Ford. Stand not amazed; here is no remedy: In love the heavens themselves do guide the state; Money buys lands, and wives are sold by fate.
Fent. I am glad, though you have ta'en a special stand to strike at me, that your arrow hath glanced. Page. Well, what remedy? Fenton, heaven give thee joy!
What cannot be eschew'd must be embraced.
Fal. When night-dogs run, all sorts of deer are chased.
Penton. Mrs. Page. Well, I will muse no further. Master Heaven give you many, many merry days! Good husband, let us every one go home, And laugh this sport o'er by a country fire; Sir John and all.
Ford. Let it be so. Sir John, To Master Brook you yet shall hold your word; For he to-night shall lie with Mistress Ford.

[Exeunt.]
MEASURE FOR MEASURE.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Vincentio, the Duke.
Angelo, Deputy.
Escalus, an ancient Lord.
Claudio, a young gentleman.
Lucio, a fantastic.
Two other gentlemen.
Provost.
Thomas, & two friars.
PETER, A Justice.
VARRIUS, Elbow, a simple constable.

Proth, a foolish gentleman.
Pompey, servant to Mistress Overdone.
Abhorson, an executioner.
Barnardine, a dissolve prisoner.
Isabella, sister to Claudio.
Mariana, betrothed to Angelo.
Juliet, beloved of Claudio.
Francisca, a nun.
Mistress Overdone, a bawd.

Lords, Officers, Citizens, Boy, and Attendants.

SCENE — Vienna.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—An apartment in the Duke’s palace.

Enter Duke, Escalus, Lords and Attendants.


Duke. Of government the properties to unfold, Would seem in me to affect speech and discourse; Since I am put to know that your own science Exceeds, in that, the lists of all advice My strength can give you: then no more remains, But that to your sufficiency.

Escalus. As your worth is able, And let them work. The nature of our people, Our city’s institutions, and the terms For common justice, you’re as pregnant in As art and practice hath enriched any That we remember. There is our commission, From which we would not have you warp. Call I say, bid come before us Angelo. [Exit Escalus.

What figure of us think you he will bear? For you must know, we have with special soul Elected him our absence to supply. Lest him our terror, dress’d him with our love, And given his deputation all the organs Of our own power: what think you of it? Escalus. If any in Vienna be of worth To undergo such ample grace and honour, It is Lord Angelo.

Duke. Look where he comes.

Enter Angelo.

Angelo. Always obedient to your grace’s will, I come to know your pleasure.

Duke. Angelo, There’s a kind of character in thy life, That to the observer doth thy history Fully unfold. Thyself and thy belongings Are not thine own so proper as to waste Thyself upon thy virtues, they on thee. Heaven doth with us as we with torches do, Not light them for ourselves; 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 ourself; Mortality and mercy in Vienna Live in thy tongue and heart: old Escalus, Though first in question, is thy secondary. Take thy commission.

Angelo. 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 concerns shall importune, How it goes with us, and do look to know What doth befall you here. So, fare you well: To the hopeful execution I leave you Of your commissions.

Angelo. Yet give leave, my lord, That we may bring you something on the way. Duke. My haste may not admit it;

Nor need you, on mine honour, have to do With any scruple; your scope is as mine own, So to enforce or qualify the laws As to your soul seems good. Give me your hand: I’ll privily away. I love the people, But do not like to stage me to their eyes: Though it do well, I do not relish well Their loud applause and Aves vehement; Nor do I think the man of safe discretion That doth affect it. Once more, fare you well.

Angelo. The heavens give safety to your purposes! Escalus. Lead forth and bring you back in happiness! Duke. I thank you. Fare you well. [Exit Escalus.

Duke. I shall desire you, sir, to give me leave To have free speech with you; and it concerns me To look into the bottom of my place:
ACT I.

MEASURE FOR MEASURE.

SCENE II.

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 concludes 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, 't was 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, and it be 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 prayer?

Lucio. 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. [I not!]

First Gent. I think I have done myself wrong, ha?

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 colours a year.

First Gent. Ay, and more.

Lucio. A French crown more.

First Gent. Thou art always figuring diseases in me; but thou art full of error; I am sound.

Lucio. Nay, not as one would say, healthy; but so sound as things that are hollow: thy bones are hollow; impiety has made a feast of thee.

Enter Mistress Overdone.

First Gent. How now! which of your hips has the most profound solicitation?

Mrs. Ov. Well, well; there's one yonder arrested and carried to prison was worth five thousand of you.

Sec. Gent. Who's that? I pray thee?

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.

Mistress Overdone. 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 Madam Julietta with child.

Lucio. Believe me, this may be: he promised to meet me two hours since, and he was ever precise in promise-keeping.

Sec. Gent. Besides, you know, it draws something near to the speech we had to such a purpose.

First Gent. But, most of all, agreeing with the proclamation.

Lucio. Away! let's go learn the truth of it.

[Exeunt Lucio and Gentlemen.

Mrs. Ov. Thus, what with the war, with the sweat, what with the gallowses and what with poverty, I am custom-shrunken.

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 maiden 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 plundered down. [city?]

Mrs. Ov. And what shall become of those in the Pom. They shall stand for seed: they had gone down too, but that a wise burgcr 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. Oh, 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 pitty taken on you: you that have worn your eyes almost out in the service, you will be considered.

Mrs. Ov. What's to do here, Thomas tapster? let's withdraw.

Pom. Here comes Signior Claudio, led by the provost to prison; and there's Madam Juliet.

[Exeunt.

Enter Provost, Claudio, Juliet, and Officers.

Claudio. Fellow, why dost thou show me thus to the world?

Bear me to prison, where I am committed.

Prov. Do it not in evil disposition.

But from Lord Angelo by special charge.

Claudio. Thus can the demigod Authority

Make us pay down for our offence by weight

The words of heaven; on whom it will, it will;

On whom it will not, so; yet still 'tis just.

Re-enter Lucio and two Gentlemen.

Lucio. Why, how now, Claudio! whence comes this restraint?

Claudio. From too much liberty, my Lucio, liberty: As surfeit is the father of much fast,

So every scope by the immoderate use

Turns to restraint. Our natures do pursue,

Like rats that run down their proper bane,

A thirsty evil; and when we drink we die.

Lucio. If I could speak so wisely under an arrest,

I would send for certain of my creditors: and yet,

To say the truth, I had as lief have the folly of freedom as the morality of imprisonment. What's thy offence, Claudio?

Claudio. What but to speak of would offend again.

Lucio. What, is 't murder?
MEASURE FOR MEASURE.  SCENE IV.

Claud. No.
Lucio. Lecrervy?
Claud. Call it so.
Prov. Away, sir! you must go. [with you.
Claud. One word, good friend. Lucio, a word
Lucio. A hundred, if they'll do you any good.
Is lechery so look'd after?
Claud. Thus stands it with me: upon a true con-
i got a season of Julietta's bed:
You know the lady; she is fast my wife,
Save that we do the denunciation lack
Of outward order: this we came not to,
Only for propagation of a dower
Remaining in the coffers of her friends,
From whom we thought it meet to hide our love
Till time had made them for us. But it chances
The stealth of our most mutual entertainment
With character too gross is writ on Juliet.
Lucio. With child, perhaps?
Claud. Unhappily, even so.
And the new deputy now for the duke—
Whether it be the fault and glimpse of newness,
Or whether that the body public be
A horse whereon the governor doth ride,
Who, newly in the seat, that it may know
He can command, lets it straight feel the spur;
Whether the tyranny be in his place,
Or is of us thus filled up
I stagger in:— but this new governor
Awakes me all the enrolled penalties [wall
Which have, like unsound'rd armour, hung by the
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
Preliminary on me: 'tis surely for a name.
Lucio. I warrant it is: and thy head stands so
tickle on thy shoulders that a milkmaid, if she be
in love, may sigh it off. Send after the duke and
appeal to him.
Claud. I have done so, but he's not to be found.
I prithee, Lucio, do me this kind service:
This day my sister should the cloister enter
And there receive her approbation:
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 none so speechless of dialect.
Such as move men; besides, 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 encourage-
ment of the like, which else would stand under
grisious 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! [Exeunt.

SCENE III. — A monastery.

Enter Duke and Friar Thomas.

Duke. No, holy father; throw away that thought;
Believe not that the dripping dart of love
Can pierce a complete bosom. Why I desire thee
To give me secret harbour, hath a purpose
More grave and winkled 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 longed to do in secret assemblies
Where youth, and cost, and witless bravery keeps.
I have deliver'd to Lord Angelo,
A man of stricture and firm abstinence,
My absolute power and place here in Vienna,
And he supposes me travell'd to Poland;
For so I have steer'd it in the common ear,
And so it is received. Now, glorious sir,
You will demand of me why I do this?
Fri. T. Gladly, my lord. [laws,
Duke. We have strict statutes and most biting
The needful bits and curbs to headstrong weeds,
Which for this nineteen years we have let slip;
Even like an o'ergrown lie, which
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 infirmity, to themselves are dead;
And liberty plucks justice by the nose;
The baby beats the nurse, and quite atwary
Goes all decorum.

Fri. T. It rested in your grace
To unloose this tied-up justice when you pleased:
And it in you more dreadful would have seem'd
Than in Lord Angelo.
Duke. I do fear, too dreadful,
Sith 't was my fault to give the people scope,
'T would 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
I have on Angelo imposed the office; [father,
Who may, in the ambush of my name, strike home,
And yet my nature never in the fight
To do in slander. And to behold his sway,
I will, as 't were a brother of your order,
Visit both prince and people: therefore, I prithee,
Haply supply me with the habit and instruct me
How I may formally in person bear me
Like a true friar. More reasons for this action
At our more leisure shall I render you;
Only, this one: Lord Angelo is precise;
Stands at a guard with envy; scarce confesses
That his blood flows, or that his appetite
Is more to bread than stone: hence shall we see,
If power change purpose, what our seemers be.

SCENE IV. — A nunnery.

Enter Isabella and Francisca.
Isab. And have you nuns no farther privileges?
Fran. Are not these large enough?
Isab. Yes, truly: I speak not as desiring more;
But rather wishing a more strict restraint
Upon the sisterhood, the votarists of Saint Clare.
Lucio. [Within] Ho! Peace be in this place!
Isab. Who's that which calls?
Fran. It is a man's voice. Gentle Isabella,
Turn you the key, and know his business of him;
You may, I may not; you are yet unsworn.
When you have vow'd, you must not speak with men
But in the presence of the priest;
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-roses
Proclaim you are no less! Can you so stead 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 'her unhappy brother'? let me ask,
The rather for I now must make you know
I am that Isabella, and your brother kindly greets
Not to be weary with you, he's in prison.
Isab. Woe me! for what? [judge,
Lucio. For that which, if myself might be his
ACT II.

MEASURE FOR MEASURE. SENE I.

He should receive his punishment in thanks:
He hath got his friend with child.

Isab. Sir, make me not your story.

Lucio. It is true.

I would not—though 'tis my familiar sin
With maids to seek 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 renounement 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. Fevyn and truth, 'tis
Your brother and his lover have embrac'd: [thus:
As those that feed grow full, as blossoming time
That from the seedness the bare fallow brings
To teeming foison, even so her plentiful womb
Expresseth his full tilth and husbandry. [Juliet?
Isab. Some one with child by him? My cousin
Lucio. Is she your cousin? [names
Isab. Adoptedly; as school-maids change their
By vain though apt affection.

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 those that know the very nerves of state,
His givings-out were of an infinite distance
From his true-meant design. Upon his place,
And with full line of his authority,
Govern Lord Angelo; a man whose blood
Is very snow-brother; one who never feels
The wanton stings and motions of the sense,
But doth debate and blurt 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 follows close the rigour of the statute,
To make him an example. All hope is gone,
Unless you have the grace by your fair prayer
To soften Angelo: and that's my pith of business
'Twixt you and your poor brother.

Isab. Doth he so seek his life?

Lucio. Has censured him
Already; and, as I hear, the provost hath
A warrant for his execution.

Isab. Alas! what poor ability's in me
To do him good?

Lucio. Assay the power you have.

Isab. My power? Alas, I doubt—

Lucio. Our doubts are traitors
And make us lose the good we oft might win
By fearing to attempt. Go to Lord Angelo,
And let him learn to know, when maidens sue,
Men give like gods; but when they weep and kneel,
All their petitions are as freely theirs
As they themselves would owe them.

Isab. I'll see what I can do.

Lucio. But speedily,
Isab. I will about it straight;
No longer staying but to give the mother
Notice of my affair. I humbly thank you:
Command me to my brother: soon at night
I'll send him certain word of my success.

Lucio. I take my leave of you.

Isab. Good sir, adieu.

[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 gentleman,
Whom I would save, had a most noble father!
Let but your honour know
Whom I believe to be most strait in virtue,
That, in the working of your own affections,
Had time cohered with place or place with wishing,
Or that the resolute acting of your blood
Could have attained the effect of your own purpose,
Whether you had not sometime in your life
Err'd in this point which now you censure him,
And pull'd the law upon you.

Ang. 'Tis one thing to be tempted, Escalus,
Another thing to fall. I not deny,
The jury, passing on the prisoner's life,
May in the sworn twelve have a thief or two
Guiltier than him they try. What's open made to
That justice seizes: what know the laws
That thieves do pass on thieves? 'Tis very pregnant,
The jewel that we find, we stoop and take 't
Because we see it; but what we do not see
'Ne tread upon, and never think of it.
You may not so extermate his offence
For I have had such faults; but rather tell me,
When I, that censure him, do so offend,

Let mine own judgment pattern out my death,
And nothing come in partial. Sir, he must die.

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 for-give 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? and what's the matter?

Elb. If it please your honour, I am the poor duke's constable, and my name is Elbow: I do lean upon justice, sir, and do bring in here before your good honour two notorious benefactors.

Ang. Benefactors? Well; what benefactors are they? are they not malefactors?

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 proclamation in the world that good Christians ought to have.

Escal. This comes off well; here's a wise officer.

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Any. 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.

Escal. Ah, 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, pluck’d down in the suburbs; and now she professes a hot-house, which, I think, is a very ill house.

Escal. How know you that? 

[too.

Elb. I beseech you, sir, whom I detest before heaven and your honour.

Escal. How? thy wife? 

[woman,—

Elb. Ay, sir; whom I thank heaven, is an honest

Dost thou detest her therefore? 

Elb. I say, sir, I will detest myself also, as well as she, that this house, if 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 uncleanness there.

Escal. By the woman’s means?

Elb. Ay, sir; by Mistress Overdone’s means: but as she spied in his face, so she detest 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 longings, having her mistress’s reverence, for stewed 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-belied, 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. Who, 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 care 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. First, as you look into Master Froth here, sir; a man of fourscore pounds a year, whose father died at Hallowmas: was’t not at Hallowmas, Master Froth?

Froth. All-hallown eve.

Pom. Why, very well; I hope here be truths. He, sir, sitting, as Mistress, 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.

Any. This will last out a night in Russia. When we have the chance of my leave, And leave you to the hearing of the cause; Hoping you’ll find good cause to whip them all.

Froth. I think no less. Good morrow to your lordship. [Exit Angelo.

Now, sir, come on: what was done to Elbow’s wife, one more?

Pom. Once, sir? there was nothing done to her.

Elb. I beseech you, sir, ask him what this man did to my wife.

Pom. I beseech your honour, ask me.

Escal. Well, sir; what did this gentleman to her?

Pom. I beseech you, sir, look in this gentleman’s face. Good Master Froth, look upon his honour; ’tis for a good purpose. Doth your honour mark his face? Ay, sir, very well. [face?

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.

Elb. Varlet, thou liest; thou liest, wicked varlet! the time is yet to come that she was ever respected with man, woman, or child.

Pom. Sir, she was respected with him before he married with her.

Escal. Which is the wiser here? Justice or Iniquity? Is this true?

Elb. O thou caiffitt! 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 action of battery on thee.

Escal. If he took you a box o’ the ear, you might have your action of slander too.

Elb. Marry, I thank your good worship for it. What is ‘t your worship’s pleasure I shall do with this wicked caiffitt?

Froth. True, said officer, because he hath some offences in him that thou wouldst discover if thou couldst, 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 any more than one husband?

Pom. Nine, sir; Overdone by the last.

Escal. Nine! Come hither to me, Master Froth. Master Froth, I would not have you acquainted with tapsters: they will draw you, Master Froth, and you will hang them. Get you gone, and let me hear no more of you.

Froth. I thank your worship. For mine own part, I never come into any room in a taphouse, but I am drawn in.

Escal. Well, then, let none of it, Master Froth: farewell. [Exit Froth.] Come you hither to me, Master tapster. What’s your name, Master tapster?
ACT II.

MEASURE FOR MEASURE.

SCENE II.—Another room in the same.

Enter Provost and a Servant.

Prov. He's hearing of a cause; he will come I'll tell him of you. [straight:]

Prov. I'll know

Serv. 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 do 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 yest? hast thou not order? Why dost thou ask again?

Prov. Last I might be too rash: Under your good correction, I have seen, When, after execution, judgment hath Repented o'er his doom.

Ang. Go to; let that be mine:

Do you your office, or give up your place, And you shall well be spared.

Prov. I crave your honour's pardon.

What shall be done, sir, with the groaning Juliet? She's very near her hour.

Ang. Dispose of her To some more fitter place, and that with speed.

Re-enter Servant.

Serv. Here is the sister of the man condemn'd Desires access to you.

Ang. Hath he a sister?

Prov. Ay, my good lord; a very virtuous maid, And to be shortly of a sisterhood,

If not already.

Ang. Well, let her be admitted:

See you the fornicate 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, But 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 epsilon of a function, To fine the faults whose fine stands in record, And let go by the actor.

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, I must: Isab. Must he needs die?

Ang. 

Isab. Yes; I do think that you might pardon him, And neither heaven nor man grieve at the mercy.

[Exeunt.]

Act II. Measure for Measure. Scene II.

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 ceremony that to great ones 'longs,
Not the king's crown, nor the deputed sword,
The marshal's truncheon, nor the judge's robe,
Become them with one-half so good a grace
As mercy does.

If he had been as you and you as he,
You would have slipt like him; but he, like you,
Would not have been so stern.

Ang. Pray you, be gone.

Isab. I would to heaven I had your potency,
And you were Isabella should it then be thus?
No; I would tell what 't were to be a judge,
And what a prisoner.

[The vein.

Lucio. [Aside to Isab.] Ay, touch him; there's
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:
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 sudd'en! 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 [you;
To our gross selves? Good, good my lord, bethink
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:
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 remsiness new-conceived,
And so in progress to be hatch'd and born,
Are now to have no successive degrees,
But, ere they live, to end.

Isab. Yet show some pity.

Ang. I show it most of all when I show justice;
For then I pity those I do not know
Which a dismiss'd offence would after gall;
And do him right that, answering one foul wrong,
Lives not to act another. Be satisfied;
Your brother dies to-morrow; be content.

Isab. So you must be the first that gives this
And he, that suffers. O, it is excellent
To have a giant's strength; but it is tyrannous
To use it like a giant.

Lucio. [Aside to Isab.] That's well said.

Isab. Could great men thunder
As Jove himself does, Jove would ne'er be quiet,
For every pelting, petty office
Would use his heaven for thunder;
Nothing but thunder! Merciful Heaven,

Thou rather with thy sharp and sulphurous bolt
Split'st the unwedgeable and gnarled oak
Than the soft myrtle: but man, proud man,
Rest in a little brief authority.
Most ignorant of what he's most assured,
His glassy essence, like an angry ape,
Plays such fantastic tricks before high heaven
As make the angels weep; who, with our spleens,
Would all themselves laugh mortal.

Lucio. [Aside to Isab.] O, to him, to him, wench!

He's coming; I perceive 't. [he will relent.

Prov. [Aside] Pray heaven she win him!

Isab. We cannot weigh our brother with ourself;
Great men may jest with saints; 'tis wit in them,
But in the less soul profanation.

Lucio. Thou 'rt i' the right, girl; more o' that.

Isab. That in the captain's but a cholerie word,
Which in the soldier is flat blasphemy. [on 't.

Lucio. [Aside to Isab.] Art advis'd o' that? more
Ang. Why do you put these sayings upon me?

Isab. Because authority, though it err like others,
Hath yet a kind of medicine in itself,
That skins the vice o' the top. Go to your bosom;
Knock there, and ask your heart what it doth know
That 's like my brother's fault: if it confess
A natural guiltiness such as is his,
Let it not sound a thought upon your tongue
Against my brother's life.

Ang. [Aside] She speaks, and 'tis
Such sense, that my sense breeds with it. Fare you
Isab. Gentle my lord, turn back. [well.

Ang. I will bethink me: come again to-morrow.

Isab. Hark how I'll bribe you: good my lord,

Ang. How! bribe me? [turn back.

Isab. Ay, with such gifts that heaven shall share
with you.

Lucio. [Aside to Isab.] You had marr'd all else.

Isab. Not with fond shekels of the tested gold,
Or stones whose rates are either rich or poor
As fancy values them; but with true prayers
That shall be up at heaven and enter there
Ere sun-rise, prayers from preserved souls,
From fasting maids whose minds are dedicate
To nothing temporal.

Ang. Well; come to me to-morrow.

Lucio. [Aside to Isab.] Go to; 't is well; away!

Isab. Heaven keep your honour safe!

Ang. [Aside] Amen:
For I am that way going to temptation,
Where prayers cross.

Isab. At what hour to-morrow
Shall I attend your lordship?

Ang. At any time 'fore noon.

Isab. Save your honour! [Exeunt Isabella, Lucio, and Provost.

Ang. From thee, even from thy virtue!

What's this, what's this? Is this her fault or
The tempter or the tempted, who's most? [mine
Ha! Not she; nor doth she tempt: but it is I
That, lying by the violet in the sun,
Do as the carrion does, not as the flower,
Corrupt with virtuous season. Can it be
That modesty may more betray our sense [enough,
Than woman's lightness? Having waste ground
Shall we desire to raze the sanctuary
And pitch our evils there? O, fie, fie, fie!
What dost thou, or what art thou, Angelo?
Dost thou desire her fouly for those things
That make her good? O, let her brother live;
Thieves for their robbery have authority [her,
When judges steal themselves. What, do I love
That I desire to hear her speak again,
And feast upon her eyes? What is it I dream on?
O cunning enemy, that, to catch a saint,
With saints dost bait thy hook! Most dangerous
Is that temptation that doth goad us on
ACT II.  

MEASURE FOR MEASURE.  

SCENE III. — A room in a prison.

Enter, severally, Duke disguised as a friar, and Provost.

Duke. Hail to you, provost! so I think you are.

Prov. I am the provost. What 's your will, good friar?

Duke. Bound by my charity and my best order, I come to visit the afflicted spirits here in the prison. Do me the common right To let me see them and to make me know The nature of their crimes, that I may minister To them accordingly. [needful.

Prov. I would do more than that, if more were.

Enter Juliet.

Look, here comes one: a gentlewoman of mine, Who, falling in the flaws of her own youth, Hath bluster'd her report: she is with child; And he that got it, sentenced; a young man More fit to do another such offence Than die for this.

Duke. When must he die?

Prov. As 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.

Duke. I 'll teach you how you shall arraign your And try your penitence, if it be sound, [conscience, Or hollowly put on. 

Jul. I 'll gladly learn.

Duke. Love you the man that wrong'd you?

Jul. Yes, as I love the woman that wrong'd him.

Duke. So then it seems your most offensive act Was mutually committed?

Jul. Mutually.

Duke. Then was your sin of heavier kind than his. [Jul. I do confess it, and repent it, father.

Duke. 'T is meet so, daughter: but lest you do repent, As that the sin hath brought you to this shame, Which sorrow is always towards ourselves, not heaven,

Showing we would not spare heaven as we love it, But 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, Benedicto! [Exit.

Jul. Must die to-morrow! O injurious love, That respite me a life, whose very comfort Is still a dying horror!

Prov. 'T is pity of him. [Exeunt.

SCENE IV. — A room in Angelo's house.

Enter Angelo.

Ang. When I would pray and think, I think and pray To several subjects. Heaven hath my empty words; Whilst my invention, hearing not my tongue, Anchors on Isabel: Heaven in my mouth, As if I did but only chew his name; And in my heart the strong and swelling evil Of my conception. The state, whereon I studied, Is like a good thing, being often read, Grown fear'd and tedious; yea, my gravity, Wherein — let no man hear me — I take pride, Could I with boot change for an idle plume, Which the air beats for vain. O place, O form, How often dost thou with thy case, thy habit, Wrench awe from fools and tie the wiser souls To thy false seeming! Blood, thou art blood: Let 's write good angel on the devil's horn; 'T is 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, 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 obscure fondness Crowd to his presence, where their untaken love Must needs appear offence.

Enter Isabella.

How now, fair maid?

Isob. I am come to know your pleasure.

Ang. That you might know it, would much better please me. [live. 

Than to demand what 't is. Your brother cannot Isob. 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.

Isob. Under your sentence?

Ang. Yea.

Isob. When, I beseech you? that in his reprieve, Longer or shorter, he may be so fitted That his soul sicken not.

Ang. Ha! fie, these filthy vices! It were as good To pardon him that hath from nature stolen A man already made, as to remit Their saucy sweetness that do coin heaven's image In stamps that are forbid: 't is all as easy Falsely to take away a life true made As to put metal in restrained means To make a false one.

Isob. 'T is set down so in heaven, but not in earth. 

Ang. Say you so? then I shall pose you quickly, Which had you rather, that the most just law Now took your brother's life: or, to redeem him, Give up your body to such sweet uncleanness As she that he hath stain'd?

Isob. 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.

Isob. How say you?

Ang. Nay, I 'll not warrant that: for I can speak Against the thing I say. Answer to this: I, now the voice of the recorded law, Pronounce a sentence on your brother's life: Might there not be a charity in sin To save this brother's life?

Isob. Please you to do 't,

Ang. I 'll take it as a peril to my soul, It is no sin at all, but charity.

Ang. Pleased you to do 't at peril of your soul, Were equal poise of sin and charity.

Isob. That I do beg his life, If it be sin, Heaven let me bear it! you granting of my suit, If that be sin, I 'll make it my morn prayer To have it added to the faults of mine, And nothing of your answer.

Ang. Nay, but hear me. Your sense pursues not mine: either you are ignorant, Or seem so craftily; and that's not good.
MEASURE FOR MEASURE.

ACT III.

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 ensniled 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,
Whose credit with the judge, or own great place,
Could fetch your brother from the manacles
Of the all-building law: and that there were
No earthly mean to save him, but that either
You must lay down the treasures of your body
To this supposed, or else to let him suffer;
What would you do?

Isab. As much for my poor brother as myself:
That is, were I under the terms of death,
The impression of keen whips I'd wear as rubies,
And strip myself to death, as to a bed
That longs for one sick for, ere I'd yield
My body up to shame.

Ang. Then must your brother die.

Isab. And 't were the cheaper way:—
Better it were a brother died at once,
Than that a sister, by redeeming him,
Should die for ever.

Ang. Were not you then as cruel as the sentence
That you have slander'd so?

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 merriment than a vice.

Isab. O, pardon me, my lord; it oft falls out,
To have what we would have, we speak not what we
Sometimes do excuse the thing I hate, [mean:
For his advantage that I dearly love.

Ang. We are all frail.

Isab. Else let my brother die,
If not a feodary, but only he
Owe and succeed thy weakness.

Ang. Nay, women are frail too. [selves

Isab. Ay, as the glasses where they view them. —
Which are as easy broke as they make forms.
Women! Help Heaven! men their creation mar
In profiting by them. Nay, call us ten times frail
For we are soft as our complexions are,
And credulous to false prints.

Ang. And from this testimony of your own sex,—

Since I suppose we are made to be no stronger
Than faults may shake our frames,—let me be bold;
I do arrest your words. Be that you are,
That is, a woman; if you be more, you're none;
If you be one, as you are well express'd
By all external warrants, show it now,
By putting on the 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, Isabell, if you give me love.

Isab. I know your virtue hath a license in 't,
Which seems a little fouler than it is,
To placque on others.

Ang. What! will he believe thee, Isabell?
My unsoild name, the austereness of my life,
My vouch against you, and my place i' the state,
Will so your accusation overweigh,
That you shall stifle in your own report
And smell of calumny. I have begun,
And now I give my sensual race the rein:
Fit thy consent to my sharp appetite;
Lay by all nicety and prolixious blushes,
That banish what they sue for; redeem thy brother
By yielding up thy body to my will;
Or else he must not only die the death,
But thy unkindness shall his death draw out
To lingering sufferance. Answer me to-morrow,
Or, by the affection that now guides me most,
I'll prove a tyrant to him. As for you,
Say what you can, my false o'erweighs your true.

[Exit.

Isab. To whom should I complain? Did I tell this,
Who would believe me? O perilous mouths,
That bear in them one and the self-same tongue,
Either of condemnation or approbation.
Bidding the law make consent to their will;
Hooking both right and wrong to the appetite,
To follow as it draws! 'I'll to my brother:
Though he hath fell'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
If I do lose thee, I do lose a thing

[life:

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But only hope:
I've hope to live, and am prepared to die.

Duke. Be absolute for death; either death or life
Shall thereby be the sweeter. Reason thus with
If I do lose thee, I do lose a thing

[life:

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 runn'st 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 provokest; yet grossly fear’st
Thy death, which is no more. Thou art not thy-
For thou dost sit on many a thousand grains [self];
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 cer-
For thy complexion shifts to strange effects, [taint:
After the moon. If thou art rich, thou ’rt poor;
For, like a horse 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 sending thee nor sender. Thou hast nor youth
But, as it were, an after-dinner’s sleep, [nor age,
Dreaming on both; for all thy blessed youth
Becomes as aged, and doth beg the alms
Of paled old; and when thou art old and rich,
Thou hast neither heat, affection, limb, nor beauty,
To make thy riches pleasant. What ’s yet in this
That bears the name of life? Yet in this life
Lies hid moe 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’s here? 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.

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, the arts are all our comforts; most good, most good indeed.
Lord Angelo, having affairs to heaven,
Intends you for his swift ambassador,
Where you shall be an everlasting lieger:
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 letter you till death.

Claud. Perpetual duration?

Isab. Ay, just; perpetual duration, a restraint,
Though all the world’s vastity 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 suffrance 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 bowery tenderness? If I must die,
I will encounter darkness as a bride,
And hug it in mine arms. [grave

Isab. There spake my brother: there my father’s
Did utter forth a voice. Yes, thou must die:
Thou art too noble to conserve a life
In base appliances. This outward-sainted deity,
Whose settled visage and deliberate word
Nips youth i’ the head and follies doth enwreath
As falcon doth the fowl, is yet a devil;
His fifth within being cast, he would appear
A pond as deep as hell.

Claud. The prenzie Angelo!

Isab. O, ’tis the cunning livery of hell,
The damned ’s body to invest and cover
In prenzie guards! Dost thou think, Claudio?
If I would yield him my virginity,
Thou mightst find him.

Claud. O heavens! it cannot be.

Isab. Yes, he would give 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.

Isab. O, were it but my life,
I ’d throw it down for thy deliverance
As frankly as a pin.

Claud. Thanks, dear Isabel.

Isab. Be ready, Claudio, for your death to-morrow.

Claud. Yes. Has he affections in him,
That thus can make him bite the law by the nose,
When he would force it? Sure, it is no sin;
Or of the deathly 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 perduarily 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 clot; and the delighted spirit
To bathe in fiery floods, or to reside
In thrilling 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 inscrutably intend
Imagine howling: ’tis too too easy
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.

Isab. O you beast!
O faithless coward! O dishonest wretch!
Wilt thou be made a man out of my vice?
Is ’t not a kind of incest, to take life [think?
From thine own sister’s shame? What should I
Heaven shield my mother play’d my father fair!
For such a warped slip of wilderness
Ne'er issued from his blood. Take my defiance!
Die, perish! Might but my bending down
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:
Act III. Measure for Measure. Scene II.

'T is best that thou diest quickly.
Claud. O hear me, Isabella!

Re-enter Duke.

Duke. Vouchsafe a word, young sister, but one
Isab. What is your will?
Duke. Might you dispense with your leisure, I would by and by have some speech with you: the satisfaction I would require is likewise your own benefit.
Isab. I have no superfluous leisure; my stay must be stolen out of other affairs; but I will attend you while. [Walks apart.

Duke. Son, I have overheard what hath passed between you and your sister. Angelo had never the purpose to corrupt her; only he hath made an assay of her virtue to practice his judgment with the disposition of natures: she, having the truth of honour in her, hath made him that gracious denial which he is most glad to receive. I am confessor to Angelo, and I know this to be true; therefore prepare yourself to death: do not satisfy your resolution with hopes that are fallible; to-morrow you must die; go to your knees and make ready.
Claud. Let me to my sister pardon. I am so out of love with life that I will rue to be rid of it.

Duke. Hold you there; farewell. [Exit Claudius.

Provost, with a word to you!

Re-enter Provost.

Prov. What's your will, father?
Duke. That now you are come, you will be gone. Leave me awhile with the maid: my mind promises with my habit no 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 in beauty makes beauty brief in goodness; but grace, being of your complexion, shall keep the body of it ever fair. The assault that Angelo hath made to you, fortune hath conveyed to my understanding; and, but that traitly hath examples for his failing, I should wonder at Angelo. How will you do to content this substitute, and to save your brother?
Isab. I am now going to resolve him: I had rather my brother die by the law than my son should be unlawfully born. But, O, how much 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 now stands, he will avoid your accusation; he made trial of you only. Therefore fasten your ear on my advisings: to the love I have in doing good a remedy presents itself. I do make myself believe that you may most uprightly do a poor wronged lady a merited benefit; redeem your brother from the angry law; do no stain to your own gracious person; and much please the absent duke, if perversune he shall ever return to have hearing of this business.

Prov. As you speak, father, I have spirit to do any thing that appears not foul in the truth of my spirit.
Duke. Virtue is bold, and goodness never fearful.
Have you not heard speak of Mariana, the sister of Frederick the great soldier who miscarried at sea?
Isab. I have heard of the lady, and good words went with her name.

Duke. She should this Angelo have married; was affianced to her by oath, and the nuptial appointed: between which time of the contract and limit of the solemnity, her brother Frederick was wrecked at sea, having in that perished vessel the dowry of his sister. But mark how heavily this befell to the poor gentlewoman: there she lost a noble and renowned brother, in his love toward her ever most kind and natural; with him, the portion and sinew of her fortune, her marriage-dowry: with both, he, her confidant husband, this well-seeming Angelo.
Isab. Can this be so? did Angelo come to marry 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 reverts not.
Isab. What a merit were it in death to take this poor maid from the world! What corruption in this life, that it will let this man live! But how out of this can she avail?

Duke. It is a rupture that you may easily heal: and the cure of it not only saves your brother, but keeps you from dishonour in doing it.

Isab. Show me how, good father.
Duke. This forenamed maid hath yet in her the continuance of her first affection: his unjust unkindness, that in all reason should have quenched love, he, like an impediment in the current, made it more violent and impetuous. Go answer his requiring with a plausible obedience; agree with his demands to the point: only refer yourself to this advantage, first, that your stay with him may not be long; that the time may have all shadow and silence in it; and the place answer to convenience. This being granted in course—and now follows all,—we shall advise this wronged maid to steady 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 untaint, the poor Mariana advantaged, and the corrupt deputy scaled. The maid will 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. Haste 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 moved great reformed residence, 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 as before; on the other, Elbow, and Officers with Pompey.

Elb. Nay, if there be no remedy for it, but that you will needs buy and sell men and women like beasts, we shall have all the world drink brown and white beer.

Pom. 'T was never merry world since, of two usuries, the merriest was put down, and the worser allowed by order of law a furred gown to keep him warm; and furred with fox and lamb skins too, to signify, this craft, being richer than innocence, stands for the face.

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. Pfe, sirrah! a bawd, a wicked bawd! The evil that thou causest to be done, That thou dost bring to life, 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 stinking and beastly, Go mend, go mend. Pom. Indeed, it does stink in some sort, sir; but yet, sir, I would prove—[for sin, Duke. Nay, if the devil have given thee proofs Thou wilt prove his. Take him to prison, officer: Correction and instruction must both work Ere this stinking 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 was as good go a mile on his errand.

Duke. That we were all, as some would seem to be, From the pocket and pouch. From fresh drinking, 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 Pygmalion's images, newly made woman, to be had now, for putting the hand in the pocket and extracting it clutched? What reply, ha? What sayest thou to this tune, matter and method? Is 't not drowned! the last rain, ha? What sayest thou, Troth? Is the world as it was, man? Which is the way? Is it sad, and few words? or how? The trick of it?

Duke. Still thus, and thus; still worse!

Lucio. How doth my dear morsel, thy mistress? Proctors she still, ha?

Pom. Troth, sir, she hath eaten up all her beef, and she is herself in the tub.

Lucio. Why, 'tis good; it is the right of it: it must be so: ever your fresh whore and your powdered bawd: an unshunned consequence; it must be so. Art going to prison, Pompey?

Elb. For a while, faith.

Lucio. Why, 'tis not amiss, Pompey. Farewell; go, say I sent thee thither. For debt, Pompey, or how?

Elb. For being a bawd, for being a bawd.

Lucio. Well, then, imprison him: if imprisonment be the due 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 husband now, Pompey; you will keep the house. [bail. Pom. I hope, sir, your good worship will be my

Lucio. No, indeed, will I not, Pompey; it is not the way to do. I pray Pompey, to increase your bondage; if you take it not patiently, why, your mettle is the more. Adieu, trusty Pompey. 'Bless Duke. And you. [you, friar.

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.

Lucio. Go to kennel, Pompey; go. [Ereunt Elbou, Pompey and Officers.] What news, friar, of the Duke?

Duke. I know none. Can you tell me of any?

Lucio. Some say he is with the Emperor of Russia; other some, he is in Rome: but where is he, think you?

Duke. I know not where; but wheresoever, I wish him well.

Lucio. It was a mad fantastical trick of him to steal from the state, and naufr the beggary he was never born to. Lord Angelo duke: it well in his absence: he puts transgression to 't.

Duke. He does well in 't.

Lucio. A little more lenity to lechery would do no harm in him: something too crabb'd that way, friar.

Duke. It is too general a vice, and severity must cure it.

Lucio. Yes, in good sooth, the vice is of a great kindred; it is well allied: but it is impossible to extirp it quite, friar, till eating and drinking be put down. They say this Angelo was not made by man and woman after this downright way of creation: is it true, think you?

Duke. How should be made, then?

Lucio. Some report a sea-maid spawned him; some, that he was begot between two stock-fishes. But it is certain that when he makes water his urine is congealed ice; that I know to be true: and he is a most pugnacious; that is infallible.

Duke. You are pleasant, sir, and speak apace.

Lucio. Why, what a ruthless thing is this in him, for the rebellion of a codpiece to take away the life of a man! Would the duke that is absent have done this? Ere he would have hanged a man for the getting a hundred bastards, he would have let for the nursing a thousand; he had some feeling of the sport; he knew the service, and that instructed him to mercy.

Duke. I never heard the absent duke much detected for women: he was not inclined that way.

Lucio. O, sir, you are deceived.

Duke. 'Tis not possible.

Lucio. Who, not the duke? yes, your beggar of fifty; and his use was to put a ducat in her clackdish: the duke had crotchets in him. He would be drunk too; that let me inform you.


Lucio. Sir, I was an inward of his. A shy fellow was the duke: and I believe I know the cause of his withdrawing.

Duke. What, I prithee, might be the cause?

Lucio. No, pardon: 'tis a secret must be locked within the teeth and the lips: but this I can let you understand, the greater file of the subject held the duke to be false.

Duke. Wise! why, no question but he was.

Lucio. A very superficial, ignorant, unwielding 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 proclamation. Let him be but testimonied in his own bringings-forth, and he shall appear to the envious a scholar, a statesman and a soldier. Therefore you speak unskillfully; or if your knowledge be more it is much darkened in your malice.

Lucio. Sir, I know him, and I love him.

Duke. Love talks with better knowledge, and knowledge with dearer love.

Lucio. Come, sir, I know what I know.

Duke. I can hardly believe that, since you know not what you speak. But, if ever the duke return, as our prayers are he may, let me desire you to make your answer before him. If it be honest you have spoke, you have courage to maintain it: I am bound to call upon you; and, I pray you, your name?

Lucio. Sir, my name is Lucio; well known to the duke.

Duke. He shall know you better, sir, if I may live to report you.

Lucio. I fear you not.

Duke. O, you hope the duke will return no more;
or you imagine me too unhurtful an opposite. But
indeed I can do you little harm; you'll forswear this again.

Lucio. I'll be hanged first: thou art deceived in
me, friar. But no more of this. Canst thou tell
if Claudio die to-morrow or no?

Duke. Why should he die, sir?

Lucio. For I'll puzzle a bottle with a tumb-
lish. I would the duke we talk of were returned
again: this ungenial agent will unpeople the
province with continency; sparrows must not build
in his house-caves, because they are lecherous. The
duke yet would have dark deeds darkly answered;
he would never bring them to light: would he were
returned! Marry, this Claudio is condemned to
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
to thee, he would mouth with a beggar, though
she smelt brown bread and garlic: say that I said
so. Farewell.

Duke. No might nor greatness in mortality
Can censure 'scape; back-wounding calumny
The whitest virtue strikes. What king so strong
Can tie the gall up in the slanderous tongue?
But who comes here?

Enter Escalus, Provost, and Officers with
Mistress Overdone.

Escal. Go; away with her to prison!

Mrs. Or. 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 bawd of eleven years' continuance, may
it please your honour.

Mrs. Or. 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 of the like. [Exeunt Officers
with Mistress Or.] 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.

Escal. So please you, this friar hath been with
him, and advised him for the continuance of death.

Duke. Bliss and goodness on you!

Escal. Of whence are you?

Duke. Not of this country, though my chance is
To use it for my time: I am a brother
Of gracious order, late come from the See
In special business from his holiness.

Escal. What news abroad it the world?

Duke. None, but that there is so great a fever on
goodness, that the dissolution of it must cure it:
novelties only is 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 accrue: much
united the 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. Duke, he professes to have received no sinister
measure from his judge, but most willingly hum-
bles himself to the determination of justice: yet
had he framed to himself, by the instruction of his
frailty, many deceiving promises of life; which I
by my good leisure have discredited to him, and
now is he resolved to die.

Escal. You have paid the heavens your function,
and the prisoner the very debt of your calling. I
have laboured for the poor gentleman to the ex-
tremest shore of my modesty: but my brother jus-
tice have I found so severe, that he hath forced me
to tell him he is indeed Justice.

Escal. He, by his own life answer the strictness of his
proceeding, it shall become him well; wherein if he
chance to fail, he hath sentenced himself. [well.

Escal. I am going to visit the prisoner. Fare you
Duke. Peace be with you!

[Exeunt Escalus and Provost.

He who the sword of heaven will bear
Should be as holy as severe;
Pattern in himself to know,
Grace to stand, and virtue go;
More nor less to others paying,
Than by self-offences weighing.

Shame him who with scorn,
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 likenesse made in crimes,
Making practice on the faces,
To draw with idle spiders' strings
Most ponderous and substantial things!
Craft against vice I must apply:
With Angelo to-night shall lie
His old betrothed but despised;
So disguise shall, by the disguised,
Pay with falsehood false exacting,
And perform an old contracting.

[Exit.

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—The mouted 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.

Marti. Break off thy song, and haste thee quick
Here comes a man of comfort, whose advice [away:
Hath often still’d my brawling discontent.

[Exit Boy.

Enter Duke disguised as before.

I cry you mercy, sir; and well could wish
You had not found me here so musical:
Let me excuse me, and believe me so,
My mirth it much displeased, but pleased my woe.
ACT IV. MEASURE FOR MEASURE. SCENE II.

Duke. 'Tis good; though music oft hath such a charm
To make bad good, and good provoke to harm.
I pray you, tell me, hath any body inquired for me here to-day? much upon this time have I promised here to meet.

Mari. You have not been inquired after: I have sat here all day.

Enter Isabella.

Duke. I do constantly believe you. The time is come even now. I shall crave your forbearance a little; may be I will call upon you anon, for some advantage to yourself.

Mari. I am always bound to you. [Exit.

Isab. He hath a garden circumscribed with brick,
Whose western side is with a vineyard back'd;
And to that vineyard is a planched gate,
That makes his opening with this bigger key:
This other doth command a little door
Which to the vineyard leads;
There have I made my promise
Upon the heavy middle of the night
To call upon him. [way?

Duke. But shall you on your knowledge find this
Isab. I have ta'en a due and wary note upon 't:
With whispering and most guility diligence,
In action all of precept, he did show me
The way twice o'er.

Duke. Are there no other tokens
Between you 'greed concerning her observance?
Isab. 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.

Isab. I do desire the like.

Duke. Do you persuade yourself that I respect you?

Mari. Good friar, I know you do, and have found
Take, then, this your companion by the
Who hath a story ready for your ear.

Duke. I shall attend your leisure: but make haste;
The vaporous night approaches.

Mari. Will 't please you walk beside

[Exeunt Mariana and Isabella.

Duke. O place and greatness! millions of false eyes
Are stuck upon thee: volumes of report
Run with these false and most contrarious quests
Upon thy doings: thousand escapes of wit
Make thee the father of their idle dreams
And rack thee in their fancies.

Re-enter Mariana and Isabella.

Welcome, how agreed?

Isab. She'll take the enterprise upon her, father,
If you advise it.

Duke. It is not my consent,
But my entreaty too.

Isab. Little have you to say
When you depart from him, but, soft and low,
'Remember now my brother.' Fear me not.

Mari. 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 lithe'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 your prison a certain executioner, who in his office lacks a helper: if you will take it on you to assist him, it shall redeem you from your gyves; if not, you shall have your full time of imprisonment and your deliverance with an unpitied 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.

[Exeunt. 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
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.

Prov. Proof?

Pom. Every true man's apparel fits your thief:
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 prominent trade than your bawd; he doth oftener ask forgiveness.

Prov. You, sirrah, provide your block and your axe to-morrow four o'clock.

Abhor. Come on, bawd; I will instruct thee in my trade; follow me. I do desire to learn, sir: and I hope, if you have occasion to use me for your own turn, you shall find me yare: for truly, sir, for your kindness I owe you a good turn.

Prov. Call hither Barnardine and Claudio.

[Exeunt Pompey and Abhorson.

The one has my pity; not a lot 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:
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 reprove
For the most gentle Claudio.

Enter Duke disguised as before.

Welcome, father.
Duke. The best and wholesomest spirits of the night
Envelop you, good provost! Who called 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.
Duke. Not so, not so; his life is parallel'd
Even with the stroke and line of his great justice:
He doth with holy abstinenice subdue
That in himself 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 steel'd gaoler is the friend of men.
[Knocking within.]
How now! what noise? That spirit's possessed
With haste [strokes.
That wounds the unsisting postern with these

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:
Besides, upon the very siege of justice
Lord Angelo hath to the public ear
Profess'd the contrary.

Enter a Messenger.
This is his lordship's man.
Duke. And here comes Claudio's pardon.
Mess. [Giving a paper] My lord hath sent you this note;
And by me this further charge, that you
Swerve not from the smallest article of it, neither
In time, matter, or other circumstance. Good morrow; for, as I take it, it is almost day.
Duke. [Aside] This is his pardon, purchased by
For which the pardoner himself is in. [such sin
Hence hath offence his quick celerity,
When it is borne in high authority:
When vice makes mercy, mercy's so extended,
That for the fault's love is the offender Friend.
Now, sir, what news?
Prov. I told you. Lord Angelo, belike thinking
me remiss in mine office, awakens me with this un
wonted putting-on; methinks strangely, for he hath
not used it before.

Duke. Pray you, let's hear.
Prov. [Reeds]
'Whatever may you hear to the contrary, let
Claudio be executed by four of the clock; and in
the afternoon Barnardine: for my better satisfaction,
let me have Claudio's head sent me by five.
Let this be duly performed; with a thought that
more depends on it than we must yet deliver. Thus
fail not to do your office, as you will answer it at
your peril.'
What say you to this, sir?
Duke. What is that Barnardine who is to be exe-
cuted in the afternoon?
Prov. A Bohemian born, but here nursed up and
bred; one that is a prisoner nine years old.
Duke. How came it that the absent duke had not
either delivered him to his liberty or executed him?
I have heard it was ever his manner to do so.
Prov. His friends still wrought reprieves for him:
and, indeed, his fact, till now in the government
of Lord Angelo, came not to an undoubtedly.
Duke. It is now apparent?
Prov. Most manifest, and not denied by himself.
Duke. Hath he borne himself penitently in prison?
how seems he to be touched?
Prov. A man that apprehends death no more
dreadfully but as a drunken sleep; careless, reck-
less and fearless of what's past, present, or to
come; insensible of mortality, and desperately
mortal.
Duke. He wants advice.
Prov. He will hear none; he hath evermore had
the liberty of the prison; give him leave to escape
hence, he would not: drunk many times a day, if
not many days entirely drunk. We have very oft
awaked him, as if to carry him to execution, and
showed him a seeming warrant for it: it hath not
moved him at all.
Duke. More of him anon. There is written in
your brow, provost, honesty and constancy: if I
read it not truly, my ancient skill beguiles me; but,
in the boldness of my cunning, I will lay myself in
hazard. Claudio, whom here you have warrant to
execute, is no greater foe to the law than Angelo
who hath sentenced him. To make you understand
this in a manifested effect, I crave but four days'
respite; for the which you are to do me both a pres-
ent and a dangerous courtesy.
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 dis-
cover the favour.
Duke. O, death's a great disposer; 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 bare
before his death: you know the course is common.
If anything fall to you upon this, more than thanks
and good fortune, by the saint whom I profess, I
will plead against it with my life.
Prov. Pardon me, good father; it is against my
oath.
Duke. Were you sworn to the duke, or to the
dean?
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
ACT IV.

MEASURE FOR MEASURE.

SCENE III.

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 anon over-read it at your pleasure: where you shall find, within these two days he will be here. This is a thing that Angelo knows not; for he this very day received letters of strange tenour: perchance of the duke’s death; perchance 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.

[Exeunt.

SCENE III. — Another room in the same.

Enter Pompey.

Pom. I am as well acquainted here as I was in our house of profession: one would think it were 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 Caprer, at the suit of Master Three-pipe the mercer, for some four suits of pease-coloured satin, which now peaches him a beggar. Then have we here young Dizy, and young Master Deep-vow, and Master Copper-spur, and Master Starve-lacekey the rapier and dagger man, and young Drop-heir that killed lusty Pudding, and Master Fortligh the tilter, and brave Master Shooty the great traveller, and wild Half-can that stabbed Pots, and, I think, forty more; all great doers in our trade, and are now for the Lord’s sake.

Enter Abhorson.

Abhor. Sirrah, bring Barnardine hither.

Pom. Master Barnardine! you must rise and be hanged, Master Barnardine!

Abhor. What, ho, Barnardine!

Bar. [Within] A pox o’ your throat! Who makes that noise there? What are you?

Pom. Our fend, sir; the hangman. You must be so good, sir, to rise and be put to death.

Bar. [Within] Away, you rogue, away! I am sleepy.

Abhor. Tell him he must awake, and that quickly too.

Pom. Pray, Master Barnardine, awake till you are executed, and sleep afterwards.

Abhor. Go in to him, and fetch him out.

Pom. He is coming, sir; he is coming; I hear his straw rustle.

Abhor. Is the axe upon the block, sirrah?

Pom. Very ready, sir.

Enter Barnardine.

Bar. How now, Abhorson? what’s the news with you?

Abhor. Truly, sir, I would desire you to clap into your head: for, look you, the warrant’s come.

Bar. You rogue, I have been drinking all night; I am not fitted for’t.

Pom. O, the better, sir; for he that drinks all night, and is hanged betimes in the morning, may sleep the sounder all the next day.

Abhor. Look you, sir; here comes your ghostly father: do we jest now, think you?

Enter Duke disguised as before.

Duke. Sir, induced by my charity, and hearing how hastily you are to depart, I am come to advise you, comfort you and pray with you.

Bar. Friar, not I: I have been drinking hard all night, and I will have more time to prepare me, or they shall best out my brains with lallets: I will not consent to die this day, that’s certain. [you Duke. O, sir, you must; and therefore I beseech you look forward on the journey you shall go.

Bar. I swear I will not die to-day for any man’s persuasion.

Duke. But hear you.

Bar. Not a word: if you have any thing to say to me, come to my ward; for thence will not I to-day. [Exit.

Duke. Unfit to live or die; O gravel heart!

After him, fellows; bring him to the block.

[Exeunt Abhorson and Pompey.

Re-enter Provost.

Prov. Now, sir, how do you find the prisoner?

Duke. A creature unprepared, unmeet for death; And to transport him in the mind he is Were damnable.

Prov. Here in the prison, father, There died this morning of a cruel fever One Ragozine, a most notorious pirate, A man of Claudio’s years; his beard and head Just of his colour. What if we do omit This reprobate till he were well inclined? And satisfy the deputation with the image Of Ragozine, more like to Claudio?

Duke. O, ’tis an accident that heaven provides! Dispatch it presently; the hour draws on Prefix’d by Angelo: see this be done, And sent according to command; whiles I Persuade this rude wretch willingly to die. Prov. This shall be done, good father, presently But Barnardine must die this afternoon: And how shall we continue Claudio, To save me from the danger that might come If he were known alive?

Duke. Let this be done. Put them in secret holds, both Barnardine and Claudio: Ere twice the sun hath made his journal greeting To the under generation, you shall find Your safety manifested.

Prov. I am your free dependant.

Duke. Quick, dispatch, and send the head to Angelo. [Exit Provost.

Now will I write letters to Angelo,— The provost, he shall bear them,— whose contents Shall witness to him I am near at home, And that, by great injunctions, I am bound To enter publicly: him I’ll desire To meet me at the consecrated fount A league below the city; and from thence, By cold gradation and well-balanced form, We shall proceed with Angelo.

Re-enter Provost.

Prov. Here is the head; I’ll carry it myself.

Duke. Convenient is it. Make a swift return; For I would commune with you of such things That want no ear but yours.

Prov. I’ll make all speed. [Exit. Prov. [Within] Peace, no, be here!

Duke. The tongue of Isabel. She’s come to know If yet her brother’s pardon be come hither: But I will keep her ignorant of her good,
ACT IV.  MEASURE FOR MEASURE.  SCENE VI.

To make her heavenly comforts of despair,
When it is least expected.

Enter Isabell.a.

Isab.  Ho, by your leave!
Duke.  Good morning to you, fair and gracious daughter.
Isab.  The better, given me by so holy a man.

Duke.  Hath yet the deputy sent my brother's pardon?
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:
[eyes;
The duke comes home to-morrow; nay, dry your
One of our convent, 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 faith that I would wish it go,
And you shall have your bosom on this wretch,
Grace of the duke, revenges to your heart,
And general honour.

Isab.  I am directed by you.
Duke.  This letter, then, to Friar Peter give;
'Tis that he sent me of the duke's return:
Say, by this token, I desire his company
At Mariana's house to-night. Her cause and yours
I'll perfect him withal, and he shall bring you
Before the duke, and to the head of Angelo
Accuse him home and home. For my poor self,
I am combined by a sacred vow
And shall be absent. Wend 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 faint 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
unto your reports; but the best is, he lives not in
them.

Lucio.  Friar, thou knowest not the duke so well
as I do: he's a better woodman than thou takest
him for.
Duke.  Well, you'll answer this one day. Fare
ye well.

Lucio.  Nay, tarry; I'll go along with thee: I can
tell thee pretty tales of the duke.
Duke.  You have told me too many of him already,
sir, if they be true; if not true, none were enough.
Lucio.  I was once before him for getting a
wench with child.
Duke.  Did you such a thing?
Lucio.  Yes, marry, did I: but I was faint to forswear
it; they would else have married me to the rotten
medlar.

Duke.  Sir, your company is fairer than honest.
Rest you well.

Lucio.  By my troth, I'll go with thee to the lane's end:
if bawdy talk offend you, we'll have very little of it.
Nay, friar, I am a kind of burr: I shall stick.

[Exit.

SCENE IV.—A room in Angelo's house.

Enter Angelo and Escalus.

Escalus.  Every letter he hath writ hath disvouched
other.
Angelo.  In most uneven and distracted manner.
His actions show much like to madness: pray
heaven his wisdom be not tainted! And why meet
him at the gates, and redeliver our authorities
Before his entering, that if any crave redress of
injustice, they should exhibit their petitions in the
street?

Escalus.  He shows his reason for that: to have a
dispatch of complaints, and to deliver us from
devises heretofore, which shall then have no power to
stand against us.
Angelo.  Well, I beseech you, let it be proclaimed
betimes: I'll call you at your house:
give notice to such men of sort and suit as are
to meet him.

Escalus.  I shall, sir. Fare you well.
Angelo.  Good night.  [Exit Escalus.

This deed unshapes me quite, makes me unpreg-
and dull 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 [lived,
But it confounds the breaker. He should have
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.

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 bleach from this to that,
As cause doth minister. Go call at Flavius' house,
And tell him where I stay: give the like notice
To Valentia and 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.

Enter Varrius.

Duke.  I thank thee, Varrius; thou hast made
good haste;
Come, we will walk.  There's other of our friends
Will greet us here anon, my gentle Varrius.  [Exit.

SCENE VI.—Street near the city gate.

Enter Isabella and Mariana.

Isabella.  To speak so indirectly I am loath:
I would say the truth; but to accuse him so,
ACT V.

MEASURE FOR MEASURE. SCENE I.

That is your part: yet I am advised to do it; He says, to veil full purpose.

MARI. Be ruled by him.

ISA. 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—

ISA. O, peace! the friar is come.

Enter Friar Peter.

Fri. P. Come, I have found you out a stand most Where you may have such vantage on the duke, [fit, He shall not pass you. Twice have the trumpets The generous and greatest citizens [sounded; Have bent the gates, and very near upon. The duke is entering: therefore, hence, away!

[Exeunt.

ACT V.

SCENE I.—The city gate.

Mariana wept, 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. Happy return be to your royal grace!

Duke. Many and hearty thankings to you both. We have made inquiry of; and we hear Such goodness of your justice, that our soul Cannot but yield you forth to public thanks, Forrunning 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 mark of plagues, to make all things depend On 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.

ISA. Justice, O royal duke! Vail your regard Upon a wrong'd, I would have paid, 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!


ISA. O worthy duke, You bid me seek redemption of the devil: Hear me yourself; for that which I must speak Must either punish me, not being believed, [here! Or wring redress from you. Hear me, O hear me, Ang. My lord, her wits, I fear me, are not firm: She hath been a suitor to me for her brother Cut off by course of justice.—

ISA. By course of justice! 

Ang. And she will speak most bitterly and strange. 

ISA. Most strange, but yet most truly, will I speak: That Angelo's forewarn; is it not strange? That Angelo's a murderer; is 't not strange? That Angelo is an adulterous thief, An hypocrite, a virgins-vilator; Is it not strange and strange?

Duke. Nay, it is ten times strange.

ISA. It is not true. 

Duke. It is as true as it is strange: Nay, it is ten times true; 'tis truth to truth To the end of reckoning.

Duke. Away with her! Poor soul, She speaks this in the inimity of sense.

ISA. O prince, I conjure thee, as thou believest There is another comfort than this world, That thou neglect me not, with that opinion That I am touch'd with madness! Make not im-
possible That which but seems unlike; 't is not impossible But one, the wickedest caffiff on the ground, May seem as shy, as grave, as just, as absolute As Angelo; even so may Angelo, In all his dressings, characters, titles, forms, Be an arch-villain; believe it, royal prince: If he be less, he's nothing; but he's more, He 'll I more name for badness.

Duke. By mine honesty, If she be mad.—as I believe no other,— Her madness hath the oddest frame of sense, Such a dependency of thing on thing, As e'er I heard in madness.

ISA. 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 ISA. I am the sister of one Claudio, [say? Condemn'd upon the act of fornication To lose his head; condemn'd by Angelo: I, in probation of a sisterhood, Was sent to by my brother; one Lucio As then the messenger—

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.

ISA. 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.

ISA. This gentleman told somewhat of my tale,—

Lucio. Right.

Duke. It may be right; but you are 't the wrong To speak before your time. Proceed.

ISA. I went to this pernicious caffiff deputy.—

Duke. That's somewhat madly spoken.

ISA. Pardon it:

The phrase is to the matter.

Duke. Mended again. The matter; proceed.

ISA. In brief, to set the needless process by, How I persuaded, how I pray'd, and kneel'd, How he refell'd me, and how I replied,— For this was of much length,—the vile conclusion I now begin with grief and shame to utter.
He would not, but by gift of my chaste body
To his concupiscible intemperate lust,
Release my brother; and, after much debate,
My sisterly remorse confutes mine honour,
And I did yield to him: but the next morn betimes,
His purpose 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 speakest,
Or else thou art suborn'd against his honour
In hateful practice. First, his integrity
Stands without blemish. Next, it imports no reason
That he should have the like issue
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
Confess the truth, and say by whose advice [on:
Thou camest here to complain.

Isab. And is this all?

Then, O yon blessed ministers above,
Keep me in patience, and with ripen'd time
Unfold the evil which is here wrapt up [woe,
In countenance! Heaven shield your grace from
As I, thus wrong'd, hence unbelieved go!

Duke. I know you'll fain be gone. An officer!
To prison him we wend 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, beleeke. 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 swung him soundly.

Duke. Words against me! this is a good friar, be-
And to set on this wretched woman here [like!
Against our substitute! Let this friar be found.

Lucio. But yesternight, my lord, she and that friar,
I saw them at the prison: a saucy friar,
A very scurvy fellow.

Fri. P. Blessed be your royal grace!
I have stood by, my lord, and I have heard
Your royal speech; 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 scurvy, 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.

Duke. Well, he in time may come to clear him:
But at this instant he is sick, my lord; his self;
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 his probation will make up full clear,
Whene'er he's conven'd. 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 maid,
Widow, nor wife?

Lucio. My lord, she may be a punk: for many
Of them are neither maid, widow, nor wife.[cause
Duke. Silence that fellow: I would have had some
To prattle for himself.

Lucio. Well, my lord.

Mari. My lord, I do confess I ne'er was married;
And I confess besides I am no maid.
I have known my husband; yet my husband
Knows not that ever he knew me. [better.

Lucio. He was drunk then my lord: it can be no
Duke. For the benefit of silence, would thou wert
Lucio. Well, my lord. [so too!

Duke. This is no witness for Lord Angelo.

Mari. Now I come to 't, my lord:
She that accuses shall in confinement,
In self-same manner doth accuse my husband,
And charges him, my lord, with such a time
When I 'll depose I had him in mine arms
With all the effect of love.

Ang. Charges she more than me?

Mari. Not that I know.

Duke. No! you say your husband.

Mari. Why, just, my lord, and that is Angelo,
Who thinks he knows that he ne'er knew my body,
But knows he thinks that he knows Isabella's.

Ang. This is a strange abuse. Let's see thy face.

Mari. My husband bids me; now I will un-
mask. [Unveiling.

This is that face, thou cruel Angelo,
Which once thou wourest was worth the looking on;
This is the hand which, with a vow'd contract,
Was fast belock'd in thine; this is the body
That took away the match from Isabella,
And did supply thee at thy garden-house
In her imagined person.

Duke. Know you this woman?

Lucio. Carnally, she says.

Duke. Sirrah, no more!

Lucio. Enough, my lord.

Ang. My lord, I must confess I know this woman:
And five years since there was some speech of mar-
rriage
Betwixt myself and her; which was broke off,
Partly for that her promised proportions
Came short of composition, but in chief
For that her reputation was desvalued.

In levity: she which time of five years
I never spake with her, saw her, nor heard from her,
Upon my faith and honour.

Mari. Noble prince, breath,
As there comes light from heaven and words from
As there is sense in truth and truth in virtue,
And I am affianced this man's wife as strongly
As words could make up vows: and, my good lord,
But Tuesday night last gone in 's garden-house
He knew me as a wife. As this is true,
Let me in safety raise me from my knees;
Or else for ever be confixed here,
A marble monument.

Ang. 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. Thou foolish friar, and thou pernicious woman, Compact with her that's gone, think'st thou thy oaths, [saint, Though they would swear down each particular Were testimonies against his worth and credit That 's seal'd in approbation? You, Lord Escalus, Sit with my cousin; lend him your kind pains To find out this abuse, whence 'tis derived. There is another friar that set them on; Let him be sent for. [eeded

_Fri. P._ Would he were here, my lord! for he in- Hath set the women on to this complaint: Your provost knows the place where he abides And he may fetch him.

_Duke._ Good do it instantly [Exit Provost. And you, my noble and well-warranted cousin, Whom it concerns to hear this matter forth, Do with your injuries as seems you best, In any chasteisment: I for a while will leave you; But stir not you till you have well determined Upon those slanderers.

_Escal._ My lord, we 'll do it thoroughly. [Exit Duke.

_Signior Lucio._ Did not you say you knew that Friar Lodowick is a dishonest person?

_Lucio._ "Cecilzus non facit monachum;" honest in nothing but in his clothes; and one that hath spoke most villanous 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.

_The re-enter Officers with Isabella; and Provost with the Duke in his friar's habit._

_Escal._ Come on, mistress: here 's a gentlewoman denies all that you have said.

_Lucio._ My lord, here comes the rascal I spoke of; here with the provost.

_Escal._ In very good time: speak not you to him till we call upon you.

_Mum._

_Escal._ Come, sir: did you set these women on to slander Lord Angelo? they have confessed you did.

_Duke._ 'T is false.

_Escal._ How! know you where you are? [devil

_Duke._ Respect to your great place! and let the Be sometime honor'd for his burning throne! Where is the duke? 't is he should hear me speak.

_Escal._ The duke 's in us; and we will hear you Look you speak justly. [speak:

_Duke._ Boldly, at least. But, O, poor souls, Come you to seek the lamb here of the fox? Good night to your redress! Is the duke gone? Then is your cause gone too. The duke 's unjust, Thus to retort your manifest appeal, And put your trial in the villain's mouth Which hath you come to take? [Exit Duke.

_Lucio._ That 's the rascal; this is he I spoke of. _Escal._ Why, thou unrevenerate and unhallow'd friar,
ACT V. MEASURE FOR MEASURE. SCENE I.

Duke. Come hither, Mariana. Say, hast thou e'er contracted to this woman? Ang. I was, my lord.

Duke. Go take her hence, and marry her instantly.

Do you the office, friar; which consummate, Return him here again. Go with him, provost. [Exit Angelo, Mariana, Friar Peter and Provost. Escal. My lord, I am more amazed at his dishonour Than at the strangeness of it. Duke. Come hither, Isabel. 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. Isabel. O, give me pardon, That I, your vassal, have employ'd and pain'd Your unknown sovereignty! Duke. You are pardoned, 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, Than that brain'd my purpose. But, peace be with him! That life is better spent in past fearing death, Than that which lives to fear: make it your comfort, So happy is your brother. Isabel. I do, my lord.

Re-enter Angelo, Mariana, Friar Peter, and Provost.

Duke. For this new-married man approaching Whose salt imagination yet hath wrong'd [here, Your well defended honour, you must pardon For Mariana's sake: but as he adjudged his Being criminal, in double violation [brother,— Of sacred chastity and of promise-break Then again, for your brother's life,— The very mercy of the law cries out Most audible, even from his proper tongue, 'An Angelo for Claudio, death for death!' Haste still pays haste, and leisure answers leisure; Like doth quit like, and measure still for measure. Then, Angelo, thy fault's thus manifested: [ure Which, though thou wouldst deny, denies thee万 We do condemn thee to the very block. [tage, Where Claudio stoop'd to death, and with like haste. Away with him! Mari. O, how most gracious lord, I hope you will not mock me with a husband. [band. Duke. It is your husband mock'd you with a hub. Consentling to the safeguard of your honour, I thought your marriage fit; else imputation, For that he knew, might reproach your life And choke your good to come: for his possessions, Although by connaisance they are ours, We do institute and grant't you withal, To buy you a better husband. Mari. O my dear lord, I crave no other, nor no better man. Duke. Never crave him; we are definitive.

Mari. Gentle my liege, I am not of a mind. [Kneeling. You do but lose your labour. Away with him to death! [To Lucentio. Now, sir, to you. Mari. O my good lord! Sweet Isabel, take my part; Lend me your knees, and all my life to come I'll lend you all my life to do you service. Duke. Against all sense you do importune her: Should she kneel down in mercy of this fact, Her brother's ghost his paved bed would break, And take her hence in horror. Mari. Isabel, Sweet Isabel, do yet but kneel by me; Hold up your hands, say nothing; I'll speak all. They say, best men are moulded out of faults; And, for the most, become much more the better For being a little bad: so may my husband. O Isabel, will you not lend a knee? Duke. He dies for Claudio's death. Isabel. Most bounteous sir, [Kneeling. Look, if it please you, on this man condemn'd, As if my brother lived: I partly think 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'take his bad heart, 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 bethought me of another fault. Provost, how came it Claudio was beheaded At an unusual hour? Prov. It was commanded so. Duke. Had you a special warrant for the deed? Prov. No, my good lord; it was by private message. Duke. For which I do discharge you of your office: Give up your keys. Prov. Pardon me, noble lord: I thought it was a fault, but knew it not; Yet did repent me, after more advice: For testimony whereof, one in the prison, That should by private order else have died, I have reserved alive.

Duke. What's he? Prov. His name is Barnardine. Duke. I would thou hadst done so by Claudio. Go fetch him hither; let me look upon him. [Exit Provost. 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 judgment afterward. Ang. I am sorry that such sorrow I procure: And so deep sticks it in my penitent heart That I crave death more willingly than mercy; 'Tis my deserving, and I do entreat it.

Re-enter Provost, with Barnardine, Claudio muffled, and Juliet.

Duke. Which is that Barnardine? Prov. This, my lord.

Duke. There was a friar told me of this man. Sirrah, thou art said to have a stubborn soul, That apprehends no further than this world, And squarest thy life according. Thou'rt condemn'd: But, for those earthly faults, I quit them all; And pray thee take this mercy to provide For better times to come. Friar, advise him; [that? I let him to your hand. What muffled fellow's Prov. This is another prisoner that I saved, Who should have died when Claudio lost his head; As like almost to Claudio as himself.

[Unmuffles Claudio. Duke. [To Isabella] If he be like your brother, for his sake Is he pardoned; and, for your lovely sake, Give me your hand and say you will be mine, He is my brother too: but fitter time for that. By this Lord Angelo perceives he's safe; Methinks I see a quickening in his eye. Well, Angelo, your evil quits you well: [yours. Look that you love your wife; her worth worth I find an apt remission in myself; And yet here's one in place I cannot pardon. [To Lucentio] You, sirrah, that knew me for a fool, a One all of luxury, an ass, a madman; [coward,
Wherein have I so deserved of you, 
That you extol me thus?

Lucio. 'Faith, my lord, I spoke it but according to the trick. If you will hang me for it, you may; but I had rather it would please you I might be whipt.

Duke. Whipt first, sir, and hanged after.
Proclaim it, provost, round about the city,
Is any woman wrong'd by this lewd fellow,
As I have heard him swear himself there's one
Whom he begot with child, let her appear,
And he shall marry her: the nuptial finish'd,
Let him be whipt and hang'd.

Lucio. I beseech your highness, do not marry me to a whore. Your highness said even now, I made you a duke: good my lord, do not recompense me in making me a cuckold.

Duke. Upon mine honour, thou shalt marry her.
Thy slanders I forgive; and therewithal
Remit thy other forfeits. Take him to prison;
And see our pleasure herein executed.

Lucio. Marrying a punk, my lord, is pressing to death, whipping, and hanging.

Duke. Slandering a prince deserves it.

[Exeunt Officers with Lucio.

She, Claudio, that you wrong'd, look you restore.
Joy to you, Mariana! Love her, Angelo:
I have confess'd her and I know her virtue.
Thanks, good friend Escalus, for thy much goodness:
There's more behind that is more grateulat.
Thanks, provost, for thy care and secrecy:
We shall employ thee in a worthier place.
Forgive him, Angelo, that brought you home
The head of Ragozine for Claudio's:
The offence pardons itself. Dear Isabel,
I have a motion much imports your good;
Whereto if you'll a willing ear incline,
What's mine is yours and what is yours is mine.
So, bring us to our palace; where we'll show
What's yet behind, that's meet you all should know. 

[Exeunt.}

Lucio.—I warrant, it is: and thy head stands so tickle on thy shoulders, that a milkmaid, if she be in love, may sigh it off.
Send after the duke, and appeal to him.

Claudio.—I have done so, but he's not to be found.
I prithee, Lucio, do me this kind service.
This day my sister should the cloister enter,
And there receive her approbation:
Acquaint her with the danger of my state;
Implore her, in my voice, that she make friends
To the strict deputy; bid herself assay him:
I have great hope in that; for in her youth
There is a prone and speechless dialect,
Such as move men; beside, she hath prosperous art,
When she will play with reason and discourse,
And well she can persuade.—Act I. Scene ii.
THE COMEDY OF ERRORS.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Solinus, Duke of Ephesus.  
Ægeon, a merchant of Syracuse. 
Antipholus of Ephesus, twin brothers, and sons 
Antipholus of Syracuse, to Ægeon and Emilia. 
Dromio of Ephesus, twin brothers, and attendants on the two Antipholuses. 
Dromio of Syracuse, 
Balthazar, a merchant. 
Angelo, a goldsmith. 
First Merchant, friend to Antipholus of Syracuse. 

Second Merchant, to whom Angelo is a debtor. 
Finch, a schoolmaster. 
Emilia, wife to Ægeon, an abbess at Ephesus. 
Adriana, wife to Antipholus of Ephesus. 
Luciana, her sister. 
Lucce, servant to Adriana. 
A Courtezian. 
Gaoler, Officers, and other Attendants.

SCENE—Ephesus.

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

ACT I.

SCENE I.—A hall in the Duke's palace.

Enter Duke, Ægeon, Gaoler, Officers, and other Attendants.

Ægeon. Proceed, Solinus, to procure my fall
And by the doom of death end woes and all.

Duke. Merchant of Syracuse, plead no more;
I am not partial to infringe our laws:
The enmity and discord which of late
Sprung from the rancorous outrage of your duke
To merchants, our well-dealing countrymen,
Who wanting guilders to redeem their lives
Have seal'd his rigorous statutes with their bloods,
Excludes all pity from our threatening looks.

For, since the mortal and intestine jars
"Twixt thy seditious countrymen and us,
It hath in solemn synods been decreed,
Both by the Syracusians and ourselves,
To admit no traffic to our adverse towns:
Nay, more,
If any born at Ephesus be seen
At any Syracusan marts and fairs;
Again: If any Syracusan born
Come to the bay of Ephesus, he dies,
His goods confiscate to the duke's dispose,
Unless a thousand marks be levied,
To quit the penalty and to ransom him.

Thy substance, valued at the highest rate,
Cannot amount unto a hundred marks;
Therefore by law thou art condemn'd to die.

Ægeon. Yet this my comfort: when your words are
My woes end likewise with the evening sun. [done, 

Duke. Well, Syracusan, say in brief the cause
Why thou departed'st from thy native home
And for what cause thou camest to Ephesus.

Ægeon. A heavier task could not have been imposed
Than I to speak my griefs unspeakable:
Yet, that the world may witness that my end
Was wrought by nature, not by vile offence,
I 'll utter what my sorrow gives me leave.

In Syracuse was I born, and wed
Unto a woman, happy but for me,
And by me, had not our hap been bad.
With her I lived in joy: our wealth increased
By prosperous voyages I often made
To Epidamnum; till my factor's death
And the great care of goods at random left

Drew me from kind embraces of my spouse:
From whom my absence was not six months old
Before herself, almost at fainting under
The pleasing punishment that women bear,
Had made provision for her following me
And soon and safe arrived where I was.

There had she not been long but she became
A joyful mother of two goodly sons;
And, which was strange, the one so like the other
As could not be distinguish'd but by names.
That very hour and in the self-same inn
A meaner woman was delivered
Of such a burden, male twins, both alike:
Those, for their parents were exceeding poor,
I bought and brought up to attend my sons.

My wife, not meanly proud of two such boys,
Made daily motions for our home return:

Unwilling I agreed; 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,
Were carried towards Corinth, as we thought.
At length the sun, gazing upon the earth,
Dispersed those vapours that offended us;
And, by the benefit of his wished light,
The seas wax’d calm, and we discovered
Two ships from far making and in to us,
Of Corinth that, of Epidaurus this:
But ere they came,—O, let me say no more!
Gather the sequel by that went before. [so:

Duke. Nay, forward, old man; do not break off
For we may pity, though not pardon thee.

Ant. O, had the gods given what they have not now
Worthily term’d them merciless to us!
For, ere the ships could meet by twice five leagues,
We were enter’d by a mighty rock;
Which being violently borne upon,
Our helpful ship was splitted in the midst;
So that in this unprofitable war,
Fortune had left to both of us alike
What to delight in, what to sorrow for.
Her part, poor soul! seeming as burdened
With lesser weight but not with lesser woe,
Was carried with more speed before the wind;
And in our sight they three were taken up
By fishers 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 did not 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. [for,

Duke. And for the sake of them thou sowrest
To do me the favour to dilate at full
What hath befalld 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—
Mighty bear him company in the quest of him:
Whom whilst I laboured of a love to see,
I hazarded 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 I sought his own, my heart 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 live.

Duke. Hapless Ægeon, whom the fates have to bear the extremity of despairship! [mark’d
Now, true man, were it 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 disparting,
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. [Exit.  

SCENE II.—The Mart.  

Enter Antipholus of Syracuse, Dromio of Syracu-
ses, and First Merchant.

First Mer. Therefore give out your are of Epidam-
Lest that your goods too soon be confiscate. [num,
This very day a Syracusan merchant

Is apprehended for arrival here;
And not being able to buy out his life
According to the course of the town
Dies ere the weary sun set in the west.
There is your money that I had to keep.

Ant. S. Go bear it to the Centaur, where we host,
And stay there, Dromio, till I come to thee.
Within this hour it will be dinner-time:
Till that, I’ll view the manners of the town,
Peruse the traders, gaze upon the buildings,
And then return and sleep within mine inn,
For with long travel I am stiff and weary.
Get thee away.

Dro. S. Many a man would take you at your word,
And go indeed having so good a mean. [Exit.

Ant. S. A trusty villain, sir, that very oft,
When I am dull with care and melancholy,
Lightens my humour with his merry jests.
What, will you walk with me about the town,
And then go to my inn and dine with me?
First Mer. Sir, I am invited, sir, to certain merchants,
Of whom I hope to make much benefit
I crave your pardon. Soon at five o’clock,
Please you, I’ll meet with you upon the mart
And afterward consort you till bed-time:
My present business calls me from you now.

Ant. S. Farewell till then: I will go lose myself
And wander up and down the streets of the city.
First Mer. Sir, I commend you to your own con-
tent. [Exit.

Ant. S. He that commends me to mine own con-
Commends me to the thing I cannot get. [tent
I to the world am like a drop of water
That in the ocean seeks another drop.
Who, falling there to find his fellow forth,
Unseen, inquisitive, confounds himself:
So I, to find a mother and a brother,
In quest of them, unhappy, lose myself.

Enter Dromio of Ephesus.
Here comes the almanac of my true date.
What now? how chance thou art return’d so soon?

Dro. E. Return’d so soon! rather approach’d too
The caupon burns, the pig falls from the spit. [late:
The clock hath stricken twelve upon the bell;
My mistress needs it on her breakfast check;
She is so hot because the meat is cold;
The meat is cold because you come not home;
You come not home because you have no stomach;
You have no stomach having broke your fast;
But we that know what ’tis to fast and pray
Are penitent for your default to-day.

Pray:  

Ant. S. Stop if you wind, sir; tell me this, I
Where have you left the money that I gave you?

Dro. E. O,—sixpence, that I had o’ Wednesday
To pay the saddler for my mistress’ crupper? [last
The saddler had it, sir; I kept it not.

Ant. S. I am not in a sportive humour now:
Tell me, and daily not, where is the money?
We being strangers here, how darest thou trust
So great a charge from thine own custody?

Dro. E. I pray you, jest, sir, as you sit at dinner
I from my mistress come to you in post;
If I return, I shall be post indeed.
For she will score your fault upon my pate,
Methinks your maw, like mine, should be your clock
And strike you home without a messenger.

Ant. S. Come, Dromio, come, these jests are out
Of season;

Reserve them till a merrier hour than this.
Where is the gold I gave in charge to thee?

Dro. E. To me, sir? why, you gave no gold to me.

Ant. S. Come on, sir knave, have done your fool-

ishness
And tell me how thou hast disposed thy charge.

Dro. E. My charge was but to fetch you from the mart

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ACT II.

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! Soe, Luciana, it is two o'clock. I pray you, my 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, Indued with intellectual sense and souls, Of more oblong figure, than the fishes 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 yours. 

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 forbear. 

Adr. Patience unmoved! no marble 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 right hereafter, This fool-begg'd patience in thee will be left. 

Luc. Well, I will marry one day, but to try. 

Here comes your master; now is your husband nigh.

Enter Dromio of Ephesus. 

Adr. Say, is your tardy master now at hand? 

Dro. E. Nay, he's at two hands with me, and that my two ears can witness.

ACT II.

SCENE I. — The Comedy of Errors.

Home to your house, the Phenix, sir, to dinner: My mistress and her sister stays for you.

Ant. S. Now, as I am a Christian, answer me In what safe place you have bestow'd my money, Or I shall break that merry sconce of yours. That stands on tricks when I am undisposed: Where is the thousand marks thou hast of me? Dro. E. I have some marks of yours upon my pate, Some of my mistress' marks upon my shoulders, But not a thousand marks between you both. If I should pay your worship'ing those again, Perchance you will not bear them patiently. 

Ant. S. Thy mistress' marks? what mistress, slave, hast thou? [Phenix; 

Dro. E. Your worship's wife, my mistress at the She that doth fast till you come home to dinner And prays that you will hie you home to dinner. 

Ant. S. What, wilt thou flout me thus unto my face, Being forbid? There, take you that, sir knave. Dro. E. What mean you, sir? for God's sake, hold your hands! Nay, an you will not, sir, I'll take my heels. [Exit. 

Ant. S. Upon my life, by some device or other The villain is o'er-raft of all my money. They say this town is full of cozenage, As, nimble jugglers that deceive the eye, Dark-worming sorcerers that change the mind, Soul-killing witches that deform the body, Disguised cheaters, prating mountebanks, And many such-like liberties of sin: If it prove so, I will be gone the sooner. I'll to the Centaur, to go seek this slave: I greatly fear my money is not safe. [Exit.

ACT II.

SCENE I. — The house of Antipholus of Ephesus.

Enter Adriana and Luciana.

Adr. 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 couldn'tst not feel his meaning.

Dro. E. Nay, he struck so plainly, I could too well feel his blows; and withal so doubtfully that I could scarce understand them. 

Adr. But say, I prithee, is he coming home? It seems he hath great care to please his wife. [mad. 

Dro. E. Why, mistress, sure my master is horn- 

Adr. Horn-mad, thou villain! 

Dro. E. I mean not cuckold-mad; But, sure, he is stark mad. 

When I desired him to come home to dinner, He ask'd me for a thousand marks in gold: 'Tis dinner-time, 'quoth I; 'My gold!' 'quoth he; 'Your meat doth burn,' 'quoth I; 'My gold!' 'quoth he: '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,' 'quoth he; 'My gold!' 'quoth he; 'My mistress, sir,' 'quoth I; 'Hang up thy mistress! I know not thy mistress; out on thy mistress! 

Luc. Quoth he.

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. [home. 

Adr. Go back again, thou slave, and fetch him. 

Dro. E. Go back again, and be new beaten home? For God's sake, send some other messenger. 

Adr. Back, slave, or I will break thy pate across. 

Dro. E. And he will bless that cross with other Between you I shall have a holy head. [beating: 

Adr. Hence, prating peasant! fetch thy master home. 

Dro. E. Am I so round with you as you with me, That like a football you do spur me thus? You spur me hence, and he will spur me hither: If I last in this service, you must case me in leather. [Exit. 

Luc. Fie, how impatient loureth in your face! 

Adr. His company must do his minions grace, Whilst I at home starve for a merry look. Hath homely age the alluring beauty took From my poor cheek? then he hath wasted it: Are my discourses dull? barren my wit? If voluble and sharp discourse be marred! 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:

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ACT II.

THE COMEDY OF ERRORS.

SCENE II.

Dro. S. Was there ever any man thus beaten out of season,

When in the why and the wherefore is neither rhyme nor reason?

Well, sir, I thank you.

Ant. S. Thank me, sir! for what?

Dro. S. Marry, sir, for this something that you gave me for nothing.

Ant. S. I’ll make you amend now next, to give you something for nothing. But say, sir, is it dinner-time?

Dro. S. No, sir: I think the meat wants that I

Ant. S. In good time, sir; what’s that? [Have.

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 choleric and purchase me another dry basting.

Ant. S. Well, sir, learn to jest in good time: there’s a time for all things.

Dro. S. I durst have denied that, before you were so choleric.

Ant. S. By what rule, sir?

Dro. S. Marry, sir, by a rule as plain as the plain bald pate of father Time himself.

Ant. S. Let’s hear it.

Dro. S. There’s no time for a man to recover his hair that grows bald by nature.

Ant. S. May he not do it by fine and recovery?

Dro. S. Yes, to pay a fine for a periwig and recover the lost hair of another man.

Ant. S. Why is Time such a niggard of hair, being, as it is, so plentiful an excrement?

Dro. S. Because it is a blessing that he bestows on beasts; and what he hath scented 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 so: 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 ’t would be a bald conclusion:

But, soft! who wafts us yonder?

Enter Adriana and Luciana.

A'dr. Ay, ay, Antipholus, look strange and frowns:

Some other mistress hath thy sweet aspects;

I am not Adriana nor thy wife.

The time was once when thou unurged 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. [Thee.

Unless I spake, or look’d, or touched, or carved to
ACT III.

THE COMEDY OF ERRORS.

SCENE I.

How comes it now, my husband, O, how comes it,
That thou art thus estranged from my self?
Thyself I call it, being strange to me,
That, undivideable, 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,
Should thou but hear I was thine lost love?
And that this body, consecrate to thee,
By ruffian lust should be contaminate!
Wouldst thou not spit at me and spurn at me
And hurl the name of husband in my face
And bear 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 interrupted by thy contagion.
Keep then fair league and truce with thy true bed;
I live unstain'd, thou undishonoured. [not:
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. [you!
Luc. Fie, brother! how the world is changed with
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?
Adr. By thee: and this thou didst return from
That he did buffet thee and in his blows [him,
Denied my house for his, me for his wife. [woman?
Ant. S. Did you converse, sir, with this gentle-
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
Unless it be by inspiration. [names,
Adr. How ill agrees it with your gravity
To counterfeit thus grossly with your slave,
Abetting him to thwart me in my mood!

Sez 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 I could possess thee from me, it is gross,
Usurping ivy, brier, or idle moss;
Who, all for want of pruning, with intrusion
Inflect thy sap and live on thy confusion.
[theme:
Ant. S. To me she speaks; she moves me for her
What, was I married to her in my dream?
Or sleep 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 answ'er'st not?
Dromio, thou drome, thou snail, thou slug, thou sot!
Dro. S. 'Tis a 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 an am ape.
Luc. If the art changed to anglic, 'tis to an ass.
Dro. S. 'Tis true; she rides me and I long for
'Tis so, I am an ass: else it could never be [grass.
But I should know her as well as she knows me.
Adr. Come, come, no longer will I be a fool,
To put the finger in the eye and weep,
While 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 shrieve 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 perseever so,
And in this mist at all adventures go.
Dro. S. Master, shall I be porter at the gate?
Adr. Ay; and let none enter, lest I break your pate.
Luc. Come, come, Antipholus, we dine too late.
[Exeunt.

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 kicked; 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
[here.
May answers pay good will and your good welcome
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.
[affords.
Bal. Good meat, sir, is common; that every churl
Ant. E. And welcome more common; for that's
nothing but words.

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
My wife is shrewish when I keep not hours: [all;
Say that I linger'd with you at your shop
To see the making of her carcanet
And that to-morrow you will bring it home.
But here's a villain that would face me down
He met me at 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:

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Act III.

THE COMEDY OF ERRORS.

Scene II.

Bal. Small cheer and great welcome makes a merry feast.

Ant. E. Ay to a niggardly host and more sparing guest: [part; But though my cates be mean, take them in good
Better cheer may you have, but not with better heart.
But, soft! my door is lock’d. Go bid them let us in.


Either get thee from the door or sit down at the
Dost thou conjure for wenches, that thou call’st
[door.

When one is one too many? Go get thee from the
Dro. E. What patch is made our porter? My
master stays in the street.

Dro. S. [Within] Let him walk from whence he came,
est he catch cold on’s feet. [door! Ant. E. Who talks within there? bo, open the
Dro. S. [Within] Right, sir; I’ll tell you when,
an you ‘ll tell me wherefore.

Ant. E. Wherefore? for my dinner: I have not
dined to-day.

Dro. S. [Within] Nor to-day here you must not; I
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 chang’d 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, Luc. [Within]

Luc. [Within] Faith, no; he comes too late;
And so tell your master.

Dro. E. O Lord, I must laugh!

Have at 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 Luc,—
Luc. hast thou answer’d him well.

Ant. E. Do your hear, you minion? you’ll let us
in, I hope?

Luc. [Within] I thought to have ask’d you.

Dro. E. [Within] And you said no.

Dro. E. So, come, help: well strick’d! 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

Adv. [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.

Adv. [Within] Your wife, sir knave! go get you
from the door.

Dro. E. If you went in pain, master, this ‘knave’
would go sore.

Adv. Here is neither cheer, sir, nor welcome:
we would fain have either.

Bal. 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 gar-
ments were thin.

Your cake there is warm within; you stand here
in the cold:

It would make a man mad as a buck, to be so
bought and sold.

Ant. E. Go fetch me something: I’ll break ope
the gate.

Dro. S. [Within] Break any breaking here, and
I’ll break your knave’s pate.

Dro. E. A man may break a word with you, sir,
and word so but, he’ll find,

Ay, and break it in your face, so he break it not be.

Dro. S. [Within] It seems thou want’st breaking:
out upon thee, hind!

Dro. E. Here’s too much out upon thee! I
pray thee, let me in.

Dro. S. [Within] Ay, when fowls have no feathers
and fish have no fin.

Ant. E. Well, I’ll break in: go borrow me a crow.

Dro. E. A crow without feather? Master, mean
you so?

[feather: For a fish without a fin, there’s a fowl without a
If a crow help us in, sirrah, we’ll pluck a crow to play.

Ant. E. Go get thee gone; fetch me an iron crow.

Bal. Have patience, sir; O, let it not be so!

Herein you war against your reputation
And draw within the compass of suspect
The unviolated honour of your wife.

Once this,—your long experience of her wisdom,
Her sober virtue, years and modesty,
Plead on her part some cause to you unknown;
And doubt not, sir, but she will well excuse
Why at this time the doors are made against you.
Be ruled by me: 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.
It 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 uncalled estimation.
That may with foul intrusion enter in
And dwell upon your grave when you are dead;
For slander lives upon success,
For ever housed where it gets possession. [quiet,

Ant. E. You have prevail’d: I will depart in
And, in despite of this rough mean to be merry.
I know a wench of excellent discourse,
Pretty and witty, wild and yet, too gentle:
There will we dine. This woman that I mean,
My wife—but, I protest, without desert —
Hath oftentimes upbraided me withal:
To her will we to dinner. [To Ang.] Get you home
And fetch the chain; by this I know’tis made
Bring it, I pray you, to the Porpentine:
For there’s the house: that chain will I bestow
Be it for nothing but to spite my wife—
Upon mine hostess there: good sir, make haste.
Since mine own doors refuse to entertain me,
I’ll knock elsewhere, to see if they’ll disdain me.

Ang. I’ll meet you at that place some hour hence.

Ant. E. Do so. This jest shall cost me some ex-

[Exit.

Enter Luciana and Antipholus of Syracus.

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
[ness.
Then for her wealth’s sake use her with more kind-


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ACT III.

SCENE II.

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?

Dro. S. Marry, sir, she's the kitchen wench and all grease; and I know not what use to put her to but to make a lamp of her and run from her by her own light. I warrant, her rags and the tallow in them will burn a Poland winter: if she lives till doomsday, she'll burn a week longer than the whole world.

Ant. S. What complexion is she of?

Dro. S. Swart, like my shoe, but her face nothing like so clean kept: for why, she sweats; a man may go over shoes in the grime of it.

Ant. S. That's a fault that water will mend.

Dro. S. No, sir, 'tis in grain; Noah's flood could not do it.

Ant. S. What's her name?

Dro. S. Nell, sir; but her name and three quarters, that's an ell and three quarters, will not measure her from hip to hip.

Ant. S. And how is she clad?

Dro. S. When 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 dogs.

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 hair.

Ant. S. And 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 breath.

Ant. S. Where America, the Indies?

Dro. S. Oh, sir, upon her nose, all o'er emblished with rubies, carbuncles, sapphires, declining their rich aspect to the hot breath of Spain; who sent whole armadoes of caracks to be ballast at her nose.

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 shudder, 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, She had transform'd me to a curtail dog and made me turn 't the wheel.

Ant. S. Go hie thee presently, post to the road:
ACT IV.

THE COMEDY OF ERRORS.

SCENE I. — A public place.

Enter Second Merchant, Angelo, and an Officer.

Sec. Mer. You know since Pentecost the sum is And since I have not much importuned you; [due, 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 attack 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 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 countezeness.

Off. That labour may you save: see where he comes. [thou

Ant. E. While I go to the goldsmith's house, go 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.

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 you: I promised your presence and the chain; But neither chain nor goldsmith came to me. Belike you thought our love would last too long, If it were chain'd together, and therefore 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 chargeful fashion, Which doth amount to three odd ducats more Than 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.

I thought to have ta'en you at the Porpentine: The chain unfinish'd made me stay thus long.

Ant. S. What is your will that I shall do with this? Ang. 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.

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.

[Exit.}

Ant. S. What I should think of this, I cannot tell: But this I think, there's no man is so vain That would refuse so fair an offer'd chain. I see a man here needs not live by shifts, When in the streets he meets such golden gifts. I'll to the mart and there for Dromio stay: If any ship put out, then straight away. [Exit.

ACT IV.
But, sirrah, you shall buy this sport as dear
As all the metal in your shop will answer.
Ang. Sir, sir, I shall have law in Ephesus,
To your notorious shame; I doubt it not.

Enter Dromio of Syracuse, from the bay.

Dro. S. Master, there is a bark of Epidamnum
That stays but till her owner comes aboard
And then, sir, she bears away. Our franghtage, sir,
I have convey’d aboard and I have bought
The oil, the balsamum and aqua-vite.
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 peevish
What ship of Epidamnum stays for me? [sheep,
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, hie 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 ball me: hie thee, 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. [Exit.

SCENE II. — The house of Antipholus of Ephesus.

Enter Adriana and Luciana.

Adr. Ah, Luciana, did he tempt thee so?
Mightst thou perceive aesthery in his face
That did plead in earnest? yea or no?
Look’d he or red or pale, or sad or merrily?
What observation madest thou in this case
Of his heart’s meteors tilting in his face?

Luc. First he denied you had in him no right.
Adr. He meant he did me none: the more my vote.

Luc. Then swore he that he was a stranger here.
Adr. And true he swore, though yet forsworn he
Luc. Then pleaded I for you. [were.
Adr. And what said he?
Luc. That love I begg’d for you he begg’d of me.
Adr. 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.
Adr. Didst speak him fair?
Luc. Have patience, I beseech.
Adr. I cannot, nor I will not, hold me still;
My tongue’s so hot that my heart shall have his will.
He is deformed, crooked, old and sere.
Ill-faced, worse bodied, shapeless everywhere;
Vicious, ungenteel, foolish, blunt, unkind,
Stigmatic in making, worse in mind.

Luc. Who would be jealous then of such a one?
No evil lost is ward when it is gone.
Adr. Ah, but I think him better than I say,
And yet would herein others’ eyes were worse.
Far from her nest the loving 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.

Adr. Where is thy master, Dromio? is he well?

Dro. S. No. he’s in Tartar limbo, worse than hell.
A devil in an everlasting garment hath him;
One whose hard heart is button’d up with steel;
A fiend, a fury, pitiless and rough;
A wolf, a yaw, worse, a fellow all in buff; [mands
A back-friend, a shoulder-clapper, one that counter-
The passages of alleys, creeks and narrow lands;
A hound that runs counter and yet draws dry-foot.

Dell. One that before the judgment carries poor souls to

Adr. Why, man, what is the matter?

Dro. S. I do not know the matter: he is rested
on the case.

Adr. What, is he arrested? Tell me at whose suit.

Dro. S. I know not at whose suit he is arrested well;
But he’s in a suit of buff which ’rested him, that can
Will you send me, mistress, redemption, the money
in his desk?

Adr. Go fetch it, sister. [Exit Luciana.

[Exeunt Luciana.

Luciana.]

Adr. The hours come back! that did I never hear.
Dro. S. O, yes; if any hour meet a sergeant, a’
turns back for very fear.
Adr. As if Time were in debt! how fondly dost

Dro. S. Time is a very bankrupt and owes more
than he’s worth to season.
Nay, he’s a thief too: have you not heard men say,
That Time comes stealing on by night and day?
If Time be in debt and theft, and a sergeant in the way,
Hath he not reason to turn back an hour in a day?

Re-enter Luciana with a purse.

Adr. 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
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 kindnsses;
Some offer me commodities to buy:
Even now I call’d me in his shop
And shou’d me silks that he had bought for me
And therewithal took measure of my body.
Sure, these are but imaginary wiles
And Lapland sorcerers inhabit here.

Enter Dromio of Syracuse.

Dro. S. Master, here’s the gold you sent me for.
What, have you got the picture of old Adam
apparelled?

Ant. S. What gold is this? what Adam dost thou

Dro. S. Not that Adam that kept the Paradise.
But that Adam that keeps the prison: he that goes
in the calf’s skin that was killed for the Prodigal;
he that came behind you, sir, like an evil angel, and
bid you forsake your liberty.
Act IV.

The Comedy of Errors.

Scene IV.

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 exploits with his mace than a morris-ant. What, thou need'st an officer? [pikes.

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 folly. Is there any who blasts forth to-night? may I be gone? Dro. S. Why, sir, I brought you word an hour since that the bark Expedition put forth to-night; and then were you hindered by the sergeant, to tarry for the holy Delay. Here are the angels that you sent for to deliver you.

Ant. S. The fellow is distract, and so am I; and here we wander in illusions: Some blessed power deliver us from hence!

Enter a Courtezan.

Coun. Well met, well met, Master Antipholus. I see, sir, you have found the goldsmith now: Is that the chain you promised me? [chain.

Ant. S. Satan, avoid! I charge thee, tempt me not.

Dro. S. Master, is this Mistress Satan?

Ant. S. It is the devil.

Dro. S. Nay, she is worse, she is the devil's dam; and here she comes in the habit of a light wench: and thereof comes that the wenches say 'God damn me;' that's as much 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; ego, light wenches will burn. Come near her.

Coun. Your man and you are marvellous merry, sir; [here] Will you go with me? We'll mend our dinner Dro. S. Master, if you do, expect soup-meal; or bespeak a long spoon.

Ant. S. Why, Dromio?

Dro. S. Marry, he must have a long spoon that must eat with the devil.

Ant. S. Avoid then, fiend! what tell'st thou me of supping? Thou art, as you are all, a sorcerer: I conjure thee to leave me and be gone.

Coun. Give me the ring of mine you had at dinner, Or, for a diamond, the chain you promised, And I'll be gone, sir, and not trouble you. [nails, Dro. S. Some devils ask but the parings of one's A rush, a hair, a drop of blood, a pin, A nut, a cherry-stone; But she, more covetous, would have a chain. Master, beware: an if you give it her, The devil will shake her chains and fright us with it.

Coun. I pray you, sir, my ring, or else the chain: I hope you do not mean to cheat me so. [us go. Ant. S. Ay, avarant, thou witch! Come, Dromio, let Dro. S. 'Fly pride,' says the peacock; mistress, that you know. [Exeunt Ant. S. and Dro S. Coun. 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 his 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, On purpose shut the doors against his way. My way is now to hie home to his house, And tell his wife that, being lute-like, 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 Antiphilus 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 'rested 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? [all. Dro. E. Here's that, I warrant you, will play them 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 tie 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 your blows.

Ant. E. Thou art sensible in nothing but blows, and so is an ass.

Dro. E. I am an ass, indeed; you may prove it by my long ears. I have served him from the hour of my nativity to this instant, and have nothing at his hands for my service but blows. When I am cold, he heats me with beating; when I am warm, he cools me with beating: I am waked with it when I sleep, and 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. [der.

Ant. E. Come, go along; my wife is coming you-

Enter Adriana, Luciana, the Courtezan, and Pinch.

Dro. E. Mistress, 'respite finem,' respect your end; or rather, the prophecy like the parrot, 'be- wary the rope.'

Ant. E. wilt thou still talk? [Beating him. Coun. How say you now? is not your husband A Dr. His incivility confirms no less. mad? Good Doctor Pinch, you are a conjurer; Establish him in his true sense again.

And I will please you what you will demand.

Luc. Alas, how fiery and how sharp he looks! Coun. Mark how he trembles in his ecstasy! [pulse. Pinch. Give me your hand and let me feel your Ant. E. There is my hand, and let it feel your ear. [Striking him. Pinch. I charge thee, Satian, housed within this To yield possession to my holy prayers, [man, And to thy state of darkness hie thee straight: I conjure thee by all the saints in heaven! [mad. Ant. E. Peace, doting wizard, peace! I am not Adr. O, that thou were not, poor distressed soul! Ant. E. You minion, you, are these your custom? Did this companion with the saffron face [ers?
Revel and feast at my house to-day,
Whilst upon me the guilty doors were shut
And I denied to enter in my house? [home;]

Adr. O husband, God doth know you dined at
Where you had remain'd until this time,
Free from these slanders and this open shame!

Ant. E. Ordered at home! Thou villain, what sayest
you? [shut out.

Dro. E. Sir, sooth to say, you did not dine at home.

Ant. E. Were not my doors lock'd up and I shut out?

Dro. E. Perdie, your doors were lock'd and you
Ant. E. And did she not herself revile me there?

Dro. E. Sans sable, she herself reviled you there.

Ant. E. Did not her kitchen-maid raill, taunt and
scorn me? [you.

Dro. E. Certes, she did; the kitchen-vestal scorn'd
Ant. E. And did not I in rage depart from thence?

Dro. E. In verity you did; my bones bear witness,
That since have felt the vigour of his rage.

Adr. Is't good to soothe him in these contraries?

Pinch. It is no shame: the fellow finds his vein
And yielding to him humour's well his frenzy. [me.

Ant. E. Thou hast suborn'd the goldsmith to arrest
Adr. Alas, I sent you money to redeem you,
By Dromio here, who came in haste for it. [might;

Dro. E. Done by me! heart and good-will you
But surely, master, not a rag of money. [cats?

Ant. E. Went'st not thou to her for a purse of ducats?
Adr. He came to me and I deliver'd it.

Luc. And I am witness with her that she did.

Dro. E. God and the rope-maker bear me witness
That I was sent for nothing but a rope!

Pinch. Mistress, both man and master is possess'd;
I know it by their pale and deadly looks:
They must be bound and laid in some dark room.

Ant. E. Say wherefore didst thou lock me forth to?
And why dost thou deny the bag of gold? [day?

Adr. I did not, gentle husband, lock thee forth.

Dro. E. And, gentle master, I received no gold;
But I confess, sir, that we were lock'd out. [both.

Adr. Dissembling villain, thou speak'st false in
Ant. E. Dissembling harlot, thou art false in all
And art confederate with a damned pack
To make a loathsome abject scorn of me:
But with these nails I'll pluck out these false eyes
That would behold in me this shamefull sport.

Enter three or four, and offer to bind him. He strives.

Adr. O, bind him, bind him! let him not come
near me! [him.

Pinch. Of some company! The fiend is strong within
Luc. Ay me, poor man, how pale and wan he looks!

Ant. E. What, will you murder me? Thou gaoler,
I am thy prisoner: wilt thou suffer them [thou,
To make a rescue?

Off. Masters, let him go:
He is my prisoner, and you shall not have him.

Pinch. Go bind this man, for he is frantic too.

[They offer to bind Dro. E.

Adr. What wilt thou do, thou peevish officer?
Hast thou delight to see a wretched man
Do outrage and displeasure to himself?

Off. He is my prisoner: if I let him go,
The debt he owes will be required of me.

Adr. I will discharge thee ere I go from thee:
Bear me forthwith unto his creditor
And, knowing how the debt grows, I will pay it.
Good master doctor, see him safe convey'd
Home to my house. O most unhappy day!

Ant. E. O most unhappy strumpet!

Dro. E. Master, I am here entered in bond for you.

Ant. E. Out on thee, villain! wherefore dost thou
mad me?

Dro. E. Will you be bound for nothing? be mad,
good master: cry 'The devil!'

Luc. God help, poor souls, how idly do they talk!

Adr. Go bear him hence. Sister, go you with
me. [Exeunt all but Adriana. Luciana, Officer and Courtenz.

Say now, whose suit is he arrested at?

Off. One Angelo, a goldsmith: do you know him?

Adr. I know the man. What is the sum he owes?

Off. Two hundred ducats.

Say, how grows it due?

Off. Due for a chain your husband had of him.

Adr. He did bespeak a chain for me, but had it not.

Cour. When as your husband all in rage to-day
Came to my house and took away my ring—
The ring I saw upon his finger now—

Straight after did I meet him with a chain.

Adr. It may be so, but I did never see it.
Come, gaoler, bring me where the goldsmith is:
I long to know the truth hereof at large.

Enter Antipholus of Syracuse with his rapier drawn, and Dromio of Syracuse.

Luc. God, for thy mercy! they are loose again.

Adr. And come with naked swords.

Let'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
and well, they 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.

[He steels for the man in the street.

Ang. Of very reverend reputation, sir, [city?
Of credit infinite, highly beloved,
Second to none that lives here in the city:
His word might bear my weight at any time.

See. Mer. Speak softly: yonder, as I think, he
walks.

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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,
ACT V.

THE COMEDY OF ERRORS.

Scene I.

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. [too.
Sec. Mer. Yes, that you did, sir, and forswore it
Ant. S. Who heard me to deny 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 my honest 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 Courtzene, and others.

Adr. Hold, hurt him not, for God's sake! he is
Some get within him, take his sword away: [mad.
Bind Dromio too, and bear them to my house.
Dro. S. Run, master, run; for God's sake, take
a house!
This is some priory. Let or we are spoild.'
[Exeunt Ant. S. and Dro. S. to the Priory.

Enter the Lady Abbess.

Abb. Be quiet, people. Wherefore throng you
hither?
Adr. To fetch my poor distracted husband hence.
Let us come in, that we may bind him fast
And bear him home for his recovery.
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 the man?
Adr. This week he hath been heavy, sour, sad,
And much different from the man he was;
But till this afternoon his passion
Ne'er brake into extremity of rage. [sea?
Abb. Hath he not lost much wealth by wreck of
Buried some dear friend? Hath not else his eye
Stray'd his affection in unlawful love?
A sin prevailing much in youthful men,
Who give their eyes the liberty of gazin.
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 reprehend him.
Adr. Why, so I did.
Abb. Ay, but not rough enough.
Adr. As roughly as my modesty would let me.
Abb. Haply, in private.
Adr. Ay, but not enough.
Abb. 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 clamours of a jealous woman
Poisons more deadly than a mad dog's tooth.
It seems his senses were hindered by thy railing,
And thereof comes it that his head is light.
Thou say'st his meat was sauced with thy upbraid-
Unquet meals make ill digestions; [ings:
Thereof the raging fire of feasting fed.
And what's a fever but a fit of madness?
Thou say'st his sports were hinder'd by thy brawls:
Sweet recreation barr'd, what doth ensue
But moody and dull melancholy,
Kinsman to grim and comfortless despair,
And at her heels a huge infectious troop
Of pale distempers and pest to life?
In food, in sport and life-preserving rest
To be distur'd, would mad or man or beast:

The consequence is then thy jealous fits
Have scared thy husband from the use of wits.
Luc. She never reprehended him but mildly,
When he demean'd himself rough, rude and wildly.
Why bear you these rebukes and answer not?
Adr. She did betray me to my own reproof.
Good people, enter and lay hold on him.
Abb. No, not a creature enters in my house.
Adr. Then let your servants bring my husband forth.
Abb. Neither: he took this place for sanctuary,
And it shall privilege him from your hands.
Till I have brought him to his wits again,
Or lose my labour in assaying it.
Adr. I will attend my husband, be his nurse,
Diet his sickness, for it is my office,
And will have no attorney but myself;
And therefore let me have him home with me.
Abb. Be patient; for I will not let him stir.
Till I have used the approved means I have,
With wholesome syrups, drugs and holy prayers,
To make of him a formal man again:
It is a branch and parcel of mine oath,
A charitable duty of my order.
Therefore depart and leave him here with me.
Adr. I will not hence and leave my husband here:
And ill it doth beseech your holiness
To separate the husband and the wife.
Abb. Be quiet and depart: thou shalt not have him.
Luc. Complain unto the duke of this indignity.
Adr. Come, go: I will fall prostrate at his feet
And never rise until my tears and prayers
Have won his grace to come in person hither
And take perform my husband from the abbess.
Sec. Mer. By this, I think, the dial points at five:
Again, I'm sure, the duke himself in person
Comes this way to the melancholy vale,
The place of death and sorry execution,
Behind the ditches of the abbey here.
Ang. Upon what cause?
Sec. Mer. To see a reverend Syracusan merchant,
Who put unluckily into this bay
Against the laws and statutes of this town,
Beheaded publicly for his offence. [death.
Ang. See where they come: we will behold his
Luc. kneel to the duke before he pass the abbey.

Enter Duke, attended; ZEgeon bareheaded; with
the Headsman and other Officers.

Duke. Yet once again proclaim it publicly,
If any friend will pay the sum for him,
He shall not die; so much we tender him. [bess!
Adr. Justice, most sacred duke, against the ab-
Duke. She is a virtuous and a reverend lady:
May it please your grace, Antipholus my
Whom I made lord of me and all I had, [husband,
At your important letters,—this ill day
A most outrageous fit of madness took him;
That desperately he hurried through the street,—
With him his bondman, all as mad as he,—
Doing displeasure to the citizens
By rushing in their houses, bearing thence
Rings, jewels, any thing his rage did like.
Once did I get him bound and sent him home,
Whilst to take order for the wrongs I went
That here and there his fury had committed.
Ah, I was not always in that strong escape.
He broke from those that had the guard of him;
And with his mad attendant and himself,
Each one with irate passion, with drawn swords,
Met us again and madly bent on us
Chased us away, till raising of our 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

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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 hither for help.

Duke. Long since thy husband served me in my
And I 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, therefore, thou, knock at the holy-gate
And bid the lady abbess come to me.
I will determine this before I stir.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. O mistress, mistress, shift and save yourself!
My master and his men are a-broke loose,
Beaten the maids a-row and bound the doctor,
Whose beard they have singed off with brands of
And ever, as it blazed, they threw on him [fire;
Great pails of puddled mire to quench the hair;
My master preaches patience to him and the while
His man with scissors nicks him like a fool,
And sure enough, he sent such present help,
Between them they will kill the conjurer.

Adr. Peace, fool! thy master and his man are
And that is false thou dost report to us. [here,
Serv. Mistress, upon my life, I tell you true;
I have not breathed almost since I did see it.
He cries for wine and vino, he can take you,
To stanch your face and to disfigure you.

[Ocry within.

Hark, hark! I hear him, mistress: fly, be gone!

Duke. Come, stand by me; fear nothing. Guard
with halberds!

Adr. Ay me, it is my husband! Witness you,
That he is borne without 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 bestrid 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.

Duke. Alas, if you the fear the truth make me doubt,
I see my son Antipholus and Dromio. [there!

Ant. E. Justice, sweet prince, against that woman
She whom thou gavest to me to be my wife,
That hath abused and dishonour'd me
Even in the strength and height of inquiry!
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. [so?

Duke. A grievous fault! Say, woman, didst thou
Ere you the fear the truth make me doubt,
I see my son Antipholus and Dromio. [there!

Adr. Nyself, he and my sister
To-day did dine together.
So befal 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!

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 Balthazar and I did dine together.

Our dinner done, and he not coming thither,
I went to seek him: in the street I met him
And in his company that gentleman.
There did this perjured goldsmith swear me down
That I this day of him received the chain,
Which, God he knows, I saw not: for which he
Did arrest me with an officer,
I did obey, and sent my peasant home.
For certain ducats: he with none return'd,
Then fairly, as this perjured officer swear'd
To go in person with me to my house.
By the way we met
My wife, her sister, and a rable more
Of vile confederates. Along with them [rain,
They brought one Pinch, a hungry lean-faced villain,
A merchant and a mountebank.
A threadbare juggler and a fortune-teller,
A needy, hollow-eyed, sharp-looking wretch,
A living-dead man: this pernicious slave,
Forsooth, took on him as a conjurer,
And, gazing in mine eyes, feeling my pulse,
And with no face, as 'twere, out-facing me,
I gave him a blow, and on his neck
They fell upon me, bound me, bore me thence
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 sunder,
I gain'd my freedom and immediately
Ran hither to your highness, and I beseech you,
To give me ample satisfaction
For these deep shames and great indignities. [him,

Ant. My lord, in truth, thus far I witness with
That he dined not at home, but was lock'd out.

Duke. But had he such a chain of thee or no?

Ant. He had, my lord: and when he ran in here,
These people saw the chain about his neck. [mine

See. Mer. Besides, I will be sworn these ears
Of heard you confess you had the chain of him
After you first foresaw it on the mart:
And thereupon I drew my sword on you;
And then you fled into this abbey here.
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 impecch is this!

Ant. E. I thought you had the officer Clic's cup,
If here you house 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? [bene.

Dro. E. Sir, he dined with her there, at the Porgen-
Cour. He did, and from my finger snatch'd that
ring.

Ant. E. 'T is true, my liege; this ring I had of her.

Duke. Saw'st thou him enter at the abbey here?
Cour. As sure, my liege, as I do see your grace.

Duke. Why, this is strange. Go call the abbess
I think you are all mated or stark mad. [hither.

Ege. Most mighty duke, voucshafe me speak a
Haply I see a friend will save my life [word;
And pay the sum that may deliver me.


Ege. Is not your name, sir, call'd Antipholus?
And is not that this bondman, Dromio?

Dro. E. Within this hour I was his bondman, sir,
But he, I thank him, gnaw'd in two my cords:
Now am I Dromio and his man unbound.

Ege. I am sure you both of you remember me.

Dro. E. Ourselves we do remember, sir, by you;
For lastly we were bound, as you are now.
You are not Pinch's patient, are you, sir?

Ege. Why look you strange on me? you know me well.

Ant. E. I never saw you in my life till now.
ACT V.

THE COMEDY OF ERRORS.

SCENE I.

Ant. E. I came from Corinth, my most gracious lord.

Dro. E. And I with him.

Ant. E. Brought to this town by that most famous warrior,

Duke Menaphon, your most renowned uncle.

Adr. Which of you two did dine with me to-day?

Ant. S. I, gentle mistress,

Adr. And are not you my husband?

Ant. E. No; I say nay to that.

Ant. S. And so do I; yet did she call me so:

And this fair gentlewoman, her sister here,

Did call me brother. [To Luc.] What I told you

I hope I shall have leisure to make good; [then,

If this be not a dream I see and hear.

Ada. That is the chain, sir, which you bad of me.

Ant. S. I think it be, sir; I deny it not.

Ant. E. And you, sir, for this chain arrested me.

Ang. I think I did, sir; I deny it not.

Adr. I sent you money, sir, to be your bail,

By Dromio; but I think he brought it not.

Dro. E. No, none by me.

Ant. S. This purse of ducats I received from you

And Dromio my man did bring them me.

I see we still did meet each other's man,

And I was ta'en for him, and he for me,

And thereupon these errors are arose.

Adr. This ducats pause I for my father here.

Duke. It shall not need that other 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 discussed all our fortunes:

And all that are assembled in this place,

That by this sympathized one day’s error
Have suffer’d wrong, go keep us company,

And we shall make full satisfaction.

Thirty-three years have I but gone in travail
Of you, my sons; and till this present hour

My heavy burthen ne’er delivered.

The duke, my husband and my children both,

And 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.

[Exeunt all but Ant. S., Ant. E., Dro. S., and Dro. E.

Dro. S. Master, shall I fetch your stuff from shipboard?

Ant. E. Dromio, what stuff of mine haste thou embarke?

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.

[Exeunt Ant. S. and Ant. E.

Dro. S. There is a fat friend at your master’s house,

That kitchen’d me for you to-day at dinner:

She now shall be my sister, not my wife.

Dro. E. Methinks you are my glass, and not my brother.

I see by you I am a sweet-faced youth.

Will you walk 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: till then

lead thou first.

Dro. E. Nay, then, thus:

We came into the world like brother and brother;

And now let’s go hand in hand, not one before another.

[Exeunt.
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.  
Comrade, followers of Don John.  
Borachio.  
Friar Francis.  
Dogberry, a constable.

Verger, a headborough.  
A Sexton.  
A Boy.  
Hero, daughter to Leonato.  
Beatrice, niece to Leonato.  
Margaret, gentlewomen attending on Hero.  
Ursula, Messengers, Watch, Attendants, &c.

SCENE—Messina.

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 three leagues off when I left him.  
[Action?]  
Leon. How many gentlemen have you lost in this war?  
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 remembered by Don Pedro: he hath borne himself beyond the promise of his age, doing, in the figure of a lamb, the feats of a lion: he hath indeed better bettered expectation than you must expect of me to tell you how.  
Leon. He hath an uncle here in Messina will be 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 without a badge of bitterness.  
Leon. Did he break out into tears?  
Mess. In great measure.  
Leon. A kind overflow of kindness: there are no faces truer than those that are so washed. How much better is it to weep at joy than to joy at weeping!  
Beat. I pray you, is Signior Mountanto returned from the wars or no?  
Mess. I know none of that name, lady: there was none such in the army of any sort.  
Leon. What is he that you ask for, niece?  
Hero. My cousin means Signior Benedict of Padua.  
Mess. O, he's returned; and as pleasant as ever.  
Beat. He set up his bills here in Messina and challenged 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? for indeed I promised to eat all of his killing.

Leon. Faith, niece, you tax Signior Benedick too much; but he'll 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 holp 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 stuffed,—well, we are all mortal.  
Leon. You must not, sir, mistake my niece. There is a kind of merry war betwixt Signior Benedict 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 disease: he is sooner caught than the pestilence, and the taker runs presently mad. God help the noble Claudio! if he have caught the Benedick, it will cost him a thousand pound ere a be cured.  
Mess. I will hold friends with you, lady.  
Beat. Do, good friend.  
Leon. You will never run mad, niece.  
Beat. No, not till a hot January.  
Mess. Don Pedro is approached.
Enter Don Pedro, Don John, Claudio, Benedick, and Balthasar.

D. Pedro. Good Signior Leonato, you are come to meet your trouble: the fashion of the world is to avoid cost, and you encounter it.

Leon. Never came trouble to my house in the likeness of your grace: for trouble being gone, comfort shou’d come in; but when you leapt 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 you are, being a man. Truly, the lady fairs 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. [living?

Bene. What, my dear Lady Disdain! are you yet so virtuous? Shall she that disdains should die while she hath such meet food to feed it as Signior Benedick? Courtesy itself must convert to disdains, 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 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 see 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 't were such a face as yours were.

Bene. Well, you are a rare parrot-teacher.

Beat. A bird of my tongue is better than a beast of yours.

Bene. I would my horse had the speed of your tongue, and so good a continuance. But keep your way, i'God's name; I have done.

Beat. You always end with a jade's trick: I know you 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 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 thank you.

Leon. Please thy 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. So may a modest young lady?

Bene. Do you question me, as an honest man should do, for my simple true judgment: or would you have me speak after my custom, as being a profes- sed tyrant to their sex?

Claud. No; I pray thee speak in sober judgment.

Bene. Why, i' faith, methinks she's too low for a high praise, too brown for a fair praisé and too little for a great praisé: 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 thinkest I am in sport: I pray thee tell me truly how thou likest her.

Bene. Would you buy her, that you inquire after

Claud. Can. Would you buy at any price 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 harelip and Vulcan a rare carpenter? Come, in what key shall a man take you, to go in the song?

Claud. In a merry eye she is the sweetest lady that ever I looked on.

Bene. I can see yet without spectacles and I see no such matter: there's her cousin, and she were not possessed with a fury, exceeds her as much in beauty as the first of May doth the last of December. But I hope you have no intent to turn husband, have you?

Claud. I would scarce trust myself, though I had sworn the contrary, if Hero would be my wife.

Bene. Is't come to this? In faith, hath not the world one man but he will wear his cap with suspicion? Shall never see a bachelor of threecore again? Go to, i' faith; and thou wilt needs thrust thy neck into a yoke, wear the print of it and sigh away Sundays. Look; Don Pedro is returned to seek you.

Re-enter Don Pedro.

D. Pedro. What secret hath held you here, that you followed not to Leonato's?

Bene. I would your grace would constrain me to D. Pedro. I charge thee on thy allegiance.

Bene. You hear, Count Claudio: I can be secret as a dumb man; I would have you think so; but, on my allegiance, mark you this, on my allegiance. He is in love. With who? now that's 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.

Bene. Like the old tale, my lord: 't is not so, nor 't was not so, but, indeed, God forbid it should be so.

Claud. If my passion change not shortly, God forbid it should be otherwise.

D. Pedro. Amen, if you love her; for the lady is very well worthy.

Claud. You speak this to fetch me in, my lord.

D. Pedro. By my troth, I spoke it in my thought.

Claud. And, in faith, my lord, I spoke mine.

Bene. And, by my two faiths and troths, my lord, I spoke mine.

Claud. That I love her, I feel.

D. Pedro. That she is worthy, I know.

Bene. That I neither feel how she should be loved nor know how she should be worthy, is the opinion that fire cannot melt out of me: I will die in it at the stake.

D. Pedro. Thou wast ever an obstinate heretic in the despite of beauty.

Claud. And never could maintain his part but in the force of his will.

Bene. That a woman conceived me, I thank her; that she brought me up, I likewise give her most humble thanks: but that I will have a recheat winded in my forehead, or hang my bugle in an invisible baldric, all women shall pardon me. But I will not do them the wrong to mistrust any, I will do myself the right to trust none; and the fine is, for the which I may go the finer, I will live a bachelor.

D. Pedro. I shall see thee, ere I die, look pale with love.

Bene. With anger, with sickness, or with hunger;
my lord, not with love: prove that ever I lose more blood with love than I will get again with drinking, pick out mine eyes with a ballad-maker's pen and hang me up at the door of a brothel-house for the sign of blind Cupid.

D. Pedro. Well, if ever thou dost fall from this faith, thou wilt prove a notable argument.

Bene. I had rather in one stroke take a cat and shoot at me; and he that hits me, let him be clapped on the shoulder, and called Adam.

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 sensible Benedick beapt, pluck off the bull's horns and set them in his forehead: and let none be vily painted, and in such great letters as they write

‘Here is good horse to hire,’ let them signify under my sign 'Here you may see Benedick the married man.'

Claud. If this should ever happen, thou wouldest be horn-mad.

D. Pedro. Nay, if Cupid have not spent all his quiver in Venice, thou wilt quake for this shortly.

Bene. I look for an earthquake too, then.

D. Pedro. Well, you will temporize with the hours. In the meantime, good Signior Benedick, repair to Leonato's: commend to him and tell him I will not fail him at supper; for indeed he hath made great preparation.

Bene. I have almost matter enough in me for such an embassage; and so I commit you —

Claud. To the tuition of God: From my house, if I had it, —

D. Pedro. The sixth of July: Your loving friend, Benedick.

Bene. Nay, mock not, mock not. The body of your discourse is sometime guarded with fragments, and the guards are but slightly cast on neither: ere you flout old ends any further, examine your conscience: and so I leave you. [Exit.]

Claud. My liege, your highness now may do me good. [how, And thou shalt see how apt it is to learn Any hard lesson that may do thee good.

Claud. How dost thou, to any son, my lord?

D. Pedro. No child but Hero; she's his only heir. Dost thou affect her, Claudio?

Claud. O, my lord, When you went onward on this ended action, I look'd upon her with a soldier's eye, That liked, but had a rougher task in hand Than to have stomach and will for no man's leisure, sleep When I am drowsy and tend on no man's business, laugh when I am merry and claw no man in his humour.

Con. Yea, but you must not make the full show of this till you may do it without controulment. You have of late stood out against your brother, and he hath ta'en you newly into his grace; where it is impossible you should take true root but by the fair weather that you make yourself: it is needful that you frame the season for your own harvest.

D. John. I had rather be a canker in a hedge than a rose in his grace, and it better fits my blood to be disgraced of than to have a carriage to rob love from any: in this, though I cannot be said to be a flattering honest man, it must not be denied but I am a plain-dealing villain. I am trusted with a muzzle and enfranchised with a clog; therefore I have decreed not to sing in my cage. If I had my wind, I would bite; if I had my liberty, I would do my liking: in the meantime let me be that I am and seek not to alter me.

Con. Can you make no use of your discontent?

D. John. I make all use of it, for I use it only. Who comes here?
ACT II.

MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING.

SCENE I.—A ball in Leonato’s house.

Enter Borachio.

What news, Borachio?

Bora. I came yonder from a great supper: the prince your brother is royally entertained by Leonato; and I can give you intelligence of an intended marriage.

D. John. 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 squire! And who, and who? which way looks he?

[Leonato.

Bora. Marry, on Hero, the daughter and heir of D. John. A very forward March-chick! How came you to this?

Bora. Being entertained for a perfumer, as I was smoking a musty room, comes me the prince and Claudio, hand in hand, in sad conference; I whipt me behind the arras; and there held 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 food 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?

Com. To the death, my lord.

D. John. Let us to the great supper: their cheer is the greater that I am subdued. Would the cook were of my mind! Shall we go prove what’s to be done?

Bora. We'll wait upon your lordship. [Exeunt.

ACT II.

SCENE I.—A ball in Leonato’s house.

Enter Leonato, Antonio, Hero, Beatrice, and others.

Leon. Was not Count John here at supper?

Ant. I saw him not.

Beat. How tartly that gentleman looks! I never can see him but I am heart-burned an hour after.

Hero. He is of a very melancholy disposition.

Beat. He were an excellent man that were made just in the midway between him and Benedick: the one is 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 a’ could get her goodwill.

Leon. By my troth, niece, thou wilt never get thee a husband, if thou be so shrewd of thy tongue.

Ant. In faith, she’s too curt.

Beat. Too curt is more than curt: I shall lessen God’s sending that way: for it is said, ‘God sends a curt cow a short horns;’ but to a cow too curt he sends none.

Leon. So, by being too curt, God will send you no horns.

Beat. Just, if he send me no husband; for the which blessing I am at him upon my knees every morning and evening. Lord, I could not endure a husband with a beard on his face: I had rather lie in the woollen.

Leon. You may light on a husband that hath no beard.

Beat. What should I do with him? dress him in my apparel and make him my waiting-gentlewoman? He that hath a beard is more than a youth, and he that hath no beard is less than a man: and 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 bear-ward, and lead his apes into hell.

Leon. Well, then, go you into hell?

Beat. No, but to the gate; and there will the devil meet me, like an old cuckold, with horns on his head, and say, ‘Get you to heaven, Beatrice, get you to heaven; here’s no place for you maidens:’ so deliver to the apes, and away to Saint Peter for the heavens; he shows me where the bachelors sit, and there live we as merry as the day is long.

Ant. [To Hero] Well, niece, I trust you will be ruled by your father.

Beat. Yes, faith; it is my cousin’s duty to make curtsy and say, ‘Father, as it please you.’ But yet for all that, cousin, let him be a handsome fellow, or else make another curtsy and say, ‘Father, as it please me.’

Leon. Well, niece, I hope to see you one day fitted with a husband.

Beat. Not till God make men of some other metal than earth. Would it not grieve a woman to be overmastered with a piece of valiant dust? to make an account of her life to a clod of wayward marl? No, uncle, I’ll none: Adam’s sons are my brethren; and, truly, I hold it a sin to match in my kindred.

Leon. Daughter, remember what I told you: if the prince do solicit you in that kind, you know your answer.

Beat. The fault will be in the music, cousin, if you be not wooed in good time: if the prince be too important, tell him there is measure in every thing, and so dance out the answer. For, hear me, Hero: wooing, wedding, and repenting, is a Scotch jig, a measure, and a cinque pace: the first suit is hot and lusty, like a Scotch jig, and full as fantastical: the wedding, mannerly-modest, as a measured, full of state and ceremony; and then comes repentance and, with his bad legs, falls into the cinque pace faster and faster, till he sink into his grave.

Leon. Cousin, you apprehend passing shrewdly.

Beat. I have a good eye, uncle; I can see a church by daylight.

Leon. The revellers are entering, brother; make good room. [All put on their masks.

Enter Don Pedro, Claudio, Benedick, Balthasar, Don John, Borachio, Margaret, Ursula, and others, masked.

D. Pedro. Lady, will you walk about with your friend?

Hero. So you walk softly and look sweetly and say nothing, I am yours for the walk; and especially when I walk away.

D. Pedro. With me in your company?

Hero. I may say so, when I please.

D. Pedro. And when pleased you to say so?

Hero. When I like your favour; for God defend the Inte 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.}
MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING.

ACT II.

Balth. Well, I would you did like me.

Mary. So would not I, for your own sake; for I have many ill qualities.

Balth. Which is one?

Mary. I say my prayers aloud.

Balth. I love you the better: the hearers may cry, Amen.

Mary. God match me with a good dancer!

Balth. Amen.

Mary. And God keep him out of my sight when the dance is done! Answer, clerk.

Balth. No more words: the clerk is answered.

Antonio.

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. I am content now.

Beat. That I was disdainful, and that I had my good wit out of the 'Hundred Merry Tales':—well, this was Signior Benedick that said so.

Bene. What's he?

Beat. I am sure you know him well enough.

Bene. Not I, believe me.

Beat. Did he never make you laugh?

Bene. I pray you, what is he?

Beat. Why, he is the prince's jester: a very dull fool; only his gift is in devising impossible slanders: 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 so; he'll but break a comparison or two on you, 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 Bene. In every good thing. [leaders.

Beat. Nay, if they lead to any ill, I will leave them at the next turning.

Dance. Then [exit all except] Don John, Boroachio, and Claudio.

D. John. Sure my brother is amorous on Hero and hath withdrawn her father to break with him about it. The ladies follow her and but one visor remains.

Bora. And that is Claudio: I know him by his bearing.

D. John. Are not you Signior Benedick?

Claud. You know me well; I am he.

D. John. Signior, you are very near my brother in his love: he is enamoured on Hero; I pray you, dissuade him from her; she is no equal for his birth: you may make the part of an honest man in it.

Balth. How know you he loves her?

D. John. I heard him swear his affection.

Bora. So did I too; and he swore he would marry her to-night.

D. John. Come, let us to the banquet.

Claud. Thus answer I in name of Benedick.

Bene. And hear these ill news with the ears of Claudio.

T'is certain so; the prince wooes for himself. Friendship is constant in all other things

Save in the office and affairs of love:

Therefore all hearts in love use their own tongues;

And all 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 next mask of? But you must be covered, 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 drovers': 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. [Exeunt Antonio, Boroachio, and Claudio.

D. Pedro. Now, signior, where's the count? did you see him?

Bene. Troth, my lord, I have played the part of Lady Fame. I found him here as melancholy as a lodge in a warren: I told him, and I think I told him true, that your grace had got the good will of this young lady; and I offered him my company to a willow-tree, either to make him a garland, as being forsaken, or to bind him up a rod, as being worthy to be whipped.

D. Pedro. To be whipped! What's his fault?

Bene. The flat transgression of a school-boy, who, being overjoyed with finding a bird's nest, shows it his companion, and he steals it.

D. Pedro. Wilt thou make a trust a transgression? The transgression is in the stealer.

Bene. Yet it had not been amiss the rod had been made, and the garland too; for the garland he might have worn himself, and the rod he might have bestowed on you, who, as I take it, have stolen his bird's nest.

D. Pedro. I will but teach them to sing, and restore them to the owner.

Bene. If their singing answer your saying, by my faith, you say honestly.

D. Pedro. The Lady Beatrice hath a quarrel to you: the gentleman that danced with her told her she is much wronged by you.

Bene. O, she misconceives past the endurance of a block! an oak but with one green leaf on it would have answered her; my very visor began to assume life and scold with her. She told me, not thinking I had been myself, that I was the prince's jester, that I was dullest than a great thaw; huddling jest with such impossible conveyance upon me that I stood like a man at a mark, with a whole army shooting at me. She speaks Joniards, and every word stabs: if her breath were as terrible as her terminations, there were no living near her;
MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING.

ACT II.

SCENE II.

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 spilt, yea, and have left 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 conjoin her; for certainly, while she is here, a man may live as quiet in hell as in a sanctuary, and people pin upon purpose, because they would go thinner; so, indeed, all disquiet, horror and perturbation follows her.

D. Pedro. Look, here she comes.

Enter Claudio, Beatrice, Hero, and Leonato.

Bene. Will your grace command me any service to the world’s end? I will go on the slightest errand now to the Antipodes that you can devise to send me on; I will fetch you a tooth-picker now from the furthest inch of Asia, bring you the length of Presbyter John’s foot, fetch you a hair off the great Cham’s beard, do you any embassage to the Pigmies, rather than hold three words’ conference with this harpy. 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, 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 with false dice, therefore your grace may well say I have lost it.

D. Pedro. You have put him down, lady, you have put him down.

Beat. So I would not he should do me, my lord, lest I should prove the mother of fools. I have brought Count Claudio, whom you sent me to seek.

D. Pedro. Why, how now, count! wherefore are you sad?

Claud. Not sad, my lord.

D. Pedro. How then? sick?

Claud. Neither, my lord.

Beat. The count is neither sad, nor sick, nor merry, nor well; but civil count, civil as an orange, and some of that colour.

D. Pedro. Faith, lady, I think your blazon to be true; though, I’ll be sworn, if he be so, his concept is false. Here, Claudio, I have woe’d 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 my daughter, and with her my fortunes: his grace hath made the match, and all grace say Amen to it.


Claud. Silence is the perfectest herald of joy: I were but little happy, if I could say how much. Lady, as you love yours: I give away myself for you and dote upon the exchange.

Beat. 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.

Beat. 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.

Claud. And so she doth, cousin.

Beat. Good Lord, for alliance! Thus goes every one to the world but I, and I am sunburnt; I may sit in a corner and cry heigh-ho for a husband!

D. Pedro. Lady Beatrice, I will get you one.

Beat. 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?

Beat. No, my lord, unless I might have another for working-days: your grace is too costly to wear every day. But I beseech your grace, pardon me: I was born to speak all mirth and no matter.

D. Pedro. Your silence most offends me, and to be merry best becomes you; for, out of question, you were born in a merry hour.

Beat. No, sure, my lord, my mother cried; but the there was a star danced, and under that was I born. Cousins. God give you joy!

Leon. Niece, will you look to those things I told you of?

Beat. I cry you mercy, uncle. By your grace’s pardon.

D. Pedro. By my troth, a pleasant-spirited lady.

Leon. There’s little of the melancholy elements in her, my lord: she is never sad but when she sleeps, and not even sad then; for I have heard my daughter say, she hath often dreamed of unhappiness and waked herself with laughing.

D. Pedro. She cannot endure to hear tell of a husband.

Leon. O, by no means: she mocks all her woovers out of suit. [Dick.

D. Pedro. She was an excellent wife for Bene-

Leon. O Lord, my lord, if they were but a week married, they would talk themselves mad.

D. Pedro. County Claudio, when mean you to go to church?

Claud. To-morrow, my lord: time goes on crustches till love have all his rites.

Leon. Not till Monday, my dear son, which is hence a just seven-night; and a time too brief, too, to have all things answer my mind.

D. Pedro. Come, you shake the head at so long a breathing: but, I warrant thee, Claudio, the time shall not go dully by us. I will in the interim undertake one of Hercules’ labours: which is, to bring Signior Benedick and the Lady Beatrice into a mountain of affection the one with the other. I would fain have it a match, and I doubt not but to fashion it, if you three will but minister such assistance as I shall give you direction.

Leon. My lord, I am for you, though it cost me ten nights’ watchings.

Claud. And I, my lord.

D. Pedro. And you too, gentle Hero?

Hero. I will do any modest office, my lord, to help my cousin to a good husband.

D. Pedro. And Benedick is not the 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 gods. Go in with me, and I will tell you my drift.

[Exeunt.]

SCENE II.—The same.

Enter Don John and Borachio.

D. John. It is so; the Count Claudio shall marry the daughter of Leonato.

Bora. Yea, my lord; but I can cross it.

D. John. Any bar, any cross, any impediment will be medicable to me: I am sick in displeasure to him, and whatsoever comes athwart his affection ranges evenly with mine. How canst thou cross this marriage?

Bora. Not honestly, my lord; but so covertly that no dishonesty shall appear in me.

D. John. Show me briefly how.

Bora. I think I told your lordship a year since, how much I am in the favour of Margaret, the waiting-gentlewoman to Hero.

Bora. I can, at any unseasonable instant of the night, appoint her to look out at her lady's chamber-window.

D. John. What life is in that, to be the death of this marriage?

Bora. The poison of that lies in you to temper. Go you to the prince your brother; spare not to tell him that he hath wronged his honour in marrying the renowned Claudio — whose estimation do you mightily hold up — to a contaminated state, such a one as Hero.

D. John. What proof shall I make of that?

Bora. 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 anything.

Bora. 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,—that you have discovered thus. They will scarcely believe this without their forfeit them instanter: which shall bear no less likelihood than to see me at her chamber-window, hear me call Margaret Hero, hear Margaret term me Claudio; and bring them to see this the very night before the intended wedding,—for in the meantime I will so fashion the matter that Hero shall be absent, — and there shall appear such seeming truth of Hero's disloyalty that jealousy shall be called assurance and all the preparation overthrown.

D. John. Grow this to what adverse issue it can, I will put it in practice. Be cunning in the working this, and thy fee is a thousand ducats.

Bora. Be you constant in the accusation, and my cunning shall not shame me.

D. John. I will presently go learn their day of marriage. [Exit.]

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 to love; and such a man is Claudio. I have known when there was no music with him but the drum and the fife; and now had he rather hear the tabor and the pipe: I have known when he would have walked ten mile a-foot to see a good armour; and now will he lie ten nights awake, carving the fashion of a new doublet. He was wont to speak plain and to the purpose, like an honest man and a soldier; and now is he turned orthographic; 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 swear of love may transform, but, I'll take my book on it, till he have made an oyster of me, he shall never make me such a fool. One woman is fair, yet I am well; another is wise, yet I am well; another virtuous, yet I am well; but till all graces be in one woman, one woman shall

not come in my grace. Rich she shall be, that's certain; wise, or I'll none; virtuous, or I'll never cheapen her; fair, or I'll never look on her; mild, or come not near me; noble, or not I for an angel; of good discourse, an excellent musician, and her hair shall be of what colour it please God. Hal the prince and Monsieur Love! I will hide me in the armour. [Withdraus.

Enter Don Pedro, Claudio, and Leonato.

D. Pedro. Come, shall we hear this music?

Claud. Yea, my good lord. How still the even-

As hush'd on purpose to grace harmony! [Sings, as is.

D. Pedro. See you where Benedick hath hid himself?

Claud. O, very well, my lord: the music ended,

We'll fit the kid-fox with a pennyworth.

Enter Balthasar with Music.

D. Pedro. Come, Balthasar, we'll hear that song

again.

Balth. O, good my lord, tax not so bad a voice

To slander music any more than once.

D. Pedro. It is the witness still of excellency

To put a strange face on his own perfection.

I pray thee, sing, and let me woo no more.

Balth. Because you talk of wooing, I will sing;

Since many a woeer doth commence his suit;

To her he thinks not worthy, yet he woees,

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 sheeps' guts should hale souls out of men's bodies? Well, a horn for my money, when all's done.

THE SONG.

Balth. Sigh no more, ladies, sigh no more,

Men were deceivers ever,

One foot in sea and one on shore,

To one thing constant never:

Then sigh not so, but let them go,

And be ye blithe and bonny,

Converting all your sounds of woe

Into Hey nonny, nonny.

Sing no more ditties, sing no moe,

Of dumps so dull and heavy;

The fraud of men was ever so,

Since summer first was leafy:

Then sigh not so, &c.

D. Pedro. By my troth, a good song.

Balth. And an ill singer, my lord.

D. Pedro. Ha, no, no, faith; thou singest well

enough for a shift.

Bene. An he had been a dog that should have

howled thus, they would have hanged him; and I pray God his bad voice bode no mischief. I had as

lief have heard the night-raven, come what plague could have come after it.

D. Pedro. Yea, marry, dost thou hear, Balthasar?

I pray thee, get us some excellent music; for to-

morrow night we would have it at the Lady Hero's chamber-window.

Balth. The best I can, my lord.


Come hither, Leonato. What was it you told me

of to-day, that your niece Beatrice was in love with

Signior Benedick?
ACT II.  M UCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING.

SCENE III.

Claud. O, ay; stalk on, stalk on; the fowl sits. I did never think that lady would have loved any man.

Leon. No, nor I neither; but most wonderful that she should so dote on Signior Benedick, whom she hath in all outward behaviours seemed ever to abhor.

Bene. Is't possible? Sits the wind in that corner? 

Leon. By my troth, my lord, I cannot tell what to think of it but that she loves him with an enraged affection; it is past the infinite of thought.

D. Ped. May be she doth but counterfeit.

Claud. Faith, like enough.

Leon. O God, counterfeit! There was never counterfeit of passion came so near the life of passion as she discovers it.

D. Ped. Why, what effects of passion shows she? 

Claud. Bait the hook well; this fish will bite.

Leon. What effects, my lord? She will sit you, you heard my daughter tell you how.

Claud. She did, indeed.

D. Ped. How, how, I pray you? You amaze me: I would have thought her spirit had been invincible against all assaults of affection.

Leon. Never saw I so forsworn, but I would have to him that I love him? 

Leon. This she says now when she is beginning to write to him; for she'll be up twenty times a night, and there she will sit in her smock till she have a sheet of paper: my daughter tells us all.

Claud. Now you talk of a sheet of paper, I remember a pretty jest your daughter told us of.

Leon. O, when she had writ it and was reading it over, she found Benedick and Beatrice between the sheet?

Claud. That.

Leon. O, she tore the letter into a thousand half-pence; railed at herself, that she should be so inconsiderate as to write to one that she knew not of her honour: 'I measure him,' says she, 'by my own spirit; for if I should flout him, if he writ to me; yea, though I love him, I should.'

Claud. Then down upon her knees she falls, weeps, sob's, beats her heart, tears her hair, prays, curses, 'O sweet Benedick! God give me patience.'

Leon. She doth indeed; my daughter says so: and the ecstasy hath so much overborne her that my daughter is sometime afraid she will do a desperate outrage to herself; it is very true.

D. Ped. It were good that Benedick knew of it, some other: I shall not discover it.

Claud. To what end? He would make but a sport of it and torment the poor lady worse.

D. Ped. 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. Ped. I have everything but in loving Beatrice.

Leon. O, my lord, wisdom and bloodcombating 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. Ped. I would she had bestowed this doctrine on me; I should have daffed all other respects and made her half myself. I pray you, tell Benedick of it, and hear what a' will say.

Leon. Were it good, think you?

Claud. Hero thinks surely she will die; for she says she will die, if he love her not, and she will die, ere she make her love known, and she will die, if he woo her, rather than she will bate one breath of her accustomed courage.

D. Ped. 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.

Leon. He hath indeed a good outward happiness.

Claud. And I take him to be valiant.

D. Ped. 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. Ped. And so will he do; for the man doth fear God, but he never comes not in him by some large jests he will make. Well, I am sorry for your niece. Shall we go seek Benedick, and tell him of her love?

Claud. Never tell him, my lord: let her wear it out with good counsel.

Leon. Nay, that's impossible: she may wear her heart out first.

D. Ped. Well, we will hear further of it by your daughter; let it cool the while. I love Benedick well; and I could wish he would modestly examine himself, to see how much he is unworthy so good a lady.

Leon. My lord, will you walk? dinner is ready.

Claud. If he do not dote on her upon this, I will never trust my expectation.

D. Ped. 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 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 truants 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 way, nor no great argument of her folly, for I will be horribly in love, and women have some odd quirks and remnants of wit broken on me, because I have railed so long against marriage: but doth not the appetite alter? a man loves the meat in his youth that he cannot endure in his age. Shall quips and sentences and these paper bullets of the quill Physicians 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.
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 pleached bower, Where honeysuckles, ripen’d by the sun, Forbid the sun to enter, like favourites, Made proud by princes, that advance their pride Against that power that bred it: there will she hide To listen our purpose. This is thy office; [her, Bear thee well in it and leave us alone.

Marg. I’ll make her hear come, I warrant you, presently.

Hero. Now, Ursula, when Beatrice doth come, As we do trace this alley up and down, Our talk must only be of Benedick. When I do name him, let it be thy part To praise him more than ever man did merit: My talk to thee must be how Benedick Is sick in love with Beatrice. Of this matter Is little Cupid’s crafty arrow made, That only wounds by hear say.

Enter Beatrice, behind.

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 oars the silver stream, And greedily devour the treacherous bait: So angle we for Beatrice; who even now Is couched in the woodbine coverture. Fear you not my part of the dialogue.

Hero. Then go we near her, that her ear lose noth- Of the false sweet bait that we lay for it. [ing 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, To wish him woe with a woe. And never to let Beatrice know of it.

Urs. Why did you so? Doth not the gentleman Deserve as full as fortunate a bed As ever Beatrice shall couch upon? Hero. O god of love! I know he doth deserve As much as may be yielded to a man: But Nature never framed a woman’s heart Of prouder stuff than that of Beatrice; 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-endured.

Urs. Sure, I think so; And therefore certainly it were not good She knew his love, lest she make sport at it.

Hero. Why, you speak truth. I never yet saw man, How wise, how noble, young, how rarely featured, But she would spell him backward: if fair-faced, She would swear the gentleman should be her sister; If black, why, Nature, drawing of an antique, Made a foul blot; if tall, a prince ill-headed; If low, an agate very vily cut; If speaking, why, a vane blown with all winds; If silent, why, a block moved with none. So turns she every man the wrong side out And never gives to truth and virtue that Which simpliceness and merit purchaseth.

Urs. Sure, sure, such carping is not commendable.

Hero. No, not to be so odd and from all fashions As Beatrice is, cannot be commendable: But who dare tell her so? If I should speak, She would mock me into air: O, she would laugh me Out of myself, press me to death with wit. Therefore let Benedick, like cover’d fire, Consume away in sighs, waste inwardly, It were a better death than die with mocks, Which is as bad as die with ticking.

Urs. Yet tell her of it: hear what she will say.

Hero. No; rather I will go to Benedick And counsel him to fight against his passion. And, truly, I’ll devise some honest slanders To stain my cousin with: one doth not know How much an ill word may empoison liking.

Urs. O, do not do your cousin such a wrong. She cannot be so much without true judgment— Having so swift and excellent a wit. And as she is valued to have— as to refuse So rare a gentleman as Signior Benedick.

Hero. He is the only man of Italy, Always excepted my dear Claudio.

Urs. I pray you, be not angry with me, madam, Speaking my fancy: Signior Benedick, For shape, for bearing, argument and valour, Goes foremost in report through Italy.

Hero. Indeed, he hath an excellent good name.

Urs. His excellence did earn it, ere he had it. When are you married, madam?

Hero. Why, every day, to-morrow. Come, go in: I’ll show thee some attires, and have thy counsel Which is the best to furnish me to-morrow.

Urs. She’s limed, I warrant you: we have caught her, madam.

Hero. If it proves so, then loving goes by haps: Some Cupid kills with arrows, some with traps.

Beat. [Coming forward] What fire is in mine ears? Can this be true? Stand I condemn’d for pride and scorn so much? Contempt, farewell! and maiden pride, adieu! No glory lives behind the back of such. And, Benedick, love on; I will requite thee, Taming my wild heart to thy loving hand: [Exit.
MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING.

ACT III.

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 vouchesafe me.

Pedro. Nay, that would be as great a soil in the new gloss of your marriage as to show a child his new coat and forbid him to wear it. I will only be bold with Benedick for his company; for, from the crown of his head to the sole of his foot, he is all mirth: he hath twice or thrice cut Cupid's bow-string and the little hang-man dare not shoot at him; he hath a heart as sound as a bell and his tongue is the clapper, for what his heart thinks his tongue speaks.

Bene. Gallants, I am not as I have been.

Leon. 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, he's so truly touched with love: if he be sad, he wants money.

Bene. I have the toothache.

Don Pedro. Draw it.

Bene. Hang it! [washes]

Claud. You must hang it first, and draw it after.

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 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? [in love]

Claud. That's as much as to say, the sweet youth's.

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.

Don Pedro. That would I know too: I warrant, one that knows him not.

Claud. And his ill conditions; and, in despite of all, dies for him.

Don Pedro. She shall be buried with her face up.

Bene. Yet is this no charm for the toothache. Old signior, walk aside with me: I have studied eight or nine wise words to speak to you, which these hobby-horses must not hear. [Exeunt Benedick and Leonato.

Don Pedro. For my life, to break with him about Beatrice.

Claud. 'Tis even so. Hero and Margaret have by this played their parts with Beatrice; and then the two bears will not bite one another when they meet.

Enter Don John.


Don John. If your leisure served, I would speak with you.

Don Pedro. In private?

Don John. If it please you: yet Count Claudio may hear; for what I would speak of concerns him.

Don Pedro. What's the matter?

Don John. To Claudio Means your lordship to be married to-morrow?

Don Pedro. You know he does. [know.

Don John. I know not that, when he knows what I Claud. If there be any impediment, I pray you discover it.

Don John. You may think I love you not; let that appear hereafter, and aim better at me by that I now will manifest. For my brother, I think he holds you well, and in dearness of heart hath help to effect your coming marriage;—surely suit ill spent and labour ill bestowed.

Don Pedro. Why, what's the matter?

Don John. I came hither to tell you; and, circumstances shortened, for she has been too long a talking of, the lady is disloyal.

Claud. Who, Hero?

Don John. Even she; Leonato's Hero, your Hero, every man's Hero.

Claud. Disloyal?

Don John. The word is too good to paint out her wickedness: I could say she was 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?

Don Pedro. I will think it.

Don John. If you dare not trust that you see, confess not that you know: if you will follow me, I will show you enough; and when you have seen more and heard more, proceed accordingly.

Claud. If I see anything to-night why I should not marry her to-morrow, in the congregation, where I should wed, there I will disparage her.

Don Pedro. And, as I woeed for thee to obtain her, I will join with thee to disparage her.

Don John. I will disparage her no farther till you are my witnesses: bear it coldly but till midnight, and let the issue show itself.

Don Pedro. O day untowardly turned!

Claud. O mischief strangely thwarting!

Don John. O plague right well prevented! so will you say when you have seen the sequel. [Exeunt.

SCENE III.—A street.

Enter Dogberry and Verges with the Watch.

Dog. Are you good men and true?

Verge. 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 in them, being chosen for the prince's watch.

Verge. Well, give them their charge, neighbour Dogberry.

Dog. First, who think you the most desartless man to be constable?

First Watch. Hugh Otecake, sir, or George Seaco; for they can write and read.
ACT III.

MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING.

SCENE III.

Dog. Come hither, neighbour Seacoal. God hath blessed you with a good name: to be a well-favoured man is the gift of Fortune; but to write and read comes by nature.

See Watch. Both which, master constable.—

Dog. You have: I knew it would be your answer. Well, for your favour, sir, why, give God thanks, and make no boast of it; and for your writing and reading, let that appear when there is no need of such vanity. You are thought here to be the most senseless and fit man for the constable of the watch; therefore bear you the lantern. This is your charge; you shall comprehend all vagrom men; you are to bid any man stand, in the prince's name.

See Watch. How if a' will not stand?

Dog. Well, by the law, take no note of him, but let him go; and presently call the rest of the watch together and thank God you are rid of a knave.

Very. If he will not stand when he is bidden, he is none of the prince's subjects.

Dog. True, and they are to meddle with none but the prince's subjects. You shall also make no noise in the streets; for, for the watch to babble and to talk is most tolerable and not to be endured.

Watch. We will rather sleep than talk: we know what belongs to a watch.

Dog. Why, you speak like an ancient and most quiet watchman; for I cannot see how sleeping should be thought to have a care that your bills be not stolen. Well, you are to call at all the ale-houses, and bid those that are drunk get them to bed.

Watch. How if they will not?

Dog. Why, then, let them alone till they are sober: if they 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 or make with them, the more, why 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 think they that touch pinch will be defiled: the most peaceable way for you, if you do take a thief, is to let him show himself what he is and steal out of your company.

Very. You have been always called a merciful man.

Dog. Truly, I would not hang a dog by my will, much more a man who hath any honesty in him.

Very. If you hear a child cry in the night, you must call to the nurse and bid her still it.

Watch. How if the nurse be asleep and will not hear us?

Dog. Why, then, depart in peace, and let the child wake her with crying; for the ewe that will not hear her lamb when it baaes will never answer a calf when he bleats.

Very. 'Tis very true.

Dog. This is the end of the charge:—you, constable, by the power of the prince's own person: if you meet the prince in the night, you may stay him.

Very. Nay, by 'r lady, that I think a' cannot.

Dog. Five shillings to one on 't, with any man that knows the statutes, he may stay him: marry, not without the prince be willing; for, indeed, the way with such men is to offend many, and it is an offence to stay a man against his will.

Very. By 'r lady, I think it be so.

Dog. Ha, ha, ha! Well, masters, good night: an there be any matter of weight chances, call up me: keep your fellows' counsels and your own; and good night, neighbours.

Watch. Well, masters, we hear our charge: let us go sit here upon the church-bench till two, and then all to bed.

Dog. One word more, honest neighbours. I pray you, watch about Signior Leonato's door; for the wedding being there to-morrow, there is a great coil to-night. Adieu: be vigilant, I beseech you.

[Exeunt Dogberry and Verges.

Enter Borachio and Conrade.

Bora. What, Conrade!

Watch. [Aside] Peace! stir not.

Bora. Conrade, I say!

Con. Hero, man; I am at thy elbow.

Bora. Mass, and my elbow itched; I thought there would a scab follow.

Con. I will owe thee an answer for that: and now forward with thy tale.

Bora. Stand there close, then, under this penthouse, for the drizzler rain; and I will, like a true drunkard, utter all to thee.

Watch. [Aside] Some treason, masters; yet stand close.

Bora. Therefore know I have earned of Don John a thousand ducats.

Con. Is it possible that any villainy should be so dear?

Bora. Thou shouldst rather ask if it were possible any villainy should be so rich; for when rich villains have need of poor ones, poor ones may make what price they will.

Con. I wonder at it.

Bora. Thou hast not, nor art confir'd. Thou knowest that the fashion of a doublet, or a hat, or a cloak, is nothing to a man.

Con. Yes, it is apparel.

Bora. I mean, the fashion.

Con. Yes, the fashion is the fashion.

Bora. Thou art unconfir'd? I may as well say the fool 'tis 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 somebody?

Con. No; 't was 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 fifty-and-thirty? sometimes fashioning them like Pharaoh's soldiers in the reeky painting, sometime like god Pan playing in the old church-window, sometime like the shaven Hercules in the smirched worm-eaten tapestry, where his codpiece seems as massy as his club?

Con. All this I see; and I see that the fashion wears out more apparel than the man. But art not thou thyself giddy with the fashion too, that thou hast shifted out of thy tale into telling me of the fashion?

Bora. Not so, neither: but know that I have to-night wooed Margaret, the Lady Hero's gentlewoman, by the name of Hero; she leans me out at her mistress' chamber-window, bids me a thousand times good night. —I tell this tale vilely: — I should first tell thee how the prince, Claudio and my master, planted and placed and possessed by my master Don John, saw afar off in the orchard this amiable encounter.

Con. And thought they Margaret was Hero?

Bora. Two of them did, the prince and Claudio; but the devil my master knew she was Margaret; and partly by his oaths, which first possessed them, partly by the dark night, which did deceive them, but chiefly by my villany, which did confirm any slander that Don John had made, away went Claudi and my master; whereas he would meet her, as he was appointed, next morning at the temple, and there, before the whole congregation, shame her with what he saw o'er night and send her home again without a husband.
First Watch. We charge you, in the prince's name, madam! Send Watch. Call up the right master constable. We have here recovered the most dangerous piece of lechery that ever was known in the commonwealth.

First Watch. And one Deformed is one of them: I know him; 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.

Hero. Come, I am for a goodly commodity, being taken up of these men's bills.

Con. A commodity in question, I warrant you. Come, we'll obey you.

[Exeunt.

SCENE IV.—Hero's apartment.

Enter Hero, Margaret, and Ursula.

Hero. Good Ursula, wake my cousin Beatrice, and desire her to rise.

Urs. I will, lady.

Hero. And bid her come hither.

Urs. Well.

[Exit.

Hero. Troth, I think your other rabato were better.

Hero. No, pray thee, good Meg, I'll wear this.

Beat. By my troth, 'tis not so good; and I warrant your cousin will say so.

Hero. My cousin's a fool, and thou art another: I'll wear none but this.

Beat. I like the new tire 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.

Beat. By my troth, 'tis but a night-gown in respect of yours: cloth o' gold, and cuts, and laced with silver, set with pearls, down sleeves, side sleeves, and skirts, round underborne with a bluish tinsel: but for a fine, quaint, graceful and excellent fashion, yours is worth ten on 't.

Hero. God give me joy to wear it! for my heart is exceeding heavy.

Beat. 'T'll be heavier soon by the weight of a Hero. Fie upon thee! art not ashamed? [man. Mar. Of what, lady? of speaking honourably? Is not marriage honourable in a beggar? Is not your lord honourable without marriage? I think you were well advised to say, saving your reverence, a husband: an bad thinking do not wrest true speaking, I'll offend nobody: is there any harm in 't the heavier for a husband? None, I think, an it be the right husband and the right wife; otherwise 'tis light, and not heavy: ask my Lady Beatrice else: here she comes.

Enter Beatrice.

Beat. Good morrow, coz.

Hero. Why, how now? do you speak in the sick tone?

Beat. I am out of all other tune, methinks. Mar. 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.

Mar. 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:—height-ho!

Beat. For a hawk, a horse, or a husband?

Beat. For the letter that begins them all, H.

Mar. Well, an you be not turned Turk, there's no more sailing by the star.

Beat. What means the fool, trow? Mar. Nothing I; but God send every one their heart's desire!

Hero. These gloves the count sent me; they are an excellent perfume.


Beat. O, God help me! God help me! how long have you professed apprehension?

Mar. Even since you left it. Doth not my wit become me? Why?

Beat. It is not seen enough, you should wear it in your cap. By my troth, I am sick.

Mar. Get you some of this distilled Carduus Benedictus, and lay it to your heart: it is the only thing for a qualm.

Hero. There thou priciest her with a thistle.

Beat. Benedictus! why Benedictus? you have some moral in this Benedictus.

Mar. Moral! no, by my troth, I have no moral meaning; I meant, plain holy-thistle. You may think perchance that I think you in love: nay, by lady, I do not such a fool to think what I list; nor I list not to think what I can, nor indeed I cannot think, if I would think my heart out of thinking, that you are in love or that you will be in love or that you can be in love. Yet Benedict was such another, and now is he become a man: he swore he would never marry, and yet now, in despite of his heart, he eats his meat without grudging: and how you may be converted I know not, but methinks you look with your eyes as other women do.

Beat. What pace is this that thy tongue keeps?

Mar. Not a false gallop.

Re-enter Ursula.

Urs. Madam, withdraw: the prince, the count, Signior Benedick, Don John, and all the gallants of the town, are come to fetch you to church.

Hero. Help to dress me, good coz, good Meg, good Ursula. [Exeunt.

SCENE V.—Another room in Leonato's house.

Enter Leonato, with Dogberry and Verges.

Leon. What would you with me, honest neighbour?

Dog. Marry, sir, I would have some confidence with you that decerns you nearly.

Verg. Briefly, I pray you; for you see it is a busy time with me.

Dog. Marry, this it is, sir.

Verg. Yes, in truth it is, sir.

Leon. What is it, my good friends?

Dog. Goodman Verges, sir, speaks a little off the matter: an old man, sir, and his wits are not so blunt as, God help, I would desire they were; but, in faith, honest as the skin between his brows.

Verg. Yes, I thank God I am as honest as any man living that is an old man and no hester than I.

Dog. Comparisons are odorous: palabras, neighbour Verges.

Leon. Neighbours, you are tedious.

Dog. It pleases your worship to say so, but we are the poor duke's officers; but truly, for mine own part, if I were as tedious as a king, I could fix it in my heart to bestow it all of your worship.

Leon. All thy tediousness on me, ah?

Dog. Yea, an 't were a thousand pound more than 'tis; for I hear as good exclamation on your worship as of any man in the city; and though I be but a poor man, I am glad to hear it.

Verg. And so am I.
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Leon. I would fain know what you have to say.

Verg. Marry, sir, our watch to-night, excepting your worship's presence, ha' ta'en a couple of asarrant knaves as any in Messina.

Leon. A good old man, sir; he will be talking: as they say, When the age is in, the wit is out: God help us! it is a world to see. Well said; i' faith, neighbour Verges: well, God's a good man; an two men ride of a horse, one must ride behind. An honest soul, i' faith, sir; by my troth he is, as ever broke bread; but God is to be worshipped; all men are not alike; alas, good neighbour! You.

Leon. Indeed, neighbour, he comes too short of

Dog. Gifts that God gives.

Leon. I must leave you.

Dog. One word, sir: our watch, sir, have indeed comprehended two aspicious persons, and we would have them this morning examined before your worship.

Leon. Take their examination yourself and bring it me; I am now in great haste, as it may appear unto you.

Dog. It shall be suffisance.

Leon. Drink some wine ere you go: fare you well.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. My lord, they stay for you to give your daughter to her husband.

Leon. I'll wait upon them: I am ready.

[Exeunt Leonato and Messenger.

Dog. Go, good partner, go, get you to Francis Seacole; bid him bring his pen and inkhorn to the gaol: we are now to examination these men.

Verg. And we must do it wisely.

Dog. We will spare for no wit, I warrant you; here's that shall drive some of them to a noncome: only get the learned writer to set down our examination and meet me at the gaol. [Exeunt.

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 the plain form of marriage, and you shall recount their particular duties afterwards. [Lady.

Friar. You come hither, my lord, to marry this Claudio.

Leon. To be married to her: friar, you come to marry her.

Friar. Lady, you come hither to be married to this Hero. I do.

Friar. If either of you know any inward impediment why you should not be conjoined, I charge you, on your souls, to utter it.


Claud. Stand thee by, friar. Father, by your Will you with free and unconstrained soul.

Give me this maid, your daughter.

Leon. As freely, son, as God did give her me.

Claud. And what have I to give you back, whose May counterfeit this rich and precious gift? [worth D. Pedro. Nothing, unless you render her again.

Claud. Sweet prince, you learn me noble thank- There, Leonato, take her back again: [fulness.

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 knot my soul to an approved wanton.

Leon. Dear my lord, if you, in your own proof, Have vanquish'd the resistance of her youth, And made defeat of her virginity,— [known her, I know what you would say: if I have

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

Basful sincerity and comely love.

Hero. And seem'd I ever otherwise to you? [it:

Claud. Out on thee! Seeming! I will write against

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 Venetion or those pamper'd animals

That rage in savage sensuality.

Hero. Is my lord well, that he doth speak so wide?

Leon. Sweet prince, why speak not you?

D. Pedro. What should I speak? I stand dishonour'd, that have gone about

To link my dear friend to a common stale.

Leon. Are these things spoken, or do I but dream?

D. John. Sir, they are spoken, and these things Bene. This looks not like a nuptial. [are true.

Hero. True! O God! Claud. Leonato, stand I here? Is this the prince? is this the prince's brother? Is this the 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 And, by that fatherly and kindly power [daughter; That you have in her, bid her answer truly.

Leon. I charge thee do so, as thou art my child.

Hero. O, God defend me! how am I beset! What kind of catechising call you this?

Claud. To make you answer truly to your name.

Hero. Is it not Hero? Who can blot that name With any just reproach?

Claud. Marry, that can Hero;

Hero itself can blot out Hero's virtue.

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. [Lord,

D. John. Fie, fie! they are not to be named, my Not to be spoke of;
There is not chastity enough in language
Without offence to utter them. Thus, pretty lady, I am sorry for thy much misgovernment.

Claud. O Hero, what a Hero hast thou been,
If half thy outward graces had been placed Among 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 never shall it more be gracious.

Leon. Hath no man's dagger here a point for me?

Beat. Why, how now, cousin! wherefore sink you down?

D. John. Come, let us go. These things, come thus to light.

Smother her spirits up.

[Exeunt Don Pedro, Don John, and Claudio.

Bene. How doth the lady?


Hero! why, Hero! Uncle! Signior Benedick! I say!

Leon. O Fate! take not away thy heavy hand.

Death is the fairest cover for her shame
That may wish'd for.

Beat. How now, cousin Hero!

Friar. Have comfort, lady.

Leon. Dost thou say so, my lord?

Friar. Yes, wherefore should she not? [thing

Leon. Wherefore? Why, doth not every earthly
Cry shame upon her? Could she here deny
The story that is printed in her blood?
Do not live, Hero; do not open thine eyes:
For, did I think thou wouldst not quickly die,
Thought I thy spirits were stronger than thy
shames.

Myself would, on the rearward of reproaches,
Strike at thy life. Grieved I, I had but one?
Chid I for that at frugal nature's frame?
O, one too much by thee! Why had I one?
Why ever wast thou lovely in my eyes?
Why had I not with charitable hand
Taken up a beggar's issue at my gates,
Who smirch'd thus and mired with intamity,
I might have said 'No part of it is mine;-
This shame derives itself from unknown loins?'
But more I loved and mine I praised
And mine that I was proud on, must so much
That I myself was to myself not mine.

Valuing of her,—why, she, O, she is fallen
Into a pit of ink, that the wide sea
Hath drops too few to wash her clean again
And salt too little which may season give
To her foul-tainted flesh!

Sir, sir, be patient.
For my part, I am so attired in wonder,
I know not what to say.

Beat. O, on my soul, my cousin is belied!

Bene. Lady, were you her bedfellow last night?

Beat. I was not; although, until last night,
I have this twelvemonth been her bedfellow.

Leon. Confir'd, confir'm'd! O, that is stronger
made

Which was before barr'd up with ribs of iron!
Would the two princes lie, and Claudio lie,
Who lov'd her so, the apprehensions of her foulness,
Wash'd it with tears? Hence from her! let her die.

Friar. Hear me a little; for I have only been
Silent so long and given way unto
This course of fortune...

By noting of the lady I have mark'd
A thousand circumstances
To start into her face, a thousand innocent shames
In angel whiteness beat away those blusses;
And in her eye there hath appear'd a fire,
To burn the errors that these princes hold
Against her maiden truth. Call me a fool;
Trust not my reading nor my observations,
Which with experimental soul doth warrant
The tenour of my book; trust not my age,
My reverence, calling, nor divinity,
If this sweet lady lie not guiltless here
Under some biting error.

Leon. Friar, it cannot be.

Thou seest that all the grace that she hath left
Is that she will not add to her damnation
With sin of person; she doth not question it:
Why seek'st thou then to cover with excuse
That which appears in proper nakedness?

Friar. Lady, what man is he you are accused of?

Hero. They know that do accuse me; I know none:
If I know more of any man alive
Than that which maiden modesty doth warrant,
Let all my sins lack mercy! O my father,
Prove you that any man with me conversed
At hours unmeet, or that I yesternight
Maintain'd the change of words with any creature,
Refuse me, hate me, torture me to death!

Friar. There is some strange misprision in the
princes.

Bene. Two of them have the very bent of hon-
And if their wisdoms be misled in this,
The practice of it lives in John the bastard,
Whose spirits toil in frame of villainies.

Leon. I know not. If they speak but truth of
These hands shall tear her: if they wrong her hon-
The proudest of them shall well hear of it.

Time hath not yet so dired this blood of mine,
Nor age so eat up my invention,
Nor fortune made such havoc of my means,
Nor my bad life left me so much of friends,
But they shall find, awaked in such a kind,
Both strength of limb and policy of mind,
Ability in means and choice of friends,
To quite me of them throughly.

Friar. Pause awhile,

And let my counsel sway you in this case.

Your daughter here the princes left for dead:
Let her awhile be secretly kept in
And publish it that she is dead indeed;
Maintain a mourning ostentation
On your family's old monument
Hang mournful epitaphs and do all rites
That appertain unto a burial...

Leon. What shall become of this? what will this
Friar. Marry, this well carried shall on her be-
half
Change slander to remorse; that is some good:
But not for that dream I on this strange course,
But on this travall look for greater birth.
She dying, as it must be so maintain'd,
Upon the instant that she was accused,
Shall be lamented, pitied and excused
Of every hearer; for it so falls out
That what we have we prize not to the worth
While we enjoy it, but being lack'd and lost,
Really, then we lack the value which we find
The virtue that possession would not show us
Whiles it was ours. So will it fare with Claudio:
When he shall hear she died upon his words,
The idea of her life shall sweetly creep
Into his study of imagination,
And every lovely on her life

Shall come apparell'd in more precious habit,
More moving-delicate and full of life,
Into the eye and prospect of his soul,
Than when she lived indeed; then shall he mourn,
If ever love had interest in his liver,
And wish he had not so accused her.
No, though he thought his thought so true and true,
Let this be so, and doubt not but success
Will fashion the event in better shape

ACT IV.

MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING.

SCENE I.

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Than I can lay it down in likelihood.
But if all aim but this be levell’d false,
The supposition of the lady’s death
Will quench the wonder of her infamy:
And if it sort not well, you may conceal her,
As best bethis her wounded reputation,
In some retired and religious life.
Out of all eyes, tongues, minds and injuries.
Bene. Signior Leonato, let the friar advise you:
And though you know my inwards and love
Is very much unto the prince and Claudio,
Yet, by mine honour, I will deal in this
As secretly and justly as your soul
Shall guide 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: I have patience and en-
dure. [Ereunt 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 deny nothing: I am sorry
for my cousin.
Bene. By my sword, Beatrice, thou lovtest 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: nay, I pray you, let me go.
Bene. Beatrice,—
Beat. In faith, I will go.
Bene. We will 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, dishonored my kins-
man? You are a man! What, bear her in
hand until they come to take hands; and then,
with public accusation, uncovered slander, un-
mitigated rancour,—O God, that I were a man! I
would eat his heart in the market-place.
Bene. Hear me, Beatrice,— [saying!
Beat. Talk with a man out at a window! A proper

Bene. Nay, but, Beatrice,—
Beat. Sweet Hero! She is wronged, she is slander-
ed, she is undone.
Bene. Beat—
Beat. Princes and counties! Surely, a princely
testimony, a goodly count, Count Countess; a sweet
gallant, surely! O that I were a man for his sake!
or that I were a man for any friend of my
sake! But manhood is melted into courtesies,
valour into compliment, and men are only turned
into tongue, and trim ones too: he is now as valiant
as Hercules that only tells a lie and swears it. I
cannot be a man with wishing, therefore I will die
a man with grieving.
Bene. Tarry, good Beatrice. By this hand, I love
thee.
Beat. Use it for my love some other way than
swearing by it.
Bene. Think you in your soul the Count Claudio
hath wronged Hero?
Beat. Yea, as sure as I have a thought or a soul.
Bene. Enough, I am engaged; I will challenge
him. I will kiss your hand, and so I leave you. By
this hand, Claudio shall render me a dear account.
As you hear of me, so think of me. Go, comfort
your cousin: I must say she is dead: and so, fare-
well.

SCENE II.—A prison.

Enter Dogberry, Verges, and Sexton, in gowns;
and the Watch, with Conrade and Borachio.

Dog. Is our whole dissemble 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 exhibi-
tion 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.

Sex. What is your name, friend?
Bora. Borachio.

Dog. Pray, write down, Borachio. Yours, sirrah?
Con. I am a gentleman, sir, and my name is Con-
rade.

Dog. Write down master gentleman Conrade.
Masters, do ye serve God?

Con. Yea, sir, we hope.
Bora. Write down, that they hope they serve God:
and write God first; for God defend but God should
no more with villains. Masters, it is proved al-
ready 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 marvouls 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.

Bora. 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?

Con. Master constable, you go not the way to ex-
amine: 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.

Bora. Master constable,—

Dog. Pray thee, fellow, peace: I do not like thy
look, I promise thee.
ACT V.

MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING.

SCENE I.—Before Leonato’s house.

Enter Leonato and Antonio.

Ant. If you go on thus, you will kill yourself; And it is not wisdom thus to second grief Against yourself.

Leon. I pray thee, cease thy counsel, Which falls into mine ears as profitless As water in a sieve: give not me counsel; Nor let no comforter delight mine ear. But such a one whose wrongs do suit with mine. Bring me a father that so loved his child, Whose joy of her is overwhelmed like mine, And bid him speak of patience; Measure his woe the length and breadth of mine And let it answer every strain for strain, As thus for thus and such a grief for such, In every lineament, branch, shape, and form: If such a one will smile and stroke his beard, Bid sorrow wag, cry ‘hem!’ when he should groan, Patch grief with provers, make misfortune drunk With candle-wasters; bring him yet to me, And I of him will gather patience. But there is no such man, brother, men Can counsel and speak comfort to that grief Which they themselves do not feel; but, tasting it, Their counsel turns to passion, which before Would give preceptual medicine to rage, Petter strong madness in a silken thread, Charm aching with grief and agony with words; No, no; ’t is all men’s office to speak patience To those that wring under the load of sorrow, But no man’s virtue nor sufficiency To be so moral when he shall endure The like himself. Therefore give me no counsel: My griefs cry louder than advertisement.

Ant. Therein do men from children nothing differ. Leon. I pray thee, peace. I will be flesh and blood; For there was never yet philosopher That could endure the toothache patiently, However they have writ the style of gods And made a rush at chance and suffereance. Ant. Yet bend not all the harm upon yourself; Make those that do offend you suffer too.

Leon. There thou speak’st reason: nay, I will do so. My soul doth tell me Hero is belied; And that shall Claudio know; so shall the prince And all of them that thus dishonour her.

Ant. Here comes the prince and Claudio hastily.
ACT V.

MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING.

SCENE I.

Sir boy, I'll whip you from your foaming fence; Nay, as I am a gentleman, I will.

Leon. Brother,— [niece; Ant.]

Ant. Content yourself. God knows I loved my And she is dead, slander'd to death by villains, That dare as well answer a man indeed As I dare take a serpent by the tongue. Boys, apes, braggarts, Jacks, milksops! Leon. Brother Antony,— Ant. Hold you content. What, man! I know them, yea, And what they weigh, even to the utmost scruple,— Scrounging, out-facing, fashion-monging boys, That dare be hang and flout, deprave and slander, Go antick, show outward hideousness, And speak off half a dozen dangerous words, How they might hurt their enemies, if they durst; And this is all.

Leon. But, brother Antony,— Ant. Do not you meddle; let me deal in this.

D. Pedro. Gentlemen both, we will not make your patience. My heart is sorry for your daughter's death: But, on my honour, she was charged with nothing But we will make you a very full of proof.

Leon. My lord, my lord,— D. Pedro. I will not hear you.

Leon. No? Come, brother; away! I will be heard. Ant. And shall, or some of us will smart for it.

[Exeunt Leonato and Antonio.]

D. Pedro. See, see; here comes the man we went to seek.

Enter Benedick.

Claud. Now, signior, what news? Bene. Good day, my lord, D. Pedro. Welcome, signior: you are almost come to part almost a tray.

Claud. We had like to have had our two noses snapped off with two old men without teeth.

D. Pedro. Leonato and his brother. What think-est thou? Had we fought, I doubt we should have 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. Witt thou use thy wit? Bene. It is in my scabbard: shall I draw it? D. Pedro. Dost thou wear thy wit by thy side? Bene. I try all my wits on one side. Claud. He is then a giant to an ape; and then is an ape a doctor to such a man.

D. Pedro. But, soft you, let me be: pluck up, my heart, and be sad. Did he not say, my brother was fied?

Enter Dogberry, Verges, and the Watch, with Conrade and Borachio.

Dog. Come you, sir; if justice cannot tame you, she shall ne'er weigh more reasons in her balance: nay, an you be a cursing hypocrite once, you must be looked to.

D. Pedro. How now? two of my brother's men bound! Borachio one!

Claud. Hearken after their offence, my lord. D. Pedro. Officers, what offence have these men done? Dog. Marry, sir, they have committed false report; moreover, they have spoken untruths; secondly, they are slanders; sixth and lastly, they have belied a lady; thirdly, they have verified unjust things; and, to conclude, they are lying knaves.

D. Pedro. Trust me, I ask thee what they have done; thirdly, I ask thee what's their offence; sixth and lastly, why they are committed; and to conclude, what you lay to their charge.

Claud. Rightly reasoned, and in his own division; and, by my troth, there's one meaning well suited. D. Pedro. Who have you offended, masters, that you are thus bound to your answer? This learned
constable is too cunning to be understood: what's your offence?

_Bora._ Sweet prince, let me go no farther to mine answer; do you hear me, and let this count kill me. I have deceived even your very eyes: what your wisdom could not discover these shallow fools have brought to light; who in the night overheard me confessing to this man how Don John your brother incensed me to slander the Lady Hero, how you were brought into the orchard and saw me court Margaret in Hero's garments, how you disregarded her, when you should marry her: my villain they have upon record; which I had rather seal with my death than repeat over to my shame. The lady is dead upon mine and my master's false accusation; and, briefly, I desire nothing but the reward of a villain.

_D. Pedro._ Runs not this speech like iron through your blood?

_Claud._ I have drunk poison whiles he utter'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 fed he is upon this villain. [Exit._

_Sweet Hero!_ now thy image doth appear In the rare semblance that I loved it first._

_Dog._ Come, bring away the plaintiffs: by this time our sexton hath reformed Signior Leonato of the matter: and, masters, do not forget to specify, when time and place shall serve, that I am an ass._

_Very._ Here, here comes master Signior Leonato, 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, I may avoid him: which of these is he? _[Enter._

_Bora._ If you would know your wronger, look on Leon. Art thou the slave that with thy breath Mine innocent child? _[Exit._

_Bora._ Yea, even I alone._

Leon. No, not so, villain; thou beliest thyself: Here stand a pair of honourable men; A third is fled, that had a hand in it. I thank you, princes, for my daughter's death; Record it with your high and worthy deeds: 'Twas bravely done, if you bethink you of it._

_Claud._ I know not how to pray your patience; Yet I would possess you: set your self on purpose; Impose me to what penance your invention Can lay upon my sin: yet sinn'd I not But in mistaking.

_D. Pedro._ By my soul, nor I: And yet, to satisfy this good old man, I would bend under any heavy weight That he'll enjoin me to.

Leon. I cannot bid you bid my daughter live; That were impossible: but, I pray you both, Possess the people in Messina here How innocent she died; and if your love Can pour a load upon her grave invention, Hang her an epitaph upon her tomb And sing it to her bones, sing it to-night: To-morrow morning come to my house, And since you could not be my son-in-law, Be yet my nephew: my brother hath a daughter, Almost the copy of my child that's dead, And she among is heir to both of us. Give her the right she should have given her cousin, And so dies my revenge._

_Claud._ O noble sir, Your over-kindness doth wring tears from me! I do embrace your offer; and dispose For her uprightness of your Claudia._

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 packed 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 remembered 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 have an arrant knave with your worship; 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 prohibit it! Come, neighbour._

_Exit Dogberry and Verges._

Leon. Until to-morrow morning, lords, farewell. Ant. Farewell, my lords: we look for you to- _D. Pedro._ We will not fail._

_Claud._ To-night I'll morn with Hero._

Leon. _[To the Watch._ Bring you these fellows on. We'll talk with Margaret, How her acquaintance grew with this lewd fellow._

_Exit._

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SCENE II.—Leonato's garden.

_Enter Benedick and Margaret, meeting._

_Bene._ Pray thee, sweet Mistress Margaret, de- serve well at my hands by helping me to the speech of Beatrice._

_Mary._ 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.

_Mary._ 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.

_Mary._ 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._

_Mary._ 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.

_Mary._ Well, I will call Beatrice to you, who I 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, Troilus the first employer of panders, and a whole bookful of these quondam carpet-mon-
gers, whose names yet run smoothly in the even road of a blank verse, why, they were never so truly turned over and over as my poor self in love. Marry, I cannot show it in rhyme; I have tried; I can find out no rhyme to 'lady' but 'baby,' an innocent rhyme; for 'scorn,' 'horn,' a hard rhyme; for, 'school,' 'fool,' a babbling rhyme; very ominous endings: no, I was not born under a rhyming planet, nor I cannot woo in festival terms.

Enter Beatrice.

Sweet Beatrice, wouldst thou come when I called thee?

Beat. Yea, signior, and depart when you bid me.

Bene. O, stay but till then!

Beat. 'Then' is spoken; fare you well now: and yet, ere I go, let me go with that I came; which is, with knowing what hath passed between you and Claudio.

Bene. Only foul words; and thereupon I will kiss thee.

Beat. Foul words is but foul wind, and foul wind is but foul breath, and foul breath is noisome; therefore I will depart unkissed.

Bene. Thou hast frightened the word out of his right sense, so forcible is this 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 epithet! I do suffer love indeed, for I love thee against my will.

Beat. In spite of your heart, I think; alas, poor heart! If you 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 that will praise himself.

Bene. An old, an old instance, Beatrice, that lived in the time of good neighbours. If a man do not erect in this age his own tomb ere he dies, he shall live no longer in monument than the bell rings and the widow weeps.

Beat. And how long is that, think you?

Bene. Question: why, an hour in clamour and a quarter in rheum: therefore it is most expedient for the wise, if Don Worm, 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.

SCENE III.—A church.

Enter Don Pedro, Claudio, and three or four with tapers.

Claud. Is this the monument of Leonato? A Lord. It is, my lord.

Claud. [Reading out of a scroll]

Done to death by slanderous tongues
Was the Hero that here lies:
Death, in guerdon of her wrongs,
Gives her fame which never dies.
So the life that did with shame
Lives in death with glorious fame.

Hang thou there upon the tomb,
Praising her when I am dumb.

Now, music, sound, and sing your solemn hymn.

SONG.

Pardon, goddess of the night,
Those that slew thy virgin knight;
For the which, with songs of woe,
Round about her tomb they go.
Midnight, assist our moan;
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.

[Out:

D. Pedro. Good morrow, masters; put your torches
The wolves have prey'd; and look, the gentle day,
Before the wheels of Phoebus, round about
Dapples the drowsy east with spots of grey.
Thanks to you all, and leave us: fare you well.
Claud. Good morrow, masters: each his several way.
D. Pedro. Come, let us hence, and put on other
And then to Leonato's we will go.

[Weeds;

Claud. And Hymen now with luckier issue speeds,
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.

The prince and Claudio promised by this hour
to visit me. You know your office, brother:
You must be father to your brother's daughter,
And give her to young Claudio.
Ant. Which I will do with confirm'd countenance.
Bene. Friar. I must entreat your pains, I think.
Friar. To do what, signior?
Bene. To bind me, or undo me; one of them.
Signior Leonato, truth it is, good signior,
Your niece regards me with an eye of favour.
Leon. That eye my daughter lent her: 'tis most true.
Bene. And I do with an eye of love requite her.
Leon. The sight whereof I think you had from me, From Claudio and the prince: But what's your will? Bene. Your answer, sir, is enigmatical: But, for my will, my will is your good will May stand with ours, this day to be conjoin'd In the state of honourable marriage: In which, good friar, I shall desire your help. Leon. My heart is with your liking, 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? Claudio. I'll hold my mind, were she an Ethiop. Leon. Call her forth, brother; here's the friar ready. \[Exit Friar.\]

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? Claudio. 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 thy father's cow, And got a calf in that same noble feat Much like to you, for you have just his beat. Claudio. 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. Claudio. 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. Claudio. Give me your hand: before this holy friar, I am your husband, if you like of me. Hero. And when I lived, I was your other wife: \[Unmasking.\] Claudio. Another Hero! Hero. Nothing certain: One Hero died defiled, but I do live, And surely as I live, I am a maid. D. Pedro. The former Hero! Hero that is dead! Leon. She died, my lord, but whilsts 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 And have been deceived; they swore you did. \[Claudio \ Beat. Do not you love me?\] 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. \[me?\] Bene. 'Tis no such matter. Then you do not love Beat. No, truly, but in friendly recompense. Leon. Come, cousin, I am sure you love the gentleman. Claudio. And I'll be sworn upon't that he loves For here's a paper written in his hand, \[her.\] 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. \[Kissing her.\] D. Pedro. How dost thou, Benedick, the married man? Bene. I'll tell thee what, prince; a college of wit-crackers cannot flout me out of my humour. Dost thou think I care for a satire or an epigram? No: if a man will be beaten with brains, a'shall wear nothing handsome about him. In brief, since I do purpose to marry, I will think nothing to any purpose that the world can say against it; and therefore never flout at me for what I have said against it; for man is a giddy thing, and this is my conclusion. For thy part, Claudio, I did think he had to be beaten thee, but in that thou art like to be my kinsman, live unbruised and love my cousin. Claudio. I had well hoped thou wouldest have denied Beatrice, that I might have cudgelled thee out of thy single life, to make thee a double-dealer; which, out of question, thou wilt be, if my cousin do not look exceeding narrowly to thee. Bene. Come, come, we are friends: let's have a dance ere we are married, that we may lighten our own hearts and our wives' heels. Leon. We'll have dancing afterward. Bene. First, of my word; therefore play, music. Prince, thou art sad; get thee a wife, get thee a wife: there is no staff more reverend than one tipped with horn.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. My lord, your brother John is 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, Longaville, lords attending on the King.
Dumain, Boyet, lords attending on the Princess of France.
Don Adrian de Armado, a fantastical Spaniard.
Sir Nathaniel, a curate.
Holofernes, a schoolmaster.
Dull, a constable.
Costard, a clown.
Moth, page to Armado.
A Forester.
The Princess of France.
Rosaline, Maria, ladies attending on the Princess.
Katharine, Jaquenetta, a country wench.

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

SCENE I.—The king of Navarre's park.

Enter Ferdinand, King of Navarre, Biron, Longaville, and Dumain.

King. Let fame, that all hunt after in their lives, Live regist'red up our brazen tombs.
And then grace us in the disgrace of death;
When, spite of coromant devouring Time,
The endevour of this present breath may buy
That honour which shall bate his scythe's keen edge
And make us heirs of all eternity.
Therefore, brave conquerors,—for so you are,
That war against your own affections
And the huge army of the world's desires,—
Our late edict shall strongly stand in force:
Navarre shall be the wonder of the world;
Our court shall be a little Academ,
Still and contemplative in living art.
You three, Biron, Dumain, and Longaville,
Have sworn for three years' term to live with me
My fellow-scholars and to keep those statutes
That are recorded in this schedule here:
[Names, Your oaths are pass'd; and now subscribe your
That his own hand may strike his honour down
That violates the smallest branch herein:
If you are arm'd to do as sworn to do,
Subscribe to your deep oaths, and keep it too.

Long. I am resolved; 'tis but a three years' fast:
The mind shall banquet, though the body pine:
Fat paunches have lean pates, and dainty bits
Make rich the ribs, but bankrupt quite the wits.

Dum. My loving lord, Dumain is mortified:
The grosser manner of these world's delights
He throws upon the gross world's baser slaves;
To love, to wealth, to pomp, I pine and die!
With all these living in philosophy.

Biron. I can but say their protestation over;
So much, dear liege, I have already sworn,
That is, to live and study here three years.
But there are other strict observances;
As, not to see a woman in that term,
Which I hope well is not enrolled there;
And one day in a week to touch no food
And but one meal on every day beside,
The which I hope is not enrolled there;
And then, to sleep but three hours in the night,

ACT I.

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, Biron, and to the rest.

Biron. By yea and nay, sir, then I swore in jest.

King. What is the end of study? let me know.

Biron. 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 will may dine,
When I to feast expressly am forbid;
Or study where to meet some mistresse fine,
When mistresses from common sense are hid;
Or, having sworn too hard a keeping oath,
Study to break it and not break my troth.
If study's gain be thus and this be so,
Study knows that which yet it doth not know:
Swear me to this, and I will ne'er say no.

King. These be the stops that hinder study quite
And train our intellects to vain delight.

Biron. Why, all delights are vain; but that most vain.
Which with pain purchased doth inherit pain:
As, painfully to pore upon a book
To seek the light of truth; while truth the while
Doth falsely blind the eyesight of his look:
Light seeking light doth light of light beguile:
So, ere you find where light in darkness lies,
Your light grows dark by losing of your eyes.
Study me how to please the eye indeed
By fixing it upon a falcer eye,
Who dazzling so, that eye shall be his heed
And give him light that it was blinded by.

Study is like the heaven's glorious sun
That will not be deep-search'd with saucy looks:
LOVE'S LABOUR'S LOST

ACT I.

Scene I.

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.
[rading!]

King. How well he's read, to reason against
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
Dum. How follows that?

Biron. Fit in his place and time.

Biron. In reason nothing.

Biron. Something then in rhyme.

King. Biron is like an envious snipeing frost
That bites the first-born infants of the
spring.

Biron. Well, say I am; why should proud sum-
mer 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 should now in May's new-fancied 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 bide the peunce of each three years' day.
Give me the paper: let me read the same;
And to the strictest decrees I'll write my name.

King. How well this yielding rescues thee from
shame!

Biron [reads]. 'Item, That no woman shall come
within a mile of my court:' Hath this been pro-
long. Four days ago! [claimed?]

Biron. Let's see the penalty. [reads] 'On pain of
losing her liberty. Who devised this penalty?'

Long. Marry, that did I.


Long. To fright them hence with that dread
Biron. A dangerous law against gentility!
[reads] 'Item, If any man be seen to talk with
a woman within the term of three years, he 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 to speak—
A maid of grace and complete majesty—
About surrender up of Aquitaine
To her decept, sick and bedrid father:
Therefore this article is made in vain,
Or vainly comes the admired princess hither,

King. What say you, lords? why, this was quite
Biron. So study evermore is overshot: [forgot.
While it doth study to have what it would
It doth forget to do the thing it should,
And when it hath the thing it hunteth most,
'Tis won as towns with fire, so won, so lost.

King. We must of force dispense with this decree;
She must lie here on mere necessity.

Biron. [read.] 'Item, to all the foreworn
Three thousand times within this three years!
For every man with his affects is born, [space;
Not by might master'd but by special grace:
If I break faith, this word shall speak for me;
I am forsworn on mere necessity.'

So to the laws at large I write my name: [Subscribes.
And he that breaks them in the least degree

Stands in attainer 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
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 bight
For interhum to our studies shall relate
In high-born words the worth of many a knight
From tawny Spain lost in the world's debate.
How you delight, my lords, I know not, I;
But, I protest, I love to hear him lie
And I will use him for my minstrelsy.

Biron. Armado is a most illustrious wight,
A man of fire-new words, fashion's own knight.

Long. Costard the swain and he shall be our sport;
And so to study, three years is but short.

Enter Dull with a letter, and Costard.

Dull. Which is the Duke's own person?

Biron. This, fellow: what wouldst?

Dull. I myself reprehend his own person, for I
am his grace's tharborough: but I would see his own
person in flesh and blood.

Biron. This is he.

Dull. Signior Arme—Arme—commends you.
There's villainy abroad: this letter will tell you more.

Cost. Sir, the contempt of theirs are as touching
me.

King. A letter from the magnificent Armado. 

Biron. How low soever the matter, I hope in God
for high words.

Long. A high hope for a low heaven: God grant
us patience!

Biron. To hear? or forbear laughing?

Long. To hear meekly, sir, and to laugh moder-
ately: or to the hearer borne.

Biron. Well, sir, be it as the style shall give us
cause to climb in the merriness.

Cost. The matter is to me, sir, as concerning
Jaquenetta. The manner of it is, I was taken with
the manner.

Biron. In what manner?

Cost. In manner and form following, sir; all those
three: I was seen with her in the manor-house, sit-
ting with her upon the form, and taken following her
into the park; which, put together, is in manner
and form following. Now, sir, for the manner—
it is the manner of a man to speak to a woman:
for the form— in some form.

Biron. For the following, sir?

Cost. As it shall follow in my correction: and
God defend the right!

King. Will you hear this letter with attention?

Biron. As we would hear an oracle.

Cost. Such is the simplicity of man to hearken
after the flesh.

King [reads]. 'Great deity, the welkin's vice-
gerent and sole dominator of Navarre, my soul's
earth's god, and body's fostering patron.'

Cost. Not a word of Costard yet.

King [read]. 'So it is.'—

Cost. It may be so: but if he say it is so, he is, in
telling true, but so.

King. Peace! 

Cost. Be to me and every man that dares not fight.

King. No words!


King [reads]. 'So it is, besieged with sable-coloured

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melancholy, I did commend the black-oppressing humour to the most wholesome physic of thy health-giving shrill and, as I am a gentleman, bestook 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, I mean, I walked upon: it is cyclopean they park. Then for the place where, I mean, I did encounter that obscene and most preposterous event, that dreweth from my snow-white pen the ebon-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. Then I see that low-spirited swain, that base minnow of thy mirth,—

Cost. Me?

King [reads]. "that unlettered small-knowing Cost. Me? [soul],—

King [reads]. "that shallow vassal,—

Cost. Still me?

King [reads]. "which, as I remember, hight Cos.—Cost. O, me! [tard].—

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 what?

King [reads]. "with a child of our grandmother Eve, a female; or, for thy more sweet understanding, a woman. Him I, as my ever-esteemd 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.

Dull. Me, an't shall please you; I am Anthony King [reads]. "For Jaquenetta,—so is the weaker vessel called which I apprehended with the afore-said swain,—I keep her as a vessel of thy law's fury; and shall, at the least of thy sweet notice, bring her to trial. Thine, in all compliments of devoted and heart-burning heat of duty.

DON ADRIANO DE 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. 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.

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 true and fair Juvenal?

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. [apt?

Moth. Little pretty, because little. Wherefore 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 beatest my blood.

Moth. I am answered, sir.

Arm. I love not to be crossed.

Moth. [Aside] He speaks the more 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 taster.

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 is it to put 'years' to the word 'three,' and study three years in two words, the dancing horse will tell you.

Arm. A most fine figure!

Moth. To prove you a cipher.

Arm. I will hereupon confess I am in love: and as it is base for a soldier to love, so am I in love with a base woman. I draw 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 curtier for a new-devised courtesy. I think scorn to sigh: methinks I should outswear Cupid. Comfort me, boy: what great matter hath he 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.
ACT II.

LOVE'S LABOUR'S LOST.

SCENE I.

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. So well-knit Samson! strong-jointed Samson! I do exclaim thee in my rapier as much as thou didst me in carrying gates. I am in love too.

Who was Samson's love, my dear Moth?

Moth. A woman, master.

Arm. Of what complexion?

Moth. Of all the four, or the three, or the two, or one of the four.

Arm. Tell me precisely of what complexion.

Moth. Of the sea-water green, sir.

Arm. Is that one of the four complexions? [too.

Moth. As I have read, sir; and the best of them.

Arm. Green indeed is the colour of lovers; but to have a love of that colour, methinks Samson had small reason for it. He surely affected her for her wit.

Moth. It was so, sir; for she had a green wit.

Arm. My love is most immaculate white and red.

Moth. Most maculate thoughts, master, are masked under such colours.

Arm. Define, define, well-educated infant.

Moth. My father's wit and my mother's tongue, assist me!

Arm. Sweet invocation of a child; most pretty and pathetical!

Moth. If she be made of white and red,
   Her faults will ne'er be known,
   For blushing checks 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 ballot, boy, of the King and the Beggar?

Moth. The world was very guilty of such a ballot some three ages since: but I think now 'tis not to be found; or, if it were, it would neither serve for the writing nor the tune.

Arm. I will have that subject newly writ o'er, that I may example my digression by some mighty precedent. Boy, I do love that country girl that I took in the park with the rational hind Costard: she deserves well.

Moth. [Aside] To bewhipped; and yet a better love than my master.

Arm. Sing, boy; his spirit grows heavy in love.

Moth. And that's great marvel, loving a light wench.

Arm. I say, sing.

Moth. Forbear till this company be past.

Enter Dull, Costard, and Jaquenetta.

Dull. Sir, the duke's pleasure is, that you keep Costard safe: and you must suffer him to take no delight nor no penance; but a must fast three days a week. For this damsel, I must keep her at the park: she is allowed for the day-woman. Fare you well.

Arm. I do betray myself with blushing. Maid! Jaq. Man?

Arm. I will visit thee at the lodge.

Jaq. That's hereby.

Arm. I know where it is situate.

Jaq. Lord, how wise you are!

Arm. I will tell thee wonders.

Jaq. With that face?

Arm. I love thee.

Jaq. So I heard you say.

Arm. And so, farewell.

Jaq. Fair weather after you! Dull. Come, Jaquenetta, away!

Arm. Villain, thou shalt fast for thy offences ere thou be pardoned.

Cost. Well, sir, I hope, when I do it, I shall do it on a full stomach.

Arm. Thou shalt be heavily punished.

Cost. I am more bound to you than your fellows, for they are but lightly rewarded.

Arm. Take away this villain; shut him up.

Moth. Come, you transgressing slave; away!

Cost. Let me not be pent up, sir: I will fast, being loose.

Moth. No, sir; that were fast and loose: thou shalt to prison.

Cost. Well, if ever I do see the merry days of desolation that I have seen, some shall see.

Moth. What shall some see?

Cost. Nay, nothing, Master Moth, but what they look upon. It is not for prisoners to be too silent in their words; and therefore I will say nothing: I thank God I have as little patience as another man; and therefore I can be quiet.

[Exeunt Moth and Costard.

Arm. I do affect the very ground, which is base, where her shoe, which is baser, guided by her foot, which is basest, doth tread. I shall be forsworn, which is a great argument of falsehood, if I love. And how can that be true love which is falsely attempted? Love is a familiar; Love is a devil: there is no evil angel but Love. Yet was Samson so tempted, and he had an excellent strength: yet was Solomon so seduced, and he had a very good Cupid's butt-shaft is too hard for Hercules' club; and therefore too much odds for a Spaniard's rapier. The first and second cause will not serve my turn: the passado he respects not, the duello he regards not: his disgrace is to be called boy; but his glory is to subdue men. Adieu, valour! rapier! be still, drum! for your manager is in love; yea, he loveth. Assist me, some extemporal god of rhyme, for I am sure I shall turn sonnet. Devise, wit; write, pen; for I am for whole volumes in folio.

[Exit.

ACT II.

SCENE I.— The same.

Enter the Princess of France, Rosaline, Maria, Katharine, Boyet, Lords, and other Attendants.

Boyet. Now, madam, summon up your dearest spirits:

Consider who the king your father sends,
To whom he sends, and what 's his embassy:
Yourself, most precious in the world's esteem,
To parley with the sole inheritor
Of all perfections that a man may owe,

Matchless Navarre; the plea of no less weight
Than Aquitaine, a dowry for a queen:
Be now as prodigal of all dispraise
As Nature was in making graces dear
When she did starve the general world beside
And prodigally gave them all to you. [mean,

Prin. Good Lord Boyet, my beauty, though but
Needs not the painted flourish of your praise:
Beauty is bought by judgment of the eye,
Not utter'd by base sale of chapmen's tongues:
I am less proud to hear you tell my worth
ACT II.

LOVE'S LABOUR'S LOST.

Scene I.

Than you much willing to be counted wise
In spending your wit in the praise of mine.
But now to task the trade of good Boyet,
You are not ignorant, all-telling tongue.
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 while we attend
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,
Imports personal conference with his grace:
Haste, wisely 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 your fellow with this virtuous duke?
First Lord. Lord Longaville might have told.

Prin. Know you the man?

Mar. I know him, madam: at a marriage-feast,
Between Lord Perigot and the beauteous heir
Of Jaques Falconbridge, solemnized
In Normandy, saw I this Longaville:
A man of so sovereign parts he had;
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 will cuts
It should none spare that come within his power.

Prin. Some merry mocking lord, belike; is 't so?

Mar. They say so much that most his humour
know.

Prin. Such short-lived wits do wither as they are.

Kath. The young Dumin, 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.
I saw him at the Duke: Alean's face;
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.

Boy. They call him; but a merrier man,
Within the limit of becoming mirth,
I never spelt an hour's talk withal:
His eye beget 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 all the ears play truant from their 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? 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 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, Dumin, Biron, and Attendants.

King. Fair princess, welcome to the court of Navarre.

Prin. 'Fair!' I give you back again; and 'welcome' I have not yet: the roof of this court is too high to be yours: and welcome to the wide fields too base to be 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. O, most ready my lord! he shall be forsworn.

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:
'T is deadly sin to keep that oath, my lord,
And sin to break it.

But pardon me, I am too sudden-bold:
To teach a teacher ill beseech me.
Vouchsafe to read the purpose of my coming,
And suddenly resolve me in my suit.

King. Madam, I will, if suddenly I may.

Prin. You will the sooner, that I were away;
For you'll prove perjur'd 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. [Exit Biron.]

Ros. How needlessly was it then to ask the ques-
Biron. You must not be so quick.

Ros. 'Tis 'long of you that spur me with such
questions. [Exit Ros.]

Biron. Your wit's too hot, it speeds too fast,
Ros. Not till it leave the rider in the mire.

Biron. What time o' day?

Ros. The hour that fools should ask.
Biron. Now fair bethall your mask!

Ros. Fair fall the face it covers!

Biron. And send you many lovers!

Ros. Amen, so you be none.

Biron. I know the Duke then the time gone.

King. Madam, your father here doth intimate
The payment of a hundred thousand crowns;
Being but the one-half of an entire sum
Disbursed by my father in his 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,
We will give up our right in Aquitaine,
And hold all friendship with his majesty.
But that, it seems, he little purposeth,
For here he doth demand to have repaid
A hundred thousand crowns; and not demands,
On payment of a hundred thousand crowns,
To have his title live in Aquitaine;
Which we much rather had depart withal
And have the money by our father lent
Than Aquitaine so gelled as it is.

Dear princesses, were not his requests so far
From reason's yielding, your fair self should make
A yielding 'gainst some reason in my breast
And so more satisfied to the peace.

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.
ACT III.

LOVE'S LABOUR'S LOST.

SCENE I.

King. I do protest I never heard of it;
And if you prove it, I'll repay it back
Or yield up Aquitaine.

Prin. We arrest your word.
Boyet, you can produce acquittances
For such a sum from special officers
Of Charles his father.

King. Satisfy me so.
Boyet. So please your grace, the packet is not come
Where that and other specialties are bound:
To-morrow you shall have a sight of them.

King. It shall suffice me: at which interview
All liberal reason I will yield unto.
Meantime receive such welcome at my hand
As honour without breach of honour may
Make tender of to thy true worthiness:
You may not come, fair princess, in my gates;
But here without you shall be so received
As shall deem yourself lodged in my heart,
Though so denied fair harbour in my house.
Your own good thoughts excuse me, and farewell:
To-morrow shall we visit you again. [Grace!

Prin. Sweet health and fair desires consort your
King. Thy own wish I thee in every place!

Biron. Lady, I will commend you to mine own heart.
Ros. Pray you, do my commendations; I would
be glad to see it.

Biron. I would you heard it groan.
Ros. Is the fool sick?
Biron. Sick at the heart.
Ros. Alack, let it blood.
Biron. Would that do it good?
Ros. My physic says 'ay.'
Biron. Will you prick 't with your eye?
Ros. No point, with my knife.
Biron. Now, God save thy life!
Ros. And yours from long living!

Biron. I cannot stay thanksgiving. [Retiring.
Dum. Sir, I pray you, a word: what lady is that
same?

Boyet. The heir of Alençon, Katharine her name.

Dum. A gallant lady. Monsieur, fare you well.

[Exit.

Long. I beseech you a word: what is she in the
white?

Boyet. A woman sometimes, an you saw her in
the light.

Long. Perchance light in the light. I desire her
name.

Boyet. She hath but one for herself; to desire that
were a shame.

Long. Pray you, sir, whose daughter?

Boyet. Her mother's, I have heard.

Long. God's blessing on your beard!

Boyet. Good sir, be not offended.

She is an heiress on his bridge.

Long. Nay, my choler is ended.

She is a most sweet lady.

Boyet. Not unlike, sir, that may be. [Exit Long.

Biron. What's her name in the cap?

Boyet. Rosaline, by good hap.

Biron. Is she wedded or no?

Boyet. To her will, sir, or so.

Biron. You are welcome, sir: adieu.

Boyet. Farewell to me, sir, and welcome to you. [Exit Biron.

Mar. That last is Biron, the merry mad-cap lord:
Not a word with him but a jest.

Boyet. And every jest but a word.

Prin. It was well done of you to take him at his
word.

[board.

Boyet. I was as willing to grasppe as he was to
Mar. Two hot sheeps, marry.

Boyet. And wherefore not ships?

No sheep, sweet lamb, unless we feed on your lips.

Mar. You sheep, and I pasture: shall that finish
Boyet. So you grant pasture for me. [the jest?

Mar. Not so, gentle beast:
My lips are no common, though several they be.

Boyet. Belonging to whom?

Mar. To my fortunes and me.

Prin. Good wits will be jangling; but, gentles, agree:

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.

Prin. With what?

Boyet. With that which we lovers entitle affected.

Prin. Your reason?

Boyet. Why, all his behaviours did make their
To the court of his eye, peeping thorough desire:
His heart, like an agate, with your print impress'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,
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 amazes
That all eyes saw his eyes enchanted with gazes.
T'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
skillfully.

Mar. He is Cupid's grandfather and learns news
of him.

Ros. Then was Venus like her mother, for her
father is but grim.

Boyet. Do you hear, my mad wenches?

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. Concealed. [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

Arm. How meanest thou? brawling in French?

Moth. No, my complete master: but to jog off a
tune at the tongue's end, canary to it with your feet,
humour it with turning up your eyelids, sigh a note
and sing a note, sometime through the throat, as if
you swallowed love with singing love, sometime through the nose, as if you snuffed up love by smelling love; and if 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 compliments, these are humours; these betray nice wenchés, 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. List thou my love 'hobby-horse'?

Moth. No, master; the hobby-horse is but a colt, and your love perhaps a hackney. But have you forgot your love?

Arm. Almost I had.

Moth. Negligent student! learn her by heart.

Arm. By heart and in heart, boy.

Moth. And out of heart, master: all those three I will prove.

Arm. What wilt thou prove?

Moth. A man, if I live; and this, by in, and without, upon the instant: by heart you love her, because your heart cannot come by her; in heart you love her, because your heart is in love with her; and out of heart you love her, being out of heart that you cannot enjoy her.

Arm. I am all these three.

Moth. And three times as much more, and yet nothing at all.

Arm. Fetch hither the swain: he must carry me a letter.

Moth. A message well sympathized; a horse to be ambassador for an ass.

Arm. Ha, ha! what sayest thou?

Moth. Marry, sir, you must send the ass upon the horse, for he is very slow-gaited. But I go.

Arm. The way is but short: away!

Moth. As swift as lead, sir.

Arm. The meaning, pretty ingenious? is not lead a metal heavy, dull, and slow? [no.

Moth. Minimé, honest master; or rather, master, Arm. I say lead is slow.

Moth. Or is not the ass 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.

Arm. A most acute juvenal; voluble and free of grace! [face: By thy favour, sweet welkin, I must sigh in thy 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. [voé: begin.

Arm. Some enigma, some riddle: come, thy l'en—

Cost. No egna, no riddle, no l'envoy; no salve in the mail, sir: O, sir, plantain, a plain plantain! no l'envoy, no l'envoy; no salve, sir, but a plantain!

Arm. By fortune, thou hast enforced laughter: silly thought my spleen; the heaving of my lungs provokes me to ridiculous smiling. O, pardon me, my stars! Dost the inconsiderate take salve for l'envoy, and the word l'envoy for a salve?

Moth. Do the wise think them other? is not l'envoy?

Arm. No, page; it is an epilogue or discourse, to make plain Some obscure precedence that hath tofore been sain.

I will example it: The fox, the ape and the humble-bee, Were still at odds, being but three.

There's the moral. Now the l'envoy.

Moth. I will add the l'envoy. Say the moral again.

Arm. The fox, the ape, the humble-bee, Were still at odds, being but three.

Moth. Until the goose came out of door,

And stay'd the odds by adding four.

Now will I begin your moral, and do you follow with my 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 goose: would you desire more?

Cost. The boy hath sold him a bargain, a goose, that's flat.

Sir, your pennyworth is good, an your goose be fat. To sell a bargain well is as cunning as fast and loose; Let me see; a fat l'envoy; ay, that's a fat goose.

Arm. Come hither, come hither. How did this argument begin?

Moth. By saying that a costard was broken in a Then call'd you for the l'envoy. [shin.

Cost. True, and I for a plantain: thus came your argument in; [bought;

Then the boy's fat l'envoy, the goose that you And he ended the market.

Arm. But tell me; how was there a costard broken in a shin?

Moth. I will tell you sensibly.

Cost. Thou hast no feeling of it, Moth: I will speak that Penvoys: I Costard, running out, that was safely within, Fell over the threshold, and broke my shin.

Arm. We will talk no more of this matter.

Cost. Till there be more matter in the shin.

Arm. Sirrah Costard, I will enfranchise thee.

Cost. O, marry me to one Frances; I smell some l'envoy, some goose, in this.

Arm. By my sweet soul, I mean setting thee to liberty, enfreedom thy person: thou wert unmind, restrained, captivated, bound.

Cost. True, true; and now you will be my purga—tion and let me loose.

Arm. I give thee thy liberty, set thee from dur— mis; and then hence, impose on thee nothing but this: bear this significant [giving a letter] to the country maid Jaquenetta: there is remuneration; for the best ward of mine honour is rewarding my dependents. Moth, follow. [Exit.

Moth. Like the sequel, I, Signior Costard, adjieu.

Cost. My sweet ounce of man's flesh! my incoy Jew! [Exit Moth.

Now will I look to his remuneration. Remunera— tion! O, that's the Latin word for three farthings: three farthings—remuneration.— What's the price of this inklet— 'One penny, — No, I'll give you a remuneration: why, it carries it. Remunera— tion? why, it is a fairer name than French crown. I will never buy and sell out of this word.

Enter Biron.

Biron. O, my good knave Costard! exceedingly well met.

Cost. Pray you, sir, how much carnation ribbon may a man buy for a remuneration?

Biron. What is a remuneration?

Cost. Marry, sir, halfpenny farthing.

Biron. Why, then, three-farthings worth of silk.

Cost. I thank your worship: God be wi' you! Biron. Why, I am slave; I must employ thee: As thou wilt win my favour, good my knave, Do one thing for me that I shall entreat.

Cost. When would you have it done, sir?

Biron. This afternoon.
ACT IV.

SCENE I. — The same.

Enter the Princess, and her train, a Forester, Boyet, Rosaline, Maria, and Katharine.

Prin. Was that the king, that spurred his horse against the steep uprisings of the hill? [so hard
Boyet. I know not; but I think it was he.
Prin. Whoe'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 copice; A stand and watch for my men and I will shoot.
Prin. I thank my beauty, I am fair that shoot, And thereupon thou speakest: the fairest shoot.
For. Pardon me, madam, for I meant not so.
For. Yes, madam, fair.
Prin. Nay, never paint me now: Where fair is not, praise cannot mend the brow. Here, good my glass, take this for telling true: Fair payment for foul words is more than due.
For. Nothing but fair is that which you inherit.
Prin. See, see, my beauty will be saved by merit! O heresy in fair, fit for these days!
A giving hand, though foul, shall have fair praise. But come, the bow: now mercy goes to kill, And shooting well is then accounted ill.
Thus will I save my credit in the shoot: Not wounding pity would not let me do 't; If wounding, then it was to show my skill. That more for praise than purpose meant to kill. And out of question so it is sometimes, Glory grows guilty of detested crimes, When, for fame's sake, for praise, an outward part, We bend to that the working of the heart; As I for praise alone do seek to kill 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.

This senior-junior, giant-dwarf, Dan Cupid; Regent of love-rhymes, lord of folded arms, The anointed sovereign of sighs and groans, Liege of all loretiers and malcontents, Dread prince of plackets, king of codpieces, Sole imperator and great general Of trotting 'paritors: — O my little heart! —
And to be a corporal of his field, And wear his colours like a draper's hoop!
What, I! love! I sue! I seek a wife!
A woman, that is like a German clock, Still a repairing, ever out of frame, And never going aight, being a watch;
But being wound, I do find that it may still go right!
Nay, to be perjured, which is worst of all: And, among three, to love the worst of all; A wightly wanton with a velvet brow, With two pitch-balls stuck in her face for eyes; Ay, and, by heaven, one that will do the deed Though Argus were her cunning and her guard:
And I to sigh for her! to watch for her! To pray for her! Go to; it is a plague That Cupid will impose for my neglect Of his almighty dreadful little might.
Well, I will love, write, sigh, pray, sue and groan; Some men must love my lady and some Joan. [Exit.

ACT IV.

Enter Costard.

Cost. God dig-you-den all! Pray you, which is the head lady?
Priu. Thou shalt know her, fellow, by the rest that have no heads.
Cost. Which is the greatest lady, the highest?
Priu. The thickest and the tallest. [is truth.
Cost. 'Tis the thickest and the tallest! It is so; truth
An your waist, mistress, 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
Priu. What's your will, sir? what's your will?
Cost. Have a letter from Monsieur Biron to one
Lady Rosaline. [of mine:
Priu. O, thy letter, thy letter! he's a good friend 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 Jaquenetta.

Priu. We will read it, I swear.
Break the neck of the wax, and every one give ear.
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 heroical vassal! The magnanimous and most illustre king Ophelthus set eye upon the pernicious and indubitable beggar Zephopphon; and he was that might rightly say, Venu, vidi, vici; which to annothnize in the vulgar,— O base and obscure vulgar! — videlicet, He came, saw, and overcome: 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 overcome 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
LOVE'S LABOUR'S LOST.

ACT IV.

SCENE II.

Love's least, but, your

Thus dost thou hear the Nemean lion roar

But if thou strive, poor soul, what art thou then?

What shall thou exchange for rags? robes; for tittles?

What vane? what weathercock? did you ever hear

Boyet. I am much deceived but I remember the style.

Prin. Else your memory is bad, going o'er it

Finely to the prince and his bookmastes.

[To Ros.] Here, sweet, put up this; 't will be thine another day.

[Exeunt Princess and train.

Boyet. Who is the suitor? who is the suitor?

Ros. Shall I teach you to know.

Boyet. Ay, my continent of beauty.

Ros. Why, she that bears the bow.

Boyet. My lady goes to kill hons; but, if thou marry,

Hang me by the neck, if horns that year miscarry.

Boyet. And who is your deer?

Ros. If we choose by the horns, yourself come not near.

Boyet. An I cannot, cannot, cannot.

Ros. Thou canst not hit it, hit it, hit it,

Boyet. 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 but that mark! A mark, says my lady!

Let the mark have a prick in 't; to meet at, if it may.

Mar. Wide o' the bow hand! 1 faith, your hand is out.

Cost. Indeed, a' must shoot nearer, or he 'll ne'er hit the clout.

Boyet. An if my hand be out, then belike your hand is in.

Cost. Then will she get the upshot by cleaving the pluck. [grow foul.

Mar. Come, come, you talk greasly; your lips

Cost. She's too hard for you at pricks, sir: challenge her to bowl.

Boyet. I fear too much rubbing. Good-night, my good owl.

Cost. By my soul, a swain! a most simple clown!

Lord, Lord, how the ladies and I have put him down!

O! my troth, most sweet jests! most incony vulgar wit!

When it comes so smoothly off, so obscene, as it were, so fit.

Armado o' this side,—O, a most dainty man!

To see him walk before a lady and to hear her fan!

And to see him kiss his hand! and how most sweetly a' will swear!

And his page o' the other side, that handful of wit!

Ah, hevenus, it is a most pathetic hit!

Sola, sola! [Shout within.—Exit Costard, running.

SCENE II.—The same.

Enter Holofernes, Sir Nathaniel, and Dull.

Nath. Very reverend sport, truly; and done in the testimony of a good conscience.

Hol. There was, as you know, sanguis, in blood: ripe as the pomewater, who now hangeth like a jewel in the ear of caelo, the sky, the welkin, the heaven; and anon falleth like a crab on the face of terra, the soil, the land, the earth.

Nath. Truly, Master Holofernes, the epithets are sweetly varied, like a scholar at the least; but, sir, I assure ye, it was a buck of the first head.

Hol. Sir Nathaniel, haud credo.

Dull. 'T was not a haud credo; 't was a pricket.

Hol. Most barbarous intimation! yet a kind of insinuation, as it were, in, via, in way, of explication; facere, as it were, replication, or rather, ostentare, to show, as it were, his inclination, after his undressed, unpolished, uneducated, unpruned, untrained, or rather, unlettered, or rathrerest, unconfirmed fashion, to insert again my haud credo for a deer.

Dull. I said the deer was not a haud credo; 't was a pricket.

Hol. Twice-sod simplicity, bis coactus! [look! O thou monster Ignorance, how deformed dost thou Nath. Sir, he hath never fed of the dainties that are bred in a book; he hath not eat paper, as it were; he hath not drunk ink: his intellect is not replenished: he is only an animal, only sensible in the duller parts.

And such barren plants are set before us, that we thankful should be,

Which we of taste and feeling are, for those parts that do frustrify us more than he.

For as it would ill become me to be vain, indiscreet, or a fool.

So were there a patch set on learning, to see him in a school:

But oon bene, say I; being of an old father's mind,

Many can brook the weather that love not the wind.

Dull. You two are book-men: can you tell me by your wit

What was a month old at Cain's birth, that's not five weeks old as yet?

[man Dull.

Hol. Dictynna, goodman Dull; Dictynna, goodman Dull. What is Dictynna?

Nath. A lute to Phoebus, to Luna, to the moon.

Hol. The moon was a month old when Adam was no more.

[score.

And rought not to five weeks when he came to five.

The allusion holds in the exchange. [exchange.

Dull. 'T is true, indeed; the collusion holds in the
ACT IV. LOVE'S LABOUR'S LOST. SCENE III.

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, 't was a pricket that the princess killed.

Hol. Sir Nathaniel, will you hear an extemporal 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 surliness.

Hol. I will something affect the letter, for it argueth diction.

The preyful 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 sore; the people fall a-

If sore be sore, then L to sore makes fifty sores one sore.

Of one sore I an hundred make by adding but one

Nath. A rare talent.

Dull. If a talent be a claw, look how he claws him with a talent.

Hol. This is a gift that I have, simple, 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 pis 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. Mehercelf, if their sons be ingenious, 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 hogshead.

Hol. Pricking a hogshead! a good lustre of conceit in a tuft of earth; fire enough for a flint, pearl enough for a swine; 't pretty; it is well.

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. Faust, precor gelida quando pecus omnem sub umbra Rumina, — and so forth. Ah, good old Mantuan! I may speak of thee as the traveller doth of Venice;

Venetia, Venetia,
Chi non ti vede non ti pretia.

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. [domine.

Hol. Let me hear a staff, a stanza, a verse; lege, Nath. [voces

If love make my forsworn, how shall I swear to love?

Ah, never faith could hold, if not to beauty vow'd! Though to myself forsworn, to thee I 'll faithful prove;

bow'd.

Those thoughts to me were oaks, to thee like osiers

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,
[der;

All ignorant that soul that sees thee without wonder:

Which is to me some praise that I thy parts admire: Thy eye Love! Thy thought 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 sings 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, caret. 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 hair of the most beauteous Lady Rosaline.' I will look again on the intellect of the letter, for the nomination of the party writing to the person written unto: 'Your ladyship's in all desired employment, Biron!' Sir Nathaniel, this Biron is one of the notaries with the king; and here he hath framed a letter to a sequent of the stranger queen's, which accidentally, or by the way of progression, hath miscarried. Trip and go, my sweet; deliver this paper into the royal hand of the king: it may concern much. Stay not thy compliment; I forgive thy duty: adieu.

Jaq. Good Costard, go with me. Sir, God save Cost. Have with thee, my girl.

Nath. Sir, you have done this in the fear of God, very religiously; and, as a certain father saith,—

Hol. Sir, tell not me of the father; I do fear colourful colours. But to return to the verses: did they please you, Sir Nathaniel?

Nath. Marvellous well for the pen.

Hol. I do dine to-day at the father's of a certain pupil of mine; where, if, before repast, it shall please you to gratify the table with a grace, I will, on my privilege I have with the parents of the foresaid child or pupil, undertake your ben venuto; where I will give you those verses to be very unlearned, neither savouring of poetry, wit, nor invention: I beseech your society.

Nath. And thank you too; for society, saith the text, is the happiness of life.

Hol. And, certes, the text most infallibly concludes it. [To Dull] Sir, I do invite you too: you shall not say me nay: paucu verba. Away! the gentle are at their game, and we will to our recreation.

[Exeunt.

SCENE III.—The same.

Enter Biron, with a paper.

Biron. The king he is hunting the deer: I am coursing myself: they have pitched a toil; I am toiling in a pitch,—pitch that defiles: defile! a foul word. Well, set thee down, sorrow! for so they say the fool said, and so say I, and I the fool: well proved, well. By the way, the hen, as Ajax: it kills sheep; it kills me, I a sheep: well proved again o' my side! I will not love: if I do, hang me; 1' faith, I will not. O, but her eye,—by this light, but for her eye, I would not love her; yes, for her two eyes. Well, I do nothing in the world but lie, and lie in my throat. By heaven, I do love: and it hath taught me to rhyme and to be melancholy; and

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Enter the King, with a paper.

King. Ay me!

Biron. [Aside] Shot, by heaven! Proceed, sweet Cupid: thou hast thumped him with thy bird-bolt under the left pap. In faith, secrets!

King [reads].

So sweet a kiss the golden sun gives not.
To those fresh morning drops upon the rose,
As thy eye-beams, when their fresh rays have smote
The night of dew that on my cheeks down flows:
Nor shines the silver moon one half so bright
Through the transparent bosom of the deep,
As doth thy face through tears of mine give light:
Thou shinnest in every tear that I do weep:
No drop but as a coach doth carry thee;
So ridest thou triumphing in my weep.

Do but behold the tears that swell in me,
And they thy glory through my grief will show:
But do not love thyself; then thou wilt keep
My tears for glasses, and still make me sweep.
Q queen of queens! how far dost thou excel,
No thought can think, nor tongue of mortal tell.

How shall she know my griefs? I'll drop the paper!
Sweet leaves, shadie folly. Who is he comes here?

[Steps aside.]

What, Longaville! and reading! listen, ear.

Biron. Now, in thy likeness, one more fool appear!

Enter Longaville, with a paper.

Long. Ay me, I am forsworn!

Biron. Why he comes in like a perjure, wearing papers.

King. In love, I hope: sweet fellowship in shame!

Biron. One drunkard loves another of the name.

Long. Am I the first that have been perjur'd so?

Biron. I could put thee in comfort. Not by two that I know:

[ety,
Thou makest the triumphry, the corner-cap of soci-
The signe of Love's Tryburn that hangs upon sim-
[move.

Long. I fear these stubborn lines lack power to
O sweet Maria, empress of my love!

These numbers will I tear, and write in prose.

Biron. O, rhymes are guards on wonton Cupid's
Disfigure not his slop. [loose

Long. This same shall go. [Reads.

Did not the heavenly rhetoric of thine eye,
'Gainst whom the world cannot hold argument,

Persuade my heart to this false perjury?
Vows for thee broke deserve not punishment.

A woman I forswore; but I will prove,
Thou being a goddess, I forswore not thee:
My vow was earthly, thou a heavenly love;

Thy grace being gain'd cures all disgrace in me.

Vows are but breath, and breath a vapour is:
Then thou, fair sun, which on my earth dost shine,

Exhalest this vapour vow; in thee it is:
If broken then, it is no fault of mine:
If by me broke, what fool is so wise

To lose an oath to win a paradise? [a deity

Biron. This is the liver-vein, which makes flesh
A green goose a goddess: pure, pure idolatry.

[way.

God amend us, God amend! we are much out o 'the
Long. By whom shall I send this? — Company!

Stay. [Steps aside.

Biron. All hid, all hid: an old infant play.

Like a demigod here sit I in the sky,
And wretched fools' secrets heedfully o'er-eye.

More sacks to the mill! O heavens, I have my wish!

Enter 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. [shine.

Biron. Ay, as some days; but then no sun must

Dum. O that I had my wish!

And I had mine! [King.

King. And I mine, too, good Lord! [word?

Biron. Amen, so I had mine: is not that a good

Dum. I would forget her; but a fever she

Reigns in my blood and will remember'd be.

Biron. A fever in your blood! why, then incision

Would let her out in sauces: sweet misprision!

Dum. Once more I'll read the ode that I have

writ. [wit.

Biron. Once more I'll mark how love can vary

Dum. [reads.]

On a day — alack the day! —

Lost his whose month is ever May,

Slept 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,

With himself the heaven's breath.

Air, quoth he, thy cheeks may blow;

Air, would I might triumph so!

But, alack, my hand is swain

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.

This will I image something more plain,

That shall express my true love's fasting pain.

O, would the king, Biron, and Longaville,

Were lovers too! 'I'll, to example ill,

Would from my forehead wipe a perjur'd note;

For none offend where all alike do dote.

[advancing] Dumain, thy love is far from charity,

That in love's grief desir'est society:

You may look pale, but I should blush, I know,

To be o'erheard and taken napping so.

[advancing] Come, sir, you blush; as his your case is such;

You chide him, chiding 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 bush

And mark'd you both and for you 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;

One, her hairs were gold, crystal the other's eyes:

[To Long.] You would for paradise break faith and troth:

[an oath.

[To Dum.] And Jove, for your love, would infringe

What will Biron say when that he shall hear

Faith so infringed, which such zeal did swear?

How will he scorn! how will he spend his wit!

How will he triumph, leap and laugh at it!
ACT IV.

LOVE'S LABOUR'S LOST.

SCENE III.

For all the wealth that ever I did see,
I would not have him know so much by me.

*Biron.* Now step forth to whip hypocrisy.

[Advancing.

Ah, good mylie, I pray thee, pardon me!

Good heart, what grace hast thou, thus to reprove

These words for loving, that art most in love?

Your eyes do make no coaches; in your tears

There is no certain princess that appears;

You'd 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 in love?

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 follyere I seen,

Of sighs, of groans, of sorrow and of teen! O,

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 critic 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 candle, ho! Too bitter is thy jest.

Are we betray'd thus to thy over-view?

*Biron.* Not 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 groin 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, an arm,

A gait, a state, a brow, a breast, a waist,

A leg, a limb?

*King.* Soft! whiter 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 misduits it; 't was treason, he said.

*King.* Biron, read it over. [Giving him the paper.

Where hathst 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 whoreson loggerhead! 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 you, my liege, and I,

Are pick-purses in love, and we deserve to die.

O, dismiss this audience, and I shall tell you more.

*Dum.* Now the number is even.

*Biron.* True, true; we are four.

Will these turtles be gone?

*King.* Hence, sirs, away!

*Cost.* Walk aside the true folk, and let the traitors

stay. [Exeunt Costard and Jaquenetta.

*Biron.* Sweet lords, sweet loves! O, let us embrace!

As true we are as flesh and blood can be:

The sea will ebb and flow, heaven show his face;

Young blood doth not obey an old decree:

We cannot cross the cause why we were born;

Therefore of all hands must we be forsworn.

*King.* What did these rent lines show of some love of thine?

[ly Rosaline.

*Biron. Did they, qnoth you? Who sees the heaven-

That, like a rude and savage man of Inde,

At the first opening of the gorgeous east,

Bows not his vassal head and stricken blind

Kisses the base ground with obedient breast?

What peremptory eagle-eyed sight

Dares look upon the heaven of her brow,

That is not blinded by her majesty? [now?

*King.* What zeal, what fury hath inspired thee

My love, her mistress, is a gracious moon;

She an attending star, scarce seen a light.

*Biron. My eyes are then in eyes, nor I Biron;

O, but for my love, day would turn to night!

Of all complexions the cull'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,

She passes praise; then praise too short doth blot.

A wither'd hermit, five-score winters worn,

Might shake off fifty, looking in her eye:

Beauty doth varnish age, as it new-born,

And gives the crutch the craddle's infancy:

O, 'tis the sun that maketh all things shine.

*King.* By heaven, thy love is black as ebony.

*Biron.* Is ebony like her? O wood divine!

A wife of such wood were felicity.

Who can give an oath? where is a book?

That I may swear beauty doth beauty lack,

If that she learn not of her eye to look:

Of 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 Omnipotent spirits of

O, if in black my lady's brows be deck'd, [light.

It mours that painting and usurping hair

Should ravish doters with a false aspect;

And therefore she is 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 dispairse,

Paints itself black, to imitate her brow.

*Dum.* To look like her are chimney-sweepers black.

*Long.* And since her time are colliers counted

bright. [crack.

*King.* And Ethiopes of their sweet complexion

*Dum.* Dark needs no candles now, for dark is light.

*Biron.* Your mistresses dare never come in rain,

For their colours should be wash'd away.

*King.* 'T were good, yours did; for, sir, to tell you

I'll find a fairest face not wash'd to-day. [plain.

*Biron. I'll prove her fair, or talk till doomsday

here.

*King. No devil will fright thee then so much as

Dum. I never knew man hold vile stuff so dear.

*Long.* Look, here's thy love: my foot and her

face so.

*Biron. O, if the streets were paved with thine eyes,
Her feet were much too dainty for such tread!
Dum. O yile! then, as she goes, what upward lies
The street should see as she walk'd overhead.
King. But what of this? are we not all in love?
Biron. Nothing so sure; and thereby all forsworn.
King. Then leave this chat; and, good Biron, now prove
Our loving lawful, and our faith not torn.
Dum. Ay, marry, there; some flattery for this evil.
Long. O, some authority how to proceed;
Some tricks, some quibbles, how to cheat the devil.
Dum. Some salve for perjury.
Biron. 'Tis more than need.
Have at you, then, affections men at arms.
Consider what you first did swear unto,
To fast, to study, and to see no woman;
Flat treason 'gainst the kingly state of youth.
Say, can you fast? your stomachs are too young;
And abstinence engenders maladies.
And where that you have vow'd to study, lords,
In that each of you have forsworn his book,
Can you still dream and pore and thereon look?
For when would you, my lord, or you, or you,
Have found the ground of study's excellence
Without the beauty of a woman's face?
[From women's eyes this doctrine I derive;
They are the ground, the books, the academes
From whence doth spring the true Promethean fire.]
Why, universal plodding poisons up
The nimble spirits in the arteries,
As motion and long-dur'd action tires
The sinewy vigour of the traveller.
Now, for not looking on a woman's face,
You have in that forsworn the use of eyes
And study too, the causer of your vow;
For where is any author in the world
Teaches such beauty as a woman's eye?
Learning is but an adjunct to self,
And where we are our learning likewise is:
Then when ourselves we see in ladies' eyes,
Do we not likewise see our learning there?
O, we have made a vow to study, lords,
And in that vow we have forsworn our books.
For when would you, my liege, or you, or you,
In leaden contemplation have found out
Such fiery numbers as the prompting eyes
Of beauty's tutors have enrich'd you with?
Other slow arts entirely keep the brain;
And therefore, finding barren practisers,
Scarcely show a harvest of their heavy toil:
But love, first learned in lady's eyes,
Lives not alone immured in the brain;
But, with the motion of all elements,
Courses as swift as thought in every power,
And gives to every power a double power,
Above their functions and their offices.
It adds a precious seeing to the eye;
A lover's eyes will gaze an eagle blind;
A lover's ear will hear the lowest sound,
When the suspicious head of theft is stopp'd:
Love's feeling is more learned and sensible
Than are the tender horns of cocked snails;—
Love's tongue proves dainty Bacchus gross in taste:
For valour, is not Love a Hercules,
Still climbing trees in the Hesperides?
Subtile as Sphinx; as sweet and musical
As bright Apollo's lute, strung with his hair:
And when Love speaks, the voice of all the gods
Make heaven drowsy with the harmony.
Never durst poet touch a pen to write
Until his ink were temper'd with Love's sighs;
O, then his lines would ravish savage ears
And plant in tyrants mild humility.
From women's eyes this doctrine I derive:
They sparkle still the right Promethean fire;
They are the books, the arts, the academies,
That show, contain and nourish all the world:
Else none at all in ought proves excellent.
Then fools you were these women to forswear,
Or keeping what is sworn, you will prove fools.
For wisdom's sake, a word that all men love,
Or for love's sake, a word that loves all men,
Or for men's sake, the authors of these women,
Or women's sake, by whom we men are men,
Let us once lose our oaths to find ourselves,
Or else we lose ourselves to keep our oaths.
It is religion to be true to self,
For charity itself fulfills 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,
Roll-mull, down with them! but be first advised,
In conflict that you get the sun of them.
Long. Now to plain-dealing; lay these glazes 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 will betime, and may by us be fitted.
Biron. Allons! allons! Sow'd cockle reap'd no corn;
And justice always whirs 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 qualis sufficit.

Nath. I praise God for you, sir; your reasons at dinner have been as far-fetched and sententious; pleasant without scarcity, witty without affectation, audacious without impudence, learned without opinion, and strange without heresy. I did converse this quondam day with a companion of the king's, who is intituled, nominated, or called, Don Adriano de Armuric, a man of letters.

Hol. Novi hominem tanquam te: his humour is lofty, his discourse peremptory, his tongue filed, his eye ambitious, his gait majestic, and his general behaviour vain, ridiculous, and thraassonic. He is too picked, too spruce, too affected, too odd, as it were, too peregrinate, as I may call it.

Nath. A most singular and choice epithet.

Hol. He draweth out the thread of his verbosity finer than the staple of his argument. I abhor such fanatical phantasimes, such insociable and point-devise companions; such rackers of orthography, as to speak doubt, fine, when he should say doubt; det, when he should pronounce debt.—d, e, b, t, not d, e, b, t; he calleth a calf, a can; half, haut; neighbour vocatur nebour; neigh abbreviated ne. This is abominable,—which he would call abominable: it
insinuateth me of insane; anne intelligis, domine?

Arm. True, but that I know not.

Hol. Bon, bon, fort bon, Priscian! a little scratched, 'twill serve.

Nath. Vides quis venit?

Hol. Video, et gaudeo.

Enter Armado, Moth, and Costard.

Arm. Chirrhah! [To Moth.

Hol. Quare chirrhah, not sirrah?

Moth. 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 honorificabilitudinitatibus; thou art easier swallowed than a flap-dragon.

Moth. Peace! theNeal begins.

Arm. [To Hol.] Monsieur, are you not lettered?

Moth. Yes; yes; he teaches boys the horn-book.

What is a, b, spelt backward, with the horn on his

Hol. Ba, pueritia, with a horn added. [head?

Moth. Ba, most silly sheep with a horn. You hear his learning.

Hol. O, thou, thou consonant?

Moth. The third of the five vowels, if you repeat them; or the fifth, if I.

Hol. I will repeat them,—a, e, i,—[o, u.

Moth. The sheep: the other two concludes it,—

Arm. Now, by the salt wave of the Mediterranean, a sweet touch, a quick venue of wit! snap, quick and home! it rejoiceth my intellect: true wit!

Moth. Offered by a child to an old man; which is

Hol. What is the figure? what is the figure?

Moth. Horns.

[ gig.

Hol. Thou disputest like an infant: go, whip thy

Moth. Lend me your horn to make one, and I will whip about your infancy 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 half-pint pot of butter, that in thine pigeon-egg of discretion, O, an the heavens were so pleased that thou wert but my bastard, what a joyful father woldst 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 ungumm.

Arm. Artis-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 mouns, 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. I go to prepare 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 sir, is liable, congruent and measurable for the afternoon: the word is well called, chose, sweet and apt, I do assure you, sir. I do assure.

Arm. Sir, the king is a noble gentleman, and my familiar, I do assure ye, very good friend: for what is inward between us, let it pass. I do beseech thee, remember thy courtesy; I beseech thee, apparel thy head: and among other important and most serious designs, and of great import indeed, too, but let that pass; for I must tell thee, it will please his grace, by the world, sometime to lean upon my poor shoulder, and with his royal finger, thus, dally with my excrement, with my mustache; but, sweet heart, let that pass. By the world, I recount no fable: some certain special honours it pleaseth his greatness to impart to Armado, a soldier, a man of村子, that hath seen the world: but let that pass. The very all of all is,—but, sweet heart, I do implore secrecy,—that the king would have me present the princess, sweet chuck, with some delightful ostentation, or show, or pageant, or antique, or firework. Now, understanding that the curate and your sweet self are good at such eruptions and sudden breaking out of mirth, as it were, I have acquainted you withal, to the end to crave your assistance.

Hol. Sir, you shall present before her the Nine Worthies. Sir, as concerning some entertainment of time, some show in the posterior of this day, to be rendered by our assistants, at the king's command, and this most gallant, illustrate, and learned gentleman, before the princess; I say none so fit as to present the Nine Worthies.

Nath. Where will you find men worthy enough to present them?

Hol. Joshua, yourself; myself and this gallant gentleman, Judas Maccabæus; this swain, because of his great limb or joint, shall pass Pompey the Great; the page, Hercules,—

Arm. Pardon, sir; error: he is not quantity enough for that Worthy's thumb: he is not so big as the end of his club.

Hol. Shall I have audience? he shall present Her- cules in minorité: his enter and exit shall be stran- gling a snake: and I will have an apology for that purpose.

Moth. An excellent device! so, if any of the au- dience hiss, you may cry: 'Well done, Hercules! now thou crushest the snake'! that is the way to make an offence gracious, though few have the grace to do it.

Arm. For the rest of the Worthies?—

Hol. I will play three myself.

Moth. Thrice-worthy gentleman!

Arm. Shall I tell you a thing?

Hol. We attend.

Arm. We will have, if this fadge not, an antique. I beseech you, follow.

Hol. Via, good man Dull! thou hast spoken no word all this while.

Dull. Nor shall any other none neither, sir.

Hol. Allons! we will employ thee.

[ play

Dull. I'll make one in a dance, or so; or I will

On the tabor to the Worthies, and let them dance the hay.

Hol. Most dull, honest Dull! To our sport, away!

[Eseunt.

Enter the Princess, Katharine, Rosaline, and Maria.

Prin. Sweet hearts, we shall be rich ere we depart, if fairs come thus plentifully in:

Dull. A lady wall'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' th' sides the leaf, margent and all,

That he was nipp'd to seal on Cypis'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 bandied both; a set of wit well played.
But, Rosaline, you have a favour too:
Who sent it? and what is it?
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 was 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. Beauteous as ink; a good conclusion.
Ros. Rather ho! his fing'rs out-stretched
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
shrows.
Prin. But, Katharine, what was sent to you from
Fair Dumnain?
Kath. Madam, this glove.
Prin. Did he not send you twain?
Kath. Yes, madam, and moreover
Some thousand verses of a faithful lover,
A huge translation of hypocrisy,
Vilely compiled, profound simplicity.
[ville:
Mar. This and these pearls to me sent Longa;
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 shape his services wholly to my hests.
And make him proud to make me proud that jests!
So perjurate-like would I o'erwary 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 the wise man's warrant and the help of school
And wit's own grace to grace a learned fool.
Ros. The blood of youth burns not with such ex-
As gravity's revolt to wantonness. [cess
Mar. Folly in fools bears not so strong a note
As follyery in the wise, when wit doth dote;
Since all the power there to both 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!
Arn, wenches, arm! encounters mounted are
Against your peace: Love doth approach disguised,
Armed in arguments; you'll be surprised:
Muster your wits; stand in your own defence;
Or hide your heads like cows, and fly hence.
Prin. Saint Denis to Saint Capi! What are they
That charge their breath against us? say, scout, say.
Boyet. Under the cool shade of a sycamore
I thought to close mine eyes some half an hour;
When, lo! to interrupt my purposed rest,
Toward that shade I might behold addrest
The king and his companions together
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 conn'd his embassage:
Action and accent did they use 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 shalt 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 bolder:
One rubb'd his elbow thus, and deer'd and swore
A better speech was never spoke before;
Ros. Another, no, his finger'd in a bush.
Cried 'Via! we will do, come what will come;'
The third he caper'd, and cried, 'All goos 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 apperell'd thus,
Like Muscovites or Russians, as I guess.
Their purpose is to parie, to court and dance:
And every one his love-leaf 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; [task'd;
And not a man of them shall have the grace,
Despite of suit, to see a lady's face.
Hold. Rosaline, this Francis French is come;
And then the king will court thee for his dear:
Hold, take thou this, my sweet, and give me thine,
So shall Biron take me for Rosaline.
And change you favour too; so shall your loves
Woo contrary, deceived by these removes. [sight.
Ros. Courtesies weigh'd; the weight is lost,
With visages display'd, to talk and greet.
Ros. But shall we dance, if they desire us to 't?
Prin. No, to the death, we will not 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 speak-
er'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 by sport o'erthrown,
To make theirs ours and ours none but our own:
We shall have the day, mocking intended game
And they, well mask'd, depart away with shame.
[Trumpets sound within.
Boyet. The trumpet sounds: be mask'd; the
maskers come.
[The Ladies mask.
Enter Blackamoors with music; Motl; the King, Biron, Longaville, and Dumnah, in Russian habits, and masked.

Moth. All hail, the richest beauties on the earth! —

Biron. Beauties no richer than rich taffeta.

Moth. A holy parcel of the fairest dames. [The Ladies turn their backs to him.]

That ever turn'd their — backs — to mortal views!

Biron. [Aside to Moth] Their eyes, villain, their eyes, villain! —

Moth. That ever turned their eyes to mortal

Out —

Biron. 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 —

Biron. They will not answer to that epithet;

You were best call it 'daughter-beamed eyes.'

Moth. They do not mark me, and that brings me gone.

Biron. Is this your perfectness? be gone, you rogue!

[Exit Moth.

Ros. What would these strangers? know their minds, Biron:

If they do speak our language, 't is our will
That some plain man recount their purposes:
Know what they would.

Biron. What would you with the princess?
Biron. Nothing but peace and gentle visitation.
Ros. What would they, say they?
Biron. Nothing but peace and gentle visitation.
Ros. Why, that they have; and bid them so be gone.
Biron. She says, you have it, and you may be gone.
King. Say to her, we have measured many miles
To tread a measure with her on this grass. [a mile

Biron. They say, that they have measured many
To tread a measure with you on this grass.

Ros. It is not so. Ask them how many inches
Is in one mile: if they have measured many.
The measure then of one is easily told.

Biron. If to come hither you have measured
And many miles, the princess bids you tell
How many inches doth fill up one mile.
Biron. Tell her, we measure them by weary steps.
Biron. She hears herself.

Ros. How many weary steps,
Of many weary miles you have o'ergone,
Are number'd in the travel of one mile? [you:
Biron. We number nothing that we spend for
Our duty is so rich, so infinite,
That we may do it still without accompt.
Vouchsafe to show the sunshine of your face,
That we, like savages, may worship it.
Ros. My face is but a moon, and clouded too.

King. Blessed are clouds, to do as such clouds do.

Vouchsafe, bright moon, and these thy stars, to
Those clouds removed, upon our watery eye.
Ros. O vain petitioner! beg a greater matter;
Thou now request'st but moonshine in the water.
King. Then, in our measure do but vouchsafe
one change.
Thou bid'st me beg: this begging is not strange.
Ros. Play, music, then! Nay, you must do it
soon. [Music plays.

Not yet! 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
King. Yet still she is the moon, and I the man.
The music plays; vouchsafe some motion to it.
Ros. Our ears vouchsafe it.

King. But your legs should do it.

Ros. Since you are strangers and come here by
chance,
We'll not be nice: take hands. We will not dance.
King. Why take we hands, then?
Ros. Only to part friends;
Curtsy, sweet hearts; and so the measure ends.
King. More measure of this measure; be not nice.
Ros. We can afford no more at such a price.
King. Prize you yourselves: what buys your com-
Ros. Your absence only.

King. That can never be
Ros. Then cannot we be bought: and so, adieu!
Twice to your visor, and half once to you.
King. If you deny to dance, let 's hold more chat.
Ros. In private, then.

I am best pleased with that.

[Bthey converse apart.

Biron. White-handed mistress, one sweet word
with thee.

Prin. Honey, and milk, and sugar; there is three.
Biron. Nay then, two treys, and if you grow so
nice,
Metheglin, word, and malmsey: well run, dice!
There's half-a-dozen sweets.

Prin. Seventh sweet, adieu:

Since you can cog, I'll play no more with you.

Biron. One word in secret.

Prin. Let it not be sweet.

Biron. Thou grievest my gall.

Prin. Gall! bitter.

Biron. Therefore meet.

[They converse apart.

Dum. Will you vouchsafe with me to change a
Mar. Name it.

[word?

Dum. Fair lady,—

Say you so? Fair lord,—

Take that for your fair lady.

Dum. Please it you,
As much in private, and I'll bid adieu.

[They converse apart.

Kath. What, was your vizard made without a
tongue?
Long. I know the reason, lady, why you ask.
Kath. O for your reason! quickly, sir; I long.
Long. You have a double tongue within your
mask,
And would afford my speechless vizard well.
Kath. Veal, quoth the Dutchman. Is not 'veal?
Long. A calf, fair lady! [a calf?
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. [mocks!

Long. Look, how you butt yourself in these sharp
Will you give horns, chaste lady? do not so.
Kath. Then die a calf, before your horns do grow.
Long. One word in private with you, ere I die.
Kath. Bleat softly then; the butcher hears you
cry. [They converse apart.

Biron. The tongues of mocking wenches are as
As is the razor's edge invisible! [keen

Cutting a smaller hair than may be seen,

Above the sense of sense; so sensible

Seemeth their conference: their conceits have wings

Fleeter than arrows, bullets, wind, thought, swifter

things. [break off.

Ros. Not one word more, my maids; break off.
Biron. By heaven, all dry-beaten with pure scoff!
King. Farewell, mad wenches; you have simple
Twins. Twenty adiens, my frozen Muscovits. [wits.

[Exit King, Lords, and Blackamoors.

Are these the breed of wits so wonder'd at?
Biron. Tapers they are, with your sweet breaths
puff'd out.

Ros. Well-liking wits they have; gross, gross; fat,
Prin. O poverty in wit, kingly-poor flout!

Will they not, think you, hang themselves to-night?

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ACT V.

LOVE’S LABOUR’S LOST.

SCENE II.

Till this madman show’d thee? and what art thou now?

Re-enter the Princess, ushered by Boyet; Rosaline, Maria, and Katharine.

King. All hall, sweet madam, and fair time of day!

Prin. ‘Fair’ in ‘all hall’ is soul, as I conceive.

King. Construe my speeches better, if you may.

Prin. Then wish me better, I will give you leave.

King. We came to visit you, and purpose now

To lead you to our court; yon’shake it then.

Prin. This field shall hold me; and so hold your vow:

Nor God, nor I, delights in perjured men.

King. Reubeke me not for that which you provoke:

The virtue of your eye must break my oath.

Prin. You nickname virtue; vice you should have spoke;

For virtue’s office never breaks men’s troth.

Now by my maiden honour, yet as pure

As the unsullied lily, I protest,

A world of torments though I should endure,

I would not yield to your house’s guest;

So much I hate a breaking cause to be

Of heavenly oaths, vow’d with integrity.

King. O, you have lived in desolation here,

Unseen, unvisited, much to our shame.

Prin. Not so, my lord: it is not so, I swear;

We have here, how base and indigent game:

A mess of Russians left us but of late.

King. How, madam! Russians!

Prin. Ay, in truth, my lord;

Trim gallants, full of courtship and of state.

Ros. Madam, speak true. It is not so, my lord:

My lady, to the manner of the days,

In courtesy gives undeserving praise.

We four indeed confronted were with four

In Russian habit: here they stay’d an hour,

And talk’d apace; and in that hour, my lord,

They did not bless us with one happy word.

I dare not call them fools; but this I think,

When they are thirsty, fools would fain have drink.

Biron. This jest is dry to me. Fair gentle sweet,

Your wit makes wise things foolish: when we greet,

With eyes best seeing, heaven’s fiery eye,

By light we lose light; your capacity

Is of that nature that to your huge store

Wise things seem foolish and rich things but poor.

Ros. This proves you wise and rich, for in my eye,—

Biron. I am a fool, and full of poverty.

Ros. But that you take what doth to you belong,

It were a fault to snatch words from my tongue.

Biron. O, I am yours, and all that I possess!

Ros. All the fool mine?

Biron. I cannot give you less.

Ros. Which of the vizards was it that you wore?

Biron. Where? when? what vizard? why demand you this?

[case

Ros. There, then, that vizard; that superfluous

That hid the worse and show’d the better face.

Kath. What? as describ’d? they’ll mock us now
downright.

Dum. Let us confess and turn it to a jest. [sad?

Prin. Amazed, my lord? why looks your highness

Ros. Help, hold his brows! he’ll swoon! Why look you pale?

Sea-sick, I think, coming from Muscovy.

Biron. Thus pour th’stars down plagues for perjury.

Can any face of brass hold longer out?

Here stand I: lady, dart thy skill at me;

Bruise me with scorn, confound me with a frown;

Thrust thy sharp wit quite through my ignorance;

The virtue of your eye must break my oath.

And I will wish thee never more to dance,

Nor never more in Russian habit wait.

O, never will I trust to speeches penn’d,

Nor to the motion of a schoolboy’s tongue,
Lo! love's which
Itself for, and
Here forth hence,
They have the, and
And, to begin, wench, so God help me, la!—
My love to thee is sound, sans crack or flaw.
Ros. Sans sans, I pray you.
Biron.
Yet I have a trick
Of the old rage: bear with me, I am sick;
I'll leave it by degrees. Soft, let us see:
Write ye us sweet and honest kersey noes:
They are infected; in their hearts it lies;
They have the plague, and caught it of your eyes;
These lords are visited; you are not free,
For the Lord's tokens on you do I see.
[us.
Prin. No, they are free that gave these tokens to
Biron, will you have some of them seek not to undo us.
Ros. It is not so; for how can this be true?
That you stand forfeit, being those that sue?
Biron. Peace! for I will not have to do with you.
Ros. Nor shall not, if I do as I intend.
Biron. Speak for yourselves; my wit is at an end.
Ros. To teach us, sweet madam, for our rude trans.
Some fair excuse. [griession
Prin.
The fairest is confession.
Were not you here but even now disguised?
King. Madam, I was.
Prin. And were you well advised?
King. I was, fair madam.
Prin. When you then were here,
What did you whisper in your lady's ear? [her.
King. That more than all the world I did respect
Prin. When she shall challenge this, you will re-
King. Upon mine honour, no. [ject her.
Prin.
Peace, peace! Forbear:
Your oath once broke, you force not to forswear.
King. Despise me, when I break this oath of mine.
Prin. I will: and therefore keep it. Rosaline,
What did the Russian whisper in your ear?
Ros. Madam, he swore that he did hold me dear
As precious eyesight, and did value me
Above this world; adding some policy
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
I never swore this lady such an oath. [troth, I,
Ros. By heaven, you did; and I 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 him, is my dear.
What true is of you, or your pearl again?
Biron. Neither of either: I remit both twain.
I see the trick on 't: here was a consent,
Knowing beforehand of our errament,
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, woo'd 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: and might not you
To Boyet.
Forestell 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 smash shall be your shroud.
You leer upon me, do you? there's an eye
Wounds like a leaden sword.
Boyet.
Full merrily
Hath this brave manage, this career, been run.
Biron. Lo, he is tilting straight! Peace! I have done.

Enter Costard.
Welcome, pure wit! thou partest a fair fray.
Cost. O Lord, sir, they would know
Whether the three Worthies shall come in or no.
Biron. What, are there but three?
Cost. No, sir; but it is varia 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 wherewith
it doth amount.
Biron. By Jove, I always took three threes for
nine.
Cost. O Lord, sir, it were pity you should get your
living by reckoning, sir.
Biron. How much is it?
Cost. O Lord, sir, the parties themselves, the
actors, sir, will show wherewith it doth amount:
for mine own part, I am, as they say, but to perfect
one man in one poor man, Pompey the Great, sir.
Biron. Art thou one of the Worthies?
Cost. It pleased them to think me worthy of Pompey
the Great: for mine own part, I know not
the degree of the Worthy, but I am to stand for him.
Biron. Go, bid them prepare.
Cost. We will turn it finely off, sir; we will take
some care. [Exit.
King. Biron, they will shame us: let them not
approach.
Biron. We are shame-proof, my lord: and 'tis
pity.
To have one show worse than the king's and his com-
pany.
King. I say they shall not come.
Prin. Nay, my good lord, let me o'errule you now:
That sport best pleases that doth least know how:
Where zeal strives to content, and the contents
Dies in the zeal of that which it presents:
Their form 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 expense of thy
royal sweet breath as will utter a brace of words.
[Converses apart with the King, and
delivers him a paper
Prin. Doth this man serve God?
Biron. Why ask you?
Prin. He speaks not like a man of God's making.
Arm. That is all one, my fair, sweet, honey mon-
arch: 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 la guerra. I
wish you the peace of mind, most royal couplement!
[Exit.
King. Here is like to be a good presence of Wor-
thies. He presents Hector of Troy; the swain,
Pompey the Great; the parish curate, Alexander;
Armado's page, Hercules; the pedant, Judas Mac-
caeus:
LOVE'S LABOUR'S LOST.

ACT V.

SCENE II.

And if these four Worthies in their first show thrive.
These four will change habits, and present the other.

Biron. There is five in the first show. [five.

King. You are deceived; 'tis not so.

Biron. The pedant, the braggart, the hedge-priest, the fool and the boy:—

Alate throw at novum, and the whole world again
Cannot pick out five such, take each one in his vein.

King. The ship is under sail, and here she comes again.

Enter Costard, for Pompey.

Cost. I Pompey am,— You lie, you are not he.
Boyet. 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: [by chance, And travelling along this coast, I here am come And lay my arms before the legs of this sweet lass—cost

France. [had done.

If your ladyship would say, 'Thanks, Pompey;' I

Prin. Great thanks, great Pompey.

Cost. 'Tis not so much worth; but I hope I was perfect: I made a little fault in 'Great.'

Biron. My hat to a halfpenny, Pompey proves the best Worthy.

Enter Sir Nathaniel, for Alexander.

Nath. When in the world I lived, I was the world's commander;

By east, west, north, and south, I spread my conquering might:

My scutcheon 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. [Alexander.

Prin. The conqueror is dismay'd. Proceed, good Nath. When in the world I lived, I was the world's commander. [sander.

Boyet. Most true, 'tis right; you were so, Ali- Biron. Pompey the Great,—

Cost. Your servant, and Costard. [sander.

Biron. Take away the conqueror, take away Ali-

Cost. [To Sir Nath.] O, sir, you have overthrown Alisander the conqueror! You will be scraped out of the painted cloth for this: your lion, that holds his poll-axe sitting on a close-stool, will be given to Ajax: he will be the ninth Worthy. A conqueror, and afraid to speak! run away for shame, Alisander. [Nath. retires] There, an't shall please you; a foolish mild man; an honest man, look you, and soon dashed. He is a marvellous good neighbour-faith, and a very good bowler: but, for Alisander,— alas, you see how 'tis, —a little o'ertopped. But there are Worthies a-coming will speak their mind in some other sort.

Prin. Stand aside, good Pompey.

Enter Holofernes, for Judas; and Moth, for Hercules.

Hol. Great Hercules is presented by this imp, Whose club kill'd Cerberus, that three-headed And when he was a babe, a child, a shrimp. [canis; Thus did he strangle serpents in his manus. Quoniam he seemed in minority, Ergo I come with this apology. Keep some state in thy exit, and vanish. [Moth retires.

Dum. A Judas.


Dum. Judas Maccabæus surnamed is plain Judas.

Biron. A kissing traitor. How art thou proved Judas. I am,— [Judas? What mean you, sir?

Boyet. He made Judas hang himself.

Hol. Begin, sir; you are my elder.

Biron. Well followed: Judas was hanged on an I will not be put out of countenance. Biron. Because thou hast no face. Hol. What is this?

Boyet. A cittern-head.

Dum. The head of a bodkin.

Biron. A Death's face in a ring.

Long. The face of an old Roman coin, scarce seen.

Boyet. The pommeau of Cesar's falchion.

Dum. The carved-bone face on a flask.

Biron. Saint George's half-check in a brooch.

Dum. Ay, and in a brooch of lead.

Biron. Ay, and worn in the cap of a toth-drawer. And now forward: for we have put thee in counte-

nance.

Hol. You have put me out of countenance. Biron. False; we have given thee faces. Hol. But you have out-faced them all.

Biron. An thou wert a lion, we would do so. Boyet. Therefore, as he is an ass, let him go.

And so adieu, sweet Jude! nay, why dost thou stay? Dum. For the latter end of his name.

Biron. For the ass to the Jude; give it him: —

Judas, 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 mock's come home by me, I will now be merry.

King. Hector wills but a Troyan in respect of this.

Boyet. But is this Hector?

King. I think Hector was not so clean-timbered. Long. His leg is too big for Hector's.

Dum. More cait, certain.

Boyet. No; he is best indued in the small.

Biron. This cannot be Hector.

Dum. He is good for a painter; for he makes faces. Arm. The armipotent Mars, of lances the al- Gave Hector a gift,— [mighty, Dum. A gilt nutmeg.

Biron. A lemon.

Long. Stuck with cloves.

Dum. No, cloven.

Arm. Peas!—

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. I am that flower,—

Dum. That mint.

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. [lighted. Prin. Speak, brave Hector: we are much de-
All causes to the purpose of his speed,  
And often at his very loose decides  
That which long process could not arbitrate;  
And though the mourning shroud of progeny  
Forbid the smiling courtesy of love  
The holy suit which fain 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 wail friends lost  
Is shot by much so wholesome a gale.  
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 your fair sakes have we neglected time,  
Play'd foul play with our oaths: your beauty, ladies,  
Hath much deform'd us, fashioning our humour  
Even to the opposed end of our intents:—  
And what in us hath seem'd ridiculous,—  
As love is full of unbeginning straits,  
All wanton as a child, skipping and vain,  
That never did so faint a face as his own,  
Full of strange shapes, of habits and of forms,  
Varying in subjects as the eye doth roll  
To every varied object in his glance:  
Which parti-coated presence of loose love  
Put on by us, if, in your heavenly eyes,  
Have misbecome our oaths and gravities,  
Those heavenly eyes, that into these faults,  
Suggested us to make. Therefore, ladies,  
Our love being yours, the error that love makes  
Is likewise yours: we to ourselves prove false,  
By being once false for ever to be true  
To those that make us both,—fair ladies, you:  
And even that falsehood, in itself a sin,  
Thus purifies itself and turns to grace.  

Prin. We have received your letters full of love  
Your favours, the ambassadors of love;  
And, in our maiden council, rated them  
At courtship, pleasant jest and courtesy,  
As lamp and as lining to the time:  
But more devout than this in our respects  
Have we not been; and therefore met your loves  
In their own fashion, like a torment.  

[jeu.]  
Dum. Our letters, madam, show'd much more than  
Long. So did our looks.  
Ros. We did not quote them so.  
King. Now, at the latest minute of the hour,  
Grant us your loves.  

Prin. A time, methinks, too short  
To make a world-without-end bargain in.  
No, no, my lord, your grace is perjurer much,  
Full of dear guiltlessness; and therefore this:  
If for my love, as there is no such cause,  
You will do aught, this shall you do for me:  
Your oath I will not trust; but go with speed  
To some forlorn and naked hermitage,  
Remote from all the pleasures of the world;  
There stay until the twelve celestial signs  
Have brought about the annual reckoning.  
If this austere insensible life  
Change not your offer made in heat of blood;  
If frosts and fasts, hard lodging and thin weeds  
Nip not the gaudy blossoms of your love,  
But that it bear this trial and last love;  
Then, at the expiration of the year,  
Come challenge me, challenge me by these deserts,  
And, by this virgin palm now kissing thine,  
I will be thine; and till that instant shut  
My woeful self up in a mourning house,  
Raining the tears of lamentation  
For the remembrance of my father's death.  
If this thou do deny, let our hands part,  
Neither 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?

Ros. 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 seek the weary beds of people sick.]

Dum. But what to me, my love? but what to me?

A wife?

Kath. A beard, fair health, and honesty;
With three-fold love I wish you all these three,

Dum. O, shall I say, I thank you, gentle wife?

Kath. Not so, my lord; a twelvemonth and a day
I'll mark no words that smooth-faced wooers say:
Come when the king doth to my lady come;
Then, if I have much love, I'll give you some.

Dum. I'll serve thee true and faithfully till then.

Kath. Yet swear not, lest ye be forsworn again.

Long. What says Maria?

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.

Ros. Oft have I heard of you, my Lord Biron,
Before I saw you; and the world's large tongue
Proclaims you for a man replete with mocks,
Full of comparisons and wounding flouts,
Which you on all estates will execute
That lie within the mercy of your wit.
To weed this wormwood from your fruitful brain,
And therewithal to win me, if you please,
Without the 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 painsed impotent to smile.

Biron. To move wild laughter in the throat of
dead it cannot be; it is impossible:
Mirth cannot move a soul in agony.

Ros. Why, that's the way to choke a gibing spirit,
Whose influence is begot of that loose grace
Which shallow laughing bawds give to fools:
A jest's prosperity lies in the ear
Of him that hears it, never in the tongue
Of him that makes it: then, if sickly ears,
Deaf'd with the clamours of their own dear groans,
Will hear your idle scorns, continue then,
And I will have you and that fault withal;
But if they will not, throw away that spirit,
And I shall find you empty of that fault,
Right joyful of your reformation.

Biron. A twelvemonth! well; befall what will
befall,
I'll jest a twelvemonth in an hospital.

Prin. [To the King] Ay, sweet my lord; and so I take my leave.

King. No, madam; we will bring you on your way.

Biron. Our wooing doth not end like an old play;
Jack hath not Jill: these ladies' courtesy
Might well have made our sport a comedy.

King. Come, sir, it wants a twelvemonth and a day,
And then 'twill end.

Biron. That's too long for a play.

Re-enter Armado.

Arm. Sweet majesty, vouchsafe me,—

Prin. Was not that Hector?

Dum. The worthy knight of Troy.

Arm. I will kiss thy royal finger, and take leave.
I am a votary; I have vowed to Jaquenetta to hold
the plough for her sweet love three years. But,
most esteemed greatness, will you hear the dialogue
that the two learned men have compiled in praise
of the owl and the cuckoo? it should have followed
in the end of our show.

King. Call them forth quickly; we will do so.

Arm. Holla! approach.

Re-enter Holofernes, Nathaniel, Moth, Costard,
and others.

This side is Holofernes, 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,
Mocked married men; for thus sings he,
Cuckoo;
Cuckoo, cuckoo: O word of fear,
Unpleasing to a married ear!

When shepherds pipe on eaten straws
And merry larks are playing men's clocks,
When turtles tread, and rooks, and daws,
And maidens bleach their summer smocks,
The cuckoo then, on every tree,
Mocked 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 alound the wind doth blow
And coughing dorows 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.
A MIDSUMMER-NIGHT'S DREAM.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Theseus, Duke of Athens.
Egeus, father to Hermia.
Lysander, Demetrius, in love with Hermia.
Philostrate, master of the revels to Theseus.
Quince, a carpenter.
Snout, a tinker.
Starveling, a tailor.
Hippolyta, queen of the Amazons, betrothed to
Theseus.
Hermia, daughter to Egeus, in love with Lysander.
Helena, in love with Demetrius.
Oberon, king of the fairies.
Titania, queen of the fairies.
Puck, or Robin Goodfellow.
Peaseblossom, Cobweb, Moth, Mustardseed.
Other fairies attending their King and Queen. At-
tendants on Theseus and Hippolyta.

SCENE—Athens, and a wood near it.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—Athens. The palace of Theseus.

Enter Theseus, Hippolyta, Philostrate, and
Attendants.

The. Now, fair Hippolyta, our nuptial hour
Draws on apace; four happy days bring in
Another moon: but, O, methinks, how slow
This old moon wanes! she lingers my desires,
Like to a step-dame or a dowager.

Long withering out a young man's revenue. [night;
Hip. Four days will quickly steep themselves in
Four nights will quickly dream away the time;
And then the moon, like to a silver bow
New-bent in heaven, shall behold the night
Of our solemnities.

The. Go, Philostrate,
Stir up the Athenian youth to merriments;
Awake the pert and nimble spirit of mirth:
Turn melancholy forth to funerals;
The pale companion is not for our pomp.

[Exit Philostrate.

Hippolyta, I woo'd thee with my sword,
And won thy love, doing thee injuries;
But I will wed thee in another key,
With pomp, with triumph and with reveling.

Enter Egeus, Hermia, Lysander, and
Demetrius.

Ege. Happy be Theseus, our renowned duke!

The. Thanks, good Egeus: what's the news
with thee?

Ege. Full of vexation come I, with complaint
Against my child, my daughter Hermia.

Stand forth, Demetrius. My noble lord,
This man hath my consent to marry her.

Stand forth, Lysander: and, my gracious duke,
This man hath bewitch'd the bosom of my child:

Theo, thou, Lysander, thou hast given her rhymes
And interchanged love-tokens with my child:

Thou hast by moonlight at her window sung
With feigning voice verses of feigning love,
And stolen the impression of her fantasy
With bracelets of thy hair, rings, gawds, conceits,
Knacks, trifles, nosegays, sweetmeats, messengers
Of strong prevailment in unharden'd youth:

With cunning hast thou filch'd my daughter's heart,
Turn'd her obedience, which is due to me,
To stubborn harshness: and, my gracious duke,

Be it so she will not here before your grace
Consent to marry with Demetrius,
I beg the ancient privilege of Athens,
As she is mine, I may dispose of her:

Which shall be either to this gentleman
Or to her death, according to our law
Immediately provided in that case.

The. What say you, Hermia? be 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.

The. In himself he is;

But in this kind, wanting your father's voice,
The other must be held the worthier.

Her. I would my father look'd but with my eyes.

The. Rather your eyes must with his judgment

Her. I do entreat your grace to pardon me. [look.

I know not by what power I am made bold,
Nor how it may concern my modesty,

In such a presence here to plead my thoughts;
But I beseech your grace that I may know

The worst that may befal 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,
Act I.

A Midsummer-Night's Dream

Scene I.

Lys. A good persuasion: therefore, hear me, I have a widow aunt, a dowager [Hermia.]

Of great revenue, and she hath no child:
From Athens is her house remote seven leagues;
And she respects me as her only son.

There, get you, Lysander, may I make thee;
And to that place the sharp Athenian law
Cannot pursue us. If thou lovest me then,
Steal forth thy father's house to-morrow night;
And in the wood, a league without the town,
Where I did meet thee once with Helena,
To do a private business, and in the morn of May,
There will I stay for thee.

Herm. My good Lysander!

I swear to thee, by Cupid's strongest bow,
By his best arrow with the golden head,
By the simplicity of Venus' doves,
By that which knits souls and prospers loves,
And by that fire which burn'd the Carthage queen,
When the false Troyan under sail was seen,
By all the vows that ever men have broke,
In number more than ever women spoke,
In that same place thon hast appointed me,
To-morrow truly will I meet with thee. [ena.

Lys. Keep promise, love. Look, here comes Hel-

Enter Helena.

Herm. God speed fair Helena! whither away?

Hel. Call you me fair? that fair again unsay.

Lys. loves your fair: O happy fair! [air
Your eyes are lode-stars: and your tongue's sweet
More tuneable than lark to shepherd's ear,
When wheat is green, when hawkthorn buds appear.
Sickness is catching: O, were favour so,
Your eyes I would catch your voice, your eye your eye,
My tongue would catch your tongue's sweet melody.

Lys. Were the good Demetrius but now here,
The rest I'd give to be you translated.

Hel. teach me how you look, and with what art
You sway the motion of Demetrius' heart.

Herm. I frown upon him, yet he loves me still.

Hel. O that your frowns would teach my smiles
such skill!

Herm. I give him curses, yet he gives me love.

Hel. O that my prayers could such affection move!

Herm. The more I hate, the more he follows me.

Hel. The more I love, the more he hathet me.

Herm. His foly, Helena, is no fault of mine. [mine!

Hel. Nor jealousy is Helena's. [mine.

Herm. Take comfort: he no more shall see my face;
Lysander and myself will fly this place.

Before the time I did Lysander see,
Seem'd Athens as a paradise to me:
O, then, what graces in my love do dwell,
That he hath turn'd a heaven unto a hell!

Lys. Helen, to you our minds we will unfold:
To-morrow night; when Phœbe doth behold
Her silver visage in the watery glass,
Decking with liquid pearl the bladed grass,
A time that lovers' flights doth still conceal,
Through Athens' gates have we devised to steal.
At night, and in the wood, when we shall meet;
Upon faint primrose-beds were wont to lie,
Emptying our bosoms of their counsel sweet,
There my Lysander and myself shall meet;
And thence from Athens turn away our eyes,
To seek new friends and stranger companies.
Farewell, sweet playfellow, play thou for us;
And good horse, thou horse, thou Demetrius!

Her. Keep word, Lysander: we must starve our sight
From lovers' food till morrow deep midnight.

Lys. I will, my Hermia. [Exit Herm.

Helena, adieu:

As you on him, Demetrius doth you say: [Exit Hel.

How happy some o'er other some can be!
Through Athens I am thought as fair as she.
But what of that? Demetrius thinks not so;
He will not know what all but he do know:
And as he errs, dotting on Hermia's eyes,
So I, admiring of his qualities:
Things base and vile, holding no quantity,
Love can transpose to form and dignity:
Love looks not with the eyes, but with the mind;
And therefore is wing'd Cupid painted blind:
Nor hath Love's mind of any judgment taste;
Wings and no eyes figure unheedy haste:
And therefore is Love said to be a child,
Because in choice he is so oft beguil'd.
As waggy boys in game themselves forswear,
So the boy Love is perjured every where:
For ere Demetrius look'd on Hermia's eye,
He hallow'd oaths that he was only mine:
And when this hallow some heat from Hermia felt,
So he dissolved, and showers of oaths did melt.
I will go tell him of fair Hermia's flight:
Then to the wood will he to-morrow night
Pursue her; and for this intelligence
If I have thanks, it is a dear expense:
But herein mean I to enrich my pain,
To have his sight thither and back again. [Exit.

SCENE II.—Athens. Quince's house.

Enter Quince, Snug, Bottom, Flute, Snout, and Starveling.

Quin. Is all our company here?

Bot. You were best to call them generally, man by man, according to the 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, art set down for Pyramus.

Bot. What is Pyramus? a lover, or a tyrant?

Quin. A lover, that kills himself most gallant for love.

Bot. That will ask some tears in the true performing of it: if I do it, let the audience look to their eyes; I will move storms, I will condole in some measure. To the rest: yet my chief humour is for a tyrant: I could play Ercles rarely, or a part to tear a cat in, to make all split.

The raging rocks
And shivering shocks
Shall break the locks
Of prison gates;
And Phibbus' car
Shall shine from far
And make and mar
The foolish Fates.

This was lofty! Now name the rest of the players.

This is Ercles' vein, a tyrant's vein; a lover is more condoling.

Quin. Francis Flute, the bellows-mender.

Flut. Here, Peter Quinse.

Quin. Flute, you must take Thisby on you.

Flut. What is Thisby? a wandering knight?

Quin. It is the lady that Pyramus must love.

Flut. Nay, faith, let not me play a woman; I have a beard coming.

Quin. That will 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, 'Thisne, Thisne,' 'Ah Pyramus, my lover dear! thy Thisby dear, and lady dear!'

Quin. No, no; you must play Pyramus: and,

Flute, you Thisby.

Bot. Well, proceed.

Quin. Robin Starveling, the tailor.

Starv. Here, Peter Quince.

Quin. Robin Starveling, you must play Thisby's mother. Tom Snout, the butcher.

Snout. Here, Peter Quince.

Quin. You, Pyramus! father: myself, Thisby's father. Snug, the joiner; you, the lion's part: and, I hope, here is a play fitted.

Snug. Have you the lion's part written? pray you, if it be, give it me, for I am slow of study.

Quin. You may do it extempore, for it is nothing but roaring.

Bot. Let me play the lion too: I will roar, that I will do any man's heart good to hear me; I will roar, that I will make the duke say 'Let him roar again, let him roar again.'

Quin. An you should do it too terribly, you would fright the duchess and the ladies, that they would shirk; and that were enough to hang us all.

All. That would hang us, every mother's son.

Bot. I grant you, friends, if that you should fright the ladies out of their wits, they would have no more discretion but to hang us: but I will aggravate my voice so that I will roar you as gently as any sucking dove; I will roar you an't were any nightingale.

Quin. You can play no part but Pyramus; for Pyramus is a sweet-faced man; a proper man, as one shall see in a summer's day; a most lovely gentleman-like man: therefore you must needs play Pyramus.

Bot. Well, I will undertake it. What beard were I best to play it in?

Quin. Why, what you will.

Bot. I will discharge it in either your straw-colour beard, your orange-lawn beard, your purple-in-grain beard, or your French-crown-colour beard, your perfect yellow.

Quin. Some of your French crowns have no hair at all, and then you will play barefaced. But, masters, here are your parts: and I am to entreat you, request you and desire you, to con them by to-morrows night; and meet me in the palace wood, a mile without the town, by moonlight; there will we rehearse, for if we meet in the city, we shall be dogged with company, and our devices known. In the meantime I will draw a bill of properties, such as our play wants. I pray you, fail me not.

Bot. We will meet; and there we may rehearse most obscnely and courageously. Take pains; be perfect: adieu.

Quin. At the duke's oak we meet.

Bot. Enough; hold or cut bow-strings. [Exeunt.
ACT II.

SCENE I.—A wood near Athens.

Enter, 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,
Swifter than the moon’s sphere;
And I serve the fairy queen,
To dew her orbs upon the green.
The cowslips all her pensioners be:
In their gold coats spots you see;
Those be rubies, fairy favours,
In those freckles live their savours:
I must go seek some dewdrops here
And hang a pearl in every cowslip’s ear.

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 perforce would lead the loved boy,
Crowns him with flowers and makes him all her joy:
And now they never meet in grove or green,
By fountain clear, or spangled starlight sheen,
But they do square, that all their elves for fear
Creep into acorn-cups and hide them there.

Fai. Either I mistake your shape and making quite,
Or else you are that shrewd and knavish sprite
Call’d Robin Goodfellow: are not you he
That frights the maidens of the villagery;
Skin milk, and sometimes labour in the quern
And bootless make the breathless housewife churn;
And sometime make the drink to bear no harm;
Mislead night-wanderers, laughing at their harm?
Those that Hobgoblin call you and sweet Puck,
You do their work, and they shall have good luck:
Are not you he?

Puck. Thou speakest aright,
I am that merry wanderer of the night,
I jest to Oberon and make him smile
When I a flat and bean-fed horse beguile,
Neighing in likeness of a silly foal;
And sometime lurk I in a gossip’s bowl,
In very likeness of a roasted crab,
And when she drinks, against her lips I bob
And on her wither’d dewlap pour the ale.
The wisest aunt, telling the saddest tale,
Sometime for three-foot stool mistaketh me;
Then slip I from her bun, down topples she,
And ‘taller’ cries, and falls into a cough;
And then the whole quire hold their hips and laugh,
And with their wither’d brows upbraiding and swear
A merrier hour was never wasted there.
But, room, fairy! here comes Oberon.

Fai. And here my mistress. Would that he were

Enter, from one side, Oberon, with his train: from the other, Titania, with hers.

Obe. Ill met by moonlight, proud Titania.

Tit. What, jealous Oberon! Fairies, skip hence:
I have forsworn his bed and company.

Obe. Tarry, rash wanton: am not I thy lord?

Tit. Then must I 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 Philida. Why art thou here,
Come from the farthest part of India?

But that, forsooth, the bouncing Amazon,
Your buskin’d mistress and your warrior love,
To Theseus must be wedded, and you come
To give their bed joy and prosperity.

Obe. How canst thou thus for shame, Titania,
Glance at my credit with Hippolyta?

Now knowing I love thy love to Theseus?

[night

Dost thou not lead him through the glimmering
From Perigenia, whom he ravished?

And make him with fair Egle break his faith,
With Ariadne and Antiope?

Tit. These are the forgeries of jealousy:
And never, since the middle summer’s spring,
Met we on hill, in dale, forest or mead,
By paved fountain or by rushy brook,
In the beached margin of the sea,
To dance our ringlets to the whistling wind,
But with thy brawls thou hast disturb’d our sport.

Therefore the winds, piping to us in vain,
As in revenge, have suck’d up from the sea
Contagious fogs; which falling in the land
Have every pelting river made so proud
That they have overborne their continents:
The ox hath therefore stretch’d his voke in vain,
The ploughman lost his sweat, and the green corn
Hath rotten ere his youth attain’d a beard;
The fold stands empty in the drowned field,
And crows are fatted with the murrion flock;
The nine men’s Morris is fill’d up with mud,
And the quaint mazes in the wanton green
For lack of tread are undisguishable:
The human mortals want their winter here;
No night is now with hymn or carol blest:
Therefore the moon, the governor of floods,
Pale in her anger, washes all the air,
That rheumatic diseases do abound:
And thorough this distemperature we see
The seasons alter: hoary-headed frosts
Fall in the fresh lap of the crimson rose,
And on old Hiems’ thin and icy crown
An odorous chaplet of sweet summer buds
Is, as in mockery, set: the spring, the summer,
The chiding autumn, angry winter, change
Their wonted liveries, and the mazed world,
By their increase, now known, which is which:
And this same progeny of evils comes
From our debate, from our dissension:
We are their parents and original.

Obe. Do you amend it then; it lies in you:
Why should Titania cross her Oberon?
I do but beg a little changeling boy,
To be my beechman.

Tit. Set your heart at rest:
The fairy land buys not the child of me.
His mother was a votaress of my order:
And, in the spiced Indian air, by night,
Fulfi often hath she gossip’d by my side,
And with her withered Harvard’s yellow sands,
Marking the embarked traders on the flood,
When we have laugh’d to see the sails conceive
And grow big-bellied with the wanton wind;
Which she, with pretty and with swelling gait
Following—her womb then rich with my young
Would imitate, and sail up and down,
[squire,—
To fetch me trifles, and return again,
As from a voyage, rich with merchandize.

But she, being mortal, of that boy did die;
And for her sake do I rear up her boy,
And for her sake I will not part with him.

Obe. How long within this wood intend you stay?

Tit. 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 ride downwight, if I longer stay.

[Exit Titania with her train.

Obe. Well, go thy way; thou shalt not from this
till I torment thee for this injury.[grove
My gentle Puck, come hither. Thou remember'st since once I sat upon a promontory,
And heard a mermaid on a dolphin's back
Uttering such dulcet and harmonious breath
That the rude sea grew civil at her song
And certain stars shot madly from their spheres,
To hear the sea-maid's music.

Puck. I remember.

Obe. That very time I saw, but thou couldst not,
Flying between the cold moon and the earth,
Cupid all arm'd: a certain aim he took
At a fair vestal trod by the west,
And loosed his arrow, that did glance on his bow,
As it should pierce a hundred thousand hearts;
But I might see young Cupid's fiery shaft
Quench'd in the chaste beams of the watery moon,
And the imperial votas pass'd on,
In maiden meditation, fancy-free.
Yet mark'd I where the bolt of Cupid fell:
It fell as one doth love and one doth hate;
Before milk-white, now purple with love's wound,
And maidsen call it love-in-idleness.
Fetch me that flower; the herb I shew'd thee once:
The juice of it on sleeping eye-lids laid
Will make or man or woman madly dote
Upon the next live creature that it sees.
Fetch me this herb; and be thou here again
Ere the leviathan can swim a league.

Puck. I'll put a girdle round about the earth
In forty minutes. [Exit

Obe. Having once this juice,
I'll watch Titania when she is asleep,
And drop the liquor 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 concur to catch it in one sight,
I'll make her render up her page to me.
But who comes here? I am invisible;
And I will over hear 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 slay me.
Thou told'st me they were stolen unto this wood;
And here am I, and woe within this wood,
Because I cannot meet my Hermia.
Henceforth I'll weep no more.

Hel. You draw me, you hard-hearted adamant;
But yet you draw not iron, for my heart
Is true as steel: leave you your power to draw,
And I shall have no power to follow you.

Dem. Do I entice you? do I speak you fair?
Or, tell me, what is truth?
Tell you, I do not, nor can I not love you?

Hel. And even for that do I love you more.
I am thy spaniel; and, Demetrius,
The more you beat me, I will fawn on you:
Use me but as your spaniel, spur me, strike me,
Neglect me, lose me; only give me leave,
Unwonted to make my small elves coats, and some keep baw
What worse place can I beg in your love,—
And yet to be a place of high respect with me,—
Than to be used as you use your dog?

Dem. Tempt not too much the hatred of my spirit.
For I am sick when I do look on thee.
Hel. And I am sick when I look not on you.

Dem. You do impeach your modesty too much,
To leave the city and commit yourself
Into the hands of one that loves you not;
To trust the opportunity of night
And the ill counsel of a desert place
With the rich worth of your virginity.

Hel. Your virtue is my privilege: for that
It is not night when I do see your face,
Therefore I think I am not in the night;
Nor doth this wood lacks worlds of company,
For you in my respect are all the world:
Then how can it be said I am alone,
When all the world is here to look on me?

Dem. I'll run from thee and hide me in the brakes,
And leave thee to the mercy of wild beasts.

Hel. The wildest hath not such a heart as you.
Run when you will, the story shall be changed:
Apollo flies, and Daphne holds the chase.
The dove pursues the griffin; the old hind
Makes speed to catch the tiger; bootless speed,
When cowardice pursues and valour flies.

Dem. I will not stay thy questions; let me go:
Or, if thou follow me, do not believe
But I shall do thee mischief in the wood.

Hel. Ay, in the little, in the great, in the field,
You do me mischief. Die, Demetrius!
Your wrongs do set a scandal on my sex;
We cannot fight for love, as men may do;
We should be wised and were not made to woe.

[Exit Dem.

I'll follow thee and make a heaven of hell,
To die upon the hand I love so well.

[Exit.

Obe. Fare thee well, nymph: ere he do leave this
Thou shalt fly him and he shall seek thy love.

[grove

Re-enter Puck.

Hast thou the flower there? Welcome, wanderer.

Puck. Ay, there it is.

Obe. I pray thee, give it me.

I know a bank where the wild thyme blows,
Where oxlips and the nodding violet grows,
Quite over-canopied with luscious woodbine,
With sweet musk-roses and with eglantine;
There sleeps Titania sometime in the night;
Lull'd in these flowers with dances and delight;
And there the snake throws her enamell'd skin,
Weed wide enough to wrap a fairy in;
And with the juice of this I'll streak her eyes,
And make her full of hateful fantasies.

Take thou some of it, and seek through this grove:
A sweet Athenian lady is in love
With a disdainful youth: anoint his eyes;
But do it when the next thing he espies
May be the lady: thou shalt know the man
By the Athenian garments he hath on.
Effect it with some care that he may prove
More fond on her than she upon his love:
And look thou meet me ere the first cock crow.

Puck. Fear not, my lord, your servant shall do

[Exeunt.

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 baw
The clamorous owl that nightly hoots and wonders
At our quaint spirits. Sing me now asleep;
Then to your offices and let me rest.

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ACT II.  
A MIDSUMMER-NIGHT'S DREAM.  
SCENE II.

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
Singing in our sweet lullaby;
Lull, lulla, lullaby, lulla, lulla, lulla:
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 alfo stand sentinel.
[Exit 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 wak'st, 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
And to speak truth, I have forgot our way: [wood;
We'll rest us, Hermia, if you think it good,
And tarry for the comfort of the day.
Herm. Be it so, Lysander: find you out a bed.
For I upon this bank will rest my head.
Lys. One turf shall serve as pillow for us both;
One heart, one bed, two bosoms and one troth.
Herm. Nay, good Lysander; for my sake, my dear,
Lie further off yet, not so near me.
Lys. O, take the sense, sweet, of my innocence
Love takes the meaning in love's conference.
I mean, that my heart unto yours is knit
So that but one heart we can make of it;
Two bosoms interchanged with an oath;
So then two bosoms and a single troth.
Then by the word, I love you:
For lying so, Hermia, I do not lie.
Herm. Lysander riddles very prettily:
Now much beshrew my manners and my pride,
If Hermia meant to say Lysander lied.
But, gentle friend, for love and courtesy
Lie further off; in human modesty,
Such separation as may well be said
Becomes a virtuous bachelor and a maid,
So far be distant; and, good night, sweet friend:
Thy love ne'er alter till thy sweet life end!
Lys. Amen, amen, to that fair prayer, say I;
And then end life when I end loyalty!
Here is my bed: sleep give thee all his rest!
Herm. With half that wish the wisher's eyes be
pressed! [They sleep.

Enter Puck.

Puck. Through the forest have I gone,
But Athenian found I none,
On whose eyes I might approve
This flower's force in stirring love.
Night and silence.—Who is here?
Weeds of Athens he doth wear:
This is he, my master said,
Despised the Athenian maid;
And here the maiden, sleeping sound,
On the dank and dirty ground.
Pretty soul! she durst not lie
Near this lack-love, this kill-courtsey.
Churl, upon thy eyes I throw
All the power this charm doth owe.
When thou wak'st, sweet love forbid
Sleep his seat on thy eyelid:
So awake when I am gone;
For I must now to Oberon. [Exit.

Enter Demetrius and Helena, running.

Hel. Stay, though thou kill me, sweet Demetrius.
Dem. I charge thee, hence, and do not haunt me thus.
Hel. O, wilt thou darkling leave me? do not so.
Dem. Stay, on thy peril: I alone will go. [Exit.
Hel. O, I am out of breath in this fond chase!
The more my prayer, the lesser is my grace.
Happy is Hermia, wheresoe'er she lies;
For she hath blessed and attractive eyes.
How came her eyes so bright? Not with salt tears:
If so, my eyes are oftener wash'd than hers.
No, no, I am as ugly as a bear;
For beasts that meet me run away for fear:
Therefore no marvel though Demetrius
Do, as a monster, fly my presence thus.
What wicked and dispensing glass of mine
Made me compare with Hermia's sherry eye?
But who is here? Lysander! on the ground!
Dead? or asleep? I see no blood, no wound.
Lysander, if you live, good sir, awake.

Lys. (Awakening) And run through fire I will for thy sweet sake.
Transparent Hermia! 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; they be content.

Lys. Content with Hermia! No: I do repent
The tedious minutes I with her have spent.
Not Hel. He loves not Hermia:
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 because the wise not best of all
And leads me to your eyes, where I o'erlook
Love's stories written in love's richest book.

Hel. Wherefore was I to this keen mockery born?
When at your hands did I deserve this scorn?
Is 't not enough, 't is not enough, young man,
That I did never, no, nor never can,
Deserve a sweet look from Demetrius' eye,
But you must flout my insufficiency?
Good troth, you do me wrong, good sooth, you do,
In such disdainful manner me to woo.
But fare you well; perform 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,
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!
For why do thy best
To pluck this evergreen serpent from my breast!
Ay me, for pity! what a dream was here!
Lysander, look how I do quake with fear:
I must doth know, and do thy best
To pluck this evergreen serpent from my breast!

ACT III.

SCENE I.—The wood. Titania lying asleep.

Enter Quince, Snug, Bottom, Flute, Snout, and Starveling.

Bot. Are we all met?

Quin. Pat, pat; and here's a marvellous convenient
place for our rehearsal. This green plot shall
be our stage, this lath-brake our tiring-house;
and we will do it in action as we will do it before the
Exit. Enter Quince.

Quin. What say'st 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 parcous 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 your-
sev'ls: 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 he
is not a lion.

Bot. Nay, you must name his name, and half his
face must be seen through the lion's neck: and he
himself must speak through, saying thus, or to the
same defect,—'Ladies,'—or 'Fair ladies.'—I would
wish you,—or 'I would request you,'—or 'I would
entreat you,—not to fear, not to tremble: my life
for yours. If you think I come hither as a lion, it
were pity of my life: no, I am no such thing: I
am a master Quin, and 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 cham-
ber; for, you know, Pyramus and Thisby meet by
moonlight:

[Our play's]

Snout. Dost the moon shine that night we play
Bot. A calendar, a calendar! look in the almanac;
find out moonshine, find out moonshine.

Quin. Yes, it doth shine that night.

Bot. Where, then may you leave a casement of the
great chamber's 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 dis-
figure, or to present, the person of Moonshine. Then,
there is another thing: we must have a wall in the
great chamber; for Pyramus and Thisby, says the
story, did talk through the chink of a wall.

Snout. You can never bring in a wall. What say
you, Bottom?

Bot. Some man or other must present Wall: and
let him have some plaster, or some loam, or some
rough-cast about him, to signify wall; and let him
hold his fingers thus, and through that cranny shall
Pyramus and Thisby whisper.

Quin. If that may be, then all is well. Come, sit
down, every mother's son, and rehearse your parts.
Pyramus, you begin: when you have spoken your
speech, enter into that brake: and so every one
according to his cue.

Enter Puck behind.

Puck. What hempen home-spuns have we swagger-
So near the cradle of the fairy queen? [ing here,
What, a play toward! I'll be an auditor;
An actor too perhaps, if I see cause.


Bot. Thisby, the flowers of odious savours sweet,—
Quin. Odours, odours.

Bot. —odours savours sweet:
So hath 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.

Flu. Must I speak now?

Quin. Ay, marry, must you; for you must under-
stand 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 colour like the red rose on triumphant brier,
Most brisky juvenal and eke most lovely Jew,
As true as truest horse that yet would never tire,
I'll meet thee, Pyramus, at Ninny's tomb.

Quin. 'Ninns' 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!

[Exeunt Quince, Snug, Flute, Snout, and Starveling.

Puck. I'll follow you, I'll lead you about a round,
Through bog, through bush, through brake, through
brier;

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.

Bot. Why do they run away? this is a knavery
of them to make me afeard.

Re-enter Snout.

Snout. O Bottom, thou art changed! what do I
see on thee?
**Act III. A Midsummer-Night's Dream. Scene II.**

**Bot.** What do you see? you see an ass-head of your own, do you? [Exit Snout.]

**Quin.** Bless thee, Bottom! bless thee! thou art translated.

**Bot.** I see their knavery: this is to make an ass of me; to fright me, if they could. But I will not stir from this place, do what they can: I will walk up and down here, and I will sing, that they shall hear I am not afraid.

The ouzel cock so black of hue, With orange-tawny bill, The thrrostle with his note so true, The wren with little quill.—

**Tita.** [Sings] What angel wakes me from my flowery bed?

**Bot.** [Sings] The finch, the sparrow and the lark, The plain-song cuckoo gray, Whose note full many a man doth mark, And dares not answer nay:—

for, indeed, who set his wit to so foolish a bird? who would give a bird the lie, though he cry ‘cuckoo’ never so?

**Tita.** I pray thee, gentle mortal, sing again:

Mine ear is much enamour’d of thy note; So is mine eye enthralled to thy shape; And thy sweet breath so fragrant doth move me On the first view to say, to swear, I love thee.

**Bot.** Methinks, mistress, you should have little reason for that: and yet, to say the truth, reason and love keep little company together now-a-days; the more the pity that some honest neighbours will not make them friends. Nay, I can gleek upon occasion.

**Tita.** Thou art as wise as thou art beautiful.

**Bot.** Not so, neither: but if I had wit enough to get out of this wood, I have enough to serve mine own turn.

**Tita.** Out of this wood do not desire to go:

Thou shalt remain here, whether thou wilt or no. I am a spirit of no common rate:

The summer still doth tend upon my state; And I do love thee: therefore, go with me; I’ll give thee fairies to attend on thee, And they shall fetch thee jewels from the deep, And sing while thou on pressed flowers dost sleep: And I will purge thy mortal grossness so That thou shalt like an airy spirit go.

Peaseblossom! Cobweb! Moth! and Mustardseed!

**Enter Peaseblossom, Cobweb, Moth, and Mustardseed.**

**Puck.** I shall desire you of more acquaintance, good Master Cobweb: if I cut my finger, I shall make bold with you. Your name, honest gentle-

Peas. Peaseblossom.

**Bot.** I pray you, commend me to Mistress Squallsi, your mother, and to Master Peascod, your father. Good Master Peaseblossom, I shall desire you of more acquaintance too. Your name, I beseech you, sir?

**Mus.** Mustardseed.

**Bot.** Good Master Mustardseed, I know your patience well: that same cowardly, giant-like ox-

beef hath devoured many a gentleman of your house: I promise you your kindred hath made my eyes water ere now. I desire your more acquaint-

ance, good Master Mustardseed.

**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.

**Enter Oberon.**

**Ober.** I wonder if Tithania be awaked? 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 nose I fixed on his head: Anon his Thisbe must be answered, And forth my mimic ‘female’ doth them spy, As wild geese that the creeping Fowler eye, Or russet-pated choughs, 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. How murder cries and help from Athenian calls. [Strong, Their sense thus weak, lost with their fears thus Made senseless things begin to do them wrong; For briers and thorns at their apparel snatch; Some sleeves, some hats, from yielders all things I led them on in this distracted fear. [catch. And let sweet Pyramus translated there: When in that moment, so it came to pass, Tithania waked and straightforward loved an ass.

**Ober.** 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.**

**Ober.** Stand close: this is the same Athenian.

**Puck.** This is the woman, but not this the man. Dem. O, who rebuke you but 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 all truth ill him; so should I
So should a murderer look, so dead, so grim.

Demi. 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 glistening sphere.

Her. The weight o' the oath, and where is he?
Ah, good Demetrius, wilt thou give him me?

Demi. 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!
0, one tell true, tell true, even for my sake!
Durst thou have look'd upon him being awake,
And hast thou kill'd him sleeping? O brave touch!
Could not a worm, an adder, do so much?
An adder did it; for with doubler tongue
Than thine, thou serpent, never adder stung.

Demi. With this passion on an unimpris'd mood:
I am not guilty of Lysander's blood;
Nor is he dead, for aught that I can tell.

Her. I pray thee, tell me then that he is well.

Demi. An if I could, what should I get therefore?

Her. A privilege never to see me more.
And from thy hated presence I do part.

Demi. See me no more, whether he be dead or no. [Exit.

Demi. 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.

[Exit down and sleeps.

Obe. What hast thou done? thou hast mistaken quite
And laid the love-juce on some true love's sight:
Of thy mischance must perforce the itch in me
Some true love turn, and much false turn'd true.

Puck. Then fate o'er-rules, that one, man holding troth,
A million fail, confounding oath on oath.

Obe. About the wood go swifter than the wind,
And Helena of Athens look thou find:
All fancy-sick she is and pale of cheer,
With sighs of love, that costs the fresh blood dear.
By some illusion see thou bring her here:
I'll charm his eyes against she do appear.

Puck. I go, I go; look how I go,
Swifter than arrow from the Tartar's bow. [Exit.

Obe. Flower of this purple dye live,
Hit with Cupid's archery, Sinek in apple of his eye.
When his love he doth espy,
Let her shine as gloriously
As the Venus of the sky.
When thou wak'st, if she be by,
Beg of her for remedy.

[Re-enter Puck.

Puck. Captain of our fairy band,
Helena is here at hand;
And the youth, mistook by me,
Pleading for Demetrius fee.
Shall we their fond pageant see?

Lord, what fools these mortals be!

Obe. Stand aside: the noise they make
Will cause Demetrius to awake.

Puck. Then will two at once woo one;
That must needs be sport alone;
And these things do best please me
That befal preposterously.

Enter Lysander and Helena.

Lys. Why should you think that I should woo in
Sorem and derision never come in tears: [scorn?
Look, what I vow, I weep; and vows so born,
In their nativity all truth did him;
How can these things in me seen 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 this 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 traits.

Lys. I had no judgment when to her I swore.

Hel. Nor none, in my mind, now you give her o'er.

Demi. [Ascoекing] O Helen, goddess, nymph, per-
fect, divine!
To what, my love, shall I compare thine eye?
Crystal is muddied. O, how ripe in show
Thy lips, those kissing cherries, tempting grow!
That pure congealed white, high Taurus' snow,
Fann'd with the harshen wind, turns to a crown
When thou bold'st up upon me kiss,
This princess of pure white, this seal of bliss!

Hel. O spite! O hell! I see you all are bent
To set against me for your meritment:
If you were civil and knew courtesy,
You would not do me thus much injury.

Demi. You must know, I know you do,
But you must join in souls to mock me too;
If you were men, as men you are in show,
You would not use a gentle lady so;
To vow, and swear, and superpraise my parts,
When I am sure you hate me with your hearts.
You both are rivals, and love Hermia;
And now both rivals, to mock Helena:
A trim exploit, a manly enterprise,
To conjure tears up in a poor maid's eyes
With your derision! none of noble sort
Would so offend a virgin and extort
A poor soul's patience, all to make you sport.

Lys. You are right, Demetrius; be not so;
For you love Hermia; this you know I know:
And here, with all good will, with all my heart,
In Hermia's love I yield you up my part;
And yours of Helena to be bequeath,
Whom I do love and will do till my death.

Hel. Never did mockers waste more idle breath.

Demi. Lysander, keep thy Hermia; I will none:
If e'er I loved her, all that love is gone.
My heart to her but as guest-wise sojourn'd,
And now to Helen is it home return'd,
There to remain.

Lys. In dye, Helen, it is not so.

Demi. Disparage not the faith thou dost not know,
Lest, to thy peril, thou aby it dear.
Look, where thy love comes; yonder is thy dear.

Re-enter Hermia.

Her. Dark night, that from the eye his function takes,
The ear more quick of apprehension makes;
Wherein doth impair the seeing sense,
It pays the hearing double recom pense.
Thou art not by mine eye, Lysander, found;
Mine ear, I thank it, brought me to thy sound.
But why unkneif didst thou yet me so? [to go?

Lys. Why should he stay, whom love doth press
Her. What love could press Lysander from my side?

Lys. Lysander's love, that would not let him bide,
ACT III.

A MIDSUMMER-NIGHT'S DREAM.

SCENE II.

Fair Helena, who more engilds the night
Than all menful eyes and eyes of light.
Why seek'st thou me? could not this make thee
know,
The hate I bear thee made me leave thee so?
Her. Yes, thou speak'st as I think: it cannot be.
Hel. Lo, she is one of this confederacy!
Now I perceive they have conjoin'd all three
To fashion this false sport, in spite of me.
Injurious Hermia! most ungrateful maid!
Have you conspired, have you with these contrived
To bait me with this foul derision?
Is all the counsel that you two have shared,
The sisters' vows, the hours that we have spent,
While 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 incorporated. So we grew together,
Like to a double cherry, seeming parted,
But yet an union in partition;
Two lovely cherries, both seeming 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, it is not maidenly:
Our sex, as well as I, may chide you for it,
Though I alone do feel the injury.
Her. I am amaz'd 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 make me mock myself, a fool and base?
Who even but now did spurn me with his foot,
To call me goddess, nymph, divine and rare,
Precious, celestial? Wherefore speaks he this
To her he hates? and wherefore doth Lysander
Deny your love, so rich within his soul,
And tender me, forsooth, affection,
But by your setting on, by your consent?
What though I be not so in grace as you,
So hung upon love, so fortunate,
But miserable most, to love unloved?
This you should pity rather than despise.
Her. I understand not what you mean by this.
Hel. You do persever, couple, and fret, and look,
Make mouths upon me when I turn my back;
Wink each at other; hold the sweet jest up:
This sport, well carried, shall be chronicled.
If you have any pity, grace, or manners,
You would not make me such an argument.
But fare ye well: 'Tis partly my own fault;
Which death or absence soon shall remedy.
Lys. Stay, gentle Helena; hear my excuse:
My love, my life, my soul, fair Helena!
Hel. O excellent!
Her. O, I despise not, that you scorn me so.
Dem. If she cannot entertain, I can compel.
Lys. Thou canst compel no more than she entreats:
Thy threats have no more strength than her weak
Helen, I love thee; by my life, I do:—[prayers.
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. I shall withdraw, and prove it too.
Dem. Quick, come!—
Her. Lysander, whereto tends all this?
Lys. Away, you Ethiopion!—
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 borr'r vile thing,
let loose,
Or I will shake thee from me like a serpent!
Her. Why are you grown so rude? what change
Sweet love,—
[is this?
Lys. Th' love! out, cawing 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.
Her. What, can you do me greater harm than hate?
Hate me! wherefore? O me! what news, my love!
Am not I Hermia? are not you Lysander?
I am as fair now as I was erewhile.
[me:
Since night you loved me; yet since night you left
Why, then you left me—O, the gods forbid!—
In earnest, shall I say?
Lys. Ay, by my life;
And never did desire to see thee more.
Therefore be out of hope, of question, of doubt;
Be certain, my better judgment is to thrust
That I do hate thee and love Helena.
Hel. 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. 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
Between our statures; she hath urged her height;
And with her own 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;
I have no grief at all in shrewishness;
I am a right maid for my cowardice.
Let her not strike me. You perhaps may think,
Because she is something lower than myself,
That I can match her.
Her. Lower! bark, again.
Hel. Good Hermia, do not be so bitter with me.
I evermore did love you, Hermia,
Did ever keep your counsels, never wrong'd you;
Save that, in love unto Demetrius,
I told him of your stealth unto this wood.
He follow'd you: for love I follow'd him;
But he hath chid me hence and threaten'd me
To strike me, spurn me, nay, to kill me too:
And now, so you will let me quiet go,
To Athens will I bear my folly back,
And follow you no further; let me go:
You see how simple and how fond I am.
[you?
Her. Why, get you gone: who is 't that hinders
Hel. A foolish heart, that I leave here behind.
Her. What, with Lysander?
Hel. With Demetrius.
Lys. Be not afraid; she shall not harm thee.
Helena. [part.
Dem. No, sir, she shall not, though you take her
Hel. O, when she is angry, she is keen and shrewd!
She was a vixen when she went to school;
And though she be but little, she is fierce.
Her. 'Little' again! nothing but 'low' and 'little'!
ACT III.  
A MIDSUMMER-NIGHT'S DREAM.  SCENE II.

Why will you suffer her to flout me thus?  
Let me come to her.  

Lys.  Get you gone, you dwarf;  
You minims, of hindering knot-grass made;  
You bead, you acorn.  

Dem.  You are too officious  
In her behalf that acorns 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 ab ye 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, check by jole.  
[Exit Lysander and Demetrius.  

Her.  You, mistress, all this coil is long of you:  
Nay, go not back.  

Hel.  I will not trust you, I,  
Nor longer stay in your curst 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.  
[Exit.  

obe.  This is thy negligence: still thou mistakest,  
Or else commit'st thy knavery wilfully.  
Puck.  Beloved swains, bring off of me, I mistook.  
Did not you tell me I should know the man  
By the Athenian garments he had on?  
And so far blameless proves my enterprise,  
That I have 'nointed an Athenian's eyes;  
And so far am I glad it so did sort  
As this their jangling I esteem a sport.  

Obe.  Thou see'st these lovers seek a place to fight:  
He therefore, Robin, overcast the night;  
The starry welkin cover thou anon  
With drooping fog as black as Acheron,  
And lead these testy rivals so astray  
As one come not within another's way.  
Like to Lysander sometime frame thy tongue,  
Then stir Demetrius up with bitter wrong;  
And sometime ral thou like Demetrius;  
And from each other look thou lead them thus,  
Till o'er their brows death-counterfeiting sleep  
With leaden legs and batty wings doth creep:  
Then crush this herb into Lysander's eye;  
Whose liquor hath this virtuous property,  
To take from thence all error with his might,  
And make his eyeballs roll with wond'ring sight.  
When they next wake, all this dissension  
Shall seem a dream and fruitless vision,  
And back to Athens shall the lovers mend,  
With league whose date till death shall never end.  
While's I in this affair do thee employ,  
I'll to my queen and beg her Indian boy;  
And then I will her charmed eye release  
From monster's view, and all things shall be peace.  
Puck.  My fairy lord, this must be done with haste,  
For night's swift dragons cut the clouds full fast,  
And yonder shines Aurora's harbinger; [there  
At whose approach, ghosts, wandering here and  
Troop home to churchyards; damned spirits all,  
That in crossoves and floods have burial,  
Already to their wormy beds are gone;  
For fear lest day should look their shames upon,  
They wilfully themselves exile from light  
And must for aye consort with black-brow'd night.  

Obe.  But we are spirits of another sort:  
I with the morning's love have oft made sport,  
And, like a forester, the groves may tread,  
Even till the eastern fire, no further go;  
Opening on Neptune with fair blessed beams,  
Turns into yellowgold his salt green streams.  
But, notwithstanding, haste; make no delay:  
We may effect this business yet ere day.  
[Exit.  

Puck.  Up and down, up and down,  
I will lead them up and down:  
I am fear'd in field and town:  
Goblin, lead them up and down.  

Here comes one.  

Re-enter Lysander.  

Lys.  Where art thou, proud Demetrius? speak thou now.  
Puck.  Here, villain; drawn and ready.  Where art thou?  

Lys.  I will be with thee straight.  
Puck.  Follow me, then,  
To plainer ground.  [Exit Lysander, as following the voice.  

Re-enter Demetrius.  

Dem.  Lysander! speak again:  
Thou runaway, thou coward, art thou fled?  
Speak! in some bush? Where dost thou hide thy head?  
Puck.  Thou coward, art thou bragging to the stars,  
Telling the bushes that thou look'st for wars,  
And wilt not come? Come, recreant; come, thou  
I'll whip thee with a rod: he is defiled [child;  
That draws a sword on thee.  

Dem.  Puck.  Follow my voice: we'll try no manhood here.  
[Exit.  

Re-enter Lysander.  

Lys.  He goes before me and still dares me on:  
When I come where he calls, then he is gone.  
The villain is much lighter-heel'd than I:  
I follow'd fast, but faster he did fly;  
That fallen am I in dark uneven way,  
And here will rest me. [Lies down.] Come, thou gentle day!  
For if but once thou show me thy grey light,  
I'll find Demetrius and revenge this spite. [Sleeps.  

Re-enter Puck and Demetrius.  

Puck.  Ho, ho, ho! Coward, why comest thou not?  
Dem.  Abide me, if thou darest; for well I wot  
Thou runnest 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. Fainthess constraint me  
To measure out my length on this cold bed.  
By day's approach look to be visited.  
[Dies 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 those that my poor company detest:  
And sleep, that sometimes shuts up sorrow's eye,  
Steal me awhile from mine own company.  
[Dies 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.  
[Dies down and sleeps.  

Re-enter Hermia.  

Her.  Never so weary, never so in wo,  
Bedabbled with the dew and torn with briers,  
I go no further far, 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!  
[Dies down and sleeps.  

Puck.  On the ground  
Sleep sound;
SCENE I.—The same. Lysander, Demetrius, Hermia, and Helena lying asleep.

Enter Titania and Bottom; Peaseblossom, Cobweb, Moth, Mustardseed, and other Fairies attending; Oberon behind unseen.

Tit. Come, sit thee down upon this flowery bed, While I thy amiable cheeks do coy, And stick musk-roses in thy sleek smooth head, And kiss thy fair large ears, my gentle joy.

Bot. Where's Peaseblossom?

Pess. Ready.

Bot. Scratch my head, Peaseblossom. Where's Mounsieur Cobweb?

Cob. Ready.

Bot. Mounsieur Cobweb, good mounsieur, get you your weapons in your hand, and kill me a red-hipped humble-bee on the top of a thistle: and, good mounsieur, bring me the honey-bag. Do not fret yourself too much in the action, mounsieur; and, good mounsieur, have a care the honey-bag break not; I would be loath to have you overflowed with a honey-bag, signior. Where's Mounsieur Mustardseed?

Mus. Ready.

Bot. Give me your neaf, Mounsieur Mustardseed. Pray you, leave your courtesy, good mounsieur.

Mus. What's your will?

Bot. Nothing, good mounsieur, but to help Cavalery Cobweb to scratch. I must to the barber's, mounsieur; for methinks I am marvellous hairy about the face; and I am such a tender ass, if my hair do but tickle me, I must scratch.

Tit. What, wilt thou hear some music, my sweet love?

Bot. I have a reasonable good ear in music. Let's have the tongs and the bones.

Tit. Or say, sweet love, what thou desirest to eat.

Bot. Truly, a peck of provender: I could munch your good dry oats. Methinks I have a great desire to a bottle of hay: good hay, sweet hay, hath no fellow.

Tit. I have a venturous fairy that shall seek The squirrel's board, and fetch thee new nuts. Bot. I had rather have a handful or two of dried peas. But, I pray you, let none of your people stir me: I have an exposition of sleep come upon me.

Tit. Sleep thou, and I will wind thee in my arms. Fairies, be gone, and be all ways away.

[Exeunt fairies.]

So doth the woodbine the sweet honeysuckle Gently entwist; the female ivy so Enrings the burlzy fingers of the elm. O, how I love thee! how I dote on thee! [They sleep.]

Enter Puck.

Obe. [Advancing] Welcome, good Robin. See'st thou this sweet sight? Her dotage now I do begin to pity: For, meeting her of late behind the wood, Seeking sweet favours for this hateful fool, I did upbraid her and fall out with her;

Of thy former lady's eye: And the country proverb known, That every man should take his own, In your waking shall be shown: Jack shall have Jill; Nought shall go ill The man shall have his mare again, and all shall be well. [Exit.

ACT IV.

For she his hairy temples then had(rounded
With coronet of fresh and fragrant flowers;
And that same dew, which sometime on the buds
Was wont to swell like round and orient pearls,
Stood now within the pretty flowerets' eyes
Like tears that did their own disgrace bewail.
When I had at my pleasure taunted her
And she in mild terms begg'd my patience,
I then did ask of her her changeling child;
Which straight she gave me, and her fairy sent
To bear him to my bower in fairy land.
And now I have the boy, I will undo
This hateful imperfection of her eyes:
And, gentle Puck, take this transformed scalp
From off the head of this Athenian swain;
That, he awaking when the other do,
May all to Athens back again repair
And think no more of this night's accidents
But as the fierce vexation of a dream.
But first I will release the fairy queen.

Be as thou wast wont to be;
See as thou wast wont to see:
Dian's bud o'er Cupid's flower.
Hath such force and blessed power.
Now, my Titania; wake you, my sweet queen.

Tit. My Oberon! what visions have I seen!
Methought I was enamour'd of an ass.

Obe. There lies your love.

Tit. How came these things to pass?
O, how mine eyes do loathe his visage now!

Obe. Silence awhile. Robin, take off this head.

Titania, music call; and strike more dead
Than common sleep of all these five the sense.

Tit. Music, ho! music, such as charmeth sleep!

[Music, still.]

Puck. Now, when thou waketh, with thine own fool's eyes peep.
[with me.

Obe. Sound, music! Come, my queen, take hands
And rock the ground whereon these sleepers be.
Now thou and I are new in amity
And will to-morrow midnight solemnly
Dance in Duke Theseus' house triumphant
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. Come, my lord, and in our sight
Tell me how it came this night
That I sleeping here was found
With these mortals on the ground.

[Exeunt.]

Enter Theseus, Hippolyta, Egeus, and train.

The. Go, one of you, find out the forester:
For now our observation is perform'd;
And since we have the vaward of the day,
My love shall hear the music of my hounds.
Uncouple in the western valley; let them go: Dispatch, I say, and find the forester.

Our will, fair queen, up to the mountain's top And mark the musical confusion Of herds and echo in conjunction.

Hip. I was with Heracles and Cadmus once, When in a wood of Crete they bay'd the bear With hounds of Sparta: never did I hear Such gallant chiding; for, besides the groves, The skies, the fountains, every region near Seems to be made for music, when we never heard So musical a discord, such sweet thunder.

The. My hounds are bred out of the Spartan kind, So flew'd, so sanded, and their heads are hung With ears that sweep away the morning dew; Crook-knee'd, and dew-lapp'd like Thessalian bulls; Slow in pursuit, but match'd in mouth like bells, Each under each. A cry more tuneful Was never hol'd to, nor cheer'd with horn, In Crete, in Sparta, nor in Thessaly; [these?] Judge when you hear. But, soft! what nymphs are 

Ege. My lord, this is my daughter here asleep; And this, Lysander; this Demetrius is; This Helena, old Nedar's Helen. I wonder of their being here together.

The. No doubt they rose up early to observe The rite of May, and, hearing our intent, Came here in grace of our solemnity.

But speak, Egeus; is not this the day That Hermia should give answer of her choice? 

Ege. It is, my lord.

The. Go, bid the huntsman wake them with their horns. [Horns and shout within. Lys., Dem., Hel., and Her., wake and start up.]

Good morrow, friends. Saint Valentine is past: Be not these wood-eyes but to couple now?

Lys. Pardon, my lord.

The. I pray you all, stand up.

I know you two are rival enemies: How comes this gentle concord in the world? That hatred is so far from jealousy, To sleep by hate, and fear no emnity?

Lys. My lord, I shall reply amaz'd.

Half sleep, half waking; but as yet, I swear, I cannot truly say how I came here; But, as I think,—for truly would I speak, And now I do bethink me, so it is,— I came with Hermia hither: our intent Was to have been gone this way, where we might, Without the peril of the Athenian law.

Ege. Enough, enough, my lord; you have enough: I beg the law, the law, upon his head. [trius, They would have stolen away; they would, Demetrius, They have defeated you and me, You of your wife and me of my consent, Of my consent that she should be your wife.

Dem. My lord, fair Helen told me of their stealth, Of this their purpose hither to this wood; And I in fury hither follow'd them, Fair Helena in fancy following me: But, methinks, by what power,— But by some power it is,—my love to Hermia, Melted as the snow, seems to me now As the remembrance of an idle gaud Which in my childhood I did dote upon; And all the faith, the virtue of my heart, The object and the pleasure of my eye, Is only Helena. To her, my lord, Was I betroth'd ere I saw Hermia: But, like in sickness, did I loathe this food: But, as in health, come to my natural taste, Now I do wish it, love it, long for it, And would give all the world to get it.

The. Fair lovers, you are fortunately met: Of this discourse we more will hear anon. Egeus, I will overbear your will;

For in the temple, by and by, with us These couples shall eternally be knit: And, for the morning now is something worn, Our purposed hunting shall be set aside. Away with us to Athens; three and three, We'll hold a feast in great solemnity.

Come, Hippolyta.

[Exeunt The., Hip., Ege., and train.

Dem. These things seem small and undistinguish'd Like far-off mountains turned into clouds. [able, 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. 'Ea; and my father.

Hel. And Hippolyta.

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] Then my cue comes, call me, and I will answer: my next is 'Most fair Pyramus.' Heigh-ho! Peter Quince! Flute, the bellows-mender! Snout, the tinker! Starveling! God's my life, stolen hence, and left me asleep! I have had a most rare vision. I have had a dream, past the wit of man to say what dream it was: man is but an ass, if he go about to expound this dream. Methought I was—there is no man can tell what. Methought I was,—and methought I had,—but man is but a patched fool, if he will offer to say what methought I had. The eye of man hath not heard, the ear of man hath not seen, man's hand is not able to taste, his tongue to conceive, nor his heart to report, what my dream was. I will get Peter Quince to write a ballad of this dream: it shall be called Bottom's Dream, because it hath no bottom: and I will sing it in the latter end of a play, before the duke: peradventure, to make it the more gracious, I shall sing it at her death."

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?

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 handi-craft man in Athens.

Quin. Yea, and the best person too; and he is a very paramour for a sweet voice.

Flu. You must say 'Paramour': a paramour is, God bless us, a thing of naught.

Enter Snug.

Snug. Masters, the duke is coming from the temple, and there is two or three lords and ladies more married: if our sport had gone forward, we had all been made men.

Flu. O sweet, bully Bottom! Thus hath he lost sixpence a day during his life; he could not have 'scape sixpence a day: an the duke had not given him sixpence a day for playing Pyramus, I'll be hanged; he would have deserved it: sixpence a day in Pyramus, or nothing.

Enter Bottom.

Bot. Where are these lads? where are these hearts?
ACT V.  

A MIDSUMMER-NIGHT'S DREAM.  

SCENE I.—Athens. The palace of Theseus.  

Enter Theseus, Hippolyta, Philostrate, Lords, and Attendants.  

Hip. 'Tis strange, my Theseus, that these lovers speak of.  

The. More strange than true: I never may believe 
These antique fables, nor these fairy toys, 
Lovers and madmen have such seething brains,  
Such shaping fantasies, that apprehend 
More than cool reason ever comprehends.  
The lunatic, the lover, and the poet 
Are of imagination all compact:  
One sees more devils than vast hell can hold, 
That is, the madman: the lover, all as frantic, 
Sees Helen's beauty in a bark of Egypt: 
The poet's eye, in a fine frenzy rolling, 
Doth glance from heaven to earth, from earth to 
And as imagination bodies forth [heaven;  
The forms of things unknown, the poet's pen 
Turns them to shapes and gives to airy nothing 
A local habitation and a name. 
Such tricks hath strong imagination, 
That, if it would but apprehend some joy, 
It comprehends some bringer of that joy; 
Or in the night, imagining some fear, 
How easy is a bush supposed a bear!  

Hip. But all the story of the night told over, 
And all their minds transfigured so together, 
More witnesseth than fancy's images, 
And grows to something of great constancy; 
But, howsoever, strange and admirable.  
The. Here come the lovers, full of joy and mirth.  

Enter Lysander, Demetrius, Hermia, and Helena.  

Joy, gentle friends! joy and fresh days of love 
Accompany your hearts!  

Lys. More than to us 
Wait in your royal walks, your board, your bed!  
The. Come now; what masques, what dances shall we have, 
To wear away this long age of three hours 
Between our after-supper and bed-time? 
Where is our usual manager of mirth? 
What revels are in hand? Is there no play, To ease the anguish of a torturing hour?  

Philo. Here, mighty Theseus.  
The. Say, what abridgment have you for this evening? 
What masque? what music? How shall we beguile The lazy time, if not with some delight?  

Philo. There is a brief how many sports are ripe: Make choice of which your highness will see first.  

[Giving a paper.  

The. [Reads] 'The battle with the Centaurs, to be sung  
By an Athenian eunuch to the harp.'  

We'll none of that: that have I told my love, 
In glory of my kinman Hercules.  
[Reads] 'The riot of the tipsy Bacchanals, 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.  

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 three Muses mourning for the  
Of Learning, late deceased in beggary.' [death  
That is some satire, keen and critical, 
Not sorting with a nuptial ceremony.  
[Reads] 'A tedious brief scene of young Pyramus  
And his love Thisbe: very tragical mirth.'  

Merry and tragic! tedious and brief!  
That is, hot ice and wondrous strange snow. 
How shall we find the concord of this discord?  

Philo. 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.  
The. What are they that do play it?  
Philo. Hard-handed men that work in Athens here,  
Which never labour'd in their minds till now,  
And now have told their unbreathed memories 
With this same play, against your nuptial.  
The. And we will hear it.  

No, my noble lord;  
It is not for you: I have heard it over,  
And it is nothing, nothing in the world;  
Unless you can find sport in their intents,  
Extremely stretch'd and conn'd with cruel pain,  
To do you service.  
The. I will hear that play;  
For never anything can be amiss,  
When simpleness and duty tender it.  
Go, bring them in: and take your places, ladies.  
[Exit Philostrate.  

Hip. I love not to see wretchedness overcharged  
And duty in his service perishing.  
The. Why, gentle sweet, you shall see no such thing.  

Hip. He says they can do nothing in this kind.  
The. The kinder we, to give them thanks for nothing. 

Our sport shall be to take what they mistake:  
And what our duty cannot do, noble respect  
Takes it in might, not merit.  
Where I have come, great clerks have purposed  
To greet me with premeditated welcomes;  
Where I have seen them shiver and look pale, 
Make periods in the midst of sentences,  
Throttle their practised accent to their fears  
And in conclusion dumbly have broke off,  
Not paying me a welcome. Trust me, sweet, 
Out of this silence yet I pick'd a welcome;  
And in the modesty of fearful duty 
I read as much as from the rattling tongue 
Of saucy and audacious eloquence.  
Love, therefore, and tongue-tied simplicity  
In least speak most, to my capacity.
Re-enter Philostrate.

Phl. Soplease your grace, the Prologue is address'd.

The. Let him approach. [Flourish of trumpets.

Enter Quince for the Prologue.

Pro. If we offend, it is with our good will.

That you should think, we come not to offend,
But with good will. To show our simple skill,
That is the true beginning of our end.
Consider then we come but in despite.
We do not come as minding to content you,
Our true intent is. All for your delight
We are not here. That you should here repent you,
The actors are at hand and by their show
You shall know all that you are like to know.

The. This fellow doth not stand upon points.

Lys. He hath rid his prologue like a rough colt;
He knows not the stop. A good moral, my lord: it
is not enough to speak, but to speak true.

Hyp. Indeed he hath played on his prologue like a
child on a recorder; a sound, but not in government.

The. His speech was like a tangled chain: nothing
impaired, but all disordered. Who is next?

Enter Pyramus and Thisbe, Wall, Moonshine,
and Lion.

Pro. Gentles, perchance you wonder at this show;
But wonder on, till truth make all things plain.
This man is Pyramus, if you would know;
This beautious lady Thisby is certainly.
This man, with lime and rough-cast, doth present
Wall, that vile Wall which did these lovers sunder;
[content
And through Wall's chink, poor souls, they are
To whisper. At the which let no man wonder.
This man, with 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,
The trusty Thisby, coming first by night,
Did scare away, or rather did affright;
And, as she fled, her mantle she did fall,
Which Lion vile with bloody mouth did stain.
Anon comes Pyramus, sweet youth and tall.
And finds his trusty Thisby's mantle slain:
Whereat, with blade, with bloody blameful blade,
He bravely broach'd his boiling bloody breast;
And Thisby, tarrying in mulberry shade,
His dagger drew, and died. For all the rest,
Let Lion, Moonshine, Wall, and lovers join
At large discourse, while here they do remain.

[Exeunt Prologue, Thisbe, Lion, and Moonshine.

The. I wonder if the lion be to speak.

Dem. No wonder, my lord: one lion may, when many 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 often very secretly.
This lion, this rough-cast and this stone doth show
That I am that same wall; the truth is so:
And thus the cranny is, right and sinister,
Through which the fearful lovers are to whisper.

The. Would you desire lime and hair to speak better?

Dem. It is the wittiest partition that ever I heard
discourse, my lord.

Enter Pyramus.

The. Pyramus draws near the wall: silence!

Pyr. O grim-look'd night! O night with hue so
O night, which ever art when day is not! [black! O
night, O night! alack, alack, alack,

I fear my Thisby's promise is forgot!
And thou, O wall, O sweet, O lovely wall, [mine!
That stand'st between her father's ground and
Thou wall, O wall, O sweet and lovely wall,
Show me thy chink, to blink through with mine
eye! [Wall holds up his fingers.
Thanks, courteous wall: Jove shall tame thee well for
But what see I? No Thisby do I see. [this!
O wicked wall, through whom I see no bliss!
Cursed be thy stones for thus deceiving me!

The. The wall, methinks, being sensible, should
curse again.

Py. No, in truth, sir, he should not. 'Decieving
men' 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. This, O wall, full often hast thou heard my
For parting my fair Pyramus and me! [moans,
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
And, like Limander, am I trusty still. [grace;
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. [wall!

Py. O, kiss me through the hole of this vile
This. I kiss the wall's hole, not your lips at all.

Pyr. Wilt thou at Ninny's tomb meet me straight-
way?

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. [Exeunt.

The. Now is the mural down between the two
neighbours.

Dem. No remedy, my lord, when walls are so
willful to hear without warning.

Hyp. This is the silliest stuff that ever I heard.

This. The best in this kind are but shadows;
and the worst are no worse, if imagination amend
them.

Hyp. It must be your imagination then, and
not theirs.

This. If we imagine no worse of them than they
of themselves, they may pass for excellent men.
Here come two noble beasts in, a man and a lion.

Enter Lion and Moonshine.

Lion. You, ladies, you, whose gentle hearts do
fear [floor,
The smallest monstrous mouse that creeps on
May now perchance both quake and tremble here,
When lion rough in wildest rage doth roar.
Then know that I, one Snug the joiner, am
A lion-fell, nor else no lion's dam;
For, if I should as lion come in strife
Into this place, 't were pity on my life. [sence.

This. A very gentle beast, and of a good con-
Dem. The very best at a beast, my lord, that
e'er I saw.

Lys. This lion is a very fox for his valour.

This. True; and a goose for his discretion.

Dem. Not so, my lord; for his valour cannot
carry his discretion; and the fox carries the goose.

This. His discretion, I am sure, cannot carry his
valour: for the goose carries not the fox. It is
well: leave it to his discretion, and let us listen to
the moon.

[Exeunt.
ACT V.  A MIDSUMMER-NIGHT'S DREAM.  SCENE I.

The. He is no crescent, and his horns are invisible within the circumference.  [sent;  
Moon. This lanthorn doth the hoined moon prepare for myself the man I the moon do seem to be.  
The. 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: for, you see, it is already in snuff.  [change;  
Hip. I am aware of this moon: would he would.  
The. It appears by his small light of discretion, that he is in the wane; but yet, in courtesy, in all reason, we must stay the time.

Lys. Proceed, Moon.  
Moon. All that I have to say is, to tell you that the 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.  
The. Well run, Thisbe.  
Hip. Well shone, Moon. Truly, the moon shines with a good grace.

[The Lion shakes Thisbe’s mantle, and exit.

The. Well moused, Lion.  
Lys. And so the lion vanished.

Dem. And then came Pyramus.

Enter Pyramus.

Pyr. Sweet Moon, I thank thee for thy sunny beams;  
I thank thee, Moon, for shining now so bright;  
For, by thy gracious, golden, glittering gleams,  
I trust to 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!

The. This passion, and the death of a dear friend,  
would go near to make a man look sad.

Hip. Beawhe 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.

Come, tears, confound;  
Out, sword, and wound  
The pan of Pyramus;  
Ay, that left pap,
Where heart doth hop:  
[Stabs himself.  
Thus die I, thus, thus, thus.

Now am I dead,  
My soul is in the sky:  
Tongue, lose thy light;  
Moon, take thy flight:  
[Exit Moonshine.

Now die, die, die, die, die.  
[Dies.  

Dem. No die, but an ace, for him; for he is but one.

Lys. Less than an ace, man; for he is dead; he is nothing.

The. With the help of a surgeon he might yet recover, and prove an ass.

Hip. How chance Moonshine is gone before Thisbe comes back? and finds her lover?

The. She will find him by starlight. Here she comes; and her passion ends the play.

Re-enter Thisbe.

Hip. Methinks she should not use a long one for such a Pyramus: I hope she will be brief.

Dem. A most unseemly balance, which Pyramus, which Thisbe is the better; he for a man, God warrant us; she for a woman, God bless us. [eyes.  
Lys. She hath spied him already with those sweet  
Dem. And thus she means, videlicet:—  

This. Asleep, my love?  
What, dead, my dove?  
O Pyramus, arise!  
Speak, speak. Quite dumb?  
Dead, dead? A tomb  
Must cover thy sweet eyes.  
These lily lips,  
This cherry nose,  
These yellow cowslip cheeks,  
Are gone, are gone:  
Lovers, make moon:  
His eyes were green as leeks.  
O Sisters Three,  
Come, come to me,  
With hands as pale as milk;  
Put them in gore;  
Since you have shore  
With shears his thread of silk.  
Tongue, not a word:  
Come, trusty sword;  
Come, blade, my breast imbrue:  
[Stabs herself.  
And farewell, friends;  
Thus Thisby ends:  
Adieu, adieu, adieu.  

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 Bergomaske 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 wrote it had played Pyramus and hanged himself in Thisbe’s garret, it would have been a fine tragedy; and so it is, truly; and very notably discharged. But, come, your Bergomaske: let your epilogue alone.

[Dies.  

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 palpable-gross 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 roar,  
And the wolf beweols the moon;  
Whilst the heavy ploughman snores,  
All with weary task forborne.  
Now the wasted brands do glow,  
Whilst the screeching 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 leys forth his sprite,  
In the church-wall paths to glide:  
And we fairies, that do run  
By the triple Hecate’s team,
From the presence of the sun,
Following darkness like a dream,
Now are frolic: not a mouse
Shall disturb this hallow'd house:
I am sent with broom before,
To sweep the dust behind the door.

Enter Oberon and Titania with their train.
Obe. Through the house give glimmering light,
By the dead and drowsy fire:
Every elf and fairy sprite
Hop as light as bird from brier;
And this ditty, after me,
Sing, and dance it trippingly.
Tita. First, rehearse your song by rote,
To each word a warbling note:
Hand in hand, with fairy grace,
Will we sing, and bless this place.

[Song and dance.

Obe. Now, until the break of day,
Through this house each fairy stray.
To the best bride-bed will we,
Which by us shall blessed be;
And the issue there create
Ever shall be fortunate.
So shall all the couples three
Ever true in loving be;
And the blots of Nature's hand
Shall not in their issue stand;

Never mole, hare lip, nor scar,
Nor mark prodigious, such as are
Despised in nativity,
Shall upon their children be.
With this field-dew consecrate,
Every fairy take his gait;
And each several chamber bless,
Through this palace, with sweet peace;
And the owner of it blest
Ever shall in safety rest.
Trip away; make no stay;
Meet me all by break of day.

[Exit Oberon, Titania, and train.
Puck. If we shadows have offended,
Think but this, and all is mended,
That you have but slumber'd here
While these visions did appear.
And this weak and idle theme,
No more yielding but a dream,
Gentles, do not reprehend:
If you pardon, we will mend:
And, as I am an honest Puck,
If we have unearned luck
Now to 'scape the serpent's tongue,
We will make amends ere long;
Else the Puck a liar call:
So, good night unto you all.
Give me your hands, if we be friends,
And Robin shall restore amends.

[Exit.

Hermia.—Out, dog! out, cur! thou driv'st me past the bounds
Of maiden's patience. Hast thou slain him then?
Henceforth be never numbered among men!
O! once tell true, tell true, e'en for my sake;
Durst thou have look'd upon him, being awake,
And hast thou kill'd him sleeping? O brave touch!
Could not a worm, an adder, do so much?
An adder did it; for with doubler tongue
Than thine, thou serpent, never adder stung.

Demetrius.—You spend your passion on a mispris'd mood:
I am not guilty of Lysander's blood,
Nor is he dead, for aught that I can tell.—Act III., Scene ii.
THE MERCHANT OF VENICE.

Dramatis Personae.
The Duke of Venice.
The Prince of Morocco, suitors to Portia.
The Prince of Arragon, Antonio, a merchant of Venice.
Bassanio, his friend, suitors likewise to Portia.
Salanio, Salarino, Gratiano, friends to Antonio and Bassanio.
Salerio, Lorenzo, in love with Jessica.
Shylock, a rich Jew.
Tubal, a Jew, his friend.
Launcelot Gobbo, the clown, servant to Shylock.

Old Gobbo, father to Launcelot.
Leonardo, servant to Bassanio.
Balthasar, servants to Portia.
Stephano, Portia, a rich heiress.
Nerissa, her waiting maid.
Jessica, daughter to Shylock.

Magnificoes of Venice, Officers of the Court of Justice, Gasler, Servants to Portia, and other Attendants.

Scene—Partly at Venice, and partly at Belmont, the seat of Portia, on the Continent.

ACT I.

Scene I.—Venice. A street.

Enter Antonio, Salarino, and Salanio.

Ant. In sooth, I know not why I am so sad:
It wearies me; you say it wearies you;
But how I caught it, found it, or came by it,
What stuff 'tis made of, whereof it is born,
I am to learn;
And such a want-wit sadness makes of me,
That I have much ado to know myself.
Salar. Your mind is tossing on the ocean;
There, where your argosies with portly sail,
Like signiors and rich burghers on the flood,
Or, as it were, the pageants of the sea,
Do overpeer the petty traffickers,
That curtsy to them, do them reverence,
As they fly by them with their woven wings.
Salan. Believe me, sir, had I such venture forth,
The better part of my affections would
Be with my hopes abroad. I should be still
Plucking the grass, to know where sits the wind,
Peering in maps for ports and piers and roads;
And every object that might make me fear
Misfortune to my ventures, out of doubt
Would make me sad.
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 splices 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.
Ant. Believe me, no: I thank my fortune for it,

My ventures are not in one bottom trusted,
Nor to one place; nor is my whole estate
Upon the fortune of this present year:
Therefore my merchandise makes me not sad.
Salar. Why, then you are in love.
Ant. Fie, fie! Salar. Not in love neither? Then let us say
you are sad,
Because you are not merry, and 't were as easy
For you to laugh and leap and say you are merry,
Because you are not sad. Now, by two-headed Janus,
Nature hath framed strange fellows in her time:
Some that will evermore peep through their eyes
And laugh like parrots at a bag-piper,
And other of such vinegar aspect
That they'll not show their teeth in way of smile,
Though Nestor swear the jest be laughable.

Enter Bassanio, Lorenzo, and Gratiano.

Salar. Here comes Bassanio, your most noble
Gratiano and Lorenzo. Fare ye well: kinsman,
We leave you now with better company. [merry,
Salar. I would have stay'd till I had made you
If worthier friends had not prevented me.
Ant. Your worth is very dear in my regard.
I take it, your own business calls on you.
And you embrace the occasion to depart.
Salar. Good morrow, my good lords.
Bass. Good signiors both, when shall we laugh?
say, when?
Yon grow exceeding strange; must it be so?
Salar. We'll make our liberties to attend on yours.
[Exeunt Salarino and Salanio.

Lor. My Lord Bassanio, since you have found
Antonio,
We two will leave you: but at dinner-time,
I pray you, have in mind where we must meet.
Bass. I will not fail you.

[Enter Gratiano and Antonio;
Gra. You look not well, Signior Antonio;
Yow have too much respect upon the world:
They lose it that do buy it with much care:
Believe me, you are marvellously changed.
Ant. I hold the world but as the world, Gratiano;
A stage where every man must play a part,
And mine a sad one.
ACT I.

THE MERCHANT OF VENICE.

SCENE II.

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 joy to know —
There are a sort of men whose visages
Do cream and mantle like a standing pond,
And do a wilful stillness entertain,
With purpose to be dress'd in an opinion
Of wisdom, gravity, profound conceit,
As much, I guess, because they are fools
But fish not, with this melancholy bait,
For this fool gudgeon, 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 see what shall be done. But 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 neath's tongue dried and a maid not vendible.

[Exeunt Gratiano and Lorenzo.

Ant. Is that any thing new?

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 you love that better than all followed.
By something showing a more swelling port
Than my faint means would grant continuance:
Nor do I now make mean to be abridged
From such a noble rate; but my chief care
Is to come fairly off from the great debts
When the light wax. When I have wind of
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 I stand as you yourselves stand,
Within the eye of honour, be assured,
My purse, my person, my extremest means,
Lie all unlock'd to your occasions.

Bass. In my school-days, when I had lost one
I shot his fellow of the self-same flight [shaft,
The self-same way with more advis'd 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 wilful youth,
That which I owe is lost; but if you please
To show the 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. [time

Ant. You know me well, and herein spend but
To wind about my love with circumstance;
And out of doubt you do me now more wrong
In making question of my uttermost
Than if you had made waste of all I have:
Then do but say to me what I should do
That in your knowledge may be me done,
And I am prest unto it: therefore, speak.

Bass. In Belmont is a lady richly left;
And she is fair and, fater than your 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 is say, they have in every coast
Renowned suitors, and her sunny locks
Hang on her temples like a golden fleece;
Which makes her seat of Belmont Colchis' strand,
And many Jascons 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 pressusse 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 in Venice do:
For the four winds is say, they have in every coast,
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
awary 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 will go on day by day; but they will not 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 do it. When the brain may
devise laws for the blood, but a hot temper
leads o'er a cold decree: such a rare 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 neither choose whom I would nor refuse
whom I dislike; no the will of a living daughter
curbed by the will of a dead father. Is it not hard,
Nerissa, that I cannot choose one or refuse none?

Ner. Your father was ever virtuous; and holy
men at their death have good inspirations: there-
fore the lottery, that he hath devised in these three
chests of gold, silver and lead: and he 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 affection.

Ner. First, there is the Neapolitan prince.

Por. Ay, that's a cot indeed, for he doth nothing
but talk of his horse; and he makes it a great ap-
propriation to his own good parts, that he can shoe
him himself. I am much afeard 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 unmannerly sadness in his youth. I had rather be married to a death's-head with a bone in his mouth than to either of these. God defend me for the two!

Ner. How say you by the French lord, Monsieur Le Bon?

Por. God made him, and therefore let him pass for a man. In truth, I know it is a sin to be a 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 throttle-sing, he falls straight a capering: he will fence with his own shadow: if I should marry him, I should marry twenty husbands. If he would despise me, I would forgive him, for if he love me to madness, I shall never requite him.

Ner. What think you of the Scottish lord, his neighbour?

Por. That he hath a neighbourly charity in him, for he borrowed a box of the ear of the Englishman and swore he would pay him again when he was able: I think the Frenchman became his surety and sealed 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 fail that ever fell, I hope I shall make shift to go without him.

Por. If he 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 Sibylia, 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 woers are so reasonable, for there is not one among them but I doke on his very absence, and I pray God grant that I was not as some other sort than your father.

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?

Serr. 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 shrieve me than wive me.

Come, Nerissa. Sirrah, go before.

While 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 which, as I told you, Antonio shall.

Shy. Antonio shall become bound; well.

Bass. May you stand me? will you pleasure me? shall I know your answer?

Shy. Three thousand ducats for three months and Antonio bound.

Bass. Your answer to that.

Shy. Antonio is a good man.

Bass. Have you heard any imputation to the contrary?

Shy. Oh, 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 supposition: he hath an argosy bound to Tripolis, another to the Indies; I understand, moreover, upon the Rialto, he hath a third at Mexico, a fourth for England, and other ventures he hath, squancred 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? Is it possible to dine with us? [tonio?]

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. [looks!]

Shy. [Aside] How like a fawning publican he hates him for he is a Christian, but more for his varnish simplicity. He lends out money gratis and brings down the rate of usance 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 brothers and my well-won thrift, 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 given sum. What of full three thousand ducats. What of that? Tubal, a wealthy Hebrew of my tribe,
ACT II.

THE MERCHANT OF VENICE.

SCENE I. Belmont. A room in Portia's house.

Flourish of cornets. Enter the Prince of Morocco and his train; Portia, Nerissa, and others attending.

Mor. Mislike me not for my complexion, The shadow'd livery of the burnish'd sun,

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.

Shy. 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 do't Of usance for my moneys, and you'll not hear me: This is kind ness.

Bass. This was kindness.

Shy. 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 This bond expires, I do expect return Of thrice three times the value of this bond.

Shy. 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 By the exaction of the forfeiture?

A pound of man's flesh taken from a man Is not so estimable, so profitable a deal As flesh of muttons, beefs, or goats. I say, To 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, Shylock, I will seal unto this bond.

Shy. 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 unladylike knife, and presently I will be with you.


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.
Hath fear'd the valiant: by my love, I swear
The best-regarded virgin of our clime:
Have loved not too much, nor could we judge him,
Except to steal your thoughts, my gentle queen.

Por. In terms of choice I am not solely led
By nice direction of a maiden's eyes;
Besides, the lottery of my destiny
Bars me the right of voluntary choosing:
But if my father had not scorned me
And bced 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 simitar
That slew the Sophy and a Persian prince
That won three fields of Sultan Solyman,
I would outstare the sternest eyes that look,
Outbrave the heart most dashing 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 unworthy 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 best or cursed'st among men.

[Enter Launcelot.]

SCENE II.—Venice. A street.

Launcelot. 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 'Go, Launcelot, Gobbo, good Launcelot,' or 'go Gobbo,' or 'good Launcelot Gobbo, use your legs, take the start, run away.' My conscience says 'No; take heed, honest Launcelot; take heed, honest Gobbo,' or, as aforesaid, 'honest Launcelot Gobbo; do not run; scorn running with thy heels.' Well, the most courageous fiend bids me pack: '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 the fiend of it too: I would be 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. 'say not thy conscience. 'Con-
science,' say I, 'you counsel 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. Cer-
tainly, the Jew is the very devil incarnate: and, in my conscience, my conscience is but a kind of hard conscience, to offer to counsel me to stay with the Jew.

The fiend gives the more friendly counsel: I
will run, fiend; my 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 myself.

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.

Gob. By God's sentencs, '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 be-
seeing you, young Master Launcelot?

Gob. Of Master Launcelot, an't please your mastership.

Laun. Ergo, Master Launcelot. Talk not of Mas-
ter Launcelot, father; for the young gentleman, according to Fates and Destinies and such odd sayings, the Sisters Three and such branches of learning, is indeed deceased, or, as you would say in plain terms, gone to heaven.

Gob. Marry, Good forbid! the boy was the very staff of my age, my very prop.

Laun. Do I look like a cudgel or a holvel-post, a staff or a prop? Do you know me, father?

Gob. Alack the day, I know you not, young gentle-
man: 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 eyes, you
might fail of the knowing me: it is a wise father
that knows his own child. Well, old man, I will
tell you news of your son: give me your blessing:
truth will come to light; murder cannot be hid long; a man's son may, but at the length truth will out.

Gob. Pray you, sir, stand up: I am sure you are not Launcelot, my boy.

Laun. Pray you, let's have no more fooling about it
but give me your blessing: I am Launcelot, your boy that was, your son that is, your child that shall be.

Gob. I cannot think you are my son.

Laun. I know not what I shall think of that:
but I am Launcelot, the Jew's man, and I am sure Margery your wife is my mother.

Gob. Her name is Margery, indeed: I'll be
sworn, if thou be Launcelot, thou art mine own
flesh and blood. Lord worshipped might he be!
I'll be a beard hast thou got? thou hast got more hair on thy chin than Dobbin my fill-horse has on
his tail.

Laun. It should seem, then, that Dobbin's tail
grows backward: I am sure he had more hair of
his tail than I have of my face when I last saw him.

Gob. Lord, how art thou changed! How dost thou and them? 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

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ill I have run some ground. My master 's a very Jew: give him a present! give him a halter: I am famished in his service; you may tell every finger I have with my ribs. Father, I am glad you are come; give me your present to one Master Bassanio, who, indeed, gives rare new liversies; 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 Leonato 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 liversies to making, and desire Gratiano to come anon to my lodging. [Exit a Servant.

Laun. To him, father.

Gob. God bless your worship!

Bass. Grumercy! 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—

Bass. His master and he, saving your worship's reverence from a longer catechising.

Laun. To be brief, the very truth is that the Jew, having done me wrong, doth cause me, as my father, being, I hope, an old man, shall put近两年 you—

Gob. I have here a dish of doves that I would bestow upon your worship, and my suit is—

Laun. I in brief, sir, I am imperious to myself, as your worship shall know by this honest old man; and, though I say it, though old man, yet poor man, my father.

Bass. One speak for both. What would you?

Laun. Serve you, sir.

Gob. That is the very defect of the matter, sir.

Bass. I know thee well; thou hast obtain'd thy Shylock thy master spoke with me this day, [suit: and hath preferr'd thee, if it be preferr'd To leave a rich Jew's service, to become The follower of so poor a gentleman.

Laun. The old proverb is very well parted between my master Shylock and your son; sir, you have the grace of God, sir, and he hath enough. [son.

Bass. Thou speak'st it well. Go, father, with thy Take leave of thy old master and inquire My lodging out. Give him a livery More guarded than his fellows; see it done.

Laun. Father, in. I cannot get a service, no; I have ne'er a tongue in my head. Well, if any man in Italy have a fairer table which doth offer to swear upon a book, I shall have good fortune. Go to, here 's a simple line of life: here 's a small trifle of wives: alas, fifteen wives is nothing! eleven widows and nine maid is as simple coming-in for one man: and then to 'scape drowning thrice, and to be in peril of my life with the edge of a feather-bed; here are simple scapes. Well, if Fortune be a woman, she 's a good wench for this gear. Father, come; I 'll take my leave of the Jew in the twinkling of an eye. [Exit. [Enter Gratiano and old Gobbo.

Bass. I pray thee, good Leonardo, think on this: These things being bought and orderly bestow'd, Return in haste, for I do feast to-night. My best-esteem'd acquaintance; be thee, go. Leon. My best endeavours shall be done herein.

Enter Gratiano.

Gra. Where is your master?

Leon. Yonder, sir, he walks. [Exit.

Gra. Signior Bassanio!

Bass. Gratiano!
ACT II.

THE MERCHANT OF VENICE.

SCENE VI.

Lor. I know the hand: in faith 'tis a fair hand; And whiter than the paper it writ on
Is the fair hand that writ.
Gra. Love-news, in faith.

Lau. By your leave, sir.
Lor. Whither goest thou?
Lau. 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 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.
Salar. Meet me and Gratiano
At Gratiano's lodging some hour hence.
Salar. 'Tis good we do so.

[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 furnish'd with,
What page's suit she hath in readiness.
If ere 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 of that faithless Jew.
Come, go with me; peruse 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 gormandize,
As thou hast done with me: —What, Jessica! —
And sleep and more, and rend apparel out; —
Why, Jessica, I say!

Lau. Why, Jessica!

Lau. Your worship was wont to tell me that I
could do nothing without bidding.

Enter Jessica.

Jes. Call you? what is your will?

Shy. I am bid forth to supper, Jessica:
There are my keys. But wherefore should I go?
I am not bid for love; they flatter me:
But yet I'll go in hate, to feed upon
The prodigal Christian. Jessica, my girl,
Look to my house. I am right loath to go;
There is some ill a-brewing towards my rest,
For I did dream of money-bags to-night.
Lau. I beseech you, sir, go: my young master
doth expect your reproach.
Shy. So do I.

Lau. An they have conspired together, I will
not say you shall see a masque; but if you do, then
it was not for nothing that my nose fell a-bleaing
on Black-Monday last at six o'clock the morning,
falling out that year on Ash-Wednesday was four
year in the afternoon.

Shy. How now, are there masques? Hear you me, Jessica:
Lock up my doors; and when you hear the drum
And the vile squealing of the wry-neck'd fife,
Clamber not you up to the casements then,
Nor thrust your head into the public street
To gaze on Christian fools with varnish'd faces,
But stop my house's ears. I mean my casements:
Let not the sound of shallow folly enter
My sober house. By Jacob's staff, I swear,
I have no mind of feasting forth to-night:

But I will go. Go you before, sir. Mistress, look out at
window, for all this;
There will come a Christian by,
Will be worth a Jewess' eye. [Exit.

Shy. What says that fool of Hagar's offspring,
his son?
Jes. His words were ' Farewell mistress: 'nothing
Shy. The patch is kind enough, but a huge feeder;
Snail-slow in profit, and he sleeps by day
More than the wild-cat; drones hive not with me;
Therefore I part with him, and part with him
To one that I would have him help to waste
His borrow'd purse. Well, Jessica, go in:
Perhaps I will return immediately;
Do as I bid you; shut doors after you:
Past bind, fast find;
A proverb never stale in thrifty mind. [Exit.

Jes. Farewell; and if my fortune be not crost,
I have a father, you a daughter, lost.

[Exit.

SCENE VI.—The same.

Enter Gratiano and Salarino, masqued.

Gra. This is the pent-house under which Lorenzo
Desired us to make stand.
Salar. His hour is almost past.
Gra. And it is marvel he out-dwells his hour,
For lovers ever run before the clock.
Salar. O, ten times faster Venus' pigeons fly
To seal love's bonds new-made, than they are wont
To keep obliged faith unforfeited!
Gra. That ever holds: who riseth from a feast
With that keen appetite that he sits down?
Where is the horse that dothuntread again
His tedious measures with the unbated fire
That he did pace them first? All things that are,
Are with more spirit chased than enjoy'd.
How like a younker or a prodigal
The scarfed bark puts from her native bay,
Hugg'd and embraced by the strumpet wind!
How like the prodigal doth she return,
With over-weather'd ribs and ragged sails,
Lean, rent and beggar'd by the strumpet wind!
Salar. Here comes Lorenzo: more of this here-
after.

Enter Lorenzo.

Lor. Sweet friends, your patience for my long
Not I, but my affairs, have made you wait: [abo
When you shall please to play the thieves for wives,
I'll watch as long for you then. Approach;
Here dwells my father Jew. Ho! who's within?

Enter Jessica, above, in boy's clothes.

Jes. Who are you? Tell me, for more certainty,
Albeit I'll swear that I do know your tongue.

Lor. Lorenzo, and thy love.
Jes. Lorenzo, certain, and my love indeed,
For who love I so much? And now who knows
But you, Lorenzo, whether I am yours? [Thou art.

Lor. Heaven and thy thoughts are witness that
Jes. Here, catch this casket; it is worth the
I am glad 'tis night, you do not look on me, [pains.
For I am much ashamed of my exchange:
But love is blind and lovers cannot see
The pretty follies that themselves commit;
For if they could, Cupid himself would blush
To see me thus transformed to a boy.

Lor. Descend, for you must be my torch-bearer.
Jes. What, must I hold a candle to my shames?
They in themselves, good sooth, are too too light.
The pretty follies that themselves commit;
And I should be obscured.

Lor. So are you, sweet,
Even in the lovely garnish of a boy.
But come at once;
For the close night doth play the runaway,  
And we are stay'd for at Bassanio's feast.  

\textit{Jes.} I will make fast the doors, and gild myself  
With some more ducats, and be with you straight.  

\textit{Exit above.}

\textit{Gra.} Now, by my hood, a Gentle and no Jew.  
\textit{Lor.} Beshrew me but I love her heartily;  
For she is wise, I can judge her:  
And fair she is, if that mine eyes be true,  
And true she is, as she hath proved herself,  
And therefore, like herself, wise, fair and true,  
Shall she be placed in my constant soul.

\textit{Enter Jessica, below.}

What, art thou come? On, gentlemen; away!  
Our masquing mates by this time for us stay.  
\[\textit{Exit with Jessica and Salarino.}\]

\textit{Enter Antonio.}

\textit{Ant.} Who's there?  
\textit{Gra.} Signior Antonio!  
\textit{Ant.} Fie, fie, Gratiano! where are all the rest?  
\textit{Gra.} 'Tis nine o'clock: our friends all stay for you.  
\textit{No masque to-night: the wind is come about;  
Bassanio presently will go aboard:  
I have sent twenty out to seek for you.  
\textit{Gra.} I am glad on 't: I desire no more delight  
Than to be under sail and gone to-night.  
\[\textit{Exeunt.}\]

\textbf{SCENE VII.} — Belmont. A room in Portia's house.  

\textit{Flourish of cornets. Enter Portia, with the Prince of Morocco, and their trains.}

\textit{Por.} Go draw aside the curtains and discover  
The several caskets to this noble prince.  
Now make your choice.  
\textit{Mor.} The first, of gold, who this inscription bears,  
'Who chooseth me shall gain what many men desire.'  
The second, silver, which this promise carries,  
'Who chooseth me shall get as much as he deserves;'  
This third, dull lead, with warning all as blunt,  
'Who chooseth me must give and hazard all he hath.'  
How shall I know if I do choose the right?  
\textit{Por.} The one of them contains my picture, prince:  
If a good thought, let me hear it, sir.  
\textit{Mor.} Some god direct my judgment! Let me  
I will survey the inscriptions back again.  
What says this leaden casket?  
[hath.'  
'Who chooseth me must give and hazard all he must give: for what? for lead? hazard for lead?  
This casket, indeed, is of hazard all.  
Do it in hope of fair advantages:  
A golden mind stoops not to show of dress;  
I'll then nor give nor hazard aught for lead.  
What says the silver with her virgin hue?  
'Who chooseth me shall get as much as he deserves.'  
As much as he deserves. Pause there, Morocco,  
And weigh thy value with an even hand;  
If thou be'st rated by thy estimation,  
Thou dost deserve enough; and yet enough  
May not extend so far as to the lady:  
And yet to be afraid of my deserving  
Were but a weak disabling of myself,  
As much as I deserve! Why, that's the lady:  
I do in birth deserve her, and in fortunes,  
In graces and in qualities of breeding;  
But more than these, in love do I deserve.  
What if I stray'd no further, but chose here?  
Let's see once more this saying carved in gold;  
'Who chooseth me shall gain what many men desire.'  
Why, that's the lady; all the world desires her;  
From the four corners of the earth they come,  
To kiss this shrine, this mortal-breathing saint:  
The Hyrcanian deserts and the vasty wilds  
Of wide Arabia are as throughfares now

\textit{For princes to come view fair Portia:  
The watery kingdom, whose ambitious head  
Spits in the face of heaven, is no bar  
To stop the foreign spirits, but they come,  
As o'er a brook, to see fair Portia.  
One of these three contains her heavenly picture.  
Is't like that lead contains her? 'T were damnation  
To think so base a thought; it were too gross  
To rib her cereloth in the obscure grave.  
Or shall I think in silver she's immured,  
Being ten times undervalued to tried gold?  
O sinful thought! Never so rich a gem  
Was set in worse than gold. They have in England  
A coin that flouts the figures of aangel  
Stamped in gold, but that's insculp'd upon;  
But here an angel in a golden bed

\textit{Lies all within. Deliver me the key:  
Here do I choose, and thrive I as I may!  
\[\textit{there,}\]  
\textit{Por.} There, take it, prince; and if my form lie  
Then I am yours.  
\[\textit{He unlocks the golden casket.}\]  
\textit{Mor.} O hell! what have we here?  
A carrion Death, within whose empty eye  
There is a written scroll! I'll read the writing.  
\[\textit{Reads}\] All that glisters is not gold;  
Often have you heard that told:  
Many a man his life hath sold  
But my outside to behold.  
Gilded tombs do worms infold.  
Had you been as wise as bold,  
Young in limbs, in judgment old,  
Your answer had not been inscriv'd:  
Fare you well; your suit is cold.  
Cold, indeed; and labour lost.  
Then, farewell, heat, and welcome, frost!  
Portia, adieu. I have too griev'd a heart  
To take a tedious leave: thus losers part.

\[\textit{Exit with his train. Flourish of cornets.}\]

\textit{Por.} A gentle riddance. Draw the curtains, go.  
Let all of his complexion choose me so.  
\[\textit{Exeunt.}\]

\textbf{SCENE VIII.} — Venice. A street.

\textit{Enter Salario and Salanio.}

\textit{Salar.} Why, man, I saw Bassanio under sail:  
With him is Gratiano gone along;  
And in their ship I am sure Lorenzo is not.  
\textit{Salan.} The villain Jew with outcries raised the duke,  
Who went with him to search Bassanio's ship.  
\textit{Salar.} He came too late, the ship was under sail;  
But there the duke was given to understand  
That in a gentleman's_WATCH, he saw Lorenzo and his amorous Jessica;  
Besides, Antonio certified the duke  
They were not with Bassanio in his ship.  
\textit{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.'  
\textit{Salar.} Why, all the boys in Venice follow him,  
Crying, his stones, his daughter, and his ducats.  
\textit{Salan.} Let good Antonio look he keep his day,  
Or he shall pay for this.

\textit{Salar.} Marry, well remember'd.  
I reason'd with a Frenchman yesterday,  
Who told me, in the narrow seas that part  
The French and English, there miscarried  
A vessel of our country richly fraught:  
I thought upon Antonio when he told me;  
And wish'd in silence that it were not his.
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 Aragon hath taken his oath, And comes to his election presently.

Flourish of cornets. Enter the Prince of Aragon, 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 choosest 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 choosest me shall gain what many men desire,' What many men desire! that many may be meant: By the fool multitude, that choose by show, Not learning more than the fond eye doth teach; Which prises not to the interior, but, like the martlet, Builds in the weather on the outward wall, Even in the force and road of casualty. I will not choose what many men desire, Because I will not jump with common spirits And rank me with the barbarous multitudes. Why, then to thee, thou silver treasure-house; Tell me once more what title thou dost bear: 'Who choosest me shall get as much as he deserves.' And well said too; for who shall go about To cozen fortune and be honourable Without the stamp of merit? Let none presume To wear an undeserved dignity.

Ner. Bassanio, lord love, if thy will it be!
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 girgin or made her neighbours believe she was 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.

Salan. Ha! what sayest thou? Why, the end is, he hath lost a ship.

Salar. It 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 composition of them all to leave the dam.

Shy. She is dammed for it.

Salar. That's certain, if the devil may be her Shy. My own flesh and blood to rebel! Judge.

Salan. Out upon it, old carrion! rebels it at these years?

Shy. I say, my daughter is my flesh and blood.

Salar. There is more difference between thy flesh and hers than between jet and ivory; more between your bloods than there is between red wine and rhumish. But tell us, do you hear whether Antonio have had any loss at all ship or not at all?

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 villany you teach me, I will execute; and it shall go hard but I will better the instruction.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Gentlemen, my master Antonio is at his house and desires to speak with you both.

Salar. We have been up and down to seek him.

Enter Tubal.

Salan. Here comes another of the tribe; a third cannot be matched, unless the devil himself turn Jew.

[Exeunt Salan., Salar., and Servant.

Shy. How now, Tubal! what news from Genoa? hast thou found my daughter?

Tub. I often came where I did hear of her, but cannot find her.

Shy. Why, there, there, there, 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 hearsed at my foot, and the ducats in her coffin! No news of them? Why, so; and I know not what's spent in the search: why, thou loss upon loss! the thief gone with so much, and so much to find the thief; and no satisfaction, no revenge; nor 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 some 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, Tubal: it was my turquoise; I had it of Leah when I was a bachelor: I would not have given it for a wilderness of monkeys.

Tub. But Antonio is certainly undone.

Shy. Nay, that's true, that's very true. Go, Tubal, fee me an officer; bespeak him a fortnight before. I will have the heart of him, if he forfeit; for, were he out of Venice, I can make what 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, carry: 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,
ACT III.  
THE MERCHANT OF VENICE.  
SCENE II.

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 not to forswear;  
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 forswear. Beshrew your eyes,  
They have o'erlook'd me and divided me;  
One half of me is yours, the other half yours,  
Mine own, I tell you; but not mean as 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 speak too long; but 'tis to peize the time,  
To eke it and to draw it out in length,  
To stay you from election.  
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 spending of my love:  
There may as well be amity and life  
'Tween snow and fire, as treason and my love.  
Por. Ay, but I fear you speak upon the rack,  
Where men enforced do speak anything.  
Bass. Promise me life, and I'll confess the truth.  
Por. Well then, confess and live out.  
Nerissa and the rest, stand all aloof.  
Let music sound while he doth make his choice;  
Then, if he lose, he makes a swan-like end,  
Fading in music: that the comparison  
May stand more proper, my eye shall be the stream  
And watery death-bed for him. He may win;  
And what is music then? Then music is  
Even as the flourish when true subjects bow  
To a new-crowned monarch: such it is  
As are those duteous sounds in break of day  
That creep into the dreaming bridegroom's ear  
And summon him to marriage. Now he goes,  
With rich and proper d遗址 of love,  
Young than Alcides, when he did redeem  
The virgin tribute paid by howling Troy  
To the sea-monster: I stand for sacrifice;  
The rest aloof are the Dardanian wives,  
With beared visages, come forth to view  
The issue of the exploit. Go, Hercules!  
Live thou, I live: with much more dismay  
I view the fight than thou that makest the fray.

Music, whilst Bassanio comments on the caskets to himself.

SONG.

Tell me where is fancy bred,  
Or in the heart or in the head?  
How begot, how nourished?  
Reply, reply.

It is engender'd in the eyes,  
With gazing fed; and fancy dies  
In the cradle where it lies.  
Let us all ring fancy's knell:  
I'll begin it,—Ding, dong, bell.  

All. Ding, dong, bell.  

Bass. So may the outward shows be least them.-  
The world is still deceived with ornament.  
In law, what plea so tainted and corrupt  

But, being seasoned with a gracious voice,  
Obscures the show of evil? In religion,  
What damned error, but some sober brow  
Will bless it and approve it with a text,  
Hiding the grossness with fair ornament?  
There is no vice so simple but assumes  
Some mark or name on it for a good part:  
How many cowards, whose hearts are all as false  
As stairs of sand, wear yet upon their chins  
The beards of Hercules and frowning Mars,  
Who, inward search'd, have livers white as milk;  
And these assume but valour's excrement  
To render them redeem'd! Look on beauty,  
And you shall see 't is purchased by the weight;  
Which therein works a miracle in nature,  
Making them lightest that wear most of it:  
So are those clipped snaky golden locks  
Which make such wanton gambols with the wind,  
Upon supposed fairness, often known  
To be the dowry of a second head.  
The skull that bred them in the sepulchre.  
Thus ornament is but the guiled shore  
To a most dangerous sea; the beauteous scarf  
Velling an Indian beauty; in a word,  
The seeming truth which cunning times put on  
To entrap the wise, thou graydly gold,  
Hard food for Midas, I will none of thee;  
Nor none of thee, thou pale and common drudge  
'Tween man and man: but thou, thou meagre lead,  
Which rather threatenest than dost promise aught,  
Thy paleness moves me more than eloquence;  
And here choose I: joy be the consequence!  
Por. [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 exess.  
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 counterfeitt! What demi-god  
Hath come so near creation? Move these eyes?  
Or whether, riding on the balls of mine,  
Seem they in motion? Here are sever'd lips,  
Parted with sugar breath: so sweet a bar  
Should sunder such sweet friends. Here in her hairs  
The painter plays the spider and hath woven  
A golden mesh to entrap the hearts of men  
Faster than gnats in cobwebs; but her eyes,—  
How could she see to be caught in love's making made one,  
Methinks it should have power to steal both his  
And leave itself unfinish'd! Yet look, how far  
The substance of my praise doth wrong this shadow  
In underprizing it, so far this shadow  
Doth limp behind the substance. Here's the scroll,  
The continent and summary of my fortune.  

[Reads] You that choose not by the view,  
Chance as fair and choose as true!  
Since this fortune falls to you,  
Be content and seek no 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.  
Por. You see me, Lord Bassanio, where I stand,
Such as I am: though for myself alone
I would not be ambitious in my wish,
To wish myself much better; yet, for you
I would be trebled twenty times myself:
A thousand times more fair, ten thousand times
More rich;
That only to stand high in your account,
I might in virtues, beauties, livings, friends,
Exceed account; but the full sum of me
Is sum of something, which, to term in gross,
Is such a soul, first made, last unpractised;
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,
And so I bid her receive you.
Myself and what is mine to you and yours
Is now converted: but now I was the lord
Of this fair mansion, master of my servants,
Queen o'er myself; and even now, but now,
This house, these servants and this same myself
Are yours, my lord: I give them with this ring;
Wax thunto, when your key comes away,
Let it presage the ruin of your love
And be my vantage to exclaim on you.

Bass. Madam, you have hereof all words,
Only my blood speaks to you in my veins;
And there is such confusion in my powers,
As, am I too bold, or faith, too spoke.
By a beloved prince, there doth appear
Among the buzzing pleased multitude;
Where every something, being blemished 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 honors 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.
Admit thy father in our lordship; I have got me one.
My eyes, my lord, can look as swift as yours:
You saw the mistress, I beheld the maid;
You loved, I loved for intermission.
No more pertains to me, my lord, than you.
Your fortune stood upon the casket there,
And as did mine too, as the matter fails;
For wooing 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
Achased her mistress.

Por. Is this true, Nerissa?

Ner. Madam, it is, so you stand pleased withal.
Bass. And do you, Gratiano, mean good faith?
Gra. Yes, faith, my lord.

Bass. Our feast shall be much honor'd in your marriage.

Gra. We'll play with them the first boy for a thousand ducats.


Gra. No; we shall ne'er win at that sport, and
But who comes here? Lorenzo and his infidel
What, and my old Venetian friend Salerio?

Enter Lorenzo, Jessica, and Salerio, a Messenger
from Venice.

Bass. Lorenzo and Salerio, welcome hither;
If that the youth of my new interest here
Have power to bid you welcome. By your leave,
I bid my very friends and countrymen,
Sweet Portia, welcome.

Por. So do I, my lord:
They are entirely welcome.

Lor. I thank your honour. For my part, my lord,
My purpose was not to have seen you here;
But meeting with Salerio by the way,
He did intreat me, past all saying nay,
To come with him along.

Saler. I did, my lord;
And I have reason for it. Signor Antonio
Commends him to you. [Gives Bassanio a letter.

Bass. Ere I ope his letter,
I pray you, tell me how my good friend doth.

Saler. Not sick, my lord, unless it be in mind;
Nor well, unless in mind: his letter there
Will show you his estate.

Por. There are some shrewd contents in your same
That steals the colour from Bassanio's cheek:
Some dear friend dead; else nothing in the world
Could turn so much the constitution
Of any constant soul that was worse and worse!
With leave, Bassanio; I am half yourself,
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's 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,
Rating myself at nothing, you shall see
How much I was a braggart. When I told you
My state was nothing, I should then have told you
That I was worse than nothing; for, indeed,
I have engaged myself to a dear friend,
Engaged my friend to his mere enemy,
To feed my means. Here is a letter, lady;
The paper as the body of my friend,
And every word in it a galling wound,
Isuing life-blood. But is it true, Salario?
Have all his ventures fail'd? What, not one hit?
From Tripolis, from Mexico and England,
From Lisbon, Barbary and India?
And not one vessel 'scape the dreadful touch
Of merchant-marrying rocks?

Saler. Not one, my lord.

Por. Besides, it should appear, that if he had
The present money to discharge the Jew,
He would not take it. Never did I know
A creature, that did bear the shape of man,
So keen and get not to do good; but:
He plies the duke at morning and at night,
And doth impeach the freedom of the state,
If they deny him justice: twenty merchants,
The duke himself, and the magnificoes
Of greatest port, have all persuaded with him;
But none can drive him from the envious plea
Of forfeiture, of justice and his bond.

Jes. When I was with him I have heard him swear
To Tubal and to Chus, his countrymen,
That he would rather have Antonio's flesh
Than twenty times the value of the sum
That he did owe him: and I know my lord,
If law, authority and power deny not,
It will go hard with poor Antonio.

Por. Is it your dear friend that is thus in trouble?

Bass. The dearest friend to me, the kindest man,
The best-condition'd and unwearied spirit
In doing courtesies, and one in which
The ancient Roman honour more appears
Than any that draws breath in Italy.
Por. What sum owes he the Jew?
Bass. For me three thousand ducats.
Por. What, no more?
Pay him six thousand, and deface the bond;
Double six thousand, and then treble that,
Before a friend of this description
Shall lose a hair through Bassanio's fault.
First go with me to church and call me wife,
And then away to Venice to your friend;
For never shall you lie by Portia's side
With whom your soul, I know you, shall have no gold
To pay the petty debt twenty times over:
When it is paid, bring your true friend along.
My maid Nerissa and myself meantime
Will live as maids and widows. Come, away!
For you shall hence upon your wedding-day:
Bid your friends welcome, show a merry cheer:
Since you are dear bought, I will love you dear.
But let me hear the letter of your friend.

Bass. [Reads] Sweet Bassanio, my ships have all
miscarried, my creditors grow cruel, my estate
is very low, my bond to the Jew is forfeit; and since
in paying it, it is impossible I should live, all debts are
closed between you and I; If I might but see
you at my death. Notwithstanding, use your pleasure:
if your love do not persuade you to come,
let not my letter.

Por. O love, dispatch all business, and be gone!
Bass. Since I have your good leave to go away,
I will make haste: but, till I come again,
No soul shall ever be guilty of my stay.
No rest be interposer 'twixt us twain. [Exeunt.]

SCENE III.—Venice. A street.

Enter Shylock, Salarino, Antonio, and Gaoler.

Shy. Gaoler, look to him: tell not me of mercy;
This is the fool that lent out money gratis:
Gaoler, look to him.

Ant. Hear me yet, good Shylock.
Shy. I'll have my bond; speak not against my bond;
I have sworn an oath that I will have my bond.
Thou callest me before I have lost a cause:
But, since I am a dog, beware my fangs:
The duke shall grant me justice. I do wonder,
Thou naughtiest 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 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.
He seeks my life; his reason well I know:
I oft deliver'd from his forfears;
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 the blood of Jews is not hid off 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 my lord your husband,
How justly you do bear the burden 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 bestowed
In purchasing the semblance of my soul
From out the state of hellish misery!
This comes too near the praising of myself;
Therefore no more of it: hear other things.
Lorenzo, I commit unto your hands
The husbandry and manage of my house
Until my lord's return: for mine own part,
I have toward heaven breathed a secret vow
To purchase with the goods of heaven,
Only attended by Nerissa here,
Until her husband and my lord's return:
There is a monastery two miles off;
And there will we abide. I do desire you
Not to deny this imposition;
The which my love and some necessity
Now lays upon you.
Lor. Madam, with all my heart;
I shall obey you in all fair commands.
Por. My people do already know my mind,
And will acknowledge you and Jessica
In place of Lord Bassanio and myself.
And so farewell, till we shall meet again.
Lor. Fair thoughts and happy hours attend on you!
Jes. I wish your ladyship all heart's content.
Por. I thank you for your wish, and am well pleased
To wish it back on you: fare you well, Jessica.
[Exeunt Jessica and Lorenzo.

Now, Balthasar,
As I have ever found thee honest-true,
So let me find thee still. Take this same letter,
And use thou all the endeavour of a man
In speed to Padua; see thou render this
Into my cousin's hand, Doctor Bellario;
And, look, with notes and garments speed give thee,
Bring them, I pray thee, with imagined speed
Unto the transect, to the common ferry
Which trades to Venice. Waste no time in words,
But get thee gone: I shall be there before thee.
Balth. Madam, I go with all convenient speed.
[Exit.

Por. Come on, Nerissa; I have work in hand:
That you yet know not of: we'll see our husbands
Before they think of us.

Ner. Shall they see us?
Por. They shall, Nerissa; but in such a habit,
That they shall think two are accomplished
With that prayer book. I'll hold thee any wager,
When we are both accoutred like young men,
I'll prove the prettier fellow of the two,
And wear my dagger with the baver grace,
And speak between the change of man and boy.
With a reed voice, and turn two mincing steps
Into a manly stride, and speak of frays
Like a fine bragging youth, and tell quaint lies,
How honourable ladies sought my love,
Which I denying, they fell sick and died;
I could not do withal; then I'll repent,
And wish, for all that, that I had not kill'd them;
And twenty of these puny lies I'll tell.
That men shall swear I have discontinued school
Above a twelvemonth. I have within my mind
A thousand raw tricks of these bragging Jacks,
Which I will practise.

Why, shall we turn to men?

Por. Fie, what a question's that,
If thou wert near a lewd interpreter!
But come, I'll tell thee all my whole device
When thou art gone, which stays for us
At the Park gate; and therefore haste away.
For we must measure twenty miles to-day. [Exeunt.

SCENE V.—The same. A garden.

Enter Launcelot and Jessica.

Lau. Yes, truly; for, look you, the sins of the father are to be laid upon the children: therefore, I promise ye, I fear 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 upon me.

Lau. Truly then I fear you are damned both by father and mother: thus when I shun Sycra, 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 snow before; e'en as many as could well live, one by another. This making of Christians will raise the price of hogs: if we grow all to be pork-eaters, we shall not shortly have a rasher on the coals for money.

Enter Lorenzo.

Jes. I'll tell my husband, Launcelot, what you say: here he comes.

Lor. I shall grow jealous of you shortly, Launcelot; if you thou my heart 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.

Lor. 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.

Lor. How every fool can play upon the world! I think the best grace of wit will shortly turn into silence, and discourse grow commendable in none only but parrots. Go in, sirrah; bid them prepare for dinner.

Lau. That is done, sir: they have all stomachs.

Lor. Goody Lord, what a wit-snapper are you! then bid them prepare dinner.

Lau. That is done too, sir; only 'cover' is the word.

Lor. Will you cover then, sir?

Lau. Not so, sir, neither: I know my duty.

Lor. Yet more quarrelling with occasion! Will thou show the whole wealth of thy wit in an instant? I pray thee, understand a plain man in his plain meaning: go to thy fellows; bid them cover the table, serve in the meat, and we will come in to dinner.

Lau. For the table, sir, it shall be served in; for the meat, sir, it shall be covered; for your coming in to dinner, sir, nay, let it be as humours and con


Enter the Duke, the Magnificoes, Antonio, Bassanio, Gratiano, Salerio, and others.

Duke. What, is Antonio here?

Ant. Ready, so please your grace.

Duke. I am sorry for thee: thou art come to an

A stony adversary, an inhuman wretch
Uncapable of pity, void and empty
From any dram of mercy.

Ant. I have heard

Your grace hath ta'en great pains to qualify
His rigorous course; but since he stands obdurate

And that no lawful means can carry me
Out of his envy's reach, I do oppose
My patience to his fury, and am afraid
To suffer, with a quietness of spirit,

The very tyranny and rage of his.

Duke. Go one, and call the Jew into the court.

Saler. He is ready at the door: he comes, my lord.

Enter Shylock.

Duke. Make room, and let him stand before our Shylock, the world thinks, and I think so too, [face.

That thou but lead'st this fashion of thy malice
To the last hour of act; and then 'tis thought
ACT IV.  
THE MERCHANT OF VENICE.  
SCENE I.

Thou 'lt show thy mercy and remorse more strange Than is thy strange apparent cruelty; And where thou now exact'st the penalty, Which is a pound of this poor merchant's flesh, Thou wilt use only the part of a chair, 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 the purchase of a hard task 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. [pose; Shy. I have possess'd your grace of what I pur-And by our holy Sabbath have I sworn To have the due and forfeit of my bond: If you deny it, let the danger light Upon your charter and your city's freedom. You 'll ask me, why I rather choose to have A weight of carrion flesh than to receive Three thousand ducats: I'll not answer that: But, say you so? What if my house be troubled with a rat? And I be pleased to give ten thousand ducats To have it baned? 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 other when the nose is long and 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; Why he, a woven bag-pipe: but of force Must yield to such inevitable shame As to offend, himself being offended; So can I give no reason, nor I will not, More than a lodged hate and a certain loathing I bear Antonio, that I follow thus.

A losing suit against him. Are you answer'd? Bass. This is no answer, thou unfassuming man, To excuse the current of thy cruelty. [swers. Shy. I am not bound to please thee with my an- Bass. Do all men kill the things they do not love? Shy. Hates any man the thing he would not kill? Bass. Every offence is not a hate at first. [twice; Shy. What dost thou have a serpent sting thee. Ant. I pray you, think you question with the Jew: You may as well go stand upon the beach And bid the main flood bate his usual height; You may as well use question with the wolf Why he hath made the ewe bleat for the lamb; You may as well forbid the mountain pines To wag their high tops and to make no noise, When they are fretten with the gusts of heaven; You may as well do any thing most hard, As seek to soften that—than which what's harder?—His Jewish heart: therefore, I do beseech you, Make no more offer; use no former means, But with all brief and plain convenience Let me have judgment and the Jew his will. Bass. For thy three thousand ducats here is 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. Ho! shall thou hope for mercy, rendering none? [wrong, Shy. What judgment shall I dread, doing no You have among you many a purchased slave, Which, like your asses and your dogs and mules, You use in abject and in slavish parts: Because they can do no good 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, I dearly bought: 'tis mine and I will have it. If you deny me, fie upon your law! There is no force in the decrees of Venice. I stand for judgment: answer; shall I have it? Duke. Upon my power I may dismiss this court, Unless Bellario, a learned doctor, Whom I have sent for to determine this, Come here to-day. Saler. My lord, here stays without A messenger with letters from the doctor, New come from Padua. Duke. Bring us the letters; call the messenger. Bass. Good cheer, Antonio! What, man, cour- age 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 suffer me more employ'd. Bassano, Than to live still and write mine epitaph. Enter Nerissa, dressed like a lawyer's clerk. Duke. Came you from Padua, from Bellario? Ner. From both, my lord. Bellario greets your grace, and doth send you a letter. Bass. Why dost thou what thy knife so earnestly? Shy. To cut the forfeiture 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 damned, inexcusable dog! And for thy life let justice be accused. Thou almost makest me waver in my faith To hold opinion with Pythagoras, That souls of animals infuse themselves Into the trunks of men: thy curriish spirit Govern'd a wolf, who, hang'd for human slaughter, Even from the gallows did his fell soul fleet, And, whilst thou lay'st in thy unshallow'd dam, Infused itself in thee; for thy desires Are wolvish and bloody, and still insatious. Shy. Till thou canst rail the seal from off my bond, Thou but offend'st thy lungs to speak so loud: Repair thy wit, good youth, or it will fall To careless ruin. I stand here for law. Duke. This letter from Bellario doth commend A young and learned doctor to our court. Where is he? He attendeth here hard by, To know your answer, whether you 'll admit him. Duke. With all my heart. Some three or four of Go give him courteous conduct to this place. [you Meantime the court shall hear Bellario's letter. Clerk. [Reads] Your grace shall understand that, at the receipt of your letter I am very sick: but in the instant that your messenger came, in loving visitation was with me a young doctor of Rome; his name is Balthasar. I acquainted him with the cause in controversy between the Jew and Antonio the merchant: we turned over many books together; he is furnished with my opinion; which, bettered with his own learning, the greatness whereof I cannot enough commend, comes with him, at my im- portunity, to fill up your grace's request in my stead. I beseech you, let his lack of years be no impedi- ment to let him lack a reverend estimation; for I never knew so young a body will so old a head. I leave him to your gracious acceptance, whose trial shall better publish his commendation.
**ACT IV.  THE MERCHANT OF VENICE.  SCENE I.**

**Duke.** You hear the learn'd Bellario, what he And here, I take it, is the doctor come. [writes:

Enter Portia, dressed like a doctor of laws.

Give me your hand. Come you from old Bellario? [Por. I did, my lord.

Duke. You are welcome; take your place.

Are you acquainted with the difference That holds this present suit in the law court? [Por. I am informed thoroughly of the cause.

Which is the merchant here, and which the Jew? [Duke. Antonio and old Shylock, both stand forth.

Por. Is your name Shylock?

Shy. Of a strange nature is the suit you follow: Yet in such rule that the Venetian law Cannot impugn you as you do proceed.

You stand within his danger, do you not? [Ant. Ay, so he says.

Por. Do you confess the bond?

Por. Then must the Jew be merciful.

Por. The quality of mercy is not strain'd,— It dropeth as the gentle rain from heaven Upon the face beneath: it is twice blest; It blesseth him that gives and him that takes: 'Tis mightiest in the mightiest: it becomes The throned monarch better than his crown: His sceptre shows the force of temporal power, The attribute to awe and majesty, Wherein doth sit the dread and fear of kings; But mercy is above this sceptred sway: It is an attribute to God himself: And earthly power doth then show likest God's When mercy seasons justice. Therefore, Jew, Though justice be thy plea, consider this: That, in the course of justice, none of us Should see salvation: we do pray for mercy; And that same prayer doth teach us all to render The deeds of mercy. I have spoke thus much To mitigate the justice of thy plea; Which if thou follow, this strict court of Venice Must needs give sentence 'gainst the merchant there.

Shy. My deeds upon my head! I crave the law, The people do me mercy.

Por. Is he able not to discharge the money?

Bass. Yes, here I tender it for him in the court;

Yea, twice the sum: if that will not suffice, I will be bound to pay it ten times o'er,

On forfeit of my hands, my head, my heart:

If this will not suffice, it must appear

That malice bears down truth. And I beseech you,

Wrest once the law to your authority:

To do a great right, do a little wrong,

And curb this cruel devil of his will.

Por. It must not be: there is no power in Venice Can alter a decree established:

'It will be recorded for a precedent,

And many an error by the same example Will rush into the state: it cannot be.

Shy. A Daniel come to judgment! yea, a Daniel! O wise young judge, how do I honour thee!

Por. I pray you, let me look upon the bond.

Shy. Here 'tis, most excellent doctor, here it is.

Por. Shylock, there's thine thy money o'er: thee.

Shy. An oath, an oath, I have an oath in heaven: Shall I lay perjury upon my soul?

No, not for Venice.

Por. Why, this bond is forfeit; And lawfully by this the Jew may claim

A pound of flesh, to be by him cut off

Nearest the merchant's heart. Be merciful: Take thine thy money; but me bear the bond.

Shy. When it is paid according to the tenour.

It doth appear you are a worthy judge;

You know the law, your exposition

Hath been most sound: I charge you by the law, Whereof you are a well- deserving pillar, Proceed to judgment: by my soul I swear

There is no power in the tongue of man To alter me: I stay here on my bond.

Ant. Most heartily I do beseech the court To give the judgment.

Por. Why then, thus it is:

You must prepare your bosom for his knife.

Shy. O noble judge! O excellent young man!

Por. For the intent and purpose of the law

Hath full relation to the penalty,

Which here appeareth due upon the bond.

Shy. 'Tis your error: O wise and upright judge!

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 balances here to weigh The flesh?

Shy. I have them ready. [charge.

Por. Have by some surgeon, Shylock, on your To stop his wounds, lest he do bleed to death.

Shy. Is it so nominated in the bond?

Por. It is not so express'd: but what of that?

'Twere good you do so much for charity.

Shy. I cannot find it: '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 repenting and forswearing the heathen, For if the Jew do cut but deep enough, I'll pay it presently with all my heart.

Bass. Antonio, I am married to a wife

Which is as dear to me as life itself;

But life itself, my wife, and all the world, Are not with one 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 If she were by, to hear you make the offer.

Gvy. I have a wife, whom, I protest, I love: I would she were in heaven, so she could Entreat some power to change this cursed Jew.

Ner. 'Tis well you offer it behind her back; The wish would make else an unquiet house.

Shy. These be the Christian husbands. I have a Would any of the stock of Barabas [daughter; Had been her husband rather than a Christian!

Aside.

We trife time: I pray thee, pursue sentence.

Por. A pound of that same merchant's flesh is thine:

The court awards it, and the law doth give it.

Shy. Most rightful judge! [breast:

And you must cut this flesh from off his The law allows it, and the court awards it.

Shy. Most learned judge! A sentence! Come, prepare!

Por. Tarry a little; there is something else.

This bond doth give thee here no jot of blood;
THE MERCHANT OF VENICE.

ACT IV.

THE JEW OF YESTERDAY.

Scene I.

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. [judge! Gra. O upright judge! Mark, Jew: O learned
Shy. Is that the law?

Por. Thyself shalt see the act:
For, as thou urgest justice, be assured
Thou shalt have justice, more than thou desirest.
Gra. O learned judge! Mark, Jew: a learned judge!
Sly. I take this offer, then; pay the bond thrice
And let the Christian go.

Por. Here is the money.

Por. Soft! The Jew shall have all justice; soft! no haste:
He shall have nothing but the penalty.

Gra. O Jew! an upright judge, a learned judge!
Por. Therefore prepare thee to cut off the flesh.
Shed thou no blood, nor cut thou less nor more
But just a pound of flesh: more or less than a just pound, be it but so much
As makes it light or heavy in the substance,
Or the division of the twentieth part
Of one poor scruple, nay, if the scale do turn
But in the estimation of a hair.

Shy. And all thy goods are confiscate.

Gra. A second Daniel, a Daniel, Jew!
Now, insfeld, I have you on the hip. [feiture.

Por. Why doth the Jew pause? take thy for-
Shy. Give me my principal, and let me go.

Bass. I have it ready for thee; here it is.

Por. He hath refused it in the open court,
He shall have mere justice and his bond.

Gra. A Daniel, still say I, a second Daniel!

Por. Thou shalt have nothing but the forfeit,
To be so taken at thy peril, Jew.
Sly. 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
He seek the life of any citizen,
The party 'gainst 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 incurr'd
The danger formerly by me rehearsed.
Do not therefore beg mercy of the duke.

Gra. Beg that thou must 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
I provide thy life before thou ask it: [spirits,
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.
Sly. Nay, take my life and all; pardon not that:
You tan the house and beg mercy of the duke.
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 this 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. [say?
Por. Art thou contented, Jew? what dost thou
Sly. 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 god-
fathers:
Had I been judge, thou shouldst have had ten more,
To bring thee to the gallows, not the font.

[Exit Shylock.

Duke. Sir, I entreat you with me to dinner.

Por. I humbly do desire your grace of pardon:
I must away this night to 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.

Ant. And stand indebted, ever 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. [yield.

Por. You press me far, and therefore I will
[To Ant.] Give me your gloves, I'll wear them for
your sake;

[To Bass.] And, for your love, I'll take this ring
from you:
Do not draw back your hand; I'll take no more;
And you in love shall not deny me this.

Bass. This ring, good sir, alas, it is a trifle!
I will not part with the ring, if you press me.

Por. I will have nothing else but only this;
And now methinks I have a mind to it. [value.

Bass. There's more depends on this than on the
The dearest ring in Venice will I give you,
And find it out by proclamation:
Only this, I pray you, pardon me.

Por. I say no, 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
And when she put it on, she made me vow [wife;
That I should neither sell nor give nor lose it.

Por. This 'scuse serves many men to save their
gifts.
An if your wife be not a mad-woman,
And know how well I have deserved the ring,
ACT V.

THE MERCHANT OF VENICE.

SCENE I.—Belmont. Avenue to Portia’s house.

Lor. The moon shines bright: in such a night as this, When the sweet wind did gently kiss the trees And they did make no noise, in such a night Troilus methinks mounted the Troyan walls And sigh’d his soul toward the Grecian tents, Where Cressid lay that night.

Jes. In such a night Did Thisbe fearfully o’ertrip the dew And saw the lion’s shadow ere himself And ran dismay’d away.

Lor. In such a night Stood Dido with a willow in her hand Upon the wild sea banks and waft her love To come again to Carthage.

Jes. In such a night Medea gather’d the enchanted herbs That did renew old Aeson.

Lor. In such a night Did Jessica steal from the wealthy Jew And with an unthrift love did run from Venice As far as Belmont.

Jes. In such a night Did young Lorenzo swear he loved her well, Stealing her soul with many vows of faith And ne’er a true one.

Lor. In such a night Did pretty Jessica, like a little shrew, Slander her love, and he forgave it her.

Jes. I would out-night you, did no body come; But, hark, I hear the footing of a man.

Enter Stephano.

Lor. Who comes so fast in silence of the night? Steph. A friend.

Lor. A friend! what friend? your name, I pray you, friend?

Steph. Stephano is my name; and I bring word My mistress will before the break of day Be here at Belmont: she doth stay about By holy crosses, where she kneels and prays For happy wedlock hours.

Lor. Who comes with her?

Steph. None but a holy hermit and her maid. I pray you, is my master yet return’d?

Lor. He is not, nor we have not heard from him. But go we in, I pray thee, Jessica,


ACT V.

THE MERCHANT OF VENICE.

SCENE I.

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 Erebus.
Let no such man be trusted. Mark the music.

Enter Portia and Nerissa.

Por. That light which we see is burning in my hall.
How far that little candle throws his beams!
So shines a good deed in a naughty world.

Ner. When the moon 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 inland 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.

Ner. Silence bestows that virtue on it, madam.

Por. The crow doth sing as sweetly as the lark
When neither is attended, and I think
The nightingale, if she were very welcome by day,
When every goose is cackling, would be thought
No better a musician than the wren.
How many things by season season'sd are
To their right praise and true perfection!
Peace, ho! the moon sleeps with Endymion
And would not be awaked. [Music ceases.

Lor. That is the voice, or I am much deceived, of Portia. [Cuckoo,

Por. He knows me as the blind man knows the By the bad voice.

Lor. Dear lady, welcome home.

Por. We have been praying for our husbands' healths,
Which speed, we hope, the better for our words.
Are they return'd?

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 note at all of our being absent hence; Nor you, Lorenzo; Jessica, nor you.

[A tucket sounds.

Lor. Your husband is at hand; I hear his trumpet: We are no tell-tales, madam; fear you not.
Por. This night methinks is but the daylight sick: It looks a little paler: 'tis a day Such as the day is when the sun is hid.

Enter Bassanio, Antonio, Gratiano, and their followers.

Bass. We should hold day with the Antipodes, If you would walk in absence of the sun.

Por. Let me give light, but let me not be light;
For a light wife doth make a heavy husband, And never be Bassanio so for me: Lord, But God sort all! Your are very welcome home, my Bass. I thank you, madam. Give welcome to my This is the man, this is Antonio, friend. To whom I am so infinitely bound.

Por. You should in all sense be much bound to For, as I hear, he was much bound for you. [him, Ant. No more than I am well acquitted of. Por. You are very welcome to our house: It must appear in other ways than words, Therefore I scant this breathing courtesy.

Gra. [To Ner.] By yonder moon I swear you do In faith, I gave it to the judge's clerk: 'tis me wrong; Would lie 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 paltry ring That she did give me, whose posy was For all the world like cutler's poetry
Upon a knife, 'Love me, and leave me not.' Ner. What talk you of the posy or the value? You swea't to do, when shall I give it you? That you would wear it till your hour of death And that it should lie with you in your grave: Though not for me, yet for your vehement oaths, You should have been respective and have kept it.

Gra. Give it a judge's clerk! no, God's my judge, The clerk will ne'er wear hair on 's face that had it. Por. He will, and if he live, a man. Ner. Ay, if a woman live to be a man.

Gra. Now, by this hand, I gave it to a youth, A kind of boy, a little scrubbed boy, No higher than thyself, the judge's clerk, A prating boy, that begg'd it as a fee: I could not for my heart deny it him.

Por. You were to blame, I must be plain with you, To part so slightly with your wife's first gift; A thing stuck on with oaths upon your finger And so riveted with faith unto your flesh.

Por. I gave my love a ring and made him swear Never to part with it; and here he stands; And I give you, Gratiano, for your part, Not pluck it from his finger, for the wealth That the world masters. Now, in faith, Gratiano, You give your wife too unkind a cause of grief: An't were to me, I should be mad at it.

Bass. [Aside.] Why, I were best to cut my left And swear I lost the ring defceding it. [hand off.,

Gra. My Lord Bassanio gave his ring away Unto the judge that begg'd it and indeed Desired it too; and then the boy, his clerk, That took some pains in writing, he begg'd mine; And neither man nor master would take aught But the two rings.

Por. What ring gave you, my lord? Not that, I hope, which you received of me.

Bass. If I could add a lie unto a fault, I would deny it; but you see my fingers Hath not the ring upon it: it is gone.

Por. Even so void is your false heart of truth. By heaven, I will ne'er come in your bed Until I see the ring.

Ner. Nor I in yours Till I again see mine.

Bass. Sweet Portia,

If you did know to whom I gave the ring, Or half her worthinesse that gave the ring,Or your own honour to contain the ring, You would not then have parted with the ring. What man is there so much unreasonable, If you had pleased to have defended it With any terms of zeal, wanted the modesty To urge the thing held as a cermony? Nerissa teaches me when to be bold. I'll die for 't but some woman had the ring.

Bass. No, by my honour, madam, by my soul, No woman had it, but a civil doctor, Which did refuse three thousand ducats of me And begg'd the ring; the which I did deny him, And suffer you to be very wise, I was disposed away; Even he that did uphold the very life Of my dear friend. What should I say, sweet lady? I was enforced to send it after him; I was beset with shame and courtesy; My honour would not let ingratitude So much besmear it. Pardon me, good lady;
ACT V.

THE MERCHANT OF VENICE.

SCENE I.

Por. by these blessed candles of the night,
Had you been there, I think you would have begg'd
The ring of me to give the worthy doctor.

Por. Let not that doctor e'er come near my house:
Since he hath got the jewel that I loved,
And that which you did swear to keep for me,
I will become as liberal as you:
I'll not deny him any thing I have,
No, not my body nor my husband's bed:
Know him I shall, I am well sure of it;
Lie not a night from home; watch me like Argus:
If you do not, if I be left alone,
Now, by mine honour, which is yet mine own,
I'll have that doctor for my bedfellow.

Ner. And I his clerk; therefore be well advised
How you do leave me to mine own protection.

Gra. Well, do you so: let not me take him, then;
For if I do, I'll mar the young clerk's pen.

Ant. I am the unhappy subject of these quarrels.

Por. Sir, grieve not you; you are welcome notwithstanding.

Bass. Portia, forgive me this enforced wrong;
And, in the hearing of these many friends,
I swear to thee, even by thine own fair eyes,
Wherein I see myself—

Por. Mark you but that!
In both my eyes he doubly sees himself;
In each eye, one: swear by your double self,
And there's an oath of credit.

Bass. Nay, but hear me:
Pardon this fault, and by my soul I swear
I never more will break an oath with thee.

Ant. I once did lend my body for his parsed;
Which, but for him that had your husband's ring,
Had quite miscarried; I dare be bound again,
My soul upon the forfeit, that your lord
Will never more break faith advisedly.

Por. Then you shall be his surety. Give him this
And bid him keep it better than the other.

Ant. Here, Lord Bassanio; swear to keep this ring.

Bass. By heaven, it is the same I gave the doctor!

Por. I had it of him; pardon me, Bassanio;
For, by this ring, the doctor lay with me.

Ner. And pardon me, my gentle Gratiano;
For that same scrubbed boy, the doctor's clerk,
In lieu of this last night did lie with me.

Gra. Why, this is like the mending of highways

In summer, where the ways are fair enough:
What, are we cuckolds ere we have deserved it?

Por. Speak not so grossly. You are all amazed:
Here is a letter; read it at your leisure;
It comes from Padua, from Bellario:
There you shall find that Portia was the doctor,
Nerissa there her clerk: Lorenzo here
Shall witness I set forth as soon as you
And even but now return'd: I have not yet
Enter'd my house. Antonio, you are welcome;
And I have better news in store for you
Than you expect: unseal this letter soon;
There you shall find three of your argosies
Are richly come to harbour suddenly:
You shall not know by what strange accident
I chanced on this letter.

Ant. I am dumb.

Bass. Were you the doctor and I knew you not?

Gra. Were you the clerk that 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 bedfellow:
When I am absent, then lie with my wife.

Ant. Sweet lady, you have given me life and living;
For here I read for certain that my ships
Are safely come to road.

Por. How now, Lorenzo!
My clerk hath some good comforts too for you.

Ner. Ay, and I'll give them him without a fee.

There do I give to you and Jessica,
From the rich Jew, a special deed of gift,
After his death, of all he dies possess'd of.

Lor. Fair ladies, you drop mamma in the way
Of starved people.

Por. It is almost morning,
And yet I am sure you are not satisfied
Of these events at full. Let us go in;
And charge us there upon interrogatories,
And we will answer all things faithfully.

Gra. Let it be so: the first interrogatory
That my Nerissa shall be sworn on is,
Whether till the next night she had rather 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.

[Exit.]


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, a courtier attending upon Frederick.
Le Beau, a wrestler to Frederick.
Oliver, sons of Sir Rowland de Boys.
Dennis, servants to Oliver.
Touchstone, a clown.
Sir Oliver Martex, a vicar.

Corin, shepherds.
Silvius, a country fellow, in love with Audrey.
A person representing Hymen.
Rosalind, daughter to the banished duke.
Celia, daughter to Frederick.
Phoebus, a shepherdess.
Audrey, a country wench.

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

Act I.

Scene I.—Orchard of Oliver's house.

Enter Orlando and Adam.

Orl. As I remember, Adam, it was upon this fashionable bequest made 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 canst thou that keeping for a gentleman of my birth, that differs not from the stalling of an ox? His horses are bred better; for, besides that they are fair with their feeding, they are taught their manage, and to that end riders dearly hired; but I, his brother, gain nothing under him but growth; for the which his animals on his dunghills are as much bound to him as I. Besides this nothing that he so plentifully gives me, the something that nature gave me his countenance seems to take from me: he lets me feed with his hinds, bars me the place of a brother, and, as much as in him lies, mines my gentility with my education. This is it, Adam, that grieves me; and the spirit of my father, which I think is within me, begins to mutiny against this servitude: I will no longer endure it, though yet I know no wise remedy how to avoid it.

Adam. Yonder comes my master, your brother.

Orl. Go apart, Adam, and thou shalt hear how he will shake me up.

Enter Oliver.

Orl. Now, sir! what make you here?

Orl. Nothing: I am not taught to make anything.

Orl. What war you then, sir?

Orl. Marry, sir, I am helping you to mar that which God made, a poor unworthy brother of yours, with idleness.

Orl. Marry, sir, be better employed, and be naught awhile.

Orl. Shall I keep your hogs and eat husks with them? What prodigal portion have I spent, that I should come to such penury?

Oli. Know you where you are, sir?

Oli. O, sir, very well: here in your orchard.

Oli. Know you before whom, sir?

Oli. Ay, better than him I am before knows me. I know you are my eldest brother; and, in the gentle condition of blood, you should so know me. The courtesy of nations allows you my better, in that you are the first-born; but the same tradition takes not away my blood, were there twenty brothers betwixt us: I have as much of my father in me as you; albeit, I confess, your coming before me is nearer to his reverence.

Oli. What, boy!

Oli. Come, come, elder brother, you are too young in this.

Oli. Wilt thou lay hands on me, villain?

Oli. I am no villain; I am the youngest son of Sir Rowland de Boys; he was my father, and he is thrice a villain that says such a father begot villains. Wert thou not my brother, I would not take this hand from thy throat till this other had pulled out thy tongue for saying so: thou hast railed on thyself.

Adam. Sweet masters, be patient: for your father's remembrance, be at accord.

Oli. Let me go, I say.

Oli. I will not, till I please: you shall hear me. My father charged you in his will to give me good education: you have trained me like a peasant, obliterating and hiding from me all gentleman-like qualities. The spirit of my father grows strong in me, and I will no longer endure it: therefore allow me such exercises as may become a gentleman, or give me the poor allotment my father left me by testament; with that I will go buy my fortunes.

Oli. And what will thou do? beg, when that is spent? Well, sir, get you in: I will not long be troubled with you; you shall have some part of your will: I pray you, leave me.

Oli. 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 and ben as I was, and neither Orlando and Adam.

Oli. Is it even so? begin you to grow upon me? and 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.] 'T will be a good way; and to-morrow the wrestling is.

Enter Charles.

Cha. Good morrow to your worship.

Oli. Good Monsieur Charles, what's the new news at the new court?

Cha. There's no news at the court, sir, but the old news: that is, the old duke is banished by his younger brother the new duke; and three or four loving lords have put themselves into voluntary exile with him, whose lands and revenues enrich the new duke; therefore he gives them good leave to wander.

Oli. Can you tell if Rosalind, the duke's daughter, be banished with her father?

Cha. O, no; for the duke's daughter, her cousin, so loves her, being ever from their cradles bred together, that she would have followed her exile, or have died to stay behind her. She is at the court, and no less beloved of her uncle than his own daughter; and never two ladies loved as they do.

Oli. Where will the old duke live?

Cha. They say he is already in the forest of Arden, and a many merry men with him; and there they live like the old Robin Hood of England: they say many young gentlemen flock to him every day, and fleck 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 mind to resolution to come in disguised against me to try a trial. To make my way in jest; 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 stubborndest 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 thouwert 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 hath the full reward of thy death or other; for, assure thee, and almost with tears I speak it, there is not one so young and so villainous this day living. I speak but brotherly of him: but should I anatome him to thee as he is, I must blush and weep and thou must look pale and wonder.

Cha. I am heartily glad I came hither to you. If he come to-morrow, I'll give him his payment: if ever he go along again, I'll never wrestle for prize more: and so God keep your worship!

Oli. Farewell, 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 scolded and never 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 best know him, that I am altogether misprised: but it shall not be so long; this wrestler shall clear all: nothing remains but that I kindle the boy thither; which now I'll go about. [Exit.]

SCENE II.—A lawn before the Duke's palace.

Enter Celia and Rosalind.

Cel. I pray thee, Rosalind, sweet my coz, be merry. Ros. Dear Celia, I show more mirth than I am mistress of; and would you yet I were merrier? Unless you could teach me to forget a banished father, you must not learn me how to remember any extraordinary pleasure.

Cel. Herein I see thou lovest me not with the full heart. If that were the case thy banished father, had banished thy uncle, the duke of a father, so thou hadst been still with me, I could have taught my love to take thy father for mine: so wouldst thou, if the truth of thy love to me were so righteously tempered as mine is to thee.

Ros. Well, I will forget the condition of my estate, to rejoice in yours.

Cel. You know my father hath no child but I, nor none is like to have: and, truly, when he dies, thou shalt be his heir, for what he hath taken away from thy father perforce, I will render thee again in affection; by mine honour, I will: and when I break that oath, let me turn monster: therefore, my sweet Rose, my dear Rose, be merry.

Ros. From henceforth I will, coz, and devise sports. Let me see: what think you of falling in love?

Cel. Marry, I prithee, do, to make sport withal: but love no man in good earnest; nor no further in sport neither that with safety of a pure blush thou mayst in honor come off again.

Ros. What shall be our sport, then?

Cel. Let us sit and mock the good housewife Fortune from her wheel, that her gifts may henceforth be bestowed equally.

Ros. I would we would do so, for her benefits are mightily misground, and the bountiful blind woman doth most mistake in her gifts to women.

Cel. 'T is true; for those that make fair she scarce makes honest, and those that make honest she makes very ill-favouredly.


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 given us 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 perceived our natural thing thus too do good things, and had sent this natural for our whestone; for always the dulness of the foil is the whetsone of the wits.

How now, wit! whither wander you? [father. Touch. Mistress, you must come away to your Cel. Were you made the messenger?
As you like it.

Scene II.

Touch. No, by mine honour, but I was bid to come for you.

Ros. Where learned you that oath, fool?

Touch. Of a certain knight that swore by his
honour they were good pancakes and swore by his
honour the mustard was naught: now I'll stand to
it, the pancakes were naught and the mustard was
good, and yet was not the knight forsworm.

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
forsworm: 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 pan-
cakes or that mustard.

Cel. Prithee, who is 't that thou meanest?

Touch. One that old Frederick, your father, loves.

Cel. My father's love is enough to honour him:
enough so he meaneth 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 been silenced, the little
foolery that wise men have makes a great show.

Here comes Monsieur Le Beau.

Ros. With his mouth full of news. [young.
Cel. Which he will put on us, as pigeons feed their
Ros. Then shall we be news-crammed. [able.
Cel. All the better: we shall be the more market-

Enter Le Beau.

Bon jour, Monsieur Le Beau: what's the news?
Le Beau. Fair princess, you have lost much good
Le Beau. What colour, madam! how shall I answer
Ros. As wit and fortune will. [you?
Touch. Or as the Destinies decree.
Cel. Well said: that was laid on with a towel.
Touch. Nay, if I keep not my rank,—
Ros. Thou lostest thy old smell.

Le Beau. You amaze me, ladies: I would have
told you of good wrestling, which you have lost
the sight of.

Ros. Yet tell us the manner of the wrestling.
Le Beau. I will tell you the beginning; and, if it
please your ladyships, you may see the end; for the
best is yet to do; and here, where you are, they
are coming to perform it.

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 and 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
the thing: the beholders take his part with weep-

Ros! Alas! [ing.

Touch. But what is the sport, monsieur, that the
ladies have lost?

Le Beau. Why, this that I speak of.

Touch. Thus men may grow wiser every day: it
is the thing 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, Or-
lando, Charles, and Attendants.

Duke F. Come on: since the youth will not be
entreated, his own peril on his forwardness.

Ros. Is yonder the man?

Le Beau. Even he, madam. [fully.
Cel. Alas, he is too young! yet he looks success-

Duke F. How now, daughter and cousin! are you
cruphiter 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 he can't be won.

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?

Orl. No, fair princess; he is the general chal-
lenger: I come but in, as others do, to try with
him the strength of my youth.

Cel. Young gentleman, your spirits are too bold
for your years. You have seen cruel proof of this
man's strength: if you saw yourself with your eyes
or knew yourself with your judgment, the fear of
your adventure would counsel you to a more equal
enterprise. We pray you, for your own sake, to
embrace your own safety and give over this attempt.

Ros. Do, young sir; your reputation shall not
therefore be misprised: we will make it our suit to
the duke that the wrestling might not go forward.

Orl. I beseech you, punish me not with your hard
thoughts; wherein I confess me much guilty, to
deny so fair and excellent ladies 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
shamed that will never grudge; 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. [in you!

Ros. Fare you well: pray heaven I be deceived

Cel. Your heart's desires be with you!

Chd. Come, where is this young gallant that is
so desirous to be 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.

Chd. No, I warrant your grace, you shall not en-
treat him to a second, that have so mightily per-
suaded him from a first.

An. Alas, monsieur! this touch me after, you should
not have mocked me before: but come your ways.

Ros. Now Hercules be thy speed, young man!

Cel. I would be invisible, to catch the strong
fellow by the leg. [They wrestle.

Ros. O excellent young man!

Cel. If I blast a thunderbolt in mine eye, I can
tell who should down. [Shout. Charles is thrown.

Duke F. No more, no more.
ACT I.

AS YOU LIKE IT.

SCENE III.


Orl. Yes, I beseech you, grace: I am not yet well breathed.

Duke. I would thou hadst been son to some
The world esteem'd thy father honourable,
But I did find him still mine enemy:
[deed, Thou shouldst have better pleased me with this
Hast thou descended from another house.
But fare thee well: thou art a gallant youth:
I would thou hadst told me of another father.

Cel. Were I thy 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 call
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 before known this young man his son,
I should have given him tears unto entreaties,
Ere he should thus have ventured.

Cel. Gentle cousin,
Let us go thank him and encourage him:
My father's rough and envious disposition
Shakes me with fear. 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.
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
Is but a quintain, a mere lifeless block. [fortunes
Ros. He calls us back: my pride fell with my
I'll ask him what he would. Did you call, sir?
Sir, you have wrestled well and overthrown
More than your enemies.

Cel. Will you go, coz?

Ros. Have with you. Fare you well.

[Exit 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
High commendation, true applause and love,
Yet such is now the duke's condition
That he construes all that you have done.
The duke is humorous! what he is indeed,
More 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?

Cel. Neither his daughter, if we judge by
But yet indeed the lesser is his daughter.
The other is daughter to the banish'd duke,
And here detain'd by her usurping uncle,
To keep his daughter company; whose loves
Are dearer than the natural bond of sisters.
But I can tell you that of late this duke
Hath ta'en at heart, Sir, against his gentle niece,
Grounded upon no other argument
But that the people praise her for her virtues
And pity her for her good father's sake;

And, on my life, his malice 'gainst the lady
Will suddenly break forth. Sir, fare you well:
Hereafter, in a better world than this,
I shall desire more love and knowledge of you.

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:
But heavenly Rosalind!

[Exit.

SCENE III.—A room in the palace.

Enter Celia and Rosalind.

Cel. Why, cousin! why, Rosalind! Cupid have
have mercy! not a word.

Ros. Not one to throw at a dog.

Cel. No, thy words are too precious to be cast
away upon curs; throw some of them at me; come,
lame me with reasons.

Ros. Then there were two cousins laid up: when
the one should be lame with reasons and the other
mad without any.

Cel. But is it all this for your father?

Ros. No, some of it is for my child's father. O,
how full of briers is this working-day world!

Cel. They are but burs, cousin, thrown upon thee
in holiday foolery: if we walk not in the trodden
paths, our very petticoats will catch them.

Ros. I can make them off my coat: these burs
are in my heart.

Cel. Hem them away.

Ros. I would try, if I could cry 'hem' and have

Cel. Come, come, wrestle with thy affections.

Ros. O, they take the part of a better wrestler
than myself.

Cel. O, a good wish upon you! you will try
in time, in despite of a fall. But, turning these jests
out of service, let us talk in good earnest: is it possible,
on such a sudden, you should fall into so strong a liking
with old Sir Rowland's youngest son?

Ros. The duke my father loved his father dearly.

Cel. Doth it therefore ensue that you should love
his son dearly? By this kind of chase, I should
hate him, for my father hated his father dearly;
yet I hate not Orlando.

Ros. No, faith, hate him not, for my sake.

Cel. Why should I not? doth he not deserve well?

Ros. Let me love him for that, and do you love
him because I do. Look, here comes the duke.

Cel. With his eyes full of anger.

Enter Duke Frederick, with Lords.

Duke. Mistress, dispatch you with your safest
And get you from our court.

Ros. Me, uncle, no.

Duke. You, cousin:
Within these ten days if that thou be'st found
So near our public court as twenty miles,
Thou diest for it.

Ros. I do beseech your grace,
Let me the knowledge of my fault bear with me:
If with myself I hold intelligence
Or have acquaintance with mine own desires,
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
Dost offend your highness.

Duke. Thus do all traitors:
If their purgation did consist in words,
They are as innocent as grace itself:
Let it suffice thee that I trust thee not.

Ros. Yet your mistrust cannot make me a traitor:
Tell me wherein the likelihood depends. [enough.

Duke. Thou art thy father's daughter; there's

Ros. So was I when your highness took his duke-
So was I when your highness banish'd him: [dom;
Treason is not inherited, my lord;

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Or, if we did derive it from our friends, What’s that to me? my father was no traitor: Then, good my liege, I care not so much To think my poverty is treacherous.

Duke F. Ay, Celia; we stay’d her for your sake, Else had she with her father ranged along.

But 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 whereas’er we went, like Juno’s swans, Still we slept coupled and inseparable.

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 passed upon her; she is banish’d.

Cel. Pronounce that sentence then on me, my I cannot live out of her company. [liege:

Duke F. You are a fool. You, niece, provide your-If you outstay the time, upon mine honour, [self: And in the greatness of my word, you die.

[Exeunt Duke Frederick and Lords.

Cel. O my poor Rosalind, whither wilt thou go? Wilt thou change fathers? I will give thee mine. I charge thee, be not thou more grieved than I am.

Ros. I have more cause.

Cel. Thou hast not, cousin; Prithee, be cheerful: know’st thou not, the duke Hath banish’d me, his daughter?

Ros. That he hath not.

Cel. No, hath not? Rosalind lacks then the love Which teacheth thee that thou and I am one: Shall we be sunder’d? shall we part, sweet girl?

No: let my father seek another heir. Therefore devise with me how we may fly, Whither to go and what to bear with us; And do not seek to take your change upon you, To bear your griefs yourself and leave me out; For, by this heaven, now at our sorrows pale, Say what thou canst, I’ll go along with thee.

Ros. Why, whither shall we go?

Cel. To seek my uncle in the forest of Arden. Ros. Alas, what danger will it be to us, Maids 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 of umber smirch my face; The like do you: so shall we pass along And never stir assailants.

Ros. Were it not better, Because that I am more than common tall, That I did suit me all points like a man? A gallant curlte-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 And therefore look you call me Ganymede. [page; But what will you be call’d?

Cel. Something that hath a reference to my state; No longer Celia, but 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’er the wide world with me; Leave me alone to woo him. Let’s away, And get our jewels and our wealth together, Devise the fittest time and safest way To hide us from pursuit that will be made After my flight. Now go we in content To liberty and not to banishment. [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 pomp? Are not these woods More free from peril than the envious court? Here feel we but the penalty of Adam, The seasons’ difference, as the icy fang And shuffling 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 thy part, my liege; these lands of Germany 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 tents me the poor dappled fools. Being native burghers 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 heaved forth such groans That their discharge did stretch his leathern coat Almost to bursting, and the big round tears Coursed one another down his innocent nose In piteous chase; and thus the hairy fool, Much marked of the melancholy Jaques, Stood on the extreme verge of the swift brook, Augmenting it with tears.

Duke S. But what said Jaques? Did he not moralize this spectacle?

First Lord. O, yes, into a thousand similes. First, for his weeping into the needless stream; ‘Poor deer,’ quoth he ‘thou makest a testament As worldlings do, giving thy sum of more [alone, To that which is lost and too the wide world being there Left and abandon’d of his velvet friends, ‘It is 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 invectively he pierceth through The body of the country, city, court, Yea, and of this our life, swearing that We are mere usurpers, tyrants and what's worse, To fright the animals and birds up In their assign'd and native dwelling-place. [t'ion? Duke S. And did you leave him in this contempla- Sec. Lord. We did, my lord, weeping and con- Upon the sobbing deer. [menting Duke S. Show me the place: I loved to hope in these sullen fits, For then he's full of matter. First Lord. I'll bring you to him straight. [Exeunt.

SCENE II. — A room in the palace.

Enter Duke Frederick, with Lords.

Duke F. Can it be possible that no man saw them? It cannot be: some villains of my court Are of consent and sufferance in this. First Lord. I cannot hear of any that did see her. The ladies, her attendants of her chamber, Saw her a-bed, and in the morning early They found the bed unbraided of their mistress. Sec. Lord. My lord, the roysthawn clown, at whom so Your grace was wont to laugh, is also missing. [oft Hisperia, the princess' gentlewoman, Confesses that she secretly o'erheard 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. [hither; Duke F. Send to his brother; fetch that gallant If he be about, bring his brother to me; I'll make him find him: do this suddenly, And let not search and inspection quail To bring again these foolish runaways. [Exeunt.

SCENE III. — Before Oliver's house.

Enter Orlando and Adam, meeting.

Orl. Who's there? [master! Adam. What, my young master? O my gentle O my sweet master! O your memory Of old Sir Rowland! why, what make you here? Why are you virtuous? why do people love you? And wherefore are you gentle, strong and valiant? Why would you be so fond to overcome The bonny priser of the 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 sanctified and holy traitors to you. O, what a world is this, when what is comely Envenoms him that bears it! Orl. Why, what's the matter? Adam. O unhappy youth! Come not within these doors; within this roof The enemy of all your graces lives: Your brother — no, no brother; yet the son — Yet not the son, I will not call him son Of him I was about to call his father — Hath 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. I overheard him and his practices. This is no place; this house is but a butchery; Abhor it, fear it, do not enter it. [go? Orl. Why, wither, Adam, wouldst thou have me
Cor. That is the way to make her scorn you still.
Sil. O Corin, that thou knewst 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 sigh'd upon a midnight pillow:
But if thy love were ever like to mine—
As sure I think did never man love so—
How many actions most ridiculous
Hast thou been drawn to by thy fancy?
Cor. Into a thousand that I have forgotten.
Sil. O, thou didst then ne'er love so heartily!
If thou remember'st not the slightest folly
That ever love did make thee run into,
Thou hast not lost:
Or if thou hast not sat at I do now,
Wearying thy hearer in thy mistress' praise,
Thou hast not lost:
Or if thou hast not broke from company
Abruptly, as my passion now makes me,
Thou hast not loved.
O Phebe, Phebe, Phebe! [Exit.
Ros. Alas, poor shepherd! searching of thy wound,
I have by hard adventure found mine own.
Touch. And I mine. I remember, when I was in
love I broke my sword upon a stone and bid him
take that for coming a-night to Jane Smile; and I
remember that kiss of her batlet and the cow's
dugs that her pretty chop't hands had milk'd; and
I remember the wooing of a peascod instead of her,
from whom I took two cods and, giving her them
again, said with weeping tears ' Wear these for my
sake. We that are true lovers run into strange
crapers; but as all is mortal in nature, so is all nature
in love mortal in folly.
Ros. Thou speakest wiser than thou art ware of.
Touch. Nay, I shall ne'er be ware of mine own
wit till I break my shins against it.
Ros. Jove! Jove! this shepherd's passion
Is much upon my fashion.
Touch. And mine; but it grows something stale
with me.
Ced. I pray you, one of you question yond man
If he for gold will give us any food:
I faint almost to death.
Touch. Holla, you clown!
Ros. Peace, fool: he's not thy kinsman.
Cor. Who calls?
Touch. Your betters, sir.
Cor. Else are they very wretched.
Ros. Peace, I say. Good even to you, friend.
Cor. And to you, gentle sir, and to you all.
Ros. I 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:
Besides, his coke, his flocks and bounds of feed
Are now on sale, and at our sheepcote now,
By reason of his absence, there is nothing
That you will feed on; but what is, come see,
And in my voice most welcome shall you be.
Ros. What is he that shall buy his flock and
pasture? [Jerewile,
Cor. That young swain that you saw here but
That little cares for buying anything.
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.
Ced. And we will mend thy wages. I like this
And willingly could waste my time in it. [place,
Cor. Assembly 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?
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
while; the duke will drink under this tree. He
hath been all this day to look you.
Jaq. And I have been all this day to avoid him.
He is too disputable for my company: I think of as
many matters as he, but I give heaven thanks and
make no boast of them. Come, warble, come.

SONG.

Who doth ambition shun [All together here.
And lives to love i' the sun,
Seeking the food he eats
And pleased with what he gets,
Come hither, come hither, come hither:
Here shall he see
No enemy
But winter and rough weather.

Jaq. I'll give you a verse to this note that I made
yesterday in despite of my invention.
Ami. And I'll sing it.
Jaq. Thus it goes:—

If it do come to pass
That any man turn ass,
Leaving his wealth and ease,
A stubborn will to please,
Ducdame, ducdame, ducdame:
Here shall he see
Gross fools as he,
An if he will come to me.

Ami. What's that ' ducdame?'
Jaq. 'Tis a Greek invocation, to call fools into a
circle. I'll go sleep, if I can; if I cannot, I'll rail against all the first-born of Egypt.

Ami. And I'll go seek the duke: his banquet is prepared. [Exeunt severally.

SCENE VI.—The forest.

Enter Orlando and Adam.

Adam. Dear master, I can go no further: O, I die for food! Here lie I down, and measure out my grave. Farewell, kind master.

Orl. Why, how now, Adam! no greater heart in thee? Live a little; comfort a little; cheer thyself a little. If this uncouth forest yield any thing savage, I will either be food for it or bring it for food to thee. They tell me there is death in death than thy powers. For thy 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 cheekly, and I'll be with thee quickly. Yet thou dost not come in the bower: 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! [Exeunt.

SCENE VII.—The forest.

A table set out. Enter Duke senior, Amiens, and Lords like outlaws.

Duke S. I think he be transform'd into a beast; For I can no where find him like a man.

First Lord. My lord, he is but even now gone Here was he merry, hearing of a song. [hence 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. [is this, Duke S. Why, how now, monsieur! what a life That your poor friends must woo your company? What, you look merry! Iag. A fool, a fool! I met a fool! the forest, A motley fool; a miserable world! As I do lie by food, I met a fool; Who laid him down and bask'd him in the sun, And rail'd on Lady Fortune in good terms, In good set terms and yet a motley fool. 'Good morrow, fool,' quoth I. 'No, sir,' quoth he, 'Call me no fool till heaven hath sent me fortune.' And then he drew a dial from his poke, And, looking on it with lack-lustre eye, Says very wisely, 'tis 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 't will be eleven; And then he say, as the hour go on 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 the time, My lungs began to crow like chantecler, That fools should be so deep-contemplative, And I did laugh sans intermission An hour by his dial, a noble fool! A worthy fool! Motley's the only wear.

Duke S. What fool is this? [tier, Iag. O worthy fool! One that hath been a court- And says, if ladies be but young and fair, They have the gift to know it: and in his brain, Which is as the map of the world, if you'll But after a voyage, he hath strange places cramm'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. Iag. Provided that you weed your better judgments Of all opinion that grows rank in them That I am wise. I must have liberty Withal, as large a charter as the wind, To blow on whom I please; for so fools have; And they that are most galled with my folly, They must most laugh. And why, sir, must they so? The why 'tis plain as to publish 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. He that may convey me in most polite ease To speak my mind, and I will through and through Cleanse the foul body of the infected world, If they will patiently receive my medicine. [do, Duke S. Plee on thee! I can tell what thou wouldest. What, for a counter, would I do but good? Duke S. Most mischievous fool's sin, in chiding For thou thyself hast been a libertine, [sin: As sensual as the brutal sting itself; And all the embossed sores and headed evils, That thou with license of free foot hast caught, Wouldst thou disgorge into the general world. Iag. Why, who cries out on pride, That can therein tax any private wrong? Doth it not flow as hugely as the sea, Till that the weary very means do ebb? What woman in the city do I name, When that I say the city-woman bears The cost of princes on unworthy shoulders? That who can come in and say that I mean her, When such a one as she such is her neighbour? Or what is he of basest function That says his bravery is not on my cost, Thinking that I mean him, but therein suits His folly to the mettle of my speech? [whereln There then; then why? what then? Let me see My tongue hath wrong'd him: if it do him right, Then he hath wrong'd himself: if he be free, Why then my taxing like a wild-goose flies, Unclaim'd of any man. But who comes here? Enter Orlando, with his sword drawn.

Orl. Forbear, and eat no more.

Iag. Why, I have eat none yet.

Orl. Nor shalt not, till necessity be served.

Iag. Of what kind should this cock come of?

Duke S. Art thou thus bolden'd, man, by thy Or else a rude despiser of good manners, [distress, That in civility thou seem'st so empty? Orl. You touch'd my vein at first: the thorny 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 answer'd. [point Iag. An you will not be answer'd with reason, I must die.

Duke S. What would you have? Your gentle- ness shall force More than your force move us to gentleness.

Orl. I almost die for food; and let me have it.

Duke S. Sit down and feed, and welcome to our table.

Orl. Speak you so gently? Pardon me, I pray you: I thought that all things had been savage here; And therefore put I on the comenstance Of stern commandment. But whate'er you are That in this my school are the most renowned 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 pitiéd,
Let gentleness my strong enforcement be.

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,
Whiles, 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! [Exeunt.

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:
They have their exits and their entrances;
And one man in his time plays many parts,
His acts being seven ages. At first the infant,
Mewling and puking in the nurse’s arms.
And then the whining school-boy, with his satchel
And shining morning face, creeping like snail
Unwillingly to school. And then the lover,
Sighing like furnace, with a woefull ballad
Made to his mistress’ eyebrow. Then a soldier,
Full of strange oaths and bearded like the pard,
Jealous in honour, sudden and quick in quarrel,
Seeking the bubble reputation
Even in the cannon’s mouth. And then the justice,
In fair round belly with good capon lined,
With eyes severe and beard of formal cut,
Full of wise saws and modern instances;
And so he plays his part. The sixth age shifts
Into the lean and slipper’d pantaloon,
With spectacles on nose and pouch on side,
His youthful hose, well 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 childhood and mere oblivion,
Sans teeth, sans eyes, sans taste, sans every thing.

Re-enter Orlando, with Adam.

Duke S. Welcome. Set down your venerable task.
And let him feed. [Burthen.

Orl. I thank you most for him.

Adam. So had you need: I scarce can speak to thank you for myself.

Duke S. Welcome; fall to: I will not trouble you
As yet, to question you about your fortunes.
Give us some music; and, good cousin, sing.

SONG.

Ami. Blow, blow, thou winter wind,
Thou art not so unkind
As man’s ingratitude;
Thy tooth is not so keen,
Because thou art not seen.
Although thy breath be rude.

Heigh-ho! sing, heigh-ho! unto 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
As you have whisper’d faithfully you were, [son,
And as mine eye doth his effigies witness
Most truly limn’d and living in your face,
Be truly welcome hither: I am the duke
That loved your father; the residue of your fortune,
Go to my cave and tell me. Good old man,
Thou art right welcome as thy master is.
Support him by the arm. Give me your hand,
And let me all your fortunes understand. [Exeunt.

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, where so’er he is;
Seek him with candle; bring him dead or living
Within this twelvemonth, or turn thou no more
To seek a living in our territory.
Thy lands and all things that thou dost call thine
Worth seizure do we seize into our hands,
Till thou canst quell thy brother’s mouth
Of what we think against thee.

Oli. 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. [Exeunt.

ACT II.

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 book
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. [Exeunt.

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, 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, thou canst not say the shepherd must be wicked; and wickedness is sin, and sin is damnation. Thou art in a parolus 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 eyes, and their fells, you know, are greasy.

Touch. Why, do not your courier’s hands sweat? and is not the grease of a mutton as wholesome as the sweat of a man? Shallow, shallow. A better instance, I say; come.

Cor. Besides, our hands are hard.

Touch. Your lips will feel them the sooner. Shallow again. A more sonorous instance, come.

Cor. And they are often tarred over with the surgery of our sheep; and would you have us kiss tar? The courier’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 birth than thou, the very essence flux of a cat. Mend the instance, shepherd.

Cor. You have too courtely a wit for me: I’ll rest.


Cor. Sir, I am a true labourer: I earn that I eat, get that I wear, owe no man hate, envy no man’s happiness, glad of other men’s good, content with my harm, and the greatest of my pride is to see my ewes graze and my lambs suck.

Touch. That is another simple sin in you, to bring the ewes and the rams together and to offer to get your living by the copulation of cullies; to be bawd to a bell-wether, and to betray a she-lamb of a twelve-month 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 shouldst scape.

Cor. Here, Master Ganymede, my new mistress’s brother.

Enter Rosalind, with a paper, reading.

Ros. From the east to western Ind,

Cor. No jewel is like Rosalind.

Ros. Her worth, being mounted on the wind,

Cor. Through all the world bears Rosalind.

Ros. All the pictures fairest lined

Cor. Are but black to Rosalind.

Ros. Let no fair be kept in mind

Cor. But the fair of Rosalind.

Touch. I’ll rhyme you so eight years together,

Ros. And come. If a hart do lack a hind,

Cor. So be sure will Rosalind.

Ros. Winter garments must be lined,

Cor. So must slender Rosalind.

Ros. They that reap must sheaf and bind;

Cor. Then to cart with Rosalind.

Ros. Sweetest nut hath sourest rind,

Cor. Such a nut is Rosalind.

Ros. He that sweetest rose will find

Cor. Must find love’s prick and Rosalind.

This is the very false gallop of verses: why do you infect yourself with them?

Ros. Peace, you dull fool! I found them on a tree.

Touch. Truly, the tree yields both fruit.

Ros. I shall have with you as I shall graff it with a medlar: then it will be the earliest fruit of 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 Corin and Touchstone.

Ros. Peace! Here comes my sister, reading: stand aside.

Col. [Reads]

Col. Why should this a desert be?

Ros. For it is unpeopled? No:

Col. Tongues I’ll hang on every tree,

Ros. That shall civil sayings show:

Col. Some, how brief the life of man

Ros. Runs his erring pilgrimage,

Col. The stretching of a span

Ros. Buckles in his sum of age;

Col. Some, of violated vows

Ros. Twixt the souls of friend and friend:

Col. But upon the fairest boughs,

Ros. Of every sentence end,

Col. Will I Rosalind write,

Ros. Teaching all that read to know

Col. The quintessence of every sprite

Ros. Heaven would in little show,

Col. Therefore Heaven Nature charged

Ros. That every body should be fill’d

Col. With all graces wide-enlarged:

Ros. Nature presently distill’d

Col. Helen’s cheek, but not her heart,

Ros. Cleopatra’s majesty,

Col. Atalanta’s better part,

Ros. Sad Lucretia’s modesty.

Col. Thus Rosalind of many parts

Ros. By heavenly synod was devised

Col. Of many faces, eyes and hearts,

Ros. To have the tongues dearest prized.

Col. Heaven would that she these gifts should have,

Ros. And I to live and die her slave.

Col. O most gentle pulpit! what tedious homely of love have you wearied your parishioners withal,

Ros. And never cried ‘Have patience, good people!’

Col. 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.

Col. Didst thou hear these verses?

Ros. O, yes, I heard them all, and more too; for some of them had in them more feet than the verses would bear.

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Cel. That’s no matter: the feet might bear the verses.
Ros. Ay, but the feet were lame and could not bear themselves without the verse and therefore stood lamely in the verse.
Cel. But didst thou hear without wondering how thy name should be hanged and carved upon these trees?
Ros. I was seven of the nine days out of the wonder before you well; for look here what I found on a palm-tree. I was never so berymed since Pshmodras’ time, that I was an Irish rat, which I can hardly remember.
Cel. Trow you who hath done this?
Ros. Is it a man?
Cel. And a chain, that you once wore, about his neck. Change you colour?
Ros. I prithee, who?
Cel. O Lord, Lord! it is a hard matter for friends to meet; but mountains may be removed with earthquakes and so encounter.
Ros. Nay, but who is it?
Cel. Is it possible?
Ros. Nay, I prithee now with most petitionary vehement, tell me who it is.
Cel. O wonderful, wonderful, and most wonderful wonderful! and yet again wonderful, and after that, out of all hooping!
Ros. Good my complexon! dost thou think, though I am exasperated like a man, I have a doublet and hose in my disposition? One inch of delay more is a South-sea of discovery; I prithee, tell me who is it quickly, and speak apace. I would thou couldst stammer, that thou mightst pour this concealed man out of thy mouth, as wine comes out of a marble-mouthed bottle, either too much at once, or none at all. I prithee, take the cork out of thy mouth that I may drink thy tidings.
Cel. So you may put a man in your belly.
Ros. Is he of God’s making? What manner of man? Is his head worth a hat, or his chin worth a
Cel. Nay, he hath but a little beard. [beard?”
Ros. Why, God will send more, if the man will be thankful: let me stay the growth of his beard, if thou delay me not the knowledge of his chin.
Cel. It is young Orlando, that tripped up the wrestler’s heels and your heart both in an instant.
Ros. Nay, but the devil take mocking: speak, sad brook and true maid.
Cel. I’ faith, coz, ’tis he.
Ros. Orlando?
Cel. Orlando.
Ros. Alas the day! what shall I do with my doublet and hose? What did he when thou sawest him? What said he? How looked he? Wherein went he? What makes he here? Did he ask for me? Where remains he? How parted he with thee? and when shalt thou see him again? Answer me in one word.
Cel. You must borrow me Gargantua’s mouth first: ’tis a word too great for any mouth of this age’s size. To say ay and no to these particulars is more than to answer in a catechism. I found him under a tree, like a dropped acorn.
Ros. But doth he know that I am in this forest, and in man’s apparel? Looks he as freshly as he did the day he wrestled?
Cel. It is as easy to count atomies as to resolve the propositions of a lover; but take a taste of my finding him, and ask it with good observance. I found him under a tree, like a dropped acorn.
Ros. It may well be called Jove’s tree, when it drops forth such fruit.
Cel. Give me audience, good madam.
Ros. Proceed.
Cel. There may he, stretched along, like a wounded knight.
Ros. Though it be pity to see such a sight, it well becomes the ground.
Cel. Cry ‘holla’ to thy tongue, I prithee; it curvets unseasonably. He was furnished like a hunter.
Ros. O, ominous! he comes to kill my heart.
Cel. I will sing among without a burden: thou bringest me out of tune.
Ros. Do you not know I am a woman? when I think, I must speak. Sweet, say on.
Cel. You bring me out. Soft! comes he not here?
Enter Orlando and Jaques.
Ros. ’Tis he: sink by, and note him.
Jaq. I thank you for your company; but, good faith, I had as lief have been myself alone.
Orl. And so had I; but yet, for fashion sake, I thank you too for your society.
Ros. God be wi’ you; let’s meet as little as we can.
Orl. I do desire we may be better strangers.
Cel. I pray you, mar no more trees with writing love-songs in their barks.
Orl. I pray you, mar no more of my verses with reading them ill-favourably.
Jaq. Rosalind is your love’s name?
Orl. Ye mayest.
Jaq. I do not like her name.
Orl. There was no thought of pleasing you when she was christened.
Jaq. What stature is she of?
Orl. Just as high as my heart.
Jaq. You are full of pretty answers. Have you not been, and painted with goldsmiths’ wives, and conned them out of rings?
Orl. Not so; but I answer you right painted cloth, from whence you have studied your questions.
Jaq. You have a nimble wit: I think ’twas made of Alatians’ heels. Will you sit down with me? and we two will rail against our mistresses the world and all our misery.
Orl. I will chide no breathier in the world but myself, against whom I know most faults.
Jaq. The worst fault you have is to be in love.
Orl. ’Tis a fault I will not change for your best virtue. I am weary of you.
Jaq. By my trutl, I was seeking for a fool when I found you.
Orl. He is drowned in the brook: look but in, and you shall see him.
Jaq. There I shall see mine own figure.
Orl. Which I take to be either a fool or a cipher.
Jaq. I will stay no longer with you: farewell, good Signior Love.
Orl. I am glad of your departure; adieu, good Monsieur Melancholy. [Exit Jaques.
Ros. [Aside to Celio] I will speak to him like a saucy lackey and under that habit play the knave with him. Do you hear, forester?
Orl. Very well: what would you?
Ros. I pray you, what is ’t o’clock?
Orl. You should ask me what time o’ day: there’s no clock in the forest.
Ros. Then there is no true lover in the forest; else sighing every minute and groaning every hour would defeat the lazy foot of Time as well as a clock.
Orl. And why not the swift foot of Time? had not that been as proper?
Ros. By no means, sir: Time travels in divers paces with divers persons. I’ll tell you who Time ambles withal, who Time trots withal, who Time gallops withal and who he stands still withal.
Orl. I prithee, who doth he trot withal?
Ros. Marry, he trots hard with a young maid between the contract of her marriage and the day it is solemnized: if the interim be but a se’ennight, Time’s pace is so hard that it seems the length of seven years.
Orl. Who ambles Time withal?
Ros. With a priest that lacketh Latin and a rich man that hath not the gout, for the one sleeps easily
because he cannot study and the other lives merrily
because he feels no pain, the one lacking the burden
of lean and wasteful learning, the other knowing
no burden of heavy tedious penury; these Time
amably withal.

Orl. Who wits he gallop withal?
Ros. With a thief to the gallows, for though he
go as softly as foot can fall, he thinks himself too
Omit. Who stays it still withal? [soon there.
Ros. With lawyers in the vacation; for they sleep
between term and term and then they perceive not
how long they live.

Orl. Where dwell you, pretty youth?
Ros. With this shepherdess, my sister; here in
the skirts of the forest, like fringe upon a petticoat.

Orl. Are you native of this place? [is kindled.
Ros. As the cony that you see dwell where she
Orl. Your accent is something finer than you
could purchase in so removed a dwelling.

Ros. I have been told so of many: but indeed an
old religious uncle of mine taught me to speak,
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 the of old time, to be touched
with so many giddy offences as he hath generally
taxed their whole sex withal.

Orl. Can you remember any of the principal evils
that he laid to the charge of women?

Ros. There were none principal; they were all like
another as half-pence are, every one fault seem-
ing monstrous till his fellow-fault came to match it.

Orl. I prithee, recount some of them.

Ros. No, I will not cast away my physic but on
those that are sick. There is a man haunts the for-
est, that abuses our young plants with carving
Rosalind ' on their barks; hangs odes upon haw-
thorns and elegies on brambles, all, forsooth, deify-
ing the name of Rosalind: if I could meet that
fancy-monger, I would give him some good coun-
seal, for he seems to have the quotient of love upon
him.

Orl. I am he that is so love-shaked: I pray you,
tell me your remedy.

Ros. There is none of my uncle's marks upon you:
he taught me how to know a man in love; in
which cage of rushes I am sure you are not pris-

Orl. What were his marks? [oner.
Ros. A lean cheek, which you have not, a blue
eyed noble gipsy, which you have not, an unques-
tionable spirit, which you have not, a beard neglect-
ed, which you have not; but I pardon you for that,
for simply your having in being is a younger
brother's revenue: then your nose should be ungar-
tered, your bonnet unbanded, your sleeve unbut-
toned, your shoe untied and every thing about you
demonstrating a careless desolation; but you are
no such man; you are rather point-device in your
accoutrements as loving yourself than seem-
ing the lover of any other.

Orl. Fair youth, I would I could thee be as
Ros. Me believe it! you may as soon make her
that you love believe it; which, I warrant, she is
apt to do than to confess she does: that is one of
the points in the which women still give the lie to
their consciences. But, in good sooth, are you he
that hangs the verses on the trees, wherein Rosal-

Orl. I swear to thee, youth, by the white hand
of Rosalind, I am that he, that unfortunate he.

Ros. But are you so much in love as your rhymes

Ros. Neither rhyme nor reason can express how
Ros. Love is merely a madness, and, I tell you,
deserves as well a dark house and a whip as mad-
men do: and the reason why they are not so pun-
ished and cured is, that the lunacy is so ordinary
that the whippers are in love too. Yet I profess
curing it by counsel.

Orl. Did you ever cure any so?
Ros. Yes, one, and in this manner. He was to
imagine me fall love, his mistress; and I set him
every day to woo me: at which time would I,
being but a moonish youth, grieve, be effeminate,
changeable, longing and liking, proud, fantastical,
apish, shallow, inconstant, full of tears, full of
smiles, for every passion something and for no pas-
sion truly anything; as boys and men are for the
most part cattle of this colour: would now like him,
now loathe him; then entertain him, then forswear
him; now weep for him, then spit at him; that I
draw my suitor from his mad humour of love to a
living humour of madness; which was, to for-
swear the full stream of the world and to live in a
nook merely monastic. And thus I cured him;
and this way will I take upon me to wash your
liver as clean as a sound sheep's heart, that there
shall not be one spot of love in't.

Orl. I would not be cured, youth.
Ros. I would cure you, if you would but call me
Rosalind; and then every day to my cote and woo me.

Orl. Now, by the faith of my love, I will: tell me
where it is.

Ros. Go with me to it and I'll show it you: and
by the way you shall tell me where in the forest you
live. Will you go?

Orl. With all my heart, good youth.
Ros. Nay, you must call me Rosalind. Come, sis-
ter, will you go? [Exeunt.

SCENE III.—The forest.

Enter Touchstone and Audrey; Jaques behind.

Touch. Come apace, good Audrey: I will fetch
up your goats, Audrey. And how, Audrey? am I
the man yet? doth my simple feature content you?
Aud. Your features! Lord warrant us! what
features?

Touch. I am here with thee and thy goats, as
the most capricious poet, honest Ovid, was among
the Goths.

Jaq. [Aside] O knowledge ill-inhabited, worse
than Jove in a thatched house!

Touch. When a man's verses cannot be under-
stood, nor a man's good wit seconded with the for-
vory child! I despair, for by no means are they
more dead than a great reckoning in a little room. Truly,
I would the gods had made thee poetical.

Aud. I do not know what 'poetical' is: is it
honest in deed and word? is it a true thing?

Touch. No, truly: for the truest poetry is the
most feigning; and lovers are given to poetry,
and what they swear in poetry may be said as lovers
do feign.

[poetical?

Aud. Do you wish then that the gods had made me
Touch. I do, truly; for thou swearest to me thou
art honest: now, if thou wert a poet, I might have
some hope thou didst feign.
Aud. Would you not have me honest?

Touch. No, truly, unless thou wert hard-favoured;
for honesty coupled to beauty is to have honey
a sauce to sugar.

Jaq. [Aside] A material fool!

Aud. Well, I am not fair; and therefore I pray
the gods make me honest.

Touch. Truly, and to cast away honesty upon a
foul slut were to put good meat into an unclean dish.
Aud. I am not a slut, though I thank the gods I
am foul.

Touch. Well, praised be the gods for thy foulness!
slutishness may come hereafter. But be it as it
may be, I will marry thee, and to that end I have
been with Sir Oliver Martext, the vicar of the next

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village, who hath promised to meet me in this place of the forest and to couple us.

Jaq. [Aside] I would fain see this meeting.

And. Well, the gods give us joy.

Touch. Amen. A man may, if he were of a fear-ful heart, stagger in this attempt; for here we have no temple but the wood, no assembly but horn-beasts. But what though? Courage! As horns are odious, they are necessary. It is said, 'many a man knows no end of his goods;' right; many a man has good horns, and knows no end of them. Well, that is the glory of his life: 'tis none of his own getting. Horns? Even so. Poor men alone? No, no; the noblest deer hath them as huge as the rascal. Is the single man therefore blessed? No: as a walled town is more worshipful than a village, so is the forehead of a married man more honourable than the bare brow of a bachelor: and by how much defence is better than no skill, by so much is a horn more precious than to want. Here comes Sir Oliver.

Enter Sir Oliver Martext.

Sir Oliver Martext, you are well met: will you dispatch us here under this tree, or shall we go with you to your chapel?

Sir Oli. Is there none here to give the woman?

Touch. I will not take her on gift of any man.

Sir Oli. Truly, she must be given, or the mar-riage is not lawful.

Jaq. [Advancing] Proceed, proceed: I'll give her.

Touch. Good even, good Master What-ye-call 't? how do you, sir? You are very well met: God 'lld you for your last company: I am very glad to see you: even a toy in hand here, sir: nay, pray be cov.

Jaq. Will you be married, motley? [ered.

Touch. As the ox hath his bow, sir, the horse his curb and the falcon her bells, so man hath his de-sires; and as pigeons bill, so wedlock would be nibbling.

Jaq. And will you, being a man of your breeding, be married under a bush like a beggar? Get you to church, and have a good priest that can tell you what marriage is: this fellow will but join you to-gether as they join wainscot; then one of you will prove a shrunk panel and, like green timber, warp, warp.

Touch. [Aside] I am not in the mind but I were better to be married of him than of another: for he is not of this world. Do marry me well; and not being well married, it will be a good excuse for me hereafter to leave my wife.

Jaq. Go thou with me, and let me counsel thee.

Touch. Come, sweet Audrey:

We must be married, or we must live in bawdry. Farewell, good Master Oliver: not,—

O sweet Oliver,

O brave Oliver,

Leave me not behind thee:

but,—

Wind away,

Begone, I say,

I will not to wedding with thee.

[Exeunt Jaques, Touchstone and Audrey.

Sir Oli. 'Tis no matter: ne'er a fantastical knave of them all shall flout me out of my calling. [Exit.

SCENE IV.—The forest.

Enter Rosalind and Celia.

Ros. Never talk to me; I will weep.

Cel. Do, I prithee; but yet have the grace to con-sider that tears do not become a man.

Ros. But have I not cause to weep?

[weep.

Cel. God gives us as one would desire; therefore—

Ros. His very hair is of the dissembling colour.

Cel. Something browner than Judas's: marry, his kisses are Judas's own children.

Ros. I' faith, his hair is of a good colour.

Cel. An excellent colour: your chestnut was ever the only colour.

Ros. And his kissing is as full of sanctity as the touch of holy bread.

Cel. He hath bought a pair of cast lips of Diana: a nun of winter's sisterhood kisses not more relig-i-ously; 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 box.

Ros. Not true in love?

Cel. [nut.

Cel. Yes, when he is in; but I think he is not in.

Ros. You have heard him swear downright he was.

Cel. 'Was I in 'is: besides, the oath of a lover is no stronger than the word of a taster; 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 pulvisy tilter, 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,

Go hence a little and I shall conduct you,

If you will mark it.

Ros. O, come, let us remove:

The sight of lovers feedeth those in love.

Bring us to this sight, and you shall say

I'll prove a busy actor in their play.

[Exeunt.

SCENE V.—Another part of the forest.

Enter Silvius and Phebe.

Sil. Sweet Phebe, do not scorn me; do not say that you love me not, but say not so [Phebe; In bitterness. The common executioner, Whose heart the accustom'd sight of death makes Falls not the axe upon the humbered neck [hard, But first begs pardon: will you sterner be

Than he that dies and lives by bloody drops?

Enter Rosalind, Celia, and Corin, behind.

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:

'T is pretty, sure, and very probable,

That eyes, which are the frailst and softest things,

Who shut their coward gates on atoms,

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 dost not, Dost thou not show 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

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ACT IV.

AS YOU LIKE IT.

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 patches of solace, 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

ACT IV.
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 hands 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, an you talk in base verse.

Ros. Farewell, Monsieur Traveiller: look you list, 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 one with 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.

Orl. Pardon me, dear Rosalind. [heart-whole.

Ros. Nay, an ye be so tardy, come no more in my sight: I had as lief be wood of a snail.

Orl. Of a snail?

Ros. Y, 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 Ros. And I am your Rosalind. [virtuous.

Cel. It pleases him to call you so; but he hath a Rosalind of a better leer than you.

Orl. Come, woe me, woe 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

Orl. I would kiss before I spoke. [Rosalind?

Ros. Nay, you were better speak first, and when you were gravelled for lack of matter, you might take occasion to kiss. Very good orators, when they are out, they will spit; and for lovers lacking —God warn us! —matter, the cleanliest shift is to

Orl. How if the kiss be denied? [kiss.

Ros. Then she puts you to entreaty, and there begins new matter.

Orl. Who could be out, being before his beloved mistress?

Ros. Marry, that should you, if I were your mistress, or I should think my honesty ranker than my Orl. What, of my suit? [wit.

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 a little in love.

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 did in his own person, vide-

Orl. Is it not a bad and Trollop had his brain 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 Hérica 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 Hellestos 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 tell you Rosalind in a more coming-on disposition, and ask me what you will, I will grant it. Orl. Then love me, Rosalind.

Ros. Yes, faith, will I, Fridays and Saturdays Orl. And wilt thou have me? [and all.


Ros. 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

Orl. I will. [Rosalind?

Ros. Ay, but when?

Orl. Why now; as fast as she can marry us.

Ros. Then you must say 'I take thee, Rosalind, for wife.'

Orl. I take thee, Rosalind, for wife.

Ros. I might ask you for your commission; but I do take thee, Orlando, for my husband: there's a girl goes before the priest; and certainly a woman's thought runs before her actions.

Orl. So do all thoughts; they are winged.

Ros. Now tell me how long you would have after you have possessed her.

Orl. For ever and a day.

Ros. Say 'a day,' without the 'ever.' No, no, Orlando; men are April when they woo, December when they wed: maids when May are their maids, but the sky changes when they are wives. I will be more jealous of thee than a Barbary cock-pigeon over his hen, more clamorous than a parrot against rain, more new-fangled than an ape, more giddy in my desires than a monkey: I will weep for nothing, till Diana in the fountain, and I will do that when you are disposed to be merry; I will laugh like a hyen, and that when thou art inclined to sleep.

Orl. But will my Rosalind do so?

Ros. By my life, she will do as I do.

Orl. O, but she is wise.

Ros. Or else she could not have the wit to do this: the wiser, the waywarder: make the doors upon a woman's wit and it will out at the casement; shut that and 't will out at the keyhole; stop that, 't will fly with the smoke out of the chimney.

Orl. A man that had a wife with such a wit, he might say: 'Who, which, which, which, which?'

Ros. Nay, you might keep that check for it till you met your wife's wit going to your neighbour's bed.

Orl. And what wit could wit have to excuse

Ros. Marry, to say she came to seek you there.

Ros. You shall never take her without her answer, unless you make her without her tongue. O, that woman that cannot make her fault her husband's occasion, let her never nurse her child herself, for she will breed it like a fool!

Orl. For these two hours, Rosalind, I will leave thee. [hours.

Ros. Alas! dear love, I cannot lack thee two

Orl. I must attend the duke at dinner: by two o'clock I will be with thee again.

Ros. Ay, go your ways, go your ways; I knew what you would prove: my friends told me as much, and I thought no less: that flattering tongue

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of yours won me: 'tis but one cast away, and so, come, death! Two o'clock is your hour? Orl. Ay, sweet Rosalind.
Rosalind. By thy troth, and in good earnest, and so God mend me, and by all pretty oaths that are not dangerous, if you break one jot of your promise or come one minute behind your hour, I will think you the most pathetical break-promise and the most hollow lover and the most worthy of her you call Rosalind that may be chosen out of the gross hand of the unfaithful: therefore beware my censure and keep your promise.

Orl. With no less religion than if thou wert indeed my Rosalind: so adieu.

Rosalind. Well, Time is the old justice that examines all such offenders, and let Time try: adieu.

[Exit Orlando.

Cel. You have simply misused our sex in your love-prate: we must have your doublet and hose plucked over your head, and show the world what the bird hath done to her own nest.
Rosalind. O coz, coz, coz, my pretty little coz, that thou didst know how many fathom deep I am in love! But it cannot be sounded: my affection hath an unknown bottom, like the bay of Portugal.

Cel. Or rather, bottomless, that as fast as you pour affection in, it runs out.
Rosalind. No, that same wicked bastard of Venus that was begot of thought, conceived of spleen and born of madness, that blind rascally boy that abuses every one's eyes because his own are out, let him be judge how deep I am in love. I'll tell thee, Aliena, I cannot be out of the sight of Orlando: I'll go find a shadow and sigh till he come.

Cel. And I'll sleep.

[Exeunt.

SCENE II. The forest.

Enter Jaques, Lords, and Foresters.

Jaques. Which is he that killed the deer?

A Lord. Sir, it was I.

Jaques. Let's present him to the duke, like a Roman conqueror: and it would do well to set the deer's horns upon his head, for a branch of victory. Have you no song, forester, for this purpose?

For. Yes, sir.

Jaques. Sing it: 'tis no matter how it be in tune, so it make noise enough.

Song.

For. What shall he have that kill'd the deer?

His leather skin and horns to wear.

Then sing this song: [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.

Rosalind. How say you now? Is it not past two o'clock? and here much Orlando!

Celia. I warrant you, with pure love and troubled brain, he hath ta'en his bow and arrows and is gone forth to sleep. Look, who comes here.

Enter Silvius.

Celia. My errand is to you, fair youth; My gentle Phebe bid me give you this: I know not the contents; but, as I guess By the stern brow and waspish action Which she did use as she was writing of it, It bears an angry tenour: pardon me; I am but as a guileless messenger.

Rosalind. Patience herself would startle at this letter And play the swaggerer: bear this, bear all: She says I am not fair, that I lack manners: She calls me proud, and that she could not love me, Were man as rare as phoenix. 'Od 's my will! Her love is not the hare that I do hunt: Why writes she so to me? Well, shepherd, well, This is a letter of your own device.

Celia. No, I protest, I know not the contents: Phebe did write it.

Rosalind. 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 freckles were burn'd away. Thus was 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.

Celia. Sure, it is hers.

Rosalind. 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?

Celia. So please you, for I never heard it yet; Yet heard too much of Phebe's cruelty.

Rosalind. She Phebe's: mark how the tyrant writes. [Reads.] Art thou god to shepherd turn'd, That a maiden's heart hath burn'd?

Celia. Can a woman rait thus?

Rosalind. [Reads.] Why, thy godhead laid apart, Warr'st thou with a woman's heart?

Celia. Did you ever hear such raiting?

Rosalind. While's the eye of man did woo me, That could do no vengeance to me.

Celia. Meaning me a beast.

Rosalind. 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!
While's you bid me, I did love;
How then might my 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.

Celia. Call you this chiding?

Rosalind. Alas, poor shepherd!

Celia. Do you pity him? no, he deserves no pity. Wilt thou love such a woman? What, to make thee an instrument and play false stones 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 purfleus of this forest stands
A sheepe-cote fenced about with olive trees?

Celia. 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 favor, and bestows himself 
Like a true sharer: the woman low, 
And browner than her brother. Are you 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 befell! he threw his eye aside, 
And mark what object did present itself: 
Under an oak, whose boughs were moss'd with age 
And high top baid 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 open mouth of his mouth: it suddenly, 
Seeing Orlando, it unlinked itself, 
And with indented glides did slip away 
Into a bush: under which bush's shade 
A lioness, with udders all drawn dry, 
Lay couching, head on ground, with catlike watch, 
When that the sleeping man should stir; for 'tis 
The royal disposition of that beast 
To prey on nothing that doth seem as dead: 
This seen, Orlando did approach the man 
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 unatural. 
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 purpose so; 
But kindness, nimmer ever than revenge, 
And nature, stronger than his just occasion, 
Made him give battle to the lioness, 
Who quickly fell before him: in which hurrying 
From miserable slumber I awaked. 
Cel. Are you his brother? 
Ros. Was't you he rescued?

CEL. Was't you that did so oft contrive to kill 
him? 
Oli. 'T was I; but 't is 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 recountments 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 lions had turn some flesh away; 
Which all this while 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. 

[ROSALIND SWOONS. 

CEL. Why, how now, Ganymede! sweet Ganymede! 
Oli. Many will swoon when they do look on blood. 
CEL. There is more in it. Cousin Ganymede! 
Oli. Look, he recovers. 
ROS. I would I were at home. 
CEL. We'll lead you thusier. 
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. 
HEIGH-HO! 
Oli. This was not counterfeit: 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. Good sir, go with us. 
Oli. 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? 

[Exit.]

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, a most 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 beouting; we cannot hold.

Enter William.

WILL. Good even, Audrey. 
AUD. God ye good even, William. 
WILL. And good even to you, sir. 
TOUCH. Good even, gentle friend. Cover thy head, cover thy hands; pray you, be recovered. How old are you? 
WILL. Five and twenty, sir. [you, friend? 
TOUCH. A ripe age. Is thy name William? 
WILL. William, sir. 
TOUCH. A fair name. Wast born I 'the forest here? 
WILL. Ay, sir, I thank God. 
TOUCH. I thank God, 'tis 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 
WILL. Ay, sir, I have a pretty wit. [wise?
Touch. Why, thou sayest well. I do now remember a saying, 'The fool doth think he is wise, but the wise man knows himself to be a fool.' The heathen philosopher, when he had a desire to eat a grape, would open his lips when he put it into his mouth; meaning thereby that grapes were made to eat and lips to open. You do love this maid?

Will. I do, sir.

Touch. Give me your hand. Art thou learned?

Will. No, sir.

Touch. Then I hear 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 the one doth empty the other; for all your writers do consent that ipse is he: now, you are not ipse, for I am he.

Will. Which 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 is woman; which together is, abandon the society of this female, or, clown, thou perishest; or, to thy better understanding, diest; or, to wit, I shall strip thee away, translate thy life into death, thy liberty into bondage: I will deal in poison with thee, or in bastinado, or in steel; I will bandy with thee in faction; I will o'er-run thee with policy; I will kill thee a hundred and fifty ways: therefore tremble, and depart.

And, God, good William.

Will. God rest you merry, sir. [Exit.

Enter Corin.

Cor. Our master and mistress seek you; come, away, away! Touch. Trip, Audrey! trip, Audrey! I attend. I attend.

SCENE III.—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, should you grant? and will you persever to enjoy her?

Oli. Neither call the giddiness of it in question, the poverty of her, the small acquaintance, my sudden wooring, nor her sudden consenting; but say with me, I love Aliena: say with her, that she loves me; comfort me with that, that we may grow 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; thither will I invite the duke and all his contented followers. Go you and prepare Aliena; for look you, here comes my Rosalind.

Enter Rosalind.

Rosl. God save you, brother.

Orl. And you, fair sister. [Exit.

Rosl. O, my dear Orlando, how it grieves me to see thee wear thy heart in a scarf!

Orl. It is my arm.

Rosl. I thought thy heart had been wounded with the claws of a lion.

Orl. Wounded it is, but with the eyes of a lady.

Rosl. Did your brother tell you how I counterfeited to swoon when he showed me your handkerchief?

Orl. Ay, and greater wonders than that.

Rosl. O, I know where you are: nay, 'tis true: there was never anything so sudden but the flight of two rams and Caesar's thraconial brag of 'I came, saw, and became;' 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 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.

Ros. Why then, to-morrow I cannot serve your turn for Rosalind?

Orl. I can live no longer by thinking.

Ros. I will weary you then no longer with idle talking. Know of me then, for now I speak to some purpose, that I know you are a gentleman of good conceit: I speak not this that you should bear a good opinion of my knowledge, insomuch I say I know you are; neither do I labour for a greater esteem than may in some little measure draw a belief from you, to do yourself good and not to��Women me. If you do make strange things: I have, since I was three years old, conversed with a magician, most profound in his art and yet not damnable. If you do love Rosalind so near your heart as your gesture cries it out, when your brother marries Aliena, shall you marry here? I know the straits of fortune she is driven; and it is not impossible to me, if it appear not inconvenient to you, to set her before your eyes to-morrow human as she is and without any danger.

Orl. Speakest thou in sober meanings?

Ros. By my life, I do; which I tender dearly, though I say I am a magician. Therefore, put you in your best array; bid your friends; for if you will be married to-morrow, you shall, and to Rosalind, if you will.

Enter Silvius and Phebe.

Sil. Look, here comes a lover of mine and a lover of hers.

Pheb. Youth, you have done me much ungenerosity, To show the letter that I writ to you.

Ros. I care not if I have: it is my study To seem despicable and ungentle to you: You are there followed by a faithful shepherd; Look upon him, love him; he worships you. [love.

Pheb. Good shepherd, tell this youth what 'tis to Sil. The one of sighs and tears;
And so am I for Phebe.

Pheb. 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 Phebe.

Pheb. 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 Phebe.

Pheb. And so am I for Ganymede.

Ros. And so am I for Rosalind.

Pheb. And so am I for no woman.

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?'

Sil. To hear that is not here, nor doth not hear.

Orl. To hear that is not here, nor doth not hear.

Pheb. 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 Pheb.] I would love you, if I could. To-morrow meet me all together. [To Pheb.] 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 contents you, and you shall be married to-morrow. [To Orl.] As you love Rosalind, meet: [To Sil.] as you love Phebe, meet; and as I love no woman, I'll meet. So fare you well: I have left you commands. Sil. I'll not fail, if I live. Phe. Nor I. Orl. Nor I. [Exeunt.]

SCENE III.—The forest.

Enter Touchstone and Audrey.

Touc. 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. Touc. By my troth, well met. Come, sit, 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 hoarse, which are the only preludes to a bad voice? Sec. Page. I' faith, I' faith; and both in a tune, like two gipsies on a horse.

SONG.

It was a lover and his lass,
With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino,
That o'er the green corn-field did pass
In the spring time, the only pretty ring time,
When birds do sing, hey ding a ding, ding:
Sweet lovers love the spring.

Between the acres of the rye,
With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino,
These pretty country folks would lie,
In spring time, &c.

This carol they began that hour,
With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino,
How that a life was but a flower
In spring time, &c.

And therefore take the present time,
With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino;
For love is crowned with the prime
In spring time, &c.

Touc. 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.

Touc. By my troth, yes; I count it but time lost to hear such a foolish song. God be wi' you; and God mend your voices! Come, Audrey. [Exeunt.]

SCENE IV.—The forest.

Enter Duke senior, Amiens, Jaques, Orlando, Oliver, and Celia.

Duke S. Dost thou believe, Orlando, that the boy Can do all this that he hath promised? Orl. I sometimes do believe, and sometimes do not; As those that fear they hope, and know they fear. [Enter Rosalind, Silvius, and Phebe.]

Ros. Patience once more, whiles our compact is urged:
You say, if I bring in your Rosalind,
You will bestow her on Orlando here?

Duke S. That would I, had I kingdoms to give with her. [Her? Ros. And you say, you will have her, when I bring Orl. That would I, were I of 1 all kingdoms king. Ros. You say, you'll marry me, if I be willing? Phe. 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?
Phe. So is the bargain. Ros. You say, that you'll have Phebe, if she will? Sil. Though to have her and death were both one thing. Ros. I have promised to make all this matter even. Keep you your word, O duke, to give your daughter; You yours, Orlando, to receive his daughter: Keep your word, Phebe, that you'll marry me,
Or else refusing me, to wed this shepherd:
Keep your word, Silvius, that you'll marry her,
If she refuse me: and from hence I go,
To make these doubts all even.

[Exeunt Rosalind and Celia.]

Duke S. I do remember in this shepherd boy Some lively touches of my daughter's favour. Orl. My lord, the first time that I ever saw him Methought he was a brother to your daughter:
But, my good lord, this boy is forest-born;
And hath scarce, if anything, a tutor in his head. 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.

Touc. Salutation and greeting to you all! Jaq. Good my lord, bid him welcome: this is the medley-minded gentleman that I have so often met in the forest: he hath been a courtier, he swears.

Touc. If any man doubt that, let him put me to my purgation. I have trod a measure: I have flattened 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?

Touc. 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.

Touc. God 'ld you, sir; I desire you of the like. I press in here, sir, amongst the rest of the country copulatives, to swear and forswear; according as marriage binds and blood breaks; a poor virgin, sir, an ill-favoured thing, sir, but mine own; a poor humour of mine, sir, to take that no man else will: rich honestly dwells like a miser, sir, in a poor house; as your pearl in your foil oyster.

Duke S. By my faith, he is very swift and sententious.

Touc. 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?

Touc. Upon a lie seven times removed:—bear your body more seeming, Audrey:—as thus, sir. I did dislike the cut of a certain courtier's beard: he sent me word, if I said his beard was not cut well, he was in the mind it was: this is called the Retort Curious: If I sent him word again 't was not well cut, he would send me word, lie cut it to please himself: this is called the Qnip Modest. If again 't was not well cut, he denied my judgment: this is called the Reply Churlish. If again 't was not well cut, he would answer. I spoke not true: this is called the Reproof Valiant. If again 't was not
Enter Jaques de Boys.

Jaq. de B. Let me have audience for a word or I am the second son of Sir Rowland, [two:
That bring these tidings to this fair assembly.
Duke Frederick, hearing how that every day
Men of great worth resorted to this forest,
Address’d a mighty power; which were on foot,
In his own 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 belike to his hand; his brother,
And all their lands restored to them again
That were with him exiled. This to be true,
I do engage my life.

Duke S. Welcome, young man;
Thou offer’st fairly to thy brothers’ wedding:
To one his lands withheld, and to the other
A land itself at large, a potent dukedom.
First, in this forest let us do those ends
That here were well begun and well begot;
And after, every of this happy number
That have endured shrewd days and nights with us
Shall share the good of our returned fortune,
According to the measure of the services.

As Meantime, forget this new-fall’n dignity
And fall into our rustic revelry.
Play, music! And you, brides and bridegrooms all,
With music heap’d in joy, to the measures fall.

Duke S. Sir, by your patience. If I heard you rightly,
The duke hath put on a religious life.

Jaq. To the him will I: of these convertities
There is much matter to be heard and learn’d.

[To Duke] You to your former honour I bequeath;
Your patience and your virtue well deserves it:

[To Ort.] You to a love that your true faith doth merite:

[To Oli.] You to your land and love and great
To Sil.] You to a long and well-deserved bed:

[To Touch.] And you to wrangling; for thy loving voyage,
[ures]
Is but for two months victual’d. So, to your pleas-
I am for other than for dancing measures.

Duke S. Stay, Jaques, stay.

Jaq. To see no pastime I: what you would have
I’ll stay to know at your abandon’d cave. [Exeunt.
Duke S. Proceed, proceed: we will begin these
As we do trust they ’ll end, in true delights. [rites.
[A dance.

EPLOGUE.

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 buss, it is true that a good play needs no epilogue; yet even then will 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 many of you and beard that pleased me, complections 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 curtsy, bid me farewell.

[Exit.}
THE TAMING OF THE SHREW.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

A Lord.
Christopher Sly, a tinker.
Hostess, Page, Players, Huntsmen, and Sergants.
Baptista, a rich gentleman of Padua.
Vincentio, an old gentleman of Padua.
Lucentio, son to Vincentio, in love with Bianca.
Petruchio, a gentleman of Verona, a suitor to Katharina.

Tranio, servants to Lucentio.
Biondello, servants to Petruchio.
Grumio, servants to Lucentio.
Curtis, servers to Lucentio.
A Pedant.
Katharina, the shrew, daughters to Baptista.
Bianca, Widow.

Tailor, Haberdasher, and Sergants attending on Baptista and Petruchio.

SCENE—Padua, and Petruchio's country house.

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

INDUCTION.

SCENE I.—Before an alchoue on a heath.

Enter Hostess and Sly.

Sly. I'll theeze you, in faith.

Host. A pair of stocks, you rogue!

Sly. Ye are a bagaige: the Sys are no rogues; look in the chronicles; we came in with Richard Conqueror. Therefore pance pallabris; let the world slide: sassa! [Exit Sly.]

Host. You will not pay for the glasses you have Sly. No, not a denier. Go by, Jeronimy: go to thy cold bed, and warm thee.

Host. I know my remedy; I must go fetch the third-borough.

[Exeunt 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.

[Alarums. 

Horns winded. Enter a Lord from hunting, with his train.

Lord. Huntsman, I charge thee, tender well my hounds:

Brach Merriman, the poor cur is emboss'd;
And couple Clowder with the deep-mouth'd brach.
Saw'st thou not, boy, how Silver made it good
At the hedge-corner, in the coldest fault?
I would not lose the dog for twenty pound. [lord]

First Han. Why, Belman is as good as he, my He cried upon it at the merest loss
And twice to-day pick'd out the dullest scent:
Trust me, I take him for the better dog.

Lord. Thou art a fool: if Echo were as fleet,
I would esteem him worth a dozen such.
But sup them well and look unto them all:
To-morrow I intend to hunt again.

First Han. I will, my lord.

Lord. What's here? one dead, or drunk? See, doth he breathe?

Sec. Han. He breathes, my lord. Were he not warm'd with ale,
This were a bed but cold to sleep so soundly. [lee! Lord. O monstrous beast! how like a swine he Grim death, how foul and loathsome is thine image! Sirs, I will practise on this drunken man.
What think you, if he were convey'd to bed,
In the sweet clothes, rings put upon his fingers, A most delicious banquet by his bed,
And brave attendants near him when he wakes,
Would not the beggar then forget himself? [choose.

First Han. Believe me, lord, I think he cannot

Sec. Han. It would seem strange unto him when he waked. [fancy.

Lord. Even as a flattering dream or worthless Then take him up and manage well the jest:
Carry him gently to my fairest chamber And hang it round with all my wanton pictures:
Balm his foul head in warm distilled waters And burn sweet wood to make the lodging sweet:
Procure me music ready when he wakes, To make a dulcet and a heavenly sound;
And if he chance to speak, be ready straight And with a low submissive reverence Say 'What is it your honour will command?' Let one attend him with a silver basin 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 some one be ready with a costly suit [hands?] And ask him what apparel he will wear; Another tell him of his hounds and horse, And that his lady mourns at his disease: Persuade him that he hath been lunatic, And when he says he is, say that he dreams, For he is nothing but a mighty lord. This do and do it kindly, gentle sirs: It will be pastime passing excellent,
If it be husbanded with modesty.

First Han. My lord, I warrant you we will play As he shall think by our true diligence [our part,
He is no less than what we say he is.

Lord. Take him up gently 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 Servingman.
Belike, some noble gentleman that means, Travelling some journey, to repose him here.

Re-enter Servingman.

How now! who is it?

Serv. An't please your honour, players That offer service to your lordship.

Lord. Bid them come near.

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INDUCTION. THE TAMING OF THE SHREW. SCENE II.

Enter Players.

Now, fellows, you are welcome.

Players. We thank your honour.

Lord. Do you intend to stay with me to-night?

A Player. So please your lordship to accept our duty.

Lord. With all my heart. This fellow I remember, since once he play’d a farmer’s eldest son: ‘T was where you woot the gentlewoman so well: I have forgot your name; but, sure, that part Was aptly fitted and naturally perform’d. [means.

A Player. I think ‘t was Sofo that your honour

Lord. ‘T is very true, and with great effect.

Well, you are come to me in happy time; The rather for I have some sport in hand Wherein your cunning can assist me much. There is a lord will hear you play to-night: But I am doubtful of your modesties; Least over-eyeing of his odd behaviour,— For yet his honour never heard a play,— You break into some merry passion And so offend him; for I tell you, sirs, If you should smile he grows impatient. [selves,

A Player. Fear not, my lord: we can contain our— Were he the veriest antle in the world. Lord. Sirrah, take them in 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 be 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 embracings, tempting kisses, And with declining head into his bosom, Bid him shed tears, as being overcome To see her noble lord restored to health. Who for this seven years hath esteemed him No better than a poor and loathsome beggar: And if the boy have not a woman’s gift To ruin a shower of commanded tears, An onion will do well for a hour a shift Which in a napkin being close convey’d Shall in despite enforce a watery eye. See this dispatch’d with all the haste thou canst: Anon I’ll give thee more instructions.

[Exit a Servingman.

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.

[Exitant.

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 Lords.

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 tablets nor more stock- tings 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 O, that a mighty man of such descent, [honour! Of such possessions and so high esteem, Should be infected with such a froth of spirit! Sly. What, would you make me mad? Am not I Christopher Sly, old Sly’s son of Burtonheath, by birth a pedlar, by education a cardmaker, by trans- mutation a bear-herd, and now by present profes- sion a tinker? Ask Marian Hackel, the fat ale- wife of Winoet, if she know me not: if she say I am not fourteen pence on the score for sheer ale, score me up for the lyingest knave in Christendom. What! I am not bestaught: here’s—

Third Serv. O, this it is that makes your lady mourn. [droop!"}

Sec. Serv. O, this it is that makes your servants Lord. Hence comes it that your kindred shuns your house, As beaten hence by your strange lunacy. O noble lord, bethink thee of thy birth, Call home thy ancient thoughts from banishment And banish hence these abject lowly dreams. Look how thy servants do attend on thee, Each in his office ready at thy beck. Wilt thou have music? hark! Apollo plays [Music. And twenty caged nightingales do sing; Or wilt thou sleep? we ’ll have thee to a couch Softer and sweeter than the lustful bed On purpose trim’d up for Semiramis. Say thou wilt walk; we will bestrew the ground: Or wilt thou ride? thy horses shall be trapp’d, Their harness 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 welkin answer them And fetch shall echo 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 Cytherea all in sedges hid, Which seem to move and wanton with her breath, Even as the waving sedges play with wind.

Lord. We ’ll show thee Io as she was a maid, And how she was beguiled and surprised, As lively painted as the deed was done. [wood,

Third Serv. Or Daphne roaming through a thorny Scratching her legs that one shall swear she bleeds, And at that sight shall sad 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 wide world. [for thee have no bosom, [wood

First Serv. And till the tears that she hath shed 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? I do not sleep: I see, I hear, I speak: I 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.
ACT I.

THE TAMING OF THE SHREW.

Sec. Serv. Will 't please your mightiness to wash your hands? O, how we joy to see your wit restored! O, that once more you knew but what you are! These fifteen years you have been in a dream; Or when you waked, so waked as if you slept. Sly. Then, sir, I thank thee, I like 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 hurt not a man nor no discord, Because she brought stone jugs and no seal'd quarts; Sometimes you would call out for Cicely Hacket. Sly. Ay, the woman's maid of the house. Third Serv. Why, sir, you know no house nor no such maid. Nor no such men as you 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? [man. My men should call me 'lord:' I am your good-Page. My husband and my lord, my lord and hus- I am your wife in all obedience. [band; Sly. I know it well. What must I call her?

Lord. Madam. Sly. Al'ee madam, or Joan madam? [ladies. Lord. 'Madam,' and nothing else: so lords call Sly. Madam wife, they say that I have dream'd And slept above some fifteen year or more. Page. Ay, and the time seems thirty unto me, Being all this time abandon'd from your bed. Sly. Tis much. Servants, leave me and her alone. Madam, undress you and come now to bed. Page. Thrice-noble lord, let me entreat of you To pardon me yet for a night or two, Or 'twill not so, unless it fare till the last, For your physicians have expressly charged, In peril to incur your former malady, That I should yet absent you 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 amende Are come to play a pleasant comedy; [ment, 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 comody a Christmas gambold or a tumbling-trick? Page. No, my good lord; it is more pleasing stuff. Sly. What, household stuff? Page. It is a kind of history. Sly. Well, we 'll see 't. Come, madam wife, sit by my side and let the world slip: we shall ne'er be younger. Flourish.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—Padua. A public place.

Enter Lucentio and his man Tranio.

Luc. Tranio, since for the great desire I had To see fair Padua, nursery of arts, I am arrived for fruitful Lombardy, The pleasant garden of great Italy; And by my father's love and thy arm's With his good will and thy good company, My trusty servant, well approved in all, Here let us breathe and haply institute A course of learning and ingenious studies. Pisa renowned for grave citizens Gave me my being and my father first, A merchant of great traffic through the world, Vincentio, come of the Bentivoli. 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 am to Padua come, as he that leaves A shallows, with a mind 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,
ACT I.

THE TAMING OF THE SHREW.

SCENE I.

Hor. Mates, maid! how mean you that? no mates
Unless you were of gentler, milder mould. [for you,
Kath. I' faith, sir, you shall never need to fear:
What mis'ry, doubt not her heart shall bear
To comb your noddle 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! [ward:
Tra. Hush, master! here's some good pastime to
That which you wish, to your 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 finder in the eye, an she knew why.
Bian. Sister, content you in my discontent.
Sir, to pray, I burn my book in
My books and instruments shall be my company,
On them to look and practise by myself. [speak
Luc. Hark, Tranio! thou may'st hear Minerva
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 ciend of hell,
And make her bear the penance of her tongue?
Bap. Gentlemen, content ye: I am resolved:
Go in, Bianca:
Exit Bianca.
And for I know she taketh most delight
In music, instruments and poetry,
Schoolmasters will I keep within my house,
Fit to instruct her 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;
For I have more to commune with Bianca. [Exeunt
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, he?
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 desires, I will wish 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 happy rivalry 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 devil. Thine thou, Hortensio,
thoung her father be very rich, any man is so very
a fool to be married to hell?
Hor. Tush, Gremio, though it pass your patience
and mine to endure her loud alarums, why, man,
there be good fellows in the world, an 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 dowry
with this condition, to be whipped at the
high cross every morning.
Hor. Faith, as you say, there's small choice in
rotten apples. But come; since this bar in law
makes us friends, it shall be so far forth friendly
mained till by helping her youngest daughter
To a husband we set his youngest free for a husband,
and then have to 't afresh. Sweet Bianca! Happy
man be his dole! He that runs fastest gets the ring.
How say you, Signior Gremio?
Gre. I am agreed; and would I had given him
the horse, that he might have been in his wooing
that would thoroughly woo her, wed her and bed her and ride
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,
I never thought it possible or likely:
But see, while idly I stood looking on,
I found the effect of love in idleness:
And now in plainness do confess to thee,
That art to me as secret and as dear
As Anna to the Queen of Carthage was,
To pray, I burn my book in
That which you wish, to your wonderful froward.
Luc. That 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
Begun to scold and raise up such a storm |sister
That mortal ears might hardly endure the din?
Luc. Tranio, I saw her coral lips to move
And with her breath she did perfume the air:
Sacred and sweet was all I saw in her. [trance.

Tra. Nay, then, 'tis time to stir him from his
To get her cunning schoolmasters to instruct her?
Tra. Ay, marry, am I, sir; and now 's 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 shall 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 Vincenio's son,
Keep house and ply his book, welcome his friends,
Visit his countrymen and banquet them?
Luc. Basta; content thee, for I have it full.
We have not yet been seen in any house,
Nor can we be distinguished by our faces
For man or master; then it followeth thus;
Thou shalt be master, Tranio, in my stead,
Keep house and pray and serve; and if thou should:
I will some other be, some Florentine,
Some Neapolitan, or meaner man of Pisa.
'Tis hatch'd and shall be so: Tranio, at once
Uncase thee; take my colour'd hat and cloak:  
When Biondello comes, he waits on thee;  
But I will charm him first to keep his tongue.  

[Enter Biondello.]

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. Tranio, be so, because Lucentio loves:  
And let me be a slave, to achieve that maid  
Whose sudden sight hath thrall'd my wounded eye.  
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 the more frame your manners to the time.  
Your fellow Tranio here, to save my life,  
Puts his 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, then, and change you, as becomes,  
While I make way from hence to save my life:  
You understand me?  
Bion. I, sir! ne'er a whit.  
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!  

[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 trost this is his house.  
Here, sirrah Grumio; knock, I say.  

Grumio. Knock, sir! whom should I knock? is there any man you housed your worship?  

Petr. Villain! I say, knock me here soundly.  

Grumio. Knock you here, sir! why, sir, what am I,  
sir, that I should knock you, here?  

Petr. Villain, I say, knock me at this gate  
And rap me well, or I 'll knock your knave's pate.  

Grumio. 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?
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.  [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.
Hor. Her father is Baptista Minola,
An affable and courteous gentleman:
Her name know'st not gold's
Renown'd in Padua for her scolding tongue.
Pet. I know her father, though I know not her;
And he knew my deceased father well,
I will not sleep, Hortensio, till I see her;
And therefore let me be thus bold with you
To give you over at this first encounter,
Unless you will accompany me thither.

Pet. I pray you, sir, let him go while the humour lasts.
O' my word, an she knew him as well as I
do, she would think scolding would do little good
upon him: she may perhaps call him half a score
knaves or so; why, that's nothing; an he begin once,
't will rail in his rope-tricks. 'T'll tell you what,
sir, an she stand him but a little, he will throw a
figure in her face and so disfigure her with it that
she shall have no more eyes to see within at a cat.
You know him not, sir.
Hor. Tarry, Petruchio, I must go with thee,
For in such a company my treasure is:
He hath the jewel of my life in hold,
His youngest daughter, beautiful Bianca,
And her withholds from me and other more,
Suitors to her and rivals in my love,
Supposing it a thing impossible,
For the defects I have rehearsed,
That ever Katharina will be wo' hd;
Therefore this order hath Baptista ta'en,
That none shall have access unto Bianca
Till Katharine the curst have got a husband.

Gru. Katharine the curst!
A title for a maid of all titles the worst.

Hor. Now shall my friend Petruchio do me grace,
And offer me disguised in sober robes
To old Baptista as a schoolmaster
Well seen in music, to instruct Bianca;
That so I may, by this device, at least
Have leisure and luxury to love her
And unsuspected court her by herself.

Gru. Here's no knavery! See, to beguile the old folks,
how the young folks lay their heads together!

Enter Gremio, and Lucentio disguised.

Master, master, look about you: who goes there, ha?

Hor. Peace, Gremio! it is the rival of my love.
Petruchio, stand by a while.

Gru. A proper stripling and an amorous!

Gru. O, very well, I have perused the note.

Hark you, sir; 'twill have them very fairly bound:
All books of love, see that at any hand;
And swear to love and leave all else to her:
You understand me: over and beside
Signior Baptista's liberality,
I'll mend it with a largess. Take your paper too,
And let me have them very well perfumed.
For she is sweeter than perfume itself.
To whom they go to. What will you read to her?
Luc. Whate'er I read to her, I'll plead for you
As for my patron, stand you so assured,
As firmly as yourself were still in place:
Yea, and perhaps with more successful words
Than you, unless you were a scholar, sir.

Gru. O this ! knowing, what a thing it is!

Gru. O this woodcock, what an ass it is!

Gru. And you are well met, Signior Hortensio.
Trow you whither I am going? To Baptista Minola.

I promised to inquire carefully
About a schoolmaster for the fair Bianca:
And by good fortune I have lighted well
On this young man, for learning and behaviour
Fit for her turn, well read in poetry
And other books, good ones, I warrant ye.

Hor. 'Tis well; and I have met a gentleman
Hath promised me to help me to another,
A fine musician to instruct our mistress;
So shall I no whit be behind in duty.

Pet. To fair Bianca, so beloved of me. [prove.

Gru. Beloved of me; and that my deeds shall
Gru. And that his bags shall prove.

Hor. Gremio, 'tis now time to vent our love:
Listen to me, and if you speak me fair,
I'll tell you news indeed got for either.
Here is a gentleman whom by chance I met,
Upon agreement from us to his liking,
Will undertake to woo curst Katharine,
Yea, and to marry her, if her dowry please.

Gru. So said, so done, is well.
Hortensio, have you told him all her faults?

Pet. I know she is an irksome brawling scold:
If that be all, masters, I hear no harm. [man?

Gru. No, say'st me so, friend? What country?

Pet. Born in Verona, old Antonio's son:
My father dead, my fortune lives for me:
And I do hope good days and long to see, [strange!
To sir, such a life, with such a wife, were
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?

Gru. Will I live?

Pet. Will he woo her? ay, or I'll hang her.

Pet. Why came I hither but to that intent?
Think you a little din can daunt mine ears?
Have I not in my time heard lions roar?
Have I not heard the sea puff'd up with winds?
Have I not heard great ordinance in the field,
And heaven's artillery thunder in the skies?
Have I not in a pitched battle heard
Loud 'larums, neighing steeds, and trumpets' clang?
And do you 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?

Trom, tush! fear boys with bugs.

Gru. For he fears none.

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 wooling, whatsoe'er.

And so we will, provided he win her.

Gru. I would I were as sure of a good dinner.
ACT II.

THE TAMING OF THE SHREW.

SCENE I.—Padua. A room in Baptista's house.

Enter Katharina and Bianca.

Bian. Good sister, wrong me not, nor wrong your—
To make a bondmaid and a slave of me:
That I disdain: but for these other gawds,
Unbind my hands, I'll pull them off myself,
Yea, all my raiment, to my petticoat;
Or what you will command me will I do,
So well I know my duty to my elders.
Kath. Of all thy suitors, here I charge thee, tell
Whom thou lov'st best: see thou dissemble not.
Bian. Believe me, sister, of all the men alive.
I never yet beheld that special face
Which I could fancy more than any other.
Kath. Minion, thou liest. Is't not Hortensio?
Bian. If you affect him, sister, here I swear
I'll plead fly, you yourself, 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 will perceive
You have but jested with me all this while:
I prithee, sister Kate, untie my hands.
Kath. If that be jest, then all the rest was so.

Enter Baptistia. [Strikes her]

Bap. Why, how now, dame! whence grows this insolence?
Bian. Stand aside. Poor girl! she weeps.
Go ply thy needle; meddle not with her.
For shame, thou holding 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 revenged.

[Flies after Bianca.


Kath. What, will you not suffer me? Nay, now I see
She is your treasure, she must have a husband;
I must dance barefoot on her wedding day
And for your love to her lead apes in hell.
Talk not to me: I will go sit and weep
Till I can find occasion of revenge.

[Exit.

Bap. Was ever gentleman thus grieved as I?
But who comes here?

Enter Gremio, Lucentio in the habit of a mean man;
Petruchio, with Hortensio as a musician; and Tranio,
with Biondello bearing a lute and books.

Grem. Good morrow, neighbour Baptista.
Petr. Good morrow, neighbour Gremio. God save you, gentlemen!
Bap. And you, good sir! Pray, have you not a daughter
Call'd Katharina, fair and virtuous?
Bap. I have a daughter, sir, called Katharina.
Grem. You are too blunt: go to it orderly, I beseech you.
Petr. You wrong me, Signior Gremio: give me
I am a gentleman of Verona, sir,
That, hearing of her beauty and her wit,
Her affability and bashful modesty,
Her wondrous qualities and mild behaviour,
Am bold to show myself a forward guest
Within your house, to make mine eye the witness
Of that report which I so oft have heard.
And, for an entrance to my entertainment,
I do present you with a man of mine,
[Presenting Hortensio.
Cunning in music and the mathematics,
To instruct her fully in those sciences,
Whereof I know she is not ignorant:
Accept of him, or else you do me wrong:
His name is Lucentio, born in Padua.
Bap. You're welcome, sir; and he, for your good
But for my daughter Katharine, this I know,
She is not for your turn, the more my grief.
Petr. I see you do not mean to part with her,
Or else you like not of my company.
Bap. Mistake me not; I speak but as I find.
Whence are you, sir? what may I call your name?
Petr. Petruchio is my name: Antonio's son,
A man well known throughout all Italy.
Bap. I know him well: you are welcome for his
Grem. Saving your tale, Petruchio, I pray,
Let us, that are poor petitioners, speak too:
Baccare! you are marvelous forward.
Petr. O, pardon me, Signior Gremio; I would fain be doing.

[wooling.
Grem. I doubt it not, sir; but you will curse your
ACT II.

THE TAMING OF THE SHREW.

SCENE I.

Neighbour, this is a gift very grateful, I am sure of it. To express the like kindliness, myself, that have been more kindly beholding to you than any, freely give unto you this young scholar [presenting 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 Camillo; pray, accept his service.

Bap. A valiant name, sir. Signior Gremio. Welcome, good Camillo. [To Tranio] But, gentle sir, methinks you walk like a stranger: may I be so bold to know the cause of your coming?

Tra. Pardon me, sir, the boldness is mine own, That, being a stranger in this city here, Do make myself a suitor to your daughter, Unto Bianca, fair and virtuous. Nor is your firm resolve unknown to me, In the preterment of the eldest sister. This liberty is all that I request, That, upon knowledge of my parentage, I may have welcome 'mongst the rest that woo And free access and favour as the rest: And, toward the education of your daughters, I here bestow a simple instrument, And this small packet of Greek and Latin books: If you accept them, then their worth is great.

Bap. Lucentio is your name; of whence, I pray? Tra. To Vincento.

Bap. A mighty man of Pisa: by report I know him well: you are very welcome, sir. Take you the lute, and you the set of books; You shall go see your pupils presently. Holla, within!

Enter a Servant.

Sirrah, lead these gentlemen To 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 all to think yourselves.

Pet. Signior Baptista, my business asketh haste, And every day I cannot come to woo. You knew my father well, and in him me, Left solely heir to all his lands and goods, Which I have made so small, that I did decrease: 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 inheritance, and all her due. In all my lands and leases whatsoever: Let specialities be therefore drawn between us, That covenants may be kept on either hand.

Bap. Ay, when the special thing is well obtain'd, That is, her love; for that is all in all. Pet. Why, that is nothing: for I tell you, father, I am as peremptory as she proud-minded; And where two raging fires meet together They do consume the thing that feeds their fury: Though little fire grows great with little wind, Yet extreme gusts will blow out fire and all: So I to her and so she yields to me; For I am rough and woo not like a babe. [speed! Bap. Well mayst thou woo, and happy be thy But be thou arm'd for some unhappy words. [winds. Pet. Ay, to the proof; as mountains are for That shake not, though they blow perpetually.

Re-enter Hortensio, with his head broke.

Bap. How now, my friend! why dost thou look so pale?

Hor. For fear. I promise you, if I look pale.

Bap. What, will my daughter prove a good musician?
Pet. My remedy is then, to pluck it out.
Kath. Ay, if the fool could find it where it lies.
Pet. Who knows not where a wasp does wear his sting?—[y
Kath. In his tongue.
Pet. Whose tongue?—[She strikes him.
Kath. Yours, if you talk of tails: and so farewell.
Pet. What, with my tongue in your tail?—[nay.
Kath. In a gentleman. [come again, [She strikes him.
Pet. I swear I'll cut you, if you strike again.
Kath. So may you lose your arms:
If you strike me, you are no gentleman;
And if no gentleman, why then no arms.
Pet. A herald, Kate? O, put me in thy books!
Kath. What is your crest? a coxcomb?
Pet. A combless cock, so Kate will be my hen.
Kath. No cock of mine; you crow too like a raven.
Pet. Nay, come, Kate, come; you must not look
sour.
Kath. It is my fashion, when I see a crab.
Pet. Why, here's no crab; and therefore look
not sour.
Kath. There is, there is.
Pet. Then show it me.
Kath. Had I a glass, I would.
Pet. What, you mean my face? —
Kath. Well aim'd of such a young one.
Kath. Let her be wither'd.
Pet. 'Tis with cares.
Kath. I care not.
Pet. Nay, hear you, Kate: in sooth you scape not
Kath. I chafe you, if I tarry: let me go. [so.
Pet. No, not a whit: I find you passing gentle. —
'T was told me you were rough and coy and sullen,
And now I find report a very liar;
For thou art pleasant, gamesome, passing courteous,
But slow in speech, yet sweet as spring-time flowers:
Nor canst not frown, thou canst not look askance,
Nor bite the lip, as angry wenches will,
Nor hast thou pleasure to be cross in talk,
But thou with mildness entertain'st thy woowers,
With gentle conference, soft and affable.
Why does the world report that Kate doth limp?
O slanderous world! Kate like the hazel-twig
Is straight and slender and as brown in hue
As hazel nuts and sweeter than the kernels.
O, let me talk: thou dost not halt.
Kath. Go, fool, and whom thou keep'st in command.
Pet. Did ever Dian so become a grove
As Kate this chamber with her princely gait?
O, be thou Dian, and let her be Kate;
And then let Kate be chaste and Dian sportful!
Kath. Where did you study all this goodly speech?
Pet. It is extempore, from my mother-wit.
Kath. A witty mother! witless else her son.
Pet. Am I not wise?
Kath. Yes; keep you warm.
Pet. Marry, so I mean, sweet Katharine, in thy
And therefore, setting all this chat aside, [bed: This
Thus your father hath consented
That you shall be my wife; your dowry 'greed on;
And, will you, nill you, I will marry you.
Now, Kate, I am a husband for your turn;
For, by this light, whereby I see thy beauty,
Thy beauty, that doth make me like thee well;
Thou must be to no man but me:
For I am he am born to tame you Kate,
And bring you from a wild Kate to a Kate
Conformable as other household Kate.
Here comes your father: never make denial;
I must and will have Katharine to my wife.

Re-enter Baptista, Gremio, and Tranio.
Bap. Now, Signior Petruchio, how sped you with my daughter?

Pet. How but well, sir? how but well?
It were impossible I should speed amiss.
Bap. Why, how now, daughter Katharine! in
your tail? —[you
Kath. Call you me daughter? now, I promise
You have show'd a tender fatherly regard,
To wish me wed to one half lunatic;
A mad-cap rusphen and a swearing Jack,
That thinks with oaths to face the matter out.
Pet. Fie! 'tis thus: you scold and all the world,
That talk'd of her, have talk'd amiss of her:
If she be curt, it is for policy,
For she's not froward, but modest as the dove;
She is not hot, but temperate as the morn;
For patience she will prove a second Grissel,
And Roman Lucrece for her chastity.
And to conclude, we have 'greed so well together,
That upon Sunday is the wedding-day.
Kath. I'll see thee hang'd on Sunday first.
Gre. Hark, Petruchio; she says she'll see thee
hang'd first.
Tra. Is this your speeding? nay, then, good
night; I'll hear your part [self;
Pet. Be patient, gentlemen; I choose her for my—
If she and I be pleased, what's that to you?
'Tis bargain'd twixt us twain, being alone,
That she shall still be curst in company.
I tell you, 'tis incredible to believe
How much she loves me: O, the kindest Kate!
She hungs my neck, and kiss'd upon my kiss
She vied so fast, protesting oath on oath,
That in a twink she won me to her love.
O, you are novices! 'tis a world to see,
How tame, when men and women are alone,
A meacoak wretch can make the curtthest shrew.
Give me thy hand, Kate: I will unto Venice,
To buy apparel 'gainst the wedding-day.
Provide the feast, father, and bid the guests;
I will be sure my Katharine shall be fine. [hands;
Bap. I know not what to say: but give me your
God send you joy, Petruchio! 'tis a match.
Gre. Tra. Amen, say we: we will be witnesses.
Pet. Father, and wife, and gentlemen, adieu;
I will to Venice; Sunday comes apace:
We will have rings and things and fine array;
And kiss me, Kate, we will be married o' Sunday.
[Exeunt Petruchio and Katharina severely.
Gre. Was ever match clapp'd up so suddenly?
Bap. Marry, madam, gentle merchant's
And venture madly on a desperate mart. [part,
Tra. 'T was a commodity lay fretting by you:
'T will bring you gain, or perish on the seas.
Bap. The gain I seek is, quiet in the match.
Gre. No doubt but he hath got a quiet catch.
But now, Baptista, to your younger daughter:
Now is the day we long have look'd for:
I am your neighbour, and was suitor first.
Tra. And I am one that love Bianca more
Than words can witness, or your thoughts can guess.
Gre. Youngling, thou canst not love so dear as I.
Tra. Greybeard, thy love doth freeze;
But thine doth fry.
Skipper, stand back: 'tis age that nourisheth.
Tra. But youth in ladies' eyes that flourisheth.
Bap. Content you, gentlemen: I will compound
this strife:
'Tis deeds must win the prize; and he of both
That can secure my daughter greatest dover
Shall have my Bianca's love.
Say, Signior Gremio, what can you assure her?
Gre. First, as you know, my house within the
Is richly furnished with plate and gold; [city
Basins and ewers to lave her dainty hands;
My hangings all of Tyrian colors I have studd'd my crowns;
In ivory chests my arras counterpoints,
Costly apparel, tents, and canopies,
ACT III.

THE TAMING OF THE SHREW. SCENE I.

 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 that Lucentio to the pad, Sixscore 's Oxen standing in my stalls, And all things answerable to this portion. Myself am struck in years, I must confess; And if I die to-morrow, this is hers, If whilst I live she will be only mine.

Tra. This last 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; besides two thousand ducats by the year Of fruitful land, all which shall be her jointure. What, have I pinch'd you, Signior Gremio? Gre. Two thousand ducats by the year of land! My land amounts not to so much in all: That she shall have; besides an argosy That now is lying in Marseilles' road. What, have I chok'd you with an argosy? Tra. Gremio, 'tis known my father hath no less Than three great argosies; besides two galliasses, And twelve tight galleys: these 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 than all I have: 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 forgot the entertainment Her sister Katharine welcomed you withal?

Hor. But, wrangling pedant, this is The patroness of heavenly harmony: Then give me leave to have prerogative; And when in music we have spent an hour, Your lecture shall have leisure for as much. Lucre, read to me, that I may know 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 breeching scholar in the schools: I'll not be tied to hours nor 'pointed times, But learn my lessons as I please myself. And, to cut off all strife, here sit we down: Take you your instrument, play you the whiles; His lecture will be done ere you have 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 habat Simois; hic est Sigeia tellus; Hic steterat Priami regia celsa senis.'

Bian. Construe them.

Luc. 'Hic habat Simois; hic est Sigeia tellus; Hic steterat Priami regia celsa senis.'

Bian. Construe them.

Hor. Why, then the maid is mine from all the world, By your firm promise: Gremio is out-vied.

Bian. I must confess your offer is the best; And, let your father make her the assurance, She is your own; else, you must pardon me, If you should die before him, where's her dowry?

Hor. That's but a cavil: he is old, I young. Gre. And may not young men die, as well as old? Bian. Well, gentlemen, I am thus resolved: you Sunday next you know My daughter Katharine is to be married: Now, on the Sunday following, shall Bianca Be bride to you, if she make this assurance; If not, to Signior Gremio:

Gre. Adele, good neighbour. [Exit Baptista. Hor. Now I fear thee not: Sirrah young gamester, your father were a fool To give thee all, and in his waning age Set foot under thy table: tut, a toy! An old Italian fox is not so kind, my boy. [Exit. Hor. A vengeance on your crafty wither'd hide! Yet I have faced it with a card of ten. 'Tis in my head to do my master good: I see no reason but supposed Lucentio Must get a father, call'd 'supposed Vincentio;' And that's a wonder: fathers commonly Do get their children: but in this case of wooing, A child shall get a sire, if I fail not of my cunning. [Exit.
ACT III.

THE TAMING OF THE SHREW.

SCENE II.

Enter Servant.

Serv. Mistress, your father prays you leave your books and help to dress your sister's chamber up: you must go there. thus coming with the wedding-day.

Bian. Farewell, sweet masters both; I must be gone.

Enter Bianca and Servant.

Luc. Faith, mistress, then I have no cause to stay.

[Exit.

Hor. But I have cause to pry into this pedant: Methinks he looks as though he were in love: Yet if thy thoughts, Bianca, be so humble To cast thy wandering eyes on every stale, Seize thee that list: if once I find thee ranging, Hortensio will be quit with thee by changing;

Bian. O, sir, his lackey, for all the world parisoned like the horse; with a linen stock on one leg and a kersey boot-hose on the other, garner'd with a red and blue list; an old hat and ' the humour of forty fancies ' pricked in ' t for a feather: a monster, a very monster in apparel, and not like a Christian footboy or a gentleman's lackey.

Tra. 'Tis some odd humour pricks him to this fashion;

Yet oftentimes he goes but mean-apparel'd.

Bap. I am glad he ' s come, howsoever he comes. 

Bion. Why, sir, he comes, indeed.

Bap. Didst thou not say he comes?

Bion. Who? that Petruchio came?

Bap. Ay, that Petruchio came.

Bion. No, sir; I say his horse comes, with him on his back.

Bap. Why, that's all one.

Bion. Nay, by Saint Jamy, I hold you a penny, A horse and a man Is more than one, And yet not many.

Enter Petruchio and Grumio.

Pet. Come, where be these gallants? who's at home?

Pet. And yet I come not well.

Bap. And yet you hait not.

Tra. 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 wherefore gaze this godly company, As if they saw some wondrous monument, Some comet or unusual prodigy? [day:

Bap. Why, sir, you know this is your wedding. First were we sad, fearing you would not come; Now sadder, that you come so unprovided. Fie, doff this habit, shame to your estate, An eye-sore to our solemn festival! 

Tra. And tell us, what occasion of import Hath so long detain'd you from your wife, And sent you lither so unlike yourself? 

Pet. Tedium it were to tell, and harsh to hear: Sufficeth, I am come to keep my word, Though in some part enforced to digress; Which, at more leisure, I will so excuse As you shall be well satisfied withal.

But where is Kate? I stay too long from her: The morning wears, 't is time we were at church. 

Tra. See not your bride in these unevrevert robes: Go to my chamber; put on clothes of mine.

Pet. Not I, believe me: thus I'll visit her.

Bap. But thus, I trust, you will not marry her.

Pet. Good sooth, even thus; therefore be 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,
'T were well for Kate and better for myself. 
But what a fool am I to chat with you,
When I should bid good morrow to my bride,
And seal the title with a lovely kiss!

[Exeunt Petruchio and Grumio.

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.

Bap. I'll after him, and see the event of this.

[Exeunt Baptista, Gremio, and attendants.

Tra. But to her love concerneth us to add
Her father's liking: which to bring to pass,
As I before imparted to your worship,
I am to get a man,—whate'er he be,
It skills not much, we'll fit him to our turn,—
And he shall be Vincentio of 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.

Luc. Were it not that my fellow-schoolmaster
Doth watch Bianca's steps so narrowly,
'T were good, methinks, to steal our marriage;
Which once performed, let all the world say no,
I'll keep mine own, despite of all the world.

Tra. That by degrees we mean to look into,
And watch our vantage in this business:
We'll over-reach the greybeard, Gremio,
The narrow-prying father, Minola,
The quaint musician, amorous Licio;
All for my master's sake, Lucentio.

Re-enter Grumio.

Signior Gremio, came you from the church?

Gre. As willingly as e'er I came from school.

Tra. And is the bride and bridegroom coming home?

Gre. A bridegroom say you? 't is a groom indeed,
A grumbling groom, and that the girl shall find.

Tra. Curstner than she? why, 't is impossible.

Gre. Why, he's a devil, a devil, a very fiend.

Tra. Why, she's a devil, a devil, the devil's dam.

Gre. Tut, she's a lamb, a dove, a fool to him!
I'll tell you, Sir Lucentio, when the priest
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 bridegroom took him such a cuff
That Gremio and my horse, my clerk and priest:
' Now take them up,' quoth he, 'if any list.'

Tra. What said the wench when he rose again?

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.

Re-enter Petruchio, Katharina, Bianca, Bap-
tista, Hortensio, Grumio, and Trained.

Pet. Gentlemen and friends, I thank you for your pains:

I know you think to dine with me to-day,
And have prepared great store of wedding cheer;
But so it is, my haste doth call me hence,
And therefore here I mean to take my leave.

Bap. Is 't possible you will away to-night?

Pet. I must away to-day, before night come:
Make it no wonder; if you knew my business,
You would entreat me rather stay than stay.
And, honest company, I thank you all,
That have beheld me give away myself
To this most patient, sweet and virtuous wife:
Dine with my father, drink a health to me;
For I must hence; and farewell to you all.

Tra. Let us entreat you stay till after dinner.

Pet. It may not be.

Gre. Let me entreat you.

Pet. It cannot be.

Kath. Let me entreat you.

Pet. I am content.

Kath. Are you content to stay?

Pet. I am content you shall entreat me stay;
But yet not stay, entreat me how you can.
Kath. Now, if you love me, stay.


Gru. Ay, sir, they be ready: the oats have eaten
The horses.

Kath. Nay, then.

Pet. 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 whilsts 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.

Pet. O Kate, content thee; prithee, be not angry.

Kath. I will be angry; what hast thou to do?

Father, be quiet: he shall stay my leisure.

Gre. Ay, marry, sir, now it begins to work.

Kath. Gentlemen, forward to the bridal dinner:
I see a woman may be made a fool,
If she had not a spirit to resist.

Pet. They shall go forward,Kate, at thy com-
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 your selves;
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 sheep, my ox, my yoke and priest:
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 mistresst, if thou be a man.

Fear not, sweet wench, they shall not touch thee
Kate:
I'll buckler thee against a million.

[Exeunt Petruchio, Katharina, and Grumio.

Bap. Nay, let them go, a couple of quiet ones.

Gre. Went they not quickly, I should die with laughing.

Tra. Of all mad matches never was the like.

Luc. Mistresst, what 's your opinion of yoursister?

Bian. That, being mad herself, she's madly mated.

Gre. I warrant him, Petruchio is Kated.

Bap. Neighbours and friends, though bride and
bridegroom wants
For to supply the places at the table,
You know there wants no 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.  

THE TAMING OF THE SHREW.  

SCENE I.—Petruchio’s country house.

Enter Grumio.

Grum.  Fie, fie on all tired jades, on all mad masters, and all foul ways! Was ever man so beaten? was ever man so roayed? was ever man so weary? I am sent before to make a fire, and they are coming after to warm them. Now, were not I a little pot and soon hot, my very lips might freeze to my teeth, unroofed of my mouth, my heart in my belly, ere I should come by a fire to thaw me: but I, with blowing the fire, shall warm myself; for, considering the weather, a taller man than I will take cold. Holla, ho! Curtis.

Enter Curtis.

Curt.  Who is that calls so coldly?
Grum.  A piece of ice: if thou doubt it, thou mayst slide 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?
Grum.  O, ay, Curtis, ay: and therefore fire, fire, cast on some water.
Curt.  Is she so hot a shrew as she’s reported?
Grum.  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.
Grum.  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?
Grum.  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.
Curt.  There’s fire ready; and therefore, good Grumio, the news.
Grum.  Why, ‘Jack, boy! ho! boy!’ and as much news as will thaw.
Curt.  Come, you are so full of cony-catching!
Grum.  Why, therefore fire: for I have caught enough cold. Where’s the cook? is supper ready, the house trimmed, rushes strewed, 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.
Grum.  First, know, my horse is tired; my master and mistress fallen out.
Curt.  How?
Grum.  Out of their saddles into the dirt; and thereby hangs a tale.
Curt.  Let’s ha’nt, good Grumio.
Grum.  Lend thine ear.
Curt.  Here.
Grum.  There.  [Strikes him.  
Curt.  This is to feel a tale, not to hear a tale.
Grum.  And therefore ‘tis called a sensible tale: and this cuff was but to knock at your ear, and beseech you Beware! Now I begin: Imprimis, we came down a foul hill, my master riding behind my mistress.—
Curt.  Both of one horse?
Grum.  What’s that to thee?
Curt.  Why, a horse.
Grum.  Tell thou the tale: but hadst thou not crossed me, thou shouldst have heard how her horse fell and she under her horse; thou shouldst have heard in how miry a place, how she was tumbled, how he left her with the horse upon her, how he beat her because her horse stumbled, how she washed through the dirt to pluck him off me, how he swore, how he prayed, that never prayed before, how I cried, how the horses ran away, how her bridle was burst, how I lost my crupper, with many things of worthy memory, which now shall din oblivion and thou return unexperienced to thy grave.
Curt.  By this reckoning he is more shrew than Grum.  Ay; and that thou and the proudest of you all shall find when he comes home.  But what talk I of this? Call forth Nathaniel, Joseph, Nicholas, Philip, Walter, Sugarsop and the rest: let their heads be sleekly combed, their blue coats brushed and their garters of an indifferent knot: 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.
Grum.  Call them forth.
Curt.  Do you hear, ho? you must meet my master to countenance my mistress.
Grum.  Why, she hath a face of her own.
Curt.  Who knows not that?
Grum.  Thou, it seems, that calls for company to countenance her.
Curt.  I call them forth to credit her.
Grum.  Why, she comes to borrow nothing of them.

Enter four or five Servingmen.

Nath.  Welcome home, Grumio!
Phil.  How now, Grumio!
Jos.  What, Grumio!
Nich.  Fellow Grumio!
Nath.  How now, old lad?
Grum.  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?
Grum.  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 To hold my stirrup nor to take my horse!  [Door Where is Nathaniel, Gregory, Philip?
All Serv.  Here, here, sir; here, sir.
Pet.  Here, sir! here, sir! here, sir! here, sir! You logger-headed and unpolish’d grooms! What, no attendance? no regard? no duty? Where is the foolish knave I sent before?
Grum.  Here, sir; as foolish as I was before.
Pet.  You peasant swain! you wheoreson maltshope drudge!
Did I not bid thee meet me in the park, And bring along these rascal knaves with thee? Grum.  Nathaniel’s coat, sir, was not fully made, And Gabriel’s pumps were all unplucked; the heel; There was no link to colour Peter’s lat, And Walter’s dagger was not come from sheathing; There were none fine but Adam, Ralph, and Gregory; The rest were ragged, old, and beggarly; Yet, as they are, here they are come to meet you. Pet.  Go, rascals, go, and fetch my supper in.

[Exit Servingmen.

[Exeunt Servants.

Pet.  Where is the life that late I led— Where are those—Sit down, Kate, and welcome— Sourd, sound, sound, sound!
**ACT IV.**

**THE TAMING OF THE SHREW.**

**SCENE II.**

_**Re-enter Servants with supper.**_

Why, when, I say? Nay, good sweet Kate, be merry. Off with my boots, you rogues! you villains, when?

[**Sings**] It was the friar of orders grey,
As he forth walked on his way:—
Out, you rogue! you pluck my foot away:
Take that, and mend the plucking off the other.

[**Strikes him.**]

Be merry, Kate. Some water, here; what, ho! Where's my spaniel Troillus? 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; 'tis a fault unwilling.

**Pet.** A whoreson beetle-headed, flap-ear'd knave! Come, Kate, sit down; I know you have a stomach. Will you give thanks, sweet Kate; or else shall I? What's this? mutton?

[**First Serv.**]

Ayy.

**Pet.** Who brought it?

Peter.

**Pet.** 'Tis burnt; and so is all the meat. What dogs are these! Where is the rascal cook? How durst you, villains, bring it from the dresser, And serve it thus to me that love it not? There, take it to you, trenchers, cups, and all:

[**Throws the meat, &c., about the stage.**]

You heedless jobthieves and unmannder'd slaves! What, do you grumble? I'll be with you straight.

**Kath.** I pray you, husband, be not so disquiet: The meat was well, if you were so contented.

**Pet.** It tell thee, Kate, 'twas burnt and dried away:
And I expressly am forbid to touch it, For it engenders choler, planteth anger; And better 't were that both of us did fast, Since, of ourselves, ourselves are choleric, Than feed it with such over-roasted flesh. Be patient to-morrow; 't shall be mended, And, for this night, we'll fast for company:
Come, I will bring thee to thy bridal chamber.

[**Exeunt.**]

**Re-enter Curtiss.**

**Nath.** Peter, didst ever see the like?

**Peter.** He kills her in her own humour.

**Re-enter Servants severally.**

**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 Petruchio.**

**Pet.** Thus have I politicly begun my reign, And 'tis my hope to end successfully. My falcon now is sharp and passing empty; And till she stoop she must not be full-gorged; For then she never looks upon her lure. Another way I have to man my haggard, To make her home and know her keeper's call, That is, to watch her, as we watch these kites That bate and beat and will not be obedient. She eat no meat to-day, nor none shall eat; Last night she slept not, nor to-night she shall not; As with the meat, some undeserved fault I'll find about the making of the bed; And here I'll fling the pillow, there the bolster,

This way the coverlet, another way the sheets:
Ay, and amid this hurly I intend
That all is done in reverend care of her;
And in conclusion she shall watch all night;
And if she chance to nod I'll rail and bawl
And with the clamour keep her still awake.
This is a way to kill a wife with kindness;
And thus I'll curb her mad and hasty humour,
He that knows better how to tame a shrew,
Now let him speak: 't is charity to show.

[**Exit.**]

**SCENE II.—Padua. Before Baptista's house.**

**Enter Tranio and Hortensio.**

**Tra.** Is 't possible, friend Licio, that Mistress Doth fancy any other but Lucentio? [**Bianca**] I tell you, sir, she bears me fair in hand.

**Hor.** 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 proceeders, marry! Now, tell me, I pray,
You that durst swear that your mistress Bianca
Loved none in the world so well as Lucentio.

**Bian.** O despightful love! unconstant womankind! I tell thee, Licio, this is wonderful.

**Hor.** Mistake no more: I am not Licio,
Nor 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,
Forewear 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 forewear her,
As one unworthy all the former favours
That I have fondly flatter'd her with.

**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 forsown!
For me, that I may surely keep mine oath,
I will be married to a wealthy widow,
Erst 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!

**Bian.** Nay, I have ta'en you napping, gentle love,
And have forsworn you with Hortensio.

**Tra.** Tranio, you jest: but have you both forsworn me?

**Tra.** Mistress, we have.

**Luc.** Then we are rid of Licio.

**Tra.** If 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.
Enter Biondello.  
Bion. O master, master, I have watch'd so long  
That I am dog-weak; but at last I spied  
An ancient angel coming down the hill,  
Will serve the turn.  

To make assurance sure:  
And give assurance of my true estate,  
Take in your love, and then let me alone.  

[Exeunt Lucentio and Bianca.]

-enter a Pedant.  
Ped. God save you, sir!  

Travell 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.  

When a countryman, I pray?  

Ped. Of Mantua.  

Sir, marry, God forbid!  

And come to Padua, careless of your life?  


Travell '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 proclaim'd it openly:  
'Tis marvel, but that you are but newly come,  
You might have heard it else proclaim'd about.  

Ped. Alas! sir, it is worse for me than so;  
For I have bills for money by exchange  
From Florence and must here deliver them.  

Travell, sir, to do you courtesy,  
This will I do, and this I will advise you:  
First, tell me, have you ever been at Pisa?  

Ped. Ay, sir, in Pisa have I often been,  
Pisa, renowned for grave citizens.  

Travell, you know how venerate Vincenzo?  

Ped. I know him not, but I have heard of him;  
A merchant of incomparable wealth.  

He is my father, sir; and, sooth to say,  
In countenance somewhat doth resemble you.  

Bion. [Aside] As much as an apple doth an oyster,  
And all one.  

Travell, 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 Vincenzo.  

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:  
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.  

Travell, 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.  

[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 ap-  
What, did he marry me to famish me?  
[pears:  
Beggars, that come unto my father's door,  
Upon empty, why have a present take?  
If not, elsewhere they meet with charity:  
But I, who never knew how to entreat,  
Am starved for meat, giddy for lack of sleep,  
With oaths kept waking and with brawling fed:  
And that which suits me none of 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. I do wish 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 mus-  
Or else you get no beef of Grumio.  
[tard,  
Kath. Then both, or one, or anything thou wilt.  
Gru. Why then, the mustard without the beef.  
Kath. Go, get thee gone, thou false deluding slave,  

[Beats him.]

That feed'st me with the very name of meat:  
Sorrow on thee and all the 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, sweetness, all  
Hor. Mistress, what cheer?  

[amort?  
Kath. Faith, as cold as can be.  

Pet. 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:  
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.  

[me.  
Pet. [Aside] Eat it up all, Hortensio, if thou loves  
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 farthingales and thongs;  
With swords 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.  

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 bespeak.  
Pet. Why, this was moulded on a perringer;  

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ACT IV.

SCENE IV.

A velvet dish: fie, fie! 'tis lewd and filthy:
Why, 'tis a cockle or a walnut-sheel,
A knack, a toy, a trick, a baby's cap:
Away with't! come, let me have a bigger.

Kath. 'I'll have no bigger: this doth fit the time,
And gentlewomen wear such caps as these.

Pet. When you are gentle, you shall have one too,
And not till then.

Hor. [Aside] That will not be in haste.

Kath. Why, thou trust I may have leave to speak;
And speak I will; I am no child, no babe:
Your betters have endured say my mind,
And if you cannot, best you stop your ears.
My tongue will tell the anger of my heart,
Or else my heart concealing it will break,
And raving in it shall, I will be free
Even to the uttermost, as I please, in words.

Pet. Why, thou say'rt true; it is a pultry cap,
A custard-coffin, a bauble, a silken pie:
I love thee well, in that thou likest it not.

Kath. Love me or love me not, I like the cap;
And if it will have, or I will have none.

[Exit Haberdasher.

Pet. Thy gown? why, ay, come, tailor, let us see't.
O mercy, God! what masquing stuff is here?
What's this? a sleeve? 'tis like a demi-cannon:
What, up and down, and carved like an apple-tart?
Here's snip and nip and cut and slash and slash,
Like on a barber's shop. Why, what is'rt? a devil's name, tailor, call'st thou this?

Hor. [Aside] I see she's like to have neither cap
nor gown.

Tut. You bid me make it orderly and well,
According to the fashion and the time.

Pet. Marry, and did you think I would be remembr'd,
I did not bid you mar it to the time.
Go, hop me over every kennel home,
For you shall hop without my custom, sir:
I'll none of it: hence! make your best of it.

Kath. I never saw a better fashion'd gown,
More quaint, more pleasing, nor more commend-
Belike you mean to make a puppet of me.

[Aside.

Pet. Why, true; he means to make a puppet of thee.

Tut. She says your worship means to make a puppet of her.

Pet. O monstrous arrogance! Thou liest, thou
thou, thou mendacious thimble!
Thou yard, three-quarters, half-yard, quarter, nail,
Thou flea, thou nit, thou winter-cricket thou!
Braved in mine own house with a skein of thread?
Away, thou rag, thou quantity, thou remnant:
Or I shall so be-meet thee with thy yard.
As thou shalt think on prating whilst thou livest!
I tell thee, I, that thou hast marred her gown.

Tut. Thy worship is deceived; the gown is made
Just as my master had direction:
Grumio gave order how it should be done.

Gru. I gave him no order; I gave him the stuff.
Pet. But how did you desire it should be made?

Gru. Marry, sir, with needle and thread.

Pet. But did you not request to have it cut?

Gru. Thou hast faced many things.

Pet. I have.

Gru. Face not me: thou hast braved many men;
brave not me; I will neither be faced nor braved.
I say unto thee, I bid thee master cut out the gown;
but I did not bid him cut it to pieces: ergo, thou liest.

Tut. Why, here is the note of the fashion to test-

Pet. Read it.

Gru. 'Tis a note lies in 's throat, if he say I said so.

Tut. [Reads] 'Imprimis, a loose-bodied gown:

Gru. 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.


Tut. [Reads] 'With a small compassed cape:'

Gru. I confess the cape.

Tut. [Reads] 'With a trunk sleeve:'

Gru. I confess two sleeves.

Tut. [Reads] 'The sleeves curiously cut.'

Pet. Ay, there's the villainy.

Gru. Error i' the bill, sir; error i' the bill.
I commanded the sleeves should be cut out and
sewed up again; and that I'll prove upon thee,
though thy little finger be armed in a thimble.

Tut. This is true that I say: an I had thee in place
where, thou shouldst know it.

Gru. I am for thee straight: take thou the bill,
give me my mete-yard, and spare not me. [odds.

Hor. God-a-mercy, Grumio! then shall he have no

Pet. Well, sir, in brief, the gown is not for me.

Gru. You are i' the right, sir: 'tis for my mis-

Pet. Go, take it up unto thy master's use. [tress.

Gru. Villain, not for thy life: take up my mis-

Gru. stress' gown for thy master's use!

Pet. Why, sir, what's your conceit in that? [for:

Gru. O, sir, the conceit is deeper than thou think
Take up my mistress' gown to his master's use!

O, fie, fie, fie! [paid.

Pet. [Aside] Hortensio, say thou wilt see the tailor
Go take it hence; be gone, and say no more.

Hor. Tailor, I'll pay thee for thy gown to-morrow:

Gru. Take no unkindness of his hasty words:

Pet. Away! I say; commend me to thy master.

[Exit Tailor.

Pet. Well, come, my Kate; we will unto your
Even in these honest mean habiliments: [father's
Our purses shall be proud, our garments poor;
For 't is the mind that makes the body rich;
And as the sun breaks through the darkest clouds,
So honour peereth 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?
No, no, good Kate; neither art thou the worse
For this poor furniture and mean array.

If thou account'st it shame, lay it on me;
And therefore frollic: we will 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 wait, and let him walk on foot.

Let's see; I think 'tis now some seven o'clock,
And we may come there by dinner-time.

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;

Hor. Look, what I speak, or do, or think to do,
You are still crossing it. Sirs, let's 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.


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 Blondello.

But, sir, here comes your boy;
'Twere good he were school'd.

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ACT IV.

THE TAMING OF THE SHREW.

SCENE V.

Tra. Fear you not him. Sirrah Biondello, 
Now do your duty throughly, I advise you: 
Imagine ’t were the right Vincentio.

Bion. Tut, fear not me.

Tra. But hast thou done thy errand to Baptist? 
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 Baptist: set your countenance, sir.

Enter Baptist and Lucentio.

Signior Baptist, you are happily met. [you of: 
[To the Pedant] Sir, this is the gentleman I told 
I pray you, stand good father to me now, 
Give me Bianca for my patrimony. 

Ped. Soft, son! 
Sir, by your leave: having come to Padua 
To gather in some debts, my son Lucentio 
Made me acquainted with a weighty cause. 
Of love between your daughter and himself: 
And, for the good report I hear of you 
And for the love he beareth to your daughter 
And she to him, to stay him not too long, 
I am content, in a good father’s care, 
To have her and my 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 curios I cannot be with you, 
Signior Baptist, of whom I hear so well. 

Bap. Sir, pardon me in what I have to say: 
Your plainness and your shortness please me well. 
Right true it is, your son Lucentio here 
Doth love my daughter and she loveth him, 
Or both assemble deeply their affections: 
And therefore, if you say no more than this, 
That like a father you will deal with him 
And pass my daughter a sufficient dower, 
The match is made, and all is done: 
Your son shall have my daughter with consent.

Tra. I thank you, sir. Where then do you know 
We be allied and such assurance ta’en [best 
As shall with either part’s agreement stand? 
Bap. Not in my house, Lucentio; for, you know, 
Pitchers have ears, and I have many servants: 
Besides, old Gremio is hearkening still; 
And happily we might be interrupted.

Tra. Then at my lodging, an it like you: 
There doth my father lie; and there, this night, 
We’ll get business privately and well. 
Send for your daughter by your servant here; 
My boy shall fetch the scrivener presently. 
The worst is this, that, at so slender warning, 
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 Tra.]

Enter Petruchio, Katharina, Hortensio, and 
Servants.

Pet. Come on, sir! God’s name; once more toward 
our father’s. 

Good Lord, how bright and goodly shines the moon! 
Kath. The moon! the sun: it is not moonlight now. 

Pet. I say it is the moon that shines so bright.

Kath. I know it is the sun that shines so bright. 

Pet. Now, by my mother’s son, and that’s myself, 
It shall be moon, or star, or what I list, 
Or ere I journey to your father’s house. 

Go on, and fetch our horses back again. 

Eervmore, there’s nothing but crosses’s! 
Hor. Say as he says, or we shall never go.

Kath. Forward, I pray, since we have come so far, 
And be it moon, or sun, or what you please: 
An if you please to call it a rush-candle, 
Henceforth I vow it shall be so for me.

Pet. I say it is the moon. 

Kath. I know it is the moon. 

Pet. Nay, then you lie: it is the blessed sun. 
Kath. Then, God be bless’d, it is the blessed sun: 
But sun it is not, when you say it is not; 
And the moon changes even as your mind. 
What you will have it named, even that it is; 
And so it shall be so for Katharine. 

Hor. Petruchio, go thy ways: the field is won. 
Pet. Well, forward, forward! thus the bowl should 
And not unluckily against the bias. [run, 
But, soft! company is coming here.

Enter Vincentio.

[To Vincentio] Good morrow, gentle mistress: where 
Tell me, sweet Kate, and tell me truly too, [away? 
Hast thou beheld a fresher gentlewoman? 
Such war of white and red within her cheeks! 
What stars do spangle heaven with such beauty, 
As those two eyes become that heavenly face? 
Fair lovely Kate, how did, once more good day to thee. 
Sweet Kate, embrace her for her beauty’s sake. 
Hor. A’ will make the man mad, to make a 
woman of him. 

Kath. Young budding virgin, fair and fresh and 
Whither away, or where is thy abode? [sweet, 
Happy the parents of so fair a child;

Gremio discovered. Enter behind Biondello, Lucentio, and Bianca.

Bion. Softly and swiftly, sir; for the priest is ready.

Luc. I fly, Biondello: but they may chance to need thee at home; therefore leave us.

Bion. Nay, faith, I'll see the church o' your back; and then come back to my master's as soon as I can.

Eversent 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.

Pet. What's he that knocks as he would beat down the gate?

Vin. Is Signior Lucentio within, sir?

Pet. 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.

Pet. Thou liest: his father is come from Padua and here looking out at the window.

Vin. Art thou his father?

Pet. Ay, sir; so his mother says, if I may believe her.

Pet. [To Vincentio] Why, how now, gentleman! why, this is flat knavery, to take upon you another man's name.

Pet. Lay hands on the villain: I believe a' means to cozen somebody in this city under my countenance.

And now by law, as well as reverence due, 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.

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.

Pet. Come, go along, and see the truth hereof;
For our first errand 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.

[Exeunt.]
**Act V.**

**The Taming of the Shrew.**

**Scene II.**

Enter Baptista, Vincentio, Gremio, the Pedant, Lucentio, Bianca, Petruchio, Katharina, Hortensio, and Widow, Tranio, Biondello, and Grumio: the Servingmen with Tranio bringing in a banquet.

Luc. At last, though long, our jarring notes agree: And time it is, when raging war is done, To smile at scapes and perils overblown. My fair Bianca, bid my father welcome, While I with self-same kindness welcome thine, Brother Petruchio, sister Katharina, And thou, Hortensio, with thy loving widow, Feast with the best, and welcome to my house: My banquet is to close our stomachs up, After our great good cheer. Pray you, sit down; For now we sit to chat as well as eat.

Pet. Nothing but sit and sit, and eat and eat! Bapt. Padua affords this kindness, son Petruchio. Pet. Padua affords nothing but what is kind. Hor. For both our sakes, I would that word were true.

Pet. Now, for my life, Hortensio fears his widow. Wid. Thou never trust me, if I be afraid.

Pet. You are very sensible, and yet you miss my mean, Hortensio is afraid of you. [sense: Wid. He that is giddy thinks the world turns Pet. Roundly replied. [round.

Kath. Mistress, how mean you that? Wid. Thus I conceive by him.

Pet. Conceives by me! How likes Hortensio that? Hor. My widow says, thus she conceives her tale.

Pet. Very well mended. Kiss him for that, good widow. [round']

Kath. 'He that is giddy thinks the world turns I pray you, tell me what you meant by that. Wid. Your husband, being troubled with a shrew, Measures my husband's sorrow by his woe: And now you know my meaning.

Kath. A very mean meaning.

Wid. Right, I mean you. Kath. And I mean indeed, respecting you.

Pet. To her, Kate! Hor. To her, widow! [down.

Pet. A hundred marks, my Kate does put her Hor. That's my office.

Pet. Spoke like an officer: ha' to thee, lad! [Drinks to Hortensio.

Bap. How likes Gremio these quick-witted folks? Grem. Believe me, sir, they hath built 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 awak'en you? Bian. Ay, but not frightened me; therefore I 'll sleep again. [gun, Pet. Nay, that you shall not: since you have be-Have at you for a bitter jest or two! Bian. Am I your bird? I mean to shift my bush; And then pursue me as you draw your bow.

You are welcome all.

[Bian. Katharina, and Widow. Pet. She hath prevented me. Here, Signior Tranio, This bird you aim'd at, though you hit her not; Therefore a health to all that shot and miss'd. Tra. O, sir, Lucentio slipp'd me like his greyhound, Which runs himself and catches for his master. Pet. A good swift simile, but something curious. Tra. 'Tis well, sir, that you hunted for yourself: 'Tis thou dost our desires hold you at a bay. Bap. O ho, Petruchio! Tranio hits you now. Luc. I thank thee for that gird, good Tranio. Hor. Confess, confess, hath he not hit you here? Pet. A has a little gall'd me, I confess; And, as the jest did glance away from me, 'Tis ten times more love it maim'd thee. Tra. Bap. Now, in good sadness, son Petruchio, I think thou hast the veriest shrew of all.
Pet. Well, I say no: and therefore for assurance
Let's each one send unto his wife;
And he whose is life is most obedient.
To come at first when he doth send for her,
Shall win the wager which we will propose.

Hor. Content. What is the wager?

Luc. Twenty crowns.

Pet. Twenty crowns!
I'll venture so much of my hawk or hound,
But twenty times so much upon my wife.

Luc. A hundred then.

Hor. Content.


Luc. Who shall begin?

Pet. Not that I will.

Go, Biondello, bid your mistress come to me.
Bion. Sir, my mistress sends you word
That she is busy and she cannot come.

Pet. How? she is busy and she cannot come?

Luc. Pray God, sir, your wife send you not a worse.

Pet. I hope, better.

Hor. Sirrah Biondello, go and entertain my wife
To come to me forthwith.

Bap. Son, I'll be your half, Bianca comes.

Luc. I'll have no halves; I'll bear it all myself.

Re-enter Biondello.

How now! what news?

Bion. Sir, my mistress sends you word
That she is busy and she cannot come.

Pet. How! she is busy and she cannot come?

Luc. Is that an answer?

Pet. Ay, and a kind one too:
Pray God, sir, your wife send you not a worse.

Luc. Intolerable, not to be endured!
Sirrah Grumio, go to your mistress;
Say, I command her come to me.

Grum. O, ho! entertain her!

Now, then she must needs come.

Hor. Nay, 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.

Grum. O, ho! entertain her!

Pet. What?

Grum. She will not.

Pet. The fouler fortune mine, and there an end.

Bap. Now, by my holidame, here comes Katharina!

Re-enter Katharina.

Kath. What is your will, sir, that you send for me?

Pet. Where is your sister, and Hortensio's wife?

Kath. They sit conferring by the parlour fire.

Pet. Go, fetch them hither: if they deny to come,
Swinge me them soundly forth unto their husbands:
Away, I say, and bring them hither straight.

Katharina. 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 beall 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 wives
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 sigh,
Till I be brought to such a silly pass!

Bian. Fie! who's a woman? who call you this?

Luc. I would your duty were as foolish too;
The wisdom of your duty, fair Bianca,
Hath cost me a hundred crowns since supper-time.

Bian. The more fool you, for laying on my duty.

Pet. Katharine, I charge thee, tell these head-
strong women what duty they do owe their lords and husbands.

Wid. Come, come, you're mocking: we will have no telling.

Pet. Come on, I say; and first begin with her.

Wid. She shall not.

Pet. I say she shall: and first begin with her.

Kath. Fie! fie! unkind that threatening unkind
brow,
And dart not scornful glances from those eyes,
To wound thy lord, thy king, thy governor:
It блots thy beauty as frosts do bite the meads,
Confounds thy fame as whirlwinds shake fair buds,
And in no sense is meet or amiable.

A woman 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: o that cares for thee,
And for thy maintenance commits his body
To painful labour both by sea and land,
To watch the night in storms, the day in cold,
Whilst thou liest warm at home, secure and safe;
And craves no other tribute at thy hands
But love, fair looks and true obedience;
Too little payment for so great a debt.

Such duty as the subject owes the prince
Even such a woman oweth to her husband;
And when she 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,
Surely more meet for grace and gentle use
Than to be frowning on a race and world,
But that our soft conditions and our hearts
Should well agree with our external parts?

Come, come, you froward and unable worms!
My mind hath been as big as one of yours,
My heart as great, my reason haply more,
To bandy words for word and crown for crown;
But now I see our lances are but straws,
Our strength as weak, our weakness past compare,
That seeming to be most which we indeed least are
Then vail your stomachs, for it is no boot,
And place your hands below your husband's foot:
In token of which duty, if he please,
My hand is ready; may it do him ease.

Pet. Why, there's a wench! Come on, and kiss me, Kate.

Luc. Well, go thy ways, old lad; for thou shalt ha't.

Vin. 'Tis a good hearing when children are to-
ward.

Luc. But a harsh hearing when woman are fro-

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!

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.
ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL.

DRAMATIS PERSONAE.

King of France.
Duke of Florence.
Bertram, Count of Rousillon.
Lafeu, an old lord.
Pericles, a follower of Bertram.

Steward, servants to the Countess of Rousillon.

A Page.

Countess of Rousillon, mother to Bertram.

[For an Analysis of the Plot of this Play, see Page 1.]

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 over 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. [ment?

Count. What hope is there of his majesty's amended.

Laf. He hath abandoned his physicians, madam; under whose practices he hath persevered 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 'bad!' 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. [ment?

Laf. How called you the man you speak of, Count. He was famous, sir, in his profession, and it was his great right to be so: Gerard de Narbon.

Laf. He was excellent indeed, madam: the king very lately spoke of him admiringly and mourningly: he was skilful enough to have lived still, if knowledge could be set up against mortality.

Ber. What is it, my good lord, the king languishes.

Laf. A fistula, my lord. [of?

Ber. I heard not of it before.

Laf. I would it were not notorious. Was this gentlewoman the daughter of Gerard de Narbon's Count. His sole child, my lord, and bequeathed to my overlooking. I have those hopes of her good that her education promises; her dispositions she inherits, which makes fair gifts fairer; for where an unclean mind carries virtuous qualities, there commendations go with pity; they are virtues and traits too: in her they are the better for their simpliceness; she derives her honesty and achieves her goodness.

Laf. Your commendations, madam, get from her tears.

Count. 'Tis the best brine a maiden can season her praise in. The remembrance of her father never approaches her heart but the tyranny of her sorrows takes all livelihood from her cheek. No more of this, Helena; go to, no more; lest it be rather thought you affect a sorrow than have it.

Hel. I do affect a sorrow indeed, but I have it too.

Laf. Moderate lamentation is the right of the dead, excessive grief the enemy to the living.

Count. If the living be enemy to the grief, the excess makes it soon mortal.

Ber. Madam, I desire your holy wishes.

Laf. How understand we that? [his father

Count. Be thou best, Bertram, and succeed thy

in manners, as in shape! thy blood and virtue

Contend for empire in thee, and thy goodness

Share with thy birthright! Love all, trust a few,

Do wrong to none: be able for thine enemy

Rather in power than use, and keep thy friend

Under thy own life's key: be check'd for silence,

But never tax'd for speech. What heaven more will,

That thee may furnish and my prayers pluck down,

Fall on thy head! Farewell, my lord;

'Tis an unseason'd courtier; good my lord,

Advise him.

Laf. He cannot want the best

That shall attend his love.

Count. Heaven bless him! Farewell, Bertram.

[Exit. Ber. [to Helena] The best wishes that can be forged in your thoughts be servants to you! Be comfortable to my mother, your mistress, and make much of her.

Laf. Farewell, pretty lady; you must hold the credit of your father. [Exit Bertram and Lafeu.

Hel. O, were that all! I think not on my father;

And these great tears gain her remembrance more Than those I shed for him. What was he like?

I have forgot him: my imagination

Carries no favour in 't but Bertram's.

I am undone: there is no living, none,

If Bertram be away. 'T were all one

That I should love a bright particular star

And think to wed it, he is so above me;

In his bright radiance and collateral light

Must I be comforted, not in his sphere.
The ambition in my love thus plagues itself:  
The hind that would be mated by the lion  
Must die for love.  'T was pretty, though a plague,  
To see him every hour: to sit and draw  
His arched brows, his hawking eye, his curls,  
In our heart's table: heart too capable  
of every line and trick of his sweet favour:  
But now he's gone, and my idolatrous fancy  
Must sanctify his reliques.  Who comes here?  

Enter Parolles.  

[Aside] One that goes with him: I love him for his sake;  
And yet I know him a notorious liar,  
Think him a great way fool, solely a coward;  
Yet there he sits, so fit in him.  
That they take place, when virtue's steeley bones  
Look bleak! the cold wind: withal, full oft we see  
Cold wisdom waiting on superfluous folly.  

Par. Save you, fair queen!  
Hel. And you, monarch!  
Par. No.  
Hel. And no.  
Par. Are you meditating on virginity?  
Hel. Ay.  You have some stain of soldier in you;  
let me ask you a question.  Man is enemy to virginity;  
how may we barricado it against him?  
Par. But he assail's; and our virginity, though  
valiant, in the defence yet is weak: unfold to us  
some warlike resistance.  

Par. There is none: man, sitting down before you,  
will undermine you and blow you up.  

Hel. Bless our poor virginity from underminers  
and blowers up! Is there no military policy, how  
virgins might blow up men!  
Par. Virginity being blown down, man will  
quicklier be blown up; marry, in blowing him down  
again, with the breach yourselves made, you  
lose your city.  It is not politic in the common-wealth  
of nature to preserve virginity.  Loss of virginity  
is rational increase and there was never  
virgin got till virginity was first lost.  That you were  
made of is metal to make virgins.  Virginity by  
being once lost may be ten times found; by being  
ever kept, it is ever lost: 't is too cold a companion;  
avay with 't.  

Hel. I will stand for 't a little, though therefore  
I die a virgin.  
Par. There's little can be said in 't; 't is against  
the rule of nature.  To speak on the part of virginity,  
is to accuse your mothers; which is most  
infallible disobedience.  He that hangs himself is a  
virgin: virginity murders itself; and should be  
buried in highways out of all sanctified limit, as  
a desperate offender against nature.  Virginity  
breeds mites, much like a cheese; consumes itself  
to the very 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 goodly increase; and the  
principal itself not much the worse; away with 't!  

Hel. How might one do, sir, to lose it to her own  
liking?  
Par. Let me see; marry, ill, to like him that  
ne'er it likes.  'T is a commodity will lose the gloss  
with lying: the longer kept, the less worth: off  
with 't while 't is vendible; answer the time of  
request.  Virginity, like an old courtier, wears her  
cap out of fashion: richly suited, but unsuitable:  
just like the hoose and the tooth-pick, which wear  
not now.  Your date is better in your pie and your  
porridge than in your cheek: and your virginity,  
your old virginity, is like one of our French  
threwed pears, it looks ill, it eats drily; marry, 'tis a  
withered pear; it was formerly better; marry, yet  
't is a withered pear: will you anything with it?  

Hel. Not my virginity yet.  
There shall your master have a thousand loves.  
A mother and a mistress and a friend,  
A phenix, 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 dulcet,  
His faith, his sweet disaster; with a world  
Of pretty, fond, adoptous 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—  
Par. What one, i' faith?  

Hel. That I wish well.  'T is pity—  
Par. What's pity?  

Hel. That wishing well had not a body in 't,  
Which might be felt; that we, the poorer born,  
Whose boser stars do shut us up in wishes,  
Might with effects of them follow our friends,  
And show what we alone must think, which never  
Returns us thanks.  

Enter Page.  

Page. Monsieur Parolles, my lord calls for you.  

[Exit.  

Par. Little Helen, farewell: if I can remember  
thee, I will think of thee at court.  
Hel. Monsieur Parolles, you were born under a  
charitable star.  

Par. Under Mars, I.  

Hel. I especially think, under Mars.  
Par. Why under Mars?  

Hel. 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 I  
like the wear well.  

Par. I am so full of businesses, I cannot answer  
thee acutely.  I will return perfect courtier; in the  
which, my instructions 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 unhappiness, and thine  
ignorance makes thee away: farewell.  When thou  
hast leisure, say thy prayers; when thou hast none,  
remember thy friends: get thee a good husband,  
and use him as he uses thee: so, farewell.  

[Exit Hel.  

Our remedies oft in ourselves do lie,  
Which we ascribe to heaven: the fated sky  
Gives us free scope, only doth backward pull  
Our slow designs when we ourselves are dull.  
What power is it which mounts my love so high,  
That makes me see, and cannot feed mine eye?  
The mightiest space in fortune nature brings  
To join like likes and kiss like native things.  
Impossible be strange attempts to those  
That weigh their pains in sense and do suppose  
What hath been cannot be: who ever strove  
To show her make, 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.  

SCENE II.—Paris.  The king's palace.  

Flourish of cornets.  Enter the King of France,  
with letters and divers Attendants.  

King. The Florentines and Senoys are by the ears;  
Have fought with equal fortune and continue  
A braveing war.  

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ACT I.  ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL.  SCENE III.

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
Prejudices the business and would seem
To have us make denial.
First Lord. His love and wisdom,
Approved so to your majesty, may plead
For simplest 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, Lafou, and Parolles.

First Lord. It is the Count Rousillon, my good
Young Bertram's father.

King. Youth, thou bear'st thy father's face;
Frank nature, rather curious than in haste,
Hath well composed thee. Thy father's moral parts
Mayst thou inherit too! Welcome to Paris.
Ber. My thanks and duty are your majesty's.

King. I would have had that corporal soundness now,
As when thy father and I first in friendship
First tried our soldiery! He did look far
Into the service of the time and was
Disabled of the bravest: he lasted long;
But on us both did haggish age steal on
And wore us out of act. It much repairs me
To talk of your good father. In his youth
He had the wit which I can well observe
To-day in your young lords; but they may jest
Till their own scorn return to them unnoted
Ere they can hide their levity in honour:
So like a courtier, contempt nor bitterness
Were in his pride or sharpness; if they were,
His equal had awaked 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 the base followers of his humility.
In their poor praise he humbled. Such a man
Might be a copy to these younger times;
Which, follow'd well, would demonstrate them now
But goeses backward.
Ber. His good remembrance, sir,
Lies richer in your thoughts than on his tomb;
So in approv'd lives not his epitaph.
As in your royal speech. [say—
King. Would I were with him! He would always
Methinks I hear him now; his plausive words
He scatter'd not in ears, but drafted them,
To grow there and to bear. 'Let me not live,'—
This is good melancholy oft began,
On the catastrophe and heel of pastime,
When it was out. — 'Let me not live,' quoth he,
'After my flame lacks oil, to be the snuff
Of younger spirits, whose apprehensive senses
All but new things disdain; whose judgments are
Mere fables of their garrisons; 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 labours room.
Sec. Lord. You are loved, sir;
They that least tend 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 death?
He was much fam'd.

Ber. Some six months since, my lord.
King. If he were living, I would try him yet.
Lend me an arm; the rest have worn me out.
With several applications: nature and sickness
 Debate it at their leisure. Welcome, count;
My son's no dearer.
Ber. Thank your majesty.
[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 your content,
I wish might be found in the calendar of my past endeavours;
for then we wound our modesty and make foul the clearness of our deservings,
when of ourselves we publish them.

Count. What does this knave here? Get you good sirr, bear the complaints I have heard of you I do not all believe: 'tis my slowness that I do not;
for I know you lack not folly to commit them, and have ability enough to make such knaverys yours.
Clo. 'Tis not unknown to you, madam, I am a poor
Count. Well, sir. [fellow.
Clo. No, madam, 't is not so well that I am poor,
though many of the rich are damned: but, if I may
have your ladyship's good will to go to the world,
Isbel the woman and I will do as we may.

Count. Wilt thou needs be a beggar?
Clo. I do beg your good will in this case.

Count. In what case?
Clo. In Isbel's case and mine own. Service is no heritage: and I think I shall never have the blessing of God till I have issue o' my body; for they say barnes are blessings.

Count. Tell me thy reason why thou wilt marry.
Clo. My poor body, madam, requires it: I am driven on by the flesh; and he must needs go that the devil drives.

Count. Is this all your worship's reason?
Clo. Faith, madam, I have other holy reasons, such as they are.

Count. May the world know them?
Clo. I have been, madam, a wicked creature, as you and all flesh and blood are; and, indeed, I do marry that I may repent.

Count. Thy marriage, sooner than thy wickedness.

Clo. I am out o' friends, madam; and I hope to have friends for my wife's sake.

Count. Such friends are thine enemies, knave.

Clo. You're shallow, madam, in great friends; for the knaves come to do that for me which I am aweary of. He that ears my land spares my team and gives me leave to in the crop; if I be his cuckold, he's my drudge: he that comforts my wife is the cherisher of my flesh and blood; he that cherishes my flesh and blood loves my flesh and blood; he that loves my flesh and blood is my friend: ergo, he that kisses my wife is my friend. If men could be contented to be what they are, there were no fear in marriage; for young Charbon the puritan and old Poyssam the papist, howsoever their hearts are severed in religion, their heads are both one; theirs may jowl horns together, like any dear i' the herd.

Count. Wilt thou ever be a foul-mouthed and calumnious knave?

Clo. A prophet I, madam; and I speak the truth the next way.

Count. For I the ballad will repeat.
Which men full true shall find;
Your marriage comes by destiny,
Your cuckoo sings by kind.
ACT I.

ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL.

SCENE III.

Count. Get you gone, sir; 'T will 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? Fond done, done fond, 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, 't would 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 honestly be no puritan, yet it will do no hurt; it will wear the surprize of humility over the black gown of a big heart. I am going, forsooth: the business is for Helen to come hither.

[Exit.

Count. Well, now.

Stew. I know, madam, you love your gentlewoman entirely.

Count. Faith, I do: her father bequeathed her to me; and she herself, without other advantage, may lawfully make title to as much love as she finds: there is more owing her than is paid; and more shall be paid her than she'll demand.

Stew. Madam, I was very late more near her than I think she wished me: alone she was, and did communicate to herself her own words to her own ears; she thought, I dare vow for her, they touched not any stranger sense. Her matter was, she loved your son. And thus she 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 e'er 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 but I would not dote: the world in the balance that I could neither believe nor misdoubt. Pray you, leave me: stall this in your bosom; and I thank you for your honest care: I will speak with you further anon.

[Exit Steward.

Enter Helena.

Even so it was with me when I was young: If ever we are nature's, these are ours; this thorn 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. Get you gone, sir; 'T will talk with you more anon.

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Religious in mine error, I adore
The sun, that looks upon his worshipper,
But knows of him no more. My dearest madam,
Let not your hate encounter with my love
For loving where you do: but if yourself,
Whose aged honour cites a virtuous youth,
Did ever in so true a flame of liking
Wish chastely and love dearly, that your Dian
Was both herself and love; O, then, give pity
To her, whose state is such that cannot choose
But lend and give where she is sure to lose:
That seeks not to find that her search implies,
But riddle-like lives sweetly where she dies!

**Count.** Had you not lately an intent,—speak
To go to Paris? [truly, Hel.]

**Madam.** Wherefore? tell true.

**Hel.** I will tell truth; by grace itself I swear.
You know my father left me some prescriptions
Of rare and proved effects, such as his reading
And manifest experience had collected
For general soverainty; and that he will’d me
In heedfull set reservation to bestow them,
As notes whose faculties inclusive were
More than they were in note: amongst the rest,
There is a remedy, approved, set down,
To cure the desperate languishings whereof
The king is render’d lost.

**Count.** This was your motive
For Paris, was it? speak.

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**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, fare—
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 questant 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.

**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 ‘it is too early.’

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**Hel.** My lord your son made me to think of this;
Else Paris and the medicine and the king
Are from the conversation of my thoughts
Happily absent then.

**Count.** But think you, Helen,
If you should tender your supposed aid,
He would receive it? he and his physicians
Are of a mind; he, that they cannot help him,
They, that they cannot help; how shall they credit
A poor unlearned virgin, when the schools,
Embobull’d of their doctrine, have left off
The danger to itself?

**Hel.** There’s something in ’t,
More than my father’s skill, which was the greatest
Of his profession, that his good receipt
Shall for my legacy be sanctified
By the luckiest stars in heaven: and, would your honour
But give me leave to try success, I’d venture
The well-lost life of mine on his grace’s cure
By such a day and hour.

**Count.** Dost thou believe ’t?

**Hel.** Ay, madam, knowingly.

**Love, Count.** Why, Helen, thou shalt have my leave and
Means and attendants and my loving greetings
To those of mine in court: I’ll stay at home
And pray God’s blessing into thy attempt:
Be gone to-morrow; and be sure of this,
What I can help thee to thou shalt not miss.

[Exeunt.]
Laf. Then here’s a man stands, that has brought your 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. [thus; 

Laf. Good faith, across: but, my good lord, ’tis Will you now, fair one, do younger of your infirmity? 

King. No. 

Laf. O, will you eat no grapes, my royal fox? Yes, but you will my noble grapes, an if [medicine My royal fox could reach them: I have seen a That’s able to breathe life into a stone, Quickens a rock, and makes a mountain smile. With spiritly fire and motion; whose simple touch Is powerful to raise King Pepin, nay, To give great Charlemain a pin in ’s hand And write to her a love-line. 

King. What ‘er this? 

Laf. Why, Doctor She: my lord, there’s one arrived, If you will see her: now, by my faith and honour, If seriously I may convey my thoughts In this my light deliverance, I have spoke With one that, in her sex, her years, profession, Wisdom and constancy, hath amazed me more Than I dare blame my wish that you see her, For that is her demand, and know her business. That done, laugh well at me. 

King. Now, good Lafen, Bring in the admiration; that we with thee May spend our wonder too, or take off thine By wondering how thou tookst it. 

Laf. And not be all day neither. [Exit. 

King. Thus he his special nothing ever prolocues. 

Re-enter Lafen, with Helena. 

Laf. Nay, come your ways. 

King. This haste hath wings indeed. 

Laf. Nay, come your ways; 

This is his majesty; say your mind to him: 

A traitor you do look like; but such traitors His majesty seldom fears: I am Cressid’s uncle. That dare leave two together; fare you well. [Exit. 

King. No, sir; do your business follow us? 

Hel. Ay, my good lord. Gerard de Narbon was my father; In what he did profess, well found. 

King. He the rather will I spare my praises towards Knowing him is enough. On ’s best, death [him; Many receipts he gave me; chiefly one; Which, as the dearest issue of his practice, And of his old experience the only darling, He bade me store up, as a triple eye, Safer than mine own two, more dear; I have so; And, bearing your high majesty is touch’d 

With that malignant cause wherein the honour Of my dear father’s gift stands chief in power, I come to tender it and my appliance With all bound humbleness. 

King. We thank you, maiden; But may not be so credulous of cure. When our most learned doctors leave us and The congregated college have concluded That labouring art can never ransom nature From her inable estate: I say we must not So stain our judgment, or corrupt our hope, To prostitute our past-cure malady To empty, or to dissever 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 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,’gainst remedy. He that of greatest works is misshir. Oft does them by the weakest minister: So holy writ in babes hath judgment shown, [flown When judges have been babes; great floods have From simple sources, and great seas have dried When miracles have by the greatest been denied. 

Hel. And most faith fail. Where most it promises, and oft it hits 

Where hope is coldest and despair most fits. [maid; 

King. I must not hear thee; fare thee well, kind 

Thy pains not used must by thyself be paid: 

Profers not took reap thanks for their reward. 

Hel. Inspired merit so by breath is barr’d: It is not so with Him that all things knows As ’t is with us that square our guess by shows; But most it is presumption in us when The help of heaven we count the act of men. 

King. Dear sir, to thy endeavours give consent; Of heaven, not me, make an experiment. 

I am not an impudent that providence, Myself against the level of mine alin; 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 Hopest 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 murk and occidental damp Moist Hesperus hath quench’d his sleepy lamp, Or four and twenty times the pilot’s glass Hath told the keelish minutes how they pass, 

What is infrom in 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 extravagant boldness, a divulged shame 

Reduced by odious ballads: no modest name Sear’d otherwise; nay, worse—if worse—extended With vilest torture let my life be ended. [speak 

King. Methinks in thee some blessed spirit doth His powerful sound within an organ weak: And what impossibility would stay 

In common sense, sense saves another way. Thy life is dear; for all that life can rate 

Worth name of life in thee hath estimate, Youth, beauty, wisdom, courage, all 

That happiness and prime can happy call: Thou this to hazard needs must intimate 

Skill infinite or monstrous desperate. 

Sweet practiser, thy physic I will try, That ministers thine own death if I die. 

Hel. If I break time, or flinch in property 

Of what I spoke, unpitied let me die, 

And well deserved: not helping, death’s my fee; But, if I help, what do you promise me? 

King. Make thy demand. 

Hel. But will you make it even? 

King. Ay, by my sceptre and my hopes of heaven. 

Hel. Then shalt thou give me with thy kindly hand What husband in thy power I will command: 

Exempted be from me the arrogance To choose from forth the royal blood of France, My low and humble name to propagate 

With any branch or image of thy state; 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 observed. 

Thy will by my performance shall be served; 215
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, hot! If thou be pro  
As high as word, my deed shall match thy meed.  
[Floorish.  Exeunt.]

SCENE II. — Rousillon.  The Count’s palace.  
Enter  Countess and Clown.  

Count.  Come on, sir; I shall now put you to the height of your breeding.  
Clo.  I will show myself highly fed and slowly taught: I know my business is but to the court.  
Count.  To the court! why, what place make you special, when you put off that with such contempt? But to the court!  
Clo.  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 his cap, kiss his hand and say nothing, has neither leg, hands, lip, nor cap; and indeed such a fellow, to say precisely, were not for the court; but for me, I have an answer will serve all questions.  
Count.  Marry, that’s a bountiful answer that fits Clo.  It is like a barber’s chair that fits all buttocks, the pin-buttock, the quatch-buttock, the brawn buttock, or any buttock.  
Count.  Will your answer serve fit to all questions?  
Clo.  As fit as ten groats is for the hand of an attorney, as your French crown for your taffeta punk, as Tib’s rush for Tom’s forefinger, as a pancake for Shrove Tuesday, a morris for May-day, as the nail to his hole, theucking to his horn, a seeling quen to a wrinkling knife, as the nun’s lip to the friar’s mouth, nay, as the puddling to his skin.  
Count.  Have you, sir, an answer of such fitness for all questions?  
Clo.  From below your duke to beneath your constable, it will fit any question.  
Count.  It must be an answer of most monstrous size that must fit all demands.  
Clo.  But a trifle neither, in good faith, if the learned should speak truth of it: here it is, and all that belongs to ’t. Ask me if I am a courtier: it shall do you no harm to learn.  
Count.  To be young again, if we could: I will be a fool in question, hoping to be the wiser by your answer. I pray you, are you a courtier?  
Clo.  O Lord, sir! There’s a simple putting off. More, more, a hundred of them.  
Count.  I think, sir, you can eat none of this homely meat.  
You.  Count.  O Lord, sir! Nay, put me to ’t, I warrant.  
Clo.  You were lately whipped, sir, as I think.  
Count.  O Lord, sir! spare not me.  
Count.  Do you cry, ‘O Lord, sir!’ at your whipping, and ‘sparing 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! I wonder, there’s serves well again.  
Count.  An end, sir; to your business. Give Ellen  
And urge her to a present answer back: [this,  
Commend me to your kinsmen and my son:  
This is not much.  
Clo.  Not much commendation to them.

SCENE III. — Paris.  The King’s palace.  
Enter Bertram, Lafeu, and Parolles.  

Laf.  They say miracles are past; and we have  
our philosophical persons, to make modern and familiar, things supernatural and causeless.  
Hence is it that we make trifles of terrors, encounscing ourselves into seeming knowledge, when we should submit ourselves to an unknown fear.  
Par.  Why, ’tis the rarest argument of wonder  
that hath shot out in our latter times.  
Ber.  And so ’tis.  
Laf.  To be relinquished of the artists,—  
Par.  So I say.  
Laf.  Both of Galen and Paracelsus.  
Par.  So I say.  
Laf.  Of all the learned and authentic fellows,—  
Par.  Right; so I say.  
Laf.  That gave him out inerable,—  
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 heavily effect in an earthly  
actor.  
Par.  That ’s it: I would have said the very same.  
Laf.  Why, your dolphin is not lustier: ’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 facetious spirit that will not acknowledge it to be  
Laf.  Very hand of heaven.  
[The—  
Par.  Ay, so I say.  
Laf.  In a most weak—[pausing] and debile min-  
ister, great power, great transcension; which  
should, indeed, give us a further use to be made  
than alone the recovery of the King, as to be—  
[pausing] generally thankful.  
Par.  I would have said it; you say well. Here  
comes the king.

Enter King, Helena, and Attendants.  

Lafeu and Parolles retire.  

Laf.  Lustig, as the Dutchman says: I’ll like a  
maid the better, whilst I have a tooth in my head:  
why, he’s able to lead her a coranto.  
Par.  Mort du vinaigre! is not this Helen?  
Laf.  ’Fore God, I think so.  
King.  Go, call before me all the lords in court.  
Sir, 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 eyes: this youthful  
Of noble bachelors stand at my bestowing, [parcel  
O’er whom both sovereign power and father’s voice  
I have to use: thy frank election make;  
[sake.  Thou hast power to choose, and they none to for-  
Hel.  To each of you one fair and virtuous mistress  
fall, when I have please! marry, to each, but one!  
Laf.  I’d give bay Curtal and his furniture,  
My mouth no more were broken than these boys’,  
And writ as little beard.  
King.  Peruse them well:  
Not one of those but had a noble father.
In these to nature she's immediate heir,
And these breed honour: that is honour's scorn.
Which challenges itself as honour's born
And is not like the sire: honours thrive,
When rather from our acts we them derive
Than our foregoers: the mere word's a slave.

Deborah'd on every tomb, on every grave
A lying trophy, and as oft is dumb
Where dust and death sit on the check 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 wishes 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,
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 unmuchs 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 ever you wills!

Laf. These boys are boys of ice, they'll none have
her: sure, they are bastards to the English; the
French ne'er got 'em.

Hel. You are too young, too happy, and too good,
To make yourself a son out of my blood.
Fourth Lord. Fair one, I think not so.

Laf. There's one grape yet; I am sure thy father
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
Me and my service, ever whilst I live,
Into your hanging 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
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 my
sickly bed.

Ber. But follows it, my lord, to bring me down
Must answer for your raising? I know her well:
She had her breeding at my father's charge.
A poor physician's daughter my wife! Dismay
Rather corrupt me ever! [which
King. 'Tis only title thou disdain'st in her, the
I can build up. Strange is it that our bloods,
Of colour, weight, and heat, pour'd all together,
Would quite confound distinction, yet stand off
In differences so mighty. If she be
All that is virtuous, save what thou dislikest,
A poor physician's daughter, thou dislikest
Of virtue for the name: but do not so:
From hence to virtuousness let virtuousness proceed,
The place is dignified by the doer's deed:
Where great additions swell'd, 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;
ACT II.

ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL.

SCENE IV.

I have now found thee; when I lose thee again, I care not: yet art thou good for nothing but taking up; and that thou'rt scarce worth. [thee.—

Par. Hadst thou not the privilege of antiquity upon

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. [nity.

Par. My lord, you give me most egregious indigl.

Laf. Ay, with all my heart; and thou art worthy

Par. I have not, my lord, deserved it. [of it.

Laf. Yes, good faith, every dram of it; and I will not bate thee a scruple.

Par. Well, I shall be wiser.

Laf. Even as soon as thou canst, for thou hast to pull at a smock o' the contrary. If ever thou'rt 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.

[Exeunt.]

Par. My lord, you do me most insupportable

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 of; scurvy, old, filthy, scurry-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 a lord. 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 garter 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, no provocation; and every man should beat thee: I think thou wast created for men to breathe themselves upon thee.

Par. This is hard and undeserved measure, my lord.

Laf. Go to, sir; you were beaten in Italy for picking a kernel out of a pomegranate; you are a vagabond and no true traveller: you are more saucy with lords and honourable personages than the commission of your birth and virtue gives you heraldry. You are not worth another word, else I'd call you knave. I leave you. [Exit.

Par. Good, very good; it is so then: good, very good; let it be concealed awhile.

Re-enter Bertram.

Ber. Undone, and forfeited to cares for ever!

Par. What's the matter, sweet-heart? [sworn,

Ber. Although before the solemn priest I have I will not bed letters from my mother: what the import is, I know not yet.

Par. What, what, sweet-heart?

Ber. O my Paroles, they have married me!

II to the Tuscan wars, and never bed her.

Par. France is a dog-hole; and it no more merits The tread of a man's foot: to the wars!

Ber. What's the news from her: what the

Par. Ay, that would be known. To the wars, my boy, to the wars!

He wears his honour in a box unseen,

That hugs his kicky-wicky here at home,

Spending his manly narrow in her arms,

Which should sustain the back and high curvet

Of Mars's fiery steed. To other regions

France is a stable; we that dwell in 't jades;

Therefore, to the war!

Ber. It shall be so: I'll send her to my house,

Acquaint my mother with my hate to her,

And wherefore I am fled; write to the king

That which I must not utter; but 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, 't is so.

[Exeunt.

SCENE IV.—Paris. The king's palace.

Enter Helen 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 all, that she is 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 Paroles.

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 she think? do you think?

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 undoing: to say nothing, to do nothing, to know nothing, and to have nothing, is to be a great part of your title; which is within a very little of nothing.

Par. Away! thou 'rt a knave.

Clo. You should have said, sir, before a knave thou 'rt a knave; that 's, before me thou 'rt a knave: thou hadst been truth, sir. [thee.

Par. Go to, thou art a witty fool; I have found

Clo. Did you find me in yourself, sir? or were you taught to find me? The search, sir, was profitable; and much fool may you find in you, even to the world's pleasure and the increase of laughter.

Par. A good knave, i' faith, and well fed. Madam, my lord will go away to-night;

A very serious business calls on him.

The great prerogative and rite of love, [edge

Which, as your due, time claims, he does acknowl-

But puts it off to a compell'd restraint; [sweets,

Whose want, and whose delay, is stewed with Which they distill 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?
ACT III.

ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL.


Flourish. Enter the Duke of Florence, attended; the two Frenchmen, with a troop of soldiers.

Duke. So that from point to point now have you The fundamental reasons of this war; [heard Whose great decision hath much blood let forth And more thirsts after.

First Lord. Holy seems the quarrel Upon your grace’s part; black and fearful, [France On the opposer. Duke. Therefore we marvel much our cousin Would in so just a business shut his bosom Against our borrowing prayers.

Sec. Lord. Good my lord, The reasons of our state I cannot yield,

Par. That you will take your instant leave o’ the king, And make this haste as your own good proceeding, Strengthen’d with what apology you think May make it probable need.

Hel. What more commands he? Par. That, having this obtain’d, you presently Attend his further pleasure.

Hel. In every thing I wait upon his will. Par. I shall report it so.

Hel. I pray you. [Exit Parolles. [Exeunt.

SCENE V.—Paris. The king’s palace.

Enter Lafa and Bertram.

Laf. But I hope your lordship thinks not him a soldier.

Ber. Yes, my lord, and of very valiant approbation.

Laf. You have it from his own deliverance.

Ber. And by other warranted testimony.

Laf. Then my dial goes not true: I took this lark for a courting.

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 cannot yet find in my heart to repent. Here he comes: I pray you, make us friends; I will pursue the amity.

Enter Parolles.

Par. [To Bertram] These things shall be done, sir.

Laf. Pray you, sir, who’s his tailor?

Par. Sir?

Laf. O, I know him well, I, sir; he, sir, ’s a good workman, a very good tailor.

Ber. [Aside to Par.] Is she gone to the king?

Par. She is.

Ber. Will she away to-night?

Par. As you ’ll have her.

Ber. I have writ my letters, casketed my treasure, Given order for our horses; and to-night, When I shall take possession of the bride, End ere I do begin.

Laf. A good bedfellow is something at the latter end of a dinner; but one that lies three thirds and uses a known truth to pass a thousand nothingthings, should be once heard and thrice beaten. God save you, captain.

Ber. Is there any unkindness between my lord and you, monsieur?

Par. I know not how I have desired to return into my lord’s displeasure.

Laf. You have made shift to run into ’t, boots and spurs and all, like him that leaped into the custard; and out of it you ’ll run again, rather than suffer question for your residence.

Ber. It may be you have mistaken him, my lord.

Laf. And shall do so ever, though I took him at ’s prayers. Fare you well, my lord; and believe this of me, there can be no kernel in this light nut;
ACT III.

ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL.

SCENE II.

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 he his pleasure.

First Lord. But I am sure the younger of our na-
That surfeit on their ease, will day by day [ture,
Come here for physic.

Duke. Welcome shall they be:
And all the honours that can fly from us
Shall on them settle. You know your places well;
When better fall, for your avail they fell:
To-morrow to the field. [Flourish. Exeunt.

SCENE II.—Rousillon. The Count’s palace.

Enter Countess and Clown.

Count. It hath happened all as I would have had it,
save that he comes not along with her.
Clo. By my troth, I take my young lord to be a
very melancholy man.

Count. By what observance, I pray you?

Clo. [Reads] He shall look upon his boot and sing;
mand 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 mind to Isbel since I was at court;
our old ling and our Isbels o’ the country are noth-
ing like your old ling and your Isbels o’ the court:
the brains of my Cupid’s knocked out, and I begin
to love, as an old man loves money, with no stom-

Count. What have we here? [fach.

Clo. Even that you have there. [Exit.

Count. [Reads] I have sent you a daughter-in-law;
she hath recovered the king, and undone me.
I have 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
breath enough in the world, I will hold a long dis-

Duke. Your unfortunate son.

Bertram.

This is not well, rash and unbridled boy,
To fly the favours of so good a king;
To pluck his indignation on thy head
By the misprision of a maid too virtuous
For the contempt of empire.

Re-enter Clown.

Clo. O madam, yonder is heavy news within be-
tween two soldiers and my young lady!

Count. What is the matter?

Clo. Nay, there is some comfort in the news,
some comfort; your son will not be killed so soon
as I thought he would.

Count. Why should he be killed?

Clo. So say I, madam, if he run away, as I hear
he does; the danger is in standing to’t; that’s
the loss of men, though it be the getting of children.
Here they come: shall 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. [men,

Count. Think upon patience. Pray you, gentle-
I have felt so many quirks of joy and grief,
That the first face of neither, on the start, [you?
Can woman man unto’t: where is my son, I pray

Sec. Gent. Madam, he’s gone to serve the duke
of Florence:

We met him thitherward; for thence we came,
And, after some dispatch in hand at court,
Thither we bend again. [port.

Hel. Look on his letter, madam: here’s my pass-
[Reads] When thou canst get the ring upon my finger, which never shall come off, and show me a
child begotten of thy body that I am father to, then
call me husband; but in such a ‘then’ I write a
This is a dreadful sentence. [i’never,

Count. Brought you this letter, gentlemen?

First Gent. Ay, madam; and for the contents’ sake are sorry for our pains.

Count. I prithee, lady, have a better cheer;
If thou engrossest all the griefs are thine,
Thou robbst me of a molety: he was my son;
But I do wash his name out of my blood,
And thou art my child. Towards Florence is he?

Sec. Gent. Ay, madam.

Count. And to be a soldier?

Sec. Gent. Such is his noble purpose; and, believe’t,
The duke will lay upon him all the honour
That good convenience claims.

Count. Return you thither?

First Gent. Ay, madam, with the swiftest wing
Of speed. [in France.

Hel. [Reads] Till I have no wife, I have nothing
’Tis bitter.

Count. Find you that there?

Hel. Ay, madam.

First Gent. ’Tis but the boldness of his hand, haply,
which his heart was not consenting to.

Count. Nothing in France, until he have no wife!

Hel. There’s nothing here that is too good for him
But only she; and she deserves a lord
That twenty such rude boys might tend upon
And call her hourly mistress. Who was with him?

First Gent. A servant only, and a gentleman
Which I have sometime known.

Count. Paroles, was it not?

First Gent. Ay, my good lady, he. [neas.

Count. A very tainted fellow, and full of wicked-
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 courtesies.
Will you draw near?

[Exeunt Countess and Gentlemen.

Hel. ‘Till I have no wife, I have nothing in France.
Nothing in France, until he has no wife!
Thou shalt have none, Rousillon, none in France;
Then hast thou all again. Poor lord! is’t I
That chase thee from thy country and expose
Those tender limbs of thine to the event
Of the none-sparing war? and is it I
That drive thee from the sportive court, where thou
Wast shot at with fair eyes, to be the mark
Of smoky muskets? O ye leaden messengers,
That ride upon the violent speed of fire,
Fly with false aim; move the still-peering air,
That sings with piercing; do not touch my lord.
Whoever stands at him, strikes him dead there:
Whoever charges on his forward breast,
I am the caffit that do hold him to ‘t;
And, though I kill him not, I am the cause
His death was so effect’d: better ‘t were
I met the ravin lion when he roar’d
With sharp constraint of hunger; better ‘t were
That all the miseries which nature owes

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Wrote mine at once. No, come thou home, Rousil- 
Whence honour but of danger wins a scar, [iron, 
As oft it loses all: I will be gone; 
My being here it is that holds thee hence: 
Shall I stay here to do 't? no, no, although 
The air of paradise did fan the house 
And angels offered all: I will be gone, 
That pitiful rumour may report my flight. 
To console thine ear. Come, night; end, day! 
For with the dark, poor thief, I'll steal away. 
[Exit.


Flourish. Enter the Duke of Florence, Bertram, 
Parolles, Soldiers, Drum and Trumpets.

Duke. The general of our horse thou art; and we, 
Great in our hope, lay our best love and credence 
Upon thy promising fortune.

Ber. Sir, it is 
A charge too heavy for my strength, but yet 
We'll strive to bear it for your worthy sake 
To the extreme edge of hazard.

Duke. Then thou fortieth; 
And fortune play upon thy prosperous helm, 
As thy auspicious mistress!

Ber. This very day, 
Great Mars, I put myself into thy file: 
Make me but like my thoughts, and I shall prove 
A lover of thy drum, hater of love. 
[Exit.

SCENE IV.—Roussillon. The Count's palace.

Enter Countess and Steward.

Count. Alas! and would you take the letter of her? 
Might you not know she would do as she has done, 
By sending me a letter? Read it again.

Stew. [Reads] 
I am Saint Jaques' pilgrim, thither gone: 
Ambitious love hath so in me offended, 
That barefoot plod I the cold ground upon, 
With painted vow my faults to have amended. 
Write, write, that from the bloody course of war 
My dearest master, your dear son, may he: 
Bless him at home in peace, whilst I from far 
His name with zealous fervour sanctify: 
His taken labours bid me forgive: 
I, his despicable Juno, sent him forth 
From courtly friends, with camping fces to live, 
Where death and danger dogs the heels of worth: 
He is too good and fair for death and me; 
Whom I myself embrace, to set him free.

Count. Ah, what sharp stings are in her mildest words!

Rinaldo, you did never lack advice so much, 
As letting her pass so: had I spoke with her, 
I could have well diverted her intents, 
Which thus she hath prevented.

Stew. 
Pardon me, madam: 
If I had given you this at over-night. 
She might have been o'erta'en; and yet she writes, 
Pursuit would be but vain.

Count. 
What angel shall 
Bless this unworthy husband? he cannot thrive, 
Unless her prayers, whom heaven delights to hear 
And loves to grant, receive 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 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. 

SCENE V.—Florence. Without the walls. A tucket 
after off.

Enter an old Widow of Florence, Diana, Violenta, 
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 great- 
est commander; and that with his own hand he 
slew the duke's brother. [Tucket.] We have lost our 
labour; they are gone a contrary way: hark! you 
may know by their trumpets.

Mar. Come, let's return again, and suffice our- 
eselves with the report of it. Well, Diana, take heed 
of this French earl; the honour of a maid is her 
nee; and no legacy 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 promis- 
ces, enticements, oaths, tokens, and all these en- 
gines of lust, are not the things they go under: 
many a maid hath been seduced by them; and the 
misery is, example, that so terrible shows in the 
wreck of maidenhood, cannot for all that dissuade 
succession, but that they are lined with the twigs 
that threaten them. I hope I need not to advise 
you further; but I hope your own grace will keep 
you where you are, though there were no further 
danger known but the modesty which is so lost.

Dia. You shall not need to fear me.

Wid. I hope so.

Enter Helena, disguised like a Pilgrim.

Look, here comes a pilgrim: I know she will lie 
at my house: thither they send one another: I'll 
question her. God save you, pilgrim! whither are 
you bound?

Hel. To Saint Jaques le Grand.

What do the palmers lodge, I do beseech you?

Wid. At the Saint Francis here beside the port.

Hel. Is this the way?

Wid. Ay, marry, is 't. [A march after.] Hark 
you! they come this way.

If you will tarry, holy pilgrim, 
But till the troops come by, 
I will conduct you where you shall be lodged; 
The rather, for I think I know your hostess 
As ample as myself.

Hel. 
Is it yourself?

Wid. If you shall please so, pilgrim.

Hel. I thank you, and will stay upon your leisure.

Wid. You came, I think, from France?

Hel. I did so.

Wid. Here you shall see a countryman of yours 
That has done worthy service.

Hel. His name, I pray you.

Wid. The Count Roussillon: know you such a one?

Hel. But by the ear, that hears most nobly of him: 
His face I know not.

Dia. Whatsoe'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, such is the truth: I know her lady.

Dia. There is a gentleman that serves the count 
Reports but coarsely of her.

Hel. 
What's his name?
ACT III.

ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL.

SCENE VI.

Enter Bertram, Parolles, and the whole army.

That is Antonio, the duke's eldest son; That, Escalus.

Hel. Which is the Frenchman?

Dua. He; That with the plume: 'tis a most gallant fellow. I would have loved his wife; if he were honest He were much goodlier: is 't not a handsome gentle

Hel. I like him well. 

[man]? 

Dua. This pity he is not honest: yon's 't that same knave That leads him to these places: were I his lady, I would poison that vile rascal.

Hel. Which is he?

Dua. That jack-an-apes with scarm's: why is he melancholy?

Hel. Perchance he 's hurt it the battle.

Par. Lose our drum! well.

Mar. He's shrewdly vexed at something: look, he has spied us.

Wid. Marry, hang you! 

[Exeunt Bertram, Parolles, and army. 

Wid. The troop is past. Come, pilgrim, I will bring you Where you shall host: of enjoin'd penitents There's four or five, to great Saint Jaques bound, Already at my house.

Hel. I humbly thank you: Please it this matron and this gentle maid To eat with us to-night, the charge and thanking Shall be for me; and, to requite you further, I will bestow some precepts of this virgin Worthy the note.

Both. We'll take your offer kindly. [Exeunt.

SCENE VI.—Camp before Florence.

Enter Bertram and the two French Lords.

Sec. Lord. Nay, good my lord, put him to 't; let him have his way.

First Lord. If your lordship find him not a hilding, hold me no more in your respect.

Sec. Lord. On my life, my lord, a bubble.

Ber. Do you think I am so far deceived in him? Sec. Lord. Believe it, my lord, in mine own direct knowledge, without any malice, but to speak of him as my kinsman, he's a most notable coward, an infinite and endless liar, an hourly promise-breaker, the owner of no one good quality worthy your lordship's entertainment.

First Lord. It were fit you knew him; lest, reposing too far in his virtue, which he hath not, he might at some great and trusty business in a main danger fail you.

Ber. I would I knew in what particular action to try him.

First Lord. None better than to let him fetch off his drum, which you hear him so confidently under- takes to do.

Sec. Lord. I, with a troop of Florentines, will suddenly surprise him; such I will have, whom I am sure he knows not from the enemy: we will bind and hoodwink him so, that he shall suppose no other but that he is carried into the leaguer of the adversaries, when we bring him to our own tents. Be but your lordship present at his confec-
tionation: if he do not, for the promise of his life and in the highest compulsion of base fear, offer to betray you and deliver all the intelligence in his power against you, and that with the divine forfeit of his soul upon oath, never trust my judgment in any thing.

First Lord. O, for the love of laughter, let him fetch his drum; he says he has a stratagem for 't: when your lordship sees the bottom of his success in 't, and to what metal this counterfeit lump of ore will be melted, if you give him not John Drum's ent ad as they are, your inclining cannot be removed. Here he comes.

Enter Parolles.

Sec. Lord. [Aside to Ber.] O, for the love of laugh-
ter, hinder not the honour of his design: let him fetch off his drum in any hand.

Ber. How now, monsieur! this drum sticks sorely in your disposition.

First Lord. A pox on 't, let it go; 'tis but a drum. Par. 'But a drum!' is 't but a drum? A drum so lost! There was excellent command,—to charge in with our horse upon our own wings, and to rend our own soldiers! First Lord. That was not to be blamed in the command of the service: it was a disaster of war that Caesar himself could not have prevented, if he had been there to command.

Ber. Well, we cannot greatly condemn our suc-
cess: some honour we had in the loss of that drum; but it is not to be recovered.

Par. It might have been recovered.

Ber. It might; but it is not now.

Par. It is to be recovered: but that the merit of service is seldom attributed to the true and exact performer, I would have that drum or another, or his jacet.

Ber. Why, if you have a stomach, to 't, monsieur; if you think your mystery in stratagem can bring this instrument of honour again into his native quarter, be magnanimous in the enterprise and go on; I will grace the attempt for a worthy exploit: if you speed well in it, the duke shall both speak of it, and extend to you what further becomes his greatness, even to the utmost syllable of your worthiness.

Par. By the hand of a soldier, I will undertake it.

Ber. But you must not now slumber in it.

Par. I'll about it this evening: and I will pres-
dently pen down my dilemmas, encourage myself in my certainty, put myself into my mortal prepa-
tion: and by midnight look to hear further from me.

Ber. May I be bold to acquaint his grace you are gone about it?

Par. I know not what the success will be, my lord; but the attempt I vow.

Ber. I don't valiant; and, to the possi-
bility of thy soldiership, will subscribe for thee. Farewell.

Par. I love not many words. [Exeunt.

Sec. Lord. No more than a fish loves water.
not this a strange fellow, my lord, that so confidently seems to undertake this business, which he knows is not to be done; damns himself to do and dares better be damned than to do't?

First Lord. You do not know him, my lord, as we do: certain it is, that he will steal himself into a man's favor and for a week escape a great deal of discoveries; but when you find him out, you have him ever after.

Ber. Why, do you think he will make no deed at all of this that so seriously he does address himself unto?

Sec. Lord. None in the world; but return with an invention and clap upon you two or three probable lies: but we have almost embossed him; you shall see his 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 ease him. He was first smoked by the old lord Lateu: 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 lass I spoke of.

First Lord. But you say she's honest.

Ber. That's all the fault: I spoke with her but once.

And found her wondrous cold; but I sent to her, By this same coxcomb that we have i' the wind, Tokens and letters which she did re-send; And this is all I have done. She's a fair creature: Will you go see her?

First Lord. With all my heart, my lord. [Exit.]

SCENE VII.—Florence. The Widow's house.

Hel. If you misbelieve 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. I should believe you; For you have show'd me that which well approves You're great in fortune.

Hel. Take this purse of gold, And let me buy your friendly help thus far, Which I will over-pay and pay again— [daughter, When I have found it. The count he woes your lays down his wanton siege before her beauty, Resolved to carry her: let her in fine consent, As we'll direct her how 'tis best to bear it. Now his important blood will nought deny That she'll demand: a ring the count 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, Howe'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 chasely absent: after this, To marry her, I'll add three thousand crowns To what is past already.

Wid. I have yielded: Instruct my daughter how she shall persever, That time and place with this deceit so lawful May prove coherent. Every night he comes With musics of all sorts and songs composed To her unworthiness: it nothing steads us To chide him from our eaves; for he persists As if his life lay on 't.

Hel. Why then to-night Let us assay our plot; which, if it speed, Is wicked meaning in a lawful deed And lawful meaning in a lawful act, Where both not sin, and yet a sinful fact: But let's about it. [Exeunt.]

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—Without the Florentine camp.

Enter Second French Lord, with five or six other Soldiers in ambush.

Sec. Lord. He can come no other way but by this hedge-corner. When you sally upon him, speak what terrible language you will: though you understand it not yourselves, no matter; for we must not seem to understand him, unless some one among us whom we must produce for an interpreter.

First Sold. Good captain, let me be the interpreter.

Sec. Lord. Art not acquainted with him? knows he not thy voice?

First Sold. No, sir, I warrant you.

Sec. Lord. But what linsey-wooley hast thou to speak to us again?

First Sold. E'en such as you speak to me.

Sec. Lord. He must think us some band of strangers i' the adversary's entertainment. Now he hath a smack of all neighbouring languages; therefore we must every one be a man of his own fancy, not to know what we speak one to another; so we seem to know, is to know straight our purpose: choughs' language, gabbled enough, and good enough. As for you, interpreter, you must seem very politic. But couch, ho! here he comes, to beguile two hours in a sleep, and then to return and swear the lies he forges.

Enter Paroles.

Par. Ten o'clock: within these three hours 't will be time enough to go home. What shall I say I have done? It must be a very plausible invention that carries it: they begin to smoke me; and disgraces have of late knocked too often at my door. I find my tongue is too foolhardy; but my heart hath the fear of Mars before it, and of his creatures, not daring the reports of my tongue.

Sec. Lord. This is the first truth that e'er thine own tongue was guilty of.

Par. What the devil should move me to undertake the recovery of this drum, being not ignorant of the impossibility, and knowing I had no such purpose? I must give myself some hurts, and say
I got them in exploit: yet slight ones will not carry it; they will say, 'Came you off with so little?' and great ones I dare not give. Wherefore, what's the instrument of my tongue. I must put you into a better woman's mouth and buy myself another of Bajazet's mule, if you prattle me into these perils.

Sec. Lord. Is it possible he should know what he is, and be that he is?

Par. I would the cutting of my garments would serve the turn, or the breaking of my Spanish sword.

Sec. Lord. We cannot afford you so.

Par. Or the baring of my beard; and to say it was in stratagem.

Sec. Lord. 'T would not do.

Par. Or to drown my clothes, and say I was stripped.

Sec. Lord. Hardly serve.

Par. Though I swore I leaped from the window of the citadel—

Sec. Lord. How deep?

Par. Thirty fathom.

Sec. Lord. Three great oaths would scarce make that be believed.

Par. I would I had any drum of the enemy's: I would swear I recovered it.

Sec. Lord. You shall hear one anon.

Par. A drum now of the enemy's. — [Alarum within.

Sec. Lord. Throca movousus, cargo, cargo, cargo. All. Cargo, cargo, cargo, villandia par corbo, cargo.

Par. O, ransom, ransom! do not hide mine eyes. — [They seize and blindfold him.

First Sold. Boskos tromulo bokos.

Par. I know you are the Muskos' regiment: And I shall lose my life for want of language; If there be here German, or Dane, low Dutch, Italian, or French, let him speak to me: I'll discover that which shall undo the Florentine.

First Sold. Boskos vauvado: I understand thee, and can speak thy tongue. Kerelybonto, sir, betake thee to thy faith, for seventeen poniards are at thy bosom.


Sec. Lord. Oscorbidulosch volivoro. [yet;

First Sold. The general is content to spare thee And, hoodwink'd as thou art, will lead thee on To gather thee from: haply thou mayst inform Something to save thy life.

Par. O, let me live! And all the secrets of our camp I'll show, Their force, their purposes; nay, I'll speak that Which you will wonder at.

First Sold. But wilt thou faithfully? Par. If I do not, damn me.


Sec. Lord. Go, tell the Count Rousillon, and my brother, we have caught the woodcock, and will keep him Till we do hear from them.

Sec. Sold. Captain, I will.

Sec. Lord. A' will betray us all unto ourselves: Inform on that.

Sec. Sold. So will he, sir.

Sec. Lord. Till then I'll keep him dark and safely lock'd. — [Exeunt.

SCENE II.—Florence. The Widow's house.

Enter Bertram and Diana.

Ber. They told me that your name was Fontibell.

Dia. No, my good lord, Diana.

Ber. Titled goddess; And worth it, with addition! But, fair soul, In thy fine frame hath love no quality? 'Tis the quick fire of youth light not your mind, You are no maiden, but a matron of years: When you are dead, you should be such a one As you are now, for you are cold and stern; And now you should be as your mother was When your sweet self was got.

Dia. She then was honest.

Ber. No; So should you be.

Dia. My mother did but duty; such, my lord, As you owe to your wife.

Ber. No more o' that; I prithee, do not strive against my vows; I was compel'd to her: but I love thee By love's own sweet constraint, and will for ever Do thee all rights of service.

Dia. Ay, so you serve us Till we serve you; but when you have our roses, You barely leave our thorns to prick ourselves And mock us with our bareness.

Ber. How have I sworn! Dia. 'T is not the many oaths that makes the truth, But the plain single vow that is vow'd true. What is not holy, that we swear not by, But take the High'st to witness: then, pray you, tell If I should swear by God's great attributes, I loved you dearly, would you believe my oaths, When I did love you ill? This has no holding, To swear by him whom I protest to love, That I will work against him: therefore your oaths Are words and poor conditions, but unsafe'd, At least in my opinion.

Ber. Change it, change it; Be not so holy-cruel! love is holy; And my integrity ne'er knew the crafts That you do charge men with. Stand no more off, But give thyself unto my sweet desires, Who then recover: say thou art mine, and ever My love as it begins shall so persever.

Dia. I see that men make ropes in such a scare That we'll forswear ourselves. Give me that ring. Ber. I'll lend thee it, my dear; but have no power To give it from me.

Dia. Will you not, my lord? Ber. It is an honour, longisng to our house, Bequested down from many ancestors; Which were the greatest obloquy! the world In me to lose: thus your own proper wisdom Brings in the champion Honour on my part, Against your vain assault.

Ber. Here, take my ring: My house, mine honour, yea, my life, be thine, And I'll be bid by thee. — [Ber-window:

Dia. When midnight comes, knock at my cham' I'll order take my mother shall not hear. Now will I charge you in the band of truth, When you have conquer'd my yet maiden bed. Remain there but an hour, nor speak to me: they My reasons are most strong; and you shall know When back again this ring shall be deliver'd; And on at midnight comes, knock at my cham' 

Another ring, that what in time proceeds May token to the future our past deeds. Adieu, till then; then, fail not. You have won A wife of me, though there my hope be done. — [Ber-window: A heaven on earth I have won by wooing thee. [Exeunt.

Dia. For which live long to thank both heaven You may so in the end.
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. I have perverted a young gentlewoman 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 be that in this action contrives against his own nobility, in himself, in his proper stream o'erflows himself.

First Lord. Is it not meant damnable in us, to be trumpeters of our unlawful intents? We shall not then have his company to-night?

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 country anathematized, that he might take a measure of his own judgments, wherein so curiously he had set this counterfeit.

Sec. Lord. We will not meddle with him till he come; for his presence must be the whip of the other.

First Lord. In the meantime, what hear you of the king?

Sec. Lord. I hear there is an overtone of peace.

First Lord. Nay, I assure you, a peace concluded.

Sec. Lord. What will Count Roussillon do then? will he travel higher, or return again into France?

First Lord. I perceive, by this demand, you are not altogether of his council.

Sec. Lord. Let it be forbid, sir; so should I be a great deal of his act.

First Lord. Sir, his wife some two months since fled from his house: her pretence is a pilgrimage to Saint Jaques le Grand; which holy undertaking with most austere sanctimony she accomplished; and, there residing, the tenderness of her nature became as a prey to her grief; in fine, made a groan of her last breath, and now she sings in heaven.

Sec. Lord. 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 we make us comforts of our losses!

Sec. Lord. And how mightily some other times we drown our gain in tears! The great dignity that his valour hath here acquired for him shall at home be encountered with a shame as ample.

First Lord. The web of our life is of a mingled yarn, good and ill together: our virtues would be proud, if our faults whipped them not; and our crimes would 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, of whom he hath taken a solemn leave: his lordship will next morning for France. The duke hath offered him letters of commendations to the king.

Sec. Lord. They shall be no more than needful there, if they were more than they can commend.

First Lord. They cannot be too sweet for the king's tartsiness. Here's his lordship now.

Enter Bertram.

How now, my lord! is't not after midnight?

Ber. I have to-night dispatched sixteen businesses, a month's long work by an abstract of success: I have conged with the duke, done my adieu with his nearest; buried a wife, mourned for her; writ to my lady mother I am returning; entertained my convoy; and between these main parcels of dispatch effected many nicer needs: the last was the greatest, but that I have not ended yet.

Sec. Lord. If the business be of any difficulty, and this morning your departure hence, it requires haste of your lordship.

Ber. I mean, the business is not ended, as fearing to hear of it hereafter. But shall we have this dialogue between the fool and the soldier? Come, bring forth this counterfeit module, has deceived me, like a double-meaning prophetess.

Sec. Lord. Bring him forth: has sat 't the stocks all night, poor gallant knave.

Ber. No matter; his heels have deserved it, in usurping his spurs so long. How does he carry himself?

Sec. Lord. I have told your lordship already, the stocks carry him. But to answer you as you would be understood; he weeps like a wench that had shed her milk: he hath confessed himself to Morgan, whom he supposes to be a friar, from the time of his remembrance to this very instant disaster of his setting 't the stocks: and what think you he hath confessed?

Ber. Nothing of me, has a'?

Sec. Lord. His confession is taken, and it shall be read to his face: if your lordship be in 't, as I believe you are, you must have the patience to hear it.

Enter Paralleis guarded, and First Soldier.

Ber. A plague upon him! muffled! he can say nothing of me: hush, hush!

First Lord. Hoodman comes! Portotartarosa.

First Sold. He calls for the tortures: what will you say without 'em?

Par. I will confess what I know without constraint: if ye pinch me like austy, I can say no First Sold. Bosko chimurcho. [more.

First Lord. Boblibindo chicurmarce. First Sold. You are a merciful general. Our general bids you answer to what I shall ask you out of a note.

Par. And truly, as I hope to live.

First Sold. [Reads] 'First demand of him how many horse the duke is strong.' What say you to that?
ACT IV.  ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL.  SCENE III.

Par. Five or six thousand; but very weak and unserviceable: the troops are all scattered, and the commanders very poor rogues, upon my reputation and credit and as I hope to live.

First Sold. Shall I set down your answer so?
Par. Do: I'll take the sacrament on 't, how and which way you will.
Ber. All's one to him. What a past-saving slave is this!
First Lord. You're deceived, my lord: this is Monsieur Parolles, the gullant militarist,—that was his own opinion that had the whole theory of war in the knot of his scar, and the practice in the chape of his dagger.

See. Lord. I will never trust a man again for keeping his sword clean, nor believe he can have every thing in him by wearing his apparel neatly.

First Sold. Well, that's set down.
Par. Five or six thousand horse, I said,—I will say true,—or thereabouts, set down, for I'll speak truth.

First Lord. He's very near the truth in this.
Ber. But I con him no thanks for 't, in the nature he delivers it.

Par. Poor rogues, I pray you, say.
First Sold. Well, that's set down.
Par. I humbly thank you, sir: a truth's a truth, the rogues are marvellous poor.

First Sold. [Reads] 'Demand of him, of what strength they are a-foot.' What say you to that?
Par. By my troth, sir, if I were to live this present hour, I will tell true. Let me see: Spurio, a hundred and fifty; Sebastian, so many; Coramius, so many; Jaques, so many; Guiliano, Cosmo, Lodowick, and Gratifi, two hundred and fifty each; mine own company, Chitopher, Vaumond, Bentii, two hundred and fifty each: so that the muster-file, rotoli, upon my life, amounts not to fifteen thousand poll; half of the which dare not shake the snow from off their cassocks, lest they shake themselves to pieces.

Ber. What shall be done to him?
First Lord. Nothing, but let him have thanks. Demand of him my condition, and what credit I have with the duke.

First Sold. Well, that's set down. [Reads] 'You shall demand of him, whether one Captain Dumaun be 1 the camp, a Frenchman; what his reputation is with the duke; what his valour, honesty, and expertness in wars; or whether he thinks it were not well, with the sum of things, to corrupt him to a revolt.' What say you to this? what do you know of it?
Par. I beseech you, let me answer to the particular of the interrogatories: demand them singly.
First Sold. Do you know this Captain Dumaun?
Par. I know him; a' was a butcher's 'prentice in Paris, from whence he was whipped for getting the shriev'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. 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. Marry, we'll search.
Par. In good sadness, I do not know; either it is there, or it is upon a file with the duke's other letters in my tent.

First Sold. Here 't is; here's a paper: shall I read it to you?
Par. I do not know if it be it or no.
Ber. Our interpeter does it well.
First Lord. Excellently.
First Sold. Read, 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 wile to virginty and devours up all the frit it
Ber. Damnable both-sides rogue! [Reads.
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 as well with boys as with less;
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.

Parolles.

Ber. He shall be whipped through the army with this rhyme in 'a forehead.

See. Lord. This is your devoted friend, sir, the manifold linguisit and the armipotent soldier.
Ber. 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, the stocks, or any where, so I may live.

First Sold. We'll see what may be done, so you consult freely; therefore, once more to this Captain Dumaun: 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 parrelles Nessus: 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 swimedrunk; 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? A pox upon him for me, he's more and more a cat.
First Sold. What say you to his exprestness in war?
Par. Faith, sir, has led the drum before the English tragedians; to belle him, I will not, and more of his soldiery 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 doubling of files; I would do the man what honour I can, but think not unbecoming to a general.
First Lord. He hath out-villained 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'ecu he will sell the re-
simple of his salvation, the inheritance of it; and
cut the entail from all remainders, and a perpetual succession for it perpetually. [Dumain?]

First Sold. What's his brother, the other Captain
Second 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? [Rousillon.

Par. Ay, and the captain of his horse, Count
First Sold. I'll whisper with the general, and know his pleasure.

Par. [Aside] I'll no more drumming; a plague of all drums! Only to seem to deserve well, and to beguile the supposition of that lascivious young boy the count, have I run into this danger. Yet who would have suspected an ambush where I was taken?

First Sold. There is no remedy, sir, but you must die; the general says, you 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, off with his head.

Par. O Lord, sir, let me live, or let me see my death!

First Sold. That shall you, and take your leave of all your friends. [Unbinding him.

So, look about you: know you any here?

Ber. Good morrow, noble captain.

Second Lord. God bless you, Captain Parolles.

First Lord. God save you, noble captain.

Second Lord. Captain, what greeting will you to my Lord Lafey?

First Lord. Good captain, will you give me a copy of the sonnet you write to Diana in behalf of the Count Rousillon? an I were not a very coward, I'd compel it of you: but fare you well.

[Exeunt Bertram and Lords.

First Sold. You are undone, captain, all but your scarf; that has a knot on't yet.

Par. Who cannot be crushed with a plot?

First Sold. If you could find out a country where but women were that had received so much shame, you might begin an impudent nation. Fare ye well, sir, I am for France too: we shall speak of you there.

[Exit, with Soldiers.

Par. Yet am I thankful: if my heart were great, 'twould burst at this. Captain I'll be no more; But I will eat and drink, and sleep as soft As captain shall: simply the thing I am. Who knows himself a braggart, Let him fear this, for it will come to pass That every braggart shall be found an ass. Rust, sword! cool, blushes! and, Parolles, live Safest in shame! being fool'd, by foolery thrive! There's place and means for every man alive. I'll after them.

[Exit.

SCENE IV.—Florence. The Widow's house.

Enter Helena, Widow, and Diana.

Hel. That you may well perceive I have not done wrong'd you,

One of the greatest in the Christian world Shall be my surety; 'tis whose throne 'tis needful, Ere I can perfect mine intents, to kneel:

Time was, I did him a desired office, Dear almost as his life; which gratitude Through flinty Tartar's bosom would peep forth, And let me speak it: I duly am inform'd

His grace is at Marseilles; to which place We have convenient convey. You must know, I am supposed dead: the army breaking, My husband bies him home; where, heaven aiding, And by the leave of my good lord the king, We'll be before our welcome.

Wid. Gentle madam, You never had a servant to whose trust Your business was more welcome.

Hel. Nor you, mistress, Ever a friend whose thoughts more truly labour To recompense your love: doubt not, but heaven Hath brought me up to be your daughter's dower, As it hath fated her to be my motive And helper to a husband. But, O strange men! That can such sweet use make of what they hate, When saucy trusting of the cozen'd thoughts Defiles the pitchy night: so lust doth play With what it loathes for that which is away. But more of this hereafter. You, Diana, Under my poor instructions yet must suffer Something in my behalf.

Dia. Let death and honesty Go with your impositions, I am yours Upon your will to suffer.

Hel. But with the word the time will bring on summer, When briers shall have leaves as well as thorns, And be as sweet as sharp. We must away; Our wagon is prepared, and time revives us:

ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL: still the fine's the crown;

Whate'er the course, the end is the renown. [Exeunt.

SCENE V.—Rousillon. The Count's palace.

Enter Countess, Lafey, and Clown.

Laf. No, no, no, your son was misled with a sniptaffeta fellow there, whose villainous saffron would have made all the unbaked and doughy youth of a nation in his colour: your daughter-in-law had been alive at this hour, and your son here at home, more advanced by the king than by that red-tailed hum- blee I speak of.

Count. I would I had not known him; it was the death of the most virtuous gentlewoman that ever nature had praise for creating. If she had partaken of my flesh, and cost me the dearest groans of a mother, I could not have owed her a more rooted love.

Laf. 'T was a good lady, 't was a good lady: we may pick a thousand salads ere we light on such another herb.

Clo. Indeed, sir, she was the sweet-marjoram of the salad, or rather, the herb of grace.

Laf. They are not herbs, you knave; they are new herbs.

Clo. I am no great Nebuchadnezzar, sir; I have not much skill in grass.

Laf. Whether dost thou profess thyself, a knave or a fool?

Clo. A fool, sir, at a woman's service, and a knave at a man's.

Laf. Your distinction?

Clo. I would cozen the man of his wife and do his service.

Laf. So you were a knave at his service, indeed.

Clo. And I would give his wife my bauble, sir, to do her service.

Laf. I will subscribe for thee, thou art both knave and fool.

Clo. At your service.

Laf. No, no, no.

Clo. Why, sir, if I cannot serve you, I can serve as great a prince as you are.

Laf. Who's that? a Frenchman?

Clo. Faith, sir, a has an English name; but his fisonomy is more hotter in France than there.

Laf. What prince is that?

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ACT V.

ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL.  SCENE II.

Clo. The black prince, sir; alias, the prince of darkness; alias, the devil.

Laf. Hold thee, there's my purse: I give thee not this to suggest thee from thy master thou talkest of; serve him still.

Clo. I am a woodland fellow, sir, that always loved a great fire; and the master I speak of ever keeps a good fire. But, sure, he is the prince of the world: let his nobility remain in 's court. I am for the house with the narrow gate, which I take to be too little for pomp to enter: some that humble themselves may: but the many will be too chill and tender, and they'll be for the flowery way that leads to the broad gate and the great fire.

Clo. 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.

Clo. If I put any tricks upon 'em, sir, they shall be jades' tricks; which are their own right by the law of nature. [Exit.

Laf. A shrewd knave and an unhappy.

Count. 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.

Laf. 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 other matter. How do your ladyship like it?

Count. With very much content, my lord; and I wish it happily effected.

Laf. 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.

Count. 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.

Laf. Madam, I was thinking with what manners I might safely be admitted.

Count. You need but plead your honourable privilege.

Laf. Lady, of that I have made a bold charter; but I thank my God it holds yet.

Re-enter Clown.

Clo. O madam, yonder is 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 pike and a half, but his right cheek is worn bare.

Laf. A scar nobly got, or a noble scar, is a good livery of honour: so be like is that.

Clo. But it is your caroubadoed face.

Laf. Let us go see your son, I pray you: I long to talk with the young noble soldier.

Clo. Faith, there's a dozen of 'em, with delicate fine hats and most courtly feathers, which bow the head and nod at every man. [Exit.

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 be 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, gauded 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. What's your will?

Gent. 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 his use.

Wid. Lord, how we lose our pains! Hel. All's well that ends well yet, Though time seem so adverse and means unit. 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. [Exit.

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. Prithée, allow the wind.

Par. Nay, you need not to stop your nose, sir; I speak but by a metaphor.

Clo. Indeed, sir, if your metaphor stink, I will stop my nose; or against any man's metaphor. Prithée, get thee further.

Par. Pray you, sir, deliver me this paper. Clo. Foh! prithee, stand away: a paper from fortune's close-stool to give to a nobleman! Look, here he comes himself.
Enter Lafeu.

Here is a purr of fortune's, sir, or of fortune's cat, — but not a muck-cat, — that has fallen into the unclean dishonour of her displeasure, and, as he says, is muddied withal: pray you, sir, use the carp as you may; for he looks like so poor, decayed, ingenuous, foolish, rascltye knife. I do pity his distresse in my similes of comfort and leave him to your lordship. [Exit.

Par. My lord, I am a man whom fortune hath cruelly scratched.

Laf. And what would you have me to do? 'Tis too late to pare her nails now. Wherein have you played the knave with fortune, that she should scratch you, who of herself is a good lady and would not have knaves thrive long under her? There's a quart due for you: let the justices make you and fortune friends: I am for other business. [word.

Par. I beseech your honour to hear me one single
Laf. You beg a single penny more: come, you shall have't; save your word.

Par. My name, my worthy lord, is Parolles.

Laf. You beg more than 'word,' then. Cox my passion! give me your hand. How does your drum?

Par. O my good lord, you were the first that found me! [thee.

Laf. Was I, in sooth? and I was the first that lost it.

Par. It lies in you, my lord, to bring me in some grace, for I have ruin'd your company.

Laf. Out upon thee, knave! dost thou put upon me at once both the office of God and the devil? One brings thee in grace and the other brings thee out. [Trumpets sound.] The king's coming; I know by his trumpets. Sirrah, inquire further after me; I had talk of you last night: though you are a fool and a knave, you shall eat; go to, follow.

Par. I praise God for you. [Exeunt.

SCENE III.—Rousillon. The Count's palace.

Flourish. Enter King, Countess, Lafeu, the two French Lords, with Attendants.

King. We lost a jewel of her; and our esteem Was made much poorer by it: but your son, As mad in folly, lack'd the sense to know Her estimation home.

Par. 'Tis past, my liege; And I beseech your majesty to make it Natural rebellion, done 't the blaze of youth; When oil and fire, too strong for reason's force, O'behrs it and burns on.

King. My honour'd lady, I have forgiven and forgotten all; Though my revenges were high bent upon him, And watch'd the time to shoot.

Laf. This I must say, But first I beg my pardon, the young lord Did to his majesty, his mother and his lady Offence of mighty note; but to himself The greatest wrong of all. He lost a wife Whose beauty did astonish the survey Of richest eyes, whose words all ears took captive, Whose dear perfection hearts that scorn'd to serve Humbly call'd mistress.

King. Praising what is lost Mas 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 insinuating reliefs of it: let him approach, A stranger, no offender; and inform him So 'tis our will he should.

Gent. I shall, my liege. [Exit.

King. What says he to your daughter? Have you spoke?

Laf. All that he is hath reference to your highness.

King. Then shall we have a match. I have letters sent me That set him high in fame.

Enter Bertram.

Laf. He looks well on 't.

King. I am not a day of season, For thou 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 blaming,

Dear sovereign, pardon to me.

King. All is whole; Not one word more of the consumed time. Let's take the instant by the forward top; For we are old, and on our quick'st decrees The inaudible and noiseless foot of Time Steals ere we can effect them. You remember The daughter of this lord?

Ber. Admirably, my liege, at first I stunk my choice upon her, ere my heart Durst make too bold a herald of my tongue Where the impression of mine eye infixing, Contempt his scornful perspective did lend me, Which warp'd the line of every other favour; Scorn'd a fair colour, or express'd it stolen; Extended or contracted all proportions To a most hodie object: thence it came That she whom all men praised and whom myself, Since I have lost, have loved, was in mine eye The dust that did offend it.

King. Well excused: That thou dost love her, strikes some scores away From the great compt: but love that comes too late, Like a remorseful pardon slowly carried, To the great sender turns a sour offence, Crying, 'That's good that's gone.' Our rash faults Make trivial price of serious things we have, Not knowing them until we know their grave: Off our unpleasures, 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 constate to the brightest hands: and here we'll stay To see our widow's second marriage-day.

Count. Which better than the first, O dear heaven, Or, ere they meet, in me, O nature, cesse! [bless! Laf. Come on, my son, in whom my house's name Must be digested, give a favour from you To sparkle in the spirits of my daughter, That she may quickly come. [Bertram gives a ring. By my old beard, And every hair that's on 't, Helen, that's dead, Was a sweet creature: such a ring as this, The last that e'er I took her leave at court, I saw upon her finger.

Ber. Hers it was not.

King. Now, pray you, let me see it; for mine eye, While I was speaking, oft was fasten'd to 't. This ring was mine; and, when I gave it Helen, I bade her, if her fortunes ever stood Necessitated to help, that by this token [her I would relieve her. Had you that craft, to reave Of what should stead her most?

Ber. My gracious sovereign, How'er it pleaseth you to take it so, The ring was never hers.

Count. Son, on my life, I have seen her wear it; and she reck'n'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: 229
In Florence was it from a casement thrown me, Wrapp'd in a paper, which contain'd the name Of her that threw it: noble she was, and thought I stood engaged: but when I had subscribed To mine own fortune and inform'd her fully I could not answer in that course of honor As she had made the overture, she ceased In heavy satisfaction and would never Receive the ring again.

King. That knows the tint and multiplying medicine, Hath not in nature's mystery more science Than I have here: that was Helen's, Whoever gave it you. Then, if you know That you are well acquainted with yourself, Confess 't was hers, and by what rough enforcement You got it from her: she call'd the saints to surety That she would never put it from her finger Unless she gave it to yourself in bed, Where you have never come, or sent it us Upon her great disaster.

She never saw it.

Ber. Thou speakest 't 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.—'t will 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.

My fore-past 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 easy Prove that I husband'd her bed in Florence, Where yet she never was.

[Exit. freund.

Enter a Gentleman.

Gracious sovereign, Whether I have been to blame or no, I know not: Here's a petition from a Florentine Who hath for four or five removes come short To tender it herself. I undertook it, Vanquish'd thereto by the fair grace and speech Of the poor suppliant, who by this I know Is here attending: her business lies in her With a supporting visage; and she told me, In a sweet verbal brief, it did concern Your highness with herself.

[Reads] Upon his many protestations to marry me when his wife was dead, I blush to say it, he won me. Now is the Count Rousillon a widower: his vows are forfend 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.

[Reads] And I am affrighted the life of Helen, lady, Was foully snatch'd.

Now, justice on the doers!

Enter Widow and Diana.

What woman's that?

DIA. I am, my lord, a wretched Florentine, Derived from the ancient Caplet;

My suit, as I do understand, you know, And therefore know how far I may be pitied. [our Widow. I am her mother, sir, whose age and hon-

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 [ther? But that I know them: do they charge me fur-

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; You give away heaven's vows, and those are mine; You give away myself, which is known mine; For I by vow am so embodied 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 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.

BER. What say'st thou to her?

DIA. She's impudent, my lord, And was a common gamester to the camp.

DIA. He does me wrong, my lord; if I were so, He might have bought me at a common price: Do not believe him. O, behold this ring, Whose high respect and rich validity Did lack a parallel; yet for all that He gave it to a commoner o' the camp, If I be one.

Count. He blushes, and 'tis it: Of six preceding ancestors, that gem, Conferr'd by testament to the sequent issue, Hath it been owned and worn. This is his wife; That ring's a thousand proof of it.

King. Methought you said You saw one here in court could witness it.

DIA. I did, my lord, but loath am to produce So bad an instrument: his name's Paroles.

LAF. I saw the man to-day, if man be he.

King. Find him, and bring him hither.

[Exit an Attendant.

What of him?

BER. He's quoted for a most perfidious slave, With all the spots of the world tax'd and debosh'd; Whose nature sickens but to speak a truth. Am I for 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 i' the wan'ton way of youth: She knew her distance and did angle for me, Madding 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
 Act V.  

ALL’S WELL THAT ENDS WELL.  

SCENE III.

You, that have turn’d off a first so noble wife,  
May justly diet me. I pray you yet;  
Since you lack virtue, I will lose a husband;  
Send for your ring, I will return it home,  
And give me mine again.  

Ber. I have it not.  

King. What ring was yours, I pray you?  

Sir, much like  

The same upon your finger. [late.  

King. Know you this ring? this ring was his of  

And this was it I gave him, being abed.  

King. The story then goes false, you threw it him  

Out of a casement.  

Dia. I have spoke the truth.  

Enter Parolles.  

Ber. My lord, I do confess the ring was hers.  

King. You boggle shrewdly, every feather starts  
Is this the man you speak of? [you.  

Dia. Ay, my lord.  

King. Tell me, sirrah, but tell me true, I charge  
Not fearing the displeasure of your master, [you,  

Which on your just proceeding I’ll keep off,  
By him and by this woman here what know you?  

Par. So please your majesty, my master hath been  

an honourable gentleman: tricks he hath had in him,  

which gentlemen have.  

King. Come, come, to the purpose: did he love this woman?  

Par. Faith, sir, he did love her; but how?  

King. How, I pray you? [woman.  

Par. He did love her, sir, as a gentleman loves a  

King. How is that?  

Par. He loved her, sir, and loved her not.  

King. As thou art a knave, and no knave. What  

an equivocal companion is this! [mand.  

Par. I am a poor man, and at your majesty’s com-  

Laf. He’s a good drum, my lord, but a naughty  

ator.  

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 be-  

tween them, as I said; but more than that, he loved her:  

for indeed he was mad for her, and talked of Sodom and Limbo and of Furies and I know not what:  

yet I was in that credit with them at that time  

that I knew of their going to bed, and of other motions,  

as promising her marriage, and things which  

would derive me ill will to speak of; therefore I will  

not speak what I know.  

King. Thou hast spoken all already, unless thou  

canst say they are married: but thou art too fine in  

thy evidence; therefore stand aside. This ring, you  

say, was yours?  

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.  

King. This ring was mine; I gave it his first wife.  

Dia. It might be yours or hers, for aught I know.  

King. Take her away; I do not like her now;  

To prison with her: and away with him.  

Unless thou tell’st me where thou hast had this ring,  

Thou diest within this hour.  

Dia. I’ll never tell you.  

King. Take her away.  

Dia. I’ll put in ball, my liege.  

King. I think thee now some common customer.  

Dia. By Jove, 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 ball. ’Stay, royal sir:  

[Exit Widow.  

The jeweller that owes the ring is sent for,  
And he shall surely me. But for this lord,  

Who hath abused me, as he knows himself,  

Though yet he never harm’d me, here I quit him:  

He knows himself my bed he hath defiled;  

And at that time he got his wife with child:  

Dead though she be, she feels her young one 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,  

I found you wondrous kind. There is your ring;  

And, look you, here’s your letter; this it says:  

‘When from my finger you can get this ring  

And are by me with child,’ &c. This is done:  

Will you be mine, now you are doubly won?  

Ber. If she, my liege, can make me know this  

I’ll love her dearly, ever, ever dearly. [clearly,  

Hel. If it appear not plain and prove untrue,  

Deadly divorce step between me and you!  

O my dear mother, do I see you living?  

Laf. Mine eyes smell onions; I shall weep anon:  

[To Parolles] Good Tom Drum, lend me a handker-  

cher: so,  

[thee:  

I thank thee: wait on me home, I’ll make sport with  

Let thy courties 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’est 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 keep’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 is done:  

All is well ended, if this suit be won,  

That you express content; which we will pay,  

With strife to please you, day exceeding day:  

Ours be your patience then, and yours our parts;  

Your gentle hands lend us, and take our hearts.  

[Exit.  

281.
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, gentlemen attending on the Duke.
Curio,
Sir Toby Belch, uncle to Viola.
Sir Andrew Aguecheek.
Malvolio, steward to Viola.

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;
Give me excess of it, that, surfeiting,
The appetite may sicken, and so die.
That strain again! It had a dying fall:
O, it came o'er my ear like the sweet sound,
That breathes upon a bank of violets,
Stealing and giving odour! Enough; no more:
'Tis not so sweet now as it was before.
O spirit of love! how quick and fresh art thou,
That, notwithstanding thy capacity
Receivest the sea, nought enters there,
Of what validity and pitch soever,
But falls into abatement and low price,
Even in a minute: so full of shapes is fancy
That it alone is high fantastical.
Cur. Will you go hunt, my lord?

Duke. What, Curio?

Cur. The hart.

Duke. Why, so I do, the noblest that I have:
O, when mine eyes did see Olivia first,
Methought she purged the air of pestilence!
That instant was I turn'd into a hart;
And my desires, like fell and cruel hounds,
E'er since pursue me.

Enter Valentine.

How now! what news from her?

Val. So please my lord, I might not be admitted;
But from her handmaid do return this answer:
The element itself, till seven years' heat,
Shall not behold her face at ample view;
But, like a cloisteress, she will veiled walk
And water once a day her chamber round
With eye-offending brine: all this to season
A brother's dead love, which she would keep fresh
And lasting in her sad remembrance.

Duke. O, she that hath a heart of that fine frame
To pay this debt of love but to a brother,
How will she love, when the rich golden shaft
Hath kill'd the flock of all affections else
That live in her; when liver, brain and heart,
These sovereign thrones, are all supplied, and fill'd
Her sweet perfections with one self king!
Away before me to sweet beds of flowers:

Love-thoughts lie rich when canopied with bow-

[Exeunt.

SCENE II.—The sea-coast.

Enter Viola, a Captain, and Sailors.

Vio. What country, friends, is this?

Cap. This is Illyria, lady.

Vio. And what should I do in Illyria?

Cap. My brother he is in Elysium.

Cap. He is not drown'd: what think you, sail-
Cap. It is perchance that you yourself were saved.

Vio. O my poor brother! and so perchance may he be.

Cap. True, madam: and, to comfort you with
Assure yourself, after our ship did split,
When you and those poor number saved with you
Hung on our driving hull, I saw your brother,
Most provident in peril, bind himself,
Courage and hope both teaching him the practice,
To a strong mast that lived upon the sea;
Where, like Arion on the dolphin's back,
I saw him hold acquaintance with the waves
So long as I could see.

Vio. For saying so, there's gold:
Mine own escape unfoldeth to my hope,
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.

Vio. Who governs here?

Cap. A noble duke, in nature as in name.

Vio. What is his name?

Cap. Orsino.

Vio. Orsino! I have heard my father name him:
He was a bachelor then.

Cap. And so is now, or was so very late;
For but a month ago I went from hence,
And then 't was fresh in murmure,—as, you know,
What great ones do the less will prattle of,—
That he did seek the love of fair Olivia.

Vio. What's she?

Cap. A virtuous maid, the daughter of a count
That died some twelvemonth since, then leaving her
In the protection of his son, her brother,
Who shortly also died: for whose dear love,
They say, she hath abjured the company
And sight of men.

Vio. O that I served that lady
And might not be delivered to the world,
Till I had made mine own occasion mellow,
What my estate is! 

_Cap._ That were hard to compass; 

_Bass._ 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 character. 
I prithee, and I'll pay thee bounteously,
Conceal me what I am, and be my aid
For such disguise as haply shall become
The form of my intent. I'll serve this duke: 
Thou shalt present me as an eunuch to him: 
It may be worth thy pains, 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 mate I'll be: 
When my tongue blabbs, then let mine eyes not see. 

_Vio._ I thank thee: lead me on.

**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, lady, takes great
exceptions to your ill hours.

_Sir To._ Why, let her except, before excepted. 

_Mar._ Ay, but you must confine yourself within
the modest limits of order.

_Sir To._ Confine! I'll confine myself no finer than
I am: these clothes are good enough to drink in; 
and so be these boots too: an they be not, let them
hang themselves in their own straps.

_Mar._ That quaffing and drinking will undo you: 
I heard my lady talk of it yesterday; and of a fool-
ish knight that you brought in one night here to be
her wooer.

_Sir To._ Who, Sir Andrew Aguecheek? 

_Mar._ Ay, he.

_Sir To._ He's as tall a man as any's in Illyria. 

_Mar._ What is that to the purpose? 

_Sir To._ Why, he has three thousand ducats a
year.

_Mar._ Ay, but he 'll have but a year in all these
ducats; he's a very fool and a prodigal.

_Sir To._ Fle, that you 'll say so! he plays o' the
villainy of boy, and speaks three or four languages
word for word without book, and hath all the good
gifts of nature.

_Mar._ He hath indeed, almost natural: for besides
that he's a fool, he's a great quarreller; and but
that he hath the gift of a coward to allay the gust
he hath in quarrelling, 'tis thought among the pru-
dent, he would be a thing to be looked upon as a
gray. 

_Sir To._ By this hand, they are soundreels and
substractors that say so of him. Who are they?

_Mar._ They that add, moreover, he's drunk nightly
in your company.

_Sir To._ With drinking healths to my niece: I'll
drink to her as long as there is a passage in my
throat and drink in Illyria: he's a coward and a
coystrill that will not drink to my niece till his
brainz turn o' the toe like a parish-top. What,
wench! Castillano vulgo! for here comes Sir Andrew
Agueface.

_Enter Sir Andrew Aguecheek._

_Sir And._ Sir Toby Belch! how now, Sir Toby
_Sir To._ Sweet Sir Andrew! 

[Belch!]

_Sir And._ Bless you, fair shrew.

_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 front
her, board her, woo her, assail her.

_Sir And._ By my troth, I would not undertake
her in this company. Is that the meaning of ' acc-
cost'? 

_Mar._ Fare you well, gentlemen.

_Sir To._ An thou let part so, Sir Andrew, would
thou mightest never draw sword again.

_Sir And._ An you part so, mistress, I would I
might never draw sword again. Pair 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.

_Mar._ Now, sir, 'thought is free': I pray you,
bring your hand to the buttery-bar and let it drink.

_Sir And._ Wherefore, sweet-heart? what's your
_Mar._ It's dry, sir. [metaphor]

_Sir And._ Why, I think so: I am not such an 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?

_Mar._ Ay, sir, I have them at my fingers' ends:
marry, now I let go your hand, I am barren. [Exit.

_Sir To._ O knight, thou lackest a cup of canary:
when did I see thee so put down?

_Sir And._ Never in your life, I think; unless you
see canary put me down. Methinks sometimes
I have no more wit than a Christian or an ordinary
man has: but I am a great eater of beef, and I be-
lieve that does harm to my wit.

_Sir To._ No question.

_Sir And._ An I thought that, I'd forswear it.

_Sir To._ I'll ride home to-morrow, Sir Toby.

_Sir To._ Pourquoi, my dear knight?

_Sir And._ What is 'pourquoi'? do or not do? I
would I had bestowed that time in the tongues that
I have in fencing, dancing and bear-baiting: O,
badly but followed the arts!

_Sir To._ Then hadst thou an excellent head of
hair.

_Sir And._ Why, would that have mended my hair?

_Sir To._ Past question; for thou seest it will not
curl by nature.

_Sir And._ But it becomes me well enough, does't
not?

_Sir To._ Excellent; it hangs like flax on a distaff;
and I hope to see a housewife take thee between her
legs and spin it off.

_Sir And._ Faith, I'll home to-morrow, Sir Toby:
your niece will not be seen; or if she be, it's four
to one she'll none of me; the count himself here
heard by word has to the point her.

_Sir To._ She'll none o' the count: she 'll not match
above her degree, neither in estate, years, nor wit;
I have heard her swear 't. Tut, there's life in 't,
man.

_Sir And._ I'll stay a month longer. I am a fellow
of the strangest mind in the world; I delight in
masques and revells sometimes altogether.

_Sir To._ Art thou good at these kickshawes,
knight?

_Sir And._ As any man in Illyria, whatsoever he
be, under the degree of my betters; and yet I will
not compare with an old man.

_Sir To._ What is thy excellence in a galliard,
knight?

_Sir And._ Faith, I can cut a caper.

_Sir To._ And I can cut the mutton to 't.
ACT I.  
TWELFTH NIGHT; OR, WHAT YOU WILL.  
SCENE V.

Sir And.  And I think I have the back-trick simply as strong as any man in Illyria.
Sir To.  Wherefore are these things hid? wherefore have these gifts a curtain before 'em? are they like to take dust, like Mistress Mall's picture? why dost thou not go to church in a garrayard and come home in a coranto? My very walk should be a jig; I would not so much as make water but in a sink-a-pace. What dost thou mean? Is it a world to hide virtues in? I did think, by the excellent constitution of thy leg, it was formed under the star of a galliard.

Sir And. Ay, 'tis strong, and it does indifferent well in a flame-coloured stock. Shall we set about some revels?
Sir To.  What shall we do else? were we not born under Taurus?

Sir And.  Taurus! That's sides and heart.
Sir To.  No, sir; it is legs and thighs. Let me see thee caper: ha! higher: ha, ha! excellent! [Exeunt.]

SCENE IV. — The Duke's palace.

Enter Valentine, and Viola in man's attire.

Val.  If the duke continue these favours towards you, Cesario, you are like to be much advanced: he hath known you but three days, and already you are no stranger.

Vio.  You either fear his humour or my negligence, that you call in question the continuance of his love; is he inconstant, sir, in his favours?

Val.  No, believe me.

Vio.  I thank you. Here comes the count.

Enter Duke, Curio, and Attendants.

Duke.  Who saw Cesario, ho?

Vio.  On your attendance, my lord; here.

Duke.  Stand you awhile aloof. Cesario, thou know'st no less but all; I have uncles'd To thee the book even of my secret soul: Therefore, good youth, address thy gait unto her; Be not denied access, stand at her doors, And tell them, there thy fixed foot shall grow Till thou have audience.

Vio.  Sure, my noble lord, If she be so abandon'd to her sorrow As it is spoken, she never will admit me.

Duke.  Be clamorous and leap all civil bounds Rather than make unprofited return.

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 more grave aspect.

Vio.  I think not so, my lord.

Duke.  Dear lad, believe it; For they shall yet belie thy happy years, That say thou art a man: Diana's lip Is not more smooth and rubious; thy small pipe Is as the maiden's organ, shrill and sound, And all is semblative a woman's part. I know thy constellation is right apt For this affair. Some four or five attend him; All, if you will; for I myself am best When least in company. Prosper well in this, And thou shalt live as freely as thy lord, To call his fortunes thine.

Vio.  I'll do my best To woo your lady: [Aside] yet, a barful strife! Whoe'er I woo, myself would be his wife. [Exeunt.]
better increasing your folly! Sir Toby will be sworn that I am no fox; but he will not pass his word for two pence that you are no fool.

**Oli.** How say you to that, Malvolio?

Malvolio. Sir, a villain (I say, a villain) takes delight in such a barren rascal: I saw him put down the other day with an ordinary fool that has no more brain than a stone. Look you now, he's out of his guard already; unless you laugh and minister occasion to him, he is gagged. I protest, I take these wise men, that crow so at these set kind of fools, no better than the fools' tanies.

**Oli.** O, you are sick of self-love, Malvolio, and taste with a distempered appetite. To be generous, guiltless and of free disposition, is to take those things for bird-bolts that you deem cannon-bullets: there is no slander in an allowed fool, though he do nothing but rail: nor nothing in a known discreet man, though he do nothing but reprove.

**Clo.** Now Mercury endue thee with leasing, for thou speakest well of fools!

**Re-enter Maria.**

**Mar.** Madam, there is at the gate a young gentleman much desires to speak with you.

**Oli.** From the Count Orsino, is it?

**Mar.** I know not, madam; 'tis a fair young man, and well attended.

**Oli.** Who of my people hold him in delay?

**Mar.** Sir Toby, madam, your kinsman.

**Oli.** Fetch him off, I pray you; he speaks nothing but madman: fie on him! [Exit Maria.] Go you, Malvolio: if it be a suit from the count, I am sick, or not at home; what you will, to dismiss it. [Exit Malvolio.] Now you see, sir, how your fooling grows old, and people dislike it.

**Clo.** Thou hast spoke for us, madonna, as if thy eldest son should be a fool; whose skull Jove cram with brains! for,—here he comes,—one of thy kin has a most weak pia mater.

**Enter Sir Toby.**

**Oli.** By mine honour, half drunk. What is he at the gate, cousin?

**Sir To.** A gentleman.

**Oli.** A gentleman! what gentleman?

**Sir To.** 'Tis a gentleman here—a plague on these pickle herring! How now, sot!

**Clo.** Good Sir Toby, Oli.

**Oli.** Cousin, cousin, how have you come so early by this lechery?

**Sir To.** Lechery! I defy lechery. There's one at the gate.

**Oli.** Ay, marry, what is he?

**Sir To.** Let him be the devil, and he will, I care not: give me faith, say I. Well, it's all one. [Exit.

**Oli.** What's a drunken man like, fool?

**Clo.** Like a drowned man, a fool and a mad man: one draught above heat makes him a fool; the second mads him; and a third drowns him.

**Oli.** Go thou and seek the crowner, and let him sit o' my cox: for he's in the third degree of drink, he's drowned: go, look after him.

**Clo.** He is but mad yet, madonna; and the fool shall look to the madman. [Exit.

**Re-enter Malvolio.**

**Mal.** Madam, yond young fellow swears he will speak with you. I told him you were sick; he takes on him to understand so much, and therefore comes to speak with you. I told him you were asleep; he seems to have a foreknowledge of that too, and therefore comes to speak with you. What is to be said to him, lady? he's fortified against any denial.

**Oli.** Tell him he shall not speak with me.

**Mal.** Has been told so; and he says, he'll stand at your door like a sheriff's post, and be the supporter to a bench, but he'll speak with you.

**Oli.** What kind o' man is he?

**Mal.** Why, of mankind.

**Oli.** What manner of man?

**Mal.** Of very ill manner; he'll speak with you, will you or no.

**Oli.** Of what personage and years is he?

**Mal.** Not yet old enough for a man, nor young enough for a boy; as a squash is before 'tis a pease; for a coding with the mast: 'tis with him in standing water, between boy and man. He is very well-favoured and he speaks very shrewishly; one would think his mother's milk were scarce out of him.

**Oli.** Let him approach: call in my gentlewoman.

**Mal.** Gentlewoman, my lady calls. [Exit.

**Enter Viola, and Attendants.**

**Vio.** The honourable lady of the house, which is she? [Exit.

**Oli.** Speak to me; I shall answer for her. Your

**Vio.** Most radiant, exquisite and unmatchable beauty,—I pray you, tell me if this be the lady of the house, for I never saw her. I would be loath to owe away my speech, for besides that it is excellently well penned, I have taken great pains to con it. Good beauties, let me sustain no scorn; I am very compe May, even to the least sinister usage.

**Oli.** Whence came you, sir?

**Vio.** I can say little more than I have studied, and that question's out of my part. Good gentle one, give me modest assurance if you be the lady of the house, that I may proceed in my speech.

**Oli.** Are you a comedian?

**Vio.** No, my profound heart: and yet, by the very fangs of malice I swear, I am not that I play. Are you the lady of the house?

**Oli.** If I do not usurp myself, I am.

**Vio.** Most certain, if you are she, you do usurp yourself; for what is yours to bestow is not yours to reserve. But this is from my commission: I will on with my speech in your praise, and then show you the heart of my message.

**Viola.** Come, what is important in 't: I forgive you the praise. [Poetical.]

**Vio.** Alas, I took great pains to study it, and 'tis

**Oli.** It is the more like to be feigned: I pray you, keep it in. I heard you were sanguine at my gates, and allowed your approach rather to wonder at you than to hear you. If you be not mad, be gone; if you have reason, be brief: 'tis not that time of moon with me to make one in so skipping a dialogue.

**Mar.** Will you hoist sail, sir? here lies your way.

**Vio.** No, good 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 overture of war, no taxation of homage: I hold the olive in my hand; my words are as full of peace as matter.

**Oli.** Yet you have begun rudely. What are you? what would you?

**Vio.** The rudeness that hath appeared in me have I learned from my entertainment. What I am, and what I would, are as secret as maidenhead; to your ears, divinity, to any other's, profanation.

**Oli.** Give us the place alone: we will hear this divinity. [Exit Maria and Attendants.] Now, sir, what is your text?
ACT II.  TWELFTH NIGHT; OR, WHAT YOU WILL.  SCENE I.

Viola.  Most sweet lady,—
Olivia.  A comfortable doctrine, and much may be said of it.  Where lies your text?
Viola.  In Orsino's bosom.
Olivia.  In his bosom!  In what chapter of his bosom?
Viola.  To answer by the method, in the first of his heart;
Olivia.  O, I have read it: it is heresy.  Have you no more to say?
Viola.  Good madam, let me see your face.
Olivia.  Have you any commission from your lord to negotiate with my face?  You are now out of your text; but we will draw the curtain and show you the picture.  Look, you sir, such a one I was this present: is 't not well done?

[Unveiling.]
Viola.  Excellently done, if God did all.
Olivia.  'Tis in grain, sir; 't will endure wind and weather.
Viola.  'T is beauty truly bent, 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.
Olivia.  O, sir, I will not be so hard-hearted; I will give out diverse schedules of my beauty: it shall be inventoried, and every particle and utensil labelled to my name; item, two lips, indifferently red; item, two grey eyes, with lids to them; item, one neck, one chin, and so forth.  Were you sent hither to praise me?
Viola.  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 crowned
The nonpareil of beauty!
Olivia.  How does he love me?
Viola.  With adorations, fertile tears,
With groans that thunder love, with sighs of fire.
Olivia.  Your lord does know my mind; I cannot
Love him:
Yet I suppose him virtuous, know him noble,
Of great estate, of fresh and stainless youth;
In voices so divulged, free, learn'd and valiant;
And in dimension and the shape of nature
A gracious person: but yet I cannot love him;
He might have took his answer long ago.
Viola.  If I did love you in my master's flame,
With such a sufferance, such a deadly life,
In your denial I would find no sense;
I would not understand it.

Olivia.  Why, what would you?
Viola.  Make me a willow cabin at your gate,
And call upon my soul within the house;
Write loyal cantons of contented love
And sing them loud even in the dead of night;
Hallow your name to the reverberate hills
And make the babbling gossip of the air
Cry out 'Olivia! O, you should not rest
Between the elements of air and earth,
But you should pity me!
Olivia.  You might do much.
What is your parentage?
Viola.  Above my fortunes, yet my state is well:
I am a gentleman.
Olivia.  Get you to your lord;
I cannot love him: let him send no more;
Unless, perchance, you come to me again,
To tell me how he takes it.  Fare you well:
I thank you for your pains: spend this for me.
Viola.  I am no fee'd post, lady; keep your purse:
My master, not myself, lacks recompense.
Love make his heart of flint that you shall love;
And let your fervour, like my master's, be
Placed in contempt!  Farewell, fair cruelty.  [Exit.]
Olivia.  'What is your parentage?'
Avove my fortunes, yet my state is well:
I am a gentleman.  I'll be sworn thou art;
Thy tongue, thy face, thy limbs, actions and spirit,
Do give thee five-fold blazon: not too fast: soft, soft!
Unless the master were the man.  How now!
Even so quickly may one catch the plague?
Methinks I feel this youth's perfections
With an invisible and subtle stealth.
To creep in at mine eyes.  Well, let it be.
What ho, Malvolio!

Re-enter Malvolio.

Malvolio.  Here, madam, at your service.
Olivia.  Run after that same peevish messenger,
The count'y man: he left this ring behind him,
Would I or not: tell him I'll none of it.
Desire him not to flatter with his lord,
Nor hold him up with hopes: I am not for him:
If that the youth will come this way to-morrow,
I'll give him reasons for 't: his thee, Malvolio.
Malvolio.  Madam, I will.  [Exit.
Olivia.  I do I know not what, and fear to find
Mine eye too great a flatterer for my mind.
Fate, show thy force: ourselves we do not owe;
What is decreed must be, and be this so.  [Exit.

ACT II.

SCENE I.—The sea-coast.

Enter Antonio and Sebastian.

Antonio.  Will you stay no longer? nor will you not that I go with you?
Sebastian.  By your patience, no.  My stars shine darkly over me: the malignancy of my fate might perhaps distemper yours; therefore I shall crave of you your leave that I may be my evils alone: it were a bad recommendation for your love, to lay any of them on you.
Antonio.  Let me yet know of you whither you are bound.
Sebastian.  No, sooth, sir: my determinate voyage is mere extravagancy.  But I perceive in you so excellent a touch of modesty, that you will not extort from me what I am willing to keep in; therefore it charges me in manners the rather to express myself.  You must know of me then, Antonio, my name is Sebastian, which I called Roderigo.  My father was that Sebastian of Messaline, whom I know you have heard of.  He left behind him myself and a sister, both born in an hour: if the heavens had been pleased, would we had so ended!  but you, sir, altered that; for some hours before you took me from the breach of the sea was my sister drowned.
Antonio.  Alas the day!
Sebastian.  A lady, sir, though it was said she much resembled me, was yet of many accounted beautiful: but, though I could not with such estimable wonder overfar believe that, yet thus far I will boldly publish her: she bore a mind that envy could not but call fair.  She is drowned already, sir, with salt water, though I seem to drown her remembrance again with more.
Antonio.  Pardon me, sir, your bad entertainment.
Sebastian.  O good Antonio, forgive me your trouble.
Antonio.  If you will not murder me for my love, let me be your servant.
Sebastian.  If you will not undo what you have done, that is, kill him whom you have recovered, desire it not.  Fare ye well at once: my bosom is full of kindness, and I am yet so near the manners of my
other, that upon the least occasion more mine eyes will tell tales of me. I am bound to the Count Orsino’s court: farewell. [Exit. The gentleness of all the gods go with thee! I have many enemies in Orsino’s court, Else would I very shortly see thee there. But, come what may, I do adore thee so, That danger shall seem sport, and I will go. [Exit.

SCENE II.—A street.

Enter Viola, Malvolio following.

Mal. Were not you even now with the Countess Olivia?

Vio. Even now, sir; on a moderate pace I have since arrived but hither.

Mal. She returns this ring to you, sir: you might have saved my pains, to have taken it away yourself. She adds, moreover, that you should put your lord into a desperate assurance she would none of him: and one thing more, that you be never so hardly to come again in his affairs, unless it be to report your lord’s taking of this. Receive it so.

Vio. She took the ring of me: I’ll none of it.

Mal. Come, sir, you peevishly threw it to her; and her will is, it should be so returned: if it be worth stopping for, there it lies in your eye; if not, be it his hand that finds it.

Vio. I left no ring with her: what means this lady? Fortune forbid my outside have not charm’d her! She made good view of me; indeed, so much, That sure methought her eyes had lost her tongue, For she did speak in starts distractedly. She loves me, sure; the cunning of her passion Invites me in this churlish manner. None of my lord’s ring! why, he sent her none.

I am the man: if it be so, as ‘tis,
Poor lady, she were better love a dream.
Disguise, I see, thou art a wickedness,
Wherein the pregnant enemy does much.
How easy is it for the proper-false
In women’s waxen hearts to set their forms!
Alas, our frailty is the cause, not we!
For such as we are made of, such we be.
How will this fadge? my master loves her dearly;
And I, poor monster, fond as much on him;
And she, mistaken, seems to do on me.
What will become of this? As I am man,
My state is desperate for my master’s love;
As I am woman,—now alas the day!—
What thriftless sighs shall poor Olivia breathe!
O time! thou must unhang this, not I:
It is too hard a knot for me to untie! [Exit.

SCENE III.—Olivia’s house.

Enter Sir Toby and Sir Andrew.

Sir To. Approach, Sir Andrew: not to be a-bed after midnight is to be up betimes; and ‘dilicufo surgere,’ thou know’st.

Sir And. Nay, by my troth, I know not: but I know, to be up late is to be up late.

Sir To. A false conclusion: I hate it as an unfilled can. To be up after midnight and to go to bed then, is early: so that to go to bed after midnight is to go to bed betimes. Does not our life consist of the four elements? Sir And. Faith, so they say; but I think it rather consists of eating and drinking.

Sir To. Thou’rt a scholar; let us therefore eat and drink. Marian, I say! a stoop of wine!

Enter Clown.

Sir And. Here comes the fool, I’ faith.

Clo. How now, my hearts! did you never see the picture of ‘we three’?

Sir To. Welcome, ass. Now let’s have a catch.

Sir And. By my troth, the fool has an excellent breast. I had rather than forty shillings I had such a leg, and so sweet a breath to sing, as the fool has. In sooth, thou wast in very gracious fooling last night, when thou spokst of Pigrogromitus, of the Vapians passing the equinoctial of Quebus; ’twas very good, ’t faith. I sent thee sixpence for thy leman: hast it?

Clo. I did impose thy gratuity; for Malvolio’s nose is no whipstock: my lady has a white hand, and the Myrmidons are no bottle-ale houses.

Sir And. Excellent! why, this is the best fooling, when all is done. Now, a song.

Sir To. Come on; there is sixpence for you: let’s have a song.

Sir And. There’s a testril of me too; if one knight give a—

Clo. Would you have a love-song, or a song of good life?

Sir To. A love-song, a love-song.

Sir And. Ay, ay: I care not for good life.

Clo. [Sings]

O mistress mine, where are you roaming?
O, stay and hear; your true love’s coming,
That can sing both high and low;
Trip no further, pretty sweeting,
Journeys end in lovers meeting,
Every wise man’s son doth know.

Sir And. Excellent good, ’t 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 deader;
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, ’t faith.

Sir To. To hear by the nose, it is dulcet in contagion.
But shall we make the welkin dance indeed? shall we rouse the night-owl in a catch that will draw three souls out of one weaver? shall we do that?

Sir And. An you love me, let’s do ’t: I am dog at a catch.

Clo. By'r lady, sir, and some dogs will catch well.

Sir And. Most certain. Let our catch be, ‘Thou knave.’

Clo. ’Hold thy peace, thou knave, knight? I shall be constrained in ’t to call thee 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, ’t faith. Come, begin.

Enter Maria.

Mar. What a caterwauling do you keep here! If my lady have not called up her steward Malvolio and bid him turn you out of doors, never trust me.

Sir To. My lady’s a Catalan, we are politicians, Malvolio’s a Peg-a-Ramsay, and ’ Three merry men be we. Am not I consanguineous? am I not of her blood? Tillyvania! Lady! ’ [Sings] ‘There dwell a man in Babylon, lady, lady!’ [Fing.

Clo. Beshrew me, the knight’s in admirable fool.

Sir And. Ay, he does well enough if he be disposed, and so do I too: he does it with a better grace, but I do it more natural.

Sir To. [Sings] ’O, the twelfth day of December,—’

Mar. For the love o’ God, peace!

Enter Malvolio.

Mal. My masters, are you mad? or what are you?

Have you no wit, manners, nor honesty, but to gab—

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ble like tinkers at this time of night? Do ye make an alehouse of my lady's house, that ye squeak out your cozier's catches without any mitigation or remorse of voice? Is there no respect of place, persons, or time in you?

Sir To. We did keep time, sir, in our catches. Snatch up!

Mal. Sir Toby, I must be round with you. My lady bade me tell you, that, though she harbours you as her kinsman, she's nothing allied to your disorders. If you can separate yourself and your misdemeanours, you are welcome to the house; if not, and you would please you to take leave of her, she is very willing to bid you farewell.

Sir To. 'Farewell, dear heart, since I must needs be gone.'

Mar. Nay, good Sir Toby.

Clo. 'His eyes do show his days are almost done.'

Mal. Is't even so?

Sir To. 'But I will never die.'

Clo. Sir Toby, there you lie.

Mal. This is much credit to you.

Clo. 'What an if you do?'

Sir To. 'Shall I bid him go?'

Clo. 'Shall I bid him go, and spare not?'

Clo. 'No, no, you dare not.'

Sir To. Out o' time, sir: ye lie. Art any more than a steward? Dost thou think, because thou art virtuous, there shall be no more cakes and ale?

Clo. Yes, by Saint Anne, and ginger shall be hot in the mouth too.

Sir To. Thou 'rt i' the right. Go, sir, rub your chain with crumbs. A stoup of wine, Maria! Mal. Mistress Mary, if you priz'd my lady's favour at any thing more than contempt, you would not give means for this uncivil rule: she shall know of it, by this hand.

[Exit.]

Mar. Go shake your ears.

Sir To. And. 'Twere as good a deed as to drink when a man's a-hungry, to challenge him the field, and then to break promise with him and make a fool of him.

Sir To. Do 't, knight: I'll write thee a challenge; or I'll deliver thy indignant 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 gull him into a newyard, and make him a common recreation, do not think I have wit enough to lie straight in my words. I know I can do it.

Sir To. Possess us, possess us; tell us something of him.

Mar. Marry, sir, sometimes he is a kind of puritan.

Sir And. O, if I thought that, I'd beat him like a dog!

Sir To. What, for being a puritan? thy exquisite reason, dear knight?

Sir And. I have no exquisite reason for 't, but I have reason good enough.

Mar. The devil a puritan that he is, or any thing constantly, but a time-pleaser; an affectioned ass, that constates without book and utters it by great swarthys: the best persuaded of himself, so crammed, as he thinks, with excellencies, that it is his grounds of faith that all that look on him love him; and on that vice in him will my revenge find notable cause.

Sir To. What wilt thou do? [to work.]

Mar. I will droop in his way some obscure epistles of love; wherein, by the colour of his beard, the shape of his leg, the manner of his gait, the expressure of his eye, forehead, and complexion, he shall find himself most feelingly personated. I can write very like my lady your niece: on a forgotten matter we can hardly make distinction of our hands.

Sir To. Excellent! I smell a device.

Sir And. I have 't in my nose too.

Sir To. He shall think, by the letters that thou wilt drop, that they come from my niece, and that she's in love with him.

Mar. My purpose is, indeed, a horse of that condition.

Sir And. And your horse now would make him an ass.

Mar. Ass, I doubt not.

Sir And. O, 't will be admirable!

Mar. Sport royal, I warrant you: I know my physic will work with him. I will plant you two, and let the third, where he shall find the letter: observe his construction of it. For this night, to bed, and dream on the event. Farewell.

[Exit.]

Sir To. Good night, Penthesilea.

Sir And. Before me, she's a good wench. Sir To. She's a beagle, true-bred, and one that adores me: what 'o that?

Sir And. I was adored once too.

Sir To. Let's to bed, knight. Thou hadst 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 her not i' the end, call me out.

Sir And. If I do not, never trust me, I take it how you will.

Sir To. Come, come, I'll go burn some sack; 'tis too late to go to bed now: come, knight; come, knight.

[Exit.]

SCENE IV. — The Duke's palace.

Enter Duke, Viola, Orsino, and others.

Duke. Give me some music. Now, good morrow, now, good Cesario, but that piece of song, friends. That old and antique song we heard last night: Methought it did relieve my passion much. More than light airs and recollected terms Of these most brisk and giddy-paced times: Come, but one verse.

Curt. He is not here, so please your lordship, that should sing it.

Duke. Who was it?

Curt. 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 the while.

[Exit Orsino. — Music plays.]

Come hither, boy: if ever thou shalt love,
In the sweet pangs of it remember me;
For such as I am all true lovers are,
Unstaid and skittish in all motions else,
Save in the constant image of the creature
That is beloved. How dost thou like this tune?

Vio. It gives a very echo to the sent
Where Love is throne.

Duke. Thou dost speak masterly:
My life upon 't, young though thou art, thin eye
Hath stay'd upon some favour that it loves:
Hath 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, 't faith?

Vio. About your years, my lord.

[Duke. Too old, by heaven: let still the woman
An elder than herself: so wears she to him,
So sways she level in her husband's heart:
For, boy, however we do praise ourselves,
Our fancies are more giddy and uniform,
More longing, wavering, sooner lost and worn,
Than women's are.

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TWELFTH NIGHT; OR, WHAT YOU WILL. Scene V.

Vio. I think it well, my lord.
Duke. Then let thy love be younger than thyself, Or thy affection cannot hold the bent; For women are as roses, whose fair flower Being once display’d, doth fall that very hour.
Vio. And so they are: alas, that they are so; To die, even when they to perfection grow!

Re-enter Curio and Clown.

Duke. O, fellow, come, the song we had last night, Mark it, Cesario, it is old and plain; The spinsters and the knitters in the sun And the free maidens that weave their thread With do use to chant it: it is silly sooth, [bones And dallies with the innocence of love, Like the old age.
Clo. Are you ready, sir?

SONG.

Clo. Come away, come away, death, And in sad cypress let me be laid; Fly away, fly away, breath: I am slain by a fair cruel maid.
My shroud of white, stuck all with yew, O, prepare it! My part of death, no one so true Didd share it.
Not a flower, not a flower sweet, On my black coffin let me 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!

Duke. There’s for thy pains.
Clo. No pains, sir; I take pleasure in singing, sir.
Duke. I’ll pay thy pleasure then.
Clo. Truly, sir, and pleasure will be paid, one time or another.
Duke. Give me now leave to leave thee.
Clo. Now, the melancholy god protect thee; and the tailor make thy doubtful 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 everywhere; for that’s it that always makes a good voyage of nothing. Farewell.
Duke. 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 bestow’d upon her, Tell her, I hold as giddily as fortune; But ’tis that miracle and queen of gems That nature pranks her in attracts my soul.
Vio. But if she cannot love you, sir?
Duke. I cannot be so answer’d.
Vio. Sooth, but you must 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 hide 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 palates, That suffer surfeit, cloyment and revolt; But mine is all as hungry as the sea, And can digest as much: make no compare Between that love a woman can bear me And that I owe Olivia.
Vio. Ay, but I know—
Duke. What dost thou know?
Vio. Too well what love women to men may owe: In faith, they are as true of heart as we. My father had a daughter 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’di the bud, Feed on her damask cheek: she pined in thought, And with a green and yellow melancholy She sat like patience on a monument, Smiling at grief. Was not this love indeed? We men may say more, swear more: but indeed Our shows are more than will; for still we prove Much in our vows, but little in our love.
Duke. But did thy sister of her love, my boy? Vio. I am all the daughters of my father’s house, And all the brothers too: and yet I know not Sir, shall I to this lady?
Duke. Ay, that’s the theme. To her in haste; give her this jewel; say, My love can give no place, bide no denay. [Exit.

SCENE V.—Olivia’s garden.

Enter Sir Toby, Sir Andrew, and Fabian.

Sir To. Come thy ways, Signior Fabian.
Fab. Nay, I’ll come: if I lose a scruple of this sport, let me be boile with death with melancholy.
Sir To. Wouldst thou not be glad to have the nigglardy rascally sheep-biter come by some notable shame?
Fab. I would exult, man; you know, he brought me out o’ favour with my lady about a bear-baiting here.
Sir To. To anger him we’ll have the bear again; and we will fool him black and blue: shall we not, Sir Andrew?
Sir And. An we do not, it is pity of our lives.
Sir To. Here comes the little villain.

Enter Maria.

How now, my metal of India!

Mar. Get ye three all into the box-tree: Malvolio’s coming down this walk: he has been yonder i’ the sun practising behaviour to his own shadow this half hour: observe him, for the love of mockery; for I know this letter will make a contemplative idiot of him. Close, in the name of jesting! Lie thou there [throws down a letter]; for here comes the trout that must be caught with tickling. [Exit.

Enter Malvolio.

Mal. ’Tis but fortune; all is fortune. Maria once told me she did affect me; and I have heard herself come thus near that, should she fancy, it should be one of my complexion. Besides, she uses me with a more exalted respect than any one else that follows her. What should I think on’t? Sir To. Here’s an overweening rogue!
Fab. O, peace! Contemplation makes a rare turkcy-ock of him: how he jets under his advanced plumes!
Sir And. ’Slight, I could so beat the rogue!
Sir To. Peace, I say.
Mal. To be Count Malvolio!
Sir To. Ah, rogue!
Sir And. Pluck him, pistol him.
Sir To. Peace, peace!
Mal. There is example for’t; the lady of the Strachy married the yeoman of the wardrobe.
Sir And. Fle on him, Jezebel!

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ACT II.

TWELFTH NIGHT; OR, WHAT YOU WILL. SCENE V.


Mal. Having been three months married to her, sitting in my state,—

Sir To. O, for a stone-bow, to hit him in the eye!

Mal. Calling my officers about me, in my branched velvets: having come from a day-bed, where I have left Olivia sleeping,—

Sir To. Fire and brimstone!

Fab. O, peace, peace!

Mal. And then to have the humour of state; and after a demure travel of regard, telling them I know my place as I would they should do theirs, to ask for my kinsman Toby.

Sir To. Bolts and shackles!

Fab. O, peace, peace, peace! now, now.

Mal. Seven of my people, with an obedient start, make out for him: I frown the while; and perchance wind up my watch, or play with my—some rich jewel Toby approaches; courtesies there to Sir To Shall this fellow live? [me,--

Fab. Though our silence be drawn from us with ears, yet peace.

Mal. I extend my hand to him thus, quenching my familiar smile with an austere regard of control.

Sir To. And does not Toby take you a blow o' the lips then?

Mal. Saying, 'Cousin Toby, my fortunes having cast me on your niece give me this prerogative of Sir To. What, what? [speech,--

Mal. 'You must amend your drunkenness.' Sir To. Out, sead! [plot.

Fab. Nay, patience, or we break the sinews of our Mal. 'Besides, you waste the treasure of your time with a foolish knight,'—

Sir And. That's me, I warrant you.

Mal. 'One Sir Andrew.' [fool.

Sir And. I knew 't was I; for many do call me Mal. What employment have we here?

[Taking up the letter.

Fab. Now is the woodcock near the gin.

Sir To. O, peace! and the spirit of humours intimate reading aloud to him!

Mal. By my life, this is my lady's hand: these be her very C's, her U's and her T's: and thus makes she her great P's. It is, in contempt of question, her hand.

Sir And. Her C's, her U's and her T's: why that?

Mal. [Reads] 'To the unknown beloved, this, and my good wishes:—very her phrases! By your leave, wax. Soft! and the impressure her Lucrece, with which she uses to seal: 't is my lady. To whom should this be?

Fab. This wins him, liver and all.

Mal. 'I may command where I adore.' Why, she may command me: I serve her; she is my lady. Why, this is evident to any formal capacity: there is no obstruction in this: and the end,—what should that alphabetical position portend? If I could make that resemble something in me,—Softly! M, O, A, I;'--

Sir To. O, ay, make up that: he is now at a cold scent.

Fab. Sowter will cry upon 't for all this, though it be as rank as a fox.

Mal. M.—Malvolio; M.—why, that begins my Fab. Did not I say he would work it out? the cur is excellent at faults.

Mal. M.—but then there is no consomancy in the sequel; that suffers under probation: A should follow, but O does.

Fab. And O shall end, I hope. [cry O!

Sir To. Ay, or I'll end all him, and make him Mal. And then I comes behind.

Fab. Ay, an you had any eye behind you, you might see more distraction at your heels than fortunes before you.

Mal. M, O, A, I; this simulation is not as the former: and yet, to crush this a little, it would bow to me, for every one of these letters are in my name. Soe, here follows prooe.

[Reads] 'If this fall into thy hand, revolve. In my stars I am above thee; but be not afraid of greatness: some are born great, some achieve greatness, and some have greatness thrust upon 'em. Thy Fates open their hands; let thy blood and spirit embrace them; and, to incure thyself to what thou art like to be, cast thy humble slop and appear fresh. Be opposite to a kinsman, surly with servants; let thy tongue tag arguments of state; put thyself into the trick of singularity: she thus advises thee that sighs for thee. Remember who commended thy yellow stockings, and wished to see thee ever cross-gartered: I say, remember. Go to, thou art made, if thou desirest to be so; if not, let me see thee a steward still, the fellow of servants, and not worthy to touch Fortune's fingers. Farewell. She that would alter services with thee,

THE FORTUNATE-UNHAPPY.' Daylight and champaign flowers not more: this is open. I will be proud, I will read politic authors, I will baffle Sir Toby, I will wash off gross acquaintance, I will be point-devise the very man. I do not now fool myself, to let imagination jade me; for every reason excites to this, that my lady loves me. She did commend me in manydings late, she did praise my leg being cross-gartered; and in this she manifests herself to my love, and with a kind of injunction drives me to these habits of her liking. I thank my stars I am happy. I will be strange, stout, in yellow stockings, and cross-gartered, even with the swiftness of putting on. Jove and my stars be praised! Here is yet a postscript.

[Reads] 'Thou canst not choose but know who I am. If thou entertainest my love, let it appear in thy smiling; thy smiles become thee well; therefore in my presence still smile, dear my sweet, I prithee.'

Jove, I thank thee: I will smile; I will do everything that you will have me.

[Exit. Fab. I will not give my part of this sport for 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 an one's jest.

Sir And. Nor I neither.

Fab. Here comes my noble gull-catcher.

Re-enter Maria.

Sir To. Wilt 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-slime?
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 true say; does it work upon him?
Sir To. Like aqua-vite 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 't is 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. No, 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.
Vio. You have said, sir. To see this age! A sentence is but a cheveril glove to a good wit: how quickly the wrong side may be turned outward!
Vio. Nay, that's certain: they that daily nicely with words may quickly make them wanton.
Clo. I would, therefore, my sister had had no name.
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
Vio. Thy reason, man? [them.
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.
Clo. 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?
Clo. No, indeed, sir, the Lady Olivia has no folly: she will keep no fool, sir, till she be married; and fools are as like husbands as pilchards are to herrings; the husband's the bigger: I am indeed not her fool, but her corruptor of words.
Vio. I saw thee late at the Count Orsino's.
Clo. Foolery, sir, does walk about the orb like the sun, it shines every where. I would be sorry, sir, but the fool should be as ort with your master as with my mistress: I think I saw your wisdom there.
Vio. Nay, an thou pass upon me, I'll no more with thee. Hold, there's expenses for thee.
Clo. Now Jove, in his next commodity of hair, send thee a beard!
Vio. By my troth, I'll tell thee, I am almost sick for one; [Aside though I would not have it grow on my chin. Is thy lady within?
Clo. Would not a pair of these have bred, sir?
Vio. Yes, being kept together and put to use.
Clo. I would play Lord Pandarus of Phrygia, sir, to bring Cressida to this Troilus.
Vio. I understand you, sir; 't is well begged.
Clo. The matter, I hope, is not great, sir, begging but a beggar: Cressida was a beggar. My lady is within, sir. I will construe to them whence you come; who you are and what you would are out of my welkin, I might say 'element,' but the word is over-worn. [Exit.

Vio. This fellow is wise enough to play the fool; And to do that well craves a kind of wit: He must observe their mood on whom he jests, The quality of persons, and the time, And, like the beggar, 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 voyages.
Sir To. Taste your legs, sir; put them to motion.
Vio. My legs do better understand me, sir, than I understand what you mean by bidding me taste.
Sir To. I mean, to go, sir, to enter. [my legs.
Vio. I will answer you with gait and entrance.
But we are prevented.

Enter Olivia and Maria.

Most excellent accomplished lady, the heavens rain odours on you!

Sir And. That youth's a rare courtier: 'Rain odours;' well.
Vio. My matter hath no voice, lady, but to your own most pregnant and vouchsafed ear.
Sir And. 'Odours,' 'pregnant' and 'vouchsafed:' I'll get 'em all three all ready.

Ol. Let the garden-door be shut, and leave me to my hearing. [Exeunt Sir Toby, Sir Andrew, and Maria.] Give me my hand, sir.

Vio. My duty, madam, and most humble service.

Ol. What is your name?

Vio. Cesario is your servant's name, fair princess.

Ol. My servant, sir! 'T was never merry world Since lowly feigning was call'd compliment: You're servant to the Count Orsino, youth. [yours;
Vio. And he is yours, and his must needs be Your servant's servant is your servant, madam. Ol. For him, I think not on him: for his thoughts, Would they were blanks, rather than fill'd with me!
Vio. Madam, I come to whet your gentle thoughts On his behalf.

Ol. O, by your leave, I pray you, I bade you never speak again of him: But, would you undertake another suit, I had rather hear you to sollicit Than music from the spheres.

Vio. Dear lady,—

Ol. Give me leave, beseech you. I did send,
After the last enchantment you did here, A ring in chase of you: so did I abuse Myself; my servant and, I fear me, you: Under your charm's constraining grace, I sit, To force that on you, in a shamefull cunning, Which you knew none of yours: what might you think? Have you not set mine honour at the stake And baited it with all the unmuzzled thoughts That tyrannous heart can think? To one of your conferring Enough is shown: a cypress, not a bosom, Hideth my heart. So, let me hear you speak.

Vio. I pity you.

Oli. That's a degree of love.

Vio. No, not a grize; for 't is a vulgar proof, That very oft we pity enemies.

Oli. Why, then, methinks 't is time to smile again. O world, how apt the poor are to be proud! If one should be a prey, how much the better To fall before the lion than the wolf!

The clock upbraids me with the waste of time. Be not afraid, good youth, I will not have you: And yet, when wit and youth is come to harvest, Your wife is like to reap a proper man: There lies your way, due west. [

[Clock strikes.]

[Exit Sir Toby, Sir Andrew, and Fabian.]

Enter Sir Toby, Sir Andrew, and Fabian.

Sir And. No, faith, I'll not stay a jot longer.

Sir To. Thy reason, dear venom, give thy reason.

Fab. You must needs yield your reason, Sir Andrew.

Sir And. Marry, I saw your niece do more favours to the count's serving-man than ever she bestowed upon me; I saw 't i' the orchard.

Sir To. Did she see thee the while, old boy? tell me that.

Sir And. As plain as I see you now.

Fab. This was a great argument of love in her toward you.

Sir And. 'Slight, will you make an ass o' me? Fab. I will prove it legitimate, sir, upon the oaths of judgment and reason.

Sir To. And they have been grand-jurymen since before Noah was a sailor.

Fab. She did show favour to the youth in your sight only to make you, to awake your dormouse valour, to put fire in your heart, and brimstone in your liver. You should then have accosted her; and with some excellent jests, fire-new from the mint, you should have banged the youth into dumbness. This was looked for at your hand, and this was balked: the double gift of this opportunity you let the wash off, and you are now sailed into the north of my lady's opinion; where you will hang like an icicle on a Dutchman's beard, unless you do redeem it by some laudable attempt either of valour or policy.

Sir And. An I be any way, it must be with valour; for policy I hate: I had as lie 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 men'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 curt 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 'st him some trifle, it shall not be amiss; and as many lies 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 at the cubiculo: go.

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 't?

Sir To. Never trust me, then; and by all means stir on the youth to an answer. I think oxen and wolves cannot hate them together. For Andrew, if he were opened, and you find so much blood in his liver as will clog the foot of a flea, I'll eat the rest of the anatomy.

Fab. And his opposite, the youth, bears in his visage no great presage of cruelty.

Enter Maria.

Sir To. Look, where the youngest wren of nine comes.

Mar. If you desire the spleen, and will laugh yourselves into stitches, follow me. Yond gull Malvolio is turned heathen, a very renegado; for this 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 predecessor, he does obey 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 hearing 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.]
ACT III.

TWELFTH NIGHT; OR, WHAT YOU WILL. SCENE IV.

SCENE III.—A street.

Enter Sebastian and Antonio.

Seb. I would not by my will have troubled you; but, since you make your pleasure of your pains, I will no further chide you.

Ant. I could not stay behind you: my desire, more sharp than 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, Unguided and unfriended, often prove Rough and unhospitable: my willing love, The rather by these arguments of fear, Set forth in your pursuit.

Seb. My kind Antonio, I can no other answer make but thanks, and thanks; and ever... oft good turns Are shuffled off with such uncurrent pay: But, were my worth as is my conscience firm, You should find better dealing. What's to do? Shall we go see the reliques of this town?

Ant. To-morrow, sir; best first go see your lodging.

Seb. I am not weary, and 'tis long to night; I pray you, let us satisfy our eyes With the memorials and the things of fame That do renown this city.

Ant. Would you 'ld pardon me; I do not without danger walk these streets: Once, in a sea-fight, 'gainst the count his galleys I did some service; of such note indeed, That were I ta'en here it would scarce be answer'd.

Seb. Bellike you slew great number of his people. Ant. The offence is not of such a bloody nature; Albeit the quality of the time and quarre.

Seb. 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 visions of the relics here; and how there shall you have me.

Seb. Why your purse?

Ant. Hadly 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. [Exit.

SENE 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 bor. I speak too loud. [row'd.

Where is Malvolio? he is sad and civil, And suits well for a servant with my fortunes: Where is Malvolio?

Mar. He's coming, madam; but in very strange manner. He is, sure, possessed, madam.

Oli. Why, what's the matter? does he rave?

Mar. No, madam, he does nothing but smile: your ladyship were best to have some guard about you, if he come; for, sure, the man is tainted in 's wits.

Oli. Go call him hither. [Exit Maria.] I am as mad as he, If sad and merry madness equal be.

Re-enter Maria, with Sir Toby and Fabian.

Oli. 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 commands shall be executed: I think we do know the sweet Roman hand.

Oli. Wilt thou go to bed, Malvolio? [thee.

Mal. To bed! ay, sweet-heart, and I'll come to Oli. God comfort thee! Why dost thou smile so and kiss thy hand so oft?


Mal. At your request! yes; nightingales answer Mar. Why appear you with this ridiculous 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. Heaven restore thee! [stocksings,—

Mal. 'Remember who commended thy yellow Oli. Thy yellow stockings!

Mal. 'And wished to see thee cross-gartered.'

Oli. Cross-gartered! [be so;—

Mal. 'Go to, thou art made, if thou desirest to Oli. Am I made?

Mal. 'If not, let me see thee a servant still.'

Oli. Why, this is very midsummer madness.

Enter Servant.

Ser. Madam, the young gentleman of the Count Orsino's is returned: I could hardly entreat him back: he attends your ladyship's pleasure.

Oli. I'll come to him. [Exit Servant.] Good Maria, let this letter be lookt to. Where's my cousin Toby? Let some of my people have a special care of him: I would not have him miscarry for the half of my dowry. [Exit Olivia and Maria.

Mal. O, ho! do you come near me now? no worse man than Sir Toby to look to me! This concurs directly with the letter: she sends him on purpose that, I may appear stubborn to him; for she incites me to that in the letter. 'Cast thy humble slough,' says she; 'be opposite with a kinsman, surly with servants; let thy tongue tang with arguments of state; put thyself into the trick of singularity; and consequently sets at him down the manner how; as, a sad face, a reverend carriage, a slow tongue, in the habit of some sir of note, and so forth. I have limed her; but it is Jove's doing, and Jove make me thankful! And when she went away now, 'Let this fellow be lookt to; 'fellow! not Malvolio, nor after my degree, but fellow. Why every thing adapts how, no dran of a scruple, no scruple of a scruple, no obstacle, no incredulous or unsafe circumstance—What can be said? Nothing that can be can come between me and the full prospect of my hopes. Well, Jove, not I, is the doer of this, and he is to be thanked.

Re-enter Maria, with Sir Toby and Fabian.

Ser. Which way is he, in the name of sanctity? If all the devils of hell be drawn in little, and Legion himself possessed him, yet I'll speak to him.

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Fab. Here he is, here he is. How is 't with you, sir? how is 't with you, man?  
Mal. Go off; I discard you: let me enjoy my private: go off.  
Mar. Lo, how hollow the fiend speaks within him! did not I tell you? Sir Toby, my lady prays you to have a care of him.  
Mal. Ah, ha! does she so?  
Sir To. Go to, go to; peace, peace; we must deal gently with him: let me alone. How do you, Malvolio? how is 't with you? What, man! defy the devil: consider, he's an enemy to mankind.  
Mal. Do you know what you say?  
Mar. La you, an you speak ill of the devil, how takes God? Pray God, he be not bewitched!  
Fab. Carry his water to the wise woman.  
Mar. Marry, and it shall be done to-morrow morning, if I live. My lady would not lose him for more than I'll say.  
Mal. How now, mistress!  
Mar. O Lord!  
Sir To. Prithee, hold thy peace; this is not the way: do you not see you move him? let me alone with him.  
Fab. No way but gentleness; gently, gently: the fiend is rough, and will not be roughly used.  
Sir To. Why, how now, my bawcock! how dost thou now?  
Mal. Sir!  
Sir To. Ay, Biddy, come with me. What, man! 't is not for gravity to play at cherry-pit with Satan: hang him, foul collier!  
Mar. Get him to say his prayers, good Sir Toby, get him to pray.  
Mal. My prayers, minx! [Exit.  
Mar. No, I warrant you, he will not hear of god-  
Mal. Go, hang yourselves all! you are idle slo-  
low things: I am not of your element: you shall know more hereafter.  
[Exit.  
Sir To. Is 't possible?  
Fab. If this were played upon a stage now, I could condemn it as an improbable fiction.  
Sir To. His very genius hath taken the infection of the device, man.  
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.  
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 't.'  
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.'  
[less.  
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 killest me like a rogue and a villain.'  
[good.  
Fab. Still you keep o' the windy side of the law:  
Sir To. [Reads] 'Fare thee well; and God have mercy upon one of our souls! He may have mercy upon mine; but my hope is better, and so look to Mal.'  
Fab. Well, as thou used him, and thy sworn enemy, Andrew Aguecheek.' If this letter move him not, his legs cannot: I'll give 't him.  
Mar. You may have very fit occasion for 't: he is now in some commerce with my lady, and will by and by depart.  
Sir To. Go, Sir Andrew: scout me for him at the corner, and the orchard like a bull-bally: so soon as ever thou seest him, draw; and, as thou drawest, swear horrible; for it comes to pass oft that a terri-  
ble oath, with a swaggering accent sharply twanged off, gives manhood more approbation than ever proof itself would have earned him. A way!  
Sir And. Nay, let me alone for swearing. [Exit.  
Sir To. Now will not I deliver his letter: for the behaviour of the young gentleman gives him out to be of good capacity and breeding; his employment between his lord and my niece confirms no less: therefore this letter, being so excellently ignorant, will breed no terror in the youth: he will find it cloaked in by a coldpolo. 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 impetu-osity. This will so fright him 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.  
[Exit.  
Sir Toby, Fabian, and Maria.  
Oli. I have said too much unto a heart of stone  
And laid mine honour too unchary out:  
There's something in me that reproves my fault;  
But such a headstrong potent fault it is,  
That it but mocks reproof.  
Vi. With the same behaviour that your passion  
Goes on my master's grief.  
Oli. Here, wear this jewel forme, 't is my picture;  
Refuse it not; it hath no tongue to vex you;  
And I beseech you come again to-morrow.  
What shall you ask of me that I'll deny,  
That honour saved may upon asking give?  
Vi. 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?  
Vi. I will acquit you.  
Oli. Well, come again to-morrow: fare thee well:  
A fiend like thee might bear my soul to hell. [Exit.  
Re-enter Sir Toby and Fabian.  
Sir To. Gentleman, God save thee.  
Vi. And you, sir.  
Sir To. That defence thou hast, betake thee to 't:  
of what use to thee the wrongs are thou hast done him,  
I know not; but thy intercuper, 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.  
Vi. You mistake, sir; I am sure no man hath  
y any quarrel to me: my remembrance is very free  
and clear from any image of offence done to any  
man.  
Sir To. You'll find it otherwise, I assure you:  
therefore, if you hold your life at any price, betake  
you to your guard; for your opposite hath in him
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 divided through his incensement; at this moment is so implacable, that satisfaction can be none but by pangs of death and sepulchre. Hob, nob, is his word; give't or take't.

Vio. I will return again into the house and desire some conduct of the lady. I am no fighter. I have heard of some kind of man that put quarrls purposely on others, to taste their valor be like this is a man of that quirk.

Sir To. Sir, no; his indignation derives itself out of a very competent injury: therefore, get you on and give him his desire. Back you shall not to the house, unless you undertake that with me which with as much safety you might answer him: therefore, on, or strip your sword stark naked; for meddle you must, that 's certain, or forewear to wear iron about you.

Vio. This is as uncivil as strange. I beseech you, do me this courteous office, as to know of the knight my offence to him is: it is something of my negligence, nothing of my purpose.

Sir To. I will do so. Signior Fabian, stay you by this gentleman till my return. [Exit.

Vio. Pray you, sir, do you know of this matter?

Fab. I know the knight is incensed against you, even to a mortal arbitrement; but nothing of the circumstance more.

Vio. I beseech you, what manner of man is he?

Fab. Nothing of that wonderful promise, to read him by his form, as you are like to find him in the proof of his valor. 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 your peace with him if I can.

Vio. I shall be much bound to you for 't: I am one that had rather go with sir priest than sir knight: I care not who knows so much of my mettle. [Exit.]

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 stuck in such a thrust; and, as to your own, that it is inevitable; and on the answer, he pays you as surely as your feet hit the ground they step on. They say he has been fencer to the Sophie.

Sir And. Fox on't, I'll not meddle with him.

Sir To. Ay, but he will not now be pacified: Fabian can scarce bear him.

Sir And. Pague on't, and 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 Capitano.

Sir To. I'll make the motion: stand here, make a good show on 't: this shall end without the perdition of souls. [Aside] Marry, I'll ride your horse as well as I ride you.

Re-enter Fabian and Viola.

[To Fab.] I have his horse to take up the quarrel: I have persuaded him the youth 's a devil.

Fab. He is as horribly conceited of him; and pants and looks pale, as if a bear were at his heels.

Sir To. [To Vio.] There's no remedy, sir; he will fight with you for 's oath sake: marry, he had been betrothed him of his quarrel, and he finds that now scarce to be worth talking of: therefore draw, for the supportance of his vow: he protests he will not hurt you.

Vio. [Aside] Pray God defend me! A little thing would make me tell them how much I lack of a man.

Fab. Give ground, if you see him furious.

Sir To. Come, Sir Andrew, there's no remedy; the gentleman will, for his honour's sake, have one bout with you; he cannot by the duello avoid it: but he has promised me, as he is a gentleman and a soldier, he will not hurt you. Come on; 'tis.

Sir And. Pray God, he keep his oath!

Vio. I do assure you, 'tis against my will.

[They draw.]

Enter Antonio.

Ant. Put up your sword. If this young gentleman have done offence, I take the fault on me: [man]

If you offend him, I for him defy you.

Sir To. You, sir! why, what are you?

Ant. One, sir, that for his love dares yet do more Than you have heard him brag to you he will.

Sir To. Nay, if you be an undertaker, I am for you.

[They draw.]

Enter Officers.

Fab. O good Sir Toby, hold! here come the officers.

Sir To. I'll be with you anon.

Vio. Pray, sir, you'll come on up, if you please.

Sir And. Marry, will I, sir; and, for that I promised you, I'll be as good as my word: he will bear you easily and reins well.

First Off. This is the man; do thy office.

Sec. Off. Antonio, I arrest thee at the suit of Count Orsino.

Ant. You do mistake me, sir. [well,

First Off. No, sir, no jot; I know your favour Though now you have no sea-cap on your head.

Take him away: he knows I know him well.

Ant. I must obey. [To Vio.] This comes with seeking you.

But there's no remedy; I shall answer it.

What will you do, now my necessity Makes me to ask you for my purse? It grieves me Much more for what I cannot do for you Than what befalls myself. You stand amazed; But be of comfort.

Sec. Off. Come, sir, away.

Ant. I must entreat of you some of that money.

Vio. What money, sir?

For the fair kindness you have show'd me here, And, part, being prompted by your present trouble, Out of my lean and low ability I'll lend you something: my having is not much; I'll make division of my present with you: Hold, there's half my coffer.

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 you think a man As to upbraid you with those kindesses 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, wanton, babbling, drunkenness, Or any taint of vice whose strong corruption Inhabits our frail blood.

Ant. O heavens themselves! I see here [here

Ant. Let me speak a little. This youth that you snatch'd one half out of the jaws of death, Believed him with such sanctity of love, And to his image, which methought did promise Most venerable worth, did I devotion. [away!}

First Off. What's that to us? The time goes by:

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'erfulfiU'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.

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.

Sir To. I dare lay any money 't will 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.

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 coxney. I prithee now, ungrind thy strangeness and tell me what I shall vent to my lady: shall I vent to her that thou art coming?

Seb. I prithee, foolish Greek, depart from me:
There's money for thee: if you tarry longer, I shall give worse payment.

Clo. By my troth, thou hast an open hand. These wise men that give fools money get themselves a good report—after fourteen years' purchase.

Enter Sir Andrew, Sir Toby, and Fabian.

Sir And. Now, sir, have I met you again? there's for you.

Seb. Why, there's for thee, and there, and there.

Are all the people mad?

Sir To. Hold, sir, or I'll throw your dagger o'er the house.

Clo. This will I tell my lady straight: I would not be in some of your coats for two pence. [Exit.

Sir To. Come, 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.

Sir To. Come, sir, I will not let you go. Come, my young soldier, put up your iron; you are well fleshed; come on.

Seb. I will be free from thee. What wouldst thou now?

If thou darest tempt me further, draw thy sword.

Sir To. What, what? Nay, then I must have an ounce or two of this malapert blood from you.

Enter Olivia.

Oli. Hold, Toby; on thy life I charge thee, hold!

Sir To. Madam!
ACT IV.  TWELFTH NIGHT; OR, WHAT YOU WILL.  SCENE III.

Clo. Out, hyperbolical fiend! how vexest thou this man! talkest thou nothing but of ladies?
Sir To. Well said, master Parson.
Mal. Sir Topas, never was man thus wronged: good Sir Topas, do not think I am mad: they have laid me here in hideous darkness.
Clo. Sir, thou art indeed Satan! I call thee by the most modest terms; for I am one of those gentle ones that will use the devil himself with courtesy: sayst thou that house is dark?
Mal. As hell, Sir Topas.
Clo. Why, it hath bay windows transparent as brocade, and the eastern sun, as the east to the north are as lustrous as ebony; and yet complainest thou of obstruction?
Mal. I am not mad, Sir Topas: I say to you, this house is dark.
Clo. Madman, thou errest: I say, there is no darkness but ignorance; in which thou art more puzzled than the Egyptians in their fog.
Mal. I say, this house is as dark as ignorance, though ignorance were as dark as hell; and I say, there was never man thus abused. I am no more mad than you are: make the trial of it in any constant question.
Clo. What is the opinion of Pythagoras concerning wild fowl?
Mal. That the soul of our grandam might haply inhabit a bird.
Clo. What thinkest thou of his opinion?
Mal. I think nobly of the soul, and no way approve his opinion.
Clo. Fare thee well. Remain thou still in darkness: thou shalt hold the opinion of Pythagoras ere I will allow of thy wits, and fear to kill a woodcock, lest thou dispossess the soul of thy grandam.
Fare thee well.
Mal. Sir Topas, Sir Topas!
Sir To. My most exquisite Sir Topas!
Clo. Nay, I am for all waters.
Mar. Thou mightest have done this without thy beard and gown: he sees thee not.
Sir To. To him in thine own voice, and bring me word how thou dost him: I would we were well rid of him. This thou dost in a manner may be conveniently delivered, I would lie were, for I am now so far in offence with my niece that I cannot pursue with any safety this sport to the upshot. Come by and by to my chamber. [Exeunt Sir Toby and Maria.
Clo. [Singing] 'Hey, Robin, jolly Robin,'
Mal. Fool! Fool!
Clo. 'My lady is unkind, perdy,'
Mal. Fool! Fool!
Clo. 'Alas, why is she so?'
Mal. Fool, I say.
Clo. 'She loves another':—who calls, ha?
Mal. Good fool, as ever thou wilt deserve well at my hand, help me to a candle, and pen, ink and paper: as I am a gentleman, I will live to be thankful to thee for 't.
Clo. Master Malvolio?
Mal. Ay, good fool.
Clo. Mal, Sir, how fell you besides your five wits?
Mal. Fool, there was never man so notoriously abused: I am as well in my wits, fool, as thou art.
Clo. But as well? then you are mad indeed, if you be no better in your wits than a fool.
Mal. They have here propounded me; keep me in darkness, send ministers to me, ass, and do all they can to face me out of my wits.
Clo. Advise you what you say; the minister is here.
Malvolio, Malvolio, thy wits the heavens restore! I endeavour thyself to sleep, and leave thy vain babble babble.
Mal. Sir Topas?
Clo. Maintain no words with him, good fellow.

Mal. Fool, fool, fool, I say!
Clo. Alas, sir, be patient. What say you, sir? I am shent for speaking to you.
Mal. Good fool, help me to some light and some paper: I tell thee, I am as well in my wits as any man in Illyria.
Clo. Well-a-day that you were, sir!
Mal. By this hand, I am. Good fool, some ink, paper and light; and convey what I will set down to my lady: it shall advantage thee more than ever the bearing of letters did.
Clo. I will help you to 't. But tell me true, are you not mad indeed? or do you but counterfeit?
Mal. Believe me, I am not; I tell thee true.
Clo. Nay, I'll ne'er believe a madman till I see his brains. I will fetch you light and paper and ink.
Mal. Fool, I'll requite it in the highest degree: I prithee, be gone.
Clo. [Singing] I am gone, sir, And anon, sir, I'll be with you again, In a trice, Like to the old Vice, Your need to sustain;
Who, with dagger of lath, In his rage and his wrath, Cries, ah, ha! to the devil: Like a mad lad, Pare thy nails, dad; Adieu, good man devil. [Exeunt.

SCENE III.—Olivia's garden.

Enter Sebastian.

Seb. This is the air: that is the glorious sun; This pearl she gave me, I do feel 't and see 't; And though 't is wonder that enravels me thus, Yet 't is not madness. Where's Antonio, then? I could not find him at the Elephant: Yet there he was; and there I found this credit, That he did range the town to seek me out. If he may be conveniently delivered, I would lie were, for I am now so far in offence with my niece that I cannot pursue with any safety this sport to the upshot. Come by and by to my chamber.

Enter Olivia and Priest.

Oli. Blame not this haste of mine. If you mean well, Next come 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 While you are willing it shall come to note, What time we wait our celebration keep According to my birth. What do you say?
Seb. I'll follow this good man, and go with you; And, having sworn truth, ever will be true.
Oli. Then lead the way, good father; and heavens so shine, That they may fairly note this act of mine!

[Exeunt.]
ACT V.

SCENE I.—Before Olivia's house.

Enter Clown and Fabian.

Fab. Now, as thou lovest me, let me see his letter.

Clo. Good Master Fabian, grant me another re-

Fab. Any thing. [quest.

Clo. Do not desire to see this letter.

Fab. This is, to give a dog, and in recompense desire my dog again.

Enter Duke, Viola, Curio, and Lords.

Duke. Belong you to the Lady Olivia, friends?

Clo. Ay, sir: we are some of her trappings.

Duke. I know thee well; how dost thou, my good fellow?

Clo. Truly, sir, the better for my foes and the worse for my friends.

Duke. Just the contrary; the better for thy

Clo. No, sir, the worse. [friends

Duke. How can that be?

Clo. Marry, sir, they praise me and make an ass of me; now my foes tell plainly I am an ass: so that by yea, no; since putting the knowledge of myself, and by my friends I am abused; so that, conclusions to be as kisses, if your four negatives make your two affirmatives, why, then, the worse for my friends and the better for my foes.

Duke. Why, this is excellent.

Clo. By my troth, sir, no; though it please you to be one of my friends.

Duke. Thou shalt not be the worse for me: there's gold.

Clo. But that it would be double-dealing, sir, I would you could make it another.

Duke. O, you give me ill counsel.

Clo. Put your grace in your pocket, sir, for this once, and let your flesh and blood obey it.

Duke. Well, I will be so much a sinner, to be a double-dealer; there's another.

Clo. Primo, secundo, 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 Benet's, 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 am, indeed; but I would not have you to think that my desire of having is the sin of covetousness: but, as you say, sir, let your bounty take a nap, I will awake it anon. [Exit.

Vio. Here comes the man, sir, that did rescue me.

Enter Antonio and Officers.

Duke. That face of his I do remember well: Yet, when I saw it last, it was besmeared As black as Vulcan in the smoke of war; A bawling vessel was he captain of, For shallow draught and bulk unprizable; With which such seafall grapple did he make With the most noble bottom of our fleet, That very envy and the tongue of loss: [ter? Cried fame and honour on him. What's the matter?

First Off. Orsino, this is that Antonio
That took the Phoenix and her fraught from Candy; And this is he that did the Tiger board, When your young nephew Titus lost his leg: Here in the streets, desperate of shame and state, In private brabble did we apprehend him.

Vio. He did me kindness, sir, drew on my side; But in conclusion put strange speech upon me: I know not what 't was but distraction.

Duke. Notable pirate! thou salt-water thief! What foolish boldness brought thee to their mercies, Whom thou, in terms so bloody and so dear, Hast made thine enemies?

Ant. Orsino, noble sir, Be pleased that I shake off these names you give me: Antonio never yet was thief or pirate, Though I confess, on base and ground enough, Orsino's enemy. A witchcraft drew me hither: That most ingratitude boy there by your side, From the vile seas's enraged and foamy mouth Did I redeem; a wreck past hope he was: His life I gave him and did thereto add My love, without retention or restraint, All his in dedication; for his sake Did I expose myself, pure for his love, Into the danger of this adverse town; Drew to defend him when he was beset: Where being apprehended, his false cunning, Not meaning to 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 own purse, in which I had recommended to his use; [have, No half an hour before.

Vio. How can this be?

Duke. When came he to this town? [fore,

Ant. To-day, my lord, and for three months be-

No interim, not a minute's vacancy,

Both day and night did we keep company.

Enter Olivia and Attendants.

Duke. Here comes the countess: now heaven walks on earth. [ness:

But for thee, fellow; fellow, thy words are mad—

Three months this youth hath tended upon me; But more of that anon. Take him aside. [have, Oli. What would my lord, but that he may not
Wherein Olivia may seem servicable?

Cesario, you do not keep promise with me.

Vio. Madam!

Duke. Gracious Olivia—

Oli. What do you say, Cesario? Good my lord,— Vio. My lord would speak; my duty humes me.

Oli. If it be ought to the old tune, my lord,

It is as fat and fulsone to mine ear As howling after music.

Duke. Oli. Still so cruel?

Oli. Still so constant, lord.

Duke. What, to perverseness? you uncivil lady, To whose ingrane and unauspicious altars My soul the faithfull's offerings hath breathed out That e'er devotion tender'd? What shall I do?

Oli. Even what it please my lord, that shall be-

come him.

Duke. Why should I not, had I the heart to do it, Like to the Egyptian thief at point of death, Kill what I love?—a savage jealousy

That sometime savours nobly. But hear me this: Since you to non-regardance cast my faith, And that I partly know the instrument That screws me from my true place in your favour, Live you the marble-breasted tyrant still; But this your minion, whom I know you love, And whom, by heaven I swear, I tender dearly, Him will I tear out of that cruel eye, Where he sits crowned in his master's spite. Come, boy, with me; my thoughts are ripe in mis-

chief. To spite a raven's heart within a dove. [chief.

Vio. And I, most jocund, apt and willingly, To do you rest, a thousand deaths would die.

Oli. Where goes Cesario?

Vio. After him I love More than I love these eyes, more than my life,
ACT V.  
TWELFTH NIGHT; OR, WHAT YOU WILL.  SCENE I.

More, by all mores, than e'er I shall love wife.
If I do feign, you witnesses above
Punish my life for tainting of my love!
Oli. Ay me, detested! how am I beguiled!
Vio. Who does beguile you? who does do you wrong?

Oli. Hast thou forgot thyself? is it so long?
Call forth the holy father.

Duke. Come, away!
Duke. Oli. And he stay, husband: can he that deny?
Duke. Her husband, sirrah!
Vio. No, my lord, not I.
Oli. Alas, it is the baseness of thy fear
That makes thee strange thy propriety:
Fare not, Cesario; take thy fortunes up;
Be that thou know'st thou art, and then thou art
As great as that thou fear'st.

Enter Priest.

O, welcome, father!
Father, I charge thee, by thy reverence,
Here to unfold, though lately we intended
To keep this denunciation now.
Reveals before 'tis ripe, what thou dost know
Hath newly pass'd between this youth and me.

Priest. A contract of eternal bond of love,
Confirm'd by mutual joinder of your hands,
Attested by the holy close of lips,
Strength'en'd by interchanging of your rings;
And all the ceremony of this compact
Seal'd in my function, by my testimony: [grave
Since when, my watch hath told me, toward my
I have travell'd but two hours.

Duke. O thou disseminating cub! what witthou be?
When time hath sowed a grizzle on thy case?
Or willst thou make thy craggy youth grow,
That thine own trip shall be thine overthrow?
Farwell, and take her: but direct thy feet
Where thou and I henceforth may never meet.

Vio. My lord, I do protest—
Oli. O, do not swear! I 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: we took him for a coward, but he's the very devil incarnate.

SIR AND. 'Od's lifestings, 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 bespeak 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, he would have tickled you o'ergnates 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, so?
Clo. O, he's drunk, Sir Toby, an hour agone; his eyes were set at right in 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 knife, a thin-faced knife, 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 kins:
But, had it been the brother of my blood, [man; I must have done no less with wit and safety.

You throw a strange regard upon me, and by that
I do perceive it hath offended you:
Pardon me, sweet one, even for the vows
We made each other but so late ago. [persons,

Duke. One face, one voice, one habit, and two
A natural perspective, that is and is not!

Seb. Antonio, O my dear Antonio!
How have the hours rack'd and tortured me,
Since I have lost thee!

ANT. Sebastian are you?

Seb. Fear'st thou that, Antonio?

ANT. How have you the division of yourself?

An apple, cleft in two, is not more twin
Than these two creatures. Which is Sebastian?

Oli. Most wonderful!

Seb. Do I stand there? I never had a brother;

Nor can there be that deity in my nature,
Of here and every where I had a sister,

Whom the blind waves and surges have devour'd.

Of charity, what kin are you to me?
What countryman? what name? what parentage?

Vio. Of Messaline: Sebastian was my father;

Such a Sebastian was my brother too,

So went he suited to his watery tomb:
If spirits can assume both form and suit

You come to fright us.

Seb. A spirit I am indeed;

But am in that dimension grossly clad

Which from the womb I did participate.

Were you a woman, as the rest goes even,
I should my tears let fall upon your cheek,

And say 'Thrice-welcome, drowned Viola!'

Vio. My father had a mole upon his brow.

Seb. And so had mine. [birth

Vio. And died that day when Viola from her

Had number'd thirteen years.

Seb. O, that record of life lively in my soul!

He finished indeed his mortal act
That day that made my sister thirteen years.

Vio. If nothing lets to make us happy both

But this my masculine usurp'd attire,
Do not embrace me till each circumstance

Of place, time, fortune, do cohere and jump

That I am Viola: which to confirm,

I'll bring you to a captain in this town,

Where lie my maiden weeds: by whose gentle help
I was preserved to serve this noble count.

All the occurrence of my fortune since

Hath been between this lady and this lord.

Seb. [To Oliva] So comes it, lady, you have been mistook:

But nature to her bias drew in that,

You would have been contracted to a maid;

Nor are you therein, by my life, deceived,

You are betroth'd both to a maid and man.

Duke. Be not amazed; right noble is his blood.

If this be so, as yet the glass seems true,

I shall have share in this most happy wreck. [times

[To Viola] Boy, thou hast said to me a thousand

Thou never shouldst love woman like to me.

Vio. And all those sayings will I over-swear;

And all those sayings will I keep in true soul,

As doth that orbèd continent the fire

That severs day from night.

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**ACT V.  TWELFTH NIGHT; OR, WHAT YOU WILL.  SCENE I.**

**Duke.** Give me thy hand; And let me see thee in thy woman’s weeds.  
**Viola.** The captain that did bring me first on shore Hath my maid’s garments: he upon some action Is now in durance, at Malvolio’s suit, A gentleman, and follower of my lady’s.  
**Olivia.** He shall enlarge him: fetch Malvolio hither: And yet, alas, now I remember me, They say, poor gentleman, he’s much mistracted.  

**Re-enter Clown with a letter, and Fabian.** A most extracting frenzy of mine own From my remembrance clearly banish’d his, How does he, sirrah?  
**Clown.** Truly, madam, he holds Belzebub at the staves’ end as well as a man in his case may do: has here writ a letter to you; I should have given it you to-day morning, but as a madman’s epistles are no gospels, so it skills not much when they are.  
**Olivia.** Open’t, and read it. [delivered.]  
**Clown.** Look then to be well edified when the fool delivers the madman. [Reads] By the Lord, madam.  
**Olivia.** How now! art thou mad? [am,—]  
**Clown.** No, madam; I do but read madness: an your ladyship will have it as it ought to be, you must do it by the right wits. [allow Vox.  
**Olivia.** So I do, madonna; but to read his right wits is to read thus: therefore, my princess, give ear.  
**Olivia.** Read it, you, sirrah. [To Fabian.  
**Fabian.** [Reads] By the Lord, madam, you wrong me, and the world shall know it: though you have put me into darkness and given your drunken cousin rule over me, yet have I the benefit of my senses as well as your ladyship. I have your own letter that induced me to the semblance I put on; with the which I doubt not but to do myself much right, or you much shame. Think of me as you please. I leave my duty a little unthought of and speak out of my injury.  

**The Madly-used Malvolio.**  
**Olivia.** Did he write this?  
**Clown.** Ay, madam.  
**Duke.** This savours not much of distraction.  
**Olivia.** See him deliver’d, Fabian; bring him hither. [Exit Fabian.  

My lord, so please you, these things further thought To think me as well a sister as a wife, [on.  
One day shall crown the alliance on ’t, so please you, Here at my house and at my proper cost. [offer.  
**Duke.** Madam, I am most apt to embrace your [To 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.  
**Olivia.** A sister! you are she.  

**Re-enter Fabian, with Malvolio.**  
**Duke.** Is this the madman?  
**Olivia.** Ay, my lord, this same.  

How now, Malvolio!  
**Malvolio.** Madam, you have done me wrong.  
**Olivia.** Have I, Malvolio? no.  
**Malvolio.** Lady, you have. Pray you, peruse that You must not now deny it is your hand: [letter. Write from it, if you can, in hand or phrase; Or say ‘t is not your real, not your invention: You can say nearly of this: well, grant it then And tell me, in the modesty of honour, Why you have given me such clear lights of favour, Bade me come smiling and cross-garter’d to you, To put on yellow stockings and to frown Upon Sir Toby and the lighter people; And, acting this in an obdient hope,  

Why have you suffer’d me to be imprison’d, Kept in a dark house, visited by the priest, And made the most notorious gull and quill That e’er invention play’d on? tell me why.  
**Olivia.** Alas, Malvolio, this is not my writing, Though, I confess, much like the character: But out of question ‘tis Maria’s hand. And now I do bethink me, it was she [ing.  
First told me thou wast mad; then camest in smil- And in such forms which here were presupposed Upon thee in the letter. Prithhee, be content: This practice hath most shrewdly pass’d upon thee: But when we know the grounds and authors of it, Thou shalt be both the plaintiff and the judge Of thine own cause.  
**Fabian.** Good madam, hear me speak, And let no quarrel nor no brawl to come.  
Taint the condition of this present hour, Which I have wonder’d at. In hope it shall not, Most freely I confess, myself and Toby Set this device against Malvolio here, Upon some stubborn and unco part.  
We had conceiv’d against him: Maria writ The letter at Sir Toby’s great importance; In recompose whereof he hath married her. But how with this, the trial, and the trial’s fault, May rather pluck on laughter than revenge: If that the injuries be justly weigh’d That have on both sides pass’d.  
**Olivia.** Alas, poor fool, how have they baffled thee!  
**Clown.** 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 whirfing of time brings in his revenges.  

**Malvolio.** I’ll be revenged on the whole pack of you. [Exit.  
**Olivia.** 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.  

[Exeunt all, except Clown.  

**Clown.** [Sings] When I was a little tiny boy, With hey, ho, the wind and the rain, A foolish thing was but a toy, For the rain it raineth every day.  
But when I came to man’s estate, With hey, ho, &c.  
‘Gainst knaves and thieves men shut their For the rain, &c.  
[gate,  
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-pot still had drunken heads, For the rain, &c.  
A great while ago the world began, With hey, ho, &c.  
But that’s all one, our play is done, And we’ll strive to please you every day.  
[Exit.  

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THE WINTER'S TALE.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Leontes, King of Sicilia.
Mamillius, young Prince of Sicilia.
Camillo,
Antigonus, Cleomenes,
Dion,
Polixenes, King of Bohemia.
Florizel, Prince of Bohemia.
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,
Other Lords and Gentlemen, Ladies, Officers, and Servants, Shepherds, and Shepherdesses.

Time, as Chorus.

SCENE.—Sicilia, and Bohemia.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—Antechamber in Leontes' palace.

Enter Camillo and Archidamus.

Arch. If you shall chance, Camillo, to visit Bohemia, on the like occasion whereon my services are now on foot, you shall see, as I have said, great difference betwixt our Bohemia and your Sicilia.

Cam. I think, this coming summer, the King of Sicilia means to pay Bohemia the visitation which he justly owes him.

Arch. Wherein our entertainment shall shame us we will be justified in our loves; for indeed—

Cam. Beseech you,—

Arch. Verily, I speak it in the freedom of my knowledge: we cannot with such magnificence—

Cam. I know not what to say. We will give you sleepy drinks, that your senses, unintelligent of our insufficiency, may, though they cannot praise us, as little accuse us.

Cam. You pay a great deal too dear for what's given freely.

Arch. Believe me, I speak as my understanding instructs me and 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 attorned to interchange of gifts, letters, loving embassies; that they have seemed to be together, though absent, shook hands, as over a vast, and embraced, as it were, from the ends of opposed winds. The heavens continue their loves!

Arch. I think there is not in the world either male or female to alter it. You have an unspeakable comfort of your young prince Mamillius: it is a gentleman of the greatest promise that ever came into my note.

Cam. I very well agree with you in the hopes of him: it is a gallant child; one that indeed physics the subject, makes old hearts fresh: they that went on crutches ere he was born desire yet their life to see him a man.

Arch. Would they else be content to die?

Cam. Yes; if there were no other excuse why they should desire to live.

Arch. If the king had no son, they would desire to live on crutches till he had one. [Exeunt.

SCENE II.—A room in state in the same.

Enter Leontes, Hermione, Mamillius, Polixenes, Camillo, and Attendants.

Pol. Nine changes of the watery star hath been
The shepherd's note since we have left our throne
Without a burden: time as long again
Would be fill'd up, my brother, with our thanks;
And yet we should, for perpetuity,
Go hence in debt: and therefore, like a cipher,
Yet standing in rich place, I multiply
With one 'We thank you' many thousands more
That go before it.

Leon. Stay your thanks awhile;
And pay them when you part.

Pol. Sir, that's to-morrow.
I am question'd by my fears, of what may chance
Or breed upon our absence; that may blow
No sneaping winds at home, to make us say
'This is put forth too truly': besides, I have stay'd
To tire your royalty.

Leon. We are tougher, brother, Than you can put us to 't.

Pol. No longer stay.
Leon. One seven-night longer.
Pol. Very sooth, to-morrow.
Leon. We'll part the time between us then; and in that
I'll no gainsaying.

Pol. Press me not, beseech you, so.
There is no tongue that moves, none, none i' the world,
So soon as yours could win me: so it should now,
Were there necessity in your request, although 'Twere needful I denied it. My affairs
Do even drag me homeward: which to hinder
Were in your love a whip to me; my stay
To you a charge and trouble: to save both,
Farewell, our brother.

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ACT I.

THE WINTER'S TALE.

SCENE II.

Leon. Tongue-tied our queen? speak you.
Her. I had thought, sir, to have held my peace until [sir, You had drawn oaths from him not to stay. You, Charge him too coldly. Tell him, you are sure All in Bohemia's well; this satisfaction The bygone day proclaim'd—say this to him, He's beat from his best ward.
Leon. Well said, Hermione. For tell, he longs to see his son, were strong: But let him say so then, and let him go; But let him swear so, and he shall not stay, We'll crack him hence with distaffs. Yet of your royal presence I'll adventure The borrow of a week. When at Bohemia You take my lord, I'll give him my commission To let him there a month behind the gest Preix'd for 's parting; yet, good deed, Leontes, I love thee not a jot o' the clock behind What lady-sher her lord. You'll stay? Pol. No, madam.
Her. Nay, but you will? Pol. I may not, verily.
Her. Verily! You put me off with limber vows; but I, [oaths, Though you would seek to unconscious the stars with Should yet say, 'Sir, no going.' Verily, You shall not go: a lady's ' Verily 's As potent as a lord's. Will you go yet? Force me to keep you as a prisoner, Not like a guest; so you shall pay your fees [you When you depart, and save your thanks. How say My prisoner? or my guest? by your deed ' Verily,' One of them shall you be. Pol. Your guest, then, madam: To be your prisoner should import offending, Which is for me less easy to commit Than you to punish.
Her. Not your gaoler, then, But your kind hostess. Come, I'll question you Of my lord's tricks and yours when you were boys: You were pretty lordings then? Pol. We were, fair queen, Two lads that thought there was no more behind But such a day to-morrow as to-day, And to be boy eternal.
Her. Was not my lord The verier wag o' the two? [the sun, We were as twin'd lambs that did froik? And beat the one at the other: what we changed Was innocence for innocence; we knew not The doctrine of ill-doing, nor dream'd That any did. Had we pursued that life, And our weak spirits ne'er been higher reard With stronger blood, weshould have answer'd heaven Boldly ' not guilty;' the imposition clear'd Hereditary ours.
Her. By this we gather You have tripp'd since. O my most sacred lady! Temptations have since then been born to's; for In those unfledged days was my wife a girl; Your precious self had then not cross'd the eyes Of my young play-fellow.
Her. Grace to boot! Of this make no conclusion, lest you say Your queen and I are devils: yet go on; The offences we have made you do we'll answer, If you first sinn'd with us and that with us You did continue fault and that you slipp'd not With envy but with us. Leon. Is he won yet? Her. He'll stay, my lord.
Leon. At my request he would not. Hermione, my dearest, thou never spoket To better purpose.
Her. Never?

Leon. Never, but once. Her. What! have I twice said well? when was't before? I prithee tell me; cram 's with praise and make's As fat as tame things: one good deed dying tongue- Slaughters a thousand waiting upon that. [less Our praises are with our wages; you may ride's With one soft kiss a thousand furlongs ere With spur we heat an acre. But to the goal: My last good deed was to entreat his stay: What was my first? it has an elder sister, Or I mistake you: O, would her name were Grace! But once before I spoke to the purpose: when? Nay, let me have 't; I long.
Leon. Why, that was when Three crabb'd months had sound'd themselves to death,
Ere I could make thee open thy white hand And clap thyself my love: then didst thou utter 'I am yours forever!' Her. 'Tis grace indeed. Why, lo you now, I have spoke to the purpose twice: The one for ever earn'd a royal husband; The other for some while a friend. Leon. [Aside] Too hot, too hot! To mingle friendship far is mingling bloods. I have tremor cordis on me: my heart dances; But not for joy; not joy. This entertainment May a free face put on, derive a liberty From heartiness, from bounty, fertile bosom, And well become the agent; 't may, I grant; But to be paddling palms and pinching fingers, As now they are, and making practised smiles, As in a looking-glass, and then to sigh, as 't were The mort o' the deer; O, that is entertainment My bosom likes not, nor my brows! Mamilius, Art thou my boy? Mam. Ay, my good lord.
Leon. I 'fecks! 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 virginalling Upon his palm! —How now, you wanton call! Art thou my calf? Mam. Yes, if you will, my lord. Leon. Thou want'st a rough pass and the shootis that I have, To be full like me: yet they say we are Almost as like his eggs; women say so, That will say anything: but were they false As o'er-dyed blacks, as wind, as waters, false As dice are to be wish'd by one that fixes No bourn 'twixt his and mine, yet were it true To say this boy were like me. Come, sir page, Look on me with your welkin eye; sweet villain! Most dear'st! my collop! Can thy dam?—may 't Affection! thy intention stabs the centre: [be?— Thou dost make possible things not so held, Communicast with dreams;—how can this be?— With what 's unreal thou coactive art, And fellow'st nothing: thou art so 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.
ACT I.

THERE WINTER’S TALE.

SCENE II.

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 umbreech’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, no, my lord, I’ll fight. [brother,
Leon. You will! why, happy man be’s done! My
Are you so fond of your young prince as we
Do seem to be of ours?

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 myself and my young rover, he’s
Apparent to my heart.

Her. If you would seek us,
We are yours ’t the garden: shall ’t attend you there?
Leon. To your own bents dispose you: you’ll be
found,
By ye beneath the sky. [Aside] I am angling now,
Though you perceive me not how I give line.
Go to, go to,
How she holds up the neb, the bill to him!
And arms her with the boldness of a wife
To her allowing husband!

[Exeunt Polixenes, Hermione, and Attendants.

Gone already!
Inch-thick, knee-deep, o’er head and ears a fork’d
Go, play, boy, play: thy mother plays, and I [one!
Play too, but so disgraced a part, whose issue
Will hiss me to my grave; contempt and clamour
Will be thy play, boy, play. There have
Or I am much deceived, cuckold’s ere now; [been
And many a man there is, even at this present,
Now while I speak this, holds his wife by the arm,
That little thinks she has been sluiced in’s absence
And his pond fish’d by his next neighbor, by
Sir while, his neighbour had, there’s comfort in’t
Whiles other men have gates and those gates open’d,
As mine, against their will. Should all despair
That have revoluted wives, the tenth of mankind
Would hang themselves. Physic for ’t there is none;
It is a bawdy planet, that will strike
Where ’t is predominant; and ’t is powerful, think it.
From east, west, north and south: be it concluded,
No barricado for a belly; know ’t;
It will let in and out the enemy
With bag and baggage: many thousand on’s
Have the disease, and feel ’t not. How now, boy!

Leon. I am like you, they say.

Leon. Why, that’s some comfort.

What, Camillo there?
Cam. Ay, my good lord.
Leon. Go play, Mamilius; thou’rt an honest man.

[Exit Mamilius.

Camillo, this great sir will yet longer.
Cam. You had much ado to make him anchor hold:
When you cast out, it still came home.
Leon. Didst note it?
Cam. He would not stay at your petitions; made
His business more material.

Leon. Didst perceive it?

[Aside] They’re here with me already, whispering,
Sicilia is a so-forth; ’t is far gone,

When I shall gust it last. How came ’t, Camillo,
That he did stay?

Cam. At the good queen’s entreaty.
Leon. At the queen’s be it: good should be per-
But, so it is, it is not. Was this taken [tient;
By any understanding pass’d but thine?
For thy conceit is soaking, will draw in
More than the common blocks: not noted, is ’t,
But of the finer natures? by some several
Of head-piece extraordinary? lower messes
Perchance are to this business purblind? say.
Cam. Business, my lord! I think most understand
Bohemia stays here longer.

Leon. Stays here longer.
Cam. Leon. Ay, but why?
Cam. To satisfy your highness and the entreaties
Of our most gracious mistress.

Leon. Satisfy! The entreaties of your mistress! satisfy!
Let that suffice. I have trusted thee, Camillo,
With all the nearest things to my heart, as well
My chamber-councils, wherein, priest-like, thou
 Hast cleansed my bosom, I from thee departed
Thy penitent reform’d: but we have been
Beceived in thy integrity, deceived
In that which seems so.

Cam. Be it forbid, my lord!
Leon. To bee upon’t, thou art not honest, or,
If thou inclinest that way, thou art a coward,
Which hoxes honesty behind, restraining
From course required; or else thou must be counted
A servant grafted in my serious trust
And therein negligent; or else a fool
That seest a game play’d home, the rich stake drawn,
And take it all for jest.

Cam. My gracious lord,
I may be negligent, foolish and fearful;
In every one of these no man is free,
But that his negligence, his folly, fear,
Among the infinite doings of the world,
Sometime puts forth. In your affairs, my lord,
If ever I were wilful-negligent,
It was my folly; if industriously
I play’d the fool, it was my negligence,
Not weighing well the end; or ever fearful
To do a thing, where I the issue doubted,
Whereof the execution did cry out
Against the non-performance, ’t was a fear
Which oft infects the wisest: these, my lord,
As all allow’d inferences that
Is never free of. But, beseech your grace,
Be plainer with me; let me know my trespass
By its own visage: if I then deny it,
’T is none of mine.

Leon. Ha! no you seen, Camillo,—
But that’s past doubt, you have, or your eye-glass
Is thicker than a cuckold’s horn,—or heard,—
For to a vision so apparent rumour
Cannot be mute, or thought,—for cogitation
Resides not in that man that does not think,—
My wife is slippery? If thou wilt confess,
Or else be impudently negative.
To have nor eyes nor ears nor thought, then say
My wife’s a hobby-horse, deserves a name
As rank as any flax-wench that puts to
Before her troth-plight: say: t’art and justify t’.

Cam. I would not be a standby to bear
My sovereign mistress clouded so, without
My present vengence take: I shew 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

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ACT I.

THE WINTER'S TALE.

SCENE II.

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 unsee 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. [ings,

Cam. Good my lord, be cured
Of this diseased opinion, and betimes;
For 't is most dangerous.

Leon. Say it be, 't is true.

Cam. No, no, my lord.

Leon. It is: you lie, you lie:
I say thou liest, Camillo, and I hate thee,
 Pronounce thee a gross jout, 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
Infected 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,
About his neck, Bohemia: who, if I,
[changing
Hast seen or heard of, should by thine eyes
To see alike mine honour as their profits,
Their own particular thirlets, 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 called,—mightest bespice a cup,
To give mine enemy a lasting wink;
Which draught to me were cordial.

Cam. Sir, my lord,
I could do this, and that with no rash potion,
But with a lingering dram that should not work
Malignly 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, slyly
The purity and whiteness of my sheets,
Which to preserve is sleep, which being spent
Is goods, thorns, nettles, tails of wasps,
Give scandal to the blood of the prince my son,
Who I do think is mine and love as mine,
Without ripe moving to? Would I do this?
Could man so blench?

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:
I'll give no blemish to her honour, none.

Cam. My lord,
Go thou, 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 advised me.

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
For brass not stone nor parchment bears not one,
Let villany itself forswear 't. I must
Forsake the court: to do 't, or no, is certain.
To me a break-neck. Happy star reign now!
Here comes Bohemia.

Re-enter Polixenes.

Pol. This is strange: methinks
My favour here begins to warp. Not speak?

Good day, Camillo.

Cam. Hail, most royal sir!

Pol. What is the news? 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,
Wafting his eyes to the contrary and falling
A lip of much contempt,_speeds from me and
Indulges 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: 't is thereabouts;
For, to yourself, what you do know, you must,
And cannot say, you dare not. Good Camillo,
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 altered with 't. Camillo.
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 looked on thousands, who have spied the bet-
By my regard, but I would not see. 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 behave my knowledge,
Thereof to be inform'd, imprison 't not
[edge
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 incidence 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 coun-
Which must be even as swiftly follow'd as
I mean to utter it, or both yourself and me
Cry lost, and so good night!

Pol. On, good Camillo.

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
As he had seen 't or been an instrument [swears,
To vice you to 't, that you have touched his queen
Forbiddenly.
ACT II.

THE WINTER'S TALE.

SCENE I.—A room in Leontes' palace.

Enter Hermione, Mamilius, and Ladies.

Her. Take the boy to you: he so troubles me,
'Tis past enduring.

First Lady. Come, my gracious lord,
Shall I be your playfellow?

Mam. No, I'll none of you.

First Lady. Why, my sweet lord?

Mam. You'll kiss me hard and speak to me as if
I were a baby still. I love you better.

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, to

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

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 wanter with us, if
We would have you.

Sec. Lady. She is spread of late
Into a goodly bulk: good time encounter her!

Her. What wisdom stirs amongst you? Come,
I am for you again: pray you, sit by us, [sir, now
And tell 's a tale.

Mam. Merry or sad shall 't be?

Mam. A sad tale's best for winter: I have one
Of sprites and goblins.

Her. Let's have that, good sir.

Come on, sit down: come on, and do your best
To frighten me with your sprites; you're powerful
Mam. There was a man — [at it.

Her. Nay, come, sit down; then on.

Mam. Dwelt by a churchyard: I will tell it softly;
Yond crickets shall not hear it.

By this discovery lost. Be not uncertain;
For, by the honour of my parents, I
Have uttered'th rough: which if you seek to prove,
I dare not stand by; nor shall you be safer
Than one condemn'd by the king's own mouth,
His execution sworn. [thereon

Pol. I do believe thee:
I saw his heart in 's face. Give me thy hand:
Be pilot to me and thy places shall
Still neighbour mine. My ships are ready and
My people did expect my hence departure
Two days ago. This jealousy
Is for a precious creature: as she 's rare,
Must it be great, and as his person 's mighty,
Must it be violent, and as he does conceive
He is dishonour'd by a man which ever
Profess'd to him, why, his revenges must
In that be made more bitter. Fear o'ershades me:
Good expedition to my friend, and comfort
The gracious queen, part of his theme, but nothing
Of his ill-ta'en suspicion! Come, Camillo;
I will respect thee as a father if
Thou bearst 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. [Discourt.

ACT II.

Her. Come on, then,
And give't me in mine ear.

Enter Leontes, with Antigonus, Lords, and others.

Leon. Was he met there? his train? Camillo
with him? [never

First Lord. Behind the tuft of pines I met them;
Saw I men scour so on their way: I eyed them
Even to their ships.

Leon. How best am I
In my just censure, in my true opinion!
Alack, for lesser knowledge! how accursed
In being so blest! There may be in the cup
A spider steep'd, and one may drink, depart,
And yet partake no venom, for his knowledge
Is not infected: but if one present
The abhorrid ingredient to his eye, make known
How he hath drunk, he cracks his gorge, his sides,
With violent hefts. I have drunk, and seen the
Camillo was his help in this, his pander: [spider.
There is a plot against my life, my crown;
All's true that is mistrusted: that false villain
Whom I employ'd was pre-employ'd by him:
He has discover'd my design, and I
Remain a pinch'd thing; yea, a very trick
For them to play at will. How came the posterns
So easily open?

First Lord. By his great authority;
Which often hath no less prevail'd than so
On your command.

Leon. I know 't too well.
Give me the boy: I am glad you did not nurse him:
Though he does bear some signs of me, yet you
Have too much blood in him.

Her. What is this? sport?

Leon. Bear the boy hence; he shall not come
about her;
Away with him! and let her sport herself
With that she's big with; for 'tis Polixenes
Has made thee swell thus.

Her. But I'd say he had not,
And I'll be sworn you would believe my saying,
How'er you lean to the Nayward.

Leon. You, my lords,
Look on her, mark her well; be but about
To say 'she is a goodly lady,' and
The justice of your hearts will thereto add
'T is pity she's not honest, honourable;
Praise her but for this her without-door form,
Which, on my faith deserves high speech, and
straight.
The shrug, the hum or ha, these petty brads
That calumny doth use — O, I am out—
That mercy does, for calumny will bear
Virtue itself: these shrugs, these hums and ha's,
When you have said 'she's goodly,' come between
Ere you can say 'she's honest': but be 't known,
From him that has most cause to grieve it should be,
She's an adulteress.

Her. Should a villain say so, The most replenish'd villain in the world, He were as much more villain: you, my lord, 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 distinguish 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 fedyard 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 vulgars give boldst titles, ay, and privy To this their late escape.

Her. No, by my life, Priy 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 a 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 yain dew Perchance shall dry your pities: but I have That honourable grief lodged here which burns Worse than tears drown'd: beseech you all, my lords, With thoughts so qualified as your charities Shall best instruct you, measure me; and so The king's will be perform'd!

Leon. Shall I be heard? 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 mis-

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 ones suffer, Yourself, your queen, your son.

First Lord. For her, my lord,
We are to speak in public; for this business
Will raise us all.
Ant. [Aside] To laughter, as I take it,
If the good truth were known. [Exeunt.

SCENE II.—A prison.

Enter Paulina, a Gentleman, and Attendants.

Paul. The keeper of the prison, call to him;
Let him have knowledge who I am. [Exit Gent.

Paul. Good lady,
No court in Europe is too good for thee;
What dost thou then in prison?

Re-enter Gentleman, with the Gaoler.

You know me, do you not?
For a worthy lady
And one whom much I honour. Paul.

Paul. I pray you then,
Conduct me to the queen.
Gaol. I may not, madam:
To the contrary I have express commandment.
Paul. Here's ado,
To lock up honesty and honour from
The access of gentle visitors! Is't lawful, pray you,
To see her women? any of them? Emilia?
Gaol. So please you, madam,
To put apart these your attendants, I shall bring Emilia forth.

Paul. I pray now, call her.
[Exeunt Gentleman and Attendants.
Gaol. And, madam,
I must be present at your conference.
Paul. Well, will 't so, prithee. [Exit Gaoler.
Here's such ado to make no stain a stain
As passes colouring.

Re-enter Gaoler, with Emilia.

Dear gentlewoman,
How fares our gracious lady? Emil. As well as one so great and so forlorn
May hold together: on her griefs and griefs,
Which never tender lady hath borne greater,
She is something before her time deliver'd.
Paul. A boy?
Emil. A daughter, and a goodly babe,
Lusty and like to live: the queen receives
Much comfort in 't; says 'My poor prisoner,
I am innocent as you.' Paul.

I dare be sworn: [them]! These dangerous unsafe lunes? the king, beshrew
He must be told on, and he shall: the office
Becomes a woman best; I'll take 't upon me:
If I prove honey-mouth'd, let my tongue blister
And never to my red-look'd anger be
The trumpet any more. Pray you, Emilia,
Commend my best obedience to the queen:
If she dares trust me with her little babe, I'll show 't the king and undertake to be
Her advocate to the lord so. 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 first 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
I know not what I shall incur to pass it, [babe,
Having no warrant.

Paul. You need not fear it, sir:
This child was prisoner to the womb and is
By law and process of great nature thence
Freed and enthranched, 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.]
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,
Fasted and fix'd the shame on 't in himself,
Threw off his spirit, his appetite, his sleep,
And downright languish'd. Leave me solely: go,
See how he fares. [Exit Serv.]
Fie, fie! no thought of
The very thought of my revenges that way [him:
Recollect upon me: in myself too mighty,
And in his parties, his alliance; let him be
Until a time may serve: for present vengeance,
Take it on her. Camillo and Polixenes
Laugh at me, make their pastime at my sorrow:
They should not laugh if I could reach them, nor
Shall she within my power.

[Exeunt.

Enter Paulina, with a child.

First Lord. You must not enter.
Paul. Nay, rather, good my lords, be second to
Fear you his tyrannous passion more, alas, [me;
Than the queen's life? a gracious innocent soul,
More free than he is jealous.
Ant. That's enough.
See. Serv. Madam, he hath not slept to-night;
None should come at him. [commanded Paul.
Not so hot, good sir:
I come to bring him sleep. 'tis such as you,
That creep like shadows by him and do sigh
At each his needless heavings, such as you
Nourish the cause of his awaking: I
Do come with words as medicinal as true,
Honest as either, to purge him of that humour
That presses him from sleep.

Paul. What noise there, ho? Paul. No noise, my lord; but needful conference
About some gossips for your highness.
Leon. How! Away with that audacious lady! Antigonus,
I charged thee that she should not come about me:
I knew she would.
Ant. I told her so, my lord,
On your displeasure's peril and on mine,
She should not visit you.

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Leon. What, canst not rule her? Paul. From all dishonesty he can: in this, unless he take the course that you have done, commit me for committing honour, trust it, he shall not rule me. Ant. La you now, you hear: When she will take the rein I let her run; but she will not stumble.

Paul. 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 comforting your evils, than such as most seem yours: I say, I come from your good queen.

Leon. Good queen! Paul. Good queen, my lord, good queen; I say good queen; and would by combat make her good, so were I a man, the worst about you.

Leon. Force her hence. Paul. Let him that makes but trifles of his eyes first hand me: on mine own accord I’ll off; but first I’ll do my errand. The good queen, for she is good, hath brought you forth a daughter; here ‘tis; commends it to your blessings. [Laying down the child. Out! A man kind witch! Hence with her, out o’ door! A most intelligencing bawd!

Paul. Not so: I am as ignorant in that as you in so entitling me, and no less honest than you are mad; which is enough, I’ll warrant as this world goes, to pass for honest.

Leon. Traitors! Will you not push her out? Give her the bastard. Thou dotard! 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 unenviable be thy hands, if thou takest up the princess by that forced baseness which he has put upon ‘t.

Leon. So I would you did; then ‘t were past all you’d call your children yours. [doubt.

Leon. A nest of traitors! Ant. I am none, by this good light.

Paul. Nor I, nor any but one that’s here, and that’s himself, for he the sacred honour of himself, his queen’s, his hopeful son’s, his babe’s, betrays to slander, whose sting is sharper than the sword’s; and will for, as the case now stands, it is a curse [not—He cannot be compel’d to ‘t—once remove the root of his opinion, which is rotten as ever oak or stone was sound.

Paul. A callat. Of bawdless tongue, who late bath beat her husband and now bails me! This brat is none of mine; it is the issue of Polixenes: hence with it, and together with the dam commit them to the fire!

Paul. It is yours; and, might we lay the old proverb to your charge, so like you, ‘t is 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, eye, the valley, the pretty dimples of his chin and cheek, his smiles, the very mould and frame of hand, nail, finger: and thou, good goddess Nature, which hast made it so like to him that got it, if thou hast the ordering of the mind too, ‘mongst all colours no yellow in ‘t, lest she suspect, as he does, her children not her husband’s!

Leon. A gross bag! And, lozel, thou art worthy to 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. Paul. A most unworthy and unnatural lord can do no more.

Leon. I’ll ha’ thee burn’t. I care not: it is a heretic that makes the fire, not she which burns in ‘t. I’ll not call you tyrant; but this most cruel usage of your queen, not able to produce more accusation yours Than your own weak-hinged fancy, something sa—of tyranny and will ignore make you, yea, scandalous to the world.

Leon. On your allegiance, out of the chamber with her! Were I a tyrant, where were her life? she durst not call me so, if she did know me one. Away with her! Paul. I pray you, do not push me; I’ll be gone. Look to your babe, my lord; ‘t is yours: Jove send her a better guiding spirit! what needs these hands? you, that are thus to tender o'er his follies, will never do him good, not one of you. so, so: farewell; we are gone. [Exit.

Leon. Thou, traitor, hast set on thy wife to this. My child! away with 't! even thou, that hast a heart so tender o'er it, take it hence and see it instantly consumed with fire; even thou and none but thou. take it up straight: within this hour bring me word 'tis done, and by good testimony, or I’ll seize thy life, with what thou else call'st thine. if thou refuse and wilt encounter with my wrath, say so; the bastard brains with these my proper hands shall I dash out. go, take it to the fire; for thou set'st on thy wife.

Ant. I did not, sir: these lords, my noble fellows, if they please, can clear me in 't.

Lords. We can: my royal liege, he is not guilty of her coming hither.

Leon. You’re liars all. [credit.

First Lord. Beseech your highness, give us better we have always truly served you, and beseech you so to esteem of us, and on our knees we beg, as recompense of our dear services past and to come, that you do change this purpose, which being so horrible, so bloody, must lead on to some foul issue: we all kneel.

Leon. I am a feather for each wind that blows. shall I live on to see this bastard kneel and call me father? better burn it now than burn it then. But let it; let it live. it shall not neither. you, sir, come you hither; you that have been so tenderly officious with lady Margery, your midwife there; to save this bastard’s life,—for 't is a bastard, so sure as this beard’s grey,—what will you adven- to save this brat’s life? [nure

Ant. Any thing, my lord, that my ability may undergo and nobleness impose: at least thus much: I’ll pawn the little blood which I have left to save the innocent: any thing possible. Leon. It shall be possible: wear by this sword thou wilt perform my bidding. Ant. I will, my lord. Leon. Mark and perform it, see’st thou: for the of any point in 't shall not only be [full death to thyself but to thy lowd-tongued wife,
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Whom for this time we pardon. We enjoin thee, As thou art liege-man to us, that thou carry 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 young ones 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! [Exit with the child.

Leon. Another's 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 arrange 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. [Exit.

ACT III.

SCENE I.—A sea-port in Sicilia.

Enter Cleomenes and Dion.

Cleo. The climate's delicate, the air most sweet, Fertile the isle, the temple much surpassing The common praise it bears.

Dion. I shall report, For most it caught me, the celestial habits, Methinks I so should term them, and the reverence Of the grave wearers. O, the sacrifice! How ceremonious, solemn and unearthly It was I the offering!

Cleo. But of all, the burst And the ear-deafening voice o' the oracle, Kin to Jove's thunder, so surprised my sense, That I was nothing!

Dion. If the event o' the journey Prove as successful to the queen,—O be't so!— As it hath been to us rare, pleasant, speedy, The time is worth the use on 't.

Cleo. Great Apollo Turn all to the best! These proclamations, So forcing faults upon Hermione, I little like.

Dion. The violent carriage of it Will clear or end the business: when the oracle, Thyself and Cleomenes, great divine seal'd up, Shall the contents discover, something rare Even then will rush to knowledge. Go: fresh horses! And gracius be the issue! [Exit.

Leon. This sessions, to our great grief we pronounce, Even pushes 'gainst our heart: the party tried The daughter of a king, our wife, and one Of us too much beloved. Let us be clear'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!

Enter Hermione guarded; Paulina and Ladies attending.

Leon. Read the indictment.

Off. [Reads] Hermione, queen to the worthy Leontes, king of Sicilia, thou art here accused and ar- rain'd of high treason, in committing adultery with Polixenes, king of Bohemia, and conspiring with Camillo to take away the life of our sovereign lord the king, thy royal husband: the pretence whereof being by circumstances partly laid open, thou, Hermione, contrary to the faith and allegiance of a true subject, didst counsel and aid them, for their better safety, to fly away by night.

Her. Since what I am to say must be but that Which contradicts my accusation and The testimony on my part no other But what comes from myself, it shall scarce boot me To say 'not guilty': mine integrity Being counted falsehood, shall, as I express it, Be so received. But thus: If powers divine Behold our human actions, as they do, I doubt not then but innocence shall make False accusation blush and tyranny Tremble at patience. You, my lord, best know, Who least will seem to do so, my past life Hath been as continent, as chaste, as true, As I am now unhappy; which is more Than history can pattern, though devised And play'd to take spectators. For behold me A fellow of the royal bed, which owe A moleity of the throne, a great king's daughter, The mother to a hopeful prince, here standing To prate and talk for life and honour 'fore Who please to come and hear. For life, I prize it As I weigh grief, which I would spare: for honour, 'Tis a derivative from me to mine, And only that I stand for. I appeal To your own conscience, sir, before Polixenes Came to your court, how I was in your grace, How merited to be so: since he came, With what encounter so uncourteous 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 imputation to gain say what they did Than to perform it first.

Her. That's true enough; Though 'tis a saying, sir, not due to me. Leon. You will not own it.

Her. More than mistress of Which comes to me in name of fault, I must not At all acknowledge. For Polixenes,
ACT III.

THE WINTER’S TALE.

SCENE II.

With whom I am accused, I do confess
I loved him as in honour he required,
With such a kind of love as might become
A lady like me, with a love even such,
In both disobedience and ingratitude [spoke,
To you and towards your friend, whose love had
Even since it could speak, from an infant, freely
That it was yours. Now, for conspiracy,
I know not how it tastes; though it be dish’d
For me to try how: all I know of it
Is that Camillo was an honest man;
And why he left your court, the gods themselves,
Wotting no more than I, are ignorant.

Leon. You knew of his departure, as you know
What you have underta’en to do in’s absence.

Her. Sir, you speak a language that I understand not:
My life stands in the level of your dreams,
Which I’ll lay down.

Leon. Your actions are my dreams;
You had a bastard by Polixenes,
And I but dream’d it. As you were past all shame,—
Those of you—each of you—all the truth:
Which to deny concerns more than avails; for as
Thy brat hath been cast out, like to itself,
No father owning it,—which is, indeed,
More criminal in thee than it,—so thou
Shall feel our justice, in whose easiest passage
Look for no less than death.

Her. Sir, spare your threats:
The bug which you would fright me with I seek.
To me can life be no commodity:
The crown and comfort of my life, your favour,
I do give lost: for I do feel it gone,
But know not how it went. My second joy
And first fruition of my body, from his presence
I am barr’d, like one infectious. My third comfort,
Starr’d most unluckily, is from my breast,
The innocent milk in it most innocent mouth,
Hailed out to murder: myself on every post
Proclaimed a trumpet: with immodest hatred
The child-bed privilege denied, which longs
To women of all fashion; lastly, hungry.
Here to this place, I open the 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 proceed.
But yet hear this; mistake me not; no life,
I prize it, and my heart is full of my honour,
Which I would free, if I shall be condemn’d
Upon surmises, all proofs sleeping else
But what your jealousies awake, I tell you
’Tis rigour and not law. Your honours all,
I do refer me to the oracle:
Apollo be my judge!

First Lord. This your request
Is altogether just: therefore bring forth,
And in Apollo's name, his oracle.

[Exeunt certain Officers.

Her. The Emperor of Russia was my father;
O that he were alive, and here beholding
His daughter’s trial! that he did but see
The flatness of my misery, yet with eyes
Of pity, not revenge!

Re-enter Officers, with Cleomenes and Dion.

Off. You here shall swear upon this sword of justice,
That you, Cleomenes and Dion, have
Been both at Delphos, and from thence have brought
This seal’d-up oracle, by the hand deliver’d
Of great Apollo’s priest and that since then
You have not dared to break the holy seal
Nor read the secrets in’t.

Cle. Dion. All this we swear.

Leon. Break up the seals and read.

Of. [Reads] Hermione is chaste; Polixenes blameless;
Camillo a true subject; Leontes a jealous tyrant;
his innocent babe truly begotten; and the king
shall live without an heir, if that which is
lost be not found.

Leon. [Reads] Now blessed be the great Apollo!


Leon. Hast thou read truth?

Off. Ay, my lord; even so
As it is here set down.

Leon. There is no truth at all! the oracle:
The sessions shall proceed: this is mere falsehood.

[Enter Servant.

Serv. My lord the king, the king.

Leon. What is the business?

Serv. O sir, I shall be hated to report it,
The prince your son, with mere conceit and fear
Of the queen’s speed, is gone.

Leon. How! gone!

Serv. Is dead.

Leon. Apollo’s angry; and the heavens themselves
Do strike at my injustice. [Hermione swoons.] How
now there!

[Down Paul. This news is mortal to the queen: look
And see what death is doing.

Leon. Take her hence:
Her heart is but o’ercharged; she will recover;
I have too much believed mine own suspicion:
Beseech you, tenderly apply to her
Some remedies for life.

[Exeunt Paulina and Ladies, with Hermione.

Apollo, pardon
My great profaneness ‘gainst thine oracle!
I’ll reconcile me to Polixenes,
New woo my queen, recall the good Camillo,
Whom I proclaim a man of truth, of mercy;
From being transported by my jealousies
To bloody thoughts and to revenge, I chose
Camillo for the minister to poison
My friend Polixenes: which had been done,
But that the good mind of Camillo tardied
My swift command, though I with death and with
Reward did threaten and encourage him.
Not doing’t and being done: he, most humane
And fill’d with honour, to my kingly guest
Unclas’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 be glisters
True through my rust; and how be nifty
Does my deeds make the blacker!

Re-enter Paulina.

Paul. Woe the while!
O, cut my lace, lest my heart, cracking it,
Break too!

First Lord. What fit is this, good lady?
Paul. What studied torments, tyrant, haste for me?
In leads or oills? 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, it was nothing;
That did hurt, but hurt thee, of a fool, inconstant
And damnable ingrateful: nor was’t much,
Thou wouldst have poison’d good Camillo’s honour,
To have him kill a king; poor trespasses,
More monstrous standing by: whereof I reckon
The casting forth to crown thy baby-daughter
To be or none or little; though a devil
Would have shed water out of fire ere done’t;
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Nor is 't directly laid to thee, the death
Of the young prince, whose honourable thoughts,
Thoughts high for one so tender, left the heart
That could conceive a gross and foolish sire
Blemish'd his gracious dam: this is not, no,
Laid to thy answer: but the last,—O lords,
When I have said, cry 'woe!' —the queen, the queen,
The sweet'st, dear'd creature's dead, and vengeance
Not drop'd down yet. (for 't

First Lord.
The higher powers forbid!
Paul. I say she's dead; I'11 swear 't. If word
Prevail not, go and see: if you can bring
(nor oath
Tincture or lustre in her lip, her eye,
Heal 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
Ten thousand years together, naked, fasting,
Upon a barren mountain, and still winter
In storm perpetual, could not move the gods
To look that way thou wert.
Leon. Go on, go on:
Thou canst not speak too much; I have desired
All tongues to talk their bitterest.
First Lord. Say no more:
Howe'er the business goes, you have made fault
I the boldness of your speech.
Paul. I am sorry for 't:
All faults I make, when I shall come to know them,
I do repent. Also! I have shov'd too much
The rashness of a woman: he is touch'd
[Help
To the noble heart. What's gone and what's past
Should be past grief: do not receive affliction
At my petition; I beseech you, rather
Let me be punish'd, that have minded you
Of what you should forget. Now, good my liege,
Sir, royal sir, forgive a foolish woman:
The love I bore your queen — lo, fool again! —
I'll speak of her no more, nor of your children;
I'll not remember you of my own lord.
Who is lost too: take your patience to you,
And I'll say nothing.
Leon. Thou dost speak but well
When most the truth; which I receive much better
Than to be pitted of thee. Prithee, bring me
To the dead bodies of my queen and son:
One grave shall be for both: upon them shall
The causes of their death appear, unto
Our shame perpetual. Once a day I'll visit
The chapel where they lie, and tears shed there
Shall be as long as nature
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
The deserts of Bohemia? [upon
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'11 not be long before
I call upon thee.
Har. Make your best haste, and go not
Too far the land: 'tis like to be foul weather;
Besides, this place is famous for the creatures
Of prey that keep upon 't.
Ant. Go thou away:
Mar. I'11 follow instantly.
Ant. I am glad at heart
To be so rid o' the business. [Exit.

Come, poor babe:
I have heard, but not believed, the spirits o' the dead
May walk again: if such thing be, thy mother
Appear'd 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,
So fill'd and so becoming: in pure white robes,
Like very sanctity, she did approach
My cabin where I lay; thrice bow'd before me,
And gasping to begin some speech, her eyes
Became two spouts: the fury spent, anon
Did this break from her: 'Good Antigonus,
Since fate, again, her dear despairs,
Hath made thy person for the thrower-out
Of my poor babe, according to thine oath,
Places remote enough in Bohemia,
There weep and leave it crying: and, for the babe
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 and, with shrieks,
She melted into air. Affrighted much,
I did in time collect myself and thought
This was so and no slumber. Dreams are toys:
Yet for this once, yea, superstitiously,
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 these;
Which may, if fortune please, both breed thee,
pretty,
And still rest thine. The storm begins: poor wretch,
That for thy mother's fault art thus exposed
To loss and what may follow! Weep I cannot,
But my heart bleeds; and most accursed am I
To be by oath enjoin'd to this. Farewell! I have
The day drowns more and more: 'twas like to a
Lullaby too rough: I never saw
The heavens so dim by day. A savage clou'or!
Well may I get abroad! This is the chase:
I am gone for ever. [Exit, pursued by a bear.

Enter a Shepherd.
Shep. I would there were no age between sixteen
and-and-twenty, or that youth would sleep
out the rest; for there is nothing in the between
but getting wenches with child, wronging the an-
cientry, stealing sheep, fighting,—Hark you now!
Would any but these boiled brains of nineteen and
two-and-twenty hunt this weather? They have scared
away two of my best sheep, which I fear the wolf
will sooner find than the master: if any where I
have them, 'tis by the sea-side, browsing of ivy,
Good luck, an' be thy will! what have we here?
Mercy on 's, a barne; a very pretty barne! A boy
or a child, I wonder? A pretty one; a very pretty
one: sure, some 'scape: though I am not bookish,
yet I can read waiting-gentlewoman in the 'scape.
This has been some stair-work, some trunk-work,
some behind-door-work: they were warmer
that got this than the poor thing is here. I'll take it up
for pity: yet, I'll tarry till my son come; he hal-
loed but even now. Whoa, ho, hoa!

Enter Clown.
Clo. Hilloa, loa!
Shep. What, art so near? If thou'lt see a thing
to talk on when thou art dead and rotten, come hither.
Whatallest thou, man?
Clo. I have seen two such sights, by sea and by
land! but I am not to say it is a sea, for it is now
the sky: betwixt the firmament and it you cannot
thrust a bodkin's point.

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ACT IV.

THE WINTER'S TALE.

SCENE I.

Enter Time, the Chorus.

Time. I, that please some, try all, both joy and terror
Of good and bad, that makes and unfolds error,
Now take upon me, in the name of Time,
To use my wings. Impute it not a crime
To me or my swift passage, that I slide
O'er sixteen years and leave the growth untried
Of that wide gap, since it is in my power
To o'erthrow law and in one self-born hour
To plant and o'erwhelm custom. Let me pass
The same I am, ere ancient's order was
Or what 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 o' the king's, which Florizel
I now name to you; and with speed so pace
To spring, Florizel, now grown in grace
Equal with wondering: what of her ensues
I list not prophesy; but let Time's news
Be known when 't is brought forth. A shepherd's daughter,
And what to her adhers, which follows after,
Is the argument of Time. Of this allow,
If ever you have spent time worse ere now;
If never, yet that Time himself doth say
He wishes earnestly you never may. [Exit.

SCENE II. — Bohemia. The palace of Polixenes.

Pol. I pray thee, good Camillo, be no more importunate: it is a sickness denying thee any thing; a death to grant this.

Camillo. Why, boy, how is it?

Clo. I would you had but see how it chases, how it rages, how it takes up the shore! but that's not to the point. O, the most piteous cry of the poor souls! sometimes to see 'em, and not to see 'em; now the ship boring the moon with her main-mast, and anon swallowed with yest and froth, as you'd thrust a cork into a hogshead. And then for the land service, to see how the bear tore out his shoulder-bone; how he cried to me for help and said his name was Antigonus, a nobleman. But to make an end of the ship, to see how the sea flap-dragoned it: but, first, how the poor souls roared, and the sea mocked them; and how the poor gentleman roared and the bear mock'd him, both roaring louder than the sea or weather.

Shep. Name of mercy, when was this, boy?

Clo. Now, now: I have not winked since I saw these sights: the men are not yet cold under water, nor the bear half dined on the gentleman: he's at it now.

Shep. Would I had been by, to have helped the old man!

Clo. I would you had been by the ship's side, to have helped her; there your charity would have lacked footing.

Shep. Heavy matters! heavy matters! but look thee here, boy. Now bless thyself: thou mettest with things dying, I with things new-born. Here's a quit for both. Go: look thou, a bearing child, a squire's child! look thee here; take up, take up, boy; open 't. So, let's see: it was told me I should be rich by the fairies. This is some changeling: open 't. What's within, boy?

Clo. You're a made old man: if the sins of your youth are forgiven you, you're well to live. Gold! all gold!

Shep. This is fairy gold, boy, and 't will prove so: up with 't, keep it close: home, home, the next way. We are lucky, boy; and to be so still requires nothing but secrecy. Let my sheep go: come, good boy, the next way home.

Clo. Go you the next way with your findings. I'll go see if the bear be gone from the gentlewoman and how much she hath eaten: they are never curst but when they are hungry: if there be any of him left, I'll bury it.

Shep. That's a good deed. If thou mayest discern by that which is left of what he is, fetch me to the sight of him.

Clo. Marry, will I; and you shall help to put him i' the ground.

Shep. 'Tis a lucky day, boy, and we'll do good deeds on't. [Exit.

Cam. It is fifteen years since I saw my country; though I have for the most part been 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 allay, or I o'erweary to think so, which is another spur to my departure.

Pol. As thou lovest me, Camillo, wipe not 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 thee the very services thou hast done; which if I have not enough considered, look thou, a bearing child, 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. With his pensive, and his princely exercises may be, are to me unknown: but I have missingy noted, he is of late much retired from court and is less frequent to his princely exercises than formerly he hath appeared.

Pol. I have considered so much, Camillo, and with some care; so far that I have eyes under my own head, which look upon his removedness; 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 unspokeable 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.

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; fing whose simplicity I think it not improper to get the cause of my son’s resort thither. Prithee, 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.  

SCENE III. — A road near the Shepherd’s cottage.  

Enter Autolycus, singing.  

When daffodils begin to peer,  
With height! the doxy over the dale,  
Why, then comes in the sweet o’ the year;  
For the red blood reigns in the winter’s pale.  

The white sheet bleeding on the hedge,  
With height! the sweet birds, O, how they sing!  
Doth set my poggins tooth on edge;  
For a quart of ale is a dish for a king.  

The lark, that tirra-lyra chants,  
With height! with height! the thrust 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 thitherly cheat. Gallows and knock are too powerful on the highway: beating and hanging are terrors to me: for the life to come, I sleep out the thought of it.  

A prize! a prize!  

Enter Clown.  

Clo. Let me see; every ‘venen wether tods; every tod yields pound and odd shilling; fifteen hundred shorn, what comes the wool to?  

Aut. [Aside] If the springe hold, the cock’s mine.  

Clo. I cannot do without counters. Let me see; what am I to buy for our sheep-shearing feast? Three pound of sugar, five pound of currants, rice, —what will this sister of mine do with rice? But my father hath made her mine of the feast, and she lays it on. She hath made me four and twenty nosegays for the shearsers, three-man-song-men all, and very good ones; but they are most of them means and bases; but one puritan amongst them, and he sings psalms to horn-pipes. I must have saffron to colour the warden pies; mace: dates? —none, that’s out of my note; nutmegs, seven; a race or two of ginger, but that I may beg; four pound of prunes, and as many of raisins 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 these rags; and then, death, death!  

Clo. Alack, poor soul! thou hast need of more rags to lay on thee, rather than have these off.  

Aut. O sir, the loathsome ness of them offends me more than the stripes I have received, which are mighty ones and millions.  

Clo. Alas, peradventure a million of beating may come to a great matter.  

Aut. I am robbed, sir, and beaten; my money and apparel ta’en from me, and these detestable things put upon me.  

Clo. What, by a horseman, or a footman?  

Aut. A footman, sir, a footman.  

Clo. Indeed, he should be a footman by the garments he has left with thee: if this be a horseman’s coat, it hath seen very hot service. Lend me thy hand, I’ll help thee: come, lend me thy hand.  

Aut. O, good sir, tenderly, O!  

Clo. Alas, poor soul!  

Aut. O, good sir, softly, good sir! I fear, sir, my shoulder-blade is out.  

Clo. How now! canst stand?  

Aut. [Picking his pocket] Softly, dear sir; good sir, softly. You ha’ done me a charitable office.  

Clo. Hast lack any money? I have a little money for thee.  

Aut. No, good sweet sir; no, I beseech you, sir; I have a kinsman not past three-quarters of a mile hence, unto whom I go; I shall have money, or any thing I want: offer me no money, I pray you; that kills my heart.  

[you?  

Clo. What manner of fellow was he that robbed thee? A fellow, sir, that I have known to go about with troll-my-dames: I knew him once a servant of the prince: I cannot tell, good sir, for which of his virtues it was, but he was certainly whipped out of the court.  

Clo. His vices, you would say; there’s no virtue whipp’d out of the court: they cherish it to make it stay there; and yet it will no more but abide.  

Aut. Vices, I would say, sir. I know this man well: he hath been since an ape-bearer; then a process-server, a bailiff; then he compassed a motion of the Prodigal Son, and married a tinker’s wife within a mile where my land and living lies; and, having flown over many knavish professions, he settled only in rogue: some call him Autolycus.  

Clo. Out upon him! prig, for my life, prig: he haunts wakes, fairs and bear-baitings.  

Aut. Very true, sir; he, sir, he; that’s the rogue that put me into this apparel.  

Clo. Not a more cowardly rogue in all Bohemia: if you had but looked big and spit at him, he’d have run.  

Aut. I must confess to you, sir, I am no fighter; I am false of heart that way; and that he knew, I  


Aut. Sweet sir, much better than I was; I can stand and walk: I will even take my leave of you, and pace softly towards my kinsman’s.  

Clo. Shall I bring thee on the way?  

Aut. No, good-faced sir; no, sweet sir.  

Clo. Then fare thee well: I must go buy spices for our sheep-shearing.  

Aut. Prosper you, sweet sir! [Exit Clown.] Your purse is not hot enough to purchase your spice. I’ll be with you at your sheep-shearing too: if I make not this cheat bring out another and the shearsers prove sheep, let me be unrolled and my name put in the book of virtue!  

[Stage] Jog on, jog on, the foot-path way,  
And merrily hent the stile-a:  
A merry heart goes all the day,  
Your sad tires in a mile-a.  

[Exit.  

SCENE IV.—The Shepherd’s cottage.  

Enter Florizel and Perdita.  

Flo. These your unusual weeds to each part of you  
Do give a life: no shepherdess, but Flora  

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Peering in April's front. This your sheep-shearing
Is as a meeting of the petty gods,
And you the queen on't.

Per. Sir, my gracious lord,
To chide at your extremes it not becomes me;
O, pardon, that I name them! Your high self,
The gracious mark o' the land, you have obscured
With a swain's wearing, and me, poor lowly maid,
Most goddess-like pranks'd up; but that our beasts
In every mess have folly and the feeders
Digest it with a custom, I should blush
To see you so attired, swarm, I think,
To show myself a glass.

Flo. I bless the time
When my good falcon made her flight across
Thy father's ground.

Per. Now Jove afford you cause!
To me the difference forges dread; your greatness
Hath not been used to fear. Even now I tremble
To think your father, by some accident,
Should pass this way as you did: O, the Fates!
How would he look, to see his work so noble
Vilely bound up? What would he say? Or how
Should I in these my borrowed daunts, behold
The sternness of his presence?

Flo. Nothing but jollity. The gods themselves,
Humbling their deities to love, have taken
The shapes of beasts upon them: Jupiter
Become a bull and bellow'd; the green Neptune
A ram, and bleated; and the fire-robed god,
Golden Apollo, a poor humble swain,
As I seem now. Their transformations
Were never for a piece of beauty rarer,
Nor in a way so chaste, since my desires
Run not before mine honour, nor my lusts
Burn hotter than my faith.

Per. O, but, sir,
Your resolution cannot hold, when 'tis
Opposed, as it must be, by the power of the king:
One of these two must be necessities, [purpose,
Which then will speak, that you must change this
Or my life.

Flo. Thou dearest Perdita,
With these forced thoughts, I prithee, darken not
The mirth o' the feast. Or I'll be thine, my fair,
Or not my father's. For I cannot be
Mine own, nor any thing to any, if
I be not thine. To this I am most constant,
Though destiny say no. Be merry, gentle;
Strangle such thoughts as these with any thing
That you behold the while. Your guests are coming:
Lift up your countenance, as it were the day
Of celebration of that nuptial which
We two have sworn shall come.

Per. O lady Fortune,
Stand you auspicious!

Flo. See, your guests approach:
Address yourself to entertain them sprightly,
And let 's be red with mirth.

Enter Shepherd, Clown, Mopsa, Dorcas, and
others, with Polixenes and Camillo disguised.
Shep. Fie, daughter! when my old wife lived, upon
This day she was both pantler, butcher, cook,
Both dame and servant; welcomed all, served all;
Would sing her song and dance her turn; now here,
At upper end o' the table, now i' the middle;
On his shoulder, and his face o' fire
With labour and the thing she took to quench it,
She would to each one sip. You are retired,
As if you were a feasted one and not
The hostess of the meeting; pray you, bid
These unknown friends to's welcome; for it is
A way to make us better friends, more known.
Come, quench your blushes and present yourself.
That which you are, mistress o' the feast: come on,
And bid us welcome to your sheep-shearing,
As your good flock shall prosper.

Per. (To Pol.) Sir, welcome!
Is it my father's will I should take on me
The hostess-ship o' the day. [To Cam.] You're wel-
come, sir.

Give me those flowers there, Dorcas. Reverend sirs,
For you there 's rosemary and rue; these keep
Seeming and savour all the winter long:
Grace and remembrance be to you both,
I'd welcome to our shearing!'n

Pol. Shepherdess,—
A fair one are you—well you fit our ages
With flowers of winter.

Per. Sir, the year growing ancient,
Not yet on summer's death, nor on the birth
Of trembling winter, the fairest flowers o' the sea-
Are our carnations and streak'd gillyvors. [son
Which some call nature's bastards: of that kind
Our rustic garden 's barren; and I care not
To get slips of them.

Pol. Wherefore, gentle maiden,
Do you neglect them?

Per. For I have heard it said
There is an art which in their pinnest 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
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;
No more than were I painted I would wish: [fore
This youth should say 't were well and only there-
Desire to breed by me. Here 's flowers for you;
Hot lavender, mints, savoy, marjoram;
The marigold, that goes to bed wi' the sun
And with him rises weeping: these are flowers
Of middle summer, and I think they are given
To men of middle age. You're very welcome.

Cam. I would leave grazing, were it of your flock,
And only live by gazing.

Per. Out, alas!
You 'd be so lean, that blasts of January
Would blow you through and through. Now, my
fair' st friend,
I would I had some flowers o' the spring that might
Become your time of day; and yours, and yours,
That wear upon your virgin-branches yet.
Your maidenheads growing: O Proserpina,
For the flowers now, that frighted thou let's fall
From Dis's wagon! daffodis,
That come before the swallow dares, and take
The winds of March with beauty; violets dim,
But sweeter than the lads of Juno's eyes
Or Cytherea's breath; pale primroses,
That die unmarried, ere they can behold
Bright Phœbus in his strength—a malady
Most incident to maids: bold oxlips and
The crown imperial: flowers of all kinds.
The flower-de-duce 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... [flowers
But quick and in mine arms. Come, take your
Methinks I play as I have seen them do

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ACT IV.

THE WINTER'S TALE.  

SCENE IV.

In Whitsun pastorals: sure this robe of mine
Does change my disposition.

Flo.  

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 you
A wave o' the sea, that you might ever do
Nothing but that: move still, still so,
And own no other function: each your doing,
So single your dance particular,
Crowns what you are doing in the present deed,
That all your acts are queens.

Per.  

Your praises are too large: but that your youth,
And the true blood which peepeth fairly through 't,
Do plainly give you out an unstead'nd shepherd,
With wisdom I might fear, my Doricles,
You woo'd me the false way.

Flo.  

I think you have
As little skill to fear as I have purpose
To put to 't. But come; our dance, I pray:
Your hand, my Perdita: so turtles pair,
That never mean to part.

Per.  

I'll swear for 'em.

Pol.  

This is the prettiest low-born lass that ever
Ran on the green-sward: nothing she does or seems
But smacks of something greater than herself,
Too noble for this place.

Car.  

He tells her something
That makes her blood look out: good sooth,
She is the queen of curds and cream.

Clo.  

Come on, strike up!

Dor.  

Mopsa must be your mistress: marry, garlic,
To mend her kissing with!

Mops.  

Now, in good time!

Clo.  

Not a word, a word: we stand upon our man.

[Music. Here a dance of Shepherds and Shepherdesses.

Pol.  

Pray, good shepherd, what fair swain is this
Which dances with your daughter?

Shep.  

They call him Doricles; and boasts himself
To have a worthy feeding: but I have it
Upon his own report and I believe it;
He looks like sooth. He says he loves my daughter:
I think so too; for never gazed the moon
Upon the water as he'll stand and read
As 'twere my daily eyes: and, to be plain,
I think there is not half a kiss to choose
Who loves another best.

Pol.  

She dances fealty.

Shep.  

So she does anything; though I report it,
That should be silent: if young Doricles
Do light upon her, she shall bring him that
Which he not dreams of.

Enter Servant.

Serv.  

O master, if you did but hear the pedlar at the door, you would never dance again after a tabor and pipe: no, the burpke could not move you: he sings several tunes faster than you 'll tell money; he utters them as he had eaten ballads and all men's ears grew to his tunes.

Clo.  

He could never come better; he shall come in. I love a ballad but even too well, if it be doleful matter merely set down, or a very pleasant thing indeed and sung lamely only.

Serv.  

He hath songs for man or woman, of all sizes; no milliner can so fit his customers with gloves: he has the prettiest love-songs for maids; so without bawdry, which is strange: with such delicate burthen of dildos and fadings, 'jumper her and thump her;' and where some stretch-mouthed rascal would, as it were, mean mischief and break a foul gap into the matter, he makes the maid to

answer 'Whoop, do me no harm, good man;' puts him off, slights him, with 'Whoop, do me no harm, good man.'

Pol.  

This is a brave fellow.

Clo.  

Believe me, the talker of an admirable conceited fellow. Has he any unbraided wares?

Serv.  

He hath ribbons of all the colours i' the rainbow: points more than all the lawyers in Bohemia can learnedly handle, though they come to him by the gross: inkleis, caddisises, cambries, lawns: why, he sing's 'em over as they were gods or goddesses; you would not think a smoking-one a she-angel, he so chants to the sleeve-hand and the work about the square on 't.

Clo.  

Prithree bring him in; and let him approach singing.

Per.  

Forewarn him that he us no scurrilous words in 's tunes.

[Exit Servant.

Clo.  

You have of these pedlars, that have more in them than you 'ld think, sister.

Per.  

Ay, good brother, or go about to think.

Enter Autolycus, singing.

Lawn as white as driven snow;
Cyprians black as e'er was crow;
Gloves as sweet as damask roses;
Masks for faces and for noses;
Bugle bracelet, necklace amber,
Perfume for a lady's chamber;
Golden quoifs and stomachers,
For my lady to give to their dears;
Pins and poking-sticks of steel,
What maids lack from head to heel:
Buy of me, come; come buy,
Buy, lads, else your lasses cry:
Come buy.

Clo.  

If I were not in love with Mopsa, thou shouldst tak no money of me; but being enthralled as I am, it will also be the bondage of certain ribbons and gloves.

Mops.  

I was promised them against the feast; but they come not too late now.

Dor.  

He hath promised you more than that, or there be larks.

Mops.  

He hath paid you all he promised you: may be, he has paid you more, which will shame you to give him again.

Clo.  

Is there no manners left amongmaids? will they wear their placlets where they should bear their faces? As 't is, they have their eyes: and, to be plain, I think there is not half a kiss to choose
Who loves another best.

Shep.  

Do light upon her, she shall bring him that
Which he not dreams of.

Enter Autolycus, singing.

Aut.  

And indeed, sir, there are cozeners abroad;
therefore it behoves men to be wary.

Clo.  

Fear not thou, man, thou shalt lose nothing
Aut.  

I hope, so, sir; for I have about me many parcels of charge.

Aut.  

What hast here? ballads?

Mops.  

Pray now, buy some: I have a ballad in print o' life, for then we are sure they are true.

Aut.  

Here's one to a very doleful tune, how a usurer's wife was brought to bed of twenty moneybags at a birth, and how she longed to eat admirers' heads and toads carbonadoed.

Mops.  

Is it true, think you?

Aut.  

Very true, and but a month old.

Dor.  

Bless me from marrying a usurer!

Aut.  

Here's the midwife's name to 't, one Mistress Tale-pouter and five or six honest wives that were present. Why should I carry lies abroad?

Mops.  

Pray you now, buy it.
THE WINTER'S TALE.

ACT IV.

CLO. Come on, lay it by: and let's first see more ballads; we'll buy the other things anon.

AUT. Here's another ballad of a fish, that appeared upon the coast on Wednesday the four-score of April, forty thousand hands above water, and sung this ballad against the hard hearts of maidens: it was thought she was a woman and was turned into a cold fish for she would not exchange flesh with one that loved her: the ballad is very pitiful and as DOR. Is it true too, think you? [true.

AUT. This is a merry ballad, but a very pretty one.

MOP. Let's have some merry ones.

AUT. 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.

AUT. 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.

D. Thou hast sworn my love to be.
M. Thou hast sworn it more to me:
Then whither goest? say, whither.

CLO. We'll have this song out anon by ourselves: my father and the gentlemen are in sad talk, and we'll not trouble them. Come, bring away thy pack after me. Wenches, I'll buy for you both. Pedlar, let's have the first choice. Follow me, girls.

[Exit with Dorcas and Mopsa.

AUT. And you shall pay well for 'em. [Follows singing.

Will you buy any tape,
Or lace for your cape,
My dainty duck, my dear-a?
Any silk, any thread,
Any 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.

REENTER 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 vary 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 three of them, by their own report, sir, hath danced before the king; and not the worst of the three but jumps twelve foot and a half by the squarer.

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.

HEEPE. Here a dance of twelve Satyr's.

POL. O, father, you'll know more of that hereafter?

[To Com.] Is it not too far gone? 'Tis time to part then.

HEEPE. 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 [sack'd]
To load my she with knacks: I would have ran
The pedlar's silken treasury and have pour'd it
To her acceptance; you have let him go
And nothing marted with him. If your lass
Interpretation should abuse and call this
Your lack of love or bounty, you were straited
For a reply, at least if you make a care
Of happy holding her.

FLO. Old sir, I know
She prizes not such trifles as these 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 it, [bolted
Or Ethiopian's tooth, or the fam'd snow that's
By the northern blasts twice over.

POL. What follows this?

How prettily the young swain seems to wash
The hand was fair before! I have put you out:
But to your protestation; let me hear
What you profess.

FLO. Do, and be witness to 't.

POL. And this my neighbour too?

FLO. And he, and more
Than he, and men, the earth, the heavens, and all:
That, were I crown'd the most imperial monarch,
Thereof, most worthy, were I the fairest youth
That ever made eye swerve, had force and knowl-
edge
More than was ever man's, I would not prize them
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.

COM. This shows a sound affec-
tion.

SHEP. But, my daughter,
See you the like to him?

PER. I cannot speak
So well, nothing so well; no, nor mean better:
By the pattern of mine own thoughts I cut out
The purity of his.

SHEP. Take hands, a bargain!

And, friends unknown, you shall bear witness to 't: I give my daughter to him, and will make
Her portion equal his.

FLO. O, that must be
I' the virtue of your daughter: one being dead,
I shall have more than you can dream of yet;
Enough then for your wonder. But, come on,
Contract us 'fore these witnesses.

SHEP. Come, your hand;
And, daughter, yours.

POL. Soft, swain, awhile, beseech you;
Have you a father?

FLO. I have: but what of him?

POL. Knows he of this?

FLO. He neither does nor shall.

METHINKS a father
Is at the nuptial of his son a guest
That best becomes the table. Pray you once more,
Is not your father grown incapable
Of reasonable affairs? is he not stupid
With age and altering rheums? can he speak? hear?
Know man from man? dispute his own estate?
ACT IV.

THE WINTER'S TALE.

SCENE IV.

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 unfulfil'd: reason my son
Should choose himself a wife, but as good reason
The father, all whose joy is nothing else
But fair posterity, should hold some counsel
In such a business.
Flo. I yield all this;
But for some other reasons, my grave sir,
Which 'tis not fit you know, I not acquaint
My father of this business.
Pol. Flo. He shall not.
Flo. No, he must not.
Shep. Let him, my son: he shall not need to grieve
At knowing of thy choice.
Flo. Come, come, he must not.
Mark our contract.
Pol. Mark your divorce, young sir,
[Discovering himself.
Whom son I dare not call; thou art too base
To be acknowledged: thou a scep'tre's heir,
That thus affect'st a sheep-lock! Thou old traitor,
I am sorry that by hanging thee I can
But shorten thy life one week. And thou, fresh piece
Of excellent witchcraft, who of force must know
The royal fool thou copest with,
Shep. O, my heart!
Pol. I 'll have thy beauty scratch'd with briers, and made
More homely than thy state. For thee, fond boy,
If I may, I 'll know thou dost but sigh,
That thou no more shalt see this knack, as never
I mean thou shalt, we 'll bar thee from succession;
Not hold thee of our blood, no, not our kin,
Far than Decauillon off: mark thou my words:
Follow us to the court. Thou churl, for this time,
Thou art too full of our displeasure, yet we free thee
From the dead blow of it. And you, enchantment,
Worthy enough a herdsman; yea, him too,
That makes himself, but for our honour therein,
Unworthy thee,—if ever henceforth thou
These rural latches to his entrance open,
Or hoop his body more with thy embraces,
I will devise a death as cruel for thee
As thou art tender to 't.
[Exit.

Per. Even here undone!
I was not much afeard; for once or twice
I was about to speak and tell him plainly,
The selfsame sun that shines upon his court
Hides not his visage from our cottage but
Looks on alike. Will 't please you, sir, be gone?
I told you what would come of this: beseech you,
Of your own state take care: this dream of mine,—
Being now awake, I 'll queen it no inch farther,
But milk my ewes and weep.
Cam. Why, how now, father!
Shep. Speak ere thou diest.
I cannot speak, nor think,
Nor dare to know that which I know. O sir!
You have undone a man of fourscore three,
That thought to fill his grave in quiet, yea,
To die upon the bed my father died.
I lie close by his honest bones: but now
Some hangman must put on my shroud and lay me
Where no priest shovels in dust. O cursed wretch,
That knew 'st this was the prince, and wouldst advan-
ture
To mingle faith with him! Undone! undone!
If I die within this hour, I have lived
To die when I desire.
[Exit.
ACT IV.  

THE WINTER'S TALE.  

SCENE IV.  

I'll point you where you shall have such receiving
As shall become your highness; where you may
Enjoy your mistres, from th' whom, I see,
There's no disjunction to be made, but by—
As heavens foreend! — your ruin; marry her,
And, with my best endeavours in your absence,
Your discontenting father strive to qualify.
And bring him up to liking.

Fllo.  

How, Camillo,
May this, almost a miracle, be done?
That I may call thee something more than man
And after that trust to thee.

Can.  

Have you thought on
A place whereof you 'll go?
Not any yet:
But as the unthought-on accident is guilty
To what we wildly do, so we profess
Ourselves to be the slaves of chance and dies
Of every wind that blows.

Can.  

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 shall the king, and in his present,
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 't were i' the father's person; kisses the hands
Of your fresh princess: and so, 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.

Fllo.  

Worthy Camillo,
What colour for my visitation shall I
Hold up before him?

Can.  

Sent by the king your father
To greet him and to give him comforts. Sir,
The manner of your bearing towards him, with
What you as from your father shall deliver,
Things known betwixt us three, I'll write you down:
The which shall point you forth at every sitting
What you must say; that he shall not perceive
But that you have your father's bosom there
And speak his very heart.

Fllo.  

There is some sap in this.

Can.  

A cause more promising
There is a wild dedication of yourselves
To unpath'd waters, undream'd shores, most certain
To miseries enough; no hope to help you,
But as you shake off one to take another;
Nothing so certain as your anchors, who
Do their best office, if they can but stay you
Where you'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.

Can.  

Yea, say you so?
There shall not at your father's house these seven
Be born another such.

Fllo.  

My good Camillo,
She is as forward of her breeding as
She is i' the rear our birth.

Can.  

I cannot say 't is pity
To most that teach.

Per.  

Your pardon, sir; for this
I'll blush you thanks.

Fllo.  

My prettiest Perdita!
But O, the thorns we stand upon! Camillo,
Preserver of my father, now of me,
The medicine of our house, how shall we do?

We are not furnish'd like Bohemia's son,
Nor shall appear in Sicilia.

Cam.  

My lord,
Fear none of this: I think you know my fortunes
Do all lie there: it shall be so my care
To have you royally appointed as if
The scene you play were mine. For instance, sir,
That you may know you shall not want, one word.

[They talk aside.

Re-enter Autolycus.

Aut.  

Ha, ha! what a fool Honesty is! and Trust,
His sworn brother, a very simple gentleman! I
have sold all my trumpery; not a counterfeit stone,
not a ribbon, glass, pomander, brooch, table-book,
ballad, knife, tape, glove, shoe-tie, bracelet, horning,
to keep my pack from fasting: they throng
who should buy first, as if my trinkets had been
hallowed and brought a beneficence to the buyer:
by which means I saw whose purse was best in picture;
and what I saw, to my good use I remembered.
My clown, who wants something to be
a reasonable man, grew so in love with the wenches'
per se, that he would not take his little things till he had
both tune and words; which so drew the rest of the herd
to me that all their other senses stuck in ears:
you might have pinched a placket, it was senseless;
't was nothing to geld a codpiece of a purse; I could
have filed keys off that hung in chains: no hearing,
feeling; being my sir's song, and admiring
the nothing of it. So that in this time of lethargy
I picked and cut most of their festival purses; and
had not the old man come in with a whoo-bub
against his daughter and the king's son and scared
my counsels from the chaff, I had not left a purse
alive in the whole army.

[Camillo, Florizel, and Perdita come forward.

Cam.  

Nay, but my letters, by this means being there
So soon as you arrive, shall clear that doubt.

Fllo.  

And those that you'll procure from King
Leontes—

Cam.  

Shall satisfy your father.

Per.  

Happy be you!

All that you speak shows fair.

Cam.  

Who have we here?

[Seeing Autolycus.

We'll make an instrument of this, omit
Nothing to give us aid.  

Ing.  

Aut.  

If they have overheard me now, why, hang—
Cam.  

How now, good fellow! why shakest thou so?
Fear not, man; here's no harm intended to
Aut.  

I am a poor fellow, sir.  

Cam.  

Why, be so still; here's nobody will steal
that from thee; yet for the outside of thy poverty
we must make an exchange; therefore discourse thee
instantly,—thou must think there's a necessity in 't,—and change garments with this gentleman:
though the pennycash on his side be the worst,
yet hold thee, there's some boot.

Aut.  

I am a poor fellow, sir.  

Cam.  

I know ye well enough.

Cam.  

Nay, prithee, dispatch: the gentleman is half layed already.

Aut.  

Are you in earnest, sir?  

Cam.  

I smell the trick on 't.

Fllo.  

Dispatch, I prithee.

Aut.  

Indeed, I have had earnest; but I cannot
with conscience take it.

Cam.  

Unbuckle, unbuckle.

[Florizel and Autolycus exchange garments.

Fortunate mistress,—let my prophecy
Come home to ye!—you must retire yourself
Into some covert: take your sweetheart's hat
And pluck her: she'll wear your face; Dismantle you, and, as you can, dislike
The truth of your own seeming; that you may—
ACT IV.

THE WINTER'S TALE.

SCENE IV.

For I do fear eyes over—to shipboard
Get undescribed.

Per. I see the play so lies
That I must bear a part.

Cam. No remedy.

Have you done there?

Flo. Should I now meet my father,
He would not call me son.

Cam. Nay, you shall have no hat. [Giving it to Perdita.]

Come, lady, come. Farewell, my friend.

Aut. Adieu, sir.

Flo. O Perdita, what have we twain forgot!
Pray you, a word.

[king
Cam. [Aside] What I do next shall be to tell the
Of this escape and whither they are bound;
Wherein my hope is I shall so prevail.
To force him after: in whose company
I shall review Sicilia, for whose sight
I have a woman's longing.

Flo. Fortune speed us!

Thus we set on, Camillo, to the sea-side.

Cam. The swifter speed the better.

[Exeunt Florizel, Perdita, and Camillo.

Aut. I understand the business, I hear it: to have an open ear! Veck every hand, is necessary for a cut-purse: a good nose is requisite also, to smell out work for the other senses. I see this is the time that the unjust man doth thrive. What an exchange had this been without boot! What a boot is here with this exchange! Sure the gods do this year connive at us, and we may do anything extempore. The prince himself is about a piece of iniquity, stealing away from his father with his clog at his heels: if I thought it were a piece of honesty to acquaint the king withal, I would not do 't: I hold it the more knavery to conceal it; and therein am I constant to my profession.

Re-enter Clown and Shepherd.

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 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, yea, and his son's pranks too; who, I may say, is no honest man, neither to his father, nor to me, to go about to make me the king's brother-in-law.

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 wise: let me pocket 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 tradesmen, 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 you

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 you like, sir?

Aut. Whether it like me or no, I am a courtier. Seest thou not the air of the court in these, enfoldings? hast not my gait in it the measure of the court? dost thou not, by whose court-odour from me? reflect I not on thy baseness court-contempt? Thinkest thou, for that I insinuate, or toeze 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 'tis the court-word for a pheasant: say you have none.

[hen.

Shep. None; I have no pheasant, cock nor

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 he be not capable of things serious, thou must know the king is full of grief.

Shep. So 'tis said, sir; about his son, that should have married a shepherd's daughter.

Aut. If that shepherd be not in hand-fast, let him fly: the curses he shall have, the tortures he shall feel, will break the honest 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-whistling 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?

Aut. He 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-vite or some other hot infusion; then, raw as he is, and in the height of the day, a proclamation shall, shall 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 rascales, 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
ACT V.

THE WINTER’S TALE.

SCENE I.

—A room in Leontes’ palace.

Enter Leontes, Cleomenes, Dion, Paulina, and Servants.

Clo. Sir, you have done enough, and have perform’d
A saint-like sorrow: no fault could you make,
Which you have not redeem’d; indeed, paid down
More penitence than done trespass: at the last,
Do as the heavens have done, forget your evil;
With them forgive yourself.

Leon. Whilst I remember
Her and her virtues, I cannot forget
My blemishes in them, and so still think of
The wrong I did myself; which was so much,
That heerless it hath made my kingdom and
Destroy’d the sweet’st companion that e’er man
Bred his hopes out of.

Paul. True, too true, my lord: If, one by one, you wedded all the world, Or from the all that are took something good, To make a perfect woman, she you kill’d Would be unparallel’d.

Leon. I think so. Kill’d! She I kill’d! I did so: but thou strikst me Sorely, to say I did; it is as bitter Upon thy tongue as in my thought: now, good now, Say so but seldom.

Cleo. Not at all, good lady; You might have spoken a thousand things that would Have done the time more benefit and graced Your kindness better.

Paul. You are one of those Would have him wed again.

Dion. If you would not so, You pity not the state, nor the remembrance Of his most sovereign name; consider little What dangers, by his highness’ fall of issue, May drop upon his kingdom and devour Incertain lookers on. What were more holy Than to rejoice the former queen is well? What holier than, for royalty’s repair, For present comfort and for future good, To bless the bed of majesty again With a sweet fellow to ’t?—

Paul. There is none worthy, Respecting her that’s gone. Besides, the gods

Will have fulfill’d their secret purposes; For has not the divine Apollo said, Is’t not the tenour of his oracle.

That King Leontes shall not have an heir Till his lost child be found? which that it shall, Is all as monstrous to our human reason As my Antigonus to break his grave And come again to me; who, on my life, Did perish with the infant. ’T is your counsel My lord should to the heavens be contrary Oppose against their wills. [To Leontes.] Care not for issue: The crown will find an heir: great Alexander Left his to the worthiest: so his successor Was like to be the best.

Leon. Good Paulina, Who hast the memory of Hermione, I know, in honour, O, that ever I Had squared me to thy counsel! then, even now, I might have look’d upon my queen’s full eyes, Have taken treasure from her lips— And left them More rich for what they yielded.

Leon. Thou speak’st truth. No more such wives; therefore, no wife: one worse, And better used, would make her sainted spirit Again possess her corpse, and on this stage, Where we’re offenders now, appear soul-vex’d, And begin, ‘Why to me?’

Paul. Had she such power, She had just cause.

Leon. She had; and would incense me To murder her I married.

Paul. I should so. Were I the ghost that walk’d, I’d bid you mark Her eye, and tell me for what dull part in ’t You chose her; then I’d shriek, that even your ears Should rife to hear me; and the words that follow’d Should be ‘Remember mine’.

Leon. Stars, stars, And all eyes else dead coals! Fear thou no wife; I’ll have no wife, Paulina.

Paul. Will you swear Never to marry but by my free leave?

Leon. Never, Paulina; so be blest my spirit! Paul. Then, good my lords, bear witness to his Cleo. You tempt him over-much. [oath.

Paul. Unless another,
ACT V.

THE WINTER'S TALE.

SCENE I.

As like Hermione as is her picture,
Afront 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. 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,
Nor was not to be equal'd;'-thus your verse
Flow'd with her beauty once: 't is 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 obtained 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 embrasure. Still, 't is strange
[Exeunt Cleomenes and others.

He thus should steady 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. Prifies, no more; cease; thou know'st
He dies to me again when talk'd of: sure,
When I shall see this gentleman, thy speeches
Will bring me to consider that which may
Unfurnish me of reason. They are come.

Re-enter Cleomenes and others, with Florizel and
Perdita.

Your mother was most true to wedlock, prince;
For she did print your royal father off,
Conceiving you: were 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,—goddess!—O, alas!
I lost a couple, that 'twixt heaven and earth
Might thus have stood begetting wonder as

You, gracious couple, do: and then I lost—
All mine own folly—the society,
Amity too, of your brave father, whom,
Though bearing misery, I desire my life
Once more to look on him.

Flo. By his command
Have I here touch'd Sicilia and from him
Give you all greetings that a king, at friend,
Can send his brother: and, but infirmitry
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. 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,
A graceful gentleman; against whose person,
So sacred as it is, I have done:—
For which the heavens, taking angry note,
Have left me issueless; and your father's blest,
As he from heaven merits it, with you
Worthy his goodness. What might I have been,
Might I a son and daughter now have look'd on,
Such goodly things as you!

Enter a Lord.

Lord. Most noble sir,
That which I shall report will bear no credit,
Were not the proof so nigh. Please you, great sir,
Bohemia greets you from himself by me;
Desires you to attach his son, who has—
His dignity and duty both cast off—
Fled from his father, from his hopes, and with
A shepherd's daughter.


Lord. Here in your city; I now came from him:
I speak amazedly; and it becomes
My marvelous and my message. To your court
Whiles he was hastening, in the chase, it seems,
Of this fair couple, meets he on the way
The father of this seeming lady and
Her brother, having both their country quitted
With this young prince.

Flo. Camillo has betray'd me;
Whose honour and whose honesty till now
Endured all weathers.

Lord. Lay 't so to his charge;

Leon. Who? Camillo?

Lord. Camillo, sir; I spake with him; who now
ACT V.

THE WINTER'S TALE.

SCENE II.

Enter a third Gentleman.

Here comes the Lady Paulina's steward: he can deliver you more. How goes it now, sir? this news which is called true is so like an old tale, that the word of it is in strong suspicion; has the king found his heir?

Third Gent. Most true, if ever truth were pregnant by circumstance: that which you hear you'll swear you see, there is such unity in the proofs. The mantle of Queen Hermione's, her jewel about the neck of it, the letters of Antigonus found with it which they know to be his character, the majesty of the creature in resemblance of the mother, the affection of nobleness which nature shows above her breeding, and many other evidences proclaim her with all certainty to be the king's daughter. Did you see the meeting of the two kings?

Sec. Gent. No.

Third Gent. Then have you lost a sight, which was to be seen, cannot be spoken of. There might you have beheld one joy crown another, and so in such manner that it seemed sorrow wait to take leave of them, for their joy waded in tears. There was casting up of eyes, holding up of hands, with contemnance of such they were to be known by garment, not by favour. Our king, being ready to leap out of himself for joy of his found daughter, as if that joy were now become a loss, cries 'O, thy mother, thy mother!' then asks Bohemia forgiveness; then embraces his son-in-law; then again worries his daughter with eloping her; now he thanks the old shepherd, which stands by like a weather-bitten conduit of many kings' reigns. I never heard of such another encounter, which James report to follow it and undoes description to do it.

Sec. Gent. What, pray you, became of Antigonus, that carried hence the child?

Third Gent. Like an old tale still, which will have matter to rehearse, though credit be asleep and not an ear open. He was torn to pieces with a bear: this avouches the shepherd's son; who has not only his innocence, which seems much, to justify him, but a handkerchief and rings of his that Paulina knows.

First Gent. What became of his bark and his followers?

Third Gent. Wrecked the same instant of their master's death and in the view of the shepherd; so that all the instruments which aided to expose the child were known then to have done: O, the noble combat that 'twixt joy and sorrow was fought in Paulina! She had one eye declined for the loss of her husband, another elevated that the oracle was fulfilled; she lifted the princess from the earth, and so locks her in embracing, as if she would pin her to her heart that she might no more be in danger of losing.

First Gent. The dignity of this act was worth the audience of kings and princes; for by such was it acted.

Third Gent. One of the prettiest touches of all and that which angled for mine eyes, caught the wing therewith: the fish, was when, at the relation of the queen's death, with the manner how she came to 't bravely confessed and lamented by the king, how attentiveness wounded his daughter; till, from one sign of doleour to another, she did, with 'An Alas,' I would fain say, bleed tears, for I am sure my heart was not goblet: Who was more merry, marble there colored: some swooned, all sorrowed: if all the world could have seen 't, the woe had been universal.

First Gent. Are they returned to the court?

Third Gent. No: the princess hearing of her mother's statue, which is in the keeping of Paulina,—a piece many years in doing and now newly performed by that rare Italian master, Julio Romano, who had

Enter Autolycus and a Gentleman.

Aut. Beseech you, sir, were you present at this relation?

First Gent. I was by at the opening of the fardel, heard the old shepherd deliver the manner how he found it: whereupon, after a little amazedness, we were all commanded out of the chamber; only this methought I heard the shepherd say, he found the child.

Aut. I would most gladly know the issue of it.

First Gent. I make a broken delivery of the business; but the changes I perceived in the king and Camillo were very notes of admiration: they seemed almost, with staring on one another, to bear the cases of their eyes; there was speech in their dumbness, language in their very gesture: they looked as they had heard of a world ransomed, or one destroyed: a notable passion of wonder appeared in them; but the wisest beholder, that knew no more but seeing, could not say if the importance were joy or sorrow; but in the extremity of the one, it must needs be.

Enter another Gentleman.

Here comes a gentleman that haply knows more. The news, Roger?

Sec. Gent. Nothing but bonfires: the oracle is fulfilled; the king's daughter is found: such a deal of wonder is broken out within this hour that ballad-makers cannot be able to express it.
he himself eternity and could put breath into his work, would beguile Nature of her custom, so perfectly he is her ape: he so near to Hermione hath done Hermione that they say one would speak to her and stand in hope of answer: thither with all greediness of affection are they gone, and there they intend to sup.

See. Gent. I thought she had some great matter there in hand; for she hath privately twice or thrice a day, ever since the death of Hermione, visited that removed house. Shall we thither and with our company piece the rejoicing?

First Gent. Who would be thence that the benefit of access? every wink of an eye some new grace shall be born: our absence makes us unthrift to our knowledge. Let's along. [Exeunt Gentlemen.

Aut. Now, had I not the dash of my former life in me, would preferment drop on my head. I brought the old man and his son aboard the prince; told him I heard them talk of a fardel and I know not what; but he at that time, overfond of the shepherd's daughter, so he then took her to be, who began to be much sea-sick, and himself little better, extremity of weather continuing, this mystery remained undiscovered. But 'tis all one to me; for had I been the finder out of this secret, it would not have relished among my other discords.

Enter Shepherd and Clown.

Here come those I have done good to against my will, and already appearing in the blossoms of their fortune.

Shep. Come, boy; I am past me children, but thy sons and daughters will be all gentlemen born.

Clo. You are well met, sir. You denied to fight with me this other day, because I was no gentleman born. See you these clothes? say you see them not and think me still no gentleman born; you were best say these robes are not gentlemen born: give me the lie, do, and try whether I am not now a gentleman born.

Aut. I know you are now, sir, a gentleman born.

Clo. Ay, and have been so any time these four hours.

Shep. And so have I, boy.

Clo. You have: but I was a gentleman born before my father; for the king's son took me by the hand, and called me brother; and then the two kings called my father brother; and then the prince my brother and the princess my sister called my father father; and so we wept, and there was the first gentleman-like tears that ever we shed.

Shep. We may live, son, to shed many more.

Clo. Ay; or else 't were hard luck, being in so preposterous estate as we are.

Aut. I humbly beseech you, sir, to pardon me all the faults I have committed to your worship and to give me your good report to the prince my master.

Shep. Prithee, son, do; for we must be gentle, now we are gentlemen.

Clo. Thou wilt amend thy life?

Aut. Ay, an it like your good worship.

Clo. Give me thy hand: I will swear to the prince thou art as honest a true fellow as any is in Bohemia.

Shep. You may say it, but not swear it.

Clo. Not swear it, now I am a gentleman? Let boors and franklins say it, I'll swear it.

Shep. How if it be false, son?

Clo. If it be ne'er so false, a true gentleman may swear it in the behalf of his friend: and I'll swear to the prince thou art a tall fellow of thy hands and that thou wilt not be drunk; but I know thou art no tall fellow of thy hands and that thou wilt be drunk: but I'll swear it, and I would thou wouldst be a tall fellow of thy hands.

Aut. I will prove so, sir, to my power.

Clo. Ay, by any means prove a tall fellow: if I do not wonder how thou darest venture to be drunk, not being a tall fellow, trust me not. Hark! the kings and the princes, our kindred, are going to see the queen's picture. Come, follow us: we'll be thy good masters.

[Exeunt.]

SCENE III.—A chapel in Paulina's house.

Enter Leontes, Polixenes, Florizel, Perdita, Camillo, Paulina, Lords, and Attendants.

Leon. O grave and good Paulina, the great comfort I have had of thee! [Exeunt Paul.

What, sovereign sir, I did not well I meant well. All my services You have paid home: but that you have vouchsafed, [Exeunt] With your crown'd brother and these your con-
Heirs of your kingdoms, my poor house to visit, It is a surplus of your grace, which never My life may last to answer.

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 content In many singularities; but we saw not That which my daughter came to look upon, The statue of her mother.

Paul. As she lived peerless, So her dead likeness, I do well believe, Excels whatever yet you look'd upon Or hand of man hath done: therefore I keep it But here it is; prepare To see the life as lively mock'd as ever Still sleep mock'd death: behold, and say 'tis well. [Paulina draws a curtain, and discovers Hermione standing like a statue.

I like your silence, it the more shows off Your wonder: but yet speak; first, you, my liege, Comes it not something near?

Leon. Her natural posture! Chide me, dear stone, that I may say indeed Thou art Hermione; or rather, thou art she In thy not chiding, for she was as tender As infancy and grace. But yet, Paulina, Hermione was not so much wrinkled, nothing So aged as this seems.

Pol. O, not by much.

Paul. So much the more our carver's excellence; Which lets go by some sixteen years and makes her As she lived now. As now she might have done, So much to my good comfort, as it is Now piercing to my soul. O, thus she stood, Even with such life of majesty, warm life, As now it coldly stands, when first I woo'd her! I am ashamed: does not the stone rebuke me For being more stone than it? O royal piece There's magic in thy majesty, which has My evils conjured to remembrance and From thy admiring daughter took the spirits, Standing like stone with thee.

Pol. And give me leave, And do not say 't is superstition, that I kneel and then implore her blessing. Lady, Dear queen, that ended when I but began, Give me that hand of yours to kiss.

Paul. O, patience! The statue is but newly fix'd, the colour's Not dry.

Camil. My lord, your sorrow was too sore laid on, Which sixteen winters cannot blow away, So many summers dry: scarce any joy Did ever so long live; no sorrow But kill'd itself much sooner.

Pol. Dear my brother,
Let him that was the cause of this have power
To take off so much grief from you as he
Will piece up in himself.

Paul. Indeed, my lord,
If I had thought the sight of my poor image
Would thus have wrought you,—for the stone is
I'd not have show'd it. [mine—

Leon. Do not draw the curtain.

Paul. No longer shall you gaze on 't, lest your
May think anon it moves. [fancy

Leon. Let be, let be.

Would I were dead, but that, methinks, already—
What was he that did make it? See, my lord,
Would you not deem it breathed? and that those
Did verily bear blood? [veins

Pol. Masterly done:
The very life seems warm upon her lip.

Leon. The lixure of her eye has motion in 't,
As we are mock'd with art.

Paul. I'll draw the curtain:
My lord's almost so far transported that
He'll think anon it lives.

Leon. O sweet Paulina,
Make me to think so twenty years together!
No settled senses of the world can match
The pleasure of that madness. Let 't alone.

Paul. I am sorry, sir, I have thus far stirr'd you:
I could afflict you farther. [but

Leon. Do, Paulina;
For this affliction has a taste as sweet
As any cordial comfort. Still, methinks,
There is an air comes from her: what fine chisel
Could ever yet cut breath? Let no man mock me,
For I will kiss her.

Paul. Good my lord, forbear:
The reddiness upon her lip is wet;
You'll mar it if you kiss it, stain your own
With oily painting. Shall I draw the curtain?

Leon. No, not these twenty years.

Per. So long could I
Stand by, a looker on.

Paul. Either forbear,
Quit presently the chapel, or resolve you
For more amazement. If you can behold it,
I'll make the statue move indeed, descend
And take you by the hand: but then you'll think—
Which I protest against — I am assisted
By wicked powers.

Leon. What you can make her do,
I am content to look on: what to speak,
I am content to hear; for 't is as easy
To make her speak as move.

Paul. It is required
You do awake your faith. Then all stand still;
On: those that think it is unlawful business
I am about, let them depart.

Leon. No foot shall stir.

'Tis time; descend; be stone no more; approach;
Strike all that look upon with marvel. Come,
I'll fill your grave up: stir, nay, come away,

Bequest to death your numbness, for from him
Dear life redeems you. You perceive she stirs:

[Hermione comes down.

Start not; her actions shall be holy as
You hear my spell is lawful: do not shun her
Until you see her die again; for then
You kill her double. Nay, present your hand:
When she was young you wo'd her; now in age
Is she become the suitor?

Leon. O, she's warm!
If this be magic, let it be an art
Lawful as eating.

Pol. She embraces him.

Can. 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,
Were it but told you, should be hooted at
Like an old tale: but it appears she lives,
Though yet she speak not. Mark a little while.
Please you to interpose, fair madam: kneel
And pray your mother's blessing. Turn, good lady;
Our Perdita is found.

Her. You gods, look down
And from your sacred vials pour your graces
Upon my daughter's head! Tell me, mine own,
Where hast thou been 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!
You shouldst a husband take by my consent,
As I by thine a wife: this is a match, [mine;
And made between 's by vows. Thou hast found
But how, is to be question'd: for I saw her,
As I thought, dead, and have in vain said many
A prayer upon her grave. I'll not seek far—
For him, I partly know his mind—to find thee
An honourable husband. Come, Camillo,
And take her by the hand, whose worth and honesty
Is richly noted and here justified
By us, a pair of kings. Let's from this place.
What! look upon my brother: both your pardons,
That e'er I put between your holy looks
My ill suspicion. This is your son-in-law
And son unto the king, who, heavens directing,
Is troth-plight to your daughter. Good Paulina,
Lead us from hence, where we may leisurely
Each one demand and answer to his part
Perform'd in this wide gap of time since first
We were dissever'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 Bigot.
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.

Lewis, the Dauphin.
K. John, Duke of Austria.
Cardinal Pandulph, the Pope's legate.
Molm, a French Lord.
Chatillon, ambassador from France to King John.
Queen Elinor, mother to King John.
Constance, mother to Arthur.
Bianch of Spain, niece to King John.
Lady Faulconbridge.

Lords, Citizens of Angiers, Sheriff, Heralds, Officers, Soldiers, Messengers, and other Attendants.

SCENE—Partly in England, and partly in France.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—King John's palace.

Enter King John, Queen Elinor, Pembroke, Essex, Salisbury, and others, with Chatillon.

K. John. Now, say, Chatillon, what would France with us? [France
Chat. Thus, after greeting, speaks the King of
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 Geoffry’s son,
Arthur Plantagenet, lays most lawful claim
To this fair island and the territories,
To Ireland, Poictiers, Anjou, Touraine, Maine,
Desiring thee to lay aside the sword
Which sways usurpingly these several titles,
And put the same into young Arthur’s hand,
Thy nephew and right royal sovereign.
K. John. What follows if we disallow of this?
Chat. The proud 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
The farthest limit of my embassy. [mouth,
K. John. Bear mine to him, and so depart in peace:
Be thou as lightning in the eyes of France;
For ere thou canst report I will be there,
The thunder of my cannon shall be heard:
So hence! Be thou the trumpet of our wrath
And sudden prease of thy own decay.
An honourable conduct let him have:
Pembroke, look to’t. Farewell, Chatillon.

[Exeunt Chatillon and Pembroke.

Eli. What now, my son! have I not ever said
How that ambitious Constance would not cease
Till she had kindled France and all the world,
Upon the right and party of her son?
This might have been prevented and made whole
With very easy arguments of love,
Which now the manage of two kingdoms must
With fearful bloody issue arbitrate.

[us.
K. John. Our strong possession and our right for
Eli. Your strong possession much more than your right,
Or else it must go wrong with you and me:
So 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 abbeys and our priories shall pay
This expedition’s charge.

Enter Robert Faulconbridge, and Philip his bastard brother.

What men are you?
Bast. Your faithful subject I, a gentleman
Born in Northamptonshire and eldest son,
As I suppose, to Robert Faulconbridge,
A soldier, by the honour-giving hand
Of Cœur-de-lion knighted in the field.
K. John. What art thou?
Rob. The son and heir to that same Faulconbridge.
K. John. Is that the elder, and art thou the heir?
You came not of one mother then, it seems.
Bast. Most certain of one mother, mighty king;
That is well known; and, as I think, one father:
But for the certain knowledge of that truth
I put you o’er to heaven and to my mother:
Of that I doubt, as all men’s children may. [mother
Eli. Out on thee, rude man! thou dost shame thy
And wound her honour with this difference.
Bast. I, madam? no, I have no reason for it;
That is my brother’s plea and none of mine;
The which if he can prove, a’ pops me out
At least from fair five hundred pound a year:
Heaven guard my mother’s honour and my land!
K. John. A good blunt fellow. Why, being younger
Doth he lay claim to thine inheritance?

[born,
ACT I.  
KING JOHN.  
SCENE I.

Bast. I know not why, except to get the land.  
But once he slander'd me with bastardy:  
But whether I be as true begot or no,  
That still I lay upon my mother's head,  
But that I am as well begot, my liege,—  
Fair fall the bones that clothe the pains for me!—  
Compare me and you will find me as myself.  
If old sir Robert did beget us both  
And were our father and this son like him,  
O old sir Robert, father, on my knee  
I give heaven thanks I was not like to thee!  
K. John. Why, what a madcap hath heaven lent us  
Kneel thou down Philip, but rise more great.  
Arise sir Richard and Plantagenet.  
Bast. Brother by the mother's side, give me your  
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.  
K. John. From henceforth bear his name whose  
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  
Bequest all but Bastard.  
A foot of honour better than I was;  
But many a many foot of land the worse.  
Well, now can I make any Joan a lady.  
Good den, sir Richard! — God-a-merry, fellow! —  
And if his name be George, I'll call him Peter;  
For new-made honours forget men's names;  
"Tis too respective and too sociable  
For your conversion. Now your traveller,  
He and his toothpick at my worship's mess,  
And when his lute is blockish,  
Why then I suck my teeth and catherine  
My picked man of countries: 'My dear sir,'  
Thus, leaning on mine elbow, I begin,  
'I shall beseech you'—that is question now;  
And then comes answer like an Absey book:  
'O sir,' says answer, 'at your best command;  
At your best command, sir.'  
'No, sir,' says question, 'I, sweet sir, at yours:'  
And so, ere answer knows what question would,  
Saying in dialogue of compliment,  
And talking of the Alps and Apennines,  
The Pyrenean and the river Po,  
It draws toward supper in conclusion so.  
But this is worshipful society  
And fits the mounting spirit like myself,  
For he is but a bastard to the time  
That doth not smack of observation;  
And so am I, whether I smack or no;  
And not alone in habit and device,  
But from the inward motion to deliver  
Sweet, sweet, sweet poison for the age's tooth:  
Which, though I will not practise to deceive,  
Yet, to avoid deceit, I mean to learn;  
For it shall strewn the footsteps of my rising,  
But who comes in such habit as the robes of  
What woman-post is this? hath she no husband  
That will take pains to blow a horn before her?  

Enter Lady Faulconbridge and James Gurney.  
O me! it is my mother. How now, good lady!  
What brings you here to court so hastily?
ACT II.

KING.

JOHN.

SCENE I.

France. Before Angiers.

Enter Austria and force, drums, &c., on one side; on the other King Philip of France and his power; Lewis, Arthur, Constance and Attendants.

Aust. The peace of heaven is theirs that lift their
In such a just and charitable war.

K. Phi. Well then, to work: our cannon shall be
Against the brows of this resisting town.

Call for our chiefest men of discipline,
Tou cull the plots of best advantages.

We'll lay before this town our royal bones,
Wade to the market-place in Frenchmen's blood,
But we will make it subject to this boy.

Const. Stay for an answer to your embassy,
Least unadvised you stain your swords with blood:
My Lord Chatillon may from England bring
That right in peace which here we urge in war,
And then we shall repent each drop of blood
That hot rash haste so indirectly shed.

Enter Chatillon.

K. Phi. A wonder, lady! lo, upon thy wish,
Our messenger Chatillon is arrived!

What England says, say briefly, gentle lord;
We coldly pause for thee; Chatillon, speak.

Chat. Then turn your forces from this paltry siege
And stir him up against a mightier task.
England, impatient of your just demands,
Hath put himself in arms: the adverse winds,
Whose leisure I have stay'd, have given him time
To land his legions all as soon as I;
His marches are expedient to this town,
His forces strong, his soldiers confident.
With him along is won the queen of France,
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' spears,
Have sold their fortunes at their native homes,
Bearing their birthrights proudly on their backs,
To make a hazard of new fortunes here:
In brief, a braver choice of dauntless spirits
Than now the English bottoms have waft o'er

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Did never float upon the swelling tide,
To do offence and scathe in Christendom.

The interruption of their churlish drum
Cuts off more circumstance: they are at hand,
To parley or to fight; therefore prepare.

K. Phi. How much unknot'd for is this expedition!
Aust. By how much unexpected, by so much
We must awake endeavour for defence;
For courage mounteth with occasion:
Let them be welcome then; we are prepared.

Enter King John, Elinor, Blanch, the Bastard, Lords, and forces.

K. John. Peace be to France, if France in peace
Our just and lineal entrance to our own; [permit
If not, bleed France, and peace ascend to heaven,
Whiles 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
With burden of our armour here we sweat.
This title our's should be borne by none;
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 hereon the traitor 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 com-
mission, France,
To draw my answer from thy articles?

K. Phi. From that supreme judge, that stirs good
In any breast of strong authority,
[thoughts
To look into the blots and stains of right:
That judge hath made me guardian to this boy:
Under whose warrant I impute thy wrong
And by whose help I mean to surprise it.
K. John. Alack, thou dost usurp authority.

K. Phi. Excuse; it is to beat usurping down.
Eli. Who is it thou dost call usurper, France?

Const. Let me make answer; thy usurping son.

Eli. Out, insolent! thy bastard shall be king,
That thou mayst be a queen, and check the world!

Const. My bed was ever to thy son as true
As thine to thy husband; and this boy
Liker 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 to these ill-tuned epithets
It cannot be, an if thou wert his mother.

Eli. There's a good mother, boy, that blots thy father.

Const. There's a good grandam, boy, that would
Aust. Peace! 

Bast. Hear the crier.

Aust. What 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 dears our ears
With this abundance of superfluous breath?

K. Phi. Lewis, determine what we shall do straight.

Lew. Women and fools, break off your confer-
King John, that 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;
Give grandam kingdom, and it grandam will
Give it a plum, a cherry, and a lig:
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
His grandam's wrongs, and not his mother's shames,
Draws those heaven-moving pearls from his poor
Which heaven shall take in nature of a fee; [eyes,
Ay, with these crystal beads heaven shall be bribed
To do him justice and revenge on you.

Eli. Thou monstrous slanderer of heaven and
This earth!

Const. Thou monstrous injurer of heaven and
Call not me slanderer; thou and thine usurp
The dominations, royalties and rights
Of this oppressed boy: this is thy el'd'st son's son,
Infortunate in nothing but in thee:
Thy sins are visited in this poor child;
The canon of the law is laid on him,
Being but the second generation
Removed from thy sin-conceiving womb.

K. John. Bedlam, have done.

Const. I have but this to say,
That he is not only plagued by her sin,
But God hath made sin and her the plague
On this removed issue, plagued for her
And with her plague; her sin his injury,
Her injury the beadle to her sin,
All punish'd in the person of this child,
And all for her; a plague upon her!

Eli. Thou unadvised scold, I can produce
A will that bars the title of thy son! [will;

Const. Ay, who doubts that? a will! a wicked
A woman's will; a canker'd grandam's will!

K. Phi. Peace, lady! pause, or be more temper-
It ill-beseems this presence to cry aim [ate:
Some trumpet summon butler to the walls
These men of Angiers: let us hear them speak
Whose title they admit, Arthur's or John's.

Trumpet sounds. Enter certain Citizens upon the walls.

First Cit. Who is it that hath warn'd us to the
K. Phi. 'Tis France, for England. [walls?

You men of Angiers, and my loving subjects,—
K. Phi. You loving men of Angiers, Arthur's
Our trumpet call'd you to this gentle parle—
K. John. For our advantage; therefore hear us first.

These flags of France, that are advanced here

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Before the eye and prospect of your town,
Have hither march’d to your endamagement:
The cannons have their bowls full of wrath,
And ready mounted are to spit forth
Their iron indignation against your walls:
All preparation for a bloody siege
And meet the proceeding by these French
Confronts your city’s eyes, your winking gates;
And but for our approach those sleeping stones,
That as a waist doth girdle you about,
By the compulsion of their ordinance
By this time from their fixed beds of lime
Had been disfitted, and made havoc made
For bloody power to rush upon your peace.
But on the sight of us your lawful king,
Who painfully with much expedient march
Have brought a countercheck before your gates,
To save unscatch’d your city’s threatened cheeks,
Behold, the French amazed vouchsafe a parle;
And now, instead of bullets wrapp’d in fire,
To make a shaking fever in your walls,
They shoot but calm words folded up in smoke,
To make a faithless error in your ears:
Which trust accordingly kind citizens,
And let us in, your king, whose labour’d spirits,
Forward in this action have they bath made
Crave harbourage within your city walls.
K. Phi. When I have said, make answer to us both.
Lo, in this right hand, whose protection
Is most divinely vow’d upon the right
Of him it holds, stands young Plantagenet.
Son to the elder brother of this man,
And king o’er him and all that he enjoys:
For this down-trodden equity, we tread
In warlike march these greens before your town,
Be nothing further enemy to you
Than the constraint of hospitable zeal.
In the relief of this oppressed child
Religiously provokes. Be pleased then
To pay that duty which you truly owe
To him that owes it, namely this young prince:
And then our arms, like to a muzzled bear,
Save in aspect, hath all offence seal’d up;
Our cannons’ malice vailly shall be spent
Against the invincible roundure even;
And with a blessed and unvex’d retinue,
With unha’ck’d swords and helmets all unbruised,
We will bear home that lusty blood again
Which here we came to spout against your town,
And leave your children, wives and you in peace.
But keep your peace, and understand,
’Tis not the roundure of your old-faced walls
Can hide you from our messengers of war,
Though all these English and their discipline
Were harbour’d in their rude circumference.
Then tell us, shall your city call us lord,
In that behalf which we have challenged it?
Or shall we give the signal to our rage
And stalk in blood to our possession? [subjects:
First Cit. In brief, we are the king of England’s
For him, and in his right, we hold this town. [in
K. John. Acknowledge then the king, and let me
First Cit. That can we not; but he that proves the king
To him will we prove loyal: till that time
Have we ramm’d up our gates against the world.
K. John. Doth not the crown of England prove
And if not that, I bring you witnesses, [the king?
Twice fifteen thousand hearts of England’s breed,—
Bast. Unless that his eyes and else
K. John. To verify our title with their lives.
K. Phi. As many and as well-born bloods as Bast.
Some bastard too. [those,—
K. Phi. Stand in his face to contradict his claim.
First Cit. Till you compound whose right is a
worthiest,
We for the worthiest hold the right from both.

K. John. Then God forgive the sin of all,those
That to their everlasting residence, [souls
Before the dew of evening fall, shall fleet,
In dreadful trial of our kingdom’s king! [arms!
K. Phi. Amen, amen! Mount, chevaliers! to
Bast. Saint George, that swung the dragon,
and e’en
Sits on his horseback at mine hostess’ door, [home,
Teach us some fence! [To Aust.] Sirrah, were I at
At your den, sirrah, with your lioness,
I would set an ox head to your lion’s hide,
And make a monster of you.
Bast. Peace! no more.
K. John. Up higher to the plain; where we’ll
In best appointment all our regiments. [set forth
Bast. Speed them, to take advantage of the field.
K. Phi. It shall be so; and at the other hill
Command the rest to stand. God and our right! [Exeunt.

Here after excursions, enter the Herald of France, with trumpets, to the gates.

E. Her. You men of Angiers, open wide your
And let young Arthur, Duke of Bretagne, in, [gates,
Who by the hand of France they bath 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 discoulour’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, you men of Angiers, ring your bells;
King John, your king and England’s, doth approach,
Commander of this hot malicious day:
Their armours, that march’d hence so silver-bright,
Hither return all gilt with Frenchmen’s blood;
There stuck no plume in any English crest
That is removed by a staff of France;
Our colours do return in those same hands
That did display them when we first march’d forth;
And, like a jolly troop of huntsmen, come
Our lusty English, all with purpled hands,
Dyed in the dying slaughter of their foes:
Open your gates, and give the victors entry. [behalf,
First Cit. Heralds, from off our towers we might
From first to last, the onset and retire
Of both your armies; whose equality
By our best eyes cannot be censured:
Blood hath bought blood and blows have answer’d
[fronted power:
Strength match’d with strength, and power cou-
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 overswell
With course disturb’d even thy confining shores,
Unless thou let his elvish and water deep
A peaceful progress to the ocean.
K. Phi. England, thou hast not saved one drop
In this hot trial, more than we of France;
Rather, lost more. And by this hand I swear,
That sways the earth this climate overlooks.
Before we will lay down our just-borne arms, [bear,
We’ll put thee down, ’gainst whom these arms we
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. IIa, majesty! how high thy glory towers,
When the rich blood of kings is set on fire!
O, no doth Death line his dead chaps with steel;
The soul of Lewis the Dauphin, that lovely maid;
And now he feasts, mousing the flesh of men,
In undetermined differences of kings.
Why stand these royal fronts amazed thus?
Cry 'havo!' kings; back to the stained field,
You equal potent, fiery kindled spirits!
Then let confusion on one part combine
The other's ills; till then, the 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
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, unground, we do lock
Our former scuttle in our strong-harr'd gates;
Kings white to these, if you be resolved,
Be by some certain king purged and deposed.

Bast. By heaven, these scroyles of Angiers flout you, kings,
And stand sturdily 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:
By east and west let France and England mount
Their battering cannon charged to the mouths,
Till their soul-fearing exclams have brawl'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, dissever your united strengths,
And like your marbled volumes give to theme:
Turn face to face and bloody point to point;
Then, in a moment, Fortune shall call forth
Out of one side her happy minion,
To whom in favour she shall give the day,
And kiss him with a glorious victory.
How like you this will counsel, mighty states?
Smacks it not something of the policy?

K. John. Now, by the sky that hangs above our
I like it well. France, shall we knit our powers
And lay this Angiers even with the ground;
Then after fight who shall be king of it?

Bast. An if thou hast the mettle of a king,
Being proud as we are by this peaceful town,
Turn thou the mouth of thy artillery,
As we will ours, against these saucy walls;
And when that we have dash'd them to the ground,
Why then defy each other, and pell-mell
Make work upon ourselves, for heaven or hell.

K. John. Let it be so. Say, where will you assault?

K. John. We from the west will send destruction
Into this city's bosom.

Aust. I from the north.

K. Phi. Our thunder from the south
Shall rain their drift of bullets on this town.

Bast. O prudent discipline, from north to south:
Anstrich, in your sequence shot in each other's mouth:
I'll stir them to it. Come, away, away!

First Cit. Hear us, great kings: vouchsafe awhile to stay,
And I shall show you peace and fair-faced league;
Win you this city without stroke or wound;
Rescue those breathing lives to die in beds,
That here come sacrifices for the field:
Persever not, but hear me, mighty kings. [hear.

K. John. Speak on with favour; we are bent to
First Cit. That daughter there of Spain, the Lady
Is niece to England: look upon the years [Blanch,
Of Lewis the Dauphin, that lovely maid.
If justly love should go in quest of dignity,
Where should he find it fairer than in Blanche?
If zealous love should go in search of virtue,
Where should he find it purer than in Blanche?
If love ambitious sought a match of birth,
Whose veins bound richer blood than Lady Blanche?
Such as she in beauty, in love,
Is the young Dauphin every way complete:
If not complete of, say he is not she;
And she again wants nothing, to name want,
If want it be not that she is not he:
He is the half part of a blessed man,
Left to be finished by such as she;
And she a fair divided excellence,
Whose fulness of perfection lies in him.
O, two such silver currents, when they join,
Do glorify the banks that bound them in;
And two such shores to two such streams made one,
Two such controlling bounds shall you be, kings,
In the fulness of your virtue, birth.
This union shall do more than battery
to our fast-closed gates; for at this match,
With swifter spleen than powder can enforce,
The mouth of passage shall we fling wide open,
And give you entrance: but without this match,
The sea enraged is not half so deat,
Lions more confident, mountains and rocks
More free from motion, no, not Death himself
In mortal fury half so peremptory,
As we to keep this city.

Bast. Here's a stay
That shakes the rotten carcass of old Death
Out of his raggs! Here's a large mouth,
That spits forth death and mountains, rocks and
Talks as familiarly of roaring lions [seas,
As maids of thirteen do of puppy-dogs!
What cannonere begot this lusty blood?
He speaks plain cannon fire, and smoke and bounce;
He doth well: he gives the blast.
Our ears are endgull'd: not a word of his
But buffets better than a fist of France:
Zounds! I was never so bethump'd with words
Since I first call'd my brother's father dad.

Cit. Son, list to this conjunction, make this match;
Give with our nices a dowry of enough:
For by this knot thou shalt so surely tie,
Thy now unsured assurance to the crown,
That you green boy shall have no sun to ripe
The bloom that promiseth a mighty fruit.
I see a yielding in the looks of France;
Mark, how they whisper: urge them while their souls
Are capable of this ambition.
Lest zeal, now melted by the windy breath
Of soft petitions, pity and remorse,
Cool and congeal again to what it was.

First Cit. Why answer not the double majesties
This friendly treaty of our threaten'd town?
K. Phi. Think England, that hath been for
To speak unto this city: what say you? [ward first
K. John. If that the Dauphin there, thy princely
Can in this book of beauty read 'I love,' [son,
Her dowry shall weigh equal with a queen:
For Anjou and fair Touraine, Maine, Poictiers,
And all that we have from the wide sea,
Except this city now by us besieged,
Find liable to our crown and dignity,
Shall gild her bridal bed and make her rich
In titles, honours and promotions,
As she in beauty, education, blood,
Holds hand with any princess of the world.

ACT II.  
KING JOHN.  
SCENE I.  
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K. Phil. What say'st thou, boy? look in the lady's face. A wonder, or a wondrous miracle, The shadow of myself form'd in her eye; Which, being but the shadow of your son, Becomes a sun and makes your son a shadow: I do protest I never saw such one; Till now in'fixed I beheld myself Drawn in the flattering table of her eye. [Whispers with Blanch.] Bast. Drawn in the flattering table of her eye! Hang'd in the frowning wrinkle of her brow! And quarter'd in her heart! he doth espy Himself lover's traitor: this is pity now; [be That, hang'd and drawn and quarter'd, there should In such a love so vile a lust as he. Blanch. My uncle's will in this respect is mine: If he see aught in you that makes him like, That any thing he sees, which moves his liking, I can with ease 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 all the thoughts themselves should be your judge, That I can find should merit any hate. K. John. What say these young ones? What say you, my niece? Blanch. 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. [Maine, K. John. Then do I give Volquessen, Touraine, Poictiers and Anjou, these five provinces, With her to thee; and this addition more, Full thirty thousand marks of English coin. Philip of France, if thou be pleased withal, Command thy son and daughter to join hands. K. Phil. It likes us well; young princes, close your hands. Ast. And your lips too; for I am well assured That I did so when I was first assured. K. Phil. 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 that Lady Constance in this troop I know the note; 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 Will give her sadness very little cure. [have made Brother of England, how may we content This widow lady? In her right we came; Which we, God knows, have turn'd another way, To our own vantage. K. John. We will heal up all: For we'll create young Arthur Duke of 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 soul. That we shall stop her exclamation. Go we, as well as haste will suffer us, To this unlook'd for, unprepared pomp. [Exeunt all but the Bastard. Bast. Mad world! mad kings! mad composition! John, to stop Arthur's title in the whole, Hath willingly departed with a part, And France, whose armour conscience buckled on, Whom zeal and charity brought to the field As God's own soldier, rounded in the ear With that same purpose-changer, that sly devil, That broke and then still breed to the chase 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, That smooth-faced gentleman, tickling Commodity, the bias of the world, The world, who of itself is peevish 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, rafeth on the rich. Well, whiles I am a beggar, I will rail And say the worse in me; and this I do, And being rich, my virtue then shall be To say there is no vice but beggary. Since kings break faith upon commodity, Gain, be my lord, for I will worship thee. [Exit.

ACT III.

SCENE I.—The French King's pavilion.

Enter Constance, Arthur, and Salisbury.

Const. Gone to be married! gone to swear a peace! False blood to false blood join'd! gone to be friends! Shall Lewis have Blanch, and Blanch those provinces? It is not so; thou hast mis-spoke, mis-heard; Be well advised, tell o'er thy tale again: It cannot be; thou dost but say 't is so: I trust I may not trust thee; for thy word Is but the vain breath of a common man: Believe me, I do not believe thee, man; I have a king's oath to the contrary, Thou shalt be punish'd for this troubling 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 shewing thy head? Why dost thou look so sadly on my son? What means that hand upon that breast of thine? Why holds thine eye that lamentable rue, 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.
KING JOHN.

ACT III.

K. John. You have beguiled me with a counterfeit Resembling majesty, which, being touch'd and tried, Proves valueless; you are forsworn, forsworn; You came in arms to spill mine enemies' blood, But now in arms you strengthen it with yours: The grappling vigour and rough brown of war Is cold in amity and painted peace, And our oppression hath made up this league. Arm, arm, to heaven's avenging; against these perjured kings! A widow cries; be husband to me, heavens! Let not the hours of this ungodly day Wear out the day in peace; but, ere sunset, Set armed discord 'twixt these perjured kings! Hear me, O, hear me!

Aust. Lady Constance, peace! Const. War! war! no peace! peace is to me a war. O Lymoges! O Austria! thou dost shame That bloody spoil: thou slave, thou wretch, thou Thou little valiant, great in villany! [coward! Thou ever strong upon the stronger side! Thou fortune's champion that dost never fight But when her humblest ladyship is by To teach thee safety! thou art perjurer too, And soothest up greatness. What a fool art thou, A ramping fool, to brag and stamp and swear Upon my party! Thou cold-blooded slave, Hast thou not spake like thunder on my side, Been sworn as a soldier, bid me not depend Upon thy stars, thy fortune and thy strength, And dost thou now fall over to my foes? Thou wear a lion's hide! doff it for shame, And hang a calf's-skin on those recreant limbs. Aust. O, that a man should speak those words to me! [limbs.

Bast. And hang a calf's-skin on those recreant Aust. Thou darest not say so, villain, for thy life. Bast. And hang a calf's-skin on those recreant limbs. K. John. We like not this; thou dost forget thyself. Enter Pandulph.

K. Phi. Here comes the holy legate of the pope. Pand. Hail, you anointed deputies of heaven! To thee, King John, my holy errand is. I Pandulph, of fair Milan cardinal, And from Pope Innocent the legate here, To thee, take this, no other is his agent. Why thou against the church, our holy mother, So wilfully dost spurn; and force perforce Keep Stephen Langton, chosen archbishop Of Canterbury, from that holy see? This, in our foresaid holy father's name, Pope Innocent, I do demand of thee. K. John. What 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 Tell this, much more, that no Italian priest Shall tithe or toll in our dominions; But as we, under heaven, are supreme head, So under Him that great supremacy, Where we do reign, we will alone uphold, Without the assistance of a mortal hand: So tell the pope, all reverse the set apart To him and his usurp'd authority. [this. K. Phi. Brother of England, you blaspheme in K. John. Though you and all the kings of Chris- tendom Are led so grossly by this meddlesome 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 make 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! 
Good order carding every devi’tism, 
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. 

[Exit Constable. 

ACT III.

SCENE I.

KING JOHN.

With slaughter’s pencil, where revenue did paint 
The fearful difference of incensed kings: 
And shall these hands, so lately purged of blood, 
So newly join’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 unconstantial children of ourselves, 
As now again sue from palm, 
Unswear 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, or gain, impose 
Some gentle order; and then we shall be blest 
To do your pleasure and continue friends. 

Pand. All form is orderless, formless orderly, 
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 resting tiger safer by the tooth, 
Than keep in peace that hand which thou dost hold. 

K. Ph. I do not think so, but not my faith. 

Pand. So makest thou faith an enemy to faith; 
And like a civil war set’st oath to oath, 
Thy tongue against thy tongue. O, let thy vow 
First made to heaven, first be to heaven perform’d, 
That is, to be the champion of our church! 
What since thou sworest is sworn against thyself 
And may not be performed by thyself, 
For that which thou hast sworn to do amiss 
Is not amiss when it is truly done, 
And being not done, where doing tends to ill, 
The truth is then most done not doing it: 
The better act of purposes mistook 
Is to mistake again; though indirect, 
Yet indirection thereby grows direct, 
And falsehood falsehood cures, as fire cools fire 
Within the scorched veins of one new-burn’d. 
It is religion that doth make vows kept; 
But thou hast sworn against religion, 
[swearst,’s to say, what thou swearest at, is the thing thou 
And makest an oath the surety for thy truth 
Against an oath: the truth thou art surest 
To swear, swearest only not to be foresworn; 
Else what a mockery should it be to swear! 
But thou dost swear only not to be foresworn; 
And most foresworn, to keep what thou dost swear. 
Therefore the latteress is the better first 
Is in thyself rebellion to thyself: 
And better conquer never canst thou make 
Than arm thy constant and thy nobler parts 
Against these giddy loose suggestions: 
Upon which better part our prayers come in, 
If thou vouchsafe them. But if not, then know 
The peril of our curses light on thee 
So heavy as thou shalt not shake them off, 
But in despair die under their black weight. 

Aust. Rebellion, flat rebellion! 

Bast. Will ‘t not be? 
Will not a calf’s-skin stop that mouth of thine? 

Lew. Father, to arms! 

Blanch. Upon thy wedding-day? 
Against the blood that thou hast married? 
What, shall our feast be kept with slaughter’d men? 
Shall braying trumpets and loud charlitre drums, 
Clamours of hell, be measured to our pomp? 
O husband, dost thou meet me thus, 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,
ACT III.

KING JOHN.

SCENE III.

Thou virtuous Dauphin, alter not the doom
Forethought by heaven! [may
Blanch. Now shall I see thy love: what motive
Be stronger with thee than the name of wife?
Const. That which upholdeth him that thee up-
holds,
His honour; O, thine honour, Lewis, thine honour!
Lee. I muse your majesty doth seem so cold,
When such profound respects do pull you on.
Pand. I will denounce a curse upon his head.
K. Phi. Thou shalt not need. England, I will
fall from thee.
Const. Of fair renown of banish'd majesty!
Eli. O foul revolt of French incomstandy!
K. John. France, thou shalt rue this hour within
this hour.
[Time,
Bast. Old Time the clock-setter, that bald sexton
Is as he will? well then, France shall rue.
Blanch. The sun's o'ercast with blood: fair day,
adeau!

Which is the side that I must go withal?
I am with both: each army hath a hand,
And in their rage, I having hold of both,
They whirl asunder and dismember me.
Husband, I cannot pray that thou mayst win;
Uncle, I needs must pray that thou mayst lose;
Father, I may not wish the fortune thine;
Grandam, I will not wish thy wishes thrive:
Whoever wins, on that side shall I lose;
Assured loss before the match be play'd.
Lee. Lady, with me, with me thy fortune lies.
Blanch. There where my fortune lives, there my
life dies.
K. John. Cousin, go draw our puissance together.
[Exit Bastard.

France, I am burn'd up with inflaming wrath;
A rage whose heat hath this condition,
That nothing can alloy, nothing but blood,
The blood, and dearest-valued blood, of France.
K. Phi. Thy rage shall burn thee up, and thou
shalt turn
To ashes, ere our blood shall quench that fire:
Look to thyself, thou art in jeopardy.
K. John. No more than he that threatens. To arms
let's hie! [Exeunt.

SCENE II.—The same. Plains near Angiers.

Alarums, excursions. Enter the Bastard, with Aus-
tria's head.

Bast. Now, by my life, this day grows wondrous
Some airy devil hovers in the sky: [hot;
And pours down mischief. Austria's head lie there,
While Philip philadus.

Enter King John, Arthur, and Hubert.

K. John. Hubert, keep this boy. Philip, make up;
My mother is assailed in our tent,
And 'tis, I fear. [Bast.
My lord, I rescued her;
Her highness is in safety, fear you not:
But on, my liege; for very little pains
Will bring this labour to an happy end. [Exeunt.

SCENE III.——The same.

Alarums, excursions, retreat. Enter King John, Eli-
nor, Arthur, the Bastard, Hubert, and Lords.

K. John. [To Elior.] So shall it be; your grace shall
stay behind;
[fasd;
So shall it be. [To Arthur] Cousin, look not
Thy grandam loves thee; and thy uncle will
As dear be to thee as thy father was.
Arth. O, this will make my mother die with grief!
K. John. [To the Bastard] Cousin, away for Eng-
land! haste before;
And, ere our coming, see thou shake the bags

Of hoarding abbeys; 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. [back,
Bast. Bell, book, and candle shall not drive me
When gold and silver beckons me to come on.
I leave your highness: Granam, 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 Hu-
bert.

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,
Sound on into the drowsy race of night;
If this same were a churchyard where we stand,
And thou possessed with a thousand wrongs,
Or if that surly spirit, melancholy,
Had baked thy blood and made it heavy thick,
Which else runs tickling up and down the veins,
Making that idiot, laughter, keep men's eyes
And strain their cheeks to idle merriment,
A passion hateful to my purposes,
Or if that thou couldst see me without eyes,
Hear me without thine ears, and make reply
Without a tongue, using conceit alone,
Without eyes, ears and harmful sound of words;
Then, in despite of brooded watchful day,
I would into thy bosom pour my thoughts:
But, ah, I will not! yet I love thee well;
And, by my troth, I think thou lovest me well.
Hub. So much, 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 wouldest?
Good Hubert, Hubert, throw thine eye
On you young boy: I 'll tell thee what, my friend,
He is a very serpent in my way;
And whereas'er this foot of mine doth tread,
He lies before me: dost thou understand me?
Thou art his keeper.
Hub. And I 'll keep him so,
That he shall not offend your majesty.

I could be merry now. Hubert, I love thee;
Well, I 'll not say what I intend for thee:
Remember: Madame, faire Madame,
I 'll send those powers o'er to thy majesty.
Eli. My blessing go with thee!
K. John. For England, cousin, go;
Hubert shall be your man, attend on you
With all true duty. On towards Calais, ho!
[Exeunt.
ACT III. KIN

SCENE IV.—The same. The French King's tent.

Enter King Philip, Lewis, Pandulph, and Attendants.

K. Phi. So, by a roaring tempest on the flood,
A whole armado of convicted sail
Is scatter'd and disjoin'd from fellowship.

Pand. Courage and comfort! all shall yet go well.

K. Phi. What can go well, when we have run so
Are we not beaten? Is not Angiers lost? [Ill?
Arthur's, prison, divers of his friends slain?
And bloody England into England gone.
O'erbearing interruption, spite of France?

Lev. What he hath won, that hath he fortified:
So hot a speed with such advice disposed,
Such temperate order in so fierce a cause,
Doth want example: who hath read or heard
Of any kindred action like to this? [praise,

K. Phi. Well could I bear that England had this
So we could find some pattern of our shame.

Enter Constance.

Look, who comes here! a grave unto a soul;
Holding the eternal spirit, against her will,
In the vile prison of afflicted breath.
I prithee, lady, go away with me.

Const. Lo, now! now see the issue of your peace.

K. Phi. Patience, good lady! comfort, gentle Constance!

Const. Can I be 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 cough of last night,
Thou hate and terror to prosperity,
And I will kiss thy detestable bones,
And put my eyeballs in thy vacancy 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 smiled
And buss thee as thy wife. Misery's love,
O, come to me!

K. Phi. O fair affliction, peace!

Const. No, no, I will not, having breath to cry:
O, that my tongue were in the thunder's mouth!
Then with a passion would I shake the world;
And rouse from sleep that fell anatomy
Which aye droppeth heavy voice,
Which scorns a modern invocation.

Pand. Lady, you utter madness, and not sorrow.

Const. Thou art not holy to tell me so;
I am not mad: this hair I tear is mine;
My name is Constance; I was Geoffrey's wife;
Young Arthur is my son, and he is lost:
I am not mad: I would to heaven I were!
For then, 'tis like I should forget myself:
O, if I could, what grief should I forget!
Preach some philosophy to make me mad,
And thou shalt be canonized, cardinal;
For being not mad but sensible of grief,
My reasoning ear produces a noise,
How I may be deliver'd of these woes,
And teaches me to kill or hang myself:
If I were mad, I should forget my son,
or madly think a babe of clouts were he:
I am not mad; too well, too well I feel
The different plagu'd of earth's vanity.

K. Phi. Bind up those tresses. O, what love I note
In the fair multitude of those her hairs!
Where but by chance a silver drop hath fallen,
Even to that drop ten thousand wry friends
Do glue themselves in sociable grief,
Like the tender, faithful loves, sticking together in calamity.

Const. To England, if you will.

K. Phi. Bind up your hairs.

Const. Yes, that I will; and wherefore will I do it?
I tore them from their bonds and cried aloud
'O that these hands could so redeem my son,
As they have given these hairs their liberty!
But now I dry at their liberty.
And will again commit them to their bonds,
Because my poor child is a prisoner.
And, father cardinal, I have heard you say
That we shall see and know our friends in heaven:
If that be true, I shall see my boy again;
For since the birth of Cain, this unhappy child,
To him that did but yesterday suspect.
There was not such a gracious creature born.
But now will canker-sorrow eat my bud
And chase the native beauty from his cheek
And he will look as hollow as a ghost,
As dim and meagre as an age's fit,
And so he'll die; and, rising so again,
When I shall meet him in the court of heaven
I shall not know him: therefore, never, never
Must I behold my pretty Arthur more.

Pand. You hold too heinous a respect of grief.

Const. He talks to me that never had a son.

K. Phi. You are as fond of grief as your child.

Const. Grief fills the room up of my absent child,
Lies in his bed, walks up and down with me,
Puts on his pretty looks, repeats his words,
Remembering me of all his gracious parts,
Stuffs out his vacant garments with his form;
Then, have any reason thus to weep?
Fare you well: had you such a loss as I,
I could give better comfort than you do.
I will not keep this form upon my head,
When there is such disorder in my wit.
O Lord! my boy, my Arthur, my fair son!
My life, my joy, my food, my all the world!
My widow-comfort, and my sorrow's cure! [Exit.

K. Phi. I fear some outrage, and I'll follow her.

Lew. There's nothing in this world can make me
Life is as tedious as a twice-told tale [joy:
Vexing the dull ear of a drowsy man;
And bitter shame hath spoil'd the sweet-world's taste,
That it yields nought but shame and bitterness.

Pand. Before the curing of a strong disease,
Even in the instant of repair and health,
The fit is strongest; evils that take leave,
On their departure most of all show evil:
What have you lost this day?

Lew. All days of glory, joy and happiness.

Pand. If you had won it, certainly you had.
No, no; when fortune means to men most good,
She looks upon them with a threatening eye.
'Tis strange to think how much King John hath lost
In this which he accounts so clearly won:
Are you not grieved that Arthur is his prisoner?

Lew. As heartily as he is glad he hath him.

Pand. Your mind is all as youthful as your blood.
Now hear me speak with a prophetic spirit;
For even the breath of what I mean to speak
Shall blow each dust, each straw, each little rub,
Out of the noble work which Saintly lead
Thy foot to England's throne; and therefore mark,
John hath seiz'd Arthur; and it cannot be
That, whiles warm life plays in that infant's veins,
The misplaced John should entertain an hour,
One minute, nay, one quiet breath of rest.
The scep'rt shal'nd by earth's unruly hand
Must be as boisterously maintaine'd as gain'd;
And he that stands upon a slippery place
Makes nice of no vile hold to stay him up:
That John may stand, then Arthur needs must fall;
So be it, for it cannot be but so.

Lew. That, how shall I say? but by young Arthur's
Pand. You, in the right of Lady Bianch your wife,
May then make all the claim that Arthur did.

Lew. And lose it, life and all, as Arthur did.

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ACT IV.

SCENE I. — A room in a castle.

Enter Hubert and Executioners.

Hub. Heat me these irons hot; and look thou stand Within the arras: when I strike my foot Upon the bosom of the ground, rush forth, And bind the boy which you shall find with me Fast to the chair: be heedful: hence, and watch. [First Exec. I hope your warrant will bear out the deed.

Hub. Uncleanly scruples! fear not you: look to't. [Exeunt Executioners. Young lad, come forth; I have to say with you.

Enter Arthur.

Arth. Good morrow, Hubert.

Hub. Good morrow, little prince. To be more prince, as may be. You are sad.

Arth. Indeed, I have been merrier.

Arth. Methinks no body should be sad but I: Yet, I remember, when I was in France, Young bloods would go to bed sad and sigh. Only for wantonness. By my christendom, So I were out of prison and kept sheep, I should be as merry as the day is long: And so I would be here, but that I doubt My uncle practises more harm to me: He is afraid of me and I of him: Is it my fault that was Geoffrey's son? No, indeed, is 't not; and I would to heaven I were your son, so you would love me, Hubert.

Hub. [Aside] If I talk to him, with his innocent He will awake my mercy which lies dead: Therefore I will be sudden and dispatch. [prate Arth. Are you sick, Hubert? you look pale to: In sooth, I would you were a little sick, That I might sit all night and watch with you: I warrant I love you more than you do me.

Hub. [Aside] His words do take possession of my bosom.

Read here, young Arthur. [Showing a paper] How now, foolish rheum! Turning dispiteous 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? 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 did never 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, [grief? ' Saying, 'What lack you?' and 'Where lies your 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. Come forth. [Stamps. Re-enter Executioners, with a cord, irons, &c.

Do as I bid you do. Arth. O, save me, Hubert, save me! my eyes are Even with the fierce looks of these bloody men. Hub. Give me the iron, I say, and bind him here. Arth. Alas, what need you be so hoisterous-rough? I will not struggle, I will stand stone-still. For heaven sake, Hubert, let me not be bound! Nay, hear me, Hubert, drive these men away, And I will sit as quiet as a lamb: I will not stir, nor wince, nor speak a word, Nor lock upon the iron angrily: Thrust but these men away, and I'll forgive you, Whatever torment you do put me to.
ACT IV.  

KING JOHN.  

SCENE II.  

Hub. Go, stand within; let me alone with him.  

First Exe.[ct. I am best pleased to be from such a place.  

[Executes Exeuntioners.  

Arth. Alas, I then have chid away my friend!  

He hath a stern look, but a gentle heart:  

Let him come back, that his compassion may  

Give life to yours.  

Hub. But, come, boy, prepare yourself.  

Arth. Is there no remedy?  

Hub. None, but to lose your eyes.  

Arth. O heaven, that there were but a mote in yours,  

A grain, a dust, a gnat, a wandering hair,  

Any annoyance in that precious sense!  

Then feel what unquiet ostentation there,  

Your vile intent must needs seem horrid.  

Is this your promise? go to, hold your tongue.  

Arth. Hubert, the utterance of a brace of tongues  

Must needs want pleading for a pair of eyes:  

Let me not hold my tongue, let me not, Hubert;  

Or, Hubert, if you will, cut out my tongue,  

So I may keep mine eyes; O, spare mine eyes,  

Though to no use but still to look on you!  

Lo, by my troth, the instrument is cold  

And would not harm me.  

Hub. I can heat it, boy.  

Arth. No, in good sooth; this fire is dead with  

Being create, to comfort, to use us.  

[Fracture.  

In undeserved extremities: see else yourself;  

There is no malice in this burning coal;  

The breath of heaven has blown his spirit out  

And strew’d repantent ashes on his head.  

Hub. But with my breath I can revive it, boy.  

Arth. As if you do, you will but make it blush  

And glow with shame of your proceedings, Hubert:  

Nay, it perchance will sparkle in your eyes;  

And like a dog that is compell’d to fight,  

Snatch at his master that doth tarre him on.  

All things that you should use to do me wrong  

Deny their office: only you do lack  

That mercy which fierce fire and iron extends,  

Creatures of note for mercy-lacking uses.  

Hub. Well, see to live; I will not touch thine eye  

For all the treasure that thine uncle owes:  

Yet am I sworn and I did purpose, boy,  

With this same very iron to burn them out.  

Arth. O, now you look like Hubert! all this while  

You were disguised.  


Your uncle must not know but you are dead;  

I’ll fill these dogged spies with false reports:  

And, pretty child, sleep doubtless and secure,  

That Hubert, for the wealth of all the world,  

Will not offend thee.  

Arth. O heaven! I thank you, Hubert.  

Hub. Silence; no more: go closely in with me:  

Much danger do I undergo for thee.  

[Execunt.  

SCENE II.—King John’s palace.  

Enter King John, Pembroke, Salisbury, and other Lords.  

K. John. Here once again we sit, once again  

Crowned,  

And looked upon, I hope, with cheerful eyes.  

Pem. This once again,’ but that your highness  

pleased,  

Was once superfluous: you were crowned before,  

And that high royalty was ne’er pluck’d off,  

The faiths of men ne’er stained with revolt;  

Fresh expectation troubled not the land  

With such a deadening, desolating state.  

Sal. Therefore, to be possess’d with double pomp,  

To guard a title that was rich before,  

To gild refined gold, to paint the lily,  

To throw a perfume on the violet,  

To smooth the ice, or add another hue  

Unto the rainbow, or with taper-light  

To seek the beauteous eye of heaven to garnish,  

Is wasteful and ridiculous folly.  

Pem. But that your royal pleasure must be done,  

This act is as an ancient tale new told,  

And in the last repeating troublesome,  

Being urged at a time unseasonable.  

Sal. In this the antique and well noted face  

Of plain old form is much disfigured;  

And, like a shifted wind unto a sail,  

It makes the course of thoughts to fetch about,  

Startles and frights consideration.  

Makes sound opinion sick and truth suspected,  

For putting on so new a fashion’d robe.  

Pem. When strive the working of so happier better,  

They do confound their skill in covetousness;  

And oftentimes excusing of a fault  

Doth make the fault the worse by the excuse,  

As patches set upon a little breach  

Discredit more in hiding of the fault  

Than did the fault before it was so patch’d.  

Sal. To this effect, before you were new crown’d,  

We breathed our counsel: but it pleased your high-  

To overbear it, and we are all well pleased,  

Since all and every part of what we would  

Doth make a stand at what your highness will.  

K. John. Some reasons of this double coronation  

I have presented to you well and strong;  

And more, more strong, then lesser is my fear,  

I shall indulge you with: meantime but ask  

What you would have reform’d that is not well,  

And well shall you perceive how willingly  

I will both hear and grant you your requests.  

Pem. Then I, as one that am the tongue of these  

To sound the purposes of all their hearts,  

Both for myself and them, but, chief of all,  

Your safety, for the which myself and them  

Bend their best studies, heartily request  

The enfranchisement of Arthur; whose restraint  

Doth move the murmuring lips of discontent  

To break into this dangerous argument,—  

If what in rest you have in right you hold,  

Why then your fears, which, as they say, attend  

The steps of wrong, should 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 estate; or  

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 deal, on you depending,  

Counts it your weal he has 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 show’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 mood 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’s eye 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. Whom cannot hold against this strong hand:  

Good lords, although my will to give is living,  

The suit which you demand is gone and dead:  

He tells us Arthur is deceas’d to-night.  

Sal. Indeed we fear’d his sickness was past cure.  

Pem. Indeed we heard how near his death he was
KING JOHN.

ACT IV.  SCENE II.

Before the child himself felt he was sick;
This must be answer'd either here or hence.
K. John. Why do you bend such solemn brows on
Think, have I bear the hammer of destiny? [me?
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.
Pom. 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 o'er the breadth of all this isle,
Three foot of it doth hold: bad world the while!
This must not be thus borne: this will break out
To all our sorrows, and ere long I doubt.

K. John. They burn in indignation; I repent:
There is no sure foundation set on blood,
No certain life achieved by others' death.

Enter a Messenger.

A fearful eye thou hast: where is that blood
That I have seen inhabit in those cheeks?
So foul a sky clears, that water out a storm:
Pour down thy weather: how goes all in France?
Mess. From France to England. Never such a
For any foreign preparation [power
Was levied in the body of a land.
The copy of your speed is learned by them;
For where and how you will 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. Thon hast made me giddily
With these ill tidings.

Enter the Bastard and Peter of Pomfret.

To your proceedings? do not seek to know
My head with more ill news, for it is full.
Bast. But if you be afeard 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
Aleft the flood, and can give audience
To any thing else, speaking it of what it is.
Bast. How have I sped among the clergymen,
The sums I have collected shall express,
But as I travell'd hither through the land,
I find the people strangely fantasied;
Possess'd with ruminations, 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 didst thou so? [so.
Peter. Foreknowing that the truth will fall out
K. John. Hubert, away with him; imprison him;
And on that day at noon, whereon he says
I shall yield up my crown, let him be hang'd.
Deliver him to safety; and return,
For I must use thee. [Exit Hubert with Peter.
O my gentle cousin,
Hear'st thou the news abroad, who are arrived?
Bast. The French, my lord; men's mouths are full of it:
Besides, I met Lord Bigot and Lord Salisbury,
With eyes as red as new-enkindled fire,
And others more, going to seek the grave
Of Arthur, whom they say is kill'd to-night
On your suggestion.
K. John. Gentle kinsman, go,
And thrust thyself into their companies:
I have a way to win their loves again;
Bring them before me.
Bast. I will seek them out.
K. John. Nay, but make haste; the better foot
O, let me have no subject enemies, [before.
When adverse foreigners affright my towns
With dreadfull pomp of stout invasion!
Be Mercury, set feet to thy heels,
And fly like thought from them to me again.
Bast. The spirit of the time shall teach me speed.
Go after him; for he perhaps shall need
Some messengers betwixt me and the peers;
And be thou he.
Mess. With all my heart, my liege. [Exit. K. John. My mother dead!

Re-enter Hubert.

Hub. My lord, they say five moons were seen to
Four fixed, and the fifth did whirl about. [night;
The other four in wondrous motion.
K. John. Five moons!
Hub. Old men and beldams in the streets
Do prophesy upon itdangerously:
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 wrist,
Whilst he that hears makes fearful action,
With wrinkled brows, with nods, with rolling eyes.
I saw a smith stand with his hammer, thus,
He urged him to do so, thus:
With open mouth swallowing a tailor's news;
Who, with his shears and measure in his hand,
Standing on slipsers, which his nimble haste
Had falsely thrust upon contrary feet,
Told of a many thousand warlike French
That were embattled and rank'd in Kent:
Another lean unwash'd artificer,
Cuts off his tale and talks of Arthur's death.
K. John. Why seek'st thou to possess me with
these fears?
Why urg'st thou so oft young Arthur's death?
Thy hand hath murder'd him; I had a mighty cause
To wish him dead, but thou hadst none to kill him.
Hub. No had, my lord! why, did you not provoke me?
K. John. It is the curse of kings to be attended
By slaves that take their humors for a warrant
To break within the bloody house of life,
On the working of authority,
To understand a law, to know the meaning
Of dangerous majesty, when perchance it frowns
More upon humour than advised respect.
Hub. Here is your hand and seal for what I did.
K. John. O, when the last account 'twixt heaven
And earth
Is to be made, then shall this hand and seal
Witness against us to damnation!
How oft the sight of means to do ill deeds
Make deeds ill done! Hadst not thou been by, A fellow by the hand of nature mark’d, Quoted and sign’d to do a deed of shame and vice? This murder had not come into my mind: But taking note of thy abhor’d aspect, Finding thee fit for bloody villany, Apt, liable to employ’d in danger, I faintly broke with thee of Arthur’s death; And that the fate of a kingly crown Made it no conscience to destroy a prince.

\[K. John.\]— [a pause]

As he spake darkly what I purposed, Or turn’d an eye of doubt upon my face, As bid my tongue or else my pardon words. [off.

Deep shame had struck me dumb, made me break And those thy fears might have wrought fears in me: But thou didst understand me by my signs And didst in signs again parley with sin; Yea, without stop, dist’d let thy heart consent, And consequently thy rude hand to act.

The deed, which both our tongues held vile to name. Out of my sight, and never see me more! My nobles leave me; and my state is brav’d, Even at my gates, with ranks of foreign powers: Nay, in the body of this fleshly land, This kingdom, this confine of blood and breath, Hostility and civil tumult reigns Between my conscience and my cousin’s death.

Hub. Arm you against your other enemies, I’ll make a peace between your soul and you. Young Arthur is alive: this hand of mine Is yet a maiden and an innocent hand, Not painted with the crimson spots of blood. Within this bosom never enter’d yet The dreadful motion of a murderous thought; And you have slander’d nature in my form, Which, howsoever rude exteriorly, Is yet the cover of a fairer mind Than to be butcher’d by an innocent child. [peers,

\[K. John.\] Doth Arthur live? O, haste thee to the Throw this report on their incensed rage, And make them tame to their obedience! Forgive the comment that my passion made Upon thy feature; for my rage was blind, And foul imaginary eyes of blood Preserve the practice of this thou art. O, answer not, but to my closet bring The angry lords with all expedient haste. I conjure thee but slowly; run more fast. [Exeunt.

SCENE III. — Before the castle.

Enter Arthur, on the walls.

Arth. The wall is high, and yet will I leap down: Good ground, be pitiful and hurt me not! There’s few or none do know me: if they did, This ship-boy’s semblance hath disguis’d 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. Pen. I too sign’d to go 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 ’t will be Two long days’ journey, lords, or ere we meet.

Enter the Bastard.

Bast. Once more to-day well met, distemper’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 wherewith it walks. Return and tell him so: we know the worst. [best. Bast. Whate’er you think, good words, I think, were Sal. Our griefs, and not our manners, reason now. Bast. But there is little reason in your griefs: Therefore ’t were reason you had manners now. Pen. Sir, shall my tongue 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 The earth had not a hole to hide this deed. [beauty! Sal. Murder, as hating what himself hath done, Doth lay it open to urge on revenge. Big. Or, when he doom’d 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 say what you could not think, 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.

Pem. All murders past do stand excused in this: And this, so sole and so unmatchable, Shall give a holiness, a purity, To the yet unbegotten sin of times; And prove a deadly bloodshed but a jest, Exampl’d by this heinous spectacle. Bast. It is a damned and a bloody work; The graceless action of a heavy hand, If that it be the work of any hand. Sal. If that it be the work of any hand! We had a kind of light what would ensue; It is the shameful work of Hubert’s hand; The purpose of the King: From whose obedience I forbid my soul, Kneeling before this ruin of sweet life, And breathing to his breathless excellence The incense of a vow, a holy vow, Never to taste the pleasures of the world, Never to be invested with ducal dukedom, Nor conversant with ease and idleness, Till I have set a glory to this hand, By giving it the worship of revenge. [Pem. Our souls religiously confirm thy words. Big. ]

Enter Hubert.

Hub. Lords, I am hot with haste in seeking you: Arthur doth live; the king hath sent for you. Sal. O, he is bold and blushes not at death. Avaunt, thou hateful villain, get thee gone! Hub. I am no villain.

Sal. Must I rob the law? [Drawing his sword.

Bast. Your sword is bright, sir; put it up again. Sal. Not till I sheathe it in a murderer’s skin. Hub. Stand back, Lord Salisbury, stand back, I say; 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. [man? Big. Out, dunghill! darest thou brave a noble-

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ACT V.

Hub. Not for my life: but yet I dare defend My innocent life against an emperor. 
Sol. Thou art a murderer.
Hub. Do not prove me so; Yet I am none: whose tongue soever speaks false, Not truly speaks; who speaks not truly, lies. 
Pem. Cut him to pieces. 
Bast. Keep the peace, I say.
Sol. Stand by, or I shall gally, Faneconbridge. 
Bast. Thou wert better gait the devil, Salisbury: If thou butrown on me, or stir thy foot, Or teach thy hasty spole to do me shame, I'll strike it dead, put up thy sword betime: Or I'll so mall you and your toasting-iron, That you shall think the devil is come from hell. 
Big. What wilt thou do, renowned Fanecon- Second a villain and a murderer? [bridge? 
Hub. Lord Bigot, I am none. 
Big. Who kill'd this prince? 
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. 
Sol. Trust not those cunning waters of his eyes, For villany is not without such rheum: And he, long traded in it, makes it seem Like rivers of remorse and innocency. Away with me, all you whose souls abhor The uncleanly savours of a slaughter-house; For I am stiiffed with this smell of sin. 
Big. Away toward Bury, to the Dauphin there! 
Pem. There tell the king he may inquire us out. [Exc. Lords. 
Bast. Here's a good world! Knew you of this fair Beyond the infinite and boundless reach [work? Of mercy, if thou didst this deed of death, Art thou damnd', Hubert. 
Hub. Do but hear me, sir. 
Bast. Ha! I'll tell thee what: That 'rt damnd' as black — nay, nothing is so black; Thou art more damnd' afar than Prince Lucifer: 

SCENE I. — King John's palace.

Enter King John, Pandulph, and Attendants.

K. John. Thus have I yielded up to thy hand The circle of my glory. 
[Giving the crown. 
Pand. Take again From this my hand, as holding of the pope Your sovereign greatness and authority. [French, K. John. Now keep your holy word: go meet the And from his holiness use all your power To stop their marches 'fore we are inflamed. Our discontented counties do revolt; Our people quarrel with obedience, Swearing allegiance and the love of soul To stranger blood, to foreign royalty. This inudation of mistemper'd humour Rests by you only to be qualified: Then pause not; for the present time's so sick, That present medicine must be minister'd, Or overthrow incurable ensues. 

Pand. It was my breath that blew this tempest Upon your stubborn usage of the pope; But since you are a gentle convertite, My tongue shall hush again this storm of war And make fair weather in your blustering land. On this Ascension-day, remember well, Upon your oath of service to the pope, Go I to make the French lay down their arms. 

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My crown I should give off? Even so I have: I did suppose it should be on constraint; But, heaven be thank'd, it is but voluntary. 

Enter the Bastard.

Bast. All Kent hath yielded: nothing there holds But Dover castle: London hath received, [out Like a kind host, the Dauphin and his powers: Your nobles will not hear you, but are gone To offer service to your enemy, And wild amazement hurriz up and down The little number of your doubtful friends. K. John. Would not my lords return to me again, After they heard young Arthur was alive? 
Bast. They found him dead and cast into the An empty casket, where the jewel of life [streets, By some damnd' hand was rob'd and ta'en away. 
K. John. That villain Hubert told me he did live. 
Bast. So, on my soul, he did, for ought he knew. But wherefore do you droop? why look you sad? Be great in act, as you have been in thought: Let not the world see fear and sad distrust Govern the motion of a kingly eye: Be stirring as the time; be smart with fire; Threaten the threateners and outface the brow Of bragging horror: so shall inferior eyes, That borrow their behaviours from the great, Grow great by your example and put on The dauntless spirit of resolution. Away, and glister like the god of war, When he intendment to become the field:
ACT V.

KING JOHN.

SCENE I. 

Show boldness and aspiring confidence.
What, shall they seek the lion in his den, [there?]
And fright him there? and make him tremble
O, let it not be said: forage, and run
To meet displeasure farther from the doors,
And grapple with him ere he comes so nigh. [me,
K. John] The legate of the pope hath been with
And I have made a happy peace with him;
And he hath promised to dismiss the powers
Led by the Dauphin.

Bast. 

Shall be, upon the footing of our land,
Send fair-play orders and make compromise,
Insinuation, parley and base truce
To arms invasive? shall a beardless boy,
A cocker'd silken wanton, brave our fields,
And flesh his spirit in a 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 prowder foe. [Eccenent.

SCENE II. — The Dauphin's camp at St. Edmundsborough.

Enter, in arms, Lewis, Salisbury, Melun, Pembroke, Bigot, and Soldiers.

Lew. My Lord Melun, let this be copied out,
And keep it safe for our remembrance:
Return the precedent to these lords again;
That, having our fair order written down,
Both they and we, perusing it in our lists,
May know whereabouts we took the sacrament
And keep our faiths firm and inviolable.

Sal. Upon our sides it never shall be broken.
And, noble Dauphin, albeit we swear
A voluntary zeal and an unagreed 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, make her 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 clipeth thee about,
Would bear thee from the knowledge of thyself,
And grasp thee, with a paralyse, in bonds:
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 warring in thy bosom
Doth make an earthquake of nobility:
O, what a noble combat hast thou fought;
Between compulsion and a brave respect!

Let me wipe off this honourable dew,
That silvery doth progress on thy cheeks:
My heart hath melted at a lady's tears,
Being an ordinary inundation;
But this effusion of such mano drops,
This shower, blown up by tempests 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:
Command these waters to those baby eyes
That never saw the giant world enraged;
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 Lewis 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 colours now wind up;
And tame the savage spirit of wild war,
That, like a lion foster'd up at hand,
It may lie gently at the foot of peace,
And be no further harmful than in show.

Lew. Your grace shall pardon me, I will not back;
I am too high born to be persurted,
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 then 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-conquer'd, must I back
Because that John hath made his peace with Rome?
Am I Rome's slave? What penny hath Rome borne,
What men provided, what munition sent,
To underprop this action? Is 't not I
That undergo this charge? who else but I,
And such as to my claim are liable,
Sweat in this business and maintain this war?
Have I not heard these islanders set out
'Vive le roy!' as I have ban'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 work.

Lew. Outside I see it, but return
Till my attempt so much be glorified
As to my amble hope was promised
Before I drew this gallant head of war,
And call'd these fiery spirits from the world,
To outlook conquest and to win renown
Even in the jaws of danger and of noble

[Trumpet sounds.]

What lusty trumpet thus doth summon us?
Enter the Bastard, attended.

Bast. According to the fair play of the world, I must have audience; I am sent to speak:
My holy lord of Milan, from his kingly breath, he came to learn how you have dealt for him;
And, as you answer, I do know the scope
And warrant limited unto my tongue.

Pand. The Dauphin is too wilful-opposite,
And will not temporize with my entreaties;
He flatly says he'll not lay down his arms.

Bast. By the Lord, though he be the kingly breathed,
The youth says well. Now hear our English king;
For thus his royal doth speak in me.
He is prepared, and reason too he should:
This anish 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 arms,
From out the circle of his territories.

[Door.

That hand which had the strength, even at your
To eniglue and make you take the hatch,
To dive like bucket in concealed wells,
To crawl in litter of your stable planks,
To lie like pawns lock'd up in chests and trunks,
To hug with swine, to seek sweet safety out
In vaults and prisons, and to thrill and shake
Even at the crying of your nation's crow,
Thinking his voice an armed Englishman,
Shall that victorious hand be fenced here,
That in your chambers gave you chasteisment?

No: know the gallant monarch is in arms
And like an eagle o'er his aerie towers,
To souse annoyance that comes near his nest.
And you degenerate, you ingrate revolts,
You bloody Negroes, ripping up the womb
Of your dear country, wounding your shame;
For your own ladies and pale-visaged maids
Like Amazons come tripping after drums,
Their thimbles into armed gauntlets change,
Their needles to lances, and their gentle hearts
To fierce and bloody inclination.

Peace: Lew. There end thy brave, and turn thy face in
We grant thou canst outcold us: fare thee well;
We hold our time too precious to be spent
With such a brabeller.

Bast. Give me leave to speak.

Lew. We will attend to neither.

Bast. Indeed, your drums, being beaten, will cry
And so shall you, being beaten: do but start
An echo with the clamour of thy drum,
And even at hand a drum is ready braced
That shall reverberate all as loud as thine;
Sound but another, and another shall
As loud as thine rattle the welkin's ear
And mock the deep-mouth'd thunder; for at hand,
Not trusting to this halting legate here,
Whom he hath used rather for sport than need,
Is happy lord of Milan, to his friend sits
A bare-rib'd death, whose office is this day
To feast upon whole thousands of the French.

Lew. Strike up our drums, to find this danger out.

Bast. And thou shalt find it, Dauphin, do not doubt.

[Exeunt.

SCENE III.—The field of battle.

Akawhams. Enter King John and Hubert.

K. John. How goes the day with us? O, tell me, Hubert.

Hub. Badly, I fear. How fares your majesty?

K. John. This fever, that hath troubled me so long,
Lies heavy on me; O, my heart is sick!

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. My lord, your valiant kinsman, Faulconbridge,
Desires your majesty to leave the field
To speak with him.

K. John. Tell him, toward Swinsteed, to the abbey there.

Mess. Be of good comfort; for the great supply
That was expected by the Dauphin here,
Are wreck'd three nights ago on Goodwin Sands.
This news was brought to Richard but even now:
The Frenchlike run breath to breath.

K. John. Ay me! this tyrant fever burns me up,
And will not let me welcome this good news.
Set on toward Swinsteed: to my litter straight;
Weakness possesseth me, and I am faint.

[Exeunt.

SCENE IV.—Another part of the field.

Enter Salisbury, Pembroke, and Bigot.

Sal. I did not think the king so stored with friends.

Pemb. Up once again; put spirit in the French:
If they miscarry, we miscarry too.

Sal. That misbegotten devil, Faulconbridge,
In spite of light, cold, and retire themselves.

Pom. They say King John sore sick bath left the

[Enter Melun, wounded.

Mel. Lead me to the revolts of England here.

Sal. When we were happy we had other names.

Pemb. 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 discard faith,
Seek out King John and fall before his feet;
For if the French be lords of this loud day,
He means to remurmurise 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 Edmundsbury;
Even on that altar where we swore to you
Dear amity and everlasting love.

Sal. May this be possible? may this be true?

Mel. Have I not hideous death within my view,
Retaining but a quantity of life,
Which bleeds away, even as a form of wax
Resolveth from his figure 'gainst the fire?
What in the world should make me now deceive,
Since I must see the sight?
Why should I then be false, since it is true
That I must die here and live hence by truth?
I say again, if Lewis do win the day,
He is forsworn, if e'er those eyes of yours
Behold another day break in the east:
But even this night, whose black contagious 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 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 as the flagons of death
Right in thine eye. Away, my friends! New flight:
And happy newness, that intends old right.

[Exeunt, leaving 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,
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.
Ah, foul shrewd woe! 
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 niggard did part our weary powers?
Mess. Whoever spoke it, it is true, my lord.

Lew. Well: keep good quarter and good care to;
The day shall not be up so soon as I,
To try the fair adventure of to-morrow.

[Exeunt.

SCENE VI.—An open place in the neighbourhood
Of Swanstead Abbey.

Enter the Bastard and Hubert, severally.


Hub. Of the part of England.

Bast. Whither dost thou go? [mand

Hub. What's that to thee? why may not I de-
Of thine affairs, as well thou of mine?

Bast. Hubert, I think?

Hub. Thou hast a perfect thought:
I will upon all hazards well believe
Thou art my friend, that know'st my tongue so well.

Bast. Who art thou?

Hub. Who thou wilt: and if thou please,
Thou mayst befriended me so much as to think
I come one way of the Plantagenets. [night

Hub. Unkind remembrance! thou and eyeless
Have done me shame: brave soldier, pardon me,
That any accent breaking from thy tongue
Should 'scape 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 fretting 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.
Then if you had at leisure known of this.

Bast. How did he take it? who did taste to him?

Hub. A monk, I tell you; a resolved villain,
Whose bowels suddenly burst out: the king
Yet speaks and peradventure may recover.

Bast. Who didst thou leave to tend his majesty?

Hub. Why, know you not? the lords are all come
Back.

Bast. Withhold thine indignation, mighty heaven,
And tempt us not to bear above our power!
I'll tell thee, Hubert, half my power this night,
Passing these flats, are taken by the tide:
These Lincoln Washes have devoured them;
Myself, well mounted, hardly have escaped.
Away before: conduct me to the king;
I doubt he will be dead or ere I come.

[Exeunt.

SCENE VII.—The orchard in Swanstead Abbey.

Enter Prince Henry, Salisbury, and Bigot.

P. Hen. It is too late: the life of all his blood
Is touch'd corruptibly, and his pure brain,
Which some suppose the soul's frail dwelling-house,
Both by the idle comments that it makes
Foretell the ending of mortality.

Enter Pembroke.

Pem. His highness yet doth speak, and holds be-
That, being brought into the open air,
It would alloy the burning quality
Of that fell poison which assails him.

P. Hen. Let him be brought into the orchard here.

Bast. Doth he still rage?

Pem. He is more patient
Than when you left him; even now he sung.

P. Hen. O vanity of sickness! fierce extremes
In their continuance will not feel themselves.
Death, having prey'd upon the outward parts,
Leaves them invisible, and his siege is now
Against the mind, the which he pricks and wounds
With many legions of strange fantasies,
Which, in their throng and press to that last hold,
Confound themselves. 'Tis strange that death
Should sing.

I am the cygnet to this pale faint swan,
Who chants a doleful hymn to his own death,
And from the organ-pipe of frailty sings
His soul and body to their lasting rest.

Sal. Be of good cheer, prince; for you are born
To set a form upon that indigist
Which he hath left so shapeless and so rude.

Enter Attendants, and Bigot, carrying King
John in a chair.

K. John. Ay, marry, now my soul bath elbow-
It would not out at windows nor at doors. [room;
There is so hot a summer in my bosom,
That all my bowels crumble up to dust:
I am a scribbled form, drawn with a pen
Upon a parchment, and against this fire
Do I shrink up.

P. Hen. How fares your majesty?

K. John. Poison'd,—ill fare—dead, forsook, cast
And none of you will bid the winter come [off:
To thrust his icy fingers in my raw,
Nor let my kingdom's rivers take their course
Through my burn'd bosom, nor entreat the north
To make his bleak winds kiss my parched lips
And comfort me with cold. I do not ask you much,
I beg cold comfort; and you are so strait
And so ingrateful, you deny me that.

P. Hen. O that there were some virtue in my
That might relieve you! [tears,

K. John. The salt in them is hot.
Within me is a hell; and there the poison
Is as a fiend confined to tyrannize
On unreprievable condemned blood.

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Enter the Bastard.

Bast. O, I am scalced with my violent motion,
And spleen of speed to see your majesty!

K. John. O cousin, thou art come to set mine eye:
The tackle of my heart is crack’d and burn’d,
And all the shrouds wherewith my life should sail
Are turned to one thread, one little hair:
My heart hath one poor string to stay it by,
Which holds but till thy news be uttered;
And then all this thou seest is but a cloath
And modacle of confounded royalty.

Bast. The Dauphin is preparing hitherward,
Where heaven He knows how we shall answer him;
For in a night the best part of my power,
As I upon advantage did remove,
Were in the Washes all unwarily
Devoured by the unexpected flood. [The king dies.

Sal. You breathe these dead news in as dead an ear.

My liege! my lord! but now a king, now thus.

P. Hen. Even so must I run on, and even so stop,
What surety of the world, what hope, what stay,
When this was now a king, and now is clay?

Bast. Art thou gone so? I do but stay behind
To do the office for thee of revenge,
And then my soul shall wait on thee to heaven,
As it on earth hath been thy servant still.
Now, now, you stars that move in your right spheres,
Where be your powers? show now your mended
And instantly return with me again, [faiths,
To push destruction and perpetual shame
Out of the weak door of our fainting land.
Straight let us seek, or straight we shall be sought;
The Dauphin rages at our very heels.

Sal. It seems you know not, then, so much as we:
The Cardinal Pandulph is within at rest,

Who half an hour since came from the Dauphin,
And brings from him such offers of our peace
As we with honour and respect may take,
With purpose presently to leave this war.

Bast. He will the rather do it when he sees
Ourselves well sinewed to our defence.

Sal. Nay, it is in a manner done already;
For many carriages he hath dispatch’d
To the sea-side, and put his cause and quarrel
To the disposing of the cardinal:
With whom yourself, myself and other lords,
If you think meet, this afternoon will post
To consummate this business happily.

Bast. Let it be so: and you, my noble prince,
With other princes that may best be spared,
Shall wait upon your father’s funeral.

P. Hen. At Worcester must his body be interr’d;
For so he will’d it.

Bast. Thither shall it then:
And happily may your sweet self put on
The lineal state and glory of the land!
To whom, with all submission, on my knee
I do bequeath my faithful services
And true subjection everlastingly.

Sal. And the like tender of our love we make,
To rest without a spot for evermore. [thanks
P. Hen. I have a kind soul that would give you
And knows not how to do it but with tears.

Bast. O, let us pay the time but needful woe,
Since it hath been beforehand with our griefs.
This England never did, nor never shall,
Lie at the proud foot of a conqueror,
But when it first did help to wound itself.
Now these her princes are come home again,
Come the three corners of the world in arms, [true,
And we shall shock them. Nought shall make us
If England to itself do rest but true. [Exeunt.

Pandulph.—Lady, you utter madness, and not sorrow.

Constance.—Thou art not holy to belie me so;
I am not mad: this hair I tear is mine;
My name is Constance; I was Geoffrey’s wife;
Young Arthur is my son, and he is lost:
I am not mad:—I would to Heaven, I were.—Act III., Scene iv.
THE TRAGEDY OF KING RICHARD II.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

King Richard the Second.
John of Gaunt, Duke of Lancaster,
Edmund of Langley, Duke of York, uncles to the King.
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 Gardeners, Keeper, 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 Lan-
Hast thou, according to thy oath and band, [caster,
Brought hither Henry Hereford thy bold son,
Here to make good the boisterous late appeal,
Which then our leisure would not let us hear,
Against the Duke of Norfolk, Thomas Mowbray?

Gaunt. I have, my liege. [him,
K. Rich. Tell me, moreover, hast thou sounded
If he appeal the duke on ancient malice;
Or worthily, as a good subject should.
On some known ground of treachery in him? [ment,
Gaunt. As near as I could sift him on that argu-
On some apparent danger seen in him
Aim’d at your highness, no inveterate malice, [face,
K. Rich. Then call them to our presence; face to
And frowning brow to brow, ourselves will hear
The accuser and the accused freely speak:
High-stomach’d are they both, and full of ire,
In rage dealt as the sea, hasty as fire.

Enter Bolingbroke and Mowbray.

Boling. Many years of happy days befal
My gracious sovereign, my most loving liege!

Mow. Each day still better other’s happiness;
Until the heavens, envying earth’s good hap,
Add an immortal title to your crown! [us,
K. Rich. We thank you both: yet one but flatters
As well appeareth by the cause you come;
Namely, to appeal each other of high treason.
Cousin of Hereford, what dost thou object
Against the Duke of Norfolk, Thomas Mowbray?

Boling. First, heaven be the record to my speech!
In the devotion of a subject’s love,
Tendering the precious safety of my prince,
And free from other misbegotten hate,

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, [prove,
What my tongue speaks my right drawn sword may

Mow. Let not my cold words here accuse my zeal:
’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 bush’d and nought at all to say:
First, the fair reverence of your highness curbs me
From giving reins and spurs to my free speech;
Which else would post until it had return’d
These terms of treason 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:
Call him a slanderous coward and a villain:
Which to maintain I would allow him odds,
And meet him, were I tied to run afoot
Even to the frozen ridges of the Alps,
Or any other ground inhabitable,
Where ever Englishman durst set his foot.
Mean time let this defend my loyalty,
By all my hopes, most falsely doth he lie. [gage,
Boling. Pale trembling coward, there I throw my
Disclaiming here the kindred of the king,
And lay aside my high blood’s royalty,
Which fear, not reverence, makes thee to except.
If guilty dread have left thee so much strength
As to take up mine honour's wound, then stoop:
By that and all the rites of knighthood else,
Will I make good against thee, arm to arm,
What I have spoke, or thou canst worse devise.

*Mow.* I take it up; and by that sword I swear,
Which I now lay me not forget, for it stands on my shoulder,
I'll answer thee in any fair degree.

Or chivalrous design of knIGHTLY trial:
And when I mount, alive may I not light,
If I be traitor or unjustly fight! [charge?]  
*K. Rich.* What doth our cousin lay to Mowbray's
It must be in his mind.

So much as of a thought of ill in him. [it true;

Bolting. Look, what I speak, my life shall prove
That Mowbray hath received eight thousand nobles
In name of lendings for your highness' soldiers,
The which he hath detain'd for lendings employed,
Like a false traitor and injurious villain.

Besides I say and will in battle prove,
Or here or elsewhere to the furthest verge
That ever was survey'd by English eye,
That all the treasons for these eighteen years
Complotted and contriv'd in this land [spring.

Fetch from false Mowbray their first head and
Further and further woe upon him
Upon his bad life to make all this good,
That he did plot the Duke of Gloucester's death,
Suggest his soon-believing adversaries,
And consequently, like a traitor coward, [blood:
Slit out his innocent soul through streams of
Which blood, like sacrificing Abel's, cries,
Eye from the tongueless caverns of the earth,
To me for justice and rough chastisement;
And, by the glorious worth of my descent,
This arm shall do it, or this life be spent.

*K. Rich.* How high a pitch his resolution soars!
Thomas of Norfolk, what say'st thou to this?

*Mow.* O, let my sovereign turn away his face
And bid his ears a little while be deaf,
Till I have told this slander of his blood,
How God and good men hate so foul a liar. [ears:

*K. Rich.* Mowbray, impartial are our eyes and
Were he my brother, nay, my kingdom's heir,
As he is but my father's brother's son,
Now, but hisenced about me as low,
Such neighbour nearness to our sacred blood
Should nothing privilege him, nor partialize
The unstooping firmness of my upright soul:
He is our subject, Mowbray; so art thou:
Free speech and fearless I to thee allow.

*Mow.* The wrong broke, Bolingbroke, an arrow 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 right 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 grievous 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 but from my own unhappiness:
A recant 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 gentleman, be ruled by
Let's purge this choler without letting blood:
This we prescribe, though no physician;
Deep malice makes too deep incision;
Which hath laid me like for to consider:
Our doctors say this is no month to bleed.
Good uncle, let this end where it begun;
We'll calm the Duke of Norfolk, you your son.

Gaunt. To be a make-peace shall become my age:
Throw down, my son, the Duke of Norfolk's gage.

*K. Rich.* And, Norfolk, throw down his.

Gaunt. When, Harry, when?

Obedience bids I should not bid again. [no boot.

*K. Rich.* Norfolk, throw down, we bid; there is
*Mow.* 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 bated 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.* Edge must be withstood:
Give me his gage: lions make leopards tame.

*Mow.* Yeas, but not change his spots: take but my
And resign my gage. My dear, dear lord, [shame,
The purest treasure mortal times afford
Is spotless reputation: that away,
Men are but gilded loan or painted clay.
A jewel in a ten-times-hurt'd-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
Boling. O, God defend my soul from such deep
Shall I seem crest-fall'n in my father's sight? [sin!
Or with pale beggar-fear impeach my height
Before this out-dared dastard? Ere my tongue
Shall wound my honour with such feeble wrong;
Or sound so base a parle, my very teeth shall tear
The slavish motive of regaining 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
The swelling difference of your settled hate:
Since we can not alone 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 exclains,
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 offenders' heads.

Duch. Finds brotherhood in these no sharper spur?
Hath love in thy old blood no living fire?
Edward's seven sons, whereof thyself art one,
Were as seven vials of his sacred blood,
Or seven fair branches springing from one root:
Some of those seven are dried by nature's course,
Some of those branches by the Destinies cut;
But Thomas, my dear lord, my life, my Gloucester,
One vial full of Edward's sacred blood.
One flourishing branch of his most royal root,
Is crack'd, and all the precious liquor spilt,
Is hack'd down, and his summer leaves all faded,
By envy's hand and murder's bloody axe. [womb, Ah, Gaunt, his blood was thine! that bed, that That metal, that self-mould, that fashion'd thee Made me 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 thy wretched brother die,
Who was the model of thy father's life. Call it not patience, Gaunt; it is despair:
In suffering thus thy brother to be slaughter'd,
Thou showest the naked pathway to thy life,
Teaching stern murder how to butcher thee:
That which in mean men we intitle patience Is pale cold cowardice in noble breasts.
What shall I say? to safeguard thine own life.
The best way is to venge my Gloucester's death.

Gaunt. God's is the quarrel; for God's substitute, His deputy anointed in His sight,
Hath caused his death: the which if wrongfully,
Let heaven revenge; for I may never lift
An angry arm against His minister.

Duch. Where then, alas, may I complain myself? Gaunt. To God, the widow's champion and defence.

Duch. Why, then, I will. Farewell, old Gaunt. Thou goest to Coventry, there to behold
Our cousin Hereford and fell Mowbray fight:
O, sit my husband's wrongs on Hereford's spear,
That it may enter 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 cautilf recrante to my cousin Hereford!

Farewell, old Gaunt: thy sometimes brother's wife
With her companion grief must end her life.

Gaunt. Sister, farewell; I must to Coventry:
As much good stay with thee as go with me!

Duch. Yet one word more: grief boundeth where
It loudest howls,
Not with the empty hollowness, but weight:
I take my leave before I have begun,
For sorrow walks not when it seemeth done.
Commend me to thy brother, Edmund York.
Lo, this is all:—nay, yet depart not so;
Though this be all, do not so quickly go;
I shall remember more. Bid him ah, what?—
With all good speed at Flashy visit me.
Alack, and what shall good old York there see
But empty lodgings and unfurnished walls,
Unpeopled offices, unbrooded stones?
And what hear there for welcome but my groans?
Therefor I beseech thee come there,
To seek out sorrow that dwells everywhere. Desolate, desolate, will I hence and die:
The last leave of thee takes my weeping eye.

[Exeunt.]

SCENE III. — The lists at Coventry.

Enter the Lord Marshal and the Duke of Aumerle.

Mar. My Lord Aumerle, is Harry Hereford arm'd?
Auxm. Yea, at all points; and longs to enter in.
Mar. The Duke of Norfolk full bold and stay'd.
But the summons of the appellant's trumpet.

Auxm. Why, then, the champions are prepared, and
For nothing but his majesty's approach. [stay

The trumpets sound, and the King enters with his nobles,
Gaunt, Bushy, Bagot, Green, and others. When they are set, enter Mowbray in arms, defendant, with a Herald.

K. Rich. Marshal, demand of yonder champion
The cause of his arrival here in arms:
Ask him his name and orderly proceed
To swear him in the justice of his cause. [art

Mar. In God's name and the king's, say who thou
And why thou comest thus knightly clad in arms,
Against what man thou comest, and what thy quarrel?
Thou speakest truly, or else are they both false? [rel:
As so defend thee heaven and thy valour!

Move. My name is Thomas Mowbray, Duke of Northumberland.
Who hither come engaged by my oath — [folk;
Which God defend a knight should violate! —
Both to defend my loyalty and truth
To God, my king and my succeeding issue,
Against the Duke of Hereford that appeals me;
And, by the grace of God and this mine arm,
To prove him, in defending of myself,
A traitor to my God, my king, and me;
And as I truly fight, defend me heaven!

The trumpets sound. Enter Bolingbroke, appellant, in armour, with a Herald.

K. Rich. Marshal, ask yonder knight in arms,
Both who he is and why he cometh hither.
Thus plated in habiliments of war,
And formally, according to our law,
Depose him in the justice of his case.

Mar. What is thy name? and wherefore comest thou hither,
Before King Richard in his royal lists? [rel?
Against whom comest thou? and what 's thy quarrel?
Speak like a true knight, so defend thee heaven!

Boling. Harry of Hereford, Lancaster and Derby
Am I; who ready here do stand in arms.
To prove, by God's grace and my body's valour,
In lists, on Thomas Mowbray, Duke of Norfolk,
That he is a traitor, foul and dangerous,
To God of heaven, King Richard and to me;
And as I truly fight, defend me heaven!

Mar. On pain of death, no person be so bold
Or daring-hardy as to touch the lists,
Except the marshal and such officers
Appointed to direct these fair designs. [hand,

Boling. Lord marshal, let me kiss my sovereign's hand bow my knee before his majesty:
For Mowbray and myself are like two men
That vow a long and weary pilgrimage;
Then let us take a ceremonious leave
And loving farewell of our several friends. [ness,

Mar. The appellant in all duty greets your highness
And craves to kiss your hand and take his leave.

K. Rich. We will descend and fold him in our arms.
Consent of Hereford, as thy cause is right,
So be thy fortune in this royal fight!
Farewell, my blood; which if to-day thou shed,
Lament we may, but not revenge thee dead.

Boling. O, let no noble eye profane a tear
For me, if I go gage with Mowbray's spear:
As confident as is the falcon's flight
Against a bird, do I with Mowbray fight.
My loving lord, I take my leave of you;
Of you, my noble cousin, Lord Aumerle;
Not sick, although I have to do with death,
But lusty, young and cheerful, breathing breath.
Lo, as at English feasts, so I regret
The daintiest last, to make the end most sweet:
O thou, the earthly author of my blood,
Whose youthful spirit, in me regenerate,
Doth with a twofold vigour lift me up
To reach at victory above my breathing breath.
Add proof unto my princely 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 honour of his son. [perous!  

Gaunt. God in thy good cause make thee pros-  
Be swift like lightning in the execution;  
And let thy blows, doubly redoubled,  
Fall like amazing thunder on the casque  
Of thy adverse pernicious enemy:  
Rouse their youthfull blood, be valiant and live.  

Boling. Mine innocency 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 chains of bondage, and embrace  
His golden uncontroll'd enfranchisement,  
More than my dancing soul doth celebrate  
This feast of battle with mine adversary.  
Most mighty liege, and my companion peers,  
Take from my mouth the wish of happy years:  
As gentle and as jocund as to jest  
Go I to fight: truth hath a quiet breast.  

K. Rich. Farewell, my lord: securely I esp'y  
Virtue with valour couched in thine eye.  
Order the trial, marshal, and begin.  

Mar. Harry of Hereford, Lancaster and Derby,  
Receive thy lansdowne; and let defend the fight.  

Boling. Sing for my pleasure, 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.  

See Her. Here standeth Thomas Mowbray, Duke of Norfolk.  

On pain to be found false and recreant,  
Both to defend himself and to approve  
Henry of Hereford, Lancaster and Derby,  
To God, his sovereign and to him disloyal;  
Courageously and with a free desire  
Attending but the signal to begin.  

Mar. Sound, trumpets; and advance, forward, compleats.  

Boling. Stay, the king hath thrown his warder down.  

K. Rich. Let them lay by their helmets and their spears,  
And both return back to their chairs again:  
Withdraw with us: and let the trumpets sound  
While we return these dukes what we des're.  

[Enter Mowbray and Gaunt.  

K. Rich. Sound, trumpets; and advance, compleats.  

Boling. Stay, the king hath thrown his warder down.  

K. Rich. Let them lay by their helmets and their spears,  
And both return back to their chairs again:  
Withdraw with us: and let the trumpets sound  
While we return these dukes what we des're.  

[Enter Mowbray and Gaunt.  

Boling. Your will be done: this must my comfort  
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 exile;  
The hopeless word of ' never to return.'  
Breathe I to thee, upon pain of life.  

Mow. A heavy sentence, my most sovereign liege,  
And all unlock'd for from your highness's 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 learned these forty years,  
My native speech of English, nor be exprest;  
And now my tongue's use is to me no more  
Than an unstring'd viol or a harp,  
Or like a cunning instrument cas'd up,  
Or, being open, put into his hands  
That knows no touch to tune the harmony;  
Within my mouth you engag'd my tongue,  
Doubly porteuil'd with my teeth and lips;  
And dull unfeeling barren ignorance  
Is made my gaoler 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 compassionate;  
After our sentence plaining comes too late. [light.  

Mow. Then thus I turn me from my country's  
To dwell in solemn shades of endless night.  

K. Rich. Return again, and take an oath with thee.  
Lay on our royal sword your banish'd hands;  
Swear by the duty that you owe to God—  
Our part therein we banish with yourselves—  
To keep the oath that we administer:  
You never shall, so help you truth and God!  
Embrace each other's love in banishment;  
Nor never look upon each other's face;  
Nor never write, regret, nor reconcile  
This louring tempest of your home-bred hate;  
Nor never by advised purpose meet  
To plot, contrive, or compot any ill  
Gainst us, our state, our subjects, or our land.  

Boling. I swear.  

Mow. And I, to keep all this.  

Boling. Norfolk, so far as to mine enemies:—  
By this time, had the king permitted us,  
One of our souls had wander'd in the air,  
Danish'd this frail sephuchre of our flesh,  
As now our flesh is banish'd from this land:  
Confess thy treasons ere thou fly the realm;  
Since thou hast far to go, bear not along  
The clogging burthen of a guilty soul.  

Mow. No, Bolingbroke; if ever I was traitor,  
My name be blotted from the book of life,  
That I may never be rememb'red  
Of civil wounds plough'd up with neighbours'sword;  
And for we think the eagle-wing'd pride  
Of sky-aspiring and ambitious thoughts,  
With rival-hating envy, set on you  
To wake our peace, which in our country's cradle  
Draws the sweet infant breath of gentle sleep;  
Which so roistered under bearded tempests,  
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, from Hereford, upon pain of life,  
Till twelve 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  
That sun that warms you here shall shine on me;  

[Exit.  

K. Rich. Uncle, even in the glasses of thine eyes  
I see thy griefed heart: thy sad aspect  
Hath from the number of his banish'd years  
Pluck'd four away. [To Boling. Six frozen winters spent,  
Return with welcome home from banishment.  

Boling. How long a time lies in one little word!  
Four lagging winter's hills and hills of springs  
End in a word: such is the breath of kings.  

Gaunt. I thank my liege, that in regard of me  
He shortens four years of my son's exile:  
But little vantage shall I reap thereby:  
For, ere the six years that he hath to spend
ACT I.  

KING RICHARD II.  

SCENE IV.  

Can change their morns and bring their times about,  
My oll-dried lamp and time-bewasted light  
Shall be extinct with age and endless night;  
And blindfold death let not me see my son.  
[live.  

K. Rich.  Why, uncle, thou hast many years to  
Gawen; but not a minute, king, that thou canst  
give:  

Shorten my days thou canst with sullen sorrow,  
And pluck nights from me, but not lend a morrow;  
Thou canst help time to furrow me with age,  
But stop no wrinkle in his pilgrimage;  
Thy words are current with the westering death,  
But dead, thy kingdom cannot buy my breath.  

K. Rich. Thy son is banish'd upon good advice,  
Whereeto thy tongue a party-verbatim gave;  
Why at our justice seem'st thou then to lour?  

Guast.  Things sweet to taste prove in digestion  
You urged me as a judge; but I had rather [sour.  
You would have bid me argue like a father.  

O, had it been a stranger, not my child,  
To smooth his fault I should have been more mild:  
A partial slander sought I to avoid,  
And in the sentence my own life destroy'd.  
Alas, I look'd when some of you should say,  
I was too soon away;  
But you gave leave to my unwilling tongue  
Against my will to do myself this wrong.  

K. Rich. Cousin, farewell; and, uncle, bid him  
Six years we banish him, and he shall go.  
[so:  

Flowerish.  Exeunt King Richard and train.  

Aum.  Cousin, farewell; what presence must not  
know,  
From where you do remain let paper show.  

Mar.  My lord, no leave take I; for I will ride,  
As far as land will let me, by your side.  

[words,  

Guast.  O, to what purpose dost thou board thy  
That thou return'st no greeting to thy friends?  

Boling.  To take too few to take my leave of you,  
When the tongue's office should be prodigal  
To breathe the abundant dolour of the heart.  

Guast.  Thy grief is but thy absence for a time.  

Boling.  Joy absent, grief is present for that time.  

Guast.  What is six winters? they are quickly  
spent.  

Boling.  To men in joy; but grief makes one hour  

Guast.  Call it a travel that thou takest for plea-  


Boling.  My heart will sigh when I miscall it so,  
Which finds an enforced pilgrimage.  

Guast.  The heaven hath sent him to the noisy steps  
Esteem as soil wherein thou art set  
The precious jewel of thy home return.  

Boling.  Nay, rather, every tedious stride I make  
Will but remember me what a deal of world  
I wander from the jewels that I love.  

Must I not serve a long apprenticeship  
To foreign passages, and in the end,  
Having my freedom, boast of nothing else  
But that I was a journeyman to grief?  

Guast.  All places that the eye of heaven visits  
Are to a wise man ports and happy havens.  
Teach thy necessity to reason thus;  
There is no virtue like necessity.  

Think not the king did banish thee,  
But thou the king.  Woe doth the heavier sit,  
Where it perceives it is but faintly borne.  

Go, say I sent thee forth to purchase honour  
And not the king exiled thee; or suppose  
Devouring pestilence hangs in our air  
And thou art flying to a fresher clime:  
Look, what thy soul holds dear, imagine it  
To lie that way thou go'st, not whence thou comest;  
Suppose the singing birds musicians,  
Strewed,  
The grass whereon thou tread'st the presence  
The flowers fair ladies, and thy steps no more  
Than a delightful measure or a dance;  

For gnarling sorrow hath less power to bite  
The man that mocks at it and sets it light.  

Boling.  O, who can hold a fire in his hand  
By thinking on the frosty Caucasus?  
Or cloy the hungry edge of appetite  
By bare imagination of a feast?  
Or wallow naked in December snow  
By thinking on fantastic summer's heat?  
O, no! the apprehension of the good  
Gives but the greater feeling to the worse:  
Fell sorrow's tooth doth never rankle more  
Than when he bites, but lanceth not the sore.  

Guast.  Come, come, my son, I'll bring thee on  
thy way:  

Had I thy youth and cause, I would not stay.  

Boling.  Then England's ground, farewell; sweet  
soil, adieu;  
My mother, and my nurse, that bears me yet!  
Where'er I wander, boast of this I can,  
Though banish'd, yet a trueborn Englishman.  

SCENE IV.—The court.  

Enter the King, with Bagot and Green at one door;  
and the Duke of Aumerle at another.  

K. Rich.  We did observe. Cousin Aumerle,  
How far brought you high Hereford on his way?  

Aum.  I brought high Hereford, if you call him so,  
But to the next highway, and there I left him.  

K. Rich.  And say, what store of parting tears  
were shed?  

Aum.  wound,  

Facts, none for me; except the northeast  
Which then blew bitterly against our faces,  
Awaked the sleeping rheum, and so by chance  
Did grace our hollow parting with a tear.  

K. Rich.  What said our cousin when you parted with him?  

Aum.  'Farewell; '  
And, for my heart did disdain 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 'fellow' have lengthen'd  
And added years to his short banishment,  
[hours  
He should have had a day or two farewell's;  
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 mission to the orient people;  
How he did seem to dive into their hearts  
With humble and familiar courtesy,  
What reverence he did throw away on slaves,  
Wooing poor craftsmen with the craft of smiles  
And patient underbearing of his fortune,  
As 'twere to banish their affects with him.  

Off goes his bonnet to an oyster-wench;  
A brace of draymen bid God speed him well  
And had the tribute of his supple knee,  
[With 'Thanks, my countrymen, my loving friends;'  
As were our England in reversions 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.  Well, we will ourselves in person to this war:  
And, for our coffers, with too great a court  
And liberal largess, are grown somewhat light,  
We are inforced 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;  

Where'to, when they shall know what men are rich  

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ACT II.

KING RICHARD II.

Scene I.

They shall subscribe them for large sums of gold
And send them after to supply our wants;
For we will make for Ireland presently.

Enter Bushy.


Suddenly taken; and hath sent post haste
To entreat your majesty to visit him.

K. Rich. Where lies he?

Bushy. At Ely House.

K. Rich. Now put it, God, in the physician's mind
To help him to his grave immediately!
The lining of his coffers shall make coats
To deck our soldiers for these Irish wars.

Come, 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
In wholesome counsel to his unstaid youth? [last
York. Vex not yourself, nor strive not with your
For all in vain comes counsel to his ear. [breath;

Gaunt. O, but they say the tongues of dying men
Enforce attention like deep harmony:
Where words are scarce, they are seldom spent in
For they breathe truth that breathe their words in
pain.

He that no more must say is listen'd more
Than they whom youth and ease have taught to
glose;

More are men's ends mark'd than their lives before:
The setting sun, and music at the close,
As the last taste of sweets, is sweetest last,
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 manners still our tardy apish nation
Limps after in base imitation.

Where doth the world thrust forth a vanity —
So it be new, there's no respect how vile —
That is not quickly buzz'd into his ears?
Then all too late comes counsel to be heard,
Where will doth mutiny with wit's regard.
Direct not him whose way himself will choose: ['lose.
'T is breath thou lack'st, and that breath wilt thou
Gaunt. Methinks I am a prophet new inspired
And thus expiring do foretell of him:
His rash fierce blaze of riot cannot last,
For violent fires soon burn out themselves;
Small showers last long, but sudden storms are short;
He tires betimes that spurs too fast betimes;
With eager feeding food doth choke the feeder:
Light vanity, insatiate cormorant,
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 most defensive to a house,
Against the envy of less happier lands,
[land.

This blessed plot, this earth, this realm, this Eng-
This nurse, this teeming womb of royal kings,
Fare'ly by their breed and famous by their birth,
Renowned for their deeds as far from home,
For Christian service and true chivalry,
As is the sepulchre in stubborn Jewry
Of the world's ransom, blessed Mary's son,
Landrold of England art thou now, not king:
Thy state of law is bondslave to the law;
And

K. Rich. A lunatic lean-witted fool,
Presuming on an ague’s privilege,
Darest with thy frozen admonition
Make pale our cheek, chasing the royal blood
With fury from his native residence.

Now, by my seat’s right royal majesty,
Wert thou not brother to great Edward’s son,
This tongue that runs so roundly in thy head
Should run thy head from thy unrevocable shoulders.

Gaunt. O, spare me not, my brother Edward’s son,
For that I was his father Edward’s son;
That blood already, like let not to-morrow
Hust thou tapp’d out and drunkenly caroused;
My brother Gloucester, plain well-meaning soul,
Whom fair behall in heaven ‘mongst happy souls! May be a precedent and witness good
That thou respect’st not spilling Edward’s blood:
Join with the present sickness that I have;
And thy unkindness be like crooked age,
To crop at once a too long-wither’d flower.
Live in thy shame, but do not shame with thee:
These words hereafter thy tormentors be!
Convey me to my bed, then to my grave:
Love they to live that love and honour have.

K. Rich. And let them die that age and sullens have;
For both hast thou, and both become the 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,
As theirs, so mine; and all be as it is. [so his;

Enter Northumberland.

North. Nay, nothing; all is said:
His tongue is now a stringless instrument;
Words, life, and all, old Lancasther hath spent. [so! York. Be York the next that must be bankrupt
Through death be poor, it ends a mortal woe. [he;
K. Rich. He first falls on the ripest fruits, and so doth
His time is spent, our pilgrimage must be:
So much for that. Now for our Irish wars:
We must supplant those rough rag-headed kerns,
Which live like venom where no venom else
But only they have privilege to live.
And for these greater fires, some charge,
Towards our assistance we do seize to us
The plate, coin, revenues and moveables,
Whereof our uncle Gaunt did stand possess’d.

York. How long shall I be patient? ah, how long
Shall tender duty make me suffer wrong?
Not Gloucester’s death, nor Hereford’s nanihament,
Nor Gaunt’s rebukes, nor England’s private wrongs,
Nor the prevention of poor Bolingbroke
About his marriage, nor my own disgrace,
Have ever made me sour my patient cheek,
Or bend one wrinkle on my sovereign’s face.
I am the last of noble Edward’s sons,
Of whom my 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 hath hast, for even so look’d he,
Accomplish’d with the number of thy hours;
But whose war-wear’d case, the French
And not against his friends; his noble hand
Did win what he did spend and spent not that
Which his triumphant father’s hand had won;
His hands were guilty of no kindred blood,
But bloody with the enemies of his kin.

O Richard! York is too far gone with grief,
Or else he never would compare between.
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 grippe 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 these - which they are - come to day:
Be not thyself; for how art thou a King
But by fair sequence and succession?
Now, afore God—God forbid I say true! —
If you do wrongfully seize Hereford’s rights,
Call in the letters-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
Bid him repair to us to Ely House.
North. To see this business. To-morrow next
We will for Ireland; and ‘tis time, I trow;
And we create, in absence of ourself.
Our uncle York lord governor of England,
For he is just and always loved us well.
Come on, our queen: to-morrow must we part;
Be merry, for our time of stay is short.
[FLOURISH. Exeunt King, Queen, Asmerle, Bushey, Green, and Bagot.

North. Well, lords, the Duke of Lancaster is dead.
Ross. And living too; for now his son is duke.
Willo. Barely in title, not in revenue.
North. Richly in both, if justice had her right.
Ross. My heart is great; but it must break with silence.
Ere’t be disburden’d with a liberal tongue.
North. Nay, speak thy mind; and let him ne’er speak more
That speaks thy words again to do thee harm!
Willo. Tends that thou wouldst speak to the Duke of Hereford?
If it be so, out with it boldly, man.
Quick is mine ear to hear of good towards him.
Ross. No good at all that I can do for him;
Unless you call it good to pity him,
Bereft and gilded of his patrimony. [are borne
North. Now, afore God, ’tis shame such wrongs
In him, a royal prince, and many bane
Of noble blood in this declining land.
The king is not amiss, for he is 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 fines
And quite lost their hearts: the nobles hath he
For ancient quarrels, and quite lost their hearts.
Willo. And daily new exactions are devised,
As blanks, benvolences, and I wot not what:
But what, o’ God’s name, doth become of this?

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North. Wars have not wasted it, for war'd he hath not, Yet basely yielded upon circumstance That which his noble ancestors achieved with blows: More hath he spent in peace than they in wars. 

Ross. The Earl of Wiltshire hath the realm in farm. 

Willo. The king's grown bankrupt, like a broken North. Reproach and dissolution hangeth over him. 

Ross. He hath not money for these Irish wars, His burthenous taxation notwithstanding, But by the robbing of the banish'd duke. 

North. His noble kinsman: most degenerate king! But, lords, we hear this fearful tempest sing, Yet seek no shelter to avoid the storm; We see the wind sit sore upon our sails, And yet we strike not, but securely perish. 

Ross. We see the very wreck that we must suffer; And unavoidable is the danger now, For suffering so much of the causes of our war. 

North. Not so; even through the hollow eyes of 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 thou dost ours. 

Ross. Be content to speak, Northumberland: We three are but thyself; and, speaking so, Thy words are but as thoughts; therefore, be bold. 

North. Then thus: I have from Port le Blanc, a In Brittany, received intelligence 

Bay That Harry Duke of Hereford, Rainold Lord Cobham, 

That late broke from the Duke of Exeter, 

His brother, Archbishop late of Canterbury, Sir Thomas Erpingham, Sir John Ramston, 

Sir John Norbery, Sir Robert Waterton and Francis Quoint, 

All these well furnish’d by the Duke of Bretagne 

With eight tall ships, three thousand men of war, Are making hither with all due expedition 

And shortly mean to touch our northern shore: Perhaps they had ere this, but that they stay 

The first departing of the king for Ireland. 

If then we shall shake off our slavish yoke, 

Imp out our drooping country’s broken wing, 

Redeem from breaking pawn the blemish’d crown, 

Wipe off the blush that hides our sceptre’s girt 

And make high majesty look like itself, 

Away with me in post to Ravenspursgh; 

But if you faint, as fearing to do so, 

Stay and be secret, and myself will go. [that fear. 

Ross. To horse, to horse! urge doubts to them 

Willo. Hold out my horse, and I will first be there. [Exeunt. 

SCENE II. — The palace. 

Enter Queen, Bushy, and Bagot. 

Bushy. Madam, your majesty is too much sad: You promised, when you parted with the king, 
To lay aside life-harming heaviness 
And entertain a cheerful disposition. 

Queen. To please the king I did; to please myself I cannot do it; yet I know no cause [self Why I should welcome such a guest as grief, Save hide it so well to seem a guest As my sweet Richard: yet again, methinks, Some unborn sorrow, ripe in fortune’s womb, Is coming towards me, and my inward soul With nothing trembles: at some thing it grieves, More than with parting from my lord the king. 

Bushy. Each substance of a grief hath twenty shadows. 

Which shows like grief itself, but is not so; For sorrow’s eye, glazed with blinding tears, Divides one thing entire to many objects; Like perspectives, which rightly gazed upon Show nothing but confusion, eyed awry Distinguish form: so your sweet majesty, Looking over upon your lord’s departure, Find shapes of grief, more than himself, to wall; Which, look’d on as it is, is nought but shadows Of what it is not. Then, thrice-gracious queen, More than your lord’s departure weep not: more’s he Or if it be, ’t is with false sorrow’s eye, [not seen; Which for nothing true things more imaginary. 

Queen. It may be so, but yet my inward soul Persuades me it is otherwise: how’er it be, I cannot but be sad; so heavy sad 

As, though on thinking on no thought I think, Makes me with heavy nothing faint and shrunk. 

Bushy. ’Tis nothing but conceit, my gracious lady. 

Queen. ’T is nothing less: conceit is still derived From some forefather grief; mine is not so, For nothing hath begot my something grief; Or something hath the nothing that I grieve: ’T is in reversion that I do possess; But what it is, that is not yet known: what I cannot name; ’t is nameless woe, I wot. 

Enter Green. 

Green. God save your majesty! and well met, gentleman: I hope the king is not yet shipp’d for Ireland. [is 

Queen. Why hopest thou so? ’t is better hope he For his designs crave haste, his haste good hope: Then wherefore dost thou hope he is not shipp’d? 

Green. That he, our hope, might have retired his power, And driven into despair an enemy’s hope, Who strongly hath set footing in this land: The banish’d Bolingbroke repeals himself, And with uplifted arms is safe arrived At Ravenspursgh. 

Queen. Now God in heaven forbid! 

Green. Ah, madam, ’t is too true: and that is worse, The Lord Northumberland, his son young Henry The Lords of Ross, Beaumont, and Willoughby, With all their powerful friends, are fled to him. 

Bushy. Why have you not proclaimed Northumber- 

And all the rest revoluted faction traitors? [ceteria 

Green. We have: whereupon the Earl of Wor- 

Hath broke his staff, resign’d his stewardship, And all the household servants fled with him To Bolingbroke. 

Queen. So, Green, thou art the midwife to my And Bolingbroke my sorrow’s dismal heir; Now hath my soul brought forth her prodigy, And I, a gasping new-deliver’d mother, Have woe to woe, sorrow to sorrow join’d. 

Bushy. Despair not, madam. 

Queen. Who shall hinder me? I will despair, and be at enmity With cozening hope: he is a flatterer, A parasite, a keeper back of death, Who gently would dissolve the bands of life, Which false hopeingers in extremity. 

Enter 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, Whose 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!
[cold.

The more they are fled, the commons they are 
And will, I fear, revolt on Hereford’s side.
Sirrah, get thee to Plasy, to my sister Gloucester; 
Bid her send me presently a thousand pound: 
Hold, take my ring.

Serv. My lord, I had forgot to tell your lordship, 
To-day, as I came by, I called there; 
But I shall grieve you to report the rest.
York. What is’t, knave? 
Serv. An hour before I came, the duchess died.
York. God for his mercy! what a tide of woes 
Comes rushing on this woeful land at once! 
I know not what to do: I would to God, 
So my untruth had not provoked him to it, 
The king had cut off my head with my brother’s. 
What, are there no posts dispatch’d for Ireland? 
How shall we do for money for these wars? [me. 
Come, sister,—cousin, I would say,—pray, pardon 
Go, fellow, get 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 Plasy 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 
Proportionable to the enemy 
Is all impossible. 
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 conden’d.
Bagot. If judgment lie in them, then so do we, 
Because we ever have been near the king. [castle: 
Green. What? I will for revenge, straight to Bristol 
The Earl of Wiltshire is already there.
Bushy. Thither will I with you; for little office 
The hateful commons will perform for us, 
Except like curs to tear us all to pieces. 
Will you go along with us?
Bagot. No, I will to Ireland to his majesty. 
Farewell: if heart’s presages be not vain, 
We three here part that ne’er shall meet again. 
Bushy. That’s as York strives to beat back Bolingbroke.
Green. Alas, poor duke! the task he undertakes 
is numbering sands and draining oceans dry: 
Where he will light, the elements will fly. 
Farewell at once, for once, and 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 you hath discourse hath been as sugar, 
Making the hard way sweet and delectable. 
But I bethink me what a weary way 
From Ravenspurgh to Cotswold will be found 
In Ross and Willoughby, wanting your company, 
Which, I protest, hath very much beguiled 
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 
Than hope enjoy’d: by this the weary lords 
Shall make their way seem short, as mine hath done 
By sight of what I have, your noble company. 
Boling. Of much less value is my company 
Than your good words. But who comes here?

Enter Henry Percy.

North. It is my son, young Harry Percy, 
Sent my brother Worcester, whencesoever. 
Harry, how fares your uncle? 
Percy. I had thought, my lord, to have learn’d 
his health of you. 
North. Why, is he not with the queen? [court. 
Percy. No, my good lord; he hath forsook the 
Broken his staff of office and dispersed 
The household of the king. 
North. What was his reason? 
He was not so resolved when last we spake together. 
Percy. Because your lordship was proclaimed trai- 
But he, my lord, is gone to Ravenspurgh, 
[for. 
To offer service to the Duke of Hereford, 
And sent me over by Berkeley, to discover 
What power the Duke of York had levied there; 
Then with directions to repair to Ravenspurgh. 
North. Have you forgot the Duke of Hereford, 
boy?
Percy. No, my good lord, for that is not forgot 
Which ne’er I did remember: to my knowledge, 
I never in my life did look on him. 
[duke.
North. Then learn to know him now; this is the 
Percy. My gracious lord, I tender you my service, 
Such as it is, being tender, raw and young; 
Which elder days shall ripen and confirm 
To more approved service and desert. 
Boling. I thank thee, gentle Percy; and be sure 
I count myself in nothing else so happy 
As in a soul remembering my good friends; 
And, as my fortune ripens with thy love, 
It shall be still thy true love’s recompense: 
My heart this covenant makes, my hand thus seals it. 
North. How is it to Berkeley? and what stir 
Keeps good old York there with his men of war? 
Percy. There stands the castle, by you tuft of trees, 
Mann’d with three hundred men, as I have heard; 
And in it are the Lords of York, Berkeley, and Sey- 
None else of name and noble estimate. 
[mour;

Enter Ross and Willoughby.

North. Here come the Lords of Ross and Willough- 
Bloody with spurring, fiery-red with haste. [by, 
Boling. Welcome, my lords, I wot your love pur- 
A banish’d traitor: all my treasury [sues 
Is yet but unfelt thanks, which more enrich’d 
Shall be your love and labour’s recompense. [lord. 
Ross. Your presence makes us rich, most noble 
Willo. And far surmounts our labour to attain it. 
Boling. Evermore thanks, the exchequer of the poor;
Which, till my infant fortune comes to years,  
Stands for my bounty. But who comes here?

Enter Berkeley.

**North.** It is my Lord of Berkeley, as I guess.  
**Berk.** My Lord of Hereford, my message is to you.  
**Boling.** My lord, my answer is— to Lancaster;  
And I am come to seek that name in England;  
And I must find that title in your tongue,  
Before I make reply to aught you say.  
**Berks.** Mistake me not, my lord; 'tis not my  
meaning  
To raise one title of your honour out:  
To you, my lord, I come, what lord you will,  
From the most gracious regent of this land,  
The Duke of York, to know what perils you on  
To take advantage of the absent time,  
And right our native peace with self-born arms.

Enter York attended.

**Boling.** I shall not need transport my words by  
Here comes his grace in person.  
<voley;>  
**York.** My noble uncle! [Kneels.  
**Boling.** My gracious uncle—  
**York.** Tut, tut.  
Gracious me no grace, nor uncle me no uncle:  
I am no traitor's uncle; and that word 'grace'  
In an ungracious mouth is but profane.  
Why have those banish'd and forbidden legs  
Dared once to touch a dust of England's ground?  
But then more 'why'? why have they dared to  
march  
So many miles upon her peaceful bosom,  
Frighting her pale-faced villages with war  
And ostentation of despised arms?  
Comest thou because the anointed king is hence?  
Why, foolish boy, the king is left behind,  
And in my loyal bosom lies his power.  
Were I but now the lord of such hot youth  
As when brave Gaunt, thy father, and myself  
Rescued the Black Prince, that young Mars of men,  
From forth the ranks of many thousand French,  
O, then how quickly should this arm of mine,  
Now prisoner to the palsy, chastise thee  
And minister correction to thy fault!  
**Boling.** My gracious uncle, let me know my fault:  
On what condition stands it and wherein  
In gross rebellion and detested treason:  
Thou art a banish'd man, and here art come  
Before the expiration of thy time,  
In bravng arms against thy sovereign. [ford:  
**Boling.** As I was banish'd, I was banish'd Here—  
But as I come, I come for Lancaster.  
And, noble uncle, I beseech your grace  
Look on my wrongs with an indifferent eye:  
You are my father, for methinks in you  
I see old Gaunt alive; O, then, my father,  
Will you permit that I should stand condemn'd  
A wandering vagabond; my rights and royalties  
Pluck'd from my arms perforce and given away  
To upset untruths? 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 been lent to another 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:

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My father's goods are all distrain'd and sold,  
And these and all are all amiss employ'd.  
What would you have me do? I am a subject,  
And I challenge law: attorneys are denied me;  
And therefore personally I lay my claim  
To my inheritance of free descent.  
**North.** The noble duke hath been too much abused.  
**Ross.** It stands your grace upon to do him right.  
**Willo.** Base men by his endowments are made great.  
**York.** My lords of England, let me tell you this:  
I have had feeling of my cousin's wrongs  
And 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 find it, I must 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;  
Snatch up your arms. 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 compleces,  
The catapults 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.

**SCENE IV.—A camp in Wales.**

Enter Salisbury and a Welsh Captain.

**Cap.** My Lord Salisbury, we have stay'd ten  
And hardly kept our countrymen together, [days,  
And yet we hear no tidings from the king:  
Therefore we will disperse ourselves: farewell.  
**Sal.** Stay yet another day, thou trusty Welshman:  
The king reposeth all his confidence in thee.  
**Cap.** 'Tis thought the king is dead; we will not  

The bay-trees in our country are all wither'd  
And meteor frigest the fixed stars of heaven;  
The pale-faced moon looks bloody on the earth  
And lean-look'd prophets whisper fearful change;  
Rich men look sad and ruffians dance and leap,  
The one in fear to lose what they enjoy,  
The other to enjoy by rage and war;  
These signs forerun the death or fall of kings.  
Farewell: our countrymen are gone and fled,  
As well assured Richard their king is dead. [Exit.  
**Sal.** Ah, Richard, with the eyes of heavy mind  
I see thy glory like a shooting star  
Fall to the base earth from the firmament.  
 Thy sun on pless in the west, thy moon in the 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.

Bolingbroke. Bring forth these men. Bushy and Green, I will not vex your souls—

Bushy and Green. With too much urging your perricious lives,

Bolingbroke. For 'tis 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 wrongs.

Myself, a prince by fortune of my birth,

Near to the king in blood, and near in love

Till yond you did him misinterpret,

And sigh'd my English breath in foreign clouds,

Eating the bitter bread of banishment;

Whilst you had fed upon my signories,

Dispark'd my parks and fell'd my forest woods,

From my own windows torn my household coat,

Razed out my imprese, leaving me no sign,

Save men's opinions and my living blood,

To show the world I am a gentleman,

This and much more, much more much than twice all this,

Condemns you to the death. See them deliver'd over

To execution and the hand of death.

Bushy. More welcome is the stroke of death to me

Than Bolingbroke to England. Lords, farewell.

Green. My comfort is that heaven will take our

And plague injustice with the pains of hell. [souls

Bolingbroke. My Lord Northumberland, see them dispatch'd.] [Exeunt Northumberland and others, with the prisoners.

Uncle, you say the queen is at your house;

For God's sake, fairly let her be entreated:
Tell her I send to her my kind commands;
Take special care my greetings be deliver'd.

York. Gentlemen, I have your dispatch'd

With letters of your love to her at large.

Bolingbroke. Thanks, gentle uncle. Come, lords, away,

To fight with Glendower and his complices:
Awhile to work, and after holiday. [Exeunt.

SCENE II.—The coast of Wales. A castle in view.

Drums: flourish and colours. Enter King Richard, the Bishop of Carlisle, Aumerle, and Soldiers.

K. Rich. Barkmoughly castle call they this at hand?

Aum. Yes, my lord. How brooks your grace the

After your late tossing on the breaking seas? [air,

K. Rich. Needs must: I like it well; I weep for

To stand upon my kingdom once again. [joy

Dear ear, I do salute thee with my hand,

Though rebels wound thee with their horses' hoofs:

As a long-parted mother with her child

Plays fondly with her tears and smiles in meeting,

So, when thou stand'st upon the earth,

And do thee favours with my royal hands.

Feed not thy sovereign's foe, my gentle earth,

Nor with thy sweets comfort his ravenous sense;

But let thy spiders, that suck up thy venom,

And heavy-gaited toads lie in their way,

Doing annoyance to the treacherous feet

Which with usurping steps do trample thee

Yield stinging nettles to mine enemies;

And when they from thy bosom pluck a flower,

With a lurking adder

Whose double tongue may with a mortal touch

Throw death upon thy sovereign's enemies.

Mock not my senseless conjuration, lords:

This earth shall have a feeling and these stones

Prove armed soldiers, ere her native king

Shall falter under foul rebellion's arms.

[king

K. Rich. Discomfortable counsel know, thou not

That when the searching eye of heaven is hid,

Behind the globe, that lights the lower world,

Then thieves and robbers range abroad unseen

In murders and in outrage, boldly here;

But when from under this terrestrial ball

He fires the proud tops of the eastern pines

And darts his light through every guilty hole,

Then murders, treasons and detested sins, [backs,

The cloak of night being pluck'd from off their

Stand bare and naked, trembling at themselves?

So when this thief, this traitor, Bolingbroke,

Who all this while hath revel'd in the night

Whilst we were wandering with the antipodes,

Shall see us rising in our throne, the east,

His treasons will sit blushing in his face,

Not able to endure the sight of day,

But self-affrighted tremble at his sin.

Not all the water in the rough rude sea
Can wash the balm off from an anointed king;

The breath of worldly men cannot depose

The deputy elected by the Lord:

For every man that Bolingbroke hath press'd
to lift shrewd steel against our golden crown,

God for his Richard hath in heavenly pay

A glorious angel: then, if angels fight, [right.

Weak men must fall, for heaven still guards the

Enter Salisbury.

Welcome, my lord: how far off lies your power?

Sal. Nor near nor farther off, my gracious lord,

Than this weak arm: discomfort guides my tongue

And bids me speak of nothing but despair.

One day too late, I fear me, noble lord,

Hath clouded all thy happy days on earth:

O, call back yesterday, bid time return,

And thou shalt have twelve thousand fighting men!

To-day, to-day, unhappy day, too late,

O'ershows thy joys, friends, fortune and thy state:

For all the Welshmen, hearing thou art dead,

Are gone to Bolingbroke, dispersed and fled.

Aum. Comfort, my liege: why looks your grace

So pale?

[men

K. Rich. But now the blood of twenty thousand

Did triumph in my face, and they are fled;

And, till so much blood thither come again,

Have I not reason to look pale and dead?

All souls that will be safe fly from my side,

For time hath sent a mad king abroad.

Aum. Comfort, my liege; remember who you are.

K. Rich. I had forgot myself: am I not king?

Awake, thou coward majesty! thou sleepest.

Is not the king's name twenty thousand names?

Arm, arm, my name! a puny subject strikes

At thy great glory. Look not to the ground,

Ye favourites of a king: are we not high?
ACT III.

KING RICHARD II.

SCENE III.

High be our thoughts: I know my uncle York
Hath power enough to serve our turn. But who comes here?

Enter Scroop.

Scroop. More health and happiness betide my liege Than men could tongue deliver him!

K. Rich. Mine ear is open; you may speak.

The worst is worldly loss thou canst unfo.

Say, is my kingdom lost? why, 't was my care; And what loss is it to be rid of care?

Strives Bolingbroke to be as great as we? Greater he shall not be; if he serve God, We 'll make him man of God, and bear him so:

Revolt our subjects? that we cannot mend; They break their faith to God as well as us:

Cry woe, destruction, ruin and decay;

The worst is death, and death will have his day.

Scroop. Glad am I that your highness is so arm'd To bear the tidings of calamity.

Like an unseasonable stormy day, Which makes the silver rivers drown their shores, As if the world were all dissolved to tears, So high above his limits swells the rage Of Bolingbroke, covering your fearful land With hard bright steel and hearts harder than steel. While they have arm'd their thin and hairless scalps Against thy majesty; boys, with women's voices, Strive to speak big and clap their female joints In stiff unwieldy arms against thy crown:

Thy very beasman learn to bend their bows Of double-fatal yew against thy state:

Yea, distaff-women manage rusty bills Against thy seat: both young and old rebel, And all goes worse than I have power to tell. [ill.

K. Rich. Too well, too well thou tell'st a tale so

Where is the Earl of Wiltshire? where is Bagot?

What is become of Bushy? where is Green?

That they have let the dangerous enemy Measure our confines with such peaceful steps? If we prevail, their heads shall pay for it:

I warrant they have made peace with Bolingbroke.

Scroop. Peace have they made with him indeed, my lord. [suspicion.


Dogs, easily won to fawn on any man. [heart!

Snakes, in my heart-blood warm'd, that sting my Three Judases, each one thrice worse than Judas! Would they make peace? terrible hell make war Upon their spotted souls for this offence!

Scroop. Sweet love, I see, changing his property, Turns to the sourest and most deadly hate;

Again uncurse their souls; their peace is made With heads, and not with hands: those whom you curse

Have felt the worst of death's destroying wound
And lie full low, grazed in the hollow ground.

Aum. Is Bushy, Green, and the Earl of Wiltshire dead?

Scroop. Ay, all of them at Bristol lost their heads.

Aum. Where is the duke my father with his power?

[Speak: K. Rich. No matter where; of comfort not no man

Let's talk of graves, of worms and epitaphs;

Make dust our paper, and with rainy eyes

Write sorrow on the bosom of the earth.

Let's choose executors and talk of wills:

And yet not so, for what can we bequeath
Save our deposed bodies to the ground?

Our lands, our lives and all are Bolingbroke's, And not our own, nor 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, Scoffing his state and grinning at his pomp, Allowing him a breath, a little scene.

To mourn our ruin, and be fearful in looks,

Infusing him with self and vain conceit,

As if this flesh which wall's 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! Cuts your heads and mock not flesh and blood With such a reverence: thence, in decent respect, Tradition, form and ceremonial duties

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?

Cor. My lord, wise men ne'er sit and wail their But presently prevent the ways to wall. [woes.

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 flight:

And fight and die is death destroying death:

Where fearing dying pays death servile breath.

Aum. My father hath a power; inquire of him, And learn to make a body of a limb.


To change blows with thee for our day of doom. This ague fit of fear is over-blown;

An easy task it is to win 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 joined with Bolingbroke, And all your northern castles yielded up, And all your southern gentlemen in arms Upon his party.

K. Rich. Thou hast said enough.

Beshew thee, cousin, which didst lead me forth.

[To Aumerle.

Of that sweet way I was in to despair!

What say you now? what course have we now?

By heaven, I'll hate him everlastingly.

That bids me be of comfort any more.

Go to Flint castle: there I'll pine away; A king, woe's slave, shall kingly woe obey.

That power I have, discharge; and let them go To ear the land that hath some hope to grow;

For I have done: let me not speak again To alter this, for counsel is but vain.

Aum. My liege, one word.

K. Rich. [He does me doubt double wrong

That wounds me with the flatteries of his tongue.

Discharge my followers: let them hence away,

From Richard's night to Bolingbroke's fair day.

[Exeunt.

SCENE III. — Wales. Before Flint Castle.

Enter, with drum and colours, Bolingbroke, York, Northumberland, Attendants, and forces.

Boling. So that by this intelligence we learn TheWelshmen are dispersed, and Salisbury

Is gone to meet the king, who lately landed

With some few private friends upon this coast.

North. The news is very fair and good, my lord: Richard not far from hence hath hid his head.
York. It would beseech the Lord Northumberland
To say 'King Richard': slack the heavy day
When such a sacred king should hide his head.
North. Your grace mistakes; only to be brief,
Left I his title out.

The time hath been,
Would you have been so brief with him, he would
Have been so brief with you, to shorten you,
For taking so the head, your whole head's length.

Boling. Mistake not, uncle, further than you should.
[shoud,]
York. This is not, good cousin, further than you
Lest you mistake the heavens are o'er our heads.
Boling. I know it, uncle, and oppose not myself
Against their will. But who comes here?

Enter Percy.

Welcome, Harry: what, will not this castle yield?
Percy. The castle royally is man's, my lord,
Against thy entrance.

Boling. Royally!

Why, it contains no king?
Percy. Yes, my good lord,
It doth contain a king: King Richard lies
Within the limits of you lime and stone:
And with him are the Lord Aumerle, Lord Salisbury,
Sir Stephen Scroop, besides a clergyman
Of holy reverence; who, I cannot learn.

North. O, belike it is the Bishop of Carlisle.

Boling. Noble lord:
Go to the rude ribs of that ancient castle;
Through brazen trumpet send the breath of parsley
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 majesty: and if in duty bound
Even at his feet to lay my arms and power,
Provided that my banishment repeal'd
And lands restored again be freely granted:
If not, I'll use the advantage of my power
And lay the summer's dust with showers of blood
Rain'd from the wounds of slaughter'd Englishmen:
The which, how far off from the mind of Bolingbroke
It is, such crimson tempest should bedrench
The fresh green lap of fair King Richard's land,
My stooping duty tenderly shall show.
Go, signify as much, while here we march
Upon the grassy carpet of this plain.
Let's plant the tattered drum, that
That from this castle's tatter'd battlements
Our fair appointments may be well perused.
Methinks King Richard and myself should meet
With no less terror than the elements
Of fire and water, when their thundering shock
At meeting tears the cloudy cheeks of heaven.
Be he the fire, I'll be the yielding water:
The rage be his, whilst on the earth I rain
My waters; on the earth, and not on him.
March on, and mark King Richard how he looks.

Parle without, and answer within. Then a flourish. Enter
on the walls, King Richard, the Bishop of Carlisle, Aumerle, Scroop, and Salisbury.

See, see, King Richard doth himself appear,
York. As doth the blushing discontented sun
From out the fiery portal of the east,
When the vicarious clouds are bent
To dim his glory and to stain the track
Of his bright passage to the occident.
York. Yet looks he like a king: behold, his eye,
As bright as is the eagle's, lightens forth
Controlling majesty: alack, alack, for woe.
This time of sorrow should stand so fair a show! [stooed
K. Rich. We are wronged; and thus long have we
To watch the fearful bending of thy knee. [To North.

Because we thought ourself thy lawful king:

And if we be, how dare thy joints forget
To pay their awful duty to our presence?
If we be not, show us the hand of God
That hath dismiss'd us from our stewardship;
For well we know, no hand of blood and bone
Can grip the sacred hand of God's anointer,
Unless he do profane, steal, or usurp.
And though you think that all, as you have done,
Have torn their souls by turning them from us,
And we are barren and bereft of friends;
Yet know, my master, God omnipotent,
Is mustering in his clouds on our behalf
Armies of pestilence; and they shall strike
Your children yet unborn and unbegot,
That lift your vassal hands against my head
And threaten the glory of my precious crown.

Tell Bolingbroke for yond methinks he stands—
That every stride he makes upon my land
Is dangerous treason: he is come to open
The purple testament of bleeding war;
But ere the crown he looks for live in peace,
Ten thousand bloody crowns of mothers' sons
Shall ill become the flower of England's face,
Change the complexion of her maid-pale peace
To scarlet indignation and besmirch
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 honour of 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 said of my part,
His coming hither hath no further scope
Than for his lineal royalties and to beg
Enfranchisement immediate on his knees:
Which on thy royal party granted once,
His glittering arms he will command to rust,
His barbed steeds to stables, and his heart
To faithful service of your majesty.
This swears he, as he is a prince, is just;
And, as I am a gentleman, I credit him. [turns:
K. Rich. Northumberland, say thus the king re-
His noble cousin is right welcome hither;
And all the number of his fair demands
Shall without with justice be satisfied:
With all the gracious utterance thou hast
Speak to his gentle hearing kind commends,
We do deceive ourselves, cousin, do we not,
[To Aumerle.

To look so poorly and to speak so fair?
Shall we call back Northumberland, and send
Defiance to the traitor, and so die? [words

Aum. No, good my lord; let's fight with gentle
Timely lend friends and friends their helpful
swords. [mine,
K. Rich. O God, O God! that earth this tongue of
That laid the sentence of dread banishment
On ye proud man, should take it off again
With words of sooth! O that I were as great
As is my grief, or lesser than my name!
Or that I could forget what I have been,
Or not remember what I must be now! [beat,
Swell'st thou, proud heart? I give thee scope to
Since foes have scope to beat both thee and me.
Aum. Northumberland comes back from Boling-

broke. [submit?
K. Rich. What must the king do now? must he
The king shall do it: must he be depos'd
The king shall be contented: must he lose
The name of king? God's will, let it go:
I'll give my jewels for a set of beads,
My gorgeous palace for a hermitage,
ACT III.  KING RICHARD II.  SCENE IV.

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 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?
Anumerle, thou weespter, my tender-hearted cousin!
We'll make foul weather with despeird tears;
Our sighs and they shall lodge the summer corn,
And make a death in this revolted land.
Or shall we play the wantsoms 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
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.  [base,
In the base court?  Base court, where kings grow
To come at traitors' calls and do them grace.
In the base court?  Come down?  Down, court!  down, king!
For night-owls shriek where mounting larks should sing.  [Exeunt from above.
Boling. What says his majesty?  North.
Sorrow and grief of heart
Makes him speak fondly, like a frantic man:
Yet he is come.

Enter King Richard and his Attendants below.
Boling. Stand all apart,
And show fair duty to his majesty.

My gracious lord,— [knee
K. Rich. Fair cousin, you debase your princely
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 but for mine own.

K. Rich. Your own is yours, and I am yours,
Boling. So far be mine, my most redoubted lord,
As my true service shall deserve your love.  [have,  
K. Rich. Well you deserve: they well deserve to
That know the strong'st and surest way to get
Uncle, give me your hands: nay, dry your eyes;
Tears for 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.


Enter the Queen and two Ladies.

Queen. What sport shall we devise here in this gar-
To drive away the heavy thought of care?  [den,
ACT IV.

KING RICHARD II.

SCENE I. Westminster Hall.

Enter, as to the Parliament, Bolingbroke, Aumerle, Northumberland, Percy, Fitzwater, Surrey, the Bishop of Carlisle, the Abbot of Westminster; and another Lord, Havard, Odders, 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 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 reaches not to the wretched English court As far as Calais, to mine uncle's head?' Amongst much other talk, that very time, I heard you say that you had rather refuse The offer of an hundred thousand crowns Than Bolingbroke's return to England; Adding withal, how blest this land would be In this your cousin's death.

Aumer. Princes and noble lords, What answer shall I make to this base man? Shall I so much dishonour my fair stars, On equal terms to give him chastisement? Either I must, or have mine honour soil'd With the attendant of his slanderous lips. There is my gage, the manual seal of death, That marks thee out for hell: I say, thou liest, And will maintain what thou hast said is false In thy heart-blood, though being all too base To stain the temper of my knighly sword.

Boling. Bagot, forbear: thou shalt not take it up. Aumer. 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 that falsehood to thy heart, Where it was forged, with my rapier's point. [day. Aumer. Thou darest not, coward, live to see that And with that odds he weighs King Richard down. Post you to London, and you will find it so; I speak no more in every man's own know. Queen. Nimble mischance, that art so light of foot, Doth not thy embassage belong to me, And am I last that knows it? O, thou think'st To serve me last, that I may longest keep Thy sorrow in my breast. Come, ladies, go, To meet at London London's king in woe. What, was I born to this, that my sad look Should grace the triumph of great Bolingbroke? Gardner, for telling me these news of woe, Pray God the plants thou graft'st may never grow. [Exeunt Queen and Ladies. Gardner. Poor queen! so that thy state might be no worse, I would my skill were subject to thy curse. Here did she fall a tear; here in this place I'll set a bank of rue, sour herb of grace: Rue, even for ruth, here shortly shall be seen, In the remembrance of a weeping queen. [Exeunt.
To all his lands and signories: when he's returned,
Against Anne, we will enforce his trial.

Car. He doth, I think, mean to be seen.
Many a time hath banish'd Norfolk fought
For Jesus Christ in glorious Christian field,
Streaming the ensign of the Christian cross
Against black pagans, Turks, and Saracens;
And told with works of war, retired himself
To Italy and there at last did die.
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
The possession of thy royal hand;
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
Car. Marry, God forbid! [thronce. Worst
In this royal presence may I speak,
Yet best beseeching me to speak the truth.
Would God that any in this noble presence
Were enough noble to be upright judge
Of noble Richard! then true noblesse would
Learn him forborneance 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 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, God,
That in a Christian climate souls refined
Should show so heinous, black, obscene a deed!
I speak it with the weight of my present,
Stirr'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;
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, for your
Of capital treason we arrest you here.
[palns,
My Lord of Westminster, be it your charge
To keep him safely till his day of trial.
May it please you, lords, to grant the commons' suit.
Boling. Fetch hither Richard, that in common
He may surrender; so we shall proceed [view
Without suspicion.
York. I will be his conduct. [Exit York.

Boling. Lords, you that here are under our arrest,
Procure your sureties for your days of answer.
Little are we beholding to your love,
And little look'd for at your helping hands.

Re-enter York, with Richard, and Officers bearing the regalia.

K. Rich. Alack, why am I sent for to a king,
Before I have shook off the regal thoughts
Wherewith I reign'd? I hardly yet have learn'd
To insinuate, flatter, bow, and bend my limbs:
Give sorrow leave awhile to tutor me
To this solemn profession, which doth seem
The favours of these men: were they not mine?
Did they not sometime cry, 'all hail!' to me?
So Judas did to Christ: but he, in twelve, [none.
Found truth in all but one; I, in twelve thousand,
God save the king! Will no man say amen?
Am I both priest and clerk? let them then, amen.
God save the king! although I be not he;
And yet, amen, if heaven do think him me.
To do what service am I sent for hither?
York. To do that office of thine own good will
Which tired majesty did make thee offer,
The resignation of thy state and crown
To Henry Bolingbroke.
K. Rich. Give me the crown. Here, cousin, seize
Here cousin; [the crown;
On this side my hand, and on that side yours.
Now is this golden crown like a deep well
That owes two buckets, filling one another,
The emptier, as the other is the more full.
The other down, unseen and full of water:
That bucket down and full of tears am I,
Drinking my griefs, whilst you mount up on high.
Boling. I thought you had been willing to resign.
K. Rich. My crown I am; but still my griefs are
You may my glories and my state depose, [mine:
But not my griefs; still am I king of those. [crown.
Boling. Part of your cares you give me with your
K. Rich. Your cares set up do not pluck my cares
My care is loss of care, by old care done; [down.
Your care is gain of care, by new care won:
The cares I give I have, though given away;
They tend the crown, yet still with me they stay.
Boling. Are you contented to resign the crown?
K. Rich. Ay, no; no, ay; for I must nothing be;
Therefore no no, for I resign to thee.
Now mark me, how I will undo myself:
I give this heavy weight from off my head
And this unwieldy yoke, which I will lay on my hand,
The pride of kingly sway from out my heart;
With mine own tears I wash away my balm,
With mine own hands I give away my crown,
With mine own tongue deny my sacred state,
With mine own breath release all duty's rites:
All pomp and majesty I do foreswear;
My manors, rents, revenues I forego;
My acts, decrees, and statutes I deny:
God pardon all oaths that are broke to me!
God keep all vows unbrok'd that swear to thee!
Make me, that nothing have, with nothing grieved,
And thou with all pleased, that hast all achieved!
Long mayst thou live in Richard's seat to sit,
And soon lie Richard in an earthy pit!
God save King Harry, unking'd Richard says,
And send him many years of sunshine days!
What more remains?
North. No more, but that you read
These accusations and these grievous crimes
Committed by your person and your followers
Against the state and profit of this land;
That, by confessing them, the souls of men
May deem that you are worthy disposed.
K. Rich. Must I do so? and must I ravel out
My head-up folly? Gently Northumberland,
If thy officers were up to 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 hear upon,
Whilst that my wretchedness doth halt 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 undock the pompous body of a king;
Made glory base and sovereignty a slave.

North. My lord,—[man, K. Rich. No lord of thine, thou haught insulting
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 Northumberland.

North. The commons will not then be satisfied.

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 the face the face
That every day under his household roof
Did keep ten thousand men? was this 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 shiv'd in this thin brass:
As brittle as the glory is the face;

[Dashes the glass against the ground.

For there it is, crack'd in a hundred shivers.
Mark, silent king, the moral of this sport,
How soon my sorrow hath destroy'd my face.

Boling. The shadow of your sorrow hath destroy'd
The shadow of your face.

K. Rich. Say that again.
The shadow of my sorrow! ha! let's see:
'Tis very true, my grief lies all within;
And these external manners of laments
Are merely shadows to the unseen grief
That swells with silence in the tortured soul;
There lies the substance: and I thank thee, king,
For thy great bounty, that not only givest
Me cause to wait 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.

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
Boling. Go, some of you convey him to the Tower.

[Exeunt King Richard, some Lords, and a Guard.

Boling. On Wednesday next we solemnly set down
Our coronation: lords, prepare yourselves
[Exeunt all except the Bishop of Carlisle, the
Abbot of Westminster, and Aumerle.

Abbot. A woeful pageant have we here beheld.

Car. The woe's to come; the children yet unborn
Shall feel this day as sharp to them as thorn.

Aum. You holy clergymen, is there no plot
To rid the realm of this pernicious blot?

Boling. My lord,
Before I freely speak my mind herein,
You shall not only take the sacrament
To bury mine intents, but also to effect
Whatever I shall happen to devise.
I see your brows are full of discontent,
Your hearts of sorrow and your eyes of tears:
Come home with me to supper; and I'll lay
A plot shall show us all a merry day.
[Exeunt.}
ACT V.  

KING RICHARD II.  

SCENE II.  

Queen. What is my Richard both in shape and mind?  

[Posed for long.]

Transform'd and weaken'd? hath Bolingbroke disarmed me?  

Thine intellect? hath he been in thy heart?  

The lion hath taken with him his prey;  

And wounds the earth, if nothing else, with rage.  

To be o'erpowers'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?  

[Beasts, and pag of beasts; indeed; if aught but  

I had been still a happy king of men.]

[France:]  

Good sometime queen, prepare thee hence for  

Think I am dead and that even here thou takest,  

As from my death-bed, thy last living leave.  

In winter's tedious nights sit by the fire  

With good old folks and let them tell thee tales  

Of woefull ages long ago betid;  

And ere thou bid good night, to quit their griefs,  

Tell thou the lamentable tale of me  

And send the hearers weeping to their beds:  

For why, the senseless brands will sympathize  

The heavy accent of thy moving tongue  

And in compassion weep the fire out;  

And some will mourn in ashes, some in coal-black,  

For the depressing of a rightful king.  

Enter Northumberland and others.  

North. My lord, the mind of Bolingbroke is changed;  

You must be Pomfret, not unto the Tower.  

And, madam, there is order ta'en for you;  

With all swift speed you must away to France.  

K. Rich. Northumberland, thou ladder wherewith  

The mounting Bolingbroke ascendeth my throne,  

The time shall not be many months of age  

More than it is ere foul sin gathering head  

Shall break into corruption: thou shalt think,  

Though he divide the realm and give thee half,  

It is too little, helping him to all;  

And he shall think that thou, which know'st the way  

To plant unrightful kings,  
it will know again,  

Being ne'er so little urged, another way  

To pluck him headlong from the usurped throne.  

The love of wicked men converts to fear;  

That fear to hate, and hate turns one or both  

To worthy danger and deserved death.  

North. My guilt be on my head, and there an end.  

Take thy leave and such, for God's part forthwith.  

K. Rich. Doubly divorced! Bad men, you violate  

A twofold marriage, 'twixt my crown and me,  

And then betwixt me and my married wife.  

Let me unkiss the oath 'twixt thee and me;  

And yet not so, for with a kiss I 'twas made.  

Part us, Northumberland; I towards the north,  

Where shivering cold and sickness pines the clime;  

My wife to France: from whence, set forth in pomp,  

She came adorned hither like sweet May,  

Sent back like Hallowmas or short'st of day.  

Queen. And must we be divided? must we part?  

K. Rich. Ay, hand from hand, my love, and heart  

From heart.  

Queen. Banish us both and send the king with me.  

North. That were some love but little policy.  

Queen. Then whither he goes, thither let me go.  

K. Rich. So two, together weeping, make one wo.  

Weep thou for me in France, I for thee here;  

Better far for thee, be ne'er the near.  

Go, count thy way with sighs; I mine with groans.  

Queen. So longest way shall have the longest moans.  

K. Rich. Twice for one step I'll groan, the way  

being short.  

And prest: the way out with a heavy heart.  

Come, come, in woeing sorrow let 's be brief,  

Since, wedding it, there is such length in grief:  

One kiss shall stop our mouths, and dubdly part;  

Thus give I mine, and thus take I thy heart.  

Queen. Give me mine own again; 't were no good  

To take on me to keep and kill thy heart.  

[Part  

K. Rich. We make weo wanton with this fond  

Once more, adieu; the rest let sorrow say.  

[Exeunt.]

SCENE II.—The Duke of York's palace.  

Enter York and his Duchess.  

Duch. My lord, you told me you would tell the rest,  

When weeping made you break the story off,  

Of our two cousins coming into London.  

York. Where did I leave?  

Duch. At that sad stop, my lord,  

Where rude misgovern'd hands from windows' tops  

Threw dust and rubbish on King Richard's head.  

York. Then, as I said, the duke, great Bolingbroke,  

Mounted upon a hot and fiery steed  

Which his aspiring rider seem'd to know,  

With slow but stately pace kept on his course,  

Whilst all tongues cried 'God save thee, Bolingbroke!'  

You would have thought the very windows spake,  

So many greedy looks of young and old  

Through casements darted their desired 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,  

Bespake them thus; 'I thank you, countrymen:'  

And thus still doing, thus he pass'd along.  

Duch. Alack, poor Richard! where rode he the while?  

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 pitted 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, hear you well in this new spring of  

Lest you be cropp'd before you come to prime.  

What news from Oxford? hold those justs and trium-  

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  

Yea, look'st thou pale? let me see the writing.  

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KING RICHARD II.

ACT V.

SCENE III.

Enter Bolingbroke, Percy, and other Lords.

Boling. Can no man tell me of my unthrifty son?

Percy. '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, 'mongst the taverns there,

For there, they say, he daily doth frequent,

With unrestrained loose companions,

Even such, they say, as since the narrow lanes,

And beat our watch, and rob our passengers,

Which he, young wanton and effeminate boy,

Takes on the point of honour to support

So dissolve a crew. [Prince,

Percy. My lord, some two days since I saw the

And told him of those triumphs held at Oxford.

Boling. And what said the gallant?

Percy. His answer was, he would unto the stews,

And from the common'st creature pluck a glove,

And wear it as a favour: and with that

He would unhorse the lustiest challenger. [Both

Boling. As dissolve as desperate; yet through

I see some sparks of better hope, which elder years

May happily bring forth. But who comes here?

Enter Aumerle.

Aum. Where is the king? [Looks

Boling. What means our cousin, that he stares and

Shrilly?

Aum. God save your grace! I do beseech your

To have some conference with your grace alone.

Boling. Withdraw yourselves, and leave us here

alone. [Exeunt Percy and Lords.

What is the matter with our cousin now?

Aum. For ever may my knees grow to the earth,

My tongue cleave to my roof within my mouth,

Unless a pardon ere I rise or speak.

Boling. Intended or committed was this fault?

If on the first, how heinous e'er it be,

To win thy after-love I pardon thee. [Key

Aum. Then give me leave that I may turn the

That no man enter till my tale be done.

Boling. Have thy desire.

York. [Within] My liege, beware: look to thyself;

Thou hast a traitor in thy presence there.

Boling. Villain, I'll make thee safe. [Drawing.

Aum. Stay thy revengeful hand; thou hast no

cause to fear. [King,

York. [Within] Open the door, secure, fool-hardy

Shall I for love speak treason to thy face?

Open the door, or I will break it open.

Enter York.

Boling. What is the matter, uncle? speak;

Recover breath; tell us how near is danger,

That we may arm us to encounter it. [Know

York. Peruse this writing here, and thou shalt

The treason that my haste forbids me show.

Aum. Remember, as thou read'st, thy promise

I do repent me; read not my name there; [pass'd:

My heart is not my hand with my hand.

York. It was, villain, ere thy hand did set it down.

I tore it from the traitor's bosom, king;

Fear, and not love, beget his penitence:

Forget to pity him, lest thy pity prove

A serpent that will sting thee to the heart.

Boling. O heinous, strong and base a conspiracy!

O loyal father, of a treacherous bold,

Thou sheer, immaculate and silver fountain.

From whence this stream through muddy passages

Hath held his current and defiled himself!

Thy overflow of good converts to bad,

And thy abundant goodness shall excuse

This deadly blot in thy dear son.

York. So shall my virtue be his vice's bawd;

And he shall spend mine honour with his shame,
As thriftless sons their scraping fathers' gold. 
Mine honour lives when his dishonour dies, 
Or my shamed life in his dishonour lies: 
Thou kill'st me in his life; giving him breath, 
The traitor lives, the true man's put to death. 
Duch. [Within] What ho, my liege! for God's sake, let me in. 
Boling. What shrill-voiced supplicant makes this eager cry? 
Duch. A woman, and thy aunt, great king; 'tis I. 
Speak with me, pity me, open the door: 
A beggar begs that never begg'd before. 
Boling. Our scene is alter'd from a serious thing, 
And now changed to 'The Beggar and the King.' 
My dangerous cousin, let your mother in: 
I know she is come to pray for your foul sin. 
York. If thou do pardon, whosoever pray, 
More suits for this forgiveness prosper may. 
This fester'd joint cut off, the rest rest sound; 
This let alone will all the rest confound. 

Enter Duchess. 
Duch. O king, believe not this hard-hearted man! 
Love loving not itself none other can. [Here?] 
York. Thou frantic woman, what dost thou make 
Shall thy old dugs once more a traitor reap? 
Duch. Sweet York, be patient. Hear me, gentle liege. 
[Kneels.] 
Boling. Rise up, good aunt! 
Duch. Not yet, I thee beseech: 
For ever I will walk upon my knees, 
And never see day that the happy sees, 
Till thou give joy; until thou bid me joy, 
By pardoning Rutland, my transgressing boy. 
Aunn. Unto my mother's prayers I bend my knee. 
York. Against them both my true joints bended 
I mayst thou thrive, if thou grant any grace! [Exit.] 
Duch. Plead he in earnest? look upon his face; 
His eyes do drop no tears, his prayers are in jest; 
His words come from his mouth, ours from our breast: 
He prays but faintly and would be denied: 
We pray with heart and soul and all beside: 
His weary joints would gladly rise, I know; 
Our knees shall kneel till to the ground they grow: 
His prayers are full of false hypocrisy; 
Ours of true zeal and deep integrity. 
Our prayers do out-pray his; then let them have 
That mercy which true prayer ought to have. 
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, 'pardon moi.' 
Boling. Dost thou teach pardon to destroy? 
Ah, my own husband, my hard-hearted lord, 
That set'st the word itself against the word! 
Speak 'pardon' as 'tis current in our land; 
The chopping French we do not understand. 
Thine eyes begin to speak; set thy tongue there; 
Or in thy piteous heart plant thou thine ear; 
That hearing how our plaints and prayers do pierce, 
Thy pity persuades me I was better when a king; 
Then am I king'd again: and by and by 
Think that I am unking'd by Bolingbroke, 
And straight am nothing: but whate'er I be, 
Nor I nor any man that but man is 
With nothing shall be pleased, till he be eased 
With being nothing. Music do I hear? [Music.] 

SCENE IV.—The same. 
Enter Exton and Servant. 
Exton. Didst thou not mark the king, what words he spake, 
'Have I no friend will rid me of this living fear?' 
Was it not so? 
York. These were his very words. 
Exton. 'Have I no friend?' quoth he: he spake it 
And urged it twice together, did he not? 
York. Twice, Ser. He did. 
Exton. And speaking it, he wisely look'd on me; 
As who should say, 'I would thou wert the man 
That would divorce this terror from my heart:' 
Meaning the king at Pomfret. Come, let's go: I am the king's friend, and will rid his foe. [Exit.] 

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 honours like the people of this world, 
For no thought is contented. The better sort, 
As thoughts of things divine, are intermix'd 
With scruples and do set the word itself 
Against the word; 
This thus, that none, 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 rigged 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 referee their shame, 
That many have and others must sit there; 
And in this thought they find a kind of ease, 
Bearing their own misfortunes on the back 
Of such as have before endured the like. 
Thus play I in one person many people, 
And none contented; sometimes am I king; 
Then treasons make me wish myself a beggar, 
And so I am: then crushing penury 
Persuades me I was better when a king; 
Then am I king'd again: and by and by 
Think that I am unking'd by Bolingbroke, 
And straight am nothing: but whate'er I be, 
Nor I nor any man that but man is 
With nothing shall be pleased, till he be eased 
With being nothing. Music do I hear? [Music.] 

Ha, ha! keep time: how sour sweet music is, 
When time is broke and no proportion kept!
So is it in the music of men's lives.
And here have I the darkness 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 numbering clock:
My thoughts are minutes; and with sighs they jar
Their watches on unto mine eyes, the outward
Whereato my finger, like a dial's point, [watch,
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 and groans
Show minutes, times, and hours: but my time
Runs posting on in Bolingbroke's proud joy,
While I stand fooling here, his Jack o' the clock.
This music mads me; let it sound no more;
For though it have holp madmen to their wits,
In me it seems it will make wise men mad.
Yet blessing on his heart that gives it me!
For 'tis a sign of love; and love to Richard
Is a strange brooch in this all-hating world.

Enter a Groom of the Stable.

Groom. Hall, royal prince!
K. Rich. Thanks, noble peer;
The cheapest of us is ten groats too dear.
What art thou? and how conost thou hither,
Where no man never comes but that sad dog
That brings me food to make misfortune live?
Groom. I was a poor groom of thy stable, king,
When thou wert king; who, travelling towards
With much ado at length have gotten leave [York,
To look upon my sometimes royal master's face.
O, how it yearn'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? Tell me, gentle
How went he under him?
K. Rich. So proudly as if he disdain'd the ground.
That jade hath eat bread from my royal hand;
This hand hath made him proud with clapping him.
Would he not stumble? would he not fall down,
Since pride must have a fall, and break the neck
Of that which, for so long indeed, he had
Forgiveness, horse! why do I rack on thee,
Since thou, created to be o'er 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 jauncing Bolingbroke.

Enter Keeper, with a dish.

Keep. Fellow, give place; here is no longer stay.
K. Rich. If thou love me, 'tis time thou wert away.
Groom. What my tongue dares not, that my heart
shall say.
[Exeunt.
K. Rich. My lord, will 't please you to fall to?
K. Rich. Taste of it first, as thou art wont to do.
K. Rich. My lord, I dare not: Sir Pierce of Exton, who
 lately came from the king, commands the contrary.
K. Rich. The devil take Henry of Lancaster and Patience is stale, and I am weary of it. [Thee!
[Beats the keeper.

Keep. Help, help, help!

Enter Exton and Servants, armed.

K. Rich. How now! what means death in this rude assault?
Villain, thou ow'st, and yield'st thy death's instrument.
[Snatcheth an axe from a Servant and killing him.
Go thou, and fill another room in hell.
[He kills another. Then Exton strikes him down.
That hand shall burn in never-quenching fire
That staggereth thus my person. Exton, thy fierce
hand
Hath with the king's blood stain'd the king's own
Mount, mount, my soul! thy seat is up on high;
Whilst my gross flesh sinks downward, here to die.

[Dies.

Exton. As full of valour as of royal blood:
Both have I spill'd; O would the deed were good!
For now the devil, that told me I did well,
Says that this deed is chronicled in hell.
This dead king to the living king I'll bear:
Take hence the rest, and give them burial here.

SCENE VI.—Windsor castle.

Flourish. Enter Bolingbroke, York, with other
Lords, and Attendants.

Boling. Kind uncle York, the latest news we hear
Is that the rebels have consumed with fire
Our town of Cicester in Gloucestershire;
But whether they be ta'en or slain we hear not.

Enter Northumberlander.

Welcome, my lord: what is the news?
North. First, to thy sacred state wish I all haps
The next news is, I have to London sent [piness.
The heads of Oxford, Salisbury, Blunt, and Kent:
The manner of their taking may appear
At large discoursed in this paper here.

Boling. We thank thee, gentle Percy, for thy pains;
And to thy worth will add right worthy gains.

Enter Fitzwater.

Fitz. My lord, I have from Oxford sent to London
The heads of Brocas and Sir Bennet Seely,
Two of the dangerous consorted traitors
That sought at Oxford thy dire overthrow.
Boling. Thy pains, Fitzwater, shall not be forgot;
Right noble is thy merit, well I wot.

Enter Percy, and the Burgesses of Carlisle.

Percy. The grand conspirator, Abbot of West-
minster,
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:
Close o'er some secret place, some reverend room,
More than thou hast, and with it thy life; thy life!
So as thou livest in peace, die free from strife:
For though mine enemy thou hast ever been,
High sparks of honour in thee have I seen.

Enter Exton, with persons bearing a coffin.

Exton. Great king, within this coffin I present
Thy buried fear: herein all breathless lies
The mightiest of thy greatest enemies,
Richard of Bordeaux, by me hither brought.
Boling. Exton, I thank thee not; for thou hast
A deed of slander with thy fatal hand [wrought
Poor me, and all this famous land. [deed.
Exton. From your own mouth, my lord, did I this
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 heaven nor earth will Procure:
With Cain go wander through 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 such black in mourning:
I'll make a voyage to the Holy Land,
To wash this blood off from my guilty hand:
March sadly after; grace my mournings here;
In weeping after this untimely bier. [Exeunt.
THE FIRST PART OF
KING HENRY THE FOURTH.

DRAMATIS PERSONAE.

King Henry the Fourth.  
Henry, Prince of Wales, } sons to the King.  
John of Lancaster,  
Earl of Westmoreland.  
Sir Walter Blunt,  
Thomas Percy, Earl of Worcester.  
Henry Percy, Earl of Northumberland.  
Henry Percy, surnamed Hotspur, his son.  
Edmund Mortimer, Earl of March.  
Archibald, Earl of Douglas.  
Owen Glendower.  
Sir Richard Vernon.  
Sir John Falstaff.  
Sir Michael, a Friend to the Archbishop of York.  
Poins.  
Gadshill.  
Peto.  
Bardolph.  
Lady Percy, wife to Hotspur, and sister to Mortimer.  
Lady Mortimer, daughter to Glendower, and wife to Mortimer.  
Mistress Quickly, hostess of a tavern in Eastcheap.  

Lords, Officers, Sheriffs, Vintners, Chamberlains, Drawers, two Carriers, Travellers, and Attendants.  

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 freighted 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,  
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 expedience.  
West. My liege, this haste was hot in question,  
And many limits of the charge set down  
But yesternight: when all athwart there came  
A post from Wales loaden with heavy news;  
Whose worst was, that the noble Mortimer,  
Leading the men of Herefordshire to fight  
Against the irregular and wild Glendower,  
Was by the rude hands of that Welshman taken,  
A thousand of his people butchered;  
Upon whose dead corpse there was such misuse,  
Such beastly shameless transformation,  
By those Welshwomen done as may not be  
Without much shame retold or spoken of.  

King. It seems then that the tidings of this broil  
Brake off our business for the Holy Land. [Jord;  
West. This match'd with other did, my gracious  
For more uneven and unwelcome news  
Came from the north and thus it did import:  
On Holy-rood day, the gallant Hotspur there,  
Young Harry Percy and brave Archibald,  
That ever-vailliant and approved Scot,  
At Holmedon met,  
Where they did spend a sad and bloody hour;  
As by discharge of their artillery,  
And shape of likelihood, the news was told;  
For he that brought them, in the very heat  
And pride of their contention did take horse,  
Uncertain of the issue any way.  

King. Here is a dear, a true industrious friend,  
Sir Walter Blunt, new lighted from his horse,  
Stain'd with the variation of each soil  
Betwixt that Holmedon and this seat of ours;  
And he hath brought us smooth and welcome news.  
The Earl of Douglas is discomfited:  
Ten thousand bold Scots, two and twenty knights,  
Balk'd in their own blood did Sir Walter see  
On Holmedon's plains. Of prisoners, Hotspur took  
Mordake the Earl of Fife, and eldest son  
To beaten Douglas; and the Earl of Athol,  
Of Murray, Angus, and Menteith:  
And is not this an honourable spoil?  
A gallant prize? ha, cousin, is it not?  

West. In faith,  
It is a conquest for a prince to boast of.  

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King. Yea, there thou makest me sad and makest
In envy that my Lord Northumberland [me sin
Should be the father to so blest a son,
A son who is the theme of honour's tongue;
Amongst a grove, the very straightest plant;
Who is sweet Fortune's minion and her pride:
Whilst I, by looking on the praise of him,
See riot and dishonour stain the brow
Of my young Harry. O that it could be proved
That some night-tripping fairy had exchanged
In cradles of their own children we lay, and
And call'd mine Percy, his Plantagenet! Then would I have his Harry, and he mine. [coz,
But let him from my thoughts. What think you,
Of this young Percy's pride— the prisoners,
Which he in this adventure hath surpris'd
To his own use he keeps; and sends me word,
I shall have none but Mordake Earl of Fife. [ter,
West. This is his uncle's teaching; this is Wores-
Malevolent to you in all aspects;
Which makes him prune himself, and bristle up
The crest of youth against your dignity.
King. But I have sent for him to answer this;
And for this cause awfully we must neglect
Our holy purpose to Jerusalem.
Cousin, on Wednesday next our council
Will hold at Windsor; so inform the lords;
But come yourself with speed to us again;
For more is to be said and to be done
Than out of anger can be uttered.
West. I will, my liege. [Exeunt.

SCENE II.—London. An apartment of the Prince's.

Enter the Prince of Wales and Falstaff.

Fal. Now, Hal, what time of day is it, lad?

Prince. Thou art so fat-witted, with drinking of
old sack and unbuttoning thee after supper
and sleeping upon benches after noon, that thou hast
forgotten to demand that truly which thou wouldst
truly know. What a devil hast thou to do with the
time of the day? Unless hours were cups of sack
and minutes capons and clockes the tongues of bawds
and dials the signs of leapings-houses and the blessed
sun himself a fair hot wench in flame-coloured taffeta,
I see no reason why thou shouldst be so super-
fluous to demand the time of the day.

Fal. Indeed, you come near me now, Hal: for we
that take the moon for the seven stars, and
not by Phoebus, he, 'that wandering knight so fair.' And, I prithee, sweet wag, when thou art
king, as, God save thy grace,—majesty I should say,
for grace thou wilt have none,—
Prince. What, none.

Fal. No, by my troth, not so much as 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,
et not us that are squires of the might's body be
called thieves of the day's beauty: let us be Diana's
foster-children, the nude, minions of the
moon; and let men say we be men of good government,
becoming governed, as the sea is, by our noble
and chaste mistress the moon, under whose coun-
tenance 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 snatch'd 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
gallows.

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, bow 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 popo 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. Didst 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 Eng-
land 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,
have a thief?

Prince. No; thou shalt.

Fal. Shall I? O rare! By the Lord, I'll be a brave
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 melan-
choly of Moor-ditch?

Fal. Thou hast the most unsavoury similes and
art indeed the most comparative, rascallest, 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 the street too.

Prince. Thou didst well; for wisdom cries out in
the streets, and no man regards it.

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! Be-
fore I knew thee, Hal, I knew nothing; and now
I 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. [Jack?

Prince. Where shall we take a purse to-morrow?

Fal. Zounds, where thou wilt, lad; I'll make one;
an I do not, call me villain and baffle me.

Prince. I see a good amendment of life in 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.

Poins! Now shall we know if Godshill 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
by Prince. God save the true man.

Poins. Good morrow, sweet Hal. What says
Monsieur Remorse? what says Sir John Sack and
Sugar? Jack how agrees the devil and thee about

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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.

Poins. Then art thou damned for keeping thy word with the devil.

Prince. Else he had been damned for cònzing the devil.

Poins. 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 we shall be riding to London with fat purses: I have wizards for you all; you have horses for yourselves: Gadshill lies to-night in Rochester: I have bespoke supper to-morrow night in Eastcheap; we may do it as secure as sleep. If you will go, I will stuff your purses full of crowns; if you will not, tarry at home and be hanged.

Fal. Hear ye, Yedward! if I tarry at home and go not, I'll hang you for going.

Poins. You will, chops?

Fal. Hal, will thou make one?


Fal. There's neither honesty, manhood, nor good fellowship in thee, nor in the king's name of the blood royal, if thou darest not stand for ten shillings.

Prince. Well then, once in my days I'll be a mad.

Fal. Why, that's well said.

[cap.

Prince. Well, come what will, I'll tarry at home.

Fal. By the Lord, I'll be a traitor then, when thou

Prince. I care not.

Fal. Poins, Sir John, I prithee, leave the prince and me alone: I will lay him down such reasons for this adventure that he shall go.

Fal. Well, God give thee the spirit of persuasion and him the ears of profiting, that thou speak'st may move and what he hears may be believed, that the true prince may, for recreation sake, prove a false thief; for the poor abuses of the time want contentence. Farewell: you shall find me in Eastcheap.

Prince. Farewell. Farewell, thou latter spring! farewell, All-hallows summer! [Exit Falstaff.

Poins. Now, my good sweet honey lord, ride with us, and we have a jest to execute that I cannot manage alone. Falstaff, Bardolph, Peto and Gadshill shall rob those men that we have already waylaid; yourself and I will not be there; and when they have the booty, if you and I do not rob them, cut this head off from my shoulders. [forth?

Prince. How shall we part with them in setting forth? Poins. Why shall we set forth before or after one, and appoint them a place of meeting, wherein it is at our pleasure to fail, and then will they adventure upon the exploit themselves: which they shall have no sooner achieved, but we'll set upon them.

Prince. Yea, but't is like that they will know us by our horses, by our habits and by every other appointment, to be ourselves.

Poins. Tut! our horses they shall not see; I'll tie them in the wood; our wizards we will change after we leave them: and, sirrah, I have cases of buckram for the nonce, to immask our noted outward garments.

Prince. Yea, but I doubt they will be too hard.

Poins. Well, for two of them, I know them to be as true-bred cowards as ever turned back; and for the third, if he fight longer than he sees reason, I'll forswear arms. The virtue of this jest will be, the incomprehensible that this same fat rogue will tell such when we meet at supper: low thirty, at least, he fought with; what wards, what blows, what extremities he endured; and in the reproof of this lies the jest.

Prince. Well, I'll go with thee: provide us all things necessary and meet me to-morrow night in Eastcheap; there I'll sup. Farewell.

Poins. Farewell, my lord. [Exit.

Prince. I know you all, and will awhile uphold The unyoked humour of your idleness:
Yet herein will I imitate the sun,
Who doth permit the base contagious clouds To smother up his beauty from the world, That, when he please, he may re-lease himself,
Being wanted, he may be more wonder'd at, By breaking through the foul and ugly mists Of vapours that did seem to strangle him.
If all the year were playing holidays,
To sport would be as tedious as to work;
And so, good my lord, sojourn you not long;
For, looking to your great command, I have no leisure to come on for you, And nothing pleaseth but rare accidents. So, when this loose behaviour I throw off
And pay the debt I never promised,
By how much better than my word I am,
By so much shall I falsify men's hopes;
And like bright metal on a sullen ground,
My reformation, glittering o'er my fault,
Shall show more goodly and attract more eyes Than that which hath no foil to set it off.
I'll so offend, to make offence a skill;
Redeeming time when men think least I will. [Exit.

SCENE III.—London. The palace.

Enter the King, Northumberland, Worcester, Hotspur, Sir Walter Blunt, with others.

King. My blood hath been too cold and temperate, Unapt to stir at these indignities, And you have found me; for accordingly You tread upon my patience: but be sure I will from henceforth rather be myself, Mighty and to be fear'd, than my condition; Which hath been smooth as oil, soft as young down, And therefore lost that title of respect Which the proud soul ne'er pays but to the proud. Woe. Our house, my sovereign liege, little deserves The scourgè of greatness to be used on it; And that same greatness too which our own hands Have help to make so portly.

North. My lord,—

King. Worcester, get thee gone; I would do so

Daring cannot find a path in thine eye:
O, sir, your presence is too bold and peremptory, And majesty might never yet endure The moody frontier of a servant brow.
You have good leave to leave us: when we need Your use and counsel, we shall send for you.

You were about to speak. [Exit Wor.

North. Yea, my good lord,

Those prisoners in your highness' name demanded, Which Harry Percy here at Holmedon took,
Were, as he says, not with such strength denied As is deliver'd to your majesty:
Either envious, therefore, or misprision
Is guilty of this fault and not my son.

Hot. My liege, I did deny no prisoners.
But I remember, when the fight was done,
When I was dry with rage and extreme toil,
Breathless and faint, leaning upon my sword,
Came there a certain lord, neat, and trimly dress'd
Fresh as a spring-box: and his chin new reap'd
Show'd like a stubble-land at harvest-home;
He was perfumed like a milliner,
And 'twixt his finger and his thumb he held
A ponceut-box, which, ever and anon
He gave his nose and took 't away again;
Who there, when this nobleman but 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 untoaile knaves, unmannishly,
To bring a slovenly unhandsome corpse
Betwixt the wind and his nobility.
With many holiday and lady terms
He question'd me; amongst the rest, demanded
My prisoners in your majesty's behalf.
I then, all smarting with my wounds being cold,
To be so pester'd with a popinjay,
Out of my grief and my neglect,
Answer'd neglectingly: I know not what,
He should, or he should not; for he made me mad
To see him shine so brisk and smell so sweet
And talk so like a waiting-gentlewoman
Of guns and drums and wounds,—God save the mark!
And telling me the sovereign'st thing on earth
Was parmaet 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 these vile guns,
He would himself have been a soldier.
This bald unjointed chat of his, my lord,
I answer'd indirectly, as I said;
And I beseech you, let not his report
Come current for an accusation
But of the brother, my lord of the majesty.

Bhaut. 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 willfully 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 revolting Mortimer.

Hot. Revoluted Mortimer
He may as well fall off, my sovereign liege,
But by the usage 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, hand to hand,
He did confound the best of all an hour
In changing hardiment with great Glendower:
Three times they breathed and three times did they
Upon agreement, of swift Severn's flood; [drink,
Who then, affrighted with their bloody looks,
Ran fearfully among the trembling reeds,
And hid his crisp head in the hollow bank
Bloodstained with the gore of combattants.
Never did base and rotten policy
Colour her working with such deadly wounds;
Nor ever could the noble Mortimer
Receive so many, and all willingly:
Then let not him be slander'd with revolt. [him
King. If thou dost belie him, Percy, thou dost belie
He never did encounter with Glendower:
I tell thee,
He durst as well have met the devil alone
As Owen Glendower for an enemy.
Art thou not ashamed? But, sirrah, henceforth
Let me no more hear you speak of Mortimer:
Send me your prisoners that do impost mean,
Or you shall hear in such a kind from me
As will displeasure you. My Lord Northumberland,

We license your departure with your son.
Send us your prisoners, or you will hear of it.

[Exeunt Henry, Bhaut, and train.]

Hot. An if the devil come and roar for them,
I will not suffer them; I will answer them,
And tell him so; for I will ease my heart,
Albeit I make a hazard of my head. [awhile

North. What, drunk with cholera? stay and pause
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 unthankful king,
As this ingrate and canker'd Bolingbroke. [mad.

North. Brother, the king hath made your nephew
Wor. Who struck this heat up after I was gone?
Hot. He will, forsooth, have all my prisoners;
And when I urged the ransom once again
Of my wife's brother, he look'd pale, and
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 proclaim'd
By Richard that death 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. [mouth

Wor. And for whose death we in the world's wide
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?

North. He did; myself did hear it.
Hot. Nay, then I cannot blame his cousin king,
That wish'd him on the barren mountains starve.
But shall it be, that you, that set the crown
Upon the head of this forgetful man
And for his sake wear the detested blot
Of murderous 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, Bolingbroke?
And shall it in more shame be further spoken,
That you are fool'd, discarded and shook off
By him for whom the world did intervene?
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
All the debt he owes to you.
Even with the bloody payment of your deaths:
Therefore, I say,—

Wor. Peace, cousin, say no more:
And now I will unclasp a secret book,
And to your quick-conceiving discontents
I'll read you matter deep and dangerous,
As full of perils and adversities as
As to o'er—walk a current roaring loud
On the unsteadfast footing of a spear.

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ACT II.

FIRST PART OF KING HENRY IV.

SCENE I.

Hot. If he fall in, good night! or sink or swim:
Send danger from the east unto the west,
So honour cross it from the north to south,
And let them grapple: O, the blood more stirs
To rouse a lion than to start a hare!

North. Imagination of some great exploit
Drives him beyond the bounds of patience.

Hot. By heaven, methinks it were an easy leap,
To pluck bright honour from the pale-faced moon,
Or dive into the bottom of the deep,
Where fathom-line could never touch the ground,
And pluck up drowned honour by the locks;
So he that doth redeem her thence might wear
Without corriall all her dignities:
But out upon this half-faced fellowship!

Wor. He apprehends a world of figures here,
But not the form of what he should attend.
Good cousin, give me audience for a while.

Hot. I cry you mercy.

Wor. Those same noble Scots
That are your prisoners,—

Hot. I'll keep them all;
By God, he shall not have a Scot of them;
No, if a Scot would save his soul, he shall not:
I'll keep them, by this hand.

Wor. You start away
And lend no ear unto my purposes.
Those prisoners you shall keep.

Hot. Nay, I will; that's flat:
He said he would not ransom Mortimer;
Forbid my tongue to speak of Mortimer;
But I will find him when he lies asleep,
And in his ear I 'll holla 'Mortimer'!

Nay, I'll have a starling shall be taught to speak
Nothing but 'Mortimer,' and give it him,
To keep his anger still in motion.

Wor. Hear you, cousin; a word.

Hot. All studies here I solemnly defy,
Save how to gall and pinch this Bolingbroke:
And that same sword-and-buckler Prince of Wales,
But that I think his father loves him not
And would be glad he met with some mischance,
I would have him poisoned with a pot of ale.

Wor. Farewell, kinsman: I'll talk to you
When you are better temper'd to attend.

[fool

North. Why, what a wisp-stung and impatient
Art thou to break into this woman's mood,
Tiring thine ear to no tongue but thine own!

Hot. Why, look you, I am whip'd and scourged
Nettled and stung with pismires, when I hear
Of this vile politician, Bolingbroke.
In Richard's time,—what do you call the place?—
A plague upon it, it is in Gloucestershire;
'T was where the madcap duke his uncle kept,
His uncle York; where I first bow'd my knee
Unto this king of smiles, this Bolingbroke,—
'Sblood!—
When you and he came back from Ravenspurg.

North. At Berkeley castle.

Hot. You say true:
Why, what a candy deal of courtesy
This fawning greyhound then did proffer me!
Look, 'when his infant fortune came to age,'
And 'gentle Harry Percy,' and 'kind cousin,'
O, the devil take such cozeners! God forgive me!
Good uncle, tell your tale; I have done.

Wor. Nay, if you have not, to it again;
We will stay your leisure.

Hot. I have done, i' faith.

Wor. Then once more to your Scottish prisoners.
Deliver them up without their ransom straight,
And make the Douglas' son your only mean
For powers in Scotland; which, for divers reasons
Which I shall send you written, be assured,
Will easily be granted. You, my lord,

[To Northumberland.

Your son in Scotland being thus employ'd,
Shall secretly into the bosom creep
Of that same noble prelate, well beloved,
The archbishop.

Hot. Of York, is it not?

Wor. True; who bears hard
His brother's death at Bristol, the Lord Scroop.
I speak not this in estimation,
As what I think might be, but what I know
Is ruminated, plotted and set down,
And only stays but to behold the face
Of that occasion that shall bring it on.

Hot. I shall call 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,
To join with Mortimer, ha?

Wor. And so they shall.

Hot. In faith, it is exceedingly well aim'd.

Wor. And 'tis no little reason bids us speed,
To save our heads by raising of a head;
For, bear ourselves as even as we can,
The king will always think him in our debt,
And think we think ourselves unsatisfied.
Till he hath found a time to pay us home!
And see already how he doth begin
To make us strangers to his looks of love.

Hot. He does, he does: we'll be revenged on him.

Wor. Cousin, farewell: no further go in this
Than I by letters shall direct your course.
When time and place, 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.

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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 wrung in the
withers out of all ess.

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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 cats rose; it was the death of him.

Sec. Car. I think this be the most villainous house
in all London road for peas: 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.

Sec. Car. Why, they will allow us ne'er a jordan, and then we leak in your chimney; and your chamber be like a leach.

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 Charingscross.

First Car. God's body! the turkeys in my pannier are quite stiled! What, ostler! A plague on thee! hast thou never an eye in thy head? cast not hear? An 't were 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 Gaddshill.

Gads. Good morrow, carriers. What's o'clock?

First Car. Nay, by God soft; I know a trick worth two of that, I'faith.

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 prithee, lend me thy lanter, to see my gelding in the stable.

Sec. Car. Ay, when? canst tell? Lend me thy lanter, 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. Lord, thou thinkest not, my long-staff sixpenny strikers, none of these mad mustachio purple-hued malt-worms; but with nobility and tranquillity, burgomasters and great oreys, such as can hold in, such as will strike sooner than speak, and speak sooner than drink, and drink sooner than pray: and yet, thou, wilt thou will profanely and to their saint, the commonplace; 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 commonplace their boots? will she hold out water in foul way?

Gads. We will. We will! Justice hath liquored her. We steal as in a castle, cock-sure; we have the receipt of fern-seed, we walk invisible.

Cham. Nay, by my faith, I think you are more beholding to the night than to fern-seed for your walking invisible.

Gads. Give me thy hand: thou shalt have a share in our purchase, as I am a true man.

Cham. Nay, rather let me have it, as you are a false thief.

Gads. Go to; 'homo' is a common name to all men. Bid the ostler bring my gelding out of the stable. Farewell, you muddy knife.

[Exeunt.

SCENE II. The highway, near Gadhshill.

Enter Prince Henry and Falstaff.

Fal. Poins! Poins! and be hanged! Poins!

Prince. Peace, ye fat-kidneyed rascal! what a brawling dost thou keep!

Fal. Where's Poins, Hal?

Prince. He is walked up to the top of the hill: I have see him.

Fal. I am accursed to rob in that thief's company: the rascal hath removed my horse, and tied him I know not where. If I travel but four foot by the squarer further afoot, I shall break my wind. Well, I doubt not but to die a fair death for all this. If I escape hanging for killing that rogue. I have forsworn his company hourly any time this two and twenty years, and yet I am bewitched with the rogue's company. If the rascal have not given me medicines to make me love him, I'll be hanged; it could not be else; I have drunk medicines. Poins! Hal! a plague upon you both! Bardolph! Poits! I'll starve ere I'll rob a foot further. An 't were not as good a deed as drink, to turn true man and to leave these rogues, I am the veriest varlet that ever chewed with a tooth. Eight yards of uneven ground is three-score and ten miles afoot with me; and the stony-hearted villains know it well enough: a plague upon it when thieves cannot be true one to another! [They whistle.] Whew! A plague upon you all! Give me my horse, you rogues; give me my horse, and be hanged!

Prince. Peace, ye fat-guts! lie down; lay thine ear close to the ground and list if thou canst hear the tread of Travelers.

Fal. Have you any levers to lift me up again, being down? 'Sblood, I 'll not hear mine own flesh so far afoot again for all the coin in thy father's exchequer. What a plague mean ye to cote me thus?

Prince. Thou liest; thou art not coltcd, thou art uncotted.

Fal. I prithee, good Prince Hal, help me to my horse, good king's son.

Prince. Out, ye rogue! shall I be your ostler?

Fal. Go, hang thyself in thine own heir-apparent garters! If I be ta'en, I 'll peach for this. An I have not ballads made on you all and sung to filthy tunes, let a cup of sack be my poison: when a jest is so forward, and afoot too! I hate it.

Enter Gaddshill, Bardolph, and Peto with him.

Gads. Stand.

Fal. So I do against my will.

Poius. O, 'tis our settar: I know his voice. Bardolph, what news?

Bard. Case ye, case ye; on with your wizards: there's money of the king's coming down the hill; 'tis going to the king's exchequer.

Fal. You lie, ye rogue; 'tis going to the king's tavern.

Gads. There's enough to make us all.

Fal. To be hanged.
Prince. Sirs, you four shall front them in the narrow lane; Ned Poins and I will walk lower; if they 'scape from your encounter, then they fight on us.

Fado. How many be there of them?

Gods. Sirrah Jack, thy horse stands behind the hedge: when thou needest him, then thou shalt find him. Farewell, and stand fast.

Ful. Now cannot I strike him, if I should be hanged.

Prince. Ned, where are our disguises?

Poins. Here, hard by, and I will close.

[Enter Prince and Poins.]

Ful. Now, my masters, happy man be his dole, say I: every man to his business.

Enter the Travellers.

First Trav. Come, neighbour: the boy shall lead our horses down the hill; we'll walk afoot awhile, and ease our legs.

Thieves. Stand!

Travellers. Jesus bless us!

Ful. Strike; down with them; cut the villains' throats: ah! whoreson caterpillars! bacon-fed knaves! they hate us youth; down with them: fleece them.

Travellers. O, we are undone, both we and ours for ever!

Ful. Hang ye, gorbelled knaves, are ye undone? No, ye fat chuffins; I would your store were here! On, bacons, on! What, ye knaves! young men must live. You are grandjorner's, are ye? we'll jure ye, faith.

[Here they rob them and bind them. Exit.]

Re-enter Prince Henry and Poins.

Prince. The thieves have bound the true men. Now could thou and I rob the thieves and go merrily to London, it would be argument for a week, laughter for a month and a good jest for ever.

Poins. Stand close; I hear them coming.

Enter the Thieves again.

Ful. Come, my masters, let us share, and then to horse before day. An the Prince and Poins be not two arrant cowards, there's no equity stirring: there's no more valour in that Poins than in a Prince. Your money!

Poins. Villains!

[As they are sharing, the Prince and Poins set upon them; they all run away; and Falstaff, after a blow or two, runs away too, leaving the booty behind them.]

Prince. Got with much case. 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 roa'd!

[Exit.]

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 he be not, the respect in the love he bears our house: he shows in this, he loves his own barn better than he loves his house. Let me see some more. 'The purpose you undertake is dangerous; '—why, that 's certain: 't is 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 counterfeit of so great an opposition.' Say you so, say you so? I say unto you again, you are a shallow cowardly hind, and you lie. What a lack- brained thug! 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 patchy rascal is this? Hal! 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 sittest 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, And heard thee murmur tales of iron wars; Speak terms of manage to thy bounding steed: Cry 'Courage! to the field!' And thou hast talk'd Of allies and relying of trenches, tents, Of palisadoes, frontiers, parapets, Of basilisks, of cannon, culverin, Of prisoners' ransom and of soldiers slain, And all the currents of a heavy fight. Thy spirit within thee hath been so at war And thus hath so bestirr'd thee in thy sleep, That beads of sweat have stood upon thy brow, Like bubbles in a late-disturbed stream; And in thy face strange motions have appear'd, Such as we see when men restrain their breath On some great sudden hest. O, what portents are these? Some heavy business hath my lord in hand, And I must know it, else he loves me not. Hot. What, ho! Enter Servant.

Is Williams with the packet gone?

Serv. He is, my lord, an hour ago. [sherry?] Hot. Hath Butler brought those horses from the Serp. O, my horse, my Lord, I 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?
ACT II.

FIRST PART OF KING HENRY IV. SCENE IV.

Lady. What is it carries you away?
Hot. Why, my horse, my love, my horse.
Lady. Out, you mad-headed ape!
A weasled rascal not for a deal of spleen
As you are tods' 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 line his enterprise; but if you go,
Hot. So far afoot, I shall be weary, love.
Lady. Come, come, you paragon, answer me
Directly unto this question that I ask:
In faith, I'll break thy little finger, Harry,
An if thou wilt not tell me all things true.
Hot. Away.
Away a truer! Love! I love thee not,
And care not for thee, Kate; this is no world
To play with marmets 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's 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,
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, Kate; I do.
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 you, Kate:
Whither I go, therewith 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 Boar's-Head Tavern, Eastcheap.

Enter Prince and Poins.

Prince. Ned, prithee, come out of that fat room,
And lend me thy hand to laugh a little.
Poins. Where hath been, Hal?
Prince. With three or four loggerheads amongst
Three or four score hogsheads. I have sounded the
Very base-string of humility. Sirrah, I am sworn brother
to a leach of drawers; and can call them all
By their christen names, as Tom, Dick, and Francis.
The yoke it already upon their salvation, that
Though I be but Prince of Wales yet I am the king
deeply I am no proud Jack, like Falstaff, but a cornish
A lad of mettle, a good boy, by the Lord, so they call me,
And when I am king of England, I shall command all
The good lads in Eastcheap. They call drinking deep, dyeing
Scarlet; and when you breathe in your watering,
They cry 'em! and bid you play it off. To conclude,
I am so good a profiteer in one quarter of
An hour, that I can drink with any tinker in his
Own language during my life. I tell thee, Ned,
Thou hast lost much honour, that thou wert not with
Me in this action. But, sweet Ned,—to sweeten
Which name of Ned, I give thee this pennyworth of sugar,
Candy now; and by an under-skinner, one that never spake
Other English in his life than ' Eight shillings and sixpence, '
And ' You are welcome,' with this shril addition, ' Anon,
anon, sir!' Score a pint of bastard in the Half-

moon,' or so. But, Ned, to drive away the time
Till Falstaff come, I prithee, do thou stand in some
By-room, while I question my puny drawer to what
End he gave me the sugar; and do thou never leave
calling ' Francis,' that his tale to me may be nothing
But ' Anon.' Step aside, and I'll show thee a
Poins. Francis! [precedent.
Prince. Thou art perfect.
Poins. Francis! [Exit Poins.

Enter Francis.

Fran. Anon, anon, sir. Look down into the
Poungarnet, Ralph.
Prince. Come hither, Francis.
Fran. My lord.
Prince. How long hast thou to serve, Francis?
Fran. Forsooth, five years, and as much as to—
Poins. [Within] Francis!
Fran. Anon, anon, sir.
Prince. Five year! by 'r lady, a long lease for the
Clinking of pewter. But, Francis, darest thou be
So valiant as to play the coward with thy indigent
And show it a fair pair of heels and run from it?
Fran. O Lord, sir, I'll be sworn upon all the
Books in England, I could find in my heart.
Poins. [Within] Francis!
Fran. Anon, sir.
Prince. How old art thou, Francis?
Fran. Then, let me speak—about Michaelmas next I shall
Poins. [Within] Francis! [be—
Fran. Anon, sir. Pray stay a little, my lord.
Prince. Nay, but hark you, Francis: for the sugar
Thou gavest me, 't was a pennyworth, wost 't not?
Fran. O Lord, I would it had been two!
Prince. I will give thee for it a thousand pound:
Ask me when thou wilt, and thou shalt have it.
Poins. [Within] Francis!
Fran. Anon, anon.
Prince. Anon, Francis? No, Francis; but to-
morrow, Francis, or Francis, o' Thursday; or in-
Deed, Francis, when thou wilt. But, Francis!
Fran. My lord?
Prince. Wilt thou rob this leathern jerkin, crystal-
button, not-pated, agate-ring, puke-stocking, caddis-
garter, smooth-tongue, Spanish-pouch,—
Fran. O Lord, sir, who do you mean?
Prince. Why, then, your brown bastard is your
Only drink; for look you, Francis, your white canvas
doublet will sully: in Barbary, sir, it cannot come to
Fran. What, sir?
Poins. [Within] Francis!
Prince. Away, you rogue! dost thou not hear
them call? [Here they both call him; the drawer
stands amazed, not knowing which way to go.

Enter Vintner.

Vint. What, standest thou still, and hearst such
A calling? Look to the guests within. [Exit Fran-
] My lord, old Sir John, with half-a-dozen more,
Are at the door: shall I let them in?
Prince. Let them all, awhile, and then open
the door. [Exit Vintner.] Poins!

Re-enter Poins.

Poins. Anon, anon, sir.
Prince. Sirrah, Falstaff and the rest of the thieves
Are at the door: what shall we be merry?
Poins. As merry as crickets, my lad. But bare
ye; what cunning match have you made with this
Jest of the drawer? come, what's the issue?
Prince. I am now of all humours that have showed
Themselves humours since the old days of goodman
Adam to the pupil age of this present twelve o'clock
at midnight.

Re-enter Francis.

What's o'clock, Francis?
Fran. Anon, anon, sir. [Exit.
Prince. That ever this fellow should have fewer
words than a parrot, and yet the son of a woman! His industry is up-stairs and down-stairs; his elo-
quence 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 break-
fast, washes his hands, and says to his wife 'Fie
upon this quiet life! I want work.'  
O my sweet
Falstaff! hast thou been today?  
Give me my 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 brawne 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.

Poins. Welcome, Jack: where hast thou been?
Fal. A plague of all cowards, I say, and a ven-
genue too! marry, and amen! Give me a cup of
sack, boy. 'Ere I lead this life long, I'll 'zove nether
stocks and mend them and foot them too. A plag-
eue of all cowards! Give me a cup of sack, rogue.
Is there no virtue extant?

Prince. Didst thou never see Titan kiss a dish of
butter? pitiful-hearted Titan, that melted at the
sweet face of the suns! if thou didst, then behold
that compound.
Fal. You rogue, here's lime in this sack too:
there is nothing but rogues to be found in villan-
ous men: yet a coward is worse than a cup of sack
with lime in it. A villainous coward! Go thy ways,
old Jack; die when thou wilt, if manhood, good
manhood, be not forgot upon the face of the earth,
then am I a 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 anything. A plague of all cowards,
I say still.

Prince. How now, wool-sack! what matter 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-geese,
I'll never wear hair on my face more. You Prince
of Falstaff?

Prince. Why, you whoreson round man, what's the
matter?
Fal. Are not you a coward? answer me to that:
and Poins there?

Poins. '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
erc 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 becall me a cup of sack: I am a rogue, if I
drink 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
have ta'en a thousand pound this day morning.
Prince. Where is it, Jack? where is it?
Fal. Where is it? taken from us it is: a hundred
upon poor four of us.

Prince. What, a hundred, man?
Fal. I say, if I were not at half-sword with a
dozens of them two hours together. I have 'zcape
by miracle. I am eight times thrust through the
doubt, four through the hose; my buckler cut
through and through; my sword hacked like a
hand-saw—eece signum! I never deal better since
I man; all would not do. A plague of all cow-
ards! Let them speak: if they speak more or less
than truth, they are villains and the sons of dark-
Prince. Speak, sirs; how was it?

Gads. We four set upon some dozen—
Fal. Sixteen at least, my lord.

Gads. And bound them.
Peto. Not bound.
Fal. You rogue, they were bound, every man of
them; or I am a Jew else, an Ebree 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
Poins. Their points being broken,

Poins. Down fell their hose.
Fal. Began to give me ground: but I followed
more, came in foot off hand; and with a thought
seven of the eleven I paid.

Prince. O monstrous! eleven buckram men grown
out of two!
Fal. But, as the devil would have it, three mis-
begotten knaves 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 that beget
them; gross as a mountain, open, palpable. Why,
thou clay-brained guts, thou knotty-pated fool, thou
whoreson, obscene, greasy tallow-catch,—

Fal. What, art thou mad? art thou mad? is not
the truth the truth?

Prince. Why, how couldst thou know these men
in Kendal green, when it was so dark thou couldst
not see thy hand? come, tell us your reason: what
sayest thou to this?


Fal. What, upon compulsion? 'Zounds, an I were
at the strappado, or all the racks in the world, I
would not tell you on compulsion. Give you a rea-
on on compulsion! if reasons were as plentiful as
blackberries, I would give no man a reason upon
compulsion.

Prince. 'Tis no longer guilty of this sin; this
sanguine coward, this bed-presser, this horseback-
breaker, this huge hill of flesh,—

Fal. 'Scblood, you starveling, you elf-skin, you
dried neat's tongue, you bull's pizzle, you stock-fish!
O for breath to utter what is like thee! you tailor's
ACT II.

FIRST PART OF KING HENRY IV.

Scene IV.

yard, you sheath, you bow-case, you vile standing-tuck.

Prince. Well, breathe awhile, and then to it again:
and when thou hast tired thyself in base comparis, hear me speak this.

Pois. Mark, Jack.

Prince. We two saw you four set on four and bound them, and were masters of their wealth.
Mark now, how a plain tale shall put you down.
Then did we two set on you; and, with a word, out-faced you from your prize, and have it; yea, and can show it you here in the house; and, Falstaff, you carried your guts away as nimibly, with as quick a thought and roared for mercy and still run and roared, as ever I heard bull-cry. What a slave art thou, to hack thy sword as thou hast done, and then say it was in fight! What trick, what device, what starting-hole, canst thou now find out to hide thee from this open and apparent shame?

Pois. Come, let's hear, Jack; what trick hast thou now?

Fal. By the Lord, I knew ye as well as he that made ye. Why, hear 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 you have the money. Hostess, clap to the doors: watch to-night, pray to-morrow. Gallants, lads, boys, hearts of gold, all the titles of good fellowship come to you! What, shall we be merry? shall we have a play extempore? Prince. Content; and the argument shall be thy running away.

Fal. Ah, no more of that, Hal, an thou loveth me!

Enter Hostess.

Host. O Jesu, my lord the prince!

Prince. How now, my lady the hostess! what say-est thou to me?

Host. Marry, my lord, there is a nobleman of the court at door would speak with you: he says he comes from your father; give him your answer?

Prince. Give him as much as will make him a royal man, and send him back again to my mother.

Fal. What manner of man is he?

Host. An old man.


Fal. 'Faith, and I will send him packing. [Exit. Prince. Now, sirs: by 'r lady, you fought fair; so did you, Peto; so did you, Bardolph: you are lions too, you run away upon instinct, you will not touch the true prince: no, fie!

Bard. 'Faith, I ran when I saw others run.

Prince. 'Faith, tell me now in earnest, how came Falstaff's sword so hacked?

Peto. Why, he hacked it with his dagger, and said he would swear truth out of England but he would make you believe it was done in fight, and persuaded us to do the like.

Bard. Yea, and to tickle our noses with spear-grass to make them bleed, and then to beslobber our garments with it and swear it was the blood of true men. I did that I did not this seven years before, I blushed to hear his monstrous devices.

Prince. Yea, and I think I cut seven score and eighteen years ago, and wert taken with the manner, and ever since thou hast blushed extemore. Thou hadst fire and sword on thy side, and yet thou rannest away; what instinct hadst thou for it?

Bard. My lord, do you see these meates? do you behold these exhalations?

Prince. I do.

Bard. What think you they portend?

Prince. Hot livers and cold purses.

Bard. Choler, my lord, if rightly taken.

Prince. No, if rightly taken, halter.

Re-enter Falstaff.

Here comes lean Jack, here comes bare-bone. How now, my sweet creature of bombast! How long is 't ago, Jack, since thou sawest thine own knee?

Fal. My own knee! when I was about thy years, Hal, I was not an eagle's talon in the waist; I could have crept into any alderman's thumb-ring: a plague of sighing and grief! it blows a man up like a bladder. There's villainous news abroad: here was Sir John Bracey from your father; you must to the court in the morning. That same mad fellow of the north, Percy, and he of Wales, that gave Amammon the bastinado and made Lucifer cuckold and swore the devil his true liegeman upon the cross of a Welsh hook — what a plague call you him?

Pois. 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 and down the earth.

Prince. He that rides at high speed and with his pistol kills a sparrow flying.

Fal. You have hit it.

Prince. So did he never the sparrow.

Fal. Well, that rascal hath good mettle in him; he will not run.

Prince. Why, what a rascal art thou then, to praise him so for running!

Fal. O' horseback, ye cuckoo; but afoot he will not budge a foot.

Prince. Yes, Jack, upon instinct.

Fal. I grant ye, upon instinct. Well, he is there too, and one Morlake, 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 stirring mackerel.

Prince. Why, then, it is like, if there come a hot June and this civil buffetting hold, we shall buy heads as cheap as thyry hob-nails, by the hundreds.

Fal. By the mass, lad, thou sayest true; it is like we shall have good trading that way. But tell me, Hal, art not thou horribile 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 whit, i'faith; I lack some of thy instinct.

Fal. Well, thou wilt be horribly chid to-morrow when thou comest to thy father: if thou love me, practise an answer.

Prince. Do thou stand for my father, and examine me upon the particulars of my life.

Fal. Shall I? content: this chair shall be my state, this dagger my sceptre, and this cushion my crown.

Prince. Thy state is taken for a joined-stool, thy golden sceptre for a leaden dagger, and thy precious rich crown for a pitiful bald crown!

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 Camulcles' 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! 325
ACT II. FIRST PART OF KING HENRY IV. SCENE IV.

Fal. For God's sake, lords, convey my trystful
thief ungent:
For tears do stop the flood-gates of her eyes.
Host. O Jesu, he doth it as like of these har-
lotry players as ever I see!
Fal. Peace, good pinto-parts; peace, good tinkle-
brain. Harry, I do not only marvel where thou spendest thy time, but also how thou art accom-
partmented; for the easier it is trodden on the faster it grows; yet youth, the more it is wasted the sooner it wears. That thou art my son, I have partly thy mother's word, partly my own opinion, but chiefly a villainous trick of thine eye and a foolish hanging of thy nether lip, that doth warrant me. If then thou be son to me, here lies the point: why, being son to me, art thou so pointed at? Shall the blessed sun of heaven prove a mich and eat blackberries? a question not to be asked. Shall the son of England prove a thief and take purses? a question to be asked. There is a thing, Harry, which thou hast often heard of and it is known to many in our land by the name of pitch: this pitch, as ancient writers do report, doth deele; so doth the company thou keepest: for, Harry, now I do not speak to thee in drink but in tears, not in pleasure but in passion, not in words only, but in woes also: and yet there is a virtuous man whom I have often noted in thy company, but I know not like thee.

Prince. What manner of man, an it like your majesty?
Fal. A goodly portly man, i' faith, and a corpul-
cent; of a cheerful look, a pleasing eye and a most noble carriage; and, as I think, his age some fifty; or by his lady, inclining to three score; and now do I remember me, his name is Falstaff: if that man should be lewdly given, he deceive me; for, Harry, I see virtue in his looks. If then the tree may be known by the fruit, as the fruit by the tree, then, peremptorily I speak it, there is virtue in that Falstaff: him keep with, the rest banish. And tell me now, thou naughty varlet, tell me, where hast thou been this month?

Prince. Dost thou speak like a king? Do thou stand for me, and I'll play my father.
Fal. Depose me? if thou dost it half so gravely, so majestically, both in word and manner, hang me up by the heels for a rabbit-tucker or a pouler's

Prince. Well, here I am set. [hare.
Fal. And here I stand: judge, my masters.
Prince. Now, Harry, whence come you?
Fal. My noble lord, from Eastcheap. [eun.
Prince. The complaints I hear of thee are griev-
ous.
Fal. 'Shood, my lord, they are false: may, I'll tickle ye for a young prince, i' faith.

Prince. Swearest thou, ungracious boy? henceforth ne'er look on me. Thou art violently carried away from grace: there is a devil haunts thee in the likeness of an old fat man; a tun of men is thy companion. Why dost thou converse with that trick of men? The astol-bolting, the preposterous, that swollen parcel of dropseys, that huge bombard of sack, that stuffed cloak-bag of guts, that roasted Manningtree ox with the puddling in his belly, that reverend vice, that grey iniquity, that father rufian, that vanity in years? Wherein is he good, but to take and drink of? wherein good, but to carpe a capon and eat it? wherein cunning, but in craft? wherein crafty, but in villainy? wherein villainous, but in all things? wherein worth, but in nothing?

Fal. I would your grace would take me with you to your grace?

Prince. That villainous abominable misleader of youth, Falstaff, that old white-bearded Satan.
Fal. My lord, the man I know.

Prince. I know thou dost.

Fal. But to say I know more harm in him than in myself, were to say more than I know. That he is old, thou dost; the rest the wits do witness it; but that he is, saving your reverence, a whore-master, that I utterly deny. If sack and sugar be a fault, God help the wicked! if to be old and merry be a sin, then many an old host that I know is damned: if to be fat be to be hated, then Pharaoh's fatness can kindle to be loved. No, my good lord; banish Pete, banish Bardolph, banish Polins: but for sweet Jack Falstaff, kind Jack Falstaff, true Jack Falstaff, valiant Jack Falstaff, and therefore more valiant, being, as he is, old Jack Falstaff, banish not him thy Harry's company; 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 Hostess, Francis, and Bardolph.

Host. O Jesu, my lord, my lord!
Prince. Heigh, heigh! the devil rides upon a fiddle-stick: what's the matter?
Host. The sheriff and all the watch are at the door: they are come to search the house. Shall I let them in?


Prince. And thou a natural coward, without in-
Fal. I deny your major: if you will deny the sheriff, so; if not, let him enter: if I become not a cart as well as another man, a plague on my bringing up! I hope I shall as soon be strangled with a halter as another.

Prince. Go, hide thee behind the arras: the rest walk up above. Now, my masters, for a true face and good conscience.

Fal. Both which I have had: but their date is out, and therefore I'll hide me.

Prince. Call in the sheriff.

[Exeunt all except the Prince and Peto.

Enter Sheriff and the Carrier.

Car. The man, I do assure you, is not here;
For I myself at this time have employ'd him.
And, sheriff, I will engage myself to thee
That I will, by a certain dinner-time,
Send him to answer thee, or any man,
For any thing he shall be charged withal:
And so let me entreat you leave the house.
Sher. I will, my lord. There are two gentlemen
Have in this robbery lost three hundred marks.

Prince. And they are men, who have rob'd these men.
He shall be answerable; and so farewell.
Sher. Good night, my noble lord.

Prince. I think it is good morrow, is it not?
Sher. Indeed, my lord, I think it be two o'clock.

Re-enter Sheriff and Carrier.

Prince. This oily rascal is known as well as Paul's. Go, call him forth.

Peto. Falstaff!—Fast asleep behind the arras, and snorting like a horse.

Prince. Hark, how hard he fetches breath. Search
his pockets. [He searcheth his pockets, and findeth certain papers.] What hast thou found?

Peto. Nothing but papers, my lord.

Prince. Let's see what they be: read them.

Peto. [Reads] Item, A capon; . . . 2s. 2d.
Item, Sauce; . . . 4d.
Item, Sack, two gallons; 5s. 8d.
Item, Anchovies and sack after supper; . . . 2s. 6d.
Item, Bread; . . . ob.

Prince. O monstrous! but one half-pennyworth of bread to this intolerable deal of sack! What there is else, keep close; we'll read it at more advantage: there let him sleep till day. I'll to the court in the mean time. We must all to the wars, and thy place shall be honourable. I'll procure this fat rogue a charge of foot; and I know his death will be a march of twelve-score. The money shall be paid back again with advantage. Be with me betimes in the morning; and so, good morrow, Peto.

Peto. Good morrow, good my lord.

ACT III.

SCENE I.—Bangor. The Archdeacon's house.

Enter Hotspur, Worcester, Mortimer, and Glendower.

Mort. These promises are fair, the parties sure, And our induction full of prosperous hope.

Hot. Lord Mortimer, and cousin Glendower, Will you sit down? And uncle Worcester: a plague upon it! I have forgot the map.

Glend. No, here it is. Sit, cousin Percy; sit, good cousin Hotspur.
For by that name as oft as Lancaster Doth speak of you, his cheek looks pale and with A rising sigh he wisheth you in heaven.

Hot. And you in hell, as oft as he hears Owen Glendower spoke of.

Glend. I cannot blame him; at my nativity The frame of heaven was full of fiery shapes, Of burning cresses; and at my birth Shaked like a coward.

Hot. Why, so it would have done at the same season, if your mother's cat had but kittened, though yourself had never been born.

Glend. I say the earth did shake when I was born. And I say the earth was not of my mind, If you suppose as fearing you it shook.

Glend. The heavens were all on fire, the earth did tremble.

Hot. O, then the earth shook to see the heavens And not in fear of your nativity. [on fire, Discased nature oftentimes breaks forth In strange eruptions; oft the teeming earth Is with a kind of colic pinch'd and vex'd By the imprisoning of unruly wind Within her womb; which, for enlargement striving, Shakes the old beldam earth and topples down 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 goats 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

Glend. I can call spirits from the vastly deep.

Hot. Why, so can I, or so can any man;
But will they come when you do call for them?

Glend. Why, I can teach you, cousin, to command The devil.

Hot. And I can teach thee, coz, to shame the devil By telling truth; tell truth and shame the devil. If thou have power to raise him, bring him hither, And I'll be sworn I have power to shame him hence. O, while you live, tell truth and shame the devil!

Mort. Come, come, no more of this unprofitable chat.

Glend. Three times hath Henry Bolingbroke made Against my power; thrice from the banks of Wye And sandy-bottom'd Severn have I sent him Bootless home and weather-beaten back.

Hot. Home without boots, and in foul weather too! How 'scapest thou agues, in the devil's name?

Glend. Come, here's the map: shall we divide our According to our threefold order ta'en? [right Mort. The archdeacon hath divided it Into three limits very equally:
England, from Trent and Severn hitherto,
By south and east is to my part assign'd;
All westward, Wales beyond the Severn shore,
And all the fertile land within that bound,
To Owen Glendower: and, dear coz, to you The remnant northward, lying off from Trent.
And our indentures tripartite are drawn;
Which being sealed interchangeably,
A business that this night may execute,
Tomorrow, 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 gentlemen.

Glend. A shorter time shall send me to you, lords: And in my conduct shall your ladies come; From whom you now must steal and take no leave, For there will be a world of water shed Upon the parting of your wives and you. [here, Hot. Methinks my moiety, north from Burton In quantity equals not one of yours; See how this river comes me cranking in, And cuts me from the best of all my land A huge half-moon, a monstrous canteel out. I'll have the current in this place damn'd up; And here the mud and silver Trent shall run In a new channel, fair and even; It shall not wind with such a deep indent, To rob me of so rich a bottom here. [doth.

Glend. Not wind? it shall, it must; you see it

Mort. Yea, but

Mark how he bears his course, and runs me up With like advantage on the other side; Gelden the opposed continent as much As on the other side it takes from you.

Wor. Yea, but a little charge will trench him here

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ACT III.  FIRST PART OF
KING HENRY IV.  SCENE I.

And on this north side win this cape of land;
And then he runs straight and even.

_Hot._ I'll have it so: a little charge will do it.

_Glend._ I'll not have it alter'd.

_Hot._ Will not you?

_Glend._ No, nor you shall not.

_Hot._ Who shall say me nay?

_Glend._ Why, that will I.  [Welsh.

_Hot._ Let me not understand you, then; speak in

_Glend._ I can speak English, lord, as well as you;
For I was train'd up in the English court;
Where else, but you, I trained to the harp
Many an English ditty lovely well
And gave the tongue a helpful ornament,
A virtue that was never seen in you.

_Hot._ Marry, And I am glad of it with all my heart:
I had rather be a kitten and cry new
Than one of these same metre ballad-mongers;
I had rather hear a brazen cansticck 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.

_Glend._ Come, you shall have some turn'd.

_Hot._ I do not care: I'll give threeso much land
To any well-deserving friend;
But in the way of bargain, mark ye me,
I'll caval! on the ninth part of a hair.
Are the indentures drawn? shall we be gone?

_Glend._ Yes, wise fair; you may way by
I'll haste the writer and withal

[night.  [Exit.

_Mort._ Fie, cousin Percy! how you cross my father!

_Hot._ Cannot toy: sometime he angers me
With telling me of the molusk and the ant,
The of the dreamer Merlin and his prophecies,
And of a dragon and a finless fish,
A clip-wing'd griffin and a moultten raven,
A couching lion and a ramping cat,
And such a deal of skimpie-skamble stuff
As puts me from my faith. I tell you what;
He held me last night at least nine hours
In reckoning up the several devils' names
To,' that were his lackeys: I cried 'hum,' and 'well, go
But mark'd him not a word. O, he is as tedious
As a tired horse, a railing wife;
Worse than a smoke-hous'd man,
With cheese and garlic in a windmill, far,
Then feed on cates and have him talk to me
In any summer-house in Christendom.

_Mort._ In faith, he is a worthy gentleman,
Exceedingly well read, and profited
In strange concealements, valiant as a lion
And wondrous affable and as bountifull
As mines of India.  Shall I tell you, cousin?
He holds your temper in a high respect.
And curbs himself even of his natural scope
When you come 'cross his humour; faith, he does:
I warrant you, that man is not alive
Might so have tempt'd him as you have done,
Without the taste of danger and reproof:
But do not use it oft, let me entreat you.

_Wor._ In faith, my lord, you are too wilifull-blame;
And since your coming hither have done enough
To put him quite besid his patience.
You must needs learn, lord, to amend this fault:
Though, sometimes it show greatness, courage,

_Pride, haughtiness, opinion and disdain:
The least of which haunting a nobleman
Loseth men's hearts and leaves behind a stain

Upon the beauty of all partes besides,
Beguiling them of commendation.  [speed!

_Hot._ Well, I am school'd: good manners be your
Here come our wives, and let us take our leave.

_Re-enter Glendower with the ladies.

_Mort._ This is the deadly spite that angers me;
My wife can speak no English, I no Welsh.

_Glend._ My daughter weeps: she will not part
with you;
She'll be a richer better too, she'll to the wars.  [Percy
_Mort._ Good father, tell her that she and my aunt
Shall follow in your conduct speedily.

[Glendower speaks to her in Welsh, and she answers

_Glend._ She is desperate here; a peevish self-will'd
harrowly, one that no persuasion can do good upon.

_Mort._ I understand thy looks: that pretty Welsh
Which thou pourrst down from these swelling heav-
I am too perfect in; and, but for shame, [ens
In such a parley should I answer thee.

[The lady speaks again in Welsh.

_I understand thy kisses and thou mine,
And that's a feeling displeasure.
But I will never be a truant, love,
Till I have learn'd thy language: for thy tongue
Makes Welsh as sweet as ditties highly penn'd,
Sung by a fair queen in a summer's bower,
With ravishing division, to her lute.

_Glend._ Nay, if you good shall, will she run mad.

[The lady speaks again in Welsh.

_Mort._ O, I am ignorance itself in this!  [down
_Glend._ She bids you on the wanton rushes lay you
And rest your gentle head upon her lap,

_Mort._ With all my heart I'll sit and hear her sing:
By that time will our book, I think, be drawn.

_Glend._ Do so;
And those musicians that shall play to you
Hang in the air a thousand leagues from hence,
And straight they shall be here: sit, and attend.

_Hot._ Come, Kate, thou art perfect in lying down:
come, quick, quick, that I may lay my head in thy

_Lady P._ Go, ye giddy goose.  [lap

[The music plays.

_Hot._ Now I perceive the devil understands Welsh;
And 'tis no marvel he is so humorous.
By 't lady, he is a good musician.

_Lady P._ Then should you be nothing but musical,
for you are altogether governed by humors.  Lie
still, ye thief, and hear the lady sing in Welsh.  [Irish.

_Hot._ I had rather hear Lady, my brach, howl in
_Lady P._ Wouldst thou have thy head broken?

_Hot._ No.

_Lady P._ Then be still.

_Hot._ Neither; 'tis a woman's fault.

_Lady P._ Now God help thee!

_Hot._ To the Welsh lady's bed.

_Lady P._ What's that?

_Hot._ Peace! she sings.

[Here the lady sings a Welsh song.

_Hot._ Come, Kate, I'll have thy song too.

_Lady P._ Not mine, in good sooth.

_Hot._ Not yours, in good sooth!  Heart! you swear
like a comfit-maker's wife.  'Not you, in good sooth,' and
and 'as true as I live,' and 'as God shall mend me,' and
as sure as day,'
And givest such sarcenet surety for thy oaths,
As if thou never walk'st further than Pinabury.

_Swear me, Kate, like a lady as thou art,
ACT III.

FIRST PART OF KING HENRY IV. SCENE II.

A good mouth-filling oath, and leave 'in sooth,'
And such protest of pepper-gingerbread,
To velvet-guards and Sunday-citizens.
Come, sing,

Lady P. I will not sing,

But may be solace to turn tailor, or be red-breast teacher.
As the indentures be drawn, I'll
Away within these two hours; and so, come in when ye will.

[Exit.]

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
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 scourgè for me;
But thou dost in thy passages of life
Make me belief that thou art only mark'd
For the hot vengeance and the rod of heaven
To punish my misreadings. 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 granted to,
Accompany the greatness of thy blood
And hold their level with thy princely heart?

Pardon me, my lord, I could not
Quit all offences with so 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 faulty wander'd and irregular,
Find pardon on my true submission.

King. God pardon thee! yet let me wonder, Harry,
At thy piece of custom; for, for 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 run'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 me in reputeless banishment,
A fellow of no mark nor likelihood.
By being seldom seen, I could not stir
But like a comet I was wonder'd at;
That men would tell their children 'This is he;' Others would say 'O this 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,
Ne'er seen but wonder'd at: and so my state,

Seldom but sumptuous, showed like a feast
And won by rareness such solemnity.
The skipping king, he ambled up and down
With shallow jesters and rash bavin wits,
Soon kindled and soon burnt; carded his state,
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 drowzed and hung their eyelids down,
Slept in his face and render'd an aspect
As cloudy men use to their adversaries,
Being with his presence glutted, gorged and full.
And in that very line, Harry, standest thou;
For thou hast lost thy princely privilege
With vile participation: not an eye
But is a-wearied with 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 thric' 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 Ravenspargh
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 reverence lords on
To bloody battles and to bruising arms.
What never-dying bosom, which he's got
Against renowned Douglas! whose high deeds,
Whose hot incursions and great name in arms
Hold's from all soldiers chief majesty
And military title capital
Through all the kingdoms that acknowledge Christ:
Thrice hath this Hotspur, Mars in swathing clothes,
This infant warrior, in his enterprises
Discomfited great Douglas, 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, Northumberland,
[mer,
The Archbishop's grace of York, Douglas, Morti-
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?
This thing that art like through the vassal fear,
Base inclination and the start of spleen,
To fight against me under Percy's pay,
To dog his heels and curtsy at his frowns,
To show how much thou art degenerate.

Prince. Do not think so; you shall not find it so:
And God forgive thou that so much have sway'd
Your majesty's good thoughts away from me!
I will redeem all this on Percy's head

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And in the closing of some glorious day
Be bold to tell you that I am your son;
When I will wear a garment all of blood
And stain my favours in a bloody mask,
Which, wash'd away, shall scour my shame with it:
And that shall be the day, whence'er it lights,
That this same child of fortune and renown,
This gallant Hopstur, this all-praised knight,
And your unthought-of Harry chance to meet.
For every honour sitting on his helm,
Would they were multitudes, and on my head
My shames redoubled for the time will come,
That I shall make this northern youth exchange
His glorious deeds for my indignities.
Percy is but my factor, good my lord,
To engross up glorious deeds on my behalf;
And I will call him to such 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 intemperance:
If not, the end of life cancels all bands
And freedom gives the liberty.
Ere break the smallest parcel of this vow.
King. A hundred thousand rebels die in this:
Thou shall have charge and sovereign trust herein.

Enter Blunt.

How now, good Blunt? thy looks are full of speed.

Blunt. So hath the business that I come to speak
Lord Mortimer of Scotland hath sent word [of
That Douglas and the English rebels met
The eleventh of this month at Shrewsbury:
A mighty and a fearful head they are,
If promises be kept on every hand,
And towers and battlements.
King. The Earl of Westmoreland set forth to-day;
With him my son, Lord John of Lancaster;
For this advertisement is five days old:
On Wednesday next, Harry, you shall set forward;
On Thursday we ourselves will march: our meeting
Is Bridgenorth; and Harry shall march
Through Gloucestershire: by which account,
Our business valued, some twelve days hence
Our general forces at Bridgenorth shall meet.
Our hands are full of business: let's away;
Advantage needs him fat, while men delay.

[Exeunt.

SCENE III.—Eastcheap. The Boar's-Head Tavern.

Enter Falstaff and Bardolph.

Fal. Bardolph, am I not fallen away vilely
since this last action? do I not bate? do I not
swindle? Why, my skin hangs about me like an
old lady's loose gown; I am withered like an old
apple-john. Well, I'll repent, and that suddenly,
while I am in some liking; I shall be out of heart
shortly, and then I shall have no strength to repent.
An I have not forgotten what the inside of a church
is made of, I am a peppercorn, a brewer's horse: the
inside of a church! Company, villainous company,
hath been the spoil of me.

Bard. Sir John, you are so fretful, you cannot
live long.

Fal. Why, there is it: coming me a bawdy
song: make me a lay. I was as virtuously given
as a true knight need to be; virtuous enough; swore
little; dined not above seven times a week; went to
a bawdy-house not above once in a quarter—of an
hour; paid money that I borrowed, three or four
times; lived well and in good compass; and now I
live out of all order, out of all compass.

Bard. Why, you are so fat, Sir John, that you
must needs be out of all compass, out of all reason-
able compass, Sir John.

Fal. Do thou amend thy face, and I'll amend
my life: thou art our admiral, thou bearest the lantern
in the poop, but 'tis in the nose of thee; thou art
the Knight of the Burning Lamp.

Bard. Why, Sir John, my face does you no harm.

Fal. No. I'll be sworn: I make as good use of
it as many a man doth of a Death's-head or a me-
memento mori: I never see thy face but I think upon
hell-fire and Dives that lived in purple; for there he
is in his robes, burning, burning. If thou wert any
of the household, I would swear by thy face; my
oath should be 'By this fire, that's God's anger;' but
thou art altogether given over; and wilt in-
stead, but for the light in thy face, the son of utter
darkness. When thou rannest up Gadshill in the
night to catch my horse, if I did not think thou
hadst been an ignis fatuus or a ball of wildfire,
there's no purchase in money. O, thou art a
perpetual triumph, an everlasting bonfire-light!
Thou hast saved me a thousand marks in links and
torches, walking with thee in the night betwixt
tavern and tavern; but the sack that thou hast
drunk me would have bought me lights as good
cared for at the fairest fairs and in the fairest
day.

Enter Hostess.

How now, Dame Partlet the hen! have you inquired
yet who picked my pocket?

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 hus-
band, man by man, boy by boy, servant by servant:
the tithe 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. What a fire is this? 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. Dowress, filthy dowlass: I have given them
away to bakers' wives, and they have made bolster
of them.

Host. Now, as I am a true woman, hollands of eight
shillings an ell. You owe money here besides, Sir
John, for your diet and by-drinkings, 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 grandfather'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 John, a sneak-cup: 's blood, and he is said, I would cudgel him like a
dog, if he would so say.

Enter the Prince and Peto, snarcking, and Falstaff
meets them playing on his truncheon like a fife.

How now, lad! is the wind In that door, I' faith?
must we all march?
ACT IV.

FIRST PART OF KING HENRY IV.  SCENE I.

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. Prithée, let her alone, and list to me.
Prince. What sayest thou, Jack?
Fal. The other night I fell asleep here behind the arras and had my pocket picked; this house is turned bawdy-house; they pick pockets.
Prince. What didst thou lose, Jack?
Fal. Wilt thou believe me, Hal? three or four bonds of thirty 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 fool-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.
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 shouldst know it; I am an honest man's wife: and, setting thy knighthood aside, thou art a knave to call me so.
Fal. 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 fowl; 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 slanderers 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 copper: darest thou be as good as thy word now?
Fal. Why, Hal, thou knowest, as thou art but man, I dare: but as thou art prince, I fear thee as I fear the roaring of the lion's whelp.
Prince. And why not as the lion?
Fal. The king himself is to be feared as the lion:

dost thou think I'll fear thee as I fear thy father? 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 midriff. Charge an honest woman with picking thy pocket! why, thou whoreson, impudent, embossed rascal, if there were anything in thy pocket but tavern-reckonings, memorandums of bawdy-houses, and one poor penny-worth of sugar-candy to make thee long-winded, if thy pocket were enriched with any other injuries but these, I am a villain: and yet you will stand to it: you will not pocket up wrong: art thou not ashamed?

Fal. Dost thou hear, Hal? thou knowest in the state of innocence Adam fell; and what should poor Jack Falstaff do in the days of villainy? Thou seest I have more flesh than another man, and therefore more frailty. You confess then, you picked my pocket?

Prince. It appears so by the story.

Hostess. I, forgive thee: go, make ready breakfast; love thy husband, look to thy servants, cherish thy guests: thou shalt find me tractable to any honest reason: thou seest I am pacified still. Nay, prithee, be gone. [Exit Hostess.] Now, Hal, to the news at court: for the robbery, lad, how is that answered?

Prince. O, my sweet beef, I must still be good angel to thee: the money is paid back again.

Fal. O, I do not like that paying back; 'tis a double labour.

Prince. I am good friends with my father and may do anything.

Fal. Rob me the exchequer the first thing thou dost, and do it with unwashed hands too.

Bard. Do, my lord.

Prince. I have procured thee, Jack, a charge of foot.

Fal. I would it had been of horse. Where shall I find one that can steal well? O for a fine thief, of the age of two and twenty or thereabouts! I am heinously unprovided. Well, God be thanked for these rebels, they offend none but the virtuous: I land them, I praise them.

Prince. Bardolph!

Bard. My lord?

Prince. Go bear this letter to Lord John of Lancaster, to my brother John; this to my Lord of Westmoreland. [Exit Bardolph.] Go, Peto, to horse, to horse; for thou and I have thirty miles to ride, yet ere dinner-time. [Exit Peto.] Jack, meet me to-morrow in the temple hall at two o'clock in the afternoon. There shalt thou know thy charge; and there receive money and order for their furniture. The land is burning; Percy stands on high; and either we or they must lower lie. [Exit.]

Fal. Rare words! brave world! Hostess, my breakfast, come! O, I could wish this tavern were my drum! [Exit.

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—The rebel camp near Shrewsbury.

Enter Hotspur, Worcester, and Douglas.

Hot. Well said, my noble Scot; if speaking truth In this fine age were not thought flattery, Such attribution should the Douglas have, As not a soldier of this season's stamp Should go so general current through the world.

By God, I cannot flatter; I do defy The tongues of soothers; but a braver place In my heart's love hath no man than yourself: Nay, task me to my word; approve me, lord.

Dou. Thou art the king of honour:

No man so potent breathes upon the ground

But I will be heard.

Hot. Do so, and 'tis well.  331
ACT IV.  FIRST PART OF KING HENRY IV.  SCENE II.

Enter a Messenger with letters.

What letters hast thou there? — I can but thank you.  
Mess. These letters come from your father.  
Hot. Letters from him! why comes he not himself?  
Mess. He cannot come, my lord; he is grievous sick.  
Hot. 'Zounds! how has he leisure to be sick  
In such a justling time? Who leads his power?  
Under whose government come they along?  
Mess. His letters bear his mind, not I, my lord.  
Wor. I pritcheth, tell me, doth he keep his bed?  
Mess. He did, my lord, four days ere I set forth;  
And in the time of my departure hence  
He was much fear'd by his physicians.  
Wor. I would the state of time had first been whole  
Ere he by sickness had been visited:  
His health was never better worth than now.  [Exit.  
Hot. Sick now! drop now! this sickness doth in-  
The very life-blood of our enterprise;  
'Tis catching hither, even to our camp.  
He writes me here, that inward sickness —  
And that his friends by deputation could not  
So soon be drawn, nor did he think it meet  
To lay so dangerous and dear a trust  
On any soul removed but on his own.  
Yet did he send bold and unadvertis'd,  
That with our small conjunction we should on,  
To see how fortune is disposed to us;  
For, as he writes, there is no quailing now,  
Because the king is certainly possess'd  
Of all our purposes.  What say you to it?  
Wor. Your father's sickness is a maim to us.  
Hot. A perilous gash, a very limb lopp'd off:  
And yet, in faith, it is not; his present want  
Seems more than we shall find it: were it good  
To set the exact wealth of all our states  
All at one cast? to set so rich a main  
On the nice hazard of one doubtful hour?  
It were not good; for then should we read  
The very bottom and the soul of hope,  
The very list, and the very utmost bound  
Of all our fortunes.  
Doug. 'Faith, and so we should;  
Where now remains a sweet reversion;  
We may boldly spend upon the hope of what  
Is to come in:  
A comfort of retirement lives in this.  
Hot. A rendezvous, a home to fly unto,  
If that the devil and miscarriage look big  
Upon the maidenhead of our affairs.  
Wor. But yet I would your father had been here.  
The quality and hand of our attempts  
Brooks no division: it will be thought  
By some, that know not why he is away,  
That wisdom, loyalty and mere dislike  
Of our proceedings kept the earl from hence:  
And think how such an apprehension  
May turn the tide of fearful faction  
And breed a kind of question in our cause;  
For well you know we of the offering side  
Must keep aloof from strict arbitration,  
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 of at least his seat,  
For must think,  
If we without his help can make a head  
To push against a kingdom, with his help  
We shall o'erturn it topsy-turvy down.  
Yet all goes well, yet all our joints are whole.  
Doug. As heart can think; there is not such a word  
Spoke of in Scotland as this term of fear.

Enter Sir Richard Vernon.

Hot. My cousin Vernon! welcome, by my soul.  
Ver. Pray God my news be worth a welcome, lord.  
The Earl of Westmoreland, seven thousand strong,  
Is marching hitherwards; 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 hitherwards intended speedily.  
With strong and mighty preparation.  
Hot. He shall be welcome too. Where is his son,  
The nimble-footed madcap Prince of Wales,  
And his courarges, that daft'd the world aside,  
And bid it pass?  
Ver. All furnish'd, all in arms;  
All plumed like estridges that with the wind  
Baif'd like eagles having lately bathed;  
Glittering in golden coats, like images;  
As full of spirit as the month of May,  
And gorgeous as the sun at midsummer;  
Wanton as youthful goats, wild as young bulls.  
I saw young Harry, with his beaver on,  
His cushions on his thighs, gallantly arm'd,  
Rise from the ground like feather'd Mercury,  
And vault'd with his eared hound on his seat,  
As if an angel drop'd down from the clouds,  
To turn and wind a fiery Pegasus  
And witch the world with noble horsemanship.  
Hot. No more, no more: worse than the sun in March,  
This praise doth nourish agues. Let them come;  
They come like sacrifices in their trim,  
And to the fire-eyed maid of smoky war  
Baif'd like eagles having lately bathed  
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 repirsal 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 learn'd in Worcester, as I rode along,  
He cannot draw his power this fourteen days.  
Doug. That's the worst tidings that I hear of yet.  
Wor. Ay, by my faith, that bears a frosty sound.  
Hot. What may the king's whole battle reach unto?  
Ver. To thirty thousand.  
Doug. 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 musther speedily:  
Doomsday is near; die all, die merrily.  
Doug. Talk not of dying: I am out of fear  
Of death or death's hand for this one-half year.  
[Exeunt.]

SCENE II.—A public road near Coventry.

Enter Falstaff and Bardolph.

Fal. Bardolph, get thee before to Coventry; fill a bottle of sack: our soldiers shall march there; we'll to Sutton Co-fell 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 my labour; and if it make twenty, take them all; I'll answer the coinage. Bid my lieutenant Peto meet me at town's end.  
Bard. I will, captain: farewell.  
[Exeunt.]

Fal. If I be not ashamed of my soldiers, I am a souden gurnet. I have misused the king's press damnably. 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; inducted bachelors, such 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 foul or a hurt wild-duck. I pressed me none but such toasts-and-butter, with hearts in their bellies, with bigger than thirty heads, and they have bought out their services; and now my whole charge consists of ancient, 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 dejected 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 draft and husks. A mad fellow met me on the way and told me I had unloaded all the giblets and pressed the dead bodies. No eye hath seen such scarecrows. I’ll not march through Coventry with them, that’s flesh and bone, and they betwixt the legs, as if they had gyes 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 tucked 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’, or the red nose innkeeper of Daventry. That’s all one; they’ll find linen enough on every hedge.

Enter the Prince and Westminster.


West. Faith, Sir John, ’tis more than time that I were there, and you too; but my powers are there already. The king, I can tell you, looks for us all; we cannot starve the night.

Fal. Tut, never fear me: I am as vigilant as a cat to steal cream.

Prince. I think, to steal cream indeed, for thy theft hath already made thee butter. But tell me, Jack, whose fellows are these that come after? Fal. They are not, Sir John; they are my fellows.

Prince. I did never see such pitiful rascals.

Fal. Tut, tut; good enough to toss; food for powder, powder for powder; they’ll fill a pit as well as better: tush, man, mortal men, mortal men.

West. Ay, but, Sir John, methinks they are exceeding poor and bare, too beggary.

Fal. ’Faith, for their poverty, I know not where they had that; and for their bareness, I am sure they never learned that of me.

Prince. No, I’ll be sworn; unless you call three fingers on the ribs bare. But, sirrah, make haste; Peto is already in the field.

Fal. What is the king encamped? West. He is, Sir John: I fear we shall stay too long. To the latter end of a fray and the beginning of a feast Fits a dull fighter and a keen guest. [Exeunt.

SCENE III. The rebel camp near Shrewsbury.


Hot. We’ll fight with him to-night.

Wor. ’Tis may not be.

Doug. You give him then advantage.

Ver. Not a whit.

Hot. Why say you so? looks he not for supply?

Ver. So do we.

Hot. His is certain, ours is doubtful.

Wor. Good cousin, be advised; stir not to-night.

Ver. Do not, my lord.

Doug. You do not counsel well: You speak it out of fear and cold heart.

Ver. Do me no slander, Douglas; by my life, And I dare well maintain it with my life, If well-respected honour bid me on, I hold as little counsel with weak fear As you, my lord, or any Scot that this day lives: Let it be seen to-morrow in the battle Which of us fears.

Doug. Yea, or to-night. Content.

Hot. To-night, say I.

Ver. Come, come, it may not be. I wonder much, Being men of such great leading as you are, That you foresee not what impediments Drag back our expedition: certain horse Of my cousin Vernon’s are not yet come up: Your uncle Worcester’s horse came but to-day; And now their pride and mettle is asleep, Their courage with hard labour tame and dull, That not a horse is bigger than pins himself.

Hot. So are the horses of the enemy In general, journey-bated and brought low: The better part of ours are full of rest.

Wor. The number of the king exceedeth ours: For God’s sake, cousin, stay till all come in.

[The trumpet sounds a parley.

Enter Sir Walter Blunt.

Blunt. I come with gracious offers from the king, If you vouchsafe me hearing and respect.

Hot. Welcome, Sir Walter Blunt; and would to God Some of us love you well; and even those some Envy your great deservings and good name, Because you are not of our quality, But stand against us like an enemy.

Blunt. And God defend but still I should stand so, So long as out of limit and true rule You stand against us and our heads, such But to my charge. The king hath sent to know The nature of your griefs, and whereupon You conjure from the breach of civil peace Such bold hostility, teaching his duteous land Audacious cruelty. If that the king Have any way to your good desert, no plot, Which he confesseth to be manifold, He bids you name your griefs; and with all speed You shall have your desires with interest And pardon absolute for yourself and these Herein misled by your suggestion.

Hot. The king is kind; and well we know the king Knows at what time to promise, when to pay. My father and my uncle and myself Did give him that same royalty he wears; And when he was not six and twenty strong, Sick in the world’s regard, wretched and low, A poor unminded outlaw sneaking home, My father gave him with one hand the shore; And when he heard him swear and vow to God He came but to be Duke of Lancaster, To sue his livery and beg his peace, With tears of innocence and terms of zeal, My father, in kind heart and pity moved, Sware him assistance and performance did too. Now when the lords and barons of the realm Perceived Northumberland did lean to him, The more and less came in with cap and knee; Met him in boroughs, cities, villages, At tended him on bridges, stood in lanes, 33
Laid gifts before him, proffer'd him their oaths,  
Gave him their heirs, as pages follow'd him  
Even at the heels in golden multitudes.

He presently, as greatness knoweth itself,  
Steps me a little higher than his vow,  
Made to my father, while his blood was poor,  
Upon the naked shore at Ravensburgh;  
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 work  
Over his country's wrongs; and by this face,  
This seeming brow of justice, did he win  
The hearts of all that he did angle for;  
Proceeded further; cut me off the heads  
Of all the favourites that the absent king  
In deputation left behind him here,  
When he was personal in the Irish war.  
Blunt. Tut, I came not to hear this.  

Hot. Then to the point.

In short time after, he deposed the king;  
Soon after that, deprived him of his life;  
And in the neck of that, task'd the whole state;  
To make that worse, suffer'd his kinsman March,  
Who is, if every owner were well placed,  
Indeed his king, to be engaged in Wales,  
There without 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;  
Broke oath on oath, committed wrong on wrong,  
And in conclusion drove us to seek out  
This head of safety; and withal to pry  
Into his title, the which we find  
Too indirect for long continuance.  
Blunt. Shall I return this answer to the king?  
Hot. Not, so, Sir Walter; we'll withdraw awhile.  
Go to the king; and let there be impu'n'd  
Some surety for a safe return again,  
And in the morning early shall my uncle  
Bring him our purposes: and so farewell.  
Blunt. I would you would accept of grace and love.

Hot. And may be so we shall.

Blunt. Pray God you do. [Exeunt.]

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 busky hill! the day looks pale  
At his distemperature.

Prince. The southern wind  
Doth play the trumpet to his purposes,  
And by his hollow whistling in the leaves  
Foretells a tempest and a blustering day.  
King. Then with the losers let it sympathize,  
For nothing can seem foul to those that win.  
[The trumpet sounds.

Enter Worcester and Vernon.

Now how, 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 daff 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 unknit  
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 portent  
Of broached mischief to the unborn times?  
Wor. Hear me, my liege:  
For mine own part, I could be well content  
To entertain the lag-end of my life  
With quiet hours; for do protest,  
I have not sought the day of this dislike.  
[then?  
King. You have not sought it? how comes it  
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 own, 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,
ACT V. FIRST PART OF KING HENRY IV. SCENE II.

That brought you home and boldly did outdare
The dangers of the time. You swore to me,
And you with your oath at Doncaster,
That you did nothing purpose 'gainst the state;
Nor claim no further than your new-fall'n right,
The seat of Gaunt, dukedom of Lancaster:
To do we swore our aid. But in short space
It rain'd down fortune showering on your head;
And such a goodliness in 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 time,
So long in his unlucky Irish wars
That England, in England she was dead:
And from this swart clime of fair advantages
You took occasion to be quickly woo'd
To grieve the general sway into your hand;
Forgot your oath to us at Doncaster;
And being fed by us you used us so
As that ungenle gull, the cuckoo's bird,
Useth the sparrow; did oppress our nest;
Grew by our feeding to so great a bulk
That even our love durst not come near your sight
For fear of swallowing; but with nimble wing
We were enforced, for safety sake, to fly
Out of your sight and raise this present head;
Whereby your name was oppress'd by such means
As you yourself have forged 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 articulate,
Proclaim'd at market-crosses, read in churches,
To face the garment of rebellion
With some fine colour that may please the eye
Of fickle changelings and poor discontentents,
Which gape and rub the elbow at the news
Of hurlyburly innovation:
And never yet did insurrection want
Such water-colours to impiant his cause;
Nor muddy beggars, starving for a time
Of pelmell havoc and confusion.

Prince. In both your armies there is many a soul
Shall pay full dearly for this encounter,
If once they join in trial. Tell your nephew,
The Prince of Wales doth think of nothing but
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 our latter age with noble deeds.
For my part, I may speak it to my shame,
I have a truant been to chivalry;
And so I hear he doth account me too;
Yet this before my father's majesty—
I am content that he shall take the odds
Of his great name and estimation,
And stand or fall on either side,
Try fortune with him in a single fight. [thee,
King. And, Prince of Wales, so dare we venture
Albeit considerations infinite
Do make against it. No, good Worcester, no,
We love our people well; even those we love
That are misled upon your cousin's part;
And, will they take the offer of our grace,
Both he and they and you, yea, every man
Shall be my friend again and I'll be his:
So tell your cousin, and bring me word
What he will do: but if he will not yield,
Relauke and dread correction wait on us
And they shall do their office. So, be gone;
We will not now be troubled with reply:
We offer fair; take it advisedly.

[Exeunt Worcester and Vernon.

Prince. It will not be accepted, on my life:

The Douglas and the Hotspur both together
Are confident against the world in arms.

King. Hence that care which is given to his charge;
For, on their answer, will we set on them:
And God befriend us, as our cause is just!

[Exeunt all but the Prince of Wales and Falstaff.

Fal. Hal, if thou see me down in the battle
And straddle me, so 'tis a point of friendship.

Prince. Nor knowing a colossus can do thee that friendship.
Say thy prayers, and farewell.

Fal. I would 't were bed-time, Hal, and all well.


Fal. 'Tis not due yet; I would be loath to pay
him before his day. What need I be so forward
with him that calleth not on me? Well, it is no matter;
honour pricks me on. Yea, but how if honour
prick me off when I come on? how then? Can honour
set to a leg? no: or an arm? no: or take away
the grief of a wound? no. Honour hath no
skill in surgery, then? no. What is honour? a word.
What is in that word honour? what is that honour? air.
A trim reckoning! Who hath it? he that died o' Wednesday.
Doth he feel it? no. Doth he hear it? no. 'Tis insensible, then. Yea,
to the dead. But will it not live with the living?
no. Why? detraction will not suffer it. Therefore
I'll none of it. Honour is a mere scutcheon:
and so ends my catechism. [Exeit.

SCENE II.—The rebel camp.

Enter Worcester and Vernon.

Wor. O, no, my nephew must not know, Sir Richard,
The liberal and kind offer of the king.

Ver. 'T were best he did.

Wor. Then are we all undone.

It is not possible, it cannot be,
The king should keep his word in loving us;
He will suspect us still and find a time
To punish this offence in other faults:
Suspicion all our lives shall be stuck full of eyes;
For treason is but trusted like the fox,
Who, ne'er so tame, so cherish'd and lock'd up,
Will have a wild trick of his ancestors.
Look how we can, or sad or merrily,
Interpretation will set quote 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 bare-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 to him 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. [Exeit.

Hot. There is no seeming mercy in the king.

Doug. Did you beg any God forbid!

Wor. I told him gently of our grievances,
Of his oath-breaking; which he mended thus,
By now forswooring that he is forsworn:
He calls us rebels, traitors; and will scourge
With haughty arms this hateful name in us.

335
Re-enter Douglas.

Doug. Arm, gentlemen; to arms! for I have
A brave defiance in King Henry's teeth, [thrown
And Westmoreland, that was cutter; did he;]
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.

Hot. O, would the quarrel lay upon our heads,
And that no man might draw short breath to-day
But I and Harry Montmore, [Tell me, tell me,
How shew'd his tasking? seem'd it in contempt?
Ver. No, by my soul; I never in my life
Did hear a challenge urged more modestly,
Unless a brother should a brother dare
To gentle exercise and proof of arms.
He gave you all the duties of a man:
Trimm'd up your praises with a princely tongue,
Spoke your deservings like a chronicle,
Making you ever better than his praise
By still dispraising praise valued with you;
And, which became him like a prince indeed,
He made a blushing cital of himself;
And thou art worthy of such a grace
As if he master'd there a double spirit
Of teaching and of learning instantly.
There did he pause: but let me tell the world,
If he outlive the envy of this day,
England did never owe so sweet a hope,
So much misconstrued in his wantonness.

Hot. Cousin, I think thou art enamoured
On his follies: never did I hear
Of any prince so wild a libertine.
But be he as he will, yet once ere night
I will embrace him with a soldier's arm,
That he shall shrink under my courteous
Arm, arm with speed; and, fellows, soldiers, friends,
Better consider what you have to do
Than I, that have not well the gift of tongue,
Can lift your blood up with persuasion.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. My lord, here are letters for you.

Hot. I cannot read them now.
O gentlemen, the time of life is short!
To spend that shortness basely were too long,
If life did ride upon a dial's point,
Still ending at the arrival of an hour.
An if we live, we live to tread on kings;
If die, brave death, when princes die with us!
Now, for our consciences, the arms are fair,
When the intent of bearing them is just.

Enter another Messenger.

Mess. My lord, prepare; the king comes on apace.

Hot. I thank him, that he cuts me from my tale,
For I profess not talking; only this—
Let each man do his best: and here draw I
A sword, whose temper I intend to stain
With the best blood that I can meet withal
In the adventure of this perilous day.

Now, Esperance! Percy! and set on.
Sound all the noisy 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. [bought
Doug. The Lord of Stafford dear to-day hath
Thy likeness, for instead of thee, King Harry,
This sword hath ended him, so shall it thee,
Unless thou yield thee as my prisoner.
Blunt. I was not born a yielder, thou proud Scot;
And thou shalt find a king that will revenge
Lord Stafford's death. [They fight. Douglas kills
Blunt. Enter Hotspur.

Hot. O Douglas, hast thou fought at Holmedon
I never had triumph'd upon a Scot.
[thus,
Doug. All's done, all's won; here breathless lies
Hot. Where? [the king.
Doug. Here.

Hot. This Douglas? no: I know this face full well;
A gallant knight he was, his name was Blunt;
Semblably furnish'd like the king himself.
Doug. A fool go with thy soul, whither it goes!
A borrow'd title hast thou taken too dear:
Why didst thou tell me that thou wert a king?
Hot. The king hath many marching in his coats.
Doug. Needs must by my sword, I will kill all his coats;
I'll murder all his wardrobe, piece by piece,
Until I meet the king.
Hot. Up, and away! Our soldiers stand full fairly for the day. [Exeunt.

Alarum. Enter Falstaff, solus.

Fal. Though I could 'scape shot-free at London,
I fear the shot here; here's no scoring but upon the pate.
Soft! who are you? Sir Walter Blunt: there's honour for you! here's no vanity! I am as hot as molten lead, and as heavy too: God keep lead out of me! I need no more weight than mine own bowels.
I have led my ragamuffins where they are pepper'd: there's not three of my hundred and fifty left alive; and they are for the town's end, to beg during life.
But who comes here?

Enter the Prince.

Prince. What, stand'st thou idle here? lend me thy 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 be alive, thou get'st not my sword; but take my pistol, if thou wilt.

Prince. Give it me: what, is it in the case?

Fal. Ay, Hal; 'tis hot, 'tis hot; there's that will sack a city. [The Prince draws it out, and finds it to be a bottle of sack.

Prince. What, is it a time to jest and dally now? [He throws the bottle at him. [Exit.

Fal. Well, if Percy be alive, I'll pierce him. If he do come in my way, so: if he do not, if I come in his willingly, let him make a carbondao of me. I like not such ginning honour as Sir Walter hath: give me life; which if I can save, so; if not, honour comes unlooked for, and there's an end. [Exit.

SCENE IV.—Another part of the field.

Alarum. Excursions. Enter the King, the Prince, Lord John of Lancaster, and Earl of Westmoreland.

King. I prithee, Harry, withdraw thyself; thou bleed'st too much.
Lord John of Lancaster, go you with him.

Lon. Not I, my lord, unless I did bleed too.
Prince. I beseech your majesty, make up,
Lest your retirement do amaze your friends.
King. I will do so.
My Lord of Westmoreland, lead him to his tent.
West. Come, my lord, I'll lead you to your tent.
Prince. Lead me, my lord? Do I not need your help:
And God forbid a shallow scratch should drive
The Prince of Wales from such a field as this,
Where stain'd nobility lies trodden on,
And rebels' arms triumph in massacres!
Lan. We breathe too long: come, cousin Westmoreland,
Our duty this way lies; for God's sake, come.

[Exeunt Prince John and Westmoreland.

Prince. By God, thou hast deceived me, Lancaster;
I did not think thee lord of such a spirit:
Before, I loved thee as a brother, John;
But now, do I respect thee as my soul.
King. I saw him hold Lord Percy at the point
With lustier maintenance than I did look for
Of such an ungrown warrior.

Prince. O, this boy
Lends mettle to us all! [Exit.

Enter Douglas.

Doug. Another king! they grow like Hydra's
I am the Douglas, fatal to all those
[heads]:
That wear those colours on them: what art thou,
That dost presume to wear the person of a king?
King. The king himself; who, Douglas, grieves at
So many of his shadows thou hast met
[heart]
And not the very king. I have two boys
Seek Percy and thyself about the field:
But, seeing thou'rt set on so luckily,
I will assay thee: so, defend thyself.
Doug. I fear thou art another counterfeiter;
And yet, in faith, thou'rt bear'st thee like a king:
But mine I sure thou art, whose'er thou be,
And thus I win thee.

[They fight; the King being in danger, re-enter Prince of Wales.

Prince. Hold up thy head, vile Scot, or thou art
Never to hold it up again! the spirits
Of valiant Shirley, Stafford, Blunt, are in my arms:
It is the Prince of Wales that threatens thee;
Who never promiseth but he means to pay.

[They fight; Douglas flies.

Cheerily, my lord: how fares thy grace?
Sir Nicholas Gawsey hath forth for your sent,
And so hath Clifton: I'll to Clifton straight.

King. Stay, and breathe awhile:
Thou hast redeem'd thy lost opinion,
And show'd wilt thou makest some tender of my life,
In this fair rescue thou hast brought me to.
Prince. O God! they did me too much injury
That ever said I hearten'd for your death.
If it were so, I might have let alone
The insulting hand of Douglas over you,
Which would have been as speedy in your end
As all the poisonous potions in the world
And saved the treacherous labour of your son.
King. Make up to Clifton: I'll to Sir Nicholas Gawsey.

[Exit. Enter Hotspur.

Hot. If I mistake not, thou art Harry Monkmoon.
Prince. 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 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 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 fights with Falstaff, who falls down
as if he were dead, and exit Douglas. Hotspur is wounded, and falls.

Hot. O, Harry, thou hast robb'd me of my youth!
I better brook the loss of bittile 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 —

[Dies.

Prince. For worms, brave Percy: fare thee well,
Great heart!

Ill-weaved 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 shew of zeal:
But let my favours hide thy mangled face;
And, even in thy behalf, I'll thank myself
For doing these fair rites of tenderness.
Adieu, and take thy praise with thee to heaven!
Thy ignominy sleep with thee in the grave,
But not remember'd in thy epitaph!
[He spieh Falstaff on the ground.

What, old acquaintance! could I 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 we were in much in love with vanity!
Death hath not struck so fat a deer to-day,
Though many dearer, in this bloody fray.
Embowell'd will I see thee by and by;
Till then in blood by noble Percy lie.

[Exit. Fal. [Rising up] Embowell'd! if thou embowell me to-day, I'll give thee leave to powder me and eat me too to-morrow. 'Sblood, 't was time to counterfeit, or that hot temarkant 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; in the which better part I have saved my life. Zounds! I am afraid of this gunpowder Percy, though he be dead: how, if he should counterfeit too and rise? by my faith, I am afraid he would prove the better counterfeit. Therefore I 'll make him sure; yea, and I'll swear I killed him. Why may not he rise as well as I? Nothing confounds me but the king, and nobody sees me. Therefore, sirrah [stabb'ng him], with a new wound in your thigh, come you along with me.

[ Takes up Hotspur on his back.

Re-enter the Prince of Wales and Lord John of Lancaster.

Prince. Come, brother John; full bravely hast
Thy maiden sword.

[thou flesh'd'd Lan.

But, soft! whom have we here?
Did you not tell me this fat man was dead?
ACT V.  
FIRST PART OF KING HENRY IV.  
SCENE V.  

Prince. I did; I saw him dead, [alive?  
Breathless and bleeding on the ground.  
Art thou or is it fantasy that plays upon our eyesight?  
I prithee, speak; we will not trust our eyes  
Without our ears: thou art not what thou seem'st.  
Fal. No, that's certain; I am not a double man:  
but if I be not Jack Falstaff, then am I a Jack.  
There is Percy [throwing the body down]: if your  
father will do me any honour, so; if not, let him  
kill the next Percy himself. I look to be either earl  
or duke, I can assure you. [dead.  
Prince. Why, Percy I killed myself and saw thee  
Fal. Didst thou? Lord, Lord, how this world is  
given to lying! I grant you I was down and out of  
breath; and so was he: but we rose both at an instan-  
t 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,  
'twoulds, I would make him eat a piece of my sword.  
Wor. This is the strangest tale that ever I heard.  
Prince. This is the strangest fellow, brother John.  
Come, bring your luggage nobly on your back:  
For my part, if a lie may do thee grace,  
I'll gild it with the happiest terms I have.  
[Exit Prince of Wales and Lancaster.  

Fal. I'll follow, as they say, for reward. He that  
rewards me, God reward him! If I do grow great,  
I'll grow less; for I'll purge, and leave sack, and  
live cleanly as a nobleman should do. [Exit.  

SCENE V.—Another part of the field.  

The trumpets sound. Enter the King, Prince of Wales,  
Lord John of Lancaster, Earl of Westmoreland,  
with Worcester and Vernon prisoners.  

King. Thus ever did rebellion find rebuke.  
Ill-spirited Worcester! did not we send grace,  
Pardon and terms of love to all of you?  

And wouldst thou turn our offers contrary?  
Misuse the tenour of thy kinsman's trust?  
Three knights upon our party slain to-day,  
A noble earl and many a creature else  
Had been alive this hour,  
If like a Christian thou hadst truly borne  
Betwixt our armies true intelligence.  
Wor. What I have done my safety urged me to;  
And I embrace this fortune patiently,  
Since not to be avoided it falls on me.  
[too:  
King. Bear Worcester to the death and Vernon  
Other offenders we will pause upon.  

[Exit Worcester and Vernon, guarded.  

How goes the field? [saw  
Prince. The noble Scot, Lord Douglas, when he  
The fortune of the day quite turn'd from him,  
The noble Percy slain, and all his men  
Upon the foot of fear, fled with the rest;  
And falling from a hill, he was so bruised  
That the pursuers took him. At my tent  
The Douglas is; and I beseech your grace  
I may dispose of him.  

King. With all my heart.  
Prince. Then, brother John of Lancaster, to you  
This honourable bounty shall belong:  
Go to the Douglas, and deliver him  
Up to his pleasure, ransomless and free;  
His valour shown upon our crests to-day  
Hath taught us how to cherish such high deeds  
Even in the bosom of our adversaries.  

Lan. I thank your grace for this high courtesy,  
Which I shall give away immediately.  
[power.  
King. Then this remains, that we divide our  
You, son John, and my cousin Westmoreland.  
Towards York shall bend you with your nearest  

To meet Northumberland and the prelate Scroop.  
Who, as we hear, are busily in arms:  
Myself and you, son Harry, will towards Wales,  
To fight with Glendower and the Earl of March.  
Rebellion in this land shall lose his sway,  
Meeting the check of such another day:  
And since this business so fair is done,  
Let us not leave till all our own be won.  

[Exeunt.
THE SECOND PART OF

KING HENRY THE FOURTH.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Rumour, the Presenter.
King Henry the Fourth.
Henry, Prince of Wales, afterwards
King Henry V.,
Thomas, Duke of Clarence,
Prince John of Lancaster,
Prince Humphrey of Gloucester,
Earl of Warwick.
Earl of Westmoreland.
Earl of Surrey.
Gower.
Harcourt.
Blunt.
Lord Chief-Justice of the King's Bench,
A Servant of the Chief-Justice.
Earl of Northumberland.
Lord Mowbray.
Lord Hastings.
Lord Bardolph.
Sir John Coleville.
Travers and Morton, retainers of Northumberland.
Sir John Falstaff.
His Page.
Bardolph.
Pistol.
Poins.
Peto.
Shallow, } country justices.
Silence, }
Davy, Servant to Shallow.
Mouldy, Shadow, Wart, Feeble, and Bullool,
recruits.
Fang and Snare, Sheriff's officers.
Lady Northumberland.
Lady Percy.
Mistress Quickly, hostess of a tavern in Eastcheap.
Doll Tearsheet.
Lords and Attendants; Porter, Drawers, Beadles, Grooms, &c.
A Dancer, speaker of the epilogue.

SCENE — England.

INDUCTION.

Warkworth. Before the castle.

Enter Rumour, painted full of tongues.

Rum. Open your ears; for which of you will stop
The vent of hearing when loud Rumour speaks? I, from the orient to the drooping west,
Making the wind my post-horse, still unfold
The acts commenced on this ball of earth:
Upon my tongues continual slanders ride,
The which in every language I pronounce,
Stuffing the ears of men with false reports.
I speak of peace, while covert enmity
Under the smile of safety wounds the world:
And who but Rumour, who but only I,
Make fearful musters and prepared defence,
While the great year, swollen with some other grief,
Is thought with child by the stern tyrant war,
And no such matter? Rumour is a pipe
Blown by surmises, jealousies, conjectures,
And of so easy and so plain a stop
That the blunt monster with uncounted heads,
The still-discordant wavering multitude,
Can play upon it. But what need I thus
My well-known body to anatomize
Among my household? Why is Rumour here?
I run before King Harry's victory;
Who in a bloody field by Shrewsbury
Hath beaten down young Hotspur and his troops,
Quenching the flame of bold rebellion
Even with the rebel's blood. But what mean I
To speak so true at first? my office is
To noise abroad that Harry Monmouth fell
Under the wrath of noble Hotspur's sword,
And that the king before the Douglas' rage
Stoop'd his anointed head as low as death.
This have I rumour'd through the peasant towns
Between that royal field of Shrewsbury
And this worm-eaten hold of ragged stone,
Where Hotspur's father, old Northumberland,
Lies crafty-sick: the posts come 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

[Exit.
ACT I.

SECOND PART OF KING HENRY IV. SCENE I.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—The same.

Enter Lord Bardolph.

L. Bard. Who keeps the gate here, ho?

The Porter opens the gate.

Port. Where is the earl?

L. Bard. Tell thou the earl

That the Lord Bardolph doth attend him here.

Port. His lordship is walk'd forth into the orchard:

Please it your honour, knock but at the gate,

And he himself will answer.

Enter Northumberland.

L. Bard. Here comes the earl.

North. What news, Lord Bardolph? every minute

Should be the father of some stratagem:

The times are wild; contention, like a horse

Full of high feeding, madly hath broke loose

And bears down all before him.

L. Bard. Noble earl,

I bring you certain news from Shrewsbury.

North. Good, an God will!

L. Bard. As good as heart can wish:

The king is almost wounded to the death;

And, in the fortune of my lord your son,

Prince Harry slain outright; and both the Blunts

Killed by the hand of Douglas; young Prince John

And Westmoreland and Stafford fell the field;

And Harry Monmouth's brawn, the hulk Sir John,

Is prisoner to your son: O, such a day,

So fought, so follow'd and so fairly won,

 Came not till now to dignify the times,

Since Caesar's fortunes!

North. How is this derived?

Saw you the field? came you from Shrewsbury?

L. Bard. I spake with one, my lord, that came

from thence,

A gentleman well bred and of good name,

That freely render'd me these news for true.

North. Here comes my servant Travers, whom I sent

On Tuesday last to listen after news.

Enter Travers.

L. Bard. My lord, I over-rode him on the way;

And he is furnished with no certainties

More than he haply may retail from me.

North. Now, Travers, what good tidings come

with you?

Tra. My lord, Sir John Umfravile turn'd me back
With joyful tidings; and, being better horseed,

Outrode me. After him came spurring hard
A gentleman, almost forspent with speed,

That stopped by me to breathe his bloodied horse.

He ask'd the way to Chester; and of him

I did demand what news from Shrewsbury:

He told me that rebellion had bad luck

And that young Harry Percy's spur was cold.

With that, he gave his able horse the head,

And bending forward struck his armed heels

Against the panting sides of his poor jade

Up to the rovel-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.

[Travers

North. Why should that gentleman that rode by

Give then such instances of loss?

L. Bard. Who, he?

He was some wilding 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 title-leaf,

Foretells the nature of a tragic volume:

So looks the strand whereon the imperious flood

Hath left a witness'd usurpation.

Say, Morton, didst thou come from Shrewsbury?

Mor. I ran from Shrewsbury, my noble lord;

Where hateful death put on his ugliest mask

To fright our party.

North. How doth my son and brother?

Thou tremblest; and the whiteness in thy cheek

Is apter than thy tongue to tell thy errand.

Even such a man, so faint, so spiritless,

So dull, so dead in look, so woe-begone,

Drew Prince Harry's curtain in the dead of night,

And would have told him half his Troy was burnt;

But Priam 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 and thus;

Your brother thus: so fought the noble Douglas;

Stopping my greedy ear with their bold deeds

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.'

Mor. Douglas is living, and your brother, yet;

But, for my lord your son,—

North. Why, he is dead.

See what a ready tongue suspicion hath!

He that but fears the thing he would not know

Hath by instinct knowledge from others' eyes

That what he fear'd is chances. Yet speak, 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 gainsaid:

Your spirit is too true, your fears too certain.

North. Yet, for all this, say not that Percy's dead.

I see a strange confession in thine eye:

Thou shakest thy head and hold'st it fear or sin

To speak a truth. If he be slain, said I;

The tongue offends not that reports his death:

And he doth sin that doth belie 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 son is dead.

Mor. I am sorry I should force you to believe

That which I would to God I had not seen;

But these mine eyes saw him in bloody state,

Rendering faint quittance, wearied and out-

breathed.

To Harry Monmouth; whose swift wrath beat down

The never-daunted Percy to the earth,

From whence with life he never more sprung up.

In few, his death, whose spirit lent a fire

Even to the dullest peasant in his camp,

Being bruited once, took the dead, and heat away

From the west-temper'd courage in his troops;

For from his metal was his party steel'd;

Which once in him abated, all the rest

Turn'd on themselves, like dull and heavy lead:

And as the thing that's heavy in itself,

Upon enforcement flies with greatest speed,
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,
But now the bishop
Turns insurrection to religion:
Supposed sincere and holy in his thoughts,
He's follow'd both with body and with mind;
And doth enlarge his rising with the blood
Of fair King Richard, scraped from Pompfret stones;
Derives from heaven his quarrel and his cause;
Tell's them he doth bestride a bleeding land,
Gasping for life under great Bolingbroke;
And more and less do flock to follow him.

North. I knew of this before; but, to 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. [Exit.

SENEB 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 must have money. He denieth the harm to hit.

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 here walk before thee like a sow that hath overwhelmed all her litter but one. If the prince put thee into my service for any other reason than to set me off, why then I have no judgment. Thou whoreson mandrake, thou art fitter to be worn in my cap than to wait at my heels. I was never named 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 fledged. 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 in 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 whale for Achitophel! a rascally yeo-forsooth 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 lightning of his eye will strike it through; and yet cannot he see, though he have his own laternth 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 was married, horseless, and wived.

Enter the Lord Chief-Justice and Servant.

Page. Sir, here comes the nobleman 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' please your lordship.

Ch. Just. He that was in question for the robbery of Fal.

Serv. He, my lord: but he hath since done good service at Shrewsbury: and, as I hear, is now going with some charge to the Lord John of Lancaster.


Serv. Sir John Falstaff!

Fal. Boy, tell him I am deaf.

Page. You must speak louder; my master is deaf.

Ch. Just. I am sure he is, to the hearing of anything good. Go, pluck him by the elbow; I must speak with him.

Serv. Sir John!

Fal. What! a young knave, and begging! Is there not wars? is there not employment? doth not your majesty need soldiers? Though it be a shame to be on any side but one, it is worse shame to beg than to be on the worst side, were it worse than the name of rebellion can tell how to make it.

Serv. You mistake me, sir. Why, sir, did you say you were an honest man? setting my knighthood and my soldiership aside, I had lied in my throat, if I had said so.

Serv. I pray you, sir, then set your knighthood and your soldiership aside; and give me leave to tell you, you lie in your throat, if you say I am any other than an honest man.

Fal. I give thee leave to tell me so! I lay aside that which grows to me! If thou gettest any leave of me, hang me: if thou takest leave, thou wert better be hanged. You hunt counter: hence! avault! Sir, my lord would speak with you.

Serv. Sir John Falstaff, a word with you.

Fal. My good lord! God give your lordship good time of day. I am glad to see your lordship abroad: I heard say your lordship was sick; I hope your lordship goes abroad by advice. Your lordship, though not clean past your youth, hath yet some smack of age in you, some relish of the saltiness of time; and I most truly beseech your lordship to have a reverent care of your health.

Ch. Just. Sir John, I sent for you before your expedition to Shrewsbury.

Fal. An't please your lordship, I hear his majesty is returned with some discomfort from Wales.

Ch. Just. I talk not of his majesty; you would not come when I sent for you.

Fal. And I hear, moreover, his highness is fallen into this same whoreson apoplexy.

Ch. Just. Well, God mend him! I pray you, let me speak with you.

Fal. This apoplexy is, as I take it, a kind of lethargy, an't please your lordship; a kind of sleeping in the blood, a whoreson tingling.

Ch. Just. What tell you me of it? be it as it is.

Fal. It hath its original from much grief, from study and perturbation of the brain: I have read the cause of his effects in Galen: it is a kind of death. This apoplexy is, as I take it, a kind of sleep in the blood, the malady of not marking, that I am troubled withal.

Ch. Just. To punish you by the heels would amend the attention of your ears; and I care not if I do become your physician.

Fal. I am as poor as Job, my lord, but not so patient: your lordship may minister the potion of imprisonment to me in respect of poverty; but how I should bear my patient to follow your prescriptions, the wise may make some dram of a scruple, or indeed a scruple itself.

Ch. Just. I sent for you, when there were matters against you for your life, to come speak with me.

Fal. As I was then advised by my learned counsel in the laws of this land-service, I did not come.

Ch. Just. Well, the truth is, Sir John, you live in great infamy.

Fal. He that buckles him in his belt cannot live in less.

Ch. Just. Your means are very slender, and your waste is great.

Fal. I would it were otherwise; I would your means were greater, and my waist slenderer.

Ch. Just. You have mislaid the youthful prince.

Fal. The young prince hath mislaid me: I am the fellow with the great belly, and he my dog.

Ch. Just. Well, I am loath to gail a new-healed wound: you day's service at Shrewsbury hath a little added to your night's exploit on Gad's-hill: you may thank the unquiet time for your quiet o'er-posting that action.

Fal. My lord?

Ch. Just. But since all is well, keep it so: wake not a sleeping wolf.

Fal. To wake a wolf is as bad as to smell a fox.

Ch. Just. What you are as a candle, the better part burnt out.

Fal. A wassail candle, my lord, all tallow: if I did say of wax, my growth would approve the truth.

Ch. Just. There is not a white hair on your face but should have his effect of gravity.

Fal. His effect of gravity, Sir John.

Ch. Just. You follow the young prince up and down, like his ill angel.

Fal. Not so, my lord; your ill angel is light; but I hope he that looks upon me will take me without weighing: and yet, in some respects, I grant, I cannot say: Virtue is of so slight a regard in these costermonger times that true valour is turned bear-herd: pregnancy is made a tapster, and hath his quick wit wasted in giving reckonings; all the other gifts appertinent to man, as the malice of this age shapes them, are not worth a gooseberry. You that are old consider not the capacities of us that are young: you do measure the heat of our livers with the bitterness of your galls: and we that are in the vaward of our youth, I must confess, are wags too.

Ch. Just. Do you set down your name in the scroll of youth, that are written down old with all the characters of age? Have you not a moist eye? a dry hand? a yellow cheek? a white beard? a decreasing leg? an increasing belly? is not your voice broken? your wind short? your chin double? your wit single? and every part about you blasted with antiquity? and will you yet call yourself young? Sir, the face, Sir John.

Fal. My lord, I was born about three of the clock in the afternoon, with a white head and something a round belly. For my voice, I have lost it with halloing and singing of anthems. To approve my youth further, I will not: the truth is, I am only old in judgment and understanding: and he that old in judgment and understanding: and he that wapes with me for a thousand marks, let him lend me the money, and have at him! For the box of the ear that the prince gave you, he gave it like a rude prince, and you took it like a sensible lord. I have checked him for it, and the young lion repents; marry, not in ashes and sackcloth, but in new silk and old suck.
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. Yea; I thank you 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 illness can peep out his head but I am thrust upon it: well, I cannot last ever: but I 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, and to be scoured 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. Meany, not a penny; you are too impatient to bear crosses. Fare you well; commend me to your cousin Westmoreland.

[Exit 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 cat part young limbs and lechery: but the goat galls the one, and the fox pinches the other; and so both the degrees prevent my curses. Boy!

Page. Sir?

Fal. What money is in my purse?

Page. Seven groats and two pence.

Fal. I can get no remedy against this consummation of the purse: borrowing only lingers and lingers it out, but the disease is incurable. Go bear this letter to my Lord of Lancaster; this to the prince; this to the Earl of Westmoreland; and this to old Mistress Ursula, whom I have weekly sworn to marry since I perceived the first white hair on my chin. I will know where to find me.

[Exit 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. 'T is no matter if I do halt; I have the wars for my colour, and my pension shall seem the more reasonable. A good wit will make use of any thing: I will turn diseases to commodity.

[Exit.

ACT II.

SECOND PART OF KING HENRY IV. SCENE III.

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?

Mowbr. 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.

Host. 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.

[eth thus;

L. Bard. The question then, Lord Hastings, standeth—
Whether our present five and twenty thousand
May hold up head without Northumberland?

Host. With him, we may.

L. Bard. Why, marry, there's the point:
But if without him we be thought too feeble,
My judgment is, we should not step too far
Till we had his assistance by the hand;
For in a theme so bloody-faced as this
Conjecture, expectation, and surmise
Of aids uncertain should not be admitted.

Arch. 'Tis very true, Lord Bardolph; for indeed
It was young Hotspur at Shrewsbury. [Here's hope,
L. Bard. It was, my lord; who lined himself with
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 madness, to his powers to death
And winking leap'd into destruction.

Host. But, by your leave, it never yet did hurt
To lay down likeliness 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 asparagus growing; whilst to prove fruit,
Hope gives not so much warrant as despair
That frosts will bite them. When we mean to build,
We first survey the plot, then draw the model;
And when we see the figure of the house,
Then must we rate the cost of the erection;
Which if we find run out of our capacity.
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 surveys, know own our 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.

Host. 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. [thousand?
L. Bard. What, is the king but five and twenty
Host. To us no more; nay, not so much, Lord Bar-
For his divisions, as the times do brawll.
[phosph. Are in three heads: one power against the French,
And one against Glendower; perfette a third
Must take up us: so is the unfirm king
In three divided; and his coffers sound
With hollow poverty and emptiness.
[Together
Arch. That he should draw his several strengths
And come against us in full puissance,
Need not be dreaded.

Host. If he should so do,
He leaves his back unarmed, the French and Welsh
Baying him at the heels: never fear that. [thither?
L. Bard. Who is it like should lead his forces
Host. The Duke of Lancaster and Westmoreland;
And 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.

[Exit.

O thou fond many, with what loud applause

Enter Hostess, Fang and his Boy with her, and Snare following.

Host. Master Fang, have you entered the action?
Fang. It is entered.
Host. Where's your woman? Is't a lusty yeoman? will a' stand it?
Fang. Sirrah, where's Snare?
Host. O Lord, ay! good Master Snare.
Snare. Here, here.
Host. Fang, Snare, we must arrest Sir John Falstaff.
Fang. Yea, good Master Snare; I have entered him and all.
Snare. It may chance cost some of our lives, for he will stab.
Host. Alas the day! take heed of him: he stabbed me in mine own house, and that most beastly: in good faith, he cares not what mischief he does, if his weapon be out: he will foin like any devil; he will spare neither man, woman, nor child.
Fang. If I can close with him, I care not for his thrust.
Host. No, nor I neither: I'll be at your elbow.
Fang. An I but fist him once; an' a come but within my vice,—
Host. I am undone by his going: I warrant you, he's an infinitive thing upon my score. Good Master Fang, hold him sure: good Master Snare, let him not 'scape. A' comes continually to Pincorner—saving your manhoods—to buy a saddle; and he is indited to dinner to the Lubber's-head in Lambert street, to Master Smooth the silkman: I pray ye, since my exon is entered and my case so openly known to the world, let him be brought in to his answer. A hundred mark is a long one for a poor lone woman to bear: and I have borne, and borne, and have been rubbed off, and rubbed off, from this day to that day, that it is a shame to be thought on. There is no honesty in such dealing; unless a woman should be made an ass and a beast, to bear every knave's wrong. Yonder he comes; and that arrant malmesy-nose knave, Bardolph, with him. Do your offices, do your offices: Master Fang and Master Snare, do me, do me, do me your offices.

Enter Falstaff, Page, and Bardolph.

Fal. How now! whose mare's dead? what's the matter?
Fang. Sir John, I arrest you at the suit of Mistress Quickly.
Page. Away, varlets! Draw, Bardolph: cut me off the villain's head; throw the queen in the channel.
Host. Throw me in the channel! I'll throw thee in the channel. Wilt thou? wilt thou? thou bastardly rogue! Murder, murder! Ah, thou honey-suckle villain! wilt thou kill God's officers and the king's? Ah, thou honey-seed rogue! thou art a honey-seed, a man-queller, and a woman-queller.
Fal. Keep them off, Bardolph.

ACT II.


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Are now become enamour'd on his grave:
Thou, that throw'dst dust upon his goodly head
When through proud London he came sighing on
After the admired heels of Bolingbroke,
Cried now 'O earth, yield us that king again,
And take thou this!' O thoughts of men accurst!
Past and to come seems best; things present worst.
Mowb. Shall we go draw our numbers and set on?
Hast. We are time's subjects, and time bids be gone. [Exeunt.

Fal. A rescue! a rescue!
Host. Good people, bring a rescue or two. Thou won't, won't thou? won't thou, won't a? do, do, thou rogue! do, thou hemp-seed!
Fal. Away, you scullion! you rampallian! you fustilarian! I'll tickle your catastrophe.

Enter the Lord Chief-Justice, and his men.

Ch. Just. What is the matter? keep the peace here, ho!
Host. Good my lord, be good to me. I beseech you, stand to me.
Ch. Just. How now, Sir John; what are you bawling here? for what matter? Dost this become your place, your time and suit? You should have been well on your way to York. Stand from hence, fellow: wherefore hang'st upon him?
Host. O my most worshipful lord, an't please your grace, I am a poor widow of Eastcheap, and he is arrested at my suit.
Ch. Just. For what sum?
Host. It is more than for some, my lord; it is for all, all I have. He hath eaten me out of house and home; he hath put all my substance into that fat belly of his: but I will have some of it out again, or I will ride thee o' nights like the mare.
Fal. I think I am as like to ride the mare, if I have any vantage of ground to get up.
Ch. Just. How comes this, Sir John? Fie! what man of good temper would endure this tempest of exclamation? Are you not ashamed to enforce a poor widow to so rough a course to come by her own?
Fal. What is the gross sum that I owe thee?
Host. Marry, if thou wert an honest man, thyself and the money too. Thou didst swear to me upon a parcel-gilt goblet, sitting in my Dolphin-chamber, at the round-table, by a sea-coal fire, upon Wednesday in Wheesoon week, when the prince brake thy head for likin' his father to a singing-man of Windsor, thou didst swear to me then, as I was washing thy wound, to marry me and make me thy lady thy wife. Canst thou deny it? Did not goodwife Keech, the butcher's wife, come in then and call me gossip Quickly? coming in to borrow a mess of vinegar; telling us she had a good dish of prawns; whereby thou didst desire to eat some; whereby I told thee they were ill for a green wound? And didst thou not, when she was gone down stairs, desire me to be no more so familiarly with such poor people; saying that ere long they should call me madam. And didst thou not kiss me and bid me fetch thee thirty shillings? I put thee now to thy book-outh: deny it, if thou canst.
Fal. My lord, this is a poor mad soul; and she says up and down the town that her eldest son is like you: she hath been in good case, and the truth is, poverty hath distracted her. But for these foolish officers, I beseech you I may have redress against them.
ACT II.  SECOND PART OF KING HENRY IV.  SCENE II.

Ch. Just.  Sir John, Sir John, I am well acquainted with you in manner of wenching; the true cause of the false way. It is not a confident brow, nor the throng of words that come with such more than impudent sauciness from you, can thrust me from a level consideration: you have, as it appears to me, practised upon the easy-yielding spirit of this woman, and made her serve your uses both in parole and in person.

Host.  Yea, in truth, my lord.

Ch. Just.  Pray thee, peace. Pay her the debt you owe her, and unpay the villany you have done her: the one you may do with sterling money, and the other with current repentance.

Host.  I will not undergo this snare without reply. You call honourable boldness impudent sauciness; if a man will make courtesy and say nothing, he is virtuous: no, my lord, my humble duty remembered, I will not be your sitor. I say to you, I do desire deliverance from these officers, being upon hasty employment in the king's affairs.

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 near at hand: the rest the paper tells. [Wales are made in a gentleman.

Host.  Faith, you said so before. [of it. As I am a gentleman. Come, no more words.

Host.  By this heavenly ground I tread on, I must be fain to wash both my plate and the tapestry of my dining-chambers.

Fal.  Glasses, glasses, is the only drinking: and for thy walls, a pretty slight drollery, or the story of the Frodital, or the German hunting in waterwork, is worth a thousand of these bed-hangings and these fly-bitten tapestries. Let it be ten pound, if thou hast. Come, an't were not for thy humour, 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 this.

Host.  Pray thee, Sir John, let it be but twenty nobles: 'tis faith, I am loath to wash my plate, so God save me, la!

Fal.  Let it alone; I'll make other shift: you'll be fain to wash it.

Host.  Well, you shall have it, though I pawn my gown. I hope you'll come to supper. You'll pay me all together?


Host.  Will you have Doll Tarsheet meet you at Fal.  No more words; let's have her. [supper?] [Exeunt Hostess, Bardolph, Officers and Boy.

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? [horse, Gove No; fifteen hundred foot, five hundred 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 the letters of me pres-Come, go along with me, good Master Gower.

Fal.  My lord!

Ch. Just.  What's the matter? [to dinner]

Fal.  Master Gower, shall I entreat you with me

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 you these manners, Sir John?

Fal.  Master Gower, if they become me not, he was a fool that taught them me. This is the right fencing grace, my lord; tap for tap, and so part fair.

Ch. Just.  Now the Lord lighten thee! thou art a great fool.

[Exeunt.

SCENE II.—London. Another street.

Enter Prince Henry and Poins.

Prince.  Before God, I am exceeding weary.

Poins.  Is 't come to that? I had thought weariness durst not have attached one so of high blood.

Prince.  Faith, it does me; though it discoursels the complexion of my greatness to acknowledge it. Dost it not show viliy in me to desire small beer?

Poins.  Why, a prince should not be so loosely studied as to remember so weak a composition.

Prince.  Belike then my appetite was not princely got; for, by my troth, I do now remember the poor creature, small beer. But, indeed, these humble considerations make me out of love with my greatness. What a disgrace is it to me to remember thy name! or to know thy face to-morrow! or to take note how many pair of silk stockings thou hast, viz. these, and those that were thy peach-coloured ones! or to bear the inventory of thy shirts, as, one for superfluity, and another for use! But that the tennis-court-keeper knows better than I; for it is a low ebb of linen with thee when thou keepest not racket there; as thou hast not done a great while, because the rest of thy low countries have made a shift to eat up thy holland: and God knows, whether those that bawl out the rungs of thy linen shall inherit his kingdom: but the midwives say the children are not in the fault; whereupon the world increases, and kindreds are mightily strengthened.

Poins.  How ill it follows, after you have laboured so hard, you should talk so idly! Tell me, how many good young princes would do so, their fathers being so sick as yours at this time is?

Prince.  Shall I tell thee one thing, Poins?

Poins.  Yes, faith; and let it be an excellent good thing.

Prince.  It shall serve among wits of no higher breeding than thine.

Poins.  Go to: I stand the push of your one thing that you will tell.

Prince.  Marry, I tell thee, it is not meet that I should say, now my father is sick: albeit I could tell to thee, as to one it pleases me, for fault of a better, to call my friend, I could be sad, and sad indeed too.

Poins.  Very hardly upon such a subject.

Prince.  By this hand, thou thinkest me as far in the devil's book as thou and Falstaff for obduracy and persistence: let the end try the man. But I tell thee, my heart bleeds inwardly that my father is so sick: and keeping such vile company as thou art hath in reason taken from me all ostentation of Poins.  The reason? [sorrow.

Prince.  What wouldst thou think of me, if I should weep? [crie.

Poins.  Very.

Prince.  I would think thee a most princely hypo-

Prince.  It would be every man's thought; and thou art a blessed fellow to think as every man thinks; never a man's thought in the world keeps the road-way better than thine: every man would think me an hypocrite indeed. And what accites your most worshipful thought to think so?
ACT II.  SECOND PART OF KING HENRY IV. SCENE III.

Enter Bardolph and Page.

Prince. And the boy that I gave Falstaff: a' had him from me Christian; and look, if the fat villain have not transformed him ape.

Bard. God save your grace!

Prince. And yours, most noble Bardolph!

Bard. Come, you virtuous ass, you bashful fool, must you be blushing? wherefore blush you now? What a maidenly man-at-arms are you become! Is 't such a matter to get a pottole-pot's maidenhead?

Page. A' calls me e'en now, my lord, through a red lattice, and I could discern no part of his face from the window: at last I spied his eyes, and me-thought he had made two holes in the ale-wife's new petticoat and so peeped through.

Prince. Has not the boy profited?

Bard. Away, you whoremonger upright rabbit, away!

Page. Away, you rascally Althea's dream, away!

Prince. No, boy! that dream, boy?

Page. Marry, my lord, Althea dreamed she was delivered of a fire-brand; and therefore I call him her dream.

Prince. A crown's worth of good interpretation: there 'tis, boy.

Page. O, that this good blossom could be kept from canker! Well, there is sixpence to preserve thee.

Bard. An you do not make him hanged among you, the gallows shall have wrong.

Prince. And how doth thy master, Bardolph?

Bard. Well, my lord. He heard of your grace's coming to town; there's a letter for you.

Page. Delivered with good respect. And how doth the marlitters, your master?

Bard. In bodily health, sir.

Page. Marry, the immortal part needs a physician; but that moves not him: though that be sick, it dies not.

Prince. I do allow this wen to be as familiar with me as my dog; and he holds his place; for look you how he writes.

Page. [Reads] 'John Falstaff, knight,'—every man must know that, as oft as he has occasion to name himself: even like those that are kin to the king; for they never prick their finger but they say, 'There's some of the king's blood split.' 'How comes that?' says he, that takes upon him not to conceive. The answer is as ready as a borrower's cap, 'I am the king's poor cousin, sir.'

Prince. Nay, they will be kin to us, or they will fetch him. But in the letter:

Page. [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!

Page. [Reads] 'I will imitate the honourable Romans in brevity. * he sure means brevity in breath, shite, and word. * I commend me to thee, I commended thee, and I leave thee. Be not too familiar with Poins; for he misuses th' 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 kinsmen, 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.

Page. What'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. Yes, 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. Ephesus, 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 languish may that be?

Page. A proper gentlewoman, sir, and a kinswoman of my master's.

Poins. Twas such kin as the parish hiears are to the town bull. Shall we steal upon them, Ned, at supper?

[You.

Page. I am your shadow, my lord; I'll follow.

Prince. Sirrah, you boy, and Bardolph, no word to your master that I am yet come to town: there's for your service, boy that dream, boy?

Bard. I have no tongue, sir.

Page. And for mine, sir, I will govern it.

Prince. Fare you well; go. [Exeunt Bardolph and Page.] This Doll Tearsheet should be some road.

Page. I warrant you, as common as the way between Saint Allian's and London.

Prince. How might we see Falstaff bestow himself to-night in his true colours, and not ourselves be seen?

Page. Put on two leathern jerkins and aprons, and wait upon him at his table as drawers.

Prince. From a God to a bull? a heavy descent! 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.

[Exeunt.

SCENE III. — Warkworth. Before the castle.

Enter Northumberland, Lady Northumberland, and Lady Percy.

North. I pray thee, loving wife, and gentle daughter, give even way unto my rough affairs: [ter, But 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. [wars! 

Lady P. O yet, for God's sake, go not to these times was, father, that you broke your word, When you were more endure'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 your sake, 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 more, as he practised not his gait; And speaking thick, which nature made his blemish, Became the accents of the valiant; For those 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 affection of delight  
In military rules, rumours 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, unsecked by you,  
To seek upon the hidden gods 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 other than with him  
Let him 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 their puissance made a little easy.  
[King,  
Lady P. If they get ground and vantage of the  
Then join you with them, like a rib of steel,  
To make strength stronger; but, for all our loves,  
First let them try themselves. So did your son;  
He was so suffer'd: so came I a widow;  
And never shall have length of life enough  
To rain upon remembrance with mine eyes,  
That it may grow and sprout as high as heaven,  
For recordation to my noble husband.  
[mind  
North. Come, come, go in with me. 'Tis with my  

As with the tide swell'd up unto his height,  
That makes a still-stand, running neither way:  
Fain would I go to meet the archbishop,  
But many thousand reasons hold me back.  
I will resolve for Scotland: there am I,  
Till time and vantage crave my company.  
[Exeunt.

SCENE IV.—London. The Boar's-Head Tavern  
In Eastcheap.  

Enter two Drawers.  


Mass. Thou sayest true. The prince  
once set a dish of apple-johns before him, and told him there were five more Sir Johns, and, putting off his hat, said 'I will now take my leave of these six dry, round, old, withered knights.' It angered him to the heart: but he hath forgot that.  

First Draw. Why, then, cover, and set them down: and see if thou canst find out Sneak's noise; Mistress Tarsheet would fear some music. Dis-  
patch: the room where they sleep is too hot: they'll come in straight.  

Sec. Draw. Sirrah, here will be the prince and  
Master Poinson anon; and they will put on two of our jerkins and aprons; and Sir John must not  
know of it: Bardolph hath brought word.  

First Draw. By the mass, here will be old Utis:  
it will be an excellent stratagem.  

Sec. Draw. I'll see if I can find out Sneak.  
[Exit.

Enter Hostess and Doll Tarsheet.  

Host. 1 faith, sweetheart, methinks now you are in an excellent good temperality: your pulsidge beats as extraordinarily as heart would desire; and your colour, I warrant you, is as red as any rose, in good truth, la! But, 1 faith, you have drunk too  
much canaries; and that's a marvellous searching  
wine, and it perfumes the blooming one can say 'What's this?' How do you now?  

Host. Better than I was: hem!  

Host. Why, that's well said; a good heart's worth  
gold. Lo, here comes Sir John.  

Enter Falstaff.  

Fal. [Singing] 'When Arthur first in court—'  

Empty the Jordan. [Exit First Drawer.]-[Singing] 'And was a worthy king.' How now, Mistress Doll!  

Host. Sick of a calm; yea, good faith.  

Fal. So is all her sect; an they be once in a calm, they are sick.  

Host. You muddy rascal, is that all the comfort  
you give me?  

Fal. You make fat rascals, Mistress Doll.  

Host. I make them! gluttony and diseases make them; I make them not.  

Fal. If the cook help to make the gluttony, you  
help to make the diseases, Doll: we catch of you,  
Doll, we catch of you; grant that, my poor virtue,  
grant that.  

Fal. Yea, joy, our chains and our jewels.  

Host. 'Your brooches, pearls, and onches: for to  
serve bravely is to come halting off, you know: to  
come off the breech with his pike bent bravely, and  
to surgery bravely; to venture upon the charged chambers bravely—'  

Dol. Hang yourself, you muddy conger, hang yourself!  

Host. By my troth, this is the old fashion; you  
two never meet but you fall to some discord; you  
are both, 1 good truth, as rheumatic as two dry  
drinks; you cannot one bear with another's com-  
firmities. What the good-year! one must bear,  
and that must be you: you are the weaker vessel,  
as they say, the emptier vessel.  

Fal. Can a weak empty vessel bear such a huge  
full bogghead? there's a whole merchant's venture  
of Bourdeaux stuff in him; you have not seen a  
hulk better stuffed in the hold. Come, I'll be  
friends with thee, Jack; thou art going to the  
war; and whether I shall ever see thee again or  
no, there is nobody cares.  

Re-enter First Drawer.  

First Draw. Sir, Ancient Pistol's below, and  
would speak with you.  

Host. Hang him, swaggering rascal! let him not  
come hither: it is the foul-mouthed'st rogue in  
England.  

Host. If he swagger, let him not come here: no,  
by my faith; I must live among my neighbours;  
I'll no swaggerers: I am in good name and fame  
with the very best: shut the door; there comes no  
swaggerers here: I have not lived all this while,  
to have swaggering now: shut the door, I pray you.  

Fal. Dost thou hear, hostess?  

Host. Pray ye, pacify yourself, Sir John; there  
comes no swaggerers here.  

Fal. Dost thou hear? it is mine ancient.  

Host. Tilly-fally, Sir John, ne'er tell me: your  
ancient swaggerer comes not in my doors. I was  
before Master Tisick, the deputy, t'other day: and,  
as he said to me, 't was no longer ago than Wed-  
nesday last, 'I good faith, neighbour Quickly,'  
says he; Master Dumble, my minister, was by then;  
'neighbour Quickly,' says he, 'receive those that  
are civil; for,' said he, 'you are in an ill name:  
now a' said so, I can tell whereupon; ' for,' says  
him; 'you are an honest fellow; I am no better  
down; therefore take heed what guests you receive:  
receive,' says he, 'no swaggering companions.'  
There comes none here: you would bless you to  
hear what he said: no, I'll no swaggerers.  

Fal. He's no swaggerer, hostess; a tame cheater,
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. Chester, 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.

Dol. So you do, hostess.

Host. Do I? yea, in very truth, do I, an' t were an aspen leaf: I cannot abide swaggerers.

Enter Pistol, Bardolph, and Page.

Pist. God save you, Sir John!

Fol. Welcome, Ancient Pistol. Here, Pistol, I charge you with a cup of sack: do you discharge upon mine hostess.

Pist. I will discharge upon her, Sir John, with two bullets.

Fol. She is pistol-proof, sir; you shall hardly offend her.

Host. Come, I'll drink no poore nor no bullets: I'll drink no more than will do me good, for no man's pleasure.

Pist. Then to you, Mistress Dorothy; I will charge you.

Dol. Charge me! I scorn you, scurvy companion. What! you poor, base, rascally, cheating, lack-linen mate! Away, you mouldy rogue, away! I am met for your master.

Pist. I know you, Mistress Dorothy.

Dol. Away, you cut-purse rascal! you filthy bung, away! by this wine, I'll thrust my knife in your mouldy chaps, and you play the saucy ruffian with me. Away, you bumbling rascal! you basket-lilt stag, jigger, you! Since when, I pray you, sir, God's light, with two points on your shoulder? much!

Pist. God let me not live, but I will murder your ruff for this.

Fol. 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.

Dol. Captain! thou abominable damned cheater, art thou not ashamed to be called captain? An captains were of my mind, they would trunchon you out, for taking their names upon you before you have earned them. You a captain! you slave, for what? for fearing a poor whoreson ruff in a bawdy-house? He a captain! hang him, rogue! he lives upon mouldy 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.

Bord. Pray thee, go down, good ancient.

Fol. Hank thee hither, Mistress Doll.

Pist. Not I: I tell thee what, Corporal Bardolph, I could tear her: I'll be revenged of her.

Page. Pray thee, go down.

Pist. I'll see her damned first; to Phuto's damned lake, by this hand, to the infernal deep, with Erebos and tortures vile also. Hold hook and line, say I. Down, down, dogs! down, failors! Have we not Hiren here?

Host. Good Captain Peeseel, be quiet; 'tis very late. 'faith: I beseech you now, aggravate your choler.

Pist. These be good humours, indeed! Shall pack— And hollow pamper'd jades of Asia, [horses Which cannot go but thirty mile a-day, Compare with Cæsars, 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. 'S fortune to torment me, sperato me contento.' Fear we broadside? no, let the fiend give fire: Give me some sack: and, sweetly, lie thon there.

[Snatching down his sword.

Come we to full points here; and are eteceteras

Fol. Pistol, I would be quiet. [nothing?

Pist. Sweet knight, I kiss thy neeti: 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?

Dol. Quoit him down, Bardolph, like a shove-great shilling: nay, an a' do nothing but speak nothing, a' shall be nothing here.

Bard. Come, get you down stairs.

Pist. What shall we have incision? shall we imbrue?

[Snatching up his sword.

Then death rock me asleap, abridge my doleful days! Why, then, let grievous, ghastly, gaping wounds Untwine the Sisters Three! Come, Atropos, I say! Host. Here's goodly stuff toward!

Fol. Give me my rapier, boy.

Dol. I pray thee, Jack, I pray thee, do not draw.

Fol. 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 tiritts and frights. So; murder, I warrant now. Alas, alas! put up your naked weapons, put up your naked weapons.

[Ereunt Pistol and Bardolph.

Dol. I pray thee, Jack, be quiet; the rascal's gone. Ah, you whoreson little villain, you! Host. Are you not hurt? I the groin? me thought a made a shrewd thrust at your belly.

Re-enter Bardolph.

Fol. Have you turned him out o' doors?

Bard. Yes, sir. The rascal's drunk: you have hurt him, sir, i' the shoulder.

Fol. A rascal! to brave me!

Dol. Ah, you sweet little rogue, you! Alas, poor ape, how thou sweetest! come, let me wipe thy face; come on, you whoreson chaps: ah, rogue! I faith, I love thee: thou art as valorous as Hector of Troy, worth five of Agamemnon, and ten times better than the Nine Worthies: ah, villain!

Fol. A rascally slave! I will toss the rogue in a blanket.

Dol. Do, an thou darest for thy heart: an thou dost, I'll canvass thee between a pair of sheets.

Enter Music.

Page. The music is come, sir.

Fol. Let them play, Play, sirs. Sit on my knee, Doll. A rascally bragging slave! the rogue fled from me like quicksilver.

Dol. I' faith, and thou followedst him like a church. Thou whoreson little tidy Bartholomew boar-pig, when wilt thou leave fighting o' days and foining o' nights, and begin to patch up thine old body for heaven?

Enter, behind, Prince Henry and Poins, disguised.

Fol. Peace, good Doll! do not speak like a death's-head; do not bid me remember mine end.
ACT II.  SECOND PART OF KING HENRY IV.  SCENE IV.

Dol. Sirrah, what humour 's the prince of?  
Fal. A good shallow young fellow; a' would have made a good painter, a' would have whipped a broom.  
Dol. They say Poius has a good wit. [well.  
Fal. He a good wit? hang him, baboon! his wit's as thick as Tewksbury mustard; there's no more conceit in him than is in a mallet.  
Dol. Why does the prince love him so, then?  
Fal. Because their legs are both of a bigness, and a' plays at quoits with cats conger and tennel, and drinks off candles' ends for flap-dragons, and rides the wild-mare with the boys, and jumps upon joined-stools, and swears with a good grace, and wears his boots very smooth, like unto the sign of the leg, and breeds no bate with telling of discreet stories and such other gambol faculties a' has, that show a weak mind and an able body, for the which the prince admits him: for the prince himself is such another; the weight of a hair will turn the scales between their avoidopols.  
Prince. Would not this nave of a wheel have his ears cut off?  
Poius. Let 's beat him before his whore.  
Prince. Look, whether the withered elder hath not his poll clawed like a parrot.  
Poius. Is it not strange that desire should so many years outlive performance?  
Fal. Kiss me, Dol.  
Prince. Saturn and Venus this year in conjunction! what says the almanac to that?  
Poius. And, look, whether the fiery Trigon, his man, be not lisping to his master's old tables, his note-book, his counsel-keeper.  
Fal. Thou dost give me flattering busses.  
Dol. By my troth, I kiss thee with a most constant heart.  
Fal. I am old, I am old.  
I love thee better than I love e'r a scurvy young boy of them all.  
Fal. What stuff wilt have a kirtle of? I shall receive money o' Thursday: shall have a cap to-morrow. A merry song, come: it grows late; we'll to bed. Thou 'lt forget me when I am gone.  
Dol. By my troth, thou 'lt set me a-weeping, an thou sayest so: prove that ever I dress myself hand-some till thy return: well, hearken at the end.  
Fal. Some sack, Francis.  
Prince. [Anon, anon, sir.  
[Coming forward.  
Fal. Hal! a bastard son of the king's? And art not thou Poius his brother?  
Prince. Why, thou glob of sinful continents, with what post dost thou leal!  
Fal. A better than thou: I am a gentleman; thou art a drawer.  
Prince. Very true, sir; and I come to draw you out by the ears.  
Host. O, the Lord preserve thy good grace! by my troth, welcome to London. Now, the Lord bless that sweet face of thine! O Jesu, are you come from Wales?  
Fal. Thou whoreson mad compound of majesty, by this light flesh and corrupt blood, thou art well.  
Dol. How, you fat fool! I scorn you. [come.  
Poius. My lord, he will drive you out of your reverie, and turn all to a merriment, if you take not the heat.  
Prince. You whoreson candle-mine, you, how villy did you speak of me even now before this honest, virtuous, civil gentliewoman!  
Host. God's blessing of your good heart! and so she is, by my troth.  
Fal. Didst thou hear me?  
Prince. Yea, and you knew me, as you did when you ran away by Gad's-hill: you knew I was at your back, and spoke it on purpose to try my patience.  
Fal. No, no, no; not so; I did not think thou wast within hearing.  
Prince. I shall drive you then to confess the wilful abuse; and then I know how to handle you.  
Fal. No abuse, Hal, o' my honour; no abuse.  
Prince. Not to dispraise me, and call me panter and bread-chipper and I know not what?  
Fal. No abuse, Hal.  
Poius. No abuse?  
Fal. No abuse, Ned, i' the world; honest Ned, none. I dispraise him before the wicked, that the wicked might not fall in love with him; in which doing, I have done part of a careful friend and a true subject, and thy father is to give me thanks for it. No abuse, Hal: none, Ned: none: no, faith, boys none.  
Prince. See now, whether pure fear and entire cowardice doth not make thee wrong this virtuous gentliewoman to close with us? is she of the wicked? is thine hostess here of the wicked? or is thy boy of the wicked? or honest Bardolph, whose zeal burns in his nose, of the wicked?  
Poius. Answer, thou dead elm, answer.  
Fal. The fiend hath picked down Bardolph irrecoverable; and his face is Lucifer's privy-kitchen, where he doth nothing but roast malt-worms. For the boy, there is a good angel about him; but the devil outbids him too.  
Prince. For the women?  
Fal. For one of them, she is in hell already, and burns poor souls. For the other, I owe her money; and whether she be damned for that, I know not.  
Host. No, I warrant you.  
Fal. No, I think thou art not; I think thou art quits for that. Marry, there is another indictment upon thee, for suffering flesh to be eaten in thy house, contrary to the law; for the which I think thou wilt howl.  
Host. All victuallers do so; what 's a joint of mutton or two in a whole Lent?  
Prince. You, gentlewoman,—  
Dol. What says your grace?  
Fal. 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 weariest 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, Poius, 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, Poius, Peto, and Bardolph.  
Fal. Now comes in the sweetest morsel of the night, and we must hence and leave it unpecked.  
[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, farewells; farewell, Dol. 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 be not sent away post, I will see you again ere I go.  

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ACT III.

SCENE I.—Westminster. The palace.

Enter the King in his night-gown, with a Page.

King. Go call the Earls of Surrey and of Warwick; But, ere they come, bid them o'er-read these letters, And well consider of them: make good speed.

[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 frighted thee, That thou no more wilt weigh my eyelids down, And livearest in this dreary and despised bed? Why rather, sleep, liest thou in smoky beds, Upon uneasy pallets stretching thee 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 full’d with sound of sweetest melody? O thou dull god, why liest thou with the vile In loathsome beds, and leavest the kingly couch A watch-case or a common 'larum-bell? Wilt thou upon the high and giddy mast Seal up the ship-boy's eyes, and rock his brains In cradle of the rude imperious surge And in the which the motion of the winds Who take the ruffian billows by the top, Curling their monstrous heads and hanging them With deafening clamour in the slippery clouds, That, with the hurly, death itself awakes? Canst thou, O partial sleep, give thy repose To the wet sea-boy in an hour so rude, And in the calmest and most stillest night, With all appliances and means to boot, Deny it to a king? Then happy low, lie down! 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. 

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 beachy 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,
ACT III. SECOND PART OF KING HENRY IV. SCENE II.

Sil. Good morrow, good cousin Shallow.
Shal. And how doth my cousin, your bedfellow? and your fairest daughter and mine, my god-daughter Ellen?
Sil. Alas, a black onsel, cousin Shallow!
Shal. By yea and nay, sir, I dare say my cousin William is become a good scholar: he is at Oxford still, is he not?
Sil. Indeed, sir, to my cost.
Shal. I must, then, to the inns o' court shortly. I was once of Clement's Inn, where I think they will talk of mad Shallow yet.
Sil. You were called 'husty Shallow' then, cousin.
Shal. By the mass, I was called any thing; and I would have done any thing indeed too, and roundly too. There was 1, and little John Doit of Staffordshire, and black George Barnes, and Francis Pickbone, and Will Squeue, a Cotswold man; you had not four such swinge-bucklers in all the inns o' court again: and I may say to you, we knew where the bona-robias were and had the best of them all at commandment. Then was Jack Falstaff, now Sir John, and page to Thomas Mowbray, Duke of Norfolk.
Sil. This Sir John, cousin, that comes hither anon about soldiers?
Shal. The same Sir John, the very same. I see him break Skogan's head at the court-gate, when a' was a-lying in the very sick-bed; and the very next day I did fight with one Sampson Stockfishe, a fruitier, behind Gray's Inn. Jesu, Jesu, the mad days that I have spent! and to see how many of my old acquaintance are dead!
Sil. We shall all follow, cousin.
Shal. Jesu! Jesu, dead! a' drew a good bow; and dead! a' shot a fine shoot: John a Gaunt loved him well, and betted much money on his head. Dead! a' would have clapped i' the clout at twelve score; and carried you a forehead shaft a fourteen and four score, such a blow, that it would have done a man's heart good to see. How a score of eues now?
Sil. Thereafter as they be: a score of good eues may be worth ten pounds.
Shal. And is old Double dead? [I think.
Sil. Here come two of Sir John Falstaff's men, as proceeding good command, by heaven. Accommodated; that is, when a man is, as they say, accommodated; or when a man is, being, whereby a' may be thought to be accommodated; which is an excellent thing.
Shal. It is very just.

Enter Falstaff.

Look, here comes good Sir John. Give me your good hand, give me your worship's good hand: by my troth, you like well and bear your years very well: welcome, good Sir John.

Fal. I am glad to see you well, good Master Robert Shallow: Master Surecard, as I think?
Shal. No, Sir John; it is my cousin Silence, in command with me.

Fal. Good Master Silence, it well befits you should be of the peace.

Sil. Your good worship is welcome.
Fal. Fie! this is hot weather, gentlemen. Have you provided me here half a dozen sufficient men?
Shal. Marry, have we, sir. Will you sit?
Fal. Let me see them, I beseech you.
Shal. Where's the roll? where's the roll? Let me see, let me see, let me see. So, so, so, so, so, so: yea, marry, sir; Ralph Mouldy! Let them appear as I call; let them do so, let them do so. Let me see; where is Mouldy?
Moul. Here, and I 'prentice you.
Shal. What think you, Sir John? a good-limbed fellow; young, strong, and of good friends.

Fal. Is thy name Mouldy?
Moul. Yea, an 't please you.
Fal. 'T is the more time thou wert used.

Moul. Ha, ha, ha! most excellent, i' faith! things that are mouldy lack use: very singular good! in faith, well said, Sir John, very well said.

Fal. Prick him.
Moul. I was pricked well enough before, an you could have let me alone: my old dame will be undone now for one to do her hardystry and her drudgery: you need not to have prick'd me; there are other men fitter to go out than I.

Fal. Goto: peace, Mouldy; you shall go. Mouldy, it is time you were spent.

Moul. Spent!:

Shal. Peace, fellow, peace; stand aside: know you where you are? For the other, Sir John: let me see: Simon Shadow!

Fal. Yea, marry, let me have him to sit under: he's like to be a cold soldier.

Shal. Where's Shadow?

Shad. Here, sir.

Shad. Shadow, whose son art thou?

Shad. My mother's son, sir.

Shal. 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 musk.


Fal. Where's he?

Wart. Here, sir.

Fal. Is thy name Wart?

Wart. Yes, sir.

Fal. Thou art a very ragged warr. How doth the good knight? may I know how my lady his wife doth?

Bard. Sir, pardon: a soldier is better accommodated than with a wife.

Shal. It is well said, in faith, sir; and it is well said indeed too. Better accommodated! it is good: yea, indeed, is it: good phrases are surely, and ever were, very commendable. Accommodated! it comes of 'accused': very good: a good phrase.

Bard. Pardon me, sir; I have heard the word. Phrase call you it? by this good day, I know not the phrase; but I will maintain the word with my sword to be a soldier-like word, and a word of ex-
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 body as thou hast done in a woman’s petticoat? [more.]  
Fee. I will do my good will, sir; you can have no fear to trust a gentle 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 Fee. It shall suffice, sir. [Feeble.  
Fal. I am bound to thee, reverend Feeble. Who Shal. Peter Bulcalfe o’ the green! [is next?  
Fal. Ye, marry, let’s see Bulcalfe.  
Bull. Here, sir.  
Fal. ‘Fore God, a likely fellow! Come, prick me Bulcalfe till he roar again.  
Bull. O Lord! good my lord captain,—  
Fal. What, dost thou roar before thou art pricked?  
Bull. No, sir; I am a sick 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. Well, sir. Come, thou shalt go to the wars in a gown; we will have away thy cold; and I will take such order that thy friends shall ring for thee. Is there all?  
Shal. Here is two more called than your number; you 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 troth, 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 Shallow, no more of that.  
Shal. Ha! ’t was a merry night. And is Jane Nightwork given you?  
Fal. She lives, Master Shallow.  
Shal. She never could away with me.  
Fal. Never, never; she would always say she could not abide Master Shallow.  
Shal. By the mass, I could anger her to the heart. She was then a bona-roba. Doth she hold her own Fal. O, yes, Master Shallow.  
Shal. Nay, she must be old; she cannot choose but be old; certain she’s old; and had Robin Nightwork by old Nightwork before I came to Clement’s Sir. That’s fifty-five year ago. [Inn.  
Shal. Ha, cousin Silence, that thou hast had seen that this knight and I have seen! Ha, Sir John, said I well?  
Fal. We have heard the chimes at midnight, Master Shallow.  
Shal. That we have, that we have, that we have; in faith, Sir John, we have: our watchword was ‘th’em boys!’ Come, let’s to dinner; come, let’s to dinner: Jesus, the days that we have seen! Come, come.  
[Bell. Good Master Corporate Bardolph, stand my friend; and here’s four Harry ten shillings in French crowns for you. In very truth, sir, I had as lief be hanged, sir, as go: and yet, for mine own part, sir, I don’t wish it: for, when I am unwilling, and, for mine own part, have a desire to stay with my friends; else, sir, I did not care, for mine own part, so much.  
Bard. Go to; stand aside.  
Moul. And, good master corporal captain, for my old dame’s sake, stand my friend: she has nobody to do any thing about her when I am gone; and she is old, and cannot help herself: you shall have forty, Bard. Go to; stand aside. [Sir.  
Fee. By my troth, I care not: a man can die but once: we owe God a death: I’ll ne’er bear a base mind: an’t be my destiny, so; an’t be not, so: no man, good lord, can dictate to me which way it will; he that dies this year is quit for the next.  
Bard. 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.  
Bard. Sir, a word with you: I have three pound to free Mouldy and Bulcalfe.  
Fal. Go to; well,  
Shal. Come, Sir John, which four will you have?  
Fal. Do you choose for me? [Shadow.  
Shal. Marry, then, Mouldy, Bulcalfe, Feeble and Mouldy and Bulcalfe: for you, Mouldy, stay at home till you are past service: and for your part, Bulcalfe, grow till you come unto it: I will none of you.  
Shal. Sir John, Sir John, do not yourself wrong: there are your likeliest men, and I would have you served with the best.  
Fal. Will you tell me, Master Shallow, how to choose a man? Care I for the limb, the thewes, the stature, bulk, and big assemblance of a man! Give me the spirit, Master Shallow. Here’s Wart: you see what a ragged appearance it is: a’ shall charge you and discharge you with the motion of a pewterer’s hammer, come off and on swifter than he that gibbets on the brewer’s bucket. And this same half-faced fellow, Shadow; give me this man: he presents no mark to the enemy; the foeman may with as great aim level at the edge of a penknife. And for a retreat; how swiftly will this Feeble the woman’s tailor run off! O, give me the spare men, and spare me the great ones. Put me a caliver into Wart’s hand, Bardolph.  
Bard. Hold, Wart, traverse; thus, thus, thus.  
Fal. Come, manage me your caliver. So well will go;—very good, excellent good. Give me always a little, lean, old, chapt, bald shot. Well said, i’ faith, Wart; thou’rt a good scab: hold, there’s a tester for thee.  
Shal. He is not his craft’s master; he doth not do it right. I remember at Mile-end Green, when I lay at Clement’s Inn,—I was then Sir Dagomed in the name of God,—there’s a —a little quiver fellow, and a’ would manage you his piece thus; and a’ would about and about, and come you in and come you in,—’rah, tah, tah,’ would a’ say; ‘bounc’ would a’ say; and away again would a’ go, and again would a’ come: I shall ne’er see such a fellow. Fal. These fellows will do well, Master Shallow. God keep you, Master Silence: I will not use many words with you. Fare you well, gentlemen both: I thank you: I must a dozen mile to-night. Bardolph, give the soldiers coats.  
Shal. Sir John, the Lord bless you! God prosper your affairs! God send us peace! At your return visit our house; let our old acquaintance be renewed; peradventure I will with ye to the court.  
Fal. ‘Fore God, I would you would, Master Shallow.  
Shal. Goto; I have spoken a word. God keep you.  
Fal. Fare you well, gentle gentlemen. [Exit Justices.  
Bard. Goto, I will fetch them away. [Exeunt Bardolph, Recrueits, &c.] As I return, I will fetch off these justices: I do see the bottom of Justice Shallow. Lord, Lord, how subject we old men are to this vice of lying! This same starved justice hath done nothing but prate to me of the wildness of his youth, and the feats he hath done about
ACT IV.
SECOND PART OF HENRY IV.

SCENE I.—Yorkshire. Gaultree Forest.

Enter the Archbishop of York, Mowbray, Hastings, and others.

Arch. What is thy forest, Mowbray? [grace.
Mowbr. 'Tis Gaultree Forest, an' shall please your Arch. Here stand, my lords; and send discoverers To know the numbers of our enemies. [forth
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, toripe his growing fortunes, To Scotland; and concludes in hearty prayers That your attempts may override the hazard And fearful meeting of their opposite. [ground
Mowbr. Thus do the hopes we have in him touch And dash themselves to pieces.

Enter a Messenger.

Hast. Now, what news?
Moss. West of this forest, scarcely off a mile, In goodly form comes on the enemy; And, by the ground they hide, I judge their number Upon or near the rate of thirty thousand.
Mowbr. The letter that I brought and gave them out. Let us sway on and face them in the field.
Arch. What well-appointed leader fronts us here?

Enter Westmoreland.

Mowbr. I think it is my Lord of Westmoreland.
West. Health and fair greeting from our general, The prince, Lord John and Duke of Lancaster.
Arch. Say on, my Lord of Westmoreland, in What doth concern your coming? [peace: West. Then, my lord, Unto your grace do I in chief address: The substance of my speech. If that rebellion Came like itself, in base and abortive roots, 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, You, reverend father, and these noble lords Had not been here, to dress the ugly form Of base and bloody insurrection With your fair honours. You, lord archbishop, Whose see is by a civil peace maintain'd, Whose beard the silver hand of peace hath touch'd, Whose writing 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 harshest 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 pompous war, But, my most noble Lord of Westmoreland, I take not on me here as a physician, Nor do I as an enemy to peace In the throngs 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 [suffer, What wrongs our arms may do, what wrongs we And find our griefs heavier than our offences. We see which way the stream of time doth run, And are enforced from our now 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: Then we are gave that perfect answer, And will unfold our griefs, We are denied access unto his person Even by those men that most have done us wrong. The dangers of the days but newly gone, Whose memory is written on the earth With yet appearing blood, and the examples Of every minute's instance, present now, Hath put us in these ill-beseeming arms, Not to break peace or any branch of it, But to establish here a peace indeed, Concurring both in name and quality.

West. When ever yet was your appeal denied? Wherein have you been galled by the king? What peer hath not been suborn'd to grate on you, That you should seal this lawless bloody book Of forged rebellion with a seal divine And consecrate commotion's bitter edge?
Arch. My brother general, the commonwealth, To brother born an household cruelty, I make my qualm 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 all That feel the bruises of the days before, And suffer the condition of these times To lay a heavy and unequal hand Upon our honours?

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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 state, or from the time.
That you should have an inch of any ground
To build a grieve on: were you not restored
To all the Duke of Norfolk's signories,
Your noble and right well remember'd father's?
Mowb. What thing, in honour, had my father lost,
That need be reviv'd and breathed in me?
The king that loved him, as himself stood then,
Was force perforce compell'd to banish him:
And then that Henry Bolingbroke and he,
Being mounted and both roosed in their seats,
Their neighing courser daring of the spur,
Their armed staves in charge, their beavers down,
Their eyes of fire sparkling through sights of steel
And the loud trumpet blowing them together.
Then, then, when there was nothing could have
My father from the breast of Bolingbroke, [stay'd 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 independent and honest men
Have since miscarried under Bolingbroke.
West. You speak, Lord Mowbray, now you know
not what.
The Earl of Hereford was reputed then
In England the most valiant gentleman;
Who knows on whom such fortune would then have
But if your father had been victor there, [smiled?
He ne'er had borne it out of Coventry:
For all the country in a general voice
Cried hate upon him; and all their prayers and love
Were set on Hereford, whom they doted on.
And bless, and graced indeed, more than the king.
But this is more digression from our purpose.
Here come I from our princely general
To know your griefs; to tell you from his grace
That he will give you audience; and wherein
It shall appear that your demands are just,
You shall enjoy them, every thing set off
That might so much as think you enemies.
Mowb. But he hath forced us to compel this offer;
And it proceeds from policy, not love.
West. Mowbray, you overween to take it so;
This offer comes from mercy, not from fear:
For, lo! within a ken our army lies,
Upon mine honour, all too confident
To give admittance to a thought of fear.
Our battle is more full of names than yours,
Our men more perfect in the use of arms,
Our armour all as strong, our cause the best;
Then reason will our hearts should be as good:
Say not then this offer is compell'd.
Mowb. Well, by my will we shall admit no parley.
West. That argues but the shame of your offence:
A rotten case abides no handling.
Hast. Hath the Prince John a full commission,
In very ample virtue of his father,
To hear and absolutely to determine
Of what conditions we shall stand upon?
West. That is intended in the general's name;
I must you make so slight a question. [schedule, Archa. Then take, my Lord of Westmoreland, this
For this contains our general grievances:
Each several article herein redress'd,
All matters now in question, and here and hence,
That are insinu'd to this action.
Acquitted by a true substantial form
And present execution of our wills
To us and to our purposes confined,
We come within our awful banks again
And knit our powers to the arm of peace. [lords,
West. This will I shew the general. Please you,
In sight of both our battles we may meet;
And either end in peace, which God so frame!
Or to the place of difference call the swords
Which must decide it.
Archa. My lord, we will do so. [Exit West.
Mowb. Yea, but our valuation shall be such
That no conditions of our peace can stand.
Host. Fear you not that: if we can make our
Upon such large terms and so absolute
As our conditions shall consist upon,
Our peace shall stand as firm as rocky mountains.
Mowb. Yea, but our valuation shall be such
That every slight and false-derived cause
Yea, every idle, nice and wanton reason
Shall to the king taste of this action;
That, were our royal faiths martyrs in love,
We shall be wmnow'd with so rough a wind
That even our corn shall seem as light as chaff
And good from bad find no partition.
[weary
Archa. No, no, my lord. Note this; the king is
Of dainty and such picking grievances:
For he hath found to end one doubt by death
Revises two greater in the heirs of life;
And therefore will he wipe his tables clean
And keep no tell-tale to his memory
That may bring on that his history his loss
To new remembrance; for full well he knows
He cannot so precisely weep this land
As his misgueses present occasion;
His foes are so enrooted with his friends
That, plucking to unfix an enemy,
He doth unfasten so and shake a friend:
So that this land, like an offensive wife
That hath enraged him on to offer strokes,
As he is stricking, holds his infant up
And hangs resolved correction in the arm
That was uprear'd to execution.
Host. Hast. Here they are, the king hath wasted all his rods
On late offenders, that he now doth lack
The very instruments of chasteisment:
So that his power, like to a fangless lion,
May offer, but not hold.
Archa. '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.
Mowb. Be it so,
Here is return'd my Lord of Westmoreland.

Re-enter Westmoreland.

West. The prince is here at hand: pleaseth your lordship
To meet his grace just distance 'tween our armies.
Mowb. Your grace of York, in God's name, then,
Set forward.
Archa. 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.

Arch. Then say, Lord of York, if better accord'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,
ACT IV.  SECOND PART OF KING HENRY IV.  SCENE III.

And ripens in the sunshine of his favour,
Would he abuse the countenance of the king,
Alack, 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 within 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 unto his most monstrous form,
To hold our safety up. I sent your grace
The parcels and particulars of our grief, [court,
The which hath been with scorn shoved from the
Whereon this Hydra son of war is born;
Whose dangerous eyes may well be charm'd asleep
With grants of our most just and right,
And true obedience, of this madness cured,
Stoop tamely to the foot of majesty.

Movb.  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
Whiles England shall have generation. [shallow.

Lan.  You are too shallow, Hastings, much too
To sound the bottom of the after-times.

West.  Pleaseath your grace to answer them di-
How far forth you do like their articles. [recltly

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 and torn, as crowning doubtful deeds
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
This news of peace; let them have pay and part:
I know it will well please them. His thee, captain.

Movb.  To you, my noble Lord of Westmoreland.
West.  I pledge your grace; and, if you knew
what pains
I have bestowed to breed this present peace,
You would drink freely: but my love to
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.

Movb.  You wish me health in very happy season;
For I am so beloved that God is pleased
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-
Arch.  Believe me, I am passing light in spirit.

Movb.  So much the worse, if your own rule be
rested true.

Lan.  The word of peace is render'd: hack, how
they shout!

Movb.  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.

Westmoreland.  And, good my lord, so please you, let our trains
March by us, that we may peruse the men
We should have coped withal.

Arch.  Go, good Lord Hastings,
And, ere they be dismiss'd, let them march by.

Lan.  I trust, lords, we shall lie to-night together.

Westmoreland.  Now cousin, wherefore stands our army still?
West.  The leaders, having charge from you to
Will not go off until they hear you speak. [stand,

Lan.  They know their duties.

Westmoreland.  Is this proceeding just and honourable?
West.  Is your assembly so?

Arch.  Will you thus break your faith?

Lan.  I pawn'd thee none:
I promised you redress of these same grievances
Whereof you did complain; which, by mine hon-
I will perform with a most Christian care. [our,
But for you, rebels, look to taste the due
Meet for rebellion and such acts as yours.
Most shallowly did you these arms commence,
For they are brought here and foolily sent hence.
Strike up our drums, pursue the scatter'd stray:
God, and not we, hath safely fought to-day.
Some guard these traitors to the block of death,
Treason's true bed and yielder up of breath.

Exeunt.

SCENE III. — Another part of the forest.

Alarum.  Excursions, Enter Falstaff and Coleman, meeting.

Fal.  What's your name, sir? of what condition
are you, and of what place, I pray?
Cole.  I am a knight, sir; and my name is Cole-
ville of the daile.

Fal.  Well, then, Coleville is your name, a knight
is your degree, and your place the daile: Coleville
shall be still your name, a traitor your degree,
and the dungeon the place, a deep enough; so
shall you be still Coleville of the daile.

Cole.  Are not you Sir John Falstaff?

Fal.  As good a man as he, sir, who'er I am.  Do
ye yield, sir? or shall I sweat for you? If I do
sweat, they are the drops of thy lovers, and they
weep for thy death: therefore scarce up; bear and
trotting, and do observe to my mercy.

Cole.  I think you are Sir John Falstaff, and in
that thought yield me.

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ACT IV.  SECOND PART OF KING HENRY IV.  SCENE IV.

**Ful.** I have a whole school of tongues in this belly of mine, and not a tongue of them all speaks any other word but my name. An I had but a belly of any indifferency, I were simply the most active fellow in Europe: my womb, my womb, my womb, undoes me. Here comes our general.

**Enter Prince John of Lancaster, Westmoreland, Blunt, and others.**

**Lan.** The heat is past; follow no further now: Call in the powers, good cousin Westmoreland.

[Exit Westmoreland.]

Now, Falstaff, where have you been all this while? When every thing is ended, then you come: These tardy tricks of yours will, on my life, One time or other break some gallows' back.

**Fal.** I would be sorry, my lord, but it should be thus: I never knew yet but rebuke and check was the reward of valour. Do you think me a swallow, an arrow, or a bullet? have I, in my poor and old motion, the expedition of thought? I have speeded hither with the very extremest inch of possibility; I have foundered nine score and odd posts: and here, travel-tainted as I am, have, in my pure and immaculate valour, taken Sir John Colevile of the dale, and all his might and valorous enemy. But what of that? he saw me, and yielded; that I may justly say, with the hook-nosed fellow of Rome, 'I came, saw, and overcame.'

**Lan.** It was more of his courtesy than your de-

**Fal.** I know not: here he is, and here I yield him: and I beseech your grace, let it be booked with the rest of this day's deeds; or, by the Lord, I will have it in a particular ballad else, with mine own picture on the top on 't, Coleville kissing my foot: to the which course if I be enforced, if you do not all show like gilt two-pence to me, and I in the clear sky of fame ershine you as much as the full moon doth the dunders of the element, which show like pins' heads to her, believe not the word of the noble: therefore let me have right, and let desert mount.

**Lan.** Thine's too heavy to mount.

**Fal.** Let it shine, then.

**Lan.** Thine's too thick to shine.

**Fal.** Let it do something, my good lord, that may do me good, and call it what you will.

**Lan.** Is thy name Colevile?

**Cole.** It is my lord.

**Fal.** A famous rebel art thou, Colevile.

**Cole.** And a famous true subject took him.

**Fal.** And as my better arts that are led me hither: had they been ruled by me, You should have won them dearer than you have.

**Fal.** I know not how they sold themselves: but thou, like a kind fellow, gavest thyself away gratis; and I thank thee for thee.

[Re-enter Westmoreland.]

**Lan.** Now, have you left pursuit?

**West.** Retreat is made and execution stay'd.

**Lan.** Send Colevile with his confederates to 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.]
Enter Harcourt.

Harcourt. Look, here's more news.

Har. From enemies heaven keep your majesty; And, when they stand against you, may they fail As those that I am come to tell you of! The Earl Northumberland and the Lord Bardolph, With a great power of English and of Scots, Are by the sheriff of Yorkshire overthrown: The manner and true order of the fight This packet, please it you, contains at large. King. And wherefore should these good news make me sick? Will Fortune never come with both hands full, But write her fair words still in foulest letters? She either gives a stomach and no food; Such are the poor, in health; or else a feast And takes away the stomach; such are the rich, That have abundance and enjoy it not. I should rejoice now at this happy news; And now my sight fails, and my brain is giddy: O me! come near me; now I am much ill. Glou. Comfort, your majesty! Cast. O my royal father! West. My sovereign lord, cheer up yourself, look up, War. Be patient, princes; you do know, these fits Are with his highness very ordinary. Stand from him, give him air; he'll straight be well. Clar. No, no, he cannot long hold out these pangs: The incessant care and labour of his mind Hath wrought the more that should combine it in So thin that life looks through and will break out. Glou. The people fear me; for they do observe Unfather'd heirs and lustily births of nature: The seasons change their manners, as the year Had found some months asleep and leapt them over. Clar. The river hath thrice flowed, no ebb between; And the old folk, time's doting chronicles, Say it did so a little time before That our great-grand sire, Edward, sick'd and died. War. Speak lower, princes, for the king recovers. Glou. This apoplexy will certain be his end. King. I pray you, take me up, and bear me hence Into some other chamber: softly, pray.

SCENE V.—Another chamber.

The King lying on a bed: Clarence, Gloucester, Warwick, and others in attendance.

King. Let there be no noise made, my gentle Unless some dull and favourable hand [friends; Will whisper music to my weary spirit. War. Call for the music in the other room. King. Set me the crown upon my pillow here. Clar. His eye is hollow, and he changes much. War. Less noise, less noise!

Enter Prince Henry.

ACT IV.  SECOND PART OF KING HENRY IV.  SCENE V.

Washing with kindly tears his gentle cheeks,
With such a deep demeanour in great sorrow
That tyranny, which never quaff’d but blood,
Could, by holding him, have wash’d his knife
With gentle eye-drops.  He is 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.

[Exeunt Warwick and the rest.]

Prince.  I never thought to hear you speak again.

King.  Thy wish was father, Harry, to that
I stay too long by thee, I weary thee.  [thought:
Dost thou so hunger for mine empty chair
That thou wilt needs invest thee with my honours
Before thy hour be ripe?  O foolish youth!
Thou seek’st at 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 not left my empty place.
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.
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!
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, dance,
Revel the night, rob, murder, and commit
The oldest sins the newest kind of ways?
Be happy, he will trouble you no more.
England shall give too doubtful guilt,
England shall give him office, honour, might;
For the fifth Harry from curb’d license plucks
The muzzle of restraint, and the wild dog
Shall flesch his tooth on every innocent.
O my poor kingdom, sick with civil blows!
When that my care could not withhold thy riots,
What wilt thou do when riot is thy care?
O, thou wilt be a wilderness again,
Peopled with wolves, thy old inhabitants!

Prince.  O, pardon me, my liege! but for my tears,
The moist impediments unto my speech,
I had forestall’d this dear and deep rebuke
Ere you with that grief had spoken heard
The course of it so far.  There is your crown;
And He that wears the crown immortally
Long guard it yours!  If I affect it more
Than as your honour and as your renown,
Let me no more from this obedience rise,
Which my soul and devout spirit teacheth,
This prostrate and exterior bending.
God witness with me, when I here came in,
And found no course of breath within your majesty,
How cold it struck my heart!  If I do feign,
O, let me in my present wildness die,
And never more to show the world this world
The noble change that I have purposed!
Coming to look on you, thinking you dead,
And dead almost, my liege, to think you were,
I spake unto this crown as having sense,  
And thus upbraided it: "The care on thee depending  
Hath fallen upon the body of my father;  
Therefore, thou best of gold art worst of gold:  
Other, less fine in carat, is more precious,  
Preserving life in medicine potable;  
But thou, most fine, most honour'd, most renown'd,  
Hast eat thy bearer up. Thus, my most royal liege,  
Accusing it, I put it on my head,  
To try with it, as with an enemy  
That had before my face murder'd my father,  
The quarrel of a true inheritor.  
But if it did infect my blood with joy,  
Or swell my thoughts to any strain of pride;  
If any zeal 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 father's love,  
Pleading so wisely in excuse of it!  
Come hither, Harry, sit thou by my bed;  
And hear, I think, the very latest counsel  
That ever I shall breathe. God knows, my son,  
By what by-paths and indirect crook'd ways  
I met this crown; and I myself know well  
How troublesome it sat upon my head.  
To thee it shall descend with better quiet,  
Better opinion, better confirmation;  
For all the soil of the achievement goes  
With me into the earth. It seem'd in me  
But as an honour snatch'd with boisterous hand,  
And I had many living to upbraid  
My gain of it by their assistances;  
Which daily grew to quarrel and to bloodshed,  
Wounding supposed peace: all these bold fears  
Thou seest with peril I have answered;  
For all my reign hath been but as a scene  
Acting that argument: and now my death  
Changes the mode; for what in me was purchased,  
Falls upon thee in a more fairer sort;  
So thou the garland wear'st successively.  
[do,  
Yet, though thou stand'st more sure than I could

Thou art not firm enough, since griefs are green;  
And all my friends, which thou must make thy friends.  
Have but their stings and teeth newly ta'en out;  
By whose fell working I was first advanced  
And by whose power I well might lodge a fear  
To be again displaced: which to avoid,  
I cut them off; and had a purpose now  
To lead out many to the Holy Land,  
Lest rest and lying still might make them look  
Too near unto my state. Therefore, my Harry,  
Be it thy course to busy giddy minds  
With foreign quarrels: that action, hence borne out,  
May waste the memory of the former days.  
More would I, but my lungs are wasted so  
That strength of speech is utterly denied me.  
How I came by the crown, O God forgive;  
And grant it may with thee in true peace live!  
Prince. My gracious liege,  
You won it, wore it, kept it, gave it me;  
Then plain and right must my possession be:  
Which I with more than with a common pain  
Gainst all the world will rightfully maintain.

Enter Lord John of Lancaster.

King. Look, look, here comes my John of Lan-
caster. [father!  
Lan. Health, peace, and happiness to my royal  
King. Thou bring'st me happiness and peace, son  
John;  
But health, alack, with youthful wings is flown  
From this bare wither'd trunk: upon thy sight  
My worldly business makes a period.  
Where is my Lord of Warwick?  
Prince. My Lord of Warwick!

Enter Warwick, and others.

King. Doth any name particular belong  
Unto the lodging where I first did swoon?  
War. 'Tis call'd Jerusalem, my noble lord.  
King. Lan. Land be to God! even there my life must  
It hath been prophesied to me many years,  
[End.  
I should not die but in Jerusalem;  
Which vainly I supposed the Holy Land:  
But bear me to that chamber; there I'll lie;  
In that Jerusalem shall Harry die.  
[Exeunt.

ACT V.

SCENE I.—Gloucestershire. Shallow's house.

Enter Shallow, Falstaff, Bardolph, and Page.

Shal. By cock and pie, sir, you shall not away to-night.  
What, Davy, I say!  
Fal. You must excuse me, Master Robert Shal-
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!  

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  
I 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 concieved, 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 knave, on my  
knowledge.

Davy. I grant your worship that he is a knave,  
sir; but yet, God forbid, sir, but a knave should  
have some countenance at his friend's request. An
honest man, sir, is able to speak for himself, when a
knife is not. I have served your worship truly, sir, this
daylight; and I cannot once or twice in a
quarter bear out a knife against an honest man, I
have but a very little credit with your worship.
The knife is mine honest friend, sir; therefore, I
beseech your worship, let him be countenanced.
Shal. Go to: I say he shall have no wrong. Look
about, Davy [Exit Davy.] Where are you, Sir
John? Come, come, come, off with your boots.
Give me your hand, Master Bardolph.
Bard. I am glad to see your worship.
Shal. I thank thee with all my heart, kind
Master Bardolph: and welcome, my tall fellow [to
The Fool.] Come, Sir John.
Fol. I'll follow you, good Master Robert Shallow.
[Exeunt Bardolph and Page.] If I were sawn into quan-
tities, I should make four dozen of such bearded
hermits' staves as Master Shallow. It is a won-
erful 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 in love: if to his men, I could curry
with Master Shallow that no man could better command his servants. It is cer-
tain that either wise bearing or ignorant carriage is
caught, as men take diseases, one of another: there-
fore let men take heed of their company. I will de-
vise matter enough out of this Shallow to keep
Prince Harry in continual laughter the wearing out
of six fashions, which is four terms, or two actions,
and a shall laugh without intercavillans. 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 he like a wet cloak ill laid up!
Shal. [Within] Sir John!
Fol. 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
Ch. Just. How doth the king? [jaway?]
War. Exceeding well; his cares are now all ended.
Ch. Just. I hope, not dead.
War. He's walk'd the way of nature;
And to our purposes he lives no more. [him:
Ch. Just. I would his majesty had call'd me with
the service that I truly did his life
Hath left me open to all injuries.
War. I beseech you, sir, he loving 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,
Wormesland, and others.

War. Here come the heavy issue of dead Harry:
O that the living Harry had the temper
Of him, the worst of these three gentlemen!
How many nobles then should hold their places,
That must strike sail to spirits of vile sort!
Ch. Just. The king shall be over my mind!
Lan. Good morrow, cousin Warwick, good mor-
Glow. Good morrow, cousin.
[Row.
Clar. Lan. We meet like men that had forgot to speak.

War. We do remember; but our argument
Is all too heavy to admit much talk.
Ch. Just. Peace be with us, lest we be heavier!
Glow. O, good my lord, you have lost a friend in
And I dare swear you borrow not that face [deed;
Of seeming sorrow, it is sure your own.
Leo. Though no man be assured what grace to find,
You stand in oldest reverence.
Ch. Just. I am the sorrier; would 'twere otherwise. [fair
Clar. Well, you must now speak Sir John Falstaff
Which swims against your stream of quality.
Ch. Just. Sweet princes, what I did, I did in hon-
Lod by the impartial conduct of my soul; [our,
And never shall you see that I will beg
A ragged and forestal'd remission.
If truth and upright innocency fall me,
I'll to the king my master that is dead,
And tell him who hath sent me after him.
War. Here comes the prince.

Enter King Henry the Fifth, attended.
Ch. Just. Good morrow; and God save your
majesty!
King. This new and gorgeous garment, majesty,
Sits not 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's suit, nor Arthur's: but
But Harry Harry. Yet be sad, good brothers,
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 cares:
Yet weep that Harry's dead; and so will I;
But Harry lives, that shall convert those tears
By number into hours of happiness.
Princes. We hope no other from your majesty.
King. You all look strangely on me: and you most;
You are, I think, assured I love you not.
Ch. Just. I am assured, if I be measured rightly,
Your majesty hath no just cause to hate me.
King. No!
How might a prince of my great hopes forget
So great indignities you laid upon me?
What! rate, rebuke, and roughly send to prison
The immediate heir of England! Was this easy?
May this be wash'd in Lethe, and forgotten?
Ch. Just. I then did use the person of your father;
The image of his power lay then in me:
And, in the administration of his law,
While I was busy for the commonwealth,
Your highness pleased to forget my place,
The majesty and power of law and justice,
The image of the king whom I presented,
And struck me in my very seat of judgment;
Whereon, as an offender to your father,
I gave bold way to my authority
And did commit you. If the deed were ill,
Be you contented, wearing now the garment,
To have a son set your decrees at nought,
To pluck down justice from your awful bench,
To trip the course of law and blunt the sword
That guards the peace and safety of your person;
Nay, more, to spur at your most royal image
And mock your workings in a second body.
Question your royal thoughts, make the case yours
Now be the fayre king, and I fear all will be over-ru'd!
Hear your own dignify so much profaned,
See your most dreadful laws so loosely slighted,
Behold yourself so by a son disdain'd;
And then imagine me taking your part
King. You are right, justice, and you weight this Therefore still bear the balance and the sword: And I do wish your honours may increase, Till you do live to see a son of mine Offend you, and obey as I did. So shall I live to speak my father's words: 'Happy am I, that have a man so bold, That dares do justice on my proper son; And not less happy, having such a son, That would deliver up his greatness so Into the hands of justice.' You did commit me: For which, I do commit into your hand The unstained sword that you have used to bear; With this remembrance, that you use the same With the like bold, just and impartial spirit As you have done 'gainst me. There is my hand. You shall be as a father to my youth; My voice shall sound as you do prompt mine ear, And I will stoop and humble my intents To your well-practised wise directions. And, princes all, believe me, I beseech you; My father is gone wild into his grave, For in his tomb lie my affections; And with his spirit sadly I survive, To mock the expectation of the world, To frustrate prophecies and to raze out Rotten opinion, who hath writ me down  

After my seeming. The tide of blood in me Haply proud flow'd in vanity still now: Now doth it turn and ebb back to the sea, Where it shall mingle with the state of floods And flow henceforth in formal majesty. Now call we our high court of parliament: And let us choose such limbs of noble counsel, That the great body of our state may go In equal rank with the best govern'd nation; That war, or peace, or both at once, may be As things acquainted and familiar to us; In which you, father, shall have foremost hand. Our coronation done, we will accite, As I before remember'd, all our state: And, God consigning to my good intents, No prince not be shall have just cause to say, God shorten Harry's happy life one day! 

Enter Falstaff, Shallow, Silence, Davy, Bardolph, and the Page.

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;  

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,  

Singing.  
And drink unto the Jenny mine;  
And a merry heart lives long-a.  
Fal. Well said, Master Silence.  
Sil. An we shall be merry, now comes in the sweet o'the night.  
Fal. Health and long life to you, Master Silence.  
Sil. Fill the cup, and let it come;  

Singing.  
I'll pledge you a mile to the bottom.  
Shal. Honest Bardolph, welcome: if thou wastest any thing, and wilt not call, besrewth 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,—  
Shal. By the mass, you'll crack a quart together, ha! will you not, Master Bardolph?  
Bard. Yea, sir, in a pottle-pot.  
Shal. By God's liggens, I thank thee: the knave will stick by thee, I can assure thee that. A' will make out: he is a good breed.  
Bard. And I'll stick by him, sir.  
Shal. Why, there spoke a king. Lack nothing: be merry. [Knocking within.] Look who's at door there, ho! who knocks?  
[Exit Davy.  
Fal. Why, now you have done me right.  
[To Silence, seeing him take off a bumper.  
Sil. Do me right.  

Singing.  
And dub me knight:  
Samingo.

Is't not so?  
Fal. 'Tis so.  

[To Silence, seeing him take off a bumper.  
Sil. Is't so? Why then, say an old man can do  

Re-enter Davy.

Davy. An't please your worship, there's one Pistol come from the court with news.  
Fal. From the court! let him come in.  

Enter Pistol.

How now, Pistol!  
Pist. Sir John, God save you!  
Fal. What wind blew you hither, Pistol?  
Pist. Not the ill wind which blows no man to good. Sweet knight, thou art now one of the greatest men in this realm.  
Sil. By'r lady, I think a' be, but goodman Puff of Barson.  
Pist. Puff!  
Puff in thy teeth, most recreant coward base!

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Sir John, I am thy Pistol and thy friend, And helsker-shelter have I rode to thee, And tidings do I bring and happy joys.

First Pistol. The constables have delivered her over to me; and she shall have whapping-cheer enough, I warrant her: there hath been a man or two lately killed about her.

Did. I'll tell you what, you thin man in a censor, I will have you as soundly swung for this,—you blue-bottle rogue, you filthy smirched incor-rector, if you be not swunged, I'll forswear half-kirtles.

First Bead. Come, come, you she knight-errant, Host. O God, that right should thus overcome might! Well, of sufferance comes ease. [Enter.


First Bead. Very well. [Exeunt.

SCENE V.—A public place near Westminster Abbey.

Enter two Grooms, strewing rushes.

First Groom. More rushes, more rushes.

Sec. Groom. The trumpets have sounded twice.

First Groom. I'11 be two o'clock ere they come from the coronation: dispatch, dispatch. [Exeunt.

Enter Falstaff, Shallow, Pistol, Bardolph, and Page.

Fal. Stand here by me, Master Robert Shallow; I will make the king do you grace: I will leer upon him as a' comes by; and do but mark the coun-tenance that he will give me.

Pist. God bless thy lungs, good knight.

Fal. Come here, Pistol; stand behind me. O, if I had had time to have made new liveries, I would have bestowed the thousand pound I borrowed of you. But 'tis no matter; this poor show doth bet-ter: this doth infer the zeal I had to see him.

Shal. It doth so.

Pist. It shows my earnestness of affection,—

Shal. It doth so.

Fal. My devotion,—

Shal. It doth, it doth, it doth.

Fal. As it were, to ride day and night; and not to deliberate, not to remember, not to have patience to shift me,—

Shal. It is best, certain.

Fal. But to stand stained with travel, and sweating with desire to see him; thinking of nothing else, putting all affairs else in oblivion, as if there were nothing else to be done but to see him.

Pist. 'Tis semper idem, for obscure hoc nihil est: 't is all in every part.

Shal. 'Tis so, indeed.

Pist. My knight, I will inflamme thy noble liver, And make thee rage.

Thy Doll, and Helen of thy noble thoughts, Is in base durance and contagious prison; Haled thither By most mechanical and dirty hand: [snake, Rouse up revenge from ebon den with fell Alecto's For Doll is in. Pistol speaks nought but truth.

Flash within, and the trumpets sound.

Pist. There roar'd the sea, and trumpet-clangor sounds.

Enter the King and his train, the Lord Chief-Jus-tice among them.

Fal. God save thy grace, King Hal! my royal Hal!

Pist. The heavens thee guard and keep, most royal imp of fame!

Fal. God save thee, my sweet boy! [man.

King. My lord chief-justice, speak to that vain Ch. Just. Have you your wis? know you what? Is it 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 dream’d of such a kind of man,
So surfeit-swell’d, so old and so profane;
But, being awaked, I do despise my dream.
Make less thy body hence, and more thy grace;
Leave gormandizing; know the grave doth gape
For thee thrice wider than for other men.
Reply not to me with a fool-born jest:
Presume not that I am the thing I was;
For God doth know, so shall the world perceive,
That I have turned away my former self;
So will I those that kept me company.
When thou dost hear I am as I have been,
Approach me, and thou shalt be as thou wast,
The tutor and the feeder of my riots:
Till then, I banish thee, on pain of death,
As I have done the rest of my misleaders,
Not to come near our person by ten mile.
For competence of life I will allow you,
That lack of means enforce you not to evil:
And, as we hear you do reform yourselves,
We will, according to your strengths and qualities,
Give you advancement. Be it your charge, my lord,
To see perform’d the tenour of our word.
Set on. [Exit King, &c.
Fal. Master Shallow, I owe you a thousand pound.
Shall. Ye, 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 pri-
vote 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.
Shall. 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. [John.
Shal. A colour that I fear you will die in, Sir
Fal. Fear no colours: go with me to dinner:
come, Lieutenant Pistol; come, Bardolph: I shall
be sent for soon at night.
Re-enter Prince John, the Lord Chief-Justice;
Officers with them.
Ch. Just. Go, carry Sir John Falstaff to the Fleet:
Take all his company along with him.
Fal. My lord, my lord,— [soon.
Ch. Just. I cannot now speak: I will hear you
Take them away.

Pist. Si fortuna me tormenta, spero contenta.
[Exit 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? [Exit.
THE LIFE OF

KING HENRY THE FIFTH.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

King Henry the Fifth.
Duke of Gloucester.
Duke of Bedford.
Duke of Exeter.
Duke of York.
Earls of Salisbury, Westmoreland, and Warwick.
Archbishop of Canterbury.
Bishop of Ely.
Earl of Cambridge.
Lord Scroop.
Sir Thomas Grey.
Sir Thomas Erpingham, Gower, Fluellen, Macmorris, Jamy, officers in King Henry's army.
Bates, Court, Williams, soldiers in the same.
Pistol, Nym, Bardolph.
Bay.
A Herald.

Charles the Sixth, King of France.
Lewis the Dauphin.
Dukes of Burgundy, Orleans, and Bourbon.
The Constable of France.
Rambures and Grandpré, French Lords.
Governor of Harfleur.
Montjoy, a French Herald.
Ambassadors to the King of England.
Isabel, Queen of France.
Katharine, daughter to Charles and Isabel.
Alice, a lady attending on her.
Hostess of a tavern in Eastcheap, formerly Mistress Quickly, and now married to Pistol.
Lords, Ladies, Officers, Soldiers, Citizens, Messengers, and Attendants.
Chorus.

SCENE — England; afterwards France.

PROLOGUE.

Enter Chorus.

Chor. O for a Muse of fire, that would ascend
The brightest heaven of Invention,
A kingdom for a stage, princes to act
And monarchs to behold the swelling scene!
Then should the warlike Harry, like himself,
Assume the port of Mars; and at his heels,
[fire
Leash'd in like hounds, should famine, sword and
Crouch for employment. But pardon, gentle all,
The flat unraised spirits that have dared
On this unworthy scaffold to bring forth
So great an object: can this cockpit hold
The vastly fields of France? or may we cram
Within this wooden O the very casques
That did afford the air at Agincourt?
O, pardon! since a crooked figure may
Attest in little place a million;
And let us, ciphers to this great accomplish,
On your imaginary forces work.
Suppose within the girdle of these walls
Are now confined two mighty monarchies,
Whose high upraised and abutting fronts
The perilous narrow ocean parts asunder:
Piece out our imperfections with your thoughts;
Into a thousand parts divide one man,
And make imaginary puissance;
Think, when we talk of horses, that you see them
Printing their proud hoofs i' the receiving earth;
For 'tis your thoughts that now must deck our kings,
Carry them here and there; jumping o'er times,
Turning the accomplishment of many years
Into an hour-glass: for the which supply,
Admit me Chorus to this history;
Who prologue-like your humble patience pray,
Gently to hear, kindly to judge, our play. [Exit.

ACT I.

SCENE I. — London. An ante-chamber in the
King's palace.

Enter the Archbishop of Canterbury, and the
Bishop of Ely.

Cont. My lord, I'll tell you; that self bill is urg'd,
Which in the eleventh year of the last king's reign
Was like, and had indeed against us pass'd,
But that the scabbling and unquiet time
Did push it out of farther question.
Ely. But how, my lord, shall we resist it now?
Cont. It must be thought on. If it pass against us,
Ely. This would drink deep.
Cont. 'T would drink the cup and all.
Ely. But what prevention?
Cont. The king is full of grace and fair regard.
Ely. And a true lover of his holy church.
Cont. The courses of his youth promised it not.
The breath no sooner left his father's body,
But that his wildness, mortified in him,
Seem'd to die too; yea, at that very moment
Consideration, like an angel, came
And whipp'd the offending Adam out of him,
Leaving his body as an ancient base,
To envelope and contain celestial spirits.
Never was such a sudden scholar made;
Never came reformation in a flood,
With such a heacy 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.
Cont. 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's affairs,
You would say it hath been all in his study:
List his discours 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 as he speaks,
The air, a charter'd libertine, is still,
And the mute wonder lurketh in men's ears,
To steal his sweet and honey'd sentences;
So that the art and practic part of life
Must be the mistress to this theoretic:
Which is a wonder how his grace should clean 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,
Unseen and creasly in his folly.
Cont. 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?
Cont. 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 conversion
And in his cause 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?
Cont. With good acceptance of his majesty;
Save that there was not time enough to hear,
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 France
Devolved on Edward, his great-grandfather.
Ely. What was the impediment that broke this off?
Cont. The French ambassador upon that instant
Craved audience; and the hour, I think, is come
To give him hearing: is it four o'clock?
Ely. It is.
Cont. Then as we are to know his embassy;
Which I cou'd with a ready guess declare,
Before the Frenchman speak a word of it.
Ely. I'll wait upon you, and I long to hear it.
[Exeunt.

SCENE II.—The same. The Presence chamber.
Enter King Henry, Gloucester, Bedford, Exeter,
Warwick, Westmoreland, and Attendants.
K. Hen. Where is my gracious Lord of Canterbury?
Exe. Not here in presence.
K. Hen. Send for him, good uncle.
West. Shall we call in the ambassador, my liege?
K. Hen. Not yet, my cousin; we would be resolved,
Before we hear him, of some things of weight
That task our thoughts, concerning us and France.
Enter the Archbishop of Canterbury, and the Bishop of Ely.
Cont. God and his angels guard your sacred throne
And make you long become it!
K. Hen. Sure, we thank you.
My learned lord, we pray you to proceed
And justly and religiously unfold
Why the law Salique that they have in France
Or should, or should not, bar us in our claim:
And God forbid, my dear and faithful lord, [ing,
That you should fashion, wear, or bow your read,
Or nicely charge your understanding soul
With opening titles miscreate, whose right
Suits not in native colours with the truth;
For God doth know how many now in health
Shall drop their blood in approbation
Of what your reverence shall incite us to.
Therefore take heed how you impawn our person,
How you awake our sleeping sword of war;
We charge you, in the name of God, take heed;
For never two such kingdoms did contend
Without much fall of blood; whose guiltless drops
Are every one a woe, a sore complaint
*Gainst him whose wrong gives edge unto the swords
That make such waste in brief mortality.
Under this conjunction speak, my lord;
For we will hear, note and believe in heart
That what you speak in your conscience wash'd
As pure as sin with baptism.
[peers, Cont. Then hear me, gracious sovereign, and you
That owe yourselves, your lives and services
To this imperial throne. There is no bar
To make against your highness' claim to France
But this, which they produce from Pharamond,
1 In terram Salicam nullares ne succedant;
* No woman shall succeed in Salique land:'
Which Salique land the French unjustly gloze
To be the realm of France, and Pharamond
The founder of this law and female bar.
Yet their own authors faithfully affirm
That the land Salique is in Germany
Between the floods of Salo and of Elbe;
[ons, Where Charles the Great, having subdued the Sax-
There left behind and settled certain French;
Who, holding in disdain the German women
For some dishonest manners of their life,
Establish'd then this law; to wit, no female
Should be inheritrix in Salique land:
Which Salique, as I said, 'twixt Elbe and Sala,
Is at this day in Germany call'd Meisen.
Then doth it well appear the Salique law
Was not devised for the realm of France;
The French possess and Salique land
Until four hundred one and twenty years
After defunction of King Pharamond,
Idly supposed the founder of this law;

ACT I.
KING HENRY V.
SCENE II.

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Who died within the year of our redemption
Four hundred twenty-six; and Charles the Great
Subdued the Saxons, and did seat the French
Beyond the river Sala, in the year
Eight hundred ninety-four. So writers say,
King Pepin, which deposed Childeric,
Did, as heir general, being descended
Of Blithild, which was daughter to King Clothair,
Make claim and title to the crown of France.
Hugh Capet also, who usurped the crown
Of Charles the duke of Lorraine, sole heir male
Of the only Jewish marriage that Charles the Great
Was re-united to the crown of France.
So that, as clear as is the summer's sun,
King Pepin's title and Hugh Capet's claim,
King Lewis his satisfaction, all appear
To hold in right and title of the female:
So do red bloods of lineal descent,
Howbeit they would hold up this Salique
Law to bar your highness claimings from the female,
And rather choose to hide them in a net
Than amply to imbar their crooked titles.
Usurp'd from you and your progenitors. [claim?
---K. Hen.
May I with right and conscience make this
Claim? Playing the man in brief sovereignty
For in the book of Numbers is it writ,
When the man dies, let the inheritance
Descend unto the daughter. Gracious lord,
Stand for your own; unwind your bloody flag;
Look back into your mighty ancestors;
Go, my dread lord, to your great-grandisire'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
Stoodissant to behold and watch the whirl
Porage 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. [earth
---earth
Of the tent-roof brother kind of the monarchs of the
Do all expect that you should rouse 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 more true and more loyal subjects.
Whose hearts have left their bodies here in England
And lie pavilioned 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 spiritualty
Will raise your highness such a mighty sum
As never did the clergy at one time
Bring in to any of your ancestors.

K. Hen. We must not only arm to invade the
But lay down our proportions to defend [French,
Against the Scot, who will make road upon us
With all advantages.
---Cant.
They have tried three marches, gracious sovereign,
Shall be a wall sufficient to defend
Our inland from the pilfering borderers. [only,
---K. Hen.
We do not mean the coursing snatchers
But fear the main understanding of the Scot,
Who hath been still a giddy neighbour to us;
For you shall read that my great-grandfather
His forces with yours were westward,
But that the Scot on his unfurnisht kingdom
Came pouring, like the tide into a breach,
With ample and brim fulness of his force,
Galling the gleaned land with hot assays,
Girdling 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 exampled by herself;
When all her chivalry hath been in France
And she a mourning widow of her nobles,
Claiming the market in the world was
Taken and impounded as a stra
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 ozoe and bottom of the sea
With sunset hogs of infinite 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 pray,
To her unguarded nest the weasal Scot
Comes sneaking and so sucketh her principly eggs,
Cuts up the nation in the absence of sovereign
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,
Congreeing in a full and natural close,
Like music.
---Cant.
Therefore doth heaven divide
The state of man in divers functions,
Setting endearment 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
---Cant.
To the tent-roof brother kind of the monarchs of the
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 soldiers in their lank clay,
Delivering o'er to executioners pale
The lazy yawning drone. I this infer,
That many things, having full reference
To one consent, may work contrariwise:
As many arrows, loos'd several ways,
Come to one mark; as many wash'd 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 liveries 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,
Barring 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 worshipp'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 message is from him, as from the king.

First Amb. May 't please your majesty to give us
Freely to render what we have in charge; [leave
Or shall we sparingly show you far off
The Dauphin's meaning and our embassy?

K. Hen. We are no tyrant, but a Christian king;
Unto whose grace our passion is as subject
As are our wretches feeter'd in our prisons;
Therefore with frank and with uncurbed plainness
Tell us the Dauphin's mind.

First Amb. Thus, then, in few.
Your highness, lately sending into France,
Did claim some certain dukedoms, in the right
Of your great predecessor, King Edward the 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 ought in France
That can be with a nimble galliard won;
You cannot revel into dukedoms there.
He therefore sends you, meeting 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 speaks.

K. Hen. What treasure, uncle?

[Exeunt.—Tennis-balls, my liege.

K. Hen. We are glad the Dauphin is so 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 seal of England;
And therefore, living hence, did give ourself
To barbarous license; as 't is 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 soul of greatness
When I do rouse me in my shout of France:
For that I have laid by my majesty
And ploddled 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 soul
Shall stand sore charged for the wasteful vengeance
That shall fly with them: for many a thousand widows
Shall this his mock mock out of their dear hus-

bands;
Mock mothers from their sons, mock castles down;
And some are yet ungotten and unborn
That shall have cause to curse the Dauphin's scorn.
But this lies all within the will of God,
To whom I do appeal; and in whose name
Tell you the Dauphin I am coming on,
To venge me as I may and to put forth
My rightful hand in a well-hallow'd cause,
So get you hence in peace; and tell the Dauphin
His jest will savour but of shallow wit,
When thousands weep more than did laugh at it.
Convey them with safe conduct. Fare you well.

[Exeunt Ambassadors.

Exe. This was a merry message.

K. Hen. We hope to make the sender blush at it.

Therefore, my lords, omit no happy hour
That may give furtherance to our expedition;
For we have now no thought in us but France,
Save those to God, that run before our business.
Therefore let our proportions for these wars
Be soon collected and all things thought upon
That may with reasonable swiftness add
More feathers to our wings; for, God before,
We 'll chide this Dauphin at his father's door.
Therefore let every man now task his thought,
That this fair action may on foot be brought.

[Exeunt.—Flourish.]
ACT II.

KING HENRY V.

SCENE I.

Erre he take ship for France, and in Southampton.
Linger your patience on: and we'll digest
The abuse of distance; force a play:
The sum is paid; the traitors are agreed;
The king is come forth, and not till then,
Unto Southampton do we shift our scene. [Exit.]


Enter Corporal Nym and Lieutenant Bardolph.

Bard. Well met, Corporal Nym.
Nym. Good morrow, Lieutenant Bardolph.
Bard. What, are Ancient Pistol and you friends yet?
Nym. For my part, I care not: I say little; but when thou shall serve, there shall be smiles, but that shall be as it may. I dare not fight; but I will walk and hold my time: if it be 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 either Bardolph or 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?
Pist. Base rake, call'st thou me host? [Pistol! 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 gentlewomen that live honestly by the prick of their needles, but it will be thought we keep a bawdy house straight. [Nym and Pistol draw.] O well a day, Lady, if he be not drawn now! we shall see willful adultery and murder committed.
Bard. Good lieutenant! good corporal! offer nothing here.
Nym. Pist! 
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 mervolous face; Thy 'te', 'th', and 'th', and thy throat, And in thy hateful lungs, yea, in thy maw, perdy, And, which is worse, within thy nasty mouth! I do retort the 'solus' in thy bowels; For I can take, and Pistol's cock is up, And flashing fire will follow.
Nym. I am not Barbason; thou canst not conjure me. I have an humour to knock you indifferent 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 braggar vile and damned furious wight! The grave doth gape, and doting death is near; Therefore exhale.
Bard. Hear me, hear me what I say: he that strikes the first stroke, I'll run him up to the hills, as I am a soldier. [Draws.]
Pist. An oath of mickle might; and fury shall Give me thy list, thy fore-foot to me give: [abate. Thy spirits are most pell-mell.
Nym. I will cut thy throat, one time or other, in fair terms: that is the humour of it. Pist. 'Couple a gorle!' That is the word. 'I thee defy again. O hound of Crete, think'st thou my spouse to get? No: to the spital go, And from the powdering-tub of infamy Fetch forth the lazar kite of Cressid's kind, Doll Tearsheet she by name, and her espouse: I have, and I will hold, the quondam Quickly For the only she; and — pauce, 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
Bard. Away, you rogue! [ill. Pistol. 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? [on! Pist. Let floods o'erswell, and fiends for food howl Nym. You'll pay me the eight shillings I won of you at betting?
Pist. Base is the slave that pays. [of it.
Nym. That now I will have: that's the humour Pist. As manhood shall compound: push home.
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
Bard. Corporal Nym, an thou wilt be friends, be friends: and thou wilt not, why, then, be enemies with me too. Prithee, put up.
Nym. I shall have my eight shillings I won of you at betting?
Pist. A noble shalt thou have, and present pay; And liquor likewise will I give to thee. And friendship shall combine, and brotherhood: I'll live by Nym, and Nym shall live by me; Is not this just? for I shall sutler be Unto the camp, and profits will accrue. Give me thy hand.
Nym. I shall have my noble? Pist. In cash most justly paid.
Nym. Well, then, that's the humour of't.

[Re-enter Hostess.

Host. As ever you came of women, come in quickly to Sir John. Ah, poor heart! he is so slack'd of a burning quotidian tertian, that it is most lamentable to behold. Sweet men, come to him.
Nym. The king hath run bad humours on the knight; that's the even of it.
Pist. Nym, thou hast spoke the right; His heart is fracted and corrobated.
Nym. The king is a kind king: but it must be as it may; he bestresses some humours and careers.
Pist. Let us condle the knight; for, lambkins we will live.
SCENE II.—Southampton. A council-chamber.

Enter Exeter, Bedford, and Westmoreland.

Bed. Fore God, his grace is bold, to trust these traitors. They shall be apprehended by and by. West. How smooth and even they do bear them As if allegiance in their bosoms sat; Crowned with faith and constant loyalty. Bed. The king hath note of all that they intend, By interception which they dream not of. Exe. Nay, but the man that was his bedfellow, Whom he hath dulle’sd and cloyd’g with gracious favours, That he should, for a foreign surge, so sell [selves! His sovereign’s life to death and treachery. Trumpets sound. Enter King Henry, Scroop, Cambridge, Grey, and Attendants.

K. Hen. Now sits the wind fair, and we will aboard. [Masham. My Lord of Cambridge, and my kind Lord of And you, my gentle knight, give me your thoughts: Think you not that the powers we bear with us Will weigh enough on one single light, with the force of France, Doing the execution and the act For which we have in head assembled them? [best. Scroop. No doubt, my liege; if each man do his K. Hen. I doubt not that; since we are well persuaded We carry not a heart with us from hence [suaded That grateful, salt, and warm company with ours. Nor leave not one behind that doth not wish Success and conquest to attend on us. Cam. Never was monarch better fear’d and loved Than is your majesty: there’s not, I think, a subject That sits in heart-grief and uneasiness Under the sweet shade of your government. Grey. True: those that were your father’s enemies Have steep’d their galls in honey and do serve you With hearts create of duty and of zeal. [fulness; K. Hen. We therefore have great cause of thank- And shall forget the office of our hand, Sooner than quittance of desert and merit According to the weight and worthiness. Scroop. So service shall with steeled sinew toll, And labour shall refresh itself with hope, To do your grace incessant services. K. Hen. We judge no less. Uncle of Exeter, Enlarge the man committed yesterday, That all his peers may consider It was excess of wine that set him on; And on his more advice we pardon him. Scroop. That’s mercy, but too much security: Let him be punish’d, sovereign, last example Breed, by his sufferance, more of such a kind. K. Hen. O, let us yet be merciful. Cam. So may your highness, and yet punish too. Grey. Sir, You show great mercy, if you give him life, After the taste of much correction. K. Hen. Alas, your too much love and care of me Are hurt on your own, against this poor wretch! If little faults, proceeding on distemper, Shall not be wink’d at, how shall we stretch our eye When capital crimes, chew’d, swallowed & digested, Appear before us? We ’ll yet enlarge that man, Though Cambridge, Scroop, and Grey, in their dear And fervor preservation of you, [cares Would have him punish’d. And now to our French Who are the late commissioners? [causes: Cam. I one, my lord: Your highness bade me ask for it to-day. Scroop. So did you me, my liege. Grey. To mark the fault, mark the wrong. [is yours; K. Hen. Then, Richard Earl of Cambridge, there There yours, Lord Scroop of Masham; and, sir knight,

Grey of Northumberland, this same is yours; Read them; and know, I know your worthiness. My Lord of Westmoreland, and uncle Exeter, We will aboard to-night. Why, how now, gentle- What see you in these papers that you lose your men? So much complexion? Look ye, how they change! Their cheeks are paper. Why, what read you there, That hath so cowarded and chased your blood Out of appearance? Cam. I do confess my fault; And do submit me to your highness’ mercy. Grey. To which we all appeal. K. Hen. The mercy that was quick in us but late, By your own counsel is suppress’d and kill’d: You must not dare, for shame, to talk of mercy; For your own reasons turn into your bosoms, As dogs upon their masters, worrying you. See you, my princes and my noble peers, [here, These English monsters! My Lord of Cambridge You know how apt our love was to accord To furnish him with all appertinents Belonging to his honour; and this man, lighted, for a few weeks, would be inspired, 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, Congratulating, sanguine man of war with us Thou that didst bear the key of all my counsels, That knewst the very bottom of my soul, That almost might 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 these extract one spark of evil That might annoy my finger? ’t is so strange, That, though the truth of it stands off as gross As black and white, my eye will scarcely see it. Treason and murder ever kept together, As two yoke-devils sworn to either’s purpose, Working so grossly in a natural cause, That admiration did not whoop at them: But thou, against 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 for real reasons Do botch and bungle up damnation With patches, colours, and with forms being fetch’d From glistening semblances of piety; But he that temper’d thee bade thee stand up, Gave thee no instance why thou shouldst do treason, Unless to dub thee with the name of traitor. If that same demon that hath gull’d thee thus Should with his lion gait walk the whole world, He might return to vasty Tartar back, And tell the legions ‘I can never win A soul so easy as that Englishman’s.’ O, how hast thou with jealousy betrayed The sweetness of affiance! Show men dutiful! Why, so dist thou: seem they grave and learned? Why, so dist thou: come they of noble family? Why, so dist thou: seem they religious? Why, so dist thou: or are they spare in diet, Free from gross passion or of mirth or anger, Constant in sport, 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 judgment trusting neither? Such and so finely boited dist thou seem: And thus thy fall hath left a kind of blot, Continued, as a traitor can be worst induc With some suspicion. I will weep for thee; For this revolt of thine, methinks, is like Another fall of man. Their faults are open.
Arrest them to the answer of the law;  
And God acquit them of their practices!

_Exe._ I arrest thee of high treason, by the name of Richard Earl of Cambridge.

Amen. I arrest thee of high treason, by the name of Henry Lord Scroop of Masham.

I arrest thee of high treason, by the name of Thomas Grey, knight, of Northumberland.

Scroop. Our purposes God justly hath discover'd;  
And I repent my fault more than my death;  
Which I 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.

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. [tene.  

_K. Hen._ God quit you in his mercy!  
Hear your sentence, on high treason against yourself.  
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 own 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 constancy  
Of all your dear offences!  
Bears 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 expeditious march;  
Cheerly to see; 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._ Prithhee, honey-sweet husband, let me bring thee to Staines.

_Pist._ No; for my manly heart doth yearn.

Bardolph, be blithe:  
Nym, rouse thy vaunting veins:  
Boy, bristle thy courage up:  
For Falstaff he is dead,  
And we must yearn therefore.

_Bard._ Would I were with him, where'some'er he is, 
either in heaven or in hell!

_Host._ Nay, sure, he's not in hell: he's in Arthur's bosom, if ever man went to Arthur's bosom.  
A' made a finer end and went away an it had been any christom child; a' parted even just between twelve and one o'clock at the morrow: for after  
I saw him fumble with the sheets and play with  
flowers and smile upon his fingers' ends, I knew  
there was but one way; for his nose was as sharp  
as a pen, and a' babbled of green fields.  
'How now, Sir John!' quoit I:  
'what, man! be o' good cheer.'  
So a' cried out, 'God, God!' three or  
four times.  
Now I, to comfort him, bid him a'  
should not think of God; I hoped there was no need  
to trouble himself with any such thoughts yet.  
So a' bade me lay more clothes on his feet:  
I put my hand into the bed and felt them, and they were  
as cold as any stone; then I felt to his knees, and they  
were as cold as any stone, and so upward and upward,  
and all was as cold as any stone.

_Nym._ They say he cried out of sack.

_Host._ Ay, that a' did.

_Bard._ And of women.

_Host._ Nay, that a' did not. [incarnate.

_Boy._ Yes, that a' did; and said they were devils  
_of course.  
A' said never abide carnage; 'twas a  
colour he never liked.

_Boy._ A' said once, the devil would have him about  
_Host._ A' did in some sort, indeed, handle women;  
but then he was rheumatic, and talked of the whore of Babylon.

_Boy._ Do you not remember, a' saw a flea stick  
upon Bardolph's nose, and a' said it was a black soul burning in hell-fire?

_Bard._ Well, the fueel is gone that maintained that fire:  
that's all the riches I got in his service.

_Nym._ Shall we shog? the king will be gone from Southampton. [lips.

_Dist. Com._ let's away. My love, give me thy look  
To my chattels and my movables:  
Let senses rule; the word is 'Pitch and Pay';  
Trust none;

For oaths are straws, men's faiths are wafer-cakes,  
And hold-fast is the only dog, my duck:  
Therefor, Caeve to be thy counsellor.  
Go, clear thy crystals. Yoke-fellows in arms,  
Let us to France; like horse-leeches, my boys,  
To suck, to suck, the very blood to suck!  
_Boy._ And that's but unhomely food, they say.  
Pist. Touch her soft mouth, and march.  
_Bard._ Farewell, hostess.  

[Kissing her.]

_Nym._ I cannot kiss, that is the humour of it;  
but, adieu.  

_Pist._ Let housewifery appear: keep close, I thee  
_Host._ Farewell; adieu. [Exeunt.

Scene IV. — France. The King's palace.

_Flourish._ Enter the French King, the Dauphin, the Dukes of Berri and Bretagne, the Constable, and others.

_Fr. King._ Thus comes the English with full power  
And more than carefully it us concerns [upon us;  
To answer patiently in our defences.  
Therefore the Dukes of Berri and of Bretagne,  
Of Brabant and of Orleans, shall make forth,  
And you, Prince Dauphin, with all swift dispatch,  
To line and new repair our towns of war  
With men of courage and with means defendant;  
For England his approaches makes as force  
As waters to the sucking of a gulf.  
It fits us then to be as provident  
As fear may teach us out of late examples  
Left by the fatal and neglected English  
Upon our fields.

_My most redoubted father,_  
It is most meet we arm us 'gainst the foe;  
For peace itself should not so dull a kingdom,  
Though war nor no known quarrel were in question,  
But that defences, musters, preparations,  
Should be maintain'd, assembled and collected,  
As were a war in expectation.  
I say 'tis meet we all go forth  
To view the sick and feeble parts of France:  
And let us do it with no show of fear;  
No, with no more than if we heard that England  
Were busied with a Whitson morris-dance;  
For, my good liege, she is so idly king'd,  
Her sceptre so fantastically borne,  
By a vain, giddy, shallow, humorous youth,  
That fear attends her not.
ACT III.

KING HENRY V.

PROLOGUE.

Con. 
O peace, Prince Dauphin! 
You are too much mistaken in this king: 
Question your grace the late ambassadors, 
With what great state he heard their embassy, 
How well supplied with noble councillors, 
How modest in exception, and withal 
How terrible in constant resolution, 
And you shall find his vanities foreseen 
Were but the outside of the Roman Brutus, 
Covering discretion with a coat of folly; 
As gardeners do with ordure hide those roots 
That shall first spring and be most delicate. 

Dau. Well, 'tis not so, my lord high constable; 
But though we think it so, it is no matter: 
In cases of defence 'tis best to weigh 
The enemy more mighty than he seems: 
So the proportions of defence are fill'd: 
Which of a weak and niggardly projection 
Doth, like a miser, spoil his coat with scanting 
A little cloth. 

Fr. King. Think we King Harry strong; 
And, princes, look you strongly arm to meet him. 
The kindred of him hath been fleshed upon us; 
And he is bred out of that bloody strain 
That haunted us in our familiar paths: 
Witness our too much memorable shame 
When Cressy battle fatally was struck, 
And all our princes captived by the hand 
Of that black name, Edward, Black Prince of Wales; 
Whiles that his mountain sire, on mountain stand-

Up in the air, crown'd with the golden sun, 
[Ing, Saw his heroic seed, and smiled to see him, 
Mangle the work of nature and deface 
The patterns that by God and by French fathers 
Had twenty years been made. This is a stem 
Of that victorious stock; and let us fear 
The native 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 chase is hotly follow'd, friends; 
[dogs 

Dau. Turn head, and stop pursuit; for coward 
Most spend their mouths when what they seem to 

Runs far before them. Good my sovereign, 
Take up the English short, and let them know 
Of what a monarchy you are the head: 
Self-love, my liege, is not so vile a sin 
As self-neglecting. 

Re-enter Lords, with Exeter and train. 

Fr. King. From our brother England? 
Exe. From him; and thus he 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; 
Will 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 fail, he will compel; 
And bids you, in the bowels of the Lord, 
Deliver up the crown, and to take mercy 
On the poor souls for whom this hungry war 

Opens his vasty jaws; and on your head 
Turning the widows' tears, the orphans' cries, 
The dead men's blood, the pining maidens' groans, 
For husbands, fathers and betrothed lovers, 
That shall be swallow'd in this controversy. 
This is his claim, his threatening and my message; 
Unless the Dauphin be in presence here, 
To whom expressly I bring greeting too, 
Fr. King. For us, we will consider of this further: 
To-morrow shall you bear our full intent 
Back to our brother England. 

Dau. For the Dauphin, 
I stand here for him: what to him from England? 
Exe. Scorn and defiance; slight regard, contempt, 
And any thing that may not misbecome 
The mighty sender, doth he prize you at. 
Thus says my king; an if your father's highness 
Do not, in grant of all demands at large, 
Sweeten the bitter mock you sent his majesty, 
He'll call you to so hot an answer of it, 
That caves and woomy vaultages of France 
Shall chide your trespass and return your mock 
In second accent of his ordinance. 

Dau. Say, if my father render fair return, 
It is against my will; for I desire 
Nothing but odds with England: to that end, 
As matching to his youth and vanity, 
I did present him with the Paris balls. 
Exe. He'll lend you Paris shake for it, 
Were it the mistress-court of mighty Europe: 
And, be assured, you'll find a difference, 
As we his subjects have in wonder found, 
Between the promise of his greener days 
And these he masters now: now he weighs time 
Even to the utmost grain: that you shall read 
In your own losses, if he stay in France. 
[full. 
Fr. King. To-morrow shall you know our mind 
Exe. Dispatch us with all speed, lest that our 
Come here himself to question our delay; 
[king 
For he is footed in this land already. 
Fr. King. You shall be soon dispatch'd with fair 
conditions: 
A night is but small breath and little pause 
To answer matters of this consequence. 

[Flourish.—Exeunt.

ACT III.
To sounds confused; behold the thread sail,  
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 mourned and danced o'er:  
For so appears this fleet majestical,  
Holding due course to Harleian.  
Follow, follow:  
Grapple your minds to sternage of this navy,  
And leave your England, as dead midnight still,  
Guarded with grandisires, babies and old women,  
Either past or not arrived to pith and puissance;  
For who is he, whose chin is but enchi'd  
With one appearing hair, that will not follow  
These cull'd and choice-drawn cavaliers to France?  
Work, work your thoughts, and therein see a siege;  
Behold the ordnance on their carriages,  
With fatal mouths gaping on girded Harleian.  
Suppose the ambassador from the French comes  
Tells Harry that the king doth offer him [back,  
Katharine his daughter, and with her, to dowry,  
Some petty and unprofitable dukedoms.  
The offer likes not: and the nimble gunner  
With linstock now the devilish cannon touches.  
[Alarum, and chambers go off.  
And down goes all before them.  
Still be kind.  
And eke out our performance with your mind.  

SCENE I.—France.  
Before Harleian.  

Alarum.  
Enter King Henry, Exeter, Bedford,  
Gloucester, and Soldiers, with scaling-ladders.  

K. Hen.  
Once more unto the breach, dear friends, once more;  
Or close the wall up with our English dead.  
In peace there's nothing so becomes a man  
As modest stillness and humility:  
But when the blast of war blows in our ears,  
Then imitate the action of the tiger;  
Stiffen the sinews, summon up the blood,  
Disguise fair nature with hard-favour'd rage;  
Then lend the eye a terrible aspect;  
Let it pry through the portage of the head  
Like the brass cannon; let the brow o'erwhelm it  
As feebly as doth a galled rock  
O'erhang and jutty his confounded base,  
Shall'd with the wild and wasteful ocean.  
Now set the teeth and stretch the nostril wide,  
Hold hard the breath and bend up every spirit  
To his full height.  
On, on, you noble English,  
When the hate and scorne of our war-proof  
Fathers that, like so many Alexanders,  
Have in these parts from morn till even fought  
And sheathed their swords for lack of argument:  
Dishonour not your mothers; now attest  
That those whom you call'd fathers did beget you.  
Be copy now to men of grosser blood,  
And teach them how to war.  
And you, good yeomen,  
Whose limbs were made in England, show us here  
The mettle of your pasture; let us swear [not;  
That you are worth your breeding; which I doubt  
For there is none of you so mean and base,  
That hath not noble lustre in your eyes;  
I see you stand like greyhounds in the slips,  
Straining upon the start.  
The game's afoot:  
Follow your spirit, and upon this charge  
Cry 'God for Harry, England, and Saint George!'  
[Exeunt.  

SCENE II.—The same.  

Enter Nym, Bardolph, Pistol, and Boy.  

Bard.  
On, on, on, on! to the breach, to the breach!  

Nym.  
Pray thee, corporal, stay; the knocks are too hot; and, for mine own part, I have not a case  
of lives: the humour of it is too hot, that is the very plain-song of it.  
Pist.  
The plain-song is most just; for humours do abound;  
Knocks go and come; God's vassals drop and die;  
On the house and sword and shield,  
In bloody field,  
Doth win immortal fame.  

Boy.  
Would I were in an alehouse in London!  
I would give all my fame for a pot of ale and safety.  
Pist.  
And I:  
If wishes would prevail with me,  
My purpose should not fail with me,  
But thither would I hie.  

Boy.  
As duly, but not as truly,  
As bird doth sing on bough.  

Enter Fluellen.  

Flu.  
Up to the breach, you dogs! avant, you cullions!  
[Driving them forward.  
Pist.  
Be merciful, great duke, to men of mould.  
Abate thy rage, abate thy manly rage,  
Abate thy rage, great duke!  
[Churl!  
Good baycock, bate thy rage;  
Let lenity, sweet Nym,  
Abate thee good humour, and thy humour with bad humours.  
[Exeunt all but Boy.  

Boy.  
As young as I am, I have observed these three swashers.  
I am boy to them all three: but all three they, though they would serve me, could not be man to me; for indeed three such antics do not amount to a man.  
For Bardolph, he is white-livered and red-faced; by the means whereby of a' faces it out, but fights not.  
For Pistol, he hath a killing tongue and a quiet sword; by the means whereof a' breaks words, and keeps whole weapons.  
For Nym, he hath heard that men of few words are the best men; and therefore he swears to say, 'Prayers, lest a' should be thought a coward: but his few bad words are matched with as few good deeds; for a' never broke any man's head but his own, and that was against a post when he was drunk.  
They will steal any thing, and call it purchase.  
Bardolph stole a lute-case, bore it twelve leagues, and sold it for three half-pence.  
Nym and Bardolph are sworn brothers in fencing, and in Calais they stole a fire-shovel: I knew by that piece of service the men would carry coals.  
They would have me as familiar with men's pockets as their gloves or their handkerchers: which makes much against my manhood, if I should take from another man's pocket to put into mine; for it is plain pocketing up of wrongs.  
I must leave them, and seek some better service: their villany goes against my weak stomach, and therefore I must cast it up.  
[Exeunt.  

Re-enter Fluellen, Gower following.  

Gov.  
Captain Fluellen, you must come presently to the mines; the Duke of Gloucester would speak with you.  

Flu.  
To the mines! tell you the duke, it is not so good to come to the mines; for, look you, the mines is not according to the disciplines of the war: the concavities of it is not sufficient; for, look you, th' athesery, you may discuss unto the duke, look you, is digt himself four yard under the counter-mines; by Cheshu, I think a' will plow up all, if there is not better directions.  

Gov.  
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?  

Gov.  
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.

Gov. 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. Do you know the discipines of the pristine wars of the Romans?

Jamy. I say gud-day, Captain Fluellen.

Plu. Go; den-do to your worship, good Captain James.

Gov. How now, Captain Macmorris! have you of the English ships, the peace given o'er?

Mac. By Christ, la! t'ish 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 ishe give over: I would have blown up the town, so Chrish save me, la! in an hour: O, t'ish ill done, t'ish ill done: by my hand, t'ish ill done!

Plu. Captain Macmorris, I beseech you now, will you voutsafe me, look you, a few disputations with you, as partly touching or concerning the discipines of the war, the Roman wars, in the way of argument, look you, and friendly communication; partly to satisfy my opinion, and partly for the satisfaction, look you, and for the advantage of the military discipline; that is the point.

Jamy. It sall be vary gud, gud feith, gud captains bath: and I sall quit you with gud leve, as I may pick occasion; that sall 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 slomber, ay 'll de gud service, or ay 'll lig t' the grund for it; ay, or go to death; and ay 'll pay 't as valorously as I may, that sall I suery do, that is the bref the and the long. Marry, I was fulf fain later to bea gud soldier, and be a gud hand sh'lay.

Plu. Captain Macmorris, I think, look you, under your correction, there is not many of your nation—

Mac. Of my nation! What ish my nation? Ish a villain, and a bastard, and a knave, and a rascal. What ish my nation? Who talks of my nation?

Plu. Look you, if you take the matter otherwise than is meant, Captain Macmorris, peradventure I shall think you do not use me with that affability as in discretion you ought to use me, look you; being as good a man as yourself, both in the discipines of war, and in the derivation of my birth, and in other particularities.

Mac. I do not know you so gud a man as myself: so Chrish save me, I will cut off your head.

Gov. Gentlemen both, you will mistake each Jamy. A'! that's a foul fault. [Other.

Gov. The town sounds a parley.

Plu. 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 discipines of war; and there is an end. [Exeunt.

SCENE III.—The same. Before the gates.

The Governor and some Citizens on the walls; the English forces below. Enter King Henry and train.

K. Hen. How yet resolves the governor of the This is the latest parle we will admit: [town? Therefore to our best mercy give yourselves; Or like to men proud of destruction Deity to our worst: for, as I am a soldier, A name that in my thoughts becomes me best, If I begin the battle once again, I will not leave the half-achieved Harleur 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 blood shall challenge. With conscience wide as hell, 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 leviant To come ashore. Therefore, you men of Harleur, 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 Overflows the proud and contaminated 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 revered heads dash'd to the walls, Your naked infants spitted upon pikes. While these mad mothers with their howls confused Do break the clouds, as did the wives of Jewry At Herod's bloody-hunting slaugthermen. What say you? will you yield, and this avoid, Or, guilty in defence, be thus destroy'd?

Gov. Our expectation hath this day this end: The Dauphin, whom of succours we entreated, Returns us that his powers are yet not ready To raise so great a siege. Therefore, great king, We yield our town and lives to thy soft mercy. Enter our gates; dispose of us and ours; For we no longer serve your dead than alive.

K. Hen. Open your gates. Come, uncle Exeter. Go you and enter Harleur; 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 Harleur we will be your guest, To-morrow for the march are we address'd. [Flourish. The King and his train enter the town.

SCENE IV.—The French King's palace.

Enter Katharine and Alice.

Kath. Alice, tu as été en Angleterre, et tu parles bien le langage.

Alice. Un peu, madame.

Kath. Je te prie, m’enseignez; il faut que j’apprenne à parler. Comment appellez-vous la main en Anglais?

Alice. La main? elle est appelée de hand.

Kath. De hand. Et les doigts?

Alice. Les doigts? ma foi, j’oublie les doigts; mais je me souviendrai. Les doigts? je pense qu’ils sont appelés de fingers; oui, de fingers.

Kath. La main, de hand; les doigts, de fingers. Je pense que je suis le bon écouter; j’ai gagné deux mots d’Anglais vitément. Comment appellez-vous les ongles?

Alice. Les ongles? nous les appelons de nails.
Kath. De n'as de mains. Écoutez; dites-moi, si je parle bien: de main, de fingres, et de nains.
Alice. C'est bien dit, madame; il est fort bon Anglais.
Kath. Dites-moi l'Anglais pour le bras.
Alice. De arm, madame.
Kath. Et le coude?
Alice. De elbow.
Kath. De je. Je m'en fais la répétition de tous les mots que vous m'avez appris dès à présent.
Alice. Il est trop difficile, madame, comme je pense.
Kath. Excusez-moi, Alice; écoutez: de hand, de fingres, de nains, de arma, de bilbrow.
Alice. De elbow, madame.
Kath. O Seigneur Dieu, je m'en oublie! de elbow.
Comment appelez-vous le col?
Alice. De neck, madame.
Kath. De neck. Et le menton?
Alice. De chin.
Kath. De sin. Le col de nain, de menton de sin.
Alice. Oui. Sauf votre honneur, en vérité, vous prononcez les mots aussi droit que les nati's d'Angltere.
Kath. Je ne doute point d'apprendre, par la grace de Dieu, et en peu de temps.
Alice. N'avez vous pas déjà oublié ce que vous ai enseigné?
Kath. Non, je reciterai à vous promptement: de hand, de fingres, de mains,—
Alice. De mains, madame.
Kath. De nains, de arm, de librow.
Alice. Sauf votre honneur, de elbow.
Kath. Ainsi dis-je; de elbow, de nain, et de sin.
Comment appelez-vous le pied et la robe?
Alice. De foot, madame; et de coum.
Kath. De foot et de coum! O Seigneur Dieu! ce sont mots de mauvais, corrompables, gros, et impudiques, et non pour les dames d'honneur d'user: je ne voudrais prononcer ces mots devant les seigneurs de France pour tout le monde. Foh! le foot et le coum! Néanmoins, je reciterai une autre fois ma leçon ensemble: de hand, de fingres, de nains, de arm, de elbow, de nick, de sin, de foot, de coum.
Alice. Excellent, madame!
Kath. C'est assez pour une fois: allons-nous à diner.

SCENE V.—The same.

Enter King of France, the Dauphin, the Duke of Bourbon, the Constable of France, and others.
Fr. King. 'Tis certain he hath pass'd the river Soûme.
Con. And if he be not fought withal, my lord,
Let us not live in France; let us quit all
And give our vineyards to a barbarous people.
Dau. O Dieu vivant! shall a few sprays of us,
The emptying of our fathers' luxury,
Our scions, put in wild and savage stock,
Spirit up so suddenly into the clouds,
And overlook their grutters? [Bastards]
Bour. Normans, but bastard Normans, Norman
More than the English, with a longer arm along.
Unfought withal, but I will sell my dukedom,
To buy a slobery and a dirty farm
In that mock-shotten isle of Albion. [fle]
Con. Dieu de batailles! where have they this mett-
Is not their climate foggy, raw and dull,
On whom, as in espite, the sun looks pale,
Killing their fruit with frowns? Can sodden water,
A drench for sur-rein'd jades, their barley-broth,
Deco't their cold blood to such valiant heat?
And shall our quick blood, spirited with wine,
Seem frosty? O, for honour of our land,
Let us not hang like roping icicles
Upon our houses' thatch, whiles a more frosty people
Sweat drops of gallant youth in our rich fields!
Poor we may call them in their native lords.

Dau. By faith and honour,
Our madams mock at us, and plainly say
Our mettle is bred out and they will give
Their bodies to the lust of English youth
To new-store France with bastard warriors.
Bour. They bid us to the English dancing-schools,
And teach lavolts high and swift corontos;
Saying our grace is only in our heels,
And that we are most lofty runaways.
Fr. King. Where is Montjoy the herald? speed
him hence:
Let him greet England with our sharp defiance.
Up, princes! and, with spirit of honour edged
More sharper than your swords, hie to the field:
Charles Delabreth, high constable of France;
You Dukes of Orleans, Bourbon, and of Berri,
Alencon, Brabant, Bar, and Burgundy;
Jacques Chatillon, Rambures, Vaudemont,
Beaumont, Grandpré, Roussi, and Faconberg,
Foix, Lestrel, Bocquilet, and Charolais;
High dukes, great princes, barons, lords and knights,
For your great seats now quit you of great shame.
Bar. Harry England, that sweeps through our land
With pennons painted in the blood of Harleion:
Rush on his host, as doth the melted snow
Upon the valleys, whose low vassal seat
The Alps doth spit and void his rheum upon:
Go down upon him, you have power enough,
And in a captive chariot into Rouen
Bring him our prisoner.

Con. This becomes the great.
Sorry am I his numbers are so few,
His soldiers sick and famish'd in their march,
For I am sure, when he shall see our army,
He 'll drop his heart into the sink of fear
And for achievement offer us his ransom.
Fr. King. Therefore, lord constable, haste on
Montjoy,
And let him say to England that we send
To know what willing ransom he will give.
Prince Dauphin, you shall stay with us in Rouen.
Dau. Not so, I do beseech your majesty. [ius.
Fr. King. Be patient, for you shall remain with
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 pride most valiantly,
with excellent displeasure. There you see, my aunchient, lieutenant there at the bridge, I think in my very conscience he is as valiant a man as Mark Antony;
and he is a man of no estimation in the world; but I did see him do as gallant service.
Gow. What do you call him?
Flu. He is called Aunchient Pistol.
Gow. I know him not.

Enter Pistol.
Flu. Here is the man.
Pist. Captain, I thee beseech to do me favours:
The Duke of Exeter doth love thee well.
Flu. Ay, I praise God; and I have merited some
love at his hands.
Pist. Bardolph, a soldier, firm and sound of heart,
And of buxom valour, hath, by cruel fate,
And giddy Fortune's furiousickle wheel,
That goddess blind,
That stands upon the rolling restless stone—

Flu. By your patience, Aunchent Pistol. Fortune
is painted blind, with a muffer afore her eyes,
to signify to you that Fortune is blind; and she is
planted on 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 exiled woman.

Pist. Fortune is Bardolph's foe, and frowns on
For he hath stolen a pan, and hanged must a' be:
A damned death!

Let gallowes gape for dog; let man go free
And let not hemp his wind-pipe suffocate:
But Exeter hath given the doom of death
For pax of little price.

Therefore, go speak: the duke will hear thy voice:
And let not Bardolph's vital thread be cut
With edge of penny coid and vile reproach:
Speak, captain, for his life, and I will thee requite.

Pist. Aunchent Pistol, I do partly understand thy
meaning.

Pist. Why then, rejoice therefore.

Flu. Certainly, aunchent, it is not a thing to re-
joice 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 dam'ned! and figo for thy friend-

Flu. It is well.

Pist. The fig of Spain!

Flu. Very good.

Gov. Why, this is an arrant counterfeit rascal;
I remember him now; a bawd, a cutpurse.

Flu. Let me tell you, a' uttered brave words at
the pridge as you shall see in a summer's day. But
it is very well; what he has spoke to me, that is
well, I warrant you, when time is serve.

Gov. 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 shall we let such a wench, such great out-
commanders: names; and they will learn you by rote where
services were done; at such and such a scone, at
such a breach, at such a convoy; who came off
bravely, who was shot, who disgraced, what terms
the enemy stood on; and this they can perfectly in
the phrase of which they trick up with new-
tuned oaths: and what a beard of the general's cut
and a horrid suit of the camp will do among foaming
bottles and ale-washed wits, is wonderful to be
thought on. But you must learn to know such
slanders of the age, or else you may be marvel-
ously mistaken.

Flu. I tell you what, Captain Gower; I do per-
ceive he is not the man that he would gladly make
show to the world he is: if I find a hole in his coat,
I will tell him my mind. [Drum heard.] Hark you,
the king is coming, and I must speak with him from
the pridge.

Gov. Why, this is an arrant counterfeit rascal;
I remember him now; a bawd, a cutpurse.

Flu. Let me tell you, a' uttered brave words at
the pridge as you shall see in a summer's day. But
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and a horrid suit of the camp will do among foaming
bottles and ale-washed wits, is wonderful to be
thought on. But you must learn to know such
slanders of the age, or else you may be marvel-
ously mistaken.

Flu. I tell you what, Captain Gower; I do per-
ceive he is not the man that he would gladly make
show to the world he is: if I find a hole in his coat,
I will tell him my mind. [Drum heard.] Hark you,
the king is coming, and I must speak with him from
the pridge.

Drum and colours. Enter King Henry, Glouces-
ter, and Soldiers.

God pless your majesty! [the bridge?]

K. Hen. How now, Fluellen! camest thou from
France? I must examine thy tale.

Flu. The Duke of Exeter has very gallantly maintained the pridge:
the French is gone off, look you; and there is gal-
ant and most prave passages; marry, th' adver-
sary was have possession of the pridge; but he is
enforced to retire, and the Duke of Exeter is mas-
ter of the pridge: I can tell thy majesty, the duke
is a prave man.

K. Hen. What men have you lost, Fluellen?

Flu. The perdition of th' adverstary hath been
very great, reasonable great: marry, for my part,
I think the duke hath lost never a man, but one
that is like to be executed for robbing a church,
one Bardolph. If your majesty know the man: his
face is all bubblkes, and wikkles, and knobs, and
the fire o' fire, which is like a coal of fire, sometimes
blues and sometimes red; but his nose is executed, and
his fire's out.

K. Hen. We would have all such offenders so cut
off: and we give express charge, that in our marches
through the country, there be nothing compelled
from the villager: nothing taken but paid for, none of
the French upbraided or abused in disdainful lan-
guage: for when leynity and cruelty play for a king-
dom, the gentler gamester is the soonest winner.

Tucket. Enter Montjoy.

Mont. You know me by my habit.

K. Hen. Well then I know thee: what shall I
know of thee?

Mont. My master's mind.

K. Hen. Unfold it.

Mont. Thus says my king: Say thou to Harry
of England: If we were so dead, we did but
sleep: advantage is a better soldier than rashness.
Tell him we could have rebuked him at Harfleur,
but that we thought not good to bruise an injury
till it were full ripe: now we speak upon our cue,
and our voice is imperial: England shall repent his
folly, see his weakness, and admire our sufferance.
Bid him therefore consider of his rason: which
must proportion the losses we have borne, the sub-
jects we have lost, the disgrace we have digested;
which in weight to re-answer, his Pettiness would
bow under. For our losses, his exchequer is too
poor: for the effusion of our blood, the muster
of his kingdom too faint a number; and for our
disgrace, his own person, kneeling at our feet, but a
weak and worthless satisfaction. To this add defi-
ance; and tell him, for conclusion, he hath betrayed
his followers, whose condemnation is pronounced.

So far my king and master; so much my office.

K. Hen. What is thy name?

Mont. I know thy quality.

K. Hen. Thou dost thy office fairly. Turn thee
And tell thy king I do not seek him now;
But could be willing to march on to Calais
Without impeachement: for, to say the sooth,
Though 't is no wisdom to confess so much,
Into an enemy, and waste so much.

My people are with sickness much enfeebled,
My numbers lessened, and those few I have
Almost no better than so many French;
Who when they were in health, I tell thee, herald,
I thought upon one pair of English legs
Did march three Frenchmen. Yet, forgive me, God,
That I do brag thus! This your air of France
Hath blown that vice in me; I must repent.
Go therefore, tell thy master here I am;
My ransom is this frail and worthless trunk,
My army but a weak and sickly guard;
Yet, God before, tell him we will come on.
Though France himself and such another neighbour
Stand in our way. There's for thy labour, Montjoy.

Go, bid thy master well advise himself:
If we may pass, we will; if we be hindered,
We shall your tawny ground with your red blood
Discolour: and so, Montjoy, fare you well.

The sum of all shall here we will come on.

We would not seek a battle, as we are;
Nor, as we are, we say we will not shun it:

So tell your master.

Mont. I shall deliver so. Thanks to your high-
ness.

[Exit.

Glow. I hope they will not come upon us now.

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SCENE VII.—The French camp, near Agincourt.

Enter the Constable of France, the Lord Rambures, Orleans, Dauphin, with others.

Con. Tut! I have the best armour of the world. Would it be day! 

Orl. You have an excellent armour; but let my horse have his due.

Con. Is the best horse of Europe.

Orl. Will it never be morning?

Dau. My Lord of Orleans, and my lord high constable, you talk of horse and armour?

Orl. You are as well provided of both as any prince in the world.

Dau. What a long night is this! I will not change my horse with any that treads but on four pasteries. Ça, la! he bounds from the earth, as if his entrails were hairs; le cheval volant, the Pegasus, chez les marines de feu! When I bestride him, I soar, I am a hawk: he trots the air; the earth sings when he touches it: the basest horn of his hoof is more musical than the pipe of Hermes.

Orl. He's of the colour of the nutmeg.

Dau. And of the heat of the ginger. It is a beast for Perseus: he is pure air and fire; and the dull elements of earth and water never appear in him, but only in patient stillness while his rider mounts him: he is indeed a horse; and all other jades you may call beasts.

Con. Indeed, my lord, it is a most absolute and excellent horse.

Dau. It is the prince of palfreys; his neigh is like the bidding of a monarch and his countenance enforces homage.

Orl. No more, cousin.

Nay. 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 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,'— [tress.

Orl. I have heard a sonnet begin so to one's misfortune.

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 prescriptive praise and perfection of a good and particular mistress.

Con. Nay, for me thought yesterday your mistress shrewdly shook you 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 garters.

Con. You have good judgment in horsemanship.

Dau. I thought so; and it was well by me, then: they that ride so and ride not warily, fall into foul bogus. 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.

Con. Yet do I not use my horse for my mistress, or any much proverb so little kin to the purpose.

Ram. My Lord constable, the armour that I saw in your tent to-night, are those stars or suns upon it?

Con. Stars, my lord.

Dau. Some of them will fall to-morrow, I hope.

Con. And yet my sky shall not want.

Dau. That may be, for you bear a many superfluously, and 'twere more honour some were away.

Con. Even as your horse bears your praises; who would trot as well, were some of your brags dismounted.

Dau. Would I were able to load him with his desert! Will it never be day? I will trot to-morrow a mile, and my way shall be paved with English faces.

Con. I will not say so, for fear I should be faced out of my way: but I would it were morning; for I would fain be about the ears of the English.

Ram. Who will go to hazard with me for twenty prisoners?

Con. You must first go yourself to hazard, ere you have them.

Dau. 'Tis midnight; I 'll go arm myself. [Exit.

Orl. The Dauphin longs for morning.

Ram. He longs to eat the English.

Con. I think he will eat all he kills. [Prince.

Orl. By the white hand of my lady, he's a gallant man.

Swear by her foot, that she may tread out the oath.

Orl. He is simply the most active gentleman of France.

Con. Doing is activity; and he will still be doing.

Orl. He never did harm, that I heard of.

Con. Nor will do none to-morrow: he will keep that good name still.

Orl. I know him to be valiant.

Con. I was told that by one that knows him better than you.

Orl. What's he?

Con. Marry, he told me so himself; and he said he cared not who knew it.

Orl. He needs not; it is no hidden virtue in him.

Con. By my faith, sir, but it is; never anybody saw it but his lackey: 'tis a hooded valour; and when it appears, it will hate.

Orl. Ill never said well.

Con. I will cap that proverb with 'There is flattery in friendship.' [his due.

Orl. And I will take up that with 'Give the devil Con. Well placed: there stands your friend for the devil: have at the very eye of that proverb with 'A pox of the devil.'

Orl. You are the better at proverbs, by how much 'A fool's bolt is soon shot.'

Con. You have shot over.

Orl. 'Tis not the first time you were overshot.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. My lord high constable, the English lie within fifteen hundred paces of your tents.

Con. Who hath measured the ground?

Mess. The Lord Grandpré.

Con. A valiant and most expert gentleman. Would it were day! Alas, poor Harry of England! he longs not for the dawning as we do.

Mess. What a wretched and peevish fellow is this king of England, to mope with his fat-brained followers so far out of his knowledge!

Con. If the English had any apprehension, they would run away.

Mess. That they lack; for if their heads had any intellectual air about, they could never wear such heavy head-pieces.

Ram. That island of England breeds very valiant creatures; their mastiffs are of unmatchable courage.
Oft. Foolish cures, that run winking into the mouth of a Russian bear and have their heads crushed like rotten apples! You may as well say, that's a valiant plea that dare eat his breakfast on the lip of a lion.

Con. Just, just; and the men do sympathize with the mastiffs in robustious and rough coming on, leaving their wits with their wives: and then give them great meals of beef and iron and steel, they will eat like wolves and fight like devils. [beef.

Oft. Ay, but these English are shrewdly out of Con. Then shall we find to-morrow they have only stomachs to eat and none to fight. Now is it time to arm: come, shall we about it?

Oft. It is now two o'clock: but, let me see, by ten We shall have each a hundred Englishmen. [Exeunt.

ACT IV.

PROLOGUE.

Enter Chorus.

Chor. Now entertain conjecture of a time
When creeping murmurs and the poring dark
Fills the wide vessel of the universe,
From camp to camp through the foul womb of night
The hum of either army stillly sounds,
That the fixed sentinels almost receive
The secret whispers of each other's watch:
Fire answers fire, and through their paly flames
Each battle sees the other'sumber'd face;
Steed threatens steed in high and boastful neighs
Piercing the night's dull ear, and from the tents
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 confident 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 coats
Presenteth them unto the gazing moon
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 morrow with a modest smile
And calls them brothers, friends and countrymen.
Upon his royal face there is no note
How dread an army hath enrooked him;
Nor doth he dedicate one jot of colour
Unto the weary and all-watched night,
But freshly looks and over-bears attainment
With cheerful semblance and sweet majesty;
That every wretch, plining 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, 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:
Where — O for pity! — we shall much disgrace
With four or five most vile and ragged foils,
Right ill-disposed in brawl ridiculous,
The name of Agincourt. Yet sit and see,
Minding true things by what their mockeries be.

[Exit.

SCENE I. — The English camp at Agincourt.

Enter King Henry, Bedford, and Gloucester.

K. Hen. Gloucester, 'tis true that we are in great danger;
Pist. Art thou his friend?  
K. Hen. And his kinsman too.  
Pist. The f jed for thee, then!  
K. Hen. 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. Cordial Fluellen!

Flu. So! in the name of Jesus Christ, speak lower. It is the greatest admiration in the universal world, when the true and aunchent 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 prattle gabble in Pompey's camp: I warn 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.

Gow. Enter three soldiers, John Bates, Alexander Courc, 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; and his senses have but human conditions: his ceremonies laid by, in his nakedness he appears but a man; and though his affections are higher mounted than ours, yet, when they stoop, they stoop with the like wing. Therefore when he sees reason of fears, as we do, his fears, out of doubt, be of the same rollish as ours: yet, in reason, no man should fight with him with any appearance of fear, lest he, by showing it, should dishonour his army.

Bates. He may show what outward courage he will; but I believe, as cold a night as 'tis, he could wish himself in Thames up to the neck; and so I would he were, and I by him, at all adventures, so we were quit here.

K. Hen. By my troth, I will speak my conscience of the king: I think he would not wish himself any where but where he is.

Bates. Then I would he were here alone: so should he be sure to be ransomed, and a many poor men's livings, if we were quit here.

K. Hen. I dare say you love him not so ill, to wish him here alone, howsoever you speak this to feel other men's minds: methinks I could not die any where so contented as in the king's company; his cause being just and his quarrel honourable.

Will. That's more than we know.

Bates. Ay, we should seek after; for we know enough, if we know we are the king's subjects: if his cause be wrong, our obedience to the king wipes the crime of it out of us.

Will. But if the cause be not good, the king himself hath a heavy reckoning to make, when all those hands armed and charged 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.

K. Hen. So, if a son that is by his father sent and a merchant cause a sinfully miscarrie upon the sea, the imputation of his wickedness, by your rule, should be imposed upon his father that sent him: or if a servant, under his master's command transporting a sum of money, be assailed by robbers and die in many irreconciled iniquities, you may call the business of the master the act 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, or the master of his servant: for they purpose not their death, when they purpose their services. Besides, there is no king, be his cause never so spotless, if it come to the arbitration of swords, can try it out with all unspotted soldiers: some peradventure have on them the guilt of premeditated and contrived murder; some, of beguiling virgins with the broken seals of perjury; some, making the wars their bulwark, that have before gored the gentle bosom of peace with pillage and robbery. Now, if these men have defeated the law and outrun native punishment, though they can outstrip men, they have no wings to fly from God: war is his beadle, war is his vengeance; so that here men are punished for before-breach of the king's laws in now the king's quarrel: where they feared the death, they have their life avenged; and where they should be undid, they perish: then if they die unpardoned, no more is the king guilty of their damnation than he was before guilty of those impieties for which the they are now visited. Every subject's duty is the king's; but every subject's soul is his own. Therefore should every soldier in the wars do as every sick man in his bed, wash every mote out of his conscience: and dying so, death is to him advantage; or not dying, the time was blessedly lost wherein such preparation was gained; and in him that escapes, it were not sin to think that, making God so free an offer, He let him outlive that day to see his greatness and to teach others how they should prepare.

Will. 'Tis certain, every man that dies ill, the ill upon his own head, the king is not to answer it.

Bates. I do not desire he should answer for me; and yet I determine to fight lustily for him.

K. Hen. If I live to see it, I will never trust his word after.

Will. You pay him then. That's a perilous shot out of an elder-gun, that a poor and private displeasure can do against a monarch! you may as
well go about to turn the sun to ice with fanning in his face with a peacock’s feather.  You’ll never trust him tardy!  Come, it is a foolish saying.

K. Hen.  Your reproof is something too round: I should be angry with you, if the time were convenient.

Will.  Let it be a quarrel between us, if you live.

K. Hen.  I embrace it.

Will.  How shall I know thee again?

K. Hen.  Give me any gage of thine, and I will wear it in my bonnet: then, if ever thou darest acknowledge it, I will make it my quarrel.

Will.  Here’s my glove: give me another of thine.

K. Hen.  There.

Will.  This will I also wear in my cap: if ever thou come to me and say, after to-morrow, ‘This is my glove,’ by this hand, I will take thee a box on the ear.

K. Hen.  If ever I live to see it, I will challenge it.

Will.  Thou darest as well be hanged.

K. Hen.  Well, I will do it, though I take thee in the king’s company.

Will.  Keep thy word: fare thee well.

Bates.  Be friends, you English fools, be friends: we have French quarrels now, if you could tell how to reconcile.

K. Hen.  Indeed, the French may lay twenty French crowns to one, they will beat us; for they bear them on their shoulders: but it is no English treason to cut French crowns, and to-morrow the king himself will be a clipper.  [Exeunt Soldiers.

Upon the king! let us our lives, our souls, Our debts, our careful wives, Our children and our sins lay on the king! We must bear all.  O hard condition, Twin-born with greatness, subject to the breath Of every fool, whose sense no more can feel But his own wrangling!  What infinite heart’s-ease Must kings neglect, that private men enjoy! And what have kings, that privates have not too, Save ceremony, save general ceremony? And what art thou, thou idol ceremony? What kind of god art thou, that suffer’st more Of mortal griefs than do thy worshippers? What are thy rents? what are thy comings in? O ceremony, show me but thy worth! What is thy soul of adoration? Art thou aught else but place, degree and form, Creating awe and fear in other men? Wherein thou art less happy being fear’d Than they in fearing.  What drink’st thou oft, instead of homage sweet, But poison’d flattery? O, be sick, great greatness, And bid thy ceremony give thee cure! Think’st thou the fiery fever will go out With titles blown from adulteration? Will it give place to flexure and low bending? [kneel, Canst thou command when thou command’st the beggar’s command and the health of it? No, thou proud dream, That play’st so subtly with a king’s repose; I am a king that find thee, and I know ’Tis not the balm, the sceptre and the ball, The sword, the mace, the crown imperial, The interlaced robe of gold and pearl, The furred title running ’fore the king, The throne he sits on, nor the tide of pomp That beats upon the high shore of this world, No, not all these, thrice-gorgeous ceremony, Not all these, laid in bed majestical, Can sleep so soundly as the wretched slave, Who wields not, in his hand, the fiery end Gets him to rest, cramm’d with distressful bread; Never sees horrid night, the child of hell, But, like a lackey, from the rise to set Sweats in the eye of Phoebus and all night Sleeps in Elysium; next day after dawn, Dost, rise and help Hyperion to his horse, And follows so the ever-running year, With profitable labour, to his grave: And, for ceremony, such a wretch, Winding up days with toil and nights with sleep, Had the fore-hand and vantage of a king. The slave, a member of the country’s peace, Enjoys it; but in gross brain little wots What watch the king keeps to maintain the peace, Whose hours the peasant best advantages.

Enter Erpingham.

Erp.  My lord, your nobles, jealous of your absence, Seek through your camp to find you.

K. Hen.  Good old knight, Collect them all together at my tent: I’ll be before thee.

Erp.  I shall do’t, my lord.  [Exit.

K. Hen.  O God of battles! steel my soldiers’ hearts; Possess them not with fear; take from them now The sense of reckoning, if the opposed numbers Pluck their hearts from them.  Not to-day, O Lord, O, not to-day, think not upon the faint My father made in compassing the crown! I Richard’s body have interred new; And on it have bestow’d more contrite tears Than from it issued forced drops of blood: Five hundred poor I have to-early pay, Who twice a-day their wither’d hands hold up Toward heaven, to pardon blood; and I have built Two chasms, 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.

SCENE II.—The French camp.

Enter the Dauphin, Orleans, Rambures, and others.

Orl.  The sun doth gild our armour; up, my lords!

Dou.  Montez à cheval! My horse! varlet! la- O! brave spirit! [quais! ha!

Dou.  Via! les eaux et la terre.

Orl.  Rien puis? l'air et le feu.

Dou.  Ciel, cousin Orleans.

Enter Constable.

Now, my lord constable!

Con.  Hark, how our steeds for present service neigh!  [hides,

Dou.  Mount them, and make incision in their That their hot blood may spin in English eyes, And dote them with superfluous courage, ha!

Ram.  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.  [horse!

Con.  To horse, you gallant princes! straight to Do but behold your poor and starved band, And your fair show shall suck away their souls, Leaving them but the shales and husks of men.  Though 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 sheath for lack of sport; let us but blow them The vapour of our valour will o’erturn them.  'Tis positive 'gainst all exceptions, lords.

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That our superfluous lackeys and our peasants,
Who in unnecessary action swarm
About our squares of battle, were know
To purge this field of such a hilding foe,
Though we upon this mountain's basis by
Took stand for idle speculation:
But that our 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 sonorously, and the note to mount;
For our approach shall so much dare the field
That England shall couch down in fear and yield.

Enter Grandpré.

Grand. Why do you stay so long, my lords of France?
Yon island carrells, 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 faintly through a rusty beaver peeps:
The horn with sit like fixed candleslicks.
[jades With torch-staves in their hand; and their poor
Lob down their heads, dropping the hides and hips,
The gum down-roping from their pale-dead eyes,
And in their pale dull mouths the gimbal bit
Lies foul with chew'd grass, still and motionless;
And their death's banners show them nothing;
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. [suits

Dau. Shall we send them dinners and fresh
And give their fasting horses provender;
And after fight with them?

Con. I stay but for my guidon: to the field!
I will the banner from a trumpet take,
And use it for my haste. Come, come, come! The sun is high, and we outwear the day. [Exeunt.

SCENE III. — The English camp.

Enter Gloucester, Bedford, Exeter, Erpingham,
with all his host: Salisbury and Westmorland.

Glo. Where is the king?

Bed. The king himself is rode to view our host.

West. Of fighting men they have full three-score thousand.

Exe. There's five to one; besides, they all are
Sat. God's arm strike with us! 'tis a fearful odds.

God be wi' you, princes all; I'll to my charge:
If we no more meet till we meet in heaven,
Then, joyfully, my noble Lord of Bedford,
My dear Lord Gloucester, and my good Lord Exeter,
And my kind kinsman, warriors all, adieu!

Bed. Farewell, good Salisbury; and good luck
Go with thee! 

Exe. Farewell, kind lord; fight valiantly to-day:
And yet I do thee wrong to mind thee of it,
For thou art framed of the firm truth of valour.

[Exit 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 so?
My cousin Westmoreland? No, my fair cousin:
If we do lack'd to die, we are now
To do our country loss; and to live,
The fewer men, the greater share of honour.
God's will! I pray thee, wish not one man more.
By Jove, I am not covetous for gold,
Nor care I who doth feed upon my cost;
It 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 England:
God's peace! I would not lose so great an honour
As one man more, methinks, would share from me
For the best hope I have. O, do not wish one more!

Father proclaim it, Westmoreland, through my host,
That he which hath no stomach to this fight,
Let him depart; his passport shall be made
And crowns for convoy put into his purse:
We would not die in that man's company.
That fears his fellowship to die with us.
This day is called the feast of Crispian:
He that outlives this day, and comes safe home,
Will stand a tip-toe when this day is named,
And rouse him at the name of Crispian.
He that shall live this day, and see old age,
Will yearly on the vigil feast his neighbours,
And say 'To-morrow is Saint Crispian:'
Then will he strip his sleeve and show his scars,
And say 'These wounds I have on Crispin's day,
Old men forget; yet all shall be forgot,
But he'll remember with advantages
What feats he did that day: then shall our names,
Familiar in his mouth as household words,
Harry the king, Bedford and Exeter,
Warwick and Talbot, Salisbury and Gloucester,
Be in their flowing cups 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 accurséd if they were not here,
And hold their manhoods cheap whiles any speaks
That fought with us upon Saint Crispin's day.

Re-enter Salisbury.

Sat. My sovereign lord, bestow yourself with
The French are bravely in their battles set;
And will with all our precedent charge on us.
K. Hen. All things are ready, if our minds be so.
West. Perish the man whose mind is backward
now!

K. Hen. Thou dost not wish more help from
England, coz? [alone

West. God's will! my liege, would you and I
Without more help, could fight this royal battle!

K. Hen. Why, now thou hast unwish'd five thou-
sand men:
Which likes me better than to wish us one.
You know your places: God be with you all!

Tucket. Enter Montjoy.

Mont. Once more I come to know of thee, King
Harry,
If for thy ransom thou wilt now compound,
Before thy most assured overthrow:
For certainly thou art so near the gulf,
Thou needst must be engag'd. Besides, in mercy,
The constable desires thee thou wilt mind
Thy followers of repentance; that their souls
May make a peaceful and a sweet retire
[brains From off these fields, where, wretches, their poor
Must lie and fester.

K. Hen. Who hath sent thee now?

Mont. The Constable of France.

K. Hen. I pray thee, bear my former answer back:
Bid them achieve me and then sell my bones.
Good God! why should they mock poor fellows thus?
ACT IV.  
KING HENRY V.  
SCENE V.

The man that once did sell the lion's skin
While the beast lived, was killed with hunting him.
A many of our bodies shall no doubt
Find native graves: upon the which, I trust,
Shall they that live in brass of this day's work:
And those that leave their valiant bones in France,
Dying like men, though buried in your dunnghills,
They shall be famed; for there the sun shall greet
them,
And draw their honours reeking up to heaven;
Leaving their earthy parts to choke your clime,
The smell whereof shall breed a plague in France.
Mark then abounding value in our English,
That being dead, like to the bullet's grazing,
Break out into a second course of mischief,
Killing in relapse of mortality.
Let me speak proudly; tell the constable
We are but warriors for the working-day:
Our gayness and our girt are all besmirch'd
With rainy marching in the painful field:
There's not a piece of feather in our host —
Good argument, I hope we will not fly —
And time hath wrought us into slovenly:
But, by the grace of God, our hearts still in the trim;
And my poor soldiers tell me, yet ere night
They'll be in fresher robes, or they will pluck
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 life.
Come thou no more for ransom, gentle herald:
They shall have none, I swear, but these my joints;
Which if they have as I will leave 'em then,
Shall yield them little, tell the constable. [well:]

Mont.  I shall, King Harry. And so fare thee well:
Thou never shalt hear herald any more.

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.

K. Hen.  Take it, brave York. Now, soldiers, march away:
And how thou pleasest, God, dispose the day!

[Exeunt.]

SCENE IV. —The field of battle.


Pist.  Yield, cur!  
Fr. Sol.  Je pense que vous êtes gentilhomme de bonne qualité.

Pist.  Qualitative calme custume me! Art thou a gentleman? what is thy name? discuss.
Fr. Sol.  Siegneur Dieu!  
Pist.  O Signeur Dow should be a gentleman:
Perpend my words, O Signeur Dow, and mark;
O Signeur Dow, thou diest on point of fox,
Except, O signieur, thou do give to me
Egregious tyrant.

Fr. Sol.  O, perrois miséricorde! ayez pitié de moi!

Pist.  Moy shall not serve; I will have forty mows;
Or I will fetch thy rim out at thy throat
In drops of crimson blood.

Fr. Sol.  Est-il impossible d'échapper la force de
Pist.  Brass, cur!  [ton brass? Thou dammed and luxurious mountain goat,
Offer w'st thou 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 Per.

Boy.  He says his name is Master Per.

Pist.  Master Per! 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?

Boy.  Il me commande de vous dire que vous
faisiez vous prê; car ce soldat ici est disposé tout à
ceste heure de couper votre gorge.

Pist.  Ow, cuppee gorge, permafoy,
Peasant, unless thou give me crowns, brave crowns;
Or mangled shalt thou be by this my sword.

Fr. Sol.  O, je vous suplique, pour l'amour de Dieu,
me pardonne! Je suis gentilhomme de bonne
maison: gardez ma vie, et je vous donnerai deux
cents écus.

Pist.  What are his words?

Boy.  He prays you to save his life: he is a gen-
tleman of a good house; and for his ransom he will
give you two hundred crowns.

Pist.  Tell him my fury shall abate, and I
The crowns will take.

Fr. Sol.  Petit monsieur, que dit-il?

Boy.  Encore qu'il est contre son jurement de
pardonner aucun prisonnier, néanmoins,
for les dieux que vous l'avez proubl, il est onctueux de vous
donner la liberté, le franschissement.

Fr. Sol.  Sur me genoux je vous donne mille
remercimencs; et je m'estime heureux que je suis
ntombé entre les mains d'un chevalier, je pense, le
plus brave, vaillant, et très distingué seigneur d'

Exeunt.  

Boy.  He gives you, upon his knees, a thousand
thanks; and he esteems himself happy that he hath
fallen into the hands of one, as he thinks, the most
brave, valorous, and thrice-worthy signieur of Eng-
land.

[Follow me!

Pist.  As I suck blood, I will some mercy show.

Boy.  Suivez-vous le grand capitaine.

[Exeunt Pistol, and French Soldier.] I did never know so
full a voice issue from so empty a body: but the
saying is true, 'The empty vessel makes the
greatest sound,' Bardolph and Nym had ten times
more value than this roaring devil! the old play,
that every one may pare his nails with a wooden
dagger; and they are both hanged; and so would
this be, if he durst steal any thing adventurously.
I must stay with the lackeys, with the luggage of
our camp: the French might have a good prey of
us, if he knew of it; for there is none to guard it
but boys.

[Exeunt.]

SCENE V. —Another part of the field.

Enter Constable, Orleans, Bourbon, Dauphin, and Rambures.

Con.  O diable!

Orl.  Seigneur! le jour est perdu, tout est perdu!

Dau.  Mort de ma vie! all is confounded, all!

Reprouch and everlasting shame
Sits mocking in our plumes.  O méchante fortune!  
Do not run away.  [A short alarum.

Con.  Monseigneur!  Why, all our ranks are broke.

Dau.  O perdurable shame! let's stab ourselves.

Be these the whithe 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, and hold the chamber-door
Whilst by a slave, no gentler than my dog,
His fairest daughter is contaminated.

Con.  Disorder, that hath spoil'd us, friend us now!

Let us on heape go offer up our lives.

Orl.  We are now yet living in the field
To smoother up the English in our thongs,
If any order might be thought upon.

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**ACT IV.**

**KING HENRY V.**

**SCENE VI.**—Another part of the field.

*Enter King Henry and forces, Exeter, and others.*

K. Hen. Well have we done, thrice valiant coun-

trymen:

But all's not done; yet keep the French the field.

*Exeunt.*

**SCENE VII.**—Another part of the field.

*Enter Fluellen and Gower.*

Flu. Kill the poys and the luggage! 't is expressly

against the law of arms: 't is as arrant a piece of

knavery, mark you now, as can be offer't; in your

conscience, now, is it not?

Gow. 'T is certain there's not a boy left alive;

and the cowardly rascals that ran from the battle

ha' done this slaughter: besides, they have burned

and carried away all that was in the king's tent

wherefore the king, most worthy, hath caused

every soldier to cut his prisoner's throat. O, 't is a

gallant king!

Flu. Ay, he was born at Monmouth, Captain

Gower. What call you the town's name where

Alexander the Pig was born?

Gow. Alexander the Great.

Flu. Why, I pray you, is not pig great? the pig,

or the great, or the mighty, or the huge, or the

magnanimous, are all one reckonings, save the

phrase is a little variations.

Gow. Think Alexander the Great was born in

Macedon: his father was called Philip of Macedon,
as I take it.

Flu. I think it is in Macedon where Alexander

is porn. I tell you, captain, if you look in the

maps of the world, I warrant you shall find, in the

comparisons between Macedon and Monmouth,

that the situations, look you, is both alike. There

is a river in Macedon; and there is also moreover

a river at Monmouth: it is called Wye at Mon-

mouth; but it is out of my prains what is the

name of the other river; but 't is all one, 't is alike

as my fingers is to my fingers, and there is salmon

in both. If you mark Alexander's life well, Harry

of Monmouth's life is come after it indifferent well;

for there is figures in all things. Alexander, God

knows, and you know, in his rages, and his furies,

and his wrathes, and his cholers, and his moods,

and his displeasures, and his indignations, and

also being a little intoxicates in his prains, did, in

his ales and his anger, look you, kill his best

friend, Cleitus.

Gow. Our king is not like him in that: he never

killed any of his friends.

Flu. It is not well done, mark you now, to take

the tales out of my mouth, ere it is made and

finished. I speak but in the figures and compar-

isons of it: as Alexander killed his friend Cleitus,

being in his ales and his cups; so also Harry Mon-

mouth, being in his right wits and his good judg-

ments, turned away the fat knight with the great

belly-doublet: he was full of jests, and gipes, and

knaverny, and mocks; I have forgot his name.

Gow. Sir John Falstaff.

Flu. That is he: I'll tell you there is good men

born at Monmouth.

Gow. Here comes his majesty.

*Enter King Henry and forces; Warwick, Gloucester, Exeter, and others.*

K. Hen. I was not angry since I came to France

Until this instant. Take a trumpet, herald;

Ride thou unto the horsemen on yon hill:

If they will fight with us, bid them come down,

Or void the field; they do offend our sight:

If they'll do neither, we will come to them,

And make them skirl away, as swift as stones

Enforced from the old Assyrian slings:

Besides, we'll cut the throats of those we have,

And not a man of them that we shall take

Shall taste our mercy. Go and tell them so.

*Enter Montjoy.*

Exe. Here comes the herald of the French, my liege.

Glo. His eyes are humbler than they used to be.

K. Hen. How now! what means this, herald?

know'st thou not

That I have fined these bones of mine for ransom

Comest thou again for ransom?

Mont. No, great king:

I come to thee for charitable license,

That we may wander o'er this bloody field

To look our dead, and then to bury them;

To sort our nobles from our common men,

For many of our prisoners—worse the while!—

Lie drown'd and spook'd in mercenary blood;

So 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;

And gallop o'er the field.

Mont. The day is yours.

K. Hen. Praised be God, and not our strength, for

What is this castle call'd that stands hard by? [it]

Mont. They call it Agincourt.
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 Follow Fluellen closely at the heels: [Gloucester, The glove which I have given him for a favour May haply purchase him a box o' th' ear; It is the soldier's: I by bargain should Wear it myself. Follow good cousin Warwick: If 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 and return'd; so, by the grace of God, Follow, and see there be no harm between them. Go you with me, uncle of Exeter. [Exeunt.

SCENE VIII. — Before King Henry's pavilion.

Enter Gower and Williams.

Will. I warrant it is to knight you, captain. 

Enter Fluellen.

Flu. God's will and his pleasure, captain, I be-seech you now, come apace to the king: there is more good toward you peradventure than is in your knowledge to remember.

Will. Sir, know you this glove? [glove. Flu. Know the glove! I know the glove is a Will. I know this; and thus I challenge it. [Strikes him.

Flu. 'Sblood! an arrant traitor as any is in the 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 give treason his payment into plows, I warrant you.

Will. I am no traitor.
Flu. That's a lie in thy throat. I charge you in his majesty's name, apprehend him: he's a friend of the Duke Alençon's.

Enter Warwick and Gloucester.

War. How now! how now! what's the matter? Flu. My Lord of Warwick is—praised be God for it! — a most contagious treason come to light, look you, as you shall desire in a summer's day. Here is his majesty.

Enter King Henry and Exeter.

K. Hen. How now! what's the matter? Flu. My liege, here is a villain and a traitor, that, look your grace, has struck the glove which your majesty is take out of the helmet of Alençon.

Will. My liege, this was my glove; here is the fellow of it; and he that I gave it to in change promised to wear it in his cap: I promised to strike him, if he did: I met this man with my glove in his cap, and I have been as good as my word.

Flu. Your majesty hear now, saving your majesty's manhood, what an arrant, rascally, beggarly, lousy knave it is: I hope your majesty is near me testimony and witness, and will avouchment, that this is the glove of Alençon, that your majesty is give me; in your conscience, now? 

K. Hen. Give me thy glove, soldier: look, here is the fellow of it. T'was I, indeed, thou promised'st to strike; And thou hast given me most bitter terms.

Flu. An please your majesty, let his neck answer for it, if there is any martial law in the world.

K. Hen. How canst thou make me satisfaction? Will. All offences, my lord, come from the heart: never came any from mine that might offend your K. Hen. It was usethall thou didst abuse. [majesty. Will. Your majesty came not like yourself: you
The rest are princes, barons, lords, knights, squires, and gentlemen of blood and quality. The names of those their nobles that lie dead:

Charles Delambre, high constable of France;

Jacques de Chatillon, admiral of France;

The master of the cross-bows, Lord Rambures;

Great Master of France, the brave Sir Guichard Dolphin,

John Duke of Alençon, Anthony Duke of Brabant,

The brother to the Duke of Burgundy,

And Edward Duke of Bar: of the fair ladies,

Grandpré and Roussi, Fauconberg and Foix,

Beaumont and Marle, Vaudemont and Lestrade.

Here was a royal fellowship of death!

Where is the number of our English dead?

Edward the Duke of York, the Earl of Suffolk,

Sir Richard Ketly, Davy Gam, esquire:

None else of name; and of all other men

But five and twenty. O God, thy arm was here;

And not to us, but to thy arm alone,

Ascribe we all! When, without stratagem,

But in plain shock and even play of battle,

Was ever known so great and little less

On one part and on the other? Take it, God,

For it is none but thine!

Enter an English Herald.

K. Hen. Now, herald, are the dead number'd?

Her. Here is the number of the slaughtered French.

K. Hen. What prisoners of good sort are taken? 

This doth tell me of ten thousand

French

That in the field lies slain: of princes, in this number,

And nobles bearing banners, there lie dead

One hundred twenty-six: added to these,

Of knights, esquires, and gallant gentlemen,

Eight thousand and four hundred: of the which,

Five hundred were but yesterday dubb'd knights:

So that, in these ten thousand they have lost,

There are but sixteen hundred mercenaries;

Like to the senators of the antique Rome,
With the plebeians swarming at their beds,
Go forth and fetch their conquering Cesar in:

As, by a lower but loving likelihood,

We 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 chanced,

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.

SCENE I.—France. The English camp.

Enter Fluellen and Gower.

Gow. Nay, that's right; but why wear you your lean to-day? Saint Davy's day is past.

Flu. There are occasions and causes why and wherefore in all things: I will tell you, asse my friend,

Captain Gower: the rascally, scald, beggarly, lousy,
pragging knife, Pistol, which you and yourself and all the world know to be no better than a fellow, lowly, you now of no merits, he is come to me and brings me mead and salt yesterday, look you, and bid me eat my leek: it was in a place where I could not breed 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.

Gov. Why, here he comes, swelling like a turkey-cock.

Flu. ‘Tis no matter for his swellings nor his turkey-cocks. God bless you, Auncheint Pistol! you scurvy, lousy knave, God bless you!

Pist. Ha! art thou bedlam? dost thou thrust, base Trojan,
To have me fold up Parca’s fatal web?

Pist. Not for Cadwallader and all his goats.

Flu. There is one goat for you. [Strikes him.] Will you eat it, and drink the gruel as it is eat it?

Pist. Base Trojan, thou shalt die.

Flu. You say very true, scald knave, when God’s will is: I will desire you to live in the mean time, and eat your victuals: come, there is sauce for it. [Strikes him.] You called me yesterday mountainsquire; 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.

Gov. Enough, captain: you have astonished him.

Flu. I say, I will make him eat some part of my leek, or I will beat his pate four days. Bite, I pray you; it is good for your green wound and your bloody coxcomb.

Pist. Must I bite?

Flu. Yes, certainly, and out of doubt and out of question too, and ambiguities.

Pist. By this leek, I will most horribly revenge; I eat and eat, I swear.

Flu. Eat, I pray you: will you have some more sauce to your leek? there is not enough leek to swear by.

Pist. Quiet thy cudgel; thou dost see I eat.

Flu. Much good do you, scald knave, heartily.

Nay, pray you, throw none away; the skin is good for your coxcomb. When you take occasions to see leeks hereafter, I pray you, mock at ‘em: that is all.

Pist. Good.

Flu. Ay, leeks is good: hold you, there is a great to heal your pate.

Pist. Me a great!

Flu. Yes, verily and in truth, you shall take it; or I have another leek in my pocket, which you shall eat.

Pist. I take thy great in earnest of revenge.

Flu. If I owe you anything, I will pay you in cudgels: you shall be a woodmonger, and buy nothing of me but cudgels. God B’ wi’ you, and keep you, and heal your pate.

Exeunt Flu. and Pist.

Gov. Go, go; you are a counterfeit cowardly knave. Will you mock at an ancient tradition, heaped upon an honourable respect, and worn as a memorable trophy of predeceased? But I’ll see my leek nor avouch in your deeds any of your words? I have seen you gleeking and galling at this gentleman twice or thrice. You thought, because he could not speak English in the native garb, he could not therefore handle an English cudgel: you find it otherwise; and henceforth let a Welsh correction teach you a good English condition. Fare ye well.

[Exit.

Pist. Doth Fortune play the huswife with me now?

News have I, that my Neill is dead: I’m spelt Of malady of France;
And there my rendezvous is quite cut off.
Old I do wax; and from my weary limbs
Honour is cudgeled. Well, bawld I’ll turn,
And something lean to cutpurse of quick hand.
To England will I steal, and there I’ll steal:
And patches will I get unto these cudgel’d scars,
And swear I got them in the Gallia wars. [Exit.

SCENE II.—France. A royal palace.

Enter, at one door, King Henry, Exeter, Bedford, Gloucester, Warwick, Westmorland, and other Lords; at another, the French King, Queen Isabel, the Princess Katharine, Alice and other Ladies; the Duke of Burgundy, and his train.

K. Hen. Peace to this meeting, wherefore we are Unto our brother France, and to our sister, [met! Health and fair time of day; joy and good wishes To our most fair and princely cousin Katharine; And, as a branch and member of this royalty, ye whom this great good favour received, We do salute you, Duke of Burgundy; And, princes French, and peers, health to you all! Fr. King. Right joyous are we to behold your Most worthy brother England; fairly met: [face, So are you, princes English, every one. Q. Isa. So happy be the issue, brother England, Of this good day and of this gracious meeting, As we are now glad to behold your eyes; Your eyes, which hitherto have borne in them Against the French, that met them in their bent, The fatal balls of murdering basilisks: The venom of such looks, we fairly hope, Have lost their quality, and that this day Shall change all griefs and quarrels into love.

K. Hen. To cry amen to that, thus we appear. Q. Isa. You English princes all, I do salute you. Bar. My duty to you both, on equal love, Great Kings of France and England! That I have labour
With all my wits, my pains and strong endeavours,
To bring your most imperial majesties
Unto this bar and royal interview,
Your mightiness on both parts best can witness.
Since then my office hath so far prevail’d
That, face to face and royal eye to eye,
You have congreget, let it not disgrace me;
If I demand, before this royal view,
What rub or what impediment there is,
Why that the naked, poor and mangled Peace,
Dear nurse of arts, plenties and joyful births,
Should not in this best garden of the world,
Our fertile France, put up her lovely visage?
Alas, she hath from France too long been chased,
And all her husbandry doth lie on heaps,
Corrupting in its own fertility.
Her vine, the merry cheerer of the heart,
Unpruned dies; her hedges even-bleach’d,
Like prisoners wildly overgrown with hair,
Put forth disorder’d twigs; her fallow less
The darnel, hemlock and rank fumitory
Doth root upon, while that the coulter rusts
That should deracinate such savagery;
The even mead, that erst brought sweetly forth
The tree-kneeling green-skerl, now been clover,
Wanting the scythe, all uncorrected, rank,
Conceives by idleness and nothing teems.
But hateful docks, rough thistles, keckses, burs,
Losing both beauty and utility.
And as our vineyards, failows, meads and hedges,
Defective in their natures, grow to wildness,  
Even so our houses and ourselves and children  
Have lost, or do not learn for want of time,  
The sciences that should become our country;  
But grow like savages,—as soldiers will  
That nothing do but meditate on blood,—  
To swearing and stern looks, diffused affire  
And everything that seems unnatural.  
Which is not fair to our former favour  
You are assembled: and my speech entreats  
That I may know the let, why gentle Peace  
Should not expel these inconveniences  
And bless us with her former qualities.  
[peace.  
K. Hen. If, Duke of Burgundy, you would the  
Wives of your lords, and your mistresses  
Which you have cited, you must buy that peace  
With full accord to all our just demands;  
Whose tenours and particular effects  
You have enscheduled briefly in your hands.  
Duir. The king hath heard them; to the which as  
There is no answer made.  
Yet K. Hen. Well then the peace,  
Which you before so urged, lies in his answer.  
Fr. King. I have but with a cursory eye  
O'erglanced the articles: please thy grace  
To appoint some of your council presently  
To sit with us once more, with better heed  
To reason of these articles. 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 free power to ratify,  
Augment, or alter, as your wisdoms best  
Shall see advantageous for our dignity,  
Anything in or out of our demands,  
And we'll consign thereto. Will you, fair sister,  
Go with the princes, or stay here with us?  
Q. Isa. Our gracious brother, I will go with them:  
Hapy a woman's voice may do some good,  
When articles too nicely urged he 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.  
[Excunt all except Henry, Katharine, and Alice.  
K. Hen. I will. Go, 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 anges?  
Alice. Oui, vraiment, sauf votre grace, ainsi  
dit-il.  
K. Hen. I said so, dear Katharine; and I must  
now blush to affirm it.  
Kath. O bon Dieu! les langues des hommes sont  
pleines de tromperies.  
K. Hen. What says she, fair one? that the tongues  
of men are full of deceit?  
Alice. Oui, dat de tongues of de mans is be full  
of deceit, and dat is wildnesses.  
K. Hen. The princess is the better English woman. I faith,  
Kate, my wooling is fit for thy understanding:  
I am glad thou canst speak no better English;  
for, if thou coudest, thou wouldst  
find me such a plain king that thou wouldst think  
I had sold my farm to buy my crown. I know no  
words to municiple to say to thee; thou knowest  
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 bargin;  
how say you, lady?  
Kath. Sauf votre honneur, me entendez vell.  
K. Hen. Most Lords would not have me to verses or  
to dance for your sake, Kate, why you undid:  
for the one, I have neither words nor measure, and  
for the other, I have no strength in measure, yet a  
reasonable measure in strength. If I could win a  
man at leap-frog, or by vaulting into my saddle  
with the impolicy on my back, under the correction  
of being beggery be not imposed by leave,  
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  
your eloquence, nor I have no cunning in protesta-
tion: 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 anything he sees there, let thine  
eye be thy cool. I speak to thee plain soldier: if  
that thine lusts me for this, takest, if not, thou  
art 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  
ucoined constancy; for he perforce must do thee  
right, because he hath not the gift to woo in other  
places: for these fellows of infinite tongue, that  
can 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  
your lord? 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 should love the friend of France; for I love  
France so well that I will not part with a village  
of it; I will have it all mine; and, Kate, when France  
is mine and I am yours, then yours is France and  
you are mine.  
Kath. I cannot tell vat is dat.  
K. Hen. No, Kate? I will tell thee in French;  
which I am sure will hang upon my tongue like a  
mew-married tow in a hug of duck, hardly  
to be shook off. Je quand sur le possession de  
France, et quand vous avez le possession de moi,—  
let me see, what then? Saint Denis be my speed!  
—donc votre est France et vous êtes mieme. It is  
as easy for me, Kate, to conquer the kingdom  
as to speak so much more French: I shall never  
move the French; but give growth to the implang at  
not.  
Kath. Sauf votre honneur, le Francois que vous  
parlez, il est meilleur que l'Anglois lequel je parle.  
K. Hen. No, faith, 'tis not, Kate: but thy speak-
ing of my tongue, and I thine, most truly-falsely, 
must needs be granted to be much at one. But,  
Kate, dost thou understand thus much English,  
canst thou love me?  
Kath. I cannot tell.  
K. Hen. Can any of your neighbours tell, Kate?  
I'll ask them. Come, I know thou lov'est me: and
at night, when you come into your closet, you'll question this gentlewoman about me; and I know, Kate, you will to hear disparage those parts in me that you love with your heart: but, good Kate, mock me mercifully; the rather, gentle princess, because I have no beard and you have not, and take the Kate, as if I have a saving faith within me tells me thou shalt, I get thee with scabbling, and thou must therefore needs prove a good soldier-bred: shall not thou and I, between Saint Denis and Saint George, compound a boy, half French, half English, that shall go to Galleips, Kate: there is more eloquence in a sugar touch of them than in the tongues of the French council; and they should sooner persuade Harry of England than a general petition of monarchs. Here comes your father.

Re-enter the French King and his Queen, Burgundy, and other Lords.

Bur. God save your majesty! my royal cousin, teach you our princess English?

K. Hen. I would have her learn, my fair cousin, how perfectly I love her; and that is good English.

Bur. Is she not apt?

K. Hen. Our tongue is rough, coz, and my condition is not smooth; so that, having neither the voice nor the heart of flattery about me, I cannot so converse in the spirit of love in her, that he will appear in his true likeness.

Bur. Pardon the frankness of my mirth, if I answer you for that. If you would converse in her, you must make a circle; if converse up love in her in his true likeness, he must appear naked and blind. Can you blame her then, being a maid yet rose over with the virgin crimson of modesty, if she deny the appearance of a naked blind boy in her naked seeing self? It were my lord, a hard condition for a maid to consent to.

K. Hen. Yet they do wink and yield, as love is blind and enforces.

Bur. They are then excused, my lord, when they see not what they do.

K. Hen. Teach, good my lord, teach your cousin to consent winking.

Bur. I will wink on her to consent, my lord, if you will teach her to know my meaning: for maids, well summered and warm kept, are like flies at Bartholomew-tide, blind, though they have their eyes; and then they will endure handling, which before would not abide looking on.

K. Hen. This moral ties me over to time and a hot summer; and so I shall catch the fly, your cousin, in the latter end and she must be blind too.

Bur. As love is, my lord, before it loves.

K. Hen. It is so: and you may, some of you, thank love for my blindness, who cannot see many a fair French city for one fair French maid that stands in my way.

Fr. King. Yes, my lord, you see them perspectively, the cities turned into a maid; for they are all girdled with maiden walls that war hath never entered.

K. Hen. Shall Kate be my wife?

Fr. King. So please you.

K. Hen. I am content; so the maiden cities you talk of may wait on her: so the maid that stood in the way for my wish shall show me the way to my writ: fir; donc.

Fr. King. We have consented to all terms of reason.

K. Hen. Is't so, my lords of England?

West. The king hath granted every article:

His daughter first, and then in sequel all,
According to their firm proposed natures.

Eze. Only he hath not yet subscribed this;
Where your majesty's commands, 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 tres-cher fils Henri, Roi d'Angleterre, Heriteur de France; and thus in Latin, Praeclarissimus filius noster Henricus, Rex Angliae, et H. de Francie.

Fr. King. Nor this I have not, brother, so denied, But your request shall make me let it pass.
K. Hen. I pray you 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 
Plant neighbourhood and Christian-like accord 
In their sweet bosoms, that never war advance 
His bleeding sword 'twixt England and fair France. 
All. Amen!  
K. Hen. Now, welcome, Kate: and bear me wit- 
ness all, 
That here I kiss her as my sovereign queen.  
[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 paction 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! 
[Senet.—Exit.  
EPILOGUE.  
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 off our stage hath shown; and, for their sake, 
In your fair minds let this acceptance take. [Exit.
THE FIRST PART OF

KING HENRY THE SIXTH.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

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.
Basset, of the Red-Rose or Lancaster faction.
A Lawyer. Mortimer's Keeper.
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 Avergne.
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, importing change of times and states, Brandish your crystal tresses in the sky, And with them scourge the bad revolting stars That have consented unto Henry's death! King Henry the Fifth, too famous to live long! England ne'er lost a king of so much worth. Glou. England ne'er had a king until his time. Virtue he had, deserving to command: His brandish'd sword did blind men with his beams: His arms spread wider than a dragon's wings; His sparkling eyes, replete with wrathful fire, More dazzled and drove back his enemies Than mid-day sun fierce bent against their faces. What should I say? his deeds exceed all speech: He ne'er lift up his hand but conquered. [blood? Exe. We mourn in black; why mourn we not in Henry is dead and never shall revive: Upon a wooden coffin we attend, And death's dishonourable victory We with our stately presence glorify, Like captives bound to a triumphant car. What! shall we curse the planets of mishap That plotted thus our glory's overthrow? Or shall we think the subtle-witted French Conjurers and sorcerers, that afraid of him By magic verses have contrived his end? Win. He was a king bless'd of the King of kings. Unto the French the dreadful judgment-day So dreadful will not be as was his sight. The battles of the Lord of hosts he fought: The church's prayers made him so prosperous. Glou. The church! where is it? Had not churchmen pray'd. His thread of life had not so soon decay'd: None do you like but an effeminate prince, Whom, like a school-boy, you may over-awe. [for Win. Gloucester, whate'er we like, thou art protect. And lookest to command the prince and realm. Thy wife is proud; she holdeth thee in awe, More than God or religious churchmen may. Glou. 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. [peace: Bed. Cease, cease these jars and rest your minds in Let's to the altar: heralds, wait on us; Instead of gold, we'll offer up our arms; Since arms avail not now that Henry's dead. Postery, await for wretched years, When at their mothers' moist eyes babes shall suck, Our isle be made a nourish of salt tears, And none but women left to wall the dead. Henry the Fifth, thy ghost I invoke: Prosper this realm, keep it from civil broils,
ACT I. FIRST PART OF KING HENRY VI. SCENE II.

Combat with adverse powers 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 to you out of France, Of loss, of slaughter and discomfiture: Guisne, Champagne, Rheims, Orleans, Paris, Guyors, Pooleiers, are all quite lost. [corse?]

Bed. What sayst thou, man, before dead Henry's Speak softly, or the loss of those great towns Will make him burst his lead and rise from death. 

Glow. Is Paris lost? is Rouen yielded up? If Henry were recall'd to life again, [ghost. These news would cause him once more yield the Edw. How were they lost? what treachery was used? 

Mess. No treachery; but want of men and money. Amongst the soldiers this is muttered, That here you maintain several factions, And whilst a field should be dispatch'd and fought, You are disputing of your generals: One would have lingering wars with little cost; Another would not lose him and his wings; A third thinks, without expense at all, By gulliful 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-luces in your arms; Of England's coat, sable and gules.

Eec. Were our tears wanting to this funeral, These tidings would call forth their flowing tides. I will fight for France. Away with these disgraceful wailing robes! Wounds will I lend the French instead of eyes, To weep their interminable miseries. 

Enter to them another Messenger.

Mess. Lords, view these letters full of bad misfortune. France is revolted from the English quite, [chance. Except some petty towns of no import: 

The Dauphin Charles is crowned king in Rheims; 

The Bastard of Orleans with him is join'd; 

Reignier, Duke of Anjou, doth take his part; 

The Duke of Alençon flieht to his side.

Eec. The Dauphin crowned king! all fly to him! O, whither shall we fly from this reproach! 

Bedford, if thou be slack, I will fight it out. [mess? 

Bed. Gloucester, why doubt'st thou of my forwardness? An army have I must'd in my thoughts, Wherewith already France is overrun.

Enter another Messenger.

Mess. My gracious lords, to add to your lamentations, Wherewith you now bedew King Henry's hearse, I must inform you of a dismal fight Betwixt the stout Lord Talbot and the French.

Win. What! wherein Talbot overcame? is 't so? 

Mess. O, no; wherein Lord Talbot was o'ertroon: The circumstance I'll tell you; yes, 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 host: He wanted pikes to set before his archers; Instead whereof sharp stakes pluck'd out of hedges They pitched in the ground confusedly, To keep the horsemen off from breaking in. More than three hours the fight continued; Where valiant Talbot above his men thought Enacted wonders with his sword and lance; Hundreds he sent to hell, and none durst stand him; 

Here, there, and everywhere, enraged he flew:

The French exclaimed, the devil was in arms; All the whole army stood agazed on him: His soldiers sprying his undaunted spirit 

A Talbot! a Talbot! cried they; And rush'd into the bowels of the battle. 

Here had the conquest fully been seal'd up, If Sir John Fastolfe had not play'd the coward: He, being in the vaward, 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 assembl'd strength 

Durst not presume to look once in the face. Bed. Is Talbot slain? then I will stay 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 Head! His Head! the French will pay: I'll hale the Dauphin headlong from his throne: 

His crown shall be the ransom of my friend; Four of their lords I'll change for one of ours. 

Farewell, my masters; to my task I'll, 

Bonfires in France forthwith I am to make, To keep our French and Saint Crispin's day: 

Ten thousand soldiers with me I will take, Whose bloody deeds shall make all Europe quake. 

Mess. So you had need; for Orleans is besieged, The English army is grown weak and faint: 

The Earl of Salisbury craveth supply, And hardly keeps his men from mutiny, Since they, so few, watch such a multitude.

Eec. Remember, lords, your oaths to Henry sworn, Either to quell the Dauphin utterly, Or bring him in obedience to your yoke. 

Bed. I do remember it; and here take my leave, To go about my preparation.

[Exit Glow. I'll to the Tower with all the haste I can, To view the artillery and munition: 

And then I will proclaim young Henry king. 

Exit. Eec. To Eltham will I, where the young king is, Being ordain'd his special governor, 

And for his safety there I'll best devise. 

Win. Enter, and he bade me to conduct to: I am left out; for me nothing remains. 

But long will I not be Jack out of office: The king from Eltham I intend to steal 

And sit at chiefest stern of public weal. 

[Exeunt.

SCENE II.—France. Before Orleans.

Sound a flourish. Enter Charles, Alençon, and Reignier, marching with drum and soldiers.

Char. Mars his true moving, even as in the So in the earth, to this day is not known: [heavens Late did he shine upon the English side; 

circles we are victors; see me, or else 

What towns of any moment but we have? 

At pleasure here we lie near Orleans; 

Otherwhiles the famish'd English, like pale ghosts, Faintly besiege us one hour in a month. 

Alen. They want their porridge and their fat

Either they must be dieted like mules, 

And have their provender tied to their mouths, 

Or piteous they will look, like drowned mice. 

Reig. Let's raise the siege: why live we idly here? Talbot is taken, whom we want to fear: 

Remember not his madman's word to Salisbury; 

And he may well in fretting spend his gall, 

Nor men nor money hath he to make war. 

Char. Sound, sound alarum! we will rush on them.
ACT I.

FIRST PART OF KING HENRY VI.  SCENE II.

Now for the honour of the forlorn French!  
Him I forgive my death that killeth me.  
When he seeth me go back one foot or fly.  [Exeunt.

Here alarum; they are beaten back by the English with great loss.  Re-enter Charles, Alonson, and Reignier.

Char.  Who ever saw the like?  what men have I!  
Dogs!  cowards!  dastards!  I would he 'er have fled, 
But that they left me midst my enemies.  

Reig.  Salisbury is a desperate homicide;  
He fighteth as one weary of his life.  
The other lords, like lions wanting food, 
Do rush upon us as their hungry prey.  

Alon.  Therefore, a contrary form of ours, records, 
England all Oliers and Rowlands bred  
During the time Edward the Third did reign.  
More truly now may this be verified;  
For none but Sansons and Galiluses 
It sendeth forth to skirmish.  One to ten!  
Lean raw-boned rascals! who would ever suppose 
They had such courage and audacity?  

Char.  Let's leave this town; for they are hair-brain'd slavers, 
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.  Methinks, by odd or device  
Their arums 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.  

Alon.  Be it so.  

Enter the Bastard of Orleans.

Bost.  Where's the Prince Dauphin?  I have news for him.  

Char.  Bastard of Orleans, thrice welcome to us.  
Bost.  Methinks your looks are sad, your cheer 
appeal'd.  

Hath the late overthrow wrought this offence?  
Be not dismay'd, for succor 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 shall stand as Dauphin in my place:  
Question her proudly; let thy looks be stern:  
By this means shall we sound what skill she hath.  

Re-enter the Bastard of Orleans, with Joan La Pucelle.  

Reig.  Fair maid, is 't thou wilt do these wondrous feats?  
[me?  
Puc.  Reignier, is 't thou that thinkest to beguile 
Where is 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 daughter,  
My wit untrain'd in any kind of art.  
Heaven and our Lady gracious hath it pleased  
To shine on my contemptible estate:  
Lo, while I waited on my tender lambs,  
And to sun's parching heat display'd my cheeks,  
God's mother deign'd to appear to me  
And in a vision full of majesty  
Will'd me to leave my base vocation  
And free my country from calamity:  

Her aid she promised and assured success:  
In complete glory she reveal'd herself;  
And, whereas I found a bright star 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 self,  
Resolve on this, thou shalt be fortunate,  
If thou receive me for thy warlike mate.  

Char.  Thou hast astonish'd me with thy high 

Puc.  And while I live, I'll ne'er fly from a man.  

Char.  Thou, in thought, dost know, and Joan La Pucelle overcomes.  

Reig.  Stay, stay thy hands! thou art an Amazon  
And fightest with the sword of Deborah.  

Puc.  Christ's mother helps me, else I was too weak.  

Char.  Whoe'er helps thee, 'tis thou that must 
have me:  

Alon.  Doubtless he shews this woman to her 

Reig.  Shall we disturb him, since he keeps no 

Alon.  He may mean more than we poor men do.  
These women are shrewd tempters with their tongues.  

Char.  Thy lord, where are you? what devise you  
Shall we give over Orleans, or no?  
Puc.  Why, no, I say, distrustful recreants!  
Fight till that gay gipsy, the dauphin guard, [fot.  

Char.  What she says I'll confirm: we'll fight it  
Puc.  Assign'd am I to be the English scourge.  

This night the siege assuredly I'll raise;  
Expect Saint Martin's summer, halcyon days,  
Since I have entered into these wars.  
Glory is like a circle in the water,  
Which never ceaseth to 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 dove?  
Thou with an eagle art inspired then.  

Helen, the mother of great Constantine,  
Nor yet Saint Philip's daughters, were like thee.  
Bright star of Venus, fall'n down on the earth,  
How may I reverently worship thee enough?  

Alon.  To think or devise the raise the siege.  

Reig.  Woman, do what thou canst to save our 
honours;  
Drive them from Orleans and be immortalized.  

Char.  Presently we 'll try: come, let's away about  
No prophet will I trust, if she prove false.  [Exeunt.  

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SCENE III.—London. Before the Tower.

Enter the Duke of Gloucester, with his Serving-men in blue coats.

Glou. I am come to survey the Tower this day:
Since Henry’s death, I fear, there is conveyance.
Where be these warders, that they wait not here?
Open the gates; ’tis Gloucester that calls.

First Warder. [Within] Who’s there that knocks so imperiously?

First Serv. It is this noble Duke of Gloucester.

Second Warder. [Within] Who e’er he be, you may not let in.

First Serv. Villains, answer you so the lord protector?

First Warder. [Within] The Lord protect him! so we answer him:

We do no otherwise than we are will’d. [mine]

Glou. Who willed you? or whose will stands but
There’s none protector of the realm but I.

Break up the gates, I’ll be your warrantize:
Shall I be flouted thus by dunghill grooms?
[Gloucester’s men rush at the Tower Gates, and
Woodville the Lieutenant speaks within.

Wood. What noise is this? what traitors have we here?

Glou. Lieutenant, is it whose voice I hear?
Open the gates: here’s Gloucester that would enter.

Wood. Have patience, noble duke; I may not
The Cardinal of Winchester forbids: [open;]
Thou art no friend to God or to the king:
Open the gates, or I’ll shut thee out shortly.

Serving-men. Open the gates unto the lord protector,
Or we’ll burst them open, if that you come not quickly.

Enter to the Protector at the Tower Gates Winchester
and his men in tawny coats.

Win. How now, ambitious Humphrey! what
means this?

Glou. Peel’d priest, dost thou command me to be
shut out?

Win. Do, thou most usurping proditor,
And not protector, of the king or realm.

Glou. Stand back, thou manifest conspirator,
Thou that contrivedst to murder our dead lord;
Thou that givest whores indulgences to sin:
I’ll canvass thee in thy broad cardinal’s hat.

If thou proceed in this thy insolence. [foot:]

Win. Nay, stand thou back; I will not budge a
This be Damascus, be thou cursed Cain,
To slay thy brother Abel, if thou wilt.

Glou. I will not slay thee, but I’ll drive thee back:
Thy scarlet robes as a child’s bearing-cloth
I’ll use to carry thee out of this place.

Win. What thou darest; I hear thee to thy face.

Glou. What! am I dared and bearded to my face?

Draw, men, for all this privileged place;
Blue coats to tawny coats. Priest, beware your beard;
I mean to tug at it and cuff you soundly;
Under him I have express commandment:
In spite of pope or dignities of church,
Here by the cheeks I’ll drag thee up and down.

Win. Gloucester, thou wilt answer this before the pope.

Glou. Winchester goose, I cry, a rope! a rope!
Now be them hang, why do you let them stay?
Thy I’ll chase hence, thou wolf in sheep’s array.
Out, tawny coats! out, scarlet hypocrite!

Here Gloucester’s men beat out the Cardinal’s men, and
enter in the hurling-burly the Mayor of London and his

May. FILE, lords! that you, being supreme magistrates,
Thus contumeliously should break the peace!

Glou. Peace, mayor! thou know’st little of my
wrongs;

Here’s Beaufort, that regards nor God nor king,
Hath here distrain’d the Tower to his use.

Win. Here’s Gloucester, a foe to citizens,
One that still misuses war and never peace,
O’ercharging your free purses with large fines,
That seeks to overthrow religion,
Because he is protector of the realm,
And would have armour here out of the Tower,
To crown himself king and suppress the prince.

Glou. I will not answer thee with words, but
blows. [Here they skirmish again.

May. Nought rests for me in this tumultuous
But to make open proclamation: [strike
Come, officer; as loud as e’er thou canst.

Cry. [Off. All manner of men assembled here in arms
this day against God’s peace and the king’s, we
charge and command you, in his highness’ name,
repair to your several dwelling-places; and not to
wear, handle, or use any sword, weapon, or dagger,
henceforward, upon pain of death.

Glou. Cardinal, I’ll be no breaker of the law:
But we shall meet, and break our minds at large.

Win. Gloucester, we will meet; to thy cost, be sure:
Thy heart-blood I will have for this day’s work.

May. I’ll call for clubs, if you will not away,
This cardinal’s more haughty than the devil.

Glou. Mayor, farewell: thou dost but what thou
were to do.

Win. Abominable Gloucester, guard thy head;
For I intend to have it ere long.

[Exeunt, severally, Gloucester and Winchester
with their Serving-men.

May. See the coast clear’d, and then we will depart.
Good God, these nobles should such stomachs bear!
I myself fight not once in forty year. [Exeunt.

SCENE IV.—Orleans.

Enter, on the walls, a Master-Gunner and his Boy.

M. 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’e’er unfortunate I miss’d my aim.

M. Gun. But now thou shalt not. Be thou ruled
Chief master-gunner am I of this town; [by me:
Something I must do to procure me grace.
The prince’s espials have informed me
How the English, in the suburbs close intrench’d,
Wont through a secret grate of iron bars
In yonder tower to overpower the city
And thence discover how with most advantage
They may vex us with shot or with assault.
To intercept this inconvenience,
A piece of ordnance ‘gainst it I have placed;
And even these three days I have 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 I stand 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 Glaisdale, Sir Thomas Gargrave, and
others.

Sal. Talbot, my life, my joy, again return’d!
Howwert thou handled being prisoner?
ACT I.
FIRST PART OF KING HENRY VI.
SCENE V.

Or by what means got'st thou to be released?
Discourse, I prithee, on this turre't'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 heavy man of arms by far.
Once in contempt they would have barter'd me:
Which I disclaiming scorn'd and craved death.
Rather than I would be so vile-esteem'd.
In fine, redeem'd I was as I desired.
But, O! the treacherous Fastolfe wounds my heart,
Who now with my hand I'll do my right,
If I now had him brought into my power.

_Sal._ Ye'll tell'st thou not how thouwert entertain'd.

_Tal._ With scoffs and scorns and contumelies
In open market-place produced they me,
[Taunts.
To be a public spectacle to all:
Here, said they, is the terror of the French.
The 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 stay 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 torment's 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.

_Garan._ 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._ I hope I still have life enough in me by stretch'd sinners.

_Garan._ O Lord, have mercy on me, woful man!

_Tal._ Who chances is this that suddenly hath cross'd us?

_Sal._ Speak, Salisbury; at least, if thou canst speak:
How fairest thou, mirror of all martial men?
One of thy eyes and thy cheek's side struck off
Accursed tower! accursed fatal hand
That hath contriv'd this woful tragedy!
In thirteen battles Salisbury o'ercame;
Henry the Fifth he first train'd to the wars;
Whilst any trump did sound, or drum struck up,
His sword did ne'er or leave striking in the field.
Yet livest thou, Salisbury? though thy speech doth fail.
One eye thou hast, to look to heaven for grace:
The sun with one eyevieweth all the world.
Heaven, be thou gracious to none alive,
If Salisbury wants mercy at thy hands!
Bare 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:
Thou shalt not die whilsts—
He beckons with his hand and smiles on me,
As what I heard. 'When I am dead and gone,
Remember to avenge me on the French.'
Plantagenet, I will; and like thee, Nero,
Play on the lute, beholding the towns burn:
Wretched shall France be only in my name.

[Here an alarum, and it thunders and lightens.

What stir is this? what tumult's in the heavens?
Whence cometh this alarum and the noise?

_Enter a Messenger._

_Mess._ My lord, my lord, the French have gather'd head:
The Dauphin, with one Joan la Pucelle join'd,
A holy prophetess new risen up,
Is come with full power to raise the siege.

[Here Salisbury lifteth himself up and groans.

_Tal._ Hear, hear, how dying Salisbury doth 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 heels,
And make a quagmire of your mingled brains.
Convey me Salisbury into his tent,
And then we'll try what these dastard Frenchmen dare.

[Alarum. _Exit._

SCENE V.—The same.

_Here an alarum again: and Talbot pursueth the Dauphin,
and driveth him; then enter Joan la Pucelle,
and driving Englishmen before her, and exit after them: then re-enter Talbot._

_Tal._ Where is my strength, my valour, and my force?
Our English troops retire, I cannot stay them;
A woman clad in armour chaseth them.

_Re-enter La Pucelle._

_Here, here she comes: I'll have a bout with thee;
Devil or devil's dam, I'll confound thee:
Blood will I draw on thee, thou art a witch,
And straightway give thy soul to him thou servest.

_Puc._ Come, come, 'tis only that I must disgrace thee.

[Here they fight._

_Tal._ Heavens, can you suffer hell so to prevail?
My breast I'll burst with straining of my courage
And from my shoulders crack my arms asunder,
But I will chastise this high-minded strumpet.

[They fight again._

_Puc._ Talbot, farewell; thy hour is not yet come:
I must go victual Orleans forthwith.

[A short alarum; then enter the town with soldiers.

_Ext._ Take me, Lord, have I come by stretch'd sinners?

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ACT II.

SCENE VI.—The same.

Enter, on the walls, La Pucelle, Charles, Reig- nier, Alençon, and Soldiers.

Puc. Advance our waving colours on the walls; Rescued is Orleans from the English:
Thus Joan la Pucelle hath performed her word.
Char. Divinest creature, Astra’s daughter,
How shall I honour thee for this success?
Thy promises are like Adonis’ gardens
That one day bloom’d and fruitful were the next.
France, triumph in thy glorious prophetess!
Reign’d is the town of Orleans:
More blessed hap, more noble befall our state.
Reig. Why ring not out the bells aloud throughout
the town?
Dauphin, command the citizens make bonfires
And feast and banquet in the open streets,
To celebrate the joy that God hath given us.

[Flourish: Exeunt]

ALLEN. All France will be replete with mirth and joy,
When they shall hear how we have play’d the men.
Char. ’Tis Joan, not we, by whom the day is won;
For which I will divide my crown with her,
And all the priests and friars in my realm
Shall in procession sing her endless praise.
A statelier pyramid to her I’ll rear:
Than Rhodope’s or Memphis’ ever was:
In memory of her when she is dead,
Her ashes, in an urn more precious
Than the rich-jewel’d coffer of Darius,
Transported shall be at high festivals
Before the kings and queens of France.
No longer only Dart Death will we cry,
But Joan la Pucelle shall be France’s saint.
Come in, and let us banquet royally,
After this golden day of victory.

ACT II.

SCENE I.—Before Orleans.

Enter a Sergeant of a band, with two Sentinels
Serg. Sirs, take your places and be vigilant:
If any noise or soldier you perceive
Near to the walls, by some apparent sign
Let us have knowledge at the court of guard.
First Sent. Sergeant, you shall. [Exit Sergeant.]
Thus are poor servitors,
When others sleep upon their quiet beds,
Constrain’d to watch in darkness, rain and cold.

Enter Talbot, Bedford, Burgundy, and forces,
With scaling-ladders, their drums beating a dead march.

Tal. Lord Regent, and redoubted Burgundy,
By whose approach the regions of Artois,
Wallon and Picardy are friends to us,
This happy night the Frenchmen are secure,
Having all day caroused and banqueted:
Embrace we then this opportunity
As fitting best to quittance their deceit
Contrived by art and baseful 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 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.’]

[Flourish: Exeunt]
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-veilt the earth. Here sound retreat, and cease our hot pursuit.

Retreat sounded.

Tal. Bring forth the body of old Salisbury; and here advance it in the market-place, at 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 is at least five feet in length 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 interred: Upon the which, that every one may read, shall be engraven the sack of Orleans, the treacherous manner of his mournful death, and what a terror he had been to France. But, lords, in all our bloody massacre, I muse we met not with the Dauphin's grace, his new-come champion, virtuous Joan of Arc, nor any of his false confederates. I began, and often thought to do her wrong, when the light Roused upon the sudden from their drowsy beds; 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 discern, For smoke and dusty vapours of the night, Am sure I scared the Dauphin and his train. When arm in arm they both came swiftly running, Like to a pair of loving turtle-doves That could not live asunder day or night. After that things are set in order here, We'll follow them with all the power we have.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. All hail, my lords! Which of this princely Call ye the warlike Talbot, for his acts [train So much applauded through the realm of France? Tal. Here is the Talbot: who would speak with him? Mess. The virtuous lady, Countess of Auvergne, With modesty admiring thy renown, By me entreats, great lord, thou wouldst vouchsafe To visit her noble castle where she lies, That she may boast she hath beheld the man Whose glory fills the world with loud report.

Bur. She is it? even so? Nay, then, our wars Will turn unto a peaceful comic sport, When ladies crave to be encounter'd with. You may not, my lord, despise her gentle suit. 

Tal. Ne'er trust me then; for when a world of Cowardly cannot prevail with all their oratory, [men Yet hath a woman's kind & lovely soul: And therefore tell her I return great thanks, And in submission will attend on her. Will not your honours bear me company? Bed. No, truly; it is more than manners will: And I have heard it said, unbidden guests Are often welcome when they are gone. Tal. Well then, alone, since there's no remedy, I mean to prove this lady's courtesy. Come hither, captain. [Whispers.] You perceive my mind? Capt. I do, my lord, and mean accordingly. [Exeunt.

SCENE III.—Auvergne. The Countess's castle.

Enter the Countess and her Porter.

Count. Porter, remember what I gave in charge; and when you have done so, bring the keys to me. Port. Madam, I will. [Exit.

Count. The plot is laid: if all things fall out right, I shall as famous be by this exploit. As Scythian Tomyris by Cyrus' death. Great is the rumour of this dreadful knight, And his achievements of no less account; Fain would mine eyes be witness with mine ears, To give their censure of these rare reports.

Enter Messenger and Talbot.

Mess. Madam, According as your ladyship desired, By message craved, so is Lord Talbot come. 

Count. And he is welcome. What! is this the man? 

Mess. Is this the scourge of France? Is this the Talbot, so much fear'd abroad That with his name the mothers still their babes? I see report is fabulous and false: I thought I should have seen some Herocles, A second Hector, for his grim aspect, And large proportion of his strong-knit limbs. Alas, this is a child, a silly dwarf! It cannot be this weak and wretched shrimp Should strike such terror to his enemies. Tal. Madam, I have been bold to trouble you; But since your ladyship is not at leisure, I'll sort some matter to the point. [he goes. 

Count. What means he now? Go ask him whither Mess. Stay, my Lord Talbot; for my lady craves To know the cause of your abrupt departure. Tal. Marry, for that she's in a wrong belief, I go to certify her Talbot's here.

Re-enter Porter with keys.

Count. If thou be he, then art thou prisoner. 

Tal. Prisoner! to whom? 

Count. To me, blood-thirsty lord; And for that cause I train'd thee to my house. Long time this shadow hath been thrill to me, For in my gallery thy picture hangs. But now the substance shall endure the like, And I will chain these legs and arms of thine, That hast by tyranny these many years Wasted our country, slain our citizens, And sent our sons and husbands captive.

Tal. Ha, ha, ha! 

Count. Laughter thou, wretch? thy mirth shall turn to moan.

Tal. I laugh to see thy ladyship so fond To think that you have aught but Talbot's shadow Whereon to practise thy severity. 

Count. Why, art not thou the man? 

Tal. I am indeed. 

Count. Then have I substance too.

Tal. No, no, I am but shadow of myself: You are deceived, my substance is not here; For what you see is but the smallest part And least proportion of humanity; I tell you, madam, were the whole frame here, It is of such a spacious lofty pitch, Your roof were not sufficient to contain 't. 

Count. This is a riddling merchant for the nonce; He will be here, and yet he is not here: How can these contradictions agree? 

Tal. That will I show you presently. [Winds his horn. Drum strikes up: a peel of ordinance. Enter Soldiers.

How say you, madam? are you now persuaded That Talbot is but shadow of himself? These are his substance, sinews, arms and strength, With which he girdeth his rebellious necks, Razeth your cities and subverts your towns, And in a moment makes them desolate.

Count. Victorious Talbot! pardon my abuse: I find thou art no less than fames hath bruited And more than may be gain'd by thy shape. Let my presupposition not provoke thy wrath; 

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For I am sorry that with reverence
I did not entertain thee as thou art.

Tal. Be not dismay’d, fair lady; nor misconstrue
The mind of Talbot, as you did mistake
The outward composition of his body.
What you have done hath not offended me;
Nor other satisfaction do I crave,
But only, with your patience, that we may
Taste of your wine and see what cates you have;
For soldiers’ stomachs always serve them well.

Count. With all my heart, and think me honoured
To feast so great a warrior in my house. [Exeunt.

SCENE IV. — London. The Temple-garden.
Enter the Earl of Somerset, Suffolk, and Warwick;
Richard Plantagenet, Vernon, and another Lawyer.

Plan. Great lords and gentlemen, what means
this silence?
Dare no man answer in a case of truth?

Suf. Within the Temple-hall we were too loud;
The garden here is more convenient.

Plan. Then say at once if I maintain’d the truth;
Or else were wrangling Somerset in the error?

Suf. Faith, I have been a prey to the law,
And never yet could frame my will to it;
And therefore frame the law unto my will.

Som. Judge you, my Lord of Warwick, then, be-
tween us. [pitch;

War. Between two hawks, which flies the higher
Between two dogs, which hath the deeper mouth;
Between two blades, which bears the better temper;
Between two horses, which doth bear him best;
Between two girls, which hath the merriest eye;
I have perhaps some shallow spirit of judgment;
But in these nice sharp quillets of the law,
Good faith, I am no wiser than a dog.

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 thorn pluck a your palm and give it with me.

Som. Let him that is no coward nor no flatterer,
But dare maintain the party of the truth,
Pluck a red rose from off this thorn with me.

War. I love no colours, and without all colour
Of base insinuating flattery
I pluck this white rose with Plantagenet.

Suf. I pluck this red rose with young Somerset
And say withal I think he held the right.

Ver. Stay, lords and gentlemen, and pluck no more,
Till you conclude that he upon whose side
The fewest roses are cropp’d from the tree
Shall yield the other in the right opinion.

Som. Good Master Vernon, it is well 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 into the winds their white robe.

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 the side with which I am still.

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
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
robes,
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’d up to this scrambled, fiddling, 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.

War. Now, by God’s will, thou wrong’st him,

Som. His grandfather was Lionel Duke of Clarence,
Third son to the third Edward King of England:
Spring crestless yeomen from so deep a root?

Plan. He bears him on the place’s privilege,
Or durst nostrum his name thus.

Som. By him that made me, I’ll maintain my
On any plot of ground in Christendom. [words
Was not thy father, Richard Earl of Cambridge,
For treason executed in our late king’s days?
And, by his treason, stand’st not thou attainted,
Corrupted, and exempt from ancient gentry?
His trespass yet lives guilty in thy blood;
And, till thou be restored, thou art a yeoman.

Plan. My father was attached, not attainted,
Condemn’d to die for treason, but no traitor;
And that I’ll prove on better men than Somerset,
Were growing time once ripen’d to my will.

Ver. I will, with this, and with this I dare myself,
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 for thee still;
And know us by these colours for thy foes.
For these my friends in spite of thee shall wear.

Plan. And, by my soul, this pale and angry rose,
As cognizance of my blood-drinking hate,
Will I for ever and my faction wear,
Until it wither with me to my grave
Or flourish to the height of my degree. [ton!

Suf. Go forward and be choked with thy ambici-
And so farewell until I meet thee next. [Exit.

Som. Have with thee, Pole. Farewell, ambitious
Richard. [Exit.

Plan. How I am brav’d and must perforce en-
Sure it! [house

War. This blot that they object against your
Shall be winded out in the next parliament
Call’d for the truce of Winchester and Gloucester;
And if thou be not then created York,
I will not live to be accounted Warwick.
Meantime, in signal of my love to thee,
Against proud Somerset and William Pole,
Will I upon that party wear this rose:
And here I prophesy: this brawl to-day,
Grown to this faction in the Temple-garden,
ACT II.
FIRST PART OF KING HENRY VI.

SCENE V.

Enter Mortimer, brought in a chair, and Gaolers.

Mor. Keepers of my weak decaying age,
Let dying Mortimer here rest himself.
Even like a man new haled from the rack,
So fare my limbs with long imprisonment;
And these grey locks, the pursuivants of death,
Nestor-like aged in an age of care,
Argue the end of Edmund Mortimer.

These eyes, like lamps whose wasting oil is spent,
Wax dim, as drawing to their extint;
Weak shoulders, overborne with burthening grief,
And pithless arms like to the right hand heir,
That droops his sapless branches to the ground:
Yet are these feet, whose strengthless stay is numb,
Unable to support this lump of clay,
Swift-winged with desire to get a grave,
As writting I no other comfort have.

But tell me, keeper, will my nephew come?
First Goo. Richard Plantagenet, my lord, will come:
We sent unto the Temple, unto his chamber;
And answer was return'd that he will come.

Mor. Enough: my soul shall then be satisfied.
Poor gentleman! his wrong doth equal mine.
Since Henry Monmouth first began to reign,
Before whose glory I was great in arms,
This loathsome sequesterance have I had;
And even since then hath Richard been obscured,
Deprived of honour and inheritance.
But now the arbitrator of despairs,
Just death, kind umpire of men's miseries,
With sweet enlargement doth dismiss me hence:
I would his troubles likewise were expired,
That so he might recover what was lost.

Enter Richard Plantagenet.

First Goo. My lord, your loving nephew now is come.
Mor. Richard Plantagenet, my friend, is he come?
Plan. Ay, noble uncle, thus ignobly used,
Your nephew, late desposied Richard, comes.

Mor. Direct mine arms I may embrace his neck,
And in his bosom spend my latter gosp:
O, tell me when my lips do touch his cheeks,
That I may kindly give one fainting kiss.
And now declare, sweet stem from York's great stock,
Why dist-thou say, of late thou wert despised?
Plan. First, lean thine aged back against mine arm:
And, in that case, I'll tell thee my disease.
This day, in argument upon a case,
Some words there grew 'twixt Somerset and me;
Among which terms he used his lavish tongue
And did upbraud me with my father's death:
Whose course of harms was always debauched,
Else with the like I had requited him.
Therefore, good uncle, for my father's sake,
In honour of a true Plantagenet
And for alliance sake, declare the cause
My father, Earl of Cambridge, lost his head.
Mor. Thou meanes, fair nephew, that imprison'd me,
And hast detain'd me all my flourishing youth
Within a loathsome dungeon, there to pine,
Was cursed instrument of his decease.

Plan. Discover more at large what cause that was,
For I am ignorant and cannot guess.

Mor. I will, that my fading breath permit
And death approach not ere my tale be done.
Henry the Fourth, grandfather to this king,
Depos'd his nephew Richard, Edward's son,
The first-begotten and the lawful heir
Of Edward king, the third of that descent:
During whose reign the Persicines of the north,
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,
Leaving no heir begotten of his body—
I was the next by birth and parentage;
For by my mother I derived am
From Lionel Duke of Clarence, the third son
To King Edward the Third; whereas he
From John of Gaunt doth bring his pedigree,
Being but fourth of that heroic line.

But mark: as in this haughty great attempt
They labour'd to plant the right heir,
I lost my liberty and they their lives,
Long after this, when Henry the Fifth,
Succeeding his father Bolingbroke, did reign,
Thy father, Earl of Cambridge, then derived
From famous Edmund Langley, Duke of York;
Marrying my sister that thy mother was,
Again in pity of my hard distress
Levied an army, weening to redeem
And have install'd me in the diadem:
But, as the rest, so fell that noble earl
And was beheaded. Thus the Mortimers,
In whom the title rested, were suppress'd.

Plan. Of which, my lord, your honour is the last.

Mor. True: and thou seest that I no issue have
And that my fainting words do warrant death:
Thou art my heir; the rest I wish thee gather:
But yet be wary in thy studious care.

Plan. Thy grave admonishments prevail with me:
But yet, methinks, my father's execution
Was nothing less than bloody tyranny.

Mor. With silence, nephew, be thou politic:
Strong-fixed is the house of Lancaster
And like a mountain, not to be removed.

But now thy uncle is removing hence;
As princes do to their courts, who are clad in prayer
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 slaugh-
terer doth
Which giveth many wounds when one will kill.
Mourn not, except thou sorrow for my good;
Only give order for my funeral:
And so farewell, and fair be all thy hopes
And prosperous be thy life in peace and war! [Dies.

Plan. And peace, no war, befall thy parting soul
In prison hast thou spent a pilgrimage
And like a hermit overpass'd thy days.
Well, I will lock his counsel in my breast;
And what I do imagine let that rest.

Keepers, convey him hence, and I myself
Will see his burial better than his life.

[Exeunt Gaolers, bearing out the body of Mortimer.
Here dies this tragic child of the house of York.
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.

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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 ought intendst to lay unto my charge, Do it with just invention, suddenly: As I with sudden and extemporal speech Purpose to answer what thou canst object.

Glou. Presumptuous priest! this place commands my patience, Or thou shouldst find thou hast dishonour’d me.

King. Uncles of Gloucester and of Winchester, The special watchmen of our English weal, I would prevail, if prayers might prevail, To join your hearts in love and amity.

Win. O, what a scandal is it to our crown, That two such noble peaks as ye should jar! Believe me, lords, my tender years can tell, Civil dissension is a viperous worm That gnaws the bowels of the commonwealth. [A noise within, ‘Down with the tawny-coats!’ What tumult’s this?]

War. An uproar, I dare warrant, Begun through malice of the bishop’s men. [A noise again, ‘Stones! stones!’]

Enter Mayor.

May. O, my good lords, and virtuous Henry, Pity the city of London, pity us! The bishop and the Duke of Gloucester’s men, Forbidden late to carry any weapon, Have fill’d their pockets full of pebble stones And banding themselves in contrary parts Do pelt so fast at one another’s pate That many have their giddy brains knock’d out: Our windows are broke down in every street And we for fear compell’d to shut our shops.

Enter Serving-men, in skirmish, with bloody pates.

King. We charge you, on allegiance to ourself, To hold your slaughtering hands and keep the peace. Pray, uncle Gloucester, mitigate this strife.

First Serv. Nay, if we be forbidden stones, we’ll fall to it with our teeth.

Sec. Serv. Do what ye dare, we are as resolute.

Glou. You of my household, leave this peevish Set this unaccustomed mustard aside. [broil

Third Serv. My lord, we know your grace to be a Just and upright; and, for your royal birth, [man Inferior to none but to his majesty: And ere that we will suffer such a prince, So kind a father of the commonwealth, To be disgraced by an inkhorn male. We and our wives and children all will fight And have our bodies slaughter’d by thy foes.

First Serv. Ay, and the very parings of our nails Shall pitch a field when we are dead. [Begin again. Glou. Stay, stay, I say! And if you love me, as you say you do, Let me persuade you to forbear awhile.

King. O, how this discord doth afflict my soul Can you, my Lord of Winchester, behold My sighs and tears and will not once relent? Who should be pitiful, if you be not? Or who should study to prefer a peace, If holy churchmen take delight in broils? Yield, my lord protector; yield, Winchester; Except you mean with obstinate repulse To slay your sovereign and destroy the realm. You see what mischief and what murder too Hath been enacted through your enmity: Then be at peace, except ye thirst for blood.

Glou. Compassion on the king commands me Or I would see his heart out, ere the priest [stoop; Should ever get that privilege of me.

War. Behold, my Lord of Winchester, the duke Hath banish’d moody discontented fury, The mad hoarse of his soul, and what of that? Is not his grace protector to the king? [tongue

Plan. Aside] Plantagenet, I see, must hold his Lest it be said ‘Speak, sirrah, when you should; Must your bold verdict enter talk with lords?’ Else would I have a fling at Winchester.

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SCENE II.—France. Before Rouen.

Enter La Pucelle disguised, with four Soldiers
with sacks upon their backs.

Puc. These are the city gates, the gates of Rouen,
Through which our 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
And we be lords and moneye over Rouen; [city,
Therefore we'll knock.

[Knocks.
Watch. [Within] Qui est là ?

Puc. Paysans, pauvres gens de France;
Poor market folks that come to sell their corn.
Watch. Enter, go in; the market bell is rung.

Puc. Now, Rouen, I'll shake thy bulwarks to the ground.

[Exit. Enter Charles, the Bastard of Orleans, Aliençon,
Reignier, and forces.

Char. Saint Denis bless this happy stratagem!
And once again we'll sleep secure in Rouen.

Bast. Here enter'd Richard, and his practisants;
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 Talbotites! [Exit.
Bast. See, noble Charles, the beacom 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
It Talbot but survive thy treachery,
Pucelle, that wraith of slaughter, that most merciless,
Hath wrought this hellish mischief unaware.
That hardly we escaped the pride of France. [Exit.

An alarum: excursions. Bedford, brought in sick in a
couch. Enter Talbot and Burgundy without: within
La Pucelle, Charles, Bastard, Aliençon, and Reig-
nier, on the walls.

Puc. Good morrow, gallants! want ye corn for
I think the Duke of Burgundy will fast [bread?
Before he 'll buy again at such a rate:
'Twas full of dannel: do you like the taste?

Bur. Scoff on, vile fiend and shameless courtezan!
I trust ere long his chiefe lie with thine own
And make thee curse the harvest of that corn.

Char. Your grace may starve perhaps before that
time.

[treason! Bed. O, let no words, but deeds, revenge this
Puc. What will you do, good grey-beard? break
And run a tilt with his heath wir his chair? [a lance,

Tal. Foul fiend of France, and hag of all despite,
Encumprop'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.
ACT III.

FIRST PART OF KING HENRY VI.

SCENE III.

Puc. Are ye so hot, sir? yet, Pucelle, hold thy
If Talbot do but thunder, rain will follow. [peace;
[The English whisper together in council.
God speed the parliament! who shall be the speaker?
Tal. Dare ye come forth and meet us in the field?
Puc. Belike your lordship makes us then for fools,
To try if their own horsemen be our equal.
Tal. I speak not to that railing Hecate,
But unto thee, Alençon, and the rest;
Will ye, like soldiers, come and fight it out?
Alen. Signior, no.
Tal. Signior, hang! base mulleters of France!
Like peasant foot-boys do they keep the walls
And dare not take arms like gentlemen.
Puc. Away, captains! let's get us from the walls;
For Talbot means no goodness by his looks.
God be wi' you, lord! we came but to tell you
That we are here. [Exeunt from the walls.
Tal. And there will we be too, ere it be long,
Or else reproach be Talbot's greatest fame!
Vow, Burgundy, by honour of thy house,
Prick'd on by public wrongs sustain'd in France,
Either to get the town again or die:
And I, as sure as English Henry lives
And as his father here was conqueror,
So sure I swear to get the town or die.
Bur. My vows are equal partners with thy vows.
Tal. But, ere we go, regard this dying prince,
The valiant Duke of Bedford. Come, my lord,
We will bestow you in some better place,
Fitter for sickness and for crazy age.
Bed. Lord Talbot, do not so dishonour me:
Here will I sit before the walls of Rouen
And will be partner of your weal or woe. [you.
Bur. Courageous Bedford, let us now persuade
Bed. Not to be gone from hence; for once I read
That stout Pendragon in his litter sick
Came to the field and vanquished his foes;
Methinks I should revive the soldiers' hearts,
Because I ever found them as myself.
Tal. Undaunted spirit in a dying breast!
Then be it so: heavens keep old Bedford safe
And now no more ado, brave Burgundy,
But gather we our forces out of hand
And set upon our boasting enemy.
[Exeunt all but Bedford and Attendants.

An alarum: excursions. Enter Sir John Fastolfe
and a Captain.
Cap. Whither away, Sir John Fastolfe, in such haste?
Fast. Whither away! to save myself by flight;
We are like to have the overthrow again.
Cap. What! will you fly, and leave Lord Talbot?
Fast. Ay;
All the Talbots in the world, to save my life. [Exit.
Cap. Cowardly knight! ill fortune follow thee! [Exit.

Retreat: excursions. La Pucelle, Alençon, and
Charles fly.
Bed. Now, quiet soul, depart when heaven please,
For I have seen our enemies' overthrow.
What is the trust or strength of foolish men?
They that of late were daring with their scofts
Are glad and fain by flight to save themselves.
[Bedford dies, and is carried in by two in
his chair.

An alarum. Re-enter Talbot, Burgundy, and the
rest.
Tal. Lost, and recover'd in a day again!
This is a double honour, Burgundy:
Yet heavens have given glory for this victory!
Bur. Warlike and martial Talbot, Burgundy
Enshrines thee in his heart and there erects
Thy noble deeds as valour's monuments.
Tal. Thanks, gentle duke. But where is Pucelle
I think her old familiar is asleap: [now?
Now where's the Bastard's braves, and Charles his
gleekfs?
What, all amorf? Rouen hangs her head for grief
That such a valiant company are fled.
Now will we take some order in the town,
Placing therein some expert officers,
And then depart to Paris to the king,
For there young Henry with his nobles lie.
Tal. But yet before we go, let's not forget
The noble Duke of Bedford late deceased,
But see his exequies full'd in Rouen:
A braver soldier never couched lance,
A gentler heart did never sway in court;
But kings and mightiest potentates must die,
For that's the end of human misery. [Exeunt.

SCENE III.—The plains near Rouen.

Enter Charles, the Bastard of Orleans, Alençon,
La Pucelle, and forces.

Puc. Dismay not, princes, at this accident,
Nor grieve that Rouen is from us:
Care is no cure, but rather corrosive,
For things that are not to be remedied.
Let frantic Talbot triumph for a while
And like a peacock sweep along his tail;
We'll pull his plumes and take away his train,
If Dauphin and the rest will but rule.
Char. We have been guided by thee hitherto
And of thy cunning had no difference;
One sudden foil shall never breed distrust.
Bast. Search out thy wit for secret policies,
And we will make thee famous through the world.
Alen. We'll set thy statue in some holy place,
And have thee reverenced like a blessed saint:
Employ thee then, sweet virgin, for our good.
Puc. Then thus it must be; this doth Joan devise:
By fair persuasions mix'd with sugar'd words
We will entice the Duke of Burgundy
To leave the Talbot and to follow us.
Char. And I, in my turn, will do so if I could do that,
France were no place for Henry's warriors;
Nor should that nation boast it so with us,
But be extirp'd from our provinces.
Alen. For ever should they be expuls'd from
And not have title of an earldom here.
[France
Puc. Your honours shall perceive how I will work
To bring this matter to the wished end.
[Drum sounds afar off.
Hark! by the sound of drum you may perceive
Their powers are marching unto Paris-ward.
Here sound an English march. Enter, and pass over
at a distance, Talbot and his forces.
There goes the Talbot, with his colours spread,
And all the troops of English after him.
French march. Enter the Duke of Burgundy
and forces.
Now in the rearward comes the duke and his:
Fortune in favour makes him lag behind.
Summon a parley; we will talk with him.
[Trumpets sound a parley.
Char. A parley with the Duke of Burgundy!
Bur. Who craves a parley with the Burgundy?
Puc. The princely Charles of France, thy countryman.
[ing hence.
Bur. What sayst thou, Charles? for I am march-
Char. Speak, Pucelle, and enchant him with thy
words.
Puc. Brave Burgundy, undoubted hope of France!
Stay, let thy humble handmaid speak to thee.
ACT IV.

FIRST PART OF KING HENRY VI.

Scene I.

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 Ascrib’s the glory of his conquest got First to my God and next unto your grace. [Kneels.]

King. Is this the Lord Talbot, uncle Gloucester, That hath so long been resident in France? Glou. 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, And our faithful toy and brave support; Yet never have you tasted our reward, Or been reguern’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. [Senet. Flourish. Exeunt all but Vernon and Basset.

Ver. Now, sir, to you, that were so hot at sea, Disgracing of these colours that I wear In honour of my noble Lord of York: [spakest he] Darest thou maintain the former words thou Boldest as you will now?—thee, and the arm Of the envious barking of thy 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 ye that. [Strikes him.]

Bas. Villain, thou know’st the law of arms is such That whoso draws a sword, ’tis present death, Or else this blow should broach thy dearest blood. But I’ll unto his majesty, and crave I may have liberty to venge this wrong; When thou shalt see I’ll meet thee to thy cost. Ver. Well, mark me, I’ll be done as soon as you; And, after, meet you sooner than you would. [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 Ascrib’s the glory of his conquest got First to my God and next unto your grace. [Kneels.]

King. Is this the Lord Talbot, uncle Gloucester, That hath so long been resident in France? Glou. 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, And our faithful toy and brave support; Yet never have you tasted our reward, Or been reguern’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. [Senet. Flourish. Exeunt all but Vernon and Basset.

Ver. Now, sir, to you, that were so hot at sea, Disgracing of these colours that I wear In honour of my noble Lord of York: [spakest he] Darest thou maintain the former words thou Boldest as you will now?—thee, and the arm Of the envious barking of thy 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 ye that. [Strikes him.]

Bas. Villain, thou know’st the law of arms is such That whoso draws a sword, ’tis present death, Or else this blow should broach thy dearest blood. But I’ll unto his majesty, and crave I may have liberty to venge this wrong; When thou shalt see I’ll meet thee to thy cost. Ver. Well, mark me, I’ll be done as soon as you; And, after, meet you sooner than you would. [Exeunt.]


Enter the King, Gloucester, Bishop of Winchester, York, Suffolk, Somerset, Warwick, Exeter, the Governor of Paris, and others.

Glo. Lord bishop, set the crown upon his head. Win. God save King Henry, of that name the sixth! Glo. Now, governor of Paris, take your oath, That you elect no other king but him; Esteem none friends but such as are his friends, And none your foes but such as shall pretend Malicience to those of honest state: This shall ye do, so help you righteous God!

Enter Sir John Fastolfe.

Fast. My gracious sovereign, as I rode from To battle unto your coronation, [Calais, A letter was deliver’d to my hands, Writ to your grace from the Duke of Burgundy.

ACT IV.

Tal. Shame to the Duke of Burgundy and thee! I vow’d, base knight, when I did meet thee next, To tear the garter from thy craven’s leg, [Plucking it off.

Which I have done, because unworthily Thou wast install’d in that high degree. Pardon me, princely Henry, and the rest: This dastard, at the battle of Patay, When but in all I was six thousand strong And that the French were almost ten to one, Before we met or that a stroke was given, Like to a trusty squire did run away: In which assault we lost twelve hundred men; Myself and divers gentlemen beside Were there surprised and taken prisoners. Then judge, great lords, if I have done amiss; Or whether that such cowards ought to wear This ornament of knighthood, yes or no. Glo. To say the truth, this fact was infamous
ACT IV.  FIRST PART OF KING HENRY VI.  SCENE I.

And ill beseeing any common man,
Much more a knight, a captain and a leader.

_Tal._ When first this order was ordain'd, my lord,
Knights of the garter were of noble birth,
Valliant and virtuous, full of haughty courage,
Such as were grown to credit by the wars;
Not fearing death, like a hero's shrivelling heart,
But always resolve in most extremities.
He then that is not furnish'd in this sort
Doth but usurp the sacred name of knight,
Profaning this most honourable order,
And should, if I were worthy to be judge,
Be quite despatch'd, like a dunghill swain
That doth presume to boast of gentle blood. [doom!

_King._ Stain to thy countrymen, thou hear'st thy
Be packing, therefore, thou that wast a knight:
Henceforth we banish thee, on pain of death.

[Exit Fastolfe.]

And now, my lord protector, view the letter
Sent from our uncle Duke of Burgundy. [his style?
_Glow._ What means his grace, that he hath changed
No more but, plain and bluntly, "To the king!"
Hath he forgot he is my sovereign?
Or doth this churlish superscription
Prend some alteration in good will?
What means he? [Redel.]
I suspire a special cause,
Moved with compassion of my country's wreck,
Together with the pitiful complaints
Of such as your oppression feeds upon,
Forsaken your pernicious faction
[France?]
And join'd with Charles, the rightful King of
_Som._ monstrous treachery! can this be so,
That in alliance, amity and oaths,
There should be found such false dissembling guile?

_King._ What? doth my uncle Burgundy revolt?
_Glow._ He doth, my lord, and is become your foe.

_King._ Is that the worst this letter doth contain?
_Glow._ It is the worst, and all, my lord, he writes.

_King._ Why then, Lord Talbot there shall talk with
And give him chastisement for this abuse.

_him_

_How say you, my lord? are you not content?

_Tal._ Content, my liege! yes, but that I am pre-
vented,
I should have begg'd I might have been employ'd.

_King._ Then gather strength and march unto him
straight:
Let him perceive how ill we brook his treason
And what offence it is to flout his friends.

_Tal._ I go, my lord, in heart desiring still
You may behold confusion of your foes. [Exeunt.]

_Enter Vernon and Basset._

_Ver._ Grant me the combat, gracious sovereign.

_Bas._ And me, my lord, grant me the combat too.

_York._ This is my servant: hear him, noble prince.

_Som._ And this is mine: sweet Henry, favour him.

_K. Hen._ Be patient, lords; and give them leave
to speak.

Say, gentlemen, what makes you thus exclaim?
And wherefore crave you combat? or with whom?

_Ver._ With him, my lord; for he hath done me
wrong.

_Bas._ And I with him; for he hath done me wrong.

_K. Hen._ What is that wrong whereof you both
complain?

First let me know, and then I'll answer you.

_Bas._ Crossing the sea from England into France,
This fellow here, with envious carping tongue,
Upbraided me about the rose I wear;
Saying, the sanguine colour of the leaves
Did rend my master's anger, and oft framed
Be quite estranged, nor shrinking for a
About a certain question in the law
Argued betwixt the Duke of York and him;
With other vile and ignominious terms:
In confusion of which rude reproach
And in defence of my lord's worthiness,
I crave the benefit of law of arms.

_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,
Pronouncing that the paleness of this flower
Betray'd my heart, a faint blush and a heart.

_York._ Will not this malice, Somerset, be left?

_Som._ Your private grudge, my Lord of York, will
Though ne'er so cunningly you smother it, [out,

_K. Hen._ Good lord, what madness rules in brain-
sick men,
When for aught that is simple 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 flight,
And then your highness shall command a peace.

_Som._ The quarrel toucheth none but us alone;
Betwixt ourselves let us decide it then.

_York._ There is my pledge; accept it, Somerset.

_Ver._ Nay, let it rest where it began at first.

_Bas._ Confirm it so, mine honourable lord.

_Glow._ Confirma it so! Confounded be your strife!
And perish ye, with your audacious pride!

_Ver._ What means this, gentle Casuin?
Then, my lords, we are
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.

_Eexe._ It grieves his highness: good my lords, be
friends.

[batants:]

_K. Hen._ Come hither, you that would be com-
Henceforth I charge you, as you love our favour,
Quite to forget this quarrel and the cause.
And you, my lords, remember where we are;
In France, amongst a fickle wavering nation;
If they perceive dissension in our looks
And that within ourselves we disagree,
How will their grudging stomachs be provoked
To willful disobedience, and rebel!

Beside, with this fantasy will the 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 forget
That for this strife that was born, with blood!
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 upbraided with my crown.
Because, forsooth, the king of Scots is crown'd.
But your discretions better can persuade
Than I am able to instruct or teach:
And therefore, as we hither came in peace,
So let us still continue peace and love.

_Cousin of York._ We institute your grace
To be our regent in these parts of France:
And, good my Lord of Somerset, unite
Your troops of horsemen with his bands of foot;
And, like true subjects, sons of your progenitors,
Go cheerfully together and digest
Ourself, my lord protector and the rest
After some respite will return to Calais;
From thence to England; where I hope ere long
To be presented, by your victories,
With Charles, Alençon and that traitorous rout.

[Flourish.  Exeunt all but York, Warwick, Exeter
and Vernon.]
FIRST PART OF KING HENRY VI.  SCENE IV.

War. My Lord of York, I promise you, the king Pretty, methought, did play the orator. York. And so he did; but yet I like it not, For in that he wears the badge of war. [not; War. Tush, that war, but his fancy, blame him I dare presume, sweet prince, he thought no harm. York. An if I wist he did, — but let it rest; Other affairs must now be managed. [Exeunt all but Exeter. Exe. Well didst thou, Richard, to suppress thy fear, whiles I was speaking. [soon; I fear we should have seen decipher'd there More rancorous spite, more furious raging broils, Than yet can be imagined or supposed. But howsoever, no simple man that sees This jarring discord of nobility, This shouldering of each other in the court, This factious bandying of their favourites, But that it doth presage some ill event. 'Tis much when sceptres are in children's hands; But more when envy breeds unkind division; There comes the ruin, there begins confusion.

SCENE II.—Before Bourdeaux. Enter Talbot, with trumpet and drum. Tal. Go to the gates of Bourdeaux, trumpeter; Summon their general unto the wall. Trumpet sounds. Enter General and others, aloft. English John Talbot, captains, calls you forth, Servant in arms to Harry King of England; And thus he would: Open your city gates; Be humble to us; call my sovereign yours, And do him homage as obedient subjects; And I'll withdraw me and my bloody power: But, if you frown upon this proffer'd peace, You tempt the fury of my three attendants, Lean famine, quartering steel, and climbing fire; Who in a moment even with the earth Shall lay your stately and air-braving towers, If you forsake the offer of their love. Gen. Thou ominous and fearful owl of death, Our nation's terror and their bloody scourge! The period of thy tyranny approacheth. On us thou canst not enter but by death; For, I protest, we are well fortified And shall not suffer the least military flight: If thou retire, the Dauphin, well appointed, Stands with the snares of war to tangle thee; On either hand thee there are squadrons pitch'd, To wall thee from the liberty of flight; And no way canst thou turn thee for redress, But death doth front thee with apparent spoil And pale destruction meets thee in the face. Ten thousand French have ta'en the sacrament To rive their dangerous artillery Upon no Christian soul but English Talbot. Lo, there thou stand'st, a breathing valiant man, Of an invincible unconquer'd spirit! This is the latest glory of thy praise That I, thy enemy, due thee withal; For ere the glass, that now begins to run, Finish the process of his sandy hour, These eyes, that see thee now well coloured, Shall see thee wither'd, bloody, pale and dead. War. Tush! [Drum after off. Har! har! the Dauphin's drum, a warning bell, Sings heavy music to thy timorous soul; And mine shall ring thy dire departure out. [Exeunt General, &c.

Tal. He falleth not; I hear the enemy: Out, some light horsemen, and praise their wings. O, negligent and heedless discipline! How are we park'd and bounded in a pale, A little herd of England's timorous deer, Mazed with a yelping kennel of French curs! If we be English deer, be then in blood; Not rascal-like, to fall down with a pinch, But rather, moody-mad and desperate stags, Turn on the bloody hounds with heads of steel And make the cowards stand aloof at bay: Sell every man his life as dear as mine. And they shall find dear deer of us, my friends. God and Saint George, Talbot and England's right, Prosper our colours in this dangerous fight! [Exeunt.

SCENE III.—Plains in Gascony. Enter a Messenger that meets York. Enter York with trumpet and many Soldiers. York. Are not the speedy scouts return'd again, That dogg'd the mighty army of the Dauphin? Mess. They are returned, my lord, and give it out That he is march'd to Bourdeaux with his power, To fight with Talbot: as he march'd along, By your espials were discovered Two mightier troops than that the Dauphin led, Which join'd with him and made their march for Bourdeaux. York. A place the more upon that villain Somerset, That thus delays my promised supply Of horsemen, that were levied for this siege! Renowned Talbot doth expect my aid, And I am lov'd by a traitor villain And cannot help the noble chevalier: God comfort him in this necessity! If he miscarry, farewell wars in France.

Enter Sir William Lucy. Lucy. Thou prince, whose leader of our English strength, Never so needful on the earth of France, Spur to the rescue of the noble Talbot, Who now is girdled with a waist of iron And hemm'd about with grim destruction: To Bourdeaux, warlike duke! to Bourdeaux, York! Else, farewell Talbot, France, and England's honour. York. O God, that Somerset, who in proud heart Doth stop my cornets, were in Talbot's place! So should we save a valiant gentleman By forfeiting a traitor and a coward. Mad ire and wrathful fury makes me weep, That thus we die, while remiss traitors sleep. Lucy. O, send some succour to the distress'd lord! York. O, God! forlorn! forlorn! yet word of war! We mourn, France smiles; we lose, they daily get. All 'long of this vile traitor Somerset. [soul; Lucy. Then God take mercy on brave Talbot's And on his young John, who two hours since I met in travel toward his warlike father! This seven years did not Talbot see his son; And now they meet where both their lives are done. York. Alas, what joy shall noble Talbot have To bid his young son welcome to his grave? Away! vexation almost stops my breath, That Sunder'd friends greet in the hour of death. Lucy, farewell: no more my fortune can, But curse the cause that cannot aid the man. Maine, Blois, Poictiers, and Tours are won away, 'Long all of Somerset and his delay. [Exit, with his soldiers. Lucy. Thus, while the vulture of sedition Feeds in the bosom of such great commanders, Sleeping negligence doth betray to jaws The conquest of our scarce cold conqueror, That ever living man of memory, Henry the Fifth: whiles they each other cross, Lives, honours, lands and all hurry to loss. [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
ACT IV. FIRST PART OF KING HENRY VI. SCENE VI.

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 ourmatched forces forth for aid.

Enter Sir William Lucy.

Som. How now, Sir William! whither were you sent?
[Lord Talbot;
Lucy. Whither, my lord? from brought and sold
Who, ring’d about with bold adversity,
Cries out for noble York and Somerset,
To beat assailing death from his weak legions:
And whilst the honourable captain there
Drops bloody sweat from his war-weathered 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, Chatsworth, Lady
Alençon, Reignier, compass him about,
And Talbot perisheth by his default. [him aid.

Som. Your set him on; York should have sent
Lucy. And York as fast upon your grace exclaims;
Swearing that you withhold his levied host,
Collected for this expedition [horse;
Som. Your liege: he might have sent and had that
I owe him little duty, and less love;
And take foul scorn to frown on him by sending.
Lucy. The frantic 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
Within six hours they will be at his aid. [straight:
Lucy. Too late comes rescue: he is ta’en or slain;
For fly he could not, if he would have fled;
And fly would Talbot never, though he might.
Som. The be death, 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 revered
When sapless age and weak unlimbs
Should bring thy father to his drooping chair.
But, O malignant and ill-boding stars!
Now thou hast brought forth brother 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? 0, 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 dies so well ne’er return again.
Tal. If we both stay, we both are sure to die.
John. Then 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 cannot lose it.
John. Yes, your renowned name: shall flight abuse
Tal. Thy father’s charge shall clear thee from that stain.
John. You cannot witness for me, being slain.
If death be so apparent, then both fly.
Tal. And leave my followers here to fight and die?
My age was never tainted with such shame.
John. And shall my youth be guilty of such blame?
No more can I be sev’rd from your side,
Than can yourself in twain divide:
Stay, go, no more; I’ll do but what I do;
For live I will not, if my father die.
Tal. Then here I take my leave of thee, fair son,
Born to eclipse thy life this afternoon.
Come, side by side together live and die;
And soul with soul from France to heaven fly.
[Exeunt.

SCENE VI.—A field of battle.

Alarum: excursions, whereof Talbot’s son is
henned about, and Taibot rescues him.

Tal. Saint George and victory! fight, soldiers, fight.
The regent hath with Talbot broke his word
And left us to the rage of France his sword.
Where is John Talbot? Pause, and take thy breath;
I gave thee life and rescued thee from death.
John. O, twice my father, twice am I thy son!
The life thou gavest me first was lost and done,
Till with the sword I won it, now to him I give it,
To my determined time thou gavest new date.
Tal. When from the Dauphin’s crest thy sword struck fire,
It warm’d thy father’s heart with proud desire
Of bold-faced victory. Then leaden age,
Quick’en with youthful spleen and warlike rage,
Beat down Alençon, Orleans, Burgundy,
And from the pride of Gallia rescued thee.
The irreful bastard Orleans, that drew blood
From thee, my boy, and had the maidenhood
Of thy first fight, I soon encountered,
And interchanging blows I quickly shed
Some of his bastard blood; and in disgrace
Bespoke him thus: ‘Contaminated, base
And misbegotten blood I spill of thine,
Mean and right poor, for that pure blood of mine
Which thou didst force from Talbot, my brave boy!’
Here, purposeless the Bastard to destroy,
Come in thy young rescue. Speak, thy father’s care,
Art thou not weary, John? how dost thou fare?
Wilt thou yet leave the battle, boy, and fly,
Now thou art seal’d the son of chivalry?
Fly, to revenge my death when I am dead:
The help of one stands me in little stead.
O, too much folly is it, well I wot.
To hazard all our lives in one small boat!
If I to-day die not with Frenchmen’s rage,
To-morrow I shall die with mickle age:
By me they nothing gain an if I stay;
’Tis but the sharpening of my life one day:
In thee thy mother dies, our household’s name,
My death’s revenge, thy youth, and England’s fame:
ACT V.

FIRST PART OF KING HENRY VI.

SCENE I.

All these and more we hazard by thy stay;
All these are saved if thou wilt fly away. [smart.
John. The sword of Orleans hath not made me
These words of yours draw life-blood from my heart:
On that advantage, bought with such a shame,
To save a paunchy life and slay bright fame,
Before young Talbot from old Talbot fly,
The coward horse that bears me fall and die!
And like me to the peasant boys of France,
To be shame’s scorn and subject of mischance!
Surely, by all the glory you have won,
And if I fly, I am not Talbot’s son:
Then talk no more of flight, it is no boot;
If son to Talbot, die at Talbot’s foot.
Tal. Then follow thou thy desperate sire of Crete,
Thou Icarus: thy life to me is sweet;
If thou wilt fight, fight by thy father’s side;
And, commendable proved, let’s die in pride.
[Exit.

SCENE VII.—Another part of the field.

Alarum: excursions. Enter old Talbot led by aServant.

Tal. Where is my other life? mine own is gone;
O, where’s young Talbot? where is valiant John?
Triumphant death, smeared with captivity,
Young Talbot’s valour makes me smile at thee:
When he perceived me shrink and on my knee,
His bloody sword he brandish’d o’er me,
And, like a hungry lion, did commence
Rough deeds of rage and stern impatience;
But when my angry guardion stood alone,
Tendering my ruin and assail’d of none,
Dizzy-eyed fury and great rage of heart
Suddenly made him from my side to start
Into the clustering battle of the French;
And in that sea of blood my boy did drench
His ever-mounting spirit, and there died,
My Icarus, my blossom, in his pride.
Serv. O my dear lord, lo, where your son is borne!

Enter Soldiers, with the body of young Talbot.

Tal. Thou antic death, which laugh’st us here to
Anon, from thy insulting tyranny, [scorn,
Coupled in bonds of perpetuity,
Two Talbots, winged through the lither sky,
In thy despite shall ‘scape mortality.
O those whose wounded hard-favour’d death,
Speak to thy father ere thou yield thy breath!
Brave death by speaking, whether he will or no;
Imagine him a Frenchman and thy foe.
Poor boy! he smiles, methinks, as who should say,
Had death been French, then death had died to-day.
Come, come and lay him in his father’s arms:
My spirit can no longer bear these harms.
Soldiers, adieu! I have what I would have,
Now my old arms are young John Talbot’s grave.
[Dies.

Enter Charles, Alençon, Burgundy, Bastard, La Pucelle, and forces.

Char. Had York and Somerset brought rescue in,
We should have found a bloody day of this.
Bast. How the young whelp of Talbot’s, raging-wood,
Did flech his puny sword in Frenchmen’s blood!

Puc. Once I encounter’d him, and thus I said:
‘Thou maiden youth, be vanquish’d by a maid:’
But, with a proud majestical high scorn,
He answer’d thus: Young Talbot was not born
To be the pillegg of a gillot witch:’
So, rushing in the bowels of the French,
He left me proudly, as unworthy fight. [knight:
Bur. Doubtless he would have made a noble
See, where he lies inhearsed in the arms
Of the most bloody nurser of his harms! [der,
Bast. Hew them to pieces, hack their bones asun
Whose life was England’s glory, Gallea’s wonder.
Char. O, no, forbear! for that which we have fled
During the life, let us not wrong it dead.

Enter Sir William Lucy, attended; Herald of theFrench preceding.

Lucy. Herald, conduct me to the Dauphin’s tent,
To know who hath obtain’d the glory of the day.
Char. On what submissive message art thou sent?
Lucy. Submission, Dauphin! ’tis a mere French word;
We English warriors wot not what it means.
I come to know what prisoners thou hast ta’en
And to survey the bodies of the dead. [js.
Char. For prisoners ask’st thou? hell our prison
But tell me whom thou seek’st.
Lucy. But where’s the great Alcides of the field,
Valiant Lord Talbot, Earl of Shrewsbury,
Created, for his rare success in arms,
Great Earl of Washford, Waterford and Valence;
Lord Talbot of Goodrig and Urchinfeld,
Lord Strange of Blackmore, Lord Verdun of Alton,
Lord Cromwell of Wingfield, Lord Furnival ofSheffield,
The thric-vice-victorious Lord of Falconbridge;
Knight of the noble order of Saint George,
Worthy Saint Michael and the Golden Fleece;
Great marshal to Henry the Sixth
Of all his wars within the realm of France?
Puc. Here is a silly stately style indeed!
The Turk, that two and fifty kingdoms hath,
Writs not so tedious a style as this.
Him that thou magnifiest with all these titles
Stinking and fly-blown lies here at our feet.
Lucy. Is Talbot slain, the Frenchmen’s only scourge,
Your kingdom’s terror and black Nemesis?
O, were mine pre-balls into bullets turn’d,
That I in rage might shoot them at your faces!
O, that I could but call these dead to life!
It were enough to fright the 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 upstart is old Talbot’s ghost,
He speaks with such a proud commanding spirit.
For God’s sake, let him have ‘em; to keep them here,
They would but stink, and putrefy the air.
Char. Go, take their bodies hence.
Lucy. I’ll bear them hence; but from their ashes
shall be rear’d.
A phœnix that shall make all France afeard.
Char. So we be rid of them, do with ‘em what thou
And now to Paris, in this conquering vein: [wilt.
All will be ours, now bloody Talbot’s slain. [Exit.

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?

Glu. I have, my lord; and their intent is this:
They humbly sue unto your excellency
To have a godly peace concluded
Between the realms of England and of France.
King. How doth your grace affect their motion?
Glu. Well, my good lord; and as the only means
ACT V.

FIRST PART OF KING HENRY VI. SCENE III.

To stop effusion of our Christian blood
And stablish quietness on every side.
King. Ay, sirs, what had I not in mind, I always thought
It was both impious and unnatural
That such immanity and bloody strife
Should reign among professors of one faith.
Glo. Beside, my lord, the sooner to effect
And surer bind this knot of amity
The Earl of Arundel, next the King.
King. My Lord of Arundel, and second to the King,
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 French 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.

Ece. 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 Lord of Winchester, you and 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.
Glo. 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 insipp’d
Commit them to the fortune of the sea.
[Exeunt all but Winchester and Legate.

Win. Stay, my lord legate: you shall first receive
The sum of money which I am charg’d
Should be deliver’d to his holiness.
For clothing me in these grave ornaments.

Leg. I will attend upon your lordship’s pleasure.
Win. [Aside] Now Winchester will not submit, I
Or be inferior to the proudest peer.
[Enter Humphrey of Gloucester, thou shalt well perceive
That, neither in birth or for authority,
The bishop will be overborne by thee:
I’ll either make thee stoop and bend thy knee,
Or sack this country with a mutiny.
[Exeunt.

SCENE II.—France. Plains in Anjou.

Enter Charles, Burgundy, Alencon, Bastard,
Reignier, La Pucelle, and forces.

Char. These news, my lords, may cheer our drooping spirits:
’Tis said the stout Parisians do revolt
And turn again unto the warlike French. [France.
Alen. Then march to Paris, royal Charles of
And keep not back your powers in dalliance.
Puc. Peace be amongst them, if they turn to us;
Else, ruin combat with their palaces!
[Enter Scout.

Scout. Success unto our valiant general,
And happiness to his accomplisht
Char. What tidings send our scouts? I prithee, scout
Scout. The English army, that divided was

Into two parties, is now conjoin’d in one,
And means to give you battle presently.
Char. Some time we considered, sirs, the warning is:
But we will presently provide for them.
Bur. I trust the ghost of Talbot is not here:
Now he is gone, my lord, you need not fear.
Puc. Of all base passions, fear is most accursed.
Command the conquest, Charles, it shall be thine,
Let Henry first and all the world repine.
Char. Then on, my lords; and France be fortunate!
[Exeunt.

SCENE III.—Before Angiers.

Alarum. Excursions. Enter La Pucelle.

Puc. The regent conquests, and the Frenchmen
Now help, ye charming spells and periaps; [fly.
And ye choice spirits that admonish me
And give me signs of future accidents. [Thunder.
You 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 proof
Of your accurst’d diligence to me.
Now, ye familiar spirits, that are cull’d
Out of the powerful regions under earth,
Help me this once, that France may get the field.
[They walk, and speak not.
O, hold me not with silence over-long!
Where I was wont to feed you with my blood,
I’ll lop a member off and give it you
In earnest of a further benefit,
So you do condescend to help me now.
[They hang their heads.
No hope to have redress? My body shall
Pay recompense, if I will grant you my suit.
[They shake their heads.
Cannot my body not a blood-sacrifice
Entreat you to your wonted furtherance?
Then take my soul, my body, soul and all,
Before that England give the French the foil.
[They depart.

See, they forsake me! Now the time is come
That France must vail her lofty-plumed crest
And let her head fall into England’s lap.
My ancient incantations are too weak.
And hell too strong for me to buckle with:
Now, France, thy glory droopeth to the dust. [Exit.

Excursions. Re-enter La Pucelle fighting hand to hand
with York. La Pucelle. The French fly.
York. Damsel of France, I think I have you fast;
Unchain your spirits now with swelling charms
And try if they can gain your liberty.
A goodly prize, fit for the devil’s grace!
See, how the ugly wench doth bend her brows,
As if with Circe she would change my shape!
Puc. Changed to a worse shape thou canst not be.
York. O, Charles the Dauphin is a proper man;
No shape but his can please your dainty eye.
Puc. A plaguing mischief light on Charles and
And may ye both be suddenly surprised [thee!
By bloody hands, in sleeping on your beds!
York. Fell banning hang, enchantress, hold thy tongue!
Puc. I prithee, give me leave to curse awhile.
York. Curse, miscreant, when thou comest to the stake.
[Exeunt.

Alarum. Enter Suffolk, with Margaret in his hand.
Suf. Be what thou wilt, thou art my prisoner.
[Cases on her.
O fairest beauty, do not fear nor fly!
For I will touch thee but with reverent hands;
I kiss these fingers for eternal peace,
Act V.  First Part of King Henry VI.  Scene III.

And lay them gently on thy tender side.

Who art thou? say, that I may honour thee.

Mar. Margaret my name, and daughter to a king,
The King of Naples, whose ear thou art.

Suf. An earl I am, and Suffolk am I call'd.

Be not offended, nature's miracle,
Thou art allotted to be'ten by me:
So doth the swan her downy eyegreates save,
Keeping them prisoner underneath her wings.

Yet, if this servile usage once offend,
Go and be free again as Suffolk's friend.

[She is going.

O, stay! I have no power to let her pass;
My hand would free her, but my heart says no.
As plays the sun upon the glassy streams,
Twinkling another counterfeit beam,
So seems this gorgeous beauty to mine eyes.

Pain would I woo her, yet I dare not speak:
I'll call for pen and ink, and write my mind.

Pie, 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?

Por 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 I thus? or do I so to what ransom
Suf. She's beautiful and therefore to be wo'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 shall be marr'd; there lies a cooling card.

Mar. He talks at random; sure, the man is mad.

Suf. And yet a dispensation may be had.

Mar. And yet I would that you would answer me.

Suf. I'll win this Lady Margaret. For whom?

Why, for my king: tush, that's a wooden thing!

Mar. He talks of wood; it is some carpenter.

Suf. Yet so my fancy may be satisfied,

And peace established between these realms.

But there remains a scruple in that too;
For though her father be the King of Naples,
Duke of Anjou and Maine, yet is he poor,
And of his dukedom canst thou not be match.

Mar. Hear ye, captain, are you not at leisure?

Suf. It shall be so, disdain they'er no more such:
Henry is youthful and will quickly yield.

Madam, I have a secret to reveal. [knight

Mar. What though I be enthrall'd? he seems a

And will not any way dishonour me.

Suf. Lady, vouchesafe 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 captivate ere now.

Suf. Yet before talk you was.

Mar. I cry you mercy, 'tis but to Quid for Quo.

Suf. Say, gentle princess, would you not suppose
Your bondage happy, to be made a queen?

Mar. To be a queen in bondage is more vile
Than 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 descend to be my — What?

Mar. 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.

A parley sounded.  Enter Reignier on the walls.

See, Reignier, see, thy daughter prisoner!

Reign. To whom?

Suf. To me.

Reign. Suffolk, what remedy?

Reign. 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 wedded 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.

Reign. Speaks Suffolk as he thinks?

Fair Margaret knows
That Suffolk doth not flatter, face, or feign.

Reign. Upon thy princely warrant, I descend
To give thee answer of thy just demand.

[Suf. And here I will expect thy coming.

Trumpets sound.  Enter Reignier, below.

Reign. 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?

Reign. 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.

Reign. And I again, in Henry's royal name,
As deputy unto that gracious king,
Give thee her hand, for sign of plighted faith.

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.

Reign. I do embrace thee, as I would embrace
The Christian prince, King Henry, were he here.

Mar. Farewell, my lord: good wishes, praise and

prayers

Shall Suffolk ever have of Margaret.  [Going.

Suf. Farewell, sweet madam: but hark you, Mar-
No princely commendations to my king?  [garet;

Mar. Such commendations as becomes a maid,
A virgin and his servant, say to him.

Suf. Words sweetly placed and modestly directed.
But, madam, I must trouble you again;
No loving token to his majesty?

Mar. Yes, my good lord, a pure unspotted heart,
Never yet taint with love, I send the king.

Suf. And this wihal.  [Kisses her.

Mar. That for thyself: I will not so presume
To send such peevish tokens to a king.

[Exeunt Reignier and Margaret.

Suf. O, wert thou for myself! But, Suffolk, stay;
Thou mayst not wander in that labyrinth;
There Minotaurs and ugly treasons lurk.

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Enter York, Warwick, and others.

York. Bring forth that sorcerer condemn’d to burn.

Enter La Pucelle, guarded, and a Shepherd.

Shep. Ah, Joan, this kills thy father heart’s out—Have I sought every country far and near, [right!] and now it is my chance to find thee out, Must I behold thy timeless cruel death? Ah, Joan, sweet daughter Joan, I’ll die with thee! Puc. Decrepit miser! base ignoble wretch! I was descended of a gentler blood: Thou art no father nor no friend of mine. [not so; Thy love never had to use you, ’tis 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 parentage? York. This argues what her kind of life hath been, Wicked and vile; and so her death concludes. Shep. Puc, Joan, that thou wilt be so obstinate! God knows thou art a collop of my flesh; And for thy sake have I shed many a tear:

Deny me not, I prithee, gentle Joan. [man, Puc. Peasant, avast! You have suborn’d this Of purpose to obscure my noble birth.

Shep. This true, I give a noble to the priest The morn that I was wedded to her mother. Knee down and take my blessing, good my girl. Wilt thou not stoop? Now cursed be the time Of thy nativity! I would the milk Thy mother gave thee when thou suck’dst her breast, Had been a little ratsbane for thy sake! Or else, when thou didst keep my lambs a-field, I wish some ravenous wolf had eaten thee! Dost thou deny thy father, cursed drab? O, burn her, burn her! hanging is too good. [Exit York. Take her away; for she hath lived too long. To fill the world with vicious qualities. [demn’d. Puc. First, let me tell you, you have con. Not me begotten of a shephard swain, But issued from the progeny of kings; Virtuous and holy; chosen from above, By inspiration of celestial grace, To work exceeding miracles on earth. I never had to do with wicked spirits: But you, that are polluted with your lusts, Stain’d with the guiltless blood of innocents, Corrupt and tainted with a thousand vices, Because you want the grace that others have, You judge it straight a thing impossible Tocompass wonders but by help of devils. No, mischief and Joan’s life hath been A virgin from her tender infancy.

Chaste and immaculate in very thought: Whose maiden blood, thus rigorously effused, Will cry for vengeance at the gates of heaven. York. Ay, ay: away with her to execution! War. But why, sirs? there is a maid, Spare for no faggots, let there be snow: Place barrels of pitch upon the fatal stake, That so her torture may be shortened.

Puc. Will nothing turn your unrelenting hearts? Then, Joan, discover thine infirmity, That thou mayst know the law to which thou belong. I am with child, ye bloody homicides: Murder not then the fruit within my womb, Although ye hale me to a violent death. [child! York. Now heaven forfend! the holy maid with

War. The greatest miracle that e’er ye wrought: Is all your strict preciseness come to this? York. She and the Dauphin have been juggling: I did impute often times the means. War. Well, go to; we’ll have no bastard’s live; Especially since Charles must father it.

Puc. You are deceived; my child is none of his: It was Alençon that enjoy’d my love.
York. Alençon! that notorious Machiavel! It dies, as if it had a thousand lives.

Puc. O, give me leave, I have debuded you: ’Twas neither Charles nor yet the duke I named, But Reignier, king of Naples, that prevail’d; War. A married man! that’s most intolerable. York. Why, here’s a girl! I think she knows not.

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. [curse: Puc. Then lead me hence; with whom I leave my day now; harmful such! But upon the country where you make abode; But darkness and the gloomy shade of death Environ you, till mischief and despair Drive you to break your necks or hang yourselves! [Exit, guarded.

York. Break thou in pieces and consume to ashes, That foul accused 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 of our allies, By treason, falsehood and by treachery, Our great progenitors have 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, Alençon, Bastard, Reignier, and others.

Char. Since, lords of England, it is thus agreed That peaceful truce shall be proclaimed in France, We come prepared by force informed. What are the conditions of that league must be.
York. Speak, Winchester; for boiling cholera, The hollow passage of my poison’d voice, By sight of these our baleful enemies. Win. Charles, and the rest, it is enacted thus: That, in regard King Henry gives consent, Of merciful compassion and of leulty, To ease your country of distressful war, And suffer you to breathe in fruitful peace, You shall become true liegenem to his crown: And, Charles, upon condition thou wilt swear To pay him tribute, and submit thyself, Thou shalt be placed in such high reverence, And still enjoy thy regal dignity.
Alen. Must he be then as shadow of himself? Adorn his temples with a coronet, And yet, in substance and authority,
ACT V. FIRST PART OF KING HENRY VI. SCENE V.

Retain but privilege of a private man? This proffer is absurd and reasonless.

Chor. 'Tis known already that I am possess'd With more than half the Gallian territories, And the rein reverenced for their lawful king; Shall I, for luce 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, Beast forth from the capability of child. York. Insulting Charles! hast thou by secret Used intercession to obtain a league, And, now the matter grows to compromise, Stand'st thou aloof upon comparison? Either accept the title thou usurp'st, Or 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. All. That in the turn of the great policy To save your subjects from such massacre And ruthless slaughter as are daily seen By our proceeding in hostilities; And therefore take this compact of a true, Although you break it when your pleasure serves. War. How say'st thou, Charles? shall our condition: Chor. 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 rebellious to the crown of England, Thou, nor thy nobles, to the crown of England. So, now dismiss your army when ye please; Hang up your ensigns, let your drums be still, For here we entertain a solemn peace. [Exeunt.

SCENE V.—London. The palace. Enter Suffolk in conference with the King, Gloucester and Exeter.

King. Your wondrous rare description, noble earl, Of beauteous Margaret hath astonish'd me: Her virtues graced with external gifts Do breed love's love; love's love was set in my heart: And like as rigour of tempestuous gusts Provokes the mightiest hulk against the tide, So am I driven by breath of her renown Either to suffer shipwreck or arrive Where I may have fruition of her love.

Suf. Tush, my good lord, this superficial 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 every dull conceit: And, which is more, she is not a woman, So far from being too modest to delight, But with as humble lowliness of mind She is content to be at your command; Command, I mean, of virtuous chaste intents, To love and honour Henry as her lord.

King. And otherwise will Henry ne'er presume. Therefore, my lord protector, give consent That Margaret may be England's royal queen.

Glou. So should I give consent to flatter sin. You know, my lord, your highness is betroth'd Unto another lady of esteem:

How shall we then dispense with that contract, And not deface your honour with reproach?

Suf. As doth a ruler with unlawful oaths; Or one that, at a triumph having vow'd To try his strength, forsaketh yet the lists

By reason of his adversary's odds: A poor earl's daughter is unequal odds, And therefore may be broke without offence.

Glou. Why, what, I pray, is Margaret more than Her father is betroth'd than he is king? Shall I, for luce 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, Beast forth from the capability of child. [Exeunt Gloucester and Exeter.

Suf. Thus Suffolk hath prevailed; and thus he As did the youthful Paris once to Greece, [goes, With hope to find the like event of love; But prosperity rather than the Trojan did. Margaret shall now be queen, and rule the king; But I will rule both her, the king and realm. [Exeunt. 409
THE SECOND PART OF

KING HENRY THE SIXTH.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

King Henry the Sixth.  
Humphrey, Duke of Gloucester, his uncle.  
Cardinal Beaufort, Bishop of Winchester, great-uncle to the King.  
Edward and Richard, his sons.  
Duke of Somerset.  
Duke of Suffolk.  
Duke of Buckingham.  
Lord Clifford.  
Young Clifford, his son.  
Earl of Salisbury.  
Earl of Warwick.  
Lord Scales.  
Lord Say.  
Sir Humphrey Stafford, and William Stafford, his brother.  
Sir John Stanley.  
Vaux.  
Matthew Goffe.  
A Sea-captain, Master, and Master's-Mate, and Waler Whitmore.  
Two Gentlemen, prisoners with Suffolk.  
John Hume and John Southwell, priests.  
Bolingbroke, a conjurer.  
Thomas Horner, an armourer.  
Peter, his man.  
Clerk of Chatham.  
Mayor of Saint Alban's.  
Simpcox, an impostor.  
Alexander Iden, a Kentish gentleman.  
Jack Cade, a rebel.  
George Bevis, John Holland, Dick the butcher, Smith the weaver, Michael, &c., followers of Cade.  
Two Murderers.  
Margaret, Queen to King Henry.  
Eleanor, Duchess of Gloucester.  
Margaret Jourdain, a witch.  
Wife to Simpcox.  
Lords, Ladies, and Attendants, Petitioners, Aldermen, a Herald, a Beadle, Sheriff, and Officers, Citizens, 'Prentices, Falconers, Guards, Soldiers, Messengers, &c.  
A Spirit.  

SCENE—England.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—London. The palace.

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

Suf. As by your high imperial majesty I had in charge at my depart for France, As procurator to your excellence, To marry Princess Margaret for your grace, So, in the famous ancient city Tours, In presence of the Kings of France and Sicil. [eon, The Dukes of Orleans, Calaber, Bretagne and Alen Seven earls, twelve barons and twenty reverend bishops, I have perform'd my task and was espoused: And humbly now upon my bended knee, In sight of England and her lordly peers, Deliver up my title in the queen To your most gracious hands, that are the substance Of that great shadow I did represent; The happiest gift that ever marquess gave, The fairest queen that ever king received. King, Suffolk, arise. Welcome, Queen Margaret: I can express no kinder sign of love Than this kind kiss. O Lord, that lends me life, Lend me a heart replete with thankfulness! For thou hast given me in this beauteous face A world of earthly blessings to my soul, If sympathy of love unite our thoughts. [lord, Queen, Great King of England and my gracious The mutual conference that my mind hath had, By day, by night, waking and in my dreams, In courtly company or at my beads, With you, mine elder-liesest sovereign, Makes me the bolder to salute my king With ruder terms, such as my wit affords And over-joy of heart doth minister. King. Her sight did ravish; but her grace in speech, Her words y-clad with wisdom's majesty, Makes me from wondering fall to weeping joys; Such is the fulness of my heart's content. Lords, with one cheerful voice welcome my love, All [kneeling]. Long live Queen Margaret, England's happiness! Queen. We thank you all. [Flourish. Suff. My lord protector, so it please your grace, Here are the articles of contracted peace Between our sovereign and the French king Charles, For eighteen months concluded by consent. Glow. [Reads]: 'Imprimis, It is agreed between the French king Charles, and William de la Pole, Marquess of Suffolk, ambassador for Henry King of England, that the said Henry shall espouse the Lady Margaret, daughter unto Reignier King of Naples, Sicilia and Jerusalem, and crown her Queen of England ere the thirtieth of May next ensuing. Item, that the duchy of Anjou and the county of Maine shall be released and delivered to the king her father.'—[Lct the paper fall. King. Uncle, how now! Glou. Pardon me, gracious lord;
ACT I. SECOND PART OF KING HENRY VI. SCENE I.

Some sudden qualm hath struck me at the heart
And dimm'd mine eyes, that I can read no further.

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

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

King. They please us well. Lord marquess, kneel
down:

We here create thee the first duke of Suffolk,
And gird thee with the sword. Cousin of York,
We beseech thee, take this dower in hand,
I the parts of France, till term of eighteen months
Be full expired. Thanks, uncle Winchester,
Gloucester, York, Buckingham, Somerset,
Salisbury, and Warwick;
We thank you all for this great favour done,
In entertainment to my princely queen.
Come, let us in, and with all speed provide
To see her coronation be perform'd.

[Exit King, Queen, and Suffolk.

Glow. Brave peers of England, pillars of the state,
To you Duke Humphrey must unload his grief,
Your grief, the common grief of all the land,
What did your brother but His Majesty,
His valour, coin and people, in the wars?
Did he so often lodge in open field,
In winter's cold and summer's parching heat,
To conquer France, his true inheritance?
And did my brother Bedford toil his wits,
To keep by policy what Henry got?
Have you yourselves, Somerset, Buckingham,
Brave York, Salisbury, and victorious Warwick,
Received deep scars in France and Normandy?
Or hath mine uncle Beaufort and myself,
With all the learned council of the realm,
Studied to load our selves and houses
Early and late, debating to and fro
How France and Frenchmen might be kept in awe,
And had his highness in his infancy
Crowned in Paris in despite of foes?
And shall these labours and these honours die?
Shall Henry's conquest, Bedford's vigilance,
Your deeds of war and all our counsel die?
O peers of England, shameful is this league!
Fatal this marriage, cancelling your fame,
Blotting your names from books of memory,
Razing the characters of your renown,
Defacing monuments of conquer'd France,
Unto the twentieth year. [Exeunt.]

Car. Nephew, what means this passionate dis-
This peroration with such circumstance?
For France, 'tis ours; and we will keep it still.

Glow. Ay, uncle, we will keep it, if we can;
But now it is impossible we should:
Suffolk, the new-made duke that rules the roost,
Hath given the duchy of Anjou and Maine
Unto the poor King Regnier, whose large style
Agrees not with the leanness of his purse.

Sol. Now, by the death of Him that died for all,
These counties were the keys of Normandy.
But now we see, Warwick, my valiant son?
War. For grief that they are recovered:
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,
Delivered again with peaceful words?
Mort Dieu!
York. For Suffolk's duke, may he be suffocated,
That dins the honour of this warlike Isle!
France should have torn and rent my very heart,
Before I would have yielded to this league.
I never read but England's kings have had
Large sums of gold and dowries with their wives;

And our King Henry gives away his own,
To match with her that brings no vantages.

Glow. A proper jest, and never heard before.
That Suffolk should demand a full fifteen!
For costs and charges in transporting her!
She should have stayed in France and starved in

[France.

Car. My Lord of Gloucester, now ye grow too
It was the pleasure of my lord the king.

[hot. Glow. My Lord of Winchester, I know your mind;
'T is not my speeches that you do mislike,
But 'tis my presence that doth trouble ye.
Rancour will out; proud partake, in thy face
I see thy fury: if I longer stay,
We shall begin our ancient bickerings.
Lording, farewell; and say, when I am gone,
I prophesied France will be lost ere long.

[Exit.

Car. So, there goes our protector in a rage.
'T is known to you he is mine enemy,
Nay, more, an enemy unto you all.
And no great friend, I fear me, to the king.
Consider, lords, he is the next of blood,
And heir apparent to the English crown:
Had Henry got an empire by his marriage,
And all the wealthy kingdoms in the west,
There's reason he should be displeased at it.
Look to it, lords; let not his smoothing words
Bewitch your hearts; be wise and circumspect.
What though the common people favour him,
Calling him Humphrey, the good Duke of Glou-

cester,\n
Clapping their hands, and crying with loud voice,
'Jesus maintain your royal excellence!'\n
With 'God preserve the good Duke Humphrey!'\n
I fear me, lords, for all this flattering gloss,
He will be found a dangerous protector.

Buck. Why should he be, then, protect our sovereign,
He being of your faction?\n
Cousin of Somerset, join you with me,
And all together, with the Duke of Suffolk,
We'll quickly hoise Duke Humphrey from his seat.

Car. This weighty business will not brook delay;
I'll to the Duke of Suffolk presently.

[Exit.

Sol. Cousin of Buckingham, though Humphrey's\nAnd greatness of his place be grief to us,
I pray 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 then, O Somerset, will be protector,
Despite Duke Humphrey or the King.

[Exit Buckingham and Somerset.

Sol. 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\nDied bear him like a noble gentleman.
Oft have I seen the haughty cardinal,
More like a soldier than a man o' the church,
As stout and proud as he were lord of all,
Swear like a ruffian and demean himself
Unlike the ruler of a commonweal.

Warwick, my son, the comfort of my age,
Thy deeds, thy princelyness 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 wast ready, thy princeship and thy reign
Have made thee fear'd and honour'd of the people:
Join we together, for the public good,
In what we can, to bridle and suppress
The pride of Suffolk and the cardinal,
With Somerset's and Buckingham's ambition:
And, as we may, cherish Duke Humphrey's deeds,
While they do tend the profit of the land.
ACT I.  SECOND PART OF KING HENRY VI.  SCENE II.

War. So God help Warwick, as he loves the land, And common profit of his country!
York. I say 'tis true, as says York, for he hath the greatest cause.
Sol. 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 change requites a main change, Maine, Which I will win from France, or else be slain.
[Exit Warwicke and Salisbury.
York. Anjou and Maine are given to the French; Paris is lost; the state of Normandy Stands on a tickle point, now they are gone: Suffolk concluded on the articles: The peers agreed, and Henry was well pleased To change two dukedoms for a duke's fair daughter. I cannot blame them all: what is 't to them? 'Tis thine they give away, and not their own. Pirates may make cheap pennyworths of their pillage And purchase friends and give to courtizans, Still reviving old lords till all be gone; While as the silly owner of the goods Weeps over them and wrings his hapless hands And shakes his head and trembling stands aloof, While all is shared and all is borne away, Ready to starve and dare not touch his own: So York and Maine both given into the French! Cold news for me, for I had hope of France, Even as I have of fertile England's soil. A day will come when York shall claim his own; And therefore I will take the Nevils' parts And make a show of love to proud Duke Humphrey, And, when I spy advantage, claim the crown, For that's the golden mark I seek to hit: Nor shall proud Lancaster usurp my right, Nor hold the sceptre in his childish fist, Nor wear the diadem upon his head, Whose church-like honors fits not for a crown. Then, York, be still awhile, till time do serve: Watch thou when others are asleep, To pry into the secrets of the state; Till Henry, surfeiting in joys of love, With his new bride and England's dear-bought And Humphrey with the peers be fall'n at jars: Then will I raise aloft the milk-white rose, With whose sweet smell the air shall be perfumed; And in my standard bear the arms of York, To grapple with the house of Lancaster; And force perverse, I'll make him yield the crown, Whose bookish rule hath pull'd fair England down. [Exit.]

SCENE II.—The Duke of Gloucester's house.

Enter Duke Humphrey and his wife Eleanor.
Duch. Why droops my lord, like over-rip'd corn, Hanging the head at Ceres' plenteous load? Why doth the great Duke Humphrey knit his brows, As frowning at the favours of the world? Why are thine eyes fix'd to the sullen earth, Gazing on that which seem'd 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 the same were thou made the same. Put forth thy hand, reach to the glorious gold, What, is 't too short? I'll lengthen it with mine; And, having both together heaved it up, We'll both together lift our heads to heaven, And never more abuse our sight so low As to vouchsafe one glance unto the ground. Glou. O Nell, sweet Nell, if thou dost love thy lord, Banish the enchanter of ambitious thoughts, And may that thought, when I imagine ill Against my king and nephew, virtuous Henry, Be my last breathing in this mortal world! My troubous dream this night doth make me sad. Duch. What dream'd my lord? tell me, and I'll requite it anon.

With sweet rehearsal of my morning's dream, Glou. Methought this staff, mine office-badge in court, Was broke in twain; by whom I have forgot, But, as I think, it was by the cardinal; And on the pieces of the broken wand Were placed the heads of Edmund Duke of Somerset, And William de la Pole, first duke of Suffolk. This was my dream: what it doth bode, God knows. Duch. Tut, this was nothing but an argument That be to breaks a stick of Gloucester's grove Shall lose his head for his presumption, But list to me, my Humphrey, my sweet duke: Methought I sat in seat of majesty In the cathedral church of Westminster, And in that chair where kings and queens are crown'd; Where Henry and dame Margaret kneel'd to me And on my head did set the diadem.

Glou. Nay, Eleanor, then must I chide outright: Presumptuous dame, ill-nurtured Eleanor, Art thou not second woman in the realm, And the protector's wife, beloved of him? Hast thou not worldly pleasure at command, Above the thud or compass of thy thought? And wilt thou still be hammering treachery, To tumble down thy husband and thyself From top of honour to disgrace's feet? Away from me, and let me hear no more! Duch. What, what, my lord! are you so choleric With Eleanor, for telling but her dream? Next time I'll keep my dreams unto myself, And not be check'd.

Glou. Nay, be not angry; I am pleased again.

Enter Messenger.
Mess. My lord protector, 'tis his highness' pleasure You do prepare to ride unto the elfin Alban's house, Where as the king and queen do mean to hawk.
Glou. Nay, go, come, Nell, thou wilt ride with us? Duch. Yes, my good lord, I'll follow presently.
[Exit Gloucester and Messenger.

Follow I must; I cannot go before, While Gloucester bears this base and humble mind. Were I a man, a duke, and next of blood, I would remove these tedious stumbling-blocks And smooth my way upon their headless necks; And, being a woman, I will not be slack To play my part in Fortune's pageant.

Where are you there? Sir John! nay, fear not, man, We are alone; here's none but thee and I.

Enter Hume.
Hume. Jesus preserve your royal majesty! Duch. What say'st thou? majesty! I am but grace. Hume. But, by the grace of God, and Hume's Your grace's title shall be multiplied: [advice, Duch. What say'st thou, man? hast thou as yet conferr'd With Margery Jourdain, the cunning witch, With Roger Bolingbroke, the conjurer? And will they undertake to do me good? Highness Hume. Then, ho! to both, prepare to show your A spirit raised from depth of under-ground, That shall make answer to such questions As by your grace shall be propounded him.
Duch. It is enough; I'll think upon the questions:

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When from Saint Alban's we do make return,  
We'll see these things effected to the full.  
Here, Hume, take this reward; make merry, man,  
With thy confederates in this weighty cause. [Exit.  
Hume. Hume must make merry with the duchess' gold;  
Marry, and shall. But, how now, Sir John Hume!  
Seal up your hands, and give no words but mum:  
The business asketh silent secrecy.  
Dame Eleanor gives gold to bring the witch:  
Gold cannot come amiss, were she a devil.  
Yet have I gold flies from another coast;  
I dare not say, from the rich cardinal  
And from the great and new-made Duke of Suffolk,  
Yet I do fly hence; 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 knife 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 attainfature 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 Pett. 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. Pett. 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. Pett. Come back, fool; this is the Duke of Suffolk, and not my lord protector. [me?

Suf. How now, fellow! wouldnst any thing with First Pett. I pray, my lord, pardon me; I took ye for my lord protector.

Queen. [to Peter] My Lord Protector! Are your supplications to his lordship? Let me see them: what is there?

First Pett. 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.  

Peter. And that's for 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. Pett. Alas, sir, I am but a poor petitioner of our whole township.

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

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

Peter. That my master was? no, forsooth: my master said that he was, and that the king was an usurper.

Suf. Who is there? [Enter Servant.] Take this fellow in, and send for his master with a pursuivant presently: we'll hear more of your matter before the king.

[Exit Servant with Peter.

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

[Reads the supplications.

Tears the supplications.  
Away, base cullions! Suffolk, let them go.  
All. Come, let's be gone.

[Exeunt.  
Queen. My Lord of Suffolk, say, is this the guise,  
Is this the fashion in the court of England?

Is this the government of Britain's isle,  
And this the royalty of Albion's 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 the court,  
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 chancellors are the prelates and cardinals;  
His weapons holy saws of seren'writ,  
His study is his till-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,  
She vaunted 'mongst her minions t'other day,  
The very train of her worst wearing gown  
Was better worth than all my father's lands,  
Till Suffolk gave two dukedoms for his daughter.  
Suf. Madam, my horse, my layar of my bush for her,  
And placed a quire of such enticing birds,  
That she will fight to listen to the lays,  
And never mount to trouble you again.  
So, let her rest: and, madam, list to me;  
For I am bold to counsel you in this,  
Although we fancy not the cardinal.  
Yet must we join with him and with the lords,  
Till we have brought Duke Humphrey in disgrace.  
As for the Duke of York, this late complaint  
Will make but little for his benefit.  
So, one by one, we'll we'd them all at last,  
And you yourself shall steer the happy helm.

Sound a sennet. Enter the King, Duke Humphrey of Gloucester, Cardinal Beaufort, Buckingham, York, Somerset, Salisbury, Warwick, and the Duchess of Gloucester.

King. For my part, noble lords, I care not which;  
Or Somerset or York, all 's one to me.  
York. If York have ill demean'd himself in France,  
Then let him be denay'd the regentship.

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

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

Car. Ambitious Warwick, let thy better speak.  
War. The cardinal's not my better in the field.  
Buck. All in this presence are thy better, War-  
wick.  
War. Warwick may live to be the best of all.  

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Act I.

Second Part of King Henry VI. Scene IV.

Sal. Peace, son! and show some reason, Bucking—
Why Somerset should be preferred in this. [ham.

Que. Madam, the king is old enough himself
To give his censure: these are no women's matters.

Que. If he be old enough, what needs your grace
To be protector of the exchequer?

Glo. Madam, I am protector of the realm;
And, at his pleasure, will resign my place.

Suf. Resign it then and leave thine insolence.
Since thou wert king — as who is king but thou? —
The commonwealth hath daily run to wreck;
The Dauphin hath prevented the seas;
And all the peers and nobles of the realm.
Have been as bondmen to thy sovereignty.

Cor. The commons hast thou rack'd; the clergy's
Are lank and lean with thy extortion.

Som. Thy sumptuous buildings and thy wife's
Have cost a mass of public treasury.

Buck. Thy cruelty in execution
Upon offenders hath exceeded law
And left thee to the mercy of the law.

Que. Thy sale of offices and towns in France,
If they were known, as the suspect is great,
Would make thee quickly hop without thy head.

Exeunt Gloucester. The Queen drops her fan.

Give me my fan: what, minion! can ye not?
[She gives the Duchess a box on the ear.

I cry you mercy, madam; was it you?

Duch. Was 't 1! yea, it was, proud French—

Suf. Could I come near thy beauty with my nails,
I'd set my ten commandments in thy face.

King. Sweet aunt, be quiet; 't was against her will.

Duch. Against her will! good king, look to 't in time;
She'll hammer thee, and dandle thee like a baby:
Though in this place most master wear no breeches,
She shall not strike Dame Eleanor unrevenged.

Exeunt. Lord cardinal, I will follow Eleanor,
And listen after Humphrey, how he proceeds:
She's tickled now; her fume needs no spurs,
She'll gallop far enough to her destruction. [Exit.

Re-enter Gloucester.

Glo. Now, lords, my choler being over-blown
With walking once about the quadrangle,
I come to talk of commonwealth affairs.
As for your spurious false objections,
Prove them, and I lie open to the law:
But God in mercy so deal with my soul,
As I in duty love my king and country!
But, to the matter that we have in hand:
I say, my sovereign, York is meetest man
To be your regent in the realm of France.

Suf. Before we make election, give me leave
To show some reason, of no little force,
That York is most unmeet of any man.

York. I'll tell thee, Suffolk, why I am unmeet:
First, for I cannot flatter thee in pride;
Next, if I be appointed for the place,
My Lord of Somerset will keep me here,
Without discharge, money, or furniture.
Till France be won, the Dauphin's hands:
Last time, I danced attendance on his will
Till Paris was besieged, famish'd, and lost.
War. That can I witness; and a fouler fact
Did never traitor in the land commit.

Suf. Peace, headstrong Warwick!

War. Image of pride, why should I hold my peace?

Enter Horner, the Armourer, and his man Peter, guarded.

Suf. Because here is a man accused of treason:
Pray God the Duke of York excuse himself!
York. Doth any one accuse York for a traitor?

King. What mean'st thou, Suffolk; tell me, what are these?

Suf. Please it your majesty, this is the man
That doth accuse his master of high treason:
His words were these: that Richard Duke of York
Was rightful heir unto the English crown
And that your majesty was an impertinent
King. Say, man, were these thy words?

Hor. An't shall please your majesty, I never said
nor thought any such matter: God is my witness, I
am falsely accused by the villain.

Pet. By these ten bones, my lord, he did speak
To them that were present, and the next 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
wax 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 vil-
lain's accusation.

King. Upon what shall we say this to the 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.
Suf. 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 prevalleth against me.
O Lord, have mercy upon me! I shall never
be able to fight a blow. O Lord, my heart!
Glo. Sire, 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. Exit.

Scene IV. Gloucester's garden.

Enter Margery Jourdain, Hume, Southwell,
and Bolingbroke.

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

Bol. Madam, therefore shall we: will her ladyship behold
and hear our oraculums?

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

Bol. I have heard her reported to be a woman
of an invincible spirit: but it shall be convenient,
Master Hume, that you be by her aloft, while we
be busy below; and so, I pray you, go, in God's name,
and leave us. [Exit Hume.] Madam, 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 bear the sooner the better.

[Humes. Patience, good lady; wizards know their
Deep night, dark night, the silent of the night,
The time of night when Troy was set on fire;
The time when screech-owls cry and ban-dogs howl
And spirits walk and ghosts break up their graves,
That time best fits the work we have in hand.
Madam, sit you and fear not: whom we raise,
We will make fast within a hallow'd verge.

[Here do the ceremonies belonging, and
make the circle; Bolingbroke or Southwell
reads, Conjuro te, &c. It thunders and
lightens terribly; then the Spirit riseth.
SECOND PART OF KING HENRY VI.

ACT II.

SECOND.

SPIRIT. Adsum.
M. JOURD. 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.
SPIRIT. 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.
SPIRIT. The duke yet lives that Henry shall depose;
But him outlive, and die a violent death.
[As the Spirit speaks, Southwell writes the answer.
BOLING. 'What fates await the Duke of Suffolk?'
SPIRIT. By water shall he die, and take his end.
BOLING. 'What shall befall the Duke of Somerset?'
SPIRIT. 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 Beldam, I think we watch'd you at an inch. [trash. What, madam, are you there? the king and commons are deeply indebted for this piece of pains:
My lord protector will, I doubt it not,
See you well girdon'd for these good deserts.
Duch. Not half so bad as thine to England's king,
Injurious duke, that threaten's 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 guard with Jourdain, Southwell, &c.

YORK. Lord Buckingham, methinks, you watch'd her well:
A pretty plot, well chosen to build upon!
Now, pray, my lord, let's see the devil's writ.
What have we here?
[Reads.
'The duke yet lives that Henry shall depose;
But him outlive, and die a violent death.'
Why, this is just
Aio te, Zaccida, Romanos vincere posse,
Well, to the rest;
'Tell me what fate awaits the Duke of Suffolk?'
By water shall he die, and take his end.
What shall betide the Duke of Somerset?
'Let him shun castles;
Safer shall he be upon the sandy plains
Than where castles mounted stand.'
Come, come, my lords;
These oracles are hardly attain'd,
And hardly understood.
The king is now in progress towards Saint Alban's,
With him the husband of this lovely lady;
Thither go these news, as fast as horse can carry
A sorry breakfast for my lord protector.
[them:
Buck. Your grace shall give me leave, my Lord of To be the post, in hope of his reward.
[York, York. At your pleasure, my good lord. Who 's within there, ho!

Enter a Servingman.

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

ACT II.

SCENE I.—Saint Alban's.

Enter the King, Queen, Gloucester, Cardinal, and Suffolk, with Falconers halloaing.

Queen. Believe me, lords, for flying at the brook,
I saw not better sport these seven years' day:
Yet, by your leave, the wind was very high;
And, ten to one, old Joan had not gone out.
King. But what a point, my lord, your falcon made,
And where now the 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 tother so well;
They know their master loves to be aloft
And bears his thoughts above his falcon's pitch.
Glo. My lord, 'tis but a base ignoble mind
That mounts no higher than a bird can soar.
Car. I thought as much; he would be above the clouds.
[thoughts
Car. Thy heavenly is on earth; thine eyes and Beat on a crown, the treasure of thy heart;
Pernicious protector, dangerous peer,
That smooth'st it so with king and commonweal!
Glo. What, cardinal, is your priesthood grown Tantae animis coelestibus iae? [peremptory Churchmen so hot? good uncle, hide such malice; With such holiness can you do it?
Suf. No malice, sir; no more than well becomes So good a quarrel and so bad a peer.
Glo. As who, my lord?
King. The winds grow high; so do your stomachs, How irksome is this music to my heart! [lords. When such strings jar, what hope of harmony? I pray, my lords, let me compound this strife.

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


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

Towns. Forsooth, a blind man at Saint Alban's shrine,
Within this half-hour, hath received his sight;
A man that ne'er saw in his life before.

King. Now, God be praised, that to believing souls Gives light in darkness, comfort in despair!

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

Car. Here comes the townsman on procession, To present his highness with the man.

King. Great is his comfort in this earthly vale, Although the same day his sin be multiplied. Glou. Stand by, my masters: bring him near the His highness' pleasure is to talk with him. [king; 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, 'tis please your grace.

Wife. Ay, indeed, was he. Suf. What woman is this? Wife. His wife, an't like your worship.

Glou. Hadst thou been his mother, thou couldst have better told.

King. Where wert thou born? [grace. Simp. At Berwick in the north, an't like your King. Poor soul, God's goodness hath been great to thee:

Let never day nor night unshadow'd pass, But still remember what the Lord hath done. Queen. Tell me, good fellow, camest thou here by Or of devotion, to this holy shrine? [chance. Simp. God knows, of pure devotion; being call'd A hundred times and oftener, in my sleep, By good Saint Alban; who said, 'Simpcox, come, Come, offer at my shrine, and I will help thee.' Wife. Most true, forsooth; and many time and oft Myself have heard a voice call him so. Car. What, art thou lame? Simp. Ay, God Almighty help me! Suf. How camest thou so?


Glou. 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. Glou. Mass, thou lovedst plums well, that wouldst venture so. [damsons, Simp. Alas, good master, my wife desired some And made me climb, with danger of my life. Glou. 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 [cloak of] Simp. Say'st thou me so? What colour is this Simp. Red, master; red as blood. [gown of] Glou. Why, that's well said. What colour is my Simp. Black, forsooth: coal-black as jet. [is of? King. Why, then, thou know'st what colour jet Suf. And yet, I think, jet did he never see. Glou. But cloaks and gowns, before this day, a many.

Wife. Never, before this day, in all his life. Glou. Tell me, sirrah, what's my name? Simp. Alas, master, I know not.


Glou. What's thine own name? [ter. Simp. Saunders Simpcox, an if it please you, mas- Glou. Then, Saunders, sit there, the lyingest knave in Christendon. If thou hast been born blind, thou hast 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! Glou. My masters of Saint Alban's, have you not beaddles in your town, and things called whips?

May. Yes, my lord, if it please your grace. Glou. Then send for one presently. May. Sirrah, go fetch the beadle hither straight. Glou. Now fetch me a stool hither by and by. Now, sirrah, if you mean to save yourself from whipping, leap me over this stool and run away.

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

[Enter a Beadle with whips.

Glou. 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; off with yourDoublet 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 hearest so long? Queen. It made me laugh to see the villain run. Glou. Follow the knave; and take this drab away. Wife. Alas, sir, we did it for pure need. Glou. Let them be whipped through every market-town, till they come to Berwick, from whence they came.

[Exeunt Wife, Beadle, Mayor, &c. Car. Duke Humphrey has done a miracle to-day. Suf. True; made the lame to leap and fly away. Glou. But you have done more miracles than I; You made in a day, my lord, whole towns to fly.

[Enter Buckingham.

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, Have practised dangerously against your state, Dealing with witches and with conjurers: Whom we have apprehended in the fact; Raising up wicked spirits from under ground, Demanding of King Henry's life and death, And other of your highness' privy-council; As more at large your grace shall understand. Car. [Aside to Glou.] And so, my lord protector, by this means Your lady is forthcoming yet at London. This news, I think, hath turn'd your weapon's edge; 'Tis like, my lord, you will not keep your hour.

Glou. Ambitious churchman, leave to affright my heart:

Sorrow and grief have vanquish'd all my powers;
And, vanquish'd as I am, I yield to thee,
Or to the meanest groom. [ones.

King. O God, what mischiefs work the wicked
Heaping confusion on their own heads thereby! [Queen. Gloucester, see here the tainture of thy
And look thyself be faultless, thou wert best.
Gloucester, fadom, for myself, to heaven I do appeal,
How I have loved my king and commonwealth.
And, for my wife, I know not how it stands;
Sorry I am to hear what I have heard:
Noble she is, but if she have forgot
Honour and virtue and conversed with such
As, like mine felch, defiled
I banish her my bed and company
And give her as a prey to law and shame,
That hath dishonour'd Gloucester's honest name.

King. Well, for this night we will repose us here:
To-morrow to London back again,
To look into this business thoroughly
And call these foul offenders to their answers
And poise the cause in justice' equal scales,
Whose beam stands sure, whose rightful cause prevails. [Flourish. Ejeunt.


Enter York, Salisbury, and Warwick.

York. Now, my good Lords of Salisbury and Warwick,
Our simple supper ended, give me leave
In this close walk to satisfy myself,
In craving your opinion of my title,
Which is infallible, to England's crown.

Sal. My lord, I long to hear it at full.

War. Sweet York, begin: and if thy claim be
The Nevils are thy subjects to command. [good,
Then thus:

Edward the Third, my lords, had seven sons:
The first Edward the Black Prince, Prince of Wales;
The second, William of Hatfield, and the third,
Lionel Duke of Clarence; next to whom
Was John of Gaunt, the Duke of Lancaster;
The fifth was Edmund Langley, Duke of York;
The sixth was Thomas of Woodstock, Duke of Gloucester;
William of Windsor was the seventh and last.
Edward the Black Prince died before his father
And left behind him Richard, his only son, [king;
Who after Edward the Third's death reign'd as
Till Henry Bolingbroke, Duke of Lancaster,
The eldest son and heir of John of Gaunt,
Crown'd by the name of Henry the Fourth,
Seized on the realm, deposed the rightful king,
Sent his poor queen to France, from whence she came
And took to Pomfret: where, as all you know,
Harmless Richard was murder'd traitorously.

War. Father, the duke hath told the truth;
Thus got the house of Lancaster the crown.
York. Which now they hold by force and not by right:

For Richard, the first son's heir, being dead,
The issue of the next son should have reign'd.

Sal. But William of Hatfield died without an heir.

York. The third son, Duke of Clarence, from whose line
I claim the crown, had issue, Philip, a daughter,
Who married Edmund Mortimer, Earl of March:
Edmund had issue, Roger ward of Eltham;
Roger had issue, Edmund, Anne and Eleanor.

Sal. This Edmund, in the reign of Bolingbroke,
As I have read, laid claim unto the crown;
And, but for Owen Glendower, had been king,
Who kept him in captivity till he died.
But to the rest.

York. His eldest sister, Anne,
My mother, being heir unto the crown,
Married Richard Earl of Cambridge; who was son
To Edmund Langley, Edward the Third's fifth son.
By her I claim the kingdom: she was heir
To Roger Earl of March, who was the son
Of Edmund Mortimer, who married Philippe,
Sole daughter unto Lionel Duke of Clarence:
So, if the issue of the elder son
Succeed before the younger, I am king. [this?

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

Both. Long live our sovereign Richard, England's
king! [king
York. We thank you, lords. But I am not your
Till I be crown'd and that my sword be stain'd
With heart-blood of the house of Lancaster;
And that's not suddenly to be perform'd,
But with advice and silent secrecy:
Do you as I do in these dangerous days:
Wink at the Duke of Suffolk's insolence,
At Beaufort's pride, at Somerset's ambition,
At Buckingham and all the crew of them,
Till they have snared the shepherd of the flock,
That virtuous prince, the good Duke Humphrey:
'Tis that they seek, and they in seeking that
Shall find their deaths, if York can prophesy.

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

War. My heart assures me that the Earl of War-
shall one day make the Duke of York a king.
York. And, Nevil, this I do assure myself:
Richard shall live to make the Earl of Warwick
The greatest man in England but the king.

[Exeunt.

SCENE III.—A hall of justice.

Sound trumpets. Enter the King, the Queen, Glouce-
ster, York, Suffolk, and Salisbury; the Duchess of
Gloucester, Margery Jourdain, Southwell, Hume,
and Bolingbroke, under guard.

King. Stand forth, Dame Eleanor Cobham, Glou-
chester's wife:
In sight of God and us, your guilt is great:
Receive the sentence of the law for sins
Such as by God's book are adjudged to death.
You four, from hence to prison back again;
From thence unto the place of execution:
The witch in Smithfield shall be burn'd to ashes,
And you three shall be strangled on the gallows.
You, madam, for you are more nobly born,
Despoiled of your honour in your life,
Shall, after three days' open penance done,
Live in your country here in banishment,
With Sir John Stanley, in the Isle of Man.

Duch. Welcome is banishment; welcome were my
death.

[Exeunt. Glou. Eleanor, the law, thou see'st, hath judged
I cannot justify whom the law condemns.

[Exeunt Duchess and other prisoners, guarded.
Mine eyes are full of tears, my heart of grief.
Ah, Humphrey, this dishonour in thine age
I'll bring thy name right low to the ground!
I beseech your majesty, give me leave to go;
Sorrow would solace and mine age would ease.

King. Stay, Humphrey Duke of Gloucester: ere
thou go,
Give up thy staff: Henry will to himself
Proctor be; and God shall be my hope,
ACT II.  SECOND PART OF  KING HENRY VI.  SCENE IV.

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 the whole kingdom are my king's realm.
Give up your staff, sir, and the king his realm.
Glow. 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 thee feet I leave it
As others would ambitiously receive it.
Farewell, good king: when I am dead and gone,
May honourable peace attend thy throne! [Exit. Queen. Why, now is Henry king, and Margaret queen;
And Humphrey Duke of Gloucester scarce himself,
That bears so shrewd a main; two pulls at once;
His lady banish'd, and a limb-lopp'd off.
This staff of honour rangeth, there let it stand
Where it best fits to be, in Henry's hand. [sprays;
Suf. Thus drops this lofty pine and hangs his
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 read the heraldry in this your hand:
The armourer and his man, to enter the lists,
So please your highness to behold the fight.
Queen. Ay, good my lord; for purposely therefore
Left I the court, to see this quarrel tried. [fit:
King. O' God's name, see the lists and all things
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 sound-bag fastened to it; and at the other door Peter, his man, with a drum and sound-bag, and 'Pretences 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.
Sirs, neighbour Horner, here, neighbour, here's a cup of
Third Neigh. And here's a pot of good double beer, neighbour: drink, and fear not your man.
Hor. Let it come, J faith, and I'll pledge you all;
and a fig for Peter! [not afraid.
First 'Pren. Here, Peter, I drink to thee: and be sure, Peter, I 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 I die, I give thee my apron: and, Will, thou shalt have my hammer: and here, Tom, take all the money that I have. O Lord bless me! I pray God! for I am never able to deal with my master, he hath learnt so much fence already.
Sal. Come, leave your drinking, and fall to blows.
Sirrah, what's thy name?
Peter. Peter, forsooth.
Sal. And what more?
Peter. Thump. [well.
Sal. Thump! then see thou thump thy master
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 does my cousin; and therefore, Peter, have at thee with a downright blow! [double.
York. Dispatch: this knave's tongue begins to sound, trumpets, alarum to the combatants! [Alarum. They fight, and Peter strikes him down.
Hor. Hold, Peter, hold! I confess, I confess treason.

York. Take away his weapon. Fellow, thank God, and the good wine in thy master's way.
Peter. O God, have I overcome mine enemy in this presence? O Peter, thou hast prevalled in right!
King. Go, take hence that traitor from our sight;
For by his death we do perceive his guilt:
And God in justice hath reveal'd to us
The truth and innocence of this poor fellow,
Which he had thought to have murder'd wrongfully.
Come, fellow, follow us for thy reward. [Sound a flourish. Exeunt.

SCENE IV. — A street.

Enter Gloucester and his Servingmen, in mourning cloaks.

Glow. Thus sometimes hath the brightest day a
And after summer evermore succeeds [cloud;
Barren winter, with his wrathful nipping cold:
So cares and joys abound, as seasons fleet.
Sirs, what's o'clock?
Serv. Ten, my lord.
Glow. Ten is the hour that was appointed me
To watch the coming of my punish'd duchess:
Uneath may she endure the flinty streets,
When her lord and master on thy feet are.
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-wheels
When thou didst ride in triumph through the streets.
But, soft! I think she comes; and I'll prepare
My tear-stain'd eyes to see her miseries.

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

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

Glow. No, stir not, for your lives; let her pass by.
Duch. Come you, my lord, to see my open shame?
Now thou dost penned cease. Look how they gaze!
See how the giddy multitude do point,
And nod their heads, and throw their eyes on thee!
Ah, Gloucester, is this thy hateful looks,
And, in thy closet pent up, rue my shame,
And ban thine enemies, both mine and thine!
Glow. Be patient, gentle Nell; forget this grief.
Duch. Ah, Gloucester, teach me to forget myself!
For whilst I think I am thy married wife
And thou a prince: yet in this fearful dream,
Methinks I should not thus be led along,
Mail'd up in shame, with papers on my back,
And follow'd with a rabble that rejoice
To see my tears and hear my deep-lit groans.
The ruthless flint doth cut my tender feet,
And when I start, the envious people laugh,
And bid me be advised how I tread.
Ah, Humphrey, can I bear this shameful yoke?
Trow'st thou that e'er I 'll look upon the world,
Or count them happy that enjoy the sun?
No; dark shall be my light and night my day;
To think upon my pomp shall be my hell.
And when I die, I am Duke Humphrey's wife,
And he a prince and ruler of the land:
Yet so he ruled and such a prince he was
As he stood by whilst I, his forlorn duchess,
Was made a wonder and a pointing-stock
To every idle rascal follower.
But be thou mild and blithe at my shame,
Nor stir at nothing till the axe of death
Hang over thee, as, sure, it shortly will;
For Suffolk, he that can do all in all
With her that hateh thee and hates us all,
And York and impious Beaufort, that false priest,
Have all lined bushes to betray thy wings,
And, fly thou how thou canst, they 'll tangle thee:

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ACT III.  SECOND PART OF KING HENRY VI.  SCENE I.

But fear not thou, until thy foot be scarred, Nor never seek prevention of thy foes. And, thou almost all awry; I must offended before I be attainted; And at a twenty times so many foes, And each of them had twenty times their power, All these could not procure me any scathe, So long as I am loyal, true and crimsonless. Wouldst have me rescue thee from this reproach? Why, yet thy scandal were not wiped away, But I in danger for the breach of law. Thy greatest help is quiet, gentle Nell: I pray thee, sort thy heart to patience; These few days’ wonder will be quickly worn. Enter a Herald.

Her. I summon your grace to his majesty’s parliament.

Holden at Bury the first of this next month. Glou. And my consent ne’er ask’d herein before! This is close dealing. Well, I will be there. [Exit Herald. My Nell, I take my leave; and, master sheriff, Let not her penance exceed the king’s commission. Sher. An’t please your grace, here my commission, And Sir John Stanley is appointed now [stays, To take her with him to the Isle of Man. Glou. Why? Do you, Sir John, protect my lady here? Stan. So am I given in charge, may ‘t please your grace. Glou. Entreat her not the worse in that I pray

You use her well: the world may laugh again; And I may live to do you kindness if You do not here and at once, Sir God! [well? Duch. What, gone, my lord, and bid me not farewell! Glou. Witness my tears, I cannot stay to speak. [Exeunt Gloucester and Servantmen.

Duch. Art thou gone too? all comfort go with thee! For none abides with me: my joy is death; Death, at whose name I once have afeard, Because I wish’d this world’s eternity. Stanley, I prithee, go, and take me hence; I care not whither, for I beg no favour, Only convey me where thou art commanded. Stan. Why, madam, that is to the Isle of Man; There to be used according to your state. Duch. That’s bad enough, for I am but reproach: And shall I then be used reproachfully? Stan. Like to a duchess, and Duke Humphrey’s lady; According to that state you shall be used. Duch. Sheriff, farewell, and better than I fare, Although thou hast been conduct of my shame. Sher. It is my office; and, madam, pardon me. Duch. Ay, ay, farewell; thy office is discharged. Come, Stanley, shall we go? Stan. Madam, your penance done, throw off this And go we to attire you for your journey. [sheet, Duch. My shameful 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. [Exeunt.

ACT III.

SCENE I. — The Abbey at Bury St. Edmund’s.

Sound a sennett. Enter the King, the Queen, Cardinal Beaufort, Suffolk, York, Buckingham, Salisbury and Warwick, to the Parliament.

King. I muse my Lord of Gloucester is not come: ’Tis not his wont to be the hindmost man, Whate’er occasion keeps him from us now; Queen. Can you not see? or will ye not observe The shade and burden of his son’s abatement? 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, Immediate would be a mind of change. 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 unbowed knee, Disdaining duty that to us belongs. Small curs are not regarded when they grin; But great men tremble when the lion roars; And Humphrey is no little man in England. First note that he is near you in descent, And should you fall, he as the next will mount. Me semeth then it is no policy, Respecting what a rancorous mind he bears And his advantage following your decease, That he should come about your royal person Or be admitted to your highness’ council. By flattery hath he won the commons’ hearts, And when he please to make commotion, ’Tis to be fear’d they all will follow him. Now ’tis the spring, and weeds are shallow-rooted; Suffer them now, and they ’ll o’ergrow the garden And choke the herbs for want of husbandry. The reverent care I bear unto my lord Made me collect these dangers in the duke. If it be fond, call it a woman’s fear; Which fear if better reasons can supplant, I will subscribe and say I wrong’d the duke. My Lord of Suffolk, Buckingham, and York, Reprove my allegation, if you can; Or else conclude my words effectual. Suff. Well hath your highness seen into this duke; And, had I first been put to speak my mind, I think I should have told your grace’s tale. The duchess by her 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 bedding 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 Unsoundly yet and full of deep deceit. Car. Did he not, contrary to form of law, Devise strange deaths for small offences done? York. And did he not, in his protectorship, Levy great sums of money through the realm For soldiers’ pay in France, and never sent it? By means whereof the towns each day revolted. Buck. Tut, these are pettish faults to faults unknown, Which time will bring to light in smooth Duke Humphrey. King. My lords, at once: the care you have of us, To mow down thorns that would annoy our foot, Is worthy praise: but, shall I speak my conscience, Our kinsman Gloucester is as innocent From meaning treason to our royal person As is the sucking lamb or harmless dove: The duke is virtuous, mild and too well given To dream on evil or to work my downfall.
ACT III.  SECOND PART OF KING HENRY VI.  SCENE I.

Queen. Ah, what's more dangerous than this fond affinity!
  Seems he a dove? his feathers are but borrowed,
  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 fraughtful man.

Enter Somerset.

Som. All health unto my gracious sovereign!
  King. Welcome, Lord Somerset. What news
  from France?

Som. That all your interest in those territories
  Is utterly bereft you; all is lost.
  King. Cold news, Lord Somerset: but God's will
  be done. [of France

York. [Aside] Cold news for me; for I had hope
As firmly as I hope for fertile England,
  Thus are my blossoms blasted in the bud
And caterpillars eat my leaves away;
  But I will remedy this gear ere long,
Or sell my title for a glorious grave.

Enter Gloucester.

Glu. All happiness unto my lord the king!
  Pardon, my liege, that I have stay'd so long. [soon.
  Suf. Nay, Gloucester, know that thou art come too
  Unless thou wert more loyal than thou art:
  I do arrest thee of high treason here.
  Glou. Well, Suffolk, thou shalt not see me blush
Nor change my countenance for this arrest:
  A heart unsnared is not easily daunted.
  The purest spring is not so free from mud
  As I am clear from treason to my sovereign:
  Who can accuse me? wherein am I guilty?
  York. 'Tis thought, my lord, that you took
  bribes of France,
And, being proctor, stay'd the soldiers' pay;
  By means whereof his highness hath lost France.
  Glou. Is it but thought so? What are they that
  I never robb'd the soldiers of their pay, [think it?
  Nor ever had one penny bribe from France.
  So help me God, as I have watch'd the night,
  Ay, night by night, in studying good for England,
  That doth that e'er I arrested from the king,
  Or any gran't I hoarded to my use,
  Be brought against me at my trial-day!
  No; many a pound of mine own proper store,
  Because I would not tax the needy commons,
  Have I dispursed to the garrisons,
  And never ask'd for restitution.
  Car. It serves you well, my lord, to say so much.
  Glou. I say no more than truth, so help me God!
  York. In your protectorship you did devise
  Strange tortures for offenders never heard of,
  That England was defamed by tyranny. [sector.
  Glou. Why, is it not well known, that whilsts I was pro-
  pital was all the fault that was in me;
  For I should merit at an offender's tears,
  And lowly words were ransomed for their fault.
  Unless it were a bloody murderer,
  Or foul felonious thief that fleeced poor passengers,
  I never gave them condign punishment.
  Murdered, the like with the power to come.

Above the felon or what trespass else. [swered:

Suf. My lord, these faults are easy, quickly an-
  But mightier crimes are laid unto your charge,
  Whereof you cannot easily purge yourself.
  I do arrest you in his highness' name:
  And here command you to appear before the pr
To keep, until your further time of trial.

King. My lord of Gloucester, 'tis my special hope
  That you will clear yourself from all suspect:
  My conscience tells me you are innocent.
  Glou. Ah, gracious lord, these days are dangerous:
  Virtue is chok'd with foul ambition
  And charity chas'd hence by rancour's hand;
  Foul subornation is predominant
  And equity exiled his highness' land.
  I know their complot is to have my life,
  And if my death might make this island happy
  And prove the period of their tyranny,
  I would expend it with all willingness;
  But mine is made the prologue to their play:
  For thousands more, that yet suspect no peril,
  Will not conclude their plotted tragedy.
  Beaufort's red sparkling eyes blab his heart's malice,
  And Suffolk's cloudy brow his stormy hate;
  Sharp Bucquoy's lambent wands with the tongue
  The envious load that lies upon his heart;
  And dogged York, that reaches at the moon,
  Whose overweening arm I have pluck'd back,
  By false accuse doth level at my life:
  And you, my sovereign lady, with the rest,
  Causenlose have laid disgraces on my head
  And with your best endeavours have stirr'd up
  My liepest liege to be mine enemy:
  Ay, all of you have laid your heads together—
  I myself had notice of your concerted—
  And all to make away my guiltless life.
  I shall not want false witness to condemn me,
  Nor store bribes to buy false reason to fear;
  The ancient proverb will be well effect'd:

  'A staff is quickly found to beat a dog,'
  Car. My liege, his railing is intolerable:
  If those that care to keep your royal person
  From treason's secret knife and traitors' rage
  Be thus upbraided, chid and rated at,
  And the offender granted scope of speech,
  'T will make them cool in zeal unto your grace.

Suf. Hath he not twit our sovereign lady here
  With ignominious words, though clercly couch'd,
  As if she had suborned some to swear
  False allegations to o'erthrow his state.
  Queen. But I can give the loser leave to chide.
  Glou. Far truer spoken than meant: I lose, indeed;
  Beshew the winners, for they play'd me false!
  And well such losers may have leave to speak.

Buck. He'll wrest the sense and hold us here
  all day:
  Lord cardinal, he is your prisoner. [sure.
  Car. Send, take away the duke, and guard him
  Glou. Ah! thus King Henry throws away his
  Before his legs be firm to bear his body. [crutch
  Thus is the shepherd beaten from thy side
  And wolves are gnarling who shall gnaw thee first.
  Ah, that my fear were false! ah, that it were!
  For, good King Henry, thy decay I fear.

  Exeunt. guarded.

King. My lords, what to your wisdoms seems
  best,
  Do or undo, as if ourself were here. [ment?
  Queen. What, will your highness leave the parlia-
  King. I, M. Margaret; my heart is drown'd with
grief,
  Whose flood begins to flow within mine eyes,
  My body round engirt with misery,
  For what's more miserable than discontent?
  Ah, uncle Humphrey! in thy face I see
  The map of honour, truth and loyalty
  And yet, alack, the blood with all the haur to come
  That e'er I proved thee false or fear'd thy faith.
  What louring star now envisions thy estate,
  That these great lords and Margaret our queen
  Do seek subversion of thy harmless life?
  Thou never dist them wrong nor no man wrong;
  And as the linden grates and gentle call
  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 lowing up and down,

  Looking the way her harmless young one went,
ACT III.  SECOND PART OF KING HENRY VI.  SCENE I.

And can do nought but wall her darling's loss,
Even so myself bewails good Gloucester's case
With sad unhelpful tears, and with dimm'd eyes
Look after him and cannot do him good,
So mighty is his cup of grief.
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
tender beams, and his long wint'rs fill the hearth;
our noble York, we hear, returns to be our helper.

By his wise counsel we hope to hold our state.
Queen. Nay, then, this spark will prove a raging
fire
If wind and fuel be brought to feed it with: [fire,
no good, York; sweet Somerset, be still:
Thy fortune, York, hadst thou been regent there,
Mighty happily have proved far worse than his.
York. What, worse than nought? nay, then, a
shame take all!

Som. And, in the number, thee that wishest shame!
Car. My Lord of York, try what your fortune is.
The uncivil king of England,
And temper clay with blood of Englishmen:
To Ireland will you lead a band of men,
Collected choicely, from each county some,
And try your hap against the Irishmen?
York. I will, my lord, so please his majesty.
Car. Why, Englishmen are, of this, your friends,
And what we do establish he confirms:
Then, noble York, take thou this task in hand.
York. I am content: provide me soldiers, lords,
While I take order for mine own affairs.
Suf. A charge, Lord York, that I will see per-
formed.
But now return we to the false Duke Humphrey.
Car. No more of him: for I will deal with him
That henceforth he shall trouble us no more.
And so break off; the day is almost spent:
Lord Suffolk, you and I must talk of that event.
York. My Lord of Suffolk, within fourteen days
At Bristol I expect my soldiers;
For there I'll ship them all for Ireland.
Suf. I'll see it truly done, my Lord of York.

Exeunt all but York.

York. Now, York, or never, steel thy fearful
And change misfavour to resolution:
Think, he that should be a man's life's all
Resign to death; it is not worth the enjoying:
Let pale-faced fear keep with the mean-born man,
And find no harbour in a royal heart.

Faster than spring-time showers comes thought on
And not a thought but thinks on dignity.
My brain more busy than the labouring spider
Weaves tedious snare to trap mine enemies.
Well, nobles, well, 'tis politicly done,
To send me packing with an host of men:
I fear me you but warm the starved snake,
Who, cherish'd in your breasts, will sting your hearts.'t was men I lack'd and you will give them me:
Take it kindly yet the well-beloved:
You put sharp weapons in a madman's hands.
Whiles I in Ireland nourish a mighty band,
I will stir up in England some black storm
Shall blow ten thousand souls to heaven or hell;
And this fell tempest shall not cease to rage
Until the golden circuit on my head,
Like to the glorious sun's transparent beams,
Do calm the fury of this mad-bred flaw.

And, for a minister of my intent,
I have seduced a headstrong Kentishman,
John Cade of Ashford,
To make common cause, as full well he can,
Under the title of John Mortimer.
In Ireland have I seen this stubborn Cade
Oppose himself against a troop of kerns,
And fought so long, till that his thighs with darts
Were almost like a sharp-quill’d porpentine;
And, in the end being rescued, I have seen
Him carry great, like a wild Morisco.
Shaking the bloody darts as he his bells.
Full often, like a shag-hair’d crafty kern,
Hath he conversed with the enemy,
And undiscover’d come to me again
And given me notice of their villanies.
This devil here shall be my substitude;
For that John Mortimer, which now is dead,
In face, in gait, in speech, he doth resemble:
By this I shall perceive the commons’ mind,
How they affect the house and claim of York.
Say he be taken, rack’d and tortured,
I know no pain they can inflict upon him
Will make him say I moved him to those arms.
Say that he thrive, as ’tis great like he will,
Why, then from Ireland come I with my strength
And reap the harvest which that rascal sow’d;
For Humphrey being dead, as he shall be,
And Henry put apart, the next for me.  [Exit.

SCENE II.—Bury St. Edmund’s. A room of state.

Enter certain Murderers, hastily.

First Mur. Run to my Lord of Suffolk; let him know
We here dispatch’d the duke, as he commanded.
Sec. Mur. O that it were to do! What have we
Didst ever hear a man so penitent? [done?

Enter Suffolk.

First Mur. Here comes my lord.
Suf. Now, sirs, have you dispatch’d this thing?
First Mur. Ay, my good lord, he’s dead.
Suf. Why, that’s well said. Go, get you to my house;
I will reward you for this venturous deed.
The king and all the peers are here at hand.
Have you laid fair the bed? Is all things well,
According as I gave directions?
First Mur. ’Tis, my good lord.
Suf. Away! be gone.  [Exeunt Murderers.

Sound trumpets. Enter the King, the Queen, Cardinal Beaufort, Somerset, with Attendants.

King. Go, call our uncle to our presence straight;
Say we intend to try this day,
If he be guilty, as it is published.
Suf. I’ll call him presently, my noble lord. [Exit.
King. Lords, take your places; and, I pray you all,
Procede no strainer ‘gainst our uncle Gloucester
Than from true evidence of good esteem
He be approved in practice culpable.
Queen. God forbid any malice should prevail,
That faultless may condemn a nobleman!
Pray God he may acquit him of suspicion! [much.
King. I thank thee, Meg; these words content me
Suf. Comfort, my sovereign! gracious Henry, comfort!

King. Who’s he, Suffolk, that my Lord of Suffolk comfort me?
Came he right now to sing a raven’s note,
Whose dismal tune bereft my vital powers;
And thinks he that the chirping of a wren,
By crying comfort from a hollow breast,
Can chase away the first-conceiv’d sound?
Hide not thy poison with such sugar’d words;
Lay not thy hand on my heart, 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 wounds;
Yet do not go away: come, basilk,
And kill the innocent gazer with thine 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-offeuding 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!  [man!
King. Ah, woe is me for Gloucester, wretched
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?
Queen. Why, then, dame Margaret was ne’er thy joy.
 Erect his statua and worship it,
And make my image but an alehouse sign.
Was I for this nigh wreck’d upon the sea,
And twice by awkward wind from England’s bank
Drove back again unto my native clime?
What bodied this, but thy own false 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 bless’d
Or turn our stern upon a dreadful rock?  [shore,
Yet Æolus would not be a murderer,
But left that hateful office unto thee:
The pretty-vaulting sea refused to drown me,
Knowing that thou wouldst have me drown’d on
With tears as salt as sea, through thy unkindness:
The splitting rocks cow’d in the sucking 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 hatch of the stormy sea,
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 heart might be
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 spectators,
War. But both of you were vow'd Duke Humphrey's foes,
And you, forsooth, had the good duke to keep:
'Tis like you would not feast him like a friend;
And 'tis well seen he found an enemy.
Queen. Then you, belike, suspect these noblemen As guilty of Duke Humphrey's timeless death.
War. What! that he died and bleeding fresh And sees fast by a butcher with an axe.
But will suspect 'twas he that made the slaughter? Who finds the partridge in the pattock's nest, But may imagine how the bird was dead.
Although the kite soars with unbloodied beak;
Ever so suspicious is this tragedian To your knife? Queen. Are you the butcher Suffolk? Where's Is Beaufort term'd a kite? Where are his talons? Suf. I wear no knife to slaughter sleeping men; But here's a veneful sword, rusted with ease, That shall be scour'd in his rancorous heart. That slanders me with murder's crimson badge. Say, if thou darest, proud Lord of Warwickshire, That I am faulty in Duke Humphrey's death. [Exeunt Cardinal, Somerset, and others. War. What darest not Warwick, if false Suffolk dare him? Queen. He dares not calm his contumelious spirit Nor cease to be an arrogant controller, Though Suffolk dare him twenty thousand times. War. Madam, be still; with reverence may I say; For every word you speak in his behalf Is slander to your royal dignity. Suf. Blunt-witted lord, ignoble in demeanour! If ever lady wrong'd her lord so much, Thy mother took into her blameful bed Some stern untutor'd churl, and noble stock Was graft with crab-tree slip; whose fruit thou art. And never of the Nevis's noble race. War. But that the guilt of murder bucklers thee And I should rob the deathsmen of his fee, Quifling thee thereby of ten thousand shames, And that my sovereign's presence makes me mild, I would, false murderous coward, on thy knee Make thee beg pardon for thy passed speech And say it was thy mother that thou meant'st, That thou thyself wast born in bastardy; And after all this fearful hideous tone, Give thee thy hire and send thy soul to hell, Pernicious blood-sucker of sleeping men! Suf. Thou shalt be waking while I shed thy blood, If from this presence thou darest go with me. War. Away even now, or I will drag thee hence: Unworthy though thou art, I would have thee And do some service to Duke Humphrey's ghost. [Exeunt Suffolk and Warwick. King. What stronger breastplate than a heart untainted! Thrice is he armed that hath his quarrel just, And he but naked, though lock'd up in steel. Whose conscience with injustice is corrupted. [A noise within. Queen. What noise is this? Re-enter Suffolk and Warwick, with their weapons drawn. King. Why, how now, lords! your wrathful weapons drawn Here in our presence! dare you be so bold? Why, what tumultuous clamour have we here? Suf. The traitorour Warwick with the men Of set all upon me, mighty sovereign. [Bury Sal. To the Commons, entering] Sirs, stand apart; The king shall know your mind. Dread lord, the commons send you word by me, Unless Lord Suffolk straight be done to death, Or banished fair England's territories, They will by violence tear him from your palace And torture him with grievous lingering death.

ACT III. SECOND PART OF KING HENRY VI. SCENE II.
They say, by him the good Duke Humphrey died; They say, in him they fear your highness' death; And more instinct of love and loyalty, Free from a stubborn opposite intent, As being thought to contradict your liking, Make you more wondrous sad in your banishment. They say, in care of your most royal person, That if your highness should intend to sleep And charge that no man should disturb your rest In pain of your dislike or pain of death, Yet, notwithstanding such a strait edict, Were there a serpent seen, with forked tongue, That sily grated towards you, as you, Sir, It were but necessary you were waked, Lest, being suffer'd In that harmful slumber, The mortal worm might make the sleep eternal; And therefore do they cry, though you forbid, That they will guard you, whether you will or no, From such fell serpents as false Suffolk is, With whose envenomed and fatal sting, Your loving uncle, twenty times his worth, They say, is shamefully bereft of life. Commons. [Within] An answer from the king, my Lord of Salisbury!

Suf. 'Tis like the commons, rude unpolish'd minds, Could not medium this to their sovereign: But you, my lord, were glad to be employ'd, To show how quaint an orator you are: But all the honour Salisbury hath won Is, that he was the lord ambassador Sent from a sort of tinkers to the king.

Commons. [Within] An answer from the king, or we will all break in! King. Go, Salisbury, and tell them all from me, I thank them for their tender loving care; And had I not been cited so by them, Yet did I purpose as they do entreat; For, sure, my thoughts do hourly prophesy Mischance unto my state by Suffolk's means: And therefore, by His majesty I swear, Whose far unworthy deputy I am, He shall not breathe infection in this air But three days longer, on the pain of death.

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

[Exeunt all but Queen and Suffolk. Queen. Mischance and sorrow go along with you! Heart's discontent and sour affection Be playfellows to keep you company! There's two of you; the devil make a third! And threefold vengeance tend upon your steps! Suf. Cease, gentle queen, these execrations And let thy Suffolk take his heavy leave. [wretch! When a woman and soft-hearted Hast thou not spirit to curse thine enemy? Suf. A plague upon them! wherefore should I curse them? Would curses killeth, as doth the mandrake's groan, I would invent as bitter-searching terms, As eust, as harsh and horrible to hear, Deliver'd to my lady, with my breath, 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, 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! Their sweetest shade a grove of cypress trees! Their chiefest prospect murdering basilisks! Their softest touch as smart as lizards' stings! Their music as the shrill lark's, and their bliss, 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 snares against glass, Or like an overcharged gun, recoil, And turn the force of them upon thyself. Suf. You bade me ban, and will you bid me leave? Now, by the ground that I am banish'd from, Well could I curse away a winter's night, Though standing naked on a mountain top, Where biting cold would never let grass grow, And think it but a minute spent in sport. Queen. O, let me entreat thee cease. Give me thy That I may dew it with my mournful tears; [hand, Nor let the rain of heaven wet this place, To wash away my woful monuments. O, could this kiss be printed in thy hand, 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 condemn'd Embrace and kiss and take ten thousand leaves, Loather a hundred times to part than die. 'T is 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. 'T is not the land I care for, wert thou thence; A wilderness is populous enough, So Suffolk had thy heavenly company; For where thou art, there is the world itself, With every several pleasure in the world, And where thou art not, desolation. I can no more: live thou to joy thy life; Myself no joy in nought but that thou livest.

Enter Vaux. Queen. Whither goes Vaux so fast? what news, I Vaux. To signify unto his majesty [prithee? That Cardinal Beaufort is at point of death; For suddenly a grievous sickness took him, That makes him gasp and stare and catch the air, Blaspheming God and cursing men on earth. Some time 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, And with the southern cloven-hoofed beasts, As is the number of the earth's increase, mine for sorrows? Now get thee hence: the king, thou know'st, is coming; If thou be found by me, thou art but dead. Suf. If I depart from thee, I cannot live; And in thine sight to die, what were it else But like a pleasant slumber in thy lap?
ACT IV.  SECOND PART OF KING HENRY VI.  SCENE I.

Here could I breathe my soul into the air,
As mild and gentle as the cradle-babe
Dying with mother's dugs between its lips:
Where, from thy sight, I should be raging mad
And cry out for thee to close upon mine eyes,
To have thee with thy lips to stop my mouth;
So shouldst thou either turn my flying soul,
Or I should breathe it so into thy body,
And then it lived in sweet Elysium.
To die by thee were but to die in jest;
From thee to die were torture more than death:
O, let me stay, befall what may befall!
Queen. Away! though parting be a fretful corro-
sive,
It is applied to a deathful wound.
To France, sweet Suffolk: let me hear from thee;
For wheresoe'er thou art in this world's globe,
I'll have an Iris that shall find thee out.
Suf. I go.
Que. And take my heart with thee.
Suf. A jewel, lock'd into the wofull'st cask
That ever did contain a thing of worth.
Even as a splitted bark, so sunder we:
This way fall I to death.
Queen. This way for me.  [Exeunt severally.

SCENE III.—A bedchamber.

Enter the King, Salisbury, Warwick, to the
Cardinal in bed.
King. How fares my lord? speak, Beaufort, to thy
sovereign.

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—The coast of Kent.

Alarum. Fight at sea.  Ordnance goes off.  Enter a Cap-
tain, a Master, a Master's Mate, Walter Whitmore,
and others; with them Suffolk, and others, prisoners.

Cap. The gaudy, blabbing and remorseful day
Is crept into the bosom of the sea;
And now loud-hollering waves arouse the jades
That drag the tragic melancholy night;
Who, with their drowsy, slow and flagging wings,
Clip dead men's graves and from their misty jaws
Breathe soul contagious darkness in the air;
Therefore bring forth the soldiers of our prize;
For, whilst our pinnace anchors in the Downs,
Here shall they make their ransom on the sand,
Or with their blood stain this discouler'd shore.
Master, this prisoner freely give I thee;
And thou that art his mate, make boot of this;
The other, Walter Whitmore, is thy share.  [know.
First Gent. What is my ransom, master? let me
Mast. A thousand crowns, or else lay down your
head.  [yours.

Mate. And so much shall you give, or off goes
Cap. What, think you much to pay two thousand
crowns.
And bear the name and port of gentlemen?
Cut both the villains' throats; for die you shall:
The lives of those which we have lost in fight
Be counterpoised with such a petty sum!

First Gent. I'll give it, sir; and therefore spare my
life.
Sec. Gent. And so will I and write home for it
Whit. I lost mine eye in laying the prize aboard,
And therefore to revenge it, shalt thou die;  [To Suf.
And so should these, if I might have my will.
Cap. Be not so rash; take ransom, let him live.
Suf. Look on my George; I am a gentleman:
Rate me at what thou wilt, thou shalt be paid.

Car. If thou be'st death, I'll give thee England's
Enough to purchase such another island, [treasure,
So thou wilt let me live, and feel no pain.
King. Ah, what a sign it is of evil life,
Where death's approach is seen so terrible!
War. Beaufort, it is thy sovereign speaks to thee.
Car. Bring me unto my trial when you will.
Died he not in his bed? where should he die?
Can I make men live, whether they will or no?
O, torture me no more! I will confess.
Alive again? then show me where he is:
I'll give a thousand pound to look upon him.
He hath no eyes, the dust hath blinded them.
Comb down his hair; look, look! it stands upright,
Like lime-twigs set to catch my winged soul.
Give me some drink; and bid the apothecary
Bring the strong poison that I bought of him.
King. O thou eternal Mover of the heavens,
Look with a gentle eye upon this wretch!
O, beat away the busy meddling fiend
That lays strong siege unto this wretch's soul
And from his bosom purge this black despair!
War. See, how the pangs of death do make him
grin!
Suf. Disturb him not; let him pass peaceably.
King. Peace to his soul, if God's good pleasure be!
Lord cardinal, if thou think'st it heaven's bliss,
Hold up thy hand, make signal of thy hope.
He dies, and makes no sign.  O God, forgive him!
War. So bad a death argues a monstrous life.
King. Forbear to judge, for we are sinners all.
Close up his eyes and draw the curtain close;
And let us all to meditation.
[Exeunt.

Whit. And so am I; my name is Walter Whitmore.
How now? why start'st thou? what, doth death
affright? [death.
Suf. Thy name affrights me, in whose sound is
A cunning man did calculate my birth
And told me that by water I should die;
Yet let not this make thee bloody-minded;
Thy name 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;
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!
Suf. 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!
Suf. Ay, but these rags are no part of the duke:
Jove sometime went disguised, and why not I?
Cap. But Jove was never slain, as thou shalt be.
Suf. Obscure and lowly swain, King Henry's blood,
The honourable blood of Lancaster,
Must not be shed by such a jaded groom.
Hast thou not kiss'd thy hand and held my stirrup?
Bare-headed plodded by my foot-cloth mule
And thought thee happy when I shook my head?
How often hast thou waited at my cup,
Fed from my trencher, kneel'd down at the board,
When I have feasted with Queen Margaret?
Remember it and let it make thee cast-fall'in,
Ay, and alay this thy abrasive pride;
How in our voyaging lobby last 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.
Suf. Base slave, thy words are blunt and soart thou.
ACT IV.  SECOND PART OF KING HENRY VI.  SCENE II.

Cap. Convey him hence and on our long-boat's side
Strike off his head.

Suf. Thou dar'st not, for thy own.

Cap. Yes, Pole.

Suf. Pole! Pool! Sir Pool! lord!
Ay, kennel, puddle, sink; whose filth and dirt
Troubles the silver spring where England drinks.
Now will I dam up this thy yawning mouth
For swallowing the treasure of the realm;
Thy lips that kiss'd the queen shall sweep the ground:
[death
And thou that smiledst at good Duke Humphrey's
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 Sylva, overorged
With goblets of thy mother's bleeding heart.
By thee Anjou and Maine were sold to France,
The false revolting Normans thorough thee
Dissent to call us lords, and render Peace.
Hath slain their governors, surprised our forts
And sent the ragged soldiers wounded home.
The princely Warwick, and the Nevills all,
Whose dreadful swords were never drawn in vain,
As hating thee, are rising up in arms:
And from the house of York, alone 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 common coat in Kent, thereof in arms:
And, to conclude, reproach and beggary
Is crept into the palace of our king,
And all by thee. Away! convey him hence.

Suf. O that I were a god, to shoot forth thunder
Upon these paltry, servile, abject drudges!
Small things make base men proud: this vnain
Being captain of a pinnacle, threatens more [here,
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,—[death

Whit. Come, Suffolk, I must waft thee to thy
Suf. Geldus timor occupat artus; it isthee 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 heavenly 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 grooms.
True nobility is exempt from fear
More can you than I.

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

Suf. Come, soldiers, show what cruelty ye can,
That this my death may never be forgot!
Great men oft die by vile bezonians:
A Roman sworder and banditto slave
Murder'd sweet Tully; Brutus' bastard hand
Slain'd Julius Caesar; savage islanders
Pompey the Great; and Suffolk dies by pirates.

[Exeunt Whitmore and others with Suffolk.

Cap. And as for these whose ransom we have set,
It is our pleasure one of them depart:
Therefore come you with us and let him go.
[Exeunt all but the First Gentleman.

Re-enter Whitmore with Suffolk's body.

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

First Gent. O barbarous and bloody spectacle!
His body will I bear unto the king:
If he revenge it not, yet will his friends;
So will the queen, that living held him dear.
[Exit with the body.

SCENE II.— Blackheath.

Enter George Bevis and John Holland.

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

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

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

Holl. So he had need, for 't is threadbare. Well, I say it was a merry world in England since gentlemen came up.

Bevis. O miserable age! virtue is not regarded in handicrafts-men. [aprons.

Holl. The nobility think scorn to go in leather
Bevis. Nay, more, the king's council are no good workmen.

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

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

Holl. I see them! I see them! There's Best's son, the Tanner of Wingham,—
Bevis. He shall have the skin of our enemies, to make dog's-leather of.

Holl. And Dick the Butcher,—

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

Holl. And Smith the weaver,—

Bevis. Argo, their thread of life is spun.

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

Drum. Enter Cade, Dick Butcher, Smith the Weaver, and a Sawyer, with infinite numbers.

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

Dick. [Aside] Or rather, of stealing a cad of
Cade. For our enemies shall fall before us, inspired with the spirit of putting down kings and princes.—Command silence.

Dick. Silence!
Cade. My father was a Mortimer,—
Dick. [Aside] He was an honest man, and a good
Cade. My mother a Plantagenet,—[bricklayer.
Dick. [Aside] I knew her well; she was a midwife.
Cade. My wife descended of the Lacies,
Dick. [Aside] She was, indeed, a pedlar's daughter, and sold many laces.
Smith. [Aside] But now of late, not able to travel with her furred pack, she washes buckes here at home.
Cade. Therefore am I of an honourable house.
Dick. [Aside] Ay, by my faith, the field is honourable; and there was he born, under a hedge, for his father had never a house but the cage.
Cade. Valiant I am. [valiant.
Smith. [Aside] A' must needs; for beggary is
Cade. I am able to endure much.
Dick. [Aside] No question of that; for I have seen him wade through three market-days together.
Cade. I fear neither sword nor fire.
Smith. [Aside] He need not fear the sword; for his coat is of proof.
Dick. [Aside] But methinks he should stand in fear of life, being burnt I the hand for stealing of sheep.

Cade. Be brave, then; for your captain be brave, and vows reformation. There shall be in England seven halfpenny loaves sold for a penny: the three-hooped pot shall have ten hoops; and I will make it felony to drink small beer: all the realm shall be in common; and thine uprose shall my pa'ltry go to grass: and when I am king, as king I will be,—

All. God save your majesty!

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

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

Cade. Nay, that I mean to do. Is not this a lamentable thing, that of the skin of an innocent lamb should be made parchmen? that parchment, being scribbled o'er, should undo a man? Some say the bee stings, but I say, 'tis the bee's wax; for I did but seal once to a thing, and I was never mine own man since. How now! who's there?

Enter some, bringing forward the Clerk of Chatham.

Smith. The clerk of Chatham: he can write and read and copy right.

Cade. O monstrous!

Smith. We took him setting of boys' copies.

Cade. Here's a villain!

Smith. Has a book in his pocket with red letters.

Cade. Nay, then, he is a conjurer. [in't.

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

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

Clerk. Emanuel.

Dick. They use to write it on the top of letters: 't will go hard with you.

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

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

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

Cade. Away with him, I say! hang him with his pen and inkhorn about his neck.

[Exit one with the Clerk.

Enter Michael.

Mich. Where's our general?

Cade. Here I am, thou particular fellow.

Mich. Fly, fly, fly! Sir Humphrey Stafford and his brother are hard by, with the king's forces.

Cade. Stand, will you, stand, or I'll fell thee down.

He shall be encountered with a man as good as himself: he is but a knight, is a'?

Mich. No.

Cade. To equal him, I will make myself a knight presently. [Kneels] Rise up Sir John Mortimer. [Rises] Now have at him!

Enter Sir Humphrey Stafford and his Brother, with drum and soldiers.

Staf. Rebellious hinds, the filth and scum of Kent, Mark'd for the gallows, lay your weapons down; Home to your cottages, forsake this grom: 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; And thou thyself a shearman, art thou not?

Cade. And Adam was a gardener.

Bro. And what of that? [March.

Cade. Marry, this: Edmund Mortimer, Earl of Married the Duke of Clarence's daughter, did he

Staf. Ay, sir.

Cade. By him he had two children at one birth.

Bro. That's false.

Cade. Ay, there's the question; but I say, 'tis The elder of them, being put to nurse, [true: Was by a beggar-woman stolen away; And, ignorant of his birth and parentage, Became a bricklayer when he came to age: Him am I to buy, it is.

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 myself. Go to, sirrah, tell the king from me, that, for his father's sake, Henry the Fifth, in whose time boys went to spaniel-hunt for French crowns, and content he shall reign; but I'll be protector over him.

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

Cade. And good reason: for thereby is England maimed, and fain to go with a staff, but that my restorations hold it up. Follow kings, I tell you that Lord Say hath gilded the commonwealth, 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 Frenchmen are our enemies; go to, then, I ask but this: can he that speaks with the tongue of an enemy be a good counsellor, or no?

All. No, no: and therefore we'll have his head.

Bro. Well, seeing gentle words will not prevail, Assault them with the army of the king.

Staf. Herald, away; and throughout every town Proclaim that 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 Stafford, and soldiers.

Cade. And now that we 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 thrify 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, wherein both the Staffords are slain. [Enter Cade and the rest.

Cade. Where's Dick, the butcher of Ashford? Dick. Here, sir.

Cade. They fell before thee like sheep and oxen, and thou behavest thyself as if thou hadst been in thine own slaughter-house: therefore thus will I reward thee. Let them all stand as long again as it is, and thou shalt have a license to kill for a hundred Dick. I desire no more. [lacking one.

Cade. And, to speak truth, thou deservest no less. This monument of the victory will I hear [putting on Sir Humphrey's brigandine]; and the bodies shall be dragged at my horse heels till I do come to Lon-
ACT IV.  SECOND PART OF KING HENRY VI.  SCENE VII.

don, where we will have the mayor's sword borne before us.

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

Cad. 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 Mayor.

Que. Oft have I heard that grief softens the mind
And makes it fearful and degenerate;
Think therefore on revenge and cease to weep.
But who can cease to weep and look on this?
Here may his head lie on my throbbing breast:
But where's the body that I should embrace?

Buck. What answer makes your grace to the rebels' supplication?

Que. I'll send some holy bishop to entreat;
For God forbid so many simple souls
Should perish by the sword!  And I myself,
Rather than bloody war shall cut them short,
Will parley with Jack Cade their general:
But stay, I'll read it over once again.

Que. Ah, barbarous villains!  hath this lovely
Ruled, like a wandering planet, over me,
[face
And could it not enforce them to relent,
That were unworthy to behold the same?

King. Lord Say, Jack Cade hath sworn to have
thy head.
Say. Ay, but I hope your highness shall have his.
King. How now, madam!

Que. I fear me, love, if that I had been dead,
Thou wouldst not have mourn'd so much for me.

Que. No, my love, I should not mourn, but die
for thee.  Enter a Messenger.

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

Mess. The rebels are in Southwark; fly, my 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 death
Hath given them heart and courage to proceed:
All scholars, lawyers, courtiers, gentlemen.
They call false caterpillars and intend their death.

Buck.  O graceless men!  they know not what they do.

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

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

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

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

Enter another Messenger.

Mess. Jack Cade hath gotten London bridge:
The citizens fly and forsake their houses:
The rascal people, thirsting after prey,
John with the traitor, and they jointly swear
To spoil the city and your royal court.

Buck. Then linger not, my lord; away, take
horse.

King.  Come, Margaret; God, our hope, will suc-
Que. My hope is gone, now Suffolk is deceased.

King. Farewell, my lord; trust not the Kentish rebels.

Buck. Trust nobody, for fear you be betray'd.
Say. The trust I have is in mine innocence,
And therefore am I bold and resolute.  [Exeunt.

SCENE V. — London.  The Tower.

Enter Lord Scales upon the Tower, walking.  Then
enter two or three Citizens below.

Scales. How now!  is Jack Cade slain?

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

Scales. Such aid as I can spare you shall command;
But I am troubled here with them myself;
The rebels have assay'd to win the Tower.
But get you to Smithfield and gather head,
And thither I will send you Matthew Goffe;
Fight for your king, your country and your lives;
And so, farewell, for I must hence again.  [Exeunt.

SCENE VI. — London.  Cannon Street.

Enter Jack Cade and the rest, and strikes his staff
on London-stone.

Cad. Now is Mortimer lord of this city.  And here,
sitting on London-stone, I charge and com-
mand, that of the city's cost, the pissing-contriv
run nothing but claret wine this first year of our
reign.  And now henceforward it shall be treason
for any that calls me other than Lord Mortimer.

Enter a Soldier, running.

Sold. Jack Cade! Jack Cade!

Kock. Knock him down there.  [They kill him.
Smith. If this fellow be wise, he'll never call ye
Jack Cade more: I think he hath a very fair warning.
Dick. My lord, there's an army gathered together
in Smithfield.

Cad. Come, then, let's go fight with them; but
first, go and set London bridge on fire; and, if you
can, burn down the Tower too.  Come, let's away.

[Exeunt.

SCENE VII. — London.  Smithfield.

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

Cad. So, sirs: now go some and pull down the
Savoy, and others to the inns of court; down with them
Dick. I have a suit unto your lordship.

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

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

Holl. [Aside] Mass, 't will be sore law, then; for
he was thrust in the mouth with a spear, and 't is
not whole yet.

Smith. [Aside] Nay, John, it will be stinking law;
for his breath stinks with eating toasted cheese.

Cad. I have thought upon it, it shall be so.
Away, burn all the records of the realm: my mouth
shall be the parliament of England.

Holl. [Aside] Then we are like to have biting statutes,
unless his teeth be pulled out. [common.

Cad.  And henceforward all things shall be in

Enter a Messenger.

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

Enter George Bovis, with the Lord Say.

Cad. Well, he shall be beheaded for it ten times.
Ah, thou say, thou sergey, nay, thou buckram lord!
now art thou within point-blank of our jurisdiction
regal. What canst thou answer to my majesty for giving up of Normandy unto Mounseur Basimeu, the dauphin of France? Be it known unto thee by these presence, even the presence of Lord Mortimer, that thou 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. Nay, marry, thou oughtest not to let thy horse wear a cloak, when honest men than thou go in their hose and doublets.

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

Say. You men of Kent.

Dick. What say you of Kent? [gens.'

Say. Nothing but this; 'tis 'bona terra, mala Cade. Away with him, away with him! he speaks Latin.

Will. Say. Hear me but speak, and bear me where you Kent, in the Commentaries Caesar writ, Is term'd the civilist 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 oughted except at your hands, But to maintain the king, the realm and you? Large gifts have I bestowed on learned clerks, Because my book preferr'd me to the king, And seeing ignorance is the curse of God, Knowledge is the wing wherewith we fly to heaven, Unless you be possess'd with devilish spirits, You cannot but forbear to murder me: This tongue hath parcel'd unto foreign kings For your behoof,—

Field? Cade. Tut, when struck'st thou one blow in the Say. Great men have reaching hands: oft have I struck Those that I never saw and struck them dead.

Geo. O monstrous coward! what, to come behind folks? [good. Say. These cheeks are pale for watching for your Cade. Give him a box o' the ear and that will make 'em red again.

Say. Long sitting to determine poor men's causes Hath made me full of sickness and diseases. Cade. Ye shall have a hempen caudle then and the help of hatchet.

Dick. Why dost thou quiver, man?

Say. The palsy, and not fear, provokes me. Cade. Nay, he nods at us, as who should say, I'll be even with you: I'll see if his head will stand steadier on a pole, or no. Take him away, and behead him.

Say. Tell me wherein I have offended most? Have I affected wealth or honour? speak. Are my 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 fear, remorse in myself with his words; but I'll try it: he shall die, an it be but for pleading so well for his life. Away with him! he has a familiar under his tongue; he speaks not o’ God’s name. Go, take him away, I say, and strike off his head presently; and then break into his son-in-law’s house, Sir James Cromer, and strike off his head, and bring them both upon two poles hither.

All. It shall be done.

[prayers. Say. Ah, countrymen! if when you make your God should be so obdurate as yourselves, How would it fare with your departed souls? And therefore yet relent, and save my life.

Cade. Away with him! and do as I command ye.

[Exeunt 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 the mother's capite; and ye charge and command that their wives be as free as heart can wish or tongue can tell.

Dick. My lord, when shall we go to Cheapside and take up commodities upon our bills?

Cade. Marry, presently.

All. O, brave!

Re-enter one with the heads.

Cade. But is not this braver? Let them kiss one another, for they loved well when they were alive. Now part them again, lest they consult about the giving up of some more towns in France. Soldiers, defer the spoil of the city until night: for with these borne before us, instead of maces, will we ride through the streets and at every corner have them kiss. Away!

[Exeunt.

SCENE VIII.—Southwark.

Aclarum and retreat. Enter Cade and all his rabblement.

Cade. Up Fish Street! down Saint Magnus’ Corner! kill and knock down! throw them in Thames! [Sound a parley.] What noise is this I hear? Dare any be so bold to sound retreat or parley, when I command them kill!

Enter Buckingham and old Clifford, attended.

Buck. Ay, here they be that dare and will disturb thee:

Know, Cade, we come ambassadors from the king Unto the commons whom thou hast misled; And here pronounce free pardon to them All that will forsake thee and go home in peace.

Cliff. What say ye, countrymen? will ye relent, And yield to mercy whilst 'tis offer'd you; Or let a rebel lead you to your deaths

Who loves the king and will embrace his pardon, Fling up his cap, and say 'God save his majesty!' Who hateth him and honours not his father, Henry the Fifth, that made all France to quake, Shake he his weapon at us and pass by.

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

Cliff. What, Buckingham, and Clifford, are ye so brave? And ye, base people! do ye believe him? will you needs be hanged with your pardons about your necks? Hath my sworde therefore broke through London gates, that you should leave me at the White Hart in Southwark? I thought ye would never have given out these arms till you had ravished your ancient freedom; but you are all recreants and dastards, and delight to live in slavery to the nobility. Let them break your backs with burthens, take your houses over your heads, ravish your wives and daughters before your faces:

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for me, I will make shift for one; and so, God's curse light upon you all!

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

Clif. Is Cade the son of Henry the Fifth, That thus you do exclaim you'll go with him? Will he conduct you through the heart of France, And make the meanest of you earls and dukes? Alas, he hath no home, no place to fly to; Nor knows he how to live but by the spoil, Unless by robbing of your friends and us, Were't not a shame, that whilst you live at jar, The fearful French, whom you late vanquished, Should make a start o'er seas and vanquish you? Methinks already in this civil broil I see them lording it in London streets, Crying 'Village!' unto all they meet. Better ten thousand base-born Cades miscarry Than you should stoop unto a Frenchman's mercy. To France, to France, and get what you have lost; Spare England, for it is your native coast; Henry hath money, you are strong and manly; God on our side, doubt not of victory.

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

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

Buck. What, is he fled? Go some, and follow him; And he that brings his head unto the king Shall have a thousand crowns for his reward. [Exeunt some of them.

Follow me, soldiers; we'll devise a mean To reconcile you all unto the king. [Exeunt.

SCENE IX.—Kenilworth Castle.

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

King. Was ever king that joy'd an earthly throne, And could command no more content than I? No sooner was I crept out of my cradle But I was made a king, at nine months old. Was never subject long'd to be a king As I do long and wish to be a subject.

Enter Buckingham and old Clifford.

Buck. Health and glad tidings to your majesty! King. Why, Buckingham, is the traitor Cade sur- Or is he but retired to make him strong? [prised?

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

Clif. He is fled, my lord, and all his powers do yield; And humbly thus, with halters on their necks, Expect your highness' doom, of life or death. King. Then, heaven, set ope thy everlasting gates, To entertain my vows, we never be profan'd; Soldiers, this day have you redeem'd your lives And show'd how well you love your prince and country: Continue still in this so good a mind, And Henry, though he be infortunate, Assure your stocks, shall never be profan'd; And so, with thanks and pardon to you all, I do dismiss you to your several countries. All. God save the king! God save the king!

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. Please it your grace to be advertised The Duke of York is newly come from Ireland, And with a puissant and a mighty power Of gallowglasses and stout kerns Is marching hitherward in proud array, And still proclaimeth, as he comes along, His arms are only to remove from thee The Duke of Somerset, whom he terms a traitor. King. Thus stands my state, 'twixt Cade and York distress'd.

Like to a ship that, having 'scaped a tempest, Is straightway calm'd and boarded with a pirate: But now is Cade driven back, his men dispersed; And now is York in arms to second him. I pray thee, Buckingham, go and meet him, And ask him what's the reason of these arms. Tell him I'll send Duke Edmund to the Tower; And, Somerset, we will commit thee 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 cannot brook hard language. Buck. I will, my lord; and doubt not so to deal As all things shall redound unto your good.

King. Come, wife, let's in, and learn to govern better;

For yet may England curse my wretched reign.

[Flourish. Exeunt.

SCENE X.—Kent. Iden's garden.

Enter Cade.

Cade. Fle on ambition! be 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 countries 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-pain had been cleft with a brown bill: and many a time, when I have been dry and bravely pitching, I 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 yet enjoy such quiet as they have? 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.

Enter. Why, rude companion, whatso'er thou be, I know thee not; why, then, should I betray thee? Is 't not enough to break into my garden, And, like a thief, to come to rob my grounds, Climbing my walls in spite of me the owner, But thou wilt brave me with these saucy terms? Cade. Brave the ay, by the best blood that ever was broached, and heard 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. [stands.

Iden. Nay, it shall ne'er be said, while England That Alexander Iden, an esquire of Kent, Took odds to combat a poor famish'd man.
Oppose thy steadfast-gazing eyes to mine,
See if thou canst outface me with thy looks:
Set limb to limb, and thou art far the lesser;
Thy hand is but a finger to my fist,
Thy leg a stick compared with this truncheon;
My foot shall fight with all the strength thou hast;
And if mine arm be heaved in the air,
Thy grave is digg'd already in the earth.
As for words, whose greatness answers words,
Let this my sword report what speech forbears.

Cade. By my valour, the most complete champion that ever I understood; Steel, if thou turn the edge, or cut not out the burly-boned clown in chimes of beef ere thou distroop in thy sheet; I, be-seeing 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 fed.

ACT V.

SCENE I.—Fields between Dartford and Blackheath.

Enter York, and his army of Irish, with drum and colours.

York. From Ireland thus comes York to claim his right, And pluck the crown from feeble Henry's head: Ring, bells, aloud; burn, bonfires, clear and bright, To entertain great England's lawful king. Ah! sancta majestas, who would not buy thee dear? Let them bay that thou mayst not rule; This hand was made to handle nought but gold. I cannot give due action to my words, Except a sword or sceptre balance it; A sceptre shall it have, have I a soul, On which I'll toss the flower-de-luce of France.

Enter Buckingham.

Whom have we here? Buckingham, to disturb me? The king hath sent him, sure: I must dissemble.

Buck. York, if thou mearest well, I greet thee with [greeting.]

York. Humphrey of Buckingham, I accept thy Art thou a messenger, or come of pleasure?

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

York. [Aside] Scarse can I speak, my choler is so O, I could hew up rocks and fight with flint, [great: I am so angry at these abject terms; And now, like Ajax Telamonius, On sheep or oxen could I spend my fury. I am far better born than is the king, More like a king, more kingly in my thoughts; But I must make fair weather yet awhile, Till Henry be more weak and I more strong.— Buckingham, I prithee, pardon me, That I have given no answer all this while, My mind was troubled with deep melancholy. The cause why I have brought this army hither Is to remove proud Somerset from the king, Seditious to his grace and to the state.

Buck. That is too much presumption on thy part: But if thy arms be to no other end, The king hath yielded unto thy demand: The Duke of Somerset is in the Tower.

York. Upon thine honour, is he prisoner? Buck. Upon mine honour, he is prisoner.

York. Then, Buckingham, I do dismiss my powers. Soldiers, I thank you all; disperse yourselves; Meet me to-morrow in Saint George's field, You shall have pay and every thing you wish. And let my sovereign, virtuous Henry, Command my eldest son, nay, all my sons, As pledges of my fealty and love; I'll send them all as willing as I live: Lands, goods, horse, armour, any thing I have, Is his to use, so Somerset may die.

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

Enter King and Attendants.

King. Buckingham, doth York intend no harm to That thus he marcheth with these arms in arm? [us, York. In all submission and humility York doth present himself unto your highness.

King. Then what intends these forces thou dost bring? York. To have the traitor Somerset from hence. And fight against that monstrous rebel Cade, Who since I heard to be discomfited.

Enter Iden, with Cade's head.

Iden. If one so rude and of so mean condition May pass into the presence of a king, And I present this head a traitor's head, The head of Cade, whom I in combat slew. King. The head of Cade! Great God, how just O, let me view his visage, being dead, [art Thou! That living wrought me such exceeding trouble. Tell me, my friend, art thou the man that slew him? Iden. I was, an 't like your majesty. King. How art thou call'd? and what is thy de- Iden. Alexander Iden, that's my name; [gree; A poor esquire of Kent, that loves his king. Buck. So please it you, my lord, 't were not amiss He were created knight for his good service.

King. Iden, kneel down. [He kneels.] Rise up a We give thee for reward a thousand marks, [knight. And will that thou henceforth attend on us. Iden. May Iden live to merit such a bounty, And never live but true unto his liege! [Rises.

Enter Queen and Somerset.

King. See, Buckingham, Somerset comes with the Go, bid her hide him quickly from the duke. [Queen: 431
Queen. For thousand Yorks he shall not hide his
But boldly stand and front him to his face. [head, York. How now! is Somerset at liberty?
Then, York, unloose thy long-imprison'd thoughts,
And let thy tongue be equal with thy heart.
Shall I endure the sight of Somerset?
False king! why hast thou broken faith with me,
Known where to lay? I can brook a drowsy king?
King did I call thee? no, thou art not king,
Not fit to govern and rule multitudes,
Which darest not, no, nor canst not rule a traitor.
That head of thine doth not become a crown;
Thy hand is made to grasp a palmer's staff,
And not to grace an awful princely sceptre.
That gold must round engrit these brows of mine,
Whose smile and frown, like to Achilles' spear,
Is able with the change to kill and cure.
Here is a hand to hold a sceptre up
And with the same to act controlling laws.
Give place: by heaven, thou shalt rule no more
Of him whom heaven created for thy ruler.
Sor. O monstrous traitor! I arrest thee, York,
Of capital treason 'gainst the king and crown.
Obey, audacious traitor; kneel for grace.
York. Wouldst have me kneel? first let me ask
If they can brook I bow a knee to man. [of these,
Sirsrah, call in my sons to be my bail:
[Exit Attendant.
I know, ere they will have me go to ward,
They'll pawn their swords for my enfranchisement.
Queen. Call hither Clifford; bid him come again,
To say if that the bastard boys of York
Shall be the surety for their traitor father.
[Exit Buckingham.
York. O blood-besotted Neapolitan,
Outcast of Naples, England's bloody scourge!
The sons of York, thy better in their birth,
Shall be their father's bail; and bane to those
That for my surety will refuse the boys!

Enter Edward and Richard.
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!

[Kneels.
York. I thank thee, Clifford: say, what news with
Nay, do not fright us with an angry look: [thee?
We are thy sovereign, Clifford, kneel again;
For thy mistaking so, we pardon thee.
Clif. This is my king, York, I do not mistake;
But thou mistakest me much to think I do:
To Bedlam with him! is the man grown mad?
King. Ay, Clifford; a bedlam and ambitious
manner
Makes him oppose himself against his king.
Clif. He is a traitor: let him to the Tower,
And chop away that factions 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-barking 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.
Rich. Oft have I seen a hot o'ertweening 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 open yourselves to Lord Warwick.
Clif. Hence, heap of wrath, foul indigested lump,
As crooked in thy manners as thy shape!
York. Nay, we shall heat you thoroughly anon.
Clif. Take heed, lest by your heat you burn your
selves.
King. Why, Warwick, hath thy knee forgot to
Old Salisbury, shame to thy silver hair,
Thou mad misleader of thy brain-sick son!
What, wilt thou on thy death-bed play the ruffian,
And seek for sorrow with thy 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 bowest to 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:
[an oath?
King. Canst thou dispense with heaven for such
Sal. It is great sin to swear unto a sin,
But greater sin to keep a sinful oath.
Who can be bound by any solemn vow
To do a murderous deed, to rob a man,
To force a spotless virgin's chastity,
To reave the orphan of his patrimony,
To wring the widow from her custom'd right,
And have no other reason for this wrong
But that he was bound by a solemn oath?
Queen. A subtle traitor needs no sophister.
King. Call Buckingham, and bid him arm himself.
York. Call Buckingham, and all the friends thou
I am resolved for death or dally. [hast,
Clif. The first I warrant thee, if dreams prove true.
War. You were best to go to bed and dream again,
To keep thee from the tempest of the field.
Clif. I am 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's head'd to the raged staff,
This day I'll wear aloft my burgonet,
As on a mountain top the cedar shows
That keeps his leaves in spite of any storm,
Even to affright thee with the view thereof.
Clif. And from thy burgonet I'll rend thee bear
And tread it under foot with all contempt,
Despite the bear-ward that protects the bear.
Y. Clif. And so to arms, victorious father,
To quell the rebels and their complices.
Rich. Fie! charity, for charity's sake, not in spite,
For you shall sup with Jesus Christ to-night.
Y. Clif. Foul stigmatic, that's more than thou
canst tell.
Rich. If not in heaven, you'll surely sup in hell.
[Execut severely.

SCENE II.—Saint Alban's.

Alarums to the battle. Enter Warwick.
War. Clifford of Cumberland, 'tis Warwick calls:
And if thou dost not hide thee from the bear,
ACT V.  SECOND PART OF KING HENRY VI.  SCENE III.

Now, when the angry trumpet sounds alarum And dead men’s cries do fill the empty air, Clifford, I say, come forth and fight with me; Proud northern lord, Clifford of Cumberland, Warwick is hoarse with calling thee to arms.

Enter York.

How now, my noble lord! what, all afoot? York. The deadly-handed Clifford slew my steed, But match to match I have encounter’d him And made a prey for carrion kites and crows Even of the bonny beast he loved so well.

Enter old Clifford.

War. Of one or both of us the time is come. York. Hold, Warwick, seek thee out some other chase, For myself must hunt this deer to death. War. Then, nobly, York; ’tis for a crown thou fight’st.

As I intend, Clifford, to thrive to-day, It grieves my soul to leave thee unassail’d. [Exit. Clif. What seest thou in me, York? why dost thou pause? York. With thy brave bearing should I be in love, But that thou art so fast mine enemy. Clif. Nor should thy prowess want praise and esteem, But that ’tis shown ignobly and in treason. York. So let it help me now against thy sword As I in justice and true right express it. Clif. My soul and body on the action both! York. A dreadful lay! Address thee instantly. [They fight, and Clifford falls. Clif. La fin couronne les œuvres. [Dies.

York. Thus war hath given thee peace, for thou art still, Peace with his soul, heaven, if it be thy will! [Exit. Enter young Clifford.

Y. Clif. Shame and confusion! all is on the rout; Fear frames disorder, and disorder wounds Where it should guard. O war, thou son of hell, Whom angry heavens do make their minister, Throw in the frozen bosoms of our part Hot currents of their vengeance! Let no soldier fly, He that is truly dedicate to war Hath no self-love, nor he that loves himself Hath not essentially but by circumstance The name of valour. [Seeing his dead father. O, let the virtuous end! And the remisster flames of the last day Knit earth and heaven together! Now let the general trumpet blow his blast, Particularities and petty sounds To cease! Wast thou ordain’d, dear father, To lose thy youth in peace, and to achieve The silver livery of advised age, And, in thy reverence and thy chair-days, thus To die in rustian battle? Even at this sight My heart is turn’d to stone: and while ’tis mine, It shall be stony, York not our old men spares; No more will I their hates: tears virginal Shall be to me even as the dew to fire, And beauty that the tyrant oft reclains Shall to my flaming wrath be oil and flax. Henceforth I will not have to do with pity: Meet I an infant of the house of York, Into as many gobbets will I cut it As wild Meden young Alexian did: In cruelty will I seek out my fame. Come, thou new ruin of old Clifford’s house: As did Æneas old Anchises bear, So bear I thee upon my manly shoulders; But then Æneas bare a living load, Nothing so heavy as these woes of mine. [Exit, bearing of his father.

Enter Richard and Somerset to fight. Somerset is killed.

Rich. So, lie thou there; For underneath an alehouse’ paltry sign, The Castle in Saint Alban’s, Somerset Hath made the wizard famous in his death. Sword, hold thy temper; heart, be watchful still! Priests pray for enemies, but princes kill. [Exit. Fight: excursions. Enter King, Queen, and others.

Queen. Away, my lord! you are slow; for shame, away! King. Can we outrun the heavens? good Margaret, stay.

Queen. What are you made of? you’ll nor fight Now is it manhood, wisdom and defence, [nor fly: To give the enemy way, and to secure us By what we can, which can no more but fly.

If you be ta’en, we then should see the bottom Of all our fortunes: but if we haply scape, As well we may, if not through your neglect, We shall to London get, where you are loved And where this breach now in our fortunes made May readily be stopp’d.

Re-enter young Clifford.

Y. Clif. But that my heart’s on future mischief I would speak blasphemy ere bid you fly: [set, But fly you must; unceaseable 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! [Exit. SCENE III.—Fields near St. Alban’s. Alarum. Retreat. Enter York, Richard, Warwick, and Soldiers, with drum and colours.

York. Of Salisbury, who can report of him, That winter lion, who in rage forgets Aged contusions and all brush of time, And, like a gallant in the brow of youth, Repairs him with occasion? This happy day comes not itself, but we have 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, when danger was, still there I met him; And like rich hangings in a homely house, So was his will in his old feele 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 write 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! [Exit.
THE THIRD PART OF

KING HENRY THE SIXTH.

DRAWMIS PERSONAE.

King Henry the Sixth.
Edward, Prince of Wales, his son.
Lewis XI. King of France.
Duke of Somerset.
Duke of Exeter.
Earl of Oxford.
Earl of Northumberland.
Earl of Warwick.
Earl of Pembroke.
Edward, Earl of March, afterwards King Edward IV.
Edmund, Earl of Rutland, his son.
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, } uncles to the Duke of York.
Sir Hugh Mortimer.
Henry, Earl of Richmond, a youth.
Lord Rivers, brother to Lady Grey.
Sir William Stanley.
Sir John Montgomery.
Sir John Somerville.
Tutor to Rutland. Mayor of York.
Lieutenant of the Tower. A Nobleman.
Two Keepers. A Huntsman.
A Son that has killed his father.
A Father that has killed his son.
Queen Margaret.
Lady Grey, afterwards Queen to Edward IV.
Bona, sister to the French Queen.
Soldiers, Attendants, Messengers, Watchmen, &c.

SCENE — England and France.

ACT I.


War. I wonder how the king escaped our hands.

York. While we pursued the horsemen of the

He silly stole away and left his men: } north,

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.

Is either slain or wounded dangerously; [ham,

I left his beaver with a downright blow:

That this is true, father, behold his blood. [blood,

Mont. And, brother, here’s the Earl of Wiltshire’s

Whom I 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. We’ll all assist you; he that flies shall die.

York. Thanks, gentle Norfolk: stay by me, my lords;

And, soldiers, stay and lodge by me this night. [They go up.

War. And when the king comes, offer him no

violence.

Unless he seek to thrust you out perforce. [merrt.

York. The queen this day here holds her parlia-

But little thinks we shall be of her council:

By words or blows here let us win our right.

Rich. Arm’d as we are, let’s stay within this house.

War. The bloody parliament shall this be call’d,

Unless Plantagenet, Duke of York, be king,

And bashful Henry deposed, whose cowardice

Hath made us by-words to our enemies.

York. Then leave me not, my lords; be resolute;

I mean to take possession of my right.

War. Neither the king, nor he that loves him best,

The proudest he that holds up Lancaster,

Dares stir a wing, if Warwick shake his bells.

I’ll plant Plantagenet, root him up who dares:

Resolve thee, Richard; claim the English crown.

Flourish. Enter King Henry, Clifford, Northumber-

land, Westmoreland, Exeter, and the rest.

K. Hen. My lords, look where the sturdy rebel sits,

Even in the chair of state: belike he means,

Back’d by the power of Warwick, that false peer,

To aspire unto the crown and reign as king.

Earl of Northumberland, he slew thy father,

And thinke, Lord Clifford; and you both have vow’d

revenge

On him, his sons, his favourites and his friends.
North. If I be not, heavens be revenged on me! My heart for anger burns; I cannot brook it.


North. Well hast thou spoken, cousin: be it so. K. Hen. Ah, know you not the city favours them, And that they have troops of soldiers at their back? Eee. But when the duke is slain, they’ll quickly fly. K. Hen. Far be the thought of this from Henry’s To make a shambles of the parliament-house! Cousin of Exeter, frowns, words and threats Shall be the war that Henry means to use. Thou factious Duke of York, desecrane my throne, And kneel for grace and mercy at my feet; I am thy sovereign.

York. I am thine. Eee. For shame, come down: he made thee Duke of York. ’T was my inheritance, as the earldom was. Eee. Thy traitor and thy crown. War. Exeter, thou art a traitor to the crown In following this usurping Henry. Clif. Whom should he follow but his natural king? War. True, Clifford; and that’s Richard Duke of York. [throne? K. Hen. And shall I stand, and thou sit in my York. It must and shall be so: content thyself. War. Be Duke of Lancaster; let him be king. West. He is both king and Duke of Lancaster; And that the Lord of Westmoreland shall maintain. War. And Warwick shall disprove it. You forget That we are those which chased you from the field And slew your fathers, and with colours spread March’d through the city to the palace gates. North. Yes, Warwick, I remember it to my grief; And, by his soul, thou and thy house shall rue it. West. Plantagenet, of thee and these thy sons, Thy kinsmen and thy friends, I’ll have more lives Than 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. [threats! War. Poor Clifford! how I scorn his worthless York. Will you we show our title to the crown? If not, our swords shall plead it in the field. K. Hen. What title hast thou, traitor, to the crown? Thy father was, as thou art, Duke of York; Thy grandfather, Roger Mortimer, Earl of March: I am the son of Henry the Fifth, Who made the Dauphin and the French to stoop And seiz’d 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 lack. Father, bear the crown from the usurper’s head. Edw. Sweet father, do so; set it on your head. Mont. Good brother, as thou lovst and honour- est arms, Let’s fight it out and not stand cavilling thus. Rich. Sound drums and trumpets, and the king York. There was a traitor to the crown. K. Hen. Peace, thou! and give King Henry leave to speak. [lords; War. Plantagenet shall speak first: hear him, And be you silent and attentive too, For he that interrupts him shall not live. [throne, Eee. K. Hen. Think’st thou that I will leave my kingly Wherein my grandsire and my father sat? No: first shall war unpeople this my realm; Ay, and their colours, often borne in France, And now in England to our heart’s great sorrow, Shall be my winding-sheet. Why faint you, lords? My title’s good, and better far than his. War. Prove it, Henry, and thou shalt be king. K. Hen. Henry the Fourth by conquest got the crown. York. ’T was by rebellion against his king. K. Hen. [Aside] I know not what to say; my title’s weak.— Tell me, may not a king adopt an heir? York. What then? K. Hen. An if he may, then am I lawful king? For Richard, in the view of many lords, Resign’d the crown to Henry the Fourth, Whose heir my father was, and I am his. York. He rose against him, being his sovereign, And made him to resign his crown perforce. War. Suppose, my lords, he did it unconstrain’d, Think you ’t were prejudicial to his crown? Eee. 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? Eee. His is the right, and therefore pardon me. York. Why whisper you, my lords, and answer not? Eee. 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! York. Henry of Lancaster, resign thy crown. What matter you, or what conspire you, lords? War. Do right unto this princely Duke of York, Or I will fill the house with armed men, And over the chair of state, where now he sits, Write up his title with usurping blood. [He stamps with his foot, and the Soldiers show themselves. K. Hen. My Lord of Warwick, hear me but one Let me for this my life-time reign as king. [word: York. Confirm the crown to me and to mine heirs, And thou shalt reign in quiet while thou livest. King. I am content: Richard Plantagenet, Enjoy the kingdom after my decease. Clif. What wrong is this unto the prince your son? War. What good is this to England and himself! West. Base, fearful and despairing Henry! Clif. How hast thou injured both thyself and us! West. I cannot stay to hear these articles. North. Nor I. Clif. Come, cousin, let us tell the queen these news. [king, West. Farewell, faint-hearted and degenerate In whose cold blood no spark of honour bides. North. Be thou a prey unto the house of York, And die in beds for this unmanly 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. Eee. They seek revenge and therefore will not yield. [K. Hen. Ah, Exeter! War. Why should you sigh, my lord?
ACT I.  THIRD PART OF KING HENRY VI.  SCENE II.

K. Hen. Not for myself, Lord Warwick, but my Whom I unnaturally shall disinherit. [son, But be it as it may: I here entreat The crown to thee and to thine heirs for ever; Conditions that here thou take an oath To cease this civil war, and, whilst I live, To honour me as thy king and sovereign, And neither by treason nor hostility To seek to put me down and reign thyself. York. This oath I willingly take and will perform. War. Long live King Henry! Plantagenet, embrace him. [ward sons! K. Hen. And long live thou and these thy for- York. Now York and Lancaster are reconciled. Exe. Accursed be he that seeks to make them foes! [Sennet. Here they come down. York. Farewell, my gracious lord; I’ll to my castle. War. And I’ll keep London with my soldiers, Norf. And I to Norfolk with my followers. Mont. And I unto the sea from whence I came. [Exeunt York and his Sons, Warwick, Norfolk, Montague, their Soldiers, and Attendants. K. Hen. And I, with grief and sorrow, to the court. Enter Margaret and the Prince of Wales. Exe. Here comes the queen, whose looks bewray I’ll steal away. [her anger. K. Hen. Exeter, so will I. Q. Mar. Nay, go not from me; I will follow thee. K. Hen. Q. Mar. Who can be patient in such extremes? Ah, wretched man! would I had died a maid, And never seen thee, never borne thee son, Seeing thou hast proved so unnatural a father! Hath he deserved to lose his birthright thus? Hadst thou the love that movest me so well as I, Or felt that pain which I did for him once, Or nourish’d him as I did with my blood, [there, Thou wouldst have left thy dearest heart-blood Rather than have made that savage duke thine heir And disinherited thine only son. Prince. Father, you cannot disinherit me: If you be king, why should not I succeed? [son: K. Hen. Pardon me, Margaret; pardon me, sweet The Earl of Warwick and the duke enforc’d me. Q. Mar. Enforced thee? art thou king, and wilt be forced? I shame to hear thee speak. Ah, timorous wretch! Thou hast lov’d thyself, thy son and me; And given unto the house of York such head As thou shalt reign but by their sufferance. To entail him and his heirs unto the crown, What is it, but to make thy sepulchre And creep into it far before thy time? Warwick is chancellor and the lord of Calais; Stern Falconbridge commands the narrow seas; The duke is made protector of the realm; And yet shalt thou be safe? such safety finds The trembling lamb environed with wolves. Had I been there, which am a silly woman, The soldiers should have toss’d me on their pikes Before I would have granted to that act. But thou pretend’st thy life before thine honour: And seeing thou dost, I here divorce myself Both from thy table, Henry, and thy bed, Until that act of parliament be repeal’d Whereby my son is disinherited. Thou not having wearen thy colours Will follow mine, if once they see them spread; And spread they shall be, to thy foul disgrace And utter ruin of the house of York. Thus do I leave thee. Come, son, let’s away; Our army is ready; come, we’ll after them.

K. Hen. Stay, gentle Margaret, and hear me speak. Q. Mar. Thou hast spok’n too much already: get thee gone.

K. Hen. Gentle son Edward, thou wilt stay with me? Q. Mar. Ay, to be murder’d by his enemies. Prince. When I return with victory from the field I’ll see your grace: till then I’ll follow her. Q. Mar. Come, son, away: we may not linger thus. [Exeunt Margaret and the Prince.

K. Hen. Poor queen! how love to me and to her son Hath made her break out into terms of rage! Revenged may she be on that hateful duke, Whose haughty spirit, winged with desire, Will cost my crown, and like an empty eagle Tire on the flesh of me and of my son! The loss of those three lords torments my heart: I’ll write unto them and entreat them fair. Come, cousin, you shall be the messenger. Exe. And I, I hope, shall reconcile them all.

SCENE II.—Sandal Castle.

Enter Richard, Edward, and Montague.

Rich. Brother, though I be youngest, give me leave. Edw. No, I can better play the orator. Mont. But I have reasons strong and forcible.

Enter the Duke of York.


York. I took an oath that he should quietly reign. Edw. But for a kingdom any oath may be broken: I would break a thousand oaths to reign one year. Rich. No; God forbid your grace should be for York. I shall be, if I claim by open war. [sworn. Rich. I’ll prove the contrary, if you’ll hear me speak.

York. Thou canst not, son; it is impossible. Rich. An oath is of no moment, being not took Before a true and lawful magistrate, That hath authority over him that swears: Henry had none, but did usurp the place; Then, seeing he was heir by the law’s course, Your oath, my lord, is vain and frivolous. Therefore, to arms! And, father, do but think How sweet a thing it is to wear a crown; Within whose circuit is Elysium And all that poets feign of bliss and joy. Why do we linger thus? I cannot rest Until the white rose that I wear be dyed Even in the lukewarm blood of Henry’s heart. York. Richard, enough; I will be king, or die. Brother, thou shalt to London presently, And whet on Warwick to this enterprise. Thou, Richard, shalt to the Duke of Norfolk, And tell him privily of our intent. You, Edward, shall unto my Lord Cobham, With whom the Kentishmen will willingly rise: In them I trust; for they are soldiers, Witty, courteous, liberal, full of spirit. While you are thus employ’d, what resteth more, But that I seek occasion how to rise, And yet the king not privy to my drift, Nor any of the house of Lancaster?

Enter a Messenger.

But, stay; what news? Why come thou in such post? [striding Lords. Gair. The queen with all the northern earls and Intend here to besiege you in your castle;

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ACT I.

THIRD PART OF KING HENRY VI. SCENE IV.

She is hard by with twenty thousand men; And therefore fortify your hold, my lord.

York. Ay, with my sword. What! think'st thou that we fear them? Edward and Richard, you shall stay with me; My brother Montague shall post to London: Let noble Warwick, Cobham, and the rest, Whom we have left protectors of the king, With powerful policy strengthen themselves, And trust not simple Henry nor his oaths.Mont. Brother, I go. I'll win them, fear it not: And thus most humbly I do make your leave. [Exit.

Enter Sir John Mortimer and Sir Hugh Mortimer.

York. Sir John and Sir Hugh Mortimer, mine uncles.

You are come to Sandal in a happy hour; The army of the queen mean to besiege us. [field.

Sir John. She shall not need; we'll meet her in the York. What, with fifteen thousand men? Rich. Ay, with five hundred, father, for a need: A woman's general; what should we fear?

Edm. 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 I doubt not, uncle, of our victory. [great, Many a battle have I won in France, When as the enemy hath been ten to one: Why should I not now have the like success? [Actum. 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 As for the brat of this accursed duke. [life. 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! [Actum. Exeunt 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 deavouring paws; And so he walks, insulting o'er his prey, And so he comes, to rend his limbs asunder. Ah, gentle Clifford, kill me with thy sword, And not with such a cruel threatening look. Sweet Clifford, hear me speak before I die. I am too mean a subject for thy wrath: Be thou revenged on men, and let me live. [blood Clif. In vain thou speakest, poor boy; my father's death 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. [thine Clif. Had I thy brethren here, their lives and Were not revenge sufficient for me: No, if I digg'd up thy forefathers' graves And hung their rotten coffins up in chains, It could not 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 rapier's point affords. Rut. I never did thee harm: why wilt thou slay me? Clif. Thy father hath. Rut. But 't was ere I was born. Thou hast one son; for his sake pity me, Lest in revenge thereof, sith God is just, He be as miserably slain as I. Ah, let me live in prison all my days; And when I give occasion of offence, Then let me die, for now thou hast no cause. Clif. No cause! Thy father slew my father; therefore, die. [Stabs him. Rut. Di faciant laudis summa sit ista tua! [Dies. Clif. Plantagenet! I come, Plantagenet! And this thy son's blood clearing to my blade Shall rust upon my weapon, till thy blood Congeal'd with this, do make me wipe off both. [Exit.

SCENE IV.—Another part of the field.


York. The army of the queen hath got the field: My uncles both are slain in rescuing me; And all my followers to the eager foe Turn back and fly, like ships before the wind Or lambs pursued by hunger-starved wolves. My sons, God knows what hath bechanced them: But this I know, they have demean'd themselves Like men born to renown by life or death. Three times did Richard make a lane to me, And thrice cried 'Courage, father! fight it out!' And full as oft came Edward to my side, With purple falchion, painted to the hilt In blood of those that had encountered him: And when the hardest warriors did retire, Richard cried 'Charge! and give no foot of ground!' And cried 'A crown, or else a glorious tomb! A sceptre, or an earthly sepulchre!' With this, we charged again: but, out, alas! We bodged again; as I have seen a swim With bootless labour swim against the tide And spend her strength with over-matching waves. [A short alarum within.

Ah, hark! the fatal followers do pursuc; And I am faint and cannot fly their fury: And were I strong, I would not shun their fury: The sands are num'ber'd that make up my life; Here must I stay, and here my life must end.

Enter Queen Margaret, Clifford, Northumberland, the young Prince, and Soldiers.

Come, bloody Clifford, rough Northumberland, I dare your queueless fury, to mine rage; I am your butt, and I abide your shot. North. Yield to our mercy, proud Plantagenet. Clif. Ay, to such mercy as his ruthless arm, With downright payment, show'd unto my father. Now Phaeton hath tumbled from his car, And made an ignominious and shameful trick. York. My ashes, as the phoenix, may bring forth A bird that will revenge upon you all: And in that hope I throw mine eyes to heaven, Scorning what'er you can afflict me with. Why come you not? what! multitudes, and fear? Clif. So cowards fight when they can fly no further; So doves do peck the falcon's piercing talons; So desperate thieves, all hopeless of their lives, Breathe out invectives 'gainst the officers. York. O Clifford, but bethink thee once again, And in thy thought o'er-run my former time; Lead, if thou dost cheat the dragon in his face, And bite thy tongue, that slanders him with cowardice Whose frowns hath made thee faint and fly ere this!

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Clif. I will not bandy with thee word for word,  
But buckle with thee blows, twice two for one.

Q. Mar. Hold, valiant Clifford! for a thousand causes  
I would prolong awhile the traitor's life.  
Wrath makes him deaf; speak thou, Northumberland.

North. Hold, Clifford! do not honour him so much  
To prick thy finger, though to wound his heart:  
What valour were it, when a cur doth grin,  
For one to thrust his hand between his teeth,  
When he might wound him with his foot away?  
It is war's prize to take all vantages;  
And ten to one is no impeach of valour.

They lay hands on York, who struggles.

Clif. Ay, ay, so strives the woodcock with the gin.

York. So doth the cony struggle in the net.

North. Brave warriors, Clifford and Northumberland!  
Come, make him stand upon this molehill here,  
That rafted at mountains with outstretched arms,  
Yet parted but the shadow with his hand.
What! was it you that would be England's king?  
Was 't ye that revell'd in our parliament,  
And made a preaching of your high descent?  
Where are your mess of sons to back you now?  
The wanton Edward, and the lusty George?  
And where's that valiant crook-back prodigy,  
Dicky your boy, that with his grumbling voice  
Was wont to cheer his dad in mutinies?  
Or, with the rest, where is your darling Rutland?  
Look, York. I know'd this man'd from the blood  
That valiant Clifford, with his rapier's point,  
Made issue from the bosom of the boy;  
And if thine eyes can water for his death,  
I give thee this to dry thy cheeks withal.

Alas, poor York! but that I hate thee deadly,  
I should lament thy miserable state.
I prithee, grieve, to make me merry, York.  
What, hath thy fiery heart so parch'd thine entrailes  
That not a tear can fall for Rutland's death?  
Why art thou patient, man? they shouldst be mad;  
And I, to make thee mad, do mock thee thus.

Stamp, rave, and fret, that I may sing and dance.  
Thou wilt feel in thee, that I move the earth  
York cannot speak, unless he wear a crown.

A crown for York! and, lords, bow low to him:  
Hold you his hands, whilst I do set it on.

[Putting a paper crown on his head.

Ay, marry sir, now looks he like a king!  
Ay, this is he that took King Henry's chair,  
And this is he was his adopted heir.
But how is it that great Plantagenet  
Is crown'd so soon, and broke his solemn oath?  
As I betheek me, you should not be king  
Till our King Henry had shook hands with death.  
And will you pale your head in Henry's glory,  
And rob his temples of the diadem,  
Now in his life, against your holy oath?  
O, 'tis a fault too unpardonable!  
Off with the crown; and, with the crown, his head;  
And, whilst we breathe, take time to do him dead.
Clif. That is my office, for my father's sake.

Q. Mar. Nay, stay; let 's hear the orisons he makes.

York. She-wolf of France, but worse than wolves of France,  
Whose tongue more poisons than the adder's tooth!  
How ill-beseeming is it in thy sex  
To triumph, like an Amazonian trull,  
Upon their woes whom fortune captivates!  

But that thy face is, visard-like, unchanging,  
Made impudent with use of evil deeds,  
I would assay, proud queen, to make thee blush.  
To tell thee whence thou camest, of whom derived,  
Were shame enough to shame thee, wert thou not shameless.

Thy father bears the type of King of Naples,  
Of both the Sicils and Jerusalem,  
Yet not so wealthy as an English yeoman.
Hath that poor monarch taught thee to insult?  
It needs not, nor it boots thee not, proud queen,  
Unless the safeguard be verified,  
That beggars mounted run their horse to death.  
'Tis beauty that doth oft make women proud;  
But, God he knowes, thy share thereof is small:  
'T is virtue that doth make them most admired;  
The contrary doth make thee wonder'd at;  
'T is government that makes them seem divine;  
The want thereof makes thee abominable:  
Thou art as opposite to every good  
As the Antipodes are unto us,  
Or as the south to the septentrion,  
O tiger's heart wrapt in a woman's hide!  
How couldst thou drain the life-blood of the child,  
To bid the father wipe his eyes withal,  
And yet be seen to bear a woman's face?  
Women are soft, mild, pitiful and flexible;  
Thou stern, obdurate, flinty, rough, remorseless.
Bid'st thou me rage? why, now thou hast thy wish:  
Would'st have me weep? why, now thou hast thy will.

For raging wind blows up incessant showers,  
And when the rage allays, the rain begins.  
These tears are my sweet Rutland's obsequies:  
And every drop cries vengeance for his death,  
'Gainst thee, fell Clifford, and thee, false French-woman.

North. Beshrew me, but his passion moves me so  
That hardly can I check my eyes from tears.

York. That face of his the hungry cannibals  
Would not have touch'd, would not have stain'd with blood.

But you are more inhuman, more inexorable,  
O, ten times more, than tigers of Hyrcania.
See, ruthless queen, a hapless father's tears:  
This cloth thou dipp'dst in blood of my sweet boy,  
And I with tears do wash the blood away.  
Keep thou the napkin, and go boast of this:  
And if thou tell'st the heavy story right,  
Uncover'd, and the hearers will shed tears;  
Yea even my foes will shed fast-falling tears,  
And say 'Alas, it was a piteous deed!'  
There, take the crown, and, with the crown, my curse;  
And in thy need such comfort come to thee  
As now I reap at thy too cruel hand!  
Hard-hearted Clifford, take me from the world:  
My soul to heaven, my blood upon your heads!

North. Had he been slaughter-man to all my kin,  
I should not for my life but weep with him,  
To see how 'nely 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.

Clif. 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.  
[Stabbing him.

York. Open Thy gate of mercy, gracious God!  
My soul flies through these wounds to seek out Thee.

Q. Mar. Off with his head, and set it on York gates;  
So York may overlook the town of York.  
[Flourish. Exeunt.
Act II.

Scene I.—A plain near Mortimer’s Cross in Herefordshire.

A March. Enter Edward, Richard, and their power.

Edw. I wonder how our princely father ’s escaped, 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 singled Clifford forth. Methought he bore him in the thickest troop As doth a lion in a herd of ne’er; 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 fied his enemies my warlike father: Mind’s, ’tis true, my son; though be his son. See how the morning opes her golden gates, And takes her farewell of the glorious sun! How well resembles it the prime of youth, Trimm’d like a younker 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. [heard of. Edw. ’Tis wondrous strange, the like yet never I think it cites us, brother, to the field, That we, the sons of brave Plantagenet, Each one already blazing by our needs, Should notwithstanding join our lights together And over-shine the earth as this the world. What’er it bodes, henceforward will I bear Upon my target three fair-shining suns.

Rich. Nay, bear three daughters: by your leave I speak it, You love the breeder better than the male.

Enter a Messenger.

But what art thou, whose heavy looks foretell Some dreadful story hanging on thy tongue?

Mess. Ah, one that was a woful looker-on When as the noble Duke of York was slain, Your princely father and my loving lord! Edw. O, so you do, for I have heard too much.

Rich. Say how he died, for I will hear it all.

Mess. Environed he was with many foes, And stood against them, as the hope of Troy Against the Greeks that would have enter’d Troy. But Hercules himself must yield to odds; And many strokes, though with a little axe, Hew down and fell the hardest-timber’d oak. By many hands your father was subdued; But only slaughter’d by the irreful arm Of unrelenting Clifford and the queen, Who crown’d the gracious duke in high despite, Laugh’d in his face; and when with grief he wept, The ruff like an old nurse with a flatly eagle’s neck Gave him to dry his cheeks.

A napkin steeped in the harmless blood Of sweet young Rutland, by rough Clifford slain: And after many scars, many foul taunts, They took his head, and on the gates of York They set the same; and there it doth remain, The saddest spectacle that e’er I view’d.

Edw. Sweet Duke of York, our prop to lean upon, Now thou art gone, we have no staff, no stay. O Clifford, boisterous Clifford! thou hast slain The flower of Europe for his chivalry! And treach’ring to his trust, he stab’d him, For hand to hand he would have vanquish’d thee. Now my soul’s palace is become a prison: Ah, would she break from hence, that this my body Might in the ground be closed up in rest! For never henceforth shall I joy again, Never, O never, shall I see my joy! I cannot my weep; for all my body’s moisture Scoars serves to quench my furnace-burning heart: Nor can my tongue unload my heart’s great bursheh For selfsame wind that I should speak withal Is kindling coals that fires all my breast, [quench. And burns me up with flames that tears would To weep is to make less the depth of grief: Tears then for babes: blows and revenge for me! Richard, I bear thy name; I ’ll venge thy death, Or die renowned by attempting it. [thee:

Edw. His name that valiant duke hath left with His dukedom and his chair with me is left. Rich. Nay, I say not so, though that my eagle’s bird, Show thy descent by gaz’ning ’gainst the sun: For chair and dukedom, throne and kingdom say; Either that is thine, or else thou wert not his.

March. Enter Warwick, Marquess of Montague, and their army.


Rich. Great Lord of Warwick, if we should re- Our baleful news, and at each word’s deliverance Stab poniards in our flesh till all were told, The words would add more anguish than the wounds. O valiant lord, the Duke of York is slain! Edw. O Warwick, Warwick! that Plantagenet, Which held thee dearly as his soul’s redemption, Is by the stern Lord Clifford done to death.

War. Ten days ago I drownd’st these news in tears; And now, to add more measure to your woes, I come to tell you things sith then befell.’n. After the bloody fray at Wakefield fought, Where your brave father breathed his latest gasp, Tidings, as swiftly as the posts could run, Were brought me of your loss and his depart. I, then in London, keeper of the king, Muster’d my liege men, gathered all, & friends, And very well appointed, as I thought, [queen, March’d toward Saint Alban’s to intercept the Bearing the king in my behalf along; For by my scouts I was advertised That she was coming with a full intent More dash our late decree in parliament; Touching King Henry’s oath and your succession. Short tale to make, we at Saint Alban’s met, Our battles join’d, and both sides fiercely fought: But whether ’t was the coldness of the king, Who look’d full gently on his warlike queen, That robb’d my soldiers of their heated spleen; Or whether ’t was report of her success; Or more than common fear of Clifford’s rigour, Who thunders to his captives blood and death, I cannot judge: but, to conclude with truth, Their weapons like to lightning came and went; Our soldiers’, like the night-owl’s lazy flight, The ruff like a hollow vessel, that a treacher with a flatly eagle’s neck Gave him to dry his cheeks.

Fell gently down, as if they struck their friends. I cheerd them up with justice of our cause, With promise of high pay and great rewards: But all in vain; they had no heart to fight, And we in them no hope to win the day; So that we fled; the king unto the queen;
Lord George your brother, Norfolk and myself, In haste, post-haste, are come to join with you; For in the marches here we heard you were, Making another head to fight again. [w?k?]

Edw. Where is the Duke of Norfolk, gentle War? And when came George from Burgundy to England? War. About six miles off the duke is with the soldiers.

And for his brother, he was lately sent From your kind aunt, Duchess of Burgundy, With aid of soldiers to this needful war. [i?ed:]

Rich. 'T was odds, belike, when valiant Warwick Off hastened his pursues in pursuit, But ne'er till now his scandal be heard. [bear:]

War. Nor now my scandal, Richard, dost thou For thou shalt know this strong right hand of mine Can pluck the diadem from faint Henry's head, And wring the awful sceptre from his fist, Were he as famous and as bold in war As he is famed for mildness, peace, and prayer.

Rich. I know it well, Lord Warwick; blame me 'Tis love I bear thy glories makes me speak. [not: But in this troublous time what's to be done? Shall we go throw away our coats of steel, And wrap our bodies in black mourning gowns, Number our tears while we count our beads? Or shall we on the helmets of our foemen Tell our devotion with revengeful arms? If for the last, say ay, and to it, lords. [out: War. Why, therefore Warwick came to seek you And therefore comes my brother Montague. Attend me, lords. The proud insulting queen, With Clifford and the haughty Northumberland, And of their feather many more proud birds, Have wrought the easy-melting king like wax. He swore consent to your succession, His oath enrolled in the parliament; And now to London all the crew are gone, To frustrate both his oath and what beside May make against the house of Lancaster.

Their power, I think, is thirty thousand strong: Now, if the help of Norfolk and myself, With all the friends that thou, brave Earl of March, Amongst the loving Welsmen canst procure, Will but make us as five and twenty thousand. Why, Vial 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. [speak: Rich. Ay, now methinks I hear great Warwick Ne'er may he live to see a sunshine day, That he is kept from the heart's desire, 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 proclaimed In every borough as we pass along; And he that throws not up his cap for joy Shall for the fault make forfeit of his head. King Edward, valiant Richard, Montague, Stay we no longer, dreaming of renown, But sound the trumpets, and about our task.

Rich. Here were my heart as hard as As thou hast shown it flinty by thy deeds, [steel, 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. [Exit.

SCENE II.—Before York.

Flourish. Enter King Henry, Queen Margaret, the Prince of Wales, Clifford, and Northumberland, with drum and trumpets.

Q. Mar. Welcome, my lord, to this brave town Yonder is the head of that arch-enemy [of York. 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 licks my very soul. Withhold revenge, dear God! 'tis not my fault, Nor willingly have I infringed on thy 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 doves will peck in safeguard of their brood, Ambitious York did level at thy crown, Where he smil'd to knit his brow; He, but a duke, would have his son a king, And raise his issue, like a loving sire: Thou, being a king, blest with a goodly son, Didst yield consent to disinherit him, Which argued thee a most unloving father. Unreasonable creatures feed their young; And though man's face be fearful to their eyes, Yet, in protection of their tender ones, Who hath not seen them, even with those wings Which sometime they have used with fearful flight, Make war with him that climb'd unto their nest, Offering their own lives in their young's defence? For shame, my liege, make them your precedent! Were it not pity that this goodly boy Should lose his birthright by his father's fault, And long hereafter say unto his child, 'What my great-grandfather and grandsire got My careless father fondly gave away.' Ah, what a shame were thy son on the boy; And let his meanly face, which promiseth 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, Inerring arguments of mighty force. But, Clifford, tell me, didst thou never hear What things I did not have by my own choice? 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 lot of pleasure. Ah, cousin York! would thy best friends did know How it doth grieve me that thy head is here! Q. Mar. My lord, cheer up your spirits: our foes are nigh, And this soft courage makes your followers faint. You promised kinship to our forward son: Unsheathe your sword, and dumb 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 thy kingly leave, I'll draw it as an apparant to the crown, And in that quarrel use it to the death. Clif. Why, that is spoken like a toward prince.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. Royal commanders, be in readiness: For with a band of thirty thousand men
Comes Warwick, backing of the Duke of York;  
And in the towns, as they do march along,  
Proclaims him king, and many fly to him:  
Daraign your battle, for they are at hand.  

Chiefs. I would your highness would depart the field:  
The queen hath best success when you are absent.  

Q. Mar. Ay, good my lord, and leave us to our chance.  
[I'll stay.]  
K. Hen. Why, that's my fortune too; therefore  
North. Be it with resolution then to fight.  

Prince. My royal father, cheer these noble lords  
And hearten those that fight in your defence;  
Unsheath your sword, good father; cry 'Saint George!'  

March. Enter Edward, George, Richard, Warwick, Norfolk, Montague, and Soldiers.  

Edw. Now, perjured Henry! wilt thou kneel for  
And set thy diadem upon my head; [grace,  
Or bide the mortal fortune of the field?  
Q. Mar. Go, rate thy minions, proud insulting  
Becomes it thee to be thus bold in terms [boy!  
Before thy sovereign and thy lawful king?  

Edw. I am his king, and he should bow his knee;  
I was adopted heir by his consent:  
Since when, his oath is broke; for, as I hear,  
You, though an old and valiant prince, the crown,  
Have caused him, by new act of parliament,  
To blot out me, and put his own son in.  

Chiefs. And reason too:  
Who should succeed the father but the son?  
Rich. Are you there, butcher? O, I cannot speak!  
Chiefs. Ay, crook-back, here I stand to answer thee,  
Or any be the proudest of thy sort. [it not.  
Rich. 'Twas you that kill'd young Rutland, was  
Chiefs. Ay, and old York, and yet not satisfied.  
Rich. For God's sake, lords, give signal to the fight.  
War. What say'st thou, Henry, wilt thou yield  
The crown?  
Q. Mar. Why, how now, long-tongued Warwick!  
dare you speak?  

When you and I met at Saint Albans' last,  
Your legs did better service than your hands.  
War. Then 'twas my turn to fly, and now 'tis thine.  

Chiefs. You said so much before, and yet you fled.  
War. 'Twas not your valour, Clifford, drove me  
there. [you stay.  
North. No, nor your manhood that durst make  
Break off the parley; for scarce I can refrain  
The execution of my big-sown heart.  

Upon that Clifford, that cruel child-killer.  
Chiefs. I slew thy father, call'st thou him a child?  
Rich. Ay, like a dastard and a treacherous coward,  
As thou didst kill our tender brother Rutland;  
But ere sunset I'll make thee curse the deed.  
K. Hen. Have done with words, my lords, and come  
[hug.  
Q. Mar. Defy them then, or else hold close thy  
K. Hen. I prithee, give no limits to my tongue;  
I am a king, and privileged to speak. [here  
Chiefs. My liege, the wound that bred this meeting  
Cannot be cured by words; therefore be still.  
Rich. Then, executioner, unsheathe thy sword:  
By him that made us all. I am resolved  
That Clifford's manhood lie upon his tongue.  

Edw. Say, Henry, shall I have my right, or no?  
A thousand men have broke their fasts to-day,  
That ne'er shall dine unless thou yield the crown.  
War. If thou deny, their blood upon thy head;  
For York in justice puts his armour on. [right.  

Prince. If that be right which Warwick says is  
There is no wrong, but everything is right.  
Rich. Whoever got thee, there thy mother stands;  
For, well I wit, thou hast thy mother's tongue.  
Q. Mar. But thou art neither like thy sire nor  
But like a foul mis-shapen stigmatic, [dam;  

Mark'd by the destinies to be avoided,  
As venom toads, or lizards' dreadful stings,  
Rich. Iron of Naples hid with English gilt,  
Whose father bears the title of a king,—  
As if a channel should be call'd the sea,—  
Shamest thou not, knowing whence thou art extrac- 
traught,  
To let thy tongue detect thy base-born heart?  

Edw. A wisp of straw were worth a thousand  
crowns,  
To make this shameless callet know herself.  
Helen of Greece was fairer far than thou,  
Although thy husband may be Menelaus;  
And ne'er was Agamemnon's brother wrong'd  
By that false woman, as this king by these.  
His father revell'd in the heart of France,  
And tamed the king, and made the dauphin stew;  
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 this state of infant age,  
Had slip'd our claim until another age. [spring.  
Geo. But when we saw our sunshine made thy  
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 bewn 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 demiest 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 toll, as runners with a race,  
I lay me down a little while to breathe;  
Our strokes received, and many blunt repaid,  
Have robb'd our strong-knit sinews of their strength,  
And spite of spite needs must I rest awhile.  

Enter Edward, running.  

Edw. Smile, gentle heaven! or strike, ungentle  
dearth!  
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  
yself?  
Thy brother's blood the thirsty earth hath drunk,  
Broach'd with the steely point of Clifford's lance;  
And in the very pangs of death he cried,  
Like to a dismal clangor heard from far,  
'Warwick, revenge! brother, revenge my death!'  
So, underneath the belly of their steeds,
ACT II.  THIRD PART OF KING HENRY VI.  SCENE V.

That stain'd their fetlocks in his smoking blood,
The noble gentleman gave up the ghost.  [blood:
War.  Then let the earth be drunken with our
I'll kill my horse, because I will not fly.
Why stand we like soft-hearted women here,
Wailing our losses, whiles the foe doth rage;
And look upon, as if the tragedy
Were play'd in jest by counterfeiting actors?
Here on my knee I vow to God above,
I'll never pause again, never stand still,
Till either death hath closed these eyes of mine
Or fortune given me measure of revenge.

Edw.  O Warwick, I do bend my knee with thine;
And in this vow do chain my soul to thine!
And, ere my knee rise from the earth's cold face,
I throw my hands, mine eyes, my heart to thee,
Thou setter up and plucker down of kings,
Beseeming thee, if with thy will it stands
That to my foes this body must be prey,
Yet that thy brazen gates of heaven may ope,
And give sweet passage to my sinful soul!
Now, in the like lot, if I be again,
Where'er it be, in heaven or in earth.  [Warwick,
Rich.  Brother, give me thy hand; and, gentle
Let me embrace thee in my weary arms;
I, that did never weep, now melt with woe
That winter should cut off our spring-time so.
War.  Stay away!  Once more, many sweet lords,
farewell.
Geo.  Yet let us all together to our troops,
And give them leave to fly that will not stay;
And call them pillars that will stand to us;
And, if we thrive, promise them such rewards
As victors wear at the 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.  [Exit.

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 stab'd thy father York;
And this the hand that slew thy brother Rutland;
And here's the heart that triumphs in their death;
And cheers these hands that slew thy sire and brother
To execute the like upon yourself;
And so, have at thee.  [They fight.  Warwick comes; Clifford flies.

Rich.  Nay, Warwick, single out some other chase;
For I myself will hunt this wolf to death.  [Exit.

SCENE V.—Another part of the field.

Alarum.  Enter King Henry alone.

King.  This battle fares like to the morning's war,
When dying clouds contend with growing light,
What time the shepherd, blowing of his nails,
Can neither call it perfect day nor night.
Now sways it this way, like a mighty sea
Forced by the tide to combat with the wind;
Now sways it that way, like the salt-sea
Forced to retire by fury of the wind:
Sometime the flood prevails, and then the wind;
Now one the better, then another best;
Both struggling to be victors, breast to breast,
Yet neither conqueror nor conquered:
So is the usual pace of this fell
Here do the molehills still I sit me down.
To whom God will, there be the victory!
For Margaret my queen, and Clifford too,
Have chid me from the battle; swearing both
They prosper best of all when I am thence.

Would I were dead!  if God's good will were so;
For what is in this world but grief and woe?
O God! methinks it were a happy life,
To be no better than a homely swain;
To sit upon a hill, as I do now,
To carve out dials quaintly, point by point,
Thereby to see the minutes how they run,
How many make the hour full complete;
How many hours bring about the day;
How many days will finish up the year;
How many years a mortal man may live.
When this is known, then to divide the times:
So many hours must I tend my flock;
So many hours must I take my rest;
So many hours must I contemplate,
So many hours must I sport myself;
So many days my ewes have been with young;
So many weeks ere the poor fools will ean;
So many years ere I shall shear the fleece:
So minutes, hours, days, months, and years,
Pass'd over to the end they were created,
Would bring white hairs and death and grave.
Ah, what a life were this!  how sweet! how lovely!
Gives not the hawthorn-bush a sweeter shade
To shepherds looking on their silly sheep,
Than doth a rich embroider'd canopy
To kings that fear their subjects' treachery?
O, yes, it doth!  a thousand, I doth,
And to conclude, the shepherd's homely curds,
His cold thin drink out of his leather bottle,
His wonted sleep under a fresh tree's shade,
All which secure and sweetly he enjoys,
Is far beyond a prince's delicacies,
His viands sparkling in a golden cup,
His body couched in a curious bed,
When care, mistrust, and treason waits on him.

Alarum.  Enter a Son that has killed his father, dragging
in the dead body.

Son.  Ill blows the wind that profits nobody.
This man, whom hand to hand I slew in fight,
May be possessed with some store of crowns;
And I, that haply take them from him now,
May yet ere night yield both my life and them
To some man else, as this dead man doth me.
Who's this?  O God!  It is my father's face,
This deject in this conflict that my father York
Has kill'd.  O heavy times, begeting such events!
From London by the king was I press'd forth;
My father, being the Earl of Warwick's man,
Came on the part of York, press'd by his master;
And I, who at his hands received my life,
Have by my hands of life bereaved him.
Pardon me, God, I knew not what I did!
And pardon, father, for I knew not thee!
My tears shall wipe away these bloody marks;
And no more words tell they have flow'd their fill.
K.  Hen.  O piteous spectacle!  O bloody times!
Whiles lions war and battle for their dens,
Poor harmless lambs void the wolf's unity:
WEEP, wretched man, I'll aid thee to tear for tear;
And let our hearts and eyes, like civil war, [grief.
Be blind with tears, and break o'ercharged with
Enter a Father that has killed his son, bringing in the body.

Fath.  Thou that so stoutly hast resisted me,
Give me thy gold, if thou hast any gold;
For I have bought it with an hundred blows.
But let me see:  is this our foeman's face?
Ah, no, no, no, it is mine only son!
Ah, boy, if any life be left in thee,
Throw up the eye!  see, golden showers arise,
Blown with the windy tempest of my heart,
Upon thy wounds, that kill mine eye and heart!
O, pity, God, this miserable age!
What stratagems, how fell, how butcherly,
Erroneous, mutinous and unnatural,
This deadly quarrel daily doth beget!
O boy, thy father gave thee life too soon,
And hath bereft thee of thy life too late! [grief!]
K. Hen. Woe above woe! grief more than common
O that mine eyes might stay where these most woful deeds!
O, pity, pity, gentle heaven, pity!
The red rose and the white are on his face,
The fatal colours of our striving houses:
The one his purple blood right well resembles;
The other his pale cheeks, methinks, presenteth:
With one rose, and let the other flourish;
If you contend, a thousand lives must wither.
Son. How will my mother for a father's death
Take on with me and ne'er be satisfied!
Fath. How will my wife for slaughter of my son
Shed seas of tears and ne'er be satisfied! [chances
O that my death may give thee this respite!
Thus much is your sorrow; mine ten times so much.
Son. I'll bear thee hence, where I may weep my fill.
[Exit with the body.
Fath. These arms of mine shall be thy winding-
My heart, sweet boy, shall be thy sepulchre, [sheet
For from my heart thine image ne'er shall go;
My sighing breast shall be thy funeral bell;
And so obsequious will thy father be,
Even for a King's son, be not more
As Priaam was for all his valiant sons.
I'll bear thee hence; and let them fight that will,
For I have murdered where I should not kill.
[Exit with the body.
K. Hen. Sad-hearted men, much overgone with
Here sits a king more woful than you are. [care,
Alarums: excursions. Enter Queen Margaret, the
Prince, and Exequer.
Prince. Fly, father, fly! for all your friends are fled,
And Warwick rages like a chafed bull:
Away! for death doth hold us in pursuit.
Q. Mar. Mount you, my lord; towards Berwick
post amain:
Edward and Richard, like a brace of greyhounds
Having the fearful flying hare in sight,
With fiery eyes sparkling for every wrath,
And how his death doth vary in his fearful hands,
Are at our backs; and therefore hence amain.
Exe. Away! for vengeance comes along with them.
Nay, stay not to expostulate, make speed;
Or else come after: I'll away before.
[ter:
K. Hen. Nay, take me with thee, good sweet Exe.
Not that I fear to stay, but love to go
Whither the queen intends. Forward; away!
[Exeunt.

SOENE VI. — Another part of the field.

A loud alarum. Enter Clifford, wounded.
Clif. Here burns my candle out; ay, here it dies,
Which, while it lasted, gave King Henry light.
O Lancaster, I fear thy overthrow
More than my body's parting with my soul!
My love and fear glued many friends to thee;
And, now I fall, thy tough commixture melts.
Impairing Henry, strengthening misprousd York,
The common people swarm like summer flies;
And whither fly the gnats but to the sun?
And who shins now but Henry's enemies?
O Phoebus, hadst thou never given consent
That Phaethon should check thy fiery 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;
And I and ten thousand in this luckless realm
Had left no mourning widows for our death;
And thou this day didst keep thy chair in peace.
For with what other tender weeds but gentle air?
And what makes robbers bold but too much leynit?
Bootless are plaintiffs, and careless are my wounds;
No way to fly, nor strength to hold out flight:
The foe is merciless, and will not pity;
For at their hands I have deserved no pity.
The air hath got into my deadly wound;
And much of the use of blood doth make me faint.
Come, York and Richard, Warwick and the rest;
I stab'd your fathers' bosoms, split my breast.
[He faints.

Alarum and retreat. Enter Edward, George, Rich-
ard, Montague, Warwick, and Soldiers.
Edw. Now breathe we, lords: good fortune bids us
pause,
And smooth the frowns of war with peaceful looks.
Some troops pursue the bloody-minded queen,
That led calm Henry, though he were a king;
And that bold York, and all a day of mercy.
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 whereso'er he is, he's now my dead.
[Clifford groans, and dies.
Edw. Whose soul is that which takes her heavy
leave?
[ing.
Rich. A deadly groan, like life and death's depart-
Edw. See who it is: and, now the battle's ended,
If friend or foe, let him be gently used.
[ford;
Rich. Beshrew thee that dost so much agibe,
For 'tis Clifford.
Who not contented that he lopp'd the branch
In hewing Rutland when his leaves put forth,
But set his murdering knife unto the root
From whence that tender spray did sweetly spring,
I mean our princely father, Duke of York.
[head;
War. From off the gales of York fetch down the
Your father's head, which Clifford placed there;
Instead whereof let this supply the room:
Measure for measure must be answered. [house,
Edw. Bring forth that fatal screech-owl to our
That nothing sung but death to us and ours;
Now doth his death offend us more than sound,
And his ill-boding tongue no more shall speak.
War. I think his understanding is bereft.
Speak, Clifford, dost thou know who speaks to thee?
Dark cloudy death o'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 counterfeite,
Because he would avoid such bitter taunts
Which in the time of death he gave our father.
Geo. If so thou think'st, vex him with eager words.
Rich. Clifford, ask mercy and obtain no grace.
Edw. Clifford, repent in bootless penitence.
War. Clifford, devise and change thy faults.
Geo. While we devise fell tortures for thy faults.
Rich. Thou didst love York, and I am son to York.
Edw. Thou pittiedst Rutland; I will pity thee.
Geo. Where's Captain Margaret, to fence you
now?
War. They mock thee, Clifford: swear as thou
Rich. What, not an oath? nay, then the world
goes hard
When Clifford cannot spare his friends an oath,
I know by that he's dead; and, by my soul,
If this right hand would buy two hours' life,
That I in all desitie might rail at him,
[blood
This hand should chop it off, and with the issuing
Stife the villain whose unstanch'd thirst
York and young Rutland could not satisfy. [head,
War. Ay, but he's dead: off with the traitor's

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ACT III.

THIRD PART OF KING HENRY VI.

SCENE I.

And rear it in the place your father’s stands. And now to London with triumphant march, There to be crowned England’s royal king: From whence shall Warwick cut the sea to France, And ask the Lady Bona for thy queen: So shalt thou sinew both these lands together: And, having France thy friend, thou shalt not dread The scatter’d foe that hopes to rise again; For though they cannot greatly sting to hurt, Yet look to have them buzz to offend thine ears. First will I see the coronation; And then to Brittany I’ll cross the sea, To effect this marriage, so it please my lord.

Edw. Even as thou wilt, sweet Warwick, let it be; For in thy shoulder do I build my seat, And never will I undertake the thing Wherein thy counsel and consent is wanting. Richard, I will create thee Duke of Gloucester, And George, of Clarence: Warwick, as ourself, Shall do and undo as his pleaseth best. Rich. Let me be Duke of Clarence, George of Gloucester; For Gloucester’s dukedom is too ominous. War. Tut, that’s a foolish observation: Richard, be Duke of Gloucester. Now to London, To see these honours in possession. [Exit.

ACT III.

SCENE I. — A forest in the north of England.

Enter two Keepers, with cross-bow in their hands.

First Keep. Under this thick-grown brake we’ll shroud ourselves; For through this land anon the deer will come; And in this covert will we make our stand, Culling the principal of all the deer.

Sec. Keep. I’ll stay above the hill, so both may shoot. [cross-bow

First Keep. That cannot be; the noise of thy Will scare the herd, and so my shoot is lost. Here stand we both, and aim we at the best: And, for the time shall not seem tedious, I’ll tell thee what befel on me a day In this self-place where now we mean to stand.

Sec. Keep. Here comes a man; let’s stay till he be past.

Enter King Henry, disguised, with a prayer-book.

K. Hen. From Scotland am I stol’n, even of pure love, To greet mine own land with my wishful sight. No, Harry, Harry, ’tis no land of thine; Thy place is fill’d, thy sceptre wrung from thee, Thy crown’d head out wherewith thou wast anointed: No bending knee will call thee Cesar now, No humble suitors press to speak for right, No, not a man comes for redress of thee; For how can I help them, and not myself?

First Keep. Ay, here’s a deer whose skin’s a keeper’s fee; This is the quondam king; let’s seize upon him. K. Hen. Let me embrace thee, sour adversity, For wise men say it is the wisest course. [him

Sec. Keep. Why linger we? let us lay hands upon First Keep. Forbear awhile; we’ll hear a little more. [for aid;

K. Hen. My queen and son are gone to France And, as I hear, the great commanding Warwick Is thither gone, to crave the French king’s sister To wife for Edward: if this news be true, Poor queen and son, your labour is but lost; For Warwick is a subtle orator, And Lewis a prince so unwise in moving words. By this account then Margaret may win him; For she’s a woman to be pitied much: Her sighs will make a battery in his breast; Her tears will pierce into a marble heart; The tiger will be mild whiles she doth mourn; And Nero will be tainted with remorse, To hear and see her plaints, her bruis’d tears. Ay, but she’s come to beg, Warwick, to give; She, on his left side, craving aid for Henry, He, on his right, asking a wife for Edward. She weeps, and says her Henry is deposed; He smiles, and says his Edward is install’d; That she, poor wretch, for grief can speak no more; Whiles Warwick tells his title, smooths the wrong, Inferreth arguments of mighty strength, And in conclusion wins the king from her, With promise of his sister, and what else, To strengthen and support King Edward’s place. O Margaret, thus ’t will be; and thou, poor soul, Art then forsaken, as thou wert forlorn! Sec. Keep. Say, what art thou that talk’st of kings and queens?

[born to:

K. Hen. More than I seem, and less than I was A man at least, for less I should not be; And men may talk of kings, and why not I? Sec. Keep. Ay, but thou talk’st as if thou wert a king.

K. Hen. Why, so I am, in mind; and that’s enough. Sec. Keep. But, if thou be a king, where is thy crown?

K. Hen. My crown is in my heart, not on my head; Not deck’d with diamonds and Indian stones, Nor to be seen: my crown is called content: A crown it is that seldom kings enjoy. [content, Sec. Keep. Well, if you be a king crown’d with Your crown content and you must be contented To go along with us; for, as we think, You are the king King Edward hath deposed; And we his brother, swearing in allegiance Will apprehend you as his enemy.

K. Hen. But did you never swear, and break an oath?

snow. Sec. Keep. No, never such an oath; nor will not K. Hen. Where did you dwell when I was King of England? [remain.

Sec. Keep. Here in this country, where we now 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, Not 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. [the king’s, First Keep. We charge you, in God’s name, and To go with us unto the officers. [be obey’d;

K. Hen. In God’s name, lead; your king’s name
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. Edu. 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 in justice cannot well deny,  
Because the quarrel of the house of York  
The worthy gentleman did lose his life.

Glow. Your highness shall do well to grant her  
It were dishonour to deny it her.  
[suit;  
K. Edu. It were no less; but yet I'll make a  
Glow. [Aside to Clar.] Yea, is it so?  
[pause;  
I see the lady hath a thing to grant.

Before the king will grant her humble suit.

Clar. [Aside to Glow.] He knows the game: how  
true he keeps the wind!

Glow. [Aside to Clar.] Silence!

K. Edu. Widow, we will consider of your suit;  
And come some other time to know our mind.

L. Grey. The king's displeasure is thus brooked delay:  
May it please your highness to resolve me now;  
And what your pleasure is, shall satisfy me.

Glow. [Aside to Clar.] Ay, widow? then I'll warrant  
you all your lands.

An if what pleases him shall please you.

Fight closer, or, good faith, you'll catch a blow.

Clar. [Aside to Glow.] I fear her not, unless she  
chance to fall.

Glow. [Aside to Clar.] God forbid that! for he'll  
take advantages.

K. Edu. How many children hast thou, widow?  
[Aside to Clar.]

Clar. [Aside to Glow.] I think he means to beg a  
child of her.

Glow. [Aside to Clar.] Nay, whip me then: he'll  
rather give her two.

L. Grey. Three, my most gracious lord.

Glow. [Aside to Clar.] You shall have four, if  
you'll be ruled by him.

K. Edu. 'Twere pity they should lose their father's  
lands.

L. Grey. Be pitiful, dread lord, and grant it then.

K. Edu. Lords, give us leave: I'll try this wid-  
ness with my highness.

Glow. [Aside to Clar.] Ay, good leave have you:  
for you will have leave,
Till youth take leave and leave you to the crutch.  

[Glows and Clar. retire.

K. Edu. Now tell me, madame, 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?  
[harm.

L. Grey. To do them good, I would sustain some  
K. Edu. Then get your husband's lands, to do  
them good.

L. Grey. There is no more I came unto your majesty.

K. Edu. I'll tell you how these lands are to be  
got.  
[service.

L. Grey. So shall you bind me to your highness'  
K. Edu. What service will thou do me, if I give  
them to?  
[to do.

L. Grey. What you command, that rests in me  
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.  
[commands.

L. Grey. Why, then I will do what your grace  
Glow. [Aside to Clar.] He plies her hard; and  
much rain wears the marble.

Clar. [Aside to Glow.] As red as fire! nay, then  
her wax must melt.  
[my task?

L. Grey. Why stops my lord? shall I not hear  
K. Edu. An easy task; 'tis but to love a king.

L. Grey. That's soon perform'd, because I am a  
subject.  
[give thee.

K. Edu. Why, then, thy husband's lands I freely  
L. Grey. I take my leave with many thousand  
thanks.

Glow. [Aside to Clar.] The match is made; she  
seals it with a curtsey.  
[mean.

K. Edu. But stay thee, 'tis the fruits of love I  
L. Grey. The fruits of love I mean, my loving liege.

K. Edu. But, I fear me, in another sense.

What love, think'st thou, I sue so much to get?

L. Grey. My love till death, my humble thanks,  
your prayers;
That love which virtue begs and virtue grants.

K. Edu. No, by my troth, I did not mean such  
love.

L. Grey. Why, then you mean not as I thought  
K. Edu. But now you partly may perceive my  
mind.  
[ceive

L. Grey. My mind will never grant what I per-  
Your highness aims at, if I aim aright.

K. Edu. To tell thee plain, I aim to lie with thee.  
L. Grey. Why then, tell you plain, I had rather lie  
in prison.  
[band's lands.

K. Edu. Why, then shalt thou not have thy hus-

L. Grey. Why, then mine honesty shall be my  
For by that loss I will not purchase them.  
[dower;  
K. Edu. Therein thou wrong'st thy children  
mightily.  
[and me.

L. Grey. Herein your highness wrongs both them  
But, mighty lord, this merry inclination  
Accords not with the sadness of my suit:

Please you dismiss me, either with 'ay' or 'no.'  
K. Edu. Ay, if thou wilt say 'ay' to my request;  
No, if thou dost say 'no' to my demand.

L. Grey. Then, no, my lord. My suit is at an end.

Glow. [Aside to Clar.] The widow likes him not,  
she knits her brows.

Clar. [Aside to Glow.] He is the bluntest woorer  
in Christendom.  
[with modesty;  
K. Edu. [Aside] Her looks do argue her replete  
Her words do show her wit incomparable;  
All her perfections challenge sovereignity:
One way or other, she is for a king;
And she shall be my love, or else my queen.—  
Say that King Edward take thee for his queen?
L. Grey. 'Tis better said than done, my gracious  
I own a subject fit to jost withal.

K. Edu. But far unfit to be a sovereign.  
[thee.

K. Edu. Sweet widow, by my state I swear to  
I speak no more than what my soul intends;  
And that is, to enjoy thee for my love.
L. Grey. And that is more than I will yield unto:  
I know I am too mean to be your queen,  
And yet too good to be your concubine.  
[queen.

K. Edu. You cail, widow: I did mean, my  
L. Grey. 'T will grieve your grace my sons should  
call you father.  
[thee mother.

K. Edu. No more than when my daughters call  
Thou art a widow, and thou hast some children;  
And, by God's mother, I, being but a bachelor,  
Have other some: why, 't is a happy thing  
To be the father unto many sons.

Answer no more, for thon shalt be my queen.

Glow. [Aside to Clar.] The ghostly father now  
hath done his shift.

Clar. [Aside to Glow.] When he was made a  
shriver, 'twas for shift.

K. Edu. Brothers, you must what chat we two  
have had.  
[sad.  
Glow. The widow likes it not, for she looks very  
K. Edu. You'll think it strange if I should  
Clar. To whom, my lord?  
[marry her.
K. Edw. Why, Clarence, to myself.  
Glov. That would be ten days' wonder at the least.

Clar. That's a day longer than a wonder lasts.
Glov. And much the wonder in extremes.
K. Edw. Well, jest on, brothers: I can tell you her suit is granted for her husband's lands. [both

Enter a Noblesman.

Nob. My gracious lord, Henry your foe is taken,  
And brings to your terror this desiring gate.
K. Edw. See that he be convey'd unto the Tower:  
And go we, brothers, to the man that took him,  
To question of his apprehension.
Widow, go you along. Lords, use her honourably.

[Exeunt all but Gloucester.

Glov. Ay, Edward will use women honourably.
Would be he wasted, marrow, bones and all,  
That from his loins no hope branch may spring,  
To cross me from the golden time I look for!  
And yet, between my soul's desire and me—
The lustful Edward's title buried—
Is Clarence, Henry, and his son young Edward,  
And all the persons they be in these bodies,  
To take their rooms, ere I can place myself:  
A cold premeditation for my purpose!  
Why, then, do I but dream of sovereignty?  
Like one that stands upon a promontory,  
And spies a far-off shore where he would tread,  
Wishing his foot were equal with his eye,  
And chides the sea that sunders him from thence,
Saying, he'll lade it dry to have his way:  
So do I wish the crown, being so far off;  
And so chide the means that keeps me from it;  
And so say, I'll cut the causes off,  
Plattering me with impossibilities.  
My eye's too unkind, my heart too keen too much,  
Unless my hand and strength could equal them.  
Well, say there is no kingdom then for Richard;  
What other pleasure can the world afford?  
I'll make my heaven in a lady's lap,  
And deck my body in gay ornaments,  
And witch sweet ladies with my words and looks.  
O miserable thought! and more unlikely  
Than to accomplish twenty golden crowns!  
Why, love forsooth I in my mother's womb:  
And, for I should not deal in her soft laws,  
She did corrupt frail nature with some brie,  
To shrink mine arm up like a wither'd shrub;  
To make up the regal title and the seat  
Where sits deformity to mock my body;  
To shape my legs of an unequal size;  
To disproportion me in every part,  
Like to a chaos, or an unlick'd bear-whelp  
That carries no impression like the dam.  
And am I then a man to be believed?  
O monstrous fault, to harbour such a thought!  
Then, since this earth affords no joy to me,  
But to command, to check, to o'erbear such  
As are of better person than myself,  
I'll make my heaven to dream upon the crown,  
And, while I live, to account this world but hell,  
Until my mis-shaped truck and my back  
With this head be round impaled with a glorious crown.  
And yet I know not how to get the crown,  
For many lives stand between me and home:  
And I,—like one lost in a thorny wood,  
That rends the thorns and is rent with the thorns,  
Seeking my way and from my way;  
Not knowing how to find the open air,  
But toiling desperately to find it out,—  
Torment myself to catch the English crown:  
And from that torment I will free myself,  
Or hew my way out with a bloody axe:  
Why, I cannot see but I smile, and  
And cry 'Content' to that which grieves my heart,  
And wet my cheeks with artificial tears,  
And frame my face to all occasions.  
I'll drown more sailors than the mermaid shall;  
I'll say more gazers than the basilisk;  
I'll play the orator as well as Nestor,  
I'll receive more silver than Ulysses,  
And, like a Simon, take another Troy.

Glov. I can add colours to the chameleon,  
Change shapes with Proteus for advantages,  
And set the murderous Machiavel to school.  
Can I do this, and cannot get a crown?  
Tut, were it farther off, I'll pluck it down. [Exit.

SCENE III.—France. The King's palace.

Flourish. Enter Lewis the French King, his sister Bona,  
his Admiral, called Bourbon: Prince Edward, Queen Margaret,  
and the Earl of Oxford. Lewis sits, and rises up again.

K. Lew. Fair queen of England, worthy Margaret,  
Sit down with us: it ill behits thy state  
And birth, that thou shouldst stand while Lewis doth sit.  

Q. Mar. No, mighty King of France: now Mar-  
Must strike the sail and arm awhile to serve  
Where kings command. I was, I must confess,  
Great Albion's queen in former golden days:  
But now mischance hath trod my title down,  
And with dishonour laid me on the ground;  
Where I must take like seat unto my fortune,  
And to my humble seat conform myself.  
K. Lew. This, sooth, queen, whencespring this deep despair?

Q. Mar. From such a cause as fills mine eyes with tears  
And stops my tongue, while heart is drown'd in  
K. Lew. Whate'er it be, be thou still like thyself,  
And sit they by our side: [Seats her by him] yield  
not thy neck  
To fortune's yoke, but let thy dauntless mind  
Still ride in triumph over all mischance.  
Be plain, Queen Margaret, and tell thy grief;  
It shall be eased, if France can yield relief.  
[thoughts [Q. Mar. Those gracious words revive my drooping  
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  
Of England's true-anointed lawful king.  
This is the cause that I, poor Margaret,  
With this my son, Edward, Henry's heir,  
Am come to crave thy just and lawful aid;  
And if thou fail us, all our hope is done:  
Scotland hath will to help, but cannot help;  
Our people and our peers are both misled,  
Our treasure seized, our soldiers put to flight,  
And, as thou seest, ourselves in heavy plight.  
[storm,  
K. Lew. Renowned queen, with patience, calm  
The while we think a means to break it off. [foe.  
Q. Mar. The more we stay, the stronger grows our  
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.

K. Lew. What's he approacheth boldly to our presence?  
[friend.

Q. Mar. Our Earl of Warwick, Edward's greatest  
K. Lew. Welcome, brave Warwick! What brings  
thee to France? [He descends. She arises.  
Q. Mar. Ay, now begins a second storm to rise;  
For this is he that moves both wind and tide.  
War. From HuffPost, Edward, King of Albion,  
My lord and sovereign, and thy vowed friend,  
I come, in kindness and unfeigned love,
First, to do greetings to thy royal person;
And then to crave a league of amity;
And lastly, to confirm that amity
With nuptial knot, if thou vouchsafe to grant
That virtuous Lady Bona, thy fair sister,
To England's king in lawful marriage.

Q. Mar. [Aside] If that go forward, Henry's hope
is done. [King's behalf.

War. [To Bona] And, gracious madam, in your
I am commanded, with your leave and favour,
Humbly to kiss your hand and with my tongue
To tell the passion of my sovereign's heart;
When fair applause, late entering at his nuptial
 ears,
Hath placed thy beauty's image and thy virtue.

Q. Mar. King Lewis and Lady Bona, hear me
Before you answer Warwick. His demand [speak,
Springs not from Edward's well-meant honest love,
But from deceit bred by necessity.

For how can tyrants safely govern home,
Unless abroad they purchase great alliance?
To prove him tyrant this reason may suffice,
That Henry liveth still; but were he dead,
Yet here Prince Edward stands, King Henry's son.
Look, therefore, Lewis, that by this league and mar-
riage, thou draw not on thy danger and dishonour; [riage
For the rest, I will not lead thee into mischief,
Yet heavens are just, and time suppresseth wrongs.

War. Injurious Margaret! 

Prince. And why not Queen? 

War. Because thy father Henry did usurp;
And thou no more art prince than she is queen.

Oxf. Then Warwick disannuls great John of Gaunt,
Which did subdue the greatest part of Spain;
And, after John of Gaunt, Henry the Fourth,
Whose wisdom was a mirror to the wisest;
And, after that wise prince, Henry the Fifth,
Who by his prowess conquered all France;
From this, both English have derived.
[course.

War. Oxford, how hast thou, in this smooth dis-
yon, thou didst not know Henry the Sixth hath lost
All that which Henry the Fifth had gotten?
Methinks these peers of France should smile at that.
But for the rest, you tell a pedigree
Of three scores and two years; a silly time
To make prescription for a kingdom's worth. [liege,

Oxf. Why, Warwick, canst thou speak against thy
Whom thou obeyed'st thirty and six years,
And not bewray thy treason with a blush?

War. Can Oxford, that did ever fence the right,
Now buckler falsehood with a pedigree?
For shame! leave Henry, and call Edward king.

Oxf. Call him my king by whose injurious doom
My elder brother, the Lord Aubrey Vere,
Was done to death? and more than so, my father,
Even in the downfall of his mellow'd years,
When nature brought him to the door of death?
No, Warwick, no; while life upholds this arm,
This arm upholds the house of Lancaster.

War. And I the house of York. [Oxford,

K. Lew. Queen Margaret, Prince Edward, and
Vouchsafe, at our request, to stand aside,
While I use further conference with Warwick.

Q. Mar. Heavens grant that Warwick's words
be not a witness to us. [conscience,

K. Lew. Now, Warwick, tell me, even upon thy
Is Edward thy true king? for I was loath
To link with him that were not lawful chosen.

War. Thereon I pawn my credit and mine honour.

K. Lew. And therefore, to the duke of York?

War. The more that Henry was unfortunate.

K. Lew. Then further, all dissembling set aside,
Tell me for truth the measure of his love
Unto our sister Bona.

War. Such it seems
As may beseech a monarch like himself.
Myself have often heard him say and swear
That this his love was an eternal plant,
Whereof the root was fix'd in virtue's ground,
The leaves and fruit maintain'd with beauty's sun,
Exempt from envy, but not from disdain,
Unless the Lady Bona quit his pain.

K. Lew. Now, sister, let us hear your firm resolve.

Bona. You grant, or your denial, shall be mine:
[To War.] Yet I confess that often ere this day,
When I have heard your king's desert recounted,
Mine ear hath tempted judgment to desire.

K. Lew. Then, Warwick, thus: our sister shall be
Edward's; and

And now forthwith shall articles be drawn
Touching the jointure that your king must make,
Which with her dowry shall be counterpoised.

Draw near, Queen Margaret, and be a witness
That Bona shall be wife to the English king.

Prince. To Edward, but not to the English king.

Q. Mar. Deceitful Warwick! it was thy device
By this alliance to make void my suit:
Before thy coming Lewis was Henry's friend.

K. Lew. And still is friend to him and Margaret:
But if your title to the crown be weak,
As may appear by Edward's good success,
Then 'tis but reason that I be released
From giving up which late I promised.

And yet shall you have all kindness at my hand
That your estate requires and mine can yield.

War. Henry now lives in Scotland at his ease,
Where having nothing, nothing can he lose.
And as for you yourself, our quondam queen,
You have a father able to maintain you;
And better 'twere you troubled him than France.

Q. Mar. Peace, impudent and shameless War-
wick, peace,

Proud setter up and puller down of kings!
I will not hence, till, with my talk and tears,
Both full of truth, I make King Lewis behold
Thy sly confidence and thy lord's false love;
For both of you are birds of selfsame feather.

[Post blows a horn within.

War. This, some post to us or thee.

Enter a Post.

Post. [To War.] My lord ambassador, these let-
ters are for you,

Sent from your brother, Marquess Montague.

[To Lewis] These from our king unto your majesty:
[To Margaret] And, madam, these for you; from
whom I know not.

[They all read their letters.

Oxf. I like it well that our fair queen and mistress
Smiles at her news, while Warwick frowns at his.

Prince. Nay, mark how Lewis stamps, as he were
I hope all's for the best. [nettled:

K. Lew. Warwick, what are thy news? and yours,
Fair Queen? [joy.

Q. Mar. Mine, such as fill my heart with unbounded
War. Mine, full of sorrow and heart's discontent.

K. Lew. What! has your king married the Lady
And now, to soothe your forgery and his, [Grey? 
Sends me a paper to persuade me patience? 
Is this the alliance that he seeks with France?
Dare he presume to scorn us in this manner? 

Q. Mar. I told your majesty as much before:
This profeth Edward's love and Warwick's honesty.

War. King Lewis, I here protest, in sight of
And by the hope I have of heavenly bliss, 
[heaven.

That I am clear from this misdeed of Edward's,
No more my grace, for he deserves no grace;
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 right alive?
And am I guar'd at the last with shame?

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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 comest 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 this distress'd queen? [Live,
Q. Mar. Renowned prince, how shall poor Henry
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 Mar.-
Therefore at last I firmly am resolved [garet's.
You shall have aid.
Q. Mar. Let me give humble thanks for all at once.
K. Lew. Then, England's messenger, return in 
And tell false Edward, thy supposed king, [post,
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 wrathful.
Bona. Tell him, in hope he'll prove a widower
I'll wear the willow garland for his sake. [shortly,
Q. Mar. Tell him, my mourning weeds are laid
And I am ready to put armour on. [aside,
War. Tell him from me that he hath done me
wrong,
And therefore I'll uncrown him ere 'tis 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 shall give 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 withforth in holy wedlock bands.
Q. Mar. Yes, I agree, and thank you for your
Son Edward, she is fair and virtuous. [motion.
Therefore delay not, give thy hand to Warwick;
And, with thy hand, thy faith irrevocable,
That only Warwick's daughter shall be thine. [it;
Prince. Yes, I accept her, for she well deserves
And here, to pledge my vow, I give my hand.

This 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 making marriage with a dame of France.
War. I came from Edward as ambassador,
But I return his sworn and mortal foe:
Matter of marriage was the charge he gave me,
But dreadful war shall answer his demand.
Had he none else to make a stale but me?
Then none but I shall turn his jest to sorrow.
I was the chief that raised him to the crown,
And I'll be chief to bring him down again:
Not that I pity Henry's misery,
But seek revenge on Edward's mockery. [Exit.

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—London. The palace.

Enter Gloucester, Clarence, Somerset, and
Montague.

Glou. Now tell me, brother Clarence, what think
Of this new marriage with the Lady Grey? [you
Hath not our brother made a worthy choice?
Clar. Alas, you know, 'tis far from hence to
France;
How could he stay till Warwick made return?
Som. My lords, forbear this talk; here comes the
Glou. And his well-chosen bride. [king.
Clar. I mind to tell him plainly what I think.

Flourish. Enter King Edward, attended; Lady Grey,
as Queen; Pembroke, Stafford, Hastings, and others.

K. Edw. Now, brother of Clarence, how like you
our choice,
That you stand pensive, as half malcontent?
Clar. As well as Lewis of France, or the Earl of
Warwick,
Which are so weak of courage and in judgment
That they'll take no offence at our abuse. [cause,
K. Edw. Suppose they take offence without a
They are but Lewis and Warwick: I am Edward,
Your king and Warwick's, and must have my will.
Glou. And shall have your will, because our king;
Yet that my marriage seldom proveth well.
K. Edw. Ye, or brother Richard, are you offended
Glou. Not I: [too?
No, God forbid that I should wish them sever'd
Whom God hath joined together; ay, and 't were
To sunder them that yoke so well together. [pity
K. Edw. Setting your scorn and your mislike
Tell me some reason why the Lady Grey [aside,
Should not become my wife and England's queen.
And you too, Somerset and Montague,
Speak freely what you think.

Clar. Then this is mine opinion: that King Lewis
Becomes your enemy, for mocking him
About the marriage of the Lady Bona.
Glou. And Warwick, doing what you gave in
In such dishonour by this new marriage. [charge,
K. Edw. What if both Lewis and Warwick be
By such invention as I can devise? [appeased
Mont. Yet, to have join'd with France in such
alliance,
Would more have strength'd this our common-
wealth. [riage.
'Gainst foreign storms than any home-bred mar-
Hast. Why, knows not Montague that of itself
England is safe, if true within itself?
Mont. But the safer when it's backed with France.
Hast. 'Tis better using France than trusting
France:
Let us be back'd with God and with the seas
Which He hath given for fence impregnable,
And with their help's only defend ourselves;
In them are our safety and our joy.
Clar. For this one speech Lord Hastings well de-
serves
To have the heir of the Lord Hungerford.
K. Edw. Ay, what of that? it was my will and grant;
And for this once my will shall stand for law.

Glow. And yet methinks your grace hath not done
To give the heire and daughter of Lord Scales [well,]
Unto the brother of your loving bride;
She better would have fitted me or Clarence:
But in your bride you bury brotherhood. [heir

Clar. Or else you would not have bestow'd the
Of the Lord Bonville on your new wife's son,
And leave your brothers to go speed elsewhere.

K. Edw. Alas, prove it for a wife
That thou art malcontent? I will provide thee.

Clar. In choosing for yourself, you show'd your judgment,
Which being shallow, you shall give me leave
To play the broker in mine own behalf;
And to that end I shortly mind to leave you.

K. Edw. Leave me, or tarry, Edward will be king,
And not be tied unto his brother's will.

Q. Eliza. My lords, before it pleased his majesty
To raise my state to title of a queen,
Do me but right, and you must all confess
That I was not ignoble of descent;
And this admission, I doth. If so be, the both have
But as this title honours me and mine,
So your dislike, to whom I would be pleasing,
Doth cloud my joys with danger and with sorrow.

K. Edw. My love, forbear to fawn upon their frowns.

What state or what sorrow can befal thee,
So long as Edward is thy constant friend,
And their true sovereign, whom they must obey?
Nay, whom they shall obey, and love thee too,
Unless they seek for hatred at my hands;
Which if they do, yet will I keep thee safe,
And they shall feel the vengeance of my wrath.

Glow. I hear, yet say not much, but think the more.

Enter a Post.

K. Edw. Now, messenger, what letters or what
From France? [news
Post. My sovereign liege, no letters; and fewwords,
But such as I, without your special pardon,
Dare not relate.

K. Edw. Go to, we pardon thee: therefore, in brief,
Tell me their words as near as thou canst guess them.
What answer makes King Lewis unto our letters?

Post. At my departure, these were their very words:
'Go tell false Edward, thy supplanter,
That Lewis of France is sending over masquers
To revel with him and his new bride.' [Henry.

K. Edw. Is Lewis so brave? belike he thinks me
But what said Lady Bona to my marriage?

Post. These were her words, utter'd with mild
'Tell him, in hope he'll prove a widower shortly,
I'll wear the willow garland for his sake.'

K. Edw. I blame not her, she could say little less:
She had the wrong. But what said Henry's queen?
For I have heard that she was there in place.

Post. 'Tell him,' quoth she, 'my mourning woods
And I am ready to put armour on.' [are done.

K. Edw. Beline she minds to play the Amazon.
But what said Warwick to these injures?

Post. He, more incensed against your majesty
Than all the rest, discharged me with these words:
'Tell him from me that he hath done me wrong,
And therefore I'll uncrown him ere 't be long.'

K. Edw. Ha! durst the traitor breathe out so proud words?
Well, I will arm me, being thus forewarn'd:
They shall have wars and pay for their presumption.
But say, is Warwick friends with Margaret?

Post. No; brother of your sovereign; they are a link'd
in friendship,
That young Prince Edward marries Warwick's,
SCENE V.—A park near Middleham Castle in Yorkshire.

Enter Gloucester, Lord Hastings, and Sir William Stanley.

Glou. Now, my Lord Hastings and Sir William
Leave off to wonder why I drew you hither; [Stanley,
Into this chiefest thicket of the park. [brother,
Thus stands the case: you know our king, my
Is prisoner to the bishop here, at whose hands
He hath good usage and great liberty,
And, often but attended with weak guard,
Comes hunting this way to sport himself,
Have advised him by secret means
That if about this hour he make this way
Under the colour of his usual game,
He shall here find his friends with horse and men
To set him free from his captivity.

Enter King Edward and a Huntsman with him.
Hunt. This way, my lord; for this way lies the game.

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.

K. Edw. What fates impose, that men must needs
It boots not to resist both wind and tide. [abide;

Exeunt.
K. Edw. Nay, this way, man: see where the huntsmen stand.

[rest.

Now, brother of Gloucester, Lord Hastings, and the Stand and shun close, to steal the bishop’s deer?

Glou. Brother, the time and case requireth haste: Your horse stands ready at the park-corner.

K. Edw. But whither shall we then?

Hast. To Lynn, my lord, And slip from thence to Flanders. [meaning. Glou. Well thus, I’d believe me for that was my K. Edw. Stanley, I will require thy forwardness. Glou. But wherefore stay we? ’tis no time to talk. [go along?


Glou. But then, away; let’s ha’ no more ado.

K. Edw. Bishop, farewell; shield thee from Warwick’s frown; And pray that I may repose the crown. [Exeunt.

SCENE VI.—London. The Tower.


K. Hen. Master Lieutenant, now that God and Have shaken Edward from the regal seat, [friends And turn’d my captive state to liberty, My fear to hope, my sorrow turns At our enlargement what are thy due fees? [sic]

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 I made my imprisonment a pleasure; Ay, such a pleasure as incaged birds Conceive when after many moody thoughts At last by notes of household harmony They quite forget their loss of liberty. But, Warwick, after God, thou set’st me free, And chiefly therefore I thank God and thee; He was the author, thou the instrument. Therefore, that I may conquer fortune’s spite By living low, where fortune cannot hurt me, And that the people of this blessed land May not be beloved and the captive 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 virtue, And now may seem as wise as virtuous, [tuous; By spying and avoiding fortune’s malice, For few men rightly temper with the stars: Yet in this one thing let me blame your grace, For choosing me when Clarence is in place.

Clare. No, Warwick, thou art worthy of the sway, To whom the heavens in thy nativity, Adjudget an olive branch and laurel crown, As likely to be blest in peace and war; And therefore I yield thee my free consent.

War. And I choose Clarence only for protector. K. Hen. Warwick and Clarence, give me both your hands: [hearts, Now join your hands, and with your hands your That no dissension hinder government; I make you both protectors of this land, While I myself will lead a private life And in devotion spend my latter days, To sin’s rebuke and my Creator’s praise.

War. What answers Clarence to his sovereign’s will? [sent;

Clare. That he consents, if Warwick yield con- For on thy fortune I repose myself. [content;

War. Why, then, though loath, yet must I be We’ll yoke together, like a double shadow To Henry’s body, and supply his place; I mean, in bearing weight of government, While he enjoy the honour and ease. And, Clarence, now then it is more than needful Forthwith that Edward be pronounced a traitor, And all his lands and goods be confiscate.

Clare. What else? and that succession be determined.

War. Ay, wherein Clarence shall not want his K. Hen. But, with the first of all your chief affairs, Let me entreat, for I command no more, That Margaret your queen and my son Edward Be sent for, to return from France with speed; For, till I see them here, by doubtful fear My joy of liberty is half eclipsed. [speed.

Clare. It shall be done, my sovereign, with all K. Hen. My Lord of Somerset, what youth is that, Of whom you seem to have so tender care? Som. My liege, it is young Henry, earl of Rich- mond. K. Hen. Come hither, England’s hope. [Lays his hand on his head. If secret powers Suggest but truth to my divining thoughts, This pretty lad will prove our country’s bliss, His looks are full of peaceful majesty, His head by nature framed to wear a crown, His hand to wield a sceptre, and himself Likely in time to bless a regal throne. Make much of hope, my sovereign, this is he Must help you more than you are hurt by me.

Enter a Post.

War. What news, my friend? Post. That Edward is escaped from your brother, And fled, as he hears since, to Burgundy. War. Unsavoury news! but how made he escape? Post. He was convey’d by Richard Duke of Gloucester, And the Lord Hastings, who attended him [ester In secret ambush on the forest side And from the bishop’s huntsmen rescued him; For hunting was his daily exercise. War. My brother was too careless of his charge. But let us hence, my sovereign, to provide A salve for any sore that may betide.

[Exeunt all but Somerset, Richmond, and Oxford.

Som. My lord, I like not of this flight of Edward’s; For doubtless Burgundy will yield him help, And we shall have him, for he can’t be long. As Henry’s late presaging prophecy [mond, Did glad my heart with hope of this young Rich- So doth my heart misgive me, in these conflicts What may befall him, to his harm and ours: Therefore, Lord Oxford, to prevent the worst, Forthwith we’ll send him hence to Brittany, Till storms be past of civil enmity. Ox. Ay, for if Edward reposest the crown, ’tis like that Richmond with the rest shall down. Som. It shall be so; he shall to Brittany. Come, therefore, let’s about it speedily. [Exeunt.

SCENE VII.—Before York.

Flourish. Enter King Edward, Gloucester, Hastings, and Soldiers.

K. Edw. Now, brother Richard, Lord Hastings, and the And ye thus far fortune maketh us amends, And says that once more I shall interchange My waned state for Henry’s regal crown. Well have we pass’d and now repass’d the seas And brought desired help from Burgundy: What then remains, we being thus arrived From Ravenshaw, which have been for the gates of York, But that we enter, as into our dukedom? [this; Glou. The gates made fast! Brother, I like not For many men that stumble at the threshold Are well foretold that danger lurks within.
ACT IV. THIRD PART OF KING HENRY VI. SCENE VIII.

K. Edw. Tush, man, abominations must not now affright us:
By fair or foul means we must enter in,
For hither will our friends repair to us. [them.]
Host. My liege, I'll knock once more to summon

Enter, on the walls, the Mayor of York, and his Brethren.

May. My lords, we were forewarned of your coming,
And shut the gates for safety of ourselves;
For now we owe allegiance unto Henry. [king,
K. Edw. But, master mayor, if Henry be your
Yet Edward at the least is Duke of York.
May. True, and a very good lord; I know you for no less.
K. Edw. Why, and I challenge nothing but my
As being well content with that alone. [dokedem,
Glow. [Aside] But when the fox hath once got
in his nose,
He'll soon find means to make the body follow.

Host. Why, master mayor, why stand you in a doubt?
Open the gates; we are King Henry's friends.
May. Ay, say you so? the gates shall then be open'd.
[They descend.
Glow. A wise stout captain, and soon persuaded!
Host. The good old man would fain that all were well
So 't were not 'long of him; but being enter'd,
I doubt not, I, but we shall soon persuade
Both him and all his brothers unto reason.

Enter the Mayor and two Aldermen, below.

K. Edw. So, master mayor; these gates must not
But in the night or in the time of war. be shut
What? fear not, man, but yield me up the keys;
[Takes his keys.
For Edward will defend the town and thee,
And all those friends that deign to follow me.

March. Enter Montgomery, with drum and soldiers,
Glow. Brother, this is Sir John Montgomery,
Our trusty friend, unless I be deceived. [in arms?
K. Edw. Welcome, Sir John! But why come you
Mont. To help King Edward in his time of storm,
As every loyal subject ought to do. [forget
K. Edw. Thanks, good Montgomery; but now our
Title to the crown and only claim
Our dukedom till God please to send the rest.
Mont. Then fare you well, for I will hence again:
I came to serve a king and not a duke.
Drummer, strike up, and let us march away.
[The drum begins to march.

K. Edw. Nay, stay, Sir John, awhile, and we'll debate
By what safe means the crown may be recover'd.
Mont. What talk you of debating? in few words,
If you 'll not here proclaim yourself our king,
I'll leave you to your fortune and be gone
To keep them back that come to succour you:
Why shall we fight, if you pretend no title?
Glow. Why, brother, wherefore stand you on nice points?
[our claim:
K. Edw. When we grow stronger, then we'll make
Till then, 'tis wisdom to conceal our meaning.
Host. Why may with scrupulous wit! now arms must rule.
Glow. And fearless minds climb soonest unto crowns.
Brother, we will proclaim you out of hand;
The brink thereof will bring you many friends.
K. Edw. Then be it as you will: for 'tis my right.
And Henry but usurps the diadem. [self;
Mont. Ay, now my sovereign speaketh like him.
And now will I be Edward's champion. [claim'd:
Host. Sound trumpet; Edward shall be here pro-
Come, fellow-soldier, make thou proclamation.

Sold. Edward the Fourth, by the grace of God,
king of England and France, and lord of Ireland, &c.
Mont. And whoseo'er says King Edward's
By this I challenge him to single fight. [right,
[Throws down his gauntlet.
All. Long live Edward the Fourth!
K. Edw. Thanks, brave Montgomery; and thanks
unto you all:
If fortune serve me, I'll requite this kindness.
Now, for this night, let's harbour here in York;
And when the morning sun shall raise his car
Above the border of this horizon,
We'll forward towards Warwick and his mates;
For well I know the Duke of Suffolk,
Ah, froward Clarence! how evil it becometh thee,
To flatter Henry and forsake thy brother!
Yet, as we may, we'll meet both thee and Warwick.
Come on, brave soldiers: doubt not of the day,
And, that once gotten, doubt not of large pay.

[Exeunt.

SCENE VIII. — London. The palace.
Flourish. Enter King Henry, Warwick, Monta-
tague, Clarence, Exeter, and Oxford.
War. What counsel, lords? Edward from Belgium,
With busy 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 muster up: and thou, son Clarence,
Shalt stir up in Suffolk, Norfolk and in Kent,
The knights and gentlemen to come with thee:
Thou, brother Montague, in Buckingham,
Northampton and in Leicestershire shalt find
Men well inclined to hear what thou command'st:
And thou, brave Oxford, wondrous well beloved,
In Oxfordshire shalt muster up thy friends.
My sovereign, with the loving citizens,
Like to his island girt in with the ocean,
Girdled with waters, and with its shores,
Shall rest in London till we come to him.
Fair lords, take leave and stand not to reply.
Farewell, my sovereign.
K. Hen. Farewell, my Hector, and my Troy's true
Hope.
Clar. A reign of truth, I kiss your highness' hand.
K. Hen. Well-mind, 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 Covent-
ry. [Exeunt all but King Henry and Exeter.
K. Hen. Here at the palace will I rest awhile.
Cousin of Exeter, what thinks your lordship?
Methinks the power that Edward hath in field
Should not be able to encounter mine.
Exe. The doubt is that he will seduce the rest.
K. Hen. That's not my fear; my meed hath got me fame:
I have not stopp'd mine ears to their demands,
Nor posted off their suits with slow delays;
My pity hath been balm to heal their wounds,
My millet hath allayed their swelling griefs,
My mercy dried their water-flooding 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:
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 hitherward.

War. How far off is our brother Montague?

Where is the post that came from Montague?

Second Mess. By this at Daintry, with a puissant troop.

Enter Sir John Somerville.

War. Say, Somerville, what says my loving son?

And, by thy guess, how nigh is Clarence now?  Som. Warwick, he led him with his forces, and do expect him here some two hours hence.

Enter Sir John Somerville.

War. Then Clarence is at hand; I hear his drum.  Som. It is not his, my lord; here Southam lies:

The drum your honor hears marcheth from Warwick.

War. Who should that be? belike, unlook'd-for Som. They are at hand, and you shall quickly know.

March: flourish. Enter King Edward, Gloucester, and Soldiers.

K. Edw. Go, trumpet, to the walls, and sound a parle.

Glou. See how the surly Warwick mans the wall!  War. O unbid spine! is sportful Edward come?

Where slept our scouts, or how are they seduced, that we could hear no news of his repair? [gates.  K. Edw. Now, Warwick, wilt thou ope the city

Speak gentle words and humbly bend thy knee, Call Edward king and at his hands beg mercy.

And he shall pardon thee these outrages.

War. Nay, rather, wilt thou draw thy forces hence, Confess who set thee up and pluck'd thee down, Call Warwick patron and be penitent.

And thou shalt still remain the Duke of York.

Glou. I thought, at least, he would have said the Or did he make the jest against his will?  [King;  War. Is not a dukedom, sir, a goodly gift?

Glou. Ay, by my faith, for a poor earl to give: I'll do thee service for so good a gift.

War. 'Twas I that gave the kingdom to thy brother.  [wick's gift.

K. Edw. Why then 'tis mine, if it but by War-War. Thou art no Atlas for so great a weight: And, weaking, Warwick takes his gift again; And Henry is my king, Warwick his subject.

K. Edw. But Warwick's king is Edward's pris-

And, gallant Warwick, do but answer this: [oner: What is the body when the head is off?

Glou. Alas, that Warwick had no more forecast, But, whiles he thought to steal the single ten, And swell so much the higher by their ebb.

Hence with him to the Tower; let him not speak.

[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.

Glou. Away betimes, before his forces join,

And take the great-grown traitor unawares:

Brave warriors, march amain towards Coventry.

[Exeunt.

ACT V.

The king was silly finger'd from the deck!

You left poor Henry at the Bishop's palace,

And, ten to one, you 'll meet him in the Tower.

K. Edw. 'T is even so; yet you are Warwick still.

Glou. Come, Warwick, take the time; kneel down,
nowel down:

Nay, when? strike now, or else the iron cools.

War. I had rather chop this hand off at a blow,

And with the other fling it at thy face,

Then bear so low a sail, to strike to thee.

K. Edw. Sall how thou canst, have wind and tide of thy friend.

This hand, fast wound about thy coal-black hair,

Shall, whiles thy head is warm and new cut off,

Write in the dust this sentence with thy blood,

'Wind-changing Warwick now can change no more.'

Enter Oxford, with drum and colours.

War. O cheerful colours! see where Oxford comes!


[He and his forces enter the city.

Glou. The gates are open, let us enter too.

K. Edw. So other foes may set upon our backs.

Stand we in good array; for they no doubt

Will issue out again and bid us battle:

If not, the city being but of small defence,

We'll quickly rouse the traitors in the same.

War. O, welcome, Oxford! for we want thy help.

Enter Montague, with drum and colours.

Mont. Montague, Montague, for Lancaster!

[He and his forces enter the city.

Glou. Thou and thy brother both shall buy this treason

Even with the dearest blood thy bodies bear.

K. Edw. The harder match'd, the greater victory:

My mind presageth happy gain and conquest.

Enter Somerset, with drum and colours.

Som. Somerset, Somerset, for Lancaster!

[He and his forces enter the city.

Glou. Two of thy name, both Dukes of Somerset,

Have sold their lives unto the house of York;

And thou shalt be the third, if this sword hold.

Enter Clarence, with drum and colours.

War. And lo, where George of Clarence sweeps Of force enough to bid his brother battle; [along, With whom an upright zeal to right prevails

More than the nature of a brother's love!

Come, Clarence, come; thou wilt, if Warwick call.

Clar. Father of Warwick, know you what this means?  [Taking his red rose out of his hat

Look here, I throw my infancy at thee:

I will not ruinate my father's house,

Who gave his blood to lime the stones together,

And set up Lancaster. Why, 'trow'st thou, Warwick,

That Clarence is so harsh, so blunt, unnatural,

To bend the fatal instruments of war

Against his brother and his lawful king?
THIRD PART OF KING HENRY VI. SCENE IV.

Perhaps thou wilt object my holy oath:
To keep that oath were more impiety
Than Jephthah's, when he sacrificed his daughter.
I am so sorry for my trespass made
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, prouder-hearted Warwick, I defy thee,
And to my brother turn my blushing cheeks.
Pardon me, Edward, I will make amends:
And, Richard, do not frown upon my faults,
For I will henceforth be no more unconstable.
K. Edw. Now welcome more, and ten times more beloved.
Than if thou never hadst deserved our hate.
Glo. Welcome, good Clarence; this is brother-like.
War. O passing traitor, perjured and unjust!
K. Edw. What, Warwick, wilt thou leave the town and fight?
Or shall we beat the stones about thine ears?
War. Alas, I am not coop'd here for defence!
I will away towards Barnet presently,
And bid thee battle, Edward, if thou darest.
K. Edw. Yes, Warwick, Edward dares, and leads the way.
Lords, to the field; Saint George and victory!
[Exeunt King Edward and his company.
March. Warwick and his company follow.

SCENE II.—A field of battle near Barnet.

Alarum and excursions. Enter King Edward, bringing forth Warwick wounded.
K. Edw. So, lie thou there; die thou, and die our For Warwick was a bug that fear'd us all. [fear; Now, Montague, sit fast; I seek for thee, That Warwick's bones may keep thine company.
[Exit.
War. Ah, who is nigh? come to me, friend or foe,
And tell me who is victor, York or Warwick?
Why ask I that? my mangled body shows,
My blood, my want of strength, my sick heart shows,
That I must yield my body to the earth
And, by my fall, the conquest to my foe.
Thus yields the cedar to the axe's edge,
Whose arms gave shelter to the princely eagle,
Under whose shade the ramping lion slept,
Whose top-branch overpe'er'd Jove's spreading tree
And kept low shrubs from winter's powerful wind.
These eyes, that now are dimm'd with death's black veil,
Have been as piercing as the mid-day sun,
To search the secret treasons of the world;
The wrinkles in my brows, now fill'd with blood,
Were liken'd oft to kingly sepulchres;
For who lived king, but I could dig his grave?
And who durst smile when Warwick bent his brow?
Lo, who would ever see my blood?
My parks, my walks, my manors that I had,
Even now forsake me, and of all my lands
Is nothing left but my body's length.
Why, what is pomp, rule, reign, but earth and dust?
And, live we how we can, yet die we must.

Enter Oxford and Somerset.
Som. Ah, Warwick, Warwick! were thou as we
We might recover all our loss again: [are,
The queen from France hath brought a puissant power:
Even the way 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 glistens my lips and will not let me speak.
Come quickly, Montague, or I am dead. [his last;
Som. Ah, Warwick! Montague hath breathed
And to the latest gasp cried out for Warwick
And said 'Commend me to my valiant brother,'
And more he would have said, and more he spoke,
Which sounded like a charmour in a vault,
Thus thought not to distinguish'd; but at last
I well might hear, deliver'd with a groan.
' O, farewell, Warwick!' [of yourselves;
War. Sweet rest his soul! Fly, lords, and save
For Warwick bids you all farewell, to meet in heaven.
[Dies. Oxf. Away, away, to meet the queen's great power!
[Here they hear away his body. [Exeunt.

SCENE III.—Another part of the field.

Flourish. Enter King Edward in triumph; with Gloucester, Clarence, and the rest.
K. Edw. Thus far our fortune keeps an upward course,
And we are graced with wreaths of victory.
But, in the midst of this bright-shining day,
I spy a black, suspicious, threatening cloud,
That will encounter with our glorious sun,
There he attains his easy victor's 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 rids way;
And, as we march, our strength will be augmented
In every county as we go along.
Strike up the drum; cry 'Courage!' and away.
[Exeunt.

SCENE IV.—Plains near Tewksbury.

March. Enter Queen Margaret, Prince Edward, Somerset, Oxford, and Soldiers.
Q. Mar. Great lords, wise men ne'er sit and wail their loss,
But cheerly seek how to redress their harms.
What though the mast be now blown overboard,
The cable broke, the holding-anchor lost,
And half our sailors swallow'd in the flood?
Yet lives our pilot still. Is't meet that he
Should lose the helm and be like a fearful lad
With tearful eyes add water to the sea [mourn,
And give more strength to that which hath too
Whiles, in his moan, the ship splits on the rock,
Which industry and courage might have saved?
Ah, what a shame! ah, what a fault were this!
Say Warwick was our anchor; what of that?
And Montague our topmast; what of him?
Our slaughter'd friends the tackles; what of these?
Why, is not Oxford here another anchor?
And Somerset another goodly mast?
The friends of France our shrouds and tackling's
And, though unskilful, why not Nedd and I?
For once allow'd the skilful pilot's charge?
We will not from the helm to sit and weep,
But keep our course, though the rough wind say no,
From shelves and rocks that threaten us with wreck.

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For Somerset, off with his guilty head.
Go, bear them hence; I will not hear them speak.
Oxf. For my part, I’ll not trouble thee with words.
Som. Nor I, but stoop with patience to my fortune.
[Exeunt Oxford and Somerset, guarded.]
Q. Mar. So part we sadly in this troublous world,
To meet with joy in sweet Jerusalem.
[Edward
K. Edw. Is proclamation made, that who finds
Shall have a high reward, and he his life?
Glow. It is: and lo, where youthful Edward comes!

Enter Soldiers, with Prince Edward.

K. Edw. Bring forth the gallant, let us hear him
What can so young a thorn begin to prick? [speak.
Edward, what satisfaction canst thou make
For bearing arms, for stirring up my subjects,
And all the trouble thou hast turn’d me to?
Prince. Speak like a subject, proud ambitious
York!
Suppose that I am now my father’s mouth;
Resign thy chair, and where I stand kneel thou,
Whilst I propose the selfish words to thee.
Which, traitor, thou wouldst have me answer to.
Q. Mar. Ah, that thy father had been so resolved!
Glow. That you might still have worn the petticoat,
And ne’er have stol’n the breech from Lancaster.

Prince. Let Esop fable in a winter’s night;
His currish Riddles sort not with this place.
Glow. By heaven, brat, I’ll plague ye for that
word.
Q. Mar. Ay, thou wast born to be a plague to
Glow. For God’s sake, take away this captivescold.
Prince. Nay, take away this scolding crookback
rather.
Q. Mar. Peace, wilful boy, or I will charm your
Clar. Untutor’d lad, thou art too malapert.
Prince. I know my duty; you are all unvotful:
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.
Glow. Sprawl’st thou? take that, to end thy
agony.
[Stabs him.
Clas. And there’s for twitting me with perjury.
[Stabs him.
Q. Mar. O, kill me too!
Glow. Marry, and shall.
[Offers to kill her.
K. Edw. Hold, Richard, hold; for we have done
too much.
[Words?
Glow. Why should she live, to fill the world with
K. Edw. What, doth she swoon? use means for
her recovery.
Glow. Clarence, excuse me to the king my brother;
I’ll hence to London on a serious matter:
Ere ye come there, be sure to hear some news.
Clar. What? what?
Glow. The Tower, the Tower.
[Exit.
Q. Mar. O Ned, sweet Ned! speak to thy mother, boy!
Canst thou not speak? O traitors! murderers!
They that stabb’d Caesar shed no blood at all,
Did not offend, nor were not worthy blame,
If this foul deed were by to equal it:
He was a man; this, in respect, a child:
And men ne’er spend their fury on a child.
What’s worse than murderer, that I may name it?
No, no, my heart will burst, an if I speak:
And I will speak, that so my heart may burst.
Butchers and villains! bloody cannibals!
How sweet a plant have you untimely cropp’d?
You have new 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!

ACT V. THIRD PART OF KING HENRY VI. SCENE V.

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 rock?
All these the enemies to our poor bark.
Say you can swim; alas, ‘tis but a while!
Tread on the sand; why, there you quickly sink:
Bestride the rock; the tide will wash you off,
Or else you famish; that’s a threefold death.
This speak I, lords, to let you understand,
If case some one of you would fly from us,
That there’s no hoped-for mercy with the brothers
More than with ruthless waves, with sands and rocks.
Why, courage then! what cannot be avoided
’T were childish weakness to lament or fear.
Prince. A woman of this valiant spirit
Should, if a coward heard her speak these words,
Infuse his breast with magnanimity
And make him, naked, foil a man at arms.
I speak not this as doubting any here;
For did I but suspect a fearful man,
He should have leave to go away betimes,
Lest in our absence he might infest another
And make him of like spirit to himself.
If any such be here — as God forbid! —
Let him depart before we need his help.
Oxf. Women and children of so high a courage,
And warriors faint! why, ’t were perpetual shame.
O bravely! thee, thy famous grandfather.
Doth live again in thee: long mayst thou live
To bear his image and renew his glories!
Som. And he that will not fight for such a hope,
Go home to bed, and like the owl by day,
If he arise, be mock’d and wonder’d at.
Q. Mar. Thanks, gentle Somerset: sweet Oxford,
thanks. [else.
Prince. And take his thanks that yet hath nothing

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. Prepare you, lords, for Edward is at hand,
Ready to fight; therefore be resolute.
Oxf. I thought no less: it is his policy
To haste thus fast, to find us unprovided.
Som. But he’s deceived; we are in readiness.
Q. Mar. This cheers my heart, to see your for-
wardness. [budge.
Oxf. Here pitch our battle; hence we will not

Flourish and march. Enter King Edward, Glou-
cester, Clarence, and Soldiers.

K. Edw. Brave followers, yonder stands the
thorny wood,
Which by the heavens’ assistance and your strength,
Must by the roots be bewn up yet ere night.
I need not add more fuel to your fire,
For well I wot ye blaze to burn them out:
Give signal to the fire, and to it, lords!
Q. Mar. Lords, knights, and gentlemen, what I
should say
My tears gain say: for every word I speak,
Ye see, I drink the water of mine eyes.
Therefore, no more but this: Henry, your sovereign,
Is prisoner to the foe; his state usurp’d,
His realm a slaughter-house, his subjects slain,
His statutes cancel’d and his treasure spent;
And yonder is the wolf that makes this spoil.
You fight in justice: then, in God’s name, lords,
Be valiant and give signal to the fight.

SCENE V. — Another part of the field.

Flourish. Enter King Edward, Gloucester, Clarence,
and Soldiers; with Queen Margaret, Oxford, and
Somerset, prisoners.

K. Edw. Now here a period of tumultuous broils.
Away with Oxford to Hames Castle straight:
ACT V.  THIRD PART OF  KING HENRY VI.  SCENE VII.

K. Edw. Away with her; go, bear her hence per-
haps to the college; [Exit here; Q. Mar. Nay, never bear me hence, dispatch me
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; [do it? Clar. By thine oath thou not hear me swear I would not
Q. Mar. Ay, but thou uset to forswear thyself;
't was sin before, but now 'tis charity.
What, wilt thou not? Where is that devil's butcher,
Hard-favour'd Richard? Richard, where art thou?
Thou art not here: murder is thy alms-deed;
Petitioners for blood thou never put'st back.
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.

Glow. Good day, my lord. What, at your book so hard?
K. Hen. Ay, my good lord — my lord, I should
\[Exeunt Lieutenant.
K. Hen. So flies the reckless shepherd from the
volf;
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?
Glow. Suspicion always haunts the guilty mind;
The thief doth fear each bush an officer.
K. Hen. The bird that hath been lime'd 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 [kill'd.
Where my poor young was limer, was caught and
Glow. Why, what a peevish fool was that of Crete,
That taught his son the office of a fowl!
And yet, for all his wings, the fool was drown'd.
K. Hen. W. Dedalus; my poor boy, Icarus;
Thy father, Minos, that denied our course;
The sun that sear'd the wings of my sweet boy
Thy brother Edward, and thyself the sea
Whose envious gulf did swallow up his life.
Ah, kill'd with thy weapon, not with words!
My breast can better brook thy dagger's point
Than can my ears that tragic history.
But wherefore dost thou come? is 't for my life?
Glow. Think'st thou I am an executioner?
K. Hen. A persecutor, I am sure, thou art:
If murder'd, none of thou dost presume:
Glow. Thy son I kill'd for his presumption.
K. Hen. Hadst thou been kill'd when first thou
didst presume,
Thou hadst not lived to kill a son of mine.
And this prophesy, that many a thousand,
Which now mistrists no parcel of my fear,
And many an old man's sigh and many a widow's,
And many an orphan's water-standing eye —
Men for their sons, wives for their husbands,
And orphans for their parents' timeless death —
Shall rue the hour that ever thou wast born.
There the owl shall stand at thy birth, - a devil sign;
The night-crow cried, aboding lackless time;
Dogs howl'd, and hideous tempest shook down trees;
The raven rook'd her on the chimney's top,
And chattering pies in dismal discords sung.
Thy mother felt more than a mother's pain,
And yet brought forth less than a mother's hope,
To win, and digested and deformed lump,
Not like the fruit of such a goodly tree.
Teeth hadst thou in thy head when thou wast born.
To signify thou camest to bite the world:
And, if the rest be true which I have heard,
Thou camest:
Glow. I'll bear no more: die, prophet, in thy
speech: [Stabs him.
For this, amongst the rest, was I ordain'd. [this.
K. Hen. Ay, and for much more slaughter after
O, God forgive my sins, and pardon thee! [Dies.
Glow. What, will the aspiring blood of Lancaster
Sink in the ground? I thought it would have
mounted.
See how my sword weeps for the poor king's death!
O, may such purple tears be alway shed
From those that wish the downfall of our house!
If any spark of life be yet remaining,
Down, down to hell; and say I sent thee thither:
[Stabs him again.
I, that have neither pity, love, nor fear.
Indeed, 't is true that Henry told me of;
For I have often heard my mother say
I came into the world with my legs forward:
Had I not reason, think ye, to make haste,
And seek then ruin that usurp'd our right?
The midwife wonder'd and the women cried
'O, Jesus bless us, he is born with teeth!'
And so I was; which plainly signified
That I should snarl and bite and play the dog.
Then, since the heavens have shaped my body so,
Let hell make crook'd my mind to answer it.
I have no brother, I am like no brother;
And this word 'love,' which greybeards call divine;
Be resident in men like one another
And not in me: I am myself alone.
Clarence, beware; thou keep'st me from the light:
But I will sort a pitchy day for thee;
For I will build a broad and mighty dunef
That Edward shall be fearful of his life,
And then, to purge his fear, I 'll be thy death.
King Henry and the prince his son are gone:
Clarence, thy turn is next, and then the rest,
Counting myself but bad till I be best.
I'll throw thy body in another room
And triumph, Henry, in thy day of doom. [Exit, with the body.

SCENE VII.—London. The palace.

Flourish. Enter King Edward, Queen Elizabeth, Clarence, Gloucester, Hastings, a Nurse with the young Prince, and Attendants.

K. Edw. Once more we sit in England's royal
Re-purchased with the blood of enemies. [throne,
What valiant foemen, like to autumn's corn,
Have we mow'd down in tops of all their pride!
Three Dukes of Somerset, threefold renown'd
For hardy and undoubted champions;
Two Cliffsords, as the father and the son,
And two Northumberlands; two braver men
Ne'er spur'd their coursers at the trumpet's sound;
With them, the two brave bears, Warwick and
Montague, and the best of the land
That in their chains fetter'd the kingly lion
And made the forest tremble when they roar'd:
Thus have we swept suspicion from our seat
And made our footstool of security.

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Come hither, Bess, and let me kiss my boy.
Young Ned, for thee, thine uncles and myself
Have in our armours watch'd the winter's night,
Went all afoot in summer's scalding heat,
That thou mightst repossess the crown in peace;
And of our labours thou shalt reap the gain.

[Glow. 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.

Q. Eliz. Thanks, noble Clarence; worthy brother, thanks.

Glou. And, that I love the tree from whence thou spring'st,
Witness the loving kiss I give the fruit.

[Aside] To say the truth, so Judas kiss'd his master,
And cried 'all hail!' when as he meant all harm.

K. Edw. Now am I seated as my soul delights,
Having my country's peace and brothers' loves.

Clar. What will your grace have done with Margaret?
Reignier, her father, to the king of France
Hath pawn'd the Sicils and Jerusalem,
And hither have they sent it for her ransom.

K. Edw. Away with her, and waft her hence to France.
And now what rests but that we spend the time
With stately triumphs, mirthful comic shows,
Such as befits the pleasure of the court?
Sound drums and trumpets! farewell sour annoy!
For here, I hope, begins our lasting joy. [Exeunt.

Richard.—Now, Clifford, I have singled thee alone:
Suppose this arm is for the Duke of York;
And this for Rutland; both bound to revenge,
Wert thou environ'd with a brazen wall.

Clifford.—Now, Richard, I am with thee here alone:
This is the hand that stabb'd thy father York;
And this the hand that slew thy brother Rutland;
And here's the heart that triumphs in their death.
And cheers these hands that slew thy sire and brother
To execute the like upon thyself;
And so, have at thee!—ACT II., Scene iv.
THE TRAGEDY OF
KING RICHARD THE THIRD.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

King Edward the Fourth.
Edward, Prince of Wales, afterwards
King Edward V., sons to the
Richard, Duke of York,
George, Duke of Clarence,
Richard, Duke of Gloucester, afterwards
King Richard III., brothers to
A young son of Clarence.
Henry, Earl of Richmond, afterwards King Henry VII.
John Morton, Bishop of Ely.
Duke of Buckingham.
Duke of Norfolk.
Earl of Surrey, his son.
Earl Rivers, brother to Elizabeth.
Marquis of Dorset and Lord Grey, sons to 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 Biount.
Sir Walter Herbert.
Sir Robert Brakenbury, Lieutenant of the Tower.
Christopher Urswick, a priest. Another Priest.
Tressel and Berkeley, gentlemen attending on the
Lady Anne.
Lord Mayor of London. Sheriff of Wiltshire.
Elizabeth, queen to King Edward IV.
Margaret, widow of King Henry VI.
Duchess of York, mother to King Edward IV.
Lady Anne, widow of Edward Prince of Wales, son
to King Henry VI.; afterwards married to Richard.
A young Daughter of Clarence (Margaret Plantagenet).

Ghosts of those murdered by Richard III., Lords and
other Attendants; a Pursuivant, Scrivener, Citizens,
Murtherers, Messengers, Soldiers, &c.

SCENE.—England.

ACT I.


Enter Richard, Duke of Gloucester, solus.

Glou. 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 alarms changed to merry meetings,
Our dreadfull marches to delightful measures.
Grim-visaged war hath smooth'd his wrinkled front;
And now, instead of mounting barbed steeds
To fright the souls of fearful adversaries,
He capers nimbly in a lady's chamber
To the lascivious pleasing of a lute.
But I, that am not shaped for sportive tricks,
Nor made to court an amorous looking-glass;
I, that am rudely stamp'd, and want love's majesty
To strut before a wanton ambling nymph;
I, that am curtail'd of this fair proportion,
Cheated of feature by dissimbling nature,
Deform'd, unfinish'd, sent before my time
Into this breathing world, scarce half made up,
And that so lamely and unpolish'd
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,
And says a wizard told him that by G
His issue disinherited should be;
And, for my name of George begins with G,
It follows in his thought that I am he.
These, as I learn, and such like toys as these
Have moved his highness to commit me now.
Glu. Why, this it is, when men are ruled by a dream
'Tis not the king that sends you to the Tower;
My Lady Grey his wife, Clarence, 'tis she
That tempers him to this extremity.
Was it not she and that good man of worship,
Anthony Woodville, her brother there,
That made him send Lord Hastings to the Tower,
Promising to this false one this shall deliver'd?
We are not safe, Clarence; we are not safe.
Clar. By heaven, I think there's no man is secure
But the queen's kindred and night-walking heralds
That trudge betwixt the king and Mistress Shore.
Heard ye not what an humble supplian
Lord Hastings was to her for his delivery?
Glu. Humbly complaining to her deity
Got my lord chamberlain his liberty.
I'll tell you what; I think it is our way,
If we will keep in favour with the king,
To be her men and wear her livery.
The jealous o'erworn widow and herself,
Since thou dost proud brother dabb'd them gentlewomen.
Are mighty gossips in this monarchy.
Brak. I beseech your graces both to pardon me;
His majesty hath strictly given in charge
That no man shall have private conference,
Of what degree soever, with his brother.
Glu. Even so, an't please your worship, Brak,
You may partake of any thing we say:
[Enbury, We speak no treason, man: we say the king
Is wise and virtuous, and his noble queen
Well struck in years, fair, and not jealous;
We say that Shore's wife hath a pretty foot,
A cherry lip, a bonny eye, a passing pleasing tongue;
And that the queen's kindred are made gentlefolk:
How say you, sir? can you deny all this?
Brak. With this, my lord, myself have nought to do.
[Thee, fellow.
Glu. Naught to do with Mistress Shore! I tell
He that doth naught with her, excepting one,
Were best he had been never here gone.
Brak. What one, my lord?
Glu. Her husband, knave: wouldst thou betray me?
[Withal.
Brak. I beseech your grace to pardon me, and
Forbear your conference with the noble duke. [Obey.
Clar. You cannot with your lordship.
Brak. Oh, I am sure she is a true railing knave, and will
Glu. We are the queen's abjects, and must obey.
Brother, farewell: I will unto the king;
And whatsoever you will employ me in,
Were it to call King Edward's widow sister,
I will perform it to enthrance you.
Meantime, this deep disgrace in brotherhood
Touches me deeper than you can imagine.
Clar. I know it pleaseth neither of us well.
Glu. Well, your imprisonment shall not be long;
I will deliver you, or else lie for you:
Meantime, have patience.
Clar. I must perforce. Farewell.
[Exit Clarence, Brackenbury, and Guard.
Glu. Go, tread the path that thou shalt ne'er re-
Simple, plain Clarence! I do love thee so, [turn
That I will shortly send thy soul to heaven,
If heaven will take the present at our hands.
But who comes here? the new-deliver'd Hastings?

Enter Lord Hastings.
Hast. Good time of day unto my gracious lord!
Glu. As much unto my good lord chamberlain!
Well are you welcome to the open air.
How hath your lordship brook'd imprisonment?

Hast. With patience, noble lord, as prisoners must:
But I shall live, my lord, to give them thanks
That were the cause of my imprisonment.
Glu. No doubt, no doubt; and so shall Clarence
For they that were your enemies are his, [too;
And have prevail'd as much on him as you.
Hast. More pity that the eagle should be mew'd,
While kite and buzzard sit at liberty.
Glu. What news abroad?
Hast. No news so bad abroad as this at home;
The king is sickly, weak and melancholy,
And his physicians fear him mightily.
Glu. Now, by Saint Paul, this news is bad indeed.
O, he hath kept an evil diet long;
And overmuch abused his royal person:
'Tis very grievous to be thought upon.
What, is he in his bed?
Hast. He is.
Glu. Go you before, and I will follow you.

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 her who has madly made me in;
For then I'll marry Warwick's youngest daughter.
What though I kill'd her husband and her father?
The readiest way to make the wench amends
Is to become her husband and her father:
The which will I; not all so much for love
As for another secret close intent.
By marrying her which I must reach unto,
But yet I run before my horse to market:
Clarence still breathe; Edward still liveth 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,
While I am labouring of an absent count
The untimely fall of virtuous Lancaster.
Poor key-cold figure of a holy king!
Pale ashes of the house of Lancaster!
Thou bloodless remnant of that royal blood!
Be it lawful that I invoke thy ghost,
To hear the lamentations of poor Anne,
Wife to thy Edward, to thy slaughter'd son,
Stabb'd by the selfsame hand that made these wounds!
Lo, in these windows that let forth thy life,
I pour the helpless balm of my poor eyes.
Cursed be the hand that made these fatal holes!
Cursed be the heart that had the heart to do it!
Cursed be the blood that let this blood from hence!
More direful hap betide that hated wretch,
That makes us wretched by the death of thee,
Than I can wish to adders, spiders, toads,
Or any creeping venom'd thing that lives!
If ever he have child, abrogate be it;
Prodigious and untimely brought to light,
Whose ugly and unnatural aspect
May fright the hopeful mother at the view;
And that be he to his unhappiness!
If ever he have wife, let her be made
As miserable by the death of her
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,
And still, as you are weary of the weight,
Rest you, whiles I lament King Henry's corse.
Enter Gloucester.

Glo. Stay, you that bear the corse, and set it down.

Anne. What black magician conjures up this fiend, To stop devoted charitable deeds?

Glo. Villains, set down the corse; or, by Saint Paul,

Gent. My lord, stand back, and let the coffin pass.

Glo. Unmanner'd dog! stand thou, when I command.

Advance thy halberd higher than my breast,

Or, by Saint Paul, I'll strike thee to my foot,

And spurn upon thee, beggar, for thy boldness.

Anne. What, do you tremble? are you all afraid?

Alas, I blain you not; for you are mortal,

And mortal eyes cannot endure the devil.

Avaunt, thou dreadful minister of hell!

Thou hast but power over his mortal body,

His soul thou canst not have; therefore, be gone.

Glo. Sweet saint, for charity, be not so curst.

Anne. Foul devil, for God's sake, hide, hence, and trouble us not.

For thou hast made the happy earth thy hell,

Fill'd it with howling cries and deep exclamts.

If thou delight to view thy heinous deeds,

Behold this pattern of thy butcheries.

O, gentlemen, see, see! dead Henry's wounds

Open their congeal'd mouths and bleed afresh!

Blush, blush, thou lump of foul deformity!

For this is poison'd blood that may infect

From cold and empty veins, where no blood dwells;

Thy deed, inhumane and unnatural,

Provokes this deluge most unnatural.

O God, which this blood madest, revenge his death!

O earth, which this blood drink'st, revenge his death!

Either heaven with lightning strike the murderer,

Or earth, which this blood drink'st, take vengeance.

As thou dost swallow up this good king's blood,

Which his hell- governed arm hath butchered!

Glo. Lady, you know no rules of charity,

Which renders good for bad, blessings for curses.

Anne. Villain, thou know'st no law of God nor man:

No beast so fierce but knows some touch of pity.

Glo. But I know none, and therefore am no beast.

Anne. O wonderful, when devils tell the truth!

Glo. More wonderful, when angels are so angry.

Vouchsaf'd, divine perfection of a woman,

Of these pos'd evil's, to give me leave,

By circumstance, but to acquit myself.

Anne. Vouchsaf'd, defus'd infection of a man,

For these known evils, but to give me leave,

By circumstance, to cure thy cursed self.

Glo. Fairer than tongue can name thee, let me

Some patient leisure to excuse myself. [have

Anne. Fouler than heart can think thee, thou canst

No excuse current, but to hang thyself. , [make

Glo. By such despair, I should accuse myself.

Anne. And, by despairing, shouldest thou stand

excused:

For doing worthy vengeance on thyself,

Which just un worthy slaughter on others.

Anne. Say that I slew them not?

Glo. Why, then they are not dead:

But dead they are, and, devilish slave, by thee.

Glo. I did not kill your husband.

Anne. Why, then he is alive.

Glo. Nay, he is dead; and slain by Edward's hand.

Anne. In thy foul throat thou liest: Queen Mary

Thy murderous falchion smoking in his blood;

The which thou once didst bend against her breast,

But that thy brothers beat aside the point.

Glo. I was provoked by her slanderous tongue,

Which laid their guilt upon my guiltless shoulders.

Anne. Thou wast provoked by thy bloody mind,

Which never dreamt on aught but butcheries:

Didst thou not kill this king?

Glo. I grant ye.

Anne. Dost great me, hedgehog? then, God grant me too

Thou mayst be damn'd for that wicked deed!

O, he was gentle, mild, and virtuous!

Glo. The fitter for the King of heaven, that

hath him. .[come.

Anne. He is in heaven, where thou shalt never

Glo. Let him thank me, that help to send him

For he was fitter for that place than earth. [unfit;

Anne. And thou unif for any place but hell.

Glo. Yes, one place else, if you will hear me

Anne. Some dungeon. [name it.

Glo. Your bed-chamber.

Anne. Ill rest betide the chamber where thou liest!

Glo. So will it, madame, till I lie with you.

Anne. I hope so.

Glo. I know so. But, gentle Lady Anne,

To leave this keen encounter of our wits,

And fall somewhat into a slower method,

Is not the causer of the timeless deaths

Of these Plantagenets, Henry and Edward,

And shameful execution? [effect.

Anne. Thou art the cause, and most accursed

Glo. Your beauty was the cause of that effect;

Your beauty, which did haunt me in my sleep

To undertake the death of all the world,

So I might live one hour in your sweet bosom.

Anne. If I thought that, I tell thee, homelie,

These nails should rend that beauty from my cheeks.

[reck;

Glo. These eyes could never endure sweet beauty's

You should not blemish it, if I stood by:

As all the world is chear'd by the sun,

So I by that; it is my day, my life.

Anne. Black night o'ershade thy day, and death thy life! [both.

Glo. Curse not thyself, fair creature; thou art

Anne. I would I were, to be revenged on thee.

Glo. It is a quarrel most unnatural,

To be revenged on him that loveth you.

Anne. It is a quarrel just and reasonable,

To be revenged on him that slew my husband.

Glo. He that bereft thee, lady, of thy husband,

Did it to help thee to a better husband.

Anne. His better doth not breathe upon the earth.

Glo. He lives that loves thee better than he could.

Anne. Name him.

Anne. Plantagenet.

Anne. Why, that was he.

Glo. The selfsame name, but one of better nature.

Anne. Where is he?

Anne. Here. [She spitteth at him.

Anne. Why dost thou spit at me?

Anne. Would it were mortal poison, for thy sake!

Glo. Never came poison from so sweet a place.

Anne. Never hung poison on a fouler toad.

Out of my sight! thou dost infect my eyes.

Glo. Thine eyes, sweet lady, have infected mine.

Anne. Would they were basilisks, to strike thee dead!

Glo. I would they were, that I might die at once;

For now they kill me with a living death.

These 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 was towardly wept,

To hear the piteous moan that Rutland made

When black-faced Clifford shook his sword at him;

Nor when thy warlike father, like a child,

Told the sad story of my father's death,

And twenty times made pause to sob and weep.

That all the standers-by had wet their cheeks,

Like trees bedash'd with rain: in that sad time

My manly eyes did shed an humble tear;
ACT I.

KING RICHARD III.

SCENE III.

And what these sorrows could not thense exhal'd,
Thy beauty hath, and made them blind with weep-
I never sued to friend nor enemy; [sing.
My tongue could never learn sweet smoothing
But, now thy beauty is proposed my fee, [words;
My proud heart sues and prompts my tongue to speak.
[She looks sorrowfully 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 ador'd 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 't was thy beauty that provoked me. [Edward,
Nay, now dispatch; 'twas I that stab'd young
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.

Glo. Then bid me kill myself, and I will do it.

Anne. I have already.

Glo. Tush, that was in thy rage:
Speak it again, and, even with the word,
That hand, which, for thy love, did kill thy love,
Shall, for thy love, kill a far truer love;
To both their deaths thou shalt be accessory.

Anne. I would I knew thy heart.

Glo. 'Tis figured in my tongue.

Anne. I fear me both are false.

Glo. Then never man was true.

Anne. Well, well, put up your sword.

Glo. Say, then, my peace is made.

Anne. That shall you know hereafter.

Glo. But shall I live in hope?

Anne. All men, I hope, live so.

Glo. Vouchsafe to wear this ring.

Anne. To take is not to give.

Glo. Look, how 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 subject may
But beg one favour at thy gracious hand,
Thou dost confirm his happiness for ever.

Anne. What is it? [designs

Glo. That it would please thee leave these sad
To him that hath more care 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.

Glo. Did me farewell.

Anne. Tis more than you deserve;
But since you teach me how to flatter you,
Imagine I have said farewell already.

[Exeunt Lady Anne, Tressel, and Berkeley.

Glo. Sirs, take up the corse.

Gent. Towards Chertsey, noble lord?

Glo. No, to White-Friars; there attend my master.

Was ever woman in this humour woo'd?
Was ever woman in this humour won?
I'll have her; but I will not keep her long.
What! I, that kill'd her husband and his father,
To take her in her heart's extremest hate,
With curses in her mouth, tears in her eyes,
The bleeding witness of her hatred by;

me,

Having God, her conscience, and these bars against
And I nothing to back my suit at all,
But the plain devil and dissembling looks,
And yet to win her, all the world to nothing!
Ha!

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,
Ranged in the prodigality of nature,
Young, valiant, wise, and, no doubt, right royal,
The spacious world cannot again afford;
And will she yet debase her eyes on me,
That 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 uishapen thus?
My dukedom to a beggarly deuier,
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 crepit in favour with myself,
And will maintain it with some little cost,
But first I'll turn you fellow in my grave;
And then return lamenting to my love.
Shine out, fair sun, till I have bought a glass,
That I may see my shadow as I pass. [Exit.

SCENE III. — The palace.

Enter Queen Elizabeth, Lord Rivers, and Lord Grey.

Riv. Have patience, madam: there's no doubt
His majesty
Will soon recover his accustomed health.

Grey. In that you break it ill, it makes him worse:
Therefore, for God's sake, entertain good comfort,
And cheer his grace with quick and merry words.
Q. Eliz. If he were dead, what would betide of
Riv. No other harm but loss of such a lord. [me?
Q. Eliz. The loss of such a lord includes all harm.
Grey. Then heavens have bless'd you with a goodly
To be your comforter when he is gone.

[son,

Q. Eliz. Oh, he is young, and his minority
Is put unto the trust of Richard Gloucester,
A man that loves not me, nor none of you.
Riv. Is it concluded he shall be protector?
Q. Eliz. It is determined, not concluded yet;
But so it must be, if the king miscarry.

Enter Buckingham and Derby.

Grey. Here come the lords of Buckingham and Derby.

Buck. Good time of day unto your royal grace!

Der. God make your majesty joyful as you have been!

[of Derby.

Q. Eliz. The Countess Richmond, good my Lord
To your good prayers will scarcely say amen.
Yet, Derby, notwithstanding she's your wife,
And loves not me, be you, good lord, assured
I hate not you for her wrong arrogance.
Der. Do I beseech you, either not believe
The envious slander of her false accusers;
Or, if she be accused in true report,
Bear with her weakness, which, I think, proceeds
From wayward sickness, and no grounded malice.
Riv. Saw you the king to-day, my Lord of Derby?
Der. But now the Duke of Buckingham and I
Are come from visiting his majesty.

Q. Eliz. What likelihood of his amendment, lords?

Buck. Madam, good hope; his grace speaks cheerful-

[with him?

Q. Eliz. God grant him health! Did you confer

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Buck. Madam, we did: he desires to make atone-
ment
Betwixt the Duke of Gloucester and your brothers,
And betwixt them and my lord chamberlain;
And sent to warm them to his royal presence. [be:
Q. Eliz. Would all were well! but that will never
I fear our happiness is at the highest.

Enter Gloucester, Hastings, and Dorset.

Glow. They do me wrong, and I will not endure it:
Who are they that complain unto the king,
That I, forsooth, am stern and love them not?
By holy heaven, I do love them more lightly
That fill his ears with such dissensious rumours.
Because I cannot flatter and speak fair,
Smile in men's faces, smooth, deceive and cog,
Duck with French nods and apish courtesy,
I must be held a rancorous enemy.
Cannot a plain man live and think no harm,
But thus his simple truth must be abused
By silken, sly, insinuating Jacks? [grace
Riv. To whom in all this presence speaks your
Glow. To thee, that hast nor honesty nor grace.
When have I injured thee? when done thee wrong?
Or thee? or thee? or any of your faction?
A plain man, gentlemen, that is the manner.
Whom God preserve better than you would wish!
—Cannot be quiet scarce a breathing-while,
But you must trouble him with lewd complaints.
Q. Eliz. Brother of Gloucester, you mistake the
The king, of his own royal disposition, [matter.
And not provoked by any sufferer;
Aiming, belike, at your inferior hatred,
Which in your outward actions shows itself
Against my kindred, brothers, and myself,
Makes him to send; that thereby he may gather
The ground of his ill-will, and so remove it.
Glow. I cannot tell: the world is grown so bad,
That wrens make prey where eagles dare not perch:
Since every Jack became a gentleman,
There's many a gentle person made a Jack.
Q. Eliz. Come, come, we know your meaning,
brother Gloucester;
You eny my advancement and my friends:
Glow. God grant, my lord, I should have need of you! [you
Glow. Meantime, God grants that we have need of
Our brother is impos'd on by your means,
Myself disgraced, and the nobility
Hold in contempt; whilst many fair promotions
Are daily given to ennoble those [noble.
That mont are come some two days since, were worth a
Q. Eliz. By Him that raised me to this careful
height
From that contented hap which I enjoy'd,
I never did incense his majesty.
Against the Duke of Clarence, but have been
An earnest advocate to plead for him.
My lord, I do you shameful injury,
Falsely to draw me in these vile suspects.
Glow. You may deny that you were not the cause
Of my Lord Hastings' late imprisonment.
Riv. She may, my lord, for — [not so?
Glow. She may, Lord Rivers! why, who knows
She may do more, sir, than denying that;
She may help you to many fair preferments,
And then deny her aiding hand therein,
And lay those honours on your high deserts.
What may she not? She may, yea, marry, marry she,—
Riv. What, marry, may she?
Glow. What that, marry, may she?—
Riv. What, marry, may she?
Glow. What, marry, may she?—
A bachelor, a handsome, stripling too:
I wis your grandam had a warser match. [borne
Q. Eliz. My Lord of Gloucester, I have too long
Your blunt upbraving and your bitter scoffs:
By heaven, I will acquit 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 bated at:

Enter Queen Margaret, behind.

Small joy have I in being England's queen. [thee!
Q. Mar. Have I bidden, have I bidden, that bads, I beseech
Thy honour, state and seat is due to me. [king?
Glow. What! threat you me with telling of the
Tell him, and spare not: look, what I have said.
I will avouch in presence of the king:
I dare adventure to be sent to the Tower.
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. [king,
Glow. Ere you were queen, yea, or your husband
I was a pack-horse in his great affairs;
A weeder-out of his proud adversaries,
A liberal rewarder of his friends:
To royalise his blood I spilt mine own. [thine
Q. Mar. Yea, and much better blood than his or
Glow. In all which time you and your husband
Were factious for the house of Lancaster; [Grey
And, Rivers, so were you. Was not your husband
In Margaret's battle at Saint Alban's plain?
Let me put this foolish business out of my head,
What you have been ere now, and what you are;
Withal, what I have been, and what I am.
Q. Mar. A murderous villain, and so still thou art.
Glow. Poor Clarence did forsake his father, War-
vick;
Yea, and forswore himself,—which Jesu pardon!—
Q. Mar. Which God revenge!
Glow. To fight on Edward's party for the crown;
And for his meed, poor lord, he is mew'd up.
I would to God my heart were like, Edward's;
Or Edward's soft and pitiful, like mine:
I am too childish-foolish for this world. [world.
Q. Mar. He thee to hell for shame, and leave the
Thou caco-demon! 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.
Q. Mar. If I should be a pedlar:
Far be it from my heart, the thought of it!
Q. Eliz. As little joy, my lord, as you suppose
You should enjoy, were you this country's king,
As little joy may you suppose in me,
That I enjoy, being the queen thereof.
Q. Mar. A little joy, and joy without a queen thereon;
For I am she, and altogether joyless.
I can no longer hold me patient. [Advancing,
Hear me, you wrangling pirates, that fall out
In sharing that which you have pill'd from me!
Which of you trembles not that looks on me?
If not, that, I being queen, you bow like subjects,
Yet that, by you deposed, you quake like rebels?
O gentle villain, do not turn away! [my sight?
Glow. Foul wrinkled witch, that makest thou in
Q. Mar. But repetition of what thou hast marr'd;
That will I make before I let thee go.
Glow. Wert thou not banished on pain of death?
Q. Mar. I was; but I do find more pain in ban-
ishment.
Than death can yield me here by my abode.
A husband and a son thou owest to me;
And thou a kingdom; all of you allegiance:
'Tis sorrow that I have, by right is yours,
And all the pleasures you now enjoy.
Glow. The curse my noble father laid on thee,
When thou didst crown his warlike brows with paper
And with thy scorns drew'st rivers from his eyes,
And, then to dry them, gavest the duke a clout
Steep'd in the faultless blood of pretty Rutland,—
His curses, then from bitterness of soul
Denounced against thee, are all fall’n upon thee;  
And God, not we, hath plagued thy bloody deed.  
Q. Eliz. So just is God, to right the innocent.  
Hast. O, ’tis the foulest deed to slay that babe,  
And the most merciless that e’er was heard of!  
Ritch. Enrants themselves wept when it was reported.  
Dor. No man but prophesied revenge for it.  
Buck. Northumberland, then present, went to see it.  
[came,]
Q. Mar. What were you snarling all before I  
Ready to read each other by the th' eye?  
And turn you all your hatred now on me?  
Did York’s dread curse prevail so much with heaven  
That Henry’s death, my lovely Edward’s death,  
Theirs 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  
If not by war, by surfeit die your king, [curses!  
As ours by murder, to make him a king!  
Edward thy son, which now is Prince of Wales,  
For Edward my son, which was Prince of Wales,  
Die in his youth by like untimely violence!  
Thyself, and after many length’d hours of days.  
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 stall’d in mine!  
Long die thy happy days before thy death;  
And, after, many length’d hours of days.  
Die neither mother, wife, nor England’s queen!  
Rivers and Dorset, you were standers by,  
And so wast thou, Lord Hastings, when my son  
Was stabb’d with bloody daggers: God, I pray him,  
That none of you may live your natural age,  
But by some unlook’d accident cut off!  
[bag!  
Glow. Have done thy charm, thou hateful wither’d Q. Mar. And leave out thee? stay, dog, for thou  
shalt hear me.  
If heaven have any grievous plague in store  
Exceeding those that I can wish upon thee,  
O, let them keep it till thy sins be ripe,  
And then hurl down their indignation  
On thee, the trouble of the poor world’s peace!  
The worm of conscience still begnaw thy soul!  
Thy friends suspect for traitors while thou livest,  
And take deep traitors for thy dearest friends!  
No sleep close up that deadly eye of thine,  
Unlesst thou all this whilome dream  
Affrights thee with a hell of ugly devils!  
Thou elvish-mark’d, abortive, rooting hog!  
Thou that wast seal’d in thy nativity  
The slave of nature and the son of hell!  
Thou slander of thy mother’s heavy womb!  
Thou loathed issue of thy father’s loins!  
Thou rag of honour! thou detested —  
Glow. Margaret.  
Q. Mar. [curses.  
Glow. Richard!  
Glow. Ha!  
Q. Mar. I call thee not.  
Glow. Very thee mercy then, for I had thought  
That thou hadst call’d me all these bitter names.  
Q. Mar. Why, so I did; but look’d for no reply.  
O, let me make the period to my curse!  
Glow. ’Tis done by me, and ends in ‘Margaret.’  
Q. Eliz. Thus have you breathed your curse  
against yourself. [fortune!  
Q. Mar. Poor wraith’d queen, vain flourish of my  
Why strew’st thou sugar on that bottled spider,  
Whose deadly web ensnareth thee about?  
Fool, fool! thou welst’st a knife to kill thyself.  
The time will come when thou shalt wish for me  
To help thee curse that poisonous bunch-back’d  
Glow. False-boding woman, end thy frantic curse,  
Lest to thy harm thou move our patience.  
Q. Mar. Foul shame upon you! you have all  
moved mine. [your duty.  
Rie. Were you well served, you would be taught  
Q. Mar. To serve me well, you all should do me  
duty,  
Teach me to be your queen, and you my subjects:  
O, serve me well, and teach yourselves that duty!  
Dor. Dispute not with her; she is lunatic. [pert:  
Q. Mar. Peace, master marquess, you are mala-  
Your fire-new stamp of honour is scarce current.  
O, that your young nobility could judge  
What ’t were to love it, and be miserable!  
They that stand high have many blasts to shake  
them;  
And if they fall, they dash themselves to pieces.  
Glow. Good counsel, marry: learn it, learn it,  
marquess.  
Dor. It toucheth you, my lord, as much as me.  
Glow. Yea, and much more: but I was born so high,  
Our aery buildeth in the cedar’s top,  
And dailles with the wind and scorns the sun.  
Q. Mar. And turns the sun to shade; alas! alas!  
Witness my son, now in the shade of death;  
Whose bright out-shining beams thy cloudy wrath  
Hath in eternal frost for a flamboyant!  
Your aery buildeth in our aery’s nest.  
O God, that seest it, do not suffer it;  
As it was won with blood, lost be it so!  
Buck. Have done! for shame, if not for charity.  
Q. Mar. Urge neither charity nor shame to me:  
Unto my right, by virtue, I stand safe.  
And shamefully by you my hopes are butcher’d.  
My charity is outrage, life my shame:  
And in that shame still live my sorrow’s rage!  
Buck. Have done, have done. [hand,  
Q. Mar. O princely Buckingham, I’ll kiss thy  
In sign of league and amity with thee:  
Now fair bedal thee and thy noble house!  
Thy garments are not spotted with our blood,  
Nor thou within the compass of my curse.  
Buck. Nor one here; for curses never pass  
The lips of those that breathe them in the air.  
Q. Mar. I’ll not believe but they ascend the sky,  
And there awake God’s gentle-sleeping peace.  
O Buckingham, take heed of yonder dog!  
Look, when he fawns, he bites; and when he bites,  
His venom tooth will rackle to the death:  
Have not to do with him, beware of him;  
Sin, death, and hell have set their marks on him,  
And all their cruel torment of him. [Inglish?  
Glow. What doth she say, my Lord of Buck-  
Buck. Nothing that I respect, my gracious lord.  
Q. Mar. What, dost thou scorn me for my gentle  
counsel?  
And sooth the devil that I warn thee from?  
O, but remember this another day,  
When he shall split thy very heart with sorrow,  
And say poor Margaret was a prophetess!  
Live each of you the subjects to his hate  
And he to yours, and all of you to God’s!  [Exit.  
Hast. My hair doth stand on end to hear her  
curses. [scream.  
Rie. And so doth mine: I muse why she’s at lib.  
Glow. I cannot blame her; by God’s holy mother,  
She hath had too much wrong; and I repent  
My part thereof that I have done to her.  
Q. Eliz. I never did her any, to my knowledge.  
Glow. But you have all the vantage of her wrong.  
I was too hot of them; so somebody  
That is too cold in thinking of it now.  
Marry, as for Clarence, he is well repaid;  
He is Frank’d up to fastig for his pains.  
God pardon them that are the cause of it!  
Rie. A virtuous and a Christian-like conclusion,  
To pray for them that have done scathe to us.  
Glow. So do I ever: [deed be well advised.  
For had I cursed now, I had cursed myself.  

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SCENE IV.

Enter Catesby.

Catesby. Madam, his majesty doth call for you: And for your grace; and you, my noble lords. [us? Q. Eliz. Catesby, welcome. Lords, will you go with Rev. Madam, we will attend your grace. [Exeunt all but Gloucester.

Glow. I do the wrong, and first begin to bawl. The secret mischief that I set abroach I lay unto the grievous charge of others. Clarence, whom I, indeed, have laid in darkness, I do believe many shout it forth: Namely, to Hastings, Derby, Buckingham; And say it is the queen and her allies That stir the king against the duke my brother. Now, they believe it; and withal whet me To be revenged on Rivers, Vaughan, Grey: But then I sigh; and, with a piece of scripture, Tell them that God bids us do good for evil: And thus I clothe my naked 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! Are you now going to dispatch this deed? First Mord. We are, my lord; and come to have the warrant, That we may be admitted where he is. Glow. Well thought upon; I have it here about me. [Gives the warrant. When you have done, repair to Crosby Place. But, sirs, be sudden in the execution, Withal obdurate, do not hear him plead; For Clarence is well-spoken, and perhaps May move your hearts to pity, if you mark him. 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. Glow. Your eyes drop millstones, when fools' eyes drop tears; I like you, lads; about your business straight; Go, go, dispatch. First Mord. 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 't were to buy a world of happy days, So full of dismal terror was the time! Brak. What was your dream? I long to hear you tell it. [TOWER. Clar. Methoughts that I had broken from the And was embark'd to cross to Burgundy; And, in my company, my brother Gloucester; Who from my cabin tempted me to walk [land, Upon the hatches: thence we look'd toward Eng- And cited up a thousand fearful times, During the wars of York and Lancastor That had befell'us. As we paced along Upon the giddy footing of the hatches, [Ing. Methought that Gloucester stumbled; and, in fall- Struck, that thought to stay him, overboard Into the tumbling billows of the main. Lord, Lord! methought, what pain it was to drown! What dreadful noise of waters in mine ears! What ugly sights of death within mine eyes! Methought I saw a thousand fearful wrecks; Ten thousand men that fishes gnaw'd upon; Wedges of gold, great anchors, heaps of pearl, Inestimable stones, unvalued jewels, All scatter'd in the bottom of the sea; Some lay in dead men's skulls; and, in those holes Where eyes did once inhabit, there were crept, As 't were in scorn of eyes, reflecting gems, Which would the slime 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, many times, I sigh'd To seek the empty, vast and wandering air; But smoother'd it within my panting bulk, Which almost burst to belch it in the sea. Brak. Awak'd you not with this sore agony? Clar. 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 Can this act of monarch Clarence?' And so he vanish'd: then came wandering by A shadow like an angel, with bright hair Dabbled in blood; and he squeak'd out aloud, 'Clarence is come; false, fleeting, perjured Clarence, That stabb'd me in the field by Tewksbury; See on him, Puries, take him to your tortures!' With that, methoughts, a legion of foul fiendsEnviroud me about, and howled in mine ears Such hideous cries, that with the very noise I trembled awake, and for a season after Could not believe but that I was in hell, Such terrific impression made the dream. [You; Brak. No marvel, my lord, though it affrighted I promise you, I am afraid to hear you tell it. Clar. O Brakenbury, I have done those things, Which now bear evidence against my soul, For Edward's sake: and see how he requires me! O God! if my deep prayers cannot appease thee, But thou wilt be avenged on my misdeeds, Yet execute thy wrath in me alone, O, spare my guiltless wife and my poor children! I pray thee, gentle keeper, stay by me; My soul is heavy, and I fain would sleep. Brak. I will, my lord: God give your grace good night. [CLARENCE SLEEPS.

Sorrow breaks seasons and reposing hours; Makes the night morning, and the noon-tide night. Princes have but their titles for their glories, An outward honour for an inward toil; And, for unfelt imagination, They often feel a world of restless cares; So that, betwixt their titles and low names, There's nothing differs but the outward fame.

Enter the two Murderers.

First Mord. Ho! who's here? [you hither? Brak. In God's name who are you, and how came you here? I would speak with Clarence, and I came hither on my legs.

Brak. Yea, are you so brief? Sec. Mord. O sir, it is better to be brief than te- dious. Shew him our commission; talk no more. [Brakenbury reads it. Brak. I am, in this, commanded to deliver The noble Duke of Clarence to your hands: I will not reason what is meant 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 Mord. Do so, it is a point of wisdom: fare you well. [Exit Brakenbury.
**Sec. Murd.** What, shall we stab him as he sleeps?  
**First Murd.** No; then he will say 'tis done cowardly, when he wakes.  
**Sec. Murd.** When he wakes! why, fool, he shall never wake till the judgment-day. [sleeping.  
**First Murd.** Why, then will he say we stabbed him  
**Sec. Murd.** The urging of that word 'judgment' hath bred a kind of remorse in me.  
**First Murd.** What, art thou afraid?  
**Sec. Murd.** Not to kill him, having a warrant for it; but to be damned for killing him, from which no warrant can defend us.  
**First Murd.** I thought thou hadst been resolute.  
**Sec. Murd.** When he pleases he lets him live. [him so.  
**First Murd.** Back to the Duke of Gloucester, tell  
**Sec. Murd.** I pray thee, stay a while: I hope my holy humour will change; 'tis wont to hold me but while one would tell twenty.  
**First Murd.** How dost thou feel thyself now?  
**Sec. Murd.** 'Faith, some certain dregs of conscience are yet within me.  
**First Murd.** Remember our reward, when the deed is done. [ward.  
**Sec. Murd.** 'Zounds, he dies: I had forgot the reward.  
**First Murd.** Where is thy conscience now?  
**Sec. Murd.** In the Duke of Gloucester's purse.  
**First Murd.** So when he opens his purse to give us our reward, thy conscience flies out.  
**Sec. Murd.** Let it go; there's few or none will entertain it.  
**First Murd.** How if it come to thee again?  
**Sec. Murd.** I'll not meddle with it: it is a dangerous thing: 'tis makes a man a coward: a man cannot steal, but it accuseth him; he cannot swear, but it checks him; he cannot lie with his neighbour's wife, but it detects him: 'tis a blushing shamefast spirit that mutilates in a man's bosom; it fills one full of obstacles: it made me once restore a gold that I found; it beggars any man that keeps it: it is turned out of all towns and cities for a dangerous thing; and every man that means to live well endeavours to trust to himself and to live without it.  
**First Murd.** Zounds, it is even now at my elbow, persuading me not to kill the duke.  
**Sec. Murd.** Tis makes devil in thy mind, and believe him not: he would insinuate with thee but to make thee sigh.  
**First Murd.** Tut, I am strong-framed, he cannot prevail with me, I warrant thee.  
**Sec. Murd.** Spoke like a tall fellow that respects his reputation. Come, shall we to this gear?  
**First Murd.** Take him over the costard with the hilts of thy sword, and then we will chop him in the malmsey-butt in the next room.  
**Sec. Murd.** O excellent device! make a sop of him.  
**First Murd.** Hark! he stirs: shall I strike?  
**Sec. Murd.** No, first let's reason with him. [wine.  
**Clar.** Where art thou, keeper? give me a cup of  
**Sec. Murd.** Thou shalt have wine enough, my lord,  
**Clar.** In God's name, what art thou?  
**Sec. Murd.** A man, as you are.  
**Clar.** But not, as I am, royal.  
**Sec. Murd.** Nor you, as we are, loyal. [humble.  
**Clar.** Thy voice is thunders, but thy looks are  
**Sec. Murd.** My voice is now the king's, my looks mine own.  
**Clar.** How darkly and how deadly dost thou speak!  
Your eyes do menace me: why look you pale?  
Who sent you hither? Wherefore do you come?  
**Both.** To, to, to.  
**Clar.** To murder me?  
**Both.** Ay, ay.  
**Clar.** You scarcely have the hearts to tell me so,  
And therefore cannot have the hearts to do it.  
Wherein, my friends, have I offended you? [king.  
**First Murd.** Offended us you have not, but the  
**Clar.** I shall be reconciled to him again. [idle.  
**Sec. Murd.** Never, my lord; therefore prepare to  
**Clar.** Are you call'd forth from out a world of men  
To slay the innocent? What is my offence?  
Where are the evidence that do accuse me?  
What lawful quest have given their verdict up  
Unto the frowning judge? or who pronounced  
The bitter sentence of death. Clarence's death?  
Before I be convict by course of law,  
To threaten me with death is most unlawful,  
I charge you, as you hope to have redemption  
By Chris't's dear blood shed for our grievous sins,  
That you depart and lay no hands on me:  
The deed you dare not commit Woman,  
**First Murd.** What we will do, we do upon command.  
**Sec. Murd.** And he that hath commanded is the  
**Clar.** Erroresque vassal! the great King of kings  
Hath in the tables of his law commanded  
That thou shalt do no murder: and wilt thou, then,  
Spurn at his edict and fulfil a man's.  
Take heed; for he holds vengeance in his hands,  
To hurl upon their heads that break his law.  
**Sec. Murd.** And that same vengeance doth he  
hurl on thee,  
For false forgiving and for murder too:  
Thou didst receive the holy sacrament,  
To fight in quarrel of the house of Lancaster.  
**First Murd.** And, like a traitor to the name of God,  
Dost break that vow: and with thy treacherous blade  
Unrip'dst the bowels of thy sovereign's son.  
**Sec. Murd.** Whom thou wert sworn to cherish  
and defend. [law to us,  
**First Murd.** How canst thou urge God's dreadful  
When thou hast broke it in so dear degree?  
**Clar.** Alas! for whose sake did I that ill deed?  
For Edward, for my brother, for his sake:  
**Why, sirs,**  
He sends ye not to murder me for this;  
For in this sin he is as deep as I.  
If God will be revenged for this deed,  
O, know you yet, he doth it publickly:  
Take not the quarrel from his powerful arm;  
He needs no indirect nor lawless course  
To cut off the life that has offended him. [sister,  
**First Murd.** Who made thee, then, a bloody min-  
When gallant-springing brave Plantagenet,  
That princely novice, was struck dead by thee?  
**Clar.** My brother's love, the devil, and my rage.  
**First Murd.** Thy brother's love, our duty, and thy  
Lure provoke us to undertake so dangerous a  
Hand.  
**Clar.** Oh, if you love my brother, hate not me;  
I am his brother, and I love him well.  
If you be hired for meed, go back again,  
And I will send you to my brother Gloucester,  
Who shall reward you better for my life  
Than Edward will for tidings of my death.  
**Sec. Murd.** You are deceived, your brother Glou-  
cester hates you.  
**Clar.** O, no, he loves me, and he holds me dear:  
Go you to him from me.  
**Both.** Ay, so we will. [York  
**Clar.** Tell him, when that our princely father  
Bless'd his three sons with his victorious arm,  
And charged us from his soul to love each other,  
He little thought of this divided friendship:  
Bid Gloucester think of this, and he will weep.  
**First Murd.** Ay, millstones; as he lesson'd us to  
weep.  
**Clar.** O, do not slander him, for he is kind.  
**First Murd.** Right,  
As snow in harvest. Thou deceivest thyself:  
'Tis he that sent us hither now to slaughter thee.  
**Clar.** It cannot be; for when I parted with him,  
He hugg'd me in his arms, and swore, with sobs,  
That he would labour my delivery.
ACT II.

KING RICHARD III.

SCENE I.

ACT II.

K. Edw. A pleasing cordial, princely Buckingham, is this thy vow unto my sickly heart. There wanteth now our brother Gloucester here, To make the perfect period of this peace. [duke. 

Buck. And, in good time, here comes the noble

Enter Gloucester.

Glou. Good morrow to my sovereign king and And, princely peers, a happy time of day! [queen; 

K. Edw. Happy, indeed, as we have spent the day. Brother, we have done deeds of charity; Made peace of enmity, fair love of hate, Between these swelling wrong-incensed peers.

Glou. A blessed labour, my most sovereign liege: Amongst this princely heap, if any here, By false intelligence, or wrong surmise, Hold me a foe; If I unwittingly, or in my rage, Have aught committed that is hardly borne By any in this presence, I desire To reconcile me to his friendly peace: 'T is death to me to be at enmity; I hate it, and desire all good men’s love. First, madam, I entreat true peace of you, Which I will purchase with my duteous service; Of you, my noble cousin Buckingham, If ever any grudge were lodged between us; Of you, Lord Rivers, and, Lord Grey, of you; That all without desert haverown’d on me; My dukes, earls, lords, gentles, and, indeed, of all, I do not know that Englishman alive With whom my soul is any jot at odds More than the infant that is born to-night: I thank my God for my humility. 

Q. Eliz. A holy day shall this be kept hereafter: I would to God all strifes were well compounded. My sovereign liege, I do beseech your majesty To take our brother Clarence to your grace. 

Glou. Why, madam, have I offer’d love for this, To be so flouted in this royal presence? Who knows not that the noble duke is dead? [They all start.

You do him injury to scorn his corse. 

Riv. Who knows not he is dead? who knows he is? Q. Eliz. All-seeing heaven, what a world is this! 

Buck. Look I so pale, Lord Dorset, as the rest? 

Dor. Ay, my good lord; and no one in this presence But his red colour hath forsook his cheeks.

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 You peers, continue this united league: [work: 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. [hate; 

Riv. By heaven, my heart is purged from grudging And with my hand I seal my true heart’s love. 

Host. So thrive I, as I truly swear the like! K. Edw. Take heed you daily not before your Lest he that is the supreme King of kings [king; Confound your hidden falsehood, and award Either of you to be the other’s end. 

Host. 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 in this, Nor your son Dorset, Buckingham, nor you; You have been factious one against the other. Wife, love Lord Hastings, let him kiss your hand; And what you do, do it unfeignedly. [member 

Q. Eliz. Here, Hastings; I will never more re- Our former hatred, so thrive I and mine! K. Edw. Dorset, embrace him; Hastings, love lord marquess. 

Dor. This interchange of love, I here protest, Upon my part shall be unviolable. 

Host. And so swear I, my lord. [They embrace. 

K. Edw. Now, princely Buckingham, seal thou this league. 

With thy embraces to my wife’s allies, And make me happy in thy unity. 

Buck. Whenever Buckingham doth turn his hate On you or yours [to the Queen], but with all duteous Doth cherish you and yours, God punish me [love With hate in those where I expect most love! When I have most need to employ a friend, And most assured that he is a friend, Deep, hollow, treacherous, and full of guile, Be he unto me! this do I beg of God, When I am cold in zeal to you or yours. [They embrace. 

Sec. Murd. Why, so he doth, now he delivers 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 about to take thy own soul 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. 

Sec. 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 treat for life? 

My friend, I spy some pity in thy looks; O, if thine eye be not a flatterer, 

Come thou on my side, and entreat for me, As you would beg, were you in my distress: A beggning prince what beggar pities not?
K. Edw. Is Clarence dead? the order was reversed.
Glow. But he, poor soul, by your first order died;
And that a winged Mercury did bear;
Some tardy cripple bore the countermand,
That came too late to see him buried.

God grant that some, less noble and less loyal,
Neater in bloody thoughts, but not in blood,
Deserve not worse than wretched Clarence did,
And yet go current from suspicion!

Enter Derby.

Der. A boon, my sovereign, for my service done!
K. Edw. I pray thee, peace: my soul is full of sorrow.
Der. I will not rise, unless your highness grant.
K. Edw. Then speak at once what it is thou demand'st.

Der. The forfeit, sovereign, of my servant's life;
Who swore to-day a righteous gentleman
Lately attendant on the Duke of Norfolk. [death,
K. Edw. Have I a tongue to doom my brother's
And shall the same give pardon to a slave?
My brother slew no man; his fault was thought,
And yet his punishment was cruel death.
Who sued to me for his life, in my rage, Kneel'd at my feet, and bade me be advised?
Who spake of brotherhood? who spake of love?
Who told me how the poor soul did forsake
The mighty Warwick, and did fight for me?
Who told me, in the field by Tewksbury,
When Oxford had me down, he rescued me,
And said, 'Dear brother, live, and be a king?'
Who told me, when we both lay in the field
Frozen almost to death, how he did lap me
Even in his own garments, and gave himself,
All thin and naked, to the numb cold night?
All this from my remembrance brutish wrath
Sinfully plic'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 not 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.

Glow. This is the fruit of rashness! Mark'd you how
That the guilty kindred of the queen [not
Look'd wide 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 And cry 'O Clarence, my unhappy son!' [head,

Girl. Why do you look on us, and shake your 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 was lost sorrow to wake 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. [you well:

Duch. Peace, children, peace! the king doth love Incapable and shallow innocents.
You cannot guess who caused your father's death.

Boy. Grandam, we can; for my good uncle Glow-Told me, the king, provoked by the queen, [ester Devised impeachments to imprison him;
And when my uncle told me so, he wept, [cheek;
And hang'd his hat in his arm, and kindly kiss'd my Bade me rely on him as on my father.
And he would love me dearly as his child.

Duch. Oh, that deceit should steal such gentle shapes,
And with a virtuous vizard hide foul guile!
He is my son; yea, and therein my shame;
Yet from my dugs he drew not this deceit.

Son. Think you my uncle did dissemble, grandam?

Duch. Ay, boy.

Son. I cannot think it. Hark! what noise is this?

Enter Queen Elizabeth, with her hair about her 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 the eternal 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 cresses 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! [death;

Boy. Good aunt, you wept not for our father's
How can we aid you with our kindred tears?

Girl. Our fatherless distress was left unmoan'd;
Your widow-dolour likewise be unwet!

Q. Eliz. Give me no help in lamentation;
I am not barren to bring forth complaints:
All springs reduce their currents to mine eyes,
That I, being govern'd by the watery moon,
May send forth plentiful 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! [gone.

Q. Eliz. What stay had I but Edward? and he's

Chil. What stay had we but Clarence? and he's gone.

Duch. What stays had I but they? and they are

Q. Eliz. Was never widow had so dear a loss!

Chil. Were never orphans had so dear a loss!

Duch. Was never mother had so dear a loss!

Chil. I am the mother of these children!

[Their woes are parcel'd, mine are general.
ACT II.  KING RICHARD III.  SCENE IV.

She for an Edward weeps, and so do I;
I for a Clarence weep, so doth not she:
These babes for Clarence weep, and so do I;
I for an Edward weep, so do not they:
Alas, you three, on me, threefold distress'd,
Pour all your tears! I am your sorrow's nurse,
And I will pamper it with lamentations.  [pleased

Dor.  Comfort, dear mother: God is much dis.
That you take with unthankfulness his doing:
In common worldly things, 'tis call'd ungrateful,
With dull unwillingness to repay a debt
Which with a bounteous hand was kindly lent;
Much more to be thus opposite with heaven,
For it requires the debt it knoweth you.
Rev.  Madam, bethink you, like a careful mother.
Of the young prince your son; send straight for him;
Let him be crown'd; in him your comfort lives:
Drown desperate sorrow in dead Edward's grave,
And plant your joys in living Edward's throne.

Enter Gloucester, Buckingham, Derby,
Hastings, and Ratcliff.

Glov.  Madam, have comfort: all of us have cause
To wall the dimming of our shining star;
But none can eure their harms by wailing them.
Madam, my mother, I do cry you mercy;
I did not see your grace: humbly on my knee
I crave your blessing.  [mind.

Duch.  God bless thee; and put meekness in thy
Love, charity, obedience, and true duty!  [man

Glov.  [Aside]  Amen; and make me die a good old
That is the but-end of a mother's blessing:
I marvel why her grace did leave it out.  [peers,

Buck.  You cloudy princes and heart-sorrowing
That bear this mutual heavy load of moan,
Now cheer each other in each other's love:
Though we have spent our harvest of this king,
We are to reap the harvest of his son.
The broken rancour of your high-swoelm hearts,
But lately splinter'd, knit, and join'd together,
Must gently be preserved, cherish'd, and kept:
Me seemeth good, that, with some little train,
Forthwith from Ludlow the young prince be fetch'd
Hither to London, to be crown'd our king.

Rev.  Why with some little train, my Lord of
Buckingham?

Buck.  Would it be my lord, lest, by a multitude,
The new-heal'd wound of malice should break out;
Which would be so much the more dangerous,
By how much the estate is green and yet ungovern'd:
Where every horse bears his commanding rein,
And may direct his course as please himself,
As well the fear of harm, as harm apparent,
In my opinion, ought to be prevented.

Glov.  I hope the king made peace with all of us;
And the compact is firm and true in me.

Rev.  And so in me; and so, I think, in all:
Yet, since it is but green, it should be put
To no great length; for a little may do
Which hapsy by much company might be urg'd:
Therefore I say with noble Buckingham,
That it is meet so few should fetch the prince.

Hast.  And so say I.

Glov.  Then be it so; and go we to determine
Who they shall be that straight shall post to Ludlow.
Madam, and you, my mother, will you go
To give your censures in this weighty business?

Q. Eliz.  With all our hearts.

Duch.  \[Exeunt all but Buckingham and Gloucester.


Buck.  My Lord, whoever journeys to the prince,
For God's sake, let not us two be behind;
For, by the way, I'll sort occasion,
As index to the story we late talk'd of,
To part the queen's proud kindred from the king.

Glov.  My other self, my counsel's consistory,
My oracle, my prophet!  My dear cousin,
I, like a child, will go by thy direction.
Towards Ludlow then, for we'll not stay behind.

[Exeunt.

SCENE III.  London.  A street.

Enter two Citizens, meeting.

First Cit.  Neighbour, well met: whither away so fast?
Sec. Cit.  I promise you, I scarcely know myself:
Hear you the news abroad?

First Cit.  Ay, that the king is dead.
Sec. Cit.  Bad news, by'r lady; seldom comes the better:
I fear, I fear 'twill prove a troublous world.

Enter another Citizen.

Third Cit.  Neighbours, God speed!
First Cit.  Give you good morrow, sir.
Third Cit.  Doth this news hold of good King Edward's death?
Sec. Cit.  Ay, sir, it is too true; God help the Third Cit.  Then, masters, look to see a troublous world.
[shall reign.

First Cit.  No, no; by God's good grace his son
Third Cit.  Woe to that land that 's govern'd by a child.
Sec. Cit.  In him there is a hope of government,
That in his nonceage council under him,
And in his full and ripen'd years himself,
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
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 taught and proud:
And were sworn 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.  [their cloaks;

Third Cit.  When clouds appear, wise men put on
When great leaves fall, the winter is at hand;
When the sun sets, who doth not look for night?

[Exeunt.  Untimely storms make men expect a death.
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:
Ye cannot reason almost with a man
That looks not heavily and full of fear.

Third Cit.  Before the times of change, still is it
By a divine instinct men's minds mistrust
[so;
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: 'twill hear you company.

[Exeunt.

SCENE IV.  London.  The palace.

Enter the Archbishop of York, the young Duke of York,
Queen Elizabeth, and the Duchess of York.

Arch.  Last night, I hear, they lay at Northamp-
At Stony-Stratford will they be to-night:  [ton;
To-morrow, or next day, they will be here.

Duch.  I long with all my heart to see the prince:
I hope he is much grown since last I saw him.
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?

ACT III.


The trumpets sound. Enter the young Prince, the Dukes of Gloucester and Buckingham, Cardinal Bourchier, Catesby, and others.

Buck. Welcome, sweet prince, to London, to your chamber.

Glo. Welcome, dear cousin, my thoughts’ sovereign.

The watchmen have given in my name briefly.

Prince. No, uncle; but our crosses on the way

Have made it tedious, warisome, and heavy.

I want more uncles here to welcome me. yeares

Glo. Sweet prince, the untainted virtue of your

Hath not yet dived into the world’s deceit:

Nor more can you distinguish of a man

Than by the outward show; which, God he knows,

Seldom or never jumpeth with the heart.

Those uncles which you want were dangerous;

Your grace attended to their sugar’d words,

But look’d not on the poison of their hearts:

God keep you from them, and from such false friends!

Prince. God keep me from false friends! but they

were none.

Glo. My lord, the mayor of London comes to

Enter the Lord Mayor and his train.

May. God bless your grace with health and happy days!

Prince. I thank you, good my lord; and thank

I thought my mother, and my brother York,

Would long ere this have met us on the way:

Fie, what a sing is Hastings, that he comes not

To tell us whether they will come or no!

Mess. Well, madam, and in health.

Duch. What is thy news then? [Pompfret,

Mess. Lord Rivers and Lord Grey are sent to

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;

Insulting tyranny begins to set

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 will to sanctuary.

Madam, farewell.

Duch. I ’ll go along with you.

Q. Eliz. You have no cause.

Arch. My gracious lady, go;

And thither bear your treasure and your goods.

For my part, I ’ll resign unto your grace

The seal I keep: and so betide to me

As well I tender you and all of yours!

Come, I ’ll conduct you to the sanctuary. [Exeunt.
**ACT III.**

**KING RICHARD III.**

**SCENE I.**

You break no privilege nor charter there. Often have I heard of sanctuary men: But this I never saw till now. [once.

*Card.* My lord, you shall o'er-rule my mind for Come on, Lord Hastings, will you go with me? *Hast.* I go, my lord.

*Prince.* Good lords, make all the speedy haste you may. [Exit Cardinal and Hastings.

*York.* Say, uncle Gloucester, if you would come Where all so soon till our coronation? *Glou.* Where it seems best unto your royal self. If I may counsel you, some day or two Your highness shall repose you at the Tower: [fit Then where you please, and shall be thought most For your best health and recreation.

*Prince.* Do not like the Tower, of any place. Did Julius Caesar build that place, my lord? *Buck.* He did, my gracious lord, begin that place; Which, since, succeeding ages have re-edified.

*Prince.* Is it upon record, or else reported Successively from age to age, he built it? *Buck.* Upon record, my gracious lord. *Prince.* And, my lord, they say, he never register'd, Methinks the truth should live from age to age, As 'twere retail'd to all posterity, Even to the general all-ending day. [live long.


*Prince.* I'll tell you what, my cousin Buckingham,— *Buck.* What, my gracious lord? *Prince.* An if I live until I be a man, I'll win our ancient right in France again, Or die a soldier, as I lived a king. [ward spring.

*Glou.* [Aside.] Short summers lightly have a force.

Enter young York, Hastings, and the Cardinal.

*Buck.* Now, in good time, here comes the Duke of York.

*Prince.* Richard of York! how fares our loving York. Well, my dread lord; so must I call you now. *York.* Ay, brother, to our grief, as it is yours: Too late he died that might have kept that title, Which by his death hath lost much majesty.

*Glou.* 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 beholding to you than I. *Glou.* He may command me as my sovereign; But you have power in me as in a kinsman. *York.* Why, uncle, I am more bound to 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. York. Your ancient gift, O, that's come to it. *Glou.* Ay, gentle cousin, were it light enough. *York.* O, then, I see, you will part but with light In heavier weight things you'll say a beggar nay. [gifts; *Glou.* It is too heavy for your grace to wear. *York.* I weigh it lightly, were it heavier. [lord? *Glou.* What, would you have my weapon, little York. I would, that I might thank you as you *Glou.* How? [call me. *York.* Little.

*Prince.* My Lord of York will yet be cross in talk: Uncle, your grace knows how to bear with him. *York. You will not bear this bearing well with me; Uncle, my brother mocks both you and me; Because that I am little, like an ape, [ders. He thinks that you should bear me on your shoul- *Buck.* With what a sharp-provided wit he reasons! To mitigate the scorn he gives his uncle, He pretty 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 murderer'd there. *Prince.* I fear no uncles dead. *Glou.* Nor none that live, I hope. [Prince. *Princes.* And, my lord, they say, he need not fear. But come, my lord; and with a heavy heart, Thinking on them, go I unto the Tower. [A Senet. *Exit all but Gloucester, Buckingham and Catesby.

*Buck.* Think you, my lord, this little prating Was not incensed by his subtle mother? [York *York.* To taunt and scorn you thus approbatorily! *Glou.* No doubt, no doubt: O, 'tis a parlous boy; Bold, quick, ingenious, forward, capable: He is all the mother's, from the top to toe. *Buck.* Well, let them rest. Come hither, Catesby. Thou art sworn as deeply to effect what we intend As a closely incensed heart as 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 installment of this noble duke In the seat royal of this famous isle? *Cates.* He for his father's sake so loves the prince, That he will not be won to aught against him. *Buck.* What think'st thou, then, of Stanley? what will he? *Cates.* He will do all in all as Hastings doth. [by. *Buck.* Well, then, no more but this: go, gentle Cates- And, as it were far off, sound thou Lord Hastings, how he doth stand affected to our purpose; And summon him to-morrow to the Tower; To sit about the coronation.

If thou dost find him tractable to us, Encourage him, and show him all our reasons: If he be led, icy-cold, unwilling, Be thou so too; and break off your talk, And give us notice of his inclination: For we to-morrow hold divided councils, Wherein thyself shalt highly be employ'd. [Catesby, *Glou.* Commend me to Lord William: tell him, His ancient knot of dangerous adversaries To-morrow are let blood at Pomfret-castle; And bid my heart, child, give me this good news, Give Mistress Shore one gentle kiss the more. *Buck.* Good Catesby, go, effect this business soundly. [may. *Cates.* My good lords both, with all the heed I *Glou.* Shall we hear from you, Catesby, ere we *Cates.* Y, shall we, then, have our words? *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 compacts? *Glou.* Chafe off his head, man; somewhat we will And, look, when I am king, claim thou of me [do: The earldom of Hereford, and the moveables Whereof the king my brother stood possess'd.
ACT III.  

KING RICHARD III.

SCENE I.

Buck. I'll claim that promise at your grace's hands.

Glou. And look to have it yielded with all willing-

Come, let us sup betimes, that afterwards [ness.

We may digest our cloths in some form. [Exeunt.

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 Stanley.

Enter Lord Hastings.

Hast. What is 't o'clock?

Mess. Upon the stroke of four. [nights?

Hast. Cannot thy master sleep these tedious

Mess. So it should seem by that I have to say.

First, he comends him to your noble lordship.

Hast. And then?

Mess. And then he sends you word

He dreamt to-night the boar had razed his helm:

Besides, he says there are two councils held;

And that may be determined at the one

Which may make you and him to rue at the other.

Therefore he could not have his pleasure,

If presently you will take horse with him,

And with all speed post with him toward the north,

To shun the danger that his soul divinest.

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;

Where nothing can proceed that toucheth us

Whereof I shall not have intelligence.

Tell him his fears are shallow, wanting instance:

And for his dreams, I wonder he is so fond

To trust the mockery of unquiet slumbers:

To fly the boar before the boar pursuance,

Were to incense the boar to follow us

And make pursuit where he did mean no chase.

Go, bid thy master rise and come to me;

And we will both together to the Tower,

Where, he shall see, the boar will use kindly.

Mess. My gracious lord, I'll tell him what you say.

[Exit.

Catesby.

Cate. Many good morrows to my noble lord!

Hast. Good morrow, Catesby; you are early stir-

ring:

What news, what news, in this our tottering state?

Cate. It is a reeling world, indeed, my lord;

And I believe 't will never stand upright

Till Richard wear the Garland of the realm. [crown?

Hast. How! wear the Garland! dost thou mean the

Cate. Ay, my good lord. [shoulders

Hast. I'll have this crown of mine cut from my

Ere I will see the crown so foul misplaced.

But canst thou guess that he doth aim at it?

Cate. Ay, on my life; and hopes to find you for-

Upon his party for the gain thereof: [ward

And thereupon he sends you this good news,

That this same very day your enemies,

The kindred of the queen, must die at Pomfret.

Hast. Indeed, I am no mourner for that news,

Because they have been still mine enemies:

But, that I'll give my voice on Richard's side,

To bar my master's heirs in true descent,

God knows I will not do it, to the death. [mind!

Cate. God keep your lordship in that gracious

But I shall laugh at this a twelve-month hence,

That they who brought me in my master's hate,

I live to look upon their tragedy.

I tell thee, Catesby,

Cate. What, my lord?

Hast. Ere a fortnight make me elder,

I'll send some packing that yet think not on it.

Cate. 'Tis a vile thing to die, my gracious lord,

When men are unprepared and look not for it.

Hast. O monstrous, monstrous! and so falls it out

With Rivers, Vaughan, Grey; and so 't will do

With some men else, who think themselves as safe

As thou and I; who, as thou know'st, are dear

To princely Richard and to Buckingham.

Cate. The princes both make high account of you;

[Aside] For they account his head upon the bridge.

Hast. I know they do; and I have well deserved it.

Enter Lord Stanley.

Come on, come on; where is thy boat-spear, man?

Fear you the boar, and go so unprompted?

Stan. My lord, good morrow; good morrow,

You may jest on, but, by the holy rood, [Catesby:

I do not like these several councils, I.

Hast. My lord,

I hold my life as dear as you do yours;

And never in my life, I do protest,

Was it more precious to me than 't is now:

Think you, but that I know our state secure,

I would be so triumphant as I am? [London,

Stan. The lords at Pomfret, when they rode from

Were jocund, and supposed the state was sure,

And they indeed had no cause to mistrust;

But yet, you see, how soon the day o'ercast.

This sudden stab of rancour I misdoubt:

Pray God, I say, I prove a needless coward!

What, shall we toward the Tower? the day is spent.

Hast. Come, come, have with you. Wot you not

What, my lord?

To-day the lords you talk of are behaeded. [heads

Stan. They, for their truth, might better wear their

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 fel-

[Exeunt Stanley and Catesby.

Now how, sirrah! how goes the world with thee?

Purs. The better that your lordship please to ask.

Hast. I tell thee, man, 't is 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 ever 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. [heart.

Hast. I thank thee, good Sir John, with all my

I am in your debt for your last exercise;

Come the next Sabbath, and I will content you.

[He whispers in his ear.

Enter Buckingham.

Buck. What, talking with a priest, lord chamber-

lain?

Your friends at Pomfret, they do need the priest;

Your honour hath no shriving work in hand.

Hast. Good faith, and when I met this holy man,

Those men you talk of came into my mind.

What, go you toward the Tower?

Buck. I do, my lord; but long I shall not stay:

I shall return before your lordship thence.

Hast. 'Tis like enough, for I stay dinner there.

Buck. [Aside] And supper too, although thou

know'st I fast.

Come, will you go?

Hast. I'll wait upon your lordship. [Exeunt.

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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. [you!]

Grey. God keep the prince from all the pack of A knot you are of damned blood-suckers. [after.

Vau. You live that shall cry woe for this here—
Rat. I blush for the limb of your lives is out.

Riv. O Pomfret, Pomfret! O thou bloody prison, Fatal and ominous to noble peers! Within the guilty closure of thy walls Richard the second here was hack'd to death; And, for more slander to thy dismal seat, We give thee up our guiltless blood to drink.

Grey. Now Margaret's curse is fall'n upon our heads, For standing by when Richard stabb'd her son.

Riv. Then cursed she Hastings, then cursed she Buckingham,
Then cursed she Richard. O, remember, God, To hear their prayers for them, as now for us! And for my sister and her princely sons, Be satisfied, dear God, with our true blood, Which, as thou know'st, unjustly must be spilt.

Rat. Make haste; the hour of death is expiate.

Riv. Come, Grey, come, Vaughan, we 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 Is, to determine of the coronation. [met
In God's name, speak: when is the royal day?

Buck. Are all things fitting for that royal time?

Der. It is, and wants but nomination.

Ely. To-morrow, then, I judge a happy day.

Buck. Who knows the lord protector's mind herein?

Who is most inward with the royal duke?

Ely. Your grace, we think, should soonest know Most inwardly their thoughts.

Buck. Who, I, my lord, we know each other's But for our hearts, he knows no more of mine, Than I of yours;
Nor I no more of his, than you of mine.

Lord Hastings, you and he are near in love.

Hast. I thank his grace, I know he loves me well;
But, for his purpose in the coronation, I have not sounded him, nor he deliver'd His gracious pleasure any way therein:
But you, my noble lords, may name the time; And in the duke's behalf I'll give my voice, Which, I presume, he'll take in gentle part.

Enter Gloucester.

Ely. Now in good time, here comes the duke himself. [row

Glou. My noble lords and cousins all, good morrow I have been long a sleeper; but, I hope, My abode hath not neglect no great designs, Which by my presence might have been concluded.

Buck. Had not you come upon your cue, my lord, William Lord Hastings had pronounced your part,—
I mean, your voice,—for crowning of the king.

Glou. Than my Lord Hastings no man might be bolder:
His lordship knows me well, and loves me well.

Hast. I thank your grace.

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Glou. My lord of Ely!

Ely. My lord?

Glou. When I was last in Holborn, I saw good strawberries in your garden there: I do beseech you send for some of them.

Ely. Marry, and will, my lord, with all my heart. [Exeunt.

Glou. Cousin of Buckingham, a word with you. [Drawing him aside.

Catesby hath sound Hastings in our business, And finds the testy gentleman so hot, As he will lose the head ere he comes present. His master's son, as worshipful he terms it, Shall lose the royalty of England's throne. [you.

Buck. Withdraw you hence, my lord, I'll follow [Exeunt Gloucester, Buckingham following. Der. We have not yet set down this day of triumph. To-morrow, in mine opinion, is too sudden; For I myself am not well provided As else I would be, were the day prolong'd.

Re-enter Bishop of Ely.

Ely. Where is my lord protector? I have sent for these strawberries.

Hast. His grace looks cheerful and smooth to—There's some conceit or other likes him well, [day; When he doth bid good morrow with such a spirit. I think there's never a man in Christendom That can less hide his love or hate than he; For by his face straight shall you know his heart. Der. What of his heart perceive you in his face? By any likelihood he show'd to-day?

Hast. Marry, that with no man here he's offended; For, were he, he had shown it in his looks.

Der. I pray God he be not, I say.

Re-enter Gloucester and Buckingham.

Glou. I pray you all, tell me what they deserve That do conspire my death with devilish plots Of damned witchcraft, and that have prevail'd Upon my body with their hellish charms?

Hast. The tender love I bear your grace, my lord, Makes me most forward in this noble presence To doom the offenders, whatsoever they be: I say, my lord, they have deserved death.

Glou. Then be your eyes the witness of this ill: See how I am bewitch'd; behold mine arm Is, like a blasted sapling, wither'd up:
And this is Edward's wife, that monstrous witch, That consorted with that hellish Shore. That by their witchcraft thus have marked me.

Hast. If they have done this thing, my gracious lord,— [pet,

Glou. If thou protector of this damned strum-Tellest thou me of 'tis? Thou art a traitor: Off with his head! Now, by Saint Paul I swear, I will not dine until I see the same.

Lovel and Ratcliff, look that it be done:
The rest, that love me, rise and follow me. [Exeunt all but Hastings, Ratcliff, and Lovel.

Hast. Woe, woe for England! not a whit for me: For I, too fond, might have prevented this. Stanley did dream the bough did raze his helm; But I disdain'd it, and did scorn to fly: Three times to-day my foot-cloth horse did stumble, And startled, when he look'd upon the Tower, As loath to bear me to the slaughter-house. O, now I want the priest that spake to me: now repent'd I told him of my faults. As 'twere triumphing at mine enemies, How they at Pomfret bloodily were butcher'd, And I myself secure in grace and favour. O Margaret, Margaret, now thy heavy curse Is lighted on poor Hastings' wretched head! [ner;

Buck. Dispatch, my lord; the duke would eat din Make a short shrift; he longs to see your head. Haste. O momentary grace of mortal men,
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. [serve.
May. But, my good lord, your grace's word shall
As well as I may, I will impart them to you:
And doubt you not, right noble princes both,
But I'll acquaint our duteous citizens
With all your just proceedings in this case. [here,
Glou. And to that end we wish'd your lordship
To avoid the earing censures of the world.
Buck. But take it of course and out 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 next'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 and changeable was his 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 unsatiate Edward, noble York
My princely father then had wars in France;
And, by just computation of the time,
Found that the issue was not his begot;
Which well appeared in his lineaments,
Being nothing like the noble duke my father:
But touch this sparingly, as 't were far off;
Because you know, my lord, my mother lives:
Buck. Fear not, my lord, I'll play the orator
As if the golden fee for which I plead
Were for myself: and so, my lord, adieu. [Castle; Glou. Go, if you thrive well, bring them to Baynard's
Where you shall find me well accompanied
With reverend and well-borne bishops:
Buck. I go; and towards three or four o'clock
Look for the news that the Guildhall affords.
[Exit.
Glou. Go, Lovel, with all speed to Doctor Shaw;
[To Catesby.] Go thou to Friar Penker; bid them both
Meet me within this hour at Baynard's Castle.
[Exit all but Gloucester.
Now will I in, to take some privy order,
To draw the brats of Clarence out of sight;
And to give notice, that no manner of person
At any time have recourse unto the princes. [Exit.

SCENE VI.—The same. A street.

Enter a Scrivener, with a paper in his hand.

Scriv. This is the indictment of the good Lord Hastings:
Which in a set hand fairly is engross'd,
That it may be this day read over in Paul's,
And mark how well the sequel hangs together:
Eleven hours I spent to write it over,
For 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 seek not this palpable device?
Yet who's so blind, but says he sees it not?
Bad is the world; and all will come to nought,
When such bad dealing must be seen in thought.
[Exit.
SCENE VII.—Baynard’s Castle.

Enter Gloucester and Buckingham, at several doors.

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 on his own bastardy, As being got, your father then in France, And his resemblance, being not like the duke: Withal I did infer your lineaments, Being the right idea of your father, Both in your form and nobleness of mind; Laid open all your victories in Scotland, Your discipline in war, wisdom in peace, Your bounty, virtue, fair humility: Indeed, left nothing fitting for the purpose Untouch’d, or slightly handled, in discourse: And when mine oratory grew to an end, I bid them that did love their country’s good Cry ‘God save Richard! England’s royal king!’

Glou. Ah! and did they so?

Buck. No, so God help me, they spake not a word; But, like dumb statues or breathing stones, Gazed each on other, and look’d deadly pale. Which when I saw, I reprehended them; And ask’d the mayor what meant this wilful silence: His answer was, the people were not wont To be spoke to but by the recorder. Then he was urged to tell my tale again, ‘Thus saith the duke, thus hath the duke inferred;’ But nothing spake in warrant from himself. When he had done, some followers of mine own, At the lower end of the hall, hurl’d up their caps, And some ten voices cried ‘God save King Richard!’ And thus I took the vantage of those few, ‘Thanks, gentle citizens and friends,’ quoth I; ‘This general applause and loving shout Argues your wisdoms and your love to Richard:’ And even here brake off, and came away.

Glou. So, that tongueless blocks were they! would they not speak?

Buck. No, by my troth, my lord. [come? Glou. Will not the mayor then and his brethren Buck. The mayor is here at hand: intend some Be not you spoke with, but by mighty suit: [fear; And look you get a prayer-book in your hand, And stand betwixt two churchmen, good my lord; For on that ground I’ll build a holy descent: And be not easily won to our request: Play the maid’s part, still answer nay, and take it. Glou. I go; and if you plead as well for them As I can say to thee for myself. No doubt we’ll bring it to a happy issue.

Buck. Go, go, up to the leads; the lord mayor knocks. [Exit Gloucester.

Enter the Mayor and Citizens.

Welcome, my lord: I dance attendance here; I think the duke will not be spoke withal.

Enter Catesby.

Here comes his servant: how now, Catesby, What says he?

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 again; Tell him, myself, the mayor and citizens, In deep designs and matters of great moment, No less importing than our general good, Are come to have some conference with his grace.

Cate. I’ll tell him what you say, my lord. [Exit. Buck. Ah, ha, my lord, this prince is not an Ed- He is not bowling on a lawful bed, But on his knees at meditation thereof; Not dallying with a brace of courtezans, But meditating with two deep divines; Not sleeping, to engross his idle body, But praying, to enrich his watchful soul: Happy were England, would this gracious prince Be our delight in our remaining hours. But, sure, I fear, we shall not win him to it. May. Marry, God forbid his grace should say us Buck. I fear he will. [nay!

Re-enter Catesby.

How now, Catesby, what says your lord?

Cate. My lord, He wonders to what end you have assembled Such troops of citizens to speak with him, His grace not being warn’d thereof before: My lord, he fears you mean no good to him. Buck. Sorry I am my noble cousin should Suspect me, that I mean no good to him: By heaven, I come in perfect love to him; And so once more return and tell his grace. [Exit Catesby.

When holy and devout religious men Are at their beads, ’tis hard to draw them thence, So sweet is zealous contemplation.

Enter Gloucester aloft, between two Bishops. Catesby returns.

May. See, where he stands between two clergy- men!

Buck. Two props of virtue for a Christian prince, To stay him from the fall of vanity: And, see, a book of prayer in his hand, True ornaments to know a holy man. Famous Plantagenet, most gracious prince, Lend favourables ears to our request; And pardon us the interruption Of thy divine and right Christian zeal.

Glou. My lord, there needs no such apology: I rather do beseech you pardon me, Who, earnest in the service of my God, Neglect the visitation of my friends. But, leaving this, what is your grace’s pleasure?

Buck. Even that, I hope, which pleaseth God And all good men of this ungodly isle. [above. Glou. I do suspect I have done some offence That seems disgracious in the city’s eyes, And that you come to reprehend my ignorance.

Buck. You have, my lord: would it might please your grace, At our entreaty, to amend that fault! [land? Glou. Else wherefore breathe I in a Christian Buck. Then now, it is your fault that you resign The supreme seat, the throne majestic, The scepter’d office of your ancestors, Your state of fortune and your due of birth, The lineal glory of your royal house, To the corruption of a blushing stock: Whilst, in the mindless of your sleepy thoughts, Which here we waken to our country’s good, This noble isle doth want her proper limbs; Her face defaced with scars of infamy, Her royal stock graft with ignoble plants, And almost shoulder’d in the swallowing gulf Of blind forgetfulness and dark oblivion Which to recure, we heartily solicit Your gracious self to take on you the charge And kingly government of this your land; Not as protector, steward, substitute,
KING RICHARD III.

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—Before the Tower.

Enter, on one side, Queen Elizabeth, Duchess of York, and Marquess of Dorset; on the other, Anne, Duchess of Gloucester, leading Lady Margaret Plantagenet, Clarence's young Daughter.

Duch. Who meets us here? my niece Plantagenet.

Led in the hand of her kind aunt of Gloucester? Now, for my life, she's wandering to the Tower, On pure heart's love to greet the tender princes, Daughter, well met.

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. Refrain not, my dignified lord, this proffer'd love.

Cate. 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 as we know your tenderness of heart
And gentle, kind, effeminate remorse,
Which we have noted in you to your kin,
And equally indeed to all estates,—
Yet whether you accept our suit or no,
Your brother's son shall never reign our king;
But we will plant some other in the throne,
To the disgrace and downfall of your house:
And in this resolution here we leave you.—
Come, citizens: 'rounds! I'll entreat no more.

Glou. O, do not swear, my lord of Buckingham.
[Exit Buckingham with the Citizens.

Cate. Call them again, my lord, and accept their suit.

True it.

Another. Do, good my lord, lest all the land do Glou. Would you enforce me to a world of care?
Well, call them again. I am not made of stone,
But penetrable to your kind entreats,
Albeit against my conscience and my soul.

Re-enter Buckingham and the rest.

Cousin of Buckingham, and you, sage, grave men,
Since you will buckle fortune on my back,
To bear her burslet, 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 blots and stains thereof;
For God he knows, and you may partly see,
How far I am from the desire thereof.

May. God afford your grace! we see it, and will say 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!

May. and Cit. Amen.

Buck. To-morrow will it please you to be crown'd?

Glou. Even when you please, since you will have itso.

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.

ACT IV.

SCENE II.-The Tower.

Enter, on one side, Anne, God give your graces both
A happy and a joyful time of day! [away? Q. Eliz. As much to you, great sister! Whither Anne. No farther than the Tower; and, as I guess, Upon the like devotion as yourselves,
To gratulate the gentle princes there. [gether.
Q. Eliz. Kind sister, thanks: we'll enter all to-

Enter Brakenbury.

And, in good time, here the lieutenant comes.
Master lieutenant, pray you, by your leave,
How doth the prince, and my young son of York?
Brack. Right well, dear madam. By your pabilities, I may not suffer you to visit them; [tienice. The king hath straitly charged the contrary.

Q. Eliz. The King! why, who’s that?

Brack. I cry you mercy: I mean the lord protector. Q. Eliz. The Lord protect him from that kingly Hæth he set bounds betwixt their love and me? [title! I am their mother; who should keep me from them? Duth. My master’s wish is my master; I will see them. Anne. Their aunt I am in law, in love their mother: Then bring me to their sights; I’ll bear them blame And take thy office from thee, on my peril.

Brack. No, madam, no; I may not leave it so: I am bound by oath, and therefore pardon me. [Exit.

Enter Lord Stanley.

Stan. Let me but meet you, ladies, one hour hence, And I’ll salute your grace of York as mother, And reverend looker on, of two fair queens. [minster. [To Anne] Come, madam, you must straight to West-There to be crowned Richard’s royal queen. [heart Q. Eliz. O, cut my heart of sullen steel, but my pent May have some scope to beat, or else I swoon With this dead-killing news!

Anne. Despightfull tidings! O unpleasing news! Dor. Be of good cheer; mother, how fares your grace? [hence! Q. Eliz. Dor. Duth, speak not to me, get thee Death and destruction dog thee at the heels; Thy mother’s name is ominous to children. If thou wilt onstriped death, go cross the seas, And live with Richmond, from the reach of hell: Go, hire thee, hire thee from this slaughter-house, lest thou increase the number of the dead; And make me die the thrall of Margaret’s curse, Nor mother, wife, nor England’s counted queen. Stan. Full of wise care is this your counsel, madam. Take all the swift advantage of the hours; You shall have letters from me to my son To meet you on the way, and welcome you. Be not ta’en tardy by unwise delay.

Duch. O ill-dispersing wind of misery! O my accursed womb, the bed of death! A cockatrice hast thou hatch’d to the world, Whose unavowed eye is murderous. [sent. Stan. Come, madam, come; in all haste was Anne. And in all unwillfulness will go. I would I could cut off the hand that清单 Of golden metal that must round my brow Were red-hot steel, to sear me to the brain! Anointed let me be with deadly venom, And die, ere men can say, God save the queen! Q. Eliz. Go, go, poor soul, I envy not thy glory; To feed my humour, wish myself no harm. [now Anne. No! why? When he that is my husband Came to me, as I follow’d Henry’s course, [hands While scarce the blood was well wash’d from his Which issued from my other angel husband And that dead saint which then I weeping follow’d: O, when, I say, I look’d on Richard’s face, This was my wish: ‘Be thou my accursed, For making me, so young, so old a widow! And, when thou wed’st, let sorrow haunt thy bed; And be thy wife—if any be so mad— As miserable by the life of thee As thou hast made me by my dear lord’s death!’ Lo, even this cure is my crumb, Even in so short a space, my woman’s heart Grossly grew captive to his honey words And proved the subject of my own soul’s curse, Which ever since hath kept my eyes from rest; For never yet one hour in his bed Have I enjoy’d the golden days of sleep But have been wak’d by his timorous dreams. Besides, he hates me for my father Warwick; And will, no doubt, shortly be rid of me. [ing. Q. Eliz. Poor heart, adieu! I pity thy complain-

Anne. No more than from my soul I mourn for yours. Q. Eliz. Farewell, thou woful welcome of glory! Anne. Adien, poor soul, that taketh thy leave of it! Duth. [To Dorset] Go thou to Richmond, and good fortune guide thee! [To Anne] Go thou to Richard, and good angels guard thee! [To Queen Eliz.] Go thou to sanctuary, and good thoughts possess thee! I to my grave, where peace and rest lie with me! Eighty old years of sorrow have I seen, And each hour’s joy wretched with a week of weep. Q. Eliz. Stay, yet look back with me unto the Tower. Pity, you ancient stones, those tender babes Whom envy hath immered within your walls! Rough cradle for such little pretty ones! Rude ragged nurse, old sullen playfellow For tender princes, use my babies well! So foolish sorrow bids your stones farewell. [Exeunt.

SCENE II.—London. The palace.

Send. Enter Richard, in pomp, crowned; Buckingham, Gatesby, a Page, and others.

K. Rich. Stand all apart. Cousin of Buckingham! Buck. My gracious sovereign?

K. Rich. Give me thy hand. [Here he ascended his throne.] Thus high, by thy advice And thy assistance, is King Richard seated: But shall we wear these honours for a day? Or shall they last, and we rejoice in them? Buck. Still live they and for ever may they last! K. Rich. O Buckingham, now do I play the touch, To try if thou be current gold indeed: Young Edward lives: think now what I would say. Buck. Say on, my loving lord. [king. K. Rich. Why, Buckingham, I say, I would be Buck. Why, so you are, my three renowned liege. K. Rich. Ha! am I king? ’tis so: but Edward Buck. True, noble prince. [lives. K. Rich. O bitter consequence, That Edward still should live! ’True, noble prince! Cousin, thou wert not wont to be so dull: Shall I be plain? I wish the bastards dead; And I would have it suddenly perform’d. What sayest thou? speak suddenly: be brief. Buck. 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: And I will resolve your grace immediately. [Exit. Cate. [Aside to a stander by] The king is angry: see, he bites the lip.

K. Rich. I will converse with iron-witted fools And unrespective boys: none are for me That look into me with considerate eyes:

High-reaching Buckingham grows circumspect. Boy! [gold

Page. My lord? [K. Rich. Know’st thou not any whom corrupting Would tempt unto a close exploit of death? Page. My lord, I know a discontented gentleman, Who must needs match not his haughty mind: Gold were as good as twenty orators, And will, no doubt, tempt him to any thing. K. Rich. What is his name?

Page. His name, my lord, is Tyrel. K. Rich. I partly know the man: go, call him [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 dead

To Richmond, in those parts beyond the sea

Where he abides. [Stands apart.

K. Rich. Catesby!

Cate. My lord?

K. Rich. Ay, and honour it abroad

That Anne, my wife, is sick and like to die: I

will take order for her keeping close.

Inquire me out some mean-born gentleman, Whom I will marry straight to Clarence's daughter: The boy is foolish, and I fear not him.

Look, how thou dream'st! I say again, give out That Anne my wife is sick and like to die:

About it; for it stands me much upon,

To stop all hopes whose growth may damage me. [Exit Catesby.

I must be married to my brother's daughter, Or else my kingdom stands on brittle glass. Murder her brothers, and then marry her! Uncertain way of gain! But I am in

So far in blood that sin will pluck on sin:

Tear-falling pity dwells not in this eye.

Re-enter Page, with Tyrrel.

Is thy name Tyrrel? [Exit.

Tyr. James Tyrrel, and your most obedient sub-


Tyr. Prove me, my gracious sovereign.

K. Rich. Darest thou resolve to kill a friend of

Tyr. Ay, my lord? [Scene.

But I had rather kill two enemies. [scene.

Tyr. Why, there thou hast it: two deep

Foes to my rest and my sweet sleep's disturbers

Are they that 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. [sleep

K. Rich. Shall we hear from thee, Tyrrel, ere we

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 fled to

Buck. I hear that news, my lord. [Romance.

K. Rich. Stanley, he is your wife's son; well, look to it. [promise.

Buck. My lord, I claim your gift, my due by For which your honour and your faith is pawn'd; The earldom of Hereford and the moveables

The which you promised I should possess. [vex

K. Rich. Stanley, look to your wife: if she con-

Letters to Richmond, you shall answer it. [mand?

Buck. What says your highness to my just de-

K. Rich. As I remember, Henry the Sixth

Did prophesy that Richmond should be king, When Richmond was a little peevish boy.

A king, perhaps, perhaps,—

Buck. My lord! [that time

K. Rich. How chance the prophet could not at

Have told me, I being by, that should I kill him? [Buck. My lord, I sent your promise for the earldom,—

K. Rich. Richmond! When last I was at Exe-

The mayor in courtesy show'd me the castle, [ter,

And call'd it Rougemont: at which name I started, Because a bard of Ireland told me once, I

should not live long after I saw Richmond.

Enter King Richard.


Of what you promised me.


Betwixt thy bagging and my meditation. I am not in the giving vein to-day. [or no.

Buck. Why, then resolve me whether you will

K. Rich. Tut, tut, Thou troublest me; I am not in the vein. [Exit.

[Seymour all but Buckingham.

Buck. Is it even so? rewards be my true service With such deep contempt? made I him king for O, let me think on Hastings, and be gone [this? To Brecknock, while my fearful head is on! [Exit.

Depart Tyrrel.

Tyr. The tyrannous and bloody deed is done, The most arch act of piteous massacre That ever yet this land was guilty of. Dighton and Forrest, whom I did suborn To do this ruthless piece of butchery, Although they were flesh'd villains, bloody dogs, Melting with tenderness and kind compassion Wept like two children in their deaths' sad stories. 'Lo, thus, 'quoth Dighton, 'lay those tender babes; 'Thus, thus, 'quoth Forrest, 'girding one another Within their innocent albaster arms:

Their lips were pure red roses on a stalk, Which in their summer beauty kiss'd each other. A book of prayers on their pillow lay; [mind;

Which once, 'quoth Forrest, 'almost changed my But O! the devil — there the villain stopp'd; Whilst Dighton thus told on: 'We smothered The most replenished sweet work of nature, That from the prime creation e'er she framed.' Thus both are gone with conscience and remorse; They could not speak; and so I left them both, To bring this tidings to the bloody king. And here he comes.

Enter King Richard.

All hail, my sovereign liege! K. Rich. Kind Tyrrel, am I happy in thy news? Tyr. If to have done the thing you gave in charge Beget your happiness, be happy then, For it is done, my lord, K. Rich. But didst thou see them dead? Tyr. I did, my lord. K. Rich. And buried, gentle Tyrrel? Tyr. The chaplains of the Tower hath buried them; But how or in what place I do not know. K. Rich. Come to me, Tyrrel, soon at after supper, And thou shalt tell the process of their death. Meantime, but think how I may do thee good, And be inheritor of thy desire.

Farewell till soon. [Exit Tyrrel.

The son of Clarence have I pent up close; His daughter meanly have I match'd in marriage; The sons of Edward sleep in Abraham's bosom, And Anne my wife hath bid the world good night. Now, for I know the Breton Richmond aims At young Elizabeth, my brother's daughter, And, by that knot, looks proudly o'er the crown, To her I go, a jolly thriving wooer.

Enter Catesby.

Cate. My lord! K. Rich. Good news or bad, that thou comest in so bluntly? [monrd; Cate. Bad news, my lord: Ely is fled to Rich-
ACT IV.

KING RICHARD III.

SCENE IV.

And Buckingham, back'd with the hardy Welshmen, Is in the field, and still his power increaseth. [near K. Rich. Ely with Richard troubles me more Than Buckingham and his rash-levied army. Come, I have heard that fearful commenting Is leaden servitor to dull delay. Delay heaped on delay with a wind-paced beggar: Then fiery expedience be my wing, Jove's Mercury, and herald for a king! Come, muster men: my counsel is my shield; We must be brief when traitors brave the field.

SCENE IV. — Before the palace.

Enter Queen Margaret.

Q. Mar. So, now prosperity begins to mellow And drop into the rotten mouth of death. Here in these confines silly 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 tragic. [here? Withdraw thee, wretched Margaret: who comes Enter Queen Elizabeth and the Duchess of York.

Q. Eliz. Ah, my young princes! ah, my tender babes! My unblown flowers, new-appearing sweets! If yet your gentle souls fly in the air And be not fix'd in doom perpetual, Hover about me with your airy wings And hear your mother's lamentation! [right Q. Mar. Hover about her; say, that right for Hath dimm'd your infant morn to aged night.

Duch. So many miseries have crazed my voice, That my woe-earried tongue is mute and dumb, Edward Plantagenet, why art thou dead? Q. Mar. Plantagenet doth quit Plantagenet.

Edward for Edward pays a dying debt. [jamb'd, Q. Eliz. Wilt thou, O God, fly from such gentle And throw them in the entrails of the wolf? When didst thou sleep when such a deed was done? Q. Mar. When holy Harry died, and my sweet son. Duch. Blind sight, dead life, poor mortal living ghost. [susp'y'd, Woe's scene, world's shame, grave's due by life Brief abstract and record of tedious days, Rest thy unrest on England's lawful earth,

[Sitting down.

Unlawfully made drunk with innocents' blood! Q. Eliz. O, that thou wouldst as well afford A as thou couldst yield a pious seat! [grave Then would I hide my bones, not rest them here. O, who hath any cause to mourn but I?

[Sitting down by her.

Q. Mar. If ancient sorrow be most reverend, Give mine the benefit of seniory, And let my woes brown on the upper hand. If sorrow can admit society, [Sitting down with them. Tell o'er your woes again by viewing mine: I had an Edward, till a Richard kill'd him; I had a Harry, till a Richard kill'd him: Thou hadst an Edward, till Richard kill'd him; Thou hadst a Richard, till a Richard kill'd him. Duch. I had a Richard too, and thou didst kill I had a Rutland too, thou holp'st to kill him. [him; Q. Mar. Thou hadst a Clarence too, and Richard kill'd him. From forth the kennel of thy womb hath crept A hell-bound that doth hunt us all to death; That dog, that had his teeth before his eyes, To worry lambs and lap their gentle blood, That foul defacer of God's handiwork, That excellent grand tyrant of the earth, That reigns in galled eyes of weeping souls, Thy womb let loose, to chase us to our graves.

O upright, just, and true-disposing God, How do I thank thee, that this carnal cur Preys on the issue of his mother's body, And makes her pew-fellow with others' moan! Duch. O Harry's wife, triumph not in my woes! God witness with me, I have wept for thine. Q. Mar. But I implore thee, fly for revenge, And now I cloy me with beholding it. Thy Edward he is dead, that stabb'd my Edward; Thy other Edward dead, to quit my Edward; Young York he is but boot, because both they Match not the high perfection of my loss: Thy Clarence he is dead that kill'd my Edward; And the beholders of this tragic play, The adulterate Hastings, Rivers, Vaughan, Grey, Untimely smother'd in their dusky graves. Richard yet lives, hell's black intelligencer, Only reserved their factor, to buy souls And send them thither: but at hand, at hand, Ensues his piteous and unpitied end: Earth gapes, hell burns, fiends roar, saints pray, To have him suddenly convey'd away. Cancel his bond of life, dear God, I pray, That I may live to say, The dog is dead! [come Q. Eliz. O, thou didst prophesy the time would 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 beaved 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 bending peers that flatter'd thee? Where be the thronging troops that follow'd thee? Decline all this, and see what now thou art: For happy is he who, for a mother's sake! For joyful mother, one that wails the name; For queen, a very caitiff crown'd with care; For one being sued to, one that humbly sues; For one that scorn'd at me, now scorn'd of me; For one being fear'd of all, now fearing one; For one commanding all, obey'd of none. Where is thy husband now? Where is the cause of justice red about, And left thee but a very prey to time; Having no more but thought of what thou wert, To torture thee the more, being what thou art. Thou didst usurp my place, and dost thou not Usurp the just proportion of my sorrow? Now thy proud neck bears half my burt'en 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 mishance: These English woes will make me smile in France. Q. Eliz. O thou well skill'd in curses, stay awhile, And teach me how to curse mine enemies! [days; Q. Mar. Forbear to sleep the nights, and fast the Compare dead happiness with living woes; Think that thy babes were fairer than they were, And that he slew them fouler than he is: Bettering thy loss makes the bad causers worse: Revolving this will teach thee how to curse. [thine! Q. Eliz. Rudder'd thou madmen with me with Q. Mar. Thy woes will make them sharp, and pierce like mine. [Exit. Duch. Why should calamity be full of words? Q. Eliz. Windy attornies to their client woes, Airy successors of intestate joys, Poor breathing orators of miseries!
KING RICHARD III.

ACT IV.

SCENE IV.

Let them have scope: though what they do impart
Help not at all, yet do they ease the heart.

Duch. If so, then be not tongue-tied: go with me,
And in the breath of bitter words let 's smoother
My damned son, which thy two sweet sons smoth-
I hear his drum: be copious in exclamations. [etc.

Enter King Richard, marching, with drums and
trumpets.

K. Rich. Who intercepts my expedition?

Duch. O, she that might have intercepted thee,
By strangling thee in her accursed womb,
From all the slaughters, wretch, that thou hast
 incestuous committed, and crowns,

Q. Eliz. Hidest thou that forehead with a golden
Where should be graven, if that right were right,
The slaughter of the prince that owed that crown,
And the dire death of my two sons and brothers?
Tell me, thou villain slave, where are my children?

Duch. Thou toad, thou toad, where is thy brother
And little Ned Plantagenet, his son? [ Clarence ?

Q. Eliz. Where is kind Hastings, Rivers, Vaughan,
Grey? [drums

K. Rich. A flourish, trumpets! strike alarum,
Let not the heavens hear these tell-tale women
Rail on the Lord's anointed: strike, say I!


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? [self.

K. Rich. Ay, I thank God, my father, and your-

Duch. Then patiently hear my impatience. [ton.

K. Rich. Madame, I have a touch of your condi-

Which cannot brook the accent of reproof.

Duch. O, let me speak!

K. Rich. Do then; but I'll not hear.

Duch. I will be mild and gentle in my speech.

K. Rich. And brief, good mother; for I am in

Duch. Art thou so hasty? I have stay'd for thee,
God knows, in anguish, pain and agony.

K. Rich. And came I not at last to comfort you?

Duch. No, by the holy rood, thou know'st it well,
Thou cam'st on earth to make the earth my hell.
A grievous burden was thy birth to me;
Tetchy and wayward was thy infancy:
Thy school-days frightful, desperate, wild, and
furious,
Thy prime of manhood daring, bold, and venturous.
Thy age confirm'd, proud, subtle, bloody, treach-

More mild, but yet more harmful, kind in hatred:
What comfortable hour canst thou name,
That ever graceed me in thy company?

K. Rich. Faith, none, but Humphrey Hour, that
call'd thy grace
To broil last once forth of my company.
If I be so distraction in thy sight,
Let me march on, and not offend thy grace.
Strike up the drum.

Duch. I prithee, hear me speak.


Duch. Hear me a word;

For I shall never speak to thee again.


Duch. Either thou wilt die, by God's just ordi-

Q. Eliz. Though far more cause, yet much less
spirit to curse

Abides in me; I say amen to all. [you.

K. Rich. Stay, madam; I must speak a word with

Q. Eliz. I have no more sons of the royal blood
For thee to murder: for my daughters, Richard,
They shall be praying nuns, not weeping queens;
And therefore level not to hit their lives.

K. Rich. You have a daughter call'd Elizabeth,

Q. Eliz. To save her life, I'll say she is not so.

K. Rich. Her life is only safest in her birth.

Q. Eliz. And only in that safety died her brothers.

K. Rich. Lo, at their births good stars were op-

Q. Eliz. No, to their lives bad friends were con-

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

Q. Eliz. Cousins, indeed; and by their uncle

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

K. Rich. To be discovered, that can do me good? [heaven,

Q. Eliz. Flatter my sorrows with report of it;

Q. Eliz. Thou dost love my daughter from thy

Q. Eliz. That thou dost love my daughter from

Q. Eliz. Be brief, lest that the process of thy

Last longer telling than thy kindness' date.

K. Rich. Then know, that from my soul I love
thy daughter.

Q. Eliz. My daughter's mother thinks it with her


Q. Eliz. That thou dost love my daughter from
thy soul:

K. Rich. Be not so hasty to confound my meaning:

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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, then?
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.
Q. Eliz. Send her to, by the man that slew her  
brothers,
A pair of bleeding hearts; thereon engrave  
Edward and York; then haply she will weep:
Therefore present to her,—as sometime Margaret  
Did to thy father, steep’d in Rutland’s blood,—  
A handkerchief; which, say to her, did drain  
The purple sap from her sweet brother’s body,  
And bid her dry her weeping eyes therewith.
If this inducement force her not to love,  
Send her a story of thy noble acts;
Tell her thou madest away her uncle Clarence,  
Her uncle Rivers; yea, and, for her sake,  
Madest one with her good aunt Anne.
K. Rich. Come, come, you mock me; this is not  
To win your daughter.

Q. Eliz. [The way]  
There is no other way;
Unless thou couldst put on some other shape,  
And not be Richard that hath done all this.
K. Rich. Say that I did all this for love of her.
Q. Eliz. Nay, then indeed she cannot choose but  
hate thee,
Having bought love with such a bloody spoil.
K. Rich. Look, what is done cannot be now  
Men shall deal unadvisedly sometimes, [amended]  
Which after hours give leisure to repent.
If I did take the kingdom from your sons,  
To make amends, I’ll give it to your daughter.
If I have kill’d the issue of your womb,  
To quicken your increase, I will beget  
Mine issue of your blood upon your daughter:
A grandam’s name is little less in love  
Than is the doting title of a mother;  
They are no 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 fairest issue shall be call’d mine.  
To high promotions and great dignity:  
The king, that calls your heanteous daugther wife,  
Familiarly shall call thy Dorset brother;  
Again shall you be mother to a king,  
And all the ruins of distressful times  
Repair’d with double riches of content.
What I have many hundreds years to your children:  
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 hazardous 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 chastis’d  
The petty rebel, dull-brain’d Buckingham,
Bound with triumphant garlands will I come  
And lead thy daughter to a conqueror’s bed;  
To whom I will retail my conquest won,  
And she shall be sole victress, Caesar’s Caesar.
Q. Eliz. What were I best to say? her father’s  
brother?
Would be my lord? or shall I say, her uncle?
Or, he that slew her brothers and her uncles?
Under what title shall I woo for thee,
That God, the law, my honour and her love,
Can make seem pleasing to her tender years?
K. Rich. Inter fair England’s peace by this  
alliance, fighting war.
Q. Eliz. Which shall she purchase with still last-

K. Rich. Say that the king, which may command,  
entreats.
Q. Eliz. That at her hands which the king’s King.
K. Rich. Say, she shall be a high and mighty queen.
Q. Eliz. To wall the title, as her mother doth.
K. Rich. Say, I will love her everlasting.
Q. Eliz. But how long shall that title ever last?  
Q. Eliz. But how long fairly shall her sweet life last?  
K. Rich. So long as heaven and nature lengthens
Q. Eliz. To long as hell and Richard likes of it.
K. Rich. Say, I, her sovereign, am her subject love.
Q. Eliz. But she, your subject, loathes such sovereignty.
K. Rich. Be eloquent in my behalf to her. [told]
Q. Eliz. An honest tale speed best being plainly  
K. Rich. Then in plain terms tell her my loving tale.
Q. Eliz. Plain and not honest is too harsh a style.
K. Rich. Your reasons are too shallow and too  
quick.
Q. Eliz. O no, my reasons are too deep and dead;  
Too deep and dead, poor infants, in their grave.
Q. Eliz. Harp not on that string, madam; that is  
past.
Q. Eliz. Harp on it still shall I till heart-strings  
K. Rich. Now, by my George, my garter, and my  
crown.—[usurp’d]
Q. Eliz. Profane’d, dishonour’d, and the third  
K. Rich. I swear—
Q. Eliz. By nothing; for this is no oath:
The George, profane’d, hath lost his holy honour;  
The garter, blemish’d, pawn’d his knightly virtue;
The crown, usurp’d, disgraced his kingly glory.
If something thou wilt swear to be believed,
Swear then by something that thou hast not wrong’d.
K. Rich. Now, by the world—
Q. Eliz. Is full of thy foul wrongs.
Q. Eliz. My father’s death—
Q. Eliz. Thy life hath that dishonour’d.
K. Rich. Then, by myself—
Q. Eliz. Thyself thyself misusset.
K. Rich. Why then, by God—
Q. Eliz. God’s wrong is most of all.
If thou hast fear’d to break an oath by Him,  
The unity the king thy brother made  
Had not been broken, nor my brother slain:  
If thou hast fear’d to break an oath by Him,  
The Imperial metal, circling now thy brow,  
Had grace the tender temples of my child,  
And both the princes had been breathing here,  
Which now, two tender playfellows for dust,  
Thy broken faith hath made a prey for worms.  
What canst thou swear by now?
K. Rich. The time to come.
Q. Eliz. That thou hast wrong’d in the time o’er.
For I myself have many tears to wash [past;  
Hereafter time, for time past wrong’d by thee.
The children live, whose parents thou hast slagh-
Ungovern’d youth, to wail it in their age; [ter’d,  
The parents live, whose children thou hast butcher’d,
Old wither'd plants, to wail it with their age.
Swear not by time to come; for that thou hast
Missused ere used, by time misused o'erpast.
   K. Rich. As I intend to prosper and repent,
So thrive I in my dangerous attempt
Of hostile arms! myself myself confound!
Heaven and fortune bar me happy hours!
Day, yield me not thy light; nor, night, thy rest!
Be opposite all planets of good luck.
To my proceedings, if, with pure heart's love,
Immaculate devotion, holy thoughts,
I tender not thy beauteous princely daughter
In her consists my happiness and thine;
Without her, follows this land and me,
To thee, herself, and many a Christian soul,
Death, desolation, ruin and decay:
It cannot be avoided but by this;
It will not be avoided by this.
Therefore, good mother,—I must call you so —
Be the attorney of my love to her;
Plead what I will be, not what I have been;
Not my deserts, but what I will deserve:
Urge the necessity and state of times,
And be not pveeish-fond in great designs.
   Q. Eliz. Shall I be tempted of the devil thus?
   K. Rich. Ay, if the devil tempt thee to do good.
   Q. Eliz. Shall I forget this land to be myself?
   K. Rich. Ay, if yourself's remembrance wrong yourself.
   Q. Eliz. But thou didst kill my children. [them:
   K. Rich. But in your daughter's womb I bury
Where in that 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 to 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.
Relenting fool, and shallow, changing woman!

Enter Ratcliff; Catesby following.

How now! what news?
   Rat. My gracious sovereign, on the western coast
Rideeth a puissant navy; to the shore
Throng many double-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. [Norfolk: K. Rich. Some light-foot friend post to the Duke of Ratcliff, thyself; or Catesby; where is he?
Cate. Here, my lord.
   K. Rich. Fly to the duke: [To Ratcliff] Post thou to Salisbury:
When thou comest thither,—[To Catesby] Dull, unｍindful villain,
Why stand'st thou still, and go'st not to the duke?
Cate. First, mighty sovereign, let me know your
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. [Exit.
   Rat. What is 't your highness' pleasure I should do
At Salisbury? [I go?
   K. Rich. Why, what wouldst thou do there before
Rat. Thine highness told me I should post before.
   K. Rich. My mind is changed, sir, my mind is changed.

Enter Lord Stanley.

How now, what news with you? [hearing;
   Stan. None good, my lord; to please you with the
Nor none so bad, but it may well be told.
   K. Rich. Hoyday, a riddle! neither good nor bad!

Why dost thou run so many mile about,
When thou mayst tell thy tale a nearer way?
Once more, what news?
   Stan. Richmond is on the seas.
   K. Rich. There let him sink, and be the seas on
White-liver'd runagate, what doth he there? [him!
   Stan. I know not, mighty sovereign, but by guess.
   K. Rich. Well, sir, as you guess, as you guess?
   Stan. Stir'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 unwary'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 Welsman 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 beat him
Where are thy tenants and thy followers? [back? Are they not now upon the western shore,
Safe-conducting the rebels from their ships?
   Stan. No, my good lord, my friends are in the
   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, [reign:
I'll muster up my friends, and meet your grace.
Where and what time your majesty shall please.
   K. Rich. Ay, ay, thou wouldest gone to join with
I will not trust you, sir. [Richmond:
   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. [Exit.

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 more confederates, are in arms.

Enter another Messenger.

Sec. Mess. My liege, in Kent the Guildfords are in
And every hour more competitors [arms;
Flock to their aid, and still their power increase.

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 thy 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 been made, my liege.

Enter another Messenger.

Fourth Mess. Sir Thomas Lovel and Lord Marquis Dorset,
ACT V.

KING RICHARD III.

SCENE I.—Salisbury. An open place.

Enter the Sheriff, and Buckingham, with halberds, led to execution.

Buck. Will not King Richard let me speak with him?

Sher. No, my good lord; therefore be patient.

Buck. Hastings, and Edward's children, Rivers, Holy King Henry, and thy fair son Edward, [Grey, Vaughan, and all that have miscarried By underhand corrupted foul injustice, If that your moody discontented souls Do through the clouds behold this present hour, Even for revenge mock my destruction! This is All-Souls' day, fellows, is it not?

Sher. It is, my lord. [doomsday.

Buck. Why, then All-Souls' day is my body's This is the day that, in King Edward's time, I wish'd might fall on me, when I was found False to his children or his wife's allies; This is the hour to ask the wish'd to fall By the false faith of him I trusted most; This, this All-Souls' day to my fearful soul Is the determined respite of my wrongs; That high All-Seer that I dallied with Hath turn'd my felgyn prose on my head And given in earnest what I begg'd in jest. This doth he force the swords of wicked men To turn their own points on their masters' bosoms: Now Margaret's curse is fallen upon my head; 'When he,' quoth she, 'shall split thy heart with Remember Margaret was a prophetess.' [sorrow, Come, sirs, convey me to the block of shame; Wrong hath but wrong, and blame the due of blame. [Exeunt.

SCENE II.—The camp near Tamworth.

Enter Richmond, Oxford, Blunt, Herbert, and others, with drum and colours.

Richm. Fellows in arms, and my most loving Bruised underneath the yoke of tyranny, [friends, Thus far into the bowels of the land Have we march'd on without impediment; And here receive we from our father Stanley Lines of fair comfort and encouragement. The wretched, bloody, and nauring war That spoil'd your summer fields and fruitful vines, Swills your warm blood like wash, and makes his trough

SCENE III.—Boosworth Field.

Enter King Richard in arms, with Norfolk, the Earl of Surrey, and others.

K. Rich. Here pitch our tents, even here in Bos-My Lord of Surrey, why look you so sad? [worth field. Sur. My heart is ten times lighter than my looks. K. Rich. My Lord of Norfolk,— Nor. Here, most gracious liege. K. Rich. Norfolk, we must have knockes; ha! must we not? [lord. Nor. We must both give and take, my gracious K. Rich. Up with my tent there! here will I lie to-night; But where to-morrow? Well, all 's one for that. Who hath deserved the number of the foe? Nor. Six or seven thousand is their utmost power. K. Rich. Why, our battalion treasures that account: Besides, the king's name is a tower of strength, Which they upon the adverse party want. Up with my tent there! Valiant gentlemen, Let us survey the vantage of the field; Call for some men of sound direction: Let's want no discipline, make no delay; For, lords, to-morrow is a busy day. [Exeunt.

Enter, on the other side of the field, Richmond, Sir William Brandon, Oxford, and others. Some of the Soldiers pitch Richard's tent.

Richm. The weary sun hath made a golden set, And, by the bright track of his fiery car,
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.

Enter Derby to Richmond in his tent, Lords and others attending.

Der. Fortune and victory sit on thy helm! Richmond. All comfort that the dark night can afford Be to thy person, noble father-in-law! Tell me, how fares our loving mother? Der. By attorney, bless thee from thy mother, Who prays continually for Richmond's good: So much for that. The silent hours steal on, And flaky darkness breaks within the east. In brief,—for so the season bids us be,— Prepare thy battle early in the morning, And put thy fortune to the arbitrement Of bloody strokes and mortal-staring war. I, as I may—that which I would I cannot, With best advantage will deceive the time, And aid thee in this doubtful shock of arms: But on thy side I may not be too forward, Lest, being seen, thy brother, tender George, Be executed in his father's sight. Farewell: the leisure and the fearful time Cuts off the ceremonious vows of love And ample interchange of sweet discourse, Which so long surder'd friends should dwell upon: God give us leisure for these rites of love! Once more, adieu: be valiant, and speed well! Richmond. Good lords, conduct him to his regiment: I'll strive, with troubled thoughts, to take a nap, Let leaden slumber seize me down to-morrow, When I should mount with wings of victory: Once more, good-night, kind lords and gentlemen. [Exeunt all but Richmond.

Enter the Ghost of Prince Edward, son to Henry the Sixth.

Ghost. To Richmond Let me sit heavy on thy soul to-morrow.

Think, how thou stab'st me in my prime of youth At Tewksbury: despair, therefore, and die! Richmond. Be cheerful, Richmond; for the wronged souls Of butcher'd princes fight in thy behalf: King Henry's issue, Richmond, comforts thee.

Enter the Ghost of Henry the Sixth.

Ghost. To Richmond When I was mortal, my anointed body By thee was punched full of deadly holes: Think on the Tower and me: despair, and die! Enter Derby to Richard.

Harry the Sixth bids thee despair and die! [querer! Richmond] Virtuous and holy, be thou con-Harry, that prophesied thou shouldst be king, Doth comfort thee in thy sleep: live, and flourish!

Enter the Ghost of Clarence.

Ghost. To Richmond Let me sit heavy on thy soul to-morrow! I, that was wash'd to death with fulsome wine, Poor Clarence, by thy guile betrayed to death! To-morrow in the battle think on me, And fall thy edgeless sword: despair, and die! To Richmond Thou offspring of the house of Lan-The wronged heirs of York do pray for thee: [caster, Good angels guard thy battle! live, and flourish!

Enter the Ghosts of Rivers, Grey, and Vaughan.

Ghost of R. To Richmond Let me sit heavy on thy soul to-morrow! Rivers, that died at Pomfret! despair, and die! Ghost of G. To Richmond Think upon Grey, and let thy soul despair! Ghost of V. To Richmond Think upon Vaughan, and, with guilty fear, Let fall thy lance: despair, and die! All. To Richmond! Awake, and think our wrongs in Richard's bosom Will conquer him! awake, and win the day!
Enter the Ghost of Hastings.

Ghost. [To Richard] Bloody and guilty, guiltily
And in a bloody battle end thy days! [awake,
Think on Lord Hastings: despair, and die!]
[To Richmond] Quiet untroubled soul, awake, awake!
Arm, fight, and conquer, for fair England’s sake!

Enter the Ghosts of the two young Princes.

Ghosts. [To Richard] Dream on thy cousins
smother’d in the Tower:
Let us be lead within thy bosom, Richard,
And weigh thee down to ruin, shame, and death!
Thy feeble soul and thee despair and die!
[To Richmond] Sleep, Richmond, sleep in peace
and wake in joy;
Good angels guard thee from the boar’s annoy!
Live, and beget a happy race of kings!
Edward’s unhappy sons do bid thee flourish.

Enter the Ghost of Lady Anne.

Ghost. [To Richard] Richard, thy wife, that
wretched Anne thy wife,
That never slept a quiet hour with thee,
Now fills thy sleep with perturbations:
To-morrow in the battle think on me,
And faintly witness to thy soul, and die!
[To Richmond] Thou quiet soul, sleep thou a quiet
Dream of success and happy victory!
[To] Thy adversary’s wife doth pray for thee.

Enter the Ghost of Buckingham.

Ghost. [To Richard] The first was I that helped thee
The last was I that felt thy tyranny: [to the crown;
O, in the battle think on Buckingham,
And die in terror of thy guiltiness!
Dream on, dream on, of bloody deeds and death:
Fainting, despair; despairing, yield thy breath!
[To Richmond] I died for hope ere I could lend thee
But cherish thy heart, and be thou not dismay’d: [aid; God and good angels fight on Richard’s side;
And Richard falls in height of all his pride.
[The Ghosts vanish. King Richard starts out
of his dream.

K. Rich. Give me another horse: bind up my
wounds.
Have mercy, Jesu!—soft! I did but dream.
O coward conscience, how dost thou afflict me!
The lights burn blue. It is now dead midnight.
Cold fearful drops stand on my trembling flesh.
What do I fear? myself? there’s none else by:
Richard loves Richard; that is, I am I.
Is there a murderer here? No, Yes: I am:
Then fly. What, from myself? Great reason why:
Lest I revenge. What, myself upon myself?
Alack, I love myself. Wherefore? for any good
That I myself have done unto myself?
O, no! alas, I rather hate myself
For hateful deeds committed by myself!
I am a villain: yet I lie, I am not.
Poof, 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 Ratscliff.

Rat. My lord!
K. Rich. ‘Zounds! who is there?
KING RICHARD III.  

ACT V.  

SCENE V.  

K. Rich. He was in the right; and so indeed it is. [Clock strikes.]  

Tell the clock there. Give me a calendar.  

What saw the sun to-day?  

Rat. Not I, my lord. [Book  

K. Rich. Then he disdains to shine; for by the He should have brazed the east an hour ago: A black day will it be to somebody.  

Ratcliff!  

Rat. My lord?  

K. Rich. The sun will not be seen to-day; The sky doth frown and lour upon our army. I would these dewy tears were from the ground. Not shine to-day! Why, what is that to me More than to Richmond? for the selfsame heaven That frowns on me looks sadly upon him.  

Enter Norfolk.  

Nor. Arm, arm, my lord; the foe vaunts in the field.  

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 Surrey, Shall have the leading of this foot and horse. They shall be directed, as I will direct; In the main battle, whose puissance on either side Shall be well winged with our chiefest horse. This, and Saint George to boot! What think'st thou, Norfolk?  

Nor. A good direction, warlike sovereign. This found I on my tent this morning.  

[Exeunt.  

[He shewed him a paper.  

K. Rich. [Reads] 'Jockey of Norfolk, be not too For Diccon thy master is bought and sold.' [bold, A thing devised by the enemy.  

Go, gentlemen, every man unto his charge: Let not our babbling dreams affright our souls; Conscience is but a word that cowards use, Devised at first to keep the strong in awe: Our strong arms be our conscience, swords our law. March on, join bravely, let us to 't Pell-mell; If not to heaven, then hand in hand to hell.  

Hisoration to his army.  

What shall I say more than I have inferred? Remember whom you are to cope withal; A sort of vagabonds, rascals, and runaways, A scum of Bretons, and base lackey peasants, Whom their o'er-cloven country vows forth To desperate ventures and assured destruction. You sleeping safe, they bring to you unrest; You having lands, and blest with beauteous wives, They would restrain the one, distress the other. And who doth lead them but a paltry fellow Long kept in Bretagne at our mother's cost? A milk-sop, one that never in his life Felt so much cold as to walk in snow? Let's whip these stragglers o'er the seas again; Lash hence these overweening rags of France, These famish'd beggars, weary of their lives; Who, but for dreaming on this fond exploit, For want of means, poor rats, had hang'd them If we had conquer'd, let men conquer us; [selves; And not these bastard Bretons; whom our fathers Have in their own land beaten, bob'd, and thump'd, And in record, left them the heirs of shame. Shall these enjoy our lands? lie with our wives? Ravish our daughters? [Drum affer.] Bark! I Fight, gentlemen of England! fight, bold yeomen! Draw, archers, draw your arrows to the head! Spur your proud horses hard, and ride in blood; Amaze the welkin with your broken staves!  

Enter a Messenger.  

What says Lord Stanley? will he bring his power? Mess. My lord, he doth deny to come.  

K. Rich. Off with his son George's head! Nor. My lord, the lord is past the marsh: After the battle let George Stanley die.  

K. Rich. A thousand hearts are great within my Advance our standards, set upon our foes; [bosom: Our ancient word of courage, fair Saint George, Inspire us with the spleen of fiery dragons! Upon them! Victory sits on our helmets. [Exeunt.  

SCENE IV. — Another part of the field.  

Alarum: excursions. Enter Norfolk and forces fighting; to him Catesby.  

Cate. Rescue, my Lord of Norfolk, rescue, rescue! The king enacts more wonders than a man, Daring an opposite to every danger: His horse is slain, and all on foot he fights, Seeking for Richmond in the throat of death. Rescue, fair lord, or else the day is lost!  

Alarums. Enter King Richard.  

K. Rich. A horse! a horse! my kingdom for a horse! Cate. Withdraw, my lord; I'll help you to a horse. K. Rich. Slave, I have set my life upon a cast, And I will stand the hazard of the die: I think there be six Richmonds in the field; The rest of them, I shall slay to-day instead of him. A horse! a horse! my kingdom for a horse! [Exeunt.  

SCENE V. — Another part of the field.  

Alarum. Enter Richard and Richmond; they fight.  

Rich. God and your arms be praised, victorious The day is ours, the bloody dog is dead. [friends; Der. Courageous Richmond, well hast thou acquit Lo, here, this long-usurped royalty [thee. From the dead temples of this bloody wretch Have I pluck'd off, to grace thy brows withal: Wear it, enjoy it, and make much of it. Rich. 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; Whether, if it please you, we may now withdraw us. Rich. What slain on either side? Der. John Duke of Norfolk, Walter Lord Ferrers, Sir Robert Brakenbury, and Sir William Brandon. Rich. Inter their bodies as becomes their births: Proclaim a pardon to the soldiers slain That in submission will return to us! And then, as we have taken 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 bears me, and says not amen? England hath long been mad, and scarr'd herself; The brother blindly shed the brother's blood, The father rashly slain on either side. The son, compell'd, been butcher to the sire: All this divided York and Lancaster, Divided in their dire division, O, now, let Richmond and Elizabeth, The true successors of each royal house, By God's fair order join together! And let their heirs, God, if they will be so, Enrich the time to come with smooth-faced peace, With smiling plenty and fair prosperous days! Abate the edge of traitors, gracious Lord, That would reduce these bloody days again, And make poor England weep in streams of blood! Let them not live to taste this land's increase That would with treason wound this fair land's peace! Now civil wounds are stopp'd, peace lives again: That she may long live here, God say amen! [Exeunt.  

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THE FAMOUS HISTORY OF THE LIFE OF
KING HENRY THE EIGHTH.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

King Henry the Eighth.
Cardinal Wolsey.
Cardinal Campeius.
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, Gentleman-usher to Queen Katharine.
Three Gentlemen.
Doctor Butts, Physician to the King.
Garter King-at-Arms.
Surveyor to the Duke of Buckingham.
Brandon, and a Sergeant-at-Arms.
Door-keeper of the Council-chamber. Porter, and his Man.
Page to Gardiner. A Crier.
Queen Katharine, wife to King Henry, afterwards divorced.
Anne Bullen, her Maid of Honour, afterwards Queen.
An old Lady, friend to Anne Bullen.
Patience, woman to Queen Katharine.
Several Lords and Ladies in the Dumb Shows; Women attending upon the Queen; Scribes, Officers, Guards, and other Attendants.

SCENE—London; Westminster; Kimbolton.

I COME no more to make you laugh; things now,
That bear a weighty and a serious brow,
Sad, high, and working, full of state and woe,
Such noble scenes as draw the eye to flow,
We now present. Those that can pity, here
May, if they think it well, let fall a tear;
The subject will deserve it. Such as give
Their money out of hope they may believe,
May here find truth too. Those that come to see
Only a show or two, and so agree
The play may pass, if they be still and willing,
I'll undertake may see away their shilling
Happily in two short hours. Only they
That come to hear a merry bawdy play,
A noise of targets, or to see a fellow
In a long motley coat guarded with yellow,
Will be deceived; for, gentle hearers, know,
To rank our chosen truth with such a show
As fool and fight is, beside forfeiting
Our own brains, and the opinion that we bring,
To make that only true we now intend.
Will leave us never an understanding friend.
Therefore, for goodness' sake, and as you are known
The first and happiest hearers of the town,
Be sad, as we would make ye: think ye see
The very persons of our noble story
As they were living; think you see them great,
And follow'd with the general throng and sweat
Of thousand friends; then in a moment, see
How soon this mightiness meets misery;
And, if you can be merry then, I'll say
A man may weep upon his wedding-day.

ACT I.

SCENE I. — London. An antechamber in the palace.

Enter the Duke of Norfolk at one door; at the other, the Duke of Buckingham and the Lord Abergavenny.

Buck. Good morrow, and well met. How have
Since last we saw in France?

Nor. Since ye done
I thank your grace,
Healthful; and ever since a fresh admirer
Of what I saw there.

Buck. An untimely age
Stay'd me a prisoner in my chamber when
Those suns of glory, those two lights of men,
Met in the vale of Andren.

Nor. Twixt Guynes and Arde:
I was then present, saw them salute on horseback;
Beheld them, when they lighted, how they clung
In their embracement, as they grew together;
Which had they, what four throned ones could
Such a compounded one? [have weigh'd
KING HENRY VIII.

ACT I.

SCENE I.

Buck. All the while time
I was my chamber's prisoner.

Nor. Then you lost
The view of earthly glory: men might say,
Till this time pomp was single, but now married
To one above itself. Each following day
Became the next day's master, till the last
Made former wonders its. To-day the French,
All old Dress, all in gold, like heaven's gods,
Shone down the English; and, to-morrow, they
Made Britain India: every man that stood
Show'd like a mine. Their dwarfish pages were
As cherubins, all gilt; the madams too,
Not used to toil, did almost sweat to bear
Their plentiful libation. Labour was
To them as a painting: now this masque
Was cried incomparable; and the ensuing night
Made it a fool and beggar. The two kings,
Equal in lustre, were now best, now worst,
As presence did present them; him in eye,
Still him in praise: and, being present both,
'T was said they saw but one; and no discern
Durst wag his tongue in censure. When these suns—
For so they phrase 'em—by their heralds challenged
The noble spirits to arms, they did perform
Beyond thought's compass; that former fabulous
Being now seen possible enough, got credit, [story,
That Bevis was believed.

Buck. 

Nor. As I belong to worship and affect
In honour honesty, the tract of every thing
Would by a good dissorter lose some life,
Which action's self was tongue to. All was royal;
To the disposing of it nought rebell'd
Order gave each thing view; the office did
Distinctly his full function.

Buck. 

Who did guide,
I mean, who set the body and the limbs
Of this great sport together, as you guess?

Nor. One, certes, that promises no element
In such a business.

Buck. I pray you, who, my lord?

Nor. All this was order'd by the good discretion
Of the right reverend Cardinal of York.

Buck. The devil speed him! no man's pie is freed
From his ambitious finger. What had he
To do in these fierce vanities? I wonder
That such a keech can with his very bulk
Take up the rays o' the beneficent sun
And keep it from the earth.

Nor. 

Surely, sir,
There is in him stuff that puts him to these ends;
For, being not propp'd by ancestry, whose grace
Chalks successors their way, nor call'd upon
For high feats done to the crown; neither allied
To eminent assistants; but, spider-like,
Out of his self-drawing web, he gives us note,
The force of his own merit makes his way;
A gift that heaven gives for him, which buys
A place next to the king.

Aber. I cannot tell
What heaven hath given him,—let some graver eye
Pierce into that; but I can see his pride [that,
Peep through each part of him: whence has he
If not from hell? the devil is a niggard,
Or has given all before, and he begins
A new hell in himself.

Buck.

Why the devil,
Upon this French going out, took he upon him,
Without the privy of the king, to appoint
Who should attend on him? He makes up the file
Of all the nation: for the most part such
To whom as great a charge as little honour
He meant to lay upon: and his own letter,
The honourable board of council out,
Must fetch him in the papers.

Aber. I do know

Kinsmen of mine, three at the least, that have
By this so sick'd their estates, that never
They shall abound as formerly.

Buck. O, many
Have broke their backs with laying mantors on 'em
For this great journey. What did this vanity
But minister communication of
A most poor issue?

Nor. Grievingly I think,
The peace between the French and us not values
The cost that did conclude it.

Buck. Every man,
After the hideous storm that follow'd, was
A thing inspired; and, not consulting, broke
Into a general trysting; That this tempest,
Dashing the garment of this peace, abode
The sudden breach on 't.

Nor. 

Which is budded out;
For France hath law'd the league, and hath at
Our merchants' goods at Bourdeaux. 

Aber. [tach'd

Why, all this business
Our reverend cardinal carried.

Nor. Like it your grace,
The state takes notice of the private difference
Betwixt you and the cardinal. I advise you—
And take from it a heart that wishes towards you
Honour and plenteous safety—that you read
The cardinal's malice and his potency
Together; to consider further that
What his high hatred would effect wants not
A minister in his power. You know his nature,
That he's revengeful, and I know his sword
Hath a sharp edge: it's long and, 't may be said,
It reaches far, and where 't will not extend,
Thither he darts it. Bosom up my counsel, [rock
You'll find it wholesome. Lo, where comes that
That I advise your shunning.

Enter Cardinal Wolsey, the purge borne before him, certain of the Guard, and two Secretaries with paper.
The Cardinal in his passage feth'd his eye on Buckingham, and Buckingham on him, both full of disdain.

Wol. The Duke of Buckingham's surveyor, ha?
Where's his examination?

First Ser. Here, so please you.

Wol. Is he in person ready?

First Ser. Ay, please your grace.

Wol. Well, we shall then know more; and Buck—shall lessen this big look. 

[Exeunt Wolsey and his Train.

Buck. This butcher's cur is venom-mouth'd, and I
Have not the power to muzzle him; therefore best
Not wake him in his slumber. A beggar's book
Overthrews a noble's blood.

Nor. What, are you chaf'd?

Ask God for temperance; that 's the appliance only
Which your disease requires.

Buck. I read in 's looks
Matter against me; and his eye revell'd
Me, as his abject object; at this instant
He bores me with some trick; he's gone to the king;
I'll follow and outstare him.

Nor. 

Stay, my lord,
And let your reason with your choler question
What 't is you go about: to climb steep hills
Requires slow pace at first: anger is like
A full-hot horse, who being bow'd his way,
Self-mettle tires him. Not a man in England
Can advise me like you; be to yourself
As you would to your friend.

Buck. 

I'll to the king;
And from a mouth of honour quite cry down

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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 overrun,
By visible force which we run at.
And lose by over-running. Know you not,
The fire that mounts the liquor till 'tis 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 alay, the fire of passion.

Buck. Sir, I am thankful to you; and I'll go along
By your prescription: but this top-proud fellow,
Whom from the flow of gall I name not but
From sincere motions, by intelligence,
And proofs as clear as fountains in July when
We see each grain of gravel, I do know
To be corrupt and treasonous.

Nor. Say not 'treasonous.'

Buck. To the king I'll say 'tis; and make my
vouch as strong
As shade of rock. Aloud. 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 'tis, 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 swallowed so much treasure, and like a glass
Did break 'tis the rinsing.

Nor. Faith, and so it did.

Buck. Pray, give me favour, sir. This cunning
The articles of the combination drew
cardinal
As himself pleased: and they were ratified
As he cried 'Thus let be': to as much end
As give a cut 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 'tis was indeed his colour, but he came
To whisper Wolsey,—here makes visitation:
His fears were, that the interview betwixt
England and France might, through their amity,
Breed him some prejudice; for from this league
Peep'd half that pleased: and they were ratified
Deals with our cardinal; and, as I tov,—
Which I do well; for I am sure the emperor
Paid ere he promised; whereby his suit was granted
Ere it was ask'd: but when the way was made,
And paved with gold, the emperor thus desired,
That he would please to alter the king's course,
And break the foised peace. Let the king know,
As soon he shall by me, that thus the cardinal
Does buy and sell his honour as he pleases,
And for his own advantage.

Nor. I am sorry
To hear this of him; and could wish he were
Something mistaken in 't.

Buck. No, not a syllable:
I do pronounce him in that very shape
He shall appear in proof.

Enter Brandon, a Sergeant-at-arms before him,
and two or three of the Guard.

Bran. Your office, sergeant; execute it.

Serg. My lord the Duke of Buckingham, and Earl
Of Hereford, Stafford, and Northampton, I
Arrest thee of high treason, in the name
Of our most sovereign king.

Buck. Lo, you, my lord,

The net has fall'n upon me! I shall perish
Under device and practice.

Bran. I am sorry
To see you ta'en from liberty, to look on
The business present: 'tis his highness' pleasure
You shall to the Tower.

Buck. It will help me nothing
To plead mine innocence; for that dye is on me
Which makes my whitest part black. The will of
Be done in this and all things! I obey.
[heaven

Bran. Nay, he must bear you company. The king
[To Abergavenny.
Is pleased you shall to the Tower, till you know
How he determines further.

Aber. As the duke said,
The will of heaven be done, and the king's pleasure
By me obey'd!

Bran. Here is a warrant from
The king to attach Lord Montacute; and the bodies
Of the duke's confessor, John de la Car,
One Gilbert Peck, his chancellor.—

Buck. So, so;
These are the limbs o' the plot: no more, I hope.

Bran. A monk o' the Chartreux.

Buck. O, Nicholas Hopkins?

Bran. He.
Buck. My surveyor is false: the o'er-great cardinal
Hath show'd him gold; my life is span'd already:
I am the shadow of poor Buckingham,
Whose figure even this instant cloud puts on,
By darkening my clear sun. My lord, farewell.

[Exeunt.

SCENE II. — The same. The council-chamber.

Cornets. Enter the King, leaning on the Cardinal's shoulder,
The Nobles, and Sir Thomas Lovell; the Cardinal
places himself under the King's feet on his right side.

King. My life itself, and the best heart of it,
Thanks you for this great care: I stood 'tis the level
Of a full-charged confederacy, and give thanks
To you that chok'd it. Let be call'd before us
That gentleman of Buckingham's: in person
I'll bear him his confessions justify:
And point by point the treasons of his master
He shall again relate.

A noise within, crying 'Room for the Queen!' Enter Queen
Katharine, ushered by the Duke of Norfolk, and the
Duke of Suffolk: she kneels. The King riseth from his
state, takes her up, kisses and placeth her by him.

Q. Kath. Nay, we must longer kneel: I am a suitor.

King. Arise, and take place by us: half your suit
Never name to us; you have half our power:
The other moiety, ere you ask, is given;
Repeat your will and take it.

Q. Kath. Thank your majesty.
That you would love yourself, and in that love
Not unconsider'd leave your honour, nor
The dignity of your office, is the point
Of my petition.

King. Lady mine, proceed.

Q. Kath. I am solicited, not by a few,
And those of true condition, that your subjects
Are in great grievance: there have been commissions
Sent down among 'em, which hath flaw'd the heart
Of all their loyalties: wherein, although,
My good lord cardinal, they vent reproaches
Most bitterly on you, as putter on
Of these exactions, yet the king our master—
Whose honour heaven shield from soil!—even he
escapes not
Language unmannerly, yea, such which breaks
The sides of loyalty, and almost appears
In loud rebellion.

Nor. Not almost appears,
KING HENRY VIII.

Act I. Scene II.

It doth appear; for, upon these taxations,
The clothiers all, not able to maintain
The duty to them longling, have put off
The spinsters, carders, fullers, weavers, who,
Unfit for other life, compell’d by hunger
And lack of other means, in desperate manner
During the event to the teeth, are all in uproar,
And danger serves among them.

Taxation! Wherein? and what taxation? My lord cardinal,
You that are blamed for it alike with us,
Know you of this taxation? Wol.

Please you, sir, I know but of a single part, in aught
Pertains to the state; and from bit in that file
Where others tell steps with me.

Q. Kath. No, my lord,
You know no more than others; but you frame [some
Things that are known alike; which are not whole.
To those which would not know them, and yet must
Perforce be their acquaintance. These exactions,
Whereof my sovereign would have note, they are
Most pestilent to the hearing; and, to bear 'em,
The back is sacrifice to the load. They say
They are devised by you; or else you suffer
Too hard an exclamation.

King. Still exaction! The nature of it? in what kind, let's know,
Is this exaction?

Q. Kath. I am much too venturous
In tempting of your patience; but am bold'en
Under your promised pardon. The subjects' grief
Comes through commissions, which compel from
The sixth part of his substance, to be levied
Without delay; and the pretence for this [mouths:
Is named, your wars in France: this makes bold
Tongues spit their duties out, and cold hearts freeze
Allegiance in them; their curses now
Live where their prayers did: and it's come to pass,
This tractable obedience is a slave
To each incensed will. I would your highness
Would give it quick consideration, for
There is no primer business.

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
Traduced by ignorant tongues, which neither know
My faculties nor person, yet will be
The chronicles of my doing, let me say
'T is but the fate of place, and the rough brave
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-statutes only.

King. Things done well,
And with a care, exempt themselves from fear; Things done without example, in their issue
Are to be fear'd. Have you a precedent
Of this commission? I believe, not any.
We are to mend our subjects from our laws,
And stick them in our will. Sixth part of each?
A trebling 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 com-
Hardly conceive of me; let it be noised [mons
That through our intercession this revokement
And pardon comes: I shall anon advise you
Further in the proceeding. [Exit Secretary.

Enter Surveyor.

Q. Kath. I am sorry that the Duke of Buckingham
Is run in your displeasure. [Ham

King. It grieves many:
The gentleman is learn'd, and a most rare speaker;
To nature none more bound; his training such,
That he may furnish and instruct great teachers,
And never seek for aid out of himself. Yet see,
When these so noble benefits shall prove
Not well disposed, the mind growing once corrupt,
They turn to vicious forms, ten times more ugly
Than ever they were fair. This man so complete,
Who was enroll'd 'mongst wonders, and when we,
Almost with ravish'd listening, could not find
His hour of speech a minute; he, my lady,
Hath into monstrous habits put the graces
That once were his, and is become as black
As if besmear'd in hell. Sit by us; you shall hear—
This was his gentleman in trust,—of him
Things to strike honour sad. Bid him recount
The fore-recited practices; whereas
We cannot feel too little, hear too much.

Wol. Stand forth, and with bold spirit relate what
Most like a careful subject, have collected [you,
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 friended 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 grounded he his title to the crown,
Upon our fall? to this point hast thou heard him
At any time speak aught?

Surv. He was brought to 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 you; his highness speed to France,
The Duke being at the Rose, within the parish
Saint Lawrence Poultnye, did me demand
What was the speech among the Londoners
Concerning the French journey: I replied,
Men fear'd the French would prove peridious,
To the king's danger. Presently the Duke
Said, 't was the fear of God; that he doubted
'T 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:

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ACT I.

KING HENRY VIII.

Scene III.

Whom after under the confession's seal
He solemnly had sworn, that what he spoke
My chaplain to no creature living, but
To me, should utter, with demure confidence
This pausingly ensued: Neither the king nor his heirs,
Tell you the duke, shall prosper: bid him strive
To gain the love o' the commonalty: the duke
Shall govern England.'

Q. Kath.

If I know you well,
You were the duke's surveyor, and lost your office
On the complaint o' the tenants: take good heed
You charge not in your spleen a noble person
And spoil your nobler soul: I say, take heed;
Yes, heartily beseech you.

King.

Go forward.

Serv. On my soul, I'll speak but truth.
I told my lord the duke, by the devil's illusions
The monk might be deceived; and that 't was dangerous for him
To ruminate on this so far, until
It forged him some design, which, being believed,
It was much like to do: he answer'd, 'Tush,
It can do me no damage; ' adding further,
That, had the king in his last sickness fail'd,
The cardinal's and Sir Thomas Lovell's heads
Should have gone off.

King.

Ha! what, so rank? Ah ha!
There's mischief in this man: canst thou say fur?
Serv. I can, my liege. [ther?

King.

Proceed.

Serv. Being at Greenwich,
After your highness had reproved the duke
About Sir William Blomer,— I remember
Of such a time: being my sworn servant,
The duke retain'd him his: but on; what hence?
Serv. 'If,' quoth he, 'I for this had been committed;
As, to the Tower, I thought, I should have play'd
The part my father meant to act upon
The usurper Richard; who, being at Salisbury,
Made suit to come in 's presence; which if granted,
As he made semblance of his duty, would
Have put his knife into him.

King.

A giant traitor!—

Wol. Now, madam, may his highness live in free
And this man out of prison? [dom,

Q. Kath.

God mend all!

King. There's something more would out o' thee;
What say'st? [knife,
Serv. 'A view the love his father,' with the
He stretch'd him, and, with one hand on his dagger,
Another spread on 's breast, mounting his eyes,
He did discharge a horrible oath; whose tenour
Was,—were he evil used, he would outgo
His father by as much as a performance
Does an irresolute purpose.

King. There's his period,
To sheathe his knife in us. He is attach'd;
Call him to present trial: if he may
Find mercy in the law, 'tis his; if none,
Let him not seek 't of us: by day and night.
He's traitor to the height. [Exeunt.

Scene III. — An antechamber in the palace.

Enter the Lord Chamberlain and Lord Sands.

Cham. Is't possible the spells of France should Men into such strange mysteries? [Jiggles
Sands. Though they be never so ridiculous,
Nay, let 'em be unmanly, yet are follow'd.
Cham. As far as I see, all the good our English
Have got by the late voyage is but merely
A fit or two o' the face: but they are shrewd ones;
For when they hold 'em, you would swear directly
Their very noses had been counsellors.
To Pepin or Clotharius, they keep state so.
Sands. They have all new legs, and lame ones,
one would take it,
That never saw 'em pace before, the spavin
Or springhalt reign'd among 'em.
Cham. Death! my lord,
Their clothes are after such a pagan cut too.
That, sure, they've worn out Christendom.

Enter Sir Thomas Lovell.

How now!

What news, Sir Thomas Lovell?

Love. Faith, my lord,
I hear of none, but the new proclamation
That 's clapp'd upon the court-gate.
Cham. What is 't for?

Love. The reformation of our travell'd gallants,
That fill the court with quarrels, talk, and tailors.
Cham. I'm glad 't is there: now I would pray our monsieurs
To think an English courtier may be wise,
And never see the Louvre.

Love. They must either,
For so run the conditions, leave those remnants
Of fool and feather that they got in France,
With all their honourable points ofưarance
Pertaining thereunto, as fights and fireworks,
Abusing better men than they can be,
Out of a foreign wisdom, renouncing clean
The faith they have in tennis, and tall stockings,
Short bluster'd breeches, and those types of travel,
And understand again like honest men;
Or pack to their old playfellows; there, I take it,
They may, 'cum privilegio,' wear away
The lag end of their lewdness and be laugh'd at.
Sands. 'T is time to give 'em physic, their disease
Are grown so catching.

Cham. What a loss our ladies
Will have of these trim vanities!

Love. Ay, marry,
There will be woes indeed, lords: the sly whoresons
Have got a speeding trick to lay down ladies;
A French song and a fiddle has no fellow.
Sands. The devil fiddle 'em! I am glad they are going.

For, sure, there's no converting of 'em: now
An honest country lord, as I am, beaten
A long time out of play, may bring his plain-song
And have an hour of hearing; and, by '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?

Love. To the cardinal's:
Your lordship is a guest too.

Cham. O, 't is true:
This night he makes a supper, and a great one,
To many lords and ladies; there will be
The beauty of this kingdom, I'll assure you.

Love. That churchman bears a bounteous mind indeed,
A hand as fruitful as the land that feeds us;
His dews fall every where.

Cham. No doubt he's noble;
He had a black mouth that said other of him.
Sands. He may, my lord; has wherewithal in him.
Sparing would show a worse sin than ill doctrine:
Men of his way should be most liberal;
They are set here for examples.

Cham. True, they are so;
But few now give so great ones. My barge stays:
Your lordship shall along. Come, good Sir Thomas,
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. [Exit.}

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 card abroad; he would have all as merry As, first, good company, good wine, good welcome, Can make good people. O, my lord, you're tardy: Enter Lord Chamberlain, Lord Sands, and Sir Thomas Lovell. The very thought of this fair company Clapp'd wings to me. Cham. You are young, Sir Harry Guildford. Sands. Sir Thomas Lovell, had the cardinal But half my lay thoughts in him, some of these Should find a running banquet ere they rested, I think would better please 'em: by my life, They are a sweet society of fair ones. Lov. O, that your lordship were but now confessor To one or two of these! Sands. I would I were; They should find easy penance. Lov. Faith, how easy? Sands. As easy as a down-bed would afford it. Cham. Sweet ladies, will it please you sit? Sir Harry, Place you that side; I'll take the charge of this: His grace is entering. Nay, you must not freeze; Two women 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. Cham. Well said, my lord. Anne. So now you're fairly seated. Gentlemen, The penance lies on you, if these fair ladies Pass away frowning. Sands. For my little cure, Let me alone.

Hautboys. Enter Cardinal Wolsey, and takes his state. Wol. You're welcome, my fair guests: that noble Or gentleman, that is not freely merry, [lady, Is not my friend: this, to confirm my welcome; And to you all, good health. Sands. Your grace is noble: Let me have such a bowl may hold my thanks, And save me so much talking. Wol. My Lord Sands, I am beholding to you: cheer your neighbours. Ladies, you are not merry: gentlemen, Whose fault is this? Sands. The red wine first must rise In their fair cheeks, my lord; then we shall have Talk us to silence. Wol. I'm your grace is grown so pleasant. Sands. Anne. You are a merry gamester, My Lord Sands. Sands. Yes, if I make my play.
The Vicount Rochford,—one of her highness’ women.

King. By heaven, she is a dainty one. Sweet-heart, I was unmanly, to take you out, And not to kiss you. A health, gentlemen! Let it go round.

Wol. Sir Thomas Lovell, is the banquet ready

P’t the privy chamber? Let's be merry.

Wol. Yes, my lord. Your grace, I fear, with dancing is a little heated.

ACT II.

KING HENRY VIII.

SCENE I.

Enter two Gentlemen, meeting.

First Gent. Whither away so fast?

Sec. Gent. O, God save ye! Even to the hall, to hear what shall become Of the great Duke of Buckingham.

First Gent. I’ll save you that labour, sir. All’s now done, but the ceremony Of bringing back the prisoner.

Sec. Gent. First Gent. Yes, indeed, was I. Sec. Gent. Pray, speak what has happen’d.

First Gent. You may guess quickly what.

Sec. Gent. Is he found guilty?

First Gent. Yes, truly is he, and condemned upon’t.

Sec. Gent. I am sorry for’t.

First Gent. So are a number more.

Sec. Gent. But, pray, how pass’d it?

First Gent. I’ll tell you in a little. The great duke Came to the bar; where to his accusations He pleaded still not guilty and alleged Many sharp reasons to defeat the law. The king’s attorney on the contrary Urged on the examinations, proofs, confessions Of divers witnesses; which the duke desired To have brought 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-monk, 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 hung from him, but, indeed, he could And so his peers, upon this evidence, [not: Have found him guilty of high treason. Much He spoke, and learnedly, for life; but all Was either pitied in him or forgotten.

Sec. Gent. After all this, how did he bear himself?

First Gent. When he was brought again to the bar, to hear His knoll rung out, his judgment. he was stirr’d With such an agony, he sweat extremely, And something spoke in choler, ill, and hasty: But he fell to himself again, and sweetly In all the rest show’d a most noble patience.

Sec. Gent. I do not think he fears death.

First Gent. Sure, he does not: He never was so womanish; the cause He may a little grieve at.

Sec. Gent. Certainly The cardinal is the end of this.

First Gent. ’Tis likely, By all conjectures: first, Kildare’s attainder, Then deputy of Ireland; who removed, Earl Surrey was sent thither, and in haste too, Lest he should help his father.

Sec. Gent. That trick of state Was a deep envious one.

King. I fear, too much. There’s fresher air, my lord, In the next chamber.

King. Lead in your ladies, every one: sweet partner, I must not yet forsake you: let’s be merry: Good my lord cardinal, I have half a dozen healths To drink to these fair ladies, and a measure To lead ’em once again; and then let’s dream Who’s best in favour. Let the music knock it. [Exeunt with trumpets.


First Gent. At his return No doubt he will requite it. This is noted, And generally, whoever the king favours, The cardinal instantly will find employment, And far enough from court too.

Sec. Gent. All the commons Hate him perniciously, and, o’ my conscience, Sec. Gent. Wish him ten fathom deep; this duke as much They love and dote on; call him bounteous Buck. Sec. Gent. The mirror of all courtesy; — [ingham. First Gent. Stay there, sir, And see the noble ruin’d man you speak of.

Enter Buckingham from his arraignment; tipstaffs before him; the axe with the edge towards him; halberds on each side; accompanied with Sir Thomas Lovell, Sir Nicholas Vaux, Sir William Sandy, 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 judgment, [ness, And by that name must die: yet, heaven bear wit: And if I have a conscience, let it sink me, Even as the axe falls, if ib be not faithful! The law I bear no malice for my death; ’T has done, upon the premises, but justice: But those that sought it I could wish more Chris: Be what they will, I heartily forgive ’em; [tians: Yet let ’em look they glory not in mischief, Nor build the walls on the graves of great men; For then my guiltless blood must cry against ’em. For further life in this world I ne’er hope, Nor will I sue, although the king have mercies More than I dare make faults. You few that loved And dare be bold to weep for Buckingham, [me, His noble friends and fellows, whom to leave Is only bitter to him, only dying. Go with me, like good angels, to my end; And, as the long divorce of steel falls on me, Make of your prayers one sweet sacrifice, And lift my soul to heaven. Lead on, o’ God’s name.

Lov. I do beseech your grace, for charity, If ever any malice in your heart Were hid against me, now to forgive me frankly.

Buck. Sir Thomas Lovell, I as free forgive you As I would be forgiven: I forgive all; There cannot be those numberless offences envy ’Gainst me, that I cannot take peace with: no black Shall mark my grave. Commend me to his grace; And, if the speak of Buckingham, pray, tell him You met him half in heaven: my vows and prayers Yet are the king’s; and, till my soul forsake, Shall cry for blessings on him: may he live Longer than I have time to tell his years! Ever beloved and loving may his rule be! And when old time shall lead him to his end, Goodness and he fill up one monument! Lov. To the water side I must conduct your grace; Then give my charge up to Sir Nicholas Vaux, Who undertakes you to your end.
VASE. 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, 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 Yet I am richer than my base accusers, (Bohun; That never knew what truth meant: I now seal it; and with that blood will make 'em one day groan My noble father, Henry of Buckingham, [for 't. Who first raised head against usurping Richard, Flying for succour to his servant Banister, Being distress'd, was by that wretch betray'd, and without trial fell; God's peace be with him! Henry the Seventh succeeding, truly pitying My father's loss, like a most royal prince, Restored me to my honours, and, out of ruins, Made my name once more noble. Now his son, Henry the Eighth, life, honour, name and all That made me happy at one stroke has taken For ever from the world. I had my trial, and, must needs say, a noble one; which makes me a little happier than my wretched father: Yet thus far we are one in fortunes: both fell by our servants, by those men we loved most; a most unnatural and faithless service! Heaven has an end in all: yet, you that hear me, This from a dying man receive as certain: Where you are liberal of your loves and counsels Be sure you be not loose; for those you make friends and give your hearts to, when they once perceive The least rub in your fortunes, fall away Like water from ye, never found again But where they mean to sink ye. All good people, Pray for me! I must now forsake ye: the last hour Of my long weary life is come upon me. Farewell, my good friends, and And when you would say something that is sad, Speak how I fell. I have done; and God forgive me! [Exeunt Duke and Train.

First Gent. O, this is full of pity! Sir, it calls, I fear, too many curses on their heads That were the authors.

Sec. Gent. If the duke be guiltless, 'tis full of woe: yet I can give you inkling Of an ensuing evil, if it fall, Greater than this.

First Gent. Good angels keep it from us! What may it be? You do not doubt my faith, sir? Sec. Gent. This secret is so weighty, 't will require A strong faith to conceal it.

First Gent. Let me have it; I do not talk much.

Sec. Gent. I am confident; You still, sir: did you not of late days hear A buzzing of a separation Between the king and Katharine?

First Gent. Yes, but it held not: For when the king once heard it, out of anger He sent command to the lord mayor straight To stop the rumour, and allay those tongues That dared disperse it.

Sec. Gent. But that slander, sir, is found a truth now: for it grows again Fresher than e'er it was; and held for certain The king will venture at it. Either the cardinal, Or some about him near, have, out of malice To the queen, unsettle him with a scruple That will undo her: to confirm this too. Cardinal Campeius is arrived, and lately; As all think, for this business.

First Gent. '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 purposed.

Sec. Gent. I think you have hit the mark: but is 't not cruel That she should feel the smart of this? The cardinal Will have his will, and she must fall.

First Gent. We are too open here to argue this; Let's think in private more. [Exeunt.

SCENE II.—An antechamber in the palace.

Enter the Lord Chamberlain, reading a letter.

Cham. 'My lord, the horses your lordship sent for with all the care I had, I saw well chosen, ridden, and furnished. They were young and handsome, and of the best breed in the north. When they were ready to set out for London, a man of my lord cardinal's, by commission and main power, took 'em from me; with this reason: His master would be served before a subject, if not before the king; which stopped our mouths, sir.' I fear he will indeed: well, let him have them: He will have all, I think.

Enter, to the Lord Chamberlain, the Dukes of Norfolk and Suffolk.

Nor. Well met, my lord chamberlain.

Cham. Good day to both your graces.

Suf. How is the king employ'd?

Cham. I left him private, Full of sad thoughts and troubles.

Nor. What's the cause?

Cham. It seems the marriage with his brother's Has crept too near his conscience.

Suf. His, his conscience Has crept too near another lady.

Nor. This is the cardinal's doing, the king-cardinal: That blind priest, like the eldest son of fortune, Turns what he list. Let him one day.

Suf. Pray God he do! he'll never know himself else.

Nor. How holly he works in all his business! And with what zeal! for, now he has crack'd the league Between us and the emperor, the queen's great He dives into the king's soul, and there scatters Dangers, doubts, wringing of the conscience, Fears, and despairs; and all these for his marriage: And out of all these to restore the king, He counsels a divorce; a loss of her That, like a jewel, has hung twenty years About his neck, yet never lost his lustre; Of her that loves him with that excellence That angels love good men with; even of her That, when the greatest stroke of fortune falls, Will bless the king: and is not this course pious? Cham. Heaven keep me from such counsel! 'tis most true,

Suf. These news are everywhere; every tongue speaks And every true heart weeps for 't: all that dare Look into these affairs see this main end, The French king's sister. Heaven will one day open The king's eyes, that so long have slept upon This bold man.

Suf. And free us from his slavery.

Nor. We had need pray, And heartily, for our deliverance; Or this imperious man will work us all From princes into pages: all men's honours Lie like one lump before him, to be fashion'd Into what pitch he please.

Suf. For me, my lords, I love him not, nor fear him; there's my creed: As I am made without him, so I'll stand, If the king please; his curses and his blessings Touch me alike, they're breath I do not believe in. I knew him, and I knew her; so I leave him To him that made him proud, the pope.

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ACT II.  KING HENRY VIII.

SCENE III.

Nor.  Let's in.

And with some other business put the king
From these sad thoughts, that work too much upon
My lord, you'll bear us company?  [him:
Cham.  Excuse me;
The king has sent me otherwhere: besides,
You'll find a most unfit time to disturb him:
Health to your lordships.

Nor.  Thanks, my good lord chamberlain.  
[Exit Lord Chamberlain; and the King draws
the curtain, and sits reading pensively.

Suf.  How sad he looks! sure, he is much afflicted.

King.  Who's there, ha?

Nor.  Pray God he be not angry.

King.  Who's there, I say? How dare you thrust
Into my private meditations?  [yourself;
Who am I? ha?

Nor.  A gracious king that pardons all offences
Malice ne'er meant: our breach of duty this way
Is business of estate; in which we come
To know your royal pleasure.

King.  Go to; I'll make ye know your times of business:
Is this an hour for temporal affairs, ha?

Enter WOLSEY and CAMPELUS, with a commission.

Nor.  Who's there? my good lord cardinal? O my Wol.
The quiet of my wounded conscience;  [sey,
Thou art a cure fit for a king.  [To Campelus.]  You're welcome.

Most learned reverend sir, into our kingdom:
Use us and it.  [To Wol.]  My good lord, have great
I be not found a talker.  [care

Wol.  Sir, you cannot.

I would your grace would give us but an hour
Of private conference.  

King.  [To Nor. and Suf.]  We are busy; go;

Nor.  [Aside to Suf.]  This priest has no pride in
Suf.  [Aside to Nor.]  Not to speak of:  [him?
I would not be so sick though for his place:
But this cannot continue.

Nor.  [Aside to Suf.]  If it do, I'll venture one have-at-him.

Suf.  [Aside to Nor.] I another.  
[Aside 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 envy reach you?
The Stanhill, fled by blood and favour to her,
Must now confess, if they have any goodness,
The trial just and noble.  All the clerks,
I mean the learned ones, in Christian kingdoms
Have their free voices: Rome, the nurse of judg-
Invited by your noble self, hath sent  [ment, One general tongue unto us, this good man.
This just and learned priest, Cardinal Campeius;
King.  Those once more in mine arms I bid him welcome,
And thank the holy conclave for their loves:  [for,
The host is less the man the more a man I would wish'd
Cam.  Your grace must needs desire all strangers!
You are so noble.  To your highness' hand [loves,
I tender my commission: by whose virtue,
The court of Rome commanding, you, my lord
Cardinal of York, are join'd with me their servant
In the impartial judging of this business.

King.  Two equal men.  The queen shall be ac-
quainted
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 will not freely argue for her.  [favour

King.  Ay, and the best she shall have; and my
To him that does best: God forbid else.  Cardinal,

Prithee, call Gardiner to me, my new secretary:
I find him a fit fellow.  [Exit Wolsey.

Re-enter WOLSEY, with Gardiner.

Wol.  [Aside to 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 whispers.

Cam.  My Lord of York, was not one Doctor PACE
In this man's place before him?

Wol.  Yes, he was.

Cam.  Was he not held a learned man?

Wol.  Yes, surely.

Cam.  Believe me, there's an ill opinion spread
Even of yourself, lord cardinal.  [then
Wol.  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 murmurers There's places of rebuke. He was a fool;
For he would needs be virtuous: that good fellow,
If I command him, follows my appointment:
I will have none so near else. Learn this, brother,
We live not to be grieved by meaner persons.

King.  Deliver this with modesty to the queen.  
[Exit Gardiner.

The most convenient place that I can think of
For such receipt of learning is Black-Friars;
There ye shall meet about this weighty business.
My Wolsey, see it furnish'd.  O, my lord,
Would it not grieve an able man to leave
So sweet a bedfellow? But, conscience, conscience!
O, 't is a tender place; and I must leave her.

[Exeunt.

SCENE III.—An antechamber of the Queen's apart-
ments.

Enter ANNE BULLEN and an Old Lady.

Anne.  Not for that neither: here's the pang that
pinches:
His highness having lived so long with her, and she
So good a lady that no tongue could ever
Spronounce the dishonour of her life for mine,
She never knew harm-doing: O, now, after
So many courses of the sun enthroned,
Still growing in a majesty and pomp, the which
To leave a thousand-fold more bitter than
'Tis sweet at first to acquire,—after this process,
To give her the avaunt! it is a pity
Would move a monster.

Old L.  Hearts of most hard temper
Melt and lament for her.

Anne.  O, God's will! much better
She ne'er had known pomp: though 't be temporal, Yet, if that quarrel, fortune, do divorce
It from the bearer, 't is a suffereance panging
As soul and body's severing.

Old L.  Alas, poor lady!

She's a stranger now again.

Anne.  So much the more
Must pity drop upon her.  Vainly
I swear, 't is better to be lowly born,
And range with humble livers in content,
Than to be perk'd up in a glistening grief,
And wear a golden sorrow.

Old L.  Our content
Is our best having.

Anne.  By my troth and maidenhead,
I would not be a queen.

Old L.  Beshrew me, I would,
And venture maidenhead for 't; and so would you,
For all this spice of your hypercisy:
You, that have so fair parts of woman on you,
Have too a woman's heart; which ever yet
Affected eminence, wealth, sovereignty;
Which, to say sother, are blessings; and which gifts,
Saving your mining, the capacity
Of your soft cheveril conscience would receive,
If you might please to stretch it.
Anne. Nay, good troth.
Old L. Yes, troth, and troth; you would not be a queen?
Anne. No, not for all the riches under heaven.
Old L. 'Tis strange: a three-pence bow'd would
Old as I am, to queen it: but, I pray you, [hire me, What think you of a duchess? have you limbs
To bear that load of title?
Anne. No, in truth.
Old L. Then you are weakly made: pluck off a
I would not be a young count in your way, [little; For more than blushing comes to: if your back
Cannot vouchessafe this burthen, 'tis too weak
Ever to get a boy.
Anne. How do you so talk!
I swear again, I would not be a queen
For all the world.
Old L. In faith, for little England
You'd venture an embalming: I myself
Would for Carnarvonshire, although there long'd
No more to the crown but that. 'Lo, who comes here?

Enter the Lord Chamberlain.
Cham. Good morrow, ladies. What were 't worth
The secret of your conference? [to know
Anne. My good lord,
Not your demand; it values not your asking:
Our mistress' sorrows we are pitying.
Cham. It was a gentle business, and becoming
The action of good women: there is hope
All will be well.
Anne. Now, I pray God, amen!
Cham. You bear a gentle mind, and heavenly blessings
Follow such creatures. That you may, fair lady,
Perceive I speak sincerely, and high note's
Ta'en of your many virtues, the king's majesty
Commends his good opinion of you, and
Does you no less honour to you than flowing
Than Marchioness of Pembroke; to which title
A thousand pound a year, annual support,
Out of his grace he adds.
Anne. I do not know
What kind of my obedience I should tender;
More than my all is nothing: nor my prayers
Are not words duly hallow'd, nor my wishes
More worth than empty vanities; yet prayers and wishes
Are all I can return. Beseech your lordship,
Vouchessafe to speak my thanks and my obedience,
As from a blushing handmaid, to his highness;
Whose health and royalty I pray for.
Cham. Lady,
I shall not fail to approve the fair conceit
The king hath of you. [Aside I have perused her
Beauty and honour in her are so mingled [well;
That they have caught the king: and who knows
But from this lady may proceed a gem
To lighten all this idle? 't ll to the king,
And say I spoke with you. [Exit Lord Chamberlain.
Anne. My honour'd lord.
Old L. Why, this it is; see, see!
I have been begging sixteen years in court,
Am yet a courtier beggarly, nor could
Come pat betwixt too early and too late
For any suit of pounds; and you, O fate!
A very fresh-fish here—tie, tie, tie upon

This compell'd fortune!—have your mouth fill'd up
Before you open it.
Anne. This is strange to me.
Old L. How tastes it? is it bitter? forty pence,
That was a lady once; 'tis an old story. [No.
That would not be a queen, that would she not,
For all the mud in Egypt: have you heard it?
Anne. Come, you are pleasant.
Old L. With your theme, I could
O'ermount the lark. The Marchioness of Pembroke!
A thousand pounds a year for pure respect!
No other obligation! By my life,
That promises moe thousands: honour's train
Is longer than his foreskirt. By this time
I know your back will bear a duchess: say,
Are you not stronger than you were?
Anne. Good lady, make yourself mirth with your particular fancy,
And leave me out on 't. Would I had no being,
If this salute my blood a jot: it faints me,
To think what follows.
The queen is comfortless, and we forgetful
In our long absence: pray, do not deliver
What here you've heard to her.
Old L. What do you think me?

[Exit.

SCENE IV.—A hall in Black-Friars.

Trumpets, sermon, and cornets. Enter two Vergers, with short silver wand's; next them, two Scribes, in the habit of doctors; after them, the Archbishop of Canterbury above; after him, the Bishops of Lincoln, Ely, Rochester, and Saint Asaph; next them, with some small distance, follow a Gentleman bearing the purse, with the great seal, and a cardinal's hat; then two Priests, bearing each a silver cross; then a Gentleman-usher bareheaded, accompanied with a Sergeant-at-arms bearing a silver mace; then two Gentlemen bearing two great silver pillars; after them, side by side, the two Cardinals; two Noblemen, with the queen and most: The King takes place under the cloth of state; the two Cardinals sit under him as judges. The Queen takes place some distance from the King. The Bishops place themselves on each side the court, in manner of a consistory; below them, the Scribes. The Lords sit next the Bishops. The rest of the Attendants stand in convenient order about the stage.

Wol. Whilst our commission from Rome is read,
Let silence be commanded.

King. What's the need?
Wol. 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.
Scribe. Say, Katharine Queen of England, come into the court.

[The Queen makes no answer, rises out of her chair, goes about the court, comes to the King, and kneels at his feet; then speaks.

Q. Kath. Sir, I desire you do me right and justice;
And to bestow your pity on me: for
I am a most poor woman, and a stranger,
Born out of your dominions; having here
No judge indifferent, nor no more assurance
Of equal friendship and proceeding. Alas, sir,
In what have I offended you? what cause
Hath my behaviour given to your displeasure,
That thus you should proceed to put me off, [ness,
And take your good grace from me? Heaven wit,
I have been to you a true and humble wife,
At all times to your will conformable;
Ever in fear the handle of your disgrace.
Yea, subject to your countenance, glad or sorry

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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? may, 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 against mine honor aught,
My bond to wedlock, or my lawful duty,
Against your sacred person, in God's name,
Turn me away; and let the foulst contempt
Shut door upon me, and so give me up
To the sharpest kind of justice. Please you, sir,
The king, your father, was reputed for
A prince most prudent, of an excellent
And unmatch'd wit and judgment: Ferdinand,
My father, king of Spain, was reckon'd one
The wisest prince that there had reign'd by many
A year before: it is not to be question'd
That they had gather'd a wise council to them
Of every realm: that did debate business,
Who deem'd our marriage lawful: wherefore I
Beseech you, sir, to spare me, till I may
Humbly Be by my friends in Spain advised; whose counsel
I will implore: if not, 't the name of God,
Your pleasure be fulfilled!

Wol. You have here, lady, and
Of your choice, these reverend fathers; men
Of singular integrity and learning,
Yea, the elect o' the land, who are assembled
To plead your cause: it shall be therefore bootless
That longer you desire the court; as well
For your own quiet, as to rectify
What is unsettled in the king.

Cam. His grace
Hath spoken well and justly: therefore, madam,
It's fit this royal session do proceed;
And that, without delay, their arguments
Be now produced and heard.

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, certain
The daughter of a king, my drops of tears
I'll turn to sparks of fire.

Wol. Be patient yet. [fore
Q. Kath. I will, when you are humble; nay, be-
Or God will punish me. I do believe,
Induced by potent circumstances, that
You are mine enemy, and make my challenge
You shall not be my judge: for it is you
Have blown this coal betwixt my lord and me;
Which God's dews quench! Therefore I say again,
I utterly abhor, yea, from my soul
Refuse you for my judge; whom, yet once more,
I hold my most malicious foe, and think not
At all a friend to truth.

Wol. I do profess
You speak not like yourself; who ever yet
Have stood to charity, and display'd the effects
Of disposition gentle, and of wisdom wrong:
O'ertopping woman's power. Madam, you do me
I have no spleen against you; nor injustice
For you or any: how far I have proceeded,
Or how far further shall, is warranted
By a commission from the consistory,
Yea, the whole consistory of Rome. You charge
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 before
His highness' eyes I will not discuss in him,
I do beseech you, gracious madam, to unthink your speaking
And to say so no more.

Q. Kath. My lord, my lord,
I am a simple woman, much too weak [mouth'd;
To oppose your cunning. You're meek and humble;
You sign your place and calling, in full seeming,
With meekness and humility on your heart
Is cram'd with arrogance, spleen, and pride.
You have, by fortune and his highness' favours,
Gone slightly o'er low steps and now are mounted
Where powers are your retainers, and your words,
Domestics to you, serve your will as 't please
Yourself pronounce their office. I must tell you,
You tender more your person's honour than
Your high profession spiritual: that again
I do refuse you for my judge; and here,
Before you all, appeal unto the pope,
To bring my whole case 'fore his holiness,
And to be judged by him.

[She curtesies to the King, and offers to depart.

Cam. The queen is obstinate,
Stubborn to justice, apt to accuse it,
And Disdainful to be try'd by 't: 't is not well.
She's going away.

King. Call her again. [the court.

Q. Kath. Madam, you are call'd back. [your way:

Q. Kath. What need you note it? pray you, keep
When you are call'd, return. Now, the Lord help,
They vex me past my patience! Pray you, pass on:
I will not tarry; no, nor ever more
Upon this business my appearance make
In any of their courts.

[Exeunt Queen, and her Attendants.

King. Go thy ways, Kate:
That man i' the world who shall report he has
A better wife, let him in nought be trusted,
For speaking false in that: thou art, alone,
If thy rare qualities, never gentleness,
Thy meekness saint-like, wife-like government,
Obeying in commanding, and thy parts
Sovereign and pious else, could speak thee out,
The queen of earthly queens: she's noble born;
And, like her true nobility, she has
Carried herself towards me.

Wol. Most gracious sir,
In humblest manner I require your highness,
That it shall please you to declare, in hearing
Of all these cars,—for where I am robb'd and bound,
There must I be unloosed, although not there
At once and fully satisfied,—whether ever I
Did broach this business to your highness; or
Laid any scruple in your way, which might
Induce you to the question on 't? or ever
Have to you, but with thanks to God for such
A royal lady, spoke one the least word that might
Be to the prejudice of her present state,
Or touch of her good person?

King. My lord cardinal,
I do excuse you; yea, upon mine honour,
I free you from 't. You are not to be taught
That you have many enemies, that know not
Why they are so, but, like to village-curs,
Back when their fellows do: by some of these
The queen is put in anger. You're excused:
But will you be more justified? you ever
Have wish'd the sleeping of this business; never de-
It to be stirr'd; but oft have hinder'd, oft,
The passages made toward it: on my honour,
I speak my good lord cardinal to this point,
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! [dum's.]

Q. Kath. An't please your grace, the two great car- Wait in the presence.

Q. Kath. Would they speak with me?

Q. Kath. Pray their graces To come near. [Exit Gent.] What can be their business

With you, my Lord of Lincoln; you remember How under my oppression I did reign, When I first moved you.

Lin. Very well, my liege. [say

Q. Kath. I have spoke long: be pleased yourself to How far you satisfied me.

Lin. So please your highness, The question did at first so stagger me, Bearing a state of mighty moment in 't And consequence of dread, that I committed The daring'st counsel which I had to doubt; And did entreat your highness to this course Which you are running here.

Q. Kath. I then moved you, My Lord of Canterbury; and got your leave To make this present summons: unsolicited I left no reverend person in this court; But by particular consent proceeded Under your hands and seals: therefore, go on; For no dislike I the world against the person Of the good queen, but the sharp thorny points Of my alleged reasons, drive this forward: Prove but our marriage lawful, by my life And kingly dignity, we are contented To wear our mortal state to come with her, Katharine our queen, before the primest creature That's paragon'd o' the world.

Cam. So please your highness, The queen being absent, 'tis a needful fitness That we adjourn this court till further day: Meanwhile must be an earnest motion Made to the queen, to call back her appeal She intends unto his holiness.

Q. Kath. [Aside] I may perceive These cardinals trife with me: I abhor This dilatory sloth and tricks of Rome. My learn'd and well-beloved servant, Cranmer, Frithee, 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.

With me, a poor weak woman, fall'n from favour? I do not like their coming. Now I think on't, They should be good men; their affairs as righteous: But all hoods make not monks.

Enter the two Cardinals, Wolsey and Camillus.

Wol. Peace to your highness! Q. Kath. Your graces find me here part of a house- I would be all, against the worst may happen. [wife, What are your pleasures with me, reverend lords? Wol. May it please you, noble madam, to withdraw Into your private chamber, we shall give you The full cause of our coming.

Q. Kath. Speak it here; There's nothing I have done yet, o' my conscience, Deserves a corner: would all other women Could speak this with as free a soul as I do! My lords, I care not, so much I am happy Above a number, if my actions Were tried by every tongue, every eye saw 'em, Envy and base opinion set against 'em, I know my life so even. If your business Seek me out, and that way I am wise in, Out with it boldly: truth loves open dealing. Wol. Tanta est erga te mentis integritas, regina serissimina.—

Q. Kath. O, good my lord, no Latin; I am not such a truant since my coming, As not to know the language I have lived in: A strange tongue makes my cause more strange, suspicious; 497
Pray, speak in English: here are some will thank you, If you speak truth, for their poor mistress' sake; Believe me, she has had much wrong: lord cardinal, The willing'st sin I ever yet committed May be absolved in English.

Wol. Noble lady, I am sorry my integrity should breed, And service to his majesty and you, So deep suspicion, where much faith was meant. We come not by the way of accusation, To taint that honour every good tongue blesses, Nor to betray you any way to sorrow, You have too much, good lady; but to know How you stand minded in the weighty difference Between the king and you; and to deliver, Like free and honest men, our just opinions And comforts to your cause.

Cam. Most honour'd madam, My Lord of York, out of his noble nature, Zeal and obedience he still bore your grace, Forgetting, like a good man, your late censure Both of his friends, which was too far, Offers, as I do, in a sign of peace, His service and his counsel.

Q. Kath. [Aside] To betray me.
My lords, I thank you both for your good wills: Ye speak like honest men; pray God, ye prove so! But how to make ye suddenly an answer In such a point of weight and dignity of honour, More near my life, I fear,—with my weak wit, And to such men of gravity and learning, In truth, I know not. I was set at work Among my maids; full little, God knows, looking Either for such men or such business. For I have done that I have been,—yes, I feel The last fit of my greatness,—good your graces, Let me have time and counsel for my cause: Alas, I am a woman, friendless, hopeless! Wol. Madam, you wrong the king's love with these Your hopes and friends are infinite.

Q. Kath. [Aside] In England But little for my profit: can you think, lords, That any Englishman dare give me counsel? Or be a known friend, 'gainst his highness' pleasure, Though he be grown so desperate to be honest, And live a subject? Nay, forsooth, my friends, They that must weigh out my afflictions, They that must try me in the way how to live not here: They are, as all my other comforts, far hence In mine own country, lords.

Cam. I would your grace Would leave your griefs, and take my counsel.

Q. Kath. How, sir? Cam. Put your main cause into the king's protection: He's loving and most gracious: 't will be much Both for your honour better and your cause; For if the trial of the law 'er take ye, You'll part away disgraced.

Wol. He tells you rightly. Q. Kath. Ye tell me what ye wish for both,—my Is this your Christian counsel? or upon ye? [Rain: It is above all yet; there sits a judge That no king can corrupt.

Cam. Your rage mistakes us.

Q. Kath. The more shame for ye: holy men I thought ye, Upon my soul, two reverence cardinal virtues; But cardinal sins and hollow hearts I fear ye: Mend 'em, for shame, my lords. Is this your com- The cordial that ye bring a wretched lady, [Fort? A woman lost among ye, laugh'd at, scorn'd? I will not wish ye half my miseries; I have more charity, but say, I warn ye; Take heed, for heaven's sake, take heed, lest at once The burthen of my sorrows fall upon ye. Wol. Madam, this is a mere distraction; You turn the good we offer into envy.

Q. Kath. Ye turn me into nothing: woe upon ye And all such false professors! would you have me— If ye be anything but churchmen's habits— Put my sick cause into his hands that hates me? Alas, has banish'd me his bed already, His love, too long ago! I am old, my lords, And all the fellowship I hold now with him Is only my obedience, what can happen To me above this wretchedness? all your studies Make me a curse like this.

Cam. Your fears are worse. Q. Kath. Have I lived thus long,—let me speak myself, Since virtue finds no friends—a wife, a true one? A woman, I dare say without vain-glory, Never yet branded with suspicion? Have I with all my full affections [him? Still met the king? loved him next heaven? obey'd Been, out of fondness, superstitious to him? Almost forgot my prayers to content him? And am I thus rewarded? 'tis not well, lords. Bring me a constant woman to her husband, One that ne'er dream'd a joy beyond his pleasure; And to that woman, when she has done most, Yet will I add an honour, a great patience. Wol. Madam, you wander from the good we aim at. Q. Kath. My lord, I dare not make myself so guilty, To give up willingly that noble title Your master wed me to: nothing but death Shall e'er divorce my dignities.

Wol. Pray, hear me. Q. Kath. Would I had never trod this English Or felt the latters that grow upon it! [earth, Ye have too treacheous faces, but heaven knows your hearts. What will become of me now, wretched lady! I am the most unhappy woman living. Alas, poor wenches, where are now your fortunes! Shipwreck'd upon a kingdom, where no pity, No friends, no hope; no kindled weep for me; Almost no grave allow'd me: like the lily, That once was mistress of the field and flourish'd, I'll hang my head and perish.

Wol. If your grace Could but be brought to know our ends are honest, You'd feel more comfort: why should we, good lady, Upon what cause, wrong you? alas, our places, The way of our profession, in this instance: We are to cure such sorrows, not to sow 'em. For goodness' sake, consider what you do; How you may hurt yourself, ay, utterly Grow from the king's acquaintance, by this car- The hearts of princes kiss obedience, [riage. So much they love it; but to stubborn spirits They swell, and grow as terrible as storms. I know you have a gentle, noble temper, A soul as even as a calm: pray, think us [vants. Those we profess, peace-makers, friends, and ser- Cam. Madam, you'll find it so. You wrong your virtue.

With these weak women's fears: a noble spirit, As yours was put into you, ever casts [you; Such doubts, as false coin, from it. The king loves Beware you lose it not: for, if you please To trust us in your business, we are ready To use our utmost studies in your service. Q. Kath. Do what ye will, my lords: and, pray, forgive me, If I have used myself 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 no heart yet; all love 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.—Antechamber to the King’s apartment.

Enter the Duke of Norfolk, the Duke of Suffolk, the Earl of Surrey, and the Lord Chamberlain.

Nor. If you will now unite in your complaints, And force them with a constancy, the cardinal Cannot stand under them: if you omit The offer of this time, I cannot promise But that you shall sustain newe disgreases, 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 uncommtend gone by him, or at least Strangely neglected? when did he regard The stamp of nobleness in any person Out of himself?

Cham. My lords, you speak your pleasures: What he deserves of you and me I know; What we can do to him, though now the time Gives way to us, I much fear. If you cannot Bar his access to the king, never attempt Any thing on him; for he hath a witchcraft Over the king in’s tongue.

Nor. O, fear him not; His spell in that is out: the king hath found Matter against him that for ever mars The honey of his language. No, he’s settled, Not to come off, in his displeasure.

Sur. Sir, I should be glad to hear such news as this Once every hour.

Nor. Believe it, this is true:
In the divorce his contrary proceedings Are all unfolded; wherein he appears As I would wish mine enemy. How came His practices to light?

Suf. Most strangely.

Sur. O, how, how?

Suf. The cardinal’s letters to the pope miscarried, And came to the eye of the king: wherein was read, How that the cardinal did entreat his holiness To stay the judgment o’ the divorce; for if It did take place, ‘I do,’ quoth he, ‘perceive My king is tanged in affection to A creature of the queen’s, Lady Anne Bullen.’

Sur. Has the king this?

Suf. Believe it.

Sur. Will this work?

Cham. The king in this perceives him, how he coasts And hedges his own way. But in this point All his tracks founder, and he brings his physic After his patient’s death: the king already Hath married the fair lady.

Sur. Would he had! Suf. May you be happy in your wish, my lord! For, I profess, you have it.

Sur. Trace the conjunction! Now, all my joy

Suf. My amen to’t! All men’s!

Suf. There’s order given for her coronation: Marry, this is yet but young, and may be left To some ears unreckoned. But, my lords, She is a gallant creature, and complete In mind and feature: I persuade me, from her Will fall some blessing to this land, which shall In it be memorized.

Sur. But, will the king Digest this letter of the cardinal’s? The Lord forbid!

Nor. Marry, amen! No, no;

There be moe wasps that buzz about his nose Will make this sting the sooner. Cardinal Campeius Is stroll’n away to Rome; hath ta’en no leave; Has left the cause o’ the king unhandled; and Is posted, as the agent of our cardinal, To second all his plot. I do assure you The king cried Ha! at this.

Cham. Now, God incense him, And let him cry Ha! louder!

Nor. But, my lord, When returns Cranmer?

Suf. He is return’d in his opinions; which Have satisfied the king for his divorce, Together with all famous colleges Almost in Christendom: shortly, I believe, His second marriage shall be publish’d, and Her coronation. Katharine no more Shall be call’d queen, but princess dowager And widow to Prince Arthur.

Nor. This same Cranmer’s A worthy fellow, and hath ta’en much pain In the king’s business.

Suf. He has; and we shall see him For it an archbishop.

Nor. So I hear. ‘Tis so.

The cardinal!

Enter Wolsey and Cromwell.

Nor. Observe, observe, he’s moody.

Wol. The packet, Cromwell,

Gave it you the king?

Crom. To his own hand, in s bedchamber.

Wol. Look’d he o’ the inside of the paper?

Crom. Presently

He did unseal them: and the first he view’d,
It did he 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.

Wol. Leave me awhile.

[Exit Cromewell.]

[Aside] It shall be to the Duchess of Alençon, The French king’s sister: he shall marry her. Anne Bullen! No; I’ll no Anne Bullens for him: There’s more in’ th than fair visage. Bullen! No, we’ll no Bullens. Speedily I wish To hear from Rome. The Marchioness of Pembroke! Nor. He’s discontented.

Suf. May be, he hears the king Does whet his anger to him.

Sur. Sharp enough,

Lord, for thy justice! Wol. [Aside] The late queen’s gentlewoman, a knight’s daughter, To be her mistress’ mistress! the queen’s queen! This candle burns not clear: ‘tis I must snuff it: Then out it goes. What though I know her virtuous And well deserving? yet I know her for A spleeny Lutheran; and not wholesome to Our cause, that she should lie t’ the bosom of Our hard-ruled king. Again, there is sprung up An heretic, an arch one. Cranmer: one Hath crawl’d into the favour of the king, And is his oracle.

Nor. He is vex’d at something.

Sur. I would ‘t were something that would fret The master-cord on’s heart! [the string,

Enter the King, reading of a schedule, and Lovell.

Suf. The king, the king! King. What piles of wealth hath he accumulated To his own portion! and what expense by the hour Seems to flow from him! How, I’ the name of thrift, Does he rack this together! Now, my lords, Saw you the cardinal?

Nor. My lord, we have

Stood here observing him: some strange commotion
Is in his brain: he bites his lip, and starts;
Stops on a sudden, looks upon the ground,
Then lays his finger on his temple; straight
Springs out into fast gait; then stops again,
Strikes his breast hard, and anon he casts
His eye against the moon: in most strange postures
We have seen him set himself.

King.
There is a mutiny in's mind. This morning
Papers of state he sent me to peruse,
As I required: and wot you what I found
There,—on my conscience, but unwittingly?
Forsooth, an inventory, thus importing:
The several parcels of his plate, his treasure,
Rich stuffs, and ornaments of household; which
I find at such proud rate, that it out-speaks
Possession of a subject.

Nor.
It’s heaven’s will:
Some spirit put this paper in the packet,
To bless your eye withal.

King.
If we did think
His contemplation were above the earth,
And fix’d on spiritual object, he should still
dwell in his musings: but I am afraid
His thinkings are below the moon, not worth
His serious considering.

[King takes his seat; whispers Lovell, who goes to
the Cardinal.

Wol.
Heaven forgive me!
Ever God bless your highness!

King.
Good my lord,
You are full of heavenly stuff, and bear the inven-
Of your best graces in your mind; the which
You were now running over: you have scarce time
to steal from spiritual leisure a brief span
To keep your earthly audit: sure, in that
I deem you an ill husband, and am glad
to have you therein my companion.

Wol.
Sir,
For holy offices I have a time; a time
To think upon the part of business which
I bear i’ the state; and nature does require
Her times of preservation, which perforce
I, her frail son, amongst my brethren mortal,
Must give my tendance to.

King.
You have said well.
Wol. And ever may your highness yoke together,
As I will lend you cause, my doing well
With my well saying!

King.
’Tis well said again;
And it is a kind of good deed to show well:
Yet good words are no deeds. My father loved you:
He said he did; and with his deed did crown
His word upon you. Since I had my office,
I have kept you next my heart; have not alone
Employ’d you where high profits might come home,
But pared my present havings, to bestow
My bounties upon you.

Wol. [Aside] What should this mean?
Syr. [Aside] The Lord increase this business!

King.
Have I not made you
The prime man of the state? I pray you, tell me,
If what I now pronounce you have found true:
And, if you may confess it, say withal,
If you be bound to us or no. What say you?
Wol. My sovereign, I confess your royal graces,
Shower’d on me daily, have been more than could
My studied purposes require; which went
Beyond all man’s endeavours: my endeavours
Have ever come too short of my desires,
Yet filled withal with abilities mine own ends
Have been mine so that evermore they point’d
To the good of your most sacred person
And the profit of the state. For your great graces
Heap’d upon me, poor undeserver, I
Can nothing render but allegiance thanks,
My prayers to heaven for you, my loyalty;
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, I the contrary.
The foulsness is the punishment: I presume
That, as my hand has open’d bounty to you,
My heart dropp’d love, my power raim’d honour,
On you than any; so your hand and heart, [more
Your brain, and every function of your power,
Should, notwithstanding that your bond of duty,
To me, your friend, than any.

Wol.
I do profess
That for your highness’ good I ever labour’d
More than mine own; that am, have, and will be—
Though all the world should crack their duty to you,
And throw it from their souls; though perils did
Abound, as thine as thought could make ‘em, and
Appeal in forms more horrid,—yet my duty,
As doth a rock against the chiding flood,
Should appear 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 over this;
[Giving him papers.
And after this; and then to breakfast with
What appetite you have.
[Exit King, frowning upon Cardinal Wolsey:
the Nobles throng after him, smiling and
whispering.

Wol.
What should this mean?
What sudden anger’s this? how have I reap’d it?
He parted frowning from me, as if ruin
Leap’d from his eyes: so looks the chafed lion
Upon the daring huntsman that has gall’d him;—
Then makes him nothing. I must read this paper;
I fear, the story of his anger. ’Tis so;
This paper has undeone me: ’tis the account
Of all that world of wealth I have drawn together
For mine own ends; indeed, to gain the popedom,
And fee my friends in Rome. O negligence!
Fit for a fool to fall by: what cross devil
Made me put this main secret in the packet.
I sent the king? Is there no way to cure this?
No new device to beat this from his brains?
I know ’t will stir him strongly; yet I know
A way, if it take right, in spite of fortune [Pope!]
Will bring me off again. What’s this? ’To the
The letter’s the form. I live to the business
I write 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 com-
To render up the great seal presently [mands you
Into our hands; and to confine yourself
To Asher House, my Lord of Winchester’s,
Till you hear further from his highness.

Wol. Stay:
Where’s your commission, lords? words cannot
Authorise so weighty.
[carry
Syr. 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 feed 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 them, and, no doubt,
In time will find their fit rewards. That seal,
You ask with such a violence, the king,
Mine and your master, with his own hand gave me;
Bade me enjoy it, with the place and honours,
During my life; and, to confirm his goodness,
Tied it by letters-patent: now, who'll take it? 
Sur. The king, that gave it.
It must be himself, then.
Thou art a proud traitor, priest.
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.
This, and all else
This talking lord can lay upon my credit,
I answer is most false. The duke by law
Found his deserts: how innocent I was
From any private malice in his end,
His noble jury and foul cause can witness.
If I loved many words, lord, I should tell you
You have as little honesty as honour,
That in the way of loyalty and truth
Toward the king, my ever royal master,
Dare mate a sounder man than Surrey can be,
And all that love his follies.
By my soul, [feel
Your long coat, priest, protects you; thou shouldst
My sword! 'tis the life-blood of thee else. My lords,
Can ye endure to hear this arrogance?
And from this fellow? If we live thus tamely,
To be thus jaded by a piece of scarlet,
Farewell nobility; let his grace go forward,
And dare us with his cap like larks.
All goodness
Is poison to thy stomach.
Yes, that goodness
Of gleaning all the land's wealth into one,
Into your own hands, cardinal, by extortion;
The goodness of your intercepted packets [ness,
You write to the pope against the king: your good-
Since you provoke me, shall be most notorious.
My Lord of Norfolk, as you are truly noble,
As you respect the common good, the state
Of our despised nobility, our issues,
Who, if he live, will scarce be gentlemen,
Produce the grand sum of his sins, the articles
Collected in the pieces of scarlet,
Lay kissing in your arms, lord cardinal.
How much, methinks, I could despise this man,
But that I am bound in charity against it!
Those articles, my lord, are in the king's
But, thus much, they are foul ones. [hand: 
So much fairer
And spotless shall mine innocence arise,
When the king knows my truth.
This cannot save you:
I thank my memory, I yet remember
Some of these articles; and out they shall.
Now, if you can blush and cry 'guilty,' cardinal,
You'll show a little honesty.
Speak on, sir;
I dare your worst objections: if I blush,
It is to see a nobleman want manners.
Sur. I had rather want those than my head. Have you at you!
First, that, without the king's assent or knowledge,
You wrought to be a legate: by which power
You main'd the jurisdiction of all bishops.
Nor. Then, that in all you write to Rome, or else
To foreign princes, 'Ego et Rex mui!
Was still inscribed; in which you brought the king
To be your servant.
Then that, without the knowledge
Either of king or council, when you went
Ambassador to the emperor, you made bold
To carry into Flanders the great seal.
Item, you sent a large commission
To Gregory de Cassado, to conclude,
Without the king's will or allowance,
A league between his highness and Ferrara.
That, out of mere ambition, you have caused
Your holy hat to be stamp'd on the king's coin.
Then that you have sent innumerable sub-
stances.
By what means got, I leave to your own conscience
To furnish Rome, and to prepare the ways
You have for dignities; to the mere undoing
Of all the kingdom. Many more there are;
Which, since they are of you, and odious,
I will not taint my mouth with.
O my lord,
Press not a falling man too far! 'tis virtue:
His faults lie open to the laws; let them,
Not you, correct him. My heart weeps to see him
So little of his great self.
I forgive him.
Lord cardinal, the king's further pleasure is,
Because all those things you have done of late,
By your power legatine, within this kingdom,
Fall into the compass of a prenunire,
That therefore such a writ be sued against you;
To forfeit all your goods, lands, tenements,
Chattels, and whatsoever, and to be
Out of the king's protection. This is my charge.
Nor. And so we'll leave you to your meditations
How to live better. For your stubborn answer
About the giving back the great seal to us, [you,
The king shall know it, and, no doubt, shall thank
So fare you well, my little good lord cardinal.
[Exeunt all but Wolsey.
Wol. So farewell to the little good you bear me.
Farewell! I a long farewell, to all my greatness!
This is the state of man: to-day he puts forth
The tender leaves of hopes; to-morrow blossoms,
And bears his blushing honours thick upon him;
The third day comes a frost, a killing frost.
And, when he thinks, good easy man, full surely
His greatness is a ripening, nips his root,
And then he falls, as I do. I have ventured,
Like little wanton boys that swim on bladders,
This many summers in a sea of glory,
But far beyond my depth: my high-born pride
That length broke under me and now has left me,
Weary and old with service, to the mercy
Of a rude stream, that must for ever hide me.
Vain pomp and glory of this world, I hate ye:
I feel my heart new open'd. O, how wretched
Is that poor man that hangs on princes' favours!
There is, betwixt that smile we would aspire to,
That sweet aspect of princes, and their ruin,
More pangs and fears than wars or women have:
And when he falls, he falls like Lucifer,
Never to hope again.

Enter Cromwell, and stands amazed.
Why, how now, Cromwell!
Crom. I have no power to speak, sir.
Wol. What, amazed
At my misfortunes? can thy spirit wonder
A great man should decline? Nay, an you weep,
I am fall'n indeed.
ACT IV.  

KING HENRY VIII.  

SCENE I.  

Crom.  How does your grace?  
Wol.  Why, well;  
Never so truly happy, my good Cromwell.  
I know myself now; and I feel within me  
A peace above all earthly dignities.  
A still and quiet conscience. The king has cured me,  
I humbly thank his grace; and from these shoul'rd  
These ruin'd pillars, out of pity, taken [ders,  
A load would sink a navy, too much honour:  
O, 't is a burthen, Cromwell, 't is 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.  God bless him!  
Crom.  The next is, that Sir Thomas More is chosen  
Lord chancellor in your place.  
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.  
O Cromwell,  
The king has gone beyond me: all my glories  
In that one woman I have lost for ever:  
No sun shall ever usher forth mine honours,  
Or glid 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 this own future safety.  
Crom.  O my lord,  
Must I, then, leave you? must I needs forego  
So good, so noble and so true a master?  
Bear witness, all that have not hearts of iron,  
With what a sorrow Cromwell leaves his lord.  
The king shall have my service; but my prayers  
For ever and for ever shall be yours.  
Wol.  Cromwell, I did not think to shed a tear  
In all my miseries; but thou hast forced me,  
Out of thy honest truth, to play the woman.  
Let's dry our eyes: and thus far hear me, Crom.  
And, when I am forgotten, as I shall be, [well;  
And sleep in dull cold marble, where no mention  
Of me more must be heard of, say, I taught thee,  
Say, Wolsey, that once trod the ways of glory,  
And sounded all the depths and shoals of honour,  
Found thee a way, out of his wreck, to rise in;  
A sure and safe one, though thy master miss'd it.  
Mark but my fall, and that that ruin'd me.  
Cromwell, I charge thee, felling away ambition:  
By that sin fell the angels; how can man, then,  
The image of his Maker, hope to win by it?  
Love thyself last: cherish those hearts that hate  
Corruption wins not more than honesty. [thee;  
Still in thy right hand carry gentle peace,  
To silence envious tongues. Be just, and fear not:  
Let all the ends thou aim'st at be thy country's,  
Thy God's, and truth's; then if thou fall'st, O 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: 't is 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.  The hopes of court! my hopes in heaven do dwell.  
[Exeunt.

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—A street in Westminster.

Enter two Gentlemen, meeting one another.

First Gent.  You're well met once again.

Sec. Gent.  So are you.

First Gent.  You come to take your stand here, and  
The Lady Anne pass from her coronation? [behold  
Sec. Gent.  'Tis all my business. At our last en-  
pounter,  
The Duke of Buckingham came from his trial.  
First Gent.  'Tis very true: but that time offer'd  
This, general joy.  
Sec. Gent.  'Tis well: the citizens,  
I am sure, have shown at full their royal minds—  
As, let me once again repeat, they are ever forward—  
In celebration of this day with shows,  
Pageants and sights of honour.  
First Gent.  Never greater,  
Nor, I'll assure you, better taken, sir.

Sec. Gent.  May I be bold to ask what that con-  
That paper in your hand? [tains,  
First Gent.  Yes; 'tis the list  
Of those that claim their offices this day  
By custom of the coronation.  

The Duke of Suffolk is the first, and claims  
To be high-sieward; next, the Duke of Norfolk,  
He to be earl marshal: you may read the rest.

Sec. Gent.  I thank you, sir: had I not known  
those customs,  
I should have been beholden to your paper.

But, I beseech you, what's become of Katharine,  
The princess dowager? how goes her business?  
First Gent.  That I can tell you too. The Arch-  
Of Canterbury, accompanied with other [bishop  
Learned and reverend fathers of his order,  
Held a late court at Dunstable, six miles off  
From Ampthill where the princess lay: to which  
She was often cited by them, but appear'd not:  
And, to be brief, for ore and glory  
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 lady!  

The trumpets sound: stand close, the queen is com-  
ing.

[Trumpets.  

[Houboys.
ACT IV.

KING HENRY VIII.

SCENE II.

THE ORDER OF THE CORONATION.

1. A lively flourish of Trumpets.

2. Then, two Judges.

3. Lord Chancellor, with the purse and mace before him.

4. Lord Mayor, singing.

5. Mayor of London, bearing the mace. Then Garter, in his coat of arms, and on his head a gilt copper crown.

6. Marquess Dorset, bearing a sceptre of gold, on his head a demi-coron of gold. With him, the Earl of Surrey, bearing the rod of office with the dove, crowned with an earl's coronet. Collars of SS.

7. Duke of Suffolk, in his robe of estate, his coronet on his head, bearing a long white wand, as high-steward. With him, the Duke of Norfolk, with the rod of marshalship, a coronet on his head. Collars of SS.

8. A canopy borne by four of the Cinque-portz; under it, the Queen in her robe; in her hair richly adorned with pearl, crowned. On each side her, the Bishops of London and Winchester.

9. The Duke of Norfolk, in a coronal of gold, wrought with flowers, bearing the Queen's train.

10. Certain Ladies or Countesses, with plain circles of gold without flowers. They pass over the stage in order and state.

Sec. Gent. A royal train, believe me. These I Who's that that bears the sceptre? [know:  First Gent. Marquess Dorset: And that the Earl of Surrey, with the rod. Sec. Gent. A bold brave gentleman. That should The Duke of Suffolk? [be  First Gent. 'Tis the same; high-steward. Sec. Gent. And that my Lord of Norfolk?  First Gent. Yes. Sec. Gent. Heaven bless thee! [Looking on the Queen. Thou hast the sweetest face I ever look'd on. Sir, as I have a soul, she is an angel; Our king has all the Indies in his arms, And more and richer, when he strains that lady; I cannot blame his conscience.  First Gent. They bear The cloth of honour over her, are four barons Of the Cinque-portz. [near her. Sec. Gent. Their men are happy; and so are all I take it, she that carries up the train Is that old noble lady, Duchess of Norfolk.  First Gent. It is; and all the rest are countesses. Sec. Gent. Their coronets say so. These are stars And sometimes falling ones. [indeed;  First Gent. No more of that. [Exit procession, and then a great flourish of trumpets.

Enter a third Gentleman.

First Gent. God save you, sir! where have you been brawling?

Third Gent. Among the crowd I' the Abbey; where a finger Could not be wedged in more: I am stilled With the mere rankness of their joy.

Sec. Gent. You saw The ceremony?

Third Gent. That I did.

First Gent. How was it?

Third Gent. Well worth the seeing.  Sec. Gent. Good sir, speak it to us.  Third Gent. As well as I am able. The rich stream Of lords and ladies, having brought the queen To a prepared place in the choir, tell off A distance from her; while her grace sat down To rest a while, some half an hour or so, In a rich chair of state, opposing freely The beauty of her person to the people.

Believe me, sir, she is the goodliest woman That ever lay by man: which when the people Had the full view of, such a noise arose As the shrudus make at sea in a stiff tempest, As loud, and to as many tunes: hats, cloaks, Doublets, I think,—blew up, and had their faces Been loose, this day they had been lost. Such joy I never saw before. Great-bellied women, That had not half a week to go, like rams In the old time of war, would shake the press, And make 'em reel before 'em. No man living Could say 'This is my wife ' there; all were woven So strangely in one piece.

Sec. Gent. But, what follow'd?

Third Gent. At length her grace rose, and with modest paces Came to the altar; where she kneel'd, and saint-like Cast her fair eyes to heaven and pray'd devoutly. Then rose again and bow'd her to the people: When by the Archbishop of Canterbury She had all the royal makings of a queen; As holy oil, Edward Confessor's crown, The rod, and bird of peace, and all such emblems Laid nobly on her: which perform'd, the choir, With all the choicest music of the kingdom, Together sung '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. Stokesly and Gardiner; the one of Winchester, Newly preferr'd from the king's secretary, The other, London.

Sec. Gent. He of Winchester Is held no great good lover of the archbishop's, The virtuous Cranmer.

Third Gent. All the land knows that: However, yet there is no great breach; when it comes, Cranmer will find a friend will not shrink from him. Sec. Gent. Who may that be, I pray you?

Third Gent. Thomas Cromwell; A man in much esteem with the king, and truly A worthy friend. The king has made him master O' the jewel house, And one, already, of the privy council.

Sec. Gent. He will desire more.

Third Gent. Yes, without all doubt. Ome, 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.  

Griff. 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 led'st me, That the great child of honour, Cardinal Wolsey, Was dead?

Griff. Yes, madam; but I think your grace, Out of the past you suffer'd, gave ye ear to 't.

Kath. Prithiev, good Griffith, tell me how he died: If well, he stepp'd before me, happily For my example.
KING HENRY VIII.

SCENE II.

\textit{The vision.} Enter, solemnly tripping one after another, six personages, clad in white robes, wearing on their heads garlands of bay, and golden visards on their faces; branches of bays or palm in their hands. They first come unto her, then dance; and, at certain changes, the first two hold a spere garland over her head; at which the other four make reverent curates; then the two that hold the garland deliver the same to the other next two, who observe the same order in their changes, and holding the garland over her head: which done, they deliver the same garland to her head, at which, as it were by inspiration, she makes in her sleep signs of rejoicing, and holdeth up her hands to heaven: and so in their dancing vanish, carrying the garland with them. The music continues.

Kath. Spirits of peace, where are ye? are ye all gone,
And leave me here in wretchedness behind ye?

Grif. Madam, we are here.

Kath. It is not you I call for:
Saw ye none enter since I slept?

Grif. None, madam.

Kath. No? Saw you not, even now, a blessed
to invite me to a banquet; whose bright faces [troop]
Cast thousand beams upon me, like the sun?
Their promises to me! eternal happiness;
And brought me garlands, Grifith, which I feel
I am not worthy yet to wear: I shall, assuredly.

Grif. I am most joyful, madam, such good dreams
Possess your fancy.

Kath. Bid the music leave,
They are harsh and heavy to me. \[Music ceases.\]

Pat. Do you note
How much her grace is alter'd on the sudden?
How long her face is drawn? how pale she looks,
And of an earthly cold? Mark her eyes
Grif. She is going, wenches: pray, pray.

Pat. Heaven comfort her!

\textit{Enter a Messenger.}

Mess. An't like your grace?

Kath. You are a saucy fellow:

Deserve we no more reverence?

Grif. You are to blame,
Knowing she will not lose her wounted greatness,
To use so rude behaviour; go to, kneel.

Mess. I humbly do entreat your highness' pardon;
My haste made me unmannerly. There is staying
A gentleman sent from the king to see you.

Kath. Admit him entrance, Grifith; but let
me never see again. \[fellow\]

\textit{Re-enter Grifith, with Capucius.}

If my sight fail not,
You should be lord ambassador from the emperor,
My royal nephew, and your name Capucius.

Cap. Madam, the same; your servant.

Kath. O, my lord,
The times and titles now are alter'd strangely
With me since first you knew me: But, I pray you,
What is your pleasure with me?

Cap. Noble lady,
First, mine own service to your grace; the next,
The king's request that I would visit you;
Who grieves much for your weakness, and by me
Sends you his princely commendation, and
Heartily entreats you take good comfort. \[late;\]

Kath. O my good lord, that comfort comes too
'Tis like a pardon after execution;
That gentle physic, given in time, had cured me;
But now I am past all comforts here, but prayers.
How does his highness?

Cap. Madam, in good health.

Kath. So may he ever do! and ever flourish,
When I shall dwell with worms, and my poor name
Banish'd the kingdom! Patience, is that letter,
I caused you write, yet sent away?
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 [Thomas] To waste these times. Good hour of night, Sir Whither so late?

Lov. Came you from the king, my lord?
Gar. I did, Sir Thomas; and left him at prime
With the Duke of Suffolk.

Lov. I must to him too.

Gar. Before he go to bed. I'll take my leave.

Lov. 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.

Gar. My lord, I love you;
And durst commend a secret to your ear [labour, Much weightier than this work. The queen's in
They say, in great extremity; and fear'd
She 'll with the labour end.

Gar. The fruit she goes with I pray for heartily, that it may find
Good time, and live: but for the stock, Sir Thomas, I wish it grubb'd up now.

Lov. Methinks I could
Cry the amen; and yet my conscience says
She's a good creature, and, sweet lady, does
Deserve our better wishes.

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 me'er be well,
'Twill not, Sir Thomas Lovell, take 't of me, still
Till Cranmer, Cromwell, her two hands, and she,
Sleep in their graves.

Lov. Now, sir, you speak of two
The most remark'd i' the kingdom. As for Cromwell,
Beside that of the jewel house, is made master

Of the rolls, and the king's secretary; further, sir,
Stands in the gap and trade of more preferments,
With which the time will load him. The archbishop
Is the king's hand and tongue; and who dare speak
One syllable against him?

Gar. Yes, yes, Sir Thomas,
There are that dare; and I myself have ventured
To speak my mind of him: and indeed this day,
Sir, I may tell it you, I think I have
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 misdicks
Our reasons laid before him, hath commanded
To-morrow morning to the council-board
He be concealed. 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 serv-

[Exeunt Gardiner and Page.

Enter the King and Suffolk.

King. Charles, I will play no more to-night;
My mind's not on 't; you are too hard for me.

Suf. Sir, I did never wish of you before.

King. But little, Charles;
Nor shall not, when my fancy's on my play.
Now, Lovell, from the queen what is the news?

Lov. I could not personally deliver to her
What you commanded me, but by her woman
I sent your message; who return'd her thanks
In the great'st humbleness, and desired your high-
Most heartily to pray for her.

[Exeunt. 

King. What say'st thou, ha?

To pray for her? what, is she crying out?

Lov. So said her woman; and that her sufferance
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;
Frothi, 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.

Suff. I wish your highness
A quiet night; and my good mistress will
Remember in my prayers.

King. Charles, good-night. [Exit Suffolk.

Enter Sir Anthony Denny.

Well, sir, what follows?

Den. Sir, I have brought my lord the archbishop,
As you commanded me.

King. Ha! Canterbury?

Den. Ay, my good lord.

King. 'Tis true: where is he, Denny?

Den. He attends your highness' pleasure.

King. [Exit Denny.]

Lov. [Aside] This is about that which the bishop
I am happily come hither. [spake:

Re-enter Denny, with Cranmer.

King. Avoid the gallery. [Lovell seems to stay.]

Lov. I have said. Be gone.

What! [Exeunt Lovell and Denny.

Cran. [Aside] I am fearful: wherefore frowns he?
'Tis his aspect of terror. All's not well. [thinks?

King. How now, my lord! you do desire to know
Wherefore I sent for you?

Cran. [Kneeling] It is my duty
To attend your highness' pleasure.

King. Pray you, arise,
My good and gracious Lord of Canterbury.
Come, you and I must walk a turn together; [hand.
I have news to tell you: come, come, give me your
Ah, my good lord, I grieve at what I speak,
And am right sorry to repeat what follows:
I have, and most unwillingly, of late
Heard many grievous, I do say, my lord,
Grievous complaints of you; which, being consider'd,
Have moved us and our council, that you shall
This morning come before us; where, I know,
You cannot with such freedom purge yourself,
But that, till further trial in those charges
Which will require your answer, you must take
Your patience to you, and be well contented [us,
To make your house our Tower: you a brother of
It: fits we thus proceed, or else no witness
Would come against you.

Cran. [Kneeling] I humbly thank your highness;
And am right glad to catch this good occasion
Most thoroughly to be winnow'd, where my chaff
And corn shall fly asunder: for, I know,
There's none stands under more calamitous tongues
Than myself, poor man.

King. Stand up, good Canterbury:
Thy truth and thy integrity is rooted
In us, thy friend: give me thy hand, stand up:
Prithie, let's walk. Now, by my holyday,
What manner of man are you? My lord, I look'd
You would have given me your petition, that
I should have to thy same pains to bring together
Yourself and your accusers; and to have heard you,
Without indurance, further.

Cran. Most dread liege,
The good I stand on is my truth and honesty:
If they shall fail, I, with mine enemies
Will triumph o'er your person; which I weigh not,
Being of those virtues vacant. I fear nothing
What can be said against me.

King. Know you not
How your state stands i' the world, with the whole
world? [ideas
Your enemies are many, and not small; their prac-
Must bear the same proportion; and not ever
The justice and the truth o' the question carries
The due o' the verdict with it: at what ease
Might corrupt minds procure knaves as corrupt
To swear against you? such things have been done.

You are potently opposed; and with a malice
Of as great size. Ween you of better luck,
How mean, in purged waters, than your master,
Whose minister you are, whiles here he lived
Upon this naughty earth? Go to, go to;
You take a precipice for no leap of danger,
And woo your own destruction.

Cran. God and your majesty
Protect mine innocence, or I fall into
The trap is laid for me!

King. Be of good cheer;
They shall no more prevail than we give way to.
Keep comfort to you; and this morning see
You do appear before them: if they shall chance,
In charging you with matters, to commit you,
The best persuasions to the contrary
Fail not to use, and with what vehemency
The occasion shall instruct you: if entreaties
Will render you no remedy, this ring
Deliver them, and your appeal to us [weeps!
There make before them. Look, the good man
He's honest, on mine honour. God's bliss mother!
I swear he is true-hearted; and a soul
None better in my kingdom. Get you gone,
And do as I have bid you. [Exeunt Cranmer.]

He
His language in his tears. [has stranded

Enter Old Lady, Lovell following.

Gent. [Within] Come back: what mean you?

Old L. I'll not come back; the tidings that I
bring
[gems
Will make my boldness manners. Now, good an-
Fly o'er thy royal head, and shade thy person
Under their blessed wings! [King.

Now, by thy looks
I guess thy message. Is the queen deliver'd?

Say, ay; and of a boy.

Old L. Ay, ay, my liege;
And of a lovely boy: the God of heaven
Both now and ever bless her! 't is a girl,
Promises boys hereafter. Sir, your queen
Desires your visitation, and to be
Acquainted with this stranger: 't is as like you
As cherry is to cherry.

King. 

Lov. Sir?

King. Give her an hundred marks. I'll to the queen.
[Exeunt.

Old L. An hundred marks! By this light, I'll
An ordinary grooms is for such payment. [ha'more.
I will have more, or scold it out of him.
Said I for this, the girl was like to him?
I will have more, or else unsay 't: and now,
While it is hot, I'll put it to the issue. [Exeunt.

SCENE II.—Before the council-chamber.

Pursuivants, Pages, &c., attending.


Cran. I hope I am not too late; and yet the gentle-
man,
That was sent to me from the council, pray'd me
To make great haste. All fast? what means this?
Who waifs there? Sure, you know me? [Ho!

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.[Exeunt.

Cran. [Aside] 'Tis Butts, the king's physician: as he pass'd along,

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ACT V.

How earnestly he cast his eyes upon me! [taint, Pray heaven, he sound not my disgrace! For cer-
This is of purpose laid by some that hate me — God turn their hearts! I never sought their mal-
[make me
To quench mine honour: they would shame to
Wait else at door, a fellow-counsellor, [ures 'Mong boys, grooms, and lackeys. But their pleas-
Must be fullfil'd, and I attend with patience.

Enter the King and Butts at a window above.

Butts. I'll show your grace the strangest sight —
King. What's that, Butts?

Butts. I think your highness saw this many a day.
King. Body o' me, where is it?

Butts. There, my lord: The high promotion of his grace of Canterbury;
Who holds his state at door, 'mongst pursuivants, Pages, and footboys.

King. Hal! 'tis he, indeed:
Is this the honour they do one another?
'Tis well there's one above 'em yet. I had thought
They had parted so much honesty among 'em,
At least, good manners, as not thus to suffer
A man of his place, and so near our favour,
To dance attendance on their lordships' pleasures,
And at the door too, like a post with packets.
By holy Mary, Butts, they've a knavery:
Let 'em alone, and draw the curtain close;
We shall hear more anon.

[Exeunt.

SCENE III.—The Council-Chamber.

Enter Lord Chancellor; places himself at the upper end of the table on the left hand; a seat being left void above him, as for Canterbury's seat.
Duke of 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?

Oror. Please your honours,
The chief concern causes his grace of Canterbury.

Gar. Has he had knowledge of it?

Oror. Yes.

Gar. Nor. Who waits there?

Keep. Without, my noble lords?

Gar. Yes.

Keep. My lord archbishop; And has done half an hour, to know your pleasures.

Cham. Let him come in.

Keep. Your grace may enter now.

[Chamener 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 miscarried yourself, and not a little, Toward the king first, then in laws, in filling
The whole realm, by your teaching and your chap-
For so we are inform'd, with new opinions, [lains,
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 Till they obey the manage. If we suffer, 'em,
Out of our easiness and childish pity
To one man's honour, this contagious sickness, Farewell all physic: and what follows then?
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 laboured,
And with no little study, that my teaching And the strong course of my authority Might go one way, and, safely; and the end
Was ever, to do well: nor is there living, I speak it with a single heart, my lords,
A man that more detests, more stirrs against,
Both in his private conscience and his place,
Defacers of a public peace, than I do. Pray heaven, the king may never find a heart With less allegiance in it! Men that make
Envy and crooked malice nourishment
Dare bite the best. I do beseech your lordships,
That, in this case of justice, my accusers,
Be what they will, may stand forth face to face,
And freely urge against me.

Suf. Nay, my lord,
That cannot be: you are a counsellor,
And, by that virtue, no man dare accuse you.

Gar. My lord, because we have business of more moment,
We will be short with you. 'Tis his highness' pleas-
And our consent, for better trial of you,
From hence you be committed to the Tower;
Where, being but a private man again,
You shall know many dare accuse you boldly,
More than, I fear, you are provided for.

Oror. Ah, my good Lord of Winchester, I thank
You are always so fair; your will pass,
I shall both find your lordship judge and juror,
You are so merciful: I see your end;
'Tis my undoing: love and meekness, lord,
Become a churchman better than ambition:
Win straying souls with modesty again,
Cast none away. That shall clear myself,
Lay all the weight ye can upon my patience,
I make as little doubt, as you do conscience
In doing daily wrongs. I could say more,
But reverence to your calling makes me modest.

Gar. My lord, my lord, you are a sectary,
That's the plain truth; your painted gloss discovers,
To men that understand you, words and weakness.

Crom. My Lord of Winchester, you are a little,
By your good favour, too sharp: men so noble,
However faulty, yet should find respect
For what they have been: 'tis a cruelty
To load a failure man.

Good master secretary, I cry your honour mercy; you may, worst
Of all this table, say so.

Oror. Why, my lord?

Gar. Do not I know you for a favourer
Of this new sect? ye are not sound.

Oror. Not sound, I say.

Crom. Would you were half so honest!
Men's prayers then would seek you, not their fears.

Gar. I shall remember this bold language.

Do. Remember your bold life too.

Cham. This is too much;

Forbear, for shame, my lords.

Gar. I have done.

Cham. Then thus for you, my lord: it stands
I take it, by all voices, that forthwith [agreed,
You be convey'd to the Tower a prisoner;
There to remain till the king's further pleasure
Be known unto us: are you all agreed, lords?

All. We are.

Oror. Is there no other way of mercy,
But I must needs to the Tower, my lords?

Gar. What other

Oror. Would you expect? you are strangely troublesome.
Let some o' the guard be ready there.

Enter Guard.

For me?

Cran. Must I go like a traitor thither?

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Act V.  

KING HENRY VIII.  
Scene IV.

GAR.  
Aye, see him safe i' the Tower.  

CRAN.  
Receive him, my lords.  

I have a little yet to say.  Look there, my lords;  
By virtue of that ring, I take my cause  
Out of the gripes of cruel men, and give it  
To a most noble judge, the king my master.  

CRAN.  
This is the king's ring.  

SIR.  
'Tis no counterfeit.  

Thou, Do you think, my lords,  
The king will suffer but the little finger  
Of this man to be vex'd?  

CRAN.  
'Tis now too certain:  
How much more is his life in value with him?  
Would I were fairly out on't!  

CRAN.  
My mind gave me,  
In seeking tales and informations  
Against this man, whose honesty the devil  
And his disciples only envy at.  

Ye blew the fire that burns ye: now have at ye!  

Enter King, frowning on them; takes his seat.  

GAR.  
Dread sovereign, how much are we bound to  
In daily thanks, that gave us such a prince;  
[heaven Not only for thereby, but, I say, religious  
One that, in all obedience, makes the church  
The chief aim of his honour; and, to strengthen  
That holy duty, out of dear respect,  
His royal self in judgment comes to hear  
The cause betwixt her and this great offender.  

King.  
You were ever good at sudden commendations—  
Bishop of Winchester. But know, I come not thence;  
To hear such flattery now, and in my presence;  
They are too thin and bare to hide offences.  
To me you cannot reach, you play the spaniel,  
And think with wagging of your tongue to win me;  
But, whatsoever thou takest for me, I'm sure  
Thou hast a cruel nature and a bloody.  [provident  
[To Cranmer] Good man, sit down. Now let me see the  
He, that dares most, but wag his finger at thee:  
By all that's holy, he had better starve  
Than but once think this place becomes thee not.  

SIR.  
May it please your grace.  

King.  
No, sir, it does not please me.  
I had thought I had had some understanding  
And wisdom of my council; but I find none.  
Was it discretion, lords, to let this man,  
This good man,—few of you deserve that title,—  
This honest man, wait like a lousy footboy  
At chamber-door? and one as great as you are?  
Why, what a shame was this! Did my commission  
Bid ye so far forget yourselves? I gave ye  
Power as he was a counsellor to try him,  
Not as a groomsman, there's some of ye, I see,  
More out of malice than integrity,  
Would try him to the utmost, had ye mean;  
Which ye shall never have while I live.  

CRAN.  
Thus far.  

King.  
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.  

Man.  
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:  
Bury, Be friends with him, my lord: 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 honour: how may I deserve it,  
That am a poor and humble subject to you?  

KING.  
Comes it not come to you? When we ask you to 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.  

With a true heart
And brother-love I do it.  

CRAN.  
And let heaven  
Witness, how dear I hold this confirmation.  [heart:  
King.  
Good man, those joyful tears show thy true  
The common voice, I see, is verified  
[bury Of thee, which says thus, 'Do my Lord of Canterbury  
A shrewd turn to, and he is yours ever 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.  
You'll leave your noise, ye rascals;  
do you take the court for Paris-garden? ye rude slaves, leave your gaping.  

[harder.  

MAN.  
Pray, sir, be patient: it is as much imposed—  
Unless we sweep 'em from the door with cannons—  
To scatter 'em, as 'tis to make 'em sleep  
On May-day morning; which will never be:  
We may as well push against Powle's, as stir 'em.  

PORT.  
How got they in, and be hang'd?  

MAN.  
Alas, I know not; how gets the tide in?  
As much as one sound edguel of four foot—  
You see the poor remainder—could distribute,  
I made no spare, sir.  

PORT.  
You did nothing, sir.  

MAN.  
I am not Samson, nor Sir Guy, nor Colbrand,  
To throw 'em down before me: but if I spared any  
That had a head to hit, either too large or old,  
He or she, cuckold or cuckold-maker,  
Let me ne'er hope to see a chine again;  
And that I would not for a cow, God save her!  

[Within] Do you hear, master porter?  

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 muster in? or have we some strange Indian with the great tool come to court, the women so besiege us? 'Bless me, what a fry of information is at door! On my Christian conscience, this odd chrestomathy will begat a thousand;  
here will be father, godfather, and all together.  

MAN.  
The spoons will be the bigger, sir. There is a fellow somewhat near the door, he should be a brazier by his face, for, o' my conscience, twenty of the dog-days now reign in our nose; all that stand about him are under the line, they need no other penance: that fire-drake did I hit three times on the head, and three times was his nose discharged against me; he stands there, like a mortar-piece, to blow us. There was a haberdasher's wife of small wit near him, that railed upon me till her pinked porringer fell and split. I have heard such an incident in the state. I missed the meteor once, and hit that woman; who cried out 'Clubs!' when I might see from far some forty truncheoners draw to her succour, which were the hope o' the Strand, where she was quartered. They fell on; I made

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Enter Lord Chamberlain.

Cham. Mercy o’ me, what a multitude are here! They grow still too; from all parts they are coming, As if we kept a fair here! Where are these porters, These lazy knaves? Ye have made a fine hand, fel— There’s a trim rabble let in: are all these [lows; Your faithful friends o’ the suburbs? We shall have Great store of room, no doubt, left for the ladies, When they pass back from the christening.

Port. An’t please your honour, We are but men; and what so many may do, Not being torn a-pieces, we have done: An army cannot rem. [Exeunt.

SCENE V.—The palace.

Enter trumpets, sounding; then two Aldermen, Lord Mayor, Garter, Cranmer, Duke of Norfolk with his marshall’s staff, Duke of Suffolk, two Noblemen bearing great涌d-founding-bows for the christening-gifts; then four Noblemen bearing a canopy, under which the Duchess of Norfolk, godmother, bearing the child richly habited in a mantle, &c., train borne by a Lady; then follow the Marshoness Dorsorat, the other godmother, and Ladies. The troop pass once about the stage, and Garter speaks.

Gart. Heaven, from thy endless goodness, send prosperous life, long, and ever happy, to the high and mighty princess of England, Elizabeth! 

Flourish. Enter King and Guard.

Cran. [Kneeling] And to your royal grace, and the good queen,
My noble partners, and myself, thus pray: All comfort, joy, in this most gracious lady, Heaven ever laid up to make parents happy, May hourly fall upon ye! 

King. Thank you, good lord archbishop: What is her name? 

Cran. Elizabeth.

King. Stand up, lord. 

[The King kisses the child.]

With this kiss take my blessing: God protect thee! Into whose hand I give thy life. 

Amen.

King. My noble gossips, ye have been too prodigal: I thank ye heartily; so shall this lady, When she has so much English.

Cran. Let me speak, sir, For heaven now bids me; and the words I utter

Let none think flattery, for they’ll find ‘em truth. This royal infant — heaven still move about her! — Though in her cradle, yet now promises Upon this land a thousand thousand blessings, Which time shall bring to ripeness: she shall be — But few now living can behold that goodness — A pattern to all princes living with her, And all that shall succeed: Shall we ever More covertly, or with a fairer grace, Than this pure soul shall be: all princely graces, That mould up such a mighty piece as this is, With all the virtues that attend the good. Shall still be doubled on her: truth shall nurse her, Holy and heavenly thoughts still counsel her: She shall be still supported and fear her own. All shall bless Her fives shake like a field of beaten corn, [her; And hang their heads with sorrow: good grows with In her days every man shall eat in safety, [her: Under his own vine, what he plants; and sing The merry songs of peace to all his neighbours; God shall be truly known; and those about her From her she shall read the perfect ways of honour, And by those claim their greatness, not by blood. Nor shall this peace sleep with her: but as when The bird of wonder dies, the maiden phoenix, Her ashes new create another heir, As great in admiration and fear.

So shall she leave her blessedness to one, [pess, When heaven shall call her from this cloud of dark- Who from the sacred ashes of her honour Shall star-like rise, as great in fame as she was, And so stand fix’d: peace, plenty, love, truth, terror, That were the servants to this chosen infant, Shall then be his, and like a vine grow to him: Wherever the bright sun of heaven shall shine, His honour and the greatness of his name Shall be, and make new nations: he shall flourish, And, like a mountain cedar, reach his branches To all the plains about him: our children’s children Shall see, and bless her heirs.

King. Thou speakest wonders. Cran. She shall be, to the happiness of England, An aged princess; many days shall see her, And yet no day without a deed to crown it. Would I had known no more! but she must die, And must then leave me a virgin most unscar’d, A most unspectable 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 lay abed in hope of death, I thought to see what this child does, and praise my Maker. I thank ye all. To you, my good lord mayor, And your good brethren, I am much beholding; I have received much honour by your presence, And ye shall find me thankful. Lead the way, lords: Ye must all see the queen, and she must thank ye, She will be sick else. This day, no man think Has business at his house; for all shall stay: This little one shall make it holiday. [Exeunt.

EPilogue.

’Tis ten to one this play can never please All that are here: some come to take their ease, And sleep an act or two; but those, we fear, We have frightened with our trumpets; so, ’tis clear, They’ll say ’tis naught: others, to hear the city Abused extremely, and to cry: That’s witty! ’Which we have not done neither: that, I fear, All the expected good we’re like to hear For this play at this time, is only in The merciful construction of good women; For such a one we show’d ’em: if they smile, And say ’t will do, I know, within a while All the best men are ours; for ’tis ill hap, If they hold when their ladies bid ’em clap.

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TROILUS AND CRESSIDA.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Priam, King of Troy.
Hector.
Troilus, his sons.
Paris,
Delphobus,
Helenus,
Margarelon, a bastard son of Priam.
Æneas,
Antenor,
Calchas, a Trojan priest, taking part with the Greeks.
Pandaruris, uncle to Cressida.
Agamemnon, the Grecian general.
Menelaus, his brother.
Achilles, Grecian princes.
Ajax,
Ulysses,
Nestor,
Diomedes,
Patroclus,
Thersites, a deformed and scurrilous Grecian.
Alexander, servant to Cressida.
Servant to Troilus.
Servant to Paris.
Servant to Diomedes.
Helen, wife to Menelaus.
Andromache, wife to Hector.
Cassandra, daughter to Priam, a prophetess.
Cressida, daughter to Calchas.
Trojan and Greek Soldiers, and Attendants.

SCENE—Troy, and the Grecian camp before it.

PROLOGUE.

In Troy, there lies the scene. From isles of Greece
The princes orgulous, their high blood 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 immunes
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 freightage: now on Dardan plains
The fresh and yet unbruised Greeks do pitch
Their brave pavilions: Priam’s six-gated city,
Dardan, and Tymbria, Hellas, 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.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—Troy. Before Priam’s palace.

Enter Troilus armed, and Pandaruris.

Tro. Call here my varlet; I’ll unarm again:
Why should I war without the walls of Troy,
That find such cruel battle here within?
Each Trojan that is master of his heart,
Let him to field; Troilus, alas! hath none.

Pan. Will this gear ne’er be mended? [strength,

Tro. The Greeks are strong and skilful to their
Fierce to their skill and to their fierceness valiant;
But I am weaker than a woman’s tear,
Tamer than sleep, fonder than ignorance,
Less valiant than the virgin in the night,
And skillless as unpractised infancy.

Pan. Well, I have told you enough of this; for
my part, I’ll not meddle nor make no further. He
that will have a cake out of the wheat must needs

Tro. Have I not tarried? [bolting,

Pan. Ay, the grinding; but you must tarry the
Tro. Have I not tarried? [leavening.

Pan. Ay, the bolting, but you must tarry the
Tro. Still have I tarried.

Pan. Ay, to the leavening; but here’s yet in the
word ‘hereafter’ the kneading, the making of the
cake, the heating of the oven and the baking; nay,
you must stay the cooling too, or you may chance
to burn your lips.

Tro. Patience herself, what goddess e’er she be,
Doth lesser blemish at sufferance than I do.
At Priam’s royal table do I sit;
And when fair Cressid comes into my thoughts,—
So, traitor! ‘When she comes!’ When is she
thence?

Pan. Well, she looked yesternight fairer than
ever I saw her look, or any woman else.

Tro. I was about to tell thee:—when my heart,
ACT I.  

TROILUS AND CRESSIDA.  

SCENE I.  

Tro. Because not there: this woman's answer  

For womanish it is to be from thence.  

[sorts,  

What news, Æneas, from the field to-day?  

Æne. That Paris is returned home and hurt.  

Tro. By whom, Æneas?  

Æneas, Troilus, by Menelaus.  

Tro. Let Paris bleed: 'tis but a scar to scor;  

Paris is gored with Menelaus' horn.  

[Alarum.  

Æneas.  

Hark, what good sport is out of town to-day!  

[May.  

Tro. Better at home, if ' would I might' were  

But to the sport abroad: are you bound thither?  

Æneas. In all swift haste.  

Tro.  

Come, go we then together.  

[Exeunt.  

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 armourer,  

And, like as there were husbandry in war,  

So, when 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  

with discretion: there is no man hath a virtue  

that he hath not a glimpse of, nor any man an attendant  

but he carries some stain of it: he is melancholy  

without cause, and merry against the hair: he hath  

the joints of every thing, but every thing so out of  

joint that he is a gouty Briareus, many hands  

and no use, or purblind Argus, all eyes and no sight.  

Cres. But how should this man, that makes me  

smile, make Hector angry?  

Alex. They say he yesterday coped Hector in the  

battle and struck him down, the disdain and shame  

whereof hath ever since kept Hector fasting and  

waking.  

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.  

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ACT I.  

TROILUS AND CRESSIDA.  

SCENE II.

Pan. Was he angry?

Cres. So he says here.

Pan. True, he was so: I know the cause too: he'll 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.

Cres. What, is he angry too? [too.

Pan. Who, Troilus? Troilus is the better man of the two.

Pan. Jupiter! there's no comparison.

Pan. What, not between Troilus and Hector?

Do you know a man if you see him?

Cres. Ay, if I ever saw him before and knew him.

Pan. Well, I say Troilus is Troilus.

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

Cres. So he is.[were.

Pan. Condition, I had gone barefoot to India.

Cres. He is not Hector.

Pan. Himself no, he's not himself; would a

Cres. Were himself! Well, the gods are above; time

Pan. friend or end: well, Troilus, well: I would

Cres. 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

Cres. me another tale, when th' other's come to 't. Hector shall not have his wit this year.

Cres. He shall not need it, if he have his own.

Pan. Nor his qualities.

Cres. No matter.

Pan. Nor his beauty.

Cres. 'T would not become him; his own's better.

Pan. You have no judgment, niece: Helen her-

Cres. self swore th' other day, that Troilus, for a brown

Pan. favour—for so 'tis, I must confess,—not brown

Cres. neither,—

Pan. No, not brown.

Cres. 'Faith, to say truth, brown and not brown.

Pan. To say the truth, true and not true.

Cres. She praised his complexion above Paris.


Cres. Then Troilus should have too much: if she

Pan. praised him above, his complexion is higher than

Cres. his; he having colour enough, and the other higher,

Pan. is too flattering a praise for a good complexion. I

Cres. had as lief Helen's golden tongue had commended

Pan. Troilus for a copper nose.

Cres. I swear to you, I think Helen loves him

Pan. better than Paris.

Cres. Then she's a merry Greek indeed.

Pan. Nay, I am sure she does. She came to him

Cres. th' other day into the compassed window,—and,

Pan. you know, he has not past three or four hairs on

Cres. his chin.—

Pan. Indeed, a tapster's arithmetical may soon

Cres. bring his particulars therein to a total.

Pan. Why, he is very young: and yet will he,

Cres. within three pound, lift as much as his brother

Pan. Hector. Is he so young a man and so old a lifter?

Cres. But to prove to you that Helen loves him: she

Pan. came and puts me her white hand to his cloven

Cres. chin—

Pan. Juno have mercy! how came it cloven?

Cres. Why, you know, 'tis dimpled: I think his

Pan. smiling becomes him better than any man in all


Pan. Does he not?

Cres. O yes, and 't were a cloud in autumn.

Pan. Why, go to, then: but to prove to you that

Cres. Helen loves Troilus.—

Pan. Troilus will stand to the proof, if you'll

Cres. prove it so.

Pan. Troilus! why, he esteems her no more than

Cres. I esteem an addle egg.

Pan. If you love an addle egg as well as you love

Cres. an idle head, you would eat chickens i'the shell.

Pan. I cannot choose but laugh, to think how

Cres. she tickled his chin: indeed, she has a marvellous

Pan. white hand, I must needs confess,—

Cres. Without the rack.

Pan. And she takes upon her to spy a white hair

Cres. on his chin.

Pan. Alas, poor chin! many a wart is richer.

Pan. But there was such laughing! Queen Hec-

Cres. ulia laughed that her eyes ran o'er.

Pan. With mill-stones.

Pan. And Cassandra laughed.

Cres. But there was more temperate fire under

Pan. the pot of her eyes: did her eyes run o'er too?

Pan. And Hector laughed.

Cres. At what was all this laughing?

Pan. Marry, at the white hair that Helen spied

Cres. on Troilus' chin... [laughed too.

Pan. An' t had been a green hair, I should have

Cres. They laughed not so much at the hair as at

Pan. his pretty answer.

Cres. What was his answer?

Pan. Quoth she, 'Here's but two and fifty hairs

Cres. on your chin, and one of them is white.'

Pan. This is her question.

Pan. That's true; make no question of that.

Cres. 'Two and fifty hairs,' quoth he, 'and one white:

Pan. that white hair is my father, and all the rest are

Cres. his sons.' 'Jupiter!' quoth she, 'which of these hairs

Pan. is Paris my husband?' 'The forked one,' quoth

Cres. he, 'pluck 't out, and give it him.' But there was

Pan. such laughing! and Helen so blushed, and Paris

Cres. so chafed, and all the rest so laughed, that it passed.

Pan. So let it now; for it has been a great while

Cres. going by; [think on 't.

Pan. Well, cousin, I told you a thing yesterday;

Cres. So I do.

Pan. I'll be sworn 't is true; he will weep you,

Cres. an' were a man born in April.

Pan. And I'll spring up in his tears, an' were a

Cres. nettle against May. [A retreat sounded.

Pan. Had they come from the field; shall we

Cres. stand up here, and see them as they pass toward

Pan. Ilion? good niece, do, sweet niece Cressida.

Cres. At your pleasure.

Pan. Here, here, here's an excellent place; here

Cres. we may see most bravely: I'll tell you them all by

Pan. their names as they pass by; but mark Troilus; above

Cres. Speak not so loud. [the rest.

Æneas passes.

Pan. That's Æneas: is not that a brave man?

Cres. he's one of the flowers of Troy, I can tell you: but

Pan. mark Troilus; you shall see anon.

Antenor passes.

Cres. Who's that?

Pan. That's Antenor: he has a shrewd wit, I can

Cres. tell you; and he's a man good enough: he's one o' the

Pan. sourest judgments in Troy, whosoever, and a

Cres. proper man of person. When comes Troilus? I'll

Pan. show you Troilus anon: if he see me, you shall see

Cres. him nod at me.

Pan. Will he give you the nod?

Cres. You shall see.

Pan. If he do, the rich shall have more.

Hector passes.

Pan. That's Hector, that, that, look you, that;

Cres. there's a fellow! Go thy way, Hector! There's a
brave man, niece. O brave Hector! Look how he
looks! there's a countenance! is 't not a brave man?
Cres. O, a brave man!
Pan. Is 'a not? if it does a man's heart good. Look
you what hacks are on his helmet! you yonder,
do you see? look you there: there's no jesting;
'there's laying on, take 't off who will, as they say:
there be hacks!
Cres. Be those with swords?
Pan. Swords! and this he cares not; an the devil
comes to him, it's all one: by God's lid, it does one's
heart good. Yonder comes Paris, yonder comes
Paris.

Paris passes.

Pan. Whose is that? Cres. That's Helenus. I marvel where Troilus
is. That's Helenus. I think he went not forth
to-day. That's Helenus.
well. I marvel where Troilus is. Hark! do you not
hear the people of 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!
Pan. Peace, for shame, peace!
Cres. 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
Cres. Here come more. [to boot.

Forces pass.

Pan. Asses, fools, dolts! chaff and bran, chaff
and bran! pordidge after meat! I could live and
die! 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! day? he's not hurt: why, this
will do Helen's heart good now, ha! Would I could
see Troilus now! You shall see Troilus anon.

Helenus passes.

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to-day. That's Helenus.
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Agamemnon and all! day? he's not hurt: why, this
will do Helen's heart good now, ha! Would I could
see Troilus now! You shall see Troilus anon.
Bounding between the two moist elements,
Like Persens' horse: where 's then the saucy boat
Whose weak untimber'd sides but even now
Co-rivall'd greatness? Either to harbour fled,
Or made a toast for Neptune. Even so
Doth and shall not stand; and unreflective
In storms of fortune; for in her ray and brightness
The herd hath more annoyance by the breeze
Than by the tiger; but when the splitting wind
Makes flexible the knees of knotted oaks, [courage
And flies fled under shade, why, then the thing of
As roused with rage with rage doth sympathize,
And apprehend his unconsidered key
Retorts to chiding fortune.

Ulysses.

Agamemnon,
Thou great commander, nerve and boul of Greece,
Heart of our numbers, soul and only spirit,
In whom the tempters and the minds of all
Should be shut up, hear what Ulysses speaks.
Besides the applause and approbation
The which, [To Agamemnon] most mighty for thy
place and sway,
[Out life
To Nest.] And thou most reverend for thy stretch'd-
I give to both your speeches, which were such
As Agamemnon and the hand of Greece
Should be held in beholding; and again
As venerable Nestor, hatch'd in silver,
Should with a bond of air, strong as the axletree
On which heaven rides, knoll all the Greekish ears
To his experienced tongue, yet let it please both,
Thou great, and wise, to hear Ulysses speak.

Agamemnon. Speak, Prince of Ithaca; and be 't of less
That matter needless, of importance burden, [expect
Divide thy lips, than we are confident.
When rank Thersites opens his mastic jaws,
We shall hear music, wit and oracle.

Ulysses. Troy, yet upon his basis, had been down,
And the great Hector's sword had lack'd a master,
But for these instances
The specialty of rule hath been neglected:
And, look, how many Grecian tents do stand
Hollow upon this plain, so many hollow factions.
When that the general is not like the hive
To whom the foragers shall all repair
What is expected? Degree being vizarded,
The unworthiest shows as fairly in the mask.
The heavens themselves, the planets and this centre
Observe degree, priority and place,
Insistence, course, proportion, season, form,
Office and custom, in all line of order;
And therefore is the god, the great Ulysses,
In noble eminence enthroned and spherical
Amidst the other; whose medicinal eye
Corrects the ill aspects of planets evil,
And posts, like the commandment of a king,
Sans check to good and bad: but when the planets
In evil mixture to disorder wand'rest
What plagues and what portents! what mutiny!
What raging of the sea! shaking of earth!
Commotion in the winds! frights, changes, horrors,
Divert and crack, rend and deracinate
The unity and married calm of states
Quite from their fixture! O, when degree is shaken,
While valor's expectation's, worth's worth
Then enterprise is sick! How could communities,
Degrees in schools and brotherhoods in cities,
Peaceful commerce from dividable shores,
The primogentive and due of birth,
Prerogative of age, crowns, sceptres, laurels,
But in all these, stand in the last place?
Take but degree away, untune that string,
And, hark, what discord follows! each thing meets
In mere oppignancy: the bounded waters
Should lift their bosoms higher than the shores
And make a sop of all this solid globe:
Strength should be lord of imbecility,
And the rude son should strike his father dead:

Force should be right; or rather, right and wrong,
Between whose endless jar justice resides,
Should lose their names, and so should justice too.
Then every thing includes itself in power,
Power into will, will into appetite;
And appetite and appetite an universal
So doubly seconded with will and power,
Must make perforse an universal prey,
And last eat up himself. Great Agamemnon,
This chaoz, when degree is suffocato,
Follows the choking.
And this neglect of degree it is
What by that same conceit is both
And over-rational, that to back, with a purpose
It hath to climb. The general 's disdain'd
By him one step below, he by the next,
That next by him beneath; so every step,
Examined by the first pace that is sick
Of his superior, grows to an envious fever
Of pale and bloodless emulation:
And 't is this fever that keeps Troy on foot,
Not her own sinews. To end a tale of length,
Troy in our weakness stands, not in her strength.

Nestor. Most wisely hath Ulysses here discover'd
The fever whereof all our power is sick.

Agamemnon. The nature of the sickness found, Ulysses,
What is it? He tells us.

Ulysses. The great Achilles, whom opinion crowns
The sinew and the forehand of our host,
Having his ear full of his airy fame,
Grows dainty of his worth and in his tent
Lies mocking our designs: with him Patroclus
Upon a lazy bed the livelong day
Breaks scurril jests,
And with ridiculous and awkward action,
Which, slanderer, he imitation calls,
He pageants us. Sometime, great Agamemnon,
Thy toilless 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 salladage,—
Such to-be-pitied and o'er-wrested seeming
He acts thy greatness in: and when he speaks,
'Tis like a chime a-mending: with terms unsquared,
Which, in the tongue of a Typhon dropp'd,
Would seem hyperboles. At this dusty stuff
The large Achilles, on his press'd bed lolling,
From his deep chest laughs out a loud applause;
Cries 'Excellent! 't is Agamemnon just.
Now play me Nestor; hem, and stroke thy beard,
As he before did: and I
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 me him, Patroclus,
Arming to answer in a night alarm.'
And then, forsooth, the faint defects of age
Must be the scene of mirth; to cough and spit,
And, with a palsy-fumbling on his gorget,
Shake in and out the rivet: and at this sport
Sir Valour dies; cries 'O, enough, Patroclus;
Or give me ribs of steel! ' I shall split all
In pleasure of my spleen.' And in this fashion,
All our petty, an undetermined shapes,
Severs and generals of grace exact,
Achievements, plots, orders, preventions,
Excitements to the field, or speech for truce,
Success or loss, what is or is not, serves
As stuff for these two to make paradoxes.

Nestor. And in the midst 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 turn, in full proud a place
As broad Achilles; keeps his tent like him;
Makes factions feasts; rails on our state of war,
Bold as an oracle, and sets Thersites,
A slave whose gall coins slanders like a mint,
To match us in comparisons with dirt,
To weaken and discredit our exposure,
How rank soever rounded in with danger.

Ulyss. They tax our policy, and call it cowardice,
Count wisdom as no member of the war,
Forestall presence and esteem no act.
But that of hand: the still and mental parts,
That do contrive how many bands shall strike,
When fitness calls them on, and know by measure
Of their observant toil the enemies' weight,—
Why, this hath not a finger's dignity:
They call this bed-work, mappery, closet-war;
So that the ram that batters down the wall,
For the great swing and rudeness of his pose,
They place before his hand that made the engine,
Or those that with the fineness of their souls
By reason guide his execution.

Nest. Let this be granted, and Achilles' horse
Makes many Thebians' sons.

Men. From Troy.

Enter Æneas.

Agam. What would you 'fore our tent?
Æne. Is this great Agamemnon's tent, I pray you?
Agam. Even this.
Æne. May one, that is a herald and a prince,
Do a fair message to his kingly ears?
Agam. With surety stronger than Achilles' arm
'Tore all the Grecian heads, which with one voice
Call Agamemnon head and general.
Æne. Fair leave and large security. How may
A stranger to those most imperial looks
Know them from eyes of other mortals?
Agam. How!
Æne. Ay; I ask, that I might waken reverence,
And bid the cheek be ready with a blush
Modest as morning when she coldly eyes
The youthful Phæbus:
Which is that god in office, guiding men?
Which is the high and mighty Agamemnon?
Agam. This Trojan scorns us; or the men of Troy
Are ceremonious courtiers.
Æne. Courtiers as free, as debonair, unarm'd,
A prize to which their fame in peace;
But when they would seem soldiers, they have galls,
Good arms, strong joints, true swords; and, Jove's accord,
Nothing so full of heart. But peace, Æneas,
Peace, Troy; lay thy finger on thy lips!
The worthiness of poverty is small,
If that the praised himself bring the praise forth;
But what the repining enemy commands,
That breath fame blows; that praise, sole pure,
transcends.
Agam. Sir, you of Troy, call you yourself Æneas?
Æne. Ay, Greek, that is my name.
Agam. What's your affair, I pray you?
Æne. Sir, pardon; 'tis for Agamemnon's ears.
Agam. He hears nought privately that comes from Troy.
Æne. Nor I from Troy come not to whisper him:
I bring a trumpet to awake his ear,
To set his sense on the attentive bent,
And then to speak.

Agam. Speak frankly as the wind;
It is not Agamemnon's sleeping hour:
That thou shalt know, Trojan, he is awake,
He tells thee so himself.

Æne. Trumpet, blow loud,
Send thy brass voice through all these lazy tents;
And every Greek of mettle, let him know,
What Troy means fairly shall be spoken aloud.

[Trumpet sounds.

We have, great Agamemnon, here in Troy
A prince call'd Hector,—Priam is his father,—
Who in this dull and long-continued truce
Is restless growth and duty, and dispute
And to this purpose speak. Kings, princes, lords!
If there be one among the fair'st of Greece
That holds his honour higher than his ease,
That seeks his praise more than he fears his peril,
That knows his valour, and knows not his fear,
That loves the mistress more than in confession,
With truant vows to her own life he loves,
And dare avow her beauty and her worth
In other arms than hers,—to him this challenge.
Hector, in view of Trojans and of Greeks,
Shall make it good, or do his best to do it,
He hath a lady, wise, fair, true,
Than ever Greek did compass in his arms,
And will to-morrow with his trumpet call
Midway between your tents and walls of Troy,
To rouse a Grecian that is true in love;
If any come, Hector shall honour him;
If none, he'll say in Troy when he retires,
The Grecian dames are sunburnt and not worth
The splinter of a lance. Even so much.

Agam. This shall be told our lovers, Lord Æneas;
If none of them have soul in such a kind,
We left them all at home: but we are soldiers;
And may that soldier a mere recreant prove,
What means not, or is not in love?
If then one is, or hath, or means to be
That one meets Hector; if none else, I am he.

Nest. Tell him of Nestor, one that was a man
When Hector's grandsire suck'd: he is old now;
But if there be not in our Grecian host
One noble man that hath one spark of fire,
To answer for his love, tell him from me
I'll hide my silver beard in a gold beaver
And in my vanbrace put this wither'd brawn,
And meeting him will tell him that my lady
Was fairer than his grandam and as chaste
As may be in the world: his youth in flood,
I'll prove this truth with my three drops of blood.

Æne. Now heavens forbid such scarcity of youth!
Ulyss. Amen.

Agam. Fair Lord Æneas, let me touch your hand;
To our pavilion shall I lead you, sir.

Achilles shall have word of this intent,
So shall each lord of Greece: that I go to tent:
Yourself shall feast with us before you go
And find the welcome of a noble foe.

[Exeunt all but Ulysses and Nestor.

Ulyss. Nestor!

Nest. What says Ulysses?
Ulyss. I have a young conception in my brain;
Be you my time to bring it to some shape.

Nest. What is 't?

Ulyss. This 't is:
Blunt wedges rive hard knots: the seeded pride
That hath to this maturity blown up
In rank Achilles must or now be cropp'd,
Or, shedding, breed a nursery of like evil,
To overbulk us all.

Nest. Well, and how?

Ulyss. This challenge that the gallant Hector
However it is spread in general name, [sends,
Relates in purpose only to Achilles. [sends.

Nest. The purpose is perspicuous even as subtle
Whose grossness little characters sum up:
And, in the publication, make no strain,
But that Achilles, were his brain as barren
As banks of Libya,—though, Apollo knows,
'Tis dry enough,—will, with great speed of judg-
Achilles, with celerity, find Hector's purpose [ment.
Pointing on him.

Ulyss. And wake him to the answer, think you?

Nest. Yes, 'tis most meet: whom may you else op-
That can from Hector bring his honour off, [pose,
If not Achilles? Though 't be a sportful combat,
ACT II. TROILUS AND CRESSIDA. SCENE I.

Yet in the trial much opinion dwells;
For here the Trojans taste our dearst repute
With their finest palate: and trust to me, Ulysses,
Our imputation shall be oddly poised
In this wild action; for the success,
Although particular, shall give a scantling
Of good or bad unto the general;
And in such indexes, although small pricks
To their subsequent volumes, there is seen
The baby figure of the giant mass
Of things to come at large. It is supposed
He that meets Hector issues from our choice;
And choice, being mutual act of all our souls,
Makes merit her election, and doth boil,
As 't were from forth us all, a man distill'd
Out of our virtues; who miscarrying, [part,
What heart receives from hence the conquering
To steel a strong opinion to themselves?
Which entertain'd, limbs are his instruments,
In no less working than are swords and bows
Directive by the limbs.

Ulyss. Give pardon to my speech:
Therefore 't is meet Achilles meet not Hector.
Let us, like merchants, show our foulest wares,
And in their best, let forth, they'll sell: if not,
The lustre of the better yet to show,
Shall show the better. Do not consent
That ever Hector and Achilles meet;
For both our honour and our shame in this
Are dogg'd with two strange followers.

Nest. I see them not with my old eyes: what are they?
Ulyss. What glory our Achilles shares from Hector?
Were we not proud, we all should share with him:
But he already is too insolent;
And we were better parch in Afric sun
Than in the pride and salt scorn of his eyes,
Should he 'scape Hector fair: if he were foil'd,
Why then, we did our main opinion crush
In taint of our best man. No, make a lottery;
And, by device, let blackish Ajax draw
The sort to fight with Hector: among ourselves
Give him allowance for the better man:
For that will physic the great Myrmidon
Who brolis in loud applause, and make him fall
His crest that prouder than blue Iris bends.
If the dull brainless Ajax come safe off,
'Vell dress him up in voices: if he fail,
Yet go we under our opinion still
That we have better men. But, hit or miss,
Our project's life this shape of sense assumes:
Ajax employ'd plucks down Achilles' plumes.

Nest. Ulysses,
Now I begin to relish thy advice;
And I will give a taste of it forthwith.
To Agamemnon: go we to him straight.
Two culls shall tame each other: pride alone
Must tarre the mastiffs on, as 't were their bone.

[Exit.

ACT II.

SCENE I.—A part of the Grecian camp.

Enter Ajax and Thersites.

Ajax. Thersites!
Ther. Agamemnon, how if he had boils? full,
all over, generally?
Ajax. Thersites!
Ther. And those boils did run? say so: did not
the general run then? were not that a botchy core?
Ajax. Dog!
Ther. Then would come some matter from him;
I see none now.
Ajax. Thou bitch-wolf's son, canst thou not hear?
[Beating him] Feel, then.
Ther. The plague of Greece upon thee, thou mongrel beef-witted lord!
Ajax. Speak then, thou viewwedst leaven, speak:
I will beat thee into handsomeness.
Ther. I shall sooner rail thee into wit and holliness:
but, I think, thy horse will sooner con an oration
than thou learn a prayer without book. Thou canst strike, canst thou? a red murrain o' thy jade's tricks!
Ajax. Toadstool, learn me the proclamation.
Ther. Dost thou think I have no sense, thou strikst me thus?
Ajax. The proclamation!
Ther. The word of a proclaimed a fool, I think.
Ajax. Do not, porpentine do not: my fingers itch.
Ther. I would thou didst itch from head to foot
And I had the scratching of thee: I would make thee the loathsomest scab in Greece. When thou art forth in the incursions, thou strikst as slow as another.
Ajax. Say, I say, the proclamation!
Ther. Thou grumblest and ralest 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!
Ther. Thou shouldst strike him.
Ajax. Cobleaf!

Achil. Why, how now, Ajax! wherefore do you thus?
Ther. What's the matter, Ther? You see him there, do you? [man?
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. 'Tis 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 medicums 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 piacre is not worth the ninth part of a sparrow.
This lord, Achilles, Ajax, who wears his wit in his belly and his guts in his head, I'll tell you what I say of him.
Achil. What?
Ther. I say, this Ajax— [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 be his death that he: look you there.

Ajax. O thou damned cur! I shall—

Ther. Will you set your wit to a fool's? [it.

Ajax. No, I warrant you; for a fool's will shame

Patr. Good words, Thersites.

Achil. What's the quarrel?

Ajax. I bade the vile owl go learn me the tenour of the proclamation, and the rails upon me.

Ther. I serve thee not.

Ajax. Well, go to, go to.

Ther. I serve here voluntary.

Achil. Your last service was sufferance, 't was not voluntary: no man is beaten voluntary: Ajax was here the voluntary, and you as under an impress.

Ther. 'Tis 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 rusty nut with no

Achil. What, with me too, Thersites? [kernel.

Ther. More and more.

Achil. Ajax and old Nestor, whose wit was mouldy ere your grandsires had nails on their toes, yoke you like draught-oxen and make you plough up the wars.

Achil. What, what?

Ther. Yes, good sooth: to, Achilles! to, Ajax! to!

Ajax. I shall cut out your tongue.

Ther. 'Tis no matter; I shall speak as much as thou afterwards.

Patr. No more words, Thersites; peace!

Ther. I will hold my peace when Achilles' brach bids me, shall I?

Achil. There's for you, Patroclus.

Ther. I will see you banded, like clotpoles, ere I come any more to your tents: I will keep where there is wit stirring and leave the faction of fools. [Exit.

Patr. A good riddance. [our host:

Achil. Marry, this, sir, is proclaim'd through all

That Hector, by the fifth hour of the sun,

Will with a true heart twixt our tents and Troy

To-morrow morning call some knight to arms

That hath a stomach; and such a one that dare

Maintain— I know not what: 'tis trash. Farewell.

Ajax. Farewell. Who shall answer him?

Achil. I know not: 'tis put to lottery; otherwise

He knows his man.

Ajax. O, meaning you. I will go learn more of

it. [Exit.

Scene II. —Troy. A room in Priam's palace.

Enter Priam, Hector, Troilus, Paris, and

Helenus.

Pri. After so many hours, lives, speeches spent,

Thus once again says Nestor from the Greeks:

'Deliver Helen, and all damage else—

As honour, loss of time, travail, expense, sumed

Wounds, friends, and what else dear that is con-

In hot digestion of this coromant war—

Shall be struck off.' Hector, what say you to 't?

Hect. Though no man lesser fears the Greeks than

As far as toucheth my particular, [I

Yet, dread Priam,

There is no lady of more softer bowels,

More soft to sink in the sense of fear,

More ready to cry out: 'Who knows what follows?'

Than Hector is: the wound of peace is surety,

Surety secure; but modest doubt is call'd

The beacon of the wise, the tent that searches

To the bottom of the worst. Let Helen go:

Since the first sword was drawne about this question,

Every title soul, 'mongst many thousand dismes,

Hath been as dear as Helen; I mean, of ours:

If we have lost so many tenths of ours,

To guard a thing not ours nor worth to us,

Had it our name, the value of one ten,

What merit's in that reason which denies

The yielding of her up? 

Tro. Fie, fie, my brother! Weigh you the world and honour of a king

So great as our dreadful father in a scale

Of common ounces? will you with counters sum

The past proportion of his infinite?

And buckle in a waist most fathomless

With spans and inches so diminutive

That fears and requests: and that to shame! [sons.

Hel. No marvel, though you bite so sharp at rea-

You are so empty of them. Should not our father

Bear the great sway of his affairs with reasons,

Because your speech hath none that tells him so?

Tro. You are for dreams and slumber, brother

priest;

You fur your gloves with reason. Here are your

You know an enemy intends you harm;

You know a sword employ'd is perilous,

And reason flies the object of all harm:

Who marvels then, when Helenus beholds

The very wings of reason to his heels

And fly like chidden Mercury from Jove,

Or like a star disor'd? Nay, if we talk of reason,

Let's shut our gates and sleep: manhood and honour

Should have hare-hearts, would they but fat their

thoughts

With this cram'd reason: reason and respect

Make livers pale and lustnoid destruct.

Hect. Brother, she is not worth what she doth cost

The holding.

Tro. What is sought, but as 't is valued?

Hect. But value dwells not in particular will;

It holds his estimate and dignity

As well wherein 't is precious of itself

As in the prizer: 't is mad idoltry

To make the service greater than the god;

And the will dotes that is attributive

To what infectiously itself affects,

Without some twist of the affair of merit.

Tro. I take to-day a wife, and my election

Is led on in the conduct of my will;

My will enkindled by mine eyes and ears,

Two traded pilots twixt the dangerous shores

Of will and judgment: how may I avoid,

To will through my will dislodged,

The wife I chose? there can be no evasion

To brench from this and to stand firm by honour:

We turn not back the silks upon the merchant,

When we have sold't them, nor the remainder viands

We do not throw in unrespective sieves.

Because we now are full. It was thought meet

Paris should do some vengeance on the Greeks:

Your breath of full consent bellied his sails;

The seas and winds, old wranglers, took a truce

And did him service: he touch'd the ports desired,

And for an old aunt whom the Greeks held captive,

He brought a Grecian queen, whose youth and

freshness

Wrinkles Apollo's, and makes stale the morning.

Why keep we her? the Grecians keep our aunt:

Is she worth keeping? why, she is a pearl,

Whose price hath lauch'd above a thousand ships,

And turn'd crown'd kings to merchants.

If you'll avouch 't was wisdom Paris went —

As you must needs, for you all cried 'Go, go,' —

If you'll confess he brought home noble prize —

As you must needs, for you all clapp'd your hands,

And cried 'Inestimable!' — why do you now

The issue of your proper wisdoms rate,

And do a deed that fortune never did,
ACT II.

TROILUS AND CRESSIDA.

SCENE III.

Beggar the estimation which you prized
Richer than sea and land? O, theft most base,
That we have stol'n what we do fear to keep!
But, thieves, o' worthy of a thing so stol'n,
That in their country did them that disgrace,
We fear to warrant in our native place!

Cas. [Within] Cry, Trojans, cry!

Pri. What noise? what shriek is this?

Troc. 'Tis our mad sister, I do know her voice.

Cas. [Within] Cry, Trojans! Hec. It is Cassandra.

Enter Cassandra, raving.

Cas. Cry, Trojans, cry! lend me ten thousand eyes,
And I will fill them with prophetic tears.

Hect. Peace, sister, peace!

Cas. Virgin's and boys, mid-age and wrinkled eld,
Soft infancy, that nothing canst but cry,
Add to thine clamours! let us pay betimes
A moiety of that mass of moan to come.

Cry, Trojans, cry! practise your eyes with tears!
Troy must not be, nor goody Ilium stand;
Our Counsellor, our brother, I know not all.

Cry, Trojans, cry! a Helen and a woe:
Cry, cry! Troy burns, or else let Helen go. [Exeunt.

Hect. Now, youthful Troilus, do not these high
Of divination in our sister work [strains
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?

Troc. Why, brother Hector,
We may not think the justness of each act
Such and no other than event doth form it,
Nor once reject the courage of our minds,
Because Cassandra's mad: her brain-dreking 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
Gave wings to my propension and cut off
All fears attending on so dire a project.
For what, and how, and whence, and what purport
What propagation is in one man's valour,
To stand the push and emnit of those
This quarrel would excite? Yet, I protest,
Were I alone to pass the difficulties
And had as ample power as I have will,
Paris should ne'er retract what he hath done,
Nor faint in the pursuit.

Pri. Paris, you speak
Like one besotted on your sweet delights:
You have the honey still, but these the gall;
So to be valiant is no praise at all.

Par. Sir, I propose not merely to myself
The pleasure of such a rule to bring it with it;
But I would have the soil of her fair rape
Wiped off, in honourable keeping her.
What treason were it to the ransack'd queen,
Disgrace to your great worths and shame to me,
Now to deliver her possession
On terms base and contemptible. 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 best foundation
Where Helen is the subject; then, I say,
Well may we fight for her whom, we know well,
The world's large spaces cannot parallel.

Hect. Paris and Troilus, you have both said well,
And on the cause and question now in hand
Have glozed, but superficially; not much
Unlike young men, whom Aristotle thought
Unfit to hear moral philosophy:
The reasons you allege do more conducne
To the hot passion of distemper'd blood
Than to make up a free determination
'Twixt right and wrong, for pleasure and revenge
Have ears more deaf than adders to the voice
Of any true discretion. 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 do not fit to her brother, I.

Pri. To have her back return'd: thus to persist
In doing wrong extenuates not wrong,
But makes it much more heavy. Hector's opinion
Is this in way of truth; yet ne'ertheless,
My spirited brethren, I protest to you
In resolution to keep Helen still,
For 'tis a cause that hath no mean dependence
Upon our joint and several dignities. [sign:

Troc. Why, there you touch'd the life of our de-
Wore 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 magnificent deeds,
Whose present courage may beat down our foes,
And fame in time to come canonize us;
For, I presume, brave Hector would not lose
So rich advantage of a promised glory
As smiles upon the forehead of this action
For the wide world's revenue.

Hect. I am yours,
You valiant offspring of great Priamus.
I have a roasting challenge sent amongst
The dull and factions nobles of the Greeks
Will strike amongst, or of our young crousy spirits:
I was advertised their great general slept,
Whilst emulation in the army crept:
This, I presume, will wake him. [Exeunt.


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! otherwise, I could bestow him, whilst he railed at me. 'Sfoot, I'll learn to conjure and raise devils, but I'll see some issue of my spiteful executions. Then there's Achilles, a rare enginer! If Troy be not taken till these two undermine it, the walls will stand till they fall of themselves. O thou great thunderer of the Grecian wars, Jove, the king of gods, and, Mercury, lose all the serpentine craft of thy caduceus, if ye take not that little little less than little wit from them that they have! which short-armed ignorance itself knows is so abundant scarce, it will not in circumvention deliver a fly from a spider, with which unskilful rays and cutting the web. After this, the vengeance on the whole camp! or rather, the bone-ache! for that, methinks, is the curse dependent on those that war for a
TROILUS AND CRESSIDA.

ACT II.

Enter Patroclus.

Patr. Who's there? Thersites! Good Thersites, come in and rail.

Ther. There's a way I could have remembered a gill counterfeit, thou wouldst not have slipped out of my contemplation: but it is no matter; thyself upon thyself! The common curse of mankind, folly and ignorance, be thine in great revenue! heaven bless thee from a tutor, and discipline come not near thee! Let thy blood be thy direction till thy death! then if she that lays thee out says thou art a fair corse, I'll be sworn and sworn upon 't she never shrouded any but lazars. Amen. Where's Achilles? Patr. What, art thou devout! wast thou in prayer?

Ther. Ay: the heavens hear me!

Enter Achilles.

Achil. Who's there?

Patr. Thersites, my lord.

Achil. Where, where? Art thou come? why, my cheese, my digestion, why hast thou not served thyself in to my table so many meals? Come, what's Agamemnon?

Ther. Thy commander, Achilles. Then tell me, Patroclus, what's Achilles?

Patr. Thy lord, Thersites: then tell me, I pray thee, what's thyself?

Ther. Thy lord, Patroclus: then tell me, Patroclus, what art thou?


Ther. I'll decline the whole question. Agamemnon commands Achilles; Achilles is my lord; I am Patroclus' knower, and Patroclus is a fool.

Patr. You rashly.

Ther. Peace, fool! I have not done. [sides. Achil. He is a privileged man. Proceed, Ther. Ther. Agamemnon is a fool; Achilles is a fool; Thersites is a fool, and, as aforesaid, Patroclus is a fool. Achil. Derive this; come. [fool. Ther. Agamemnon is a fool to offer to command Achilles; Achilles is a fool to be commanded of Agamemnon; Thersites is a fool to serve such a fool, and Patroclus is a fool positive.

Patr. Why am I a fool?

Ther. Make that demand of the prover. It suffices you thou art the knower, who comes here? Achil. Patroclus, I'll speak with nobody. Come in with me, Thersites.

[Exit. Ther. Here is such patchery, such juggling and such knavery! all the argument is a cuckold and a whore; a good quarrel to draw emulous factions and bleed to death upon. Now, the dry scriggo on the subject! and war and lechery confound all! [Exit.

Enter Agamemnon, Ulysses, Nestor, Diomedes, and Ajax.

Agam. Where is Achilles?

Patr. Within his tent; but ill disposed, my lord.

Agam. Let it be known to him that we are here. He shent our messengers; and we lay by our appertainments, visiting of him: Let him he told so; lest perchance he think We dare not move the question of our place, Or know not what we are.

Patr. I shall say so to him. [Exit. Ulyss. We saw him at the opening of his tent: He is not sick.

Ajax. Yes, lion-sick, sick of proud heart: you may call it melancholy, if you will favour the man; but, by my head, 'tis pride; but why, why? let him show us the cause. A word, my lord. [Takes Agamemnon aside.

Nest. What moves Ajax thus to bay at him?

Ulyss. Achilles hath inveigled his fool from him.

Nest. Who, Thersites?

Ulyss. He.

Nest. Then will Ajax lack matter, if he have lost his argument.

Ulyss. No, you see, he is his argument that has his argument, Achilles.

Nest. All the better; their fraction is more our wish than their faction: but it was a strong composure a fool could disunite.

Ulyss. The amity that wisdom knits not, folly may easily untie. Here comes Patroclus.

Re-enter Patroclus.

Nest. No Achilles with him.

Ulyss. The elephant hath joints, but none for courtesy: his legs are legs for necessity, not for flexure. Patr. Achilles bids me say, he is much sorry, If anything more than your sport and pleasure Did move your greatness and this noble state To call upon him: he hopes it is no other But for your health and your digestion sake, An after-dinner's breath.

Agam. Hear you, Patroclus: We are too well acquainted with these answers: But his evasion, wing'd thus swift with scorn, Cannot outfly our apprehensions. Much attribute he hath, and much the reason Why we ascribe it to him; yet all his virtues, Not virtuously on his own part beheld, Do in our eyes begin to lose their gloss. Yea, like fair fruit in an unwholesome dish, Are like to rot untasted. Go and tell him, We come to speak with him; and you shall not sin, If you do say we think him over-proud And under-honest, in self-assumption greater Than in the note of judgment; and worthier than himself Here tend the savage strangeness he puts on, Disguise the holy strength of their command, And underwrite in an observing kind His humorous predominance: yea, watch His pettish fancies, his ebbs, his flows, as if The passage and whole carriage of this action Rode on his tide. Go tell him this, and add, That if he overhold his price so much, We 'll none of him; but let him, like an engine Not portable, lie under this report: 'Bring action hither, this cannot go to war: A stirring dwells we do not care to give Before a sleeping giant.' Tell him so.

Patr. I shall; and bring his answer presently. [Exit. Agam. In second voice we 'll not be satisfied; We come to speak with him. Ulyss. Enter you. [Exit Ulysses.

Ajax. What is he more than another?

Agam. No more than what he thinks he is. Ajax. Is he so much? Do you not think he thinks himself a better man than I am?

Agam. No question. [Is?

Ajax. Will you subscribe his thought, and say he Agam. No, noble Ajax; you are as strong, as valiant, as wise, no less noble, much more gentle, and altogether more tractable.

Ajax. Why should a man be proud? How doth pride grow? I know not what pride is.

Agam. Yours, indeed is the clearer. Ajax, and your virtues the fairer. He that is proud eats up himself: pride is his own glass, his own trumpet, his own chronicle; and whatever praises itself but in the deed, devours the deed in the praise.

Ajax. I do hate a proud man, as I hate the engendering of toads.

Nest. Yet he loves himself: is 't not strange?

[Aside.
ACT III.

TROY. Priam’s palace.

Enter a Servant and Pandarus.

Pan. Friend, you! pray you, a word: do not you follow the young Lord Paris?

Serv. Ay, sir, when he goes before me.

Pan. You depend upon him, I mean?

Serv. I do depend upon the lord.

Pan. You depend upon a noble gentleman; I must needs praise him.

Serv. The lord be praised!

Pan. You know me, do you not?

Serv. Faith, sir, superficially.

Pan. He will be the physician that should be the patient.

Ajax. An all men were o’ my mind,—

Ulysses. Wit would be out of fashion.

Ajax. A’ should not bear it so, a’ should eat swords first: shall pride carry it?

Nest. An’ t would, you’d carry half.

Ulysses. 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.

Ulysses. [To Ajax.] My lord, you feed too much on this dislike.

Nest. Our noble general, do not so do.

Ajax. You must prepare to fight without Achilles.

Ulysses. Why, ‘tis this naming of him does him Here is a man—but ‘tis before his face; [harm. I will be silent.

Nest. Wherefore should you so?

Ajax. He is not emulous, as Achilles is.

Ulysses. Know the whole world, he is as valiant.

Ajax. A whoreson dog, that shall palter thus Would he were a Trojan! [with us!

Nest. What a vice were it in Ajax now,—

Ulysses. If he were proud.—

Ajax. Or covetous of praise,—

Ulysses. The early bees 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 Must not so stale his palm, nobly acquired; Nor, by my will, assuage his merit, As amply titled as Achilles is, By going to Achilles:

That were to enlaid his fat already pride And add more coals to Cancer when he burns With entertaining great Hyperion.

This lord go to him! Jupiter forbid, And say in thunder ‘Achilles go to him.’

Nest. [Aside to Dio.] O, this is well; he rubs the vein of him.

Dio. [Aside to Nest.] And how his silence drinks up this applause!

Ajax. If I go to him, with my armed fist

I’ shall push him o’er the face.

Agam. O, no, you shall not go.

Ajax. An a’ be proud with me, I’ll plume his Let me go to him. [pride: Ulysses. Not for the worth that hangs upon our Ajax. A paltry, insolent fellow! [quarrel.

Nest. How he describes himself!

Ajax. Can he not be sociable?

Ulysses. The raven chides blackness.

Ajax. I’ll let his humours blood.

Pan. Friend, know me better; I am the Lord

Pandarus.

Serv. I hope I shall know your honour better.

Pan. I do desire it.

Serv. You are in the state of grace.

Pan. Grace! not so, friend; honour and lordship are my titles. [Music within. What music is this?

Serv. I do but partly know, sir: it is music in parts.

Pan. Know you the musicians?

Serv. Wholly, sir.

Pan. Who play they to?

Serv. To the hearers, sir.

Pan. At whose pleasure, friend?
TROILUS and CRESSIDA.

ACT III.

TROILUS AND CRESSIDA.

Scene II.

Serv. At mine, sir, and theirs that love music.
Serv. Who shall I command, sir?
Pan. Friend, we understand not one another: I am too courtly and thou art too cunning. At whose request do these men play?
Serv. That's to' the indeed, sir; marry, sir, at the request of Paris my lord, who's there in person: with him, the mortal Venus, the heart-blood of beauty, love's invisible soul.
Pan. Who, my cousin Cressida?
Serv. No, sir. Helen: could you not find out that by her attributes?
Pan. It should seem, fellow, that thou hast not seen the Lady Cressida. I come to speak with Paris from the Prince Troilus: I will make a complimential assault upon him, for my business seethes.
Serv. Sudden business! there's a strewed phrase indeed.

Enter Paris and Helen, attended.

Pan. Fair be to you, my lord, and to all this fair company! fair desires, in all fair measure, fairly guide them! especially to you, fair queen! fair thoughts be your fair pillow.

Helen. Dear lord, you are full of fair words.
Pan. You speak your fair pleasure, sweet queen.
Fair prince, here is good broken music.
Par. You have broke it, cousin: and, by my life, you shall make it whole again; you shall piece it out with a piece of your performance. Nell, he is full of harmony.

Pan. Truly, lady, no.

Helen. O, sir.
Pan. Rude, in sooth; in good sooth, very rude.
Par. Well said, my lord! well, you say so in fits.
Pan. I have business to my lord, dear queen. My lord, will you vouchsafe me a word?
Helen. Nay, this shall not hedge us out: we'll hear you sing, certainly.
Par. Well, sweet queen, you are pleasant with me. But, marry, thus, my lord: my dear lord and most esteemed friend, your brother Troilus.
Helen. My Lord Pandarus; honey-sweet lord,
Pan. Go to, sweet queen, go to:—commends himself most affectionately to you,
Helen. You shall not bob us out of our melody: if do, our melancholy upon your head!
Pan. Sweet queen, sweet queen! that's a sweet queen, I' faith! joynesse.
Helen. And to make a sweet lady sad is a sour matter; that shall not serve your turn; that shall it not, in truth, la. Nay, I care not for such words; no, no. And, my lord, he desires you, that if the king call for him at supper, you will make his excuse.
Helen. My Lord Pandarus—
Pan. What says my sweet queen, my very sweet queen? [night?
Helen. Nay, but, my lord,
Pan. What says my sweet queen? My cousin will fall out with you. You must not know where he sups.
Pan. I'll lay my life, with my disposer Cressida.
Pan. No, no, no such matter; you are wide: come, your disposer is sick.
Par. Well, I'll make excuse.
Pan. Ay, good my lord. Why should you say Cressida? no, your poor disposer's sick.
Helen. Why, this is kindly done.
Pan. My niece is horribly in love with a thing you have, sweet queen. [lord Paris.
Helen. She shall have it, my lord, if it be not my Pan. He! no, she'll none of him; they two are twain.

Pan. Come, come, I'll hear no more of this; I'll sing you a song now.
Helen. Ay, ay, prithee now. By my troth, sweet lord, thou hast me forebade.
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.
Pan. Ay, good now, love, love, nothing but love
Pan. In good troth, it begins soon. [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! ha!
Oh! oh! groans out for ha! ha! ha!
Heigh-o!
Helen. In love, I' faith, to the very tip of the nose.
Par. He eats nothing but does, love, and that breeds hot blood, and hot blood begets hot thoughts, and hot thoughts beget hot deeds, and hot deeds is love.
Pan. Is this the generation of love? hot blood, hot thoughts, and hot deeds? Why, they are vipers: is love a generation of vipers? Sweet lord, who's a-field to-day?
Par. Hector, Dephebus, Helenus, Antenor, and all the gallantry of Troy: I would fain have armed to-day, but my Nell would not have it so. How chance my brother Troilus went not?
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 broth—
Par. To a hair.
Helen. Farewell, sweet queen.
Pan. Command me to your niece.
Pan. I will, sweet queen.

[A retreat sounded. Exit.]

Par. They're come from field: let us to Priam's hall,

[you To meet the warriors. Sweet Helen, I must woo To help warm our Hector: his stubborn buckles: With these your white enchanting fingers touch'd, Shall more obey than to the edge of steel Or force of Greekish sinews; you shall do more Than all the island kings,—disarm great Hector.
Helen. 'T will make us proud to be his servant, Yea, what he shall receive of us in duty. [Paris;
Gives us more palm in beauty than we have, Yea, overshines ourself.
Par. Sweet, above thought I love thee. [Exeunt.

SCENE II.—The same. Pandarus' orchard.

Enter Pandarus and Troilus' Boy, meeting.
Boy. No, sir; he stays for you to conduct him
Pan. O, here he comes.

Enter Troilus.

How now, how now!
Tro. Sirrah, walk off.
Pan. Have you seen my cousin?
Tro. No, Pandarus; I stalk about her door,
Like a strange soul upon the Stygian banks
Staying for waftage. O, be thou my Charon,
And give me swift transportance to those fields

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ACT III.

TROILUS AND CRESSIDA. SCENE II.

Where I may wallow in the lily-beds
Proposed for the devourer! O gentle Pandarus,
From Cupid’s shoulder pluck his painted wings,
And fly with me to Cressid! 

Pan. Walk here i’ the orchard, I’ll bring her straight.

Tro. I am giddy; expectation whirls me round.
The imagery relish is so sweet
That it may sense: what will it be,
When that the watery palate tastes indeed
Love’s thrice repurced 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 spar-
row.

Tro. Even such a passion doth embrace my bosom:
My heart beats thicker than a feverous pulse;
And all my powers do their bestowing lose,
Like vassalage at unawares encountering
The eye of majesty.

Re-enter Pandarus with Cressida.

Pan. Come, come, what need you blush? shame’s a
baby. Here she is now: swear the oaths now to
her that you have sworn to me. What, are you
gone again? you must be watched ere you be made
tame, must you? Come your ways, come your
ways; an you draw backward, we’ll put you i’ the
fills. Why do you not speak to her? Come, draw
down this curtain, and let’s see your picture. Alas the
day, how loath you are to offend daylight! an’t were
dark, you’d close sooner. So, so; rub on, and kiss
the mistress. How now! a kiss in fee-farm! build
there, carpenter; the air is sweet. Nay, you shall
fight your hearts out ere I part you. The falcon as
the tereel, for all the ducks i’ the river: go to,
go to.

Tro. You have bereft me of all words, lady.

Pan. Words pay no debts, give her deeds: but
she’ll bereave you o’ the deeds too, if she call your
activity in question. What, billing again? Here’s
‘in witness whereof the parties interchangeably ‘—
Come in, come in: I’ll go get a fire. 

Cres. Will you walk in, my lord? [Thus]

Tro. O Cressida, how often have I wished me
Cresid. Wished, my lord! The gods grant,—O my
lord!

Tro. What should they grant? what makes this
pretty abrupton? What too curious dress espies
my sweet lady in the fountain of our love?

Cres. More dregs than water, if my fears have
eyes.

Tro. Fears make devils of cherubins; they never
see truly.

Cres. Blind fear, that seeing reason leads, finds
safer footing than blind reason stumbling without
fear: to fear the worst oft cures the worse.

Tro. O, let my lady apprehend no fear: in all
Cupid’s pageant there is presented no monster.

Cres. Not a thing monstrous neither?

Tro. Nothing, but our undertakings; when we
vow to keep seas, live in fire, eat rocks, tame tigers;
thinking it harder for our mistress to devise impos-
ition enough than for us to undergo any difficulty
imposed. This is the monstruousness in love, lady,
that the will is infinite and the execution confined,
that the desire is boundless and the act a slave to
limit.

Cres. They say all lovers swear more performance
than they are able and yet reserve an ability that
they never perform, vowing more than the perfection
of ten and discharging less than the tenth part of
one. Then that have the voice of lions and the act
of hares, are they not monsters?

Tro. And there’s nor law, nor reason: for we
are not we: praise us as we are tasted, allow us as we prove; our head
shall go bare till merit crown it: no perfection in
reversion shall have a praise in present: we will not
desert before his birth, and, being born, his
addition shall be humble. Few words to fair faith:
Troilus shall be such to Cressid as what envy can
say worst shall be a mock for his truth, and what
truth can speak truer nor truer than Troilus.

Cres. Will you walk in, my lord?

Re-enter Pandarus.

Pan. What, blushing still? have you not done
talking yet?

Cres. Well, uncle, what folly I commit, I dedi-
cate to you.

Tro. I thank you for that: if my lord get a boy
of you, you’ll give him me. Be true to my lord: if
he illich, chide me for it.

Tro. You know now your hostages; your uncle’s
word and my firm faith.

Pan. Nay, I’ll give my word for her too: our
kindred, though they be long ere they are wooded, they
are constant being won: they are burs, I can tell
you; they’ll stick where they are thrown. [heart.
Cres. Boldness comes to me now, and brings me
Prince Troilus, I have loved you night and day
For many weary months.

Tro. Why was my Cressid then so hard to win?

Cres. Hard to seem won: but I was won, my lord,
With the first glance that ever—pardon me—
If I confess much, you will play the tyrant.
I love you now; but not, till now, so much
But I might master it: in faith, I lie:
My thoughts were like unbridled children, grown
Too headstrong for their mother. See, we fools!
Why have I labb’d? who shall be true to us,
When we are so unsecret to ourselves?

But, though I loved you well, I wo’d you not;
And yet, good faith, I wish’d myself a man,
Or that we women had men’s privilege
Of speaking first. Sweet, bid me hold my tongue,
For in this rapture I shall surely speak
The thing I shall repent. See, see, your silence,
Cunning in dumbness, from my weakness draws
My very soul of counsel! stop my mouth.

Tro. And shall, albeit sweet music issues thence.

Pan. Pretty, i’ faith.

Cres. My lord, I do beseech you, pardon me;
’T was not my purpose, thus to beg a kiss:
I am ashamed. O heavens! what have I done?
For this time will I take my leave, my lord.

Tro. Your leave, sweet Cressid!

Pan. Leave! an you take leave till to-morrow
morning.—

Cres. Pray you, content you.

Tro. What offends you, lady?

Cres. Sir, mine own company.

Tro. You cannot shun Yourself.

Cres. Let me go and try:
I have a kind of self resides with you;
But an undkind self, that itself will leave,
To be another’s fool. I would be gone;
Where is my wit? I know not what I speak.

Tro. Well know they what they speak that speak so
wisely.

Cres. Perchance, my lord, I show more craft than
And fell so roundly to a large confession,
ACT III.  
TROILUS AND CRESSIDA.  
SCENE III.

To angle for your thoughts: but you are wise,  
Or else you love not, nor to be wise and love  
Exceeds man's might; that dwells with gods above.  
Tro. O that I thought it could be in a woman—  
As, if it can, I will presume in you—  
To feed for awe her lamp and flames of love;  
To keep her constancy in plight and youth,  
Outliving beauty's outward with a mind  
That doth renew swifter than blood decays!  
Or that persuasion could but thus convince me,  
That my integrity and truth to you  
Might be arronted with the match and weight  
Of such a winnow'd purity in love;  
How than, without the help of love,  
I am as true as truth's simplicity  
And simpler than the infancy of truth.  
Cres. In that I'll war with you.  
Tro.  

When right with right wars who shall be most right!  
True swains in love shall in the world to come  
Approve their truth's by Troilus: when their rhymes,  
Full of protest, of oath and big compare,  
Want smiles, 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 ye be!  
If I be false, or swerve a hair from truth,  
When time is old and hath forgot itself,  
When waterdrops have worn the stones of Troy,  
And blind oblivion swallow'd cities up,  
And mighty states characterless are grated  
To dusty nothing, yet let memory,  
From false to false, among false 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. To go, to a bargain made: seal it, seal it; I'll  
be the very man. Here I hold your hand, here my cousin's.  
If ever you prove false one to another,  
Since I have taken such pains to bring you together,  
Let all pitiful goers-between be called to the world's end  
after my name; call them all Pandars; let all  
constant men be Troiluses, all false women Cressids,  
and all brokers between Pandars! say amen.  
Tro. Amen.  
Cres. Amen.  
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 Pan, Cres., and Pandar.  

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 Pan, Cres., and Pandar.  

SCENE III.  

Enter Agamemnon, Ulysses, Diomedes, Nestor, Ajax, Menelaus, and Calschas.  

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 the wrath of all; 'tis me myself,  
From certain and possess'd conveniences,  
To doubtful fortunes; sequester from me all  
That time, acquaintance, custom and condition  
Made tame and most familiar to my nature,  
And here, to do you service, am become  
As new into the world, strange, unacquainted:

I do beseech you, as in way of taste,  
To give me now a little benefit,  
Out of those many register'd in promise,  
Which, you say, live to come in my behalf.  
Agam. What wouldst thou of us, Trojan? make demand.  
Cal. You have a Trojan prisoner, call'd Antenor,  
Yesterday took: Troy holds him very dear.  
Oft have you—often have you thanks therefore—  
Desired my Cressid in right great exchange,  
Whom Troy hath still denied: but this Antenor,  
I know, is such a west in their affairs  
That their negotiations all must slack,  
Wanting his manage; and they will almost  
Give us a prince of blood, a son of Priam,  
In change of him: let him be sent, great princes,  
And he shall buy my daughter; and her presence  
Shall quite strike off all service I have done,  
In most accepted pain.  
Agam. Let Diomedes bear him,  
And bring us Cressid hither: Calchas shall have  
What he requests of us. Good Diomed,  
Furnish you fairly for this interchange:  
Withal bring word if Hector will to-morrow  
Be answer'd in his challenge: Ajax is ready.  
Die. This shall I undertake; and 'tis a burden  
Which I am proud to perform.

[Exeunt Diomedes and Calchas.  

Enter Achilles and Patroclus, before their tent.  

Ulyss. Achilles stands I the entrance of his tent:  
Amen.  

Please it our general to pass strangely by him,  
As if he were forgot; and, princes all,  
Lay negligent and loose regard upon him:  
I will come last. 'T is like he'll question me  
Why such unpleasing eyes are bent on him:  
If so, I have derision medicinable,  
To use between your strangeness and his pride,  
Which his own will shall have desire to drink:  
It may do good: pride hath no other glass  
To show itself but pride, for supple knees  
Feed arrogance and are the proud man's fees.  
Agam. We'll execute your purpose, and put on  
A form of strangeness as we pass along:  
So do each lord, and either greet him not,  
Or else disdainfully, which shall shake him more  
Than if not look'd on. I will lead the way.  
Achil. What, comes the general to speak with me?  
You know my mind, I'll fight no more 'gainst Troy,  
Agam. What says Achilles? would he be 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. God day, good day.  
Men. How do you? how do you?  
[Exit.  
Achil. What, does the cuckold scorn me?  
Ajax. How now, Patroclus!  
Achil. Good morrow, Ajax.  
Ajax. Ha?  
Achil. Good morrow.  
Ajax. Ay, and good next day too.  
[Exit.  
Achil. What mean these fellows? Know they not Achilles?  
[End.  
Patr. They pass by strangely: they were used to  
To send their smiles before them to Achilles;  
To come as humbly as they used to creep  
To holy altars.  

What, am I poor of late?  
'Tis certain, greatness, once fall'n out with fortune,  
Must fall out with men too: what the declined is  
He shall as soon read in the eyes of others  
As feel in his own fall; for men, like butterflies,  
Show not their mealy wings but to the summer,  
And not a man, for being simply man,
Achill. Why are you reading?

Ulyss. A strange fellow here.

Ulyss. Do not strain at the position. - It is familiar, - but at the author's drift; who, in his circumstance, expressly proves that no man is the lord of any thing, though in and of him there be much consisting, till he communicate his parts to others; nor doth he of himself know them for aught; till he behold them form'd in the assembly where they're extended; who, like an arch, reverberates the voice again, or, like a gate of steel, fronting the sun, receives and renders back his figure and his heat. I was much wrapt in this; and apprehended here immediately the unknown Ajax.

Heavens, what a man is there! a very horse, that has he knows not what. Nature, what things most abject in regard and dear in use! there are what things again most dear in the esteem and poor in worth! Now shall we see to-morrow - an act that very chance doth throw upon him - Ajax renown'd. O heavens, what some men do, while some men leave to do! how some men creep in skittish fortune's hall, while others play the idiots in her eyes! how some men eat and live as if the pride, while pride is fasting in his wantonness! to see these Grecian lords! - why, even already they clap the rubber Ajax on the shoulder, as if his foot were on brave Hector's breast and great Troy shrieking.

Achill. I do believe it; for they pass'd by me as misers do by beggars, neither gave to me good word nor look: what, are my deeds forgot?

Ulyss. Time hath, my lord, a wallet at his back, wherein he puts alms for oblivion, a great-sized monster of ingratitude; [your'd those scraps are good deeds past; which are dear as favours; but they are made void, rouse the course, and scarce the wanton Cupid shall from your neck unloose his amorous fold, and, like a dew-drop from the lion's mane, be shock'd to air.]

Achill. Shall Ajax fight with Hector?
Act IV.

Scene I.—Troy. A street.

Enter, from one side, &amp;Eneas, and Servant with a torch; from the other, Paris, Delphobus, Antenor, Diomedes, and others, with torches.

Par. See, ho! who is that there?

Dei. Is it the Lord &amp;Eneas?

Par. Is he the prince there in person?

Had I so good occasion to lie long? [ness
As you, Prince Paris, nothing but heavenly busi-
Should rob my bed-mate of my company. [&amp;Eneas.

Di. That’s my mind too. Good morning, Lord

Par. A valiant Greek, &amp;Eneas,—take his hand,—

Witness the process of your speech, wherein
You told how Diomed, a whole week by days,
Did haunt you in the field.

&amp;Eneas. Health to you, valiant sir,

During all question of the gentle truce; But when I meet you arm’d, as black defiance
As heart can think or courage execute.

Di. The one and other Diomed embraces.

Our bloods are now in calm; and, so long, health!
But when contention and occasion meet,

By Jove, I’ll play the hunter for thy life

With all my force, pursuit and policy.

Enter, and and, a Jove, I’ll Jove bless great Ajax!

Ther. Hum!

Par. I come from the worthy Achilles,—

Ther. Ha!

Par. Who most humbly desires you to invite

Hector to his tent,—

Ther. Hum!

Par. And to procure safe-conduct from Agamem-

Ther. Agamemnon! [non.

Par. Ay, my lord.

Ther. Ha!

Par. What say you to ’t?

Ther. God b’ wi’ you, with all my heart.

Par. 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.

Par. Your answer, sir.

Ther. Fare you well, with all my heart.

Par. Why, but he is not in this tune, is he?

Ther. No, but he’s out o’ tune thus. What

music will be in him when Hector has knocked

out his brains, I know not; but, I am sure, none,

unless the fiddler Apollo get his sinews to make cat-

tles on.

Patroclus. Come, thou shalt bear a letter to him

Ther. Let me bear another to his horse; for that’s

the more capable creature.

Achil. My mind is troubled, like a fountain stirr’d;

And I myself see not the bottom of it.

[Exit Achil and Patroclus.

Ther. Would the fountain of your mind were

clear again, that I might water an ass at it! I had

rather be a tick in a sheep than such a valiant igno-

rance.

[Exit.
Rouse him and give him note of our approach,
With the whole quality wherefore: I fear
We shall be much unwelcome. 

**Tro.** That I assure you:
**Cres.** TROILUS had rather Troy were born to Greece
Than Cressid borne from Troy.

**Par.** There is no help;
The bitter disposition of the time
Will have it so. On, lord; we'll follow you.

**Aene.** Good morrow, all. [Aside with Servant.
**Par.** And tell me, noble Diomed, faith, tell me true,
Even in the soul of sound good-fellowship,
Who, in your thoughts, merits fair Helen best,
Myself or Menelaus?

**Dio.** Both alike:
He merits well to have her, that doth seek her,
Not making any scruple of her solitude.
With such a hell of pain and world of charge,
And you as well to keep her, that defend her,
Not palating the taste of her dishonour,
With such a costly loss of wealth and friends:
He, like a puling cuckold, would drink up
The lees and dregs of a flat tamed piece;
You, like a lecher, out of Whitsun deseaurs
Are pleased to breed out your inheritors:
Both merits poised, each weighs nor less nor more;
But he as he, the heavier for a whore.

**Par.** You are too bitter to your countryman.

**Dio.** She's bitter to her country; hear me, Paris:
For every false drop in her hasty veins,
A Grecian's life hath sunk; for every scruple
Of her contaminated carrion weight,
A Trojan hath been slain: since she could speak,
She hath not given so many good words breath
As for her Greeks and Trojans suffer'd death.

**Par.** Fair Diomed, you do as chapsmen do,
Dispraise the thing that you desire to buy:
But we in silence hold this virtue well,
We'll but commend what we intend to sell.
Here lies our way.

**Scene II.**—The same. Court of Pandarus' house.

**Enter Troilus and Cressida.**

**Tro.** Dear, trouble not yourself: the morn is cold.
**Cres.** Then, sweet my lord, I'll call mine uncle
He shall unboil the gates. [**Down.**

**Tro.** Trouble him not;
To bed, to bed: sleep kill those pretty eyes,
And give as soft attachment to thy senses
As infants' empty of all thought!

**Cres.** Good morrow, then.

**Tro.** I prithee now, to bed.

**Cres.** Are you a-weary of me?
**Tro.** O Cressida! but that the lousy day,
Waked by the lark, hath roused the rihald crowns,
And dreaming night will hide our joys no longer,
I would not from thee.

**Cres.** Night hath been too brief.
**Tro.** Beshrew the witch! with venomous wights
She stays,
As teoly as hell, but flies the grasps of love
With wings more momentary-swift than thought.
You will catch cold, and curse me.

**Cres.** Prithee, tarry.
You men will never tarry,
O foolish Cressid! I might have still held off,
And then you would have tarried. Hark! there's a do.

**Pan.** [**Within**] What, 's all the doors open here?
**Tro.** It is your uncle.

**Cres.** A pestilence on him! now will he be mocking:
I shall have such a life!

**Enter Pandarus.**

**Pan.** How now, how now! how go maidenheads? Here, you maid! where's my cousin Cressid?

**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, beshrew your heart! you'll ne'er
Nor suffer others, [**be good,**
**Pan.** Ha, ha! Alas, poor wretch! ah, poor ca-
pocchia! hast not slept to-night? would he not,
a naughty man, let it sleep? a bugbear take him!
**Cres.** Do not I tell you? Would he were knock'd
't the head! [**Knocking within.**

**Pan.** 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.**

**Par.** Who's there? what's the matter? will you beat down the door? How now! what's the matter?

**Enter Aeneas.**

**Aene.** Good morrow, lord, good morrow.

**Pan.** Who's there? my Lord Aeneas! By my troth, I knew you not: what news with you so early?

**Aene.** Is not Prince Troilus here?

**Pan.** He! what should he do here?

**Aene.** 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?

**Aene.** Who!—nay, then: come, come, you'll do him wrong ere you are ware: you'll be so true to him, to be false to him: do not you know of him,
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 Praim and the general state of Troy:
They are at hand and ready to effect it.

**Tro.** How my achievements mock me!
I will go meet them: and, my Lord 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.

**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
**Pan.** Ah, ha! [**here.**

**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.** Prithee, get thee in: would thou hadst never been born! I knew thou wouldest be his death.
O, poor gentleman! A plague upon Antenor!

**Cres.** Good uncle, I beseech you, on my knees I beseech you, what's the matter?
Pan. Thou must be gone, wench; thou must be gone; thou art changed for Antenor: thou must to thy father, and be gone from Troilus: 'twill be his 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 of 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,' and weep,—

Pan. Do, do. [cheeks,}

Cres. Tear my bright hair and scratch my praised Crack my clear voice with sobs and break my heart With sounding Troilus. I will not go from Troy. [Exit.

SCENE III.—The same. Street before Pandaros' house.

Enter Paris, Troilus, Aeneas, Deiphobus, Antenor, and Diomedes.

Par. It is great morning, and the hour prefix'd Of her delivery to this valiant Greek Comes fast upon. Good my brother Troilus, Tell you the lady what she is to do, And haste her to the purpose.

Tro. I'll bring her to the Grecian presently: And to his hand when I deliver her, Think it an altar, and thy brother Troilus A priest there offering to it his own heart. [Exit. Par. I know what 'tis to love; And would, as I shall pity, I could help! Please you walk in, my lords. [Exit.

SCENE IV.—The same. Pandaros' house.

Enter Pandarus and Cressida.

Pan. Be moderate, be moderate.

Cres. Why tell you me of moderation?
The grief is none, none, that I taste, And violenteth in a sense as strong As that which causeth it: how can I moderate it? If I could temporize with my affection, Or brew it to a weak and colder palate, The like allayment could I give my grief: My love is all his no; No more my grief, in such a precious loss.

Pan. Here, here, here he comes.

Enter Troilus.

Ah, sweet ducks!

Cres. O Troilus! Troilus! [Embracing him. Pan. What a pair of spectacles is here! Let me embrace too. 'O heart,' as the goodly saying is, —

—O heart, heavy heart,

Why sigh'st thou without breaking? —

where he answers again,

Because thou canst not ease thy smart
By friendship nor by speaking.

There was never a truer rhyme. Let us cast away nothing, for we may live to have need of such a verse: we see it, we see it. How now, lambs?

Tro. Cressid, I love thee in so strain'd a purity, That the bless'd gods, as angry with my fancy, More bright in zeal than the devotion which Cold lips blow to their deities, take thee from me.

Cres. Have the gods envey?


Cres. What, and from Troilus too?

Tro. From Troy and Troilus.

Cres. Is it possible?

Tro. And suddenly; where injury of chance Puts back leave-taking, justles roughly by All time of pause, rudely beguiles our lips Of all rejoindure, forcibly prevents Our lock'd embrasures, strangles our dear vows Even in the bards' own louring breath: We two, that with so many thousand sighs Did buy each other, must poorly sell ourselves With the rude brevity and discharge of one. Injurous time now with a robber's haste Crams his rich thievish up, he knows not how: As many farewell as be stars in heaven, With distinct breath and consigned' kisses to them, He fumbles up into a loose adieu, And scants us with a single famish'd kiss, Distasted with the salt of broken tears.

Aene. [Within] My lord, is the lady ready?

Tro. Hark! you are call'd: some say the Genius so Cress 'come' to him that instantly must die. Bid them have patience; she shall come anon.

Pan. Where are my tears? rain, to lay this wind, Or my heart will be blown up by the root. [Exit. Cres. I must then to the Grecians?

Tro. No remedy. Cres. A woful Cressid 'mongst the mercers Greeks! When shall we see again? [heart—

Tro. Hear me, my love: be thou but true of Cres. I true! how now! what wicked deem is this?

Tro. Nay, we must use expostulation kindly, For it is parting from us; I speak not 'be thou true,' as fearing thee, For I will throw my glove to Death himself, That there's no maculation in thy heart: But 'be thou true,' say I, to fashion in My sequent protestation; be thou true, And I will see thee.

Cres. O, you shall be exposed, my lord, to danger As infinite as imminent! but I'll be true.

Tro. And I'll grow friend with danger. Wear this sleeve.

Cres. And you this glove. When shall we see you?

Tro. I will corrupt the Grecian sentiments, To give thee nightly visitation. But yet be true.

Cres. O heavens! 'be true' again!

Tro. Hear why I speak it, love: The Grecian youths are full of quality; They're loving, well composed with gifts of nature, Flowing and swelling o'er with arts and exercise: Longing novelty may move, and parts with person, Alas, a kind of godly jealousy—

Which, I beseech you, call a virtuous sin— Makes me afeard.

Cres. O heavens! you love me not.

Tro. Die I a villain, then!

In this I do not call your faith in question So mainly as my merit: I cannot sing Nor heel the high lavolt, nor sweeten talk, Nor play at subtle games; fair virtues all, [nant But to which the Grecians are most prompt and pre-Bit I can tell that in each grace of these There lurks a still and dumb-discoursive devil That tempts most cunningly: but be not tempted. Cres. Do you think I will?

Tro. No.

But something may be done that we will not: And sometimes we are devils to ourselves, When we will tempt the frailty of our powers, Presuming on their changeful potency.

Aene. [Within] Nay, good my lord.—

Tro. Come, kiss; and let us part.

Par. [Within] Brother Troilus!

Tro. Good brother, come you hither; And bring Aeneas and the Grecian with you.

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Cres. My lord, will you be true?
Tro. Who, I? alas, it is my vice, my fault: Whiles others fish with craft for great opinion, I with great truth catch mere simplicity; Whilst some with cunning gild their copper crowns, With truth and plainness I do wear mine bare. Fear not my truth: the moral of my wit Is 'plain and true,' there's all the reach of it.

Enter Aeneas, Paris, Antenor, Deiphobus, and Diomedes.

Welcome, Sir Diomed! here is the lady Which for Antenor we deliver you: At the port, lord, I'll give her to thy hand; And by the way possess thee what she is. Entreat her fair; and, by my soul, fair 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, Plead 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 In praising her: I tell thee, lord of Greece, She is as far high-soaring o'er thy praises As thou unworthy to be call'd her servant. I charge thee use her well, even for my charge; For, by the dreadful Pluto, if thou dost not, Though the great bulk Achilles be thy guard, I'll cut thy throat.

Dio. O, be not moved, Prince Troilus: Let me be privileged by my place and message, To be a speaker free; when I am hence, I'll answer to my master: and know, 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 brace shall oft make thee to hide thy head. Lady, give me your hand, and, as we walk, To our own selves bend we our needful task. [Exeunt Troilus, Cressida, and Diomedes.

[Trumpet within.

Par. Bark! Hector's trumpet.

Aene. How have we spent this morning? The prince must think me tardy and remiss, That swore to ride before him to the field. Par. 'Tis Troilus' fault: come, come, to field with Dei. Let us make ready straight. [him.

Aene. Yea, with a bridegroom's fresh alacrity, Let us address to tend on Hector's heels: The glory of our Troy doth this day lie On his fair worth and single chivalry. [Exeunt.


Enter Ajax, armed; Agamemnon, Achilles, Patroclus, Menelaus, Ulysses, Nestor, and others.

Agam. Here art thou in appointment fresh and Anticipating time with starting courage, [fair, Give with thy trumpet a loud note to Troy, Thou dreadful Ajax; that the appalled air May pierce the head of the great combatant And ham the hither. Ajax. Thou, trumpet, there's my purse. Now crack thy ladder, and split thy brazen pipe; Blow, villain, till thy spher'd bias cheek Outswell the colic of puff'd Aquilon: [blood; Come, stretch thy chest, and let thy eyes spout Thou blow'st for Hector. [Trumpet sounds.

Ulyss. No trumpet answers.

Achill. 'Tis but early days.

Agam. Is not yond Diomed, with Calchas' daugh-
Ulyss. 'Tis he, I ken the manner of his gait; [ter

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; 'Twere better she were kis'd in general.

Nest. And very courtly counsel: I'll begin. So much for Nestor.

Achill. I'll take that winter from your lips, fair Achilles bids you welcome. [lady:

Men. I had good argument for kissing once.

Patr. But that's no argument for kissing now; For thus popp'd Paris in his hardiment, And parted thus you and your argument.

Ulyss. O deadly gall, and theme of all our scars! 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.

Ores. In kissing, do you render or receive?
Patr. Both take and give.

Ores. 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.

Ores. You're an odd man; give even, or give none.

Men. An odd man, lady! every man is odd.

Ores. No, Paris is not: for you know 'tis true, That you are odd, and he is even with you.

Men. You fillip o' the head.

Ores. No, I'll be sworn.

Ulyss. It were no match, your nail against his horn.

May I, sweet lady, beg a kiss of you?

Ores. You may.

Ulyss. I do desire it.

Ores. Why, beg, then.

Ulyss. Why then for Venus' sake, give me a kiss, When Helen is a maid again, and his.

Ores. I am your debtor, claim it when 'tis due.
Ulyss. Never's my day, and then a kiss of you.

Dio. Lady, a word: I'll bring you to your father.

[Exeunt.

Nest. A woman of quick sense.

Ulyss. Fie, fie upon her! There's language in her eye, her cheek, her lip, Nay, her foot speaks; her wanton spirits look out At every joint and motive of her body. O, these encoun'ters, so glib of tongue, That give accosting welcome ere it comes, And wide unclasp the tables of their thoughts To every ticklish reader! set them down For sluttish spoils of opportunity And daughters of the game. [Trumpet within.

All. The Trojans' trumpet.

Agam. Yonder comes the troop.

Enter Hector, armed; Aeneas, Troilus, and other Trojans, with Attendants.

Aene. Hail, all you state of Greece! what shall be done To him that victory commands? or do you purpose A victor shall be known? will you the knights Shall to the edge of all extremity Pursue each other, or shall be divided By any voice or order of the field? Hector bade ask.

Agam. Which way would Hector have it?

Aene. He cares not: he'll obey conditions.

Achill. 'Tis done like Hector: but securely done,
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A little proudly, and great deal misprizing
The knight opposed.

_Aene._ What is your name? If not Achilles, sir,
Achill. If not Achilles, nothing.

_Aene._ Therefore Achilles: be, what'er, know
In the extremity of great and little,
[This: Valour and pride eke themselves in Hector;
The one almost as infinite as all,
The other blank as nothing. Weigh him well,
And that which looks like pride is courtesy.
This Ajax is half made of Hector's blood:
In love whereof, half Hector stays at home;
Half heart, half hand, half Hector comes to seek
This blended knight, half Trojan and half Greek.

Achill. A maiden battle, then? O, I perceive thee!

Re-enter Diomedes.

_Agam._ Here is Sir Diomed. Go, gentle knight,
Stand by our Ajax: as you and Lord_Aeneas
Consent upon the order of their fight,
So be it; either to the uttermost,
Or else a breath: the combatants being kin
Half stints their strife before their strokes begin.

[Ajax and_Hector enter the lists.

_Ulyss._ They are opposed already.

_Agam._ What Trojan is that same that looks so
Ulyss. The youngest son of Priam, a true knight,
Not yet mature, yet matchless, firm of word,
Speaking in deeds and deedless in his tongue;
Not soon provoked nor being provoked soon calm'd;
His heart and hand both open and both free;
For what he has he gives, what thinks he shows;
Yet gives he not till judgment guide his bounty,
Nor dignifies an impure thought with breath;
Manly as Hector, but more dangerous;
For Hector in his blaze of wrath subscribes
To tender objects, but he in heat of action
Is more vinculative than jealous love:
They call him Trosus, and on him erect
A second hope, as fairly built as Hector.
Thus says_Aeneas; one that knows the youth
Even to his inches, and with private soul
Did in great Ilium thus translate him to me.

[Alarum. Hector and Ajax fight.

_Agam._ They are in action.

_Nest._ Now, Ajax, hold thine own! Tro.
Hector, thou sleep'st;

_Agam._ His blows are well disposed: there, Ajax!_Dio._ You must no more.

[Trumpets cease.

_Aene._ Princes, enough, so please you.

_Ajax._ I am not warm yet; let us fight again.

_Dio._ As Hector pleases.

_Hect._ Why, then will I no more:
Thou art, great lord, my father's sister's son,
A cousin-german to great Priam's seed;
The obligation of our blood forbids
A gory emulation 'twixt us twin:
We're thy communion Greek and Trojan so
That thou couldst say 'This hand is Grecian all,
And this is Trojan; the signes of this leg
All Greek, and this all Troy; my mother's blood
Runs on the dexter cheek, and this sinister
Bounds in my father's: 'by Jove multipotent,
Thou should'st not bear from me a Grecian heart
Wherein my sword had not impressure made
Of our rank feud: but the just gods gainsay
That any drop thou borrow'st from thy mother,
My sacred aunt, should by my mortal sword
Be drain'd. Let me embrace thee, Ajax:
By him that thunders, thou hast lusty arms;
Hector would have them fall upon him thus:
Cousin, all honour to thee!

_Ajax._ I thank thee, Hector:
Thou art too gentle and too free a man:
I came to kill thee, cousin, and bear hence
A great addition earned in thy death.

_Hect._ No Not so noble as so miserable.
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,
_Aene._ There is expectance here from both the sides,
What further you will do.

_Hect._ We'll answer it;
The issue is embracement: Ajax, farewell.

_Ajax._ If I might in entreaties find success—
As said I have the chance—I would desire
My famous cousin to our Grecian tents.

_Dio._ 'T is Agamemnon's wish, and great Achilles
Both long to see unarm'd the valiant Hector.

_Aeneas._ Call my brother Troilus to me,
And signify this loving interview
To the expecters of our Trojan part;
Desire them home. Give me thy hand, my cousin;
I will go eat with thee and see your knights.

_Ajax._ Great Agamemnon comes to meet us here.

_Hect._ The worthiest of them tell me name by name;
But for Achilles, mine own searching eyes
Shall find him by his large and portly size.

_Agam._ Worthy of arms! as welcome as to one
That would be rid of such an enemy;
But that's no welcome: understand more clear,
What's past and what's to come is strew'd with
And formless ruin of oblivion; [husks
But in this extant moment, faith and truth,
Strain'd purely from all hollow bias-drawing,
Bids thee, with most divine integrity,
From heart of very heart, great Hector, welcome.

_Hect._ I thank thee, most imperious Agamemnon.

_Agam._ [To Troilus.] My well-famed lord of Troy,
no less to you.

_Men._ Let me confirm my princely brother's greet-
You brace of warlike brothers, welcome hither.

_Hect._ Who must we answer?

_Aene._ The noble Menelaeus.

_Hect._ O, you, my lord? by Mars his gauntlet,
Mock not, that I affect the untraded oath; [thanks!
Your quondam wife swears still by Venus' glove:
She 's well, but bade me not commend her to you.

_Men._ Name her not now, sir, she's a deadly theme.

_Hect._ O, pardon; I offend.

_Nest._ I have, thou gallant Trojan, seen thee oft
Labouring for destiny make cruel way [thee,
Through ranks of Grecish youth, and I have seen
As hot as Perseus, spur thy Phrygian steed,
Despising many forfeits and subduements,
When thou hast hung thy advanced sword in the air,
Not letting it decline, as Tembris's says,
That I have said to some my standers by
'Lo, Jupiter is yonder, dealing life!'
And I have seen thee pause and take thy breath,
When that a ring of Greeks have hemm'd thee in,
Like an Olympian wrestling: this I have seen;
But this thy contumencence still lock'd in steel,
I never saw till now; nor knew thee before,
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.

_Aene._ 'T is the old Nestor.

_Hect._ Let me embrace thee, good old chronicle,
That hast so long walk'd hand in hand with time:
Most reverend Nestor, I am glad to clasp thee.

_Nest._ I would my arms could match thee in con-
As they contend with thee in courtesy. [tention,
_Hect._ I would they could.

_Hect._ 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.

_Hect._ I know your favour, Lord Ulysses, well.

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ACT V.

TROILUS AND CRESSIDA.


Enter Achilles and Patroclus.

Achil. I’ll heat his blood with Grecish wine to-night, Which with my scimitar I’ll cool to-morrow. Patroclus, let us feast him to the height.

Patr. Here comes Thersites.

Enter Thersites.

Achil. How now, thou core of envy! Thou crusty batch of nature, what’s the news? Ther. Why, thou picture of what thou seemest, and idol of idiot-worshippers, here’s a letter for Achil. From whence, fragment? [thee. Ther. Why, thou full dish of fool, from Troy. Patr. Who keeps the tent now? Ther. The surgeon’s box, or the patient’s wound. Patr. Well said, adversity! and what need these tricks? Ther. Prithee, be silent, boy; I profit not by thy talk: thou art thought to be Achilles’ male variet. Patr. Male variet, thou rogue! what’s that? Ther. Why, his masculine whore. Now, the rotten diseases of the south, the guts-gripping, rupatures, catarrhs, loads o’ gravel i’ the back, lethargies, cold palsy, raw eyes, dirt-rotten livers, wheezing lungs, bladders full of impost-hume, scitacies, limbikins i’ the palm, incurable bone-ache, and the rivelled feez-y joint of the tetter, take and take again such posteroer discoveries! Patr. Why, thou dannable box of envy, thou, what meanest thou to curse thus? Ther. Do I curse thee? Patr. Why, no, thou ruinous butt, thou whoreson indistinguishable cur, no. Ther. No! why art thou then exasperate, thou idle immaterial skein of slave-silk, thou green sar- cenet flap for a sore eye, thou tassel of a prodigal’s purse, thou? Ah, how the poor world is pestered with such waterflies, diminutives of nature! Patr. Out, gall! Ther. Finch-egg! Achil. My sweet Patroclus, I am thwarted quite From my great purpose in to-morrow’s battle. Here is a letter from Queen Hecuba, A token from her daughter, my fair love, Both taxing me and gaging me to keep An oath that I have sworn. I will not break it.

For I’ll not kill thee there, nor there, nor there; But, by the forge that stithied Mars his helm, I’ll kill thee every where, yea, o’er and o’er. You wisest Grecians, pardon me this brag; His insolence draws folly from my lips; But I’ll endeavour deeds to match these words, Or may I never—

Ajax. Do not chafe thee, cousin: And you, Achilles, let these threats alone, Till accident or purpose bring you to ’t: You may have every day enough of Hector, If you have stomach; the general state, I fear, Can scarce entreat you to be odd with him. Achil. I pray you, let us see you in the field: We have had pelting wars, since you refused The Grecians’ cause.

Achil. Dost thou entreat me, Hector? To-morrow do I meet thee, fell as death; To-night all friends. Thy hand upon that match. Agam. First, all you peers of Greece, go to my There in the full convive we: afterwards, [tent; As Hector’s leisure and your bounties shall Coure together, severally entreat him. Beat loud the tabourines, let the trumpets blow, That this great soldier may his welcome know.

[Exeunt all except Troilus and Ulysses.

Tro. My Lord Ulysses, tell me, I beseech you, In what place of the field doth Calchas keep? Ulyss. At Menelaus’ tent, most princely Troilus: There Diomed doth feast with him to-night: Who neither looks upon the heaven nor earth, But gives all gaze and bent of amorous view On the fair Cressid. Tro. Shall I, sweet lord, be bound to you so much, After we part from Agamemnon’s tent, To bring me thither? Ulyss. You shall command me, sir, As gentle tell me, of what honour was This Cressida in Troy? Had she no lover there That walls her absence? Tro. O, sir, to such as boasting show their scars A mock is due. Will you walk on, my lord? She was beloved, she loved; she is, and doth: But still sweet love is food for fortune’s tooth.

[Exeunt.
Fall Greeks: fall fame; honour or go stay; My major vow lies here, this I'll obey. Come, come, Tersites, help to trim my tent: This night in banqueting must all be spent. Away, Patroclus! [Exit Achilles and Patroclus. Thers. With too much blood and too little brain, these two may run mad; but, if with too much brain and too little blood they do, I'll be a curer of madmen. Here's Agamemnon, an honest fellow enough, and one that loves quails; but he has not so much brain as ear-wax: and the goody transformation of Jupiter there, his brother, the bull,—the primitive statue, and oblique memorial of cuckolds; a thifty shoeing-horn in a chain, hanging at his brother's leg,—to what form but that he is, will set larded with malice and malice forced with wit turn him to? To an ass, were nothing; he is both ass and ox; to an ox, were nothing: he is both ox and ass. To be a dog, a mule, a cat, a stichel, 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 Tersites; for I care not to be the house of a lazaret, so I were not Menelaus. Hoy-day! spirits and fires!

Enter Hector, Troilus, Ajax, Agamemnon, Ulysses, Neector, Menelaus, and Diomedes, with lights.

Agam. We go wrong, we go wrong.

Ajax. No, yonder 'ts is.

Ulysses. Here comes himself to guide you.

Re-enter Achilles.

Achilles. 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. [Erial. Hector. Thanks and good night to the Greeks' gen-

Men. Good night, my lord.


Achilles. Good night and welcome, both at once, to these.

That go or tarry.

Agam. Good night.

[Exeunt Agamemnon and Menelaus. Achilles. Old Nestor tarries; and you too, Diomed, Keep Hector company an hour or two.

Diomed. I cannot, lord; I have important business, The tide whereof is now. Good night, great Hec- Hector. Give me your hand.

Ulysses. [Aside to Troilus] Follow his torch; he goes to Calchas' tent:

I'll keep you company.

Troilus. Sweet sir, you honour me.

Hector. And so, good night.

[Exit Diomedes; Ulysses and Troilus following. Achilles. Come, come, enter my tent.

[Exeunt Achilles, Hector, Ajax, and Nestor. Thers. 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 Brab-bler the hound; but when he performs, astronomers foretell it; it is prodigious, there will come some change; the sun borrows of the moon, when Diod keeps his word. I will rather leave to see Hector, than not to drag him: they say he keeps a Trojan dram, and uses the traitor Calchas' tent: I'll after. Nothing but lechery! all incontinent varlets! [Exit.]

SCENE II.—The same. Before Calchas' tent.

Enter Diomedes.

Diomed. What, are you up here, ho? speak.

Cal. [Within] Who calls?

Diomed. Calchas, I think. Where's your Cal. [Within] She comes to you. [daughter?

Enter Troilus and Ulysses, at a distance; after them, Tersites.

Ulysses. Stand where the torch may not discover us.

Enter Cressida.

Tro. Cressida comes forth to him.

Diomed. How now, my charge! Cres. Now, my sweet guardian! Hark, a word with you.

Ulysses. Yes, so familiar!

Ulysses. She will sing any man at first sight. Thers. And any man may sing her, if he can take her cliff; she's noted.


Diomed. Nay, but do then;

And let your mind be coupled with your words.

Tro. What should she remember?

Ulysses. List.

Cressida. Sweet honey Greek, tempt me no more to Ther. Roguery! [folly, Diomed. Nay, then,— Cres. I'll tell you what,— Diomed. Foh, foh! come, tell a pin; you are forswn.

Cressida. In faith, I cannot: what would you have me do?

Thers. A juggling trick,—to be secretly open.

Diomed. What did you swear you would bestow on me? Cres. I prithee, do not hold me to mine oath; Bid me do anything but that, sweet Greek.

Diomed. Good night.

Tro. Hold, patience! Ulysses. How now, Trojan!

Cressida. Diomed. No, no, good-night: I'll be your fool no more.

Tro. Thy better must.

Cressida. Hark, one word in your ear.

Tro. O plague and madness! [pray you, Ulysses. You are moved, prince; let us depart, I

Ulysses. Nay, good my lord, go off:

You flow to great distraction; come, my lord.

Tro. I pray thee, stay.

Ulysses. You have not patience; come.

Tro. I pray you, stay; by hell and all his tor.

I will not speak a word! [mements, Diomed. And so, good night.

Cressida. Nay, but you part in anger.

Tro. Doth that grieve thee?

Ulysses. Why, how now, lord! I

By Jove, I will be patient.


Cressida. In faith, I do not: come hither once again.

Ulysses. You shake, my lord, at something: will You will break out. [you go?

Tro. She strikes his cheek!

Ulysses. Come, come.

Tro. Nay, stay; by Jove, I will not speak a word: There is between my will and all offences A guard of patience: stay a little while.

Ulysses. How the devil Luxury, with his fat rump and potato-finger, tickles these together! Fry, lechery, fry!
TROILUS AND CRESSIDA.

ACT V.

SCENE II.

Dio. But will you, then?
Cres. In faith, I will, la; never trust me else.
Dio. Give me some token for the surety of it.
Cres. I'll fetch you one. [Exit.

Ulyss. You have sworn patience.
Tro. Fear me not, sweet lord; I will not be myself, nor have cognition
Of what I feel: I am all patience.

Re-enter Cressida.

Ther. Now the pledge; now, now, now, now!
Cres. Here, Diomed, keep this sleeve.
Tro. O beauty! where is thy faith?
Ulyss. My lord,—
Tro. I will be patient; outwardly I will.
Cres. You look upon that sleeve: behold it well.
He loved me—O false wrench!—Give 't me again.
Dio. Whose was 't?
Cres. It is no matter, now I have 't again.
I will not meet with you to-morrow night:
I prithee, Diomed, visit me no more.
Ther. Now she sharpens: well said, whetstone!
Dio. I shall have it.
Cres. What this? Ay, that.
Cres. O, all you gods! O pretty, pretty pledge!
Thy master now lies thinking in his bed
Of thee and me, and sighs, and takes my glove,
And gives memorial dainty kisses to it.
As I kiss thee, Nay, do not snatch it from me;
He that takes that doth take my heart withal.
Dio. I had your heart before, this follows it.
Tro. I did swear patience.
Cres. You shall not have it, Diomed; faith, you
I'll give you something else. [shall not;
Dio. I will have this: whose was it?
Cres. It is no matter.
Dio. Come, tell me whose it was.
Cres. 'T was one 's that loved me better than you
But, now you have it, take it. [will.
Dio. Whose was it?
Cres. By all Diana's waiting-women yond,
And by herself, I will not tell you whose.
Dio. To-morrow will I wear it on my helm,
And grieve his spirit that dares not challenge it.
Tro. Wert thou the devil, and worst it on thy
If should be challenged. [horn,
Cres. Well, well, 't is done, 't is past: and yet it
I will not keep my word.
Dio. Why, then, farewell;
Thou never shalt mock Diomed again.
Cres. You shall not go: one cannot speak a fooling,
But it straightforward starts you.
Dio. I do not like this fooling.
Ther. Nor I, by Pluto: but that that likes not you
pleases me best.
Dio. What, shall I come? the hour?
Cres. Ay, come:—O Jove!—do come:—I shall
Dio. Farewell till then. [be plagued.
Cres. Good night: I prithee, come.
[Exit Diomedes.

Troilus, farewell! one eye yet looks on thee;
But with my heart the other eye doth see.
Ah, poor our sex! this fault in us I find,
The error of our eye directs our mind:
What error leads must err; O, then conclude
Minds sway'd by eyes are full of turpitude. [Exit.
Ther. A proof of strength she could not publish
more,
Unless she said 'My mind is now turn'd whore.'
Ulyss. All's done, my lord.
Tro. [Ulyss.]
Ther. It is.
Tro. Why stay we, then?
Ther. To make a recordation to my soul
Of every syllable that here was spoke.
But if I tell how these two did co-act,
Shall I not lie in publishing a truth?

Sith yet there is a credence in my heart,
An esperance so obstinately strong,
That doth invert the taste of eyes and ears,
As if those organs had deceptive functions,
Created only to caluminate.

Was Cressid here?
Ulyss. I cannot conjure, Trojan.
Tro. She was not, sure.
Ulyss. Most sure she was.

Tro. Why, my negation hath no taste of madness.
Ulyss. Nor mine, my lord: Cressid was here but
Tro. Let it not be believed for womanhood! [now.
Think, we had mothers; do not give advantage
To stubborn critics, apt, without a theme,
For depravation, to square the general sex
By Cressid's rule: rather think this not Cressid.
Ulyss. What that she done, prince, that can soil
our mothers?

Tro. Nothing at all, unless that this were she.
Ther. Will he swagger himself out on 's own eyes?
Tro. This she? no, this is Diomed's Cressida:
If beauty have a soul, this is not she;
If souls guide vows, if vows be sanctimonies,
If sanctimonies be the gods' delight,
If there be rule in unity itself,
This is not she. O madness of discourse,
That cause sets up with and against itself!
Bi-foid authority! where reason can revolt
Without perdition, and loss assume all reason
Without revolt: this is, and not, Cressid.
Within my soul there doth condue a fight
Of this strange nature that a thing inseparate
Divides more wider than the sky and earth,
And yet the spacious breadth of this division
Admits no orifex for a point as subtle
As Ariache'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
And with another knot, five-finger-tied, [loosed;
The fractions of her faith, orts of her love,
The fragments, scraps, the bits and greasy relics
Of her o'er-eaten faith, are bound to Diomed.
Ulyss. May worthy Troilus be half attach'd
With that which here his passion doth express?
Tro. Ay, Greek; and that shall be divulg'd well
In characters as red as Mars his heart
Unfeigned with Venus, never did young man fancy
With so eternal and so fix'd a soul.
Hark, Greek: as much as I do Cressid love,
So much by weight hate I her Diomed:
That sleeve is mine that he 'll bear on his helm;
Were it a casque composed by Vulcan's skill,
My sword should bite it: not the dreadful spout
Which shipmen do the hurricano call,
Constranged in mass by the almighty sun,
Shall dizzy with more clamour Neptune's ear
Failing on Diomed.
Ther. He'll tickle it for his conceit, [false!
Tro. O Cressid! O false Cressid! false, false,
Let all untruths stand by thy stained name,
And they 'll seem glorious.
Ulyss. O, contain yourself;
Your passion draws ears hither.

Enter Aeneas.

Aene. I have been seeking you this hour, my lord:
Hector, by this, is arming him in Troy;
Ajax, your guard, stays to conduct you home.

Tro. Have with you, prince. My courteous lord,
Farewell, revolted fair! and, Diomed, [adieu.
Stand fast, and wear a crown on thy head!

Ulyss. I'll bring you to the gates.

Tro. Accept distracted thanks.

[Exit Troilus, Aeneas, and Ulysses.

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TROILUS AND CRESSIDA.  

SCENE V.  

Enter Hector and Andromache.  

Hec.  And.  When was your lord so much ungently tempestuous to stop his ears against admittance? [Per'd, Unarm, unarm, and do not fight to-day.  

Hec.  You train me to offend you; get you in; By all the everlasting gods, I'll go!  

And.  My dreams will, sure, prove ominous to the Hec.  No more, I say.  

Enter Cassandra.  

Cas.  Where is my brother Hector?  

And.  Here, sister; arm'd, and bloody in intent.  

Counsel with me in loud and dear petition, Pursue we him on knees; for I have dream'd Of bloody turbulence, and this whole night Hath nothing been but shapes and forms of slaughter.  


Hec.  Ho! bid my trumpet sound!  

Cas.  No notes of sally, for the heavens, sweet brother.  

Hec.  Be gone, I say: the gods have heard me.  

Cas.  The gods are deaf to hot and peevish vows; They are polluted offerings, more abhor'd Than spotted livers in the sacrifice.  

And.  O, be persuaded! do not count it holy To hurt by being just: it is as lawful, For we would give much, to use violent theft, And rob in the behalf of charity.  

Cas.  It is the purpose that makes strong the vow; But vows to every purpose must not hold: Unarm, sweet Hector.  

Hec.  Hold you still, I say;  

Mine honour keeps the weather of my fate: Life every man holds dear; but the brave man Holds honour far more precious-dear than life.  

Enter Troilus.  

Hec.  How now, young man! mean'st thou to fight to-day?  

And.  Cassandra, call my father to persuade.  

Tro.  No, faith, young Troilus; don't thy harness, I am to-day i' the vein of chivalry: youth; Let grow thy sinews till their knots be strong, And tempt not yet the brushes of the war.  

Unarm thee, go, and doubt thou not, brave boy, I'll stand to-day for thee and me and Troy.  

Tro.  Brother, you have a vice of mercy in you, Which better fits a lion than a man.  

Hec.  What vice is that, good Troilus? chide me for it.  

Tro.  When many times the captive Grecian fails, Even in the fan and wind of your fair sword, You bid them rise, and live.  

Hec.  O, 'tis fair play.  

Tro.  Fool's play, by heaven, Hector.  

Hec.  How now! how now!  

Tro.  For the love of all the gods, Let's leave the hermit pity with our mothers, And when we have our armours buckled on, The vengeful avenging rides upon our swords, Spur them to ruthless work, rein them from ruth.  

Hec.  Fie, savage, fie!  

Tro.  Hector, then 'tis wars.  

Hec.  Troilus, I would not have you fight to-day.  

Tro.  Who should withhold me?  

Not fate, obedience, nor the hand of Mars Beckoning by fiery truncheon my retire; Not Priamus and Hecuba on knees, Their eyes o'ergalled with recourse of tears; Nor you, my brother, with your true sword drawn, Opposed to hinder me, should stop my way, But by my ruin.  

Re-enter Cassandra, with Priam.  

Cas.  Lay hold upon him, Priam, hold him fast: He is thy crutch; now if thou lose thy stay, Thou on him leaning, and all Troy on thee, Fall all together.  

Pri.  Come, Hector, come, go back: Thy wife hath dream'd; thy mother hath had visions; Cassandra doth foresee; and I myself Am like a prophet suddenly enrapt To tell thee that this day is ominous: Therefore, come back.  

Hec.  Enter Aenas is a-field;  

And I do stand engaged to many Greeks, Even in the faith of valour, to appear This morning to them.  

Pri.  Ay, but thou shalt not go.  

Hec.  I must not break my faith,  

You know me dutiful; therefore, dear sir, Let me not shame respect; but give me leave To take that course by your consent and voice, Which you do here forbid me, royal Priam.  

Cas.  O Priam, yield not to him!  

And.  Do not, dear father.  

Hec.  Andromache, I am offended with you: Upon the love you bear me, get you in.  

[Exit Andromache.  

Tro.  This foolish, dreaming, superstitious girl Makes all these bodements.  

Cas.  O, farewell, dear Hector!  

Lock, how thou diest! look, how thy eye turns pale! Look, how thy wounds do bleed at many vents! Bark, how Troy roars! how Hecuba cries out! How poor Andromache shrills her doleurs forth! Behold, distraction, frenzy and amazement, Like witless antics, one another meet, And all cry, Hector! Hector's dead! O Hector!  

Tro.  Away! away!  

Cas.  Farewell: yet, soft! Hector, I take my leave: Thou dost thyself and all our Troy deceive.  

[Exit Hector.  

Hec.  You are amazed, my liege, at her exclam: Go in and cheer the town: we'll forth and fight, Do deeds worth praise and tell you them at night.  

Pri.  Farewell: the gods with safety stand about thee!  

[Exit severally Priam and Hector.  

Alarums.  

Tro.  They are at it, hark! Proud Diomed, believe,  

I come to lose my arm, or win my sleeve.  

Enter Pandarus.  

Pan.  Do you hear, my lord? do you hear?  

Tro.  What now?  

Pan.  Here's a letter come from yond poor girl.  

Tro.  Let me read.  

Pan.  A whoreson tisick, a whoreson rascally tisick so troubles me, and the foolish fortune of this girl; and what one thing, what another, that I shall leave you one o' these days; and I have a rheum in mine eyes too, and such an ache in my bones that, unless a man were cursed, I cannot tell what to think on't. What says she there?  

Tro.  Words, words, mere words, no matter from the heart; The effect doth operate another way.  

[Tearing the letter.  

Go, wind, to wind, there turn and change together. My love with words and errors still she feeds; But edifies another with her deeds.  

[Exeunt severally.  

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SCENE IV.—Plains between Troy and the Grecian camp.

ALARUMS: excursions. Enter Thersites.

Ther. Now they are clapper-clawing one another; I'll go look on. That dissembling abominable varlet, Diomed, has got that same scurrvy doting foolish young knave's sleeve of Troy there in his helm: I would fain see them meet; that same young Trojan ass, that loves the whore there, might send that Grecian whoreson villain, with the sleeve, back to the dissembling luxurious drab, of a sleeveless errand. O the'other side, the policy of those crafty swearing rascals, that stale old mouse-eaten dry cheese, Nestor, and that same dog-fax, Ulysses, is not proved worth a blackberry: they set me up, in policy, that mongrel cur, Ajax, against that dog of as bad a kind, Achilles: and now is the cur Ajax prouder than the cur Achilles, and will not arm to-day; whereupon the Grecians begin to proclaim barbarism, and policy grows into an ill opinion. Soft! here comes sleeve, and 't other.

Enter Diomedes, Troilus following.

Tro. Fly not: for shouldst thou take the river
I would swim after. [Styx, Dio.
Thou dost miscall retire:
I do not fly, but advantageous care
Withdrew me from the odds of multitude:
Have at thee!

Ther. Hold thy' where, Grecian!—now for thy where, Trojan!—now the sleeve, now the sleeve! [Exit Troilus and Diomedes, fighting.

Enter Hector.

Hect. What art thou, Greek? art thou for Hect—
Art thou of blood and honour? [tor's match?

Ther. No, no, I am a rascal; a scurvy ralling knave: a very filthy rogue.


Ther. God-a-mercy, that thou wilt believe me
But a plague break thy neck for frightening me! What's become of the wenching rogues? I think they have swallowed one another; I would laugh at that miracle: yet, in a sort, lechery eats itself. I'll seek them.

[Exit.

SCENE V.—Another part of the plains.

Enter Diomedes and a Servant.

Dio. Go, go, my servant, take thou Troilus' horse;
Present the fair steed to my lady Cressid:
Fellow, commend my service to her beauty:
Troilus, the feeble wall, 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, waging his beam,
Upon the passed corsers of the kings
Epistrophus and Cedius: Polyxenes is slain,
Amphimachus and Thoas deadly hurt,
Patroclus ta'en on skill, and Palamedes
Sore hurst and bruised; the dreadful Sagittary
Appalls our numbers: haste we, Diomed,
To reinforcement, or we perish all.

Enter Nestor.

Nest. Go, bear Patroclus' body to Achilles;
And bid the snail-paced Ajax arm for shame.
There is a thousand Hectors in the field:
Now here he fights on Galathe his horse,
And there lacks work: anon he's there afoot,
And there they fly or die, like scaled seuls
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, handless, hack'd and chipp'd, come
to him,
Crying on Hector. Ajax hath lost a friend
And foams at mouth, and he is arm'd and at it,
Roaring for Troilus, who hath done to-day
Mad and fantastic execution,
Engaging and redeeming of himself
With such a careless force and forceless care
As if that luck, in very spite of cunning,
Bade him win all.

Enter Ajax.


Dio. 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.
[Exit.

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?

Ajas. Were I the general, thou shouldst have my Ere that correction. Troilus, I say! what, Troilus?

Enter Troilus.

Tro. O traitor Diomed! turn thy false face, thou traitor,
And pay thy life thou owest me for my horse!

Dio. Ha, art thou there?

Ajax. I'll fight with him alone: stand, Diomed.

Dio. He is my prize; I will not look upon.

Tro. Cough! you, both you coggling Greeks; have at you both!
[Exit.

Enter Hector.

Hect. Yea, Troilus? O, well fought, my young-est brother!

Enter Achilles.

Achil. Now do I see thee, ha! have at thee, Hector!
Hect. Pause, if thou wilt.

Achil. I do disdain thy courtesy, proud Trojan:
Be happy that my arms are out of use:
My rest and negligence befriended thee now,
But thou anon shalt hear of me again;
Till when, go seek thy fortune.

Hect. Fare thee well: I would have been much more a fresher man,
Had I expected thee. How now, my brother?

Re-enter Troilus.

Tro. Ajax hath ta'en Æneas; shall it be?
No, by the flame of yonder glorious heaven,
He shall not carry him: I'll be ta'en too,
Or bring him off: fate, hear me what I say!
I reck not though I end my life to-day.
[Exit.
ACT V.

TROILUS AND CRESSIDA.

SCENE X.

Enter one in sumptuous armour.

Hec. Stand, stand, thou Greek; thou art a goodly No! wilt thou not? I like thy armour well; [mark: I'll brush it and unlock the rivets all. But I'll be master of it; wilt thou not, beast, abide? Why, then fly on, I'll hunt thee for thy hide. [Exeunt.

SCENE VII.—Another part of the plains.

Enter Achilles, with Myrmidons.

Ach. Come here about me, you my Myrmidons; Mark what I say. Attend me where I wheel: Strike not a stroke, but keep yourselves in breath: And when I have the bloody Hector found, Empale him with your weapons round about; In fettle 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 Thersites.

Thers. The cuckold and the cuckold-maker are at it. Now, bull! now, dog! 'Lo, Paris, 'lo! now my double-henned spaniel! 'Lo, Paris, 'lo! The bull has the game: ware horns, ho! [Exeunt Paris and Menelaus.

Enter Margareon.

Mar. Turn, slave, and fight.

Hec. What art thou?


Hec. I am a bastard too; I love bastards: I am a bastard begot, bastard instructed, bastard in mind, bastard in valour, in every thing illegitimate. One bear will bite another, and wherewith should one bester? Take heed, the quarrel's most ominous to us: if the son of a whore fight for a whore, he tempts judgment: farewell, bastard. [Exit. Mar. The devil take thee, coward! [Exit.

SCENE VIII.—Another part of the plains.

Enter Hector.

Hec. Most putrefied core, so fair without, Thy goodly armour thus hath cost thy life. Now is my day's work done; I'll take good breath: Rest, sword; thou hast thy fill of blood and death. [Puts off his helmet and hangs his shield behind him.

Enter Achilles and Myrmidons.

Ach. Look, Hector, how the sun begins to set; How ugly night comes breathing at his heels: Even with the vail and darkening of the sun, To close the day up, Hector's life is done. Hec. I am unarm'd; forgo this vantage, Greek. Ach. Strike, fellows, strike; this is the man I seek. [Hector falls. So, Ilion, fall thou next! now, Troy, sink down! Here lies thy heart, thy sinews, and thy bone. On, Myrmidons, and cry you all amin, 'Achilles hath the mighty Hector slain.' [A retreat sounded. Hark! a retire upon our Grecian part. [Lord. Myr. The Trojan trumpets sound the like, my Ach. The dragon wing of night o'erspreads the And, stickler-like, the armies separates. [earth. My half-built sword, that frankly would have fed, Pleased with this dainty bait, thus goes to bed. [Sheathes his sword. Come, tie his body to my horse's tail: Along the field I will the Trojan trail. [Exeunt.

SCENE IX.—Another part of the plains.

Enter Agamemnon, Ajax, Menelaus, Nestor, Diomedes, and others, marching. Shouts within.

Agam. Hark! hark! what shout is that? Nest. Peace, drums!

[Within] Achilles! Achilles! Hector's slain! Achilles! Dio. The bruit is, Hector's slain, and by Achilles. Ajax. If it be so, yet bragless let it be; Great Hector was a man as good as he.

Agam. March patienty and let one be sent To pray Achilles see us at our tent. If in his death the gods have us befriended, Great Troy is ours, and our sharp wars are ended. [Exeunt, marching.

SCENE X.—Another part of the plains.

Enter Æneas and Trojans.

Æne. Stand, ho! yet are we masters of the field: Never go home; here starve we out the night.

Enter Trosilus.

Tro. Hector is slain.

All. Hector! the gods forbid!

Tro. He's dead: and at the murderer's horse's tail, In beastly sort, dragg'd through the shameful field. Prow'n on, you heavens, effect your rage with speed! Sit, gods, upon your thrones, and smile at Troy! I say, at once let your brief plagues be mercy, And linger not our sure destructions on! [Æne. My lord, you do discomfort all the host. Tro. You understand me not that tell me so: I do not speak of flight, of fear, of death, But dare all this; and henceforth on all men Address their dangers in. Hector is gone: Who shall tell Priam so, or Hecuba? Let him that will a screech-owl aye be call'd, Go in to Troy, and say there, Hector's dead: There is a word will Priam turn to stone; Make well and Ninebes of the maid, and wives, Cold statues of the youth, and, in a word, Scare Troy out of itself. But, march away; Hector is dead: there is no more to say. Stay yet. You vile abominable tents, Thus proudly pigt on upon our Phrygian plains, Let Titan rise as early as he dare, [coward, I'll through and through you! and, thou great-sized No space of earth shall sunder our two hates: I'll haunt thee like a wicked conscience still, That mouldeth goblins swift as frenzy's thoughts. Strike a free march to Troy! with comfort go: Hope of revenge shall hide our inward woe. [Exeunt Æneas and Trojans.

As Trosilus is going out, enter, from the other side, Pandarus.

Pan. But hear you, hear you! Tro. Hence, broker-lackey! ignomy and shame. Pursue thy life, and live aye with thy name! [Exit. Pan. A goodly medicine for my aching bones! O world! world! world! thus is the poor agent despis'd! O traitors and bawds, how earnestly are you set a-work, and how ill required! why should our endeavour be so loved and the performance so loathed? what verse for it? what instance for it? Let me see:

Full merrily the humble-bee doth sing, Till he hath lost his honey and his stinger; And being once subdued in armed tail, Sweet honey and sweet notes together fail.

Good traders in the flesh, set this in your painted As many as be here of pandar's hall, [cloths. Your eyes, half out, weep out at Pandar's fall; Or if you cannotweep, yet give some groans, Though not for me, yet for your aching bones. Brethren and sisters of the hold-door trade, Some two months hence my will shall here be made: It should be now, but that my fear is this: Some galled goose of Winchester would hiss: Till then I'll sweat and seek about for eases, And at that time bequeath you my diseases. [Exit.
CORIOLANUS.

Dramatis Personæ.

Caius Marcius, afterwards Caius Marcius Coriolanus.
Titus Lartius, Generals against the Volscians.
Cominius, Menenius Agrippa, friend to Coriolanus.
Sicinius Velutus, Tribunes of the people.
Junius Brutus, Young Marcius, son to Coriolanus.
A Roman Herald.
Tullius Aufidius, General of the Volscians.
Lieutenant to Aufidius.
Conspirators with Aufidius.

A citizen of Antium.
Two Volscian Guards.
Volumnia, mother to Coriolanus.
Virgilia, wife to Coriolanus.
Valeria, friend to Virgilia.
Gentlewoman, attending on Virgilia.
Roman and Volscian Senators, Patricians, Ädiles, Lictors, Soldiers, Citizens, Messengers, Servants to Aufidius, and other Attendants.

Scene:—Rome and the neighbourhood; Coriolani and the neighbourhood; Antium.

ACT I.

First Cit. If I must not, I need not be barren of accusations: he hath faults, with surplus, to tire in repetition. [Shouts within.] What shouts are these? The other side o' the city is risen: why stay we prating here? to the Capitol!
All. Come, come.
First Cit. Soft! who comes here?

Enter Menenius Agrippa.

Sec. Cit. Worthy Menenius Agrippa; one that hath always loved the people.
First Cit. He's one honest enough: would all the rest were so!

Men. What work's, my countrymen, in hand? where go you
With bats and clubs? The matter? speak, I pray you.

First Cit. Our business is not unknown to the senate; they have had inkling this fortnight what we intend to do, which now we'll show 'em in deeds. They say poor suitors have strong breaths: they shall know we have strong arms too.

Men. Why, masters, my good friends, mine honest neighbours,
Will you undo yourselves?

First Cit. We cannot, sir, we are undone already.

Men. I tell you, friends, most charitable care
Have the patricians of you. For your wants,
Your suffering in this death, you may as well
Strike at the heaven with your staves as lift them
Against the Roman state, whose course will on
The way it takes, cracking ten thousand curbs
Of more strong link asunder than can ever
Appear in your impediment. For the dearth,
The gods, not the patricians, make it, and
Your knees to them, not arms, must help. Alack,
You are transported by calamity
Thither where more attends you, and you slander
The helm'st as the state, who care for you like fathers,
When you curse them as enemies.

First Cit. Care for us! True, indeed! They never cared for us yet: suffer us to famish, and
their store-houses cram'd with grain; make edicts for usury, to support usurers; repeal daily
any wholesome act established against the rich, and
provide more piercing statutes daily, to chain up
and restrain the poor. If the wars eat us not up, they will: and there's all the love they bear us. 

\textit{Men.} Either you must

Confer yourselves privy to advantageous, 

Or be accused of folly. I shall tell you

A pretty tale: it may be you have heard it;

But, since it serves my purpose, I will venture

To stale a little more.

\textit{First Cit.} Well, I'll hear it, sir: yet you must not think to folli our disgrace with a tale: but, an't you please, deliver. 

\textit{Men.} There was a time when all the body's mem-

Rebell'd against the belly, thus accused it:

That only like a gulf it did remain

'T the midst o' the body, idle and unactive,

Still enveloping the viand, never bearing

Like leafs with the rest, where the other instru-

ments

Did see and hear, devise, instruct, walk, feel,

And, mutually participate, did minister

Unto the appetite and affection common

Of the whole body. The belly answer'd—

\textit{First Cit.} Well, sir, what answer made the belly?

\textit{Men.} Sir, I shall tell you. With a kind of smile, Which ne'er came from the lungs, but even thus—

For, look you, I may make the belly smile

As well as speak—it tauntingly replied

To the discontented members, the mutinous parts

That do make him worthy whose offence subdues him

As you malign our senators for that

They are not such as you.

\textit{First Cit.} Your belly's answer? What! The kingly-crowned head, the vigilant eye, The counsellor heart, the arm our soldier, Our steed the leg, the tongue our trumpeter, With other muniments and petty helps

In this our fabric, if that they—

\textit{Men.} What then?

\textit{First Cit.} Fore me, this fellow speaks! What then? what then?

\textit{First Cit.} Should by the cormorant belly be re-

Who is the sink o' the body,— [strain'd,]

\textit{Men.} Well, what then?

\textit{First Cit.} The former agents, if they did com-

What could the belly answer? 

\textit{Men.} I will tell you;

If you will bestow a small—of what you have little—

Patience awhile, you'll hear the belly's answer.

\textit{First Cit.} Ye're long about it.

\textit{Men.} Note me this, good friend; Your most grave belly was deliberate, Not rash like his accusers, and thus answer'd:

' True is it, my incorporeal 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 strength and serves at every vein.

From me receive that natural competency

Whereby they live: and though that all at once, You, my good friends,—this says the belly, mark

\textit{First Cit.} Ay, sir; well, well. 

\textit{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?

\textit{First Cit.} It was an answer: how apply you this?

\textit{Men.} The senators of Rome are this good belly, And they: would hang them on the horns o' the moon, Shouting their emulation; which being an-

\textit{Men.} And a petition granted them, a strange one—

To break the heart of generosity, [caps

And make bold power look pale—they threw their

And would hang them on the horns o' the moon, Shouting their emulation.

\textit{Men.} What is granted them?

\textit{Mar.} Five tribunes to defend their vulgar wis-

doms,
Of their own choice; one’s Junius Brutus,
Sicinius Velatus, 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 Volscæ are in arms.

Mar. I am glad on’t: then we shall ha’ means to
Our musty superfluity. See, our best elders. [vent

Enter Cominius, Titus Lartius, and other Sen-
ators; Junius Brutus and Sicinius Velatus.

First Sen. Marcius, ’tis true that you have lately
The Volscæ are in arms. [told us;

Mar. They have a leader,
Tullius Aufidius, that will put you to ’t.
I sin in envying his nobility,
And I wish any thing but what I am,
I would wish me only he.

Com. You have fought together.

Mar. Were half to half the world by the ears
And Upon my party, I’d revolt, to make
Only my wars with him: he is a lion
That I am proud to hunt.

First Sen. Then, worthy Marcius,
Attend upon Cominius to these wars.

Com. It is your former promise.

Mar. Sir, it is;
And I am constant. Titus Lartius, thou
Shalt see me once more strike at Tullus’ face.
What art thou stuff? standst out?

Tit. No, Caius Marcius;
I’ll lean upon one crutch and fight with t’other,
Ere stay behind this business.

Men. O, true-bred!

First Sen. Your company to the Capitol: where;
Our greatest friends attend us.

[To Mar.] Lead you on. [To Com.]

Mar. Follow Cominius; we must follow you;
Right worthy you priority.

Com. Noble Marcius!

First Sen. [To the Citizens] Hence to your homes;
Mar. Nay, let them follow; be gone! The
Volscæ have much corn: take these rats thither
To gnaw their garners. Worshipful mutiners,
Your valour puts well forth: pray, follow.

[ Citizens steal away. Exeunt all but
Sicinius and Brutus.

Sic. Was ever man so proud as is this Marcius?

Bru. He has no equal.

Sic. When we were chosen tribunes for the
Bru. Mark’d you his lip and eyes?

Sic. Nay, but his taunts.

Bru. Being moved, he will not spare to gird the
Sic. Be-mock the modest moon.

[ gods.

Bru. The present wars devour him: he is grown
Too proud to be so valiant.

Sic. Such a nature,
Tickled with good success, disdains the shadow
Which he treads on at noon: but I do wonder
His insolence can brook to be commanded
Under Cominius.

Bru. Fame, at the which he aims,
In whom already he’s well graced, can not
Better be held nor more attain’d than by
A place below the first: for what miscarries
Shall be the general’s fault, though he perform
To the utmost of a man, and giddy censure
Will then cry out of Marcius ‘O, if he
Had borne the business!’

Sic. Besides, if things go well,
Opinion that so sticks on Marcius shall
Of his demerits rob Cominius.

Bru. Come:
Half all Cominius’ honours are to Marcius,
Though Marcius earn’d them not, and all his faults
To Marcius shall be honours, though indeed
In aught he merit not.

Sic. Let’s hence, and hear
How the dispatch is made, and in what fashion,
More than his singularity, he goes
Upon this present action.

Bru. Let’s along. [Exeunt.

SCENE II. — Corioli. The Senate-house.

Enter Tullius Aufidius and certain Senators.

First Sen. So, your opinion is, Aufidius,
That they of Rome are enter’d in our counsels
And know how we proceed.

Auf. Is it not yours?
What ever have been thought on in this state,
That could be brought to bodily act ere Rome
Had circumvention? ’Tis not four days gone
Since I heard hence; these are the words: I think
I have the letter here; yes, here it is. [known
[Reads] ‘They have press’d a power, but it is not
Whether for east or west: the dearth is great;
The people mutinous; and it is rumour’d,
Cominius, Marcius your old enemy,
Who is of Rome worse hated than of you,
And Titus Lartius, a most valiant Roman,
These three lead on this preparation
Whither ’t is bent: most likely ’t is for you:
Consider of it.’

First Sen. Our army’s in the field:
We never yet made doubt but Rome was ready
To answer us.

Auf. Nor did you think it folly
To keep your great pretences veil’d till when
They need must show themselves; which in the
hatching,
It seem’d, appear’d to Rome. By the discovery
We shall be short’n’d in our aim, which was
to take in many towns ere almost Rome
Should know we were afoot.

Sec. Sen. Noble Aufidius,
Take your commission; hie you to your bands:
Let us alone to guard Corioli:
If they set down before’s, for the remove
Bringing up your army; but, I think, you’ll find
They’re not prepared for us.

Auf. O, doubt not that;
I speak from certainties. Nay, more,
Some parcels of their power are forth already,
And only hitherward. I leave your honours.
If we and Caius Marcius chance to meet,
’T is sworn between us we shall ever strike
Till one can do no more.

All. The gods assist you!

Auf. And keep your honours safe!

First Sen. Farewell.

Sec. Sen. Farewell.

All. Farewell. [Exeunt.

SCENE III. — Rome. A room in Marcius’ house.

Enter Volumnia and Virgilia: they set them down
on two low stools, and seat.

Vol. I pray you, daughter, sing; or express your-
self 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 you would not be contented
all
gaze his way, when for a day of kings’ entertainies
a mother should not sell him an hour from her behold-
ing, I, considering how honour would become such a person, that it was no better than picture-like to hang by the wall, if renown made it not stir, was pleased to let him seek danger where he was like to find fame. To assure you that I sent him from whence he returned, his brows bound with oak. I tell thee, daughter, I sprang not more in joy at first hearing he was a man-child than now in first seeing he had proved himself a man. [how then?]

Val. But had he died in the business, madam; [Then his good report should have been my solace; 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 Marcus, I had rather had eleven die nobly for their country than one unprofitably surfet out of action.]

Enter a Gentlewoman.

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

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

Methinks I hear hither your husband's drum. See him pluck Auffidius down by the hair. A child is born, and the Volscian shrinking him: Methinks I see him stamp thus, and call thus: 'Come on, you cowards! you were got in fear, though you were born in Rome.' His bloody brow With his maid's hand then wiping, forth he goes, like to a harvest-man that's task'd to mow or all or lose his hire.

Val. His bloody brow! O Jupiter, no blood! Val. Away, you fool! it more becomes a man Than girt his trophy: the breasts of Hecuba, When she did suckle Hector, look'd not lovelier Than Hector's forehead when it spit forth blood. At Grecian sword, contemning. Tell Valeria, We are fit to bid her welcome. [Exit Gent.]

Val. Weirs. Heaven's bless my lord from fell Auffidius! Val. He'll beat Auffidius 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.

Val. I am glad to see your ladyship.

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

Val. He is madam, very well and madam.

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

Val. O' my word, the father's son: I'll swear, 'tis a very pretty boy. O' my troth, I looked upon him o' Wednesday half an hour together: has such a confirmed countenance. I saw him run after a gilded butterfly; and when he caught it, he let it go again; and after it again; and over and over he comes, and up again; catched it again; or whether his fall enraged him, or how 't was, he did so set his teeth and tear it; O, I warrant, how he mummocked.

Val. One on 's father's moods. [it!]

Val. Indeed, la, 't is a noble child.


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

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

Vol. Not out of doors! Val. She shall, she shall.

Val. Indeed, no, by your patience: I'll not over the threshold till my lord return from the wars.

Val. Fle, you confine yourself most unreasonably: come, you must go visit the good lady that lies in. 

Val. I will wish her speedy strength, and visit her with my heart; but I cannot go thither.

Val. Why, I pray you? 

Val. 'Tis not to save labour, nor that I want love. Val. You would be another Penelope: yet, they say, all the yarn she spun in Ulysses' absence did but fill Ithaca full of moths. Come; I would your cambric were sensible as your finger, that you might leave pricking it for pity. Come, you shall go with us. 

Vir. No, good madam, pardon me; indeed, I will not forth.

Val. In truth, la, go with me; and I'll tell you excellent news of your husband. 

Vir. O, good madam, there can be none yet.

Val. Verily, I do not jest with you; there came news from him last night.

Vir. Indeed, madam? 

Val. In earnest, it's true; I heard a senator speak it. Thus it is: the Volscians 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.

Val. 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 displease our better mirth.

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

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

Val. Well, then, farewell.

[Exeunt.]

SCENE IV.—Before Corioli.

Enter, with drum and colours, Marcus, Titus Lartius, Captains and Soldiers. 

To them a Messenger.

Mar. Yonder comes news. A wager they have. 

[met.

Mar. Yonder comes news. A wager they have. 

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

Lart. So, the good horse is mine.

Mess. I'll buy him of you.

Lart. No, I'll not sell nor give him: lend you him I will

For half a hundred years. Summon the town.

Mar. How far off lie these armies?

Mess. Within this mile and half.

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

Now, Mars, I prithhee, make us quick in work, That we with smoking swords may march from hence, To help our fielded friends! Come, blow thy blast.

They sound a parley. Enter two Senators with others on the walls.

Tullius Auffidius, is he within your walls? [he, First Sen. No, nor a man that fears you less than That's less than a little. [Draums afar of.] Hark! our drums Are bringing in with your youth. We'll break our walls, Rather than they shall pound us up: our gates, Which yet seem shut, we have but pinn'd with rushes; They'll open of themselves. [Alarum afar off.] Hark you, far off! There is Auffidius: list, what work he makes Amongst your cloven army. 

Mar. O, they are at it! 

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

Enter the army of the Volscies.

Mar. They fear us not, but issue forth their city. Now put your shields before your hearts, and fight With hearts more proof than shields. Advance, brave Titus:
They do disdain us much beyond our thoughts,
Which makes me sweat with wrath. Come on,
my fellows:
He that retires, I'll take him for a Volsc.
And he shall feel mine edge.

ALARUM. The Romans are beat back to their
trenches. RE-enter MARCUS, cursing.

MAR. All the contagion of the south light on you,
You shames of Rome! you herd of—Boils and
plagues
Plaster you o'er, that you may be abhor'd
Further than seen and one insect another
Against the wind a mile! You souls of geese,
That bear the shapes of men, how have you run
From slaves that apes would beat! Pluto and hell!
All hurt behind; backs red, and faces pale
With flight and agued fear! Mend and charge home,
Or, by the fires of heaven, I'll leave the foe
And make my wars on you: look to 't: come on;
If you'll stand fast, we'll beat them to their wives,
As they us to our trenches followed.

Another alarum. The Volscyes fly, and Marcus
follows them to the gates.

So, now the gates are ope: now prove good seconds:
'Tis for the followers fortune widem them,
Not for the fliers: mark me, and do the like.
[Enters the gates.

First Sol. Fool-hardiness; not I.
Sec. Sol. Nor I.

[ALARUM. Marcus is shut in.

First Sol. See, they have shut him in.
All. To the pot, I warrant him.
[ALARUM continues.

Re-enter Titus Lartius.

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

Re-enter Marcus, bleeding, assaulted by the enemy.

First Sol. Look, sir.
LART. O, 'tis Marcus!
Let's fetch him off, or make remain alike.
[They fight, and all enter the city.

SCENE V.—Corioli. A street.

Enter certain Romans, with spoils.

First Rom. This will I carry to Rome.
Sec. Rom. And I this.
Third Rom. A murrain on 't! I took this for
silver.
[ALARUM. Marcus continues still afar off.

Enter Marcus and Titus Lartius with a trumpet.

MAR. See here these movers that do prize their
hours
At a crack'd drachm! Cushions, leaden spoons,
Irons of a doit, doublets that hangmen would
Bury with those that wore them, these base slaves,
Ere yet the fight be done, pack up: down with them!
And bark, what noise the general makes! To him!
There is the man of my soul's hate, Aulidius.
Even like a fawning greyhound in the leash,
To let him slip at will.

Com. Where is that slave
Which told me they had beat you to your trenches?
Where is he? call him hither.

Mar. Let him alone;
He did inform the truth: but for our gentlemen,
The common file—a plague! tribunes for them!—
The mouse ne'er shunn'd the cat as they did budge
From rascals worse than they.

Com. But how prevail'd you?
Mar. Will the time serve to tell? I do not think.
Where is the enemy? are you lords o' the field?
If not, why cease you till you are so?

Com. We have at disadvantage fought and did
Refire to win our purpose.

Mar. How lies their battle? know you on which
They have placed their men of trust? [side
Com. As I guess, Marcius,
Their bands i' the vaward are the Antiates,
Of their best trust; o'er them Aufidius,
Their very heart of hope.

Mar. By all the battles wherein we have fought,
By the blood we have shed together, by the vows
We have made to endure friends, that you directly
Set me against Aufidius and his Antiates;
And that you not delay the present, but,
Filling the air with swords advanced and darts,
We prove this very hour.

Com. Though I could wish
You were conducted to a gentle bath
And balms applied to you, yet dare I never
Deny your asking: take your choice of those
That best can aid your action.

Mar. Those are they
That most are willing. If any such be 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
lances up in their arms, and cast up their caps.

O, me alone! make you a sword of me!
If these show be not outward, which of you
But is four Volscos? none of you but is
Able to bear against the great Aufidius
A shield as hard as his. A certain number,
Though thanks to all, must I select from all: the
Shall bear the business in some other fight, [rest
As cause will be obey'd. Please you to march;
And four shall quickly draw out my command,
Which men are best inclined.

Com. March on, my fellows:
Make good this ostentation, and you shall
Divide in all with us. [Exeunt.
ACT II.

CORIOLANUS.

SCENE I.

Men. He's a bear indeed, that lives like a lamb.

[Exeunt.

ACT II.


Enter Menenius with the two Tribunes of the people, Sicinius and Brutus.

Men. The augurer tells me we shall have news.

Bru. Good or bad? [to-night.

Men. Not according to the prayer of the people, for they love not Marcius.

Sic. Nor Marcius teaches beasts to know their friends.

Men. Pray you, what does the wolf love?

Sic. The lamb.

Men. Ay, to devour him; as the hungry plebeians would the noble Marcius.

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

At a poor man's house; he used me kindly:
He cried to me; I saw him prisoner;
But then Aufidius was within my view,
And wrath o'erwhelm'd my pity: I request you
To give my poor host freedom.

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

Lart. Marcius, his name?

Cor. By Jupiter! forgot.
I am weary; yea, my memory is tired.
Have we no wine here?

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

[Exit.}
Both. Well, well, sir, well.

Men. Why, 'tis no great matter; for a very little thief of occasion will rob you of a great deal of patience; give your dispositions the reins, and be angry at your pleasures; at the least, if you take it as a pleasure you in being so. You make me for being proud?

Bru. We do it not alone, sir.

Men. I know you can do very little alone; for your helps are many, or else your actions would grow wondrous single; your abilities are too infant-like for singing much alone; you talk of pride; O that you could turn your eyes toward the napes of your necks, and make but an interior survey of your good selves! O that you could!

Bru. What then, sir?

Men. Why, then you should discover a brace of unmerling, proud, violent, testy magistrates, alias fools, as any in Rome.

Sic. Menenius, you are known well enough too.

Men. I am known to be a humorsus patrician, and one that loves a cup of hot wine with not a drop of allaying Tiber in 't; said to be something imperfect in favouring the first complaint; hasty and time-wasting in his trifles; as in office, that converses more with the buttock of the night than with the forehead of the morning: what I think I utter, and spend my malice in my breath. Meeting two such weaksmen as you are — I cannot call you Lycurguses — if the drink you give me touch my palate additionally, I shall amuse more of your verses and follow your executions. I have commanded all your words to the wind, and to yourselves. You have delivered the matter well, when I find the assault in compound with the major part of your syllables: and though I must be content to bear with those that say you are reverend grave men, yet they lie deadly that tell you you have good faces when you are in the map of my microcosm, follows it that I am known well enough too? what harm can your bison susceptibilities gleen out of this character, if I be known well enough too?

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

Men. You know neither me, yourselves, nor any thing. You are ambitious for poor knaves' caps and legs: you wear out a good wholesome forehead in hearing a cause between an orange-wife and a fosset-seller; and then return the controversy of three pence to a second day of audience. When you are hearing a matter between party and party, if you chance to be pinched with the colic, you may fail utterly to you in point; set up your colour against all patience; and, in roaring for a chamber-pot, dismiss the controversy bleeding, the more entangled by your hearing: all the peace you make in their cause is, calling both the parties knaves. You are a pair of strange ones.

Bru. Come, come, you are well understood to be a perfecter giber for the table than a necessary bencher in the Capitol.

Men. Our very priests must become mockers, if they shall encounter such ridiculous subjects as you are. When you speak best unto the purpose, it is not worth the wagging of your beards; and your beards deserve not so honourable a grave as to stuff a butcher's cushion, or to be entombed in an ass's pack-saddle. Yet you must be saying, Marius is proud; who, in a cheap estimation, is worth all your predecessors since Deucalion, though perhaps you adventure some of the best of 'em were hereditary hangmen. God-den to you: but to the point: more of your conversation would infect my brain, being the herdsmen of the beastly plebeians: I will be bold to take my leave of you.

Brutus and Sicinius go aside.

Enter Volumnia, Virginia, and Valeria.

How now, my as fair as noble ladies,—and the moon, were she earthly, no nobler,—whither do you follow your eyes so fast?
You have, I know, petition'd all the gods
For my prosperity! [Kneels.

Vol. Nay, my good soldier, up;
My gentle Marcius, worthy Caius, and
By deed-achieving honour newly named,—
What is it? — Coriolanus must I call thee? —
But, O, thy wife! 
Cor. My gracious silence, hail! Wouldst thou have laugh'd had I come cozin'd home,
That weep'st to see me triumph? Ah, my dear,
Such eyes the widows in Coriol wear,
And mothers that lack sons.
Men. Now, the gods crown thee! Cor. And live you yet? [To Valeria] O my sweet lady, pardon. [home:]
Vol. I know not where to turn: O, welcome
And welcome, general: and ye're welcome all.
Men. A hundred thousand welcomes. I could weep
And I could laugh, I am light and heavy. Welcome.
A curse begin at very root on 's heart,
That is not glad to see thee! You are three
That Rome should dote on: yet, by the faith of men,
We have some old crab-trees here at home that will
Be grafted to your relish. Yet welcome, warriors:
We call a nettle but a nettle and
The thalls of fools but folly.
Com. Ever right.
Cor. Menenius ever, ever.
Herald. Give way there, and go on!
Cor. [To Volumnia and Virginia] Your hand,
and yours:
Ere in our own house I do shade my head,
The good patricians must be visited;
From whom I have received not only greetings,
But with them change of honours.
Vol. I have lived
To see inherited my very wishes
And the buildings of my fancy: only
There's one thing wanting, which I doubt not but
Our Rome will cast upon thee.
Cor. Know, good mother,
I had rather be their servant in my way
Than sway with them in theirs.
Com. On, to the Capitol! [Flourish. Cornets. Exeunt in state, as before.
Brutus and Sicinius come forward.

Bru. All tongues speak of him, and the bleared sights
Are spectacled to see him: your prattling nurse
Into a rapture lets her baby cry
While she shews him: the kitchen-malkin pins
Her richest lookram 'bout her reechy neck. [dows,
Clambering the walls to eye him: stalls, bulks, win-
Are smoother'd up, leads fill'd, and ridges horsed
With variable complications, all agreeing
In earnestness to see him; self-shown flamens
Do press among the popular throngs and puff
To win a vulgar station: our veill'd dames
Commit the war of white and damask in
Their nicely-gawded cheeks to the wanton spoil
Of Phoebus' burning kisses: such a pother
As if that whatsoever god who leads him
Were silly crept into his human powers
And gave him graceful posture.
Sic. On the sudden,
I warrant him consul.

Bru. Then our office may,
During his power, go sleep.
Sic. He cannot temperately transport his honours
From where he should begin and end, but will
Lose those he hath won.

Bru. In that there's comfort.
Sic. Doubt 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 me as little question
As he is proud to do it.

Bru. I heard him swear,
Were he to stand for consul, never would he
Appear i' the market-place nor on him put
The napless venture of humility;
Nor, shewing, 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
Bru. Than have him hold that purpose and to put it
In execution.

Sic. 'Tis most like he will.
Bru. Sic. It shall be to him then as our good wills,
A sure destruction.

Bru. So it must fall out
To him or our authorities. For an end,
We must suggest the people in what hatred
He still hath held them; that to 's power he would
Have made them mules, silenced their pleaders and
Disproporciy their freedoms, holding them,
In human action and capacity,
Of no more soul nor fitness for the world
Than camels in the war, who have their provand
Only for bearing burdens, and sere blows
For sinking under them.

Sic. This, as you say, suggested
At some time when his soaring insolence
Shall touch the people — which time shall not want,
If he be put upon 't; and that's as easy
As to set dogs on sheep — will be his fire
To kindle their dry stubble; and their blaze
Shall darken him for ever.

Enter a Messenger.

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

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

SCENE II. — The same. The Capitol.

Enter two Officers, to lay cushions.

First Off. Come, come, they are almost here.
How many stand for consuls?
Sec. Off. Three, they say: but 'tis thought of
every one Coriolanus will carry it.

First Off. That's a brave fellow; but he's venge-
ance proud, and loves not the common people.

Sec. Off. Faith, there have been many great men
that have flattered the people, who ne'er loved
them; and there be many that they have loved,
they know not wherefore: so that, if they love they
know not why, they hate upon no better a ground:
therefore, for Coriolanus neither to care whether
they love or hate him manifests the true knowledge
he has in their disposition; and out of his noble
lessness lets them plainly see 't.

First Off. If he did not care whether he had their
love or no, he waved indifferently 'twixt doing them
neither good nor harm: but he seeks their hate
with greater devotion than they can render it him;
and leaves nothing undone that may fully discover
him their opposite. Now, to seem to affect the
malice and displeasure of the people is as bad as that which he dislikes, to flatter them for their love.

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

First Off. No more of him; he's a worthy man: make way, they are coming.

A senet. Enter, with Lictors before them, Cominius the consul, Menenius, Coriolanus, Senators, Senators, Senators, and Brutus. The Senators take their places; the Tribunes take their places by themselves. Coriolanus stands.

Men. Having determined of the Volscians and to send for Titus Lartius, it remains, As the main point of this our after-meeting, To gratify his noble service that Hath thus stood for his country: therefore, please Most reverend and grave elders, to desire you, The text is corrupted or missing.

In our well-found successes, to report A little of that worthy work perform'd By Caio Marcio Coriolanus, whom We met here both to thank and to remember With honours like himself.

First Sen. Speak, good Cominius: Leave nothing out for length, and make us think Rather our state's defective for requital Than we to stretch it out. [To the Tribunes] Masters o' the people, We do request your kindest ears, and after, Your loving motion toward the common body, To yield what passes here.

Sec. Upon a pleasing treaty, and have hearts Inclined to honour and advance The theme of our assembly.

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

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

Sec. Most willingly; But yet my caution was more pertinent Than the rebuke you give it.

Men. He loves your people; But tie him not to be their bedfellow. Worthy Cominius, speak. [Coriolanus offers to go away.] Nay, keep your place.

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

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

Sec. My words disbench'd you not. Sir, I hope

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

Men. Pray now, sit down. [people, Men.]

Cor. I had rather have one scratch my head I'd the sun When the alarm was struck then idly sit

To hear my nothings monster'd. [Exit. Men. Masters of the people, Your multiplying spawn how can he flatter—

That's thousand to one good one—when you now He had rather venture all his limbs for honour [see Than one on 's ears to hear it? Proceed, Cominius. Com. I shall lack voice: the deeds of Coriolanus Should not be uttered feebly. It is held That valour is the choicest virtue, and Most dignifies the haver: if it be, The man I speak of cannot in the world Be singly counterpoised. At sixteen years, When Tarquin made a head for Rome, he fought Beyond the mark of others: our then dictator, Whom with all praise I point at, saw him fight, When with his Amazonian chin he drove The bristled limbs before him: he bestrid An o'er-pearl'd Roman and I the comen's view Slew three opposers: Tarquin's self he met, And struck him on his knee: in that day's feats, When he might act the woman in the scene, He proved best man i' the field, and for his meed Was brow-bound with the oak. His pupil age Man-enter'd thus, he waxed like a sea, And in the brunt of seventeen battles since He lurch'd all swords of the garland. For this last, Before and in Coriol, let me say, I cannot speak him home: he stopp'd the fliers; And by his rare example made the coward Turn terror into sport: as weeds before Tempest, were blown, wept, and out gone. And fell below his stem: his sword, death's stamp, Where it did mark, it took: from face to foot He was a thing of blood, whose every motion Was timed with dying cries: alone he enter'd The mortal gate of the city, which he painted With shunless destiny: aitless came off, And with a sudden re-enforcement struck Corioli like a planet: now all's his: When, by and by, the din of war gan pierce His ready sense; then straight his doubled spirit Re-quickien'd what in flesh was fatigate, And to the battle came he; where he did Run reeking o'er the lives of men, as if 'T were a perpetual spoil: and till we call'd Both field and city ours, he never stood To ease his breast with panting.

Men. Worthy man!

First Sen. He cannot but with measure fit the Which we devise him.

Cor. Our spoils he kick'd at, and look'd upon things precious as they were The common muck of the world: he covets less Than misery itself would give; rewards His deeds with doing them, and is content To spend the time to end it.

Men. He's right noble:

Let him be call'd for.

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

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 That I may pass this doing. [you

Sec. Sir, the people Must have their voices; neither will they bate One jot of ceremony.

Men. Put them not to 't: Pray you, go fit you to the custom and Take to you, as your predecessors have, Your honour with your form.
Cori. It is a part
That shall blush in acting, and might well
Be taken from the people.

Bru. Mark you that?
Sec. 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 Bratus.

Cor. You see how he intends to use the people.

Sec. May they perceive 't intent? He will require
As if he did demand what he requested [them],
Should be in them to give.

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

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
Grateful, were to make a monster of the multitude;
of which the being members, should bring our-
selves to be monstrous members.

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

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

Sec. Cit. Think you so? Which way do you judge
my wit would fly?

Third Cit. Nay, your wit will not so soon out as
another man's will; 't is strongly wedged up in a
block-head, but if it were at liberty, 't would, sure,
Sec. Cit. Why that way?

Third Cit. To lose itself in a fog, [southward.

Third Cit. To lose itself in a fog, where being
three parts melted away with rotten dews, the fourth
would return for conscience sake, to help to get
thee a wife.

Sec. Cit. You are never without your tricks: you
may, you say.

Third Cit. Are you all resolved to give your voices?
But that's no matter, the greater part carries it. I say, if he would incline to the people,
there was never a worthier man.

Enter Coriolanus in a gown of humility, with
Menenius.

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

All. Content, content. [Exeunt Citizens.

Men. O sir, you are not right: have you not known
The worthiest men have done 't?

Cor. What must I say?

Sec. I say, sir,—Plague upon 't! I cannot bring
My tongue to such a pace:—'Look, sir, my wounds!
I got them in my country's service, when
Some certain of your brethren roar'd and ran
From the noise of our own drums.

Men. You must not speak of that: you must desire them
To think upon you.

Cor. Think upon me! hang 'em! I would they would forget me, like the virtues
Which our divines lose by 'em.

Men. You'll mar all:
I'll leave you: pray you, speak to 'em, I pray you, in
Wholesome manner. [Exit.

Cor. Bid them wash their faces
And keep their teeth clean. [Re-enter two of the
Citizens.] So, here comes a brace. [Re-enter a third Citizen.

You know the cause, sir, of my standing here.
Third Cit. We do, sir; tell us what hath brought
Cor. Mine own desert. [You to 't.

Sec. Cit. Your own desert!
Cor. Ay, but not mine own desire.
Third Cit. How not your own desire?

Cor. No, sir, 't was never my desire yet to trouble
the poor with begging.
Third Cit. You must think, if we give you any
thing, we hope to gain by you.

Sec. Cit. Well then, I pray, your price o' the consul.
First Cit. The price is to ask it kindly.
Cor. Kindly! Sir, I pray, let me ha 't: I have
wounds to show you, which shall be yours in pri-
ivate. Your good voice, sir; what say you?
Sec. Cit. You shall ha 't, worthy sir.
Cor. A match, sir. There's in all two worthy
voices begged. I have your alms: adieu.

Third Cit. But this is something odd.
Sec. Cit. An 't were to give again,—but 't is no
matter. [Exeunt the three Citizens.

Re-enter two other Citizens.

Cor. Pray you now, if it may stand with the tune
of your voices that I may be consul, I have here the
customary gown.
Fourth Cit. You have deserved nobly of your
country, and you have not deserved nobly.

Cor. Your enigma?

Fourth Cit. You have been a scourge to her ene-
mies, you have been a rod to her friends; you have
not indeed loved the common people.

Cor. You should account me the more virtuous
that I have not been common in my love. I will,
sir, flatter my sworn brother, the people, to earn
a dearer estimation of them; 't is a condition they
account gentle: and since the wisdom of their
choice is rather to have my hat than my heart, I
will practise the insinuating rod and be off to them
more quarterily; that is, sir, I will counterfeit
the bewitchment of some popular man and give it
bountiful to the desirers. Therefore, beseech you,
I may be consul.

Fifth Cit. We hope to find you our friend; and
therefore give you our voices heartily.
Fourth Cit. You have received many wounds for your
unanimity.
Cor. I will not seal your knowledge with show-
ing them. I will make much of your voices, and
so trouble you no further.

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

Cor. Most sweet voices! Better it is to die, better to starve,

Than crave the hire which first we do deserve.
Here come new voices.

Your voices: for your voices I have fought;
Watch'd for your voices: for your voices bear
Of wounds two dozen odd: battles three six.
I have seen and heard of; for your voices have
Done many things, some less, some more: your
Indeed, I would be consul. [voices:
Sixth Cit. He has done nobly, and cannot go
without any honest man's voice.
Seventh Cit. Therefore let him be consul: the gods
give him joy, and make him good friend to the people!
All Cit. Amen. Amen. God save thee, noble
consul! [Exeunt.
Cor. Worthy voices!

Re-enter Mononius, with Brutus and Sicinius.

Men. You have stood your limitation; and the
tribunes
Endue you with the people's voice: remains
That, in the official marks invested, you
Anon do meet the senate.
Cor. Is this done?
Sic. The custom of request you have discharged:
The people do admit you, and are summon'd
To meet anon, upon your approbation.
Cor. Where? at the senate-house?
Sic. There, Coriolanus.
Cor. May I change these garments?
Sic. You may, sir.
Cor. That I'll straight do; and, knowing myself
Repair to the senate-house. [again,
Men. I'll keep you company. Will you along?
Bru. We stay here for the people.
Sic. Fare you well. [Exeunt Coriolanus and Menenius.

He has it now, and by his looks methinks
'T is warm at 's heart.
[weeds.
Bru. With a proud heart he wore his humble
Will you dismiss the people?

Re-enter Citizens.

Sic. How now, my masters! have you chose this
First Cit. He has our voices, sir. [man?
Bru. We pray the gods he may deserve your loves.
Sec. Cit. Amen, sir: to my poor unworthy notice,
He mock'd us when he begg'd our voices.
Third Cit. Certainly
He flout'd us downright.
First Cit. No, 'tis his kind of speech: he did not
mock us.
[Sec. Cit. Not one amongst us, save yourself, but
He used us scornfully: he should have show'd us
His marks of merit, wounds receiv'd for 's country.
Sic. Why, so he did, I am sure.
Citizens. No, no; no man saw 'em.
Third Cit. He said he had wounds, which he
could shew in private;
And with his hat, thus waving it in scorn,
'I would be consul,' says he: 'aged custom,
But by your voices, will not so permit me;
Your voices therefore.' When we granted that,
Here was 'I thank you for your voices: thank you:
Your most sweet voices: now you have left your
voices,
I have no further with you.' Was not this mockery?

Sic. Why either were you ignorant to see 't,
Or, seeing it, of such childish friendliness
To yield your voices?
Bru. Could you not have told him
As you were lesson'd, when he had no power,
But was a petty servant to the state,
He was your enemy, ever spake against
Your liberties and the charters that you bear
I the body of the world: and now, arriving
A place of potency and sway o' the state,
If he should still malignantly remain
Fast foe to the plebeian, your voices might
Be curses to yourselves? You should have said
That as his worthy deeds did claim no less
To mean what he stood for, so his gracious nature
Would think upon you for your voices and
Translate his malice towards you into love,
Standing your friendly lord.

Sic. Thus to have said,
As you were fore-advise'd, had touch'd his spirit
And tried his inclination; from him pluck'd
Either his gracious promise, which you might,
As cause had call'd you up, have held him to;
Or else it would have gall'd his surly nature,
Which easily endures not article
Tying him to aught; so putting him to rage,
You should have ta'en the advantage of his choler
And pass'd him unselected.

Bru. Did you perceive
He did solicit you in free contempt
When he did need your loves, and do you think
That his contempt shall not be bruising to you,
When he hath power to crush? Why, had your
bodies
No heart among you? or had you tongues to cry
Against the rectorship of judgment?

Sic. Have you
Ere now denied the asker? and now again
Of him that did not ask, but mock, bestow
Your su'd-for tongues?

Third Cit. He's not confirm'd; we may deny him
Sec. Cit. And will deny him: [yet.
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
They have chosen a consul that will from them take
Their liberties: make them of no more voice
Than dogs that are as often beat for barking
As therefore kept to do so.

Sic. Let them assemble,
And on a safer judgment all revoke
Your ignorant election: enforce his pride,
And his old hate unto you; besides, forget not
With what contempt he wore the humble weed,
How in his suit he scorn'd you; but your loves,
Thinking upon his services, took from you
The apprehension of his present portance,
Which most glibly, ungallantly, he did fashion
After the inveterate hate he bears you.

Bru. Lay
A fault on us, your tribunes; that we labour'd,
No impediment between, but that you must
Cast your election on him.

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

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

Sic. One thus descended,
That hath beside well in his person wrought
To be set high in place, we did commend
To your remembrances: but you have found,
Scaling his present bearing with his past,
That he's your fixed enemy, and revoke
Your sudden approbation.

Bru. Say, you ne'er had done 't—
Harp on that still — but by our putting on:

And presently, when you have drawn your number,
Repair to the Capitol.

All. We will so: almost all
Repent in their election. [Exeunt Citizens.

Bru. Let them go on;
This mutiny were better put in hazard,
Than stay, past doubt, for greater:
If, as his nature is, he fall in rage
With their refusal, both observe and answer
The vantage of his anger.

Sic. We will be there before the stream o' the people;
And this shall seem, as partly 't is, their own,
Which we have goaded onward. [Exeunt.

ACT III.


Cornelia. Enter Coriolanus, Menenius, all the Gentry,
Cominius, Titus Lartius, and other Senators.

Cor. Tullius Aufidius then had made new head?
Lart. He had, my lord; and that it was which
Our swifter composition. [Leased
Cor. So then the Volscians stand but as at first,
Ready when time shall prompt them, to make road
Upon 's again.

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

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

Cor. Spoke he of me?
Lart. He did, my lord.

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

Cor. At Antium lives he?
Lart. At Antium lives he?
Cor. I wish I had a cause to seek him there,
To oppose his hatred fully. Welcome home.

Enter Scipio and Brutus.

Behold, these are the tribunes of the people, [them;
The tongues o' the common mouth: I do despise
For they do prank them in authority,
Against all noble sufferance.

Sic. Pass no further.

Cor. Ha! what is that?
Bru. It will be dangerous to go on: no further.
Cor. What makes this change?

Men. The matter? [mon
Com. Hath he not pass'd the noble and the com-
Bru. Cominius, no.

Cor. Have I had children's voices?
First Sen. Tribunes, give way; he shall to the
market-place.

Bru. The people are incensed against him.

Sic. Or all will fall in broil.

Cor. Must these have voices, that can yield them now
And straight disclaim their tongues? What are
your offices? [teeth
You being their mouths, why rule you not their
Have you not set them on?

Men. Be calm, be calm.

Cor. It is a purposed thing, and grows by plot,
To curb the will of the nobility:

Suffer 't, and live with such as cannot rule
Nor ever will be ruled.

Bru. Call 't not a plot:
The people cry you mock'd them, and of late,
When corn was given them gratis, you repined;
Scandal'd the suppliants for the people, call'd them
Time-pleasers, flatterers, foes to nobleness.

Cor. Why, this was known before.

Bru. Not to all them. Cor. Have you inform'd them sithence?

Bru. How! I inform them! Com. You are like to do such business.

Bru. Not unlike, Each way, to better yours. [clouds,
Cor. Why then should I be consul? By yond
Let me deserve so ill as you, and make me
Your fellow tribune.

Sic. You show too much of that
For which the people stir: if you will pass
To where you are bound, you must inquire your way,
Which you are out of, with a gentler spirit,
Or never be so noble as a consul,
Nor yoke with him for tribune.

Men. Let's be calm.

Com. The people are abused; set on. This pal-
Becomes not Rome, nor has Coriolanus [tering
Deserved this so dishonour'd rub, laid falsely
I the plain way of his merit.

Cor. Tell me of corn!

This was my speech, and I will speak 't again —
Men. Not now, not now.

First Sen. Not in this heat, sir, now.

Cor. Now, as I live, I will. My nobler friends,
I crave their pardons;
For the mutable, rank-scented many, let them
Regard me as I do not flatter, and
Therein behold themselves: I say again,
In soothing them, we nourish 'gainst our senate
The cockle of rebellion, insolence, sedition,
Which we ourselves have plough'd for, sow'd, and
scatter'd.

By mingling them with us, the honour'd number,
Who lack not virtue, no, nor power, but that
Which they have given to beggars.

Men. Well, no more.

First Sen. No more words, we beseech you.

Cor. How! no more!

As for my country I have shed my blood,
Not fearing outward force, so shall my lungs
Coin words till their decay against those meases,
Which we disdain should terrify us, yet sought
The very way to catch them.

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

Sic. 'T were well
We let the people know 't.
CORIOLANUS.

ACT III.

SCENE I.

Men. What, what? his choler?

Cor. Choler!

Were I as patient at the midnight sleep, By Jove, 't would be my mind!

Sic. That shall remain a poison where it is, Not poison any further.

Cor. Shall remain!

Men. Hear you this Triton of the minnows? mark you

His absolute ' shall'?

Com. 'T was from the canon.

Cor. 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 of the monster's, wants not spirit

To say he 'll turn your current in a ditch,

And make your channel his? If he have power,

Then vail your ignorance; if none, awake

Your dangerous lenity. If you are learn'd,

Be not as common fools; if you are not,

Let them have cushions by you. You are plebeians,

If they be senators: and they are no less,

When, both your voices blended, the great'st taste

Most palates theirs. They choose their magistrate,

And such a one as he, who puts his ' shall','

His popular ' shall', against a graver bench

Than ever frown'd in Greece. By Jove himself!

It makes the consuls base: and my soul aches

To know, when two authorities are up,

Neither supreme, how soon confusion

May enter 'twixt the gap of both and take

The one by the other.

Com. Well, on to the market-place.

Cor. Whoever gave that counsel, to give forth

The corn o' the storehouse gratis, as 't was used

Sometime in Greece. —

Men. Well, well, no more of that.

Cor. Though there the people had more absolute

I say, they nourish'd disobedience, fed [power,

The ruin of the state.

Bru. Why, shall the people give

One that speaks thus their voice?

Cor. I 'll give my reasons,

More worthier than their voices. They know the corn

Was not our recompense, resting well assured [war,

That ne'er did service for 't: being press'd to the

Even when the navel of the state was touch'd,

They would not thread the gates. This kind of service

Did not deserve corn gratis. But 't was the war,

Their mutinies and revolts, wherein they show'd

Most value, spoken not for them: the accusation

Which they have often made against the senate,

All cause unborn, could never be the motive

Of our so frank donation. Well, what then?

How shall this bison multitude digest,

The senate's courtesy? Let deeds express

What's like to be their words: 'We did request it;

We are the greater poll, and in true fear

They gave us our demands.' Thus we debase

The nature of our seats and make the rabble

Call our cates fears, which will in time

Break ope the locks o' the senate and bring in

The crows to peck the eagles.

Come, enough.

Men. Enough, with over-measure.

Cor. No, take more:

What may be sworn by, both divine and human,

See what I end withal! This double worship,

Where one part does disdain with cause, the other

Insult without all reason, where gentry, title, wis-

Cannot conclude but by the yea and no [dom,

Of general ignorance,—it must omit

Real necessities, and give way the while [lows,

To unstable slightness: purpose so barr'd, it fol-

Nothing is done to purpose. Therefore, beseech

You that will be less fearful than discreet, [you,—

That love the fundamental part of state

More than you doubt the change on 't, that prefer

A noble life before a long, and wish

To jump a body with a dangerous physic

That's sure of death without it, at once pluck out

The multiplied tongue: let them not lick

The sweet which is their poison: your dishonour

Mangles true judgment and bereaves the state

Of that integrity which should become 't,

Not having the power to do the good it would,

For the ill which doth control 't.

Bru. Has said enough.

Sic. Has spoken like a traitor, and shall answer

As traitors do.

Cor. Thou wretch, despite o'erwhelm thee!

What should the people do with these bald tribunes?

On whom depending, their obedience falls

To the greater bench: in a rebellion,

When what's not meet, but what must be, was law,

Then were they chosen: in a better hour,

Let what is meet be said it must be meet,

And throw their power i' the dust.

Bru. Manifest treason!

Sic. This is a consul? no.

Bru. The ediles, ho!

Enter an Edile.

Let him be apprehended.

Sic. Go, call the people: [Exit an Edile] in whose

name myself

Attach thee as a traitorous innovator,

A foe to the public weal: obey, I charge thee,

And follow to thine answer.

Cor. Hence, old goat!

Senators, &c. We'll surety him.

Com. Aged sir, hands off.

Bru. Hence, rotten thing! or I shall shake thy

Out of thy garments. [bones

Sic. Help, ye citizens!

Enter a rabble of Citizens (Plebeians), with the Ediles.

Men. On both sides more respect.

Sic. Here's he that would take from you all your

Bru. Seize him, and bid! [power.

Citizens. Down with him! down with him!

Senators, &c. Weapons, weapons, weapons!

[They all bustle about Coriolanus, crying

'Tribunes! ' Patricians! Citizens! ' What, ho!?

Sicinius! ' Brutus! ' Coriolanus! ' Citizens!

' Peace, peace, peace! ' Stay, hold, peace!'

Men. What is about to be? I am out of breath;

Confusion's near: I cannot speak. You, tribunes

To the people! Coriolanus, patience!

Speak, good Sicinius.

Sic. Hear me, people; peace!

Citizens. Let's hear our tribune: peace! Speak,

speak, speak.

Sic. You are at point to lose your liberties:

Marcius would have all from you; Marcius,

Whom late you have named for consul.

Men. Fie, fie, fie!

This is the way to kindle, not to quench.

First Sen. To unbuild the city and to lay all flat.

Sic. What is the city but the people?

Citizens. True.

Men. And so are like to do.

Com. That is the way to lay the city flat;

To bring the roof to the foundation,

And bury all, which yet distinctly ranges,

In heaps and piles of ruin.

Sic. This deserves death.

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ACT III.  

CORIOLANUS.  

SCENE I.

Brutus. Or let us stand to our authority, Or let us lose it. We do here pronounce, Upon the part of the people, in whose power We were elected theirs, Marcus is worthy Of present death.

Sic. Therefore lay hold of him; Bear him to the rock Tarpeian, and from thence Into destruction cast him.

Brutus. Ediles, seize him! Citizens. Yield, Marcus, yield! Men. Hear me one word; Beseech you, tribunes, hear me but a word. 

[Enter Peace, peace! Brutus. [To Brutus] Be that you seem, truly your country's friend, And temperately proceed to what you would Thus violently redress.

Brutus. Sir, those cold ways, That seem like prudent helps, are very poisonous Where the disease is violent. Lay hands upon him, And bear him to the rock.

Cor. No, I'll die here. [Drawing his sword.] There's some among you have beheld me fighting: Come, try upon yourselves what you have seen me. Men. Down with that sword! Tribunes, with- 

Brutus. Lay hands upon him. [draw awhile. 

Com. Help Marcus, help, You that be noble; help him, young and old! Citizens. Down with him, down with him! [In this mutiny, the Tribunes, the Ediles, and the People, are beat in.

Men. Go, get you to your house; be gone, away! All will be naught else.

Sec. Sen. Get you gone. 

Com. Stand fast;

We have as many friends as enemies. 

Men. Shall it be put to that? 

First Sen. The gods forbid! I prithee, noble friend, home to thy house;

Leave us to cure this cause.

Men. For 'tis a sore upon us,

You cannot tent yourself: be gone, beseech you.

Cor. Come, sir, along with us. 

Cor. I would they were barbarians—as they are, Though in Rome litter'd—not Romans—as they are not,

Though I call'd 'i' the porch o' the Capitol—

Men. Be gone; Put not your worthy rage into your tongue; One time will owe another.

Cor. I could beat forty of them.

Com. I could myself

Take up a brace o' the best of them; yea, the two But now 'tis odds beyond arithmetic; [tribunes: And manhood is call'd foolery, when it stands Against a falling fabric. Will you hence, Before the tag return? whose rage doth rend Like interrupted waters and o'erbear What they are used to bear.

Men. Pray you, be gone; I'll try whether my old wit be in request With those that have but little: this must be patch'd With cloth of any colour.

Com. Nay, come away.

[Execut Coriolanus, Commodius, and others. A Patrician. This man has marr'd his fortune.

Men. His nature is too noble for the world: He would not flatter Neptune for his trident, Or Jove for 's power to thunder. His heart 's his mouth:

What his breast forges, that his tongue must vent; And, being angry, does forget that ever He heard the name of death. [A noise within. Here 's goodly work! 

Sec. Pat. I would they were a-bed! 

Men. I would they were in Tiber! What the Could he not speak 'em fair? [vengeance! 

Re-enter Brutus and Sicinius, with the rabble. 

Sic. Where is this viper That would depopulate the city and Be every man himself? 

Men. You worthy tribunes,— Sic. He shall be thrown down the Tarpeian rock With rigorous hands: he hath resisted law, And therefore law shall scorn him further trial Than the severity of the public power Which he so sets at nought.

First Cit. He shall well know The noble tribunes are the people's mouths, And we their hands.

Citizens. He shall, sure on 't. 

Men. Sir, sir,— Sic. Peace! 

Men. Do not cry havoc, where you should but With modest warrant. [hunt Sic. 

Men. Sir, how comes 't that you Have holp to make this rescue? 

Sic. As I do know the consul's worthiness, So can I name his faults,— 

Men. The consul Coriolanus.

Brutus. He consul! 

Citizens. No, no, no, no, po. 

Men. If, by the tribunes' leave, and yours, good people, I may be heard, I would crave a word or two; The which shall turn you to no further harm Than so much loss of time.

Sic. Speak briefly then; For we are peremptory to dispatch This viperous traitor: to eject him hence Were but one danger, and to keep him here Our certain death: therefore it is decreed He dies to-night.

Men. Now the good gods forbid That our 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, 's 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—'dropp'd it for his country; And what is left, to lose it by his country, Were to us all, that do 't and suffer it, A brand to the end o' the world. 

Sic. This is clean kam. 

Men. The service of the foot Being once gangreened, is not then respected For what before it was. 

Brutus. We'll hear no more. Pursue him to his house, and pluck him thence; Lest his infection, being of catching nature, Spread further. 

Men. One word more, one word. 

This tiger-footed rage, when it shall find The harm of unsanct'd swiftness, will too late Tie leaden pounds to 's heels. Proceed by process; Lest parties, as he is beloved, break out, And sack great Rome with Romans.

Brutus. If it were so,— 


Men. Consider this: he has been bred 't the wars
Since he could draw a sword, and is ill school'd
In bolted language: meal and bran together
He throws without distinction. Give me leave,
I'll go to him, and undertake to bring him
Where he shall answer, by a lawful form,
In peace, to his utmost peril.

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 officers.
Masters, lay down your weapons.

Sic. Meet on the market-place. We'll attend
you there:
Where, if you bring not Marcius, we'll proceed
In our first way.

Men. I'll bring him to you.
[To the Senators] Let me desire your company: he must come,
Or what is worst will follow.

First Sen. Pray you, let's to him.

[Exeunt.

SCENE II.—A room in Coriolanus's house.

Enter Coriolanus with Patricians.

Cor. Let them pull all about mine ears, present
Death on the wheel or at wild horses' heels, [me
Or pile ten hills on the Tarpeian rock,
That the precipitation might down stretch
Below the beam of sight, yet will I still
Be thus to them.

A Patrician. You do the nobler.

Cor. I muse my mother
Does not approve me further, who was wont
To call them woolen vassals, things created
To buy and sell with greats, to show bare heads
In congregations, to yawn, be still and wonder,
When one but of my ordinance stood up
To speak of peace or war.

Enter Volumnia.

I talk of you:
Why did you wish me milder? would you have me
False to my nature? Rather say I play
The man I am.

Vol. O, sir, sir, sir,
I would have had you put your power well on,
Before you had worn it out.

Cor. Let go.

Vol. You might have been enough the man you
With striving less to be so: lesser had been [are,
The thwartings of your dispositions, if
You had not show'd them how ye were disposed
Ere they lack'd power to cross you.

A Patrician. Ay, and burn too.

Enter Menenius and Senators.

Men. Come, come, you have been too rough,
something too rough:
You must return and mend it.

First Sen. There's no remedy; Unless, by not so doing, our good city
Cleave in the midst, and perish.

Vol. Pray, be counsel'd:
I have a heart as little apt as yours,
But yet a brain that leads my use of anger
To better vantage.

Men. Well said, noble woman! Before he should thus stoop to the herd, but that
The violent fit o' the time craves it as physic
For the whole state, I would put mine armour on,
Which I can scarcely bear.

Cor. What must I do?
ACT III.

CORIOLANUS.

SCENE III.

Cor. Must I go show them my unbarbed sconce? Must I with base tongue give my noble heart
A lie that it must bear? Well, I will do't;
Yet, were there but this single plot to lose,
This mould of Marchius, they to dust should grind it
And throw it against the wind. To the market-place!
You have put me now to such a part which never
I shall discharge to the life.

Cor. Amen, I a "Well, Come, Pray, Consider
For my Very My "What, who shall be so?
Yet, A "Who shall be so?"
Their praises made thee first a soldier, so,
To help my praise for this, perform a part
Thou hast not done before.

Cor. Away, my disposition, and possess me
Some harlot's spirit! my threat of war be turn'd,
Which quired with my drum, into a pipe
Small as an eunuch, or the virgin voice
That babies lulls asleep! the smiles of knaves
Tent in my cheeks, and schoolboy's tears take up
The glasses of my sight! a beggar's tongue
Make motion through my lips, and my arm's knees,
Who bow'd but in my stirrup, bend like his
That hath received an aim! 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 thee of them. Come all to ruin; let
Thy mother rather feel thy pride than fear
Thy dangerous stoutness, for I mock at death
With as big heart as thou. Do as thou list.
Thy valiantness was mine, thou suck'dst it from me,
But oye thy pride thyself.

Cor. Pray, be content:
Mother, I am going to the market-place:
Chide me no more. I'll mountebank their loves,
Cog their hearts from them, and come home beloved
Of all the trades in Rome. Look, I am going;
Command me to my wife. I'll return consul;
Or never trust to what my tongue can do
I'll the way of flattery further.

Vol. Do your will. [Exit.]

Com. Away! the tribunes do attend you: arm
To answer mildly; for they are prepared [yourself
With accusations, as I hear, more strong
Than are upon you yet.

Cor. The word is mildly.' Pray you, let us go:
Let them accuse me by invention, I
Will answer in mine honour.

Men. Ay, but mildly.

Cor. Well, mildly be it then. Mildly! [Exeunt.

SCENE III. — The same. The Forum.

Enter Sicinius and Brutus.

Brut. In this point charge him home, that he affects
Tyranical power: if he evade us there,
Enforce him with his envy to the people,
And that the spoil got on the Antites
Was ne'er distributed.

Enter an Edile.

What, will he come?
Ed. He's coming.

Brut. How accompanied?

Ed. With old Menenius, and those senators
That always favour'd him.

Sic. Have you a catalogue
Of all the voices that we have procured
Set down by the poll?
Ed. I have;'t is ready.

Sic. Have you collected them by tribes?

Ed. I have. Assemble presently the people hither;
And when they hear me say 'It shall be so
I'll the right and strength o' the commons,' be it
either
For death, for fine, or banishment, then let them,
If I say fine, cry 'Fine;' if death, cry 'Death.'
Insisting on the old prerogative
And power i' the truth o' the cause.

Ed. I shall inform them.

Brut. And when such time have they begun to cry,
Let them not cease, but with a din confused
Enforce the present execution
Of what we chance to sentence.

Ed. Very well.

Sic. Make them be strong and ready for this hint,
When we shall hap to give't them.

Brut. Go about it. [Exit Edile.

Put him to choler straight: he hath been used
Ever to conquer, and to have his worth,
Of contradiction: being once chafed, he cannot
Be rein'd again to temperance; then he speaks
What 's in his heart; and that is there which looks
With us to break his neck.

Sic. Well, here he comes.

Enter Coriolanus, Menenius, and Cominius, with Senators and Patricians.

Men. Calmly, I do beseech you.

Cor. Ay, as an ostler, that for the poorest piece
Will bear the 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 Edile, with Citizens.

Sic. Draw near, ye people. [I say!]

Ed. List to your tribunes. Audience! peace,

Cor. First, hear me speak.

Both Tri. Well, say. Peace, ho! ho!

Cor. Shall I be charged no further than this
Must all determine here? [Present?

Sic. I do demand,
If you submit to the people's voices,
Allow their officers and are content
To suffer lawful censure for such faults
As shall be 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! the holy churchyard.

Cor. Scratches with briers,
Scars to move laughter only.

Men. Consider further,
That when he speaks not like a citizen,
You find him like a soldier: do not take
His rougher accents for malicious sounds,
But, as I say, such as become a soldier,
Rather than envy you.

Com. Well, well, no more.

Cor. What is the matter
That being pass'd for consul with full voice,
I am so dishonour'd that the very hour
You take it off again?

Sic. Answer to us.

Cor. Say then; 'tis true, I ought so. [take

Sic. We charge you, that you have contrived to
From Rome all season'd office and to wind
Yourself into a power tyrannical;
For which you are a traitor to the people.

Cor. How! traitor!

Men. Nay, temperately; your promise.

Cor. The fires i' the lowest hell fold-in the people!
Call me their traitor! Thou injurious tribute!
ACT IV.

CORIOLANUS.

Within thine eyes sat twenty thousand deaths,
In thy hands clutch'd as many millions, in
Thy lying tongue both numbers, I would say
'Thou liest' unto thee with a voice as free
As doth the gods.

Sic                        Mark you this, people?
                            Peaceth
We need not put new matter to his charge:
What you have seen him do and heard him speak,
Beating your officers, cursing yourselves,
Opposing laws with strokes and here defying
Those whose great power must try him; even this
So criminal and in such capital kind,
Deserves the extreme death.

Bru                      But since he hath
Served well for Rome.—
Cor                        What do you prate of service?
Bru                        I talk of that, that know it.
Cor                        You?  Men. Is this the promise that you made your
Com                       Know, I pray you,—
Cor                        [Mother?]  I'll know no further:
Let them pronounce the steep Tarpeian death,
Vagabond exile, flaying, pent to linger
But with a grain a day, I would not buy
Their mercy at the price of one fair word;
Nor check my courage for what they can give,
To have 't with saying 'Good morrow.'
Sic                      For he has,
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 o' the people
And in the power of us the tribunes, we,
Even from this instant, banish him our city,
In peril of precipitation
From off the rock Tarpeian never more
To enter our Rome gates: 1 the people's name,
I say it shall be so.

Citizens. It shall be so, it shall be so; let him away:
He's banish'd, and it shall be so.

Cor. I'll do well yet. Thou old and true Menenius,
Thy tears are saltier than a younger man's,
And venomous to thine eyes. My sometime general,
I have seen thee stern, and thou hast oft beheld
Heart-hardening spectacles; tell these sad women
'Tis fond to wall inevitable strokes,
As 'tis to laugh at 'em. My mother, you wot well
My hazards still have been your solace: and
Believe 't not lightly—though I go alone,
Like to a lonely dragon, that his fen
Makes fear'd and talk'd of more than seen—your
Will or exceed the common or be caught [son
With cautious baits and practice.

Vol. My first son,
Whither wilt thou go?  Take good Cominius
With thee awhile: determine on some course,
More than a wild exposure to each chance
That starts 1 the way before thee.

Cor. I'll follow thee a month, devise with thee
Where thou shalt rest, that thou mayst hear of us
And we of thee: so if the time thrust forth
A cause for thy repeal, we shall not send
O'er the vast world to seek a single man,
And lose advantage, which doth ever cool
1 the absence of the weaker.

Cor. Fare ye well:
Thou hast years upon thee; and thou art too full

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—Rome. Before a gate of the city.

Enter Coriolanus, Volumnia, Virgilia, Menenius, Cominius, with the young Nobility of Rome.

Cor. Come, leave your tears: a brief farewell:
The beast
With many heads butts me away. Nay, mother,
Where is your ancient courage? you were used
To say extremity was the trier of spirits;
That common chances common men could bear;
That when the sea was calm all boats alike
Show'd mastership in floating; fortune's blows,
When most struck home, being gentle wounded,
craves
A noble cunning: you were used to load me
With precepts that would make invincible
The heart that comm'd them.

Vir. O heavens! O heavens!

Cor. Nay, I prithee, woman.—
Vol. Now the red pestilence strike all trades in
And occupations perish! [Rome, Cor.

What, what, what! I shall be loved when I am lack'd. Nay, mother,
Resume that spirit, when you were wont to say,
If you had been the wife of Hercules,
six of his labours you 'd have done, and saved
Your husband so much sweat. Cominius, Droop not; adieu. Farewell, my wife, my mother:

Com. Hear me, my masters, and my common
friends,—
Sic. He's sentenced; no more hearing.
Com. Let me speak: I have been consul, and can show for Rome
Her enemies' marks upon me. I do love
My country's good with a respect more tender,
More holy and profound, than mine own life,
My dear wife's estimate, her womb's increase,
And treasure of my loins; then if I would
Speak that,—
Sic. We know your drift: speak what?
Bru. There's no more to be said, but he is banished.
As enemy to the people and his country: [ish'd,
It shall be so.

Citizens. It shall be so, it shall be so. [Hate
Cor. You common cry of curs! whose breath I
As reck o' the rotten fens, whose loves I prize
As the dead carcasses of unburi'd men
That do corrupt my air, I banish you;
And here remain with your uncertainty!
Let every feeble rumour shake your hearts!
Your enemies, with nodding of their plumes,
Fan you into despair! Have the power still
To banish your defenders: till at length
Your ignorance, which finds not till it feels,
Making not reservation of yourselves,
Still your own foes, deliver you as most
Abated captives to some nation
That won you without blows! Despising,
For you, the city, thus I turn my back;
There is a world elsewhere.

[Exeunt Coriolanus, Cominius, Menenius, Senators, and Patricians.

Cor. The people's enemy is gone, is gone!
Citizens. Our enemy is banish'd! he is gone!
Cor. All the Ho! ho! [Shouting, and throwing up their caps.
Sic. Go, see him out at gates, and follow him,
As he hath follow'd you, with all despite;
Give him deserved vexation. Let a guard
Attend us through the city.
Citizens. Come, come; let's see him out at gates;
The gods preserve our noble tribunes! Come.

[Exeunt.

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Of the wars’ surfeits, to go rive with one
That’s yet unbruised: bring me but out at gate.
Come, my sweet wife, my dearest mother, and
My friends of noble touch, when I am forth,
Bid me farewell, and smile. I pray you, come.
While I remain above the ground, you shall
Hear from me still, and never of me aught
But what is like me formerly.
Men. That’s worthy
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.

SCENE II. — The same. A street near the gate.

Enter Sicinius, Brutus, and an Eddile.
Sic. Bid them all home; he’s gone, and we’ll no
further.
The nobility are vex’d, whom we see have sided
In his behalf.
Bru. Now we have shown our power,
Let us seem humbler after it is done
Than when it was a-doing.
Sic. Bid them home:
Say their great enemy is gone, and they
Stand in their ancient strength.
Bru. Dismiss them home. [Exit Eddile.
Here comes his mother.
Sic. Let’s not meet her.
Bru. Why?
Sic. They say she’s mad. [way.
Bru. They have ta’en note of us: keep on your

Enter Volumnia, Virgilia, and Menenius.
Vol. O, ye’re well met: the hoarded plague o’ the
Requite your love! 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 sail, 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. 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. Vol. He’d make an end of thy posterity.
Vol. Bastaed and all.
Good man, the wounds that he does bear for Rome!
Men. Come, come, peace.
Sic. I would he had continued to his country
As he began, and not unknit himself
The noble knot he made.
Bru. I would he had.
Vol. I would he had! ’Twas you incensed the
rabble:
Cats, that can judge as fitly of his worth
As I can of those mysteries which heaven
Will not have earth to know.
Bru. Pray, let us go.
Vol. Now, pray, sir, get you gone: [this—
You have done a brave deed. Ere you go, hear
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 you.
[Exeunt Tribunes.
I would the gods had nothing else to do
But to confirm my curses! Could I meet ’em
But once a-day, it would unclog my heart
Of what lies heavy to.’
Men. You have told them home;
And, by my troth, you have cause. You’ll sup
with me?
Vol. Anger’s my meat; I sup upon myself,
And so shall starve with feeding. Come, let’s go:
Leave this faint puling and lament as I do,
In anger, Juno-like. Come, come, come.
Men. fie, fie, fie! [Exeunt.

SCENE III.—A highway between Rome and Antium.

Enter a Roman and a Volscie, meeting.
Rom. I know you well, sir, and you know me:
your name, I think, is Adrian.
Vol. It is so, sir: truly, I have forgot you.
Rom. I am a Roman, and my services are, as you
are, against ’em: know you me yet?
Rom. The same, sir.
Vol. You had more beard when I last saw you;
but your favour is well approved by your tongue.
What’s the news in Rome? I have a note from the
Volscian state, to find you out there: you have well
saved me a day’s journey.
Rom. There hath been in Rome strange insur-
rections; the people against the senators, patri-
cians, and nobles.
Vol. Hath been! is it ended, then? Our state
thinks not so: they are in a most warlike prepare-
ment, and hope to come upon them in the heat of
their division.
Rom. The main blaze of it is past, but a small
thing would make it flame again: for the nobles
receive so to heart the banishment of that worthy
Coriolanus which they are in a rife apathy to take
all power from the people and to pluck from them
their tribunes for ever. This lies glowing, I can
tell you, and is almost mature for the violent
breaking out.
Vol. Coriolanus banished!
Vol. You will be welcome with this intelligence,
Rom. The day serves well for them now. I have
heard it said, the fittest time to corrupt a man’s
wife is when she’s fallen out with her husband.
Your noble Tullus Aufidius will appear well in
these wars, his great opposer, Coriolanus, being
now in no request of his country.
Vol. He cannot choose. I am most fortunate,
thus accidentally to encounter you: you have ended
my business, and I will merrily accompany you
home.
Rom. I shall, between this and supper, tell you
most strange things from Rome; all tending to the
good of their adversaries. Have you an army ready,
say you?
Vol. A most royal one; the centurions and their
charges, distinctly billeted, already in the enter-
tainment, and to be on foot at an hour’s warning.
Rom. I am joyful to hear of their readiness, and
am the man, I think, that shall set them in present
action. So, sir, heartily well met, and most glad
of your company.
Vol. You take my part from me, sir: I have the
most cause to be glad of yours.
Rom. Well, let us go together. [Exeunt.
SCENE IV.—Antium. Before Aufidius’s house.

Enter Coriolanus in mean apparel, disguised and muffled.

Cor. A goodly city is this Antium. City, ’Tis I that made thy widows: many an heir Of these fair edifices ’fore my wars Have I heard groan and drop: then know me not, Lest that thy wives with spits and boys with stones In puny battle slay me.

Enter a Citizen.

Save you, sir.

Cit. And you.

Cor. Direct me, if it be your will, Where great Aufidius lies: is he in Antium?

Cit. He is, and feasts the nobles of the state At his house this night.

Cor. Which is his house, beseech you?

Cit. This, here before you.

Cor. Thank you, sir: farewell. [Exit Citizen.

O world, thy slippery turns! Friends now fast sworn, Whose double bosoms seem to wear one heart, Whose house, whose bed, whose meal, and exercise, Are still together, who twin, as ’twere, in love Unseparable, shall within this hour, On a dissension of a doit, break out To bitterer enmity: so, fellest foes, Whose passions and whose plots have broke their To take the one the other, by some chance, Some trick not worth an egg, shall grow dear And interjoin their issues. So with me: [friends My birth-place hate I, and my love’s upon This enemy town. ’Twill enter: if he slay me, He does fair justice; if he give me way, I’ll do his country service. [Exit.

SCENE V.—The same. A hall in Antium’s house.

Music within. Enter a Servingman.

First Serv. Wine, wine, wine! What service is here! I think our fellows are asleep. [Exit.

Enter a second Servingman.

Sec. Serv. Where’s Catus? my master calls for him. Catus!

Enter Coriolanus.

Cor. A goodly house: the feast smells well; Appear not like a guest. [But I

Re-enter the first Servingman.

First Serv. What would you have, friend? whence are you? Here’s no place for you: pray, go to the door.

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? ’Gain, get you out.

Cor. Away! [Exit Serv.

Sec. Serv. Away! get you away. [Exit.

Cor. Now thou’rt troublesome. [Enter a third Servingman.

Sec. Serv. Are you so brave? ’T’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. [Exit.

Cor. Let me but stand; I will not hurt your Third Serv. What are you?
ACT IV.  CORIOLANUS.  SCENE V.

 Longer to live most weary, and present
 My throat to thee and to thy ancient 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.
 Auv.  O Marcius, Marcius!
 Each word thou hast spoke hath weeded from my
 A root of ancient envy.  If Jupiter [heart
 Should from yond cloud speak divine things,
 And say 'T is true,' I 'ld not believe them more
 Than thee, all noble Marcius.  Let me twine
 Mine arms about that body, where against
 My grandsire's buried; and in hundred times hath broke,
 And scar'd the moon with splinters: here I clip
 The anvil of my sword, and do contest
 As hotly and as nobly with thy love
 As ever in ambitious strength I did
 Contend against thy valor.  Know thou first,
 I loved the maid I married; never man
 Sigh'd truer breath; but that I see thee here,
 Thou noble thing! more dances my rapt heart
 Than when I first my wedded mistress saw
 Bestride my threshold.  Why, thou Mars! I tell thee,
 We have a power on foot; and I had purpose
 Once more to hew thy target from thy brawn,
 Or lose mine arm for't: thou shalt see me out
 Twelve several times, and I have nightly since
 Dreamt of encounters 'twixt thyself and me;
 We have been down together in my sleep,
 Unbuckling helms, fencing each other's throat,
 And waked half dead with nothing.  Worthy Marcius,
 Had we no quarrel else to Rome, but that [cious,
 Thou art thence banish'd, we would muster all
 From twelve to seventy, and pouring war
 Into the bowels of ungrateful Rome,
 Like a bold flood o'er-bear.  O, come, go in,
 And take our friendly senators by the hands;
 Who now are here, taking their leaves of me,
 Who am prepared against your territories,
 Though not for Rome itself.
 Cor.  You bless me, gods!
 Auv. Therefore, most absolute sir, if thou wilt
 The leading of thine own revenues, take [have
 The one half of my commission; and set down—
 As best thou hast experienced, since thou know'st
 Thy country's strength and weakness,—thine own
 ways:
 Whether to knock against the gates of Rome,
 Or rudely visit them in parts remote,
 To fright them, ere destroy.  But come in:
 Let me confede thee first to those that shall
 Say yea to thy desires.  A thousand welcomes!
 And more a friend than e'er an enemy;
 Yet, Marcius, that was much.  Your hand: most
 welcome!
 [Exeunt Coriolanus and Aufidius.  The two
 Servicemen come forward.
 First Serv.  Here's a strange alteration!
 Sec. Serv.  By my hand, I had thought to have
 stricken him with a cudgel; and yet my mind gave
 me his clothes made a false report of him.
 First Serv.  What an arm he has! he turned me
 about with his finger and his thumb, as one would
 set up and hurl an hundred alteration!
 Sec. Serv.  Nay, I know by his face that there was
 something in him: he had, sir, a kind of face, me-
 thought,—I cannot tell how to term it.
 First Serv.  He had so; looking as it were—would
 I were hanged, but I thought there was more in him
 than I could think.
 Sec. Serv.  So did I, I 'll be sworn: he is simply
 the rarest man i' the world.
 First Serv.  I think he is: but a greater soldier
 than he you wot on.
 Sec. Serv.  Who, my master?

First Serv.  Nay, it's no matter for that.
 Sec. Serv.  With six on him.
 First Serv.  Nay, not so neither: but I take him to
 be the greater soldier.
 Sec. Serv.  Faith, look you, one cannot tell how to
 say that: for the defence of a town, our general
 is excellent.
 First Serv.  Ay, and for an assault too.
 Re-enter third Serviceman.
 Third Serv.  O slaves, I can tell you news,—news,
you rascals! [take.
 First and Sec. Serv.  What, what, what? let's par-
 Third Serv.  I would not be a Roman, of all na-
 tions; I had rather be a condemned man.
 First and Sec. Serv. Wherefore? wherefore?
 Third Serv.  Why, here's he that was wont to
 thwack our general, Caius Marcius.
 First Serv.  Why do you say 'thwack our general'?
 Third Serv.  I do not say 'thwack our general';
 but he was always good enough for him.
 Sec. Serv.  Come, we are fellows and friends: he
 was ever too hard for him; I have heard him say
 so himself.
 First Serv.  He was too hard for him directly, to
 say the truth on 't; before Corioli he scotched him
 and notched him like a carbonado.
 First and Sec. Serv.  Do, do, do, the man's been
 cannibally given, he might have broiled and eaten
 him too.
 First Serv.  But, more of thy news?
 Third Serv.  Why, he is so made on here within,
as if he were son and heir to Mars; set at upper end
 o' the table; no question asked him by any of
 them, but they stand baird before him: our gen-
 eral himself makes a mistress of him; sanctifies
 himself with 's hand and turns up the white o' the
 eye to his discourse.  But the bottom of the
 news is, our general is cut i' the middle and but one
 half of what he was yesterday; for the other has half,
 by the entreaty and grant of the whole table.  He'll
 go, he says, and sow the porter of Rome gates by
 the ears: he will mow all down before him, and
 leave his passage polled.
 Sec. Serv.  And he's as like to do 't as any man
 I can imagine.
 Third Serv.  Do 't! he will do 't; for, look you, sir,
 he has as many friends as enemies; which
 friends, sir, as it were, durst not, look you, sir, show
 themselves, as we term it, his friends whilst he's in
 directitude.
 First Serv.  Directitude! what's that?
 Third Serv.  But when they shall see, sir, his crest
 up again, and the man in blood, they will out
 of their burrows, like cones after rain, and revell
 all with him.
 First Serv.  But when goes this forward?
 Third Serv.  To-morrow; to-day; presently; you
 shall have the drum struck up this afternoon: 't is,
as it were, a parcel of their feast, and to be executed
 ere they wipe their lips.
 Sec. Serv.  Why, then we shall have a stirring
 world again.  This peace is nothing, but to rust
 iron, increase tailors, and breed ballad-makers.
 First Serv.  Let me have war, say I; it exceeds
 peace as far as day does night; it's spritely, waking,
 able, and full of vent.  Peace is a very apoplexy,
 lethargy; mulled, deaf, sleepy, insensible; a getter
 of more bastard children than war's a destroyer of men.
 Sec. Serv.  'T is so: and as war, in some sort, my
 may be said to be a ravisher, so it cannot be denied
 but peace is a great maker of cuckolds.
 First Serv.  Ay, and I makes men hate one another.
 Third Serv.  Reason; because they then less need
 one another.  The wars for my money.  I hope to
 see Romans as cheap as Volscians.  They are rising,
 they are rising.
 All.  In, in, in, in!
 [Exeunt.
Enter SIENNIUS and Brutus.

SIC. We hear not of him; neither need we fear him;
His remedies are tame't the present peace
And quietness of the people, which before
Were in wild hurry. Here do we make his friends
Blush that the world goes well, who rather had,
Though they themselves did suffer by 't, behold
Dissentious numbers pestering streets than see
Our tradesmen singing in their shops and going
About their functions friendly.

BRU. We stood to 't in good time. [Enter Mene-

SIC. 'Tis this Menenius? Is this Menenius?
SIC. 'Tis he, 'tis he: O, he is grown most kind of
Both Tri. Hail, sir! [late.

Men. Hail to you both! [wife

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 bet-
He could have temporized.

Sic. Yes, if, if, if. Where is he, hear you?
Men. Nay, I hear nothing: his mother and his
Hear nothing from him.

Enter three or four Citizens.

Citizens. The gods preserve you both!
SIC. God-den, our neighbours.
BRU. God-den to you all, god-den to you all.
First Cit. Ourselvses, our wives and children, on
Are bound to pray for you both. [our knees.
SIC. Live, and thrive!
BRU. Farewell, kind neighbours: we wish'd Co-
Had loved you as we did.

SIC. Now the gods keep you!

SIC. This is a happier and more comely time
Than when these fellows ran about the streets,
Crying confusion.
BRU. Caius Marius was
A worthy officer 't the war; but insolent,
O'ercome with pride, ambitious past all thinking,
Self-loving,—

SIC. And affecting one sole throne,
Without assistance.

Men. I think not so.
SIC. We should by this, to all our lamentation,
If he had gone forth consul, found it so.
BRU. The gods have well prevented it, and Rome
Sits safe and still without him.

Enter an Eddie.

Edd. 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. 'T is Aufidius,
Who, hearing of our Marius' banishment,
Thrusts forth his horns again into the world:
Which were inshell'd when Marius stood for Rome,
And durst not once peep out.

SIC. Come, what talk you Of Marius?

BRU. Go see this rumourer whipped. It
The Volscs dare break with us. [cannot be

Men. We have record that very well it can,
And three examples of the like have been
Within my age. But reason with the fellow,
Before you punish him, where he heard this.
Lest you shall chance to whip your information
And beat the messenger who bids beware
Of what is to be dreaded.

Sic. I know this cannot be.
BRU. Not possible.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. The nobles in great earnestness are going
All to the senate-house: some news is come
That turns their countenances.
SIC. 'Tis this slave;—
Go whip him 'fore the people's eyes:—his raising;
Nothing but his report.

Mess. Yes, worthy sir,
The slave's report is seconded; and more,
More fearful, is deliver'd.

SIC. What more fearful?
Mess. It is spoke freely out of many mouths—
How probable I do not know—that Marius,
Join'd with Aufidius, leads a power 'gainst Rome,
And vows revenge as spacious as between
The young'st and oldest thing.

SIC. This is most likely!
BRU. Raised only, that the weaker sort may wish
Good Marius home again.

Men. 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 Marius
Associated with Aufidius, rages
Upon our territories; and have already
O'erborne their way, consum'd with fire, and took
What lay before them.

Enter Cominius.

Com. O, you have made good work!

Men. What news? what news?
Com. You have holp to ravish your own daugh-
To melt the city leads upon your pates, [ters and
To see your wives dishonoured to your noses,—

Men. What's the news? what's the news?
Com. Your temples burn'd in their cement, and
Your franchises, whereon you stood, confined
Into an auger's bore.

Men. Pray now, your news?
You have made fair work, I fear me.—Pray, your
news?—

If Marius should be joined with Volscians,—
Com. He is his god: he leads them like a thing
Made by some other deity than nature,
That shapes man better; and they follow him,
Against us brats, with no less confidence
Than boys pursuing summer butterflies,
Or butchers killing flies.

Men. You have made good work,
You and your apron-men; you that stood so much
Upon the voice of occupation and
The breath of garlic-eaters!

Com. He will shake
Your Rome about your ears.

Men. As Hercules
Did shake down mellow fruit. You have made fair
BRU. But is this true, sir? [work

Com. Ay; and you'll look pale
Before you find it other. All the regions
Do smilingly revolt; and who resist
Are mock'd for vainant ignorance, [him?
And perish constant fools. Who is 't can blame
Your enemies and his find something in him.

Men. We are all undone, unless
The noble man have mercy.

Com. Who shall ask it?
The tribunes cannot do 't for shame; the people
Deserve such pity of him as the wolf
Does of the shepherds: for his best friends, if they
Should say 'Be good to Rome,' they charged him even
As those should do that had deserved his hate,
And therein show'd like enemies.

Men. 'Tis true: if he were putting to my house the brand
That should consume it, I have not the face
To say 'Beessech you, cease.' You have made fair
hands,
You and your crafts! you have crafted fair!

Com. You have brought
A trembling upon Rome, such as was never
So incapable of help.

Both Tri. Say not we brought it.

Men. How! Was it we? we loved him; but,
like beasts
And cowardly nobles, gave way unto your clusters,
Who did hoot him out o' the city.

Com. But I fear
They'll roar him in again. Tullus Aufidius,
The second name of men, obeys his points
As if he were his officer: desperation
Is all the policy, strength and defence,
That Rome can make against them.

Enter a troop of Citizens.

Men. Here come the clusters.
And is Aufidius with him? You are they
That made the air unwholesome, when you cast
Your stinking greasy caps in hooting at
Coriolanus' exile. Now he's coming;
And not a hair upon a soldier's head
Which will not prove a whip: as many cocombs
As you threw caps up will he tumble down,
And pay you for your voices. 'Tis no matter;
If he could burn us all into one coal,
We have deserved it.

Citizens. Faith, we hear fearful news.

First Cit. For mine own part,
When I said, banish him, I said, 't was pity.

Sec. Cit. And so did I.

Third Cit. And so did I: and, to say the truth,
so did very many of us: that we did, we did for
the best; and though we willingly consented to his
banishment, yet it was against our will.

Com. Ye're goody things, you voices!

Men. You have made
Good work, you and your cry! Shall's to the Cap-
Com. O, ay, what else?
[Exeunt Cominius and Menenius.

Sec. Go, masters, get you home; be not dismay'd:
These are a side that would be glad to have
This true which they so seem to fear. Go home,
And show no sign of fear.

First Cit. The gods be good to us! Come, masters,
let's at home. I ever said we were i' the wrong
when we banished him.

Sec. Cit. So did we all. But, come, let's at home.
[Exeunt Citizens.

Bru. I do not like this news.

Sec. Nor I.

Bru. Let's at the Capitol. Would half my wealth
Would buy this for a lie!

Sec. Pray, let us go. [Exeunt.

ACT V.


Enter Menenius, Cominius, Sicinius, Brutus,
and others.

Men. No, I'll not go: you hear what he hath said
Which was sometime his general; who loved him
In a most dear particular. He call'd me father:

SCENE VII.—A camp, at a small distance from
Rome.

Enter Aufidius and his Lieutenant.

Auf. Do they still fly to the Roman?
Lieu. I do not know what witchcraft's in him, but
Your soldiers use him as the grace 'fore meat,
Their talk at table, and their thanks at end;
And you are darken'd in this action, sir,
Even by your own.

Auf. I cannot help it now,
Unless, by using means, I lame the foot
Of our design. He becomes himself more proud,
Even to my person, than I thought he would
When first I did embrace him: yet his nature
In that 's no changeling; and I must excuse
What cannot be amended.

Lieu. Yet I wish, sir,—
I mean for your particular, you had not
Join'd in commission with him; but either
Had borne the action of yourself, or else
To him had left it solely.

Auf. I understand thee well; and be thou sure,
When he shall come to his account, he knows not
What I can urge against him. Although it seems,
And so he thinks, and is no less apparent
To the vulger eye, that he bears all things fairly,
And shows good husbandry for the Volscian state,
Fights dragon-like, and does achieve as soon
As draw his sword; yet he hath left undone
That which shall break his neck or hazard mine,
Whene'er we come to our account.

[Exeunt. 

Rome? Lieu. Sir, I beseech you, think you he'll carry
Auf. All places yield to him ere he sits down;
And the nobility of Rome are his:
The senators and patricians love him too:
The tribunes are no soldiers; and their people
Will be as rash in the repeal, as hasty
To expel him hence. I think he'll be to Rome
As is the osprey to the fish, who takes it
By sovereignty of nature. First he was
A noble servant to them; but he could not
Carry his honours even: whether 't was pride,
Which out of daily fortune ever taints
The happy man: whether defect of judgment,
To fail in the disposing of those chances
Which he was lord of; or whether nature,
Not to be other than one thing, not moving
From the casque to the cushion, but commanding
Even with the same austerity and garb [peace
As he controll'd the war; but one of these—
As he hath spiced of them all, not one
For I dare so far free him—made him fear'd,
So hated, and so banish'd: but he has a merit,
To choke it in the utterance. So our virtues
Lie in the interpretation of the time;
And power, unto itself most commendable,
Hath not a tomb so evident as a chair
To extol what it hath done.
One fire drives out one fire; one nail, one nail;
Rights by rights falter, strengths by strengths do fail.
Come, let's away. When, Caius, Rome is thine,
Thou art poor'st of all; then shortly art thou mine.
[Exeunt.
ACT V.

CORIOLANUS.

SCENE II.—Entrance of the Volscian camp before Rome. Two Sentinels on guard.

Enter to them, Menenius.

First Sen. Stay: whence are you?

Sec. Sen. Stand, and go back.

Men. You guard like men; 'tis well: but, by your leave, I am an officer of state, and come to speak with Coriolanus.

First Sen. From whence?

Men. From Rome.

First Sen. You may not pass, you must return: our general will no more hear from thence.

Sec. Sen. You'll see your Rome embraced with fire before you'll speak with Coriolanus.

Men. Good my friends, if you have heard your general talk of Rome, and of his friends there, it is lots to blanks, my name hath touch'd your ears: it is Menenius. First Sen. Be it so; go back: the virtue of your name is not here passable.

Men. I tell thee, fellow, thy general is my lover: I have been the book of his good acts, whence men have read his fame unparallel'd, haply amplified; for I have ever verified my friends, old whom he's chief, with all the size thatverity would without lapsing suffer: nay, sometimes, like to a bowl upon a subtle ground, I have tumbled past the throw; and in his praise have almost stamp'd the leasing: therefore, fellow, I must have leave to pass.

First Sen. Faith, sir, if you had told as many lies in his behalf as you have uttered words in your own, you should not pass here; no, though it were as virtuous to lie as to live chastely. Therefore, go back.

Men. Pray thee, fellow, remember my name is Menenius, always factionary on the party of your general. Sec. Sen. Howsoever you have been his liar, as you say you have, I am one that, telling true under him, must say, you cannot pass. Therefore, go back.

Men. Has he dined, canst thou tell? for I would not speak with him till after dinner.

First Sen. You are a Roman, are you?

Men. I am, as thy general is.

First Sen. Then why should hate Rome, as he doth. Can you, when you have pushed out your gates the very defender of them, and, in a violent popular ignorance, given your enemy your shield, think to front his revenges with the easy groans of old women, the virginal palms of your daughters, or with the palsied intercession of such a decayed dotant as you seem to be? Can you think to blow out the intended fire your city is ready to flame in, with such weak breath as this? No, you are deceived; therefore, back to Rome, and prepare for your execution: you are condemned, our general has sworn you out of reprieve and pardon.

Men. Sirrah, if thy captain knew I were here, he would use me with estimation.

Sec. Sen. Come, my captain knows you not.

Men. I mean, thy general.


Men. Nay, but, fellow, fellow;—

Enter Coriolanus and Aufidius.

Cor. What's the matter?

Men. Now, you companion, I'll say an errand for you; you shall all know now that I am in estimation; you shall perceive that a Jack guardant cannot office me from my son Coriolanus: guess, but by my entertainment with him, if thou standest not in the
state of hanging, or of some death more long in spectatorship, and crueler in suffering; behold now presently, and swoon for what's to come upon thee. [To Cor.] The glorious gods sit in hourly synod about thy petitionary prosperity, and love thee no worse than thy old father Menenius does! O my son, my son! thou art preparing fire for us; look thee, here's water to quench it. I was hardly moved to come to thee; but being assured none but myself could move thee, I have been blown out of your gates with sighs; and conjure thee to pardon Rome for your sins, and to be confraternized. The good gods assuage thy wrath, and turn the dregs of it upon this varlet here.—this, who, like a block, hath denied my access to thee.

Cor. Away! 
Men. How! away! 
Cor. Wife, mother, child, I know not. My affairs Are servanted to others; though I owe My property properly, my remission lies In Volscian breasts. That we have been familiar, Ingrate forgetfulness shall poison, rather Than pity note how much. Therefore, be gone. Mine ears against your suits are stronger than Your gates against my force. Yet, for I loved thee, 
Take this along; I writ it for thy sake. 

And would have sent it. Another word, Menenius, I will not hear thee speak. This man, Aufidius, Was my beloved in Rome: yet thou behold'st! Auf. You keep a constant temper. 
First Sen. Now, sir, is your name Menenius? 
Sec. Sen. 'Tis a spell, you see, of much power: 
you know the way home again. 
First Sen. Do you hear how we are shent for keeping your greatness back? 
Sec. Sen. What cause, do you think, I have to swoon? 
Men. I neither care for the world nor your general: for such things as you, I can scarce think there's any, ye're so slight. He that hath a will to die by himself fears it not from another; let your general do his worst. For you, be that you are, long; and your misery increase with your age! I say to you, as I was said to, Away! [Exit. 
First Sen. A noble fellow, I warrant him. 
Sec. Sen. The worthy fellow is our general: he's the rock, the oak not to be wind-shaken. [Exit. 

SCENE III.—The tent of Coriolanus.

Enter Coriolanus, Aufidius, and others.

Cor. We will before the walls of Rome to-morrow Set down our host. My partner in this action, You must report to the Volscian lords, how plainly I have borne this business. 
Auf. Only their ends 
You have respected; stopped your ears against 
The general suit of Rome; never admitted 
A private whisper, no, not with such friends 
That thought them sure of you. 

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 show'd sojourning to him, once more offer'd 
The first conditions, which they did refuse 
And not, as some suppose: 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 't is made? I will not.

Enter, in mourning habits, Virgilia, Volumnia, leading young Marcius, Valeria, and Attendants.

My wife comes foremost; then the honour'd mould Wherein this trunk was framed, and in her hand 
The grandchild to her blood. But, out, affliction! All bond and privilege of nature, break! 
Let it be virtuous to be obsolete. 
What is that curt'ry 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 Olympius to a molehill should 
In supplication nod: and my young boy 
Hath an aspect of intercession, which 
Great nature cries 'Deny not.' Let the Volscæs 
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 jealou's queen of heaven, that kiss 
I carried from thee, dear; and my true lip 
Hath virgin'd it e'er since. You gods! I prate. 
And the most noble mother of the world 
Leave unsaluted: sink, my knee,1 the earth; [Kneels. 
Of thy deep duty more impression show 
Than that of common sons.

Vol. O, stand up blest! 
Whilst, with no softer cushion than the flint, 
I kneel before thee; and improperly 
Show duty, as mistaken all this while 
Between the child and parent. 

[Kneels. 
Cor. What is this? 
Your knees to me? to your corrected son? 
Then let the pebbles on the hungry beach 
Fillip the stars; then let the mutinous winds 
Strike the proud cedars 'gainst the fiery sun; 
Murdering impossibility, to make 
What cannot be, slight work. 
Vol. Thou art my warrior; 
I hope to frame thee. Do you know this lady? 
Cor. The noble sister of Publicola, 
The moon of Rome, chaste as the icicle 
That's curdled by the frost from purest snow 
And hangs on Dion's temple: dear Valeria! Vol. This is a poor epitome of yours, 
Which by the interpretation of full time 
May show like all yourself. 

Cor. The god of soldiers, 
With the consent of supreme Jove, inform 
Thy thoughts with nobleness; that thou mayst prove 
To shame unvulnerable, and stick 't the wars 
Like a great sea-mark, standing every flaw, 
And saying those that eye thee!

Vol. Your knee, sirrah. 
Cor. That's my brave boy! 
Vol. Even he, your wife, this lady, and myself, 
Are suitors to you. 
Cor. I beseech you, peace: 
Or, if you'd ask, remember this before: 
The thing I have forsworn to grant may never 
Be held by your denials. Do not bid me 
Dismiss my soldiers, or capitulate 
Again with Rome's mechanics: tell me not 
Wherein I seem unnatural: desire not 
To aly my rages and revenges with 
Your colder reasons.

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Vol. O, no more, no more! You have said you will not grant us any thing; For we have nothing else to ask, but that Which you deny already: yet we will ask; That, if ye could keep the wars and safely home, May hang upon your hardness: therefore hear us. Cor. Aufidius, and you Volsces, mark; for we'll Hear nought from Rome in private. Your request? Vol. Should we be silent and not speak, our raiment And state of bodies would bewray what life We have led since thy exile. How dost thou thyself? Have we not been unfortunate than all living men? Are we come hither: since that thy sight, which should [comforts, Make our eyes flow with joy, hearts dance with Constrain them weep and shake with fear and sor- Making the mother, wife and child to see [row; The son, the husband and the father treading His country's bowels out. And to poor we Thine eminence: most capital: thou barr'st us Our prayers to the gods, which is a comfort That all but we enjoy: for how can we, Alas, how can we for our country pray, Whereas we go together with thy victory, Whereo we are bound? alack, or we must lose The country, our dear nurse, or else thy person, Our comfort in the country. We must find An evident calamity, though we had Our wish, which side should win: for either thou Must, as a foreign recreant, be left; With manacles thorough our streets, or else Triumphantly tread on thy country's ruin, And bear the palm for having bravely shed Thy wife and children's blood. For myself, son, I purpose not to wait on fortune till These wars determine: If I cannot persuade thee Rather to show a noble grace to both parts Than seek the end of one, thou shalt no sooner March to assault thy country than to tread— Trust to 't, thou shalt not—on thy mother's womb, That brought thee to this world. 

Yr. Nay, and mine, That brought you forth this boy, to keep your name Living to time.

Young Mar. A' shall not tread on me; I'll run away till I am bigger, but then I'll fight. Cor. Not of a woman's tenderness to be, Requires nor child nor woman's face to see. I have sat too long. [Rising. Vol. Nay, go not from us thus. If it were so that our request did tend To save the Romans, thereby to destroy [us, The Volsces whom you serve, you might condemn As poisonous of your honour: no; our suit Is, that you reconcile them: while the Volsces May say 'This mercy we have show'd,' the Romans, 'This we received;' and each in either side Give the all-hail to thee, and cry 'Be blest [son, For making up this peace!' Thou know'st, great The end of war's uncertain, but this certain, That, if thou conquer Rome, the benefit Which by shall thereby reap is such a name, Whose reputation will be dogg'd with curses; Whose chronicure thus writ: 'The man was noble, But with his last attempt he wiped it out; Destroy'd his country, and his name remains To the ensuing age abhor'd. Speak to me, son: Thou hast been affected the fine honour of, To imitate the graces of the gods; To tear with thunder the wide cheeks o' the air, And yet to charge thy sulphur with a bolt That should but rive an oak. Why dost not speak? Think'st thou it honourable for a noble man Still to be affected the fine strain of honour, To imitate the graces of the gods; To tear with thunder the wide cheeks o' the air, And yet to charge thy sulphur with a bolt That should but rive an oak. Why dost not speak? More bound to 's mother; yet here he lets me prate Like one i' the stocks. Thou hast never in thy life Show'd thy dear mother any courtesy, When she, poor hen, fond of no second brood, Has cluck'd thee to the wars and safely home, Loaden with honour. Say my request's unjust, And spur me back: but if it be not so, Thou art not honest; and the gods will plague thee, That thou restrain'st me from the duty which To a mother's part belongs. He turns away: Down; ladies; let us shame him with our knees To his surname Coriolanus.' How more than pity To our prayers. Down: an end; This is the last: so we will home to Rome, And die among our neighbours. Nay, behold's; This boy, that cannot tell what he would have, But kneels and holds up hands for fellowship. Does reason our petition with more strength Than thou hast to deny 't. Come, let us go: This fellow had a Volscian to his mother; His wife is in Corioli and his child Like him by chance. Yet give us our dispatch: I am hush'd until our city be a-fire, And then I'll speak a little. [He holds her by the hand, silent.

Cor. O mother, mother! What have you done? Behold, the heavens do ope, The gods look down, and this unnatural scene They laugh at. O my mother, mother! O! You have won a happy victory to Rome. But, for your son—believe it, O, believe it, Most dangerously you have with him prevail'd, If not most mortal to him. But, let it come. Aufidius, though I cannot make true wars, I'll frame convenient peace. Now, good Aufidius, Were you in my stead, would you have heard A mother less? or granted less, Aufidius? Auf. I was moved withal.

Cor. I dare be sworn you were: And, sir, it is no little thing to make Mine eyes to sweat compassion. But, good sir, What peace you'll make, advise me: for my part, I'll not to Rome. I'll back with you; and pray you, Stand to me in this cause. O mother! wife! Auf. [Aside] I am glad thou hast set thy mercy And thy honour At difference in thee: out of that I'll work Myself a former fortune.

[The Ladies make signs to Coriolanus Cor. Ay, by and by; [To Volumnia, Virgilia, &c. But we will drink together; and you shall bear A better witness back than words, which we, On like conditions, will have counter-seal'd. Come, enter with us. Ladies, you deserve To have a temple built you: all the swords In Italy, and her confederate arms, Could not have made this peace.


Men. If it be possible for you to displace it with your little finger, there is some hope the ladies of Rome, especially his mother, may prevail with him. But I say there is no hope in't: our throats are sentenced and stay upon execution. Sic. Is't possible that so short a time can alter the condition of a man?

Men. There is difference between a grub and a butterfly; yet you or I but less a grub. This Marcus is grown from man to dragon: he has wings; he's more than a creeping thing.

Sic. He loved his mother dearly.


**SCENE VI.** — Antiwm. A public place.

Enter **Tullus Aufidius**, with Attendants.

**Auf.** Go tell the lords o' the city I am here:
Deliver them this paper: having read it,
Bid them repair to the market-place; where I,
Even in the doors and in the commons' ears,
Will vouch the truth of it.

**Men.** Flourish the sword.

**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 Consiprators of Aufidius' faction.

Most welcome!

**First Con.** How is it with our general?

**Auf.** Even so
As with a man by his own alms empipson'd,
And with his charity slain.

**Sec. Con.** Most noble sir,
If you do hold the same intent wherein
You wish'd us parties, we 'll deliver you
Of your great danger.

**Auf.** Sir, I cannot tell:
We must proceed as we do find the people.

**Third Con.** The people will remain uncertain whilst
'Twixt you there's difference; but the fall of either
Makes the survivor heir of all.

**Auf.** I know it;
And my pretext to strike at him admits
A good construction. I raised him, and I pawn'd
Mine honour for his truth: who being so heighten'd,
He water'd his new plants with dews of flattery,
Seducing so my friends; and, to this end,
He bow'd his nature, never known before
But to be rough, unswayable and free.

**Third Con.** Sir, his stoutness
When he did stand for consul, which he lost
By lack of stooping,—

**Auf.** That I would have spoke of:
Being banish'd for 't, he came unto my heart;
Presented to my knife his throat: I took him;
Made him joint-serveant with me; gave him way
In all his own desires: nay, let him choose
Out of my files, his projects to accomplish,
My best and freshest men; served his desigments
In mine own person; held to reap the fame
Which he did end all his; and took some pride
To do myself this wrong: till, at the last,
I seem'd his follower, not partner, and
He wag'd me with his countenance, as if
I had been mercenary.

**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 look'd
For no less spoil than glory,—

**Auf.** There was it:
For which my sinews shall be stretch'd upon him.
At a few drops of women's rheum, which are
As cheap as flies, he sold the blood and labour
Of our great action: therefore shall he die,
And I'll renew me in his fall. But, hark!

[Drums and trumpets sound, with great shouts

of the People.]

**First Con.** Your native town you enter'd like a
And had no welcomes home; but he returns, [post,
Splitting the air with noise.

**Sec. Con.** And patient fools,
Whoose children he hath slain, their base throats tear
With giving him glory.

**Third Con.** Therefore, at your vantage,
Ere he express himself, or move the people
With what he would say, let him feel your sword,
Which we will second. When he lies along,
After your way his tale pronounced shall bury
His reasons with his body.
Say no more:
Here come the lords.

Enter the Lords of the city.

All the Lords. You are most welcome home.

AUF. I have not deserved it.

But, worthy lords, have you with heed perused
What I have written to you?

Lords. We have.

First Lord. And I grieve to hear 't.

What faults he made before the last, I think
Might have found easy lines: but there to end
Where he was to begin and give away
The benefit of our levies, answering us
With our own charge, making a treaty where
There was a yielding,—this admits no excuse.

AUF. He approaches: you shall hear him.

Enter Coriolanus, marching with drum and colours;

Commoners with him.

Cor. Hail, lords! I am return'd your soldier,
No more infected with my country's love
Than when I parted hence, but still subsisting
Under your great command. You are to know
That prosperously I have attempted and
With bloody passage led your wars even to
The gates of Rome. Our spoils we have brought home
Do more than counterpoise a full third part
The charges of the action. We have made peace
With no less honour to the Antilates
Than shame to the Romans: and we here deliver,
Subscribed by the consuls and patricians,
Together with the seal o' the senate, what
We have compounded on.

AUF. Read it not, noble lords;
But tell the traitor, in the high'st degree
He hath abused your powers.

Cor. Traitor! how now!

AUF. Ay, traitor, Marcus!

AUF. Ay, Marcus, Caius Marcus: dost thou think
I'll grace thee with that robbery, thy stol'n name
Coriolanus in Corioli?

You lords and heads o' the state, perfidiously
He has betray'd your business, and given up,
For certain drops of salt, your city Rome,
I say 'tis thy city, to his wife and mother;
Breaking his oath and resolution like
A twist of rotten silk, never admitted
Counsel o' the war, but at his nurse's tears
He whined and roared away your victory,
That pages blush'd at him and men of heart
Look'd wondering each other at.

Cor. Hear'st thou, Mars? Ha!

AUF. Name not the god, thou boy of tears!

Cor. Measureless liar, thou hast made my heart
Too great for what contains it. Boy! O slave!
Pardon me, lords, 'tis the first time that ever
I was forced to scold. Your judgments, my grave lords,
Must give this cur the lie: and his own notion—
Who wears my stripes impress'd upon him; that
Must bear my beating to his grave—shall join
To thrust the lie unto him.

First Lord. Peace, both, and hear me speak.

Cor. Cut me to pieces, Volscians; men and lads,
Stain all your edges on me. Boy! false hound!
If you have writ your annals true, 'tis there,
That, like an eagle in a dove-cote, I
Flutter'd your Volscians in Corioli:

AUF. Alone I did it. Boy!

Will you be put in mind of his blind fortune,
Which was your shame, by this unholy braggart,
'Through your own eyes and ears?

All Cons. Let him die for 't.

All the people. 'Tear him to pieces.' 'Do it presently.' 'He killed my son.' 'My daughter.' 'He killed my cousin Marcus.' 'He killed my father.'

Sec. Lord. Peace, ho! no outrage: peace!
The man is noble and his fame folds in
This orb o' the earth. His last offences to us
Shall have judicious hearing. Stand, Ausilius,
And trouble not the peace.

Cor. O that I had him,
With six Ausiliuses, or more, his tribe,
To use my lawful sword!

AUF. Insolent villain!

All Cons. Kill, kill, kill, kill, kill him!

[The Conspirators draw, and kill Coriolanus:

Ausilius stands on his body.

Lords. Hold, hold, hold, hold!

AUF. My noble masters, hear me speak.

First Lord. O Tullus—

Sec. Lord. Thou hast done a deed whereat valour
will weep.

Third Lord. Tread not upon him. Masters all,
be quiet;

Put up your swords.

AUF. My lords, when you shall know—as in this
Provoked by him, you cannot—the great danger
Which this man's life did owe you, you'll rejoice
That he is thus cut off. Please it your honours
To call me to your senate, I'll deliver
Myself your loyal servant, or endure
Your heaviest censure.

First Lord. Bear from hence his body;
And mourn for you him: let him be regarded
As the most noble corse that ever herald
Did follow to his urn.

Sec. Lord. His own impatience
Takes from Ausilius a great part of blame.
Let's make the best of it.

AUF. My rage is gone;
And I am struck with sorrow. Take him up.
Help, three o' the chiefest soldiers; I'll be one.
Beat thou the drum, that it speak mournfully:
Trail your steel pikes. Though in this city he
Hath widow'd and unchilded many a one,
Which to this hour bewail the injury,
Yet he shall have a noble memory.

Assist. [Exeunt, bearing the body of Corio-
lanus. A dead march sounded.

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TITUS ANDRONICUS.

DRAMATIS PERSONAE.

Saturninus, son to the late Emperor of Rome, and afterwards declared Emperor.
Bassianus, brother to Saturninus; in love with Lavinia.
Titus Andronicus, a noble Roman, General against the Goths.
Marcus Andronicus, tribune of the people, and brother to Titus.
Lucius, Quintus, Martius, Mutius, Young Lucius, a boy, son to Lucius.
Publius, son to Marcus the Tribune.
Sempronius, Caius, Valentine, kinsmen to Titus.

[For an Analysis of the Plot of this Play, see Page 564]

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 If ever Bassianus, Caesar's son, [right, Were gracious in the eyes of royal Rome, Keep then this passage to the Capitol And suffer not dishonour to approach The imperial seat, to virtue consecrate, To justice, continence and nobility; But let desert in pure election shine, And, Romans, fight for freedom in your choice.

Enter Marcus Andronicus, aloft, with the crown.

Marc. Princes, that strive by factions and by Ambitiously for rule and empery, [friends Know that the people of Rome, for whom we stand A special party, have, by common voice, In election for the Roman empery, Chosen Andronicus, surnamed Pins 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 accotted home From weary wars against the barbarous Goths; That, with his sons, a terror to our foes, Hath yoked a nation strong, train'd up in arms. Ten years are spent since first he undertook This cause of Rome and chastised with arms Our enemies' pride: five times he hath return'd

Bleeding to Rome, bearing his valiant sons In coffins from the field; And now at last, laden with honour's spoils, Returns the good Andronicus to Rome, Renowned Titus, flourishing in arms. Let us entreat, by honour of his name, Whom worthy we would have now succeed, And in the Capitol and senate's right, Whom you pretend to honour and adore. That you withdraw you and abate your strength; Dismiss your followers and, as suitors should, Plead your deserts in peace and blemishes. Sat. How fair the tribune speaks to calm my Bas. Marcus Andronicus, so I do affy [thoughts! In thy uprightness and integrity, And so I love and honour thee and thine, Thy noble brother Titus and his sons, And her to whom my thoughts are humbled all, Gracious Lavinia, Rome's rich ornament, That I will here dismiss my loving friends, And to my fortunes and the people's favour Commit my cause in balance to be weigh'd.

Sat. Friends, that have been thus forward in my I thank you all and here dismiss you all, [right, And to the love and favour of my country Commit myself, my person and the cause. [Exeunt the Followers of Saturninus.

Rome, be as just and gracious unto me As I am confident and kind to thee. Open the gates, and let me in.

Bas. Tribunes, and me, a poor competitor. [Flourish. Saturninus and Bassianus go up into the Capitol. Enter a Captain.

Cap. Romans, make way: the good Andronicus, Patron of virtue, Rome's best champion, Successful in the battles that he fights, With honour and with fortune is return'd From where he circumscribed with his sword, And brought to yoke, the enemies of Rome.
Act I. Titus Andronicus. Scene I.

Drums and trumpets sounded. Enter Martius and Mutius; after them, two Men bearing a coffin covered with black; then Lucius and Quintus. After them, Titus Andronicus, and his countenance, with Alarbus, Demetrius, Chiron, Aaron, and other Goths, prisoners; Soldiers and People following. The Bearers set down the coffin, and Titus speaks.

Tit. Hail, Rome, victorious in thy mourning weals! Lo, as the dead rock, that hath discharged her fraught, Returns with precious lading to the bay From whence at first she weighed her anchorage, Cometh Andronicus, bound with laurel bougis, To re-salute his country with his tears, Tears of true joy for his return to Rome. Thou great defender of this Capitol, Stand gracious to the rites that we intend! Romans, of five and twenty valiant sons, Half of the number that King Priam had, Behold the poor remains, alive and dead! These that survive let Rome reward with love; These that I bring unto their latest home, With what a mind I bring them, to be fed Here Goths have given the leave to sheathe my sword. Titus, unkind and careless of thine own, Why suffer'st thou thy sons, unburied yet, To hover on the dreadful shore of Styx? Make way to lay them by their brethren.

[The tomb is opened.]

There greet in silence, as the dead are wont, And sleep in peace, slain in your country's wars! O sacred receptacle of my joys, Sweet cell of virtue and nobility, How many sons of mine hast thou in store, That thou wilt never render to me more! Luc. Give us the proudest prisoner of the Goths, That we may hew his limbs, and on a pile Ad manes fratrum sacrifice his flesh, Before this earthy prison of their bones; That so the shadows be not unappeased, Nor we disturb'd with prodigies on earth.

Tit. I give him you, the noblest that survives, The eldest son of this distressed queen.

Tun. Stay, Roman brethren! Gracious con- Victorious Titus, rue the tears I shed, [queror, A mother's tears in passion for her son: And if thy sons were ever dear to thee, O, think my son to be as dear to me! Suffer not their flesh the death of Rome, To beautify thy triumphs and return, Captive to thee and to thy Roman yoke, But must my sons be slaughtered in the streets, For valiant doings in their country's cause? O, if to fight for king and commonweal Were pitey in thine, it is in these Andronicus, slain not thy tomb with blood: Wilt thou draw near the nature of the gods? Draw near them then in being merciful! Sweet mercy is nobleness's true badge: Thrice noble Titus, spare my first-born son. Luc. Thou wouldst, dost, meanest, and fondon me. These are their brethren, when the Goths beheld Alive and dead, and for their brethren slain Religiously they ask a sacrifice: To this thy 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 this desolating Rome. Alarbus goes to rest; and we survive Let's hew his limbs till they be clean consumed. [Exeunt Lucius, Quintus, Martius, and Mutius, with Alarbus.

Tit. O cruel, irreligious pitty! Okt. Was ever Scythia half so barbarous? Dtc. This is a Roman, and a Roman's native. Alarbus goes to rest; and we survive To tremble under Titus' threatening looks. Then, madam, stand resolved, but hope withal The selfsame gods that arm'd the Queen of Troy With opportunity of sharp revenge Upon the Turian tyrant in his seat, May favour Tamora, the Queen of Goths— When Goths and Goths and Goths were queen— To quit the bloody wrongs upon her foes.

Re-enter Lucius, Quintus, Martius, and Mutius, with their swords bloody.

Luc. See, lord, and father, how we have perform'd Our Roman rites; Alarbus' limbs are lopp'd, And enthrails feed the sacrificing fire, Whose smoke, like incense, doth perfume the sky. Remaineth nought, but to inter our brethren, And with loud 'Laurs welcome them to Rome. Tit. Let it be so; and let Andronicus Make this his latest farewell to their souls. [Trumpets sounded, and the coffin laid in the tomb. In peace and honour rest you here, my sons; Rome's readiest champions, repose you here in rest, Secure from worldly chances and mishaps! Here lurks no treason, here no envy swells, Here grow no damned grudges; here are no storms, No noise, but silence and eternal sleep: In peace and honour rest you here, my sons! Enter Lavinia.

Lav. In peace and honour live Lord Titus long; My noble lord and father, live in fame! Lo, at this tomb my tributary tribute I render, for my brethren's obsequies; And at thy feet I kneel, with tears of joy, Shed on the earth, for thy return to Rome: O, bless me here with thy victorious hand, Whose fortunes Rome's best citizens applaud! Tit. Kind Rome, that hast thus lovingly reserved The cordial of mine age to glad my heart! Lavinia, live; outlive thy father's days, And fame's eternal date, for virtue's praise! Enter, below, Marcus Andronicus and Tribunes; re-enter Saturninus and Basilianus, attended.


Mar. And welcome, nephews, from successful Yon that survive, and you that sleep in fame! Four lords, your country's victorious life, 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 palliation of white and spotless hue; And name thee in election for the empire, With these our late-deceased emperor's sons: Be candidatus then, and put it on. And hon. to set a hand upon 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 field Upright he held it, lords, that held it last. [pery. Mar. Titus, thou shalt obtain and ask the em 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 you were ship'd to hell, Rather than rob me of the people's hearts! 
Luc. Proud Saturninus, interrupter of the good

That noble-minded Titus means to thee!
Tit. Content thee, prince; I will restore to thee
The people's hearts, that wear in themselves.
Bas. Andronicus, I do not flatter thee,
But honour thee, and will do till I die:
My faction if thou strengthen with thy friends,
I will most thankful be; and thanks to men
Of noble minds is honourable meed.
Tit. People of Rome, and people's tribunes here,
I ask your voices and your suffrages:
Will you bestow them friendly on Andronicus?

Triumnes. To gratify the good Andronicus,
And gratulate his safe return to Rome,
The people will accept whom he admits.

Tit. Tribunes, I thank you: and this suit I make,
That you create your emperor's chief son.
Lord Saturnine: whose virtues will, I hope,
Reflect on Rome as Titian's rays on earth,
And ripen justice in this commonwealth:
Then, if you will elect by my advice,
Crown him, and say 'Long live our emperor!' 
Marc. Whelp of every sort, Patricians and plebeians, we create
Lord Saturninus Rome's great emperor,
And say 'Long live our Emperor Saturnine!' 

[Act I. SCENE I.]

Sat. Titus Andronicus, for thy favours done
To us in our election this day,
I give thee thanks in part of thy deserts,
And will with deeds requite the gentleness
And, for an onset, Titus, to advance
Thy name and honourable family,
Lavinia will I make my empress,
Rome's royal mistress, mistress of my heart,
And in the sacred Pantheon her espouse:
Tell me, Andronicus, doth this motion please thee?

Tit. It doth, my worthy lord; and in this match
I hold me highly honour'd of thy grace:
And here in sight of Rome to Saturnine,
King and commander of our commonwealth,
The wide world's emperor, do I consecrate
My sword, my chariot, and my horses;
Shows presents well worthy Rome's imperial lord:
Receive them then, the tribute that I owe,
Mine honour's ensigns humbled at thy feet.

Sat. Thinks, noble Titus, father of my life!
How proud I am of thee and of thy gifts
Rome shall record, and when I do forget
The least of these unspeakable deserts,
Romans, forget your fealty to me.

Tit. To Tamora] Now, madam, are you prisoner to an emperor;
To him that, for your honour and your state,
Will use you nobly and your followers.

Sat. A goodly host, trust me, of the hue
That I would choose, were I to choose anew.
Clear up, fair queen, that cloudy countenance:
Though chance of war hath wrou't this change of cheer,
Thou comest not to be made a scorn in Rome:
Prince Titus will be thy usage every way.
Rest on my word, and let not discontent
Daunt all your hopes: madam, he comforts you
Can make you greater than the Queen of Gothis.
Lavinia, you are not displeased with this?

Lau. Not I, my lord; sith true nobility
Warrants the worst in people's decision.

Sat. Thanks, sweet Lavinia. Romans, let us go:
Ransomless here we set our prisoners free:
Proclaim our honours, lords, with trump and drum.
[Flourish. Saturninus courts Tamora in dumb show.
Bas. Lord Titus, by your leave, this maid is mine.

Sat. How, sir! are you in earnest then, my lord?
Bas. Ay, noble Titus; and resolved withal
To do myself this reason and this right.

Marc. 'Suum cuique' is our Roman justice:
This prince in justice seizeth but his own.
Luc. And that he will, and shall, if Lucins live.

Tit. To bear this from without, and whom is the emperor's
Treason, my lord! Lavinia is surprised! [guard? 
Sat. Surprised! by whom?

Bas. By him that justly may
Bear his betroth'd from all the world away.
[Exeunt Bassianus and Marcus with Lavinia.
Mut. Brothers, help to convey her hence away,
And with my sword I will keep this door safe.
[Exeunt Lucius, Quintus, and Martius.

Tit. Follow, my lord, and I 'll soon bring her back.
Mut. My lord, you pass not here.

Tit. What, villain boy! 

Bar'rt me my way in Rome? [Stabbing Mutius.
Mut. Why, how sir! what need of this help?

[During the fray, Saturninus, Tamora, Deme-
trius, Chiron and Aaron go out and enter,
above. Re-enter Lucius.

Luc. My lord, you are unjust, and, more than so,
In unlawful quarrel you have slipt your son.

Tit. Nor thou, nor he, are any sons of mine;
My sons would never so dishonour me:
Traitor, restore Lavinia to the emperor.

Luc. Dead, if you will: but not to be his wife,
That is another's lawful promised love.

[Exit.

Sat. No, Titus, no; the emperor needs her not,
Nor her, nor thee, nor any of thy stock:
I' ll trust, by leisure, him that mocks me once;
Thee never, nor thy traitorous naughty sons,
Confederates all thus to dishonour me.

Sat. Was there none else in Rome to make a stake,
But Saturnine? Full well, Andronicus,
Agree these deeds with that proud brag of thine,
That said'st I begg'd the empire at thy hands.

Tit. O monstrous! what reproachful words are these?

[piece

Sat. But go thy ways; go, give that changing
To him that flourish'd for her with his sword:
A valiant son-in-law thou shalt enjoy;
One fit to ha'ndy with thy hand this day,
To ruffle in the commonwealth of Rome.

Tit. These words are razors to my wounded heart.

Sat. And therefore, lovely Tamora, Queen of Gothis,
That like the stately Phoebe 'mongst her nymphs
Dost overshine the gallant'st dames of Rome,
If thou be pleased with this my sudden choice,
Behold, I choose thee, Tamora, for my bride,
And will create thee empress of Rome.

Speak, Queen of Gothis, dost thou applaud my choice?
And here I swear by all the Roman gods,
Sith priest and holy water are so near
And tapers burn so bright a noontide thing
In readiness for Hypermestra stand,
I will not re-salute the streets of Rome,
Or climb my palace, till from forth this place
I lead espoused my bride along with me.

Tit. And here, in sight of heaven, to Rome I
If Saturnine advance the Queen of Gothis, [swear,
We will a handmaid be to his desires.
A loving nurse, a mother to his youth. [company

Sat. Ascend, fair queen, Pantheon. Lords, ac-
Your noble emperor and his lovely bride,
Sent by the heavens for Prince Saturnine,
Whose wisdom hath her fortune conquer'd:
There shall we consummate our wedding rites.

[Exeunt all but Titus.

Tit. I am not bid to wait upon this bride.
Titus, when wert thou went to walk alone,
Dishonour’d thus, and challenged of wrongs?

Rec-enter Marc, Lucius, Quintus, and Martius.

Marc. O Titus, see, O, see what thou hast done!
In a bad quarrel slain a virtuous son.

Tit. Fo, foolish tribune, no; no son of mine,
Nor thou, nor these, confederates in the deed
That has dishonour’d all our family;
Unworthy brother, and unworthy sons!

Luc. But let us give him burial, as becomes;
Give Mutius burial with our brethren.

Tit. Traitors, away! he rests not in this tomb:
This monstrosity five hundred years hath stood,
While Rome was untrum’d and re-edified.
Here none but soldiers and Rome’s servitors
Repose in fame; none basely slain in brawls;
Bury him where you can: he comes not here.

Marc. My lord, this is an impiety in you;
My nephew Mutius’ deeds do plead for him;
He must be buried with his brethren.

Quin. Mart. And shall, or him we will accompany.

Tit. ‘And shall!’ what villain was it spake that word?
[here.]

Quin. He that would vouch it in any place but
Tit. What, would you bury him in my despite?

Marc. Ye can’t indifferently of thee
To pardon Mutius and to bury him.

Tit. Marcus, even thou hast struck upon my crest,
And, with these boys, mine honour thou hast
My foes I do repulse you every one; [wounded:
So, trouble me no more, but get you gone.

Marc. He is not with himself; let us withdraw.

Quin. Not I, till Mutius’ bones be buried.

Marc. Brother, for in that name doth nature plead,—
[Speak.

Quin. Father, and in that name doth nature
Tit. Speak thou no more, if all the rest will speed.

Marc. Renowned Titus, more than half my soul,—
Luc. Dear father, soul and substance of us all,—

Marc. Suffer thy brother Marcus to inter
His noble nephew here in virtuous’ nest,
That died in honour and Lavinia’s cause.
Thou art a Roman; be not barbarous:
The false advice did bury Ajax
That stole himself; and wise Laertes’ son
Did graciously plead for his funerals:
Let not young Mutius, then, that was thy joy,
Be barr’d his entrance here.

Tit. RISE, Marcus, rise.

The dismalst day is this that e’er I saw,
To be dishonour’d by my sons in Rome!
Well, bury him, and bury me the next.

Luc. There lie thy bones, sweet Mutius, with thy friends,
Till we with trophies do adorn thy tomb.

[They kneel.]

Marc. My lord, to step out of these dreary dreams,
How comes it that the subtle Queen of Goths
Is of a sudden thus advanced in Rome?

Tit. I know not, Marcus; but I know it is:
Whether by device or no, the heavens can tell:
Is she not then beholding to the man
That brought her for this high good turn so far?
Yes, and will nobly him remunerate.

Flourish. Rec-enter, from one side, Saturninus attended,
Tamora, Demetrius, Chiron, and Aaron; from the other,
Bassianus, Lavinia, and others.

Sat. Traitor, if Rome have law or have power,
Thou and thy faction shall repent this rape.

Marc. Rape, call you it, my lord, my own,
My truth-betrothed love and now my wife?
But let the laws of Rome determine all;
Meanwhile I am possess’d of that is mine.

Sat. ’Tis good, sir; you are very short with us;
But, if we live, we’ll be as sharp with you.

Marc. 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 ward’d;
Judging 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 of thee.

Marc. We stood with thee in the temple of Juno;
Our names, and all that we have suffered,
Are but the deeds of our undone son.

Sat. What, madam! be dishonour’d openly,
And basely put it up without revenge?

Tam. Not so, my lord; the gods of Rome forfend
I should be author to dishonour you!

Marc. But on mine honour dare I undertake
For good Lord Titus’ innocence in all;
Whose fury not dissembled speaks his griefs:
Then, at my suit, look graciously on him;
Lose not so noble a friend on vain suppose,
Nor with sour looks afflict his gentle heart.

[Aside to Sat.] My lord, be ruled by me, be won;
Dissemble all your griefs and discontent;

Sat. 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 reposes to be a heinous sin,
Field at entertain’d; 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 need for my dear son’s life,
And make them know what ’tis to let a queen
Kneel in the streets and beg for grace in vain.

Come, come, sweet emperor; come, Andronicus;
Take up this good old man, and cheer the heart
That dies in tempest of thy angry frown.

Sat. Rise, Titus, rise; my empress hath prevail’d.

Marc. I thank your majesty, and her, my lord:
These words, these looks, intune my life in me.

Tam. Titus, I am incorporate in Rome,
A Roman now adopted happily,
And must advise the emperor for his good.
This day all quarrels die, Andronicus;
And let it be mine honour, good my lord,
That I have reconciled your friends and you.
For you, Prince Bassianus, I have pass’d
My word and promise to the emperor,
That you will be more mild and tractable.
And fear not, lords, and you, Lavinia;
By my advice, all humbled on your knees,
You shall ask pardon of his majesty.

Luc. We do, and vow to heaven and to his highness,
That what we did was mildly as we might,
Threading our sister’s honour and our own.

Marc. That, on mine honour, here I do protest.
ACT II.

TITUS ANDRONICUS.

SCENE I.—Rome. Before the palace.

Enter Aaron.

Aar. Now climest Tamora Olympus’ top, Safe out of fortune’s shot; and sits aloft, Secure of thunder’s crack or lightning flash; Advanced above pale envy’s threatening reach. As when the golden sun salutes the morn, And, having gilt the ocean with his beams, Gallops the zodiac in his glistening coach, And overlooks the highest peering hills; So Tamora: Upon her wit doth earthly honour wait, And virtue stoops and trembles at her frown. Then, Aaron, arm thy heart, and fit thy thoughts, To mount aloft with thy imperial mistress, And mount her pitch, whom thou in triumph long Hast prisoner held, fetter’d in amorous chains And faster bound to Aaron’s charming eyes Than is Prometheus tied to Caucasus. Away with slavish weeds and servile thoughts! I will be bright, and shine in pearl and gold, To wait upon this new-made empress. To wait, said I? to wanton with this queen, This goddess, this Semiramis, this nymph, This siren, that will charm Rome’s Saturnine, And see his shipwreck and his commonweal’s. Hallow! what storm is this?

Enter Demetrius and Chiron, braving.

Dem. Chiron, thy years want wit, thy wit wants edge, And manners, to intrude where I am graced; And may, for aught thou know’st, affected be. Chir. Demetrius, thou dost over-went in all; And so in this, to bear me down with braves. ’Tis not the difference of a year or two Makes me less gracious or thee more fortunate: I am as able and as fit as thou To serve, and to deserve my mistress’ grace; And that my sword upon thee shall approve, And plead my passions for Lavinia’s love.

Aar. [Aside] Clubs, clubs! these lovers will not keep the peace.

Dem. Why, boy, although our mother, unadvised, Gave you a dancing rapier by your side, Are you so desperate grown, to threaten your friends? Go to; have your lath glued within your sheath Till you know better how to handle it. Chir. Meanwhile, sir, with the little skill I have, Full well shalt thou perceive how much I dare.

Dem. Ay, boy, grow ye so brave? [They draw.

Aar. [Coming forward] Why, how now, lords! So near the emperor’s palace dare you draw, And maintain such a quarrel openly? Full well I wot the ground of all this grudge: I would not for a million of gold The cause were known to them it most concerns; Nor would your noble mother for much more Be so dishonour’d in the court of Rome.

For shame, put up.
Take this of me: Lucrece was not more chaste
Than this Lavinia, Bassianus' love.
A speedier course than lingering languishment
Must we pursue, and I have found the path.
My lords, a solemn hunting is in hand;
There will the lovely Roman ladies troop:
The forest walks are wide and spacious;
And many unfrquented plots there are
Fitted by kind for rape and villany:
Single you thither then this dainty doe,
And strike her home by force, if not by words:
This way, or not at all, stand you in hope.
Come, come, our empress, with her sacred wit
To villany and vengeance consecrate,
Will we acquaint with all that we intend:
And shall full file our engines with advice,
That will not suffer you to spare yourselves,
But to your wishes' height advance you both.
The emperor's court is like the house of Fame,
The palace full of tongues, of eyes, and ears:
The woods are ruthless, dreadful, deaf, and dull;
There speak, and strike, brave boys, and take your bound.
There serve your lysts, shadow'd from heaven's eye,
And revel in Lavinia's treasury.
Chie. Thy counsel, lad, smells of no cowardice.
Dem. Sit fas aut nefas, till I find the stream
To cool this heat, a charm to calm these fits.
Per Styga, per manes vehor. [Exit.

SCENE II. — A forest near Rome. Horns and cry of hounds heard.
Enter Titus Andronicus, with Hunters, &c., Marcus, Lucius, Quintus, and Martius.

Tit. The hunt is up, the morn is bright and grey,
The fields are fragrant and the woods are green:
Uncouple here and let us make a bay
And wake the emperor and his lovely bride
And rouse the prince and ring a hunter's peal,
That all the court may echo with the noise.
Sons, let it be your charge, as it is ours,
To attend the emperor's person carefully;
I have been troubled in my sleep this night,
But dawning day new comfort hath inspired.

A cry of hounds, and horns winded in a peel. Enter Saturninus, Tamora, Bassianus, Lavinia, Demetrius, Chiron, and Attendants.
Many good morrows to your majesty; Madam, to you as many and as good:
I promised your grace a hunter's peal.
Sat. And you have rung it lustily, my lord;
Somewhat too early for new married ladies.
Bas. Lavinia, how say you?—
Lav. I say, no;
I have been broad awake two hours and more.
Sat. Come on, then; horses and chariots let us have,
And to our sport. [To Tamora] Madam, now shall our Roman hunting.
Chiron. I see thee,
I have dogs, my lord,
Will rouse the proudest panther in the chase,
And climb the highest promontory top.
Tit. And I have horse will follow where the game
Makes way, and run like swallows o'er the plain.
Dem. Chiron, we hunt not, we, with horse nor hound.
But hope to pluck a dainty doe to ground. [Exit.

SCENE III. — A lovely part of the forest.
Enter Aaron, with a bag of gold.
Aar. Ife that had wit would think that I had none,
To bury so much gold under a tree,
And never after to inherit it.
Let him that thinks of me so abjectly
Know that this gold must coin a stratagem,
Which, cunningly effected, will beget
A very excellent piece of villany:
And so repose, sweet gold, for their unrest
That have their alms out of the empress' chest.

[Enter Tamora.]

Tam. My lovely Aaron, wherefore look'st thou sad?
When everything doth make a gleeful boast?
The birds chant melody on every bush,
The snake lies rolled in the cheerful sun,
The green leaves quiver with the cooling wind
And make a chequer'd shadow on the ground:
Under their sweet shade, Aaron, let us sit,
And, whilst the babbling echo moeks the hounds,
Replying shrilly to the well-tuned horns,
As if a double hunt were heard at once.
Let us sit down and mark their yelping noise.
And, after conflict such as was supposed
The wandering prince and Dido once enjoy'd,
When with a happy storm they were surprised
And curtail'd with a counsel-keeping cave,
We may, each within and in the other's arms,
Our pastimes done, possess a golden slumber;
Whiles hounds and horns and sweet melodious birds
Be unto us as is a nurse's song
Of lullaby to bring her babe asleep.
Aar. Madam, though Venus govern your desires,
Sarum is dominator over mine:
What signifies my deadly-standing eye,
My silence and my cloudy melancholy,
My fleece of woolly hair that now uncuris
Even as an adder when she doth unroll
To do some fatal execution?
No, madam, these are no venereal signs:
Vengeance is in my heart, death in my hand,
Blood and revenge are hammering in my head.
Hark, Tamora, the empress of my soul,
Which never hopes more heaven than rests in thee,
This is the day of doom for Bassianus:
His Philomel must lose her tongue to-day,
Thy sons make pillage of her chastity
And wash their hands in Bassianus' blood.
Seest thou this letter? take it up, I pray thee,
And give the king this fatal-plotted scroll.
Now question me no more; we are espied;
Here comes a parcel of our hopeful booty,
Which dreads not yet their lives' destruction.
Tam. Ah, my sweet Moor, sweeter to me than life!
Aar. No more, great empress; Bassianus comes:
Be cross with him; and I'll go fetch thy sons
To back thy quarrels, whatsoever they be. [Exit.

Enter Bassianus and Lavinia. Bas. Who have we here? Rome's royal empress,
Unfurnish'd of her well-seeing troop?
Or is it Dian, habited like her,
Who hath abandoned her holy groves
To see the general hunting in this forest?
Tam. Satiety controller of our private steps!
Had I the power that some say I have,
I would, Thy temples should be planted presently
With horns, as was Actæon's; and the hounds
Should drive upon thy new-transformed limbs,
Unmannerly intruder as thou art!
Lav. Under your patience, gentle empress,
'Tis thought you have a goodly gift in homing;
And to be doubted that your Moor and you
Are single forth to try experiments:
Jove shield your husband from his hounds to-day!
'Tis pity they should take him for a stag.
Bas. Believe me, queen, your swarthi Climerian
Doth make your honors of his body's hue,
Spotted, detested, and abominable.
Why are you sequester'd from all your train,
Dismounted from your snow-white goodly steed,
And wander'd hither to an obscure plot,
ACCOMPANIED BUT WITH A BARBAROUS MOOR,
If foul desire had not conducted you?

LOV. And, being intercepted in your sport,
Great reason that my noble lord be rated
For sauciness. I pray you, let us hence,
And let her joy her raven-colour'd love;
This heaven-sent sign is to the purpose raising well.

BAS. The king my brother shall have note of this.

LOV. Ay, for these slips have made him noted long:
Good king, to be so mightily abused!

TAM. Why have I patience to endure all this?

Enter Demetrius and Chiron.

DEM. Now how, dear sovereign, and our gracious mother!
Why doth your highness look so pale and wan?

TAM. Have I not reason, think you, to look pale?
These two have 'tied me hither to this place:
A barren detested vale, you see it is;
The trees, though summer, yet forlorn and lean,
O'ercome with moss and baleful mistletoe;
Here never shines the sun; here nothing breeds,
Unless the nightly owl or fatal raven:
And when they show'd me this abhorred pit,
They told me, here, at dead time of the night,
A thousand horn'd devils are in the depth,
Ten thousand swelling toads, as many urchins,
Would make such fearful and confused cries
As any mortal body hearing it
Should straight fall mad, or else die suddenly.
No sooner had they told this hellish tale,
But straight they told me they would bind me here
Unto the body of a dismal yew,
And leave me to this miserable death:
And then they call'd me foul adulteress,
Lascivious Goth, and all the bitterest terms
That ever ear did hear to such effect:
And, had you not by wondrous fortune come,
This vengeance on me had they executed.
Revenge it, as you love your mother's life,
Or be ye not henceforth call'd my children.

DEM. This is a witness that I am thy son.

[Exit Bassianus.

CHI. And this for me, struck home to show my strength.

LOV. Ay, come, come, Sebastian, my barbarous Tar.

For no name fits thy nature but thy own! [mora,

TAM. Give me thy pourard; 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 brave's mightiness:
And shall she carry this unto her grave?
CHI. An if she do, I would I were an eunuch.

Dragnet her husband to some secret hole,
And make his dead trunk pillow to our lust.

TAM. But when ye have the honey ye desire,
Let not this wasp outlive, us both to sting.

CHI. I warrant you, madam, we will make that
Come, mistress, now performe we will enjoy [sure.
That nice-preserved honesty of yours.

LOV. O Tamora! thou bear'st a woman's face—

TAM. I will not hear her speak; away with her!

LOV. Sweet lords, entreat her hear me but a word.

DEM. Listen, fair madam: let it be your glory
To see her tears; but be your heart to them
As unresolv'd as when the first snow drops [dam?

LOV. When did the tiger's young ones teach the
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 thy tyranny.

Yet every mother breeds not sons alike:

[To Chiron] Do thou entreat her show a woman pity.

CHI. What, wouldst thou have me prove myself
a bastard?

LOV. '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 paved all away;
See that gave thee life, when he might have slain
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!

LOV. O, let me teach thee! for my father's sake,
That gave thee life, when he might have slain
Be not obdurate, open thy deaf ears.

TAM. Hadst thou in person ne'er offended me,
Even for his sake am I pitiless.

Remember, boys, I pour'd forth tears in vain,
To save your brother from the sacrifice;
But fierce Andronicus would not relent:
Therefore, away with her, and use her as you will,
The worse to her, the better loved of me.

LOV. O Tamora, be call'd a gentle queen,
And with thine own hands kill me in this place!
For 't is not life that I have begged so long;
Poor I was slain when Bassianus died. [mora.

TAM. What! shall this gentle woman, let

LOV. 'Tis present day I beg; and one thing
That womanhood denies my tongue to tell: [more
No, let them satisfy their lust on thee.

DEM. Away! for thou hast stay'd us here too long.

LOV. No grace? no womanhood? Ah, beastly crea-
The blot and enemy to our general name! [ture!

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 exit Demetrius and Chiron, drag-

ging off Lovinia.

TAM. Farewell, my sons: see that you make her
Ne'er's than me, and heart know merry cheer indeed, [sure.
Till all the Andronicis 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 Quintus and Martius.

AAR. Come on, my lords, the better foot before;
Straight will I bring you to the loathsome pit
Where I espied the Panther fast asleep.

QUIN. My sight is very dull, what'er it bodes.

MART. And mine, I promise you; were't not for
Well could I leave our sport to sleep awhile. [shame,

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's dew distill'd on flowers?

A very pitable place it seems to me.
SPEAK, brother, hast thou hurt thee with the fall?

MART. O brother, with the dismall'ist object hurt
That ever eye with sight made heart lament!

AAR. [Aside] Now will I fetch the king to find

them here,
That he thereby may give a likely guess
How these were they that made away his brother.

[Exit.

MART. Why dost not comfort me, and help me out
From this unhallowed and blood-stained hole?

QUIN. I am surprised with an uncountable fear:
A chilling sweat o'er-runs my trembling joints;
My heart suspects more than mine eye can see.
ACT II.

TITUS ANDRONICUS. SCENE IV.

Mart. To prove thou hast a true-divining heart, Aaron and thou look down into this den, And see a fearful sight of blood and death. Quin. Aaron is gone; and my compassionate Will not permit mine eyes once to behold [heart
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 embowered here, All on a heap, like to a slaughter'd lamb, In this detested, dark, blood-drinking pit. Quin. If it be true I know 'tis he. Mart. Upon his bloody finger he doth wear A precious ring, that lightens all the hole, Which, like a taper in some monument, Doth shine upon the dead man's earthy cheeks, And shows the ragged entrails of the pit: So pale did shine the moon on Pyramus When he by night lay bathed in maiden blood. O brother, help me with thy fainting hand — If fear hath made thee faint, as me it hath Out of this fell devouring receptacle, As hateful as Cocytus' misty mouth. [out; Quin. O, may he not be found! thou mayst help thee Or, wanting strength to do thee so much good, I may be pluck'd into the swallowing womb Of this deep pit, poor Bassianus' grave. I have no strength to pluck thee to the brink. Mart. Nor I no strength to climb without thy help. Quin. Nay, I will not lose again, Till thou art here aloft, or I below; Thou canst not come to me: I come to thee. [Falls in.

Enter Saturninus with Aaron.

Sat. Along with me: I'll see what hole is here, And what he is that now is leap'd into it. Say, who art thou that lately didst descend Into this gaping hollow of the earth? Mart. The unhappy son of old Andronicus; Brought hither in a most unlucky hour, To find thy brother Bassianus dead. Sat. My brother dead! I know thou dost but jest: He and his lady both are at the lodge Upon the north side of this pleasant chase; 'Tis not an hour since I left him there. Mart. We know not where you left him all alive; But, out, alas! here have we found him dead.

Re-enter Tamora, with Attendants; Titus Andronicus, and Lucius.

Tam. Where is my lord the king? [grief. Sat. Here, Tamora, though griev'd with killing Tam. Where is thy brother Bassianus? Sat. Now to the bottom dost thou search my Poor Bassianus here lies murdered. [wound: Tam. Then all too late I bring this fatal writ, The complot of this timeless tragedy; And wonder greatly that man's face can fold In pleasing smiles such murderous tyranny. [She giveth Saturninus a letter.

Sat. [Reads] 'An if we miss to meet him hand-somely — Sweet huntsman, Bassianus 'tis we mean — Do thou so much as dig the grave for him: Thou know'st our meaning. Look for this reward Among the nettles at the elder-tree Which overshades the mouth of that same pit Where he that I knew dead lies hew'd of old. Do this, and purchase us thy lasting friends,' O Tamora! was ever heard the like? This is the pit, and this the elder-tree. Look, sir, if you can find the huntsman out That should have murder'd Bassianus here. Act. Most gracious lord, here is the bag of gold. Sat. [To Titus] Two of thy whelps, fell euns of bloody kind, Have here bereft my brother of his life.

Sirs, drag them from the pit unto the prison: There let them bide until we have devised Some never-heard-of torturing pain for them. Tam. What, are they in this pit? O wondrous How easily murder is discovered! [thing! Tit. High emperor, upon my feeble knee I beg this boon, with tears not lightly shed, That this fell fault of my accused sons, Accursed, if the fault be proved in them,— Sat. If it be proved! you see it is apparent. Who found this letter? Tamora, was it you? Tam. Andronicus himself did take it up. Tit. I did, my lord: yet let me be their bail; For, by my father's reverend tomb, I vow They shall be ready at your highness' will To answer their suspicion with their lives. Sat. Thou shalt not bail them: see thou follow me. Some bring the murder'd body, some the murderers: Let them not speak a word; the guilt is plain: For, by my soul, were there worse end than death, That end upon them should be executed. Tam. Andronicus, I will entreat the king; Fear not thy sons; they shall do well enough. Tit. Come, Lucius, come, stay not to talk with them. [Exit.

SCENE IV.—Another part of the forest.

Enter Demetrius and Chiron, with Lavinia, ravished; her hands cut off, and her tongue cut out.

Dem. So, now go tell, if an thy tongue can speak, Who 'tis that cut thy tongue and ravish'd thee! Chi. Write down thy mind, bewray thy meaning An if thy stumps will let thee play the scribe. [so, Dem. See, how with signs and tokens she can scowl. [hands. Chi. Go home, call for sweet water, wash thy Dem. She hath no tongue to call, nor hands to And so let's leave her to her silent walks. [wash; Chi. An 'twere my case, I should go hang myself. Dem. If thou hast hands to help thee knit the cord. [Exit Demetrius and Chiron.

Enter Marcus.

Mor. Who is this? my niece, that flies away so Cousin, a word: where is your husband? [fast! If I do dream, would all my wealth would wake me! If I do wake, some planet strike me down, That I may slumber in eternal sleep! 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 And might not gain so great a happiness [in, As have thy love? Why dost not speak to me? Alas, a crimson river of warm blood, Like to a bubbling fountain stirr'd with wind, Doth rise and fall between thy rosy 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 burn'st away thy face for shame! And, notwithstanding all this loss of blood, As from a conduit with three issuing spouts, Yet do thy cheeks look red as Titian's face Blushing to be encounter'd with a cloud. Shall I speak for thee? shall I say 'tis so? O, that I knew dead her; and knew the beast, That I might rai at him, to ease my mind! Sorrow conceale, like an oven stopp'd, Both 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, why dost thou meddle in the; A cratient Tereus, cousin, hast thou met, And he hath cut those pretty fingers off, That could have better sew'd than Philomel. [571
ACT III.


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 crimes are not so desperate as 'tis thought, For two and twenty sons I never wept, Because they died in honour's lofty bed. [Lieth down; the Judges, &c. pass by him, and Exeunt.

For these, these, tribunes, in the dust I write My heart's deep languor and my soul's sad tears: Let my tears stanch the earth's dry appetite; My sons' sweet blood will make it shame and blush. O earth, I will bereave thee more with rain, That shall distil from these two ancient urns, Than youthful April shall with all his showers: In summer's drought I'll drop upon thee still; In winter with warm tears I'll melt the snow, And keep eternal spring-time on thy face, So thou refuse to drink my dear sons' blood. 

Enter Lucius, with his sword drawn. O reverend tribunes! O gentle, aged men! Unbind my sons, reverse the doom of death; And let me say, that never wept before, My tears are now prevailing orators. 

Luc. O noble father, you lament in vain: The tribunes hear you not; no man is by; And you recount your sorrows to a stone. 

Tit. Ah, Lucius, for thy brothers let me plead. 

Grave tribunes, once more I entreat of you,— 

Luc. My gracious lord, no tribune hears you speak. 

Tit. Why, 'tis no matter; man: if they did hear, They would not mark me, or if they did mark, They would not pity me, yet plead I must; And bootless unto them Therefore I tell my sorrow 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, while they but attired in grave weeds, Rome could afford no tribune like these. A stone is soft as wax,—tribunes more hard than A stone is silent, and offendeth not, And tribunes with their tongues doom men to death. But wherefore stand'st thou with thy weapon drawn? 

Luc. To rescue my two brothers from their death: For which attempt the judges have pronounced My everlasting doom of banishment. 

Tit. O happy man! they have befriended thee. Why, foolish Lucius, dost thou not perceive As Cerberus at the Thracian poet's feet, Come, let us go, and make thy father blind; For such a sight will blind a father's eye: One hour's storm will drown the fragrant meads; What will whole months of tears thy father's eyes? Do not draw back, for we will mourn with thee: O, could our mourning ease thy misery! [Exeunt.
ACT III.
TITUS ANDRONICUS.
SCENE I.

Marc. Perchance she weeps because they kill’d her husband;
Perchance because she knows them innocent.

Tit. If they did kill thy husband, then be joyful,
Because the law hath damn’d them in their turn;
No, no, we will not do so foul a deed;
Witness the sorrow that their sister makes.
Gentle Lavinia, let me kiss thy lips;
Or make some sign how I may do thee ease:
Shall thy good uncle, and thy brother Lucius,
And thou, and I, sit round about some fountain,
Looking all downwards, to hold our cheeks
How they are stain’d, as meadows, yet not dry,
With miry slime left on them by a flood?
And in the fountain shall we gaze so long
Till the fresh taste be taken from that clearness,
And made a brine-pit with our bitter tears?
Or shall we cut away our hands, like thine?
Or shall we bite our tongues, and in dumb shows
Pass the remainder of our hateful days?
What shall we do? let us, that have our tongues,
Plot some device of further misery,
To make us wonder’d at in time to come. [grief,
Luc. Ah, my Lavinia, I will wipe thy cheeks.
Tit. Mark, Marcus, mark! I understand her signs:
Had she a tongue to speak, now would she say
That to her brother which I said to thee:
His napkin, with his true tears all bewet,
Can do no service on her sorrowful cheeks.
O, what is this?
As far from help as Limbo is from bliss!

Enter Aaron.

Aar. Titus Andronicus, my lord the emperor
Sends thee this word,—that, if thou love thy sons,
Let Marcus, Lucius, or thyself, old Titus,
Or any one of you, chop off your hand,
And send it to the king: he for the same
Will send thee hither both thy sons alive;
And that shall be the ransom for their fault.

Tit. O gracious emperor! O gentle Aaron!
Did ever a nation live which was so kind
That gives sweet tidings of the sun’s uprise?
With all my heart, I’ll send the emperor
My hand:
Good Aaron, wilt thou help to chop it off?

Luc. Stay, father! for that noble hand of thine,
That hath thrown down so many enemies,
Shall not be sent: my hand will serve the turn;
My youth can better spare my blood than you;
And therefore mine shall save my brothers’ lives.

Marc. Which of your hands hath not defended
And rear’d aloft the bloody battle-axe, Rome,
Writing destruction on the enemy’s castle?
O, none of both but are of high descent:
My hand hath been but idle; let it serve
To ransom my two nephews from their death;
Then have I kept it to a worthy end.

Aar. Nay, come, agree whose hand shall go aloud;
For fear they die before their pardon come.

Marc. My hand shall go.

Luc. By heaven, it shall not go!

Tit. Sirs, strive no more: such wither’d herbs as these
Are meet for plucking up, and therefore mine.

Luc. Sweet father, if I shall be thought thy son,
Let me redeem my brothers both from death.

Marc. And, for our father’s sake and mother’s care,
Now let me show a brother’s love to thee.

Tit. Agree between you; I will spare my hand.

Luc. Then I’ll go fetch an axe.

Marc. But I will use the axe.

[Exit Lucius and Marcus.

Tit. Come hither, Aaron; I’ll divide 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.
[uts off Titus’s hand.

Re-enter Lucius and Marcus.

Tit. Now stay your strife: what shall be is dis-
Good Aaron, give his majesty my hand: [patch’d.
Tell him it was a hand that warded him
From thousand dangers, and 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 brothers here.

[Aside] Their heads, I mean. O, how this villain
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 run to its mouth:
If any power pities wretched tears,
To that I call! [To Luc.] What, wilt thou kneel with
Do, then, dear heart; for heaven shall hear our prayers;
Or with our sighs we’ll breathe the welkin dim,
And stain the sun with fog, as sometime clouds
When they do hug him in their misty bosoms.

Marc. O brother, speak with possibilities,
And do not break into these deep extremities.

Tit. Is not my sorrow deep, having no bottom?
Then be my passions bottomless with them.

Marc. But yet let reason govern thy lament.

Tit. If there were reason for these miseries,
Then into limits could I bind my woes:
When heaven doth weep, doth not the earth overflow?
If the winds rage, doth not the sea wax mad,
Threatening the welkin with his big-swollen face?
And wilt thou have a reason for this coil?
I am the sea; heark, heark, how her sobs do blow!
She is the weeping welkin, I the earth:
Then must my sea be moved with her sighs;
Then must my earth with her continual tears
Become a deluge, overflow’d and drown’d;
For why my bowels cannot hide her woes,
But like a drunkard must I vomit them.
Then give me leave, for losers will have leave
To ease their stomachs with their bitter tongues.

Enter a Messenger, with two heads and a hand.

Mess. Worthy Andronicus, ill art thou repaid
For that good word and thou sent’st to fore;
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 him Athena 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
dead; but sorrow flouted at is double death.

Luc. Ah, that this sight should make so deep a wound,
And yet detested life not shrink thereat!
That ever death should let life bear his name,
Where life hath no more interest but to breathe! [Exit.

[Lavinia kisses Titus.]
ACT III.  
TITUS ANDRONICUS.  
SCENE II.

Marc. Alas, poor heart, that kiss is comfortless  
As frozen water to a starved snake.  

Tt. When will this fearful slumber have an end?  

Marc. Now, now, fretterfly; die, Andronicus;  
Thou dost not slumber: see, thy two sons' heads,  
The changeful 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:  
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?  

Tt. Ha, ha, ha!  
Marc. Why dost thou laugh? it fits not with this hour.  

Tt. Why, I have not another tear to shed:  
Besides, this sorrow is an enemy  
And would usurp upon my watery eyes,  
And make them blind with tributary tears:  
Then which way shall I find Revenge's cave?  
For these two heads do seem to speak to me,  
And threat me I shall never come to bliss  
Till all these mischiefs be return'd again  
Even in their threaten'd minds 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 between, beneath thy teeth.  
As for thee, boy, go get thee from my sight;  
Thou art an exile, and thou must not stay:  
Like to the Goths, and flannum and sty;  
And, if thou love me, as I think you do,  
Let's kiss and part, for we have much to do.  

[Exeunt Titus, Marcus, and Lavinia.]  

Luc. Farewell, Andronicus, my noble father,  
The wofullst man that ever lived in Rome:  
Farewell, proud Rome; till Lucius come again,  
He leaves his pledges dearer than his life:  
Farewell, Lavinia, my noble sister;  
O, would thou wert as thou tofore hast been!  
But now nor Lucius nor Lavinia lives  
But in oblivion and hateful griefs.  
If Lucius live, he will requite your wrongs;  
And make, with his pretty buzzing melody,  
Came here to make us merry! and thou hast kill'd him.  

Marc. Pardon me, sir; it was a black ill-favoured fly,  
Like to the impress' Moor; therefore I kill'd him.  
Tt. O, O, O.  
Then pardon me for reprehending thee,  
For thou hast done a charitable deed.  
Give me thy knife, I will insult on him;  
Flattering myself, as if it were the Moor  
Come hither purposely to poison me.—  
There's for thyself, and that's for Tamora.  

[Exeunt. ]
ACT IV.

TITUS ANDRONICUS.

SCENE I.—Rome. Titus’s garden.

Enter young Lucius, and Lavinia running after him, and the boy flies from her, with books under his arm. Then enters Titus and Marcus.

Young Luc. Help, grandsire, help! my aunt Lavinia
Follows me every where, I know not why:
Good uncle Marcus, see how swift she comes.
Alas, sweet aunt, I know not what you mean.
Marc. Stand by me, Lucius; do not fear thine
Tit. She loves thee, boy, too well to do thee harm.
Young Luc. Ay, when my father was in Rome
she did.

[Tit. See what means my niece Lavinia by these
Marc. What! What means my niece Lavinia by these?
Tit. Fear her not, Lucius: somewhat doth she mean:
See, Lavinia, see how much she makes of thee:
Somewhither would she have thee go with her.
Ah, boy, Cornelia never with more care
Read to her sons than she hath read to thee
Sweet poetry and Tully’s Orator.
Marc. Canst thou not guess wherefore she plies
these means?

[Young Luc. My lord, I know not, I, nor can I
Unless some fit or frenzy do possess her:
For I have heard my grandsire say full oft,
Extremity of griefs would make men mad;
And I have read that Hecuba of Troy
Ran mad through sorrow: that made me to fear;
Although, my lord, I know my noble aunt
Loves me as dear as e’er my mother did,
And would not, but in fury, fright my youth;
Which made me down to throw my books, and fly—
Causeless, perhaps. But pardon me, sweet aunt:
And, madam, if my uncle Marcus go,
I will most willingly attend your ladyship.

Marc. Lucius, I will.

[Lavinia turns over with her stamps the books
which Lucius has set fall.

Tit. How now, Lavinia! Marcus, what means
Some book there is that she desires to see. [This?
Which is it, girl, of those? Open them, boy.
But thou art deeper read, and better skill’d:
Come, and take choice of all my library,
And so beguile thy sorrow, till the heavens
Reveal the damn’d contriver of this deed.
Why lifts she up her arms in sequence thus?
Marc. I think she means that there was more than one
Confederate in the fact: ay, more there was;
Or else to heaven she heaves them for revenge.

Tit. Lucius, what book is that she tosseth so?
Young Luc. Grandsire, ’tis Ovid’s Metamorpho-
Marc. My mother gave it me.

Tit. 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!

[Helping her.

What would she find? Lavinia, shall I read?
This is the tragic tale of Philomel,
And treats of Tereus’ treason and his rape;
And rape, I fear, was root of thine annoy.
Marc. See, brother, see; note how she quotes the
leaves.

Tit. Lavinia, wert thou thus surprised, sweet
Ravish’d and wrong’d, as Philomela was,
Forced by 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? [friends,
Tit. Give signs, sweet girl, for here are none but
What Roman lord it was durst do the deed:
Or slunk not Saturnine, as Tarquin erst,
That she the fair to spin in Lucrce’ bed?
Marc. Sit down, sweet niece: brother, sit down
Apollo, Pallas, Jove, or Mercury, [by me,
Inspire me, that I may this treason find!
My lord, look here: look here, Lavinia:
This sandy plot is plain; guide, if thou canst,
What after me, when I have written 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 discovered 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 stamps, and writes.

Tit. O, do ye read, my lord, what she hath writ?
‘Stuprum. Chiron. Demetrius.’
Marc. What! the hateful sons of Tamora?
Performers of this heinous, bloody deed?

Tit. Magni Dominator poli,
Tam lentus audis sceleræ? 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 exclains.
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 Lucrce’s rape,
That we will prosecute by good advice
Mortal revenge upon these traitorous Goths,
And see their blood, or die with this reproach.

Tit. ’T is sure enough, an you knew how.
But if you hunt these bear-whelps, then beware:
The dam will wake; and, if she wind you once,
She’s with the lion deeply still in league,
And hulls him whilst she playeth on her back,
And when he sleeps will she do what she list.
You are a young huntsman, Marcus; let it alone;
And, come, I will go get a leaf of brass,
And with a gad of steel will write these words,
And lay it by the angry northern wind,
Will blow these sands, like Silvy’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 boys; then 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 I live.

Tit. Come, go with me into mine armoury;
Lucius, I’ll fit thee; and withal, my boy,
Shalt carry me from to the empress’ sons
Presents that I intend to send them both;
Come, come; thou wilt do thy message, wilt thou not?

Young Luc. Ay, with my dagger in their bosoms,
grand sire.

[Farewell.

Tit. No, boy, not so; I’ll teach thee another
Lavinia, come. Marcus, look to my house:
Lucius and I go visit it at the court:
Ay, marry, will we, sir; and we’ll be waited on.

[Exeunt Titus, Lavinia, and Young Luc.

Marc. O heavens; can you hear a good man groan,
And not relent, or not compassion him?
Marcus, attend him in his ecstasy,
ACT IV.

TITUS ANDRONICUS.

SCENE II.

That hath more scars of sorrow in his heart
Than foemen's marks upon his batter'd shield;
But yet so just that he will not revenge.
Revenge, ye heavens, for old Andronicus! [Exit.

SCENE II.—The same. A room in the palace.

Enter, from one side, Aaron, Demetrius, and Chiron;
from the other side, young Lucius, and an Attendant,
with a bundle of weapons, and verses writ upon them.

Chi. Demetrius, here's the son of Lucius;
He hath his message to deliver us.

Aar. Ay, some mad message from his mad grandfather.

Young Luc. My lords, with all the humbleness I
I greet your honours from Andronicus. [both!

[Aside] And pray the Roman gods confound you
Dem. Gramercy, lovely Lucius: what's the news?

Young Luc. [Aside] That you are both决定'd,
that's the news.

For villains mark'd with rape.—May it please you,
My grandsire, well advised, hath sent by me
The goodliest weapons of his armoury
To gratify your honourable youth,
The hope of Rome: so he bade me say:
And so I do, and with his gifts present
Your lordships, that, whenever you have need,
You may be armed and appointed well:
And so I leave you both: [Aside] like bloody villains.

[Exeunt young Lucius and Attendant.

Dem. What's here? A scroll; and written round about?

Let's see:

[Reads] 'integer vitae, sclerisque purus,
Non eget Mauri jaculis, nec arum.'

Chi. O, 'tis a verse in Horace; I know it well:
I read it in the grammar long ago.

Aar. Ay, just: a verse in Horace: right, you have
[Aside] Now, what a thing it is to be an ass! [lt.
Here's no sound jest! the old man hath found their guilt;
And sends them weapons wrapp'd about with lines,
That wound, beyond their feeling, to the quick.
But were our witty empress well afoot,
She would applaud Andronicus' conceit:
But let her rest in her unrest awhile.

And now, young lords, was't not a happy star
Led us to Rome, strangers, and more than so,
Captives, to be advanced to this height?
It did me good, before the peace gate
To brave the tribune in his brother's hearing.

Dem. But me more good, to see so great a lord
Basely insinuate and send us gifts.

Aar. Had he not reason, Lord Demetrius?
Did you not use his daughter very friendly?

Dem. I would we had a thousand Roman dames
At such a bay, by turn to serve our lust.

Chi. A charitable wish and full of love.

Aar. Here lacks but your mother for to say amen.

Chi. And that would she for twenty thousand more.

Dem. Come, let us go; and pray to all the gods
For our beloved mother in her pains.

Aar. [Aside] Pray to the devils! the gods have given us over.

[Trumpets sound within.

Dem. Why do the emperor's trumpets flourish thus?
Chi. Befit, for joy the emperor hath a son.

Dem. Soft! who comes here?

Enter a Nurse, with a blackamoor Child in her arms.

Nur. O, tell me, did you see Aaron the Moor?

Aar. Well, more or less, or ne'er a whit at all,
Here Aaron is; and what with Aaron now?

Nur. O gentle Aaron, we are all undone!
Now help, or woe betide thee evermore!

Aar. Why, what a caterwauling dost thou keep?
What dost thou wrap and tumble in thine arms?

Nur. O, that which I would hide from heaven's eye,
Our empress' shame, and stately Rome's disgrace!
She is deliver'd, lords; she is deliver'd.

Aar. To whom?

Nur. I mean, she is brought a-bed.
Aar. Well, God give her good rest! What hath she sent her?


Aar. Why, when is she the devil's dam? a joyful

Nur. A joyless, dismal, black, and sorrowful issue:
Here is the babe, as loathsome as a toad
Amongst the fairest breeders of our clime:
The empress sends it thee, thy stamp, thy seal,
And bids thee christen it with thy dagger's point.

Aar. Zounds, ye whore! is black so base a hue?
Sweet blowse, you are a beauteous blossom, sure.

Dem. Villain, what hast thou done?

Aar. That which thou canst not undo.

Chi. Thou hast undone our mother.

Aar. Villain, I have done thy mother.

Dem. And therein, hellish dog, thou hast undone.

Well to hear Venice damn'd for unloath'd choice!
Accursed the offspring of so foul a fiend!

Chi. It shall not live.

Aar. It shall not die.

Nur. Aaron, it must; the mother wills it so.

Aar. What, must it, nurse? then let no man but I

Do recollection on my feebled blood.

Dem. I'll broach the tapdole on my rapier's point:
Nurse, give it me: my sword shall soon dispatch it.

Nur. Sooner this sword shall plough thy bowels up.

[ Takes the child from the nurse, and draws.

Stay, murderous villains! will you kill your brother?

Now, by the burning tapers of the sky,
That shine so brightly when this boy was got,
He dies upon my scimiter's sharp point
That touch's 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 alehouse painted signs!
Coal-black is better than another hue,

In that it scorns to bear another hue;
For all the water in the ocean
Can never turn the swain's black legs to white,

Although before they have been 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 managre all the world will I keep safe,

Or some of you shall smoke for it in Rome.

Dem. By this our mother is for ever shamed.

Chi. Rome will despise her for this foul escape.

Nur. The emperor in his rage, will doom her death.

Chi. I bethink me to think upon this ignomy.

Aar. Why, there's the privilege your beauty bears:
Fie, treacherous hue, that will betray with blushing
The close enacts and counsels of the heart!

Here's a young lad framed of another leer:
Look, how the black slave smiles upon the father,
As who should say 'Old lad, I am thine own.'
He is your father's heir, lords; and younglings
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. 

Aecr. 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? 

Aecr. Why, so, brave lords! when we join in league, 
I am a lamb: but if you brave the Moor, 
The chafed boar, the mountain lioness, 
The ocean swells not so as Aaron storms. 
But say, again, how many saw the child? 

Nur. Cornelia the midwife and myself; 
And no one else but the deliver'd empress. 

Aecr. 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 meanst thou, Aaron? wherefore 
didst thou this? 

Aecr. O Lord, sir, 'tis a deed of policy: 
Shall she live to betray this guilt of ours, 
A long-expected blessing from the gods, no: 
And now be it known to you my full intent. 
Not far, one Mulli 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 let him be with the child both in the circumstance of all: 
And how by this their child shall be advanced, 
And be received for the emperor's heir, 
And substituted in the place of mine, 
To calm this tempest whirling in the court; 
And let the emperor dandle him for his own. 
Hark ye, lords; ye see I have given her physic, 
[Pointing to the nurse. 

And you must needs bestow her funeral; 
The fields are near, and you are gallant grooms: 
This done, see that you take no longer days, 
But send the midwife presently to me. 
The midwife and the nurse well made away, 
Then let the ladies tattle what they please. 

Oh! 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. 

[Exit Dem. and Oh! bearing off the Nurse's body. 

Aecr. Now to the Gaths, with all the world's; 
There to dispose this treasure in mine arms, 
And secretly to greet the empress' friends. 
Come on, you thick-lipp'd slave, I'll bear you hence; 
For it is 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, Sempnus, Caius, and other Gentlemen, with bows. 

Tit. Come, Marcus; come, kinsman; this is the 
Sir boy, now let me see your archery; 
[way. 
Look ye draw home enough, and 'tis there straight. 
Terras Aetna 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 Sempnus, you must do it; 
You shall 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 
I threw this time I threw the guest 
On him that thus doth tyranize 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 distrat? 

Pub. Therefore, my lord, it highly us concerns 
By day and night to attend him carefully, 
And feed his humour kindly as we may, 
Till time beget some careful remedy. 

Marc. Kinsmen, his sorrows are past remedy. 
Join with the Gaths; and with revengeful war 
Take wreak on Rome for this ingratitude, 
And vengeance on the traitor Saturnine. 

Tit. Publius, how now! how now, my masters! 

What, have you met with her? 

[word, 
Pub. No, my good lord; but Pluto sends you 
If you will have him conveyed to hell, you shall: 

Marcus, for Justice, she is so employ'd, 
He thinks, with Jove in heaven, or somewhere else, 
So that perfecce you must needs stay a time. 

Tit. He doth me wrong to feed me with delays. 

I'll dive into the burning lake below, 
And pull her out by both the heels. 
Marcus, we are but shrubs, no cedars we, 
No big-boned men framed of the Cyclops' size; 
But metal, Marcus, steel to the very back, 
[bear: 
Yet wrung with wrongs more than our backs can 
And, sigh there's no justice in earth nor hell, 
We will solicit heaven and move the gods 
To send down Justice for to wreak our wrongs. 
Come, to this gear. You are a good archer, Marcus; 
[He gives them the arrows. 

'Ad Jovem,' that's for you: here, 'Ad Apollinem; ' 

'Ad Martem,' that's for myself: 
Here, boy, to Pallas: here, to Mercur: 
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. 
[court: 

Marc. Kinsmen, shoot all your shafts into the 
We will afflict the people in his pride. 

Tit. Now, masters, draw. 

They shoot.] O, well said, Lucius! 

Good boy, in Virgo's lap; give it Pallas. 

Marc. My lord, I aim a mile beyond the moon; 
Your letter is with Jupiter by this. 

Tit. Ha, ha! 
Publius, Publius, what hast thou done? 
See, see, thou hast shot off one of Taurus' horns. 

Marc. This was the sport, my lord: when Publius shot, 
The Bull, being gall'd, gave Aries such a knock 
That down fell both the Ram's lords in the court; 
And who should find them but the empress' villain? 
She laugh'd, and told the Moor he should not choose 
But give them to his master for a present. 

Joy! 

Tit. Why, there it goes: God give his lordship 

Enter a Clown, with a basket, and two pigeons in it. 

News, news from heaven! Marcus, the post is come. 
Sirrah, what tidings? have you any letters? 

Shall I have justice? what says Jupiter? 

Clow. O, the gibbet-maker! he says that he hath 
taken them down again, for the man must not be hanged till the next week. 

Tit. But what says Jupiter, I ask thee? 

Clow. Alas, sir, I know not Jupiter; I never drank with him in all my life. 

Tit. Why, villain, art not thou the carrier?
ACT IV.  

TITUS ANDRONICUS.  

SCENE IV.  

Clo. Ay, of my pigeons, sir; nothing else.  

Tit. Why, didst thou not come from heaven?  

Clo. From heaven! alas, sir, I never came there: God forbid I should be so bold to press to heaven in my young days. Why, I am going with my pigeons to the tribunal plebes, to take up a matter of brawl betwixt my uncle and one of the imperial's men.  

Marc. Why, sir, that is as fit as can be to serve for your oration; and let him deliver the pigeons to the emperor from you.  

Tit. Tell me, can you deliver an oration to the emperor with a grace?  

Clo. Nay, truly, sir, I could never say grace in all my life.  

Tit. Sirrah, come hither: make no more ado, but give your pigeons to the emperor; By me thou shalt have justice at his hands. Hold, hold; meanwhile here's money for thy pains.  

Give me pen and ink. Sirrah, can you with a grace deliver a supplication?  

Clo. Ay, sir.  

Tit. Then here is a supplication for you. And when you come to him, at the first approach you must kneel, then kiss his foot, then deliver up your pigeons, and then deliver your reward. I'll be at hand, sir; see you do it bravely.  

Clo. I warrant you, sir, let me alone.  

Tit. Sirrah, hast thou a knife? come, let me see it.  

Here, Marcus, fold it in the oration; [it.  

For thou hast made it like an humble suppliant.  

And when thou hast given it the emperor, Knock at my door, and tell me what he says.  

Clo. God be with you, sir; I will.  

Tit. Come, Marcus, let us go. Publius, follow me. [Exeunt.  

SCENE IV.—The same. Before the palace.  

Enter Saturninus, Tamora, Demetrius, Chiron, Lords, and others; Saturninus with the arrows in his hand that Thyestes had.  

Sat. Why, lords, what wrongs are these! was ever seen  

An emperor in Rome thus overborne,  

Troubled, confronted thus; and, for the extent  

Of egal justice, used in such contempt?  

My lords, you know, as the mindful gods,  

However these disturbers of our peace  

Buzz in the people's ears, there ought hath pass'd,  

But even with law, against the willful sons  

Of old Andronicus. And what an if  

His sorrows have so overwhelm'd his wits,  

Shall we be thus afflicted in his wreaks,  

His fits, his frenzy, and his bitterness?  

And now he writes to heaven for his redress:  

See, here's to Jove, and this to Mercury;  

This to Apollo; this to the god of war;  

Sweet scrolls to fly about the streets of Rome!  

What's this but libelling against the senate,  

And blast notting our injustice everywhere?  

A goodly humour, is it not, my lords?  

As who would say, in Rome no justice were.  

But if I live, his revenged ecstasies  

Shall be no shelter to these outrages:  

But he and his shall know that justice lives  

In Saturninus' health, whom, if she sleep,  

He'll so awake as she in fury shall  

Cut off the foul crimes committed there 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  

And rather comfort his distressed plight [heart;  

Than prosecute the meanest or the best  

For these contempts. [Aside] Why, thus it shall  

High-witted Tamora to goze with all:  

[become  

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?  

Clo. Yea, forsooth, an your mistership be imperial.  

Tam. Empress I am, but yonder sits the emperor.  

Clo. 'Tis he. God and Saint Stephen give you  

Go good-den: I have brought you a letter and a couple of pigeons, that the emperor reads the letter.  

Sat. Go, take him away, and hang him presently.  

Clo. How much money must I have?  

Tam. Come, sirrah, you must be hanged.  

Clo. Hanged! by 'r lady, then I have brought up  

A neck to a fair end.  

Sat. Despightful 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 that villain hither by the hair;  

Nor age nor honour shall shape privilege:  

For this proud mock I'll be thy slaugherman;  

Sly frantic wretch, that holp'st to make me great,  

In hope thyself should govern Rome and me.  

Enter Aemilius.  

What news with thee, Aemilius?  

Aemil. 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.  

Now begin our sorrows to approach: [storms:  

'Tis he the common people love so much;  

Myself hath often over-heard them say,  

When I have walked like a private man,  

That Lucius' banishment was wrongfully,  

And they have wish'd that Lucius were their emperor.  

Tam. Why should you fear? is not your city strong?  

Sat. Ay, but the citizens favour Lucius,  

And will revolt from me to succour him. [name.  

Tam. King, be thy thoughts imperious, like thy  

Is the sun dimm'd, that gnats do fly in it?  

The eagle suffers little birds to sing,  

And is not careful what they mean thereby,  

Knowing that with the shadow of his wings  

He can at pleasure stint their melody;  

Even so mayst thou the giddy men of Rome.  

Then cheer thy spirit: for know, thou emperor,  

I will enchant the old Andronicus  

With words more sweet, and yet more dangerous,  

Than baits to fish, or honey-stalks to sheep,  

When as the one is wounded with the bait,  

The other rotted with delicious feed.  

Sat. But he will not entreat his son for us.  

Tam. If Tamora entertain him, then he will:  

For I can smooth and fill his aged ear  

With golden promises; that, were his heart  

Almost imperious, his old ears deaf,  

Yet should both ear and heart obey my tongue.  

[To Aemilius] Go thou before, be our ambassador:  

Say that the emperor requests a parley  

Of warlike Lucius, and appoint the meeting  

Even at his father's house, the old Andronicus.
ACT V.  TITUS ANDRONICUS.  SCENE I.

Sat.  Emilius, do this message honourably:
And if he stand on stage for his safety,
Bid him demand what pledge will please him best.
Emili.  Your bidding shall I do effectually.
Tam.  Now will I to that old Andronicus, [Exit.

And temper him with all the art I have,
To pluck proud Lucius from the warlike Goths.
And now, sweet emperor, be blithe again,
And bury all thy fear in my devices.
Sat.  Then go successively, and plead to him.

[Exeunt.

ACT V.

SCENE I.—Plains near Rome.

Enter Lucius with an army of Goths, with drum and colours.

Luc.  Approved warriors, and my faithfull 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
Ingratend Rome requites with foul contempt,
Be bold in us: we'll follow where thou lead'st,
Like so many bastards of a bastard
Led by their master to the flowered fields,
And be avenged on cursed Tamora.

All the Goths  And as he saith, so say we all with
Luc.  I humbly thank him, and I thank you all.
But who comes here, led by a lusty Goth?

Enter a Goth, leading Aaron with his Child in his arms.

Sec. Goth.  Renowned Lucius, from our troops I
to gaze upon a ruinous monastery; [stray'd
And, as I earnestly did mix 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 erring babe contr'd with this discourse:
'Peace, tawny slave, half me and half thy dam!
Did not thy lute bewray whose brut thou art,
Had not the teeth of thy mother's look,
Villain, thou might'st have been an emperor:
But where the bull and cow are both milk-white,
They never do beget a coal-black calf.
Peace, villain, peace!'—even thus he rates the babe.—
'For I must bear thee to a trusty Goth;
Who, when he knows thou art the empress' babe,
Will hold thee dearly for thy mother's sake.'
With this, my weapon drawn, I rush'd upon him,
Surprised him suddenly, and brought him hither,
To use as you think needful of the man.

Luc.  O worthy Goth, this is the incarnate devil
That robb'd Andronicus of his good hand,
This is the heart that pleased your empress' eye,
And here's the base fruit of his burning lust.
Say, wall-eyed slave, whither wouldst thou convey
This growing image of thy fiend-like face?
Why dost not speak? what, deaf? not a word?
A halter, soldiers! hang him on this tree,
And by lifting his fruit of shame, this day
Luc.  Touch not the boy; he is of royal blood.
Luc.  Too like the sire for ever being good.
First hang the child, that he may see it sprawl;
A sight to vex the father's soul withal.
Get me a ladder.
[An ladder brought, which Aaron is made to ascend.
Aar.  Lucius, save the child,
And bear it from me to the empress.
If thou do this, I'll show thee wondrous things,
Behold his tears, and laugh'd so heartily,
That both mine eyes were rainy like to his:
And when I told the empress of this sport,
She swooned almost at my pleasing tale,
And for my tidings gave me twenty kisses.
First Goth. What, canst thou say all this, and
ne'er blin'?
Aur. Ay, like a black dog, as the saying is.
Luc. Art thou not sorry for these heinous deeds?
Aur. Ay, that I had not done a thousand more.
Even now I curse the day — and yet, I think,
Few come within the compass of my curse
Wherein I did not some notorious ill,
As kill a man, or else devise him
Ravish a maid, or plot the way to do it,
Accuse some innocent and forswear myself,
Set deadly enmity between two friends,
Make poor men's cattle break their necks;
Set fire on barns and hay-stacks in the night,
And bid the owners quench them with their tears.
Oft have I digg'd up dead men from their graves,
And set them upright at their dear friends' doors,
Even when their sorrows almost were forgot;
And on their skins, as on the bark of trees,
Have with my knife carved in Roman letters,
'Let not your sorrow die, though I am dead.'
Tut, I will do an old friend so.
Even 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.
Aur. If there be devils, would I were a devil,
To live and burn in everlasting fire,
So I might have your company in hell,
But to torment you with my bitter tongue! [more.
Luc. Sirs, stop his mouth, and let him speak no
Enter a Goth.
Third Goth. My lord, there is a messenger from
Desires to be admitted to your presence. [Rome
Luc. Let him come near.

Enter Æmilius.
Welcome, Æmilius: what's the news from Rome?
Ämil. Lord Lucius, and you princes of the Goths,
The Roman emperor greets you all by me;
And, for he understands you are in arms,
He craves a parley at your father's house,
Willing you to demand your hostages,
And they shall be immediately deliver'd.
First Goth. What says our general?
Luc. Æmilius, let the emperor give his pledges
Unto my father and my uncle Marcus,
And we will come. March away. [Execunt.


Enter Tamora, Demetrius, and Chiron, disguised.
Tam. Thus, in this strange and sad habitation,
I will encounter with Andronicus,
And say I am Revenge, sent from below
To join with him and right his heinous wrongs.
Knock at his study, where, they say, he keeps,
To ruminate strange plots of dire revenge;
Tell him Revenge is come to join with him,
And work confusion on his enemies. [They knock.

Enter Titus, above.
Tit. Who doth molest my contemplation?
Is it your trick to make me open the door,
That so my sad decrees may fly away,
And all my study be no effect?
You are deceiv'd: for what I mean to do
See here in bloody lines I have set down;
And what is written shall be executed.
Tam. Titus, I am come to talk with thee.
And, would you represent our queen aright, It were convenient you had such a devil: But welcome, as you are. What shall we do? 

Tom. What wouldnst thou have us do, Andronicus? 

Dem. Show me a murderer, I'll deal with him. 

Chi. They show me a villain that has done a rape, And I am sent to be revenged on him. [wrong, 

Tam. Show me a thousand that have done thee 
And I will be revenged on them. 

[Rom; 

Tit. Look round about the wicked streets of And when thou find'st a man that's like thyself, Good God, his face, stab him: a murderer. Go thou with him; and when it is thy hap To find another that is like to thee, Good Rapine, stab him; he's a ravisher. Go thou with them; and in the emperor's court There is a queen, attended by a Moor; 

Well mayst thou know her by thy own proportion, For up and down she doth resemble thee; I pray thee, do on them some violent death; They have been violent to me and mine. 

[do. 

Tam. Well hast thou lesson'd us; this shall we But would it please thee, good Andronicus, To send for Lucius, thy thrice-valiant son, Who leads his soldiers to enslave the Goths, And bid him come and banquet at thy house; When he is here, even at thy solemn feast, I will bring in the empress and her sons, The emperor himself and all thy foes; And at thy mercy shall they stoop and kneel, And on them shalt thou case thy angry heart. What says Andronicus to this device? 

Tit. Marcus, my brother! 't is sad Titus calls. 

Enter Marcus. 

Go, gentle Marcus, to thy nephew Lucius; They shall invite him out among the Goths: Bid him repair to me, and bring with him Some of the chiefest princes of the Goths; Bid him encamp his soldiers where they are: Tell him the emperor and the empress too Feast at my house, and he shall feast with them. This do thou for my love; and let him, As he regards his aged father's life. 

Marc. This will I do, and soon return again. [Exit. 

Tam. Now will I hence about thy business, And take my ministers along with me. 

Tit. Nay, nay, let Rape and Murder stay with me; Or else bid them depart at pleasure; I leave us here. 

Tam. Farewell, Andronicus: Revenge now goes To lay a complot to betray thy foes. 

Tit. I know thou dost; and, sweet Revenge, fare- well. [Exit Tamora. 

Chi. Tell us, old man, how shall we be employ'd? 

Tit. Tut, I have work enough for you to do. Publius, come hither, Caius, and Valentine! 

Enter Publius and others. 

Pub. What is your will? 

Tit. Know you these two? 

Pub. The empress' sons, I take them, Chiron and Demetrius. 

Tit. Fie, Publius, fie! thou art too much deceived; The one is Murder, Rape is the other's name; And therefore bind them, gentle Publius. Caius and Valentine, lay hands on them. 

Oft have you heard me wish for such an hour, And now I find it; therefore bind them sure. 

And stop their mouths, if they begin to cry. [Exit. 

Chi. They show me a villain that has done a rape, And I am sent to be revenged on him. 

Chi. Villains, forbear! we are the empress' sons. Pub. And therefore do we what we are com- manded. 

Stop close their mouths, let them not speak a word. Is he sure bound? look that you bind them fast. 

Re-enter Titus, with Lavinia; he bearing a knife, and she a basin. 

Tit. Come, come, Lavinia; look, thy foes are bound. 

Sirs, stop their mouths, let them not speak to me; But let them hear what fearful words I utter. 

O villains, Chiron and Demetrius! mud, Here stands the spring whom you have stain'd with This goodly summer with your winter mix'd. 

You kill'd her husband, and for that vile fault Two of her brothers were condemn'd to death, My hand cut off and made a merry jest; dear With her sweet hands, her tongue, and that more Than hands or tongue, her spotless chastity, Inhuman traitors, you constrain'd and forced. 

What would you say, if I should let you speak? 

Villains, for shame you could not beg for grace. 

Hark, wretches! how I mean to martyr you. 

This one hand yet is left to cut your throats, Whilst that Lavinia 'twixt her stumps doth hold The basin that receives your guilty blood. 

You know your mother means to feast with me, And calls herself Revenge, and thinks me mad: 

Hark, villains! I will grind your bones to dust And with your blood and it 'll make a paste, 

And of the paste a coffin I will rear 

And make two pasties of your shamefull heads, 

And bid that strumpet, your unhallow'd dam, 

Like to the earth swallow her own increase. 

This is the feast that I have bid her, 

And the this banquet 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 paste I'll make another: 

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. 

[Ereunt, 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, since it is my father's mind That I repair to Rome, I am content. 

First Goth. And ours with thine, befall what fortune will. 

Moor. Luc. Good uncle, take you in this barbarous 

This ravenous tiger, this accursed devil: 

Let him receive no sustenance, fetter him, 

Till he be brought unto the empress' face; For testimony of her foul proceedings: 

And see the ambush of our friends be strong; 

I fear the emperor means no good to us. 

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 Gothis, 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 sums than one?

Luc. What boot it thee to call thyself a sun? Marc. Rome's emperor, and nephew, break the These quarrels must be quietly debated. [parle; The feast is ready, which the careful emperor Hath ordain'd to an honourable end. For peace is my love for league, and good to Rome: Please you, therefore, draw nigh, and take your Sat. Marcus, we will. [places. [Hautboys sound. The Company sit down at table.

Enter Titus dressed like a Cook, Lavinia veiled, young Lucius, and others. Titus places the dishes on the table.

Tit. Welcome, my gracious lord; welcome, dread queen;
Welcome, ye warlike Gothis; welcome, Lucius; And welcome, all: although the cheer be poor, 'Twill fill your stomachs: please you eat of it. Sat. Why art thou thus attired, Andronicus? Tit. Because I would be sure to have ad fair 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 enforcéd stain'd, and deflower'd? Sat. It was, Andronicus.

Tit. Your reason, mighty lord? [shame Sat. Because the girl should not survive her And by her presence still renew his sorrows. Tit. A reason mighty, strong, and effectual; A pattern, precedent, and lively warrant. For me, most wretched, to perform the like. Die, die, Lavinia, and thy shame with thee: [Kills Lavinia.

And, with thy shame, thy father's sorrow die! Sat. What last hast thou done, unnatural and unknown? Kill her, Tamora, whom my tears have maddened, I am as woful as Virginus was; [blind And have a thousand times more cause than he To do this outrage: and it now is done. Sat. What, was she ravish'd? tell who did the deed. Tit. Will 't please you eat? will 't please your highness feed? [thus? Tam. Why hast thou slain thine only daughter Tit. Not I; 't was Chiron and Demetrius. They ravish'd her, and cut away her tongue: And they, 't was they, that did her all this wrong. Sat. Go fetch them hither to us presently. Tit. Why, there they are both, baked in that pie; Whereof their mother daintily hath fed. Eating the flesh that she herself hath bred. 'Tis true, 'tis true; witness my knife's sharp point. [Kills Tamora.

Sat. Die, frantic wretch, for this accrued deed! [Kills Titus.

Luc. Can the son's eye behold his father bleed? There's need of 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 By uproar sever'd, like a flight of fowl [Rome, Scatter'd by winds and high tempestuous gusts, O, let me haunt a howe to keep you. This scatter'd corn into one mutual sheaf, These broken limbs again into one body; Lest Rome herself be bane unto herself, And she whom mighty kingdoms court by to, Like a forlorn and desperate castaway, Do shame and execution on herself. But if my frantic signs and change of age, Grave witnesses of true experience, Cannot induce you to attend my words, [ancestor, To Lucius] Speak, Rome's dear friend, as erst our When with his solemn tongue he did discourse To love-sick Didio's sad attending ear The story of that baleful burning night When subtle Greeks surprised King Priam's Troy, Tell us what Simon hath bewitch'd our ears, Or who hath brought the fatal engine in That gives our Troy, our Rome, the civil wound. My heart is not compact of flint nor steel; For I can utter all our bitter grief, But floods of tears will drown my oratory, And break my utterance, even in the time When it should move you to attend me most, Lending your kind commiseration. Here is a captain, let him tell the tale: Your hearts will throb and weep to hear him speak. Luc. Then, noble auditory, be it known to you, That cursed Chiron and Demetrius Were they that murdered our emperor's brother; And they it were that ravished our sister: For their fell faults our brothers were beheaded; Our father's tears despaired, and basely cozen'd That traitor, who from Rome's quarr'ed out, And sent her enemies unto the grave. Lastly, myself unkindly banished, The gates shut on me, and turn'd weeping out, To beg relief among Rome's enemies; Who drown'd their enmity in true tears, And oped their arms to embrace me as a friend. Iam the turned forth, be it known to you, That have preserved her welfare in my blood; And from her bosom took the enemy's point, Shateining the steel in my adventurous body. Alas, you know I am no vaunter; I My scars can witness, dumb although they are, That my report is just and full of truth. But, soft! methinks I do digress too much, Citing my worthless praise: O, pardon me; For when no friends are by, men praise themselves. Marc. Now is my turn to speak. Behold this child: [Pointing to the Child in the arms of an Attendant. 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. [maus? Now you have heard the truth, what say you, Ro- Have we done aught amiss,—show us wherein, And, from the place where you behold us now, The poor remainder of Andronicus Will, hand in hand, all headlong cast us down, And on the rap'd stones beat forth our brains, And make a mutual closure of our house. Speak, Romans, speak; and if you say we shall, Lo, hand in hand, Lucius and I will fall. Aemilius. Come, come, thou reverend man of Rome, And bring our emperor gently in thy hand, Lucius our emperor: for well I know you. The common voice do cry it shall be so. All. Lucius, all hail, Rome's royal emperor! Marc. Go, go into old Titus' sorrowful house, [To Attendants. And hither hale that misbelieving Moor, To be adjudged some dreful slaughtering death, As punishment for his most wicked life. [Exeunt Attendants. Lucius, Marcus, and the others descend. All. Lucius, all hail, Rome's gracious governor!
Luc. Thanks, gentle Romans: may I govern so,  
To heal Rome's harms, and wipe away her woe!  
But, gentle people, give me aim awhile,  
For nature puts me to a heavy task:  
Stand all aloof; but, uncle, draw you near,  
To shed obsequious tears upon this trunk.  
O, take this warm kiss on thy pale cold lips,  
These sorrowful drops upon thy blood-stain'd face,  
The last true duties of thy noble son!  
Mor. Tear for tear, and loving kiss for kiss,  
Thy brother Marcus tenders on thy lips:  
O, were the sum of these that I should pay  
Countless and infinite, yet would I pay them!  
Luc. Come hither, boy; come, come, and learn of us  
To melt in showers: thy grandsire loved thee well:  
Many a time he danced thee on his knee,  
Sung thee asleep, his loving breast thy pillow;  
Many a matter hath he told to thee,  
Meet and agreeing with thine infancy;  
In that respect, then, like a loving child,  
Shed yet some small drops from thy tender spring,  
Because kind nature doth require it so:  
Friends should associate friends in grief and woe:  
Bid him farewell; commit him to the grave:  
Do him that kindness, and take leave of him.  
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.

Aem. You sad 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  
I am no baby, I, that with base prayers [dumb?]  
I should repent the evils I have done:  
Ten thousand worse than ever yet I did  
Would I perform, if I might have my will:  
If one good deed in all my life I did,  
I do repent it from my very soul. [hence,  
Luc. Some loving friends convey the emperor  
And give him burial in his father's grave:  
My father and Lavinia shall forthwith  
Be closed in our household's monument.  
As for that heinous tiger, Tamora,  
No funeral rite, nor man in mourning weeds,  
No mournful bell shall ring her burial;  
But throw her forth to beasts and birds of prey:  
Her life was beast-like, and devoid of pity:  
And, being so, shall have like want of pity.  
See justice done on Aaron, that damn'd Moor,  
By whom our heavy haps had their beginning:  
Then, afterwards, to order well the state,  
That like events may ne'er it ruinate. [Exeunt.
ROME AND JULIET.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Escalus, Prince of Verona.
Paris, a young nobleman, kinsman to the prince.
Montague, two heads of two houses at variance with
Capulet, each other.
An old man, cousin to Capulet.
Romeo, son to Montague.
Mercutio, kinsman to the prince, and friend to
Romeo.
Benvolio, nephew to Montague, and friend to
Romeo.
Tybalt, nephew to Lady Capulet.
Friar Laurence, Franciscan.
Friar John, Franciscan.
Balthasar, servant to Romeo.
Sampson, servant 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.
Nurse to Juliet.
Citizens of Verona; several Men and Women, relations to both houses; Maskers, Guards, Watchmen, and Attendants.

Chorus.

SCENE—Verona: Mantua.

PROLOGUE.

Two households, both alike in dignity,
In fair Verona, where we lay our scene,
From ancient grudge break to new mutiny,
Where civil blood makes civil hands unclean.
From forth the fatal loins of these two foes
A pair of star-cross'd lovers take their life;
Whose misadventured piteous overthrows
Do with their death bury their parents' strife.

The fearful passage of their death-mark'd love,
And the continuance of their parents' rage,
Which, but their children's end, nought could remove,
Is now the two hours' truce of our stage;
The which if you with patient ears attend,
What here shall miss, our toil shall strive to mend.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—Verona. A public place.

Enter Sampson and Gregory, of the house of Capulet, armed with swords and bucklers.

Sam. Gregory, o' my word, we'll not carry coals.
Gre. No, for then we should be colliers.
Sam. I mean, an we be in choler, we'll draw.
Gre. Ay, while you live, draw your neck out o' the collar.
Sam. I strike quickly, being moved.
Gre. But thou art not quickly moved to strike.
Sam. A dog of the house of Montague moves me.
Gre. To move is to stir; and to be valiant is to stand: therefore, if thou art moved, thou runnest away.
Sam. A dog of that house shall move me to stand:
I will take the wall of any man or maid of Montague's.
Gre. That shows thee a weak slave; for the weakest goes to the wall.
Sam. True; and therefore women, being the weaker vessels, are ever thrust to the wall: therefore I will push Montague's men from the wall, and thrust his maids to the wall.
Gre. The quarrel is between our masters and us their men.
Sam. 'Tis all one, I will show myself a tyrant:

| When I have fought with the men, I will be cruel with the maids, and cut off their heads.
| Gre. The heads of the maids?
| Sam. Ay, the heads of the maids, or their maidenheads; take it in what sense thou wilt.
| Gre. They must take it in sense that feel it.
| Sam. Me they shall feel while I am able to stand:
| and 't is known I am a pretty piece of flesh.
| Gre. 'Tis well thou art not fish; if thou hast, thou hast been poor John. Draw thy tool; here comes two of the house of the Montagues.
| Sam. My naked weapon is out: quarrel, I will back thee.
| Gre. How! turn thy back and run?
| Sam. Fear me not.
| Gre. No, marry; I fear thee!
| Sam. Let us take the law of our sides; let them begin.
| Gre. I will frown as I pass by, and let them take it as they list.
| Sam. Nay, as they dare. I will bite my thumb at them; which is a disgrace to them, if they bear it.

Enter Abraham and Balthasar.

Abr. Do you bite your thumb at us, sir?
Sam. I do bite my thumb, sir.
Abr. Do you bite your thumb at us, sir?
**ACT I.**

**ROMEO AND JULIET.** *Scene I.*

**Sum.** [Aside to Gre.] Is the law of our side, if I say ay?

**Gre.** No.

**Sum.** No, sir, I do not bite my thumb at you, sir, but I bite my thumb, sir.

**Gre.** Do you quarrel, sir?

**Abr.** Quarrel, sir! no, sir.

**Sum.** If you do, sir, I am for you: I serve as good a man as you.

**Gre.** No better.

**Sum.** Well, sir.

**Gre.** Say ‘better’; ’here comes one of my master’s [kinsmen.

**Abr.** You lie.

**Sum.** Draw, if you be men. Gregory, remember thy swashing blow. [They fight.

**Enter Benvolio.**

**Ben.** Part, fools! Put up your swords; you know not what you do. [Beats down their swords.

**Enter Tybalt.**

**Tyb.** What, art thou drawn among these heartless hinds? Turn thee, Benvolio, look upon thy death.

**Ben.** I do but keep the peace: put up thy sword, Or manage it to part these men with me.

**Tyb.** What, drawn, and talk of peace! I hate the word,
As I hate hell, all Montagues, and thee: 
Have at thee, coward! [They fight.

**Enter several of both houses, who join the fray; then enter Citizens, with clubs.**

**First Cit.** Clubs, bills, and partisans! strike! beat them down! [Targes! Down with the Capulets! down with the Montague.

**Enter Capulet in his gown, and Lady Capulet.**

**Cap.** What noise is this? Give me my long sword, ho! [sword?

**La. Cap.** A crutch, a crutch! why call you for a Cap. My sword, I say! Old Montague is come, And flourish his blade in spite of me.

**Enter Montague and Lady Montague.**

**Mon.** Thou villain Capulet,—Hold me not, let me go.

**La. Mon.** Thou shalt not stir a foot to seek a foe.

**Enter Prince, with Attendants.**

**Prin.** Rebellious subjects, enemies to peace, Profaners of this neighbour-stained steel,— [beasts, Will they not hear? What, ho! you men, you That quench the fire of your pernicious rage With purple fountain issuing from your veins, On pain of torture, from those bloody hands Throw your mistermed' weapons to the ground, And hear the sentence of your moved prince. Three civil brawls, bred of an airy word, By thee, old Capulet, and Montague, Have thrice disturb'd the quiet of our streets, And made Verona's ancient citizens Cast by their grave beseeing ornaments, To wield old partisans, in hands as old, Canc'er'd with peace, to part your canker'd hate: If ever you disturb our streets again, Your lives shall pay the forfeit of the peace. For this time, all the rest depart away: You, Capulet, shall go along with me: And, Montague, come you this afternoon, To know our further pleasure in this case, To old Free-town, our common judgment-place. Once more, on pain of death, all men depart. [Exeunt all but Montague, Lady Montague, and Benvolio.

**Mon.** Who set this ancient quarrel new abroad? Speak, nephew, were you by when it began? 

**Ben.** Here were the servants of your adversary,

And yours, close fighting ere I did approach: I drew to part them: in the instant came

The fiery Tybalt, with his sword prepared,

Which, as he breathed defiance to my ears,

He swung about his head and cut the winds,

Who nothing hurt withal hiss'd him in scorn;

While we were interchanging thrusts and blows,

Came more and more and fought on part and part,

Till the prince came, who parted either part.

**La. Mon.** O, where is Romeo? saw you him to-

Right glad I am he was not at this fray. [day? 

**Ben.** Madam, an hour before the worship'd sun Peer'd forth the golden window of the east,

A troubled mind drave me to walk abroad;

Where, underneath the grove of sycamore That westward rooteth from the city's side,

So early walking did I see your son:

Towards him I made, but he was ware of me

And stole into the covert of the wood:

I, measuring his affections by my own,

That most are busied when they're most alone,

Pursued my humour not pursuing his,

And gladly shunn'd who gladly fled from me.

**Mon.** Many a morning hath he there been seen,

With tears and brawls importuning my son's ear,

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 curtians 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 bud bit with an envious worm,

Ere he can spread his sweet leaves to the air,

Or dedicate his beauty to the sun.

Could we but learn from whence his sorrows grow,

We would as willingly give cure as know.

**Enter Romeo.**

**Ben.** See, where he comes: so please you, step aside;

I'll know his grievance, or be much denied.

**Mon.** I would thou wert so happy by thy stay,

To hear true shrift. Come, madam, let's away. [Exeunt Montague and Lady

**Ben.** Good morrow, cousin. 

**Rom.** Is the day so young? 

**Ben.** But new struck nine.

**Rom.** Ay me! sad hours seem long.

Was that my father that went hence so fast? 

**Ben.** It was. What sadness lengthens Romeo's hours? [them short, 

**Rom.** Not having that, which, having, makes 

**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.

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SCENE II.

Why, then, O brawling love! O loving hate!
O anything, of nothing first create!
O heavy lightness! serious vanity!
Mis-shapen chaos of well-seeing forms!
Feather of lead, bright smoke, cold fire, sick health!
Still-waking sleep, that is not what it is!
This love I feel, that feel no love in this.
Dost thou not laugh?

Rom. Good heart, at what?

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 Among friends. So you'll be here. I'll tell me in sadness, who is that you love.

Rom. What, shall I groan and tell thee?

Ben. Groan! why, no;
But sadly tell me who.

Rom. Bid a sick man in sadness make his will:
Ah, word ill urged to one that is so ill!
In sadness, cousin, I do love a woman.
Ben. I aim'd so near, when I supposed you loved.

Rom. A right good mark-man! And she's fair I love.

Ben. A right fair mark, fair coz, is soonest hit.

Rom. Well, in that hit you miss: she'll not be hit With Cupid's arrow; she has Dian's wit;
And, in strong proof of chastity well arm'd,
From love's weak childish bow she lives unharmed.
She will not stay the siege of loving terms,
Nor bide the encounter of assailing eyes,
Nor ope her lap to saint-seducing gold:
O, she is rich in beauty, only poor.
That when she dies with beauty dies her store.

Ben. Then she hath sworn that she will still live claste?

Rom. She hath, and in that sparing makes huge For beauty starved with her severity
Cuts beauty off from all posterity.
She is too fair for love, wisely too fair,
To merit bliss by making me despair:
She hath forsworn to love, and in that vow
Do I live dead that live to tell it now.

Ben. Be ruled by me, forget to think of her.

Rom. O, teach me how I should forget to think.

Ben. By giving liberty unto thine eyes;
Examine other beauties.

Rom. 'Tis the way
To call hers exquisite, in question more:
These happy masks that kiss fair ladies' brows
Being black put us in mind they hide the fair;
He that is stricken blind cannot forget.
The precious treasure of his eyesight lost:
Show me a mistress that is passing fair,
What doth her beauty serve, but as a note Where I may read who pass'd that passing fair?
Farewell: thou canst not teach me to forget.

Ben. I' ll pay that doctrine, or else die in debt.

SCENE II. — A street.

Enter Capulet, Paris, and Servant.

Cap. But Montague is bound as well as I,
In penalty alike; and 't is not hard, I think,
For men so old as we to keep the peace.

Par. Of honourable reckoning are you both;
And pity 't is you lived at odds so long.
But now, my lord, what say you to my suit?

Cap. But saying o'er what I have said before:
My child is yet a stranger in the world;
She hath not seen the change of fourteen years;
Let two more morn'd days, that wither in their pride,
Ere we may think her ripe to be a bride.

Par. Younger than she are happy mothers made.

Cap. And too soon marr'd are those so early made.

The earth hath swallow'd all my hopes but she,
She is the hopeful lady of my earth:
But woo her gentle Paris, get her heart,
My will to her consent is but a wish.
An she agree, within her scope of choice
Lies my consent and fair according voice.
This night I hold an old accustom'd feast,
Whereeto I have invited many a guest,
Such as I love; and you, among the store,
One more, most welcome, makes my number more.
At my poor house look to behold this night Earth-treading stars that make dark heaven light:
Such comfort as do lusty young men feel
When well-apparel'd April on the heel
Of limping winter treads, even such delight
The baths of Neptun's dearen'd O'er this night Inherit at my house; hear all, see,
And like her most whose merit most shall be:
Which on more view, of many mine being one
May stand in number, though in reckoning none.
Come, go with me. [To Serv., giving a paper.] Go,
sirrah, trade about.

Through fair Verona; find those persons out Whose names are written there, and to them say,
My house and welcome on their pleasure stay.

Enter Benvolio and Romeo.

Ben. Tut, man, one fire burns out another's burning,
One pain is lessen'd by another's anguish;
Turn giddy, and be holp by backward turning;
One desperate grief cures with another's languish:
Take thou some new infection to thy eye,
And the rash pock-hole of the old will die.

Rom. Your plaintain-leaf is excellent for that.

Ben. For what, I pray thee?

Rom. For your broken shin.

Ben. Why, Romeo, art thou mad? [is;

Rom. Not mad, but bound more than a mad-man
Shut up in prison, kept without my food,
Whipp'd and tormented and God-den, good fellow.

Serv. God gi! god-den. I pray, sir, can you read?

Rom. Ay, mine own fortune in my misery.

Serv. Perhaps you have learned it without book:
but, I pray, can you read any thing you see?

Rom. Ay, if I know the letters and the language.

Serv. You say honestly: rest you merry!

Rom. Stay, fellow; I can read.

[Reads.
"Signior Martino and his wife and daughters;
County Anselme and his beautieous sisters; the lady widow of Vitruvio; Signior Placentio and his lovely nieces; Mercutio and his brother Valentine; mine uncle Capulet and his wife, and his daughters; my fair niece Rosaline; Livia; Signior Valention and his cousin Tyball; Lucio and the lively Helena.
A fair assembly: whither should they come?"

Serv. Up.

Rom. Whither?

Serv. To supper; to our house.

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ACT I.

ROMEO AND JULIET.

SCENE III.

Rom. Whose house?
Serv. My master's.
Rom. Indeed, I should have ask'd you that before.
Serv. Now I'll tell you without asking: my master is the great rich Capulet; and if you be not of the house of Montagues, I pray, come and crush a cup of wine. Rest you merry! [Exit.

Ben. At this same ancient feast of Capulet's
Sups the fair Rosaline whom thou so lov'st,
With all the admired beauties of Verona:
Go thither; and, with unattainted eye,
Compare her face with some that I shall show,
And I will make thee think thy swan a crow.
Rom. When the devout religion of mine eye
Maintains such falsehood, then turn tears to fires;
And these, who often drown'd could never die,
Transcendent heretics, be burnt for liars!
One fairer than my love! the all-seeing sun
Ne'er saw her match since first the world begun.
Ben. Tut, you saw her fair, none else being by,
Herself pos'd with herself in either eye;
But in that crystal scales let there be weigh'd
Your lady's love against some other maid
That I will show you shining at this feast,
And she shall show that now shows best.
Rom. I'll go along, no such sight to be shown,
But to rejoice in splendour of mine own. [Exeunt.

SCENE III.—A room in Capulet's house.

Enter Lady Capulet and Nurse.

La. Cap. Nurse, where's my daughter? call her forth to me.
Nurse. Now, by my maidenhead, at twelve years
I bade her come. What, lamb! what, lady-bird!
God forbid! Where's this girl? What, Juliet!

Enter Juliet.

Jul. How now! who calls?
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 the days in the year
Come Lammas-eve at night shall she be fourteen;
Susan and she—God rest all Christian souls!—
Were of an age: well, Susan is with God;
She was too good for me: but, as I said,
On Lammas-eve at night shall she be fourteen;
That shall she, marry; I remember it well.
"It is since the earthquake now eleven years;—
And she was wean'd.—I never shall forget it,—
Of all the days of the year, upon that day:
For I had then laid wormwood to my dog,
Sitting in the sun under the dove-house wall;
My lord and you were then at Mantua:—
Nay, I do bear a brain;—but, as I said,
When it did taste the wormwood on the nipple
Of my dog and felt it bitter, pretty fool,
To see it tetchy and fall out with the dog!
Shake quoth the dove-house: 't was no need, I trow,
To bid me trudge.
And since that time it is eleven years:
For then she could stand alone; nay, by the rood,
She could have run and waddled all about;
For even the day before, she broke her brow:
And then my husband—God be with his soul!
A' was a merry man—took up the child:
'Yea,' quoth he, 'dost thou fall upon thy face?
Thou wilt fall backward when thou hast more wit;
Wilt thou not, little?—bless thy little blame.'
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, Juliet?'
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, Juliet? it stinted and said 'Ay.'
Jul. And stilth thou too, I pray thee, nurse, say I.
Nurse. Prithee have done. God mark thee to his grace!
Thou wast the prettiest babe that e'er I nursed:
An I might live to see thee married once,
I have my wish.

La. Cap. Marry, that 's very the theme
I came to talk. 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;
Read o'er the catalogue of young Paris's face
And find delight writ there with beauty's pen;
Examine every married lineament
And see how one another lends content,
And what obscured in this fair volume lies
Find written in the margin of his eyes,
This precious book of love, this unbound lover,
To beautify him, only lacks a cover:—
The fish lives in the sea, and is much pride
For fair without the fair within to hide:
That book in many's eyes doth share the glory,
That in gold clasps locks in the golden story;
So shall you share all that he doth possess,
By having him, making yourself no less.

Nurse. No less! nay, bigger; women grow by men.
La. Cap. Speak briefly, can you like of Paris's love?
Jul. I'll look to like, if looking liking move:
But no more deep will I endart mine eye
Than your consent gives strength to make it fly.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Madam, the guests are come, supper served up,
you called, my young lady asked for, the nurse cursed in the pantry, and every thing in extremity.
I must hence to wait; I beseech you, follow straight.

La. Cap. We follow thee. [Exit Servant.] Juliet, the county stays.

Nurse. Go, girl, seek happy nights to happy days.
[Exeunt.]
SCENE IV.—A street.

Enter Romeo, Mercutio, Benvolio, with five or six Maskers, Torch-bearers, and others.

Romeo. What shall this speech be spoke for our ex- 

Drum. That we two without apology? [cuse? ]

Ben. The date is out of such prodigality: 

We'll have no Cupid hoodwink'd with a scarf, 

Bearing a Tartar's painted bow of lath, 

Scaring the ladies like a crow-keeper; 

Nor without-book prologue, faintly spoke 

After the prompter, for our entrance: 

But let them measure us by what they will; 

We'll measure them a measure, and be gone.

Romeo. Give me a torch: I am not for this ambling; 

Being but heavy, I will bear the light.

Mercutio. Nay, gentle Romeo, we must have you dance.

Romeo. Not I, believe me: you have dancing shoes 

With nimble soles: I have a soul of lead 

So stakes me to the ground I cannot move.

Mercutio. You are a lover: borrow Cupid's wings, 

And soar with them above a common bound.

Romeo. I am too sore enplièred with his shaft 

To soar with his light feathers, and so bound, 

I cannot bound a pitch above dull woe: 

Under this is the heavy burden 

That presseth me down to the earth.

Mercutio. And, to sink in it, should you burden love; 

Too great oppression for a tender thing.

Romeo. Is love a tender thing? it is too rough, 

Too rude, too boisterous, and it pricks like thorn.

Mercutio. If love be rough with you, be rough with love; 

Prick love for prick, and you beat love down.

Give me a case to put my visage in: 

A visor for a visor! what care I 

What curious eye doth quote deformities? 

Here are the beetle brows shall blush for me.

Ben. Come, knock and enter; and no sooner in, 

But every man betake him to his legs.

Romeo. A torch for me: let wanton light of heart 

Tickle the senseless rushes with their heels, 

For I am proverb'd with a grandsire phrase; 

I'll be a candle-holder, and look on.

The game was ne'er so fair, and I am done.

Mercutio. Tut, dun's the mouse, the constable's own word: 

If thou art dun, we 'll draw thee from the mire 

Of this sir-reverence love, wherein thou stick'st 

Up to the ears. Come, we burn daylight, ho!

Romeo. Nay, that's not so.

Mercutio. We waste our lights in vain, like ladies by day. 

Take our good meaning, for our judgment sits 

Five times in that ere once in our five wits. 

Romeo. And we mean well in going to this mask; 

But 'tis no wit to go.

Mercutio. Why, may one ask? 

Romeo. I dream'd a dream to-night.

Mercutio. And so did I.

Romeo. Well, what was yours?

Mercutio. That dreamers often lie.

Romeo. In bed asleep, while they do dream things true.

[You.

Mercutio. O, then, I see Queen Mab hath been with 

She is the fairies' midwife, and she comes 

In shape no bigger than an agate-stone 

On the fore-finger of an alderman, 

Drawn with a team of little atomies 

Athrart men's noses as they lie asleep; 

Her waggon-spokes made of long spinners' legs, 

The cover of the wings of grasshoppers; 

The tendrils of the thistle, and the truss 

Of cricket's bone, the lash of film, 

Her wagcncr a small grey-coated gnat, 

Not half so big as a round little worm. 

Prick'd from the lazy fingers of a maid; 

Her chariot is an empty hazel-nut 

Made by the joiner squirrel or old grub. 

Time out o' mind the fairies' coachmakers. 

And in this state she gallops night by night 

Through lovers' brains, and then they dream of 

love; 

[straight, 

O'er courtiers' knees, that dream on court's ties 

O'er lawyers' fingers, who straight dream on fees, 

O'er ladies' lips, who straight on kisses dream. 

Which oft the angry Mab with blisters plagues, 

Because their breasts with sweetmeats tainted are: 

Sometimes she gallops o'er a courtier's nose, 

And then dreams he of smelling out a suit; 

And sometime comes she with a little-pig's tail 

Ticking a parson's nose as a lies asleep, 

Then dreams he of another benefice: 

Sometimes she driveth o'er a soldier's neck, 

And then dreams he of cutting foreign throats, 

Of breaches, ambuscades, Spanish blades, 

Of death's five-fathom deep; and then anon 

Drums in his ear, at which he starts and wakes, 

And being thus frightened swears a prayer or two 

And sleeps again. This is that very Mab 

That plats the manes of horses in the night, 

And bakes the elf-Jocks in foul sluttish hairs, 

Which once untangled much misfortune bodes: 

之情 untangled much misfortune bodes; 

This is she — the Mab. 

Romeo. Peace, peace, Mercutio, peace! Thou talk'st of nothing.

Mercutio. True, I talk of dreams, 

Which are the children of an idle brain, 

Begot of nothing but vain fantasy, 

Which is as thin of substance as the air 

And more inconstant than the wind, who woees 

Even now the frozen bosom of the north, 

And, being anger'd, puff's away from thence, 

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.

Romeo. I fear, too early: for my mind misgives 

Some consequence yet hanging in the stars 

Shall bitterly begin his fearful date 

With this night's revels and expir 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.

[Exeunt.

SCENE V.—A hall in Capulet's house.

Musicians waiting. Enter Servants.

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, give me a piece of marchpane; and, as thou loves 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. Changed, boy; 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, gentlewomen! ladies that have their toes
Unplagued with corns will have a bout with you. 
Ah ha, my mistresses! which of you all
Will now deny to dance? she that makes dainty, 
She, I'll swear, hath corns; am I come near ye now?
Welcome, gentlemen! I have seen the day
That I have worn a visor and could tell
A whispering tale in a fair lady's ear,
Such as would please: 'tis gone, 'tis gone, 'tis gone:
You are welcome, gentlemen! Come, musicians, play,
A ball, a ball! give room! and foot it, girls. [Music plays, and they dance.]

More light, you knaves; and turn the tables up, 
And quench the fire, the room is grown too hot.
Ah, sirrah, this unlook'd-for sport comes well.
Nay, sit, nay, sit, good cousin Capulet;
For you and I are past our dancing days:
How long is 't now since last yourself and I
Were in a mask? 
Sec. Cap. By'r lady, thirty years.
Cap. What, man! 'tis not so much, 'tis not so much.
'T is since the nuptial of Lucentio.
Come pentecost as quickly as it will,
Some five and twenty years; and then we mask'd.
Sec. Cap. 'Tis more, 'tis more: his son is elder, sir; 
His son is thirty.
Cap. Take, will you tell me that?
His son was but a ward two years ago.
Rom. [To a Servaingman] What lady is that, which
doth enrich the hand
Of yonder knight? 
Serv. I know not, sir, 
Rom. O, she doth teach the torches to burn bright!
It seems she hangs upon the cheek of night
Like a rich jewel in an Ethiop's ear; 
Beauty too rich for use, for earth too dear!
So shows a snowy dove trooping with crows,
As yonder lady o'er her fellows shows.
The measure done, I'll watch her place of stand,
And, touching hers, make blessed my rude hand.
Did my heart love till now? forswear it, sight!
For I ne'er saw true beauty till this night.
Tyb. This, by his voice, should be a Montague.
Fetch me my rapier, boy. What does the slave
Come hither, cover'd with an antic face,
To fleer and scorn at our solemnity?
Now, by the stock and honour of my kin,
To strike him dead I hold it not a sin.

Cap. Why, how now, kinsman! wherefore storm
you so? 
Tyb. Uncle, this is a Montague, our foe,
A villain that is hither come in spite,
To scorn at our solemnity this night.

Cap. Young Romeo is it? 
Tyb. 'Tis he, that villain Romeo.

Cap. Content thee, gentle coz, let him alone;
He bears him like a portly gentleman;
And, to say truth, Verona brags of him
To be a virtuous and well-govern'd youth:
I would not for the wealth of all the town
Here in my house do him disparagement:
Therefore be patient, take no note of him:
It is my will, the which if thou respect,
Show a fair presence and put off these frowns,
An ill-beseeming semblance for a feast.
Tyb. It fits, when such a villain is a guest:
I'll not endure him.

Cap. He shall be endured:
What, goodman boy! I say, he shall: go to;
Am I the master here, or you? go to.
You'll not endure him! God shall mend my soul!
You'll make a mutiny among my guests!
You will set cock-a-hoop! you'll be the man!
Tyb. Why, uncle, 'tis a shame.
ACT II.

PROLOGUE.

Enter Chorus.

Chor. Now old desire doth in his death-bed lie,
And young affection gapes to be his heir;
That fair for which love groan’d for and would die,
With tender Juliet match’d, is now not fair.
Now Romeo is beloved and loves again,
Alike bewitch’d by the charm of looks,
But to his foe supposed he must complain,
And she steal love’s sweet balm from fearful hooks:
Being held a foe, he may not have access
To breathe such vows as lovers use to swear;
And she as much in love, her means much less
To meet her new-beloved anywhere;
But passion lends them power, time means, to meet,
Tempering extremities with extreme sweet. [Exit.

SCENE I.—A lane by the wall of Capulet’s orchard.

Enter Romeo.

Rom. Can I go forward when my heart is here?
Turn back, dull earth, and find thy centre out.
[He climbs the wall, and leaps down within it.

Enter Benvolio and Mercutio.

Ben. Romeo! my cousin Romeo! He is wise;
And, on my life, hath stol’n him home to bed.
Ben. He ran this way, and leap’d this orchard wall.

Call, good Mercutio.

Mer. Nay, I’ll conjure too. Romeo! humours! madman! passion! lover! Appear thou in the likeness of a sigh:
Speak but one rhyme, and I am satisfied;
Cry but ‘Ay me!’ pronounce but ‘love’ and ‘dove;’
Speak to my gossip Venus one fair word,
One nick-name for her purblind son and heir,
Young Adam Cupid, he that shot so trim,
When King Cuphetua loved the beggar-maid!
He heareth not, he stirreth not, he moveth not;
The ape is dead, and I must conjure him.
I conjure thee by Rosaline’s bright eyes,
By her high forehead and her scarlet lip,
By her fine foot, straight leg, and unquivering thigh
And the demesnes that there adjacent lie,
That in thy likeness thou appear to us!

Ben. An if he hear thee, thou wilt anger him.

Mer. This cannot anger him: ‘t will anger him
To raise a spirit in his mistress’ circle
Of some strange nature, letting it there stand
Till she had laid it and conjured it down;
That were some spite: my invocation
Is fair and honest, and in his mistress’ name
I conjure only but to raise him up.

Ben. Come, he hath hid himself among these trees,
To be consorted with the humorous night:
Blind is his love and best besitts the dark.

Mer. If love be blind, love cannot hit the mark.
Now will he sit under a medlar tree,
And wish his mistress were that kind of fruit
As maids call medlars, when they laugh alone.
O, Romeo, that she were, O, that she were
An open et cetera, thou a poperin pear!
Romeo, good night: I’ll to my truckle-bed;
This field-bed is too cold for me to sleep:
Come, shall we go?

Ben. Go, then; for ’t is in vain
To seek him here that means not to be found.

[Exeunt.

SCENE II.—Capulet’s orchard.

Enter Romeo.

Rom. He jests at scars that never felt a wound.

[Juliet appears above at a window.

But, soft! what light through yonder window breaks?
It is the east, and Juliet is the sun.
Arise, fair sun, and kill the envious moon,
Who is already sick and pale with grief,
That thou her maid art far more fair than she:
Be not her maid, since she is envious;
Her vestal livery is but sick and green
And none but fools do wear it; cast it off.
It is my lady, O, it is my love!
O, that she knew she were!
She speaks, yet she says nothing: what of that?
Her eye discourses; I will answer it.
I am too bold, ’t is not to me she speaks:
Two of the fairest stars in all the heaven,
Having some business, do entreat her eyes
To twinkle in their spheres till they return.
What if her eyes were there, they in her head?
The brightness of her cheek would shame those stars,
As daylight doth a lamp; her eyes in heaven
Would through the airy region stream so bright
That birds would sing and think it were not night.
See, how she leans her cheek upon her hand!
O, that I were a glove upon that hand,
That I might touch that cheek!

Jul. Ay me!

Rom. She speaks:
O, speak again, bright angel! for thou art
As glorious to this night, being o’er my head,
As is a winged messenger of heaven
Unto the white-upturned wondering eyes
Of mortals that fall back to gaze on him
When he bestrides the lazy-pacing clouds
And sails upon the bosom of the air. [Romeo?
Jul. O Romeo, Romeo! wherefore art thou
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.

Jul. ’T is 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, dear my love,
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. [night
Jul. What man art thou that thus disburse’d in
So stumbliest on my counsel?
Rom. By a name
I know not how to tell thee who I am:
My name, dear saint, is hateful to myself,
Because it is an enemy to thee:
Had I it written, I would fear the word.

Jul. My ears have been 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.

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ACT II.

ROMEO AND JULIET.

SCENE III.

Rom. With love's light wings did I o'erperch these
For stone-lynns cannot hold love out, [wails;
And what love can do that dares love attempt;
Therefore thy kinsmen are no more to me.

Jul. If they do see thee, they will murder thee.

Rom. Alack, there lies more peril in thine eye
Than twenty of their swords: look thou but sweet,
And I am proof against their enmity.

Jul. I would not for the world they saw thee here.

Rom. I have night's cloak to hide me from their sight;
And but thou love me, let them find me here:
My life were better ended by their hate,
Than death prorogued, wanting of thy love.

Jul. By whose direction found'st thou out this place?

Rom. By love, 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. [face,
Jul. Thou know'st the mask of night is on my Else make me but a privy eye to thy cheek
For that which thou hast heard me speak to-night.
Fain would I dwell on form, fain, fain deny
What I have spoke: but farewell compliment!
Dost thou love me? I know thou wilt say 'Ay,"
And I will take thy word: yet, if thou swearest,
Thou mayst prove false; as lovers' perjuries,
They say, Jove laughs. O gentle Romeo,
If thou dost love, pronounce it faithfully;
Or if thou thinkest I am too quickly won,
I'll frown and be perverse and say thee nay,
So thou wilt woo; but else, not for the world.

In truth, fair Montague, I am too fond,
And therefore thou mayst think my 'haviour light:
But trust me, gentlemen, I'll prove more true
Than those that have more cunning to be strange.
I should have been more strange, I must confess,
But that thou overheardst, ere I was ware,
My true love's passion: therefore pardon me,
And not impute this yielding to light love,
Which the dark night hath so discovered.

Rom. Lady, by yonder blessed moon I swear
That tips with silver all these fruit-tree tops—
Jul. O, swear not by the moon, the inconstant
That monthly changes in her cirec orb, [moon,
Least that thy love and mine should prove variable.

Rom. What shall I swear by?

Jul. Do not swear at all;
Or, if thou wilt, swear by thy gracious self,
Which is the god of my idolatry,
And I'll believe thee.

Rom. If my heart's dear love—

Jul. Well, do not swear: although I joy in thee,
I have no joy of this contract to-night:
It is too rash, too unadvised, too sudden;
Too like the lightning, which doth cease to be
Ere one can say 'it lightens.' Sweet, good night!
This bud of love, by summer's ripening breath,
May prove a beauteous flower when next we meet.
Good night, good night! as sweet repose and rest
Come to thy heart as that within my breast!

Rom. O, wilt thou leave me so unsatisfied?

Jul. What satisfaction canst thou have to-night?

Rom. The exchange of thy love's faithful vow for

Jul. I gave thee mine before thou didst request
And yet I would it were to give again.
Rom. Wouldst thou withdraw it? for what pur-

Jul. Look to be frank, and give it thee again.
And yet I wish but for the thing I have:
My bounty is as boundless as the sea,
My love as deep; the more I give to thee,
The more I have, for both are infinite.

[Nurse calls within.

I hear some noise within; dear love, adieu!

Anon, good nurse! Sweet Montague, be true,
Stay but a little, I will come again. [Exit, above.

Rom. O blessed, blessed night! I am afeard,
Being in night, all this is but a dream,
Too flattering-sweet to be substantial.

Re-enter Juliet, above.

Jul. Three words, dear Romeo, and good night in-
If that thy bent of love be honorable, [deed,
Thy purpose marriage, send me word to-morrow,
By one that I'll procure to come to thee,
Where and what time thou wilt perform the rite;
And all my fortunes at thy foot I'll lay
And follow thee my lord throughout the world.

Nurse. [Within] Madam!

Jul. I come, anon.—But if thou mean'st not well,
I do beseech thee—

Nurse. [Within] Madam!

Jul. To cease thy suit, and leave me to my grief:
To-morrow will I send.

Rom. So thrive my soul—

Jul. A thousand times good night! [Exit, above.

Rom. A thousand times the worse, to want thy light.

[books,

Love goes toward love, as schoolboys from
But love from love, toward school with heavy looks.

[Retiring.

Re-enter Juliet, above.

Jul. Hist! Romeo, hist! O, for a falconer's
To lure this tassel-gentle back again! [voice,
Bondage is hose, and may not speak aloud;
Else would I tear the cave where Echo lies,
And make her airy tongue more hoarse than mine,
With repetition of my Romeo's name.

Rom. It is my soul that calls upon my name:
How silver-sweet sound lovers' tongues by night,
Like softest music to attending ears!

Jul. Romeo!

Rom. My dear?

Jul. At what o'clock to-morrow
Shall I send to thee?

Rom. At the hour of nine.

Jul. I will not fail: 'tis twenty years till then.

Rom. Let me stand here till thou remember it.

Jul. I shall forget, to have thee still stand there,
Remembering how I love thy company.

Rom. And I'll still stay, to have thee still forget,
Forgetting any other home but this.

Jul. 'Tis almost morning; I would have thee
And yet no further than a wanton's bird; [gone:
Who lets it hop a little from her hand.
Like a poor prisoner in his twisted gyves,
And with a silk thread plucks it back again,
So loving-jealous of his liberty.

Rom. I would I were thy bird.

Jul. Sweet, so would I:

Rom. If I should kill thee with much cherishing.
Good night, good night! parting is such sweet sor,
That I shall say good night till it be morrow. [row,

Jul. Sleep dwell upon thine eyes, peace in thy
breast
Would I were sleep and peace, so sweet to rest!
Hence will I to my ghostly father's cell,
His help to crave, and my dear hap to tell. [Exit.

SCENE III.—Friar Laurence's cell.

Enter Friar Laurence, with a basket.

Fri. L. The gray-eyed morn smiles on the frowning
night,
Chequering the eastern clouds with streaks of light.
And flecked darkness like a drunken reels
From forth day's path and Titan's fiery wheels:

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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 mother is thy tomb;
What is her burying grave that is her womb,
And from her womb children of divers kind
We sucking on her natural bosom find,
Many for many virtues excellent,
None but for some and yet all different.
O, mickle is the powerful grace that lies
In herbs plants, flowers, and their qualities:
For nought so vile that on the earth doth live
But to the earth some special good doth give,
Nor ought so good but strain'd from that fair use
Revolts from true birth, stumbling on abuse:
Virtue itself turns vice, being misapplied;
And vice sometimes by action dignified.
Within the infant rind of this small flower
Poison hath residence and medicine power: [part;
For this, being smelt, with that part cheers each
Being tasted, slays all senses with the heart.
Two such opposed kings encamp them still
In man as well as herbs, grace and rude will;
And where as the wiser is pursued by fortune.
Full soon the canker death eats up that plant.

Enter Romeo.

Rom. [Aside.] Good morrow, father.

Fri. L. Benedicite! What early tongue so sweet saluteth me?
Young son, it argues a distemper'd head
So soon to bid good morrow to thy bed:
Care keeps his watch in every old man's eye,
And where care lodges, sleep will never lie;
But where unbruised youth with unstuff'd brain
Doth cozen his limbs, there golden sleep doth reign:
Therefore thy earliness doth me assure
Thou art up-roused by some distemperature;
Or if not so, then here I hit it right,
Our Romeo hath not been in bed to-night.

Rom. That last is true; the sweeter rest was mine.

Fri. L. God pardon sin! wast thou with Rosa-
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 come again.
I have been feasting on 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 stays my foe.

Fri. L. Be plain, good son, and honestly in thy drift;
Riddling confession finds but riddling shrift.

Rom. Then plainly know my heart's dear love is
On the fair daughter of rich Capulet: [set
As mine on hers, so hers is set on mine;
And all combined, save what thou must combine
By holy marriage: when and where and how
We met, he wood and mad demand of vow,
I'll tell thee as we pass; but this I pray,
That thou consent to marry us to-day.

Fri. L. Holy Saint Francis, what a change is
Is Rosaline, whom thou didst love so dear. [here!
So soon forsaken? young men's love then lies
Not truly in their hearts, but in their eyes.
Jesu Maria, what a deal of brine
Hath wash'd thy sallow cheeks for Rosaline!
How much salt water thrown away in waste,
To season love, that of it doth not taste!
The sun not yet thy sighs from heaven clears,
Thy old groans ring yet in the old ears;
Lo, how thy cheek the stain doth sit
Of an old tear that is not wash'd off yet:
If e'er thou wast thyself and these woes thine,
Thou and these woes were all for Rosaline: [then,
And art thou changed? pronounce this sentence
Women may fall, when there's no strength in men.

Rom. Thou didst me off for loving Rosaline.

Fri. L. For doting, not for loving, pupil mine.
Rom. And bad'st me bury love.

Fri. L. Not in a grave,
To lay one in, another out to have.

Rom. I pray thee, chide not: she whom I love now
Doth grace for grace and love for love allow;
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 Benvolio and Mercutio.

Mer. Where the devil should this Romeo be?
Comet 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
Dares, being dared.

Mer. Alas, poor Romeo! he is already dead;
Stabbed with a white wench's black eye; shot through
The ear with a love-song; the very pin of his heart
Cleft with the blind bow-boy's butt-shaft: and is
He a man to encounter Tybalt?

Ben. Why, what is Tybalt?

Mer. More than prince of cats, I can tell you. O,
he is the courageous captain of complements. He
Fights as he sing prick-song, keeps time, distance, and proportion; rests me his minutest rest, one, two,
and the third in your bosom: the very butcher of a silk button, a duellist, a duellist; a gentleman of
every finest house, of the first and second cause:
ah, the immortal passado! the пункto reverso! the
Ben. The what?

Mer. The box of such antic, lisping, affecting fantastics; these new tuners of accents! 'By Jesu, a
very good blade! a very tall man! a very good whore! Why, is not this a lamentable thing,
grandsire, that we should be thus afflicted with
these strange flies, these fashion-mongers, these
perdona-mis's, who stand so much on the new form,
that they cannot sit at ease on the old bench? O,
their bones, their bones!

Enter Romeo.

Ben. Here comes Romeo, here comes Romeo.

Mer. Without his roe, like a dried herring: O
flesh, flesh, how art thou fishified! Now is he for
the numbers that Petrarch flowed in: Laura to his
lady was but a kitchen-wench; marry, she had a
erector love in their heart there: Dido a dowdy: Cleo-
batra a gypsy; Helen and Hero hindlings and har-
lots; Thise a gray eye or so, but not to the pur-
purpose. Signior Romeo, bon jour! there's a French salutation to your French slip. You gave us the
counterfeit fairly last night.

Mer. A Good morrow to you both. What counter-
feit did I give you?

Mer. The slip, sir, the slip; can you not conceive?
Rom. Pardon, good Mercutio, my business was great;
and in such a case as mine a man may strain courtesy.
Mer. That's as much as to say, such a case as yours constrains a man to bow in the hams.
Rom. Meaning, to court'sy.
Mer. Thou hast most kindly hit it.
Rom. A most courteous exposition.
Mer. Nay, I am the very pink of courtesy.
Rom. Pink for flower.
Mer. Right.
Rom. Why, then is my pump well flowered.
Mer. Well said: follow me this jest now till thou hast worn out thy pump, that when the single sole of it is worn, the jest may remain after the wearing sole singular.
Rom. O single-soled jest, solely singular for the singleness! [faint.
Mer. Come between us, good Benvolio; my wits
Rom. Switch and spurs, switch and spurs; or I'll cry a match.
Mer. Nay, if thy wits run the wild-goose chase,
I have done, for thou hast more of the wild-goose in one of thy wits than, I am sure, I have in my whole five: was I with you there for the goose?
Rom. Thou wast never with me for any thing
when thou was not there for the goose.
Mer. I will bite thee by the ear for that jest.
Rom. Nay, good goose, bite not.
Mer. Thy wit is a very bitter sweeting; it is a most sharp sauce.
Rom. And is it not well served in to a sweet goose?
Mer. O, here's a wit of cheveril, that stretches from an inch narrow to an ell broad!
Rom. I stretch it out for that word 'broad';
which added to the goose, proves thee far and wide a broad goose.
Mer. Why, is not this better now than groaning
for love? now art thou sociable, now art thou Romeo; now art thou what thou art, by art as well as by nature: for this drivelling love is like a great natural, that runs lolling up and down to hide his bauble in a hole.
Ben. Stop there, stop there. [the hair.
Mer. Thou desirous to stop in my tale against
Ben. Thou wouldst else have made thy tale large.
Rom. I will bite thee by the ear for that jest.
Mer. Nay, good goose, bite not.
Rom. Here's goodly gear. "[longer.

Enter Nurse and Peter.

Mer. A sail, a sail!
Ben. Two, two; a shirt and a smock.
Nurse. Peter!
Peter. Anon!
Nurse. My fan, Peter.
Mer. Good Peter, to hide her face; for her fan's the fairer face.
Nurse. God ye good morrow, gentlemen.
Mer. God ye good-dan, fair gentlewoman.
Nurse. Is it good-dan?
Mer. 'Tis no less, I tell you, for the bawdy hand
of the dial is now upon the prick of noon.
Nurse. Out upon you! what a man are you?
Rom. One, gentlewoman, that God hath made
for himself to mar.
Nurse. By my troth, it is well said; 'for himself to mar,' quoth a? Gentlemen, can any of you tell me where I may find the young Romeo?
Rom. Nurse. You tell me? but young Romeo will be older when you have found him than he was when you sought him: I am the youngest of that name, for fault of a worse.
Nurse. You say well.
Mer. Yea, is the worst well? very well took, I' faith; wisely, wisely.

Nurse. If you be he, sir, I desire some confidence with you.
Ben. She will indite him to some supper.
Mer. A bawd, a bawd, a bawd! So ho!
Rom. What hast thou found?
Mer. No hare, sir; unless a hare, sir, in a lenten pie, that is something stale and hoar ere it be spent. [Sings.

An old hare hoar,
And an old hare hoar,
Is very good meat in lent;
But a hare that is hoar
Is too much for a score,
When it hoars ere it be spent

Romeo, will you come to your father's? we 'll to dinner, theither.
Rom. I will follow you.
Mer. Farewell, ancient lady; farewell, [singing]
'lady, lady, lady. [Ezeec! 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, I'll take ye, I'll and Steel shall. Scorry knife! I am none of his flirt-gills; I am none of his skains-mates. And thou must stand by, and suffer every knave to use me at his pleasure?
Peter. I saw no man use you at his pleasure; if I had, my weapon should quickly have been out, I warrant you: I dare draw as soon as another man, if I see occasion in a good quarrel, and the law on my side.
Nurse. Now, afore God, I am so vexed, that every part about me quivers. Scorry knife! 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 double with her, truly it were an ill thing to be offered to any gentlewoman, and very weak dealing.
Rom. Nurse, command me to thy lady and mistress. I protest unto thee—
Nurse. Good heart, and, i' faith, I will tell her as much:
Lord, Lord, she will be a joyful woman.
Rom. What wilt thou tell her, nurse? thou dost not mark me.
Nurse. I will tell her, sir, that you do protest;
which, as I take it, is a gentlemanlike offer.
Rom. Bid her devise
Some means to come to shift this afternoon;
And there she shall at Friar Laurence' cell
Be shrived and married. Here is for thy pains.
Nurse. No, truly, sir; nor a penny.
Rom. Go to; I say you shall. [there.
Nurse. This afternoon, sir? well, she shall be
Rom. And stay, good nurse, behind the abbey wall:
Within this hour my man shall be with thee,
And bring thee cords made like a tackled stair;
Which to the top-gallant of my joy
Must be my conveyance in the secret night.
Farewell; be trusty, and I'll quit thy pains:
Farewell; command me to thy mistress.
Nurse. Now God in heaven bless thee! Hark you, sir.
Rom. What say'st thou, my dear nurse?
Nurse. Is your man secret? Did you ne'er hear
Two may keep counsel, putting one away? [say.
Rom. I warrant thee, my man's as true as steel.
Nurse. Well, sir; my mistress is the sweetest lady—Lord, Lord! when 't was 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?

Romeo. Ay, nurse; what of that? both with an R.

Nurse. Ah, mocker! that's the dog's name; it is for the—No; I know it begins with some other letter—and she hath the prettiest sententious of it, of you and rosemary, that it would do you good to hear it.

Romeo. Command me to thy lady.

Nurse. Ay, a thousand times. [Exit Romeo.] Peter! Pet. Anon!

Nurse. Peter, take my fan, and go before, and space.

SCENE V. — Capulet's orchard.

Enter Juliet.

Jul. The clock struck nine when I did send the In half an hour she promised to return. [nurse; Perchance she cannot meet him: that's not so. O, she is lamente! love's heralds should be thoughts, Which ten times faster glide than the sun's beams, Driving back shadows over louring hills:

Therefore do nimble-pinion'd doves draw love, And therefore do the winds with the willow wings. Now is the sun upon the highest hill Of this day's journey, and from nine till twelve Is three long hours, yet she is not come. Had she affections and warm youthful blood, She would be as swift in motion as a ball; My words would bandy her to my sweet love, And his to me:
But old folks, many feign as they were dead;
Unwieldy, slow, heavy and pale as lead.
O God, she comes!

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, in thine own ear and in the music of sweet news
By playing it to me so sour a face.

Nurse. I am a-weary, give me leave awhile: Fle, how my bones ache! what a jaunt have I had! Jul. I would thou hadst my bones, and I thy news. Nay, come, I pray thee, speak; good, good nurse, speak.

Nurse. Jeu, what haste? can you not stay awhile?

Do you not see that I am out of breath?

Jul. How art thou out of breath, when thou hast
To say to me that thou art out of breath? [breath
The excuse that thou dost make in this delay Is longer than the tale thou dost excuse.
Is thy, thou good, or bad? answer to that; Say either, and I'll stay the circumstance;
Let me be satisfied, is 't good or bad?

Nurse. Well, you have made a simple choice; you know not how to choose a man: Romeo! no, not he; though his face be better than any man's, yet his leg exceeds all men's; and for a hand, and a foot, and a body, though they be not to be talked on, yet they are past compare: he is not the flower of courtesy, but, I'll warrant him, as gentle as a lamb. Go thy ways, wench; serve God. What, have you dined at home?

Jul. No, but all this did I know before.

What says he of our marriage? what of that?

Nurse. Lord, how my head aches! what a head have I!

It beats as it would fall in twenty pieces.

My back o' t' other side,— O, my back, my back! Beshrew your heart for sending me about,
To catch my death with jaunting up and down!

Jul. I' faith, I am sorry that thou art not well.

Sweet, sweet, sweet nurse, tell me what says my love?

Nurse. Your love says, like an honest gentleman, and a courteous, and a kind, and a handsome, and, I warrant, a virtuous,— Where is your mother?

Jul. Where is my mother? why, she is within;
Where should she be? How oddly thou repliest! 'Your love says, like an honest gentleman,
Where is your mother?'

Nurse. Are you so hot? marry, come up, I trow;
Is this the politice for my aching bones?
Henceforward do your messages yourself.

Jul. Here's such a coil! come, what says Romeo?

Nurse. Have you got leave to go to shift to-day?

Jul. I have. [cell; Nurse. Then hie you hence to Friar Laurence! There stays a husband to make you a wife:

Now come and wanton bid them come to cheeks,
They'll be in scarlet straight at any news,
Hie you to church; I must another way,
To fetch a ladder, by the which your love
Must climb a bird's nest soon when it is dark:
I am the drudge and toil in your delight,
But you shall bear the burden soon at night.
So; I'll to dinner; hie you to the cell.

Jul. Hie to high fortune! Honest nurse, farewell. [Exeunt.

SCENE VI. — Friar Laurence's cell.

Enter Friar Laurence and Romeo.

Fri. L. So smile the heavens upon this holy act,
That after hours with sorrow chide us not!

Rom. Amen, amen! but come what sorrow can,
It cannot counteravail the exchange of joy
That one short minute gives me in her sight:
Do thou but close our hands with holy words,
Then love-devouring death do what he dare;
It is enough I may but call her mine.

Fri. L. These violent delights have violent ends
And in their triumph die, like fire and powder,
Which as they kiss consume: the sweetest honey
Is loathsome in his own sweet smell,
And in the taste confounds the appetite;
Therefore love moderately: long love doth so;
Too swift arises as tardy as too slow.

Enter Juliet.

Here comes the lady: O, so light a foot
Will ne'er wear out the everlasting flint:
A lover may bestride the gosseraim
That idles in the wanton summer air,
And yet not fall; so light is vanity.

Jul. Good even to my most holy confessor. [both.

Fri. L. Romeo shall thank thee, daughter, for us.

Jul. As much to him thanks be too much.

Rom. Ah, Juliet, if the measure of thy joy
Be heap'd like mine and that thy skill be more
To blazon it, then sweeten with thy breath
This neighbour air, and let rich music's tongue
Unfold the imagined happiness that both
Receive in either by this dear encounter.

Jul. Conceit, more rich in matter than in words,
Brags of his substance, not of ornament:
They are but beggars that can count their worth;
But my true love is grown to such excess
I cannot sum up sum of half my wealth.

Fri. L. Come, come with me, and we will make
short work:
For, by your leaves, you shall not stay alone
Till holy church incorporate two in one. [Exeunt.
ACT III.

ROMEO AND JULIET.

SCENE I. — A public place.

Enter Mercutio, Benvolio, Page, and Servants.

on. I pray thee, good Mercutio, let's retire:
The day is hot, the Capulets abroad,
And, if we meet, we shall not scape a brawl;
For now, these hot days, is the mad blood stirring.

Merc. Thou art like one of those fellows that when he enters the confines of a tavern claps me his sword up in the table and says 'God send me no need of thee!' and by the operation of the second cup draws it on the drawer, when indeed there is no need.

Benv. Am I like such a fellow?

Merc. Come, come, thou art as hot a Jack in thy mood as any in Italy, and as soon moved to be moody, and as soon moody to be moved.

Benv. And what to?

Merc. Nay, an there were two such, we should have none shortly, for one would kill the other. Thou wilt quarrel with a man that hath a hair more, or a hair less, in his beard, than thou hast: thou wilt quarrel with a man for cracking nuts, having no other reason but because thou hast hazel eyes: what eye but such an eye would spy out such a quarrel? Thy head is as full of quarrels as an egg if full of meat, and yet thy head hath been beaten as addle as an egg for quarrelling: thou hast quarrelled with a man for coughing in the street, because he hath wakened thy dog that hath lain asleep in the sun: didst thou not fall out with a tailor for wearing his new doublet before Easter? with another, for tying his new shoes with old riband? and yet thou wilt tutor me from quarrelling!

Benv. 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.

Merc. The fee-simple! O simple!

Benv. By my head, here come the Capulets.

Merc. By my heel, I care not.

Enter Tybalt and others.

Tyb. Follow me close, for I will speak to them. Gentlemen, good den: a word with one of you.

Merc. And but one word with one of us? couple it with something; make it a word and a blow.

Tyb. You shall find me apt enough to that, sir, and you will give me [giving].

Merc. Could you not take some occasion without Tyb. Mercutio, thou consorts't with Romeo—

Merc. Consort! what, dost thou make us minstrels? an thou make minstrels of us, look to hear nothing but discords: here's my fiddlestick; here's that shall make you dance...Zounds, consort! 

Benv. 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. [gaze;

Men's eyes were made to look, and let them I will not budge for no man's pleasure, I.

Enter Romeo.

Romeo. I do protest, I never injured thee,
But love thee better than thou canst devise,
Till thou shalt know the rival of my love:
And so, good Mercutio, which name I tender
As dearly as my own,—be satisfied.

Tyb. Tybalt, you rat-catcher, will you walk?

Romeo. What wouldst thou have with me?

Tyb. Good king of cats, dost thou not think one of your nine lives: that I mean to take with me, and, as thou shalt use me hereafter, dry-beat the rest of the eight. Will you pluck your sword out of his picher by the ears? make haste, lest mine be about your ears ere it be out.

Tyb. I am for you.

Romeo. Gentle Mercutio, put thy rapier up.

Benv. Come, sir, your passado. [They fight.

Romeo. Draw, Benvolio; beat down their weapons. Gentlemen, for shame, forbear this outrage!

Tybalt, Mercutio, the prince expressly hath

Forbidden bandying in Verona streets:

Hold, Tybalt! good Mercutio! [Tybalt under Romeo's arm stabbs Mercutio, and flies with his followers.

Merc. I am hurt.

A plague o' both your houses! I am sped.

Is he gone, and hath nothing?

Benv. What, art thou hurt?

Merc. Ay, ay, a scratch, a scratch; marry, 'tis enough.

Where is my page? Go, villain, fetch a surgeon.

[Exit Page.

Romeo. Courage, man: the hurt cannot be much.

Merc. 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! Zounds, a dog, a rat, a mouse, a cat, to scratch a man to death! a brag-gart, a rogue, a villain, that fights by the book of arithmetic! Why the devil came you between us?

I was hurt under your arm.

Romeo. I thought all for the best.

Benv. Help me into some house, Benvolio, Or I shall faint. A plague o' both your houses! They have made worms' meat of me: I have it, And soundly too: your houses! [Exeunt Mercutio and Benvolio.

Romeo. 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 soft'ven'd valour's steel!

Re-enter Benvolio.

Benv. O Romeo, Romeo, brave Mercutio's dead!

That gallant spirit hath aspired the clouds,

Which too untimely here did scorn the earth.

Romeo. This day's black fate on more days doth de-

This but begins the wo, others must end. [pend;

Benv. Here comes the furious Tybalt back again.

Romeo. Alive, in triumph! and Mercutio slain!

Away to heaven, respect for pity.

And fire-eyed fury be my conduct now!

Re-enter Tybalt.

Tybalt. Now, Tybalt, take the villain back again,

That late thou gavest me; for Mercutio's soul

Is but a little way above our heads.

Staying for thine to keep him company:

Either thou, or I, or both, must go with him.

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Tyb. Thou, wretched boy, that didst consort him
Shalt with him hence. [Here, Rom.]
This shall determine that. [They fight; Tybalt falls.
Ben. Romeo, away, be gone!
The citizens are up, and Tybalt slain.
Shall not the prince doom thee death,
If thou art taken: hence, be gone, away!
Rom. O, I am fortune's fool!
Ben. Why dost thou stay?
[Exit Romeo.

Enter Citizens, &c.

First Cit. Which way ran he that killed Mercutio?
Tybalt, that murderer, which way ran he?
Ben. There lies that Tybalt.
First Cit. Up, sir, go with me;
I charge thee in the prince's name, obey.

Enter Prince, attended; Montague, Capulet,
their Wives, and others.

Prin. Where are the vile beginners of this fray?
Ben. O noble prince, I can discover all
The 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's child!
O prince! O cousin! here, in blood, O, the blood is split
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 fray?
Ben. Tybalt, here slain, whom Romeo's hand did slay:
Romeo that spoke him fair, bade him bethink
How nice the quarrel was, and urged withal
Your high displeasure: all this uttered
With gentle breath, calm look, knees humbly bow'd,
Could not take truce with the unruly spleen
Of Tybalt deaf to peace, but that he lift
With piercing steel at bold Mercutio's breast,
Who, all as hot, turns deadly point to point,
And, with a martial scorn, with one hand beats
Cold death aside, and with the other send
It back to Tybalt, whose dexterity
Retorts it: Romeo he cries aloud, [tongue,
Hold, friends! friends, part,] I and, swifter than his
His agile arm beats down their fatal points,
And 'twixt them rushes; underneath whose arm
An envious thrust from Tybalt hit the life
Of stout Mercutio, and then Tybalt fled;
But by and by comes back to Romeo,
Who had newly entertain'd revenge,
And to 't they go like lightning, for, ere I
Could draw to part them, was stout Tybalt slain,
And, as he fell, did Romeo turn and fly.
This is the truth, or let Benvolio die.

La. Cap. He is a kinsman to the Montague;
Affection makes him false; he speaks not true:
Some twenty of them fought in this black strife,
And all those twenty could but kill one life.
I beg for justice, which thou, prince, must give;
Romeo slew Tybalt, Romeo must not live.

Prin. Romeo slew him, he slew Mercutio;
Who now the price of his dear blood doth owe?

Mont. Not Romeo, prince, he was Mercutio's friend;
His fault concludes but what the law should end,
The life of Tybalt.

Prin. And for that offence
Immediately we do at him hence;
I have an interest in your late proceeding,
My blood for your rude brawls doth lie a-bleeding;
But I'll amerce you with so strong a fine
That you shall all repent the loss of mine:
I will be deaf to pleading and excuses;
Nor tears nor prayers shall purchase our abuses:
Therefore use none: let Romeo hence in haste,
Else, when he's found, that hour is his last.
Bear hence this body and attend our will:
Mercy but murders, pardoning those that kill.

SCENE II.―Capulet's orchard.

Enter Juliet.

Jul. Gallop apace, you fiery-footed steeds,
Towards Phæbus' lodging: such a waggoner
As Phæbus would whip you to the west,
And bring in cloudy night immediately.
Spread thy close curtain, love-performing night,
That run-away's eyes may wink, and Romeo
Leap to the happy hours, unseen and unseen.
Lovers can see to do their amorous rites
By their own beauties; or, if love be blind,
It best agrees with night. Come, civil night,
Thou sober-suited matron, all in black,
And learn me how to lose a winning match,
Play'd for a pair of stainless maidens.
Hood my unmann'd blood, bathing in my cheeks,
With thy black mantle; till strange love, grown bold,
Think true love acted simple modesty.
Come, night; come, Romeo; come, thou day in night;
For thou wilt lie upon the wings of night
Whiter than new snow on a raven's back. [night,
Come, gentle night, and still thou night,
And black-bedow'd
Give me my Romeo; and, when he shall die,
Take him and cut him out in little stars,
And he will make the face of heaven so fine
That all the world will be in love with night
And pay no worship to the garish sun.
O, I have bought the mansion of a love,
But not possess'd it, and, though I am sold,
Not yet enjoy'd: so tedious is this day
As is the night before some festival
To an impatient child that hath new robes
And may not wear them. O, here comes my nurse,
And she brings news; and every tongue that speaks
But Romeo's name speaks heavenly eloquence.

Enter Nurse, with cords.

Now, nurse, what news? What hast thou there?
the cords

That Romeo bid thee fetch?

Nurse. Ay, ay, the cords. [Throws them down.

Nurse. Ah, well-a-day! he's dead, he's dead, he's
We are undone, lady, we are undone.
O, he's the very top of these false busks,
Bare back! he's had the day! he's gone, he's kill'd, he's dead! 
Jul. Can heaven be so envious?
Nurse. Romeo can,
Though heaven cannot: O Romeo, Romeo!
Who ever would have thought it? O Romeo!
Jul. What devil art thou, that dost torment me
This torture should be roar'd in dismal bell. [thou;
Thou many a man's heart! poor, wretched, heart;
[Thus
Hath Romeo slain himself? say thou but 'I, And that bare vow'd I'll shall poison more
Than the death-darting eye of cockatrice;
I am not I, if there be such an I;
Or those eyes shoot, that make thee answer 'I.'
If he be slain, say 'I'; or if not, no:
Brief sounds determine of my weal or woe. [eyes,-
Nurse. I saw the wound, I saw it with mine
God save the mark!—here on his manly breast:
A piteous corse, a bloody piteous corse;
Pale, pale as ashes, all bedaub'd in blood,
All in gore-blood; I swoonded at the sight.
Jul. O, break, my heart! poor bankrupt, break at
To prison, eyes, ne'er look on liberty! [once!
Vile earth, to earth resign: end motion here;
And thou and Romeo press one heavy bier! 
Nurse. O Tybalt, Tybalt, the best friend I had!
O courteous Tybalt! honest gentleman!
That ever I should live to see thee dead!
ACT III. 

ROMEO AND JULIET. 

SCENE III. 

Jul. What storm is this that blows so contrary? 
Is Romeo slaughter’d, and is Tybalt dead? 
My dear-loved cousin, and my dearest lord? 
Then, dreadful trumpet, sound the general doom! 
For who is living, if those two are gone? 

Nurse. Tybalt is gone, and Romeo banish’d; 
Romeo that kill’d him, he is banish’d. [blood? 
Jul. O God! did Romeo’s hand shed Tybalt’s 
Nurse. It did, it did; alas the day, it did! 
Jul. O serpent! heart, hid with a flowering face! 
Did ever dragon keep such fair a cave? 

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. He to your chamber; I’ll find Romeo 
To comfort you: wilt thou well where he is? 
Hark ye, your Romeo will be here at night: 
I’ll to him; he is hid at Laurence’ cell. 

Jul. O, find him! give this ring to my true knight, 
And bid him come to take his last farewell. 

[Exeunt. 

SCENE III—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 welded to calamity. 

Enter Romeo. 

Rom. Father, what news? what is the prince’s 
doom? 
What sorrow craves acquaintance at my hand, 
That I yet know not? 

Fri. 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 prince’s 
doom? 

[Exeunt. 

Fri. L. A gentler judgment vanish’d from his 
Not body’s death, but body’s banishment. 

Rom. Ha, banishment! be merciful, say ‘death;’ 
For exile hath more terror in his look, 
Much more than death: do not say ‘banishment.’ 

Fri. L. Hence from Verona art thou banish’d: 
Be patient, for the world is broad and wide. 

Rom. There is no word without Verona walls, 
But purgatory, torture, hell itself. 

Hence-banish’d is banish’d from the world, 
And world’s exile is death: then banish’d, 
Is death mis-term’d: calling death banishment, 
Thou cutt’st my head off with a golden axe, 
And smiles upon the stroke that murders me. 

Fri. L. O deadly sin! O rude unthankfulness! 
Thy fault our law calls death; but the kind prince, 
Taking thy part, hath rush’d aside the law, 
And turn’d that black word death to banishment: 

This is dear mercy, and thou seest it not. 

Rom. ’Tis torture, and not mercy: heaven is here, 
Where Juliet lives; and every cat and dog 
And little mouse, every unworthy thing, 
Live here in heaven and may look on her; 
But Romeo may not: more validity, 
More honourable state, more courtship lives 
In carrion-flies than Romeo: they may seize 
On the white wonder of dear Juliet’s hand. 
And steal immortal blessing from her lips, 
Who, even in pure and vestal modesty, 
Still blush, as thinking their own kisses sin; 
But Romeo may not; he is banish’d: 

Flies may do this, but I from this must fly: 
They are free men, but I am banish’d. 
And say’st thou yet that exile is not death? 
Hadst thou no poison mix’d, no sharp-ground knife, 
No sudden mean of death, though ne’er so mean, 
But ‘banish’d’ to kill me? — ’banish’d’? 
O friar, the damned use that word in hell; 

Fri. L. Thou fond man mad, hear me but speak 
a word. 

Rom. O, thou wilt speak again of banishment. 

Fri. L. I’ll give thee armour to keep off that 
Adversity’s sweet milk, philosophy, 
[word; 
To comfort thee, thou art banish’d. 

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ACT III.
ROMEO AND JULIET.
SCENE IV.

Rom. Yet 'banished'? Hang up philosophy! Unless philosophy can make a Juliet, Displant a town, reverse a prince's doom, It helps not, it prevails not: talk no more.

Fri. L. O, then I see that madmen have no ears. Rom. How should they, when that wise men have no eyes?

Fri. L. Let me dispute with thee of thy estate.

Rom. Thou canst not speak of that thou dost not Wert thou as young as I, Juliet thy love, [feel: An hour but married, Tybalt murdered, Doting like me and like me banished, [thy hair, Then might'st thou speak, then might'st thou tear And fall upon the ground, as I do now. Taking the measure of an unmade grave.

Fri. L. Arise; one knocks; good Romeo, hide thyself.

Rom. Not I; unless the breath of heart-sick groans, Mist-like, intold me from the search of eyes.

Fri. L. How, how they knock! Who's there? Romeo, arise; Thou wilt be taken. Stay awhile! Stand up:

Knocking. Run to my study. By and by! God's will, What simplesness is this! I come, I come!

Knocking. Who knocks so hard? whence come you? what's your will? Nurse. [Within] Let me come in, and you shall know my errand: I come from Lady Juliet.

Fri. L. Welcome, then.

Enter Nurse.

Nurse. O holy friar, O, tell me, holy friar, Where is my lady's lord, where's Romeo?

Fri. L. There on the ground, with his own tears made drunk.

Nurse. O, he is even in my mistress' case, Just in her case! O woful sympathy! Piteous predicament! Even so lies she, Blubbering and weeping, weeping and blubbering. Stand up, stand up; stand, an you be a man: For Juliet's sake, for her sake, rise and stand; Why should you fall into so deep an O?

Rom. Nurse! of all.

Nurse. Ah sir! ah sir! Well, death's the end

Rom. Spakest thou of Juliet? how is it with her? Doth she speak? Doth she move? Doth she think? Now I have stain'd the childhood of our joy With blood removed but little from her own? Where is she? and how doth she? and what says My conceald lady to our cancell'd love? [weepes:

Nurse. O, she says nothing, sir, but weeps and And now falls on her bed; and then starts up, And Tybalt calls; and then on Romeo cries, And then down falls again.

Rom. As if that name, Shot from the deadly level of a gun, Did murder her; as that name's cursed hand Murdered my lady, tell me, friar, tell me, In what vile part of this anatomy Doth my name lodge? tell me, that I may sack The hateful mansion.

[Drawing his sword.]

Fri. L. Hold thy desperate hand:

Art thou a man? thy form cries out thou art: Thy tears are womanish; thy wild acts denote The unangelic fury of a beast: Unseemly woman in a seeming man! Or ill-beseeming beast in seeming both! Thou hast amazed me: by my holy order, I thought thy disposition better temper'd. Hast thou slain Tybalt? wilt thou slay thyself? And slay thy lady too? that lives in thee, By doing damned hate upon thyself?

Why rai'st thou on thy birth, the heaven, and earth? Since birth, and heaven, and earth, all three do meet In thee at once; which thou at once wouldst lose. Fie, fie, thou shamest thy shape, thy love, thy wit; Which, like a usurer, abound'st in all, And usest none in that true use indeed. Which should bedeck thy shape, thy love, thy wit: Thy noble shape is but a form of wax, Digressing from the valour of a man; Thy dear love sworn but hollow pciery, Killing that love which thou hast vow'd to cherish; Thy wit, that ornament to shape and love, Mis-shapen in the conduct of them both, Like powder in a skilless soldier's flask, Is set a-fire by thine own ignorance, And thou dismember'd with thine own defence. What, rouse thee, man! thy Juliet is alive, For whose dear sake thou wast but lately dead; There art thou happy: Tybalt would kill thee, But thou slew'st Tybalt: there art thou happy too: The law that threaten'd death becomes thy friend And turns it to exile; there art thou happy: A pack of blessings lights upon thy back; Happiness courts thee in her best array; But, like a misbehaved and mislaid child, 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 thousand 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 haste to bed, Which heavy sorrow makes them apt unto: Romeo is coming.

Nurse. O Lord, I could have stayed here all the night To hear good counsel: O, what learning is! My lord, I'll tell my lady you will come.

Rom. Do so, and bid my sweet prepare to chide. Nurse. Here, sir, a ring she bids me give you, sir; Heie you, make haste, for it grows very late.

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 watch's heyday day disguised from hence: Sojourn in Mantua; I'll find out your man, And he shall signify from time to time Every good hap to you that chances here: Give me thy hand; 'tis late: farewell; good night.

Rom. But that a joy past joy calls out on me, It were a grief, so brief to part with thee:

Farewell.

[Exeunt.

SCENE IV.—A room in Capulet's house.

Enter Capulet, Lady Capulet, and Paris.

Cap. Things have fall'n out, sir, so unluckily, That we have had no time to move our daughter: Look you, she loved her kinsman Tybalt dearly, And so did I:—Well, we were born to die. 'Tis very late, she 'll not come down to-night: I promise you, but for your company, I would have been a-bed an hour ago. These times of woe afford no time to woo, Madam, good night: commend me to your daughter.

[Exeunt.

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? Monday, my lord.

Cap. Monday! ha, ha! Well, Wednesday is too O’Thursday let it be: ’tis Thursday, tell her, [soon, She shall be married to this noble earl. Will you be ready? do you like this haste? We’ll keep no great ado,—a friend or two; For, hark ye, Tybalt being slain so late, It may be thought we held him carelessly, Being our kinsman, if we reveal much: Therefore we’ll have some half a dozen friends, And there an end.—But what say you to Thursday? Par. My lord, I would that Thursday were to.

Cap. Well, get you gone: o’ Thursday be it, then. Go you to Juliet ere you go to bed, Prepare her, wife, against this wedding-day. 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 tiptoe on the misty mountain tops. I must be gone and live, or stay and die.

Jul. You light is not day-light, I know it, I: It is some meteor that the sun exhalés, 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 appointed herald of day; Nor that is not the lark, whose notes do beat The vauntly heaven so high above our heads: I have more care to stay than will to go: Come, death, and welcome! Juliet wills it so. How ’tis, my soul? let ’tis talk; it is not day. Jul. It is, it is: hie hence, be gone, away! It is the lark that sings so out of tune. Straining harsh discords and unpleasing sharps. Some say the lark makes sweet division; This doth not so, for she divideth us: Some say the lark and loathed toad change eyes; O, now I would they had changed voices too! Since arm from arm that voice doth us affray, Hunting thee hence with hunt’s-up to the day. O, now be gone; more light and light it grows.

Rom. More light and light; more dark and dark our woes!

Enter Nurse, to the chamber.

Nurse. Madam!

Jul. Nurse? [ber: Nurse. Your lady mother is coming to your cham- The day is broke; be wary, look about. [Exit. Jul. Turn, window; let day in, and let life out. Rom. Farewell, farewell! one kiss, and I’ll de- scend. [He goeth down.

Jul. Art thou gone so? love, lord, ay, husband, friend! I must hear from thee every day in the hour, For in a minute there are many days: O, by this count I shall be much in years Ere I again behold my Romeo! Rom. Farewell! I will omit no opportunity That may convey my greetings, love, to thee. Jul. O, think’st thou we shall ever meet again? Rom. I doubt it not; and all these woes shall For sweet discourses in our time to come. [serve Jul. O God, I have an ill-divining soul! Methinks I see thee, now thou art below, As one dead in the bottom of a tomb: Either my eyesight fails, or thou’lt look’st pale.

Rom. And trust me, love, in my eye so do you; Dry sorrow drinks our blood. Adieu! [Exit. Jul. O fortune, fortune! all men call thee fickle: If thou art fickle, what dost thou with him? That is renown’d for faith? Be fickle, fortune; For then, I hope, thou wilt not keep him long, But send him back.


Enter Lady Capulet.

La. Cap. Why, how now, Juliet! Jul. Madam, I am not well. La. Cap. Evenmore weeping for your cousin’s death? What wilt thou wash him from his grave with tears? An if thou couldst, thou couldst not make him live; Therefore, have done: some grief shows much of love: But much of grief shows still some want of wit. Jul. Yet let me weep for such a feeling loss. La. Cap. So shall you feel the loss, but not the Which you weep for. [friend Jul. Feeling so the loss, I cannot choose but ever weep the friend. La. Cap. Well, girl, thou weep’st not so much for his death, As that the villain lives which slaughter’d him. Jul. What villain, madam? La. Cap. That same villain, Romeo. Jul. [Aside] Villain and he be many miles asun- God pardon him I do, with all my heart; [der.— And yet no man like he doth grieve my heart. La. Cap. That is, because the traitor murderer lives. [hands: Jul. Ay, madam, from the reach of these my Would none but I might venge my cousin’s death! La. Cap. We will have vengeance for it, fear thou not: Then weep no more. I’ll send to one in Mantua, Where that same banish’d runagate doth live, Shall give him such an unaccustomed dram, That he shall soon keep Tybalt company: And then, I hope, thou wilt be satisfied. Jul. Indeed, I never shall be satisfied With Romeo, till I behold him in my tomb. Is my poor heart so for a kinsman vex’d: Madam, if you could find out but a man To bear a poison, I would temper it; That Romeo should, upon receipt thereof, Soon sleep in quiet. O, how my heart aches To hear him named, and cannot come to him, To wreak the love I bore my cousin Upon his body that hath slaughter’d him! [a man— La. Cap. Find thou the means, and I’ll find such But now I’ll tell thee joyful tidings, girl. Jul. And joy comes well in such a needy time: What are they? I beseech your ladyship? La. Cap. Well, well, thou hast a careful father, One who, to put thee from thy heaviness, [child; Hath sorted out a sudden day of joy, That thou expect’st not nor I look’d not for.
ACT III.

ROmEO AND JULIET.

SCENE V.

Jul. Madam, in happy time, what day is that?
La. Cap. Marry, my child, early next Thursday
morn,
The gallant, young and noble gentleman,
The County Paris, at Saint Peter's Church,
Shall be delivered in marriage to the lady,
Jul. Now, by Saint Peter's Church and Peter too,
He shall not make me there a joyous 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 be married 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!
Cap. Soft! take me with you, take me with you,
your wife.
How! will she none? doth she not give us thanks?
Is she not proud? doth she not count her bluest,
Unworthy as she is, that we have wrought
So worthy a gentleman to be her bridegroom?
Jul. Not proud, you have; but thankful, that
you have!
Proud can I never be of what I hate;
And 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 promise how prouds,
But fear me no threats against Thursday next,
To go with Paris to Saint Peter's Church,
Or I will drag thee on a hurdle thither.
Out, you green-sickness carrion! out, you baggage!
You tallow-face!
La. Cap. Fie, fie! what, are you mad?
Jul. Good father, I beseech you on my knees,
Hear me with patience but to speak a word.
Cap. Hang thee, young baggage! disobedient
wretch!
I tell thee what: get thee to church o' Thursday,
Or never after look me in the face:
Speak not, reply not, do not answer me;
My fingers itch. Wife, we scarce thought us blest
That God had lent us but this only child;
But now I see this one is one too much,
And that we have a curse in having her:
Out on her, hiding! 
Nurse. God in heaven bless her!
You are to blame, my lord, to rate her so.
Cap. And why, my lady wisdom? hold your
 tongue,
Good prudence: smatter with your gossips, go.
Nurse. I speak no treason.
Cap. Nurse. May not one speak?
Cap. Peace, you mumbling fool!
Nurse. Utter 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:
Day, night, hour, tide, time, work, play,
Shall be alone, in company, still my care hath been
To have her match'd: and having now provided
A gentleman of noble parentage,
Of fair demesnes, youthful, and nobly train'd,
Stuff'd, as they say, with honourable parts,
Proportion'd as one's thought would wish a man;
And then to have mine eyes the dearest
A whining mammet, in her fortune's tender,
To answer 'I'll not wed; I cannot love,
I am too young; I pray you, pardon me.'
But, an you will not wed, I'll pardon you:
Gaze 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'll ne'er acknowledge thee,
Nor what is mine shall never do thee good:
Trust to 't, bethink you: I'll not be forsworn.

[Exit.

Jul. Is there no pity sitting in the clouds,
That sees into the bottom of my grief?
O, sweet my mother, cast me not away!
Delay this marriage for a month, a week;
Or, if you do not, make the bridal bed
In that dark council only.

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!—O nurse, how shall this be prevented?
My husband is on earth, my faith in heaven;
How shall that faith return again to earth,
Unless that husband send it me from heaven
By leaving earth? comfort me, counsel me.
Alack, alack, that heaven should practise strate
gens
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.

Jul. 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 divviced child to him: an eagle, madam,
Hath not so green, so quick, so fair an eye
As Paris hath. Beshrew my very heart,
I think you are happy in this second match,
For it excels your first: or if it did not,
Your first is dead; or 'twere as good he were,
As living here and you no use of him.
Jul. Speakest thou from thy heart?

Nurse. And from my soul too;
Or else beshrew them both.

[Exit.

Jul. Amen!

Nurse. What?

Jul. Well, thou hast comforted me marvellous
much.
Go in; and tell my lady I am gone,
Having displeased my father, to Laurence' cell,
To make confession and to be absolved.

Nurse. Marry, I will; and this is wisely done.

[Exit.

Jul. Ancient damnation! O most wicked fiend!
Is it more sin to wish me thus forsworn,
Or to dispose my lord with that same tongue
Which she hath praised him with above compare
So many thousand times? Go, counsellor;
Thou and my bosom henceforth shall be twain.
I'll to the friar, to know his remedy:
If all else fail, myself have power to die.

[Exit.
ACT IV.

SCENE I.—Friar Laurence’s cell.

Enter Friar Laurence and Paris.

Fri. L. On Thursday, sir; the time is very short.
Par. My father Capulet will have it so;
And I am nothing else but to work his haste.
You say you do not know the lady’s
Uneven is the course, I like it not. [mind]
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 should come to know him, and he
In his wisdom hastes our marriage,
To stop the inundation of her tears;
Which, too much minded by herself alone,
May be put from her by society:
Now do you know the reason of this haste.
Fri. L. [Aside] I would I knew not why it should be slow’d.

Look, sir, here comes the lady towards my cell.

Enter Juliet.

Par. Happily met, my lady, and my wife! I
Jul. That may be, sir; when I may be a wife.
Par. That may be must be, love, on Thursday next.
Jul. What must be shall be.

Fri. L. That’s a certain text.
Par. Come you to make confession to this father?
Jul. To answer that, I should confess to you.
Par. Do not deny to him that you love me.
Jul. I will confess to you that I love him.
Par. So will ye, I am sure, that you love me,
Jul. If I do so, it will be of more price,
Being spoke behind your back, than to your face.
Par. Poor soul, thy face is much abused with tears.
Jul. The tears have got small victory by that;
For it was bad enough before their spile. [report]
Par. Thou wrong’st it, more than tears, with that
Jul. That is no slander, sir, which is a truth;
And what I spoke, I spake it to my face. [it.
Par. Thy face is mine, and thou hast slander’d
Jul. It may be so, for it is not mine own.

Are you at leisure, holy father, now;
Or shall I come to you at evening mass? [now
Fri. L. My leisure serves me, pensive daughter,
My lord, we must entreat the time alone.
Par. God shield I should disturb devotion!
Juliet, on Thursday early will I rouse ye;
Tell that sad lieu; and keep this holy kiss. [Exit
Jul. O, shut the door! and when thou hast done so,
Come weep with me; past hope, past cure, past help!
Fri. L. Ah, Juliet, I already know thy grief;
It strains me past the compass of my wits:
I hear thou must, and nothing may prorogue it,
On Thursday next be married to this county.
Jul. Tell me not, friar, that thou hast of this,
Unless thou tell me how I may prevent it:
If, in thy wisdom, thou canst give no help,
Do thou but call my resolution wise,
And with this knife I’ll help it presently.
God join’d my heart and Romeo’s, thou hands;
And ere this hand, by thee to Romeo seal’d,
Shall be the label to another deed,
Or my true heart with treacherous revolt
Turn to another, this shall slay them both:
Therefore, out of thy long-experienced time,
Give me some present counsel, or, behold,
Twist this bloody knife shall play the umpire, arbitrating that
Which the commission of thy years and art
Could to no issue of true honour bring.
Be not so long to speak; I long to die,
If what thou speakest stand not of remedy.

Fri. L. Hold, daughter: I do spy a kind of hope,
Which craves as desperate an execution
As that is desperate which we would prevent.
If, rather than to marry County Paris,
Thou hast the strength of will to slay thyself,
Then is it likely thou wilt understand;
A thing like death to chide away this shame,
That copest with death himself to scape from it;
And, if thou darest, I’ll give thee remedy.

Jul. O, bid me leap, rather than marry Paris,
From off the battlements of yonder tower;
Or walk in thievish ways; or bid me lurk
Where serpents crawl in slumbering alleys;
Or shut me nightly in a charnel-house.
Or cover’d quite with dead men’s rattling bones,
With reeky shanks and yellow chapsel skulls;
Or bid me go into a new-made grave
And hide me with a dead man in his shroud;
Things that, to hear them told, have made me tremble;
And I will do it without fear or doubt. [ble;
To live an unstaund’st wife to my sweet love.

Fri. L. Hold, then; go home, be merry, give con-
To marry Paris: Wednesday is to-morrow: [sent
To-morrow night look that thou lie alone;
Let not thy nose lie with a friend in thy chamber:
Take thou this vial, being then in bed;
And this distilled liquor drink thou off;
When presently through all thy veins shall run
A cold and drowsy humour, for no pulse
Shall keep his native progress, but surcease;
No warmth, no breath, shall testify thou livest;
The roses in thy lips and cheeks shall fade
To paly ashes, thy eyes’ windows fall,
Like death, when he shuts up the day of life;
Each part, deprived of supple government,
Shall, stiff and stark and cold, appear like death:
And in this borrow’d likeness of shrunk death
Thou shalt continue two and forty hours,
And then awake as from a pleasant sleep.
Now, when the bridegroom in the morning comes
To rouse thee from thy bed, there art thou dead:
Then, as the manner of our country is,
In thy best robes 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 inconsistent toy, nor womanish fear,
Abate thy valour in the acting it.

Jul. Give me, give me! O, tell not me of fear!

Fri. L. Hold; get you gone, be strong and pros-
In this resolve: I’ll send a friar with speed [perous
To Mantua, with my letters to thy lord.

Jul. Love give me strength! and strength shall help afford.
Farewell, dear father! [Exeunt.

SCENE II.—Hall in Capulet’s house.

Enter Capulet, Lady Capulet, Nurse, and two Servingsmen.

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.

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ACT IV.  ROMEO AND JULIET.  SCENE IV.

Cap.  Go, be gone.  [Exit Sec. Servant.]  We shall be much unfurnish'd for this time.  What, is my daughter gone to Friar Laurence?  Nurse.  Ay, forsooth.  Cap.  Well, he may chance to dosome good on her: A jovish self-will'd harlotry it is.  Nurse.  See where she comes from shift with merry look.  Enter Juliet.

Cap.  How now, my headstrong!  where have you been gadding?

Jul.  Where I have learn'd me to repent the sin Of disobedient opposition.  To you and your behests, and am enjoin'd By holy Laurence to fall prostrate here, And beg your pardon: pardon, I beseech you!  Henceforward I am ever ruled by you.

Cap.  Send for the county; go tell him of this: I'll have this knot knit up to-morrow morning.  Jul.  I met the youthful lord at Laurence' cell; And gave him what became love I might, Not stepping o'er the bounds of modesty.

Cap.  Why, I am glad on 't; this is well: stand up: This is as 't should be.  Let me see the county; Ay, marry, go, I say, and fetch him hither.  Now, avert this!  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.  [to-morrow]  Cap.  Go, nurse, go with her: we'll to church.  [Exeunt Juliet and Nurse.

La.  Cap.  We shall be short in our provision: 'Tis now near night.

Cap.  Tush, I will stir about, And all things shall be well, I warrant thee, wife: Go thou to Juliet, help to deck up her; I'll not to bed to-night: let me alone; I'll play the housewife for this once.  What, ho! They are all forth.  Well, I will walk myself  To County Paris, to prepare him up Against to-morrow: my heart is wondrous light, Since this same wayward girl is so reclaim'd.  [Exeunt.

SCENE III.—Juliet's chamber.

Enter Juliet and Nurse.

Jul.  Ay, those attires are best: but, gentle nurse, I pray thee, leave me to myself to-night; For I have need of many orisons To move the heavens to smile upon my state, Which, well thou know'st, is cross and full of sin.

Enter Lady Capulet.

La.  Cap.  What, are you busy, ho? need you my help?

Jul.  No, madam; we have cull'd such necessaries As are behoveful for our state to-morrow: So please you, let me now be left alone, And let the nurse this night sit up with you: For, I am sure, you have your hands full all, In this so sudden business.


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, viva!  What if this mixture do not work at all?  Shall I be married then to-morrow morning?

No, no: this shall forbid it: lie thou there.  [Laying down her dagger.  What if it be a poison, which the friar Subtly hath minister'd to have me dead, Lest in this marriage he should be dishonour'd, Because he married me before to Romeo?  I fear it is: and yet, methinks, it should not, For he hath still been tried a holy man.  How if, when I am laid into the tomb, I wake before the time that Romeo Come to redeem me?  there's a fearful point!  Shall I not, then, be stifi'd in the vault, To whose foul mouth no healthsome air breathe in, And there die strangled ere my Romeo comes?  Or, if I live, is it not very like, The horrible conceit of death and night, Together with the terror of the place,— As in a vault, an ancient receptacle, Where, for these many hundred years, the bones Of all my buried ancestors are pack'd: Where bloody Tybalt, yet but green in earth, Lies festering in his shroud; where, as they say, At some hours in the night spirits resort; — Alack, alack, is it not like that I, So early waking, what with loathsome smells, And shrieks like mandrakes' torn out of the earth, That living mortals, hearing them, run mad: — O, if I wake, shall I not be distraught, Environed with all these hideous fears?  And madly play with my forefathers' joints?  And pluck the mangled Tybalt from his shroud?  And, in this rage, with some great kinman's bone, As with a club, dash out my desperate brains?  O, look!  methinks I see my cousin's ghost Seeking out Romeo, that did spit his body Upon a rapier's point: stay, Tybalt, stay!  Romeo, I come!  this do I drink to thee.  [She falls upon her bed, within the curtains.

SCENE IV.—Hall in Capulet's house.

Enter Lady Capulet and Nurse.

La.  Cap.  Hold, take these keys, and fetch more spices, nurse.  Nurse.  They call for dates and quinces in the pastry.  Enter Capulet.

Cap.  Come, stir, stir, stir!  the second cock hath crow'd, The curfew-bell hath rung, 'tis three o'clock: Look to the baked meats, good Angelica: —  Spare not for cost.  Nurse.  Go, you cot-queen, go, Get you to bed: faith, you'll be sick to-morrow For this night's watching.  Cap.  No, not a whit: what! I have watch'd ere now All night for lesser cause, and ne'er been sick.  La.  Cap.  Ay, you have been a mouse-hunt in your time; But I will watch you from such watching now.  [Exeunt Lady Capulet and Nurse.  Cap.  A jealous-hood, a jealous-hood!  Enter three or four Servingmen, with spat's, logs, and baskets.  Now, fellow, What's there?  First Serv.  Things for the cook, sir; but I know not what.

Cap.  Make haste, make haste.  [Exit First Serv.]  Sirrah, fetch drier logs:  Call Peter, he will show thee where they are.  Sec.  Serv.  I have a head, sir, that will find out logs, And never trouble Peter for the matter.  [Exit.  Cap.  Mass, and well said; a merry whoreson, ha! Thou shalt be logger-head.  Good faith, 'tis day: The county will be here with music straight, 602
For so he said he would: I hear him near. [Music within.

Nurse! Wife! What, ho! What, nurse, I say!

Re-enter Nurse.

Go waken Juliet, go and trim her up;
I'll go and chat with Paris: hie, make haste,
Make haste; the bridegroom he is come already:
Make haste, I say. [Exeunt.

SCENE V.—Juliet’s chamber.

Enter Nurse.

Nurse. Mistress! what, mistress! Juliet! fast, I warrant her, she:
Why, lamb! why, lady! fie, you slug-a-bed! Why, love, I say! madam! sweetheart! why, bride! What, not a word? you take your penniesworth now;
Sleep for a week; for the next night, I warrant,
The County Paris hath set up his rest,
That you shall rest but little. God forgive me,
Marry, and amen, how sound is she asleep!
I must needs wake her. Madam, madam, madam! Ay, let the county take you in your bed:
He’ll fright you up, I faith. Will it not be?

[Undraws the curtains.

What, dress’d! and in your clothes! and down again!
I must needs wake you: Lady! lady! lady!
Alas, alas! Help, help! my lady’s dead!
O, well-a-day; that ever I was born!
Some aqua vitae, ho! My lord! my lady!

Enter Lady Capulet.

La. Cap. What noise is here?

Nurse. O lamentable day! La. Cap. O what is the matter?

Nurse. Look, look! O heavy day! La. Cap. O me, O me! My child, my only life, revive, look up, or I will die with thee! Help! help! Call help.

Enter Capulet.

Cap. For shame, bring Juliet forth; her lord is come.

[The day! Nurse. She’s dead, deceased, she’s dead; alack La. Cap. Alack the day, she’s dead, she’s dead, she’s dead.

Cap. Ha! let me see her: out, alas! she’s cold; her blood is settled, and her joints are stiff:
Life and these lips have long been separated:
Death lies on her like an untimely frost.
Upon the sweetest flower of all the field.

Nurse. O lamentable day!

La. Cap. O woful time!

Cap. Death, that hath ta’en her hence to make me wall,
Ties up my tongue, and will not let me speak.

Enter Friar Laurence and Paris, with Musicians.

Fri. L. Come, is the bride ready to go to church?

Cap. Ready to go, but never to return.

O son! the night before thy wedding-day
Hath Death lain with thy wife. There she lies,
Flower as she was, deflowered by him.

Death is my son-in-law, Death is my heir;
My daughter he hath wedded: I will die,
And leave him all; life, living, all is Death’s.

Par. Have I thought long to see this morning’s
And doth it give me such a sight as this? [face,

La. Cap. Accursed, unhappy, wretched, hateful
Most miserable hour that e’er time saw [day!
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, O woful day!

Par. Beguiled, divorced, wronged, spited, slain!
Most detestable death, by thee beguil’d,
By cruel cruel thee quite overthrown!
O love! O life! not life, but love in death!

Cap. Despised, distressed, hated, martyr’d, kill’d:
Uncomfortable time, why camest thou now
To murder, murder our solemnity?
O child! O child! my soul, and not my child!
Dead art thou! Alack! my child is dead;
And with my child my joys are buried.

Fri. L. Peace, ho, for shame! confusion’s cure lives
In these confusions. Heaven and yourself [not
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 ‘t was your heaven she should be advanced:
And weep ye now, seeing she is ransomed
Above the clouds, as high as heaven itself?
O, in this love, you love your child so ill,
That you run mad, seeing that she is well:
She’s not well married that lives married long;
But she’s best married that dies married young.
Dry up your tears, and stick your rosemary
On this fair corse; and, as the custom is,
In all her best array bear her to church:
For though fond nature bids us all lament,
Yet nature’s tears are reason’s merriment.

Cap. All things that we ordained festival,
Turn from their office to black funeral;
Our instruments to melancholy bells,
Our wedding cheer to a sad burial feast,
Our solemn hymns to sullen dirges change,
Our bridal flowers serve for a buried corse,
And all things change them to the contrary.

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 Mus. Faith, we may put up our pipes, and
be gone.

Nurse. Honest good fellows, ah, put up, put up;
For, well you know, this is a pitiful case. [Exit
First Mus. Ay, by my troth, the case may be amended.

Enter Peter.

Pet. Musicians, O, musicians, ‘Heart’s ease,’
Heart’s ease,’ O, an you will have me live, play
‘Heart’s ease.’

First Mus. Why ‘Heart’s ease’?

Pet. O, musicians, because my heart itself plays
‘My heart is full of woe’: O, play me some merry
dump, to comfort me.

First Mus. Not a dump we; ’t is no time to play
Pet. You will not then, then? [now.

First Mus. No.

Pet. I will then give it you soundly.

First Mus. What will you give us?

Pet. No money, on my faith, but the gleeck; I will give you the most of that I can:

First Mus. Then will I give you the serving-creature.

Pet. Then will I lay the serving-creature’s dagger
on your pate. I will carry no crotchets: I’ll re
you, I’ll fa you; do you note me?

First Mus. An ye re us and fa us, you note us.

Sec. Mus. Pray you, put up your dagger, and put
out your wort.

Pet. Then have at you with my wit! I will dry-
beat you with an iron wit, and put up my iron dag-
ger. Answer me like men:

'When griping grief the heart doth wound,
And doleful damps the mind oppress,
Then music with her silver sound —
why 'silver sound'? why 'music with her silver sound'? What say you, Simon Catling?'

First Mus. Marry, sir, because silver hath a sweet sound.

Pet. Pretty! What say you, Hugh Rebeck?

Sec. Mus. I say 'silver sound', because musicians sound for silver.

Whose sale is present death in Mantua,
Here lives a caitiff wretch would sell it him?
O, this same thought did but forerun my need;
And this same needy man must sell it me.
As I remember, this should be the house.
Being holiday, the beggar's shop is shut.
What, ho! apothecary!

Enter Apothecary.

Ap. Who calls so loud?

Rom. Come hither, man. I see that thou art poor:
Hold, there is forty ducats: let me have
A dram of poison, such soon-speeding gear
As will disperse itself through all the veins
That the life-weary taker may fall dead
And that the trunk may be discharged of breath
As violently as hasty powder fired
Doth hurry from the fatal came did womb.

Ap. Such mortals drugs I have; but Mantua's law
Is death to any he that utters them.

Rom. Art thou so bare and full of wretchedness,
And farsest to die? famine is in thy cheeks,
Need and oppression starveth in thine eyes,
Contempt and beggary hangs upon thy back;
The world is not thy friend nor the world's law;
The world affords no law to make thee rich;
Then be not poor, but break it, and take this.

Ap. My poverty, but not my will, consents.

Rom. I pay thy poverty, and not thy will.

Ap. Put this in any liquid thing thou will,
And drink it off; and if thou have but the strength
Of twenty men, it would dispatch you straight.

Rom. There is thygold, worse poison to men's souls,
Doing more murders in this lostsome world,
Than these poor compounds that thou mayst not sell.
I sell thee poison; thou hast sold me none.

Friar Laurence. Farewell: buy food, and get thyself in flesh.

Pet. Pretty too! What say you, James Sound-
post?

Third Mus. Faith, I know not what to say.

Pet. O, I cry you mercy; you are the singer: I
will say for you. It is 'music with her silver sound', because musicians have no gold for sound-
ing:

'Then music with her silver sound
With speedy help doth lend redress.' [Exit.

First Mus. What a pestilent knave is this same!

Sec. Mus. Hang him, Jack! Come, we'll in here,
tarry for the mourners, and stay dinner.' [Exeunt.
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 Yet put it out, for I would not be seen. [aloof] Holding thine ear close to the hollow ground So shall no foot upon the churchyard tread, Being lost in the bottom of my woes, But thou shalt hear it: whishe and 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 will I 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 wanders this way to-night, To cross my obsequies and true love’s rite? What, with a torch! muffle me, night, awhile.

[Retires.

Enter Romeo and Balthasar, with a torch, mat- tock, &c.

Rom. Give me that mattock and the wrenching Hold, take this letter; early in the morning [iron] See thou deliver it to my lord and father. Give me the light: upon thy life, I charge thee, Whate’er thou hear’st or seest, stand all aloof, And do not interrupt me in my course. Why I descend into this bed of death, Is partly to behold my lady’s face: But chiefly to take hence from her dead finger A precious ring, a ring that I must use In dear employment: therefore hence, be gone; But if thou, jealous, dost return to pry In what I further shall intend to do, By heaven, I will tear thee joint by joint And strew this hungry churchyard with thy limbs: The time and my intents are savage-wild, More fierce and more inexorable far Than empty tigers or the roaring sea.

Bal. I will be gone, sir, and not trouble you.

Rom. So shalt thou show me friendship. Take thou that: Live, and be prosperous: and farewell, good fellow.

Bal. [Aside] For all this same, I’ll hide me here: His looks I fear, and his intents I doubt. [about:

Rom. Thou detestable maw, thou womb of death, Gorged with the dearest morsel of the earth, Thus I enforce thy rotten jaws to open, And, in despite, I’ll cram thee with more food!

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.

[Open the tomb.]

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. Rom. I must indeed; and therefore came I hither. Good gentle boy, I’ll tempt not a desperate man Fly hence, and leave me: think upon these gone, Let them affright thee. I beseech thee, youth, Put not another sin upon my head. By urging me to fury: O, be gone! By heaven, I love thee better than myself; For I come hither arm’d against myself: Stay not, be gone! live, and hereafter say, A madman’s mercy bade thee run away.

Par. I do defy thy conjurations, And apprehend thee for a felon here.

Rom. Wilt thou provoke me? then have at thee, boy! [They fight.

Page. O Lord, they fight! I will go call the watch.

[Retires.

Par. O, I am slain! [Falls.] If thou be merciful, Open the tomb, lay me with Juliet. [Dies.]

Rom. In faith, I will, Let me peruse this face. Mercurio’s kinsman, noble County Paris! What said my man, when my betrothed 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, slaughter’d youth, For here lies Juliet, and her beauty makes This vault a feasting presence full of light. Death, lie thou there, by a dead man inter’d.

[Laying Paris in the tomb.

How oft when men are at the point of death Have they been merry! which their keepers call A lightning before death: O, how may I Call this a lightning?—O my love! my wife! Death, that hath suck’d the honey of thy breath, Hath had no power yet upon thy beauty: Thou art not 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 Thy tender’s that was thine enemy? Forgive me, cousin, in thy death! Ah, Juliet! Why art thou yet so fair? shall I believe That unsubstantial death is amorous, And that the lean abhorred monster keeps Thee in dark to be his paramour? For fear of that, I still will stay with thee: And never from this palace of dim night Depart again: here, here will I remain With worms that are thy chamber-maids; O, here Will I set up my everlasting rest, And shake the yoke of inauspicious stars [last! From this world-wearied flesh. Eyes, look your arms, Take what you call, and do it! and, O you The doors of breath, seal with a righteous kiss A dateless bargain to engrossing death! Come, bitter combat, come, unsavoury guide! Thou desperate pilot, now at once run on

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ACT V.

ROMEO AND JULIET.  SCENE III.

The dashing rocks thy sea-sick weary bark! 
Here's to my love! [Drinks.] O true apothecary! 
Thy drugs are quick. Thus with a kiss I die.  [Dies.

Enter, at the other end of the churchyard, Friar Laurence, with a lantern, crow, and spade.

Fri. L. Saint Francis be my speed! how oft tonight 
Have my old feet stumbled at graves? Who's there?

Bal. Here's one, a friend, and one that knows you well. [friend,
Fri. L. Bliss be upon you! Tell me, good my 
What torch is yond, that vainly lends his light 
To grubs and eyeless skulls? as I discern, 
It burneth in the Capels' monument. [ter,
Bal. It doth so, holy sir; and there's my mas-
One that you love. 
Fri. L. Who is it?
Bal. Romeo.
Fri. L. How long hath he been there?
Bal. Full half an hour.
Fri. L. Go with me to the vault.
Bal. I dare not, sir; 
My master knows not but I am gone hence; 
And fearfully did menace me with death, 
If I did stay to look on his intents. [upon me:
Fri. L. Stay, then; I'll go alone. Fear comes 
O, much I fear some ill unlucky thing.
Bal. As I did sleep under this yew-tree here, 
I dreamt my master and another fought, 
And that my master slew him. 
Fri. L. Romeo! [Advances.

Alack, alack, what blood is this, which stains 
The stony entrance of this sepulchre? 
What mean these masterless and gory swords 
To lie discoul'd by this place of peace? 
[Enters the tomb.

Roméo! O, pale! Who else? what, Paris too? 
And steep'd in blood? Ah, what an unkind hour 
Is guilty of this lamentable chance! 
The lady stirs. 

[Juliet wakes.

Jul. O comfortable friar! where is my lord? 
I do remember well where I should be, 
And there I am. Where is my Romeo?

Fri. L. I hear some noise. Lady, come from that 
Of death, contagion, and unnatural sleep: [nest
A greater power than we can contradict 
Hath thwarted our intents. Come, come away. 
Thy husband in thy bosom there lies dead; 
And Paris too. Come, I'll dispose of thee 
Among a sisterhood of holy nuns: 
Stay not to question, for the watch is coming; 
Come, go, good Juliet [Noise again, I dare no 
longer stay.

Jul. Go, get thee hence, for I will not away. 

[Exit Fri. L.

What's here? a cup, closed in my true love's hand? 
Poison, I see, hath been his timeless end: 
O churl! drunk all, and left no friendly drop 
To help me quaff? I will kiss thy lips; 
Haply some poison yet doth hang on them, 
To make me die with a restorative. [Kisses him.

Thy lips are warm.

First Watch. [Within] Lead boy: which way?

Jul. Yea, noise? then I'll be brief. O happy dagger! 
[Snatching Romeo's dagger.
This is thy sheath [Stabs herself]; there rust, and 
let me die. [Falls on Romeo's body, and dies.

Enter Watch, with the Page of Paris.

Page. This is the place; there, where the torch 
doth burn. 

First Watch. The ground is bloody; search about the 
churchyard:
Go, some of you, who'eer you find attach. 

Pitiful sight! here lies the county slain; 
And Juliet bleeding, warm, and newly dead, 
Who here hath lain these two days buried.

Go, tell the prince: run to the Capulets:
Raise up the Montagues: some others search:
We see the ground whereon these woes do lie; 
But the true ground of all these piteous woes 
We cannot without circumstance descry.

Re-enter some of the Watch, with Balthasar.

See. Watch. Here's Romeo's man; we found him 
in the churchyard.

First Watch. Hold him in safety, till the prince 
come hither.

Re-enter others of the Watch, with Friar Laurence.

Third Watch. Here is a friar, that trembles, sighs, 
and weeps; 
We took this mattock and this spade from him, 
As he was coming from this churchyard side. 

First Watch. A great suspicion: stay the friar too.

Enter the Prince and Attendants.

Prince. What misadventure is so early up, 
That calls our person from our morning's rest?

Enter Capulet, Lady Capulet, and others.

Cap. What should it be, that they so shriek abroad? 
La. Cap. Some people in the street cry Romeo, 
Some Juliet, and some Paris; and all run, 
With open outcry, toward our monument. [ears?

Prince. What fear is this which startles in our 
First Watch. Sovereign, here lies the County 
Paris slain; 
And Romeo dead; and Juliet, dead before, 
Warm and new kill'd.

Prince. Search, seek, and know how this foul 
murder comes.

First Watch. Here is a friar, and slaughter'd 
Romeo's man; 
With instruments upon them, fit to open 
These dead men's tombs. [bleeds!

Cap. O heaven! O wife, look how our daughter 
This dagger hath mis'ta'en,—for, Io, his house 
Is empty on the back of Montague.—— 
And is mis-sheathed in her 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 early up, 
To see thy son and heir more early down. 

Mon. Alas, my liege, my wife is dead to-night; 
Grief of my son's exile hath stopp'd her breath: 
What further woe conspires against my 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.

[breath

Fri. L. I will be brief, for my short date of 
is not so long as is a tedious tale. 
Romeo, there dead, was husband to that Juliet; 
And she, there dead, that Romeo's faithful wife:
ACT V.

ROMEO AND JULIET.

SCENE III.

I married them; and their stol'n marriage-day
Was Tybalt's dooms-day, whose untimely death
Became 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 means
To rid her from this second marriage,
Or in my cell there would she kill herself.
Then gave I her, so tutor'd by my art,
A sleeping potion: which so took effect
As I intended, for it wrought on her
The form of death: meantime I writ to Romeo,
That he should hither come as this dire night,
To help to take her from her borrow'd grave,
Being the time the potion's force should cease.
But he which bore my letter, Friar John,
Was stay'd by accident, and yesternight
Return'd my letter back. Then all alone
At the prefixed hour of her waking,
Came I to take her from her kindred's vault;
Meaning to keep her closely at my cell,
Till I conveniently could send to Romeo:
But when I came, some minute ere the time
Of her awaking, here untimely lay
The noble Paris and true Romeo dead.
She wakes: and I entreated her come forth,
And bear this work of heaven with patience:
But then a noise did scare me from the tomb;
And she, too desperate, would not go with me,
But, as it seems, did violence on herself.
All this I know; and to the marriage
Her nurse is privy: and, if sought in this
Miscarried by my fault, let my old life
Be sacrificed, some hour before his time,
Unto the rigour of severest law.

Prince. We still have known thee for a holy man.
Where's Romeo's man? what can he say in this?

Benvol. I brought my master news of Juliet's death;
And then in post he came from Mantua
To this same place, to this same monument.
This letter he early bid me give his father,
And threaten'd me with death, going in the vault,
If I departed not and left him there.

Prince. Give me the letter; I will look on it.
Where is the county's page, that raised the watch?
Sirrah, what made your master in this place?

Page. He came with flowers to strew his lady's
And bid me stand aloof, and so I did:

Prince. This letter doth make good the friar's
Their course of love, the tidings of her death:
And here he writes that he did buy a poison
Of a poor 'pothecary, and therewithal
Came to this vault to die, and lie with Juliet.
Where be these enemies? Capulet! Montague!
See, what a 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 by his lady lie;
Poor sacrifices of our enmity!

Prince. A glooming peace this morning with it
brings:
The sun, for sorrow, will not show his head:
Go hence, to have more talk of these sad things;
Some shall be pardon'd, and some punished:
For never was a story of more woe
Than this of Juliet and her Romeo.

[Exeunt.

Benvol. Here comes the furious Tybalt back again.

Romeo. Alive, triump; and Mercutio slain!
Away to heaven, respective lenity.
And fire-e'td fury be my conduct now!—
Now, Tybalt, take the villain back again,
That late thou gav'st 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.

Tybalt. Thou, wretched boy, that didst consort him here,
Shalt with him hence.

Romeo. This shall determine that.—Act III, Scene 1.
TIMON OF ATHENS.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Timon, of Athens. Servant to Timon.
Lucius, of Athens. Servant to Timon.
Lucullus, Valerius. Servant to Timon.
Sempronius, of Athens. Servant to Timon.
Ventidius, of Athens. Servant to Timon.
Aelius, a Corinthian nobleman. Servant to Timon.
Lambros, the poet. Servant to Timon.
Philo. Servant to Timon.
Flavius, the amanuensis. Servant to Timon.
Titus, the painter. Servant to Timon.
Titus. Servant to Timon.
Caphis, Titus. Servant to Timon.
Philo, Titus. Servant to Timon.
Lucius, Titus. Servant to Timon.
Hortensius, Titus. Servant to Timon.
And others. Servant to Timon.
Phrynus, Servant to Timon.
Timandra, Servant to Timon.
Cupid and Amazons in the mask. Servant to Timon.
Other Lords, Senators, Officers, Soldiers, Banditti, and Attendants.

SCENE.—Athens, and the neighbouring woods.

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

ACT I.


Enter Poet, Painter, Jeweller, Merchant, and others, at several doors.

Poet. Good day, sir.

Pain. I am glad you're well.

Poet. Have you not seen long how goes the Pain? It wears, sir, as it grows. [World?]

Poet. Ay, that's well known: What particular rarity? What strange, Which manifest record not matches? See, Magic of bounty! All these spirits thy power Hath conjured to attend. I know the merchant.

Pain. I know them both; th' other's a jeweller.

Mer. O, 'tis a worthy lord.

Jew. Nay, that's most fix'd.

Mer. A most incomparable man, breathed, as it To an untirable and continuant goodness: [were, He passes.

Jew. I have a jewel here—

Mer. O, pray, let 's see: ' for the Lord Timon, sir?

Jew. If he will touch the estimate: but, for that—

Poet. [Reciting to himself] ' When we for recompense have praised the vile, It stains the glory in that happy verse Which aptly sings the good.'

Mer. 'T is a good form. [Looking at the jewel.]

Jew. And rich: here is a water, look ye.

Pain. You are rapt, sir, in some work, some dedi-To the great lord. [casion

Poet. A thing slipp'd idly from me.

Our poesy as a gum, which oozes From whence 't is nourish'd: the fire i' the flint Shows not till it be struck; our gentle flame Provokes itself and like the current flies Each bound it chases. What have you there?

Pain. A picture, sir. When comes your book forth?

Poet. Upon the heels of my presentment, sir.
Let's see your piece.

Pain. 'T is a good piece. Poet. So 'tis: this comes off well and excellent.

Pain. Indifferent.
ACT I.

TIMON OF ATHENS.

SCENE I.

Whose eyes are on this sovereign lady fix’d,
One do I personate of Lord Timon’s frame,
Whom Fortune with her ivory hand waits to her;
Whose present grace to present slaves and servants
Translates his rivals.

Pain. ‘Tis conceived to sceope,
This throne, this Fortune, and this hill, methinks,
With one man becock’d from the rest below,
Bowing his head against the steepy mount
To claim his happiness, would be well express’d
In our condition.

Poet. Nay, sir, but hear me on.
All those which were his fellows but of late,
Some better than his value, on the moment
Follow his strides, his lobbies fill with tendance,
Rain sacrificial whisperings in his ear,
Make sacred even his stirrup, and through him
Drink the free air.

Pain. Ay, marry, what of these?

Poet. When Fortune in her shift and change of mood
Spurns down her late 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
[trull’s
That shall demonstrate these quick blows of Fortun
More怀孕antly to words.
Yet you do well
To show Lord Timon that mean eyes have seen
The foot above the head.

Trumpets sound. Enter Lord Timon, addressing himself courteously to every visitor; a Messenger from Ven-
tidius talking with him; Lucilius and other servants following.

Tim. Imprison’d is he, say you?
Mess. Ay, my good lord: five talents is his debt,
His means most short, his creditors most strait:
Your honourable letter he desires.
To those have shut him up; which failing,
Permits 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 hath weare, I will pay him the debt, and free him.

Mess. Your lordship ever bends him. [saw;
Tim. Command me to him: I will send his ran-
And being enfranchised, bid him come to me.
’Tis not enough to help the feeble up,
But to support him after. Fare you well.

Mess. All happiness to your honour! [Exit.

Enter an old Athenian.

Old Ath. Lord Timon, hear me speak.
Tim. Freely, good father.

Old Ath. Thou hast a servant named Lucilius.
Tim. I have so: what of him?

Old Ath. Most noble Timon, call the man before
Tim. Attends he here, or no? Lucilius!
Luc. Here, at your lordship’s service. [creature,
Old Ath. This fellow here, Lord Timon, this thy
By night frequents my house. I am a man
That from my first have been inclined to thrift;
And my estate deserves an heir more raised
Than one which holds a trencher.

Tim. Well; what further?

Old Ath. One only daughter have I, no kin else,
On whom I may confer what I have got:
The maid is fair, o’ the youngest for a bride,
And I have bred her at my dearest cost
In qualities of the best. This man of thine
Attempts her love: I prithee, noble lord,
Join with me to forbid him her resort;
Myself have spoke in vain.

Tim. The man is honest.

Old Ath. Therefore he will be, Timon:
His honesty rewards him in itself;
It must not bear my daughter.

Tim. Does she love him?

Old Ath. She is young and apt:
Our own precedent passions do instruct us
What levity’s in youth.
Tim. [To Lucilius.] Love you the maid?
Luc. Ay, my good lord, and she accepts of it.

Old Ath. If in her marriage my consent be miss’d,
I call the gods to witness, I will choose
Jug, Mine heir from forth the beggars of the world,
And dispossess her all.

Tim. How shall she be endow’d,
If she shall be mated with a equal husband? 
[all.

Old Ath. Three talents on the present: in future,
Tim. This gentleman of mine hath served me long:
To build his fortune I will strain a little,
For ‘tis a bond in men. Give him thy daughter:
What you bestow, in him I’ll counterpoise,
And make him weigh with her.

Old Ath. Most noble lord,
Pawn me to this your honour, she is his. [promise
Tim. My hand to thee; mine honour on my
Luc. Humbly I thank your lordship: never may
That state or fortune fall into my keeping,
Which is not owed to you!

[Exeunt Lucilius and Old Athenian.

Poet. Vouchsafe my labour, and long live your
lordship!
Tim. I thank you; you shall hear from me anon:
Go not away. What have you there, my friend?

Pain. A piece of painting, which I do beseech
Your lordship to accept.

Tim. Painting is welcome.
The painting is almost the natural man;
For since dishonour traffic with man’s nature,
He is but outside: these pencil’d figures are
Even such as they give out. I like your work;
And you shall find I like it: wait attendance
Till you hear further from me.

Pain. The gods preserve ye!
Tim. Well fare you, gentleman: give me your hand;
We must needs dine together. Sir, your jewel
Hath suffer’d under praise.

Jew. What, my lord! disparage?
Tim. A mere satisy of commendations.
If I should pay you for ‘t as ‘t is extol’d,
It would unclew me quite.

Jew. My lord, ‘t is rated
As which those sell would give; but you well know,
Things of like value differing in the owners
Are prized by their masters: believe ‘t; dear lord,
You mend the jewel by the wearing it.
Tim. Well mock’d. [tongue,
Mer. No, my good lord; he speaks the common
Which all men speak with him.

Tim. Look, who comes here: will you be chid?

Enter Apemantus.

Jew. We’ll bear, with your lordship.

Mer. He’ll spare none.

Tim. Good morrow to thee, gentle Apemantus!

Apem. Till I be gentle, stay thou for thy good
morrow: [honest.

When thou art Timon’s dog, and these knives
Tim. Why dost thou call them knaves? thou
knowst’ them not.

Apem. Are they not Athenians?

Tim. Yes.

Apem. Then repent not.

Jew. You know me, Apemantus? [name.

Apem. Thou know’st I do: I call thee by thy
Tim. Thou art proud, Apemantus. [Timon.

Apem. Of nothing so much as that I am not like
Tim. Whither art going?

Apem. To knock out an honest Athenian’s brains.
ACT I.

TIMON OF ATHENS.

SCENE II.

Tim. That's a deed thou 'lt die for. [saw.
Apen. Right. If doing nothing be death by the
Tim. How likest thou this picture, Apemantus?
Apen. The best, for the innocence.
Tim. Wrought he not well that painted it?
Apen. He wrought better that made the painter;
and yet he's but a silly piece of work.
Pet. You're a dog.
Apen. Thy mother's of my generation: what's she,
if I be a dog?
Tim. Wilt dine with me, Apemantus?
Apen. No; I eat not lords.
Tim. An thou shouldst, thou 'ldst anger ladies.
Apen. O, they eat lords; so they come by great
Tim. That's a lascivious apprehension. [bellies.
Apen. So thou apprehendest it: take it for thy
labour.
Tim. How dost thou like this jewel, Apemantus?
Apen. Not so well as plain-dealing, which will
not cost a man a doit.
Tim. What dost thou think 'tis worth?
Apen. Not worth my thinking. How now, poet!
Poet. How now, philosopher!
Apen. Thou liest.
Poet. Art not one?
Apen. Yes.
Poet. Then I lie not.
Apen. Art not a poet?
Poet. Yes.
Apen. Then thou liest: look in thy last work,
where thou hast feigned him a worthy fellow.
Poet. That's not feigned; he is so.
Apen. Yes, he is worthy of thee, and to pay thee
for thy labour: he that loves to be flattered is worthy
of the flatterer. Heavens, that I were a lord!
Tim. What wouldst do then, Apemantus?
Apen. E'en as Apemantus does now; hate a lord
with my heart.
Tim. What, thyself?
Apen. Ay.
Tim. Wherefore?
Apen. That I had no angry wit to be a lord.
Art not thou a merchant?
Mer. Ay, Apemantus.
Apen. Traffic confound thee, if the gods will not!
Mer. If traffic do it, the gods do it. [thee
Apen. Traffic's thy god; and thy god confound
Trumpet sounds. Enter a Messenger.
Tim. What trumpet's that?
Mess. 'Tis Alcibiades, and some twenty horse,
All of companionship.
Tim. Pray, entertain them; give them guide to
us. [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!
Apen. So, so, there!
Aches contract and starve your supple joints!
That there should be small love 'mongst these
sweet knaves,
And all this courtesy! The strain of man's bred out
Into base and money.
Alecb. Sir, you have saved my longings, 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 Apemantus.

Enter two Lords.
First Lord. What time o' day is 't, Apemantus?
Apen. Time to be honest.
First Lord. That time serves still.
Apen. The more accrued thou, that still omit'st
it.
Sec. Lord. Thou art going to Lord Timon's feast?
Apen. Ay, to see meat fill knaves and wine heat
Sec. Lord. Fare thee well, fare thee well. [fools.
Apen. Thou art a fool to bid me farewell twice.
Sec. Lord. Why, Apemantus?
Apen. Shouldst have kept one to thyself, for I
mean to give thee none.
First Lord. Hang thyself!
Apen. No, I will do nothing at thy bidding:
make thy requests to thy friend.
Sec. Lord. Away, unpeaceable dog, or I'll spurn
thee hence!
Apen. I will fly, like a dog, the heels o' the ass.
[Exit.
First Lord. He's opposite to humanity. Come,
shall we in,
And taste Lord Timon's bounty? he outgoes
The very heart of kindness.
[gold.
Sec. Lord. He pours it out; Plutus, the god of
Is but his steward: no need, 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 governed man. [we in? [Sec. Lord. Long may he live in fortunes! Shall
First Lord. I'll keep you company.
[Exeunt.

SCENE II.—A banqueting-room in Timon's house.

Hushtboys playing loud music. A great banquet served to;
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
And call him to long peace. [age,
He is gone happy, and has left me rich:
Then, as in grateful virtue I am bound
To your free heart, I do return those talents,
Doubled with thanks and service, from whose help
I derived liberty.

Tim. O, by no means,
Honest Ventidius; you mistake my love:
I gave it freely ever; and there's none
Can truly say he gives, if he receives:
If our better plays at that game, we must not dare
To imitate them: faults that are rich are fair.
Ven. A noble spirit!

Tim. Nay, my lords,
[They all stand ceremoniously looking on Timon.
Ceremony was but devised at first
to set a gloss on faint deeds, hollow welcomes,
Recanting goodness, sorry ere 'tis shown; [none.
But where there is true friendship, there needs
Pray, sit; more welcome are ye to my fortunes
Than my fortunes to me. [They sit.
First Lord. My lord, we always have confess'd it.
Apen. Ho, ho, confess'd it! hang'd it, have you
Tim. O, Apemantus, you are welcome. [not?
Apen. No;
You shall not make me welcome:
I come to have thee thrust me out of doors. [there
Tim. Fie, thou 'rt a churl! ye've got a humour
Does not become a man; 'tis much to blame.
They say, my lords, 'ira furor brevis est'; but yond
man is ever angry. Go, let him have a table by himself;
for he does neither affect company, nor is he fit
for it, indeed!
Apen. Let me stay at thine apperil, Timon: I
come to observe; I give thee warning on it.
Tim. I take no heed of thee; thou 'rt an Athenian,
therefore welcome: I myself would have no
power; prithee, let my meat make thee silent.
ACT I.

TIMON OF ATHENS.

SCENE II.

Apen. I scorn thy meat; 't would choke me, for I should ne'er flatter thee. O you gods, what a number of men eat Timon, and he sees 'em not! It grieves me to see so many dip their meat in one man's blood; and all the madness is, he cheers them up too. I wonder men dare trust themselves with men: Methinks they should invite them without knives; Good for their meat, and safer for their lives.

There's much example for 't: the fellow that sits next him now, parts bread with him, pledges the breath of him in a divided draught, is the readiest man to kill him: 't has been proved. If I were a huge man, I should fear to drink at meals; lest they should spy my windpipe's dangerous notes: Great men should drink with harness on their throats. [round.

Tim. My lord, in heart; and let the health go Sec. Lord. Let it flow this way, my good lord.

Apen. Flow this way! A brave fellow! he keeps his tides well. Those healths will make thee and thy state look ill, Timon. Here's that which is too weak to be a sinner, honest water, which ne'er left man i' the mine:

This and my lord are equals; there's no odds: Feasts are too proud to give thanks to the gods.

APEMANTUS' GRACE.

Immortal gods, I crave no pelf; I pray for no man but myself: Grant I may have you 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. Apen. So fall to; Rich men sin, and I eat root. [Eats and drinks. Much good daily thy good heart, Apeamantus!

Tim. Captain Alcibiades, your heart 's in the field now.

Alcib. My heart is ever at your service, my lord.

Tim. You had rather be at a breakfast of enemies than a dinner of friends.

Alcib. So they were bleeding-new, my lord, there's no meat like 'em: I could wish my best friend at such a feast.

Apen. Would all those flatterers were thine enemies then, that then thou mightst kill 'em and bid me to 'em!

First Lord. Might we but have that happiness, my lord, that you would once use our hearts, whereby we might express some part of our zeal, we should think ourselves for ever perfect.

Tim. O, no doubt, my good friends, but the gods themselves have provided that I shall have much help from you: how had you been my friends else? why have you that charitable title from thousands, did not you chiefly belong to my heart? I have told more of you to myself than you can with modesty speak in your own behalf, and thus far I confirm you. O you gods, think I, what need we have any friends, if we should ne'er have need of 'em? they were the most needless creatures living, should we ne'er have use for 'em, and would most resemble sweet instruments hung up in cases that keep their sounds to themselves. Why, I have often wished myself a higher, might I tenderer to you. We are born to do benefits: and what better or properer can we call our own than the riches of our friends? O, what a precious comfort 'tis, to have so many, like brothers, commanding one another's fortunes! O joy, 'e'en made away ere 't can be born! Mine eyes cannot outwater, methinks: to forget their faults, I drink to you.

Apen. Thou woepest to make them drink, Timon.

Sec. Lord. Joly had the like conception in our eyes
And at that instant like a babe sprung up. [tard.

Apen. Ho, ho! I laugh to think that babe a base-

Third Lord. I promise you, my lord, you move me much.

Apen. Much! [Tucket, within Tim. What means that trump?

Enter a Servant.

How now?

Serv. Please you, my lord, there are certain ladies most desirous of admittance.

Tim. Ladies! what are their wills?

Serv. There comes with them a forerunner, my lord, which bears that office, to signify their pleasures.

Tim. I pray, let them be admitted.

Enter Cupid.

Cup. Hail to thee, worthy Timon, and to all That of his bounties taste! The five best senses Acknowledge thee their patron; and come freely To gratulate thy plentiful bosom: th' ear, Taste, touch and smell, pleased from thy table rise; They only now come but to feast thine eyes. Tim. They 're welcome all; let 'em have kind admittance:

Music, make their welcome! [Exit Cupid.

First Lord. You see, my lord, how ample you're beloved.

Music. Re-enter Cupid, with a mask of Ladies as Amazons, with lutes in their hands, dancing and playing.

Apen. Hoy-day, what a sweep of vanity comes They dance! they are mad women. [this way! Like madness is the glory of this life, As this pomp shows to a little oil and root. We make ourselves fools, to disjoint 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 depreved or depreves?

Who dies, that bears not one spurn to their graves Of their friends' gift?

I should fear those that dance before me now Would one day stamp upon me: 't has been done; Men shut their doors against a setting sun.

The Lords rise from table, with much adoring of Timon; And to show their love, each sings out an Amazon, and all dance, men with women, a lofty strain or two to the hautboys, and cease.

Tim. You have done our pleasures much grace, fair ladies, Set a fair fashion on our entertainment.

Which was not half so beautiful and kind; You have added worth unto 't and lustre, And entertain'd me with mine own device; I am to thank you for 't.

First Lady. My lord, you take us even at the best.

Apen. 'Faith, for the worst is filthy; and would not hold taking, I doubt me.

Tim. Ladies, there is an idle banquet attends you: Please you to dispose yourselves.

All Ladies. Most thankfully, my lord.

[Exeunt Cupid and Ladies.

Tim. Flavus. Flav. My lord?

Tim. The little casket bring me hither.


There is no crossing him in 's humour; Else I should tell him,—well, I' faith, I should, When all 's spent, he 'd be cross'd then, an he could.

'Tis pity bounty had not eyes behind, That man might ne'er be wretched for his mind.

First Lord. Where be our men?
Much wrong, you bate too much of your own merits:
Here, my lord, a trifle of our love.  [receive it.
Sec. Lord. With more than common thanks I will
Third Lord. O, he's the very soul of bounty!
Tim. And now I remember, my lord, you gave
Good words the other day of a bay courser
I rode on: it is yours, because you liked it.  [that.
Sec. Lord. O, I beseech you, my lord, in
Tim. You may take my word, my lord; I know no
Can justly praise but what he does affect:  [man
I weigh my friend's affection with mine own;
I'll tell you true.  I'll call to you.
All Lords. O, none so welcome.
Tim. I take all and your several visitations
So kind to heart, 'tis not enough to give:
Methinks, I could deal kingdoms to my friends,
And ne'er be weary.  Alcibiades,
Thou art a soldier, therefore seldom rich;
It comes in charity to thee: for all thy living
Is 'mongst the dead, and all the lands thou hast
Lie in a pitch'd field.
Aeol. Ay, defiled land, my lord.
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 happiness.
Honour and fortunes, keep with you, Lord Timon!
Tim. Ready for his friends.
[Exeunt all but Apemantus and Timon.
Apem. What a coil's here!
Serving of becks and jutting-out of bums!
I doubt whether their legs be worth the sums
That are given for 'em.  Friendship's full of dregs:
Methinks, false hearts should never have sound legs.
Thus honest fools lay out their wealth on court'sies.
Tim. Now, Apemantus, if thou wert not sullen,
I would be good to thee.
Apem. No, I'll nothing: for if I should be bribed too,
there would be none left to rai upon thee, and
then thou wouldst sin the faster.  Thou givest so
long, Timon, I fear me thou wilt give away thyself
in paper shortly; what need these feasts, pomps,
and vain-glories?
Tim. Nay, an you begin to rail on society once,
I am sworn not to give regard to you.  Farewell;
and come with better music.  [Exit.
Apem. So:
Thou wilt not hear me now; thou shalt not then:
I'll lock thy heaven from thee.
O, that men's ears should be
To counsel deaf, but not to flattery!  [Exit.

**ACT II.**

**SCENE I.**—A Senator's house.

Enter Senator, with papers in his hand.

Sen. And late, five thousand: to Varro and to
Isidore

He owes nine thousand; besides my former sum,
Which makes it five and twenty.  Still in motion
Of raging waste?  It cannot hold; it will not.
If I want gold, steal but a beggar's dog;
And give it Timon, why, the dog coins gold.
If I would sell my horse, and buy twenty more
Better than he, why, give, my horse to Timon,
Ask nothing, give it him, it feals me, straight,
And able horses.  No porter at his gate,
But rather one that smiles and still invites
All that pass by.  It cannot hold; no reason
Can find his state in safety.  Caphis, ho!  
Caphis, I say!

Enter Caphis.

Caph. Here, sir; what is your pleasure?

Sen. Get on your cloak, and haste you to Lord
Timon;

Imporntune him for my moneys; be not ceased
With slighted denial, nor then silenced when—
'Commend me to your master'—and the cap
Plays in the right hand, thus; but tell him,
My uses cry to me, I must serve my turn
Out of mine own; his days and times are past
And my reliances on his fracted dates
Have smit my credit: I love and honour him,
But must not break my back to heal his finger;
Immediate are my needs, and my relief
Must not be tost'd and turn'd to me in words,
But find supply immediate.  Get you gone:
Put on a most unimportant aspect,
A visage of demand; for, I do fear,
When every feather sticks in his own wing,
Lord Timon will be left a naked gull,
Which flashes now a phoenix. Get you gone.
Caph. I go, sir.
Sen. 'I go, sir!'—Take the bonds along with you,
And have the dates in compt.
Caph. I will, sir. 
Sen. Go. 
[Exeunt.]

SCENE II.—The same. A hall in Timon's house.

Enter Flavius, with many bills in his hand.

Flavius. No care, no stop! so senseless of expense,
That he will neither know how to maintain it,
Nor cease his flow of riot: takes no account
How things go from him, nor resumes no care.
Of what is to continue: never mind
Was to be so unwise, to be so kind.
What shall be done? he will not hear, till feel:
I must be round with him, now he comes from hunt-
Fie, fie, fie! 
[ing.]

Enter Caphis, and the Servants of Isidore and Varro.

Caph. Good even, Varro: what, you come for money?
Var. Serv. Is't not your business too?
Caph. It is: and yours too, Isidore?
Isid. Serv. It is so.
Caph. Would we were all discharged!
Var. Serv. I fear it.
Caph. Here comes the lord.

Enter Timon, Alcibiades, and Lords, &c.

Tim. So soon as dinner's done, we'll forth again,
My Alcibiades. With me? what is your will?
Caph. My lord, here is a note of certain dues.
Tim. Dues! Whence are you?
Caph. Of Athens here, my lord.
Tim. Go to my steward.
Caph. Please it your lordship, he hath put me off
to the succession of new days this month:
My master is awaked by great occasion
To call upon his own, and humbly prays you
That with your other noble parts you'll suit
In giving him his right.
Tim. Mine honest friend,
I prithee, but repair to me next morning.
Caph. Nay, good my lord,
Tim. Contain thyself, good friend.
Var. Serv. One Varro's servant, my good lord.—
Isid. Serv. From Isidore;
He humbly prays your speedy payment. [wants—
Caph. If you did know, my lord, my master's
Var. Serv. I was due on forfeiture, my lord, six
And past. 
Isid. Serv. Your steward puts me off, my lord;
And I am sent expressly to your lordship.
Tim. Give me breath.
I do beseech you, good my lords, keep on;
I'll wait upon you instantly.
[Exeunt Alcibiades and Lords.]

To Flav.] Come hither: pray you,
How goes the world, that I am thus encounter'd
With clamorous demands of date-broke bonds,
And the detention of long-since due debts,
Against my honour?
Flav. Please you, gentlemen,
The time is unagreeable to this business:
Your importunity cease till after dinner,
That I may make his lordship understand
Wherefore you are not paid.
Tim. Do so, my friends. See them well enter-
tain'd.
Flav. Pray, draw near. 
[Exit.]

Enter Apemantus and Fool.

Caph. Stay, stay, here comes the fool with Apem-
antus: 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 thou, 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 al-
ready.
Apem. No, thou stand'st single, thou'rt not on
Caph. Where's the fool now? [him yet.
Apem. He last asked the question. Poor rogues,
and usurers' men! bawds between gold and want!
All Serv. What are we, Apemantus?
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 how: does your mistres-
S?
Fool. She's e'en setting on water to scald such
chickens as you are. Would we could see you at
Apem. Good! gramercy. 
[Corinth!]

Enter Page.

Fool. Look you, here comes my mistress' page.
Page. [To the Fool] Why, now, now, captain! what
do you in this wise company? How dost thou,
Apemantus?
Apem. Would I had a rod in my mouth, that I
might answer thee profitably.
Page. Prithhee, Apemantus, read me the super-
scription 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 'tis a thief.
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 hang-
man served thief.
Fool. Are you three usurers' men?
All Serv. Ay, fool.
Fool. I think no usurer but has a fool to his ser-
vant: 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 mis-
tress' house merrily, and go away sadly: the reason
of this?
Var. Serv. I could render one.
Apem. Do it then, that we may account thee a
whore-master and a knave; which notwithstanding,
thou shalt be no less esteemed.
Var. Serv. What is a whoreson, fool?
Fool. A fool in good clothes, and something like
thee. 'Tis a spirit: sometime 't appears like a lord;
sometime like a lawyer; sometime like a philoso-
pher, with two stones more than 's artificial one: he
is very often like a knight; and, generally, in all
shapes that man goes up and down in from four-
score to thirteen, this spirit walks in.
Var. Serv. Thou art no altogether a fool.

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ACT II.

TIMON OF ATHENS. SCENE II.

Tim. Nor thou at all altogether a wise man: as much folly as I have, so much wit thou livest.

Apem. That answer might have become Apemantius.

All Serv. Aside, aside; here comes Lord Timon.

Re-enter Timon and Flavius.

Apem. Come with me, fool, come.

Fool. I do not always follow lover, elder brother and woman; sometime the philosopher.

[Exit Apemantius and Fool.

Flav. Pray you, walk near: I'll speak with you anon.

Tim. You make me marvel: wherefore ere this time

Had you not fully laid my state before me,

That I might so have rated my expense,

As I had leave of means?

Flav. You would not hear me,

At many leisure I proposed.

Tim. Go to:

Perchance some single vantage you took,

When for your indisposition you laid,

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 wept;

Yea, 'gainst the authority of manners, pray'd you

To hold your hand more close: I did endure

Not seldom, nor so slight checks, when I have

Prompted you in the ebh of your estate

And your great flow of debts. My loved lord,

Though you hear now, too late — yet now 's a time —

The greatest of your having lacks a half

To pay your present debts.

Tim. Let all my land be sold.

Flav. 'Tis all engaged, some forfeited and gone;

And what remains will hardly stop the mouth

Of present dues: the future comes apace:

What shall defend the interim? and at length

How goes our reckoning?

Tim. To Lacedæmon did my land extend.

Flav. O my good lord, the world is but a word:

Were it all yours to give it in a breath,

How quickly were it gone!

Tim. You tell me true.

Flav. If you suspect your husbandry or falsehood,

Call me before the exactest auditors

And set me on the proof. So the gods bless me,

When all our offices have been oppress'd

With riotous feeders, when our vaults have wept

With drunken spilth of wine, when every room

Hath blazed with lights and brayed with minstrelsy,

I have retired me to a wasteful cock,

And set mine eyes at flow.

Tim. Prithiee, no more.

Flav. Heavens, have I said, the bounty of this lord!

How many prodigious have slaves and peasants

This night englutted! Who is not Timon's?

What heart, head, sword, force, means, but is Lord Timon's?

Great Timon, able, worthy, royal Timon!

Ah, when the means are gone that buy this praise,

The breath is gone whereof this praise is made:

Feast-won, fast-lost; one cloud of winter showers, these flies are couch'd.

Tim. Come, sermon me no further:

No villainous bounty yet hath pass'd my heart;

Unwisely, not ignobly, have I given.

Why dost thou weep? Canst thou the conscience lack,

To think I shall lack friends? Secure thy heart;

If I would broach the vessels of my love,

And try the argument of hearts by borrowing,

Men and men's fortunes could I frankly use

As I can bid thee speak.

Flav. Assurance bless your thoughts! I'll answer.

Tim. And, in some sort, these wants of mine are

Crown'd, that I account them blessings; for these

Shall I try friends: you shall perceive how you

Must take my fortunes; I am wealthy in my friends.

Within there! Flaminius! Servilius!

Enter Flaminius, Servilius, and other Servants.

Servants. My lord? my lord?

Tim. I will dispatch you severally: you to Lord Lucius; to Lord Lucullus you: I hunted with his honour to-day: you, to Sempronius: commend me to their loves, and, I am proud, say, that my occasions have found time to use them toward a supply of money: let the request be fifty talents.

Flam. As you have said, my lord.

Flav. [Aside] Lord Lucius and Lucullus? hum! I have Deserved this hearing — bid 'em send o' the instant A thousand talents to me.

Flav. I have been bold —

For that I knew it the most general way —

To them to use your signet and your name;

But they do shake their heads, and I am here

No richer in return.

Tim. Is 't true? can 't be?

Flav. They answer, in a joint and corporate voice,

That now they are at fall, want treasure, cannot

Do what they would; are sorry — you are honourable —

But yet they could have wish'd — they know not —

Something hath been amiss — a noble nature

May catch a wrench — would all were wel — 't is pity —

And so, intending other serious matters,

After distasteful looks and these hard fractions,

With certain half-caps and cold-moving nods

They froze me into silence.

Tim. You gods, reward them!

Flav. Prithiee, man, look cheerful. These old fellows

Have their ingratitude in them hereditary:

Their blood is caked, 't is cold, it seldom flows;

'T is lack of kindly warmth they are not kind;

And nature, as it grows again toward earth,

Is fashion'd for the journey, dull and heavy.

[To a Serv.] Go to Ventidius. [To Flav.] Prithiee,

be not sad,

Thou art true and honest; ingeniously I speak,

No blame belongs to thee. [To Serv.] Ventidius late;

Buried his father; by whose death he's stepped

Into a great estate: when he was poor,

Imprison'd and in scarcity of friends,

I clear'd him with five talents: greet him from me;

Bid him suppose some good necessity

Touches his friend, which craves to be remember'd

With those five talents [Exit Serv.]. [To Flav.] That

had, give 't these fellows

To whom 't is instant due. Ne'er speak, or think,

That Timon's fortunes mong his friends can sink.

Flav. I would I could not think it: that thought

Is bounty's foe:

Being free itself, it thinks all others so. [Exeunt.
ACT III.

SCENE I.—A room in Lucullus' house.

Flaminus waiting. Enter a Servant to him,
Serv. I have told my lord of you; he is coming down to you.
Flam. I thank you, sir.

Enter Lucullus.

Serv. Here's my lord.
Luc. [Aside] One of Lord Timon's men? a gift, I warrant. Why, this hits right; I dreamt of a silver basin and e'er to-night. Flaminus, honest Flaminus; you are very respectably welcome, sir. Fill me some wine. [Exit Servant.] And how does that honourable, complete, free-hearted gentleman of Athens, thy very bountiful good lord and master—Flam. His health is well, sir.
Luc. I am right glad that his health is well, sir: and what hast thou there under thy cloak, pretty Flaminus?
Flam. 'Faith, nothing but an empty box, sir; which, in my lord's behalf, I come to entreat your honour to supply: no, having great and instant occasion to use fifty talents, hath sent to your lordship to furnish him, nothing doubting your present assistance therein.
Luc. La, la, la! 'nothing doubting,' says he? Alas, good lord! a noble gentleman 'tis, if he would not keep so good a house. Many a time and often I ha' dined with him, and told him on 't, and come again to supper to him, of purpose to have him spend less, and yet he would embrace no counsel, take no warning by my coming. Every man has his fault, and honesty is his: I ha' told him on 't, but I could ne'er get him from 't.

Re-enter Servant, with wine.

Serv. Please your lordship, here is the wine.
Luc. Flaminus, I have noted thee always wise. Here's to thee.
Flam. Your lordship speaks your pleasure.
Luc. I have observed thee always for a towardly prompt spirit—give thee thy due—and one that knows what belongs to reason; and canst use the time well, if the time use thee well: good parts in thee. [To Serv.] Get you gone, sirrah! [Exit Serv.] Draw nearer, honest Flaminus. Thy lord's a bountiful gentleman, but thou art wise: and thou knowest well enough, although thou comest to me, that this is no time to lend money, especially upon bare friendship, without security. Here's three solidares for thee: good boy, wink at me, and say thou savest 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.

Luc. Ha! now I see thou art a fool, and fit for thy master. [Exit. Flam. May these add to the number that may scald thee!

Let molten coin be thy damnation, Thou disease of a friend, and not himself! Has friendship such a faint and milky heart, It turns in less than two nights? O you gods, I feel my master's passion! this slave, Unto his honour, has my lord's meat in him: Why should it thrive and turn to nutriment, When he is turn'd to poison? O, may diseases only work on't! And, when he's sick to death, let not that part of Which my lord paid for, be of any power to expel sickness, but prolong his hour! [Exit.
ACT III.

TIMON OF ATHENS.

SCENE III.—A room in Sempronius' house.

Enter Sempronius, and a Servant of Timon's.

Sem. Must he needs trouble me in 't.—hum!—
'bove all others? He might have tried Lord Lucius or Lucullus; And now Ventidius is wealthy too, Whom he redeem'd from Python: all these Owe their estates unto him. Serv. They have all been touch'd and found base metal, for They have all denied him. Sem. How have they denied him? Has Ventidius and Lucullus denied him? And does he send to me? Three! hum! It shows but little love or judgment in him: Must I be his last refuge? His friends, like physicians, [me? Thrive, give him over: must I take the cure upon Has much disgraced man? 't; I am angry at him. That might have known my place: I see no sense in't, But his occasions might have woo'd me first; In, for my conscience, I was the first man That e'er received gift from him: And does he think so backwardly of me now, That I'll requite it last? No: So it may prove an argument of laughter To the rest, and 'mongst lords I be thought a fool. I'd rather than the worth of thrice the sum, Had sent to me first, but for my mind's sake; I'd such a courage to do him good. But now return, And with their faint reply this answer join; Who bates mine honour shall not know my coin.

Serv. Excellent! Your lordship's a goodly villain. The devil knew not what he did when he made man politic; he crossed himself by 't: and I cannot think but, in the end, the villainies of man will set him clear. How fairly this lord strives to appear foul! Takes virtuous copies to be wicked, like those that under hot ardent zeal would set whole realms on fire: Of such a nature is his politic love. This was my lord's best hope; now all are fled, Save only the gods: now his friends are dead, Doors, that were ne'er acquainted with their wards Many a man, must be employ'd Now to guard sure their master. And this is all a liberal course allows; Who cannot keep his wealth must keep his house.

[Exit.]

SCENE IV.—The same. A hall in Timon's house.

Enter two Servants of Varro, and the Servant of Lucius, meeting Titus, Hortensius, and other Servants of Timon's creditors, waiting his coming out.

First Var. Serv. Well met; good morrow, Titus and Hortensius. Tit. The like to you, kind Varro. Hor. Lucius! What, do we meet together? Luc. Serv. Ay, and I think One business does command us all; for mine Is money. Tit. So is theirs and ours.

Enter Philotus.

Luc. Serv. And Sir Philotus too! Phi. Good day at once. Luc. Serv. Welcome, good brother. What do you think the hour? Luc. Serv. So much? Phi. Is not my lord seen yet? Luc. Serv. Not yet. Phi. I wonder on 't; he was went to shine at seven. Luc. Serv. Ay, but the days are wax'd shorter with You must consider that a prodigal course [him: Is like the sun's; but not, like his, recoverable. I fear 'tis deepest winter in Lord Timon's purse; That is, one may reach deep enough, and yet Find little.

Phi. I am of your fear for that. Tit. I'll show you how to observe a strange event. Your lord sends now for money.

Hor. Most true, he does. Tit. And he wears jewels now of Timon's gift, For which I wait for money. Luc. Serv. Hor. It is against my heart. Mark, how strange it shows, Timon in this should pay more than he owes: And e'en as if your lord should wear rich jewels, And send for money for 'em. [ness: Hor. I'm weary of this charge, the gods can wit- I know my lord hath spent of Timon's wealth, And now ingratitude makes it worse than stealth. First Var. Serv. Yes, mine, three thousand crowns, what's yours? Luc. Serv. Five thousand mine. First Var. Serv. 'Tis much deep: and it should seem by the sum, 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. I need not tell him that; he knows you are too diligent.

[Exit.

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? Var. Serv. By your leave, sir,— Flav. What do ye ask of me, my friend? Tit. We wait for certain money here, sir. Flav. Ay, If money were as certain as your waiting, 'twere sure enough. Why then preferr'd you not your suns and bills, When your false masters eat of my lord's meat? Then they could smile and fawn upon his debts And take down the interest into their glutinous You do yourselves but wrong to stir me up; [maws.
Let me pass quietly:
Believe 't, my lord and I have made an end;
I have no more to reckon, he to spend.
Lac. Serv. Ay, but this answer will not serve.
Flav. If 't will not serve, 't is not so base as you;
For you serve knaves. [Exit.
First Var. Serv. How! what does his cashiered
worship mutter?
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.
Serv. If I might beseech you, gentlemen, to repair
some other hour, I should derive much from 't; for,
take 't of my soul, my lord leans wondrously to dis-
content: his comfortable temper has forsook him;
he's much out of health, and keeps his chamber.
Luc. Serv. Many do keep their chambers are not
And, if it be so far beyond his health, [sick:
Methinks he should the sooner pay his debts,
And make a clear way to the gods.
Serv. Good gods! We cannot take this for answer, sir; [lord!
Flav. [Within] Servilius, help! My lord! my

Enter Timon, in a rage; Flaminiius following.
Tim. What, are my doors opposed against my pass?
Have I been ever free, and must my house [sage?
Be my retentive enemy, my god! The place which I have feasted, does it now,
Like all mankind, show me an iron heart?
Lac. Serv. Put in now, Titus.
Tit. My lord, here is my bill.
Luc. Serv. Here's mine.
Hor. And mine, my lord.
Both Var. Serv. And ours, my lord.
Phl. All our bills. [girdle.
Tim. Knock me down with 'em: cleave me to the
Luc. Serv. Alas, my lord,—
Tim. Cut my heart in sums.
Phl. 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! [Exit.
Hor. 'Faith, I perceive our masters may throw
their caps at their money; these debts may well be
called desperate ones, for a madman owes 'em.'

Re-enter Timon and Flavius.
Tim. They have e'en put my breath from me, the
Creditors? devils! [slaves.
Flav. My dear lord,—
Tim. What if it should be so?
Flav. My lord,—
Tim. I'll have it so. My steward!
Flav. Here, my lord.
Tim. So fitly? Go, bid all my friends again,
Lucius, Lucullus, and Sempronius:
All, sirrah, all:
I'll once more feast the rascals.
Flav. O my lord,
You only speak from your distracted soul;
There is not so much left, to furnish out
A moderate table.
Tim. Be 't not in thy care; go,
I charge thee, invite them all: let in the tide
Of knaves once more; my cook and I'll provide.
[Exit.

SCENE V.—The same. The senate-house.

The Senate sitting.

First Sen. My lord, you have my voice to it; the
Bloody; 't is necessary he should die: [fault's
Nothing emboldens sin so much as mercy.
Sec. Sen. Most true; the law shall bruise him.

Enter Alcibiades, with Attendants.
Alcib. Honour, health, and compassion to the
First Sen. Now, captain? [sene!
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 stepp'd into the law, which is past depth
To those that, without need, do plunge into 't.
He is a man, setting his fate aside,
Of comedy virtues:
Nor did he soil the fact with cowardice—
An honour in him which buys out his fault—
But with a noble fury and fair spirit,
Seeing his reputation touch'd to death,
He did oppose his foe:
With such sound and unnoted passion
He did behave his anger, ere 't was spent,
As if he had but proved an argument.

First Sen. You undergo too strict a paradox,
Striving to make an ugly deed look fair:
Your words have took such pains as if they labour'd
To bring manslaughter into form and set quarrelling
Upon the head of 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 his
Wrong, [lessly,
His outsides, to wear them like his raiment, care—
And 'er prefer his injuries to his heart,
To bring it into danger.
If wrongs be evils and enforce us kill,
What folly 't is to hazard life for ill!

Alcib. My lord,—
[First Sen. You cannot make gross sins
To revenge is no value, but to bear.

Alcib. My lords, then, under favour, pardon me,
If I speak like a captain.
Why do fond men expose themselves to battle,
And not endure all threats? sleep upon 't,
And let the foes guilty not out their throats,
Without repugnancy? If there be
Such value in the bearing, what make we
Abroad? why then, women are more valiant
That stay at home, if bearing carry it,
And the ass more captain than the lion, the felon
Loaden with iron wiser than the judge,
If wisdom be in suffering. O my lords,
As you are great, be pitifully good:
Who cannot condemn rashness in cold blood?
To kill, I grant, is sin's extremest gust;
But, in defence, by mercy, 't is most just.
To be in anger is impetue;
But who is man that is not angry?
Weigh but the crime with this.

Sec. Sen. You breathe in vain.

Alcib. In vain! his service done
At Lacedemon and Byzantium
Were a sufficient briber for his life.
First Sen. What's that then?
Alcib. I say, my lords, he has done fair service,
And slain in fight many of your enemies:
How full of value did he bear himself
In the last conflict, and made plenteous wounds!
Sec. Sen. He has made too much plenty with 'em;
He's a sworn rifer; he has a sin that often
Drowns him, and takes his valour prisoner:

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ACT III.

TIMON OF ATHENS.

SCENE VI.

If there were no foes, that were enough
To overcome him: in that beastly fury
He has been known to commit outrages,
And cherish factions: 'tis a madman to us,
His days are fouled and his drink dangerous.

First Sen. He dies.

Alcib. Hard fate! he might have died in war.

My lords, if not for any parts in him —
Though his right arm might purchase his own time
And be in debt to none — yet, more to move you,
Take my deserts to his, and join 'em both:
And, for I know your reverend ages love
Security, I’ll pawn my victories, all
My honours to you, upon his good returns.
If by this crime he owes the law his life,
Why, let the war receive 't in valiant gore;
For law is strict, and war is nothing more. [more.

First Sen. We are for law: he dies; urge it no
On height of our displeasure: friend or brother,
He forfeits his own blood that spills another.

Alcib. Must it be so? it must not be. My lords,
I do beseech you, know me.

Sec. Sen. How!

Alcib. Call me to your remembrances.

Third Sen. What! Alcib. I cannot think but your age has forgot me;
It could not else be, I should prove so base,
To sue, and be denied such common grace:
My wounds ache at you.

First Sen. Do you dare our anger? 'T is in few words, but spacious in effect;
We banish thee for ever.

Alcib. Banish me!

Banish your dotee; banish usury,
That makes the senate ugly. [tain thee the
First Sen. If, after two days' shine, Athens con-
Attain our weightier judgment. And, not to swell
He shall be executed presently. [our spirit.

[Exit Senators.

Alcib. Now the gods keep you old enough; that
you may live
Only in bone, that none may look on you!
I'm worse than mad: I have kept back their foes,
While they have told their money and let out
Their coin upon large interest, I myself
Rich only in large hurts. All those for this?
Is this the basham that the usurping senate
Pours into captives' wounds? Banishment!
It comes not ill; I hate not to be banished;
It is a costly, worthy my splendour fury,
That I may strike at Athens. I'll cheer up
My discontented troops, and lay for hearts.
'T is honour with most lands to be at odds;
Soldiers should brook as little wrongs as gods. [Exeit.

SCENE VI.—The same. A banqueting-room in
Timon's house.

Music. Tables set out: Servants attending. Enter divers Lords, Senators and others, at several doors.

First Lord. The good time of day to you, sir.

Sec. Lord. Your health, which it is to you, sir.
I think this hon-
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 persuasion of
his new feasting.

First Lord. I should think so: he hath sent me an
earnest inviting, which many my near occasions
did urge me to put off; but he hath conjured me beyond
them, and I must needs appear.

Sec. Lord. In like manner was I in debt to my im-
portunate 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 un-
derstand 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
the trumpet's sound; we shall to it presently.

First Lord. I hope it remains not unkindly with
your lordship that I returned you an empty mes-

Sec. Lord. On, sir, let it not trouble you. [senger.

Sec. Lord. My noble lord,—

Tim. Ah, my good friend, what cheer?

Sec. Lord. My most honourable lord, I am e'en
sick of shame, that, when your lordship this other
day sent to me, I was so unfortunate a beggar.

Tim. That, was not on 't, sir.

Sec. Lord. If you had sent but two hours before,—

Tim. Let it notumber your better remembrance.

[The banquet brought in.] Come, bring in all together.

Sec. Lord. All covered dishes!

First Lord. Royal cheer, I warrant you.

Third Lord. Doubt not that, if money and the
season can yield it.

First Lord. How do you? What 's the news?

Third Lord. Alcibiades is banished: hear you of
First and Sec. Lord. Alcibiades banished! [it?

Third Lord. 'T is so, be sure of it.

First Lord. How! how!

Sec. Lord. I pray you, upon what?

Tim. My worthy friends, will you draw near?

Third Lord. I 'll tell you more anon. Here 's a
noble feast toward.

Sec. Lord. This is the old man still.

Third Lord. Will 't hold? will 't hold?

Sec. Lord. It does: but time will — and so —

Third Lord. I do conceive.

Tim. Each man to his stool, with that spur as
he would to the lip of his mistress: your diet shall
be in all places alike. Make not a city feast of it,
to let the meat cool ere we can agree upon the first
place: sit, sit. The gods require our thanks.

You great benefactors, sprinkle our society with
thankfulness. For your own gifts, make yourselves
praised: but reserve still to give, lest your
deities be despised. Lend to each man enough,
that one need not lend to another; for, were your
good deeds not to profit the men, who 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 sena-
tors of Athens, together with the common lag of
people — what is amiss in them, you gods, make
suitable for destruction. For these my present
friends, as they are to me nothing, so in nothing
bless them, and to nothing are they welcome.

Uncover, dogs, and lap.

[The dishes are uncovered and seen to be full
of warm water.

Some speak. What does his lordship mean?
ACT IV.

TIMON OF ATHENS. SCENE II.

Some other. I know not.

Tim. May you a better feast never behold,
You knot of mouth-friends! smoke and luke-warm
Is your perfection. This is Timon's last; [water
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, detected parasites,
Courteous destroyers, affable wolves, meek bears,
You fools of fortune, trenched-friends, time's flies,
Cap and knee slaves, vapours, and minute-jacks!
Of man and beast the infinite rake
Cruel 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.

[Threws 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! [fury?

Sec. Lord. Know you the quality of Lord Timon's

Third Lord. Push! did you see my cap?

Fourth Lord. I have lost my gown.

First Lord. He's but a mad lord, and sought but
humour sways him. He gave me a jewel th'o' 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 't upon my bones.

Fourth Lord. One day he gives us diamonds, next
day stones. [Exeunt.

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—Without the walls of Athens.

Enter Timon.

Tim. Let me look back upon thee. O thou wall,
That girdlest in those wolves, dive in the earth,
And fence not Athens! Matrons, turn incument!
Obedience fall in children! slaves and fools,
Pluck the grave wrinkled senate from the bench,
And minister in their steads! to general fits
Convert o' the instant, green virginity,
Do 't in your parents' eyes! bankrupts, hold fast;
Rather than render back, out with your knives,
And cut your trusters' throats! bound servants,steal
Large-handed robbers your grave masters are,
And pill by law. Maid, to thy master's bed;
Thy mistress is o' the brothel! Son of sixteen,
Pluck the lined crutch from thy old limping sire,
With it beat out his brains! Piety, and fear,
Religion to the gods, peace, justice, truth,
Domestic awe, night-rest, and neighbourhood,
Instruction, manners, mysteries, and trades,
Degrees, observances, customs, and laws,
Decline to your confounding contraries,
And let confusion live! Plagues, incident to men,
Your potent and infectious fevers heap,
On Athens, here for stroke! Thou cold sciatia,
Cripple our senators, that their limbs may halt
As lamely as their manners! Lust and liberty
Creep in the minds and marrowes of our youth,
That 'gainst the stream of virtue they may strive,
And drown themselves in riot! Itches, blains,
Sow all the Athenian bosoms; and their crop
Be general leprosy! Breath infect breath,
That their society, as their friendship, may
Be merely poison! Nothing I'll bear from thee,
But nakedness, thou detestable town!
Take thou that too, with multiplying bans!
Timon will to the woods; where he shall find
The unkindest beast more kinder than mankind.
The gods confound—hear me, you good gods all—
The Athenians both within and out that wall!
And grant, as Timon grows, his hate may grow
To the whole race of mankind, high and low! Amen.

[Exit.


Enter Flavius, with two or three Servants.

First Serv. Hear you, master steward, where's our master?
Are we undone? cast off? nothing remaining?

Flav. Alack, my fellows, what should I say to
Let me be recorded by the righteous gods, [you?
I am as poor as you.

First Serv. Such a house broke!
So noble a master fall'n! All gone! and not
One friend to take his fortune by the arm,
And go along with him!

Sec. Serv. As we do turn our backs
From our companion thrown into his grave,
So his familiars to his buried fortunes
Slink all away, leave their false vows with him,
Like empty purses pick'd; and his poor self,
A dedicated beggar to the air,
With his disease of all-shunn'd poverty,
Walks, like contempt, alone. More of our fellows.

Enter other Servants.

Flav. All broken implements of a ruin'd house.

Third Serv. Yet do our hearts wear Timon's
Livery!

That see I by our faces; we are fellows still,
Serving alike in sorrow: leak'd is our bark,
And we, poor mates, stand on the dying deck,
Hearing the surges threat: we must all part
Into this sea of air.

Good fellows all,
The latest of my wealth I'll share amongst you.
Wherever we shall meet, for Timon's sake,
Let's yet be fellows; let's shake our heads, and say,
As 't were a knell unto our master's fortunes,
We have seen better days. Let each take some;
'Nay, put out all your hands. Not one word more:
Thus part which in sorrow, parting poor.

[Servants embrace, and part several ways.

Flav. O, the fierce wretchedness that glory brings us!
Who would not wish to be from wealth exempt,
Since riches point to misery and contempt?
Who would be so mock'd with glory? or to live
But in a dream of friendship?
To have his pomp and all what state compounds
But only painted, like his varnish'd friends?
Poor honest lord, brought low by his own heart,
Undone by goodness! Strange, unusual blood,
When man's worst sin is, he does too much good!
Who, then, dares to half so kind again?
For bounty, that makes gods, does still man men.
My dearest lord, bless'd, to be most accursed,
Rich, only to be wretched, thy great fortunes
Are made thy chief afflictions. Alas, kind lord!
He's flung in rage from this ingratitude seat
Of monstrous friends, nor has he with him to

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Supply his life, or that which can command it.
I'll follow and inquire him out:
I'll ever serve his mind with my best will;
Whilst I have gold, I'll be his steward still. [Exit.

SCENE III.—Woods and cave, near the sea-shore.

Enter Timon, from the cave.

Tim. O blessed breeding sun, draw from the earth
Rotten humidity; below thy sister's orb
Inflect the air! Twinn'd brothers of one womb,
Whose procreation, residence, and birth,
Scarce is divident, touch them with several fortunes;
The greater scorner the lesser: not nature,
To whose favors, fickle, can bear great fortune,
But by contempt of nature.
Raise me this beggar, and deny 't that lord;
The senator shall bear contempt hereditary,
The beggar native honour.
It is the pasture lards the rother's sides,
The want that makes him lean. Who dares, who
In purity of manhood stand upright, [dares,
And say 'This man's a flatterer'? if one be,
So are they all; for every gree of fortune
Is smooth'd by that below: the learned pate
Ducks to the golden fool: all is oblique;
There's nothing level in our cursed natures,
But direct villiany. Therefore, be abhorred.
All feasts, societies, and throngs of men!
His semblable, yea, himself, Timon disdain'd:
Destruction fan mankind! Earth, yield me roots! [Digging.

Who seeks for better of thee, saucy his palate
With thy most operant poison! What is here?
Gold? yellow, glittering, precious gold? No, gods,
I am no idle votarist: roots, you clear heavens!
Thus much of this will make black white, foul fair,
Wrong right, base noble, old young, coward valiant.
Ha, you gods! why this? what this, you gods?
Why, this.

Will lug your priests and servants from your sides,
Pluck stout men's pillows from below their heads:
This yellow slave
Will knit and break religions, bless the accursed,
Make the hoar leprosy adored, place thieves
And give them title, knee and approbation
With sisters 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
To the April day again. Come, damned earth,
Thou common whore of mankind, that put'st odds
Among the most of nations, I will make thee
Do thy right nature. [March after off.] Ha! a drum?
Thou'rt quick,
But yet I'll bury thee: thou'lt go, strong chief,
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
For showing me again the eyes of man! [heart,
Alcib. What is thy name? Is man so hateful to
That art the thief? [thee,
Tim. I am Misanthrope, and hate mankind.
For thy part, I do wish thou wert a dog,
That I might love thee something.
Alcib.

I know thee well;
But in thy fortunes am unlearn'd and strange.
Tim. I know thee too; and more than that I
know thee,
I not desire to know. Follow thy drum;
With man's blood paint the ground, gules, guile:
Religious canons, civil laws are cruel;
Then what should war be? This fell whore of thine
Hath in her more destruction than thy sword,
For all her cherubin look.

Phry. Thy lips rot off.
Tim. I will not kiss thee; then the rot returns
To thine own lips again.
Alcib. How came the noble Timon to this change?
Tim. As the moon does, by wanting light to give:
But then renew I could not, like the moon;
There were no suns to borrow of.

Alcib. Noble Timon,
What friendship may I do thee?
Tim. Maintain my opinion.
Alcib. What is it, Timon?
Tim. Promise me friendship, but perform none:
If thou wilt not promise, the gods plague thee, for thou art a man! if thou dost perform, confound thee, for thou art a man!
Alcib. I have heard in some sort of thy miseries.
Tim. Thou saw'st them, when I had prosperity.
Alcib. I see them now; then was a blessed time.
Tim. As thine is now, held with a brace of harlots.
Timan. Is this the Athenian minion, whom the world
Voiced so regardfully?
Tim. Art thou Timandra?
Timan. Yes. [use thee;
Tim. Be a whore still: they love thee not that
Give them no chances, leaving with thee their dust.
Make use of thy salt hours: season the slaves
For tubs and baths; bring down rose-cheeked youth
To the tub-fast and the diet.

Timan. Hang thee, monster!
Alcib. Pardon him, sweet Timandra; for his wits
Are drown'd and lost in his calamities.
I have but little gold of late, brave Timon,
The want whereof doth daily make revolt
In my penurious band: I have heard, and grieved,
How cursed Athens, mindless of thy worth,
Forgetting thy great deeds, when neighbour states,
But for thy sword and fortune, trod upon them,—
Tim. I prithee, beat thy drum, and get thee gone.
Alcib. I am thy friend, and pity thee, dear Timon.
Tim. How dost thou pity him whom thou dost
I had rather be alone. [trouble?

Dable. Why, fare thee well:
Here is some gold for thee.
Tim. Keep it, I cannot eat it.
Alcib. When I have laid proud Athens on a heap,—
Tim. Warr'st thou 'gainst Athens?
Alcib. Ay, Timon, and have cause.
Tim. The gods confound them all in thy conquest;
And thee after, when thou hast conquer'd!

Alcib. Why me, Timon?
Tim. That, by killing of villains,
Thou wast born to conquer my country.
Put up thy gold: go on,—here's gold,—go on;
Be as a planetary plague, when Jove
Will o'er some high-viced city hang his poison
In the sick air: let not thy sword skip one;
Pity not heron's head's age for his white beard;
He is an usurer: stroke me the counterfeit matron;
It is her habit only that is honest,
Herself's a bawd: let not the virgin's cheek
Make soft thy trenchant sword; for those milk-paps,
That through the window-bars bore at men's eyes,
Art not within the least of pity writ;
But set them down horrible traitors: spare not the
Whose dimpled smiles from fools exhaust their
Think it a bastard, whom the oracle [mercy;
Hath doubtfully pronounced thy throat shall cut,
And mince it sans remorse: swear against objects;
Put armour on thine ears and anities of eyes:
Whose proof, nor yells of mothers, maid's, nor babes,
Nor sight of priests in holy vestments bleeding,
Shall pierce a jot.
There's gold to pay thy soldiers:
Make large confusion; and, thy fury spent,
Confounded be thyself! Speak not, be gone.
ACT IV. TIMON OF ATHENS. SCENE III.

Alcibiades. Hast thou gold yet? I'll take the gold thou givest me, Not all thy counsellors, [upon thee! Thy pious voice.
Timon. Dost thou, or dost thou not, heaven's curse Prone, and Timon. Give us some good, old Timon: hast thou more? 
Timon. Enough to make a whore forswear her trade, And to make whores, a bawd. Hold up, you sluts, Your aprons mountant: you are not oathsable,— Although, I know, you'll swear, terribly swear Into strong scolds and to heavenly aghast. The immortal gods that hear you, spare your oaths, I'll trust to your conditions: be whores still; And he whose pious breath seeks to convert you, Be strong in whores, allure him, burn him up; Let your close fire predominate his smoke, And be no turncoats: yet may your pains, six months, Be quite contrary: and snatch your poor thin roofs With burthens of the dead,—some that were hung'd, [still; No matter;—wear them, betray with them: whore Paint till a horse may mire upon your face: A pox of wrinkles! Phryne, and Timon. Well, more gold: what then? Believe, this'll do any thing for gold.
Timon. Consumptions sow In hollow bones of man; strike their sharp shins, And man's spurring. Crack the lawyer's voice, That he may never more false title plead, Nor sound his quillets shrilly: hoar the flamen, That souls against the quality of flesh. And not believes himself: down with the nose, Down with it flat; take the bridge quite away Of him that, his particular to foresee, Smells from the general weal: make curl'd-pate ruffians bald; And let the escarg'd braggarts of the war Derive some pain from you: plague all; That your activity may defeat and quell The source of all ejection. There's more gold: Do you damn others, and let this damn you, And ditches grave you all!
Phryne, and Timon. More counsel with more money, bounteous Timon.
Timon. More whose, more mischief first; I have given you earnest.
Alcibiades. Strike up the drum towards Athens! Farewell, Timon:
If I thrive well, I'll visit thee again.
Timon. If I thrive well, I'll never see thee more.
Alcibiades. I never did thee harm.
Timon. Yes, thou spokest well of me.
Alcibiades. Call'st thou that harm?
Timon. Men daily find it. Get thee away, and take Thy beggings with thee.
Alcibiades. We will offend him. Strike! Drum beats. Exeunt Alcibiades, Phrynia, and Timandra.
Timon. That nature, being sick of man's unkindness, Should yet be hungry! Common mother, thou, [Diggings.
Whose womb unmeasurable, and infinite beast, Teens, and feeds all; whose self-same mettle. Whereof thy proud child, arrogant man, is puff'd, Engenders the black toad and adder blue, The gilded newt and eyeless venom'd worm, With all the abhorr'd births below crisp heaven Whereon Hyperion's quickening fire doth shine; Yielding whose nourishment—wherein all hate. From forth thy plenteous bosom, one poor root! Ensue thy fertile and conception womb, Let it no more bring out ungrateful man! Go great with tigers, dragons, wolves, and bears; Teen with new monsters, whom thy upward face Hath to the marbled mansion all above. Never presented!—O, a root,—dear thanks!— Dry up thy marrows, vines, and plough-torn leas;
Whereof ingratitude, with liquorish draughts And morsels unctuous, greases his pure mind, That from it all consideration slips!

Enter Apemantus.

More man? plague, plague!

Apemantus. I was directed hither: men report Thou dost affect my manners, and dost use them.
Timon. 'Tis then, because thou dost not keep a dog, Whom I would imitate: consumption catch thee!
Apemantus. This is in thee a nature but infected; Poor unmanly melancholy sprung
From change of fortune. Why this spade? this place? This slave-like habit? and these looks of care? Thy flatterers yet wear silk, drink wine, lie soft; Hug their diseased perfumes, and have forgot That ever Timon was. Shame not these woods, By putting on the cunning of a carper. Be thou a flatterer now, and seek to thrive By that which has undone thee: hinge thy knee, And let his very breath, whom thou 'lt observe, Blow off thy cap; praise his most vicious strain, And call it excellent: thou wast told thus;
Thou gavest this man like tapstiers that bid welcome To knives and all: their approach is most just. That thou turn rascal; hadst thou wealth again, Raseals should have't. Do not assume my likeness.
Timon. Were I like thee, I 'ld throw away myself.
Apemantus. 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 spine Of wreakful heaven, whose bare unhoused trunks, To the conflicting elements exposed, Answer mere nature; bid them flatter thee; O, thou shalt find—
Timon. A fool of thee: depart.
Apemantus. I love thee better now than e'er I did. Timon. I hate thee worse.
Apemantus. Why?
Timon. Thou flatter'st misery.
Apemantus. I flatter not; but say thou art a caitiff.
Timon. Why dost thou seek me out?
Apemantus. To vex thee.
Timon. Always a villain's office or a fool's.
Dost please thyself in 't?

Apemantus. Ay.
Timon. What! a knave too?

Apemantus. 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 shouldest desire to die, being miserable. 
Timon. Not by his breath that is more miserable. Thy art a slave, whom Fortune's tender arm With favour never clasped; but bred a dog.
Hast thou, like us from our first swath, proceeded The sweet degrees that this brief world affords To such as may the passive drugs of it Freely command, thou wouldst have plunged thyself In general riot; melted down thy youth In different beds of lust; and never learned The icy precincts of respect, but follow'd The sugar'd game before thee. But myself, Who had the world as my confectionary,
ACT IV.  

TIMON OF ATHENS.  

SCENE III.

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 branches and left me open, bare 
For every storm that blows: I, to bear this, 
That never knew but better, is some burden: 
Thy natural commencement 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 rather be a man. Hence gone! 

If thou hadst not known the worst of men, 
Thou hadst not been a knave and flatterer. 

Apem.  

Art thou proud yet? 

Tim. Ay, that I am not thee. 

Tiem.  

I, that I was 

No prodigal. 

Apem.  

I, that I am one now: 

Were all the wealth I have shut up in thee, 
I'd give thee leave to hang it. Get thee gone. 

That the whole life of Athens were in this! 

Thus would I eat it. [Eating a root. 

Apem.  

Here; I will mend thy feast. 

[Offering him a root. 

Tim. First mend my company, take away thyself. 

Apem. So I shall mend mine own, by the lack 
of thine. 

Tim.  

'Tis not well mended so, it is but botch'd; 
If not, I would it were. 

Apem. What wouldst thou have to Athens? 

Tim. Thee thither in a whirlwind. If thou wilt, 
Tell them there I have gold; look, so I have. 

Apem. Here is no use for gold. 

Tim.  

The best and truest; 
For here it sleeps, and does no hired harm. 

Apem. Where liest o' nights, Timon? 

Tim. Under that's above me. 

Apem. Where feed'st thou o' days, Apemantus? 

Where my stomach finds meat; or, rather, 
where I eat it. [mind! 

Tim. Would poison were obedient and knew my 
Apem. Where wouldst thou send it? 

Tim. To sauce thy dishes. 

Apem. The middle of humanity thou never knewest, 
but the extremity of both ends: when thou wast in thy gilt and thy perfume, they mocked thee for too much curiosity; in thy rags thou knowest none, but art despised for the contrary. There's a medlar for thee, eat it. 

Tim. On what I hate I feed not. 

Apem. Dost hate a medlar? 

Tim. Ay, though it look like thee. 

Apem. An thou hadst hated meddlers sooner, 
thsoul shouldst have loved thyself better now. What man didst thou ever know unthrift that was belov'd above his medlar? 

Tim. Who, without those means thou talk'st of, 
didst thou ever know belov'd? 

Apem. Myself. 

Tim. I understand thee; thou hadst some means to keep a dog. 

Apem. What things in the world canst thou nearest compare to thy flatterers? 

Tim. Women nearest; but men, men are the things themselves. What wouldst thou do with the world, Apemantus, if it lay in thy power? 

Apem. Give it the beasts, to be rid of the men. 

Tim. Wouldst thou have thyself fall in the confusion of men, and remain a beast with the beasts? 

Apem. Ay, Timon. 

Tim. A beastly ambition, which the gods grant thee? attain to? If thou wert the lion, the fox would beguile thee: if thou wert the lamb, the fox 

would eat thee: if thou wert the fox, the lion would suspect thee, when peradventure thou wert accused by the ass: if thou wert the ass, thy dullness would torment thee, and still thou livest: but as a breakfast to the wolf: if thou wert the wolf, thy greediness would afflict thee, and oft thou shouldst hazard thy life for thy dinner: wert thou the unbridled, pride and wrath would consume thee and make thine own self the conquest of thy fury: wert thou a bear, thou wouldst be killed by the horse: wert thou a horse, thou wouldst be seized by the leopard: wert thou a leopard, thou wert German to the lion and the spots of thy kindred were Jurors on thy life: all thy safety were refection and thy defence a dead and bloody trance. What beast couldst thou be, that were not subject to a beast? and what a beast art thou already, that seest not thy loss in transformation! 

Apem. If thou couldst please me with speaking to me, thou mightest have put upon it here: the commonwealth of Athens is become a forest of beasts. 

Tim. How has the ass broke the wall, that thou art out of the city? 

Apem. Yonder comes a poet and a painter: the plague of company light upon thee! I will fear to catch it and give way: when I know not what else to do, I'll see thee again. 

Tim. When there is nothing living but thee, thou shalt be welcome. I had rather be a beggar's dog than Apemantus. 

Apem. Thou art the cap of all the fools alive. 

Tim. Would thou wert clean enough to spit upon! 

Apem. A plague on thee! thou art too bad to curse. 

Apem. All villains that do stand by thee are pure. 

Apem. There is no leprous but what thou speak'st. 

Tim. If I name thee, 

I'll beat thee, but I should infect my hands. 

Apem. I would my tongue could rot them off! 

Tim. Away, thou issue of a mangy dog! 

Choler does kill me that thou art alive! 

I swound to see thee. 

Apem. Would thou wouldest burst! 

Away, 

Thou tedious rogue! I am sorry I shall lose 
A stone by thee. 

Beast! [Throws a stone at him. 

Tim.  

Apem.  

Tim.  

Apem.  

Tim.  

Apem.  

Tim.  

Apem.  

Tim.  

Apem.  

Tim.  

Apem.  

Tim.  

Apem.  

Tim.  

Apem.  

Tim.  

Apem.  

Tim.  

Apem.  

Tim.  

Apem.  

Tim. 

Thou wouldest were so! 

But not till I am dead. I'll say thou'st gold: 
Thou wilt be throng'd to shortly. 

Throng'd to! 

Apem.  

Tim.  

Apem.  

Tim.  

Apem.  

Tim.  

Apem.  

Tim.  

Apem.  

Tim.  

Apem.  

Tim.  

Apem.  

Tim.  

Apem.  

Tim.  

Apem.  

Tim.  

Apem.  

Tim.  

Apem.  

Tim.  

Apem.  

Tim.  

Apem.  

Tim.  

Apem.  

Tim.  

Apem.  

Tim.  

Apem.  

Tim.  

Apem.  

Tim.  

Apem.  

Tim.  

Apem.  

Tim.  

Apem.  

Tim.  

Apem.  

Tim.  

Apem.  

Tim.  

Apem.  

Tim.  

Apem.  

Tim.  

Apem.  

Tim.  

Apem.  

Tim.  

Apem.  

Tim.  

Apem.  

Tim.  

Apem.  

Tim. 

Moe things like men! Eat, Timon, and abhor them.
Enter Banditti.

First Ban. Where should he have this gold? It is some poor fragment,Some splendid port of his remainder: the great want of gold, and the fallingfrom of his friends, drove him into this melancholy.

Sec. Ban. It is noise, and hath a mass of treasure.

Third Ban. Let us make the assay upon him: if he care not for 't, he will supply us easily; if he covetously reserve it, how shall 's get it?

Sec. Ban. 'Tis his description.

Third Ban. He; I know him.

Banditti. Save thee, Timon.

Tim. Now, thieves?

Banditti. Soldiers, not thieves.

Tim. Both too; and women's sons.

Banditti. We are not thieves, but men that much do want.

Tim. Your greatest want is, you want much of What should you want? Behold, here earth hath roots; Within this mile break forth a hundred springs; The oaks bear mast, the briars scarlet hips; The bounteous housewife, nature, on each bush Lays her full mess before you. Want why want?

First Ban. We cannot live on grass, on berries, As beasts and birds and fishes. [water. They play on the beasts themselves, the birds, and fishes; You must eat men. Yet thanks I must you con That you are thieves professed, that you work not In holier shapes: for there is boundless theft In limited professions. Rascal thieves.

Sec. Ban. Here's gold. Go, suck the subtle blood o' the grape, Till the high fever seethe your blood to froth, And so 'scape hanging; trust not the physician; His antidotes are poison, and he slays More than you rob: take wealth and lives together: Do villainy, do, since you protest to do 't, Like workmen. I'll example you with thievery: The sun's a thief, and with his great attraction Robs the vast sea; the moon's an arrant thief, And her pale fire she matches 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 nothing; therefore, each thing's a thief: The laws, your curb and whip, in their rough power Have uncheck'd theft. Love not yourselves: away, Rob one another. There's more gold. Cut throats: All that you meet are thieves: to Athens go, Break open shops; nothing can you steal, But thieves do lose it: steal no less for this I give you; and gold confound you howe'er! 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 divided us not to have us thrive in our mystery.

Sec. Ban. I'll believe him as an enemy, and give over my trade.

First Ban. Let us first see peace in Athens: there is no time so miserable but a man may be true.

Enter Flavius. [Elevent Banditti.

Flav. O you gods! Is yond despised and ruined 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 up 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 misconceit me than those that do! Has caught me in his eye: I will present My honest griefs into him; and, as my lord, Still serve him with my life. My dearest master!

Tim. Away! what art thou?

Flav. Have you forgot me, sir? Tim. Why dost ask that? I have forgot all men; Then, if thou grant'st thou 'rt a man, I have forgot. Flav. An honest poor servant of yours. [thee. Tim. Then I know 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. Tim. What dost thou weep? Come nearer. Then I love thee, Because thou art a woman, and disclaim'st Flinty mankind; whose eyes do never give But thorough lust and laughter. Pity's sleep. Strange times, that weep and laughing, not with weeping.

Flav. I beg of you to know me, good my lord, To accept my grief and whilst this poor waste lacks To entertain me as your steward still.

Tim. Had I a steward So true, so just, and now so comfortable? It almost turns my dangerous nature mild. Let me behold thy face. Sure, this man Was born of woman. Forgive my general and exceptionless rashness, You perpetual-sober gods! I do proclaim One honest man—mistake me not— but one; No more, I pray,— and he's a steward. How faint would I have hated all mankind! And thou redeem'st thyself: but all, save thee, I fell with curses. Methinks thou art more honest now than wise; For, by oppressing and betraying me, Thou mightst have sooner got another service: For many so arrive at second masters, Upon their first lord's neck. But tell me true— For I must ever doubt, though ne'er so sure— Is not thy kindness subtle, covetous, If not a surising kindness, and, as rich men deal gifts, Expecting in return twenty for one?

Flav. No, my most worthy master; in whose breast Doubt and suspect, alas, are placed too late: You should have fear'd false times when you did Suspect still comes where an estate is least. [feast: That which I show, heaven knows, is merely love, Duty and zeal to your unmatched mind, Care of your food and living; and, believe it, My most honour'd lord, For any benefit that points to me, Either in hope or present, I'd exchange For this one wish, that you had power and wealth To requite me, by making rich yourself.

Tim. Look thee, 'tis so! Thou singly honest man, Here, take: the gods out my misery Have sent thee this treasure. Go, live rich and happy; But thus condition'd: thou shalt build from men; Hate all, curse all, shew charity to none, But let the famish'd flesh slide from the bone, Ere thou relieve the beggar: give to dogs What thou deny'st to men; let prisons swallow 'em, Debts wither 'em to nothing; be men like blasted woods, And may diseases lie up their false bloods! And so farewell and thrive.

Flav. O, let me stay, And comfort you, my master.

Tim. If thou hast curses, Stay not; fly, whilst thou art blest and free: Ne'er see thou man, and let me ne'er see thee. 

[Exit Flavius. Timon retires to his cave.}
ACT V.

SCENE I.—The woods. Before Timon's cave.
Enter Poet and Painter; Timon watching them from his cave.

Pain. As I took note of the place, it cannot be far where he abides.
Poet. What's to be thought of him? does the rumour hold for true, that he's so full of gold?
Pain. Certain: Alcibiades reports it; Phrynia and Timandra had gold of him: he likewise enriched poor straggling soldiers with great quantity: 'tis said he gave unto his steward a mighty sum.
Poet. Then this breaking of his has been but a try for his friends.
Pain. Nothing else: you shall see him a palm in Athens again, and flourish with the highest. Therefore 'tis not amiss we tender our loves to him, in this supposed distress of his: it will show honestly in us; and is very likely to load our purposes with what they travail for, if it be a just and true report that goes of his having.
Poet. What have you now to present unto him?
Pain. Nothing at this time, but my visitation: only I will provide him an excellent piece.
Poet. I must serve him so too, tell him of an intent that 's coming toward him.
Pain. Good as the best. Promising is the very air o' the time: it opens the eyes of expectation: performance is ever the duller for his act; and, but in the plain and simpler kind of people, the deed of saying is quite out of use. To promise is most courtely and fashionable: performance is a kind of will or testament which argues a great sickness in his judgment that makes it.

Timon comes from his cave, behind.

Tim. [Aside] Excellent workman! thou canst not paint a man so bad as thyself.
Poet. I am thinking what I say I have provided for him: it must be a personating of himself; a satire against the softness of prosperity, with a discovery of the infinite fallacies that follow youth and opulence.


Pain. Nay, let's seek him:
Then do we sin against our own estate,
When we may profit meet, and come too late.

Pain. Timon.
When the day serves, before black-corner'd night,
Find what thou want'st by free and offer'd light. Come.

Tim. [Aside] I'll meet you at the turn. What a
God's gold.
That he is worshipp'd in a baser temple
Than where swine feed! [foam.
'Tis thou that rigg'st the bark and plough'st the
Salted advertisment reverence in a slave:
To thee be worship! and thy saints for aye
Be crown'd with plagues that thee alone obey!
Fit I meet them. [Coming forward.

Poet. Hail, worthy Timon!

Pain. Our late noble master! Timon.

Pain. Have I once lived to see two honest men?

Poet. Sir,
Having often of your open bounty tasted,
Hearing you were retired, your friends fall'n off,
Whose thankless natures — O abhorred spirits! —
Not all the wealths of heaven are large enough:
What! to you,
Whose star-like nobleness gave life and influence
To their whole being! I am rapt and cannot cover
The monstrous bulk of this ingratitude
With any size of words.

Tim. Let it go naked, men may see 't the better:
You that are honest, by being what you are,
Make them best seen and known.

He and myself
Have travaill'd in the great shower of your gifts,
And sweetly felt it.

Tim. Aye, you are honest men.

Pain. We are thither come to offer you our service.

Tim. Most honest men! Why, how shall I requite you?
Can you repay, and drink cold water? no.
Both. What can we do, we'll do, to do you service.

[gold.

Tim. Ye're honest men: ye've heard that I have
I am sure you have: speak truth; ye're honest men.

Pain. So it is said, my noble lord; but therefore
Come not my friend nor I.

[terfeit.
Tim. Good honest men! Thou draw'st a cause
Best in all Athens: thou'rt, indeed, the best;
Thou counterfeit'st most lively.

Pain. So, so, my lord.

Tim. E'en so, sir, as I say. And, for thy fiction,
Why, thy verse swells with such fine and smooth
That thou'rt as natural in thine art.

But, for all this, my honest-natured friends
I must needs say you have a little fault:
Marry, 't is not monstrous in you, neither wish
You take much pains to mend.

Both. Beseech your honour
To make it known to us.

Tim. You'll take it ill.

Both. Most thankfully, my lord.

Tim. Will you, indeed?

Both. Doubt it not, worthy lord.

Tim. There's never a one of you but trusts a
That mightily deceives you.

[Knave, [knife.

Pain. Do we, my lord?

Tim. Ay, and you hear him eeg, see him dis-
semble,

Know his gross patchery, love him, feed him,
Keep in your bosom: yet remain assured
That he's a made-up villain.

Pain. I know none such, my lord.

Poet. Nor I.

Tim. Look you, I love you well; I'll give you gold.

Rid me these villains from your companies:
Hang them or stab them, drown them in a draught,
Confound them by some course, and come to me,
I'll give you gold enough.

Both. Name them, my lord, let's know them.

Tim. You that way and you this, but two in each
Man apart, all single and alone, [penny
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 pay-
ment for you: hence!

[To Poet] 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
For he is set so only to himself.

[Timon; That nothing but himself which looks like man
Is friendly with him.

First Sen. Bring us to his cave:
It is our part and promise to the Athenians
To speak with Timon.

Sec. Sen. At all times alike
Men are not still the same: 'twas time and griefs
That framed him thus: time, with his fairer hand,
Offering the fortunes of his former days,
The former man will 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 bluster! and each false
Be as a cauterizing 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
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 vacant lie
For thy best use and wearing.

Sec. Sen. They confess
Toward thee forgetfulness too general, gross;
Which now the public body, which doth seldom
Play the recanter, feeling in itself
A lack of Timon's aid, hath sense withal
Of his own fall, restraining aid to Timon;
And send forth us, to make their sorrow'd reader,
Together with a recompense more fruitful
Than their offence can weigh down by the dram;
Ay, even such heaps and sums of love and wealth
As shall to thee blot out what wrongs were theirs
And write in thee the figures of their love,
Even to read them thine.

Tim. You witch me in it;
Surprise me to the very brink of tears:
Lend me a fool's heart and a woman's eyes,
And I'll beewpee these comforts, worthy senators.
First Sen. Therefore, so please thee to return with
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,—
Tim. Well, sir, I will; therefore, I will, sir; thus:
If Alcibiades kill my countrymen,
Let Alcibiades know this of Timon,
That Timon cares not. But if he sack fair Athens,
And take our goodly aged men by the beards,
Giving our holy virgins to the stain
Of contumelions, beastly, mad-brain'd war,
Then let him know, and tell him Timon speaks it,
In pity of our aged and our youth,
I cannot choose but tell him, that I care not,
And let him take't at worst; for their knives care not,
While you have threats to answer: for myself,
There's not a 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.

Flav. Stay not, all's in vain.
Tim. Why, I was writing of my epitaph;
It will be seen to-morrow: my long sickness
Of health and living now begins to mend,
And nothing brings me all things. Go, live still;
Be Alcibiades your plague, you his,
And last so long enough!

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 fruit doth put it.

First Sen. That's well spoken.
Tim. Command me to my loving countrymen.—
First Sen. These words become your lips as they
pass thorough them.

Sec. Sen. And enter in our ears like great triumphs,
In their applauding gates.

Tim. Command me to them,
And tell them that, to ease them of their griefs,
Their fears of hostile strokes, their aches, losses,
Their pangs of love, with other incident thores
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,
Tell Athens, in the sequence of degree
From high to low throughout, that whose please
To stop afflication, let him take his haste,
Come hither, ere my tree hath felt the axe,
And hang himself. I pray you, do my greeting.

Flav. Trouble him no further; thus you still shall
find him.

Tim. Come not to me again: but say to Athens,
Timon hath made his everlasting mansion
Upon the beached verge of the salt flood;
Who once a day with his embossed froth
The turbulent surge shall cover: thither come,
And let my grave-stone be your oracle.
Lips, let sour words go by and language end:
What is amiss plague and infection mend!
Graves only be men's works and death their gain!
Sun, hide thy beams! Timon hath done his reign.

[Retires to his cave.]

Sec. Sen. His discontent is unremovably
Coupled to nature.

First Sen. Our hope in him is dead; let us return,
And strain what other means is left unto us
In our dear peril.

[Exeunt.]

**SCENE II.—Before the walls of Athens.**

Enter two Senators and a Messenger.

First Sen. Thou hast painfully discover'd: are his
As full as thy report?

[files]

Mess. I have spoke the least:
Besides, his expedition promises
Present approach.

Sec. Sen. We stand much hazard, if they bring not
Mess. I met a courier, one mine ancient friend;
Whom, though in general part we were opposed,
Yet our old love made a particular force,
And made us speak like friends: this man was riding
From Alcibiades to Timon's cave,
With letters of entreaty, which imported
His fellowship! the cause against your city,
In part for his sake moved.

First Sen. Here come our brothers.

Enter the Senators from Timon.

Third Sen. No talk of Timon, nothing of him
expect.
The enemies' drum is heard, and fearful scouring
Doth choke the air with dust: in, and prepare:
Ours is the fall, I fear; our foes be the snare.

[Exeunt.]

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SCENE III.—The woods. Timon’s cave, and a rude tomb seen.

Enter a Soldier, seeking Timon.

Sold. By all description this should be the place. Who’s here? speak, ho! No answer! What is this? Timon is dead, whom outstretched’s his span: Some beast rear’d this; there does not live a man. Dead, sure; and this his grave. What’s on this tomb I cannot read; the character I’ll take with wax: Our captain hath in every figure skill, An aged interpreter, though young in days: Before proud Athens he’s set down by this, Whose fall the mark of his ambition is. [Exit.

SCENE IV.—Before the walls of Athens.

Trumpets sound. Enter Alcibiades with his powers.

Alcib. Sound to this coward and lascivious town. Our terrible approach. [A parley sounded.

Enter Senators on the walls.

Till now you have gone on and fill’d the time With all licentious measure, making your wills The scope of justice; till now myself and such As slept within the shadow of your power Have wander’d with our traversed arms and breathed Our sufferance vail’d; now the time is flush, When crouching marrow in the bearer strong Cries of itself. ’No more!’— now breathless wrong Shall sit and pant in your great chairs of ease, And pursy insolence shall break his wind With fear and horrid flight.

First Sen. Noble and young, When thy first griefs were but a mere conceit, Ere thou hadst power or we had cause of fear, We sent to thee, to give thy rages balm, To wipe out our ingratitude with loves Above their quantity.

Sec. Sen. So did we woo Transformed Timon to our city’s love By humble message and by promised means: We were not all unkind, nor all deserve The common stroke of war.

First Sen. These walls of ours Were not erected by their hands from whom You have received your griefs; nor are they such That these great towers, trophies and schools should For private faults in them. [fall

Sec. Sen. Nor are they living Who were the motives that you first went out; Shame that they wanted cunning, in excess Hath broke their hearts. March, noble lord, Into our city with thy banners spread: By decimation, and a tithed death— If thy revenges hunger for that food Which nature loathes—take thou the destined tenth, And by the hazard of the spotted die Let die the spotted.

First Sen. All have not offended; For those that were, it is not square to take

On those that are, revenges: crimes, like lands, Are not inherited. Then, dear countryman, Bring in thy ranks, but leave without thy rage: Spare thy Athenian cradle and those kin Which in the bluster of thy wrath must fall With those that have offended: like a shepherd, Approach the fold and call 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 Fail and no more: and, to atone your fears With my more noble meaning, not a man Shall pass his quarter, or offend the stream Of regular justice in your city’s bounds, But shall be render’d to your public laws At heaviest answer.

Both. ’Tis most nobly spoken.

Alcib. Descend, and keep your words. [The Senators descend, and open the gates.

Enter Soldier.

Sold. My noble general, Timon is dead; Entomb’d upon the very hem o’ the sea; And on his grave-stone this inscription, which With wax I brought away, whose soft impression Interprets for my poor ignorance.

Alcib. [Reads the epitaph] Here lies a wretched corse, of wretched soul bereft: Seek not my name: a plague consume you wicked criticks left! [hate: Here lie I, Timon; who, alive, all living men did Pass by and curse thy fill, but pass and stay not here thy gait.]

These well express in thee thy latter spirits: Though thou abhorrest in us our human griefs, Scorn’d our brain’s flow and those our droplets which From niggard nature fall, yet rich conceit Taught thee to make vast Neptune weep for aye On thy low grave, on faults forgiven. Dead is noble Timon: of whose memory Hereafter more. Bring me into your city, And I will use the olive with my sword, Make war breed peace, make peace stint war, make Prescribe to other as each other’s leech. [each Let our drums strike. [Exeunt.

3d Bandit.—Let us make the assay upon him.—Act IV., Scene III.

Enter Flavius, Marullus, and certain Com- moners.

Flav. Hences! home, you idle creatures, get you
Is this a holiday? what! know you not, [home: Being mechanical, you ought not walk
Upon a labouring day without the sign
Of your profession? Speak, what trade art thou?
First Com. Why, sir, a carpenter.
Mar. Where is thy leather apron and thy rule?
What dost thou with thy best apparel on?
You, sir, what trade are you?
Sec. Com. Truly, sir, in respect of a fine work- man, I am but, as you would say, a cobbler.
Mar. What trade, thou knowe? 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, cobbles you.
Flav. Thou art a cobbler, art thou?
Sec. Com. Truly, sir, all that I live by is with the awl: I meddle with no tradesman’s matters, nor women’s matters, but with awl. I am, indeed, sir, a surgeon to old shoes; when they are in great danger, I recover them. As proper men as ever trod upon neat’s leather have gone upon my handi- work.
Flav. But wherefore art not in thy shop to-day?
Why dost thou lead these men about the streets?
Sec. Com. Truly, sir, to wear out their shoes, to get myself into more work. But, indeed, sir, we make holiday, to see Caesar and to rejoice in his triumph.
Mar. Wherefore rejoice? What conquest brings
What tributaries follow him to Rome,
To grace in captive bonds his chariot-wheels?
You blocks, you stones, you worse than senseless things!
O you hard hearts, you cruel men of Rome,
Knew you not Pompey? Many a time and oft
Have you climbed up to walls and battlements,
To towers and windows, yea, to chimney-tops,
Your infants in your arms, and there have sat
The live-long day, with patient expectation,
To see great Pompey pass the streets of Rome:
And when you saw his chariot but appear,
Have you not made an universal shout,
That Tiber trembled underneath her banks,
To hear the 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, for this fault,
Assemble all the poor men of your sort;
Draw them to Tiber banks, and weep your tears
Into the channel, till the lowest stream
Do kiss the most exalted shores of all.

[Exeunt all the Commoners.

See, whether their basest metal be not moved;
They vanish tongue-tied in their guiltiness.
Go you down that way towards the Capitol;
This way will I: disrobe the images,
If you do find them deck’d with ceremonies.

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Mar. May we do so?
You know it is the feast of Lupercal.

Fla. It is no matter; let no images
Be hung with Caesar's trophies. I'll about,
And drive away the vulgar from the streets;
So that you see, where you perceive them thick.
These growing feathers pluck'd from Caesar's wing
Will make him fly an ordinary pitch,
Who else would soar above the view of men
And keep us all in servile fearfulness. [Exeunt.

SCENE II.—A public place.

Flourish. Enter Caesar; Antony, for the course; Calpurnia, Portia, Decius, Cicero, Brutus, Cassius, and Casca; a great crowd following, among them a Soothsayer.

Ces. Calpurnia!

Cas. Peace, ho! Caesar speaks.

Ces. Calpurnia!

Cael. Here, my lord.

Cas. Stand you directly in Antonius' way,
When he doth run his course. Antonius!

Ant. Caesar, my lord!

Ces. For, if not, in your speed, Antonius,
To touch Calpurnia; for our elders say,
The barren, touched in this holy chase,  
Shake off their sterile curse.

Ant. I shall remember:
When Caesar says 'do this,' it is perform'd.

Ces. Set on; and leave no ceremony out.

[Sothing.

Ces. Caesar!

Cas. Ha! who calls?

Casca. Bid every noise be still; peace yet again!

Ces. Who is it in the press that calls on me?

I hear a tongue, shriller than all the music,

Cry 'Cæsar!'—Speak; Caesar is turn'd to hear.

Sooth. Beware the ides of March.

Ces. What man is that?

Brutus. A soothsayer bids you beware the ides of March.

Ces. Set him before me; let me see his face.

Cas. Fellow, come from the throng; look upon

Caesar.

Ces. What say'st thou to me now? speak once

Sooth. Beware the ides of March.

Ces. He is a dreamer; let us leave him: pass.

[Senet. Custom all except Brutus and Cassius.

Ces. Will you go see the order of the course?

Brutus. Not I.

Ces. I pray you, do.

Brutus. I am not gnomethese: I do lack some part
Of that quick spirit that is in Antony.
Let me not hinder, Cassius, your desires;
I'll leave you.

Ces. Brutus, I do observe you now of late:
I have not from your eyes that gentleness
And show of love as I was wont to have:
You bear too stubborn and too strange a hand
Over your friend that loves you.

Brutus. Cassius,
Be not deceived: if I have veil'd my look,
't turn the trouble of my countenance
Merely upon myself. Vexed I am
Of late with passions of some difference,
Conceptions only proper to myself,
Which give some soil perhaps to my behaviours:
But let not: therefore my good friends be griefed—
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.

Ces. Then, Brutus, I have much mistook your passion;
By means whereof this breast of mine hath buried
Thoughts of great value, worthy cogitations.
Tell me, good Brutus, can you see your face?

Brutus. No, Cassius; for the eye sees not itself,
But by reflection, by some other things.

Ces. 'Tis just:
And it is 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.

Brutus. Into what dangers would you lead me, Cassius?
That you would have me seek into myself. [Silus,
For which that is not in me?

Ces. Therefore, good Brutus, be prepared to hear:
And since you know you cannot see yourself
So well as by reflection, I, your glass,
Will modestly discover to yourself
That of yourself which you yet know not of.
And be not jealous on me, gentle Brutus:
Were I a common laugherr, or did use
To stale with ordinary oaths my love
To every now antagonist; if you know
That I do run on men and men must	
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.

Ces. What means this shouting? I do fear, the
Choose Caesar for their king.
Ay, do you fear it?

Then must I think you would not have it so.

Brutus. I would not, Cassius; yet I love him well.

But wherefore do you hold me here so long?

What is it that you would impart to me?

If' it be sought toward the general good,
Set bond in one eye and death in the other,
And I will look on both indifferently,
For the gods so speed me as I love
The name of honour more than I fear death.

Ces. I know that virtue to be in you, Brutus,
As well as I do know your outward favour.

Well, honour is the subject of my story.
I cannot tell what you and other men
Think of this life; but, for my single self,
I had as lief be not alive to see
In awe of such a thing as myself.
I was born free as Caesar; so were you:
We both have fed as well as can be both
Endure the winter's cold as well as he:
For once, upon a raw and gusty day,
The troubled Tiber chafing with her shores,
Cæsar said to me 'Daest thou, Cassius, now
Leap in with me into this angry flood,
And swim to wonder point?' Upon the word,
Accosted as I was, I plunged in
And bade him follow; so indeed he did.
The torrent roar'd, and we did buffet it
With hasty sinews, throwing it aside
And stemming it with hearts of controversy;
But ere we could arrive the point proposed,
Cæsar cried 'Help me, Cassius, or I sink!'  
I, as Æneas, our great ancestor,
Did from the flames of Troy upon his shoulder
The old Anchises bear, so from the waves of Tiber
Did I the tired Cæsar. And this man
Is now become a god, and Cassius is
A wretched creature and must bend his body;
If Cæsar carelessly but nod on him,
He had a fever when he was in Spain,
And when the fit was on him, I did mark
How he did shake: 'tis true, this god did shake:
His coward lips did from their colour fly,
And that same eye whose bend doth make the world
Did lose his lustre: I did hear him groan:
JULIUS CAESAR.

ACT I. SCENE II.

Ay, and that tongue of his that bade the Romans Mark him and write his speeches in their books, Alas, it cried 'Give me some drink, Titinius,' As a sick girl. Ye gods, it doth amaze me A man so dot he would be the world, So get the start of the majestic world And bear the palm alone. [Shout. Flourish.

Bru. Another general shout! I do believe that these applauses are For some new honours that are heap’d on Caesar.

Cas. Why, mark, he doth besride the narrow world Like a Colossus, and we petty men Walk under his huge legs and peep about To find ourselves dishonourable graves.

Men at some time are masters of their fates: The fault, dear Brutus, is not in our stars, But in ourselves, that we are underlings.

Bru. And Cassius: what should be in that 'Caesar'? Why should that name be sounded more than yours? Write them together, yours is as fair a name; Sound them, it doth become the mouth as well; Weigh them, it is as heavy: conjure with 'em, Brutus will start a spirit as soon as Caesar. Now, in the names of all the good whose names Upon what meat doth this our Cassius feed, That he is grown so great? Age, thou art shamed! Rome, thou hast lost the breed of noble bloods! When went there by an age, since the great flood, But it was famed with more than with one man? Who could they say till now, that talk'd of Rome, That her wide walls encompass'd but one man? Now is it Rome indeed and room enough, When there is in it but one only man. O, you and I have heard our fathers say, There was a Brutus once that would have brook'd The eternal devil to keep his state in Rome As easily as a king.

Bru. That you do love me, I am nothing jealous; What you would work me to, I have some aim: How I have thought of this and of these times, I shall recount hereafter; for this present, I would not, so with love I might entreat you, Be any further moved. What you have said I will consider; what you have to say I will with patience hear, and find a time Both meet to hear and answer such high things. Till then, my noble friend, chew upon this: Brutus had rather be a villain Than to see such a fellow as 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 from Brutus.

Bru. The games are done and Caesar is returning.

Cas. As they pass by, pluck Cassia by the sleeve: And he will, after his sour fashion, tell you What hath proceeded worthy note to-day. [Re-enter Caesar and his Train.

Bru. I will do so. But, look you, Cassius, The anger now doth clear our brows of snow, And all the rest look like a chidden train: Calpurnia's cheek is pale; and Cicero Looks with such ferret and such fiery eyes As we have seen him in the Capitol, Being cross'd in conference by some senators.

Cas. Cassia will tell us what the matter is.

Casia! Ah, my lord! Ant. Caesar? Cas. Let me have men about me that are fat: Sleek-headed men and such as sleep o' nights: Yond Cassius hath a lean and hungry look; He thinks too much: such men are dangerous. Another claps me, he's not dangerous; He is a noble Roman and well given.

Cas. Would he were fatter! But I fear him not: Yet if my name were liable to fear, I do not know the man I should avoid So soon as that spare Cassius. He reads much; He is a great observer and he looks Quite through the deeds of men; he loves no plays, As much as a man that hath a returning music; Seldom he smiles, and smiles in such a sort As if he mock'd himself and scorn'd his spirit That could be moved to smile at any thing. Such men as he be never at heart's ease Whiles they behold a greater than themselves, Whereto they are, there is no more danger. 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. [Scene. Exeunt Caesar and all his Train, but Cassia. Casca. You pull'd me by the cloak; would you speak with me? [day.

Bru. Ay, Cassia; tell us what hath chanced to-That Caesar looks so sad.

Cas. Why, you were with him, were you not? Bru. I should not then ask Cassia what had happen'd.

Cas. Why, there was a crown offered him: and being offered him, he put it by with the back of his hand, thus: and then the people fell a-shouting.

Bru. What was the second noise for?

Cas. Why, for that too.

Cas. They chanced robberies: what was the last cry Cas. Why, for that too. [for?

Bru. Was the crown offered him thrice? Cas. Ay, marry, was 't, and he put it by thrice, everytime gentler than other, and at every putting-by mine honest neighbours shouted.

Cas. Who offered him the crown?

Cas. Why, Antony.

Bru. Tell us the manner of it, gentle Cassia.

Cas. I can as well be hanged as tell the manner of it: it was mere foolery; I did not mark it. I saw Mark Antony offer him a crown; — yet 't was not a crown neither, 't was one of these coronets; — and, as I told you, he put it by once; but, for all that, to my thinking, he would fain have had it. Then he offered it him again; then he put it by again: but, to my thinking, he was very loath to lay his fingers off it. And then he offered it the third time; he put it the third time: and still as he refused it, they remonstrated against his chanced hands and threw up their sweaty night-caps and uttered such a deal of stinking breath because Caesar refused the crown that it had almost choked Caesar; for he swound and fell down at it: and for mine own part, I durst not laugh, for fear of opening my lips and receiving the bad air.

Cas. But, soft, I pray you: what did Caesar swound?

Cas. He fell down in the market-place, and foamed at mouth, and was speechless.

Bru. 'Tis very like: he hath the falling sickness.

Cas. No, Cassius hath it not. He is and I And honest Cassius, we have the falling sickness.

Cas. I know not what you mean by that; but, I am sure, Caesar fell down. If the tag-rag people did not clap him and hiss him, according as he pleased and displeased them, as they use to do the players in the theatre, I am no true man.

Bru. What did he do, when he came unto himself?

Cas. Marry, before he fell down, when he perceived the common herd was glad he refused the crown, he plucked me ope his doublet and offered them his throat to cut. And I had been a man of any occupation, if I would not have taken him at a word, And I might as well have been called among the rogues. And so he fell. When he came to himself again, he said, If he had done or said any thing amiss, he desired their worship and to think it was his infirmity. Three
or four wenches, where I stood, cried ‘Alas, good soul!’ and forgave him with all their hearts: but there’s no need to be taken of them; if Caesar had stabbed their mothers, they would have done no less.

Brut. And after that, he came, thus sad, away? Casca. Ay,

Cas. Did Cicero say anything? Casca. Ay, he spoke Greek.

Cas. To what effect?

Casca. Nay, an I tell you that, I'll ne'er look you in the face again: but those that understood him smiled, but one under their shaws their heads; but, for mine own part, it was Greek to me. I could tell you more news too: Marullus and Flavius, for pulling scarfs off Caesar's images, are put to silence. Fare you well. There was more foolery yet, if I could remember it.

Cas. Will you sup with me to-night, Casca?

Casca. No, I am promised forth.

Cas. Will you dine with me to-morrow? Casca. Ay, if I be alive and your mind hold and your dinner worth the eating.

Cas. Good: I will expect you.

Casca. Do so. Farewell, both. [Exit.]

Brut. What a blurt fellow is this grown to be! He was quick mettle when he went to school.

Cas. So is he now in execution

Of any bold or noble enterprise,

However he puts on this tardy form.

This rudeness is a sauce to his good wit,

Which gives men stomach to digest his words

With better appetite.

Brut. And so it is. For this time I will leave you:

To-morrow, if you please to speak with me,

I will come home to you; or, if you will,

Come home to me, and I will wait for you.

Cas. I will do so: till then, think of the world.

[Exit Brutus.]

Well, Brutus, thou art noble; yet, I see,

Thy honourable metal may be wrought

From that it is disposed: therefore it is meet

That noble minds keep ever with their likes;

For who so firm that cannot be seduced?

Cæsar doth bear me hard; but he loves Brutus:

If I were Brutus now and he were Cælius,

He should not honour me. I will this night,

In several hands, in at his windows throw,

As if they came from several citizens,

Writings all tending to the great opinion

That they hold of his name; wherein obscurely

Cæsar's ambition shall be glanced at:

And after this let Cæsar seat him sure;

For we will shake him, or worse days endure. [Exit.]

SCENE III.—The same. A street.

Thunder and lightning. Enter, from opposite sides,

Cæsars, with his sword drawn, and Cicero.

Cic. Good even, Cæsars; brought you Cæsar home?

Why are you breathless? and why stare you so?

Cæsar. Are not you moved, when all the sway of

Shakes like a thing unfirm? O Cicero, [earth

I have seen terris, when the scolding winds

Have rived the knotty oaks, and I have seen

The ambitious ocean swell and rage and foam,

To be exalted with the threatening clouds:

But never till to-night, never till now,

Did I go through a tempest dropping fire.

Either there is a civil strife in heaven,

Or else the world's minds are dead

To reflect, and with the gods,

Incense them to send destruction.

Cic. Why, saw you any thing more wonderful?

Cæsar. A common slave—you know him well by sight—

Held up his left hand, which did flame and burn

Like twenty torches join'd, and yet his hand,

Not sensible of fire, remain'd unscorched.

Besides—I ha' not since put up my sword—

Against the Capitol I met a lion,

Who glare 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.

Comes Cæsar to the Capitol to-morrow?

Cæsars. He doth; for he did bid Antonius

Send word to you he would be there to-morrow.

Cic. Good-night then, Cæsars: this disturbed sky

Is not to walk in.

Cæsars. 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

Cic. A very pleasing night to honest men. [this! Cassius. Who ever knew the heavens menace so?

Cas. Those that have known the earth so full of

For my part, I have walk'd about the streets, [faults.

Submitting me unto the perilous night,

And, thus unbraced, Cæsars, as you see,

Have bared my bosom to the thunder-stone;

And when the cross blue lightning seem'd to open

The breast of heaven, I did present myself

Even in the aim and very flash of it. [heavens?

Cæsars. But wherefore did you so much tempt the

It is the part of men to fear and tremble,

When the most mighty gods by tokens send

Such dreadful heralds to astonish us. [life

Cas. Ye are dull, Cæsars, and those sparks of

That should be in a Roman you do want,

Or else you use not. You look pale and gaze

And put on fear and cast yourself in wonder,

To see the strange impiety of the heavens:

But if you would consider the true cause

That all these fires, why all these gliding ghosts,

Why birds and beasts from common fury 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 monstrous state.

Now could I, Cæsars, name to thee a man

Most like this dreadful night,

That thunders, lightens, opens graves, and roars

As doth the lion in the Capitol.

A man no mightier than thyself or me

In personal action, yet prodigious grown

And fearful, as these strange eruptions are.

Cæsars. 'T is Caesar that you mean; is it not Cæsius?

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 dead,

And we are govern'd with our mothers' spirits;

Our yoke and sufferance show us manishness.

Cæsars. Indeed, they say the senators to-morrow

Mean to establish Caesar as a king;

And he shall wear his crown by sea and land,

In every place, save here in Italy.

Cas. I know where I will wear this dagger then
ACT II.

JULIUS CAESAR.

SCENE I.

Cassius from bondage will deliver Cassius:
Therein, ye gods, you make the weak most strong;
Therein, ye gods, ye tyrants do defeat:
Nor sturdy tower, nor walls of beaten brass,
Nor airless dungeon, nor strong links of iron,
Can be retentive to the strength of spirit;
But life, being weary of these worldly bars,
Never lacks power to dismiss itself.
If I know this, know all the world besides,
That part of tyranny that I do bear,
I can shake off at pleasure. [Thunder still.
Cass.] So can I:
So every bondman in his own hand bears
The power to cancel his captivity.
Cas. And why should Caesar be a tyrant then?
Poor man! I know he would not be a wolf,
But that he sees the Romans are but sheep:
He were no lion, were not Romans hinds.
Those that with haste will make a mighty fire
Begin it with weak straws: what trash is Rome,
What rubbish and what offal, when it serves
For the base matter to illuminate
So vile a thing as Caesar! But, O grief,
Where hast thou led me? I perhaps speak this
Before a willing bondman; then I know
My answer must be made. But I am arm'd,
And dangers are to me indifferent.
Cass. You speak to Cassius, and to such a man
That is no fleeting tell-tale. Hold, my hand:
Be factious for redress of all these griefs,
And I will set this foot of mine as far
As who goes farthest.
Cas. There's a bargain made.
Now know you, Cassius, I have moved already
Some certain of the noblest-minded Romans
To undergo with me an enterprise
Of honourable-dangerous consequence;
And I do know, by this, they stay for me
In Pompey's porch: for now, this fearful night,
There is no stir or walking in the streets;
And the complexion of the element
In favour's like the work we have in hand,
Most bloody, fierce, and most terrible. [Exit.
Cass.] Stand close awhile, for here comes one in
Cas. 'Tis Cinna; I do know him by his gait:
He is a friend.
Enter Cinna.
Cinna, where haste you so?
Cas. To find out you. Who's that? Metellus
Cimber?
Cas. No, it is Casca; one incorporate
To our attempts. Am I not stay'd for, Cinna?
Cin. I am glad on 't. What a fearful night is this!
There's two or three of us have seen strange sights.
Cas. Am I not stay'd for? tell me.
Cin. Yes, you are.
O Cassius, if you could
But win the noble Brutus to our party—
Cas. Be you content; good Cinna, take this paper,
And look you lay it in the prator's chair,
Where Brutus may but find it: and throw this
In at his window; set this up with wax
Upon old Brutus' statue: all this done,
Repair to Pompey's porch, where you shall find us.
Is Decius Brutus and Trebonius there?
Cin. All but Metellus Cimber; and he's gone
To seek you at your house. Well, I will he,
And so bestow these papers as you bade me.
Cas. That done, repair to Pompey's theatre,
[Exit Cinna.
Come, Cassius, you and I will yet ere day
See Brutus at his house: three parts of him
Is ours already, and the man entire
Upon the next encounter yields him ours.
Cas. O, he sits high in all the people's hearts:
And that which would appear offence in us,
His countenance, like richest alchemy,
Will change to virtue and to worthiness.
Cas. Him and his worth and our great need of
You have right well conceived. Let us go, [him
For it is after midnight; and ere day
We will awake him and be sure of him. [Exeunt.

ACT II.

SCENE I.—Rome. Brutus' orchard.

Enter Brutus.

Bru. What, Lucius, ho! I cannot, by the progress of the stars,
Give guess how near to day. Lucius, I say!
I would it were my fault to sleep so soundly.
When, Lucius, when? awake, I say! what, Lucius!

Enter Lucius.

Luc. Call'd you, my lord?
Bru. Get me a taper in my study, Lucius:
When it is lighted, come and call me here.
[Exit Lucius.

Luc. I will, my lord.
Bru. It must be by his death: and for my part,
I know no personal cause to spur him at,
But for the general. He would be crown'd:
How that might change his nature, there's the question.
It is the bright day that brings forth the adder;
And that craves wary walking. Crown him?—
And then, I grant, we put a sting in him, [that;—
That at his will he may do danger with.
The abuse of greatness is, when it disjoins
Remorse from power: and, to speak truth of Caesar,
I have not known when his affections sway'd
More than his reason. But 'tis a common proof,
That lowliness is young ambition's ladder,
Whereeto the climber-upward turns his face;
But when he once attains the utmost round,
He then unto the ladder turns his back,
Looks in the clouds, scorning the base degrees
By which he did ascend. So Caesar may.
Then, lest he may, prevent. And, since the quarrel
Will bear no colour for the thing he is,
Fashion it thus; that what he is, augmented,
Would run to these and these extremities:
And therefore think him as a serpent's egg,
Which, hatch'd, would, as his kind, grow mischiev.
And kill him in the shell. [ous,

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.
[Opens the letter and reads
'Brutus, thou sleepest: awaken and see thyself. Shall Rome, &c. Speak, strike, redress! Brutus, thou sleepest: awake!' Such instigations have been often dropp'd
Where I have took them up.
ACT II.  JULIUS CAESAR.  SCENE I.

JULIUS

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 Temptor drive, when he was call'd a king.

Saint, strike, redress! Am I exalted

to speak and strike? O Rome, I make thee prom-

If the redress will follow, thou receivest [ise;

Thy full petition at the hand of Brutus!

Re-enter Lucius.

Luc. Sir, March is wasted fourteen days.

[Knocking within.

Bru. 'Tis good. Go to the gate; somebody

knocks.

[Exit Lucius.

Since Cassius first did whet me against Caesar,

I have not slept.

Between the acting of a dreadful thing

And the first motion, all the interim is

Like a phantasma, or a hideous dream:

The genius and the mortal instruments

Are then in council; and the state of man,

Like to a little kingdom, suffers then

The nature of an insurrection.

Re-enter Lucius.

Luc. Sir, 'tis your brother Cassius at the door,

Who doth desire to see you.

Bru. Is he alone?

Luc. No, sir, there are men with him.

Bru. Do you know them?

Luc. No, sir; their hats are pluck'd about their

And half their faces buried in their cloaks, [ears,

By that by no means I may discover them

By any mark of favour.

Bru. They are the faction. O conspiracy,

Shamest thou to show thy dangerous brow by night,

When evils are most free? O, then by day

Where wilt thou find a cavern dark enough

To mask thy monstrous visage? Seek none, con-

Hide it in smiles and affability: [spiry;

For if thou path, thy native semblance on,

Not Erobus 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, Cassia; this, Cinna; and this, Metellus

Bru. They are all welcome. [Cimber.

What watchful cares do interpose themselves

Betwixt your eyes and night?

Cas. Shall I entreat a word?

[Brutus and Cassius whisper.

Dec. Here lies the east: doth not the day break

Casca. No, sir. [Here?

Cas. O, pardon, sir, it doth; and you gray lines

That fret the clouds are messengers of day.

Casca. You shall confess that you are both de-

Here, as I point my sword, the sun arises, [celved.

Which is a great way growing on the south,

Weighing the youthful season of the year.

Some two months hence up higher toward the north

He first presents his fire; and the high east

Stands, as the Capitol, directly here.

Bru. Give me your hands all over, one by one.

Cas. And let us swear our resolution.

Bru. No, not an oath: if not the face of men,

The sufferance of our souls, the time's abuse.—

If these be motives with us to meditate,

And every man hence to his idle bed;

So let high-sighted tyranny range on,

Till each man drop by lottery. But if these,

As I am sure they do, bear fire enough

To kindle cowards and to steel with valour

The melting spirits of women, then, countrymen,

What need we any spur but our own cause,

To prick us to redress? what other bond

Than secret Romans, that have spoke the word,

And will not palter? and what other oath

Than honesty to honesty engaged,

That this shall be, or we will fall for it?

Swear priests and cowards and men cautious,

Old feeble carriages and such suffering souls

That welcome wrongs; unto bad causes swear

Such creatures as men doubt; but do not stain

The even virtue of our enterprise,

Nor the insuppressible mettle of our spirits,

To think that for our cause or our performance

Did need an oath; when every drop of blood

That every Roman bears, and nobly bears,

Is guilty of a several basely,

If he do break the smallest particle

Of any promise that hath pass'd from him.

Cas. But what of Cicero? shall we sound him?

I think he will stand very strong with us.

Casca. Let us not leave him out.

Cin. No, by no means.

Met. O, let us have him, for his silver hairs

Will purchase us a good opinion

And buy men's voices to commend our deeds:

It shall be said, his judgment ruled our hands;

Our youths and wildness shall no whit appear,

But all be buried in his gravity.

Bru. O, name him not: let us not break with him;

For he will never follow any thing

That other men begin.

Cas. Then leave him out.

Casca. Indeed he is not fit.

Dec. Shall no man else be touch'd but only Caesar?

Cas. Decius, well urged: I think it is not meet,

Mark Antony, so well beloved of Caesar,

Should outlive Caesar: we shall find of him

A shrewd contriver; and, you know, his means,

If he improve them, may reach so far

As to annoy us all: which to prevent,

Let Antony and Caesar fall together.

[sius,

Bru. Our course will seem too bloody, Cassius.

To cut the head off and then hack the limbs,

Like wrath in death and envy afterwards;

For Antony is but a limb of Caesar;

Let us be sacrificers, but not butchers, Cassius.

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 friends,

Let's kill him boldly, but not unthoughtfully;

Let's carve him as a dish fit for the gods,

Not how he was a carcass fit for hounds;

And let our hearts, as subtle masters do,

Stir up their servants to an act of rage,

And after seem to chide 'em. This shall make

Our purpose necessary 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 Caesar——

Bru. Alas, good Cassius, do not think of him:
If he love Caesar, all that he can do
Is to himself, take thought and die for Caesar:
And that were much he should; for he is given
To sports, to wildness and much company.

Treb. There is no fear in him; let him not die;
For he will live, and laugh at this hereafter.

[Clock strikes.

Brutus. Peace! count the clock.

Caesar. The clock hath stricken three.

Treb. 'Tis time to part.

Caesar. But it is doubtful yet,
Whether Caesar will come forth to-day, or no;
For he is superstitious grown of late,
Quite from the main opinion he held once
Of famous and approved tokens.
It may be, these apparent prodigies,
The unaccustom'd terror of this night,
And the persuasion of his augurers,
May hold him from the Capitol to-day.

Dec. Never fear that: if he be so resolved,
I can o'erway him; for he loves to hear
That unicorns may be betray'd with trees,
And bears with glasses, elephants with holes,
Lions with toils and men with flatterers;
But when I tell him he hates flatterers,
He says he does, being then most flattered.
Let me work;
For I can give his humour the true bent,
And I will bring him to the Capitol.

Caesar. Nay, we will all of us be there to fetch him.

Brutus. By the eighth hour: is that the uttermost?

Cin. Be that the uttermost, and fail not then.

Met. Caius Ligarius doth bear Caesar hard,
Who rated him for speaking well of Pompey:
I wonder none of you have thought of him.

Brutus. Now, good Metellus, go along by him:
He loves me well, and I have given him reasons;
Send him but hither, and I'll fashion him.

Caesar. The morning comes upon us: we'll leave you,
Brutus.

And, friends, disperse yourselves; but all remember
What you have said, and show yourselves true Romans.

Brutus. Good gentlemen, look fresh and merrily;
Let not our looks put on our purposes,
But bear it as our Roman actors do.

With untired spirits and formal constancy:
And so good morrow to you every one.

[Exeunt all but Brutus.

Boy! Lucius! Fast asleep? It is no matter;
Enjoy the honey-heavy dew of slumber:
Thou hast no figures nor no fantasies,
Which busy care draws in the brains of men;
Therefore thou sleep'st so sound.

Enter Portia.

Portia. Brutus, my lord! Brutus, what mean you? wherefore rise you
It is not for your health thus to commin [now]?
Your weak condition to the raw cold morning.

Brutus. Nor for your's neither. You've unghostly,
Brutus,
Stole from my bed: and yesternight, at supper,
You suddenly arose, and walk'd about,
Musing and sighing, with your arms across,
And when I ask'd you what the matter was,
You stared upon me with ungentle looks;
I urged you further; then you scratch'd your head,
And too impatiently stamp'd with your foot;
Yet I insisted, yet you answer'd not.
But, with an angry wattre of your hand,
Gave sign for me to leave you: I did;
Fearing to strengthen that impatience
Which seem'd too much enkindled, and withal
Hopeing 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 partial'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 I 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 unfoold 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? Am I yourself
But, as it were, in sort or limitation,
To keep with you at meals, comfort your bed,
And talk to you sometimes? Dwell I but in the
Suburbs
Of your good pleasure? 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. [secret.

Portia. If this were true, then should I know this
I grant I am a woman; but withal
A woman that Lord Brutus took to wife:
I grant I am a woman; but withal
A woman well-reputed, Cato's daughter.
Think you I am no stronger than my sex,
Being so father'd and so husband'd?
Tell me your counsels, I will not disclose 'em:
I have made strong proof of my constancy,
Giving myself a voluntary wound
Here, in the thigh: can I bear that with patience,
And not my husband's secrets?

Brutus. O ye gods,
Render me worthy of this noble wife!

[Knocking within.

Hark! hark! one knocks: Portia, go in awhile;
And by and by thy bosom shall partake
The secrets of my heart.

All my engagements I will construe to thee,
All the charactery of my sad brows:
Leave me with haste. [Exit Portia.] Lucius, who's that knocks?

Re-enter Lucius with Ligarius.

Lucius. Here is a sick man that would speak with you.

Brutus. Caius Ligarius, that Metellus spake of.

Boy, stand aside. Caius Ligarius! how?

Ligarius. Vouchsafe good morrow from a feeble tongue.

Brutus. O, what a time have you chose out, brave Caius,

To wear a kebab? Would you were not sick!

Ligarius. I am not sick, if Brutus have in hand
Any exploit worthy the name of honour.

Brutus. Such an exploit have I in hand, Ligarius,
Had you a healthful ear to hear of it.

Ligarius. By all the gods that Romans bow before,
I here discard my sickness. Soul of Rome!
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?

Brutus. A piece of work that will make sick men whole.

[Enter Calpurnia.]

Julius. Set on your foot,
And with a heart new-fired I follow you,
To do I know not what: but it sufficeth
That Brutus leads me on.

Brutus. Follow me, then. [Exeunt.]

**SCENE II. - Cæsar's house.**

**Thunder and lightning.** Enter Cæsar, in his night-gown.

Cæsar. Nor heaven nor earth have been at peace to-night:
Thrice hath Calpurnia in her sleep cried out,
'Help, ho! they murder Cæsar!' Who's within?

[Enter a Servant.]

Servant. My lord?

Cæsar. Go bid the priests do present sacrifice
And bring me their opinions of success.
Servant. I will, my lord. [Exeunt.]

[Enter Calpurnia.]

Cæsar. What mean you, Cæsar? think you to walk
You shall not stir out of your house to-day. [Forth?]
Cæsar shall forth; the things that threaten'd me
Ne'er look'd but on my back; when they shall see
The face of Cæsar, they are vanished.

Cæsar. I never stood on ceremonies.
Yet now they fright me. There is one within,
Besides the things that we have heard and seen,
Recounts most horrid sights seen by the watch.
A lion hath whelped in the streets;
And graves have yawn'd, and yielded up their dead:
Fierce fiery warriors fought upon the clouds,
In ranks and squadrons and right form of war,
Which drizzled blood upon the Capitol:
The noise of battle hurled in the air,
Horses did neigh, and dying men did groan,
And ghosts did shriek and squeal about the streets.
O Cæsar! these things are beyond all use,
And I do fear them.

Cæsar. What can be avoided
Whose end is purpos'd by the mighty gods?
Yet Cæsar shall go forth; for these predictions
Are to the world in general as to Cæsar.

Cæsar. When beggars die, there are no comets seen:
The heavens themselves blaze forth the death of princes.

Cæsar. Toward's die many times before their deaths;
The valiant never taste of death but once.
Of all the wonders that I yet have heard,
It seems to me most strange that men should fear;
Seeing that death, a necessary end,
Will come when it will come.

[Re-enter Servant.]

Servant. What say the augurers?

Cæsar. They would not have you to stir forth to
Plucking the entrails of an offering forth, [day.
They could not find a heart within the beast.
Cæsar. The gods do this in shame of cowardice:
Cæsar should be a beast without a heart,
If he should stay at home to-day for fear.
No, Cæsar shall not: danger knows full well
That Cæsar is more dangerous than he:

We are two lions litter'd in one day,
And I the elder and more terrible:
And Cæsar shall go forth.

Cæsar. Alas, my lord,
Your wisdom is consumed in confidence.
Do not go forth to-day: call it my fear
That keeps you in the house, and not your own.
We'll send Mark Antony to the senate-house:
And he shall say you are not well to-day:
Let me, my son, my know, do this.

Cæsar. Mark Antony shall say I am not well;
And, for thy humour, I will stay at home.

Enter Decius.

Decius. Here's Decius Brutus: he shall tell them so.

Decius. Cæsar, all hall good morrow, worthy Caesar:
I come to fetch you to the senate-house.

Cæsar. And you are come in very happy time,
To bear my greeting to the senators
And tell them that I will not come to-day:
Cannot, is false, and that I dare not, falser:
I will not come to-day: tell them so, Decius.

Decius. Say he is sick.

Cæsar. Shall Cæsar send a lie?
Have I in conquest stretch'd mine arm so far,
To be afraid to tell greybeards the truth?
Decius, go tell them Cæsar will not come.

Decius. Most mighty Cæsar, let me know some cause,
Lest I be charg'd at when I tell them so.

Cæsar. The cause is in my will: I will not come;
That is enough to satisfy the senate.
But for your private satisfaction,
Because I love you, I will let you know:
Calpurnia here, my wife, stays me at home:
She dreamt to-night she saw my statue,
Which, like a fountain, with an hundred spouts,
Did run pure blood; and many lusty Romans
 Came smiling, and did bathe their hands in it:
And these does she apply for warnings, and portents,
And evils imminent; and on her knee
Hath begg'd that I will stay at home to-day.
Decius. This dream is all amiss interpreted;
It was a vision fair and fortunate:
Your statue spouting blood in many pipes,
In which so many smiling Romans bathed,
Signifies that from you great Rome shall suck
Revolving blood, and that great men shall press
For tinctures, and stains in crystallization.
This by Calpurnia's dream is signified.

Cæsar. And this way have you well expounded it.

Decius. I have, when you have heard what I can say:
And know it now: the senate have concluded
To give this day a crown to mighty Cæsar.
If you shall send them word you will not come,
Their minds may change. Besides, it were a mock
Apt to be render'd, for some one to say
'Break up the senate till another time,
When Cæsar's wife shall meet with better dreams.'
If Cæsar hide himself, shall they not whisper
'Lo, Cæsar is afraid?'

Decius. Pardon me, Cæsar; for my dear dear love
To your proceeding bids me tell you this;
And reason to my love is liable.

Cæsar. How foolish do you fears seem now, Cal.
I am ashamed I did yield to them. [Pun mia!
Give me my robe, for I will go.

Enter Publius, Brutus, Ligarius, Metellus,
Casca, Trebonius, and Cinna.

And look where Publius is come to fetch me.

Publius. Good morrow, Cæsar.

Cæsar. Welcome, Publius.

What, Brutus, are you stirr'd so early too?
Good morrow, Casca. Cælius Ligarius,
Cæsar was ne'er so much your enemy
As that sameague which hath made you lean.
What is 't o'clock?
JULIUS CAESAR.

ACT III.

SCENE I.

Brutus. Caesar, 'tis strucken eight.
Cæsar. I thank you for your pains and courtesy. 

Enter Antony.

See! Antony, that revels long o' nights,
Is notwithstanding up. Good morrow, Antony.
Ant. So to most noble Cæsar.
Cæsar. Bid them prepare within:
I am to blame to be thus waited for.
Now, Cinna: now, Metellus: what, Trebonius!
I have an hour's talk in store for you; Remember that you call on me to-day:
Be near me, that I may remember you.

Treb. Cæsar, I will: [Aside] and so near will I be,
That your best friends shall wish I had been further.
Cæsar. 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 Cæsar,
The heart of Brutus yearns to think upon! 
[Exeunt.]

SCENE III.—A street near the Capitol.

Enter Artemidorus, reading a paper.

Art. 'Cæsar, beware of Brutus; take heed of Cassius; come not near Cæsar; have an eye to Cinna; trust not Trebonius; mark well Metellus Cimber: Decius Brutus loves thee not: thou hast wronged Caius Ligarius. There is but one mind in all these men, and it is bent against Cæsar. If thou beest not immortal, look about you: security gives way to conspiracy. The mighty gods defend thee! Thy lover ARTEMIDORUS.
Here will I stand till Caesar pass along,
And as a suitor will I give him this.
My heart laments that virtue cannot live
Out of the teeth of emulation.
If thou read this, O 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 shouldst do there.
O constancy, be strong upon my side;
Set a huge mountain 'twixt my heart and tongue! I have a man's mind, but a woman's might.
How hard it is for women to keep counsell! Art thou here yet?
Luc. Madam, what should I do?
Run to the Capitol, and nothing else?
And so return to you, and nothing else? [well, Por. Yes, bring me word, boy, if thy lord look For he went sickly forth: and take good note What Cæsar doth, what suitors press to him.
Hark, boy! what noise is that?
Luc. I hear none, madam.
Por. Prithiee, listen well; I heard a bustling rumour, like a fray.
And the wind brings it from the Capitol.
Luc. Sooth, madam, I hear nothing.

Enter the Soothsayer.

Por. Come hither, fellow: which way hast thou South. At mine own house, good lady. [Deen? Por. What is 't o'clock?
South. About the ninth hour, lady.
Por. Is Cæsar yet gone to the Capitol?
South. Madam, not yet: I go to take my stand,
To see him pass on to the Capitol.
Por. Thou hast some suit to Cæsar, hast thou not?
South. That I have, lady: if it will please Cæsar
To be so good to Cæsar as to hear me,
I shall beseech him to befriend himself.
Por. Why, know'st thou any harm's intended towards him?
South. None that I know will be, much that I fear may chance.
Good morrow to you. Here the street is narrow:
The throng that follows Cæsar at the heels,
Of senators, of pretors, common suitors,
Will crowd a feeble man almost to death:
I'll get me to a place more void, and there
Speak to great Cæsar as he comes along. 
[Exit. Por. I must go in. Ay me, how weak a thing
The heart of woman is! O Brutus,
The heavens speed thee in thine enterprise!
Sure, the boy heard me: Brutus hath a suit
That Cæsar will not grant. O, I grow faint.
Run, Lucius, and commend me to my lord;
Say I am merry: come to me again,
And bring me word what he doth say to thee.
[Exeunt severally.

ACT III.

SCENE I.—Rome. Before the Capitol; the Senate sitting above.


Cæsar. [To the Soothsayer] The idea of March are
twixt come.
South. Ay, Cæsar; but not gone.
Art. Hail, Cæsar! read this schedule.
Dec. Trebonius doth desire you to o'er-read,
At your best leisure, this his humble suit.
Art. O Cæsar, read mine first; for mine's a suit
That touches Cæsar nearer: read it, great Cæsar.
Cæsar. What touches us ourself shall be last served.
Art. Delay not, Cæsar; read it instantly.
Cæsar. What, is the fellow mad?
Pub. Sirrah, give place.
Cæsar. What urge you your petitions in the street?
Come to the Capitol.
Re-enter Trebonius.

Cas. Where is Antony?

Tre. Fleed to his house amazed:
Men, wives and children stare, cry out and run
As if they were demented.

Cas. Where is Antony?

Tre. Fleed to his house amazed:
Men, wives and children stare, cry out and run
As if they were demented.

Cas. Where is Antony?

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Men, wives and children stare, cry out and run
As if they were demented.

Cas. Where is Antony?

Tre. Fleed to his house amazed:
Men, wives and children stare, cry out and run
As if they were demented.
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.

Brut. O Antony, beg not your death of us.
Though now we must appear bloody and cruel,
As, by your doing and this our present act,
You see we do, yet see ye but our hands
And this the bleeding business they have done:
Our hearts you see not; they are pitiful;
And pity to the general wrong of Rome —
As fire drives out fire, so pity pity
Hath done this deed; and for your part,
To you our swords have tendered 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.

Brut. Only be patient till we have appeased
The multitude, besides themselves with fear,
And then we will deliver you the cause,
Why I, that did love Caesar when I struck him,
Have thus proceeded.

Ant. I doubt not of your wisdom.
Let each man render me his bloody hand:
First, Marcus Brutus, will I shake with you;
Next, Casius Cassius, do I take your hand;
Now, Deius Brutus, yours; now yours, Metellus;
Yours, Cinna; and, my valiant Casca, yours;
Though last, not least in love, yours, good Trebonius.
Gentlemen all, alas, what shall I say?
My credit now stands on such slippery ground,
That one of two bad ways you must conceit me,
Either a coward or a flatterer.
That I did love thee, Caesar, O, 'tis true:
If then thy spirit look upon us now,
Shall I not grieve thee dearer than thy death,
To see thy Antony making his peace,
Shaking the bloody fingers of thy foes,
Most noble! in the presence of thy corpse?
Had I as many eyes as thou hast wounds,
Weeping as fast as they stream forth thy blood,
It would become me better than to close
In terms of friendship with thine enemies. [bart;
Pardon me, Julius! Here wast thou bay'd, brave
Here didst thou fall; and here thy hunters stand,
Sign'd in thy spoil, and crimson'd in thy lethe.
O world, thou wast the forest to this hart;
And this, indeed, O world, the heart of thee.
How like a deer, stricken by many princes,
Dost thou here lie!

Cas. Mark Antony,—
Ant. Pardon me, Cassius 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! No Rome of mine! yet by Octavius;
Hie hence, and tell him so. Yet, stay awhile;
Thou shalt not back till I have borne this corse
Into the market-place: there shall I try,
In my oration, how the people take
The cruel issue of these bloody men:
According to the which, thou shalt discourse
To you Octavius of the state of things.
Lend me your hand. — [Aside with Caesar's body.

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,
Cassius, go you into the other stry. — [friends.
And part the numbers.

Those that will hear me speak, let 'em stay here;
Those that will follow Cassius, go with him;
And public reasons shall be rendered
Of Caesar's death.

First Cit. I will hear Brutus speak. [reasons,
Sec. Cit. I will hear Cassius; and compare their
When severally we hear them rendered.
[Exit Cassius, with some of the Citizens. Brutus
goes into the pulpit.]

Third Cit. The noble Brutus is ascended: silence!
Brus. Be patient till the last.
Romans, countrymen, and lovers! hear me for my
cause, and be silent, that you may hear: believe me
for Caesar's honour, and have not lost to mine honour,
that you may believe: censure me in your wisdom,
and awake your senses, that you may the better judge.
If there be any in this assembly, any dear
friend of Caesar's, to him I say, that Brutus' love to
Caesar was no less than his. If then that friend
demand why Brutus rose against Caesar, this is my
answer:—Not that I loved Caesar less, but that I
loved Rome more. Had you rather Caesar were
living and die all slaves, than that Caesar were dead,
to live all free men? As Caesar loved me, I weep
for him; as he was fortunate, I rejoice at it; as he
was valiant, I honour him: but, as he was ambi-
tious, I despise him. There is tears for his love; joy
for his fortune; honour for his valour; and death
for his ambition. Who is here so base that would
be a bondman? If any, speak; for him have I
offended. Who is here so vile that would not be a
Roman? If any, speak; for him have I offended.
I pause for a reply.

All. None, Brutus, none.

Brus. Then none have I offended. I have done no
more to Caesar than you shall do to Brutus. The
question of his death is enrolled in the Capitol; his
glory not extenuated, wherein he was worthy, nor
his offences enforced, for which he suffered death.

Enter Antony and others, with Caesar's body.

Here comes his body, mourned by Mark Antony: who,
though he had no hand in his death, shall re-
cieve the benefit of his dying, a place in the
mourners; for which of you shall not? With this
I depart,—that, as I slew my best lover for the
good of Rome, I have the same dagger for myself,
when it shall please my country to need my death.

All. Live, Brutus! live, live! [house.
First Cit. Bring him with triumph home unto his
Sec. Cit. Give him a statue with his ancestors.
Third Cit. Let him be Caesar.

Fourth Cit. Caesar's better parts
Shall be crown'd in Brutus.

First Cit. We'll bring him to his house
With shouts and clausures.

Brus. My countrymen,—
Sec. Cit. Peace, silence! Brutus speaks.
First Cit. Peace, ho! Brutus.

Brus. Good countrymen, let me depart alone;
And, for my sake, stay here with Antony:
Do grace to Caesar's corpse, and grace his speech
Tending to Caesar's glories; which Mark Antony,
By our request, has promised to perform.
I do entreat you, not a man depart,
Save I alone, till Antony have spoke. [Eect.
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.
[He says of Brutus? Third Cit. He says, for Brutus' sake,
He finds himself beholding to us all.

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 Caesar was a tyrant.
Third Cit. Nay, that's certain:
We are blest that Rome is rid of him. [say.
Sec. Cit. Peace! let us hear what Antony can
Ant. You gentle Romans,—
Citizens, Peace, ho! let us hear him.
Ant. Friends, Romans, countrymen, lend me
your ears;
I come to bury Caesar, not to praise him.
The evil that men do lives after them;
The good is oft interred with their bones;
So let it be with Caesar. The noble Brutus
 Hath told us how of Caesar's life he was
 Under the impression of his noble nature,
If it were so, it was a grievous fault,
And grievously hath Caesar answer'd it.
Here, under leave of Brutus and the rest—
For Brutus is an honourable man;
So are they all, all honourable men—
Come I to speak in Caesar's funeral.
He was my friend, faithful and just to me:
But Brutus says he was ambitious;
And Brutus is an honourable man.
He hath brought many captives home to Rome,
Whose ransoms did the general coffers fill:
Did this in Caesar seem ambitious?
When that this general of the noblest blood
hath writ:
Ambition should be of sterner stuff:
Yet Brutus says he was ambitious;
And Brutus is an honourable man.
You all did see that on the Lupercal
I thrice presented him a kingly crown,
Which he did thrice refuse: was this ambition?
Yet Brutus says he was ambitious:
And, sure, he is an honourable man.
I speak not to disprove what Brutus spoke,
But here I am to speak what I do know.
You all did love him once, not without cause:
What cause withholds you then, to mourn for him?
O judgment! thou art fled to brutish beasts.
And men have lost their reason. Bear with me;
My heart is in the coffin there with 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.
[Antony.
Third Cit. There's not a nobler man in Rome than
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 Cassius wrong,
Who, you all know, are honourable men:
I will not tell them why; but, considering
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, part told, I do any man dare 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.  [Antony.

Fourth Cit. We'll hear the will: read it, Mark
All. The will! we will hear Caesar's will.

Ant. Have patience, gentle friends, I must not
read it;

It is not meet you know how Caesar loved you.
You are not wood, you are not stones, but men;
And, being men, hearing the will of Caesar,
It will inflame you, it will make you mad:
'Tis good you know not that you are his heirs;
For, if you should, O, what would come of it!

Fourth Cit. Gladly! we'll hear it, Antony;
You shall read us the will, Caesar's will.

Ant. Will you be patient? will you stay awhile?
I have o'ershoot myself to tell you of it:
I fear I wrong the honourable men
Whose daggers have stabb'd Caesar; I do fear it.

Fourth Cit. They were traitors: honourable men!
All. The will! the testament!

Sec. Cit. They were villains, murderers: the will
read the will.

Ant. You will compel me, then, to read the will?
Then make a ring about the corpse of Caesar.
And let me show you him that made the will.
Shall I declare what will you give me leave?
Several Cit. Come down.

Sec. Cit. Descend.

Third Cit. You shall have leave.

[Antony comes down.

Fourth Cit. A ring: stand round.  [body.
First Cit. Stand from the hearse, stand from the
Sec. Cit. Room for Antony, most noble Antony.
Ant. Nay, press not so upon me; stand far off.
Several Cit. Stand back; room; bear back.

Ant. If you have tears, prepare to shed them now.
You all do know this mantle: I remember
The first time ever Caesar put it on;
'Twas on a summer's evening, in his tent,
That day he overcame the Nerivil,
Look, in this place ran Cassini's dagger through;
See what a rent the envious Casca made:
Through this the well-beloved Brutus stabb'd;
And as he pluck'd his cursed steel away,
Mark how the blood of Caesar follow'd it,
As rushing out of doors, to be resolved
If Brutus so unkindly knock'd, or no;
For Brutus, as you know, was Caesar's angel:
Judge, O you gods, how dearly Caesar loved him!
This was the most unkindest cut of all.
For when the noble Caesar fell, if Brutus
Ingratitude, more strong than traitors' arms,
Quite vanquish'd him: then burst his mighty heart;
And, in his mantle muffling up his face,
Even at the base of Pompey's statua,
Which all the while ran blood, great Caesar fell.
O, what a full was there, my countrymen!
Then I, and you, and all of us fell down,
Whilst bloody treason flourish'd over us.
O, now you weep; and, I perceive, you feel
The dint of pity: these are gracious drops.
Kind souls, what, weep you when you but behold
Our Caesar's vesture wounded? Look you here,
Here is himself, marr'd, as you see, with traitors.
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 revenge the revolvd.

All. Revenge! About! Seek! Burn! Fire! Fire!
Kill! Slay! Let not a traitor live!

First Cit. Peace there! hear the noble Antony.

Sec. Cit. We'll hear him, we'll follow him, we'll
die with him.  [you up

Ant. Good friends, sweet friends, let me not stir
To such a sudden flood of mutiny.
They that have done this deed are honourable:
What private griefs they have, alas, I know not,
That made them do it: they are wise and honourable,
And will, no doubt, with reasons answer you.
I come not, friends, to steal away your hearts:
I am no orator as Brutus is:
But, as you know me all, a plain blunt man,
That love my friend; and that they know full well
That gave me public leave to speak of him:
For I have neither wit, nor words, nor worth,
Action, nor utterance, nor the power of speech,
To stir men's blood: I only speak right on;
I tell you that which you yourselves do know;
Show you sweet Caesar's wounds, poor poor dumb
mouths,
And bid them speak for me: but were I Brutus,
And Brutus Antony, there were an Antony
Would ruffle up your spirits and put a tongue
In every wound of Caesar that should move
The stones of Rome to rise and mutiny.

All. We'll mutiny.

First Cit. We'll burn the house of Brutus.

Third Cit. Away, then! come, seek the conspirators.
Ant. Yet hear me, countrymen; yet hear me speak.

All. Peace, ho! Hear Antony. Most noble Antony!

Ant. Why, friends, you go to do you know not what:
Wherein hath Caesar thus deserved your loves?
Alas, you know not: I must tell you then:
You have forgot the will I told you of. [the will
All. Most true. The will! Let's stay and hear
Ant. Here is the will, and under Caesar's seal.
To every Roman citizen he gives,
To every several man, seventy-five drachmas.

Sec. Cit. Most noble Caesar! We'll revenge his
Third Cit. O royal Caesar! [death,
Ant. Hear us with patience.
All. Peace, ho!

Ant. Moreover, he hath left you all his walks,
His private arbours and new-plantedit orchards,
On this side Tiber; he hath left them you,
And to your heirs for ever, common pleasures,
To walk abroad, and recreate yourselves.
Here was a Caesar! when comes such another?

First Cit. Never, never. Come, away, away!
We'll burn his body in the holy place,
And with the brands fire the traitors' houses.
Take up the body.

Sec. Cit. Go fetch fire.

Third Cit. Pluck down benches.

Fourth Cit. Pluck down forms, windows, anything.

[Exeunt Citizens with the body.

Ant. Now let it work. Mischief, thou art afoot,
Take thou what course thou wilt!

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Sir, Octavius is already come to Rome.

Ant. Where is he?

Serv. He and Lepidus are at Caesar's house.

Ant. And thither will I straight to visit him:
He comes upon a wish: Fortune is merry,
And in this mood will give us anything.

Serv. I heard him say, Brutus and Cassius
Are rid like madmen through the gates of Rome.

Ant. Belike they had some notice of the people,
How I had moved them. Bring me to Octavius.

[Exeunt.

SCENE III.—A street.

Enter Cinna the poet.

Cin. I dreamt to-night that I did feast with Caesar,
And things unlucky charge my fancy:
I have no will to wander forth of doors,
Yet something leads me forth.
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.

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—A house in Rome.

Antony, Octavius, and Lepidus, seated at a table.

Ant. These many, then, shall die; their names are prick'd.
Oct. Your brother too must die; consent you, Le-
Lep. I do consent,—
Lep. Upon condition Publius shall not live,
Who is your sister's son, Mark Antony.
[him.
Ant. He shall not live; look, with a spot I damn
But, Lepidus, go you to Cæsar's house;
Fetch the will hither, and we shall determine
How to cut off some charge in legacies.
Lep. What, shall I find you here?
Oct. Or here, or at the Capitol.[Exit Lepidus.
Ant. This is a slight unmannerly man,
Meet to be sent on errands: is it fit,
The three-fold world divided, he should stand
One of the three to share it?
Oct. So you thought him;
And took his voice who should be prick'd to die,
In our black sentence and proscription.
Ant. Octavius, I have seen more days than you:
And though we lay these honours on this man,
To ease ourselves of divers slockerous loads,
He shall but bear them as the ass bears gold,
To grieve and sweat under the business.
Either led or driven, as we point the way:
And having brought our treasure where we will,
Then take we down his load, and turn him off,
Like to the empty ass, to shake his ears,
And graze in commons.
Oct. You may do your will;
But he's a tried and valiant soldier.
Ant. So is my horse, Octavius; and for that
I do appoint him store of provender:
It is a creature that I teach to fight,
To wind, to stop, to run directly on,
His corporal motion govern'd by my spirit.
And, in some taste, is Lepidus but so;
He must be taught and train'd and bid go forth;
A barren-spirited fellow; one that feeds
On abjeks, arts and imitations,
Which, out of use and staled by other men,
Begin his fashion: do not talk of him,
But as a property. And now, Octavius,
Listen great things:—Brutus and Cassius
Are levying powers: we must straight make head:
Therefore let our alliance be combined,
Our best friends made, our means stretch'd;
And let us presently go sit in council,

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.}

How covert matters may be best disclosed,
And open perils surest answered.
Oct. Let us do so: for we are at the stake,
And bay'd about with many enemies;
And some that smile have in their hearts, I fear,
Millions of mischiefs. [Exeunt.

SCENE II.—Camp near Sardis. Before Brutus's tent.

Drum. Enter Brutus, Lucullus, Lucius, and Soldiers; Titinius and Pindarus meeting them.
Bru. Stand, ho!
Lucil. Give the word, ho! and stand.
Bru. What now, Lucillus! is Cassius near?
Lucil. He is at hand; and Pindarus is come
to do you salutation from his master.
Bru. He greets me well. Your master, Pindarus,
In his own change, or by ill officers,
Hath given me some worthy cause to wish
Things done, undone: but, if he be at hand,
I shall be satisfied.
Pin. I do not doubt
But that my noble master will appear
Such as he is, full of regard and honour.
Bru. He is not doubted. A word, Lucillus;
How he received you, let me be resolved.
Lucil. With courtesy and with respect enough;
But not with such familiar instances,
Nor with such free and friendly conference,
As he hath used of old.
Bru. Thou hast described
A hot friend cooling: ever note, Lucillus,
When love begins to sicken and decay,
It useth an enforced ceremony.
There are no tricks in plain and simple faith;
But hollow men, like horses hot at hand,
Make gallant show and promise of their mettle:
But when they should endure the bloody spur,
They fall their crests, and, like deceitful jades,
Sink in the trial. Comes his army on? [ter'd;
Lucil. They mean this night in Sardis to be quarter'd.
The greater part, the horse in general,
Are come with Cassius.
Bru. Hark! he is arrived.
[Low march within.

March gently on to meet him.

Enter Cassius and his powers.
Cas. Stand, ho!
Bru. Stand, ho! Speak the word along.
First Sol. Stand!
ACT IV.  JULIUS CAESAR.  SCENE III.

Sec. Sol. Stand!  Third Sol. Stand!
Cas. Most noble brother, you have done me wrong.
Bru. Judge me, ye gods! wrong I mine enemies?
And, if not so, how should I wrong a brother?
Cas. Brutus, this sober form of yours hides wrongs;
And when you do them—
Bru. Cassius, be content;
Speak your griefs soft: I do know you well.
Before the eyes of both our armies here,
Which should perceive nothing but love from us,
Let us not wrangle: bid them move away;
Then in my tent, Cassius, enlarge your griefs,
And I will give you audience.
Cas. Pindarus, Bid our commanders lead their charges off
A little from this ground.
Bru. Lucilius, do you the like; and let no man
Come to our tent till we have done our conference.
Let Lucius and Titinius guard our door.  [Exeunt.

SCENE III.—Brutus’s tent.

Enter Brutus and Cassius.
Cas. That you have wrong’d me doth appear in
You have condemn’d and noted Lucius Pella [this:
For taking bribes here of the Sardians;
Wherein my letters, praying on his side,
Because I was the man, were slighted off.
Bru. You wrong’d yourself to write in such a case.
Cas. In such a time as this it is not meet
That every nice offence should bear his comment.
Bru. Let me tell you, Cassius, you yourself
Are much condemn’d to have an itching palm;
To sell and mark your offices for gold
To undesirers.
Cas. I am an itching palm!
You know that you are Brutus that speak this,
Or, by the gods, this speech were else your last.
Bru. The name of Cassius honours this corruption,
And chastisement doth therefore hide his head.
Cas. Chastisement!
Bru. Remember March, the idea of March re-
member:
Did not great Julius bleed for justice’ sake?
What villain touched his body, that did stab,
And not for justice? What, shall one of us,
That strikes the foremost man of all the world
But for supporting robbers, shall we now
Contaminate our fingers with base bribes,
And sell the mighty space of our large honours
For so much trash as may be grasped thus?
I had rather be a dog, and bay the moon,
Than such a Roman.
Cas. Brutus, bay not me;
I’ll not endure it: you forget yourself,
To hedge me in; I am a soldier, I,
Older in practice, abier than yourself
To make conditions.
Bru. Go to; you are not, Cassius.
Cas. I am.
Bru. I say you are not.
Cas. Urge me no more, I shall forget myself;
Have mind upon your health, tempt me no further.
Bru. Away, slight man!
Cas. Is’t possible?
Bru. Hear me, for I will speak.
Must I give way and room to your rash choler?
Shall I be frightened when a madman stares?
Cas. O ye gods, ye gods! must I endure all this?
Bru. All this! ay, more: fret till your proud
heart break!
Go show to knew slaves how choleric you are,
And make your bondmen tremble.  Must I budge?
Must I observe you? must I stand and crouch
Under your testy humour?  By the gods,
You shall digest the venom of your spleen,
Though it do split you; for, from this day forth,
I’ll use you for my mirth, yea, for my laughter,
When you are waspish.
Cas. Is it come to this?
Bru. You say you are a better soldier:
Let it appear so; make your vaunting true,
And it shall please me well: for mine own part,
I shall be glad to learn of noble men.
Cas. You wrong me every way; you wrong me,
For I said, an elder soldier, not a better: [Bruus;
Did I say ‘better’?
Bru. If you did, I care not.
Cas. When Cesar lived, he durst not thus have
moved me.  [him.
Bru. Peace, peace! you durst not so have tempted
Cas. I durst not!
Bru. No.
Cas. What, durst not tempt him!
Bru. For your life you durst not.
Cas. Do not presume too much upon my love;
I may do that I shall be sorry for.
Bru. You have done that you should be sorry for.
There is no terror, Cassius, in your threats,
For I am arm’d so strong in honesty
That they pass by me as the idle wind,
Which I respect not.  I did send to you
For certain sums of gold, which you denied me:
For I can raise no money by vile means:
And drop my blood for drachmas, than to wring
From the hard hands of peasants their vile trash
By any indirect: 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 Caesars so?
When Marcus Brutus grows so covetous,
To lock such rascal counters from his friends,
Be ready, gods, with all your thunderbolts;
Dash him to pieces!
Cas. I denied you not.
Bru. You did.
Cas. I did not: he was but a fool that brought
My answer back.  Brutus hath rived my heart:
A friend should bear his friend’s infortunes,
But Brutus makes mine greater than they are.
Bru. I do not, till you practise them on me.
Cas. You love me not.
Bru. I do not like your faults.
Cas. A friendly eye could never see such faults.
Bru. A flatterer’s would not, though they do
As huge as high Olympus.  [appear
Cas. Come, Antony, and young Octavius, come,
Revenge yourselves alone on Cassius,
For Cassius is aware of the world;
Hated by one he loves; braved by his brother;
Check’d like a bondman; all his faults observed,
Set in a note-book, learn’d, and conn’d by rote,
To cast into my teeth.  O, I could weep
My spirit from mine eyes!  There is my dagger,
And here my lawful 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
Than ever thou lov’dst Cassius.  [better
Bru. Sheathe your dagger: Be angry when you will, it shall have scope;
Do what you will, dishonour shall be humour.
O Cassius, you are yoked with a lamb
That carries anger as the flint bears fire:
Who, much enforcing, shows a hasty spark,
And straight is cold again.
Cas. Hath Cassius lived?
To be but mirth and laughter to his Brutus,
When grief, and blood ill-temper’d, vexeth him?
Bru. When I spoke that, I was ill-temper’d too.

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Cas. Do you confess so much? Give me your heart.
Bru. And my heart too. [Hand.
Cas. O Brutus!
Bru. What's the matter?
Cas. Have not you love enough to bear with me, when that rash humour which my mother gave me makes me forgetful?
Bru. Yes, Cassius; and, from henceforth, when you are ever-earnest with your Brutus, he'll think your mother chides, and leave you so.
Poet. [Within] Let me go in to see the generals; there is some grudge between 'em, 'tis not meet they be alone.
Luc. [Within] You shall not come to them.
Poet. [Within] Nothing but death shall stay me.

Enter Poet, followed by Lucilius, Titinius, and Lucullus.

Cas. How now! What's the matter? [Mean?
Poet. For shame, you generals! what do you love, and be friends, as two such men should be; for I have seen more years, I'm sure, than ye.
Cas. Ha, ha! how vilely doth this cynic rhyme! Let you hence, sirrah; saucy fellow, hence! Cassius Bear with him, Brutus; 'tis his fashion.
Bru. I'll keep his humour, when he knows his father.

What should the wars do with these jiggling fools? Companion, hence! [Exit Poet.

Bru. Lucilius and Titinius, bid the commanders Prepare to lodge their companies to-night.
Cas. And come yourselves, and bring Messala Immediately to us.
[Exit 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 'scaped I killing when I cross'd you so? O insupportable and touching loss! Upon what sickness?
Bru. Impatient of my absence, And grief that young Octavius with Mark Antony Have made themselves so strong:—for with her death That tidings came;—with this she fell distract, And, her attendants absent, swallow'd fire.
Cas. And died so?
Bru. Even so.
Cas. O ye immortal gods!

Re-enter Lucilius with wine and taster.

Bru. Speak no more of her. Give me a bowl of wine. In this I bury all unkindness, Cassius. [Wine.
Cas. My heart is thirsty for that noble pledge.
Fill, Lucius, till the wine o'erwell the cup; I cannot drink too much of Brutus' love.
Bru. Come in, Titinius! [Exit Lucius.

Re-enter Titinius, with Messala.

Welcome, good Messala.

Now sit we close about this taper here, And call in question our necessities.
Cas. Portia, art thou gone?
Bru. No more, I pray you.
Messala, I have here received letters, That young Octavius and Mark Antony Come down upon us with a mighty power, Bending their expedition toward Philippi.
Mes. Myself have letters of the selfsame tenour.
Bru. With what addition?
ACT V.

JULIUS CAESAR.

SCENE I.

Th. Mes. Good night, Lord Brutus.
Br. Farewell, every one. [Exit all but Brutus.

Re-enter Lucius, with the gown.

Give me the gown. Where is thy instrument?
Luc. Here in the tent.
Br. What, thou speak'st drowsily?
Poor knave, I blame thee not: thou art o'ertaxed.
Call Claudius and some other of my men;
I'll have them sleep on cushions in my tent.
Luc. Varro and Claudius!

Enter Varro and Claudius.

Var. Calls my lord?
Br. I pray you, sirs, lie in my tent and sleep;
It may be I shall raise you by and by.
On business to my brother Cassius.
Var. So please you, we will stand and watch your pleasure.
Br. I will not have it so: lie down, good sirs;
It may be I shall otherwise bethink me.
Look, Lucius, here's the book I sought for so;
I put it in the pocket of my gown.

[Var. and Clau. lie down.

Luc. I was sure your lordship did not give it me.
Br. Bear with me, good boy, I am much forget-
Canst thou hold up thy heavy eyes awhile, [lul.
And touch thy instrument a strain or two?
Luc. Ay, my lord, an't please you.
Br. It does, my boy:
I trouble thee too much, but thou art willing.
Luc. It is my duty, sir.
Br. I should not urge thy duty past thy might;
I know young bloods look for a time of rest.
Luc. I have slept, my lord, already.
Br. It was well done; and thou shalt sleep again;
I will not hold thee long: if I do live,
I will be good to thee. [Music, and a song.

This is a sleepy tune. O murderrous slumber,
Lay'st thou thy leaden mace upon my boy,
That plays thee muse? Gentle knave, good night:
I will not do thee so much wrong to wake thee:
If thou dost nod, thou break'st thy instrument;
I'll take it from thee; and, good boy, good night.

Let me see, let me see; is not the leaf turn'd down
Where I left reading? Here it is, I think.

Enter the Ghost of Caesar.

How ill this taper burns! Hail! who comes here?
I think it is the weakness of mine eyes
That shapes this monstrous apparition.
It comes upon me. Art thou any thing?
Art thou some god, some angel, or some devil,
That makest my blood cold and my hair to stare?
Speak to me what thou art.
Ghosts. Thy evil spirit, Brutus.
Br. Why comest thou?
Ghosts. To tell thee thou shalt see me at Philippi.
Br. Well; then I shall see thee again?
Ghosts. Ay, at Philippi.
Br. Why, I will see thee at Philippi, then.

[Exit Ghost.

Now I have taken heart thou vanishest:
Ill spirit, I would hold more talk with thee.
Boy, Lucius! Varro! Claudius! Sirs, awake! Clau-
Luc. The strings, my lord, are false. [dius!

Br. He thinks he still is at his instrument.

Lucius, awake!
Luc. My lord?
Br. Didst thou dream, Lucius, that thou so criedst out?
Luc. My lord, I do not know that I did cry.
Br. Yes, that thou didst: didst thou see any thing?
Luc. Nothing, my lord.
Br. Sleep again, Lucius. Sirrah Claudius! [To
Var.] Fellow thou, awake!
Var. My lord?
Clau. My lord?
Br. Why did you so cry out, sirs, in your sleep?
Var. Clau. Did we, my lord?
Br. Ay: saw you any thing?
Var. No, my lord, I saw nothing.
Clau. Nor I, my lord.
Br. Go and commend me to my brother Cassius;
Bid him set on his powers betimes before,
And we will follow.
Var. Clau. It shall be done, my lord. [Exit.

SCENE II.—The plains of Philippi.

Enter Octavius, Antony, and their Army.

Oct. Now, Antony, our hopes are answered:
You said the enemy would not come down,
But keep the hills and upper regions;
It proves not so: their battles are at hand;
They mean to warn us at Philippi here,
Answering before we do demand of them.
Ant. Tut, I am in their bosoms, and I know
Wherefore they do it: they could be content
To visit other places; and come down
With fearful bravery, thinking by this face
To fasten in our thoughts that they have courage;
But 'tis not so.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. Prepare, you, generals:
The enemy comes on in gallant show;
Their bloody sign of battle is hung out,
And something to be done immediately.
Oct. Octavius, lead your battle softly on,
Upon the left hand of the even field.
Oct. Upon the right hand I; keep thou the left.
Ant. Why do you cross me in this exigent?
Oct. I do not cross you; but I will do so.

[March.

ACT V.

Drum. Enter Brutus, Cassius, and their Army;
Lucilius, Titinius, Messala, and others.

Br. 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, Cesar, we will answer on their charge.
Make forth; the generals would have some words.
Oct. Stir not until the signal.
Br. Words before blows: is it so, countrymen?
Oct. Not that we love words better, as you do.
Br. Good words are better than bad strokes,
Octavius.
[words:
Ant. In your bad strokes, Brutus, you give good
Witness the hole you made in Cesar's heart,
Crying 'Long live! hail, Cesar!'
Antony.
Cas. The posture of your blows are yet unknown;
But for your words, they rob the Hybla bees,
And leave them honeyless.
Ant. Not stingless too.
Br. O, yes, and soundless too;
For you have stol'n their buzzing, Antony,
And very wisely threat before you sting. [gern
Ant. Villains, you did not so, when your vile dag-
Hack'd one another in the sides of Cesar:

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You shew'd your teeth like apes, and fawn'd like hounds, 
And bow'd like bondmen, kissing Caesar's feet; 
Whilst damn'd casca, like a cur, behind 
Struck Caesar on the neck. O you flatterers! 
Cas. Flatterers! Now, Brutus, thank yourself: 
This tongue had not offended so to-day, 
If Cassius might have ruled. 
Oct. Come, come, the cause: if arguing make us sweat, 
The proof of it will turn to redder drops. 
Look; 
I draw a sword against conspirators; 
When think you that the sword goes up again? 
Never, till Caesar's three and thirty wounds 
Be well avenged; or till another Caesar 
Have added slaughter to the sword of traitors. 
Brutus, Caesar canst not die by traitors' hands, 
Unless thou bring'st them with thee. 
Oct. 

I was not born to die on Brutus' sword. 
Brutus, if thou wert the noblest of thy strain, 
Young man, thou couldst not die more honourable. 
Caesar, a peerish schoolboy, worthless of such honours; 
Join'd with a masquer and a reveller! [Our, 
Ant. Old Cassius still!] 
Oct. 
Come, Antony, away! 
Defiance, traitors, hurk we in your teeth: 
If you dare fight to-day, come to the field; 
If not, when you have stomachs. 
[Exeunt Antony, Octavius, and their army. 
Cas. Why, now, blow wind, swell billow and 
swim bark! 
The storm is up, and all is on the hazard. 
Brutus. Ho, Lucilius! hark, a word with you. 
Octav. [Standing forth] My lord? 
Cas. Messala! 
Octav. [Standing forth] What says my general? 
Cas. Messala, 
This is my birthday; as this very day 
Was Cassius born. Give me thy hand, Messala: 
Be thou my witness that against my will, 
As Pompey was, am I compel'd to set 
Upon one battle all our liberties. 
You know that I held Epicurus strong 
And his opinion: now I change my mind, 
And partly credit things that do presage. 
Coming from Sardis, on our former ensign 
Two mighty emblems fall, and there perch'd, 
Gorging and feeding from our soldiers' hands; 
Who to Philippi here consort'd us: 
This morning are they fled away and gone; 
And in their steads do ravens, crows and kites, 
Fly o'er our heads and downward look on us, 
As we were sickly prey: 'tis their shadows seem 
A canopy most fatal, under which 
Our army lies, ready to give up the ghost. 
Mes. Believe not so. 
Cas. 
Octav. I but believe it partly; 
For I am fresh of spirit and resolved 
To meet all perils very constantly. 
Bru. Even so, Lucilius. 
Cas. 

Now, most noble Brutus, 
The gods to-day stand friendly, that we may, 
Lovers in peace, lead on our days to age! 
But since the affairs of men rest still uncertain, 
Let's reason with the worst that may befall. 
If we do lose this battle, then is this 
The very last time we shall speak together: 
What are you then determined to do? 
Bru. Even by the rule of that philosophy 
By which I did blame Cato for the death 
Which he did give himself, I know not now, 
But I do find it cowardly and vile, 
For fear of what might fall, so to prevent 
The time of life: arming myself with patience 
To stay the providence of some high powers 
That govern us below. 
Cas. Then, if we lose this battle, 
You are contented to be led in triumph 
Throughout the streets of Rome? [man, 
Bru. No, Cassius, no: think thou not, thou noble Ro- 
That ever Brutus will go bound to Rome; 
He bears too great a mind. But this same day 
Must end that work the ides of March begun; 
And whether we shall meet again I know not. 
Therefore our everlasting farewell take: 
For ever, and for ever, farewell, Cassius! 
If we do meet again, why, we shall smile: 
If not, why then, this parting was well made. 
Cas. For ever, and for ever, farewell, Brutus! 
If we do meet again, we'll smile indeed; 
If not, 'tis true this parting was well made. 
Bru. Why, then, lead on. O, that a man might 
The end of this day's business ere it come! [Know 
But it sufficeth that the day will end, 
And then the end is known. Come, ho! away! 
[Exeunt. 

SCENE II. — The same. The field of battle. 
Alarum. Enter Brutus and Messala. 
Bru. Ride, ride, Messala, and give these bills 
Unto the legions on the other side. [loud alarum. 
Let them set on at once; for I perceive 
But cold demeanour in Octavius' wing, 
And sudden push gives them the overthrow. 
Ride, ride, Messala: let them all come down. 
[Exeunt. 

SCENE III. — Another part of the field. 
Alarum. Enter Cassius and Titinius. 
Cas. O, look, Titinius, look, the villains fly! 
Myself have to mine own turn'd enemy: 
This ensign here of mine was turning back; 
I slew the coward, and did take it from him. 
Titinius. O Cassius, Brutus gave the word too early; 
Who, having some advantage on Octavius, 
Took it too eagerly: his soldiers fell to spoil, 
Whilst we by Antony are all enclosed. 
[Exit. 

Enter Pindarus. 
Pind. Fly farther off, my lord, fly farther off; 
Mark Antony is in your tents, my lord; 
Fly, therefore, and call off. 
Cas. This hill is far enough. Look, look, Titinius; 
Are those my tents where I perceive the fire? 
Titinius. They are, my lord. 
Cas. Titinius, if thou lov'st me, 
Mount thou my horse, and hide thy spurs in him, 
'Till he have brought thee up to yonder troops, 
And here again; that I may rest assured 
Whether yond troops are friend or enemy. 
Titinius. I will be here again, even with a thought. 
[Exit. 
Cas. Go, Pindarus, get higher on that hill; 
My sight was ever thick; regard Titinius, 
And tell me what thou hear'st about the field. 
[Exit Pindarus. 
This day I breathed first: time is come round, 
And where I did begin, there shall I end; 
My life is run his compass. Sirrah, what news? 
Pind. [above] My lord! 
Cas. What news? 
Pind. [above] Titinius is enclosed round about 
With horsemen, that make to him on the spur; 
Yet he spurs on. Now they are almost on him. 
No, Titinius! Now some flight. O, he lights too. 
He's ta'en. [Shout.] And, hark! they shout for joy. 
Cas. Come down, behold no more. 
O, coward that I am, to live so long, 
To see my best friend ta'en before my face!
Pindarus descends.

Come hither, sirrah:
In Parthia did I take thee prisoner;
And then I swore thee, saving of thy life,
That whatsoever I did bid thee do, [oath; Thou shouldst attempt it. Come now, keep thine
Now be a freeman: and with this good sword,
That ran through Caesar’s bowels, search this bosom.
Stand not to answer; here, take thou the 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.]

Pim. 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.
Mes. Mistrust of good success hath done this deed.

O hateful error, melancholy’s child,
Why dost thou show to the apt thoughts of men
The things that are not? O error, soon conceived,
Thou never comest unto a happy birth,
But kill’st the mother that engender’d thee!

Titi. 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. Hie you, Messala,
And I will seek for Pindarus the while. [Exit Messala.

Why didnst thou send me forth, brave Cassius?
Did I not meet thy friends? and did not they
Put on my brows this wreath of victory, [shouts?

And bid me give it thee? Didst thou not hear their
Alas, thou hast misconstrued everything!
But, hold thee, take this garland on thy brow;
Thy Brutus bid me give it thee, and I
Will do his bidding. Brutus, come space,
And see how I regarded Cains Cassius.

By your leave, gods—this is a Roman’s part!
Come, Cassius’ sword, and find Titinius’ heart. [Kills himself.

[Enter Antony.

Enter Brutus, Dardanius, Clitus, Strato, and Volumnius.

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!

Bru. And I am Brutus, Marcus Brutus, I;
Brutus, my country’s friend; know me for Brutus!

Lucil. O young and noble Cato, art thou down?
Why, now thou diest as bravely as Titinius;
And 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.

[general.

First Sold. I’ll tell the news. Here comes the

Enter Antony.

Brutus is ta’en. Brutus is ta’en, my lord.

Ant. Where is he?

Lucil. Safe, Antony; Brutus is safe enough:
I dare assure thee that no enemy
Shall ever take alive the noble Brutus;
The gods defend him from so great a shame!
When you do find him, or alive or dead,
He will be found like Brutus, like himself.

Ant. This is not Brutus, friend; but, I assure you,
A prize no less in worth: keep this man safe;
Give him all kindness: I had rather have
Such men my friends than enemies. Go on,
And see whether Brutus be alive or dead;
And bring us word unto Octavius’ tent
How everything is chanced. [Exeunt.

SCENE V.—Another part of the field.

Enter Brutus, Dardanius, Clitus, Strato, and Volumnius.

Bru. Come, poor remains of friends, rest on this
rock.

Clit. Statilius show’d the torch-light, but, my lord,
He came not back: he is or ta’en or slain.

Bru. Sit thee down, Clitus: saying is the word;
It is a deed in fashion. Hank thee, Clitus.

[Whispers.

Clit. What, I, my lord? No, not for all the world.

Bru. Peace then! no words.

Clit. I’ll rather kill myself.


Dar. Shall I do such a deed?

Clit. O Dardanius!

Dar. O Clitus!

Clit. What ill request did Brutus make to thee?
ACT V.  

JULIUS CAESAR.  

SCENE V.

Dav. To kill him, Clitus. Look, he meditates.  
Clit. Now is that noble vessel full of grief, That it runs over even at his eyes.  
Bru. Come hither, good Volumnius; list a word.  
Vol. What says my lord?  
Bru. Why, this, Volumnius: The ghost of Caesar hath appear’d to me Two several times by night; at Sardis once, And, this last night, here in Philippi fields: I know my hour is come.  
Vol. Not so, my lord.  
Bru. Nay, I am sure it is, Volumnius. Thou seest the world, Volumnius, how it goes; Our enemies have beat us to the pit: (Low alarums.)  
It is more worthy to leap in ourselves, Than tarry till they push us. Good Volumnius, Thou know’st that we two went to school together: Even for that our love of old, I prithee, Hold thou my sword-hilts, whilst I run on it.  
Vol. That’s not an office for a friend, my lord. (Alarums still.)  
Clit. Fly, fly, my lord; there is no tarrying here.  
Bru. Farewell to you; and you; and you, Volumnius.  
Strato, thou hast been all this while asleep; Farewell to thee too, Strato. Countrymen, My heart doth joy that yet in all my life I found no man but he was true to me. I shall have glory by this losing day More than Octavius and Mark Antony By this vile conquest shall attain unto.  
So fare you well at once; for Brutus’ tongue Hath almost ended his life’s history: Night hangs upon mine eyes; my bones would rest, That have but labour’d to attain this hour. (Alarums. Cry within, ‘Fly, fly, fly!’)  
Clit. Fly, my lord, fly.  
Bru. Hence! I will follow. (Exeunt Clitus, Dardanius, and Volumnius. I prithee, Strato, stay thou by thy lord: Thou art a fellow of a good respect; 

Thy life hath had some match of honour in it: Hold then my sword, and turn away thy face, While I do run upon it. Will thou, Strato?  
Strat. Give me your hand first. Fare you well, my lord.  
Bru. Farewell, good Strato. [Runs on his sword.]  
Cæsar, now be still: I kill’d not thee with half so good a will. [Dies.  
Oct. What man is that? [master?]  
Mes. My master’s man. Strato, where is thy  
Strat. Ay, if Messala will prefer me to you.  
Oct. Do so, good Messala.  
Mes. How died my master, Strato?  
Strat. I held the sword, and he did run on it.  
Mes. Octavius, then take him to follow thee, That did the latest service to my master.  
Ant. This was the noblest Roman of them all: All the conspirators save only he; Did that they did in envy of great Cæsar; He only, in a general honest thought And common good to all, made one of them. His life was gentle, and the elements So mix’d in him that Nature might stand up And say to all the world ‘This was a man!’  
Oct. According to his virtue let us use him, With all respect and rites of burial. Within my tent his bones to-night shall lie, Most like a soldier, order’d honourably. So call the field to rest; and let’s away, To part the glories of this happy day. [Exeunt.  

JULIUS CAESAR REFUSING THE IMPERIAL CROWN.
MACBETH.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Duncan, King of Scotland.
Malcolm, } his sons,
Donalbain, } generals of the king's army.
Macbeth, 
Banquo, 
Macduff, 
Lennox, 
Ross, 
Menteith, } noblemen of Scotland.
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.

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

ACT I.

SCENE I.—A desert place.

Thunder and lightning. Enter three Witches.
First Witch. When shall we three meet again
In thunder, lightning, or in rain?
Sec. Witch. When the hurlyburly's done,
When the battle's lost and won.
Third Witch. That will be ere the set of sun.
First Witch. Where the place?
Sec. Witch. Upon the heath.
Third Witch. There to meet with Macbeth.
First Witch. I come, Graymalkin!
Sec. Witch. Paddock calls.
Third Witch. Anon.
All. Fair is foul, and foul is fair:
Hover through the fog and filthy air. [Exeunt.

SCENE II.—A camp near Forres.

Alarum within. Enter Duncan, Malcolm, Donalbain, Lennox, with Attendants, meeting a bleeding Sergeant.

Dun. What bloody man is that? He can report,
As seemeth by his plight, of the revolt
The newest state.

Mal. This is the sergeant
Who like a good and hardy soldier fought
'Gainst my captivity. Hail, brave friend! Say to the king the knowledge of the broil
As thou didst leave it.

Ser. Doubtful it stood:
As two spent swimmers, that do cling together
And chide 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 gallows-glasses is supplied;
And fortune, on his damned quarrel smiling,
Show'd like a rebel's whore: but all 's too weak:
For brave Macbeth—well he deserveth that name—
Disdaining fortune, with his brandish'd steel,
ACT I.

MACBETH.

SCENE III.

With terrible numbers,
Assisted by that most disloyal traitor
The thane of Cawdor, began a dismal conflict;
Till that Bellona's bridgework, lapp'd in proof,
Confronted him with self-comparisons.
Point against point rebellious, arm against arm,
Curbing his lavish spirit: and, to conclude,
The victory fell on us.

Dun. Great happiness!
Ross. That now
Swene, the Norways' king, craves composition;
Nor would we deign him burial of his men
Till he disbursed at Saint Colme's inch
Ten thousand dollars to our general use.

Dun. No more that thane of Cawdor shall deceive
Our bosom interest: go pronounce his present death,
And with his former title greet Macbeth.
Ross. I'll see it done.

Dun. That he hath lost noble Macbeth hath won.

[Exit.

SCENE III.—A heath near Forres.

Thunder. 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
And munch'd, and munch'd, and munch'd:—Give me,
I quoth I;—
'Aroint thee, witch!' the rump-fed ronyon cries.
Her husband's to Allepo gone, master o' the Tiger:
But in a sieve I'll thither sail,
And, like a rat without a tail,
I'll do, I'll do, and I'll do.

Sec. Witch. I'll give thee a wind.
First Witch. Thou art kind.
Third Witch. And I another.
First Witch. I myself have all the other,
And the very ports they blow,
All the quarters that they know
I the shipman's card.
I will drain him dry as hay;
Sleep shall neither night nor day
Hang upon his pent-house lid;
He shall live a man forbad:
Weary se'mights nine times nine
Shall he dwindle, peak and pine:
Though his bark cannot be lost,
Yet it shall tempest-tost.

Look what I have.

Sec. 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
So wither'd and so wild in their attire, 
That look not like the inhabitants o' the earth,
And yet are men? Live you or are you aught
That walk with Solomon in all his pride? You seem to understand
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 mor, sir, why do you start; and seem to fear
Things that do sound so fair? I the name of truth,
Are ye fantastical, or that indeed
Which outwardly ye show? My noble partner
You greet with present grace and great prediction
Of noble having and of royal hope,
That he seems rapt withal: to me you speak not.
If you can look into the seeds of time,
And say which grain will grow and which will not,
Speak then to me, who neither beg nor fear
Your favours nor your hate.

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
So all hail, Macbeth and Banquo! [Exit.

First Witch. Banquo and Macbeth, all hail!

Mac. 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 vanished?

Macb. Into the air; and what seem'd corporeal
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,
And thane of Cawdor too: went it not so?

Macb. To the selfsame tune and words. Who's

Enter Ross and Angus.

Ross. The king hath happily received, Macbeth,
The news of thy success; and while he reads
Thy personal venture in the rebels' fight,
His wonders and his praises do contend
Which should be thine or his: silenced with that,
In viewing o'er the rest o' the selfsame day,
He finds thee in the stout Norweyan ranks,
Nothing afeard of what thyself didst make,
Strange images of death. As thick as hail
Came post with post; and every one did bear
Thy praises in his kingdom's great defence,
And pour'd them down before him.

Ang. We are sent
To give thee from our royal master thanks;
Only to herald thee into his sight,
Not pay thee.

Ross. And, for an earnest of a greater honour,
He bade me, from him, call thee thane of Cawdor:
In which addition, hail, most worthy thane!
For it is thine.

Ban. But, what can the devil speak true?

Macb. The thane of Cawdor lives: why do you
In borrow'd robes? [Dress me
Ang. Who was the thane lives yet;
But under heavy judgment bears that life
Which he deserv'd 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;

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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. [Kings, To Ban.] Do you not hope your children shall be  
When those that gave the thane of Cawdor to me  
Promised no less to them?  

Ban. That trusted home  
Might yet enkindle you unto the crown,  
Besides the thane of Cawdor. But ’t is strange:  
And oftentimes, to win us to our harm,  
The instruments of darkness tell us truths,  
Win us with honest trifles, to betray ‘s  
In deepest consequence.  

Consins, a word, I pray you.  

Macb. [Aside] Two truths are told,  
As happy prologues to the swelling act  
Of the imperial theme.—I thank you, gentlemen.  
[Aside] This supernatural soliciting  
Cannot be ill, cannot be good: if ill,  
Why hath it given me earnest of success,  
Commencing in a truth? I am thane of Cawdor:  
If good, why do I yield to that suggestion  
Whose horrid image doth my heart alarm?  
And make my seated heart knock at my ribs,  
Against the use of nature? Present fears  
Are less than horrible imaginings:  
My thought, whose murder yet is but fantastical,  
Shakes so my single state of man that function  
Is smother’d in surmise, and nothing is  
But what is not.  

Ban. Look, how our partner ’s rapt.  

Macb. [Aside] If chance will have me king,  
why, chance may crown me,  
Without my stir.  

Ban. New honours come upon him,  
Like our strange garments, cleave not to their mould  
But with the aid of use.  

Macb. [Aside] Come what come may,  
Time and the hour runs through the roughest day.  

Ban. Worthy Macbeth, westay upon your leisure.  

Macb. Give me your favour: my dull brain was  
With things forgotten. Kind gentlemen, your pains  
Are register’d where every day I turn  
The leaf to read them. Let us toward the king.  
Think upon what hath chanced, and, at more time,  
The interim having weigh’d it, let us speak  
Our free hearts each to other.  

Ban. Very gladly.  

Macb. Till then, enough. Come, friends. [Exeunt.  

MACBETH. SCENE V.—Inverness. Macbeth’s castle.  

Enter Lady Macbeth, reading a letter.  

Lady M. ’They met me in the day of success; and  
I have learned by the perfectest report, they have  
more in them than mortal knowledge. When I  
burned in desire to question them further, they made  
themselves air, into which they vanished. While I  
stood rapt in the wonder of it, came missives from  
the king, who all-hailed me “Thané of Cawdor;”  
by which title, before, these weird sisters saluted me,  
and referred me to the coming on of time, with  
Hail, king that shalt be.” This have I thought  
good, to deliver thee, my dearest partner of great-  
ness, that thou mightest not lose the dues of rejoic-  
ing, by being ignorant of what greatness is promis-  
ised thee. Lay it to thy heart, and farewell.”  
Glamis thou art, and Cawdor; and shalt be  
What thou art promised: yet do I fear thy nature;  
It is too full of the milk of human kindness  
To catch the nearest way: thou wouldst be great;  
Art not without ambition, but without [highly,  
The ill ease should attend it: what thou wouldest  
That wouldst thou holly; wouldst not play false,  
And yet wouldst wrongfully win: thou’ldst have,  
great Glloris,  
That which cries ‘Thus thou must do, if thou have  
And that which rather thou dost fear to do [it;  

Flourish. Enter Duncan, Malcolm, Donalbain, Lennox, and Attendants.  

Dun. Is execution done on Cawdor? Are not  
those in commission yet return’d?  

Mal. My liege,  
They are not yet come back. But I have spoke  
With one that saw him die: who did report  
That very frankly he confess’d his treasons,  
Implied 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 ‘t were a careless trifle.  

Dun. There’s no art  
To find the mind’s construction in the face:  
He was a gentleman on whom I built  
An absolute trust.  

Enter Macbeth, Banquo, Ross, and Angus.  

O worthiest cousin!  
The sin of my ingratitude even now  
Was heavy on me: thou art so far before  
That swiftest wing of recompense is slow  
To overtake thee. Would thou hadst less desired,  
That the proportion both of thanks and payment  
Might have been me! only I have left to say,  
More is thyDue than more than all can pay.  

Macb. The service and the loyalty I owe,  
In doing it, pays itself. Your highness’ part  
Is to receive our duties; and our duties  
Are to your throne and state children and servants,  
Which do but what they should, by doing every thing  
Safe toward your love and honour.  

Dun. Welcome hither:  
I have begun to plant thee, and will labour  
To make thee full of growing. Noble Banquo,  
That hast no less deserved, nor must be known  
No less to have done so, let me infold thee  
And hold thee to my heart. There if I grow,  
The harvest is your own.  

Dun. My plenteous joys,  
Wanton in fulness, seek to hide themselves  
In drops of sorrow. Sons, kinsmen, thanes,  
And you whose places are the nearest, know  
We will entertain upon ourselves  
Our eldest, Malcolm, whom we name hereafter  
The Prince of Cumberland; which honour must  
Not unaccompanied invest him only,  
But signs of nobleness, like stars, shall shine  
On all deservers. From hence to Inverness,  
And bind us further to you.  

Macb. The rest is labour, which is not used for you:  
I’ll be myself the harbinger and make joyful  
The hearing of my wife with your approach;  
So humbly take my leave.  

is a step  
On which I must fall down, or else o’erleap,  
For in my way it lies. Stars, hide your fires;  
Let not light see my black and deep desires:  
The eye wink at the hand; yet let that be,  
Which the eye fears, when it is done, to see. [Exit.  

Dun. True, worthy Banquo; he is full so valiant,  
And in his commendations I am fed;  
It is a banquet to me. Let’s after him,  
Whose care is gone before to bid us welcome:  
It is a peerless kinsman. [Flourish. Exeunt.  

SCENE VI.—Forres. The palace.  

Flourish. Enter Duncan, Malcolm, Donalbain, Lennox, and Attendants.  

Dun. Is execution done on Cawdor? Are not  
those in commission yet return’d?  

Mal. They are not yet come back. But I have spoke  
With one that saw him die: who did report  
That very frankly he confess’d his treasons,  
Implied 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 ‘t were 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.
ACT I.      MACBETH.  SCENE VII.

Than wishest should be undone? Hie thee hither,
That I may pour my spirits in thine ear;
And chaste with the valour of my tongue
All that impedes thee from the golden round,
Which fate and metaphysical aid doth seem
to have thee crown'd withal.

Enter a Messenger.

What is your tidings?

Lady M. 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. [coming:
Mess. So please you, it is true: our thane is
One of my fellows had the speed of him;
Who, almost dead for breath, had scarcely more
Than would make up his message.

Lady M. Give him tending; [Exit Messenger.
He brings great news.
The raven himself is hoarse
That croaks the fatal entrance of Duncan
Under my battlements. Come, you spirits
That tend on mortal thoughts, unsex me here,
And fill me from the crown to the toe top-full
Of direst cruelty! make thick my blood;
Stop up the access and passage to remorse,
That no compunctious visitings of nature
Shake my fell purpose, nor keep peace between
The effect and it! Come to my woman's breasts,
And take my milk for gall, you murdering ministers,
Wherever in your sightless substances
You wait on nature's mischief! Come, thick night,
And pall thee in the dunnet smoke of hell,
That my keen knife see not the wound it makes,
Nor heavy peep through the blanket of the dark,
To cry ' Hold, hold!'

Enter Macbeth.

Great Glamis! worthy Cawdor! Greater
than both, by both, the all-hail hereafter!
Thy letters have transported me beyond
This ignorant present, and I feel now
The future in the instant.

Macb. My dearest love,

Duncan comes here to-night.

Lady M. And when goes hence?

Macb. To-morrow, as he purposes.

Lady M. O, never
Shall sun that morrow sees!
Your face, my thane, is as a book where men
May read strange matters. To beguile the time,
Look like the time; bear welcome in your eye,
Your hand, your tongue: look like the innocent
flower,
But be the serpent under 't. He that's coming
Must be provided for; and you shall put
This night's great business into my dispatch;
Which shall to all our nights and days to come
Give solely sovereign sway and masterdom.

Macb. We will speak further.

Lady M.

To alter favour ever is to fear:
Leave all the rest to me. [Exeunt.

SCENE VI.—Before Macbeth's castle.

Hautboys and torches. Enter Duncan, Malcolm, Donalbain, Banquo, Lennox, Macduff, Ross, Angus, and Attendants.

Dun. This castle hath a pleasant seat; the air
Nimbly and sweetly recommends itself
Unto our gentle senses.

Dun. This guest of summer,
The temple-haunting martlet, does approve,
By his loved mansionry, that the heaven's breath
Smells wooingly here: no juity, friece,
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! 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?
Lady M. Your servants ever
Have theirs, themselves and what is theirs, in compt.
To make their audit at your highness' pleasure,
Still to return your own.

Dun. Give me your hand;
Conduct me to mine host: we love him highly,
And shall continue our graces towards him.

By your leave, hostess. [Exeunt.

SCENE VII.—Macbeth's castle.

Hautboys and torches. Enter a Sewer, and divers Servants with dishes and service, and pass over the stage. Then enter Macbeth.

Macb. If it were done when 'tis done, then 't were
It were done quickly: if the assassination
Could tammel up the consequence, and catch
With his surcease success; that but this blow
Might be the be-all and the end-all here.
But how, upon this bank and shoal of time,
We 'd jump the life to come. But in these cases
We still have judgment here; that we but teach
Bloody instructions, which being taught, return
To plague the inventor: this even-handed justice
Commends the ingredients of our poison'd chalice
To our own lips. He's here in double trust;
First, as I am his kinsman and his subject,
Strong both against the deed: then, as his host,
Who should against his murderer shut the door,
Not bear the knife myself. Besides, this Duncan
Hath borne his faculties so meek, hath been
So clear in his great office, that his virtues
Will plead like angels, trumpet-tongued, against
The deep damnation of his taking-off;
And pity, like a naked new-born babe,
Striding the blast, or heaven's cherubim, horsed
Upon the sightless couriers of the air,
Shall blow the horrid deed in every eye,
That tears shall drown the wind. I have no spur
To prick the sides of my intent, but only
Vaulting ambition, which o'erleaps itself
And falls on the other.

Enter Lady Macbeth.

Lady M. He has almost supp'd: why have you
left the chamber?

Macb. Hath he ask'd for me?

Lady M. Know you not he has?

Macb. We will proceed no further in this business:
He hath honour'd me of late; and I have bought
Golden opinions from all sorts of people,
Which would be worn now in their newest gloss.
Not cast aside so soon.
ACT II.

MACBETH.

SCENE I.

Lady M. Was the hope drunk
Wherein you dress'd yourself? hath it slept since?
And wakes it now, to look so green and pale
At what it did so freely? From this time
Such I account thy love. Art thou affraid
To be the same in thine own act and valour
As thou art in desire? Wouldst thou have that
Which thou esteem'st the ornament of life,
And live a coward in thine own esteem,
Letting 'I dare not' wait upon 'I would,'
Like the poor cat i' the adage?
Macb. Prithée, peace: I dare do all that may become a man;
Who dares do more is none.
Lady M. What beast was 't, then,
That made you break this enterprise to me?
When you durst do it, then you were a man;
And, to be more than what you were, you would
Be so much more the man. Nor time nor place
Did then adhere, and yet you would make both:
They have made themselves, and that their fitness
now Does unmake you. I have given suck, and know
How tender 'tis to love the babe that milks that milks: I
Would, while it was smiling in my face,
Have pluck'd my nipple from his boneless gums,
And dash'd the brains out, had I so sworn as you
Have done to this.
Macb. If we should fail?

My bosom franchised and allegiance clear,
I shall be counsel'd.
Macb. Good repose the while!
Ban. Thanks, sir; the like to you!
[Exeunt Banquo and Fleance.

Enter Macbeth, and a Servant with a torch.

Give me my sword.

Who's there?

Macb. A friend.

Ban. What, sir, not yet at rest? The king's a-bed;
He hath been in unusual pleasure, and
Sent forth great largess to your offices.
This diamond he greets your wife withal,
By the name of most kind Hostess; and shut up
In measureless content.
Macb. Being unprepared,
Our will became the servant to defect;
Which else should free have wrought.

Ban. All's well.

I dreamt last night of the three weird sisters:
To you they show'd some truth.
Macb. I think not of them:
Yet, when we can entreat an hour to serve,
We would spend it in some words upon that busi-
If you would grant the time.

Ban. At your kind'st leisure.
Macb. If you shall cleave to my consent, then 'tis,
It shall make honour for you.

Ban. So I lose none
In seeking to augment it, but still keep

Lady M. But screw your courage to the sticking-place,
And we 'll not fail. When Duncan is asleep—
Whereeto the rather shall his day's hard journey
Soundly invite him—his two chamberlains
Will I with wine and wassail so convince
That memory, the warder of the brain,
Shall be a fume, and the receipt of reason
A limbeck only: when in swinish sleep
Their drenched natures lie as in a death,
What cannot you and I perform upon
The unguarded Duncan? what not put upon
His spongy officers, who shall bear the guilt
Of our great quell?

Macb. Bring forth men-children only;
For thy undaemon'd metal should compose
Nothing but males. Will it not be received,
When we have mark'd with blood those sleepy two
Of his own chamber and used their very daggers,
That they have done 't?

Lady M. Who dares receive it other,
As we shall make our griefs and clamour roar
Upon his death?

Macb. I am settled, and bend up
Each corporal agent to this terrible feat.
Away, and mock the time with fairest show:
False face must hide what the false heart doth know.
[Exit.]

ACT II.

SCENE I.—Court of Macbeth's castle.

Enter Banquo, and Fleance bearing a torch before
him.

Ban. How goes the night, boy?
Fle. The moon is down; I have not heard the
clock.
Ban. And she goes down at twelve.
Fle. I take 't, 't is later, sir.
Ban. Hold, take my sword. There's husbandry
in heaven;
Their candles are all out. Take thee that too.
A heavy summons lies like lead upon me,
And my soul would be full of the other world,
Restrain in me the cursed thoughts that nature
Gives way to in repose!

Enter Macbeth, and a Servant with a torch.

Who's there?

Macb. A friend.

Ban. What, sir, not yet at rest? The king's a-bed;
He hath been in unusual pleasure, and
Sent forth great largess to your offices.
This diamond he greets your wife withal,
By the name of most kind Hostess; and shut up
In measureless content.

Macb. Being unprepared,
Our will became the servant to defect;
Which else should free have wrought.

Ban. All's well.

I dreamt last night of the three weird sisters:
To you they show'd some truth.

Macb. I think not of them:
Yet, when we can entreat an hour to serve,
We would spend it in some words upon that busi-
If you would grant the time.

Ban. At your kind'st leisure.

Macb. If you shall cleave to my consent, then 'tis,
It shall make honour for you.

Ban. So I lose none
In seeking to augment it, but still keep
SCENE II.—The same.

Enter Lady Macbeth.

Macb. 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'st good-night. He is about The doors are open; and the surfeited grooms [It:] Do mock their charge with snores: I have drugged their posses:
That death and nature do contend about them, Whether they live or die.

Macb. [Within] Who's there? what, ho! Lady M. Alack, I am afraid they have awakened, And 'tis not done. The attempt and not the deed Confound 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. My husband! Didst thou not hear a noise?

Macb. I have done the deed. Didst thou not hear a noise? Didst not you speak?


Who lies i' the second chamber? Lady M. Donalbain. Macb. This is a sorry sight. [Looking on his hands. Lady M. A foolish thought, to say a sorry sight. Macb. There's one did laugh in's sleep, and one cried 'Murder!' That they did wake each other: I stood and heard But they did say their prayers, and address'd them Again to sleep.

Macb. Lady M. There are two lodged together. Macb. One cried 'God bless us!' and 'Amen' the other;

As they had seen me with these hangman's hands, Listening their fear, I could not say 'Amen,' When they did say 'God bless us!'

Lady M. Consider it not so deeply. Macb. But wherefore could not I pronounce I had most need of blessing, and 'Amen' 'Amen'? Stuck in my throat.

Lady M. These deeds must not be thought After these ways; so, it will make us mad.

Macb. Methought I heard a voice cry 'Sleep no more!' Macbeth does murder sleep, the innocent sleep, Sleep that knits up the ravell'd sleave of care, The death of each day's life, sore labour's bath, Balm of hurt minds, great nature's second course, Chief nourisher in life's feast.—

Lady M. What do you mean? Macb. Sull it cried 'Sleep no more!' to all the house: 'Glamis hath murder'd sleep, and therefore Coward Shall sleep no more; Macbeth shall sleep no more.'

Lady M. Who was it that thus cried? Why, worthy thane,

You do unbend your noble strength, to think So brainsickly of things. Go get some water, And wash this filthy witness from your hand. Why did you bring these daggers from the place? They must lie there: go carry them; and smear The sleepy grooms with blood.

Macb. I'll go no more: I am afraid to think what I have done; Look on't again I dare not. Lady M. Infirm of purpose!

Give me the daggers: the sleeping and the dead Are but as pictures: 'tis the eye of childhood That fears a painted devil. If he do bleed, I'll gild the faces of the wounded with; For it must seem their guilt.
too strong for him, though he took up my legs some-
time, yet I made a shift to cast him.
Mac. Is thy master stirring?

Enter Macbeth.

Our knocking has awakened him; here he comes.

Len. Good morrow, noble sir.
Mac. Good morrow, both.
Mac. Is the king stirring, worthy thane?
Mac. Not yet.
Mac. He did command me to call timely on him: I have almost slipp'd the hour.
Mac. I'll bring you to him.
Mac. I know this is a joyful trouble to you;
But yet 'tis one.
Mac. The labour we delight in physics pain.
This is the door.

Mac. I'll make so bold to call,
For 'tis my limited service. [Exit.

Mac. Does the king hence-to-day?

Len. The night has been unruly: where we lay, Our chimney's were blown down; and, as they say, Lamentings heard 't the air; strange screams of And prophesying with accents terrible [death, Of dire combustion and confused events. New hatch'd to the woeful time: the obscure bird, Clamour'd the livelong night: some say, the earth Was feverous and did shake.

Mac. 'Twas a rough night.
Len. My young remembrance cannot parallel A fellow to it.

Re-enter Macduff.

Macd. O horror, horror, horror! Tongue nor Cannot conceive nor name thee! [heart
Mac. What's the matter?
Len. Confusion now hath made his master: Most sacrilegious murder hath broke ope [piece! The Lord's anointed temple, and stolenthence The life o' the building!

Macb. What is't you say? the life? Len. Mean you his majesty? [sight
Mac. Approach the chamber, and destroy your With a new Gorgon: do not bid me speak; See, and then speak yourselves.

[Exeunt Macbeth and Lennox.

Awake, awake!
Ring the alarum-bell. Murder and treason! Banquo and Donalbain! Malcolm! awake! Shake off this dowry sleep, death's counterfeit, And look on death itself! up, up, and see The great doom's image! Malcolm! Banquo! As from your graves rise up, and walk like sprites, To countenance this horror! Ring the bell.

Enter Lady Macbeth.

Lady M. What's the business,
That such a hideous trumpet calls to parley The sleepers of the house? speak, speak! Macd. O gentle lady, 'Tis not for you to hear what I can speak: The repetition, In a woman's ear, Would murder as it fell.

Enter Banquo.

O Banquo, Banquo,
Our royal master's murder'd!

Lady M. Woe, alas!
Ban. Too cruel any where.
Dear Duff, I prithee, contradict thyself, And say it is not so.

Re-enter Macbeth and Lennox, with Ross.

Mac. Had I but died an hour before this chance, I had lived a blessed time; for, from this instant,
There's nothing serious in mortality: All is but toys: renown and grace is dead; The wine of life is drawn, and the mere lees Is left this vault to brag of.

Enter Malcolm and Donalbain.

Don. What is amiss?
Macb. You are, and do not know 't: The spring, the head, the fountain of your blood Is stopp'd; the very source of it is stopp'd.
Don. Your royal father's murder'd.
Len. O, by whom?
Len. Those of his chamber, as it seem'd, had done't: Their hands and faces were all badged with blood; So were their daggers, which unwiped we found Upon their pillows:
They stared, and were distracted; no man's life Was to be trusted with them.
Macb. O, yet I do repent me of my fury, That I did kill them.

Mac. Wherefore did you so?
Mac. Who can be wise, amazed, temperate and fu-
Loyal and neutral, in a moment? No man: [rious, The expedition of my violent love Outrun the pauser, reason. Here lay Duncan, His silver skin lac'd with his golden blood; And his gash'd 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 Unmannerly breech'd with gore: who could refrain, That had a heart to love, and in that heart Courage to make 's love known?

Lady M. Help me hence, ho!
Macd. Look to the lady.

Mal. [Aside to Don.] Why do we hold our tongues, That most may claim this argument for ours?

Don. [Aside to Mal.] What should be spoken here, Where our fate, hid in an auger-hole, may rush, and seize us? Let's away;
Our tears are not yet breach'd.

Mal. [Aside to Don.] Nor our strong sorrow Upon the foot of motion.

Ban. Look to the lady; [Lady Macbeth is carried out. And when we have our naked frailities 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 treacherous mali

Mac. And so do I.

All. So all.

Macb. Let's briefly put on manly readiness, And meet i' the hall together.

All. Well contented.

[Exeunt all but Malcolm and Donalbain.

Mal. What will you do? Let's not consort with To show an unfelt sorrow is an office [them; Which the false man does easy. I'll to England.
Don. To Ireland, I; our separated fortune Shall keep us both the safer: where we are, There's daggers in men's smiles: the near in blood, The nearer bloody.

Mal. This murderous shaft; that's shot Hath not yet lighted, and our safest way Is to avoid the aim. Therefore, to horse; And let us not be dainty of leave-taking, But shift away: there's warrant in that theft Which steals itself, when there's no mercy left.

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
ACT III.

MACBETH.

SCENE I.—Forres. The palace.

Enter Banquo.

Ban. Thou hast it now: king, Cawdor, Glamis, all,
As the weird women promised, and, I fear,
Thou play' st most foully for 't: yet it was said
It should not stand in thy posterity,
But that myself should be the root and father
Of many kings. If there come truth from them—
As upon thee, Macbeth, their speeches shine—
Why, by the verities on thee made good,
May they not be my oracles as well,
And set me up in hope? But hush! no more.

Sennet sounded. Enter Macbeth, as king, Lady Macbeth, as queen, Lennox, Ross, Lords, Ladies, and Attendants.

Macb. Here's our chief guest.

Lady M. If he had been forgotten,
It had been as a gap in our great feast,
And all-things unbecoming.

Macb. To-night we hold a solemn supper, sir,
And I'll request your presence.

Ban. Let your highness
Command upon me; to which my duties
Are with a most indissoluble tie
For ever knitt.

Macb. Ride you this afternoon?

Ban. Ay, my good lord.

Macb. We should have else desired your good advice,
Which still hath been both grave and prosperous,
In this day's council; but we'll take to-morrow.
Is't far you ride?

Ban. As far, my lord, as will fill up the time
'Twixt this and supper: go not my horse the better,
I must become a borrower of the night
For a dark hour or twain.

Macb. Fall not our feast.

Ban. My lord, I will not.

Macb. We hear, our bloody cousins are bestow'd
In England and in Ireland, not confessing
Their cruel parricide, filling their hearers

Ross. Is't known who did this more than bloody
Macd. Those that Macbeth hath slain. [Exit]
Ross. Alas, the day!

What good could they pretend?

Macd. They were suborn'd:
Malcolm and Donalbain, the king's two sons,
Are stol'n away and fled; which puts upon them
Suspicion of the deed.

Ross. 'Gainst nature still!
Thriftless ambition, that wilt ravin up
Thine own life's means! Then 'tis most like
The sovereignty will fall upon Macbeth.

Macd. He is already named, and gone to Scone
To be invested.

Ross. Where is Duncan's body?

Macd. Carried to Colmekill,
The sacred storehouse of his predecessors,
And guardian of their bones.

Ross. Will you to Scone?

Macd. No, cousin, I'll to Fife.

Ross. Well, I will thither.

Macd. Well, may you see things well done there:
Lest our old robes sit easier than our new! [Adieu!]
Ross. Farewell, father.

Old M. God's benison go with you; and with those
That would make good work, and friends of foes!

[Exeunt.]
ACT III.

MACBETH.

SCENE II.

Re-enter Attendant, with two Murderers.

Now go to the door, and stay there till we call.

[Exit Attendant.

Was it not yesterday we spoke together?

First Mar. It was, so please your highness.

Macb. Well then, now have you consider'd of my speeches? Know that it was he in the times past which held you so under fortune, which you thought had been our innocent self: this I made good to you in our last conference, pass'd in probation with you. How you were borne in hand, how cross'd the instruments of my design: might well have brought with them, and all things else that to half a soul and to a notion crazed.

Say, 'Thus did Banquo.'

First Mar. 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, as to let them go this way? You are 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 Mar. We are men, my liege.

Macb. Ay, in the catalogue ye go for men; as hounds and greyhounds, mongrels, spaniels, curs, Shoughs, water-rugs and demi-wolves, are cleft All by the name of dogs: the valued file distinguishes the swift, the slow, the subtle, the housekeeper, the hunter, every one.

According to the gift which bounteous nature Hath in him closed; whereby he does receive particular addition, from the bill that writes them all alike: and so of men.

Now, if you have a station in the file, not 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.

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 Mar. 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. Know Banquo was your enemy.

Both Mar. 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 wail his fall, who I myself struck down; and thence it is, that I require your assistance do make love, masking the business from the common eye for sundry weighty reasons.

Sec. Mar. We shall, my lord, perform what you command us.

First Mar. Though our lives—

Macb. By 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 rub or 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 Mar. We are resolved, my lord.

Macb. I'll call upon you straight; abide within.

[Exit Murderers.

It is concluded. Banquo, thy soul's flight, if it find heaven, must find it out to-night. [Exit.

SCENE II.—The palace.

Enter Lady Macbeth and a Servant.

Lady M. Is Banquo gone from court?

Serv. Ay, madam, but returns again to-night.

Lady M. Say to the king, I would attend his For a few words.

[leisure Serv."

M. Am. I will.

[Exit.

Lady M. Nought's bad, all's spent, where our desire is got without content:

'T is 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 soresman 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: 'twas done is done.

Macb. We have scotch'd the snake, not kill'd it: She'll close and be herself, whilst our poor malice remains in danger of her former tooth, but let the frame of things disjoint, both the worlds suffer, Ere we will eat our meal in fear and sleep In the affliction of these terrible dreams That shake us nightly: better be with the dead, Whom we, to gain our peace, have sent to peace, Than on the torture of the mind to lie In restless ecstasy. Duncan is in his grave; After life's fitful fever he sleeps well; Treason has done his worst: nor steel, nor poison, Malice domestic, foreign levy, nothing, Can touch him further.

Lady M. Come on:

Gentle my lord, sleek o'er your rugged looks; Be bright and jovial among your guests to-night.

Macb. So shall I, love; and so, I pray, be you: Let your remembrance apply to Banquo; Present him eminence, with both eye and tongue:Unsafe the while, that we Must lave our honours in these flattering streams, And make our faces wizards to our hearts, Disguising what they are.

Lady M. You must leave this, Macb. O, full of scorpions is my mind, dear wife! Thou know'st that Banquo, and his Fleance, lives.

Lady M. But in them nature's copy's not eternel.

Macb. There's comfort yet; they are assailable; Then be thou jocund: ere the bat hath flown His cloister'd flight, ere to black Hecate's summons The shark-borne beetle with his drowsy hums Hath rung night's yawning peal, there shall be done A deed of dreadful note.

Lady M. What's to be done?

Macb. Be innocent of the knowledge, deariest chuck; Till thou applaud the deed. Come, seeling night, Scarp 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 thicken's and the Makes wing to the rocky wood: [crow Good things of day begin to droop and drowse; Whiles night's black agents to their prey's do rouse. Thou marvell'st at my words: but hold thee still: 655
SCENE III.—A park near the palace.

Enter three murderers.

First Mur. But who did bid thee join with us?

Third Mur. Macbeth.

Sec. Mur. He needs not our mistrust, since he

Our offices and what we have to do [delivers

To the direction just.

First Mur. Then stand with us.

The west yet gimmers with some streaks of day:

Now spurs the latest travelling pace

To gain the timely inn; and near approaches

The subject of our watch.

Third Mur. Hark! I hear horses.

Ban. [Within] Give us a light there, ho!

Sec. Mur. Then 'tis he: the rest

That are within the note of expectation

Already are ’t the court.

First Mur. His horses go about.

Third Mur. Almost a mile: but he does usually,

So all men do, from hence to the palace gate

Make it their walk.

Sec. Mur. A light, a light!

Enter Banquo, and Fleance with a torch.

Third Mur. ’Tis he.

First Mur. Stand to’t.

Ban. It will be rain to-night.

First Mur. Let it come down.

[They set upon Banquo.

Ban. O, treachery! Fly, good Fleance, fly, fly,


Third Mur. Who did strike out the light?

First Mur. Was’t not the way?

Third Mur. There’s but one down; the son is fled.

Sec. Mur. We have lost

Best half of our affair.

First Mur. Well, let’s away, and say how much

is done. [Exeunt.

SCENE IV.—The same. Hall in the palace.

A banquet prepared. Enter Macbeth, Lady Macbeth, Ross, Lennox, Lords, and Attendants.

Macb. You know your own degrees; sit down;

And last the hearty welcome. [at first Lords.

Thanks to your majesty.

Macb. Ourself will mingle with society,

And play the humble host.

Our hostess keeps her state, but in best time

We will require her welcome.

Lady M. Pronounce it for me, sir, to all our

For my heart speaks they are welcome. [friends;

First Murderer appears at the door.

Macb. See, they encounter thee with their hearts’ thanks.

Both sides are even: here I’ll sit i’ the midst:

Be large in mirth; anon we’ll drink a measure

The table round. [Approaching the door.] There’s

blood upon thy face.

Mur. ’Tis Banquo’s then.

Macb. ’Tis better thee without than he within.

Is he dispatch’d?

Mur. My lord, his throat is cut; that I did for

him [he’s good

Macb. Thou art the best o’ the cut-throats: yet

That did the like for Fleance: if thou didst it,

Thou art the nonpareil.

Mur. Most royal sir,

Fleance is ’scaped. [perfect

Macb. Then comes my fit again: I had else been

Whole as the marble, found as the rock,

As broad and general as the casing air:

But now I am cabin’d, cribb’d, confined, bound in

To saucy doubts and fears. But Banquo’s safe?

Mur. Ay, my good lord: safe in a ditch he bides,

With twenty trench’d gashes on his head;

The least a death to nature.

Macb. Thanks for that:

There the grown serpent lies: the worm that’s fled

Hath nature that in time will venom breed,

No teeth for the present. Get thee gone; to-morrow

We’ll hear, ourselves, again. [Exeunt Murderer.

Lady M. My royal lord,

You do not give the cheer: the feast is sold

That is not often vouch’d, while ’t is a-making;

’Tis given with welcome: to feed were best at home;

From thence the sauce to meat is ceremony;

Meeting were bare without it.

Macb. Sweet remembrancer!

Now, good digestion wait on appetite,

And health on both! [The Ghost of Banquo enters, and sits in

Macbeth’s place.

Macb. Here had we now our country’s honour

roof’d.

Were the graced person of our Banquo present;

Who may I rather challenge for unkindness

Than pity for mischance!

Ross. His absence, sir,

Lays blame upon his promise. Please ’t your high-

To grace us with your royal company. [ness

Macb. The table’s full.

Len. Here is a place reserved, sir.

Macb. Where?

Len. Here, my good lord. What’s that which moves

your highness?

Macb. Which of you have done this?

Lords. What, my good lord?

Macb. Thou canst not say I did it: never shake

Thy gory locks at me.

Ross. Gentlemen, rise: his highness is not well.

Lady M. Sit, worthy friends: my lord is often thus,

And hath been from his youth: pray you, keep seat;

The fit is momentary; upon a thought

He will again be well: if much you note him,

You shall offend him and extend his passion;

Fed, and regard him not. Are you a man?

Macb. Ay, and a bold one, that dare look on that

Which might appall the devil.

Lady M. O proper stuff!

This is the very painting of your fear:

This is the air-drawn dagger which, you said,

Led you to Duncan. ’O, these flaws and starts,

Impostors to true fear, would well become

A woman’s story at a winter’s fire.

Authorized by her grandam. Shame itself!

Why do you make such faces? When all’s done,

You look but on a stool. [say you?

Macb. Prithie, see there! behold! look! how

Voy, what care I? If thou canst not, speak too.

If charnel-houses and our graces must send

Those that we bury back, our monuments

Shall be the maws of kites. [Ghost vanishes.

Lady M. What, quite unmanned in folly?

Macb. If I stand here, I saw him

Lady M. Fie, for shame! Macb. Blood hath been shed ere now, i’ the olden

Ere human statute purged the gentle weal: [time,

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.
ACT III.

MACBETH.

SCENE V. — A Heath.

Thunder. Enter the three Witches, meeting Hecate.

First Witch. Why, bow now, Hecate! you look angrily.

Hec. Have I not reason, beldams as you are, Saucy and overbold? How did you dare To trade and traffic with Macbeth In riddles and affairs of death; And I, the mistress of your charms, The close contriver of all harms, Was never call'd to hear my part, Or show the glory of our art? And, which is worse, all you have done Hath been but for a wayward son, Spiteful and wrathful, who, as others do, Loves for his own ends, not for you. But make amends now: get you gone, And at the pit of Acheron Meet me! the morning: thither he Will come to know his destiny: Your vessels and your spells provide, Your charms, and everything 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; "Thou shalt catch it ere it drop. And that distill'd by magic sleights Shall raise such artificial sprites As by the strength of their illusion Shall draw him on to his confusion: He shall spurn fate, scorn death, and bear His hopes 'bove wisdom, grace and fear: And you all know, security Is mortals' chiefest enemy.

[Music and a song within: 'Come away, come away,' &c.]

Hark! I am call'd; my little spirit, see, Sits in a foggy cloud, and stays for me. [Exit.]

First Witch. Come, let's make haste; she'll soon be back again. [Exit.]

SCENE VI. — Forres. The palace.

Enter Lennox and another Lord.

Len. My former speeches have but hit your thoughts, Which can interpret further: only, I say, [Duncan Things have been strangely borne. The gracious Was pityed of Macbeth: marry, he was dead: And the right-valiant Banquo walk'd too late; Whom, you may say, if 'twere possible, Fleance kill'd, For Fleance fled: men must not walk too late. Who cannot want the thought how monstrous It was for Malcolm and for Donalbain To kill their gracious father? damned fact! How it did grieve Macbeth! did he not straight In pious rage the two delinquents tear, That were the slaves of drink and throes of sleep? Was not that nobly done? Ay, and wisely too; For 't would have anger'd any heart alive To bear the men deny 't. So that, I say, He has borne all things well: and I do think That had he Duncan's sons under his key — find As, an 't please heaven, he shall not — they should What 't were to kill a father; so should Fleance. But, peace! for from broad words and cause he His presence at the tyrant's feast, I hear [fall'd Macduff lives in disgrace: sir, can you tell Where he bestows himself? Lord. The son of Duncan, From whom this tyrant holds the due of birth, Lives in the English court, and is received Of the most pious Edward with such grace That the malevolence of fortune nothing
ACT IV.

MACBETH.  SCENE I.

Takes from his high respect: thither Macduff
Is gone to pray the holy king, upon his aid
To wake Northumberland and warlike Siward:
That, by the help of these—with Him above
To ratify the work—we may again
Give to our tables meat, sleep to our nights.
Free from our fears and loath's bloody knives,
Do faithful homage and receive free honours:
All which we pine for: and this report
Hath so exasperate the king that he
Prepares for some attempt of war.

Len.  Sent he to Macduff?

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—A cavern. In the middle, a boiling cauldron.

Thunder.  Enter the three Witches.

First Witch.  Thrice the brinded cat hath mew'd.
Sec. Witch.  Thrice and once the hedge-pig whined.
Third Witch.  Harpier cries 'tis time, 'tis time.

First Witch.  Round about the cauldron go;
In the poison'd entrails throw.
Toad, that under cold stone
Days and nights has thirty-one
Swelter'd venom sleeping got,
Boil thou first i' the charmed pot.

All.  Double, double toil and trouble;
Fire burn and cauldron bubble.
Sec. Witch.  Fillet of a fenny snake,
In the cauldron boil and bake;
Eye of newt and toe of frog,
Wool of bat and tongue of dog,
Adder's fork and blind-worm's sting,
Lizard's leg and owlet's wing,
For a charm of powerful trouble,
Like a hell-broth boil and bubble.

All.  Double, double toil and trouble;
Fire burn and cauldron bubble.
Third Witch.  Scale of dragon, tooth of wolf,
Witches' mummy, maw and gulf
Of the ravin'd salt-sea shark.
Root of hemlock digg'd i' the dark,
Liver of blaspheming 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-strangled babe
Ditch-deliver'd by a draught,
Make the gruel thick and slat:
Add thereto a tiger's chauldron,
For the ingredients of our cauldron.

All.  Double, double toil and trouble;
Fire burn and cauldron bubble.
Sec. Witch.  Cool it with a baboon's blood,
Then the charm is firm and good.

Enter Hecate to the other three Witches.

Hec.  O, well done! I commend your pains;
And every one shall share i' the gains:
And now about the cauldron sing,
Like elves and fairies in a ring,
Enchanting all that you put in.

[Music and a song: 'Black spirits,' &c.  [Hecate 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 midnight
What is 't you do?

Lord.  He did: and with an absolute 'Sir, not I,'
The cloudy messenger turns me his back,
And hums, as who should say ' You 'll rue the time
That clogs me with this answer.'
Len.  And that well might
Advise him to a caution, to hold what distance
His wisdom can provide. Some holy angel
Fly to the court of England and unfold
His message ere he come, that a swift blessing
May soon return to this our suffering country
Under a hand accrued!

Lord.  I 'll send my prayers with him.

[Exit.

All.  A deed without a name.

Macb.  I conjure you, by that which you profess,
Hove'er you come to know it, answer me:
Though you unie the winds and let them fight
Against the churches; though the yesty waves
Confound and swallow navigation up;

[down;
Though bladed corn be lodged and trees blown
Though castles topple on their warders' heads;
Though palaces and pyramids do slope
Their heads to their foundations; though the treas-
Of nature's germens tumble all together,
[ure
Even till destruction sicken; answer me
To what I ask you.

First Witch.  Speak.
Sec. Witch.  Demand.

Third Witch.  We 'll answer.
First Witch.  Say, if thou 'st rather hear it from
our mouths,
Or from our masters?

Macb.  Call 'em; let me see 'em.

First Witch.  Pour in sow's blood, that hath
Her nine farrow; grease that's sweaten eaten
From the murderer's gibbet throw
Into the flame.

All.  Come, high or low;
Thyself and office deftly show!

Thunder.  First Apparition: an armed Head.

Macb.  Tell me, thou unknown power,—
First Witch.  He knows thy thought:
Hear his speech, but say thou nought.

First App.  Macbeth! Macbeth! Macbeth! be-

[Descends.

Macb.  Whate'er thou art, for thy good caution,
thanks;

[more,—
Thou hast harp'd my fear ariht: but one word
First Witch.  He will not be commanded here: 's
More potent than the first.

[another,


Sec. App.  Macbeth! Macbeth! Macbeth! Macbeth!

Macb.  Had I three ears, I'd hear thee.  [scorn

[Descends.

Macb.  Then live, Macduff: what need I fear of
But yet I'll make assurance double sure,  [thee?
And take a bond of fate: thou shalt not live;
That I may tell pale-hearted fear it lies,
And sleep in spite of thunder.

Thunder.  Third Apparition: a Child crowned, with a
tree in his hand.

What is this
That rises like the issue of a king,
And wears upon his baby-brow the round
And top of sovereignty?

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ACT IV.

MACBETH.

Scene II.

All. Listen, but speak not to 't.

Third App. Be lion-mettled, proud; and take no care

Who chiefly, 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.

That will never be:
Who can impress the forest, bid the tree [good! Unfix his earth-bound root? Sweet bodements! Rebellion's head, rise never till the wood Of Birnam rise, and our high-placed Macbeth Shall live the lease of nature, pay his breath To time and mortal custom. Yet my heart Throbs to know one thing: tell me, if your art Can tell so much: shall Banquo's issue ever Reign in this kingdom?

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 candelion? and what noise is this?

First Witch. Show!
Sec. Witch. Show!
Third Witch. Show!

All. Show his eyes, and grieve his heart;
Come like shadows, so depart!

A show of Eight Kings, the last with a glass in his hand:
Banquo's Ghost following.

Macb. Thou art like too much the spirit of Banquo; eras!
Thy crown does bear mine eye-bal! And thy hair, Thou other gold-bound brow, is like the first.
A third is like the former. Filthy hags! Why do you show me this? A fourth! Start, eyes! What, will the line stretch out to the crack of doom! Another yet! A seventh! I'll see no more:
And yet the eighth appears, who bears a glass Which shows me many more; and some I see That two-fold balls and treble sceptre carry:
Horrible sight! Now, I see, 'tis true;
For the blood-bolter'd Banquo smiles upon me, And points at them for his. [Apparitions vanish.

Macb. What, is this so?

First Witch. Ay, sir, all this is so: but why
Stands Macbeth thus amazed?

Come, sisters, cheer we up his spirits, And show the best of our delights:
I'll charm the air to give a sound, While you perform your antie round;
That the great king may kindly say,
Our duties did his welcome pay.

[Music. The Witches dance, and then vanish, with Hecate.

Macb. Where are they? Gone? Let this perilous hour
Stand eye accrued in the calendar!
Come in, without there!

Enter Lennox.

Len. What's your grace's will?

Macb. Saw you the weird sisters?

Len. No, my lord.

Macb. Came they not by you?

Len. No, indeed, my lord.

Macb. Infected be the air whereon they ride;
And damned all those that trust them! I did hear The galloping of horse: who was 't came by?

Len. 'Tis two or three, my lord, that bring you
Macduff is fled to England. [word

Macb. Fled to England!

Len. Ay, my good lord.

Macb. Time, thou anticipatest my dread exploits!
The flighty purpose never is o'ertook
Unless the deed go with it: from this moment
The very firstlings of my heart shall be

The firstlings of my hand. And even now,
To crown my thoughts with acts, be it thought and
The castle of Macduff I will surprise; [done;
Seize upon Fife: give to the edge o' the sword
His wife, his babes, and all unfortunate souls
That trace him in his line. No boasting like a fool;
This deed I'll do before this purpose cool.
But no more sights! - Whence are these gentlemen? Come, bring me where they are. [Exeunt.

SCENE II.—Fife. Macduff's castle.

Enter Lady Macduff, her Son, and Ross.

L. Macd. What had he done, to make him fly the land?

Ross. You must have patience, madam.

L. Macd. He had none:
His flight was madness: when our actions do not,
Our fears do make us traitors. You know not
Whether it was his wisdom or his fear.

L. Macd. Wisdom! to leave his wife, to leave his babes,
His mansion and his titles in a place
From whence himself does fly? He loves us not;
He wants the natural touch: for the poor wren,
The most diminutive of birds, will fight,
Her young ones in her nest, against the owl.
All is the fear and nothing is the love;
As little is the wisdom, where the flight
So runs against all reason.

Ross. My dearest coz,
I pray you, school yourself: but for your husband,
He is noble, wise, judicious, and best knows
The fits o' the season. I dare not speak much further;
But cruel are the times, when we are traitors
And do not know ourselves, when we hold rumour
From what we fear, yet know not what we fear,
But goat upon a wild and violent sea
Each way and move. I take my leave of you:
Shall not be long but I'll be here again:
Things at the worst will cease, or else climb upward
To what they were before. My pretty cousin,
Blessing upon you!

L. Macd. Father'd he is, and yet he's fatherless.

Ross. I am so much a fool, should I stay longer,
It would be my disgrace and your discomfort:
I take my leave at once. [Exit.

L. Macd. Sirrah, your father's dead:
And what will you do now? How will you live?
Son. As birds do, mother.

L. Macd. What, with worms and flies? Son. With what I get, I mean; and so do they.
L. Macd. Poor bird! thou'ldst never fear the net
The pitfall nor the gin. [not love,
Son. Why should I, mother? Poor birds they are not set for.

My father is not dead, for all your saying.

L. Macd. Yes, he is dead: how wilt thou do for a father?

Son. Nay, how will you do for a husband?

L. Macd. Why, I can buy me twenty at any market.

Son. Then you'll buy 'em to sell again.

L. Macd. Thou speak'st with all thy wit; and yet, I' faith,

With wit enough for thee.

Son. Was my father a traitor, mother?

L. Macd. Ay, that he was.

Son. What is a traitor?

L. Macd. Why, one that swears and lies.

Son. And be all traitors that do so?

L. Macd. Every one that does so is a traitor, and
must be hanged. [lie?

Son. And must they all be hanged that swear and

L. Macd. Every one.

Son. Who must hang them?

L. Macd. Why, the honest men.
SCENE III.—England. Before the King’s palace.

Enter Malcolm and Macduff.

Mal. Let us seek out those desolate shades, and there Weep our sad bosoms empty.

Macduf. Let us rather Hold fast the mortal sword, and like good men Bestride our down-fall’n birthdom: each new morn New widows howl, new orphans cry, new sorrows Strike heaven on the face, that it resounds As if it felt with Scotland and yeild’d out Like syllable of doleour.

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 extortion, whose sole name blisters our tongues, Was once thought honest: you have loved him well: He hath not touch’d you yet. I am young: but something You may deserve of him through me, and wisdom To offer up a weak poor innocent lamb. To appease an angry god.

Macduf. I am not treacherous. Mal. But Macbeth is. A good and virtuous nature may recoil [ion; In an imperial charge. But I shall crave your par- That which you are my thoughts cannot transpose: Angels are bright still, though the brightest fell: Though all things foul would wear the brows of Yet grace must still look so. [grace, Macduf. I have lost my hopes. Mal. Perchance even there where I did find my doubts.

Why in that rawness left you wife and child, Those precious motives, those strong knots of love, Without leave-taking? I pray you, Let not my jealousies be your dishonours, But mine own safeties. You may be rightly just, Whatever I shall think.

Macduf. Bleed, bleeding, poor country! Great tyranny! lay thou thy basic sure. [wrongs: For goodness dare not check thee: wear thou thy The title is affeer’d! Fare thee well, lord: I would not be the villain that thou think’st For the whole space that’s in the tyrant’s grasp, And the rich East to boot.

Mal. Be not offended; I speak not as in absolute fear of you. I think our country sinks beneath the yoke; It weeps, it bleeds; and each new day a gash Is added to her wounds: 1 think withal There would be hands uplifted in my right; And here from gracious England have I offer Of goodly thousands: but, 10r 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.

Macduf. What should he be? Mal. It is myself I mean: in whom I know All the particulars of vice so grafted That, when they shall be open’d, black Macbeth Will seem as pure as snow, and the poor state Esteem him as a lamb, being compared With my confineless harms. Mal. Not in the legions Of horrid hell can come a devil more damn’d In evils to top Macbeth.

Mal. I grant him bloody, Luxurious, avaricious, false, deceitful, Sudden, malicious, snatching of every sin That has a name: but there’s no bottom, none, In my voluptuousness: your wives, your daughters, Your matrons and your maids, could not fill up The cistern of my lust, and my desire All continent impediments would o’erbear That did oppose my will: better Macbeth Than such an one to reign.

Mal. Boundless intemperance In nature is a tyranny; it hath been The untimely emptying of the happy throne And fall of many kings. But fear not yet To take upon you what is yours: you may Convey your pleasures in a spacious plenty, And yet seem cold, the time you may so hoodwink. We have willing dames enough; there cannot be That vulture in you, to devour so many As will to greatness dedicate themselves, Finding it so inclined.

Mal. With this there grows In my most ill-composed addition sure. A stanchless avarice that, were 1 king, I should cut off the nobles for their lands, Desire his jewels and this other’s house: And my more-having would be as a sauce To make me hunger more; that I should forge Quarrels unjust against the good and loyal, Destroying them for wealth.

Mal. 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, Of your mere own: all these are portable, With other graces weigh’d.

Mal. But I have none: the king-becoming graces, As justice, verity, temperance, stableness, Bounty, perseverance, mercy, lowliness, Devotion, patience, courage, fortitude,
I have no relish of them, but abound
In the division of each several crime,
Acting it many ways. Nay, had I power, I should
Pour the sweet milk of concord into hell,
Uproar the universal peace, confound
All unity on earth.

Mac. If such a one be fit to govern, speak:
I am as I have spoken.

Mac. Fit to govern!
No, not to live. O nation miserable,
With an untitled tyrant bloody-sceptred' d,
When shalt thou see thy wholesome days again,
Since that the truest issus living throne
By his own interdiction stands accursed,
And does blaspheme his breed? Thy royal father
Was a most sainted king: the queen that bore thee,
Oftener upon her knees than on her feet,
Died every day she lived. Fare thee well!
These evils thou repeat'st upon thyself.
Have banish'd me from Scotland. O my breast,
Thy hope ends here!

Mal. Macduff, this noble passion,
Child of integrity, hath from my soul
Wiped the black scruples, reconciled my thoughts
To thy good truth and honour. Devilish Macbeth
By many of these truth hath sought to win me
Into his power, and modest wisdom plucks me
From over-credulous haste: but God above
Deal between thee and me! for even now
I put myself to thy direction, and
Unspeak mine own detraction, here abjure
The taints and blames I laid upon myself,
For strangers to my nature. I am yet
Unknown to woman, never was forsworn,
Scarcely have covet what was mine own,
At no time broke my faith, would not betray
The devil to his fellow and delight
No less in truth than life: my first false speaking
Was this upon myself: what I am truly,
Is thine and my poor country's to command:
Whither indeed, before thy here-approach,
Old Siward, with ten thousand warlike men,
Already at a point, was setting forth.
Now we'll together; and the chance of goodness
Be like our warranted guard! Why are you silent?

Mac. Such welcome and unwelcome things at
'Tis hard to reconcile.

Enter a Doctor.

Mal. Well; more anon.—Comes the king forth,
I pray you?

Doct. Ay, sir; there are a crew of wretched souls
That stay his cure: their malady convinces
The great assay of art; but at his touch—
Such sanctity hath heaven given his hand—
That are presently amend.

Mal. I thank you, doctor. [Exit Doctor.

Mac. What's the disease he means?

Mal. 'Tis call'd the evil:
A most miraculous work in this good king;
Which often, since my here-remain in England,
I have seen him do. How he solicits heaven,
Himself best knows: but strangely-visited people,
All swell and ulcerous, pitiful to the eye,
The mere despair of surgery, he cures,
Hanging a golden stamp about their necks,
Put on with holy prayers: and 'tis spoken,
To the succeeding royalty he leaves
The healing benediction. With this strange virtue,
He hath a heavenly gift of prophecy,
And sundry blessings hang about his throne,
That speak him full of grace.

Enter Ross.

Mal. See, who comes here?

Mal. My countryman: but yet I know him not.
ACT V.

MACBETH.


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 slumbery 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 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 is murky!—Fie, my lord, fie! a soldier, and afraid! What need we fear who knows it, when none can call our power to account?—'Tis what would have thought the old man to have had so much blood in him.

Doct. Do you mark that?

Lady M. The thane of Fife had a wife: where is she now?—What, will these hands ne'er be clean?—No more o' that, my lord, no more o' that: you mar all with this starting.

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: all the perfumes of Arabia will not sweeten this little hand. Oh, oh, oh! 

[Exeunt.

SCENE II.—The country near Dunsinane.

Drum and colours. Enter Menteith, Caithness, Angus, Lennox, and Soldiers.

Ment. The English power is near, led on by Mal- His uncle Siward and the good Macduff: [colm. Revenues burn in them; for their dear causes Would to the bleeding and the grim alarm Excite the mortified man.

Ang. Near Birnam wood Shall we well meet them; that way are they coming. Caith. Who knows if Donalbain be with his brother?

Len. For certain, sir, he is not: I have a file Of all the gentry; there is Siward's son, And many unruly youths that are so bold To protest their first of manhood.

Ment. What does the tyrant? Caith. Great Dunsinane he strongly fortifies: Some say he's mad; others that lesser hate him Do call it valiant fury: but, for certain, He cannot buckle his distemper'd cause Within the belt of rule. 

Ang. Now does he feel His secret murders sticking on his hands: Now mutiny revolts upbraids his faith-breach;
ACT V.

MACBETH.

Those he commands move only in command, Nothing in love: now does he feel his title Hang loose about him, like a giant's robe Upon a dwarfish thief.

Ment. Who then shall blame His pester'd senses to recoil and start, When all that is within him does condemn Itself for being there?

Caith. Well, march we on, To give obedience where 't is truly owed: Meet we the medicine of the sickly weal, And with him pour we in our country's purge Each drop of us.

Len. Or so much as it needs, To dew the sovereign flower and drown the weeds. Make we our march towards Birnam.

[Exeunt, marching.

SCENE III.—Dunsinane. A room in the castle.

Enter Macbeth, Doctor, and Attendants.

Macb. Bring me no more reports; let them fly all: Till Birnam wood remove to Dunsinane, I cannot taint with fear. What's the boy Malcolm? Was he not born of woman? The spirits that know All mortal consequences have pronounced me thus: 'Fear not, Macbeth; no man that's born of woman Shall 'er have power upon thee.' Then fly, false And mingle with the English epieuces: [thanes, The mind I sway by and the heart I bear Shall never sag with doubt nor shake with fear.

Enter a Servant.

The devil damn thee black, thou cream-faced loon! Where got'st thou that goose look?

Serv. There is ten thousand —

Macb. Geese, villain? —

Serv. Soldiers, sir.

Macb. Go prick thy face, and over-red thy fear, Thou silly-liver'd boy. What soldiers, patch? Death of thy soul! those linen cheeks of thine Are counsellors to fear. What soldiers, whey-servant? —

Serv. The English force, so please you.

Macb. Take thy face hence. [Exit Servant.

Seyton!—I am sick at heart, When I behold — Seyton, I say! — This push Will cheer me ever, or disseat me now. I have lived long enough: my way of life Is fall'n into the sear, the yellow leaf; And that which should accompany old age, As honour, love, obedience, troops of friends, I must not look to have; but, in their stead, Curses, not loud but deep, mouth-honour, breath, Which the poor heart would fain deny, and dare Seyton! [not.

Sey. What is your gracious pleasure?

Macb. What news more?

Sey. All is confirm'd, my lord, which was reported. [hack'd.

Macb. I'll fight till from my bones my flesh be Give me my armour.

Sey. 'T is 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?

Doct. Not so sick, my lord, As she is troubled with thick-coming fancies, That keep her from her rest.

Macb. Cure her of that.

Canst thou not minister to a mind diseased, Pluck from the memory a rooted sorrow, Raze out the written troubles of the brain And with some sweet oblivion antidote Cleanse the stuff'd bosom of that perilous stuff Which weighs upon the heart?

Macb. Threw physic to the dogs; I'll none of it. Come, put mine armour on; give me my staff. Seyton, send out. Doctor, the thanes fly from me. Come, sir, dispatch. If thou couldst, doctor, east 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, cyme, or what purgative drug, Would scorn these English hence? Hearst thou of them?

Doct. Ay, my good lord: your royal preparation Makes us hear something.

Macb. Bring it after me. I will not be afraid of death and bane, Till Birnam forest come to Dunsinane.

Doct. [Aside] Were I from Dunsinane away and 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. Cousin, I hope the days are near at hand That chambers will be safe.

Ment. We doubt it nothing.

Siw. 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.

Siw. We learn no other but the confident tyrant Keeps still in Dunsinane, and will endure Our setting down before 't.

Mal. 'T is his main hope: For where there is advantage to be given, Both more and less have given him the revolt, And none serve with him but constrained things Whose hearts are absent too.

Macb. Let our just censures Attend the true event, and put we on Industrious soldiership.

Siw. The time approaches That will with due decision make us know What we shall say we have and what we owe. Thoughts speculative their unsure hopes relate, But certain issue strokes must arbitrate: Towards which advance the war.

[Exeunt, marching.

SCENE V. — Dunsinane. Within the castle.

Enter Macbeth, Seyton, and Soldiers, with drum and colours.

Macb. Hang out our banners on the outward walls; The cry is still 'They come:' our castle's strength Will laugh a siege to scorn: here let them lie Till famine and the ague eat them up; —jours, Were they not forced with those that should be We might have met them dreadful, beard to beard, And beat them backward home.

A cry of women within. [What is that noise?

Sey. It is the cry of women, my good lord. [Exit. Macb. I have almost forgot the taste of fears: The time has been, my senses would have cool'd To hear a night-shriek; and my fell of hair Would at a dismal treatise rouse and stir As life were in 't; I have supp'd full with horrors; Direness, familiar to my slaughterous thoughts, Cannot once start me.
Re-enter Seyton.
Wherefore was that cry?

Sey. The queen, my lord, is dead.

Macb. She should have died hereafter;
There would have been a time for such a word.
To-morrow, and to-morrow, and to-morrow,
Creeps in this petty pace from day to day
To the last syllable of recorded time,
And all our yesterdays have lighted fools
The way to dusty death. Out, out, brief candle!
Life’s but a walking shadow, a poor player
That struts and frets his hour upon the stage
And then is heard no more: it is a tale
Told by an idiot, full of sound and fury,
Signifying nothing.

Enter a Messenger.
Thou comest to use thy tongue; thy story quickly.

Mess. Gracious my lord, I should report that which I say I saw,
But know not how to do it.

Macb. Well, say, sir.

Mess. As I did stand my watch upon the hill,
I look’d toward Birnam, and anon, methought,
The wood began to move.

Macb. Liar and slave!

Mess. Let me endure your wrath, if ’t be not so:
Within this three mile may you see it coming;
I say, a moving grove.

Macb. If thou speak’st false,
Upon the next tree shalt thou hang alive,
Till famine cling thee: if thy speech be sooth,
I care not if thou dost for me as much.
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 Dunstable:’ and now a wood
Comes toward Dunstable. Arm, arm, and out!
If this which he avouches does appear,
There is not flying hence nor tarrying here.
I gin to be airy of the sun,
And wish the estate o’ the world were now undone.
Ring the alarum-bell! Blow, wind! come, wrack!
At least we’ll die with harness on our back. [Exeunt.

SCENE VI.—Dunstable. Before the castle.

Drum and colours. Enter Malcolm, old Siward,
Macduff, and their Army, with boughs.

Mal. Now near enough: your leafy screens throw down,
And show like those you are. You, worthy uncle,
Shall, with my cousin, your right-noble son,
Lead our first battle: worthy Macduff and we
Shall take upon ’s what else remains to do,
According to our order.

Siw. Fare you well.

Do we but find the tyrant’s power to-night,
Let us be beaten, if we cannot fly.

Macb. Make all our trumpets speak; give them
Those clamorous harbingers of blood and death. [Exeunt.

SCENE VII.—Another part of the field.

Alarums. Enter Macbeth.

Macb. They have tied me to a stake; I cannot fly,
But, bear-like, I must fight the course. What’s he
That was not born of woman? Such a one
Am I to fear, or none.

Enter young Siward.

Yo. Siw. What is thy name?

Macb. Thou ’lt be afraid to hear it.

Yo. Siw. No; though thou call’st thyself a hotter
Than any is in hell.
Yet I will try the last. Before my body
I throw my warlike shield. Lay on, Macduff,
And damn'd be him that first cries 'Hold, enough!' [Erectn, 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.

Sic. 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.

Sic. 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.

Sic. Had he his hurts before?

Ross. Ay, on the front.

Sic. Why then, God’s soldier be he!

Had I as many sons as I have hairs,
I would not wish them to a fairer death:
And so, his knell is knoll’d.

Mal. He’s worth more sorrow,
And that I’ll spend for him.

Sic. 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. Hall, 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, [men,
And make us even with you. My thanes and kins: Hencethrough be ears, the first that ever Scotland
In such an honour named. What’s more to do, Which would be planted newly with the time,
As calling home our exiled friends abroad
That fled the snares of watchful tyranny;
Producing forth the cruel ministers
Of this dead butcher and his fiend-like queen,
Who, as ’tis thought, by self and violent hands
Took off her life; this, and what needful else
That calls upon us, by the grace of Grace,
We will perform in measure, time and place:
So, thanks to all at once and to each one,
Whom we invite to see us crown’d at Scone.

[Flourish. Erectn.

Macduff.—Hall, king! for so thou art: behold, where stands
The usurper’s cursed head: the time is free:
I see thee compass’d with thy kingdom’s pearl,
That speak my salutation in their minds;
Whose voices I desire aloud with mine:
Hail, King of Scotland!—Act V., Scene viii.
HAMLET, PRINCE OF DENMARK.

DRAMATIS PERSONAE.

Claudius, King of Denmark.
Hamlet, son to the late, and nephew to the present king.
Polonius, lord chamberlain.
Horatio, friend to Hamlet.
Laertes, son to Polonius.
Voltemand, courtiers.
Cornelius, Rosencrantz, Guildenstern, Oerici,
A Gentleman, A Priest.
Marcellus, Bernardo, officers.

Francisco, a soldier.
Reynaldo, servant to Polonius.
Players.
Two Clowns, grave-diggers.
Fortinbras, Prince of Norway.
A Captain.
English Ambassadors.
Gertrude, Queen of Denmark, and mother to Hamlet.
Ophelia, daughter to Polonius.
Lords, Ladies, Officers, Soldiers, Sailors, Messengers, and other Attendants.
Ghost of Hamlet's Father.

SCENE — Denmark.

ACT I.

SCENE I. — Elsinore. A platform before the castle.

Francisco at his post. Enter to him Bernardo.
Fran. Nay, answer me; stand, and unfold yourself.
Ber. Long live the king!
Fran. Bernardo?
Ber. He.
Fran. You come most carefully upon your hour.
Ber. 'Tis now struck twelve; get thee to bed, Francisco.
Fran. For this relief much thanks: 'tis bitter And I am sick at heart.
Ber. Have you had quiet guard?
Fran. Not a mouse stirring.
Ber. Well, good night.
If you do meet Horatio and Marcellus,
The rivals of my watch, bid them make haste.
Fran. I think I hear them. Stand, ho! Who's there?

Enter Horatio and Marcellus.

Hor. Friends to this ground.
Mar. And liegemen to the Dane.
Fran. Give you good night.
Mar. O, farewell, honest soldier: Who hath relieved you?
Fran. Bernardo has my place.
Give you good night. [Exit. Ber.
Mar. Holla! Bernardo! Say, What is Horatio there?
Hor. A piece of him.
Ber. Welcome, Horatio! welcome, good Marcellus.
Mar. What has this thing appear'd again to? Ber. I have seen nothing.
Mar. Horatio says 'tis but our fantasy, And will not let belief take hold of him Touching this dreadfull 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, 't will not appear. Ber. Sit down awhile; And let us once again assay 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 some star that's westward from the pole Had made his course to illumine that part of heaven Where now it burns, Marcellus and myself, The bell then beating one,—

Enter Ghost.

Mar. Peace, break thee off; look, where it comes again!
Ber. In the same figure, like the king that's dead.
Mar. Thou art a scholar; speak to it, Horatio.
Ber. Looks it not like the king? mark it, Horatio. [wonder.
Hor. Most like: it harrows me with fear and Ber. It would be spoke to.
Mar. Question it, Horatio.
Hor. What art thou that usurp'st this time of Together with that fair and warlike form [night, In which the majesty of buried Denmark Did sometimes march? by heaven I charge thee, Mar. It is offended. [speak]
Ber. See, it stalks away!
Hor. Stay! speak, speak! I charge thee, speak! [Exit Ghost. Mar. 'Tis gone, and will not answer. [Exit Ghost. Ber. How now, Horatio! you tremble and look Is not this something more than fantasy? What think you on't? Hor. Before my God, I might not this believe Without the sensible and true avouch Of mine own eyes.
Mar. Is it not like the king?
HAMLET.

ACT I.

SCENE I.

Hor. As thou art to thyself:
Such was the very armour he had on
When he the ambitious Norway combated;
So frown’d he once, when, in an angry parle,
He smote the sledged Polacks on the ice.
’Tis strange. [hour.

Hor. Thus twice before, and jump at this dead
With martial stalk hath he gone by our watch.

Mar. Good now, sit down, and tell me, he that
Why this same strict and most observant watch
So nightly toils the subject of the land,
And why such daily cast of brazed 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 but now appear’d to us,
Was, as you know, by Fortinbras
Thereto prickt’ on by a most emulate pride,
Dared to the combat; in which our valiant Hamlet—
For so this side of our known world esteemed him—
Did slay this Fortinbras; who, by a seal’d compact,
Well ratified by law and heraldry,
Did forfeit, with his life, all those his lands
Which he stood seiz’d of, to the conqueror—
Against the which, a 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 compulsatory, those foresaid lands
So by his father lost: and this, I take it,
Is the main motive of our preparations,
The source of this our watch and the chief head
Of this most horrid and offensive enterprize in the land.

Ber. I think it be no other but e’en so:
Well may it sort that this portentous figure
Comes armed through our watch; so like the king
That was and is the question of these wars.

Hor. A mote it is to trouble the mind’s eye.
In the most high and palmy state of Rome,
A little ere the mightiest Julius fell,
The graves stood tenantless and the sheeted dead
Did squeak and gibber in the Roman streets:
As stars with trains of fire and dews of blood,
Disasters in the sun; and the moist star
Upon whose influence Neptune’s empire stands
Was sick almost to doomsday with eclipse:
And even the like precurs of fierce events,
As harbingers preceding still the fates
And prologue to the omen coming on,
Have heaven and earth together demonstrated
Unto our cliamites and countries—
But soft, behold! lo, where it comes again!

Re-enter Ghost.

I’ll cross it, though it blast me. Stay, illusion!—
If thou hast any sound, or use of voice,
Speak to me:
If there be any good thing to be done,
That may to thee do ease and grace to me,
Speak to me:
If thou art privy to thy country’s fate,
Which, happily, foreknowing may avoid,
O, speak!
Or if thou hast upholoed in thy life
Extorted treasure in the womb of earth,
For which, they say, you spirits oft, in death,
Speak of it: stay, and speak! Stop it, Marcellus.

Mar. Shall I strike at it with my partisan?

Hor. Do, if it will not stand.

Ber. ’Tis here!

Hor. ’Tis gone!

Mar. We do it wrong, being so majestical,
To offer it the show of violence;
For it is, as the air, invulnerable,
And our vain blows malicious mockery.

Ber. It was about to speak, when the cock crew:

Hor. And then it started like a guilty thing
Upon a tearful summons. I have heard,
The cock, that is the trumpet to the morn,
Doth with his lofty and shrill-sounding throat
Awake the god of day; and, at his warning,
Whether in sea or fire, in earth or air,
The extravagant and erring spirit lies
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 nights are wholesome; then no planets strike,
No fairy takes, nor witch hath power to charm,
So hallow’d and so gracious is the time.

Hor. So have I heard and do in part believe.

But, look, the morn, in russet mantle clad,
Walks o’er the dew of you high eastward hill:
Break we our watch; up, and my advice,
Let us impart what we have seen to-night
Unto young Hamlet; for, upon my life,
This spirit, dumb to us, will speak to him.

Do you consent we shall acquaint him with it,
As needful in our loves, fitting our duty?

Mar. Let’s do’t. I pray; and this morning know
Where we shall find him most conveniently.

[Exeunt.]

SCENE II.—A room of state in the castle.

Enter the King, Queen, Hamlet, Polonius, Laertes,
Voltimand, Cornelius, Lords, and Attendants.

King. Though yet of Hamlet our dear brother’s
The memory be green, and that it us befitted [death
To bear our hearts in grief and our whole kingdom
To be contracted in one brow of woe.
Yet so far hath discretion fought with nature
That we with wisest sorrow think on him,
Together with remembrance of ourselves.
Therefore our sometime sister, now our queen,
The imperial jointress to this warlike state,
Have we, as ’t were with a defeated joy,—
With an auspicious and a dropping eye,
With mirth in funeral and with dirge in marriage,
In equal scale weighing delight and dole,—
Taken to wife: nor have we herein bar’d
Your better wisdoms, which have freely gone
With this affair along. For all, our thanks.
Now follows, that you know, young Fortinbras,
Holding a weak supposal of our worth,
Or thinking by our late dear brother’s death
Our state to be disjoint and out of frame,
Colleagues with the dream of his advantage,
He hath not fail’d to pester us with message,
Importing the surrender of those lands
Lost by his father, with all bonds of law,
To our most valiant brother. So much for him.
Now for ourself and for this time of meeting:
Thus much the business is: we have here writ
To Norway, uncle of young Fortinbras,—
Who, impotent and bed-rid, scarcely hears
Of this his nephew's purpose,—to suppress
His further gait herein; in that the levies,
The lists and full proportions, are all made
Out of his hand; and we have dispatched
You, good Cornelius, and you, Voltimand,
For bearers of this greeting to old Norway;
Giving to you no further personal power
To business with the king, more than the scope
Of these delated articles allow.
Farewell, and let your haste commend your duty.

Cor. | In that and all things we will show our duty.

Vol. | We doubt it nothing; heartily farewell.

[Exeunt Voltimand and Cornelius.

And now, Laertes, what's the news with you?
You told us of some suit; what is 't, Laertes?
You cannot speak of reason to the Dane,
And lose your voice: what wouldst thou beg, Laertes,
That shall not be my offer, not thy asking?
The head is not more native to the heart,
The hand more instrumental to the mouth,
Than is the throne of Denmark to thy father.
What wouldst thou have, Laertes?

Laer. | My dread lord,
Your leave and favour to return to France;
From whence though willingly I came to Denmark,
To 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?

[Enter Polonius.

Pol. | He hath, my lord, wrung from me my slow
By laboursome petition, and at last
Upon his will I seal'd my hard consent:
I do beseech you, give him leave to go.

King. | Take thy fair hour, Laertes; time be thine,
And thy best graces spend it at thy will!
But now, my cousin Hamlet, and my son,—

Ham. | [Aside] A little more than kin, and less
than kind.

King. | How is it that the clouds still hang on you?

Ham. | Not so, my lord; I am too much i' the sun.

Queen. | Good Hamlet, cast thy nighted colour off,
And let thine eye look like a friend on Denmark.
Do not for ever with thy vailed lids
Seek for thy noble father in the dust;
Thou know'st 'tis common; all that lives must die,
Passing through nature to eternity.

Ham. | Ay, madam, it is common.

Queen. | If it be,
Why seems it so particular with thee? 'Tis seems.'

Ham. | Seems, madam! nay, it is; I know not
'T is not alone my inked cloak, good mother,
Nor customary suits of solemn black,
Nor wind-suspicion of censured death,
No, nor the fruitful river in the eye,
Nor the dejected 'haviour of the visage,
Together with all forms, moods, shapes, styles of grief,
That can denote me truly: these indeed seem,
For they are actions that a man might play:
But I have suppos'd with such most absurd:
That these but the trappings and the suits of wo.

King. | 'T is 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 his, and the survivor bound
In filial obligation for some term
To do obsequious sorrow: but to persevere
In obstinate condolence is a course
Of impious stubborness; 't is unmanly grief;
It shows a will most incorrect to heaven,
A heart unfortified, a mind impatient,

Ham. | 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 peeves opposition
Take it to heart? Fie! 't is a fault to heaven,
A fault against the dead, a fault to nature,
To reason against the rest: and we have dispatch
Proper to such extremities; and I beseech you,
Good Cornelius, and you, Voltimand,
For bearers of this greeting to old Norway.

[Exeunt all but Hamlet.

Ham. | O, that this too solid flesh would melt,
Thaw and resolve itself into a dew!
Or that the Everlasting had not fix'd
His canon 'gainst self-slaughter! O God! God!
How weary, stale, flat and unprofitable,
Seem to me all the uses of this world!
Fie on 't! ah fie! 't is 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 his mother
That he might not bebetaem 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—Frailty, thy name is woman!
A little month, or ere those shoes were old
With which she follow'd my poor father's body,
Like Niobe, all tears:—why, she even she—
O God! a beast, that wants discourse of reason,
Would have mourn'd longer—married with my uncle.
My father's brother, but no more like my father
Than I to Hercules: within a month:
Ere yet the salt of most unrighteous tears
Had left the flushing in her galled eyes,
She married. O, most wicked speed, to post
To such devices, after so long an interval!
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. | Why, I am glad to see you well;
That is a very loving bond, I say;
Horatio,—or I do forget myself. | ever.

Hor. | The same, my lord, and your poor servant

Ham. | Sir, my good friend; I'll change that name with you:

Hor. | And what make you from Wittenberg, Horatio? Marcellus?
Scene III.

Ham. What, look’d he frowningly?
Hor. A countenance more in sorrow than in anger.
Ham. Pale or red?
Hor. Nay, very pale.
Ham. And fix’d his eyes upon you?
Hor. Most constantly.
Ham. I would I had been there.
Hor. It would have much amazed you.
Ham. Very like, very like. Stay’d it long?
Hor. While one with moderate haste might tell a hundred.
Ham. While one with moderate haste might tell a hundred.
Hor. Not when I saw ’t.
Ham. His beard was grizzled,—no?
Hor. It was, as I have seen it in his life,

A sable silver’d.

Ham. I will watch to-night;
Perchance ’twill walk again.
Hor. If it assume my noble father’s person,
I’ll speak to it, though hell itself should gape
And bid me hold my peace. I pray you all,
If you have hitherto conceal’d this sight,
Let it be tenable in your silence still;
And whatsoever else shall hap to-night,
Give it an understanding, but no tongue:—
I will requite your loves. So, fare you well:
Upon the platform, ’twixt eleven and twelve,
I’ll visit you.

All. Our duty to your honour.
Ham. Your loves, as mine to you: farewell.

[Exeunt all but Hamlet.

Laer. My necessities are embark’d: farewell:
And, sister, as the winds give benefit
And convoy is assistant, do not sleep,
But let me hear from you.

Oph. Do you doubt that?

Laer. For Hamlet and the truffling of his favour,
Hold it a fashion and a toy in blood,
A violet in the youth of primy nature,
Forward, not permanent, sweet, not lasting,
The perfume and suppliance of a minute;
No more.

Oph. No more but so?

Laer. Think it no more:
For nature, crescent, does not grow alone
In thews and bulk, but, as this temple waxes,
The inward service of the mind and soul
Grows wide withal. Perhaps he loves you now,
And now no soul nor cautel doth besmirch
The virtue of his will: but you must fear,
His greatness weigh’d, his will is not his own;
For he himself is subject to his birth:
He may not, as 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
It fits your wisom so far to believe it
[you, As he in his particular act and place
May give his saying deed: which is no further
Than the main voice of Denmark goes withal.
Then weigh what loss your honour may sustain,
With too credent ear you list his songs,
Or lose your heart, or your chaste treasure open
To his unmaster’d importunity.
HAMLET.

SCENE IV.

Enter Hamlet, Horatio, and Marcellus.

Ham. The air bites shrewdly; it is very cold.
Hor. It is a nipping and an eager air.
Ham. What hour now?
Hor. It is two o'clock in the morning.
Ham. No, it is struck.
Hor. Indeed? I heard it not; then it draws near
Wherein the spirit held his wont to walk.

(A flourish of trumpets, and ordnance shot off, within.)

What does this mean, my lord?

[Hor. The king doth wake to-night and takes his
Keeps wastail, and the swaggering up-spring reels;
And, as he drinks his draughts of Rhenish down,
The kettle-drum and trumpet thus bray out
The triumph of his pledge.

Hor. Is it a custom?

Ham. Ay, marry, is 't?

But to my mind, though I am native here
And to the manner born, it is a custom
More honour'd in the breach than the observance.
This heavy-headed revel east and west
Makes us traduce and tax'd of other nations:
They clepe us drunkards, and with swollen phrase
Sow our good name, as doth a field of corn.
From our achievements, though perform'd at height,
The pith and marrow of our attribute.
So, oft it chances in particular men,
That for some vicious mole of nature in them,
As, in their birth—wherein they are not guilty,
Since nature cannot choose his origin—
By the o'er-growth of some complexion,
Oft breaking down the pales and forts of reason,
Or by some habit that too much o'er-leavens
The form of plausible manners, that these men,
Carrying, I say, the stamp of one defect,
Being nature's lively, or fortune's star,—
Their virtues else—by their pure grace, as
As infinite as man may undergo—
Shall in the general censure take corruption
From that particular fault: the dram of eale

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 blightments most imminent.
Be wary then; best safety lies in fear:
Youth to itself rebels, though none else near.

Oph. I shall effect 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;
Wiles, like a puff'd and reckless libertine,
Himself the primrose path of dalliance treads,
And recks not his own rede.

Lae. O, fear me not.
I stay too long: but here my father comes.

Enter Polonius.

A double blessing is a double grace;
Occasion smiles upon a second leave.

Pol. Yet here, Laertes! aboard, aboard, for shame!
The wind sits in the shoulder of your sail,
And you are stay'd for. There; my blessing with
And this to my boy. Why dost thou stand there? [thee!
See thou character. Give thy thoughts no tongue,
Nor any unproportion'd thought his act.
Be thou familiar, but by no means vulgar.
Those friends thou hast, and thy 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 losses both itself and friend,
And borrowing dulls the edge of husbandry.
This above all: to thine own self be true,
And it must follow, as the night the day,
Thou canst not then be false to any man.

Lae. Farewell; my blessing season this in thee!

Lae. Most humbly do I take my leave, my lord.
Pol. The time invites you; go; your servants tend.
Lae. Farewell, Ophelia; and remember well
What I have said to you.

Oph. 'Tis in my memory lock'd,
And you yourself shall keep the key of it.

Pol. What is 't, Ophelia, he hath said to you?

[Exit Pol.

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 much peril and yourself so clearly
As it behoves your 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. Do you believe his tenders, as you call them?

Oph. I do not know, my lord, what I should think.

Pol. Marry, I'll teach you: think yourself a baby;
ACT I.

HAMLET.

SCENE V.

Ham. Alas, poor ghost! My soul is with my father's spirit, and I am bound to hear. Speak, I am bound to hear.

Ghost. So art thou to revenge, when thou shalt be to what I shall unfold.

Ham. Speak. I am bound to hear.

Ghost. 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, And make thy skin as cold as flint, to make thy eyes, like stars, start from their’ slow birth Thine kirtles and all. I am bound to part [spheres, And each particular hair to stand an end, Like quills upon the fretful porpentine: But this eternal blazon must not be To ears of flesh and blood. List, list, O, list! If thou didst ever thy dear father love—

Ham. O God! Revenge his foul and most unnatural Murder! [murder.

Ghost. Murder most foul, as in the best it is; But this most foul, strange and unnatural.

Ham. Haste me to know 't, that I, with wings as swift May sweep to my revenge.

Ghost. I find thee a; And diller shouldst thou be than the fat weed That roots itself in ease on Lethe wharf, Wouldst thou not stir in this. Now, Hamlet, hear: 'T is 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 Rankly abused: but know, thou noble yonth, The serpent that did sting thy father's life Now wears his crown.

Ham. O my prophetic soul! My uncle!

Ghost. Ay, that incestuous, that adulterate beast, With witchcraft of his wit, with traitorous gifts,— O wicked wit and gifts, that have the power So to seduce!—won to his shameful lust The will of my most seeming-virtuous queen: O Hamlet, what a falling-off was there? From me, whose love was of that dignity That it went hand in hand even with the vow I made to her in marriage, and to decline Upon a wretch whose natural gifts were poor To those of mine; But virtue, as it never will be moved, Though lewdness court it in a shape of heaven, So lust, though to a radiant angel link'd, Will sate itself in a celestial bed, And prey on garbage. But, soft! methinks I scent the morning air; Brief let me be. Sleeping within my orchard, My custom always of the afternoon, Upon my secure hour thy uncle stole, With juice of cursed hebenon in a vial, And in the porches of my ears did pour The leperous distilment; whose effect Holds such an enmity with blood of man That swift as quicksilver it coalesces through The natural gravities 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 lacer-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, Unhouse'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 matin to be near,
And 'gins to pale his uneffectual fire:
Adieu, adieu! Hamlet, remember me. [Exit.]

Ham. O, how thou hast of heaven Oearth! what else?
And shall I couple hell? O, fie! Hold, hold, my lord,
And you, my sinews, grow not instant old; heart;
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 saps of books, all forms, all pressures past,
That youth and observation copied there;
And thy commandment all alone shall live
Within the book and volume of my brain,
Unmix'd with baser matter: yes, by heaven!
O most pernicious woman!
O villain, villain, smiling, damned villain!
My tables, meet it is I set it down.
That one may smile, and smile, and be a villain;
At least I'm sure it may be so in Denmark: [Writing.
So, uncle, there you are. Now to my word;
It is Adieu, adieu! remember me.'

I have sworn 't.

Mar. [Within] My lord, my lord,—

Hor. [Within] Lord Hamlet,—

Hor. [Within] Heaven secure him!

Ham. So be it!

Hor. [Within] Hillo, ho, ho, my lord!

Ham. Hillo, ho, ho, boy! come, bird, come.

Enter Horatio and Marcellus.

Mar. How is't, my noble lord?

Hor. What news, my lord?

Ham. O, wonderful! What news, my lord?

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. Howsay you, then; would heart of man once
But you'll be secret? [think it?]

Hor. [Within] Ay, by heaven, my lord.

Ham. There's ne'er a villain dwelling in all Den-
But he's an arrant knave. [mark

Hor. There needs no ghost, my lord, come from
To tell us this. [the grave

Ham. Why, right; you are i' the right;
And so, without more circumstance at all,
I hold it fit that we shake hands and part:
You, as your business and desire shall point you;
For every man has business and desire,
Such as it is; and for mine own poor part,
Look you, I'll go pray. [lord.

Hor. These are but wild and whirling words, my

Ham. I'm sorry they offend you, heartily;
Yes, 'faith, heartily.

Hor. There's no offence, my lord.

Ham. Yes, by Saint Patrick, but there is, Horatio,
And much offence too. Touching this vision here,
It is an honest ghost, that let me tell you:
For your desire to know what is between us,
O'ermaster 't as you may. And now, good friends,
As you are friends, scholars and soldiers,
Give me one poor request.

Hor. What is 't, my lord? we will. [night.

Ham. Never make known what you have seen to.

Hor. My lord, we will not.

Ham. Nay, but swear 't.

Hor. In faith, my lord, not I.

Mar. Nor I, my lord, in faith.

Ham. Upon my sword.

Mar. We have sworn, my lord, already.

Ham. Indeed, upon my sword, indeed.

Ghost. [Beneath] Swear. [truepenny?

Ham. Ah, ha, boy! say'st thou so? art thou there,
Come on — I bear this fellow in the cellarage —
Consent to swear.

Hor. Propose the oath, my lord.

Ham. Never to speak of this that you have seen,
Swear by my sword.

Ghost. [Beneath] Swear.

Ham. Here's to thine eye: and then we'll shift our ground.
Come hither, gentlemen,
And lay your hands again upon my sword:
Never to speak of this that you have heard,
Swear by my sword.

Ghost. [Beneath] Swear.

[So fast?]

Ham. Well said, old mole! canst work the earth
A worthy pioneer! Once more remove, good friends.
Hor. O day and night, but this is wondrous strange!

Ham. And therefore as a stranger give it welcome.
There are more things in heaven and earth, Horatio,
Than are dream of in your philosophy.

But come;
Here, as before, never, so help you mercy,
How strange or odd soe'er I bear myself,
As I perchance hereafter shall think meet
To put an antic disposition on,
That you, at such times seeing me, never shall,
With arms encumber'd thus, or this head-shake,
Or by pronouncing of some doubtful phrase,
As 'Well, well, we know,' or 'We could, an if we
would,'
Or 'If we list to speak,' or 'There be, an if they
Or such ambiguous giving out, to note
That you know aught of me: this not to do,
So grace and mercy at your most need help you,
Swear.

Ghost. [Beneath] Swear.

Ham. Rest, rest, perturbed spirit! [They swear.]

So, gentlemen,
With all my love I do commend me to you;
And what so poor a man as Hamlet is
May do, to express his love and friendly to you,
God willing, shall not lack. Let us go in together;
And still your fingers on your lips, I pray.
The time is out of joint: O cursed spite,
That ever I was born to set it right!
Nay, come, let's go together.

[Exeunt.]
Inquire me first what Danskers are in Paris; And how, and who, what means, and where they keep. What company, at what expense; and finding By this encompassment and drift of question That they do know my son, come you more nearer Than your particular demands will touch it: Take care then of were, some distant knowledge of him: As thus, 'I know his father and his friends, And in part him:' do you mark this, Reynaldo? [well]

Pol. 'Ay, very well, my lord. But, if 't be he I mean, he's very wild; And, with his other hand thus o'er his brow, He falls to such perusal of my face As he would draw it. Long stay'd he so; At last, a little shaking of mine arm And thrice his head thus waving up and down, He raised a sigh so piteous and profound That it did seem to shatter all his bulk And end his being; that done, he lets me go: And, with his head over his shoulder turn'd, He seem'd to find his way without his eyes; For out o' doors he went without their help, And, to the last, bend'd their light on me. Pol. Come, go with me: but, as 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? Pol. No, my good lord; but, as you did command, I did repel his letters and denied His access to me.

Pol. That hath made him mad. I am sorry that with better heed and judgment I had not quoted him: I fear'd he did but trifle, And meant to worse it; but I beseech my soul By heaven, it is as proper to our age [sously! 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 to hate utter love. [Exeunt.

SCENE II.—A room in the castle.

Enter King, Queen, Rosencrantz, Guildenstern, and Attendants.

King. Welcome, dear Rosencrantz and Guildenstern: Moreover that we much did long to see you, [stern] 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 So much from the understanding of himself, him I cannot dream of: I entreat you both, That, being of so young days brought up with him, And sith so neighbour'd to his youth and honour, That you would preserve your rest here in our court Some little time: so by your companies To draw him on to pleasures, and to gather, So much as from occasion you may glean, Whether aught, to us unknown, affects him thus, That, open'd, lies within our remedy. [you; Queen. Good gentlemen, he hath much talk'd of
And sure I am two men there are not living
To whom he more adheres. If it will please you
To show us so much gentry and good will
As to expend your time with us awhile,
For the supply and profit of our hope,
Your visitation shall receive such thanks
As its a king’s remembrance.

Ros. Might, by the sovereign power you have of us,
Put your dread pleasures more into command
Than to entreaty.

Guit. But we both obey,
And here give up ourselves, in the full bent
To lay our service freely at your feet,
To be commanded by you.

King. This, Rosencrantz and gentle Guilden-

Queen. Thanks, Guildenstern and gentle Rosen-

And I beseech you instantly to visit [crantz:
My too much changed son. Go, some of you,
And bring these gentlemen where Hamlet is.

Guit. Heavens make our presence and our practices
Pleasant and helpful to him!

[Exeunt Rosencrantz, Guildenstern, and some
Enter Polonius.

Pol. The ambassadors from Norway, my good
Are joyfully return’d.

King. Thou still hast been the father of good
news.

Pol. Have I, my lord? I assure my good liege,
I hold my duty, as I hold my soul,
Both to my God and to my gracious king:
And I do think, or else this brain of mine
Hunts not the trail of policy so sure
As it hath used to do, that I have found
The very cause of Hamlet’s lunacy.

King. O, speak of that; that do I long to hear.

Pol. Give first admittance to the ambassadors;
My news shall be the fruit to that great feast.

King. Thyself do grace to them, and bring them
in.

He tells me, my dear Gertrude, he hath found
The head and source of all your son’s distemper.

Queen. I doubt it is no other but the main;
His father’s death, and our o’erhasty marriage.

King. Well, we shall sift him.

Re-enter Polonius, with Voltimand and Cor-
eliuss.

Welcome, my good friends! Say, Voltimand, what from our brother Norway?

Volt. Most fair return of greetings and desires.

Upon our first, he sent out to suppress
His nephew’s levies; which to him appear’d
To be a preparation ‘gainst the Polack;
But, better look’d into, he truly found
It was against your highness: whereat grieved,
That so his sickness, age and impotence
Was falsely borne in hand, sends out arrests
On Fortinbras; which he, in brief, obeys;
Receives rebuke from Norway, and in fine
Makes vow before his uncle never more
To give the assay of arms against your majesty.
Whereon old Norway, overcome with joy,
Gives him three thousand crowns in annual fee,
And his commission to employ those soldiers,
So levied as before, against the Polack:
With an entreaty, herein further shown,

[Giving a paper.

That it might please you to give quiet pass
Through your dominions for this enterprise,
On such regards of safety and allowance
As therein are set down.

King. It likes us well;
And at our more consider’d time we’ll read,
Answer, and think upon this business.

Meantime we thank you for your well-took labour;
Go to your rest; at night we’ll feast together;
Most welcome home! [Exeunt Voltimand and Corneliuss.

Pol. This business is well ended.

My liege, and madam, to expostulate
What majesty should be, what duty is,
Why day is day, night, night, and time is time,
Were nothing but to waste night, day and time.

Therefore, since brevity is the soul of wit,
And tediousness the limbs and outward flourishes,
I will be brief: your noble son is mad:
Mad call I it; for, to define true madness,
What is’t but to be nothing else but mad?

But let that go.

Queen. More matter, with less art.

Pol. Madam, I swear I use no art at all.

That he is mad, ’tis true: ’tis true ’tis pity;
And pity ’tis: ’tis true: a foolish figure;
But farewell it, for I will use no art.

Mad let us grant him, then: and now remains
That we find out the cause of this effect,
Or rather say, the cause of this defect.

But this for effect defective comes by cause:
Thus it remains, and the remainder thus.

Perpendicular.

I have a daughter—have while she is mine—
Who, in her due and obedience, mark,
Hath given me this: now gather, and surmise.

[Reads.

‘To the celestial and my soul’s idol, the most beau-
tified Ophelia,’—

That’s an ill phrase, a vile phrase: ‘beautified’ is a vile phrase: but you shall hear. Thus: [Reads.

In her excellent white bosom, these, &c.’

Queen. Came this from Hamlet to her?

Pol. Good madam, stay awhile; I will be faithful.

[Reads.

‘Doubt thou the stars are fire;

Doubt that the sun doth move;

Doubt truth to be a liar;

In—

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, 0 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 sollicitings,
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?

Pol. 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 you might, or my daughter’s 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, oh, the truest 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 madness, then into a fast,

Thence to a watch, thence into a weakness,

To a lightness, and, by this declension,

Into the madness wherein he raves,

And all we mourn for.
ACT II.

HAMLET.

SCENE II.

King. Do you think 'tis this?

Queen. It may be, very likely. [that—

Pol. Hath there been such a time—I 'd fain know
That I have positively said: 'Tis so,;
When it proved otherwise.

King. Not that I know.

Pol. [Pointing to his head and shoulder] Take this from
this, if this be otherwise:
If circumstances lead me, I will find
Where truth is hid, though it were hid indeed
Within the centre.

King. How may we try it further?

Pol. You know, sometimes he walks four hours
Here in the lobby. [together

Queen. So he does indeed.

Pol. At such a time I 'll lose my daughter to him:
Be you and I behind an arras then;
Mark the encounter: if he love her not
And be not from his reason fall'n thereon,
Let me be no assistant for a state,
But keep a farm and carters.

King. We will try it.

Queen. But, look, where sadly the poor wretch
Is bending, as it were, in his grave.

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,
as to be one man picked out of ten thousand.

Pol. That 's very true, my lord.

Ham. For if the sun breed maggots in a dead
dog, being a god kising carrion,—Have you a daughter?

Pol. I have, my lord.

Ham. Let 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. I mean, the matter that you read, my lord.

Ham. Slanders, sir: for the satirical rogue says
here that old men have grey beards, that their faces
are wrinkled, their eyes purging thick amber and
plum-tree gum and that they have a plentiful lack
of wit, between him and my daughter: 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
much in 't. Will you walk out of the air, my

Ham. In my grave.

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 hon-
ourable 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.

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
[To Polonius] God save you, sir! [is.

[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. Neither, my lord.

Ham. Then you live about her waist, or in the
middle of her favours?

Guil. 'Faith, her privates we.

Ham. In the secret parts of fortune, O, most
ture; she is a strumpet. What 's the news?

Ros. None, my lord, but that the world 's grown
honest.

Ham. Then is doomsday near: but your news is
not true. Let me question more in particular:
what have you, my good friends, deserved at the
hands of fortune, that she sends you to prison
hither?

Guil. Prison, my lord!

Ham. Denmark 's a prison.

Ros. Then is the world one.

Ham. A goodly one; in which there are many
colours, wards and dangerous, Denmark being one
of the worst.

Ros. We think not so, my lord.

Ham. Why, then, 't is none to you; for there
is nothing either good or bad, but thinking makes it
so: to me it is a prison.

Ros. Why then, your ambition makes it one;
't is too narrow for your mind.

Ham. O God, I could be bounded in a nut-shell
and count myself a king of infinite space, were it
not that I have bad dreams.

Guil. Which dreams indeed are ambition, for the
very substance of the ambitions is merely the shadow
of a dream.

Ham. A dream itself is but a shadow.

Ros. Truly, and I hold ambition of so airy and
light a quality that it is but a shadow's shadow.

Ham. Then are our beggars bodies, and our
monarchs and outstretched heroes the beggars' shadows.

Shall we to the court? for, by my law, I cannot
reason.

Ros. We 'll wait upon you.

Guil. [Ham.]

Ham. No such matter: I will not sort you with
the rest of my servants, for, to speak to you like an
honest man, I am most dreadfully attended. But,
in the beaten way of friendship, what make you at
Elsinore?

Ros. To visit you, my lord; no other occasion.

Ham. Beggar that I am, I am even poor in
thanks; but I thank you: and sure, dear friends,
my thanks are too dear a halfpenny. Were you not
sent for? Is it your own inclining? Is it a free
visitation? Come, deal justly with me: come,
come; nay, speak.

Guil. What should we say, my lord?

Ham. Why, any thing, but to the purpose. You
were sent for; and there is a kind of confession in
your looks which your modesties have not craft
enough to colour: I know the good king and queen
have sent for you.
Ros. To what end, my lord?
Ham. That you must teach me. But let me conjure you, by the rights of our fellowship, by the consanguinity of our youth, by the obligation of our ever-preserved love, and by what more dear a better proposer could charge you withal, be even and direct with me, even for my father's sake, or no?
Ros. [Aside to Guild.] What say you?
Ham. [Aside] Nay, then, I have an eye of you.—If you love me, hold not off.
Guil. O, there has been much throwing about of the boys. Do the boys carry it away? [brains.
Ros. Ay, that they do, my lord; Hercules and his load too.
Ham. It is not very strange; for mine uncle is king of Denmark, and those that would make mows at him while he is wearing his lean coat, twenty, forty, fifty, an hundred ducats a-piece for his picture in 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 Elsinore. Your hands, come then: the appurtenance of welcome is fashion and ceremony: let me comply with you in this garb, lest my extent to the players, which, I tell you, must show fairly outward, should more appear like entertainment than yours. You are welcome: but my uncle-father and aunt-mother are deceived.
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 handsaw.

Enter Polonius.
Pol. Well be with you, gentlemen!
Ham. Hark you, Guildenstern; and you too: at each ear a hearer: that great baby you see there is not yet out of his swaddling-clouts.
Ros. Happily he's the second time come to them; for they say an old man is twice a child.
Ham. I will prophesy he comes to tell me of the players; mark it. You say right, sir: o' Monday morning: 't was so indeed.
Pol. My lord, I have news to tell you.
Ham. My lord, I have news to tell you. When Roscius was an actor in Rome,—
Pol. The actors are come hither, my lord.
Ham. But, buzz!—
Pol. Upon mine honour,—
Ham. Then came each actor on his ass,—
Pol. The best actors in the world, either for tragedy, comedy, history, pastoral, pastoral-comical, historical-pastoral, tragical-historical, tragical-comical-historical-pastoral, scene indistinct, or poem unlimited: Seneca cannot be too heavy, nor Plautus too light. For the law of writ and the liberty, these are the only men.
Ham. O Jephthah, judge of Israel, what a treasure hast thou!
Pol. What a treasure had he, my lord?
Ham. Why, 'One fair daughtyer, and no more,' The which he loved passing well.'
Pol. [Aside] Still on my daughter.
Ham. Am I not i' the right, old Jephthah?
Pol. If you call me Jephthah, my lord, I have a daughter that I love passing well.
Ham. Nay, that follows not.
Pol. What follows, then, my lord?
Ham. Why, 'As by lot, God wot,' and then, you know, 'It came to pass, as most like it was,—' the first row of the pious chanson will show you more; for look, where my abridgment comes.

Enter four or five Players.
You are welcome, masters; welcome, all. I am glad to see them well. Welcome, good friends, O, my old friend! thy face is valanced since I saw thee last: comest thou to beard me in Denmark? What, my young lady and mistress! By'r lady, your ladyship is nearer to heaven than when I saw you last, by the altitude of a chopine. Pray God, your voice, like a piece of incorrupt gold, be not cracked within the ring. Masters, you are all wel-
ACT II.  

HAMLET.  

SCENE II.

come. 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: 't was cavaliere 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 saltlets in the lines to make the matter savoury, nor no matter in the phrase that might indirect the in, is gavish or effision; but called it an honest method, as wholesome as sweet, and by very much more handsome than fine. One speech in it I chiefly loved: 'twas Æneas' tale to Dido; and thereabout of it especially, where he speaks of Priam's slaughter: if it live in your memory, begin at this line: let me see. Let me see —

'The rugged Pyrrhus, like the Hycranian 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 smear'd
With many a sov'reign and bright limned foot
Now is he total gules: horribly trick'd
With blood of fathers, mothers, daughters, sons,
Baked and impasted with the parching streets,
That lend a tyrannous and damned light
To their lord's murder: roasted in wrath and fire,
And thus o'er-sized with coagulate gore,
With eyes like carbuncles, the hellish Pyrrhus
Old grandsire Priam seeks.'

So, proceed you.

Pol. 'Fore God, my lord, well spoken, with good accent and good discretion.

First Play. 'Anon he finds him Striking too short at Greeks; his antique sword, Rebellowis to his arm, lies where it falls,
Repugnant to command: unequal match'd,
Pyrrhus at Priam drives; in rage strikes wide;
But with the whiff and wind of his fell sword
The unmerited father falls. Then senseless Ili-
Seems he not, as this blow, with flambekon dum,
Stoops to his base, and with a hideous crash
Takes prisoner Pyrrhus' ear: for, lo! his sword,
Which was declining on the milky head
Of reverend Priam, seem'd 't the air to stick:
So, as a painted tyrant, Pyrrhus stood.
And like a neutral to his will and matter,
Did nothing.

But, as we often see, against some storm,
A silence in the heavens, the rack stand still,
The bold winds speechless and the orb below
As hush as death, anon the dreadful thunder
Doth his wrath on the region, so, after Pyrrhus' pause,
Aroused vengeance sets him in Art work;
And never did the Cyclops' hammers fall
On Mars' armour forged for proof eterne
With less remorse than Pyrrhus' bleeding sword
Now falls on Priam.
Out, out, thou strumpet, Fortune! All you gods,
In this born, take away her power;
Break all the spokes and felles from her wheel,
And bowl the round nave down the hill of heaven,
As low as to the fiends!'

Pol. This is too long.

Ham. It shall to the barber's, with your beard.

First Play. 'But who, O, who had seen the mobled queen? —

Ham. 'The mobled queen?'

Pol. That's good; 'mobled queen' is good.

First Play. 'Run barefoot up and down, threatening the flames
With bisonn rhenn; a clout upon that head
Where late the diadem stood, and for a robe,
About her lank and all other-teemed loins,
A blanket, in the alarm of fear caught up;
Who this had seen, with tongue in venom steep'd,
'Gainst Fortune's state would treason have pronounced.

But if the gods themselves did see her then
When she saw Pyrrhus make malicious sport
In mincing with his sword her husband's limbs,
The instant burst of clamour that she made,
Unless things mortal move them not at all,
Would have made move with the burning eyes
And passion in the gods.' [heaven,

Pol. Look, whether he has not turned his colour and has tears in's eyes. Pray you, no more.

Ham. 'Tis well; I'll have thee speak out the rest soon. Good my lord, will you see the players well bestowed? Do you hear, let them be well used; for they are the abstract and brief chronicles of the time: after your death you were better have a bad epitaph than their ill report while you live.

Pol. My lord, I will use them according to their desert.

Ham. God's bodykins, man, much better: use every man after his desert, and who 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 players but the First.] Dost thou hear me, old friend; can you play the Murder of Gonzago?

First Play. Ay, my lord.

Ham. We'll ha'to-morrow night. You could, for a need, study a speech of some dozen or sixteen lines, which I would set down and insert in 't, could you not?

First Play. Ay, my lord.

Ham. Very well. Follow that lord; and look you mock him not. [Exit First Player.] My good friends, I'll leave you till night; you are welcome to Elsinore.

Ham. Good my lord!

Ham. Ay, so, God be wi' ye; [Exeunt Rosencrantz and Guildenstern.] Now I am alone. O, what a rogue and peasant slave am I! Is it not monstrous that this player here, But in a fiction, in a dream of passion, Could force his soul so to his own conceit That from her working all his visage wann'd, Tears in his eyes, distraction in's aspect, A broken voice, and his whole function suiting With forms to his conceit? and all for nothing! For Hecuba! —

What's Hecuba to him, or he to Hecuba, That should he wreep for her? What should be, Had he the motive and the cue for passion That I have? He would drown the stage with tears And clear the general ear with horrid speech, Make mad the guilty and appall the free, Confound the ignorant, and amaze indeed The very faculties of eyes and ears.

Yet I, A dull and muddied-mettled rascal, peak, Like John-a-dreams, unprincipled of my cause, And can say nothing; no, not for a king, Upon whose property and most dear life A damn'd deed was made. Am I a coward? Who calls me villain? breaks my pate across? Plucks off my beard, and blows it in my face? Tweakes me by the nose? gives me the lie i' the throat,
ACT III.

HAMLET.

Scene I.

As deep as to the lungs? who does me this? Ha!
'Swounds, I should take it: for it cannot be
But I am pigeon-liver'd and lack gail
To make oppression bitter, or are this
I should have fatted all the region kites
With this slave's offal: bloody, haulvy villain!
Remorseless, treacherous, lecherous, kindless vii.
O, vengeance! [sigh!]
Why, what an ass am I? This is most brave,
That the son of a dear father murder'd,
Prompted to my revenge by heaven and hell,
Must, like a whore, unpack my heart with words,
And fall a-cursing, like a very drab,
A scullion!
Fie upon t'! foh! About, my brain! I have heard
That guilty creatures sitting at a play

ACT III.

Scene I. — A room in the castle.

Enter King, Queen, Polonius, Ophelia, Rosen- crantz, and Guildenstern.

King. And can you, by no drift of circumstance,
Get from him why he puts on this confusion,
Grating so harshly all his days of quiet
With foul and dangerous lunacy?
Ros. He does confest 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. Niggard of question; but, of our demands,
Most free in his reply.
Queen. Did you assay him
To any pastime?
Ros. Madam, it so fell out, that certain players
We o'er-raught on the way: of these we told him;
And there did seem in him a kind of joy
To hear of it: they are about the court,
And, as I think, they have already order
This night to play before him.
Pol. 'T is 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 too;
For we have closely sent for Hamlet hither,
That he, as 't 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 injection of his love or no
That thus he suffers for.
Queen. I shall obey you.
And for your part, Ophelia, I do wish
That your good beauties be the happy cause
Of Hamlet's wildness: so shall I hope your virtues
Will bring him to his wonted way again,
To both your honours.
Oph. Madam, I wish it may. [Exit Queen.

Pol. Ophelia, walk you here. Gracious, so please you,
We will bestow ourselves. [To Ophelia] Read on this book;
That show of such an exercise may colour
Your loneliness. We are oft to blame in this,—
'T is too much proved — that with devotion's visage
And pious intents we do sugar o'er
The devil himself.
King. [Aside] O, 'tis too true! [science!]
How smart a lash that speech doth give my con-
The harlot's cheek, beautified with plastering art,
Is not more ugly to the thing that helps it
Than is my deed to my most painted word:
O heavy burthen!
Pol. I hear him coming: let's withdraw, my lord.
[Exeunt King and Polonius.

Enter Hamlet.

Ham. To be, or not to be: that is the question:
Whether 't is nobler in the mind to suffer
The slings and arrows of outrageous fortune,
Or to take arms against a sea of troubles,
And by opposing end them? To die: to sleep;
No more; and by a sleep to say we end
The heart-ache and the thousand natural shocks
That flesh is heir to, 'tis an easy thing
Devoutly to be wish'd. To die, to sleep;
To sleep: perchance to dream: ay, there's the rub;
For in that sleep of death what dreams may come
When we have shuffled off this mortal coil,
Must give us pause: there's the respect
That makes calamity of so long life;
For who would bear the whips and scorns of time,
The oppressor's wrong, the proud man's 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! You fair Ophelia! Nymph, in thy orisons
Be all my sins remember'd.
ACT III.

HAMLET. SCENE II.

Re-enter King and Polonius.

King. Love! his affections do not that way tend;
Nor what he spake, I think it were a little
Was not like madness. There's something in his
O'er which his melancholy sits on brood;
[soul,
And I do doubt the hatch and the disclose
Will be some danger: which for to prevent,
I have in quick determination
Thus set it down: he shall with speed to England,
For the demur of our most-honour'd tribute:
Haply the seas and countries different
With variable objects shall expel
This something-settled matter in his heart,
Whereon his brains still beating puts him thus
From fashion of himself, What think you on 't?
Pol. It shall do well: but yet do I believe
The origin and commencement of his grief
Sprung from neglected love. How now, Ophelia!
You need not tell us what Lord Hamlet said;
We heard it all. My lord, do as you please;
But, if you hold it fit, after the play
Let his queen another all alone entreat him
To show his grief: let her be round with him;
And I'll be placed, so please you, in the ear
Of all their conference. If she find him not,
To England send him, or confine him where
Your wisdom best shall think.

King. It shall be so:
Madness in great ones must not unwatch'd go.

SCENE II.—A hall in the castle.

Enter Hamlet and Players.

Ham. Speak the speech, I pray you, as I pronounced it to you, trippingly on the tongue; but if you mouth it, as many of your players do, I had as lief the town-crier spoke my lines. Nor do not saw the air too much with your hand, thus, but use all gently; for in the very torrent, tempest, and, as I may say, the whirlwind of passion, you must acquire and beget a temperance that may give it smoothness. O, it offends me to the soul to hear a robustous periwig-pated fellow tear a passion to tatters, to rags, to vats, to split the ears of the groundlings, who for the most part are capable of nothing but inexplicable dumb-shows and noise: I would have such a one saw him expeopled for o'erdoing Pericles; it out-herods Herod: put away such a fellow. First Play. I warrant your honour.

Ham. Be not too tame neither, but let your own discretion be your tutor: suit the action to the word, the word to the action; with this special observance, that you o'erstep not the modesty of nature: for anything so overdone doth proove the purpose of playing, whose end, both at the first and now, was and is, to hold, as 't were, the mirror up to nature; to show virtue her own feature, scorn her own image, and the very age and body of the time his form and pressure. Now this overdone, or come tardily off, though it be but slow and heavy, cannot but make the judicious grief; 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, pass for masters: the voice and action were so strained, and belloved 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 indifferently with us, sir.

Ham. O, read it altogether. And let those that play your plays 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 spee-
tutors to laugh too; though, in the meantime, 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. Did the players make haste. [Exeunt Polonius.]

Ros. Will you two help to hasten them?

Gult. 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 absurd pomp, And crook the pregnant hinges of the knee Where thrift may follow fawning. Dost thou hear? Since my dear soul was mistress of her choice And could of men distinguish, her election Hath 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 judgment are so well commingled, That they are not a pipe for fortune's finger To sound what stop she please. Give me that man That is not passion's slave, and I will wear him In my heart's core, ay, in my heart of heart, As I do thee.—Something too much of this.—There is a play to-night before the king; One scene of it comes near the circumstance Which I have told thee of my father's death: I prithee, when thou seest that act afoot, Even with the very comment of thy soul Observe mine uncle: if his occulted guilt Do not itself unkennel in one speech, It is a damned ghost that we have seen, And my imaginations are as foul As Vulcan's stithy. Give him heedful note; For I mine eyes will rivet to his face, And after we will both our judgments join In censure of his seeming.

Hor. Well, my lord: If he steal aught whilst this play is playing, And 'scape detecting, I will pay the theft.

Ham. They are coming to the play; I must be Get you a place. [fide:

Danish march. A flourish. Enter King, Queen, Polonius, Ophelia, Rosencrantz, Guildenstern, and others.

King. How fares our cousin Hamlet?

Ham. Excellent, i' faith; of the chameleon's dish: I eat the air, promise-crammed: you cannot feed capons so.

King. I have nothing with this answer, Hamlet; these words are not mine.

Ham. No, nor mine now. [To Polonius] My lord, you played once i' the university, you say?

Pol. That did I, my lord; and was accounted a good actor.

Ham. I did enact Julius Cæsar: I was killed i' the Capitol: Brutus killed me.

Ham. It was a brute part of him to kill so capital a calf there. Be the players ready?

Ros. Ay, my lord; they stay upon your patience.

Queen. Come hither, my dear Hamlet, sit by me.

Ham. No, good mother, here's metal more attractive.

Pol. [To the King.] O, ho! do you mark that?

Ham. Lady, shall I lie in your lap? [Lying down at Ophelia's feet.

Oph. No, my lord.

Ham. I mean, my head upon your lap?

Oph. Ay, my lord.

Ham. Do you think I meant country matters?

Oph. I think nothing, my lord.

Ham. That's a fair thought to lie between maids' legs.

Queen. 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, then; or else shall he suffer not thinking on, with the hobby-horse, whose epitaph is 'For, O, for, O, the hobby-horse is forgot.'

Hautboys play. The dumb-show enters.

Enter a King and a Queen very lovingly; the Queen embrocates him, and he her. She kisses him, and makes show of protestation unto him. He takes her up, and declines his head upon her neck: lays him down upon a bank of flowers: she, seeing him asleep, leaves him. Anon comes in a fellow, takes off his crown, kisses it, and pours poison to the King's ears, and eis. The Queen returns; finds the King dead, and makes passionate action. The Poisoner, with some two or three Mutes, comes in again, seeming to lament with her. The dead body is carried away. The Poisoner weeps the Queen with gifts: she seems loath and unwilling awhile, but in the end accepts his love.

[Exeunt.

Oph. What means this, my lord?

Ham. Marry, this is micking mallecho; it means mischief.

Oph. Belike this show imports the argument of the play.

Enter Prologue.

Ham. We shall know by this fellow: the players cannot keep counsel; they'll tell all.

Oph. Will he tell us what this show meant?

Ham. Ay, or any show that you shall show him: be not you ashamed to show, he'll not shame to tell you what it means.

Oph. You are naught, you are naught: I'll mark the play.

Pro. For us, and for our tragedy, Here stooping to your clemency, We beg your hearing patiently. [Exeunt.

Ham. Is this a prologue, or the posy of a ring?

Oph. 'Tis brief, my lord.

Ham. As woman's love.

Enter two Players, King and Queen.

P. King. Full thirty times hath Phoebus' cart gone round.

Neptune's salt wash and Tellus' orbèd ground, And thirty dozen moons with borrow'd sheen About the world have times twelve thirty been Since love our hearts and Hymen did our hands Unite mutual in most sacred bands. [moon P. Queen. So many journeys may the sun and
HAMLET.

O, you come, away Sleep and [own]’t.

None, Honour and "Where in such places, Where so little fears grow great, great love grows there."

King. 'Tis, Faith, I must leave thee, love, and My present powers their functions leave to do: And thou shalt live in this fair world behind, Honour’d, beloved; and haply one as kind For husband shalt thou—

P. Queen. O, confound the rest! Such love must needs be treason in my breast: In second husband let me be accurst! None wed the second but who kill’d the first.

Ham. [Aside] Wormwood, wormwood. [move

P. Queen. The instances that second marriage Are base respects of thrift, but none of love: A second time I kill my husband dead.

When second husband kisses me in bed. [speak;

P. King. I do believe you think what now you But what we do determine oft we break. Purpose is but the slave to memory, Of violent birth, but poor validity: Which now, like fruit unripe, sticks on the tree; But fail, unshaken, when they mellow be. Most necessary ‘tis that we forget To pay ourselves what to ourselves is debt: What to ourselves in passion we propose, The passion ending, doth the purpose lose. The violence of either grief or joy Their own enfractures with themselves destroy: Where joy most revells, grief doth most lament; Grief joys, joy grieves, on slender accident. This world is not for aye, nor ‘t is not strange That even our loves should with our fortunes change:

For ‘t is a question left us yet to prove, Whether love lead fortune, or else fortune love. The great man down, you mark his favourite flies; The poor advanced makes friends of enemies. And hitherto doth love on fortune tend; For who not needs shall never lack a friend, And who in want a hollow friend doth try, Directly seasons him his enemy. But, orderly to end where I began, Our wills and fates do so contrary run That our devices still are overthrown; Down: Our thoughts are ours, their ends none of our So think thou wilt no second husband wed; But die thy thoughts when thy first lord is dead.

P. Queen. Nor earth to me give food, nor heaven light! Sport and repose lock from me day and night! To desperation turn my trust and hope! An anchor’s cheer in prison be my scope! Each opposite that blanks the face of joy Meet what I would have well and it destroy! Both here and hence pursue me lasting strife, If, once a widow, ever I be wife! Ham. If she should break it now!

P. King. ‘T is deeply sworn. Sweet, leave me here awhile My spirits grow dull, and fain I would beguile The tedious day with sleep. [Sleeps.

P. Queen. Sleep rock thy brain; And never come miscChance between us twain! [Exit.

Ham. Madam, how like you this play?

Queen. The lady protests too much, methinks.

Ham. O, but she’ll keep her word.

King. Have you heard the argument? Is there no offence in ‘t?

Ham. No, no, they do but jest, poison in jest; no offence I 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, Baptistta: you shall see anon; ‘tis a knavish piece of work: but what o’ that? your majesty and we that have free souls, it touches us not: let the galled jade wince, our withers are unwrung.

Enter Lucianus.

This is one Lucianus, nephew to the king.

Oph. You are as good as a chorus, my lord.

Ham. I could interpret between you and your love, if I could see the puppets dailying.

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 crutch rises, when doth bellow for revenge.’

Luc.Thoughts black, hands drugs, fight, and time agreeing; Confederate season, else no creature seeing; Thou mixture rank, of midnight weeds collected, With Hecate’s ban thrice blasted, thrice infected, Thy natural magic and dire property, On wholesome life usurp immediately.

[Pours the poison into the sleeper’s ears.

Ham. He poisons him! 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, the king!


All. Lights, lights, lights!

[Exit all but Hamlet and Horatio.

Ham. Why, let the stricken deer go weep, The hart ungalled play: For some must watch, while some must sleep: So runs the world away.

Would not this, sir, and a forest of feathers—if the rest of my fortunes turn Turk with me—with two provincial roses, and my rased shoes, get me a fellowship in a cry of players, sir?

Hor. Half a share.

Ham. A whole one, 1.

For thou dost know, O Damon dear, This realm dismantled was Of love himself; and now reigns here A very, very—pajock.

Hor. You might have rhymed.

Ham. O good Horatio, I’ll take the ghost’s word for a thousand pound. Didst perceive?

Hor. Very well, my lord.

Ham. Upon the talk of the poisoning? Hor. I did very well notice 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

Ham. Sir, a whole history. [you.

Guil. The king, sir. —

Ham. Ay, sir, what of him?

Guil. Is in his retirement marvellous distempered.

Ham. With drink, sir?
ACT III.

HAMLET.

SCENE III.

Guil. No, my lord, rather with choler.

Ham. Your wisdom should show itself more rich 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 stuck 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?

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 dis-temper? you do, surely, bar the door upon your own liberty, if you deny your griefs to your friend.

Ham. Sir, I lack advancement.

Ros. How can that be, when you have the voice of the king himself for your succession in Denmark?

Ham. Ay, sir, but 'While the grass grows,'—the proverb is something musty.

Re-enter Players with records.

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 unmanners.

Ham. I do not well understand that. Will you play upon this pipe?

Guil. My lord, I cannot.

Ham. I pray you.

Guil. Believe me, I cannot.

Ham. I do beseech you.

Guil. I know no touch of it, my lord.

Ham. 'Tis as easy as lying: govern these ventages with your finger and thumb, give it breath with your mouth, and it will discourse most eloquent music. Look you, these are the stops.

Guil. But these cannot I command to any utterance of harmony; I have not the skill.

Ham. Why, look you now, how unworthy a thing you make a duty by overrating it! what an easier task would play upon me; you would seem to know my stops; you would pluck out the heart of my mystery; you would sound me from my lowest note to the top of my compass; and there is much music, excellent voice, in this little organ; yet cannot you make it speak. 'Sblood, do you think I am easier to be played on than a pipe? Call me what instrument you will, though you can fret me, yet you cannot play upon me.

Enter Polonius.

God bless you, sir!

Pol. My lord, the queen would speak with you, and presently.

Ham. Do you see yonder cloud that's almost in shape of a camel?

Pol. By the mass, and 'tis like a camel, indeed.

Ham. Methinks it is like a weasel.

Pol. It is backed like a weasel.

Ham. Or like a whale?

Pol. Very like a whale.

Ham. Then I will come to my mother by and by. They feele me to the top of my bent. I will come by and by.

Pol. I will say so.

Ham. By and by is easily said. [Exit Polonius.]

Leave me, my friends. [Exit all but Hamlet.]

'Tis now the very witching time of night,
When churchyards yawn and hell itself breathes out
Contagion to this world: now could I drink hot
And do such bitter business as the day
Would quake to look on. Soft! now to my mother.
O heart, lose not thy nature; let not ever
The soul of Nero enter this firm bosom:
Let me be cruel, not unnatural:
I will speak daggers to her, but use none;
My tongue and soul in this be hypocrites.
How in my words soever she be shent,
To give them seals never, my soul, consent! [Exit.

SCENE III.—A room in the castle.

Enter King, Rosencrantz, and Guildenstern.

King. I like him not, nor stands it safe with us
To let his madness range. Therefore prepare you;
I will your commission forthwith dispatch,
And he to England shall along with you:
The terms of our estate may not endure
Hazard so dangerous as doth hourly grow
Out of his lunacies.

Guil. We will ourselves provide:
Most holy and religious fear it is
To keep those many many bodies safe.
That live and feed upon your majesty.

Ros. The single and peculiar life is bound,
With all the strength and armour of the mind,
To keep itself from noyance; but much more
That spirit upon whose weal depend and rest
The lives of many. The cease of majesty
Dies not alone; but, like a gulf, doth draw
What 's near it with it: it is a massy wheel,
Fix'd on the summit of the highest mount,
To whose huge spokes ten thousand lesser things
Are mortised and adjoin'd; when, it is seen,
Each such annexment, petty consequence,
Attends the boisterous ruin. Never alone.
Did the king sigh, but with a general groan.

King. Arm you, I pray you, to this speedy voyage;
For we will fetters put upon this fear,
Which now goes too free-footed.

Ros. [Exit Rosencrantz and Guildenstern.

Enter Polonius.

Pol. My lord, he's going to his mother's closet:
Behind the arras I 'll convey myself,
To hear the process. I'll warrant she'll tax him
And, as you said, and wisely was it said, [home:]
'T is meet that some more audience than a mother,
Since nature makes them partial, should o'erhear
The speech of, vantage. Fare you well, my fiege:
I'll call upon you ere you go to bed,
And tell you what I know.

Thanks, dear my lord. [Exit Polonius.

O, my offence is rank, it smells to heaven;
It hath the primal eldest curse upon 't,
A brother's murder. Pray can I not,
Though inclination be as sharp as will:
My stronger guilt defeats my strong intent;
And, like a man to double business bound, 
I stand in pause where I shall first begin, 
And both neglect. What if this cursed hand 
Were thicker than itself with brother's blood, 
Is there not rain enough in the sweet heavens 
To wash it white as snow? This aches and serves mercy 
But to confront the visage of offence? 
And what's in prayer but this two-fold force, 
To be forestalled ere we come to fall, 
Or pardon'd being down? Then I'll look up; 
My fault is past. But, O, what form of prayer 
Can serve my turn? Forgive me my foul murder? 
That could be, since I am still possess'd 
of those effects for which I did the murder, 
My crown, mine own ambition and my queen. 
May one be pardon'd and retain the offence? 
In the corrupted currents of this world 
Offence's gilded hand may shove by justice, 
And off 'tis seen the wicked prize itself
Buys out the law; but 'tis not so above; 
There is no shuffling, there the action lies 
In his true nature; and we ourselves compell'd, 
Even to the teeth and forehead of our faults, 
To give in evidence. What then? what rests? 
Try what repentance can: what can it not? 
Yet what can it when one can not repent? 
O wretched state! O bosom black as death! 
O limed soul, that, struggling to be free, 
Art more engaged! Help, angels! Make assay! 
Bow, stubborn knees; and, heart with strings of steel, 
Be soft as sinews of the new-born babe! 
All may be well. [Retires and kneels.]

Enter Hamlet.

Ham. Now might I do it, now he is praying; 
And now I'll do't. And so he goes to heaven; 
And so and so I revenged. That would be strann'd, 
A villain kills my father; and for that, 
I, his sole son, do this same villain send 
To heaven. 
O, this is hire and salary, not revenge. 
He took my father grossly, full of bread; 
With all his crimes broad blown, as flour as May; 
And how his audit stands who knows save heaven? 
But in our circumstance and course of thought, 
'Tis heavy with him: and am I then revenged, 
To take him in the purging of his soul, 
When he is fit and 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 damn'd 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:
Telling him, his organs have been too broad to bear with, 
And that your grace hath screen'd and stood between 
Much heat and him. I'll scoone me even here. 
Pray you, be round with him.

Ham. [Within] Mother, mother, mother! 

Queen. [Within] I'll warrant you, 

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 of-

Queen. Come, come, you answer with an idle tongue. 

Ham. Go, go, you question with a wicked tongue. 

Queen. Why, how now, Hamlet! 

Ham. What's the matter now? 

Queen. Have you forgot me? 

Ham. No, by the rood, not so: 
You are the queen, your husband's brother's wife; 
And — would it were not so! — you are my mother. 

Queen. Nay, then, I'll set those to you that can speak. 

Ham. [not budge] 

Queen. Come, come, and sit you down; you shall 

You go not till I set you up a glass 

Where you may see the utmost part of you. 

Queen. What wilt thou do? thou wilt not murder 

Help, help, ho! [me]


Ham. [Drawing] How now! a rat? Dead, for a rat! 

Take my dagger. [Takes it through the arras. 

Pol. [Behind O, I am slain! [Falls and dies. 

Queen. O me, what hast thou done? 

Ham. 

Nay, I know not: 

Is it the king? 

Queen. O, what a rash and bloody deed is this! 

Ham. A bloody deed! almost as bad, good mother, 

As kill a king, and marry with his brother. 

Queen. As kill a king! 

Ham. [Lifts up the arras and discovers Polonius. 

Thou wretched, rash, intruding fool, farewell! 
I took thee for thy better: take thy fortune; 
Thou dost not like to have too much upon thee. 

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 

That blurs the grace and blushing of modesty, 

Calls virtue hypocrite, takes off the rose 

From the fair forehead of an innocent love 

And sets a blister there, makes marriage-vows 

As false as dicers' oaths: O, such a deed 

As from the body of contraction plucks 

The very soul, and sweet religion makes 

A rhapsoy of words: heaven's face doth glow; 

Yea, this solidity and compound mass, 

With tristful visage, as against the doom, 

Is thought-sick at the act. 

Queen. 

Ay me, what act, 

That roars so loud, and thunders in the index? 

Ham. Look here, upon this picture, and on this, 

The counterfeit presentment of two brothers. 

Yes, what a grace was seen on this brow: 
Hypieron's curls; the front of Jove himself; 

An eye like Mars, to threaten and command; 

A station like the herald Mercury 

New-lighted on a heaven-kissing hill; 

A combination and a form indeed, 

Where every god did seem to set his seal, 

To give the world assurance of a man: 
This was your husband. Look you now, what fol-
Here is your husband; like a mildew'd ear, 

Blasting his wholesome brother. Have you eyes? 

Could you on this fair mountain leave to feed, 

And batten on this meat? Had you eyes? 

You cannot call it love: for at your age 

The hey-day in the blood is tame, it's humble,
And waits upon the judgment: and what judgment
Would step from this to this? Sense, sure, you have,
Else could you not have motion; but sure, that sense
Is appox'd; for madness would not err,
Nor sense to ecstasy was ne'er so thrall'd
But it would reserve some queller grace.
To serve in such a difference. What devil was 't
That thus hath cozen'd you at hoodman-blind?
Eyes without feeling, feeling without sight,
Ears without hands or eyes, smelling sans all,
Or but a sickly part of true sense
Could be so more.
O shame! where is thy blush? Rebellious hell,
If thou canst mutine in a matron's bones,
To flaming youth let virtue be as wax,
And melt in her own fire: proclaim no shame
When the compulsive ardour gives the charge,
Since frost itself as actively doth burn
And reason pander will.

Queen. O Hamlet, speak no more:
Thou turn'st mine eyes into my very soul;
And there I see such black and grained spots
As will not leave their tint.

Ham. Nay, but to live
In the rank sweat of an 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;
No more, sweet Hamlet!

Ham. A murderer and a villain;
A slave that is not twentieth part the tithe
Of your precedent lord; a vice of kings;
A cutpurse of the empire and the rule,
That from a shelf the precious diadem stole,
And put it in his pocket!

Queen. No more!

Ham. A king of shreds and patches,—

Enter Ghost.

Save me, and hover o'er me with your wings,
You heavenly guards! What would your gracious
Queen. Alas, he's mad! [Aside]

Ham. Do you not come your tardy son to 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 what thy almost blinded 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?

Ham. Oh, on him! on him! Look you, how pale he glares!
His form and cause conjoin'd, preaching to stones,
Would make them capable. Do not look upon me;
Lest with this piteous action you corrupt
My stern effects: then what I have to do
Will want true colour; ears perching for blood.

Queen. To whom do you speak this?

Ham. Do you see nothing there?
Queen. Nothing at all; yet all that I see.

Ham. Nor did you nothing hear?

Queen. No, nothing but ourselves.

Ham. Why, look you there! look, how it steals away!

My father, in his habit as he lived!
Look, where he goes, even now, out at the portal!

[Exit Ghost.

Queen. This is the very coinage of your brain:
This bodiless creation ecstasy
Is very cunning in.

Ham. Ecstasy!
My pulse, as yours, doth temperately keep time,
And makes as healthful music: it is not madness
That I have utter'd: bring me to the test,
And I the matter will re-word; which madness
Would gambol from. Mother, for love of grace,
Lay not that flatteringunction to your soul,
That not your trespass, but my madness speaks:
It will but skin and film the ulcerous place,
Whilst rank corruption, mining all within,
Infests unseen. Confess yourself to heaven;
Repet what's past: avoid what is to come;
And do not spread the compost on the weeds.
To make them ranker. Forgive me this my virtue;
For in the fatness of these pursy times
Virtue itself of vice must pardon beg,
Yea, curb and woo for leave to do him good.

Queen. O Hamlet, thou hast cleft my heart in twain.

Ham. O, throw away the worse part of it,
And live the purer with the other half.
Good night: but go not to mine uncle's bed;
Assume a virtue, if you have it not.
That monster, custom, who all sense doth eat,
Of habits devils, is angel yet in this,
That to the use of actions fair and good
He likewise gives a frouck or livery,
That aptly is put on. Refrain to-night,
And that shall lend a kind of easiness
To the next abstinence: the next more easy;
For use almost can change the stamp of nature,
And either the devils, or thou hast thrown out
With wondrous potency. Once more, good night:
And when you are desirous to be bless'd,
I'll blessing beg of you. For this same lord,

[Pointing to Polonius. I do repent: but heaven hath pleased it so,
To punish me with this and this with me,
That I must be their scourge and minister.
I will bestow him, and will answer well
The death I gave him. So, again, good night.
I must be cruel, only to be kind;
Thus bad begins and worse remains behind.
One word more, good lady.

[Ghost.

Queen. What shall I do?

Ham. Not this, by no means, that I did you do:
Let theloat king tempt you again to bed;
Pinch wanton on your cheek; call you his mouse;
And let him, for a pair of reechy kisses,
Or paddling in your neck with his damn'd fingers,
Make you to ravel all this matter out.
That I essentially am not in madness,
But mad in craft. 'T were good you let him know;
For who, that's but a queen, fair, sober, wise,
Would from a paddock, from a bat, a 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.

[breath. Queen. Be thou assured, if words be made of
And breath of life, I have no life to breathe
What they must say to me.]

Ham. I must to England; you know that?

Queen. Alack, I had forgot: 'tis so concluded on.

Ham. There's letters seal'd: and my two school-fellows,
Whom I will trust as I will adders fang'd,
They bear the mandate; they must sweep my way,
ACT IV.  

SCENE I.—A room in the castle.

Enter King, Queen, Rosencrantz, and Guildenstern.

King. There's matter in these sights, 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 combine—which is the mightier: in his lawless fit, [tend Behind the arras hearing something stir, Whips out his rapier: 'A rat, a rat!' And, in this brainish apprehension, kills The unseen old man.

King. O heavy deed!

It had been so with us, had we been there:
His liberty is full of threats to all; To you yourself, to us, to every one. Alas, how shall this bloody deed be answered?

It will be laid to us, whose providence Should have kept short, restrain'd and out of haunt, This mad young man: but so much was our love, We would not understand what was most fit; But, like the owner of a foul disease, To keep it from divulging, let it feed Even on the pith of life. Where is he gone?

Queen. To draw apart the body he hath kill'd: O' er whom his very madness, like some ore Among a mineral of metals base, Shows itself pure; he weeps for what is done.

King. O Gertrude, come away!
The sun no sooner shall the mountains touch, But we will ship him hence: and this vile deed We must, with all our majesty and skill, Both countenance and excuse. Ho, Guildenstern!

Re-enter Rosencrantz and Guildenstern.

Friends both, go join you with some further aid: Hamlet in madness hath Polonius slain, And from his mother's closet hath he dragg'd him: Go seek him out; speak fair, and bring the body Into the chapel. I pray you, haste in this.

[Exeunt Rosencrantz and Guildenstern.

Come, Gertrude, we'll call up our wisest friends; And let them know, both what we mean to do, And what's untimely done . . . . . . .

Whose whisper o'er the world's diameter, As level as the cannon to his blank, Transports his poison'd shot, may miss our name, And hit the wondrous air. O, come away! My soul is full of discord and dismay. [Exeunt.

SCENE II.—Another room in the castle.

Enter Hamlet.

Ham. Safely stowed.

Ros. [Within] Hamlet! Lord Hamlet!


Enter Rosencrantz and Guildenstern.

Ros. What have you done, my lord, with the dead body?

Ham. Compounded it with dust, whereeto 'tis Ros. Tell us where 'tis, that we may take it And bear it to the chapel. [thence

Ham. Do not believe it.

Ros. Believe what?

Ham. That I can keep your counsel and not mine own. Besides, to be demanded of a sponge! what replication should be made by the son of a Ros. Take you me for a sponge, my lord? [king

Ham. Ay, sir, that soaks up the king's countenance, his rewards, his authorities. But such officers do the king best service in the end: he keeps them, like an ape, in the corner of his jaw; first mouthed, to be last swallowed: when he needs what you have gleaned, it is but squeezing you, and, sponge, you shall be dry again.

Ros. I understand you not, my lord.

Ham. I am glad of it: a knavish speech sleeps in a foolish ear.

Ros. My lord, you must tell us where the body is, and go with us to the king.

Ham. The body is with the king, but the king is not with the body. The king is a thing —

Guil. A thing, my lord!

Ham. Of nothing: bring me to him. Hide fox, and all after. [Exeunt.

SCENE III.—Another room in the castle.

Enter King, attended.

King. I have sent to seek him, and to find the body.

How dangerous is it that this man goes loose! Yet must not we put the strong law on him: He's loved of the distracted multitude, Who like not in their judgment, but their eyes; And where 'tis so, the offender's scourge is weigh'd, But never the offence. To bear all smooth and This sudden sending him away must seem [even, Deliberate pause: diseases desperate grown By desperate appliance are relieved, Or not at all.

Enter Rosencrantz.

How now! what hath befal'n?

Ros. Where the dead body is bestow'd, my lord, We cannot get from him.

King. But where is he?

Ros. Without, my lord; guarded, to know your

King. Bring him before us. [pleasure.

Ros. Ho, Guildenstern! bring in my lord.

Enter Hamlet and Guildenstern.

King. Now, Hamlet, where's Polonius?

Ham. At supper.

King. At supper! where? 

Ham. Not where he eats, but where he is eaten: a certain convocation of politic worms are 'en at him. Your worm is your only emperor for diet: we fat all creatures else to fat us, and we fat ourselves for maggots: your fat king and your lean
HAMLET.

SCENE V.

Ham. Goes it against the main of Poland, sir, Or for some frontier?  
Cap. Truly to speak, and with no addition, We go to gain a little patch of ground That hath in it no profit but the name.  
To pay five ducats, five, I would not farm it;  
Nor will it yield to Norway or the Pole  
A ranker rate, should it be sold in fee.  
Ham. Why, then the Polack never will defend it.  
Cap. Yes, it is already garrison'd. [ducats 
Ham. Two thousand souls and twenty thousand  
Will not debate the question of this straw:  
This is the imposthum of much wealth and peace,  
That inward breaks, and shows no cause without  
Why the man dies. I humbly thank you, sir.  
Cap. God be wi' you, sir. [Exit.  
Ros. Will 't please you go, my lord?  
Ham. I 'll be with you straight. Go a little before.  
[Exeunt all 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 preciously on the event,  
[dom A thought which, let but one part wise—  
And every 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 puffed  
Makes mouths at the invisible event,  
Exposing what is mortal and unsure  
To all that fortune, death and danger dare,  
Even for an egg-shell. Rightly to be great  
Is not to stir without great argument,  
But greatly to find quarrel in a straw  
When honour 's at the stake. How stand 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,  
That, for a fantasy and trick of name,  
Go to the graves like summer flies, that this  
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 distinct:
Her mood will needs be pitying.

Queen. What would she have?  
Gent. She speaks much of her father; says she hears  
[her heart;  
There 's tricks i' the world; and, hems, and beats  
Spurns evasiuously at straws; speaks things in doubt,  
That carry but half sense; her speech is nothing,  
Yet the unshaped use of it doth move  
The hearers to collection; they aim at it,  
And both the words up fit to their own thoughts;  
Which, as her winks, and nods, and gestures yield  
[thought,  
Indeed would make one think there might be  
Though nothing sure, yet much unhappily.  
Hor. 'twere good she were spoken with; for she may  
strew  
Dangerous conjectures in ill-breeding minds.
Queen. Let her come in. [Exit 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 split.

Re-enter Horatio, with Ophelia.

Oph. Where is the beauteous majesty of Denmark?
Queen. How now, Ophelia?
Oph. [Sings] How should I your true love know
From another one?
By his cockle hat and staff,
And his sandal shoe.

Queen. Alas, sweet lady, what imports this song?

[Sings] He is dead and gone, lady,
He is dead and gone;
At his head a grass-green turf,
At his heels a stone.

Queen. Nay, but, Ophelia,—
Oph. Pray you, mark.

[Sings] While his shroud as the mountain snow,—

Enter King.

Queen. Alas, look here, my lord.
Oph. [Sings] Larded with sweet flowers;
What breeze was beesped to the grave did go
With true-love showers.

King. How do you, pretty lady?
Oph. Well, God 'd 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 dipp'd the chamber-door;
Let in the maid, that out a maid
Never departed more.

King. Pretty Ophelia! [end on 't:]
Oph. Indeed, la, without an oath, I 'll make an
[Sings] By Gis and by Saint Charity,
Alack, and fie for shame!
Young men will do 't, if they come to 't;
By cock, they are to blame.
Quoth she, before you tumbled me,
You promised me to wed.
So would I ha' done, by yonder sun,
An thou hadst not come to my bed.

King. How long hath she been thus?
Oph. I hope all will be well. We must be patient: but I cannot choose but weep, to think they should lay him I the cold ground. My brother shall know of it: and so thank you for your good counsel. Come, my coach! Good night, ladies; good night, sweet ladies; good night, good night. [Exit.]

King. Follow her close; give her good watch, I pray you. [Exit Horatio.]

O, this is the pattern of deep grief; it springs
All from her father's death. O Gertrude, Gertrude, When sorrowers come, they come not single spies, But in battalions. First, her father slain:
Next, your son gone; and he most violent author Of his own just remove: the people muddied, Thick and unwholesome in their thoughts and whispers. [greenly]
For good Polonius' death; and we have done but
In hugger-mugger to inter him: poor Ophelia
Divided from herself and her fair judgment,
Without the which we are pictures, or mere beasts:
Last, and as much containing as all these;
Her brother is in secret come from France;

Feeds on his wonder, keeps himself in clouds.
And wants not buzzers to infect his ear
With pestilent speeches of his father's death;
Wherein necessity, of matter beggar'd,
Will nothing stick our person to arraign
In ear and ear. O my dear Gertrude, this,
Like to a murdering-piece, in many places
Gives me superfluous death. [A noise within.

Queen. Alack, what noise is this?
King. Where are my Switzers? Let them guard the door.

Enter another Gentleman.

What is the matter?

Gent. Save yourself, my lord:
The ocean, overpeering of his list,
Eats not the flats with more impetuous haste
Than young Laertes, in a riotous head,
O'erbears your officers. The rabble call him lord;
And, as the world were now but to begin,
Antiquity forgot, custom not known,
The ratifiers and props of every word,
They cry 'Choose we: Laertes shall be king:'
Caps, hands, and tongues, applaud it to the clouds:
'Laertes shall be king, Laertes king!'

Queen. How cheerfully on the false trial they cry!
O, this is counter, you false Danish dogs!

King. The doors are broke. [Noise within.

Enter Laertes, armed; Danes following.

Laur. Where is this king? Sirs, stand you all
Danes. No, let's come in. [without.

Laur. I pray you, give me leave.
Danas. We will, we will. [They retire without the door.

Laur. I thank you: keep the door. O thou vile
Give me my father! [king,

Queen. Calmly, good Laertes.
Laur. That drop of blood that 's calm proclaims
me bastard.
Cries cuckold to my father, brands the harlot
Even here, between the chaste unsmirched brow
Of my true mother.

King. What is the cause, Laertes,
That thy rebellion looks so giant-like?
Let him go, Gertrude, I am not fear
That there's such divinity doth hedge a king,
That treason can but peep to what it would,
Acts little of his will. Tell me, Laertes,
Why thou art thus incensed. Let him go, Gertrude.
Speak, man.

Laur. Where is my father?

King. Dead.

Queen. But not by him.
King. Let him demand his fill. [with:
Laur. How came he dead? I 'll not be juggled
To hell, allegiance! vows, to the blackest devil!
Conscience and grace, to the profoundest pit!
I dare damnation. To this point I stand,
That both the worlds I give to negligence,
Let come what comes; only I 'll be revenged
Most thoroughly for my father.

King. Who shall stay you?

Laur. My will, not all the world:
And for my means, I 'll husband them so well,
They shall go far with little.

King. Good Laertes,
If you desire to know the certainty
Of your dear father's death, is 't writ in your revenge,
That, swoopstake, you will draw both friend and foe.
Winner and loser?

Laur. None but his enemies.

King. Will you know them then?

Laur. To his good friends thus wide I 'll ope my
And like the kind life-rendering pelican, [arms;
Repast them with my blood.

King. Why, now you speak

687
Like a good child and a true gentleman,
That I am guiltless of your father's death,
And am most sensible in grief for it.
It shall as level to your judgment pierce
As day does to your eye.

_Dones._ [Within] Let her come in.

_Lear._ How now! what noise is that?

_Re-enter Ophelia._

O heat, dry up my brains! tears seven times salt,
Burn out the sense and virtue of mine eye!
By heaven, thy madness shall be paid by weight,
Till our scale turn the beam. O rose of May!
Dear maid, kind sister, sweet Ophelia!
O heavens! is 't possible, a young maid's wits
Should be as mortal as an old man's life?
Nature is fine in love, and where 'tis fine,
It sends some precious instance of itself
After the thing it loves.

_Oph._ [Sings]

They bore him barefaced on the bier;
Hey non nomny, nonny, hey nonny;
And in his grave rain'd many a tear:
Fare you well, my dove! [revenge, _Lear._

_Hadst thou thy wits, and didst persuade
It could not move thus._]

_Oph._ [Sings] You must sing a-down a-down.
An you call him a-down-a.
O, how the wheel becomes it! It is the false steward,
that stole his master's daughter.

_Lear._ This nothing's more than matter.

_Oph._ There's rosemary, that's for remembrance;
pray, love, remember: and there is pansies, that's for thoughts.

_Lear._ A document in madness, thoughts and remembrance fitted.

_Oph._ There's fennel for you, and cumblines: 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._

_Lear._ Thought and affliction, passion, hell itself,
She turns to favour and to prettiness.

_Oph._ [Sings] And will he not come again?
And will he not come again?
No, no, he is dead:
Go to thy death-bed:
He never will come again.

His beard was as white as snow,
All flaxen was his poll:
He is gone, he is gone,
And we cast away moan:
God ha' mercy on his soul!

And of all Christian souls, I pray God.
God be wi' ye. [Exit._

_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 would 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 't were from heaven to earth,
That I must call 't in question.

_King._ So you shall;
And where the offence is let the great axe fall,
I pray you, go with me. [Exit._

**SCENE VI. — Another room in the castle.**

_Enter Horatio and a Servant._

_Hor._ What are they 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 Sall._ God bless you, sir.

_Hor._ Let him bless thee too.

_First Sall._ He shall, sir, an't please him. There's
a letter for you, sir: it comes from the ambassador
that was bound for England; if your name be Horatio, as I am let to know it is.

_Hor._ [Reads] 'Horatio, when thou shalt have
overlooked this, give these fellows some means to
the king: they have letters for him. Ere we were
two days old at sea, a pirate of very warlike ap-
pointment, gave us chase. Finding ourselves too
slow of sail, we put on a compell'd valour, and in
the grapple I boarded them: on the instant they got
clear of our ship; so I alone became their prisoner.
They have dealt with me like thieves of mercy: but
they knew what they did; I am to do a good turn
for them. Let the king have the letters I have sent;
and repair thou to me with as much speed as
thou wouldest fly death. I have words to speak
in thine ear: I shall make thee dumb; yet are they
much too light for the bore of the matter. These
good fellows will bring thee where I am. Rosen-
crantz and Guildenstern hold their course for Eng-
land: of them I have much to tell thee. Farewell.

He that thou knowest thine, HAMLET.

Come, I will make you way for these your letters;
And do't the speedier, that you may direct me
To him from whom you brought them. [Exit._

**SCENE VII. — Another room in the castle.**

_Enter King and Laertes._

_King._ Now must your conscience my acquaintance seal.
And you must put me in your heart for friend,
Sith you have heard, and with a knowing ear,
That he which hath your noble father slain
Pursued my life.

_Laer._ It well appears; but tell me
Why you proceeded not against these feats,
So criminal and so capital in nature,
As by your safety, wisdom, all things else,
You mainly were stir'd up.

_King._ 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 this star moves not but in his sphere,
I would not but by her. The other motive,
Why to a public count I might not go,
Is the great love the general gender bear him;
Who, dipping all his faults in their affection,
Would, like the spring that turneth wood to stone,
Convert his grives to graces; so that my arrows,
Too slight and timber'd for so loud a wind,
Would have reverted to my bow again,
And not where I had aim'd them.

_Laer._ And so have I a noble father lost:
A sister driven into desperate terms, Whose worth, if praises may go back again, Stood challenger on mount of all the age For her perfections: but my revenge will come.  

**King.** Break not your sleeps for that: you must not think That we are made of stuff so flat and dull That we can let our beard be shook with danger And think it pastime. You shortly shall hear more: I loved your father, and we love ourselves; And that, I hope, will teach you to imagine—  

**Enter a Messenger.**

How now! what news?  
**Mess.** Letters, my lord, from Hamlet: This to your majesty: this to the queen.  
**King.** From Hamlet! who brought them?  
**Mess.** Sailors, my lord, they say; I saw them not: They were given me by Claudius: he received them Of him that brought them.  
**King.** Laertes, you shall hear them.  
**Leave us.** [Exit Messenger.  
[Reads] 'High and mighty, You shall know I am set naked on your kingdom. To-morrow shall I beg leave to see your majesty kindly; when I shall, first asking your pardon thereunto, recount the occasion of my sudden and more strange return.  

**HAMLET.**  
What should this mean? Are all the rest come back? Or is it some abuse, and no such thing?  
**Laer.** Know you the hand?  
**King.** 'Tis Hamlet's character. 'Naked!' And in a postscript here, he says 'alone.' Can you advise me?  
**Laer.** I'm lost in it, my lord. But let him come; It warms the very sickness in my heart, That I shall live and tell him to his teeth, 'Thus didst thou.'  
**King.** If it be so, Laertes—  
How should it be so? how otherwise?—  
Will you be ruled by me?  
**Laer.** Ay, my lord;  
So you will not o'errule me to a peace.  
**King.** To thine own peace. If he be now return'd, As checking at his voyage, and that he means No more to undertake it, I will work him To an exploit, now ripe in my device, Under which he shall not choose but fall: And for his death no wind of blame shall breathe, But even his mother shall uncharge the practice And call it accident. 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.**  
**King.** A very riband in the cap of youth, Yet needful too; for youth no less becomes The light and careless livery that it wears Than settled age his sables and his weeds, [since, Importing health and graveness.] Two months Here was a gentleman of Normandy—  
I love myself first, and then the French, And they can well on horseback: but this gallant Had witchcraft in 't; he grew unto his seat; And to such wondrous doing brought his horse, As he had been incorpored and demi-natured With the brave beast: so far he topp'd my thought, That I, in forgery of shapes and tricks, Come short of what he did.  
**Laer.** A Norman was't?  

**King.** A Norman.  
**Laer.** Upon my life, Lamond.  
**King.** The very same.  
**Laer.** I know him well: he is the brooch indeed And gem of all the nation.  
**King.** He made confession of you, And gave you such a masterly report For art and exercise in your defence And for your rapier most especially, That he cried out, 't would be a sight indeed. If one could match you: the scrimers of their nation, He swore, had neither motion, guard, nor eye, If you opposed them. Sir, this report of his Did Hamlet so envenom with his envy That he could nothing do but wish and beg Your sudden coming o'er, to play with him.  
Now, out of this,—  
**Laer.** What out of this, my lord?  
**King.** Laertes, was your father dear to you? Or are you like the painting of a sorrow, A face without a heart?  
**Laer.** Why ask you this?  
**King.** Not that I think you did not love your But that I know love is begun by time; [father; And that I see, in passages of proof, Time qualifies the spark and fire of it. There lives within the very flame of love A kind of wick or snuff that will abate it; And nothing is at a like goodness still; For goodness, growing to a plurality, Dies in his own too much: that we would do, We should do when we would; for this 'would' And hath abatements and delays as many [changes As there are tongues, are hands, are accidents; And then this 'should' is like a spendthrift sigh, That hurts by easing. But, to the quick o' the ulcer:—  
Hamlet comes back: what would you undertake, To show yourself your father's son in deed More than in words?  
**Laer.** To cut his throat i' the church.  
**King.** No place, indeed, should murder sanctuarize; [tes, Revenge should have no bounds. But, good Laer— Will you do this, keep close within your chamber. Hamlet return'd shall know you are come home: We'll put on those shall praise your excellence And set a double varnish on the fame The Frenchman gave you, bring you in fine together And wager on your heads: he, being remiss, And lost generous and true from all contriving, Will not peruse the foils; so that, with ease, Or with a little shuffling, you may choose A sword unbated, and in a pass of practice Requite him for your father.  
**Laer.** I will do 't:  
And, for that purpose, I'll anoint my sword. I bought an unction of a mountebank, So mortal that, but dip a knife in it, Where it draws blood no cataplasm so rare, Collected from all simples that have virtue Under the moon, can save the thing from death That is but scratch'd withal: I'll touch my point With this contagion, that, if I call him slightly, It may be death.  
**King.** Let's further think of this; Weigh what convenience both of time and means May fit us to our shape: if this should fail, [ance, And that our drift look through our bad perform. 'T were 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 eunings: I ha 't:  
When in your motion you are hot and dry— As make your bouts more violent to that end— And that he calls for drink, I'll have prepared him
A chalice for the nonce, whereon but sipping,
If he by chance escape your venom’d stuck,
Our purpose may hold there.

Enter Queen.

Queen. One woe doth tread upon another’s heel,
So fast they follow: your sister’s drown’d, Laertes.

Laer. Drown’d! O, where?  Queen. There is a willow grows aslant a brook,
That shows his heart leaves in the glassy stream;
There with fantastic garlands did she come
Of crow-flowers, nettles, daisies, and long purples
That liberal shepherds give a grosser name,
But our cold maids do dead men’s fingers call them:
There, on the pendent boughs her coronet weeds
Clammering to hang, an envious siver broke;
When down her weedy trophies and herself
Fell in the weeping brook. Her clothes spread wide;
And, mermaid-like, awhile they bore her up:
Which time she chanted snatches of old tunes;
As one incapable of her own distress,
Or like a creature native and indued
Unto that element: but long it could not be
Till that her garments, heavy with their drink,
Pull’d the poor wretch from her melodious lay
To muddied death.

Laer. Alas, then, is she drown’d?

Queen. Drown’d, drown’d.

Laer. Too much of water hath thou, poor Ophelia,
And therefore I forbid my tears: but yet
It is our trick; nature her custom holds,
Let shame say what it will: when these are gone,
The woman will be out. Adieu, my lord:
I have a speech of fire, that fain would blaze,
But that this folly 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.

[Exit.]

ACT V.

SCENE I.—A churchyard.

Enter two Clowns, with spades, &c.

First Clo. Is she to be buried in Christian burial
that willfully seeks her own salvation?
Sec. Clo. I tell thee so; and therefore make
her grave straight: the crownet hath sat on her,
and finds it Christian burial.

First Clo. How straight that be, unless she drowned
herself in her own defence?
Sec. Clo. Why, ’tis found so.

First Clo. It must be ’se offendoendo; ’t cannot
be else. For here lies the point: If I drown myself
wittingly, it argues an act: and an act hath
three branches; it is, to act, to do, and to perform:
argal, she drowned herself wittingly.

Sec. Clo. Nay, but hear you, goodman deliver,—
First Clo. Give me leave. Here lies the water:
good: here stands the man: good: if the man go to
this water, and drown himself, it is, will he, nil he,
he goes,—mark you that: but if the water come
to him and drown him, he drowns not himself:
argal, he that is not guilty of his own death shortens
not his own life.

Sec. Clo. What is this law?

First Clo. Ay, marry, is ’t: crownet’s quest law.
Sec. Clo. Will you ha’ the truth on ’t? If this
had not been a gentlewoman, she should have been
buried out o’ Christian burial.

First Clo. Why, there thou say’st: and the more
pity that great folk should have countenance in
this world to drown or hang themselves, more than
their even Christian. Come, my spade. There is
no ancient gentlemen but gardeners, ditchers, and
graver-makers: they hold up Adam’s profession.

Sec. Clo. Was he a gentleman?

First Clo. He was the first that ever bore arms.
Sec. Clo. Why, he had none.

First Clo. What, art a heathen? How dost thou
understand the Scripture? The Scripture says
‘Adam digged’: could he dig without arms? I’ll
put another question to thee: if thou answerest me
not to the purpose, confess thyself—

Sec. Clo. Go to.

First Clo. What is he that builds stronger than
either the mason, the shipwright, or the carpenter?
Sec. Clo. The gallows-maker; for that frame outlives
a thousand tenants.

First Clo. I like thy wit well, in good faith: the
gallows does well; but how does it well? it does
well to those that do ill: now thou dost ill to say
the gallows is built stronger than the church: argal,
the gallows do may well to thee. To ’t again, come.

Sec. Clo. ’Who builds stronger than a mason, a
shipwright, or a carpenter?’

First Clo. Ay, tell me that, and unyoke.
Sec. Clo. Marry, now I can tell.
First Clo. To ’t.

Enter Hamlet and Horatio, at a distance.

First Clo. Cudgel thy brains no more about it,
for your dull ass will not mend his pace with beating.
and, when you are asked this question next,
say, ‘a grave-maker:’ the houses that he makes
last till doomsday. Go, get thee to Yaughan:
fetch me a stoup of liquor.

[Exit Sec. Clo.]

[He digs, and sings.]

In youth, when I did love, did love,
Methought it was very sweet.
To contract, O, the time, for, ah, my behave,
O, methought, there was nothing meet.

Ham. Has this fellow no feeling of his business,
that he sings at grave-making?

[Feasiness.]

Hor. Custom hath made it in him a property
Ham. Is o’en so: the hand of little employment
hath the daintier sense.

First Clo. [Sings]

But age, with his stealing steps,
Hath claw’d me in his clutch,
And hath shipped me intil the land,
As if I had never been such.

[Throws up a skull.]  

Ham. That skull had a tongue in it, and could
sing once: how the knave jowls it to the ground,
as if it were Cain’s jaw-bone, that did the first murder!
It might be the pate of a politician, which this
ass now o’er-reaches; one that would circumvent
God, might it not?

Hor. It might, my lord.

Ham. Or of a courtier; which could say ‘Good
morrow, sweet lord! How dost thou, good lord?’
This might be my lord such-a-one, that praised
my lord such-a-one’s horse, when he meant to beg it;
might it not?

Hor. Ay, my lord.

Ham. Why, e’en so: and now my Lady Worm’s;
chapless, and knocked about the mazzard with a
sixton’s spade: here’s fine revolution, an we had
the trick to see ‘t. Did these bones cost no more
the breeding, but to play at loggats with ‘em?
mine ache to think on ‘t.

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ACT V.

HAMLET.

SCENE I.

First Clo. [Sings] A pick-axe, and a spade, a spade, For a and a straining sheet: O, a pit of clay for to be made For such a guest is meet. [Throws up another skull.]

Ham. There’s another: why may not that be the skull of a lawyer? Where be his quiddities now, his quillets, his cases, his tenures, and his tricks? why does he suffer this rude knave now to knock him about the scone with a dirty shovel, and will not tell him of his action of battery? Ham! This fellow might be in’s time a great buyer of land, with his statutes, his recognizances, his fines, his double vouchers, his recoveries: is this the fine of his fines, and the recovery of his recoveries, to have his fine pate full of fine dirt? will his vouchers vouch him no more of his purchases, and double ones too, than the length and breadth of a pair of indentures? The very conveyances of his lands will hardly lie in this box; and must the inheritor himself have no more, ha? Hor. Not a jot more, my lord.

Ham. Is not parchment made of sheep-skins? Hor. Ay, and of calf-skins too.

Ham. They are sheep and calves which seek out assurance in it. I will speak to this fellow. Whose grave’s this, sirrah?

First Clo. Mine, sir.

Ham. [Sings] O, a pit of clay for to be made For such a guest is meet.

Ham. I think it be thine, indeed; for thou liest in’t.

First Clo. You lie out on’t, sir, and therefore it is not yours: for my part, I do not lie in’t, and yet it is mine.

Ham. Thou dost lie in’t, to be in’t and say it is thine: ‘tis for the dead, not for the quick; therefore thou liest.

First Clo. ’Tis a quick lie, sir; ’t will away again, from me to you.

Ham. What man dost thou dig it for?

First Clo. For no man, sir.

Ham. What woman, then?

First Clo. For none, neither.

Ham. Who is to be buried in it?

First Clo. One that was a woman, sir; but, rest her soul, she’s dead.

Ham. How absolute the knave is! we must speak by the card, or, equivocation will undo us. By the Lord, Horatio, these three years I have taken a note of it; the age is grown so picked that the toe of the peasant comes so near the heel of the courtier, he calls his kibe. How long hast thou been a grave-maker?

First Clo. Of all the days i’ the year, I came to’t that day which our last king Hamlet overcame Fortinbras.

Ham. How long is that since?

First Clo. Cannot you tell that? every fool can tell that: it was the very day that young Hamlet was born; he that is mad, and sent into England.

Ham. What, marry, why was he sent into England?

First Clo. Why, because he was mad: he shall recover his wits there; or, if he do not, it’s no great matter there.

Ham. Why?

First Clo. ’T will not be seen in him there; there the men are as mad as he.

Ham. How came he mad?

First Clo. Very strangely, they say.

Ham. How strangely?

First Clo. Faith, e’en with losing his wits.

Ham. Upon what ground?

Ham. How long will a man lie? the earth ere he

First Clo. I faith, if he be not rotten before he die — as we have many pocky corses now-a-days, that will scarce hold the laying in — he will last you some eight year or nine year: a tanner will last you nine year.

Ham. Why be he more than another?

First Clo. Why, sir, his hide is so tanned with his trade, that he will keep out water a great while; and your water is a sore decayer of your whorson dead body. Here’s a skull now; this skull has lain in the earth three and twenty years.

Ham. Whose was it?

First Clo. A whorson mad fellow’s it was: whose do you think it was?

Ham. Nay, I know not.

First Clo. A pestilence on him for a mad rogue! a’ poured a flagon of Rhenish on my head once. This same skull, sir, was Yorick’s skull, the king’s jester.

Ham. This?

First Clo. E’en that.

Ham. Let me see. [ Takes the skull.] Alas, poor Yorick! I knew him, Horatio: a fellow of infinite jest, of most excellent fancy: he hath borne me on his back a thousand times; and now, how abhorred in my imagination it is! my gorge rises at it. Here hung those lips that I have kiss’d I know not how oft. Where be your gibes now? your gambols? your songs? your flashes of merriment, that were wont to set the table on a roar! Not one now, to mock your own grinning? quite chap-fallen? Now get you to my lady’s chamber, and tell her, let her paint an inch thick, to this favour she must come; make her laugh at that. Printhee, Horatio, tell me one thing.

Hor. What’s that, my lord?

Ham. Dost thou think Alexander look’d o’ this fashion? the earth?

Hor. E’en so.

Ham. And smelt so? pah!

[ Puts down the skull.

Hor. E’en so, my lord.

Ham. To what base uses we may return, Horatio! Why may not imagination trace the noble dust of Alexander, till he find it stopping a bung-hole?

Hor. T were to consider too curiously, to consider so.

Ham. No, faith, not a jot; but to follow him nearer with modesty enough, and likelihood to lead it: as thus: Alexander died, Alexander was buried, Alexander returneth into dust; the dust is earth; of earth we make loam; and why of that loam, whereeto he was converted, might they not stop a beer-barrel?

Imperial Caesar, dead and turn’d to clay, Might stop a hole to keep the wind away: O, that earth, which kept the world in awe, Should patch a wall to expel the winter’s flaw! But soft! but soft! aside: here comes the king.

Enter Priests, &c., in procession; the Corpse of Ophelia, Laerents and Mourners following; King, Queen, their train, &c.

The queen, the courtiers: who is this they follow? And with such maimed rites? This doth betoken The corse they follow did with desperate hand Forsoo his own life: ’t was of some estate. Couch we awhile, and mark.

[ Retiring with Horatio.

Laei. What ceremony else?

Ham. That is Laerets, A very noble youth: mark.

Laei. What ceremony else? [larged

First Priest. Why, these sequences have been as far en- As we have warrantise: her death was mostful; And, but that great command o’ersways the order, 691
ACT V.

HAMLET.

She should in ground unsanctified have lodged
Till the last trumpet; for charitable prayers,
Shards, flints and pebbles should be thrown on her:
Yet here she is allow'd her virgin crants,
Her maiden strewments and the bringing home
Of bell and burial.

Laert. 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.

Laer. Lay her i' the earth:
And from her fair and unpolluted flesh
May violets spring! I tell thee, churlish priest,
A ministering angel shall my sister be,
When thou liest howling.

Ham. What, the fair Ophelia!

Queen. Sweet's the sweet: farewell!

[Scattering flowers.
I hoped thou shouldst have been my Hamlet's wife;
I thought thy bride-bed to have deck'd, sweet maid,
And not have strew'd thy grave.

Laer. O, treble woe
Fall ten times treble on that cursed head,
Whose wicked deed thy most ingenious sense
Deprived thee of! Hold off! Hold off! such awhile,
Till I have caught her once more in mine arms:
[Leaps into the grave.

Now pile your dust upon the quick and dead,
Till of this flat a mountain you have made,
To overtop old Pelion, or the skysky head
Of blue Olympus.

Ham. [Advancing] What is he whose grief
Bears such an emphasis? whose phrase of sorrow
Conjures the wandering stars, and makes them stand
Like wonder-wounded hearers? This is I,
Hamlet the Dane.

Laer. The devil take thy soul!

[Grappling with him.

Ham. Thou pray'st not well.

I prithee, take thy fingers from my throat;
For, though I am not splenitive and rash,
Yet have I something in me dangerous,
Which let thy wiseness fear: hold off thy hand.

Queen. Pluck them asunder.

Hamlet, Hamlet! All. Gentlemen,—

Hor. [The Attendants part them, and they come out of the grave.

Ham. Why, I will fight with him upon this theme
Until my eyelids will no longer wag.

Queen. O my son, what theme?

Ham. I loved Ophelia: forty thousand brothers
Could not, with all their quantity of love,
Make up my sum. What wilt thou do for her?

King. O, he is mad, Laertes.

Ham. For love of God, forbear him.

Queen. Swounds, show me what thou 'lt do:
Woo 't weep? woo 't fight? woo 't fast? woo 't tear
Woo 't drink up eisel? eat a crocodile? [thysel?]
I'll do 't. Dest thou come here to whine?

Laer. To outface me with leaping in her grave?
Be buried quick with her, and so will I.
And, if thou prate of mountains, let them throw
Millions of acres on us, till our ground,
Singeing his pate against the burning zone,
Make Ossa like a wart! Nay, an thou 'lt mouth,
I'll rant as well as thou.

Queen. This is mere madness:
And thus awhile the fit will work on him;
Anon, as patient as the female dove,
When that her golden couplets are disclosed,
His silence will sit drooping.

Ham. Hear you, sir; what is the reason that you use me thus? I loved you ever: but it is no matter;

Let Hercules himself do what he may,
The cat will mew and dog will have his day. [Exit.

King. I pray you, good Horatio, wait upon him.

[Exit Horatio.

[To Laertes] Strengthen your patience in our last night's speech;
We'll put the matter to the present push.
Good Gertrude, set some watch over your son.
This grave shall have a living monument:
An hour of quiet shortly shall we see;
Till then, in patience our proceeding be. [Exeunt.

SCENE II. — A hall in the castle.

Enter Hamlet and Horatio.

Ham. So much for this, sir: now shall you see the other;
You do remember all the circumstance? Hor. Remember it, my lord! Ham. Sir, in my heart there was a kind of fighting,
That would not let me sleep: methought I lay
 Worse than the mutines in the bilboes. Rashly,
And praised be rashness for it, let us know,
Our indiscretion sometimes serves us well,
When our deep plots do pall: and that should teach
There's a divinity that shapes our ends,
[us Rough-lew them how we will. — Hor. That is most certain.

Ham. Up from my cabin,
My sea-gown scar'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, Horatio,—
O royal knavery! — an exact command,
Larded with many several sorts of reasons
Importing Denmark's health and England's too,
With, lo! such bugs and goblins in my way,
That, on the supervise, no leisure bated,
No, not to stay the grinding of the axe,
My head should be struck off.

Hor. Is't possible?

Ham. Here's the commission: read it at more leisure.

But wilt thou hear me how I did proceed?

Hor. I beseech you.

Ham. Being thus be-netted round with villainies,
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 statists do,
A baseness to write fair and labour'd much
How to forget that learning, but, sir, now
It did me yeoman's service: wilt thou know
The effect of what I wrote?

Hor. Ay, good my lord.

Ham. An earnest conjuration from the king,
As England was his faithful tributary,
As love between them like the palm might flourish,
As peace should still her wheaten garland wear
And stand a comma 'tween their amities,
And many such-like As'es of great charge,
That, on the view and knowing of these contents,
Without debeatment further, more or less,
He should the bearers put to sudden death,
Not shriving-time allow'd.

Hor. How was this seal'd?

Ham. Why, even in that was heaven ordinat.
I had more father's sins in me unfil'd
Which was the model of that Danish seal;
Folded the writ up in form of the other,
Subscribed it, gave 't the impression, placed it safely
The changeling never known. Now, the next day
Was our sea-fight; and what to this was sequent
Thou know'st already.

Hor. So Guildenstern and Rosencrantz go to 't.
ACT V. HAMLET. SCENE II.

Ham. Why, man, they did make love to this employment;
They are not near my conscience; their defeat
Does by their own insinuation grow:
'Tis dangerous when the baser nature comes
Between the pass and fell incensed points
Of mighty opposites.

Hor. Why, what a king is this!

Ham. Does it not, thinks 'tis thee, stand me now
He that hath kill'd my king and whored my mother,
Pop'd in between the election and my hopes,
Thrown out his angle for my proper life,
And with such cozenage—is 't not perfect conscience,
To quit him with this arm? and is 't not to be damn'd,
To let this canker of our nature come
In full triumph—[land

Hor. It must be shortly known to him from Eng-
What is the issue of the business there.

Ham. It will be short: the interim is mine;
And a man's life's no more than to say 'One.'
But I am very sorry, good Horatio,
That I am but unblest; and I am sure,
For, by the image of my case, I see
The portraiture of his: 'twill court his favours:
But, sure, the bravery of his grief did put me
Into a towering passion.

Hor. Peace! who comes here?

Enter Osric.

Osr. Your lordship is right welcome back to Denmark.

Ham. I humbly thank you, sir. Dost know this water-fly?

Hor. 'By my good lord.

Ham. Thy state is the more gracious: for 'tis a
vice to know him. He hath much land, and fertile;
let a beast be lord of beasts, and his crib shall stand at
the king's mess: 'tis a chough; but, as I say,
spacious in the possession of dirt.

Osr. Sweet lord, if your lordship were at leisure,
I should impart a thing to you from his majesty.

Ham. I will receive it, sir, with all diligence of spirit.
Put your bonnet to his right use; 'tis for the head.

Osr. I thank your lordship, it is very hot.

Ham. No, believe me, 'tis very cold; the wind is
northerly.

Osr. It is indifferent cold, my lord, indeed.

Ham. But yet methinks it is very sultry and hot
for my complexion.

Osr. Exceedingly, my lord: it is very sultry,—as
'twere,—I cannot tell how. But, my lord, his majes-
ty 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;
beth to Laertes I forgot myself; full of most ex-
cellent differences, of very soft society and great
showing: indeed, to speak feelingly of him, he is
the card or calendar of gentry, for you shall find in
him the continent of what part a gentleman would
see.

Ham. Sir, his deification suffers no perdition in
you; though, I know, to divide him inventorially
would dizzy the arithmetic of memory, and yet but
yaw neither, in respect of his quick sail. But,
in the verity of extolment, I take him to be a soul of
great article; and his infusion of such dearth and
rareness, as, to make true diction of him, his sem-
blance is his mirror; and who else would trace him,
his umbrage, nothing more.

Osr. Your lordship speaks most infallibly of him.

Ham. The concernacy, sir? why do we wrap the
gentleman in our more rawer breath?

Osr. Sir?

Hor. Is 't not possible to understand in another
tongue? You will do 't, sir, really.

Ham. What imports the nomination of this gentle-
man?

Osr. Of Laertes?

Hor. His purse is empty already; all's golden
words are spent.

Ham. Of him, sir.

Osr. I know ye are not ignorant—

Ham. I would you did, sir; yet, in faith, if you
did, it would not much approve me. Well, sir?

Osr. You are not ignorant of what excellence
Laertes is—

Ham. I dare not confess that, lest I should com-
pare with him in excellence; but, to know a man
well, were to know himself.

Osr. I mean, sir, for his weapon; but in the im-
putation laid on him by them, in his meed he's un-
fellowed.

Ham. What's his weapon?

Osr. Rapier and dagger.

Ham. That's two of his weapons: but, well.

Osr. The king, sir, hath wagered with him six
Barbary horses: against the which he has imponed,
as I take it, six French rapiers and poniards, with
their assigns, as girdle, hangers, and so: three of
the carriages, in faith, are very dear to fancy, very
respective to the hills, most delicate carriages, and
of very liberal conceit.

Ham. What call you the carriages?

Hor. I knew you must be edified by the margen
er 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
'imponed,' as you call it?

Osr. The king, sir, hath laid, that in a dozen
passes between yourself and him, he shall not ex-
ceed you three hits: he hath laid on twelve for
nine; and it would come to immediate trial, if
your lordship would vouchsafe the answer.

Ham. How if I answer 'no'?

Osr. I mean, my lord, the opposition of your per-
son in trial.

Ham. Sir, I will walk here in the hall: if it please
his majesty, 'tis the breathing time of day with
me; let the foils be brought, the gentleman willing,
and the king hold his purpose, I will win for him
as 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 Osric.] He does well
to commend it himself; there are no tongues else
for 't turn.

Hor. This lapwing runs away with the shell on
his head.

Ham. He did comply with his dog, before he
sucked it. Thus has he—and many more of the
same bevy that I know the drossy age doates on—
only got the tune of the time and outward habit of
encounter; a kind of vesty collection, which car-
ries them through and through the most fond
and winnowed opinions; and do but blow them to
their trial, the bubbles are out.

Enter a Lord.

Lord. My lord, his majesty commanded him to
you by young Osric, who brings back to him, that
you attend him in the hall: he sends to know if
your pleasure hold to play with Laertes, or that you will take longer time.

Ham. I am constant to my purposes, they follow
the king's pleasure: if his fitness speaks, mine is ready; now or whencesoever, provided I be so able as now.

Lord. The king and queen and all are coming
Ham. In happy time. [down.

Lord. The queen desires you to use some gentle entertainment to Laertes before you fall to play.

Ham. She well instructs me. [Exit Lord.

Hor. You will lose this wager, my lord.

Ham. I do not think so: since he went into France, I have been in continual practice; I shall win at the odds. But thou wouldest not think how ill all's here about my heart: but it is no matter.

Hor. Nay, good my lord,—

Ham. It is but foolery; but it is such a kind of gain-giving, as would perhaps trouble a woman.

Hor. If your mind dislike any thing, obey it: I will forestal their repair hither, and say you are not fit.

Ham. Not a whit, we defy any thing: there's a special providence in the fall of a sparrow. If it be now, 'tis not to come; if it be not to come, it will be now; if it be not now, yet it will come: the readiness is all: since no man has aught of what he leaves, what's 't to leave betimes?

Enter King, Queen, Laertes, Lords, Osric, and Attendants with foils, &c.

King. Come, Hamlet, come, and take this hand from me.

[The King puts Laertes' hand into Hamlet's.

Ham. Give me your pardon, sir: I've done you But pardon 't, as you are a gentleman. [wrong; This presence knows. And you must needs have heard, how I am punish'd With sore distraction. What I have done, That might your nature, honour and exception Roughly awake, I here proclaim was madness. Was't Hamlet wrong'd Laertes? Never Hamlet: If Hamlet from himself be ta'en away, And when he's not himself does wrong Laertes, Then Hamlet does it not, Hamlet denies it. Who does it, then? His madness: if 't be so, Hamlet is of the faction that is wrong'd; His madness is poor Hamlet's enemy. Sir, in this business let my declaring from a presumed evil Free me so far in your most generous thoughts, That I have shot mine arrow o'er the house, And hurt my brother.

Laer. I am satisfied in nature, Whose motive, in this case, should stir me most To my revenge: but in my terms of honour I stand aloof; and will no reconcilement, Till by some elder masters, of known honour, I have a voice and precedent of peace, To keep my name ungored. But till that time, I do receive your offer'd love like love, And will not wrong it.

Ham. I embrace it freely; And will this brother's wager frankly play. Give us the foils. Come on.

Laer. Come, one for me.

Ham. I'll be your foil, Laertes: in mine igno-

rance Your skill shall, like a star! the darkest night, Stick fiery off indeed.

Laer. You mock me, sir.

Ham. Give them the foils, young Osric. Cousin Hamlet, You know the wager?

Ham. Very well, my lord; Your grace hath laid the odds o' the weaker side.
ACT V.

HAMLET.

SCENE II.

Ham. The point!—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
Drink off this potion. Is thy union here?  [Dane,
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 mute 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 liest; report me and my cause aright
To the unsatisfied.

Hor. Never believe it:
I am more an antique Roman than a Dane:
Here’s some liquor left.

Ham. As thou ’rt a man,
Give me the cup: let go; by heaven, I’ll have it.
O good Horatio, what a wounded name,
Things standing thus unknown, shall live behind
If thou didst ever hold me in thy heart,
[Am!
Absence thee from felicity awhile,
And in this harsh world draw thy breath in pain,
To tell my story.  [March after off, and shot within.

What warlike noise is this?

Osr. Young Fortinbras, with conquest come from
To the ambassadors of England gives [Poland,
This warlike volley.

Ham. O, I die, Horatio;
The potent poison quite o’er-crowns my spirit:
I cannot live to hear the news from England;
But I do prophesy the election lights
On Fortinbras: he has my dying voice;
So tell him, with the occurrences, more and less,
Which have solicited.  The rest is silence.  [Dies.

Hor. Now cracks a noble heart.  Good night,
sweet prince;
And flights of angels sing thee to thy rest!
Why does the drum come hither?  [March within.

Enter Fortinbras, the English Ambassadors,
and others.

Fort. Where is this sight?

Hor. What is it ye would see?
If aught of woe or wonder, cease your search.

Fort. This quarry cries on havoc.  O proud death,
What feast is toward in thine eternal cell,
That thou so many princes at a shot
So bloodily hast struck?

Hor. Not from his mouth,
Had it the ability of life to thank you:
He never gave commandment for their death.
But since, so jump upon this bloody question,
You from the Polack wars, and you from England,
Are here arrived, give order that these bodies
High on a stage be placed to the view;
And let me speak to the yet unknowing world
How these things came about: so shall you hear
Of carnal, bloody, and unnatural acts,
Of accidental judgments, casual slaughters,
Of deaths put on by cunning and forced cause,
And, in this upshot, purposes mistook
Fall’n on the inventors’ heads: all this can I
Truly deliver.

Fort. Let us haste to hear it,
And call the noblest to the audience.
For me, with sorrow I embrace my fortune:
I have some rights of memory in this kingdom,
Which now to claim my vantage doth invite me.

Hor. Of that I shall have also cause to speak,
And from his mouth whose voice will draw on
more:
But let this same be presently perform’d,
Even while men’s minds are wild; lest more mis-
chance,
On plots and errors, happen.

Fort. Let four captains
Bear Hamlet, like a soldier, to the stage;
For he was likely, had he been put on,
To have proved most royally: and, for his passage,
The soldiers’ music and the rites of war
Speak loudly for him.

Take up the bodies: such a sight as this
Becomes the field, but here shows much amiss.
Go, bid the soldiers shoot.

[A dead march. Exeunt, bearing off the dead
bodies; after which a peel of ordinance is
shot off.

Hamlet.—Alas, poor Yorick!  [Takes the skull.] I knew him, Horatio:
a fellow of infinite jest, of most excellent fancy.—ACT V., Scene i.
KING LEAR.

DRAMATIS PERSONAE.

Lear, King of Britain.
—Oswald, steward to Goneril.
King of France.
—A Captain employed by Edmund.
Duke of Burgundy.
—Goneril, Gentleman attendant on Cordelia.
Duke of Cornwall.
A Herald.
Earl of Kent.
Servants to Cornwall.
Earl of Gloucester.
—Regan, daughters to Lear.
Edgar, son to Gloucester.
Cordelia.
Edmund, bastard son to Gloucester.
Knights of Lear's train, Captains, Messengers, Soldiers, and Attendants.
Curan, a courtier.
Doctor.
Old Man, tenant to Gloucester.
Fool.

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

SCENE I.—King Lear's palace.

Enter Kent, Gloucester, and Edmund.

Kent. I thought the king had more affected the Duke of Albany than Cornwall.

Glov. It did always seem so to us: but now, in the division of the kingdom, it appears not which of the dukes he values most; for equalities are so weighed, that curiosity in neither can make choice of either's moiety.

Kent. Is not this your son, my lord?

Glov. His breeding, sir, hath been at my charge: I have so often blushed to acknowledge him, that now I am brazen to it.

Kent. I cannot conceive you.

Glov. Sir, this young fellow's mother could: whereupon she grew round-wombed, and had, indeed, sir, a son for her cradle ere she had a husband for her bed. Do you smell a fault?

Kent. I cannot wish the fault undone, the issue of it being so proper.

Glov. But I have, sir, a son by order of law, some year elder than this, who yet is no dearer in my account: though this knave came something sanctly into the world before he was sent for, yet was his mother fair; there was good sport at his making, and the whoreson must be acknowledged. Do you know this noble gentleman, Edmund?

Edm. No, my lord.

Glov. My lord of Kent: remember him hereafter as my honourable friend.

Edm. My services to your lordship.

Kent. I must love you, and sue to know you better.

Edm. Sir, I shall study deserving.

Glov. He hath been out nine years, and away he shall again. The king is coming.

Senet. Enter King Lear, Cornwall, Albany, Goneril, Regan, Cordelia, and Attendants.

Lear. Attend the lords of France and Burgundy, Glos. I shall, my liege. [Gloucester.]

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 shackle all cares and business from our age; Conferring them on younger strengths, while we Unburthen'd crawl toward death. Our son of Corn- And you, our no less loving son of Albany, [wall, We have this hour a constant will to publish Our daughters' several dowers, that future strive May be prevented now. The princes, France and Burgundy, Great rivals in our youngest daughter's love, Long in our court have made their amorous sojourn, And here are to be answer'd. Tell me, my daugh- Since now we will divest us, both of rule, [ters,- Interest of territory, cares of state,— Which of you shall we say doth love us most? That we our largest bounty may extend Where nature doth with merit challenge. Goneril, Our eldest-born, speak first.

Gon. Sir, I love you more than words can wield the matter; Dearer than eye-sight, space, and liberty; Beyond what can be valued, rich or rare; No less than life, with grace, health, beauty, honour; As much as child e'er loved, or father found; A love that makes breath poor, and speech unable; Beyond all manner of so much I love you. Cor. [Aside] What shall Cordelia do? Love, and be silent. [this, Lear. Of all these bounds, even from this line to With shadowy forests and with champains rich'd, With plenteous rivers and wide-skirted meads, We make thee lady: to thine and Albany's issue Be this perpetual. What says our second daughter, Our dearest Regan, wife to Cornwall? Speak. Reg. Sir, I am made Of the self-same metal that my sister is, And prize me at her worth. In my true heart I find she names my very deed of love: Only she comes too short: that I profess Myself an enemy to all other joys, Which the most precious square of sense possesses And find I am alone felicitate In your dear highness' love.
Cor. [Aside] Then poor Cordelia! And yet not so; since, I am sure, my love's more rich than my tongue.

Lear. Do thee and thine hereditary ever remain this ample third of our fair kingdom; no less in space, validity, and pleasure, than that confer'd on Goneril. Now, our joy, although the last, not least, to whose young love the vines of France and milk of Burgundy strive to allot, and what can you say to draw a third more opulent than your sisters? Speak.

Cor. Nothing, my lord.


Lear. How, how, Cordelia! mends your speech a little. Good my lord, you have begot me, bred me, loved me: I return those duties back as are right fit, obey you, love you, and most honour you. Return my sisters husbands, if they say they love you all? Haply, when I shall wed, that lord whose hand must take my plighted heart, carry half my love with him, half my care and duty: sure, he never married like my sisters, to love my father all.

Lear. But goes thy heart with this? Cor. Ay, good my lord.

Lear. So young, and so untender?

Cor. So young, my lord, and true.

Lear. Let it be so; thy truth, then, be thy dower: for, by the sacred radiance of the sun, the mysteries of Hecate, and the night; by all the operation of the orbs from whom we do exist, and cease to be; here I disclaim all my paternal care, propinquity and property of blood, and as a stranger to my heart and me, [Seythian, hold thee, from this, for ever. The barbarous or he that makes his generation meshes to gorge his appetite, shall to my bosom be as well neighbour'd, pitied, and relieved, as thou my sometime daughter.

Kent. Peace, Kent! Come not between the dragon and his wrath. I loved her most, and thought to set my rest on her kind nursey. Hence, and avoid my sight! So be my grave my peace, as here I give [sirs? Hb. father's heart from her! Call France; who call Burgundy. Cornwall and Albany, with my two daughters' dowers digest this third: Let pride, which she calls plainness, marry her. I do invest you jointly with my power, pre-eminence, and all the large effects [course, this troop with majesty. Ourselves, by monthly with a reservation of an hundred knights, by you to be sustain'd, shall our abode make with you by due turns. Only we still retain the name, and all the additions to a king; the sway, revenue, execution of the rest, beloved sons, be yours: which to confirm, this crown part betwixt you. [Giving the crown. Kent. Royal Lear, whom I have ever honour'd as my king, loved as my father, as my master follow'd, as my great patron thought on in my prayers,—

Lear. The bow is bent and drawn, make from the Kent. Let it fall rather, though the fork invade the region of my heart: be Kent unmann' r, when Lear is mad. What will thou do, old man? Think'st thou that duty shall have dread to speak, when power to flattery bows? To plainness honour's bound, when majesty falls to folly. Reverse thy doom; and, in thy best consideration, check [sight, this hideous rashness: answer my life my judgment. Thy youngest daughter does not love thee least; nor are those empty-hearted whose low sound reverbs no holiness.

Lear. Kent. On thy life, no more. Lear. Kent. My life I never held but as a pawn to wage against thine enemies; nor fear to lose it, thy safety being the motive. Lear. Kent. See better, Lear; and let me still remain the true blank of thine eye.

Lear. Now, by Apollo,—Now, by Apollo, king, thou swear'st thy gods in vain.

Lear. O, vassal! miscreant! [Laying his hand on his sword.

Alb. Dear sir, forbear.

Corn. Dear sir, do.

Kent. Kill thy physician, and the fee bestow upon thy foul disease. Revoke thy doom; or, whilst I can vent clamour from my throat, I'll tell thee thou dost evil.

Lear. Hear me, recreant! of thine allegiance, hear me! Since thou hast sought to make us break our vow, which we durst never yet, and with strain'd pride to come between our sentence and our power, which nor our nature nor our place can bear, our potency made good, take thy reward. Five days we do allot thee, for provision; to shield thee from diseases of the world; and on the sixth to turn thy hated back upon our kingdom: if, on the tenth day following, thy banish'd trunk be found in our dominions, the moment is thy death. Away! by Jupiter, this shall not be revoked.

[appear.] Kent. Fare thee well, king: thus shall thou wilt. Freedom lives hence, and banishment is here.

[To Cordelia] The gods to their dear shelter take thee, maid, that justly think'st, and hast most rightly said! [To Regan and Goneril] And your large speeches may your deeds approve. That good effects may spring from words of love. Thus Kent, O princes, bids you all adieu; he'll shape his old course in a country new. [Exit.

Flourish. Re-enter Gloucester, with France, Burgundy, and Attendants.

Glou. Here's France and Burgundy, my noble lord.

Lear. My lord of Burgundy, we first address towards you, who with this king Hath rival'd for our daughter: what, in the least, will you require in present dowry with her, or cease your quest of love?

Bur. Most royal majesty, I crave no more than hath your highness offer'd, nor will you tender less.

Lear. Right noble Burgundy, when she was dear to us, we did hold her so; but now her price is fall'n. Sir, there she stands: if out within that little seeming substance, or all of it, with our displeasure piece, and nothing more, may fitly like your grace, she's there, and she is yours.

Bur. I know no answer.

Lear. Will you, with those infirmities she owes, unbound, now adopted to our hate, youth, power'd with our curse, and stranger'd with our take her, or leave her?

Bur. Pardon me, royal sir; election makes not up on such conditions.
KING LEAR. SCENE II.

Lear. Then leave her, sir; for, by the power that made me, I tell you all her wealth. [To France] For you, France. Would not from your love make such a stray, To match you where I hate; therefore beseech you To avert your liking a more worthy way Than on a wretch whom nature is ashamed Almost to acknowledge hers. France. This is most strange, That she, that even but now was your best object, The argument of your praise, balm of your age: Most best, most dearest, should in this truce of time Commit a thing so monstrous, to dismantle So many folds of favour. Sure, her offence Must be of such unnatural degree, That monsters it, or your forethought'd affection Fall'n into taint; which to believe of her, Must be a faith that reason without miracle Could never plant in me.

Cor. I yet beseech your majesty,—If for I want that gilt and oily art, To speak and purpose not; since what I well intend, I'll do't before I speak,—that you make known It is no vicious blot, murder, or foulness, No unchaste action, or dishonest'd step, That hath deprived me of your grace and favour; But even for want of that for which I am richer, A still-soliciting eye, and such a tongue As I am glad I have not, though not to have it Hath lost me in your liking. Better thou [better]

France. Hadst not been born than not to have pleased me. 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 When it is mingled with regards that stand Aloof from the entire point. Will you have her? She is herself a dowry.

Bar. 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. Bar. I am sorry, then, you have so lost a father That you must lose a husband.

Cor. Peace be with Burgundy! Since that respects of fortune are his love, I shall be his wife.

France. Fairest Cordelia, that art most rich, being poor; Most choice, forsaken; and most loved, despised! Thee and thy virtues here I seiz upon: Be it lawful I take up what's cast away. [neglect Gods, gods! 'tis strange that from their cold'st My love should kindle to inlaid respect. Thy dowerless daughter, king, thrown to my chance, Is queen of us, of ours, and our fair France: Not all the dukes of waterish Burgundy Can buy this unprrized precious maid of me. Bid them farewell, Cordelia, though unkind: Thou hast lost, king, a better hope to find. [for we Lear. Thou hast her, France: let her be thine; 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, Goneral, Regan, and Cordelia. France. Bid farewell to your sisters.

Cor. The jewels of our father, with wash'd eyes Cordelia leaves you: I know you what you are; And like a sister am most loath to call 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 To be content your lord, who hath received you At fortune's alms. You have obedience scanted, And well are worth the want that you have wanted. Cor. Time shall unfold what plaited cunning hides: Who cover faults, at last shame them derides. Well may you prosper!

France. Come, my fair Cordelia. [Exeunt France and Cordelia.

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 moonshines 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? bastardly? base? base? Who, in the hustle 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.

[Putting up the letter.

Glou. Why so earnestly seek you to put up that Edm. I know no news, my lord.

[letter?}
KING LEAR. SCENE II.

ACT I.

Glo. What paper were you reading?  
Edm. Nothing, my lord.

Glo. No? What needed, then, that terrible dis-  
patch of it into your pocket? the quality of noth-  
ing has no such need to hide itself. Let's see,  
come, if it be nothing, I shall not need spectacles.  
Edm. I beseech you, sir, pardon me: it is a letter  
from my brother, that I have not all o'erread; and  
so for much as I have perused, I find it not fit for  
your o'er-looking.

Glo. Read me the letter, sir.

Edm. I shall offend, either to detain or give it.  
The contents, as in part I understand them, are to  
Glo. Let 's see, let 's see.

[blame.  
Edm. I hope, for my brother's justification, he  
wrote this but as an essay or taste of my virtue.  
Glo. [Reads] 'This policy and reverence of age  
makes the world bitter to the best of our times:  
keeps our fortunes from us till our oldness cannot  
relish them. I begin to find an idle and fond bond-  
age in the oppression of aged tyranny; who sways,  
not as it hath power, but as it is suffered. Come  
to me, that of this I may speak more. If our father  
were living, and I waked him, you should enjoy  
half his revenue for ever, and live the beloved of  
your brother,'  
Edgar.'  
Hum — conspiracy!—'Sleep till I waked him,—  
you should enjoy half his revenue,'— My son Edgar!  
Had he a hand to write this? a heart and brain to  
breathe it in? —When came this to you? who brought  
it?

Edm. It was not brought me, my lord; there's  
the cunning of it; I found it thrown in at the case-
ment of my closet.

Glo. You know the character to be your brother's?

Edm. If the matter were good, my lord, I durst  
swear it were his: but, in respect of that, I would  
faith think it were not.

Glo. It is his.

Edm. It is his hand, my lord; but I hope his  
heart is not in the contents.

Glo. Hath he never heretofore sounded you in  
this business?

Edm. Never, my lord: but I have heard him oft  
maintain it to be fit, that, sons at perfect age,  
and fathers declining, the father should be as ward  
unto the son, and the son manage his revenue.

Glo. O villain, villain! His very opinion in the  
heathen law, divisual: Unnatural, detestable,  
brutish villain! worse than brutish! Go, sirrah,  
seek him; I'll apprehend him: abominable villain!  
Where is he?

Edm. I do not well know, my lord. If it shall  
please you to suspend your indignation against my  
brother till you can derive from him better testi-
mony of his intent, you shall run a certain course:  
where, if you violently proceed against him, mis-
taking his purpose, it would make a great gap in  
your own honour, and shake in pieces the heart  
of your obedience. I dare pawn down my life for him,  
that he hath wrote this to feel my affection to your  
honour, and to no further pretence of danger.

Glo. Think you so?

Edm. If your honour judge it meet, I will place  
you where you shall hear us confer of this, and by  
an auricular assurance have your satisfaction; and  
that without any further delay than this very  
Glo. I shall not be such a monster — [evening.  
Edm. Nor is not, sure.

Glo. To his father, that so tenderly and entirely  
loves him. Heaven and earth! Edmund, seek him  
out; wind me into him, I pray you: frame the  
business after your own wisdom. I would unstate  
myself in a due resolution.  
Edm. I will seek him, sir, presently: convey the  
business as I shall find means, and acquaint you  
withal.

Glo. These late eclipses in the sun and moon por-
tend no good to us: though the wisdom of nature  
can reason it thus and thus, yet nature finds itself  
 scourged by the sequent effects: love cools, friend-
ship falls off, brothers divide: in cities, munities:  
in countries, discord; in palaces, treason; and the  
band cracked 'twixt son and father. This villain  
of mine comes under the prediction; there 's son  
against father: the king falls from bias of nature;  
there's father against child. We have seen the  
best of our time: machinations, hollowness, treach-
ery, and all ruinous disorders, follow us disquietly  
to our graves. Find out this villain, Edmund; it shall  
lose thee nothing; do it carefully. And the noble  
and true-hearted Kent banished! his offence, hon-
est! 'T is strange.

[Exit.  
Edm. This is the excellent folly of the world,  
that, when we are sick in fortune,—often the surfeit  
of our own behaviour,—we make guilty of our dis-
asters the sun, the moon, and the stars: as if we  
were villains by necessity; fools by heavenly com-
pulsion; knaves, thieves, and treachers, by spherical  
predominance; drunkards, liars, and adulterers, by  
an enforced obedience; of all the star's influence;  
and all that we are evil in, by a divine thrusting on:  
an admirable evasion of whoremaster man, to lay his  
goatish disposition to the charge of a star! My  
father compounded with my mother under the  
dragon's tail; and my nativity was under Ursa  
major; so that if it follows, I am rough and lech-
erous. Tut, I should have been that I am, had the  
maidenliest star in the firmament twinkled on my  
bastardizing. Edgar—

Enter Edgar.

and pat he comes like the catastrophe of the old  
comedy: my cue is villainous melancholy, with a  
sigh like Tom o' Bedlam. O, these eclipses do por-
tend these divisions! fa, sol, la, mi.

Edg. How now, brother Edmund! what serious  
contemplation are you in?

Edm. I am thinking, brother, of a prediction I  
read this other day, what should follow these  
eclipses.

Edg. Do you busy yourself about that?

Edm. I promise you, the effects he writes of succeed  
happily; as of unnaturalness between the child  
and the parent; death, dearth, dissolutions of ancient  
states; divisions; wars, rebellions; changes, and  
disorders against king and nobles; needless dif-
fidences, banishment of friends, dissipation of cohorts,  
martial breaches, and I know not what.

Edg. How long have you been a sectary astro-
nomical?

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  
continental 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  
ahead, go arm:—

Edg. Armed, brother!

Edm. Brother, I advise you to the best; go armed:
I am no honest man if there be any good meaning towards you: I have told you what I have seen and heard: but faintly, nothing like the image and horror of it: pray you, away.

Edg. Shall I bear from you anon? Edin. I do serve you in this business. [Exit Edgar. A cedulous father! and a brother noble, Whose nature is so far from doing harms, That he suspects none; on whose foolish honesty My practices ride easy! I see the business. Let me, if not by birth, have lands by wit: All with me 'tis meet that I can fashion fit. [Exit.}

SCENE III.—The Duke of Albany's palace.

Enter Gonéril, and Oswald, her steward.

Gon. Did my father strike my gentleman for chiding of his fool?

Osw. Yes, madam.

Gon. By day and night he wrongs me; every hour He flashes into one gross crime or other, That sets us all at odds: I'll not endure it: His knights grow riotous, and himself upbraids us On every occasion, every moment, And when he returns from hunting, I will not speak with him: say I am sick: If you come slack of former services, You shall do well; the fault of it I'll answer.

Osw. He's coming, madam; I hear him.

Gon. Put on what weary negligence you please, You and your fellows; I'll have it come to quest, If he dislike it, let him to our sister. [Tion: Whose mind and mine, I know, in that are one, Not to be over-ruled. Idle old man, That still would manage those authorities That he hath given away! Now, by my life, Old fools are babes again; and must be used With checks as flattery,—when they are seen Remember what I tell you. [abused.

Osw. Yes, madam. [Yet; Gon. And let his knights have colder looks; among What grows of it, no matter; advise your fellows so: I would breed from hence occasions, and I shall, That I may speak: I'll write straight to my sister, To hold my very course: Prepare for dinner. [Exeunt.

SCENE IV.—A hall in the same.

Enter Kent, disguised.

Kent. If but as well I other accents borrow, That can my speech define, 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 commend'd, So may it come, thy master, whom thou lovest, Shall find thee full of labours.

Horns within. Enter Lear, Knights, and Attendants.

Lear. Let me not stay a lot for dinner; go get it ready. [Exit an Attendant.] How now! what art thou? [thou.

Kent. A man, sir. [thou.

Lear. What dost thou profess? what wouldst thou with us?

Kent. I do profess to be no less than I seem; to serve him truly that will put me in trust; to love him that is honest; to converse with him that is wise, and says little; to fear judgment; to fight when I can do't; 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. Dost thou know me, fellow? Kent. No, sir; but you have that in your countenance which I would fain call master.

Lear. What's that? Kent. Authority. Lear. What services canst thou do? Kent. I can keep honest counsel, ride, run, mar a curious tale in telling it, and deliver a plain message bluntly: that which ordinary men are fit for, I am qualified in; and the best of me is diligence.

Lear. How old art thou? Kent. Not so young, sir, to love a woman for singing, nor so old to dote on her for any thing: I have years on my back forty eight.

Lear. Follow me; thou shalt serve me: if I like thee no worse after dinner, I will not part from thee yet. Dinner, ho, dinner! Where's my kneave? my fool? Go you, and call my fool hither. [Exit an Attendant.]

Enter Oswald.


Re-enter Knight.

How now! where's that mongrel? [well. Knight. He says, my lord, your daughter is not Lear. Why came not the slave back to me when I called him.

Knight. Sir, he answered me in the roundest manner, he would not.

Lear. He would not! Knight. My lord, I know not what the matter is; but, to my judgment, your highness is not entertained with that ceremonious affection as you were wont; there's a great abatement of kindness appears as well in the general dependants as in the duke himself also and your daughter.

Lear. Ha! sayest thou so? Knight. I beseech you, pardon me, my lord, if I be mistaken; for my duty cannot be silent when I think your highness wronged.

Lear. Thou but rememberest of mine own conception: I have perceived a most faint neglect of late; which I have rather blamed as mine own jealous curiosity than as a very pretence and purpose of unkindness: I will look further into 't. But where's my fool? I have not seen him this two days.

Knight. Since my young lady's going into France, sir, the fool hath much pined away.

Lear. No more of that; I have noted it well. Go you, and tell my daughter I would speak with her. [Exit an Attendant.] Go you, call hither my fool. [Exit an Attendant.]

Re-enter Oswald.


Lear. Do you bandy looks with me, you rascal? [Striking him. Osw. I'll not be struck, my lord. Kent. Nor tripped neither, you base foot-ball player. [Tripping up his heels. Lear. I thank thee, fellow; thou servest me, and I'll love thee. Kent. Come, sir, arise, away! I'll teach you different graces, away! If you will measure your lubber's length again, tarry: but away! go to; have you wisdom? so. [Pushes Oswald out.
ACT I.  

KING LEAR.  

SCENE IV.  

Lear. Now, my friendly knave, I thank thee: there's earnest of thy service. [Giving Kent money.]  

Enter Fool.  

Fool. Let me hire him too: here's my coxcomb. [Offering Kent his cap.]  

Lear. How now, my pretty knave! how dost thou?  

Fool. Sirrah, you were best take my coxcomb.  

Kent. Why, fool?  

Fool. Why, for taking one's part that's out of favour: may an thou canst not smile as the wind sits, thou 'lt catch cold shortly: there, take my coxcomb: why, this fellow has banished two on's daughters, and did the third a blessing against his will; if thou follow him, thou must needs wear my coxcomb. How now, nuncle! Would I had two coxcombs and two daughters!  

Lear. Why, my boy?  

Fool. If I gave them all my living, I'd keep my coxcombs myself. There's mine; beg another of thy daughters.  

Lear. Take heed, sirrah; the whip.  

Fool. Truth's a dog must to kennel; he must be whipped out. When Lady the brach may stand by the fire and stink.  

Lear. A pestilent gall to me!  

Fool. Sirrah, I'll teach thee a speech.  

Lear. Do.  

Fool. Mark it, nuncle:  

Have more than thou knowest,  

Speak less than thou knowest,  

Lend less than thou owest,  

Ride more than thou goest,  

Learn more than thou trowest,  

Set less than thou throwest:  

Leave thy drink and thy whore,  

And keep in-doors.  

And thou shalt have more  

Than two tens to a score.  

Kent. This is nothing, fool.  

Fool. Then 't is like the breath of an unfeels'd lawyer; you gave me nothing for 't. Can you make no use of nothing, nuncle?  

Lear. Why, no, boy; nothing can be made out of nothing.  

Fool. [To Kent] Prithée, tell him, so much the rest of his land comes to: he will not believe a fool.  

Lear. A bitter fool!  

Fool. Thou know the difference, my boy, betwixt a bitter fool and a sweet fool?  

Lear. No, lad; teach me.  

Fool. That lord that counsell'd thee  

To give away thy land,  

Come place him here by me,  

Do thou for him stand:  

The sweet and bitter fool  

Will presently appear;  

The one in motley here,  

The other found out there.  

Lear. Dost thou call me fool, boy?  

Fool. All thy other titles thou hast given away; that thou wast born with.  

Kent. This is not altogether fool, my lord.  

Fool. No, faith, lords and great men will not let me; if I had a monopoly out, they would have part upon 't; and ladies too, they will not let me have all fool to myself; they'll be snatching. Give me an egg, nuncle.  

Lear. What two crowns shall they be?  

Fool. Why, after I have cut the egg i' the middle, and eat up the meat, the two crowns of the egg.  

When thou clovest thy crown i' the middle, and gavest away both parts, thou borest thy ass on thy back o'er the dirt: thou hast little wit in thy bald crown, when thou gavest thy golden one away. If I speak like myself in this, let him be whipped that first finds it so.  

[Singing] Fools have ne'er less wit in a year;  

For wise men are grown foppish,  

They know not how their wits to wear,  

Their manners are so aispish.  

Lear. When were you wont to be so full of songs, sirrah?  

Fool. I have used it, nuncle, ever since thou madest thy daughters thy mothers: for when thou gavest them the rod, and put'st down thine own breeches,  

[Singing] Then they for sudden joy did weep,  

And I for sorrow sung,  

That such a king should play bo-peep,  

And go the fools among.  

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 daughters are: they'll have me whipped for speaking true, thou 'lt have me whipped for lying; and sometimes I am whipped for holding my peace. I had rather be any kind o' thing than a fool: and yet I would not be thee, nuncle; thou hast pined thy wit o' both sides, and left nothing i' the middle: here comes one o' the parings.  

Enter Goneril.  

Lear. How now, daughter! what makes that frontlet on? Methinks you are too much of late i' the crown.  

Fool. Thou 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 Gon.] 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  

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 you: for the redresses sleep,  

Which, in the tender of a wholesome weal,  

Might in their working do you that offence,  

Which else were shame, that then necessity  

Will call discreet proceeding.  

Fool. For, you trow, nuncle,  

The hedge-sparrow fed the cuckoo so long,  

That it's had it head bit off by it young.  

So, out went the candle, and we were left darkling.  

Lear. Are you our daughter?  

Gon. Come, sir,  

I would you would make use of that good wisdom,  

Whereof I know you are fraught; and put away  

These dispositions, that of late transform you  

From what you rightly are.  

Fool. May not an ass know when the cart draws the horse? Whoop, Jug! I love thee.  

Lear. Doth any here know me? This is not Lear;  

Doth Lear walk thus? speak thus? Where are his  

Either his not his had dang'd, his discourses [eyes]  

Are lethargied — Ha! waking? 'tis not so.  

Who is it that can tell me who I am?  

Fool. Lear's shadow.  

Lear. I would learn that; for, by the marks of sovereignty, knowledge, and reason, I should be false pernaded.  

Fool. Which they will make an obedient father.  

Lear. Your name, fair gentlewoman?  

Gon. This admiration, sir, is much o' the favour.
Of other your new pranks. I do beseech you
to understand my purposes aright:
As your 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 grace'd 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 disquittance your train;
And the remainder, that shall still depend,
To be such men as may besort your age,
And know themselves and you.

Enter Lear.

Lear. Darkness and devils!
Saddle my horses; call my train together.
Degenerate bastard! I'll not trouble thee:
Yet have I left a daughter.

Gon. You strike my people; and your disorder'd
Make servants of their better.

Enter Albany.

Lear. Woe, that too late repents.—[To Alb.] O, sir, are you come?
Is it your will? Speak, sir. Prepare my horses.
Ingratitude, thou marble-hearted fiend,
More hideous when thou show'st thee in a child
Than the sea-monster!

Alb. Pray, sir, be patient.
Lear. [To Gon.] Detested kite! thouliest:
My train are men of choice and rarest parts,
That all particulars of duty know,
And in the most exact regard support
The worship's of their name. O most small fault,
How ugly didst thou in Cordelia show!
That, like an engine, wrench'd my frame of nature
From the fix'd place; drew from my heart all love,
And added to the gall. O Lear, Lear, Lear!
Beat at this gate, that let thy folly in;
[Striking his head.
And thy dear judgment out! Go, go, my people.
Alb. My lord, I am guiltless, as I am ignorant
Of what hath moved you.

Lear. It may be so, my lord.
Hear, nature, hear; dear goddess, hear!
Suspend thy purpose, if thou didst intend
This creature to a fruitful habit,
Into her womb convey sterility!
Dry up in her the organs of increase;
And from her derogate body never spring
A babe to honour her! If she must teem,
Create her child of spleen; that it may live,
And be a thwart disnatur'd torment to her!
Let it stamp wrinkles in her brow of youth;
With cadent tears fret channels in her cheeks;
Turn all her mother's pains and benefits
To laughter and contempt; that she may feel
How sharper than a serpent's tooth it is
to have a thankless child! Away, away! [Exit.

Alb. Now, gods that we adore, whereof comes this?
Gon. Never afflic't 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! That thou hast power to shake my manhood thus;
That these hot tears, which break from me perforce,
Shall make thee worth them. Blasts and fogs upon
The untented woundings of a father's curse
Pierce every sense about thee! Old fond eyes,
Beweep this cause again, I'll pluck ye out,
And cast you, with the waters that you lose,
To temper clay. 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 nails
She'll flay thy wolvish visage. Thou shalt find
That I'll resume the shape which thou dost think
I have cast off for ever: thou shalt, I warrant thee.

[Exeunt Lear, Kent, and Attendants.

Gon. Do you mark that, my lord?
Alb. I cannot be so partial, Goneril,
To the great love I bear you.—

Gon. Pray you, content. What, Oswald, ho!
[To the Fool] You, sir, more knave than fool, after
your master.

Fool. Nuncle Lear, nuncle Lear, tarry and take
the fool with thee.
A fox, when one has caught her,
And such a daughter,
Should sure to the slaughter,
If my cap would buy a haller:
So the fool follows after. [Exit.

Gon. This man hath had good counsel:— a hun-
dred knights!
'Tis politic and safe to let him keep [dream,
At point a hundred knights: yes, that, on every
Each bane, each fancie, such complaint, dislike,
He may enguard his dotage with their powers,
And hold our lives in mercy. Oswald, I say!

Alb. Well, you may fear too far.

Gon. Safer than trust too far:
Let me still take away the harms I fear,
Not fear still to be taken: I know his heart.
What he hath utter'd I have writ my sister:
If she sustain him and his hundred knights,
When I have show'd the unfitness,—

Re-enter Oswald.

Osw. How now, Oswald! What, have you writ that letter to my sister?
Osw. Yes, madam.

Gon. Take you some company, and away to horse:
Inform her full of my particular fear;
And thereto add such reasons of your own
As may compact it more. Get you gone;
And hasten to your return. [Exit Oswald.] No, no,
my lord.

This milky gentleness and course of yours
Though I condemn not, yet, under pardon,
You are much more atta'sd for want of wisdom
Than praised for harmful mildness.

Alb. How far your eyes may pierce I cannot tell:
Striving to better, oft, we mar what's well.

Gon. Nay, then—
Alb. Well, well; the event. [Exit.

SCENE V. — Court before the same.

Enter Lear, Kent, and Fool.

Lear. Go you before to Gloucester with these letters.
Acquaint my daughter no further with any thing
you know than comes from her demand out
of the letter. If your diligence be not speedy,
I shall be there afore you.

Kent. I will not sleep, my lord, till I have deliv-
ered your letter. [Exit.

Fool. If a man's brains were in 's heels, were't
not in danger of kibes?

Lear. Ay, boy.

Fool. Then, I prithee, be merry; thy wit shall
ne'er go slip-shod.

Lear. Ha, ha, ha!

Fool. Shalt see thy other daughter will use thee
kindly; for though she's as like this as a crab's
like an apple, yet I can tell what I can tell.
ACT II.

KING LEAR

SCENE I.

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 no 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! This weaves itself perforce into my business. [best! My father hath set guard to take my brother; And I have one thing, of a queasy question, Which I must act: briefness and fortune, work! Brother, a word; descend: brother, I say!

Enter Edgar.

My father watches: O sir, fly this place; Intelligence is given where you are hid; You have now the good advantage of the night: Have you not spoken 'gainst the Duke of Cornwall? He's coming hither; now, 'tis the night, 'tis the haste, And Regan with him; have you nothing said Upon his party 'gainst the Duke of Albany? Advise yourself.

Edg. I am sure on 't, not a word.

Edm. I hear my father coming; pardon me; In cunning I must draw my sword upon you: Draw; seem to defend yourself; now quit you well. Yield: come before my father. Light, ho, here! Fly, brother. Torches, torches! So, farewell.

[Exit Edgar.]

Some blood drawn on me would beget opinion

[Wounds his arm.]

Of my more fierce endeavour: I have seen drunkards Do more than this in sport. Father, father! Stop, stop! No help?

Enter Gloucester, and Servants with torches.

Glou. Now, Edmund, where 's the villain? [out, Edm. Here stood he in the dark, his sharp sword Mumbling of wicked charms, conjuring the moon To stand auspicious mistress,—

Glou. But where is he?

Fool. Yes, indeed: thou wouldst make a good fool.

Lear. To take 't again perforce! Monster ingratitude!

Fool. If thou wert my fool, nuncle, I 'ld have thee beaten for being old before thy time.

Lear. How 's that?

Fool. Thou shouldst not have been old till thou hadst been wise.

Lear. O, let me not be mad, not mad, sweet heaven! Keep me in temper: I would not be mad!

Enter Gentleman.

How now! are the horses ready?

Gent. Ready, my lord.

Lear. Come, boy. [departure, Fool. She that 's a maid now, and laughs at my Shall not be a maid long, unless things be cut shorter.]

[Exeunt.

ACT II.

SCENE I.—The Earl of Gloucester's castle.

Enter Edmund, and Curan 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 no 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.]

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Edm. I hear my father coming; pardon me; In cunning I must draw my sword upon you: Draw; seem to defend yourself; now quit you well. Yield: come before my father. Light, ho, here! Fly, brother. Torches, torches! So, farewell.

[Exit Edgar.]

Some blood drawn on me would beget opinion

[Wounds his arm.]

Of my more fierce endeavour: I have seen drunkards Do more than this in sport. Father, father! Stop, stop! No help?

Enter Gloucester, and Servants with torches.

Glou. Now, Edmund, where 's the villain? [out, Edm. Here stood he in the dark, his sharp sword Mumbling of wicked charms, conjuring the moon To stand auspicious mistress,—

Glou. But where is he?
Enter Cornwall, Regan, and Attendants.

Corn. How now, my noble friend! since I came hither,
Which I can call but now, I have heard strange news.
Reg. If it be true, all vengeance comes too short
Which can pursue the offender. How dost, my lord?
Glou. O, madam, my old heart is crack'd! it's crack'd!
Reg. What did my father's godson seek your life?
He whom my father named? your Edgar?
Glou. O, lady, lady, shame would have it hid!
Reg. Was he not companion with the riotous
That tend upon my father? [kneels
Glou. I know not, madam: 't is too bad, too bad.
Edm. Yes, madam, he was of that consort.
Reg. No marvel, then, though he were ill affected:
'T is they have put him on the old man's death,
To have the expense and waste of his revenues.
I have this present evening from my sister
Been well inform'd of them; and with such caution,
That if they come to sojourn at my house,
I'll not be there.

Nor I, assure thee, Regan.

Edmund, I hear that you have shown your father
A child-like office.

Edm. 'Twas my duty, sir.

Glou. He did bewray his practice; and received
This hurt you see, striving to apprehend him.

Corn. Is he pursued?

Glou. Ay, my good lord.

Corn. If he be taken, he shall never more
Be fear'd of doing harm: make your own purpose,
How in my strength you please. For you, Edmund,
Whose virtue and obedience doth this instant
So much commend itself, you shall be ours:
Natures of such deep trust we shall much need;
You we first seize on.

Edm. I shall serve you, sir,
Truly, however else.

Glou. For him I thank your grace.

Corn. You know not why we came to visit you,—
Reg. Thus out of season, threading dark-eyed night:
Occasions, noble Gloucester, of some poise,
Wherein we must have use of your advice:
Our father he hath writ, so hath our sister,
Of differences, which I best thought it fit
To answer from our house; the several messengers
From hence attend dispatch. Our good old friend
Lay comforts to your bosom; and bestow
Your needful counsel to our business,
Which craves the instant use.

Glou. I serve you, madam:
Your graces are right welcome. [Exit.

SCENE II. — Before Gloucester's castle.

Enter Kent and Oswald, severally.

Osw. Good dawning to thee, friend: art of this house?

Kent. Ay.

Osw. Where may we set our horses?

Kent. I' th' mire.

Osw. Prithee, if thou lovrest me, tell me.

Kent. I love thee not.

Osw. Why, then, I care not for thee.

Kent. If I had thee in Lispersbill pinfold, I would make thee my fair face.

Osw. Why dost thou use me thus? I know thee
Kent. Fellow, I know thee. [not

Osw. What dost thou know me for?

Kent. A knave; a rascal; an eater of broken
meats; a base, proud, shallow, beggarly, three-suited
hypocrite; a gouty, bed-feverish, slutty, Counseling knave;
with a lily-livered, action-taking knave, a whoreson,
glass-gazing, superserviceable, finical rogue; one-
trunk-inheriting slave; one that wouldst be a bawd,
in way of good service, and art nothing but the
composition of a knave, beggar, coward, pandar,
and the son and heir of a mongrel bitch: one whom
I hate above all my other enemies; of whom
I despise the lowest syllable of thy addition.

Osw. Why, what a monstrous fellow art thou,
such to rail on one that is neither known of thee
nor knows thee!

Kent. What a brazen-faced varlet art thou, to
deny thou art the lowest man! Is it two days ago since
I tripped up thy heels, and beat thee before the
king? Draw, you rogue: for, though it be night,
yet the moon shines; I'll make a sop o' the moon-
shine of you: draw, you whoreson cullionly barber-
monger, draw. [Drawing his sword.

Osw. Away! I have nothing to do with thee.

Kent. Draw, you rascal: you come with letters
against the king; and take vanity the puppet's
part against the royalty of her father: draw, you
rogue, or I'll so carbonado your shanks: draw, you
rascal; come your ways.

Osw. Help, ho! murder! help!

Kent. Lo, sir, you slave; stand, rogue, stand;
you neat slave, strike. [Beating him.

Osw. Help, ho! murder! murder!

Enter Edmund, with his rapier drawn, Cornwall, Regan, Gloucester, and Servants.

Edm. How now! What's the matter?

Kent. With you, good man boy, an you please:
come, I'll flesh ye; come on, young master.

Glou. Weapons! arms! What's the matter here?

Corn. Keep peace, upon your lives:
He dies that strikes again. What is the matter?

Reg. The messengers from our sister and the

Kent. What is your difference? speak. [Exit.

Glou. I am scarce in breath, my lord.

Kent. No marvel, you have so bestirred your
valour. You cowardly rascal, nature disclaims in thee:
a tailor made thee. [a man?

Corn. Thou art a strange fellow: a tailor made
Kent. Ay, a tailor, sir: a stone-cutter or a painter
could not have made him so ill, though he had been
but two hours at the trade.

Corn. Speak yet, how grew your quarrel?

Osw. This ancient ruffian, sir, whose life I have
spared at suit of his gray beard,

Kent. What, dost thou unnecessary
letter? My lord, if you will give me leave, I will
tread this unbolded villain into mortar, and daub
the wall of a jakes with him. Spare my gray beard,

Corn. Peace, sirrah! [you waggait?

You beastly knave, know you no reverence?

Kent. Yes, sir; but anger hath a privilege.

Corn. Why art thou angry? [sword
Kent. That such a slave as this should wear a

Who wears no honesty. Such smiling rogues as

Like rats, oft bite the holy cords a-twain [these,
Which are too intrinsic t' unlose; smooth every
That in the natures of their lords rebel; [passion

I will bring in their fire, snore colder, more,

Renege, affirm, and turn their halecon beans

With every gale and wary of their masters,

Known gouting, like dogs, but following.

A plague upon your epileptic visage!

Smile you my speeches, as I were a fool?

Goose, if I had you upon Sarum plain,

I'll drive you in a cracking to Canelelt.

Corn. What, art thou mad, old fellow?


Kent. No contraries hold more antipathy
Than I and such a knave. [His offence
Corn. Why dost thou call him knave? What's

Kent. His countenance likes me not. [nor here,

Corn. No more, perchance, does mine, nor his,

Kent. Sir, 'tis my occupation to be plain:

704
I have seen better faces in my time.

Thou standst on any shoulder that I see
Before me at this instant.

KING. This is some fellow.

Who, having been praised for bluntness, doth affect
A saucy roughness, and constrains the garb
Quite from his nature: he cannot flatter, he,
An honest mind and plain, he must speak truth!
An they will take it, so; if not, he's plain. [ness
These kind of knaves I know, which in this plain
Harbour more craft and more corrupter ends.

Than twenty silly ducking observers
That stretch their duties nicely.

KENT. Sir, in good sooth, in sincere verity,
Under the allowance of your great aspect.
Whose influence, like the wraith of radiant fire
On flickering Phœbus' front.

What mean'st by this?

KENT. To go out of my dialect, which you discommend so much.
I know, sir, I am no flatterer; he
That beguiled you in a plain accent was a plain knave;
Which for my part I will not be, though I should win your displeasure to entreat me to 't.

KENT. What was the offence you gave him?

Osw. I never gave him any:
It pleased the king his master very late
To strike at me, upon his misconstruction;
When he, conjunct, and flattering his displeasure,
Tripp'd me behind; being down, insulted, rail'd,
And put a deal of man,
That worthied him, got praises of the king
For him attempting who was self-subdued;
And, in the flesheness of this dread exploit,
Drew on me here again.

KENT. None of these rogues and cowards
But Ajax is their fool.

Fetch forth the stocks!
You stubborn ancient knave, you reverend braggart,
We'll teach you—

KENT. Sir, I am too old to learn:
Call not your stocks for me: I serve the king;
On whose employment I was sent to you:
You shall do small respect, show too bold malice
Against the grace and person of my master,
Stocking his messenger.

Fetch forth the stocks! As I have life and honour.

There shall he sit till noon. [too

Reg. Till noon! till night, my lord; and all night

KENT. Why, madam, if I were your father's dog,
You should not use me so.

Reg. Sir, being his knave, I will.

This is a fellow of the self-same colour
Our speaker speaks of. Come, bring away the stocks!

[Sticks brought out.

GLOU. Let me beseech your grace not to do so:
His fault is much, and the good king his master
Will check him for 't: your purposed low correction
Is such as basest and contemned'st wretches
For pilferings and most common trespasses
Are punished with: the king must take it ill,
That he's so slightly valued in his messenger,
Should have him thus restrain'd.

Reg. My sister may receive it much more worse,
To have her gentleman abused, assaulting,
For following her affairs. Put in his legs.

KENT. I'll answer that.

Reg. My sister may receive it much more worse,
To have her gentleman abused, assaulted,
For following her affairs. Put in his legs.

KENT. I am sorry for thee, friend; 'tis the duke's pleasure,
Whose disposition, all the world well knows,
Will not be rubb'd nor stopp'd: I'll entreat for thee.

KENT. Pray, do not, sir: I have watched and dwindled hard;
Some time I shall sleep out, the rest I'll whistle.

A good man's fortune may grow out at heels:
Give you good morrow!

GLOU. The duke's to blame in this: 't will be ill taken.

[Exit.

KENT. Good king, that must approve the common
Thou out of heaven's benediction comest.

[Exeunt Gloucester and Kent.

LEAR. 

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. Whilest I may 'scape,
I will preserve myself: and am betroth'd
To take the basest and most poorest shape
That ever penury, in contempt of man,
Brought near to beast: my face I'll grime with filth;
Blanket my loins; elf all my hair in knots;
And with presented nakedness out-face
The winds and persecutions of the sky.

The country gives me proof and precedent
Of Bedlam beggars, who, with roaring voices,
Strike in their numb'd and mortified bare arms
Pins, wooden pricks, nails, sprigs of rosemary;
And with this horrible object, from low farms,
Poor pelting villages, sheep-cotes, and mills,
Sometime with lunatic bans, sometime with prayers,
Enforce their charity. Poor Turiygod! poor Tom!
That's something yet: Edgar I nothing am.

[Exit.

SCENE IV.—Before Gloucester's castle. Kent in the stocks.

LEAR. 'Tis strange that they should so depart from home,
And not send back my messenger.

GEN. As I learn'd,
The night before there was no purpose in them
Of this remove.

KENT. Hail to thee, noble master!

LEAR. Ha! Makest thou this shame thy pastime?

KENT. No, my lord. Fool. Ha, ha! he wears cruel garters. Horses are shod by the heads, dogs and bears by the neck, monkeys by the loins, and men by the legs: when a man's over-justly at legs, then he wears wooden nether-stocks.

LEAR. What's he that hath so much thy place mis-

? 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.

They durst not do it;
They could not, would not do 't; 't is worse than murder.

To do upon respect such violent outrage:
Resolve me, with all modest haste, which way
Thou mightest deserve, or they impose, this usage,
Coming from us.

KENT. My lord, when at their home
I did commend your highness' letters to them,
Ere I was risen from the place that show'd
My duty kneeling, came there a reeking post,
Stew'd in his haste, half breathless, panting forth
From Goneril his mistress salutations;
Deliver'd letters, spite of intermission,
Which presently they read: on whose contents,
They sent their maid and knight took horse;
Commanded me to follow, and attend
The leisure of their answer; gave me cold looks:
And meeting here the other messenger,
Whose welcome, I perceived, had poison'd mine,—
Being the very fellow that of late
Display'd so saucily against your highness,—
Having more man than wit about me, drew;
He raised the house with loud and coward cries.
Your son and daughter found this trespass worth
The shame which here it suffers.

FOOL. Winter's not gone yet, if the wild-geese fly
that way;

Fathers that wear rags
Do make their children blind;
But fathers that bear bags
Shall see their children kind.
Fortune, that errant whore,
Ne'er turns the key to the poor.
But, for all this, thou shalt have as many dolours
for thy daughters as thou canst tell in a year.

LEAR. O, how this mother swells up toward my
heart!

Hysterica passio, down, thou climbing sorrow,
Thy element 's below! Where is this daughter?

KENT. With the earl, sir, here within.

LEAR. Follow me not;

STAY here.

[Exit. GENT. Made you no more offence but what you
speak of?

KENT. None.

How chance the king comes with so small a train?

FOOL. An thou hadst been se'-- the stocks for that
question, thou hadst well deserved it.

KENT. Why, fool?

FOOL. We 'll set thee to school to an ant, to teach
thee there's no labouring i' the winter. All that
follow their noses are led by their eyes but blind
men; and there's not a nose among twenty but
can smell him that's stinking. Let go thy hold
when a great wheel runs down a hill, lest it break
thy neck with following it; but the great one that
goes up the hill, let him draw thee after. When
a wise man gives thee better counsel, give me mine
again: I would have none but knaves follow it,
since a fool doth—

That sir which serves and seeks for gain,
And follows but for form,
Will pack when it begins to rain,
And leave thee in the storm.
But I will tarry; the fool will stay,
And let the wise man fly;
They have turns fool that runs away;
The fool no knave, perdy.

KENT. Where learned you this, fool?

FOOL. Not i' the stocks, fool.

Re-enter Lear, with Gloucester.

LEAR. Deny to speak with me? They are sick?
They are weary?
They have travell'd all the night? Mere fetches;
The images of revolt and flying off.
Fetch me a better answer.


KING LEAR.

ACT II.

SCENE IV.

Do you but mark how this becomes the house:
'Dear daughter, I confess that I am old; [Kneeling.]
Age is unnecessary: on my knees I beg
That you'll vouchsafe me 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, sir, thou struck me with her tongue,
Most serpent-like, upon the very heart:
All the stored vengences of heaven fall
On her ingratitude! Strike her young bones,
You taking airs, with lameness!
Corn. Lear. Fie, sir, fie! You nimbler lightnings, dart your blinding
Into her soulful eyes! Infect her beauty, [Flames
You ten-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.
[Curse: Lear. No, Regan, thou shalt never have my
Thy tender-hefted nature shall not give
Thee o'er to harshness: her eyes are fierce; but thine
Doth comfort and not burn. 'Tis not in thee
To grudge my pleasures, to cut off my train,
To bandy hasty words, to scant my size,
And in conclusion to oppose the bolt
Against my coming: thou better know'st
The effects of nature, bond of childhood,
Effects of courtesy, dues of gratitude;
Thy half o' the kingdom hast thou not forgot,
Wherein I thee endow'd.
Reg. Good sir, to the purpose.
Lear. Who put my man i' the stocks? [Tucket within.
[Letter, Enter Oswald.

Is your lady come?
Lear. This is a slave, whose easy-borrow'd pride
Dwells in the fickle grace of her he follows.
Out, varlet, from my sight!
Corn. What means your grace?
Lear. Who stock'd my servant? Regan, I have
good hope....[heavens, Thou didst not know on t'. Who comes here? O

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 my part!
[To Goner.] Art not ashamed to look upon this beard?
O Regan, wilt thou take her by the hand?
Gon. Why not by the hand, sir? How have I
All's not offence that indiscretion finds [offended?
And dotage terms so.

O sides, you are too tough!
Will you yet hold? How came my man i' the stocks?
Corn. I set him there, sir: but his own disorders
Deserved much less advancement.
Lear. You! did you?

Reg. I pray you, father, being weak, seem so.
If, till the expiration of your month,
You will return and sojourn with my sister,
Dismissing half your train, come then to me:
I am now from home, and out of that provision
Which shall be needful for your entertainment.
Lear. Return to her, and fifty men dismiss'd?
No, rather I abjure all roofs, and choose
To wage against the enemy o' the air,
To be a companion with the wolf and owl—
Necessity's sharp pinch! Return with her?
Why, the hot-blooded France, that dowerless took
Our youngest born, I could as well be brought
To kneel his throne, and, aquire-like, pension beg
To keep base life afoot. Return with her?
Persuade me rather to be slave and sumpter
To this detested grooms. [Pointing at Oswald.
Gon. At your choice, sir.
Lear. I prithee, daughter, do not make me mad:
I will not trouble thee, my child; farewell:
We'll no more meet, no more see one another;
But yet thou art my flesh, my blood, my daughter;
Or rather a disease that's in my flesh,
Which I must needs call mine: thou art a boll,
A plague-sore, an embossed carbuncle,
In my corrupted blood. But I'll not chide thee;
Let shame come when it will, I do not call it:
I do not bid the thunder-bearer shoot,
Nor tell tales of these, high-judging Jove:
Mend when thou canst; be better at thy leisure:
I can be patient: I can stay with Regan,
And my hundred knights.
Reg. Not altogether so:
I look'd not for you yet, nor am provided
For your fit welcome. Give ear, sir, to my sister;
For those that mingle reason with your passion
Must be content to think you old, and so—
But she knows what she does.
Lear. Is this well spoken?
Reg. I dare avouch it, sir; what, fifty followers?
Is it not well? What should you need of more?
Yes, or so many, with that both charge and danger
Speak 'gainst so great a number? How, in one
Should many people, under two commands, [house,
Hold amity? 'tis hard; almost impossible.
Gon. Why might not you, my lord, receive attendance
From those that she calls servants or from mine?
Reg. Why not, my lord? If then they chanced to slack you,
We could control them. If you will come to me,—
For now I spy a danger.—I entreat you
To bring but five and twenty: to no more
Will I give place or notice.
Lear. I gave you all—
Reg. And in good time you gave it.
Lear. Made you my guardians, my depositaries;
But kept a reservation to be follow'd
With such a number. What, must I come to you
With five and twenty, Regan? said you so?
Reg. And speak 't again, my lord; no more with me.
[favoured, Lear. Those wicked creatures yet do look well—
When others are more wicked; not being the worst
Stands in some rank of praise. [To Gon.] I'll go with thee;
Thy fifty yet doth double five-and-twenty,
And thou art twice her love.
Gon. Hear me, my lord:
What need you five and twenty, ten, or five,
To follow in a house where twice so many
Have a command to tend you?
Reg. What need one?
Lear. O, reason not the need: our basest beggars
Are in the poorest thing superfluous:
Allow not nature more than nature needs,
Man's life's as cheap as beast's: thou art a lady;
If only to go warm were gorgeous,
Why, nature needs not what thou gorgeous wear'st,
Which scarcely keeps thee warm. But, for true
[need,—
You heavens, give me that patience, patience I
You see me here, you gods, a poor old man,
As full of grief as age; wretched in both!
If it be you that stir these daughters' hearts
Against their father, fool me not so much
To bear it tamely; touch me with noble anger,
And let not women's weapons, water-drops.
Stain my man's cheeks! No, you unnatural hags,
I will have such revenges on you both,
That all the world shall—I will do such things,—
ACT III.

What they are, yet I know not; but they shall be
The terrors of the earth. You think I'll weep;
No, I'll not weep:
I have full cause of weeping; but this heart
Shall break into a hundred thousand flaws,
Or ere I'll weep. O fool, I shall go mad!

[Exeunt Lear, Gloucester, Kent, and Fool.

Storm and tempest.

Corn. Let us withdraw; 'twill be a storm.
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 that 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.

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 unquiet.
Kent. I know you. Where's the king? [atley.
Gent. Contending with the fretful element;
Bids the wind blow the earth into the sea,
Or swell the curled waves 'bove the main, [hair,
That things might change or cease; tears his white
Which the impetuous blasts, with eyeless rage,
Catch in their fury, and make nothing of;
Strives in his little man of war to out-scare
The to-and-fro-conflicting wind and rain. [couch
This night, wherein the cub-drawn bear would
The lion and the belly-pinned 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 outjest
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 Cornwall;
Who have—as who have not, that their great stars
Throned and set high?—servants, who seem no less,
Which are to France the spies and speculations
Intelligent of our state; what hath been seen,
Either in snuffs and packings of the dukes,
Or the hard rein which both of them have borne
Against the old kind king; or something deeper,
Whereof perchance these are but furnishings;
But, true it is, from France there comes a power
Into this 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

RE-enter Gloucester.

Glo. The king is in high rage.

Corn. Whither is he going?

Glo. He calls to horse; but will I know not

[byself.

Corn. 'Tis best to give him way; he leads him—

Gon. My lord, entreat him by no means to stay.

Gon. That, the night comes on, and the bleak
Do sorely ruffle; for many miles about
[Winds
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 become I am not apt
To have his ear abused, wisdom bids fear. [night
Corn. Shut up your doors, my lord; 'tis a wild
My Regan counsels well: come out o'the storm.

[Exeunt.
For there was never yet fair woman but she made mouths in a glass.

Lear. No, I will be the pattern of all patience; I will say nothing. Enter Kent.

Kent. Who's there?

Fool. Marry, here's grace and a cod-piece; that's a wise man and a fool. [Exit.

Kent. Alas, sir, are you here? things that love love not such nights as these; the wrathful skies Gallow the very wanderers of the dark, And my soul is a houseless man. Since I was man, Such sheets of fire, such bursts of horrid thunder, Such groans of roaring wind and rain, I never Remember to have heard: man's nature cannot Carry the affliction nor the fear.

Lear. Let the great gods, That keep this dreadful pother o'er our heads, Find out their enemies now. Tremble, thou wretch, That hast within thee undivulged crimes, Unwhipp'd of justice: hide thee, thou bloody hand; Thou perfurred, and thou simular man of virtue That art incestuous: caltift, to pieces shake, That under covert and convenient seeming Hast practised on man's life: close pent-up guilts, Rive your concealing continences, and cry These dreadful summoners grace. I am a man More sinn'd against than sinning.

Kent. Alack, bare-headed! Gracious my lord, hard by here is a howel;
Some friendship will it lend you 'gainst the tempest:
Repose you there; while I to this hard house—
More harder than the stones whereof 'tis raised;
Which even but now, demanding after you,
Dented me to come in—return, and force
Their scented courtesy.

Fool. [Singing] He that has and a little thin 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 And this howel. [Exeunt Lear and Kent.

Fool. This is a brave night! how cool a courtezan.
I'll speak a prophecy ere I go:
When priests are more in word than matter;
When brewers mar their malt with water;
When nobles are their tailors' tutors;
No heretics burn'd, but wenches' suitors;
When every case in law is right;
No scree in debt, nor no poor knight;
When slanderers 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;
Then shall the realm of Albion
Come to great confusion:
Then comes the time, who lives to see 't,
That going shall be used with feet.
This prophecy Merlin shall make: for I live before his time. [Exit.

SCENE IV.—The heath. Before a howel.

Enter Lear, Kent, and Fool.

Kent. Here is the place, my lord; good my lord,
The tyranny of the open night's too rough:
For nature to endure. [Storm still.

Lear. Let me alone.

Kent. Good my lord, enter here.

Lear. Will break my heart?

Kent. I had rather break mine own. Good my lord, enter.

Lear. Thou think'st 'tis much that this conten-
Invades us to the skin: so 't is to thee;
But where the greater malady is fix'd,
The lesser is scarce felt. Thou 'st shun a bear;
But if thy flight lay toward the raging sea,
Thou 'st meet the bear in 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. Pray thee, 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 Foot] 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, wheresoe'er you are,
That bide the pelting of this pitiless storm,
How shall your houseless heads and unfed sides,
Your loop'd and window'd raggedness, defend you
From seasons such as these? O, I have ta'en
Too little care of this! Take physic, pomp;
Expose thyself to feel what wretches feel,
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 howel.

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.

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Enter Edgar disguised as a madman.

Edg. A way! the foul fiend follows me! Through the sharp hawthorn blows the cold wind. Hum! go to thy cold bed, and warm thee.

Lear. Hast thou given all to thy two daughters? Amst thou 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 pet; set ratsbane by his porridge; made him mad of heart, to ride on a hay trotting-horse over four-inch bridges, to course his own shadow for a traitor. Bless thee 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.

Lear. What, have his daughters brought him to this pass? [all] Couldst thou save nothing? Didst thou give them [Fool]. Nay, he reserved a blanket, else we had all shamed; [air] Lear. Now, see, in the plagues that in the pendulous Hang fate to men's faults light on thy daughters! [Kent. He hath no daughters, sir. [nature Lear. Death, traitor! nothing could have subdued 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, loo!

Fool. This cold night will turn us all to fools and madmen.

Edg. Take heed o' the foul fiend: obey thy parents; keep thy word justly; swear not; commit not with man's sworn spouse; set not thy sweet heart on proud array. Tom's a-cold.

Lear. What hast thou been?

Edg. A serving-man, proud in heart and mind: that curled my hair; wore gloves in my cap; served the last 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-paramourred the Turk: false of heart, big of art thou must wear in cloke, fox in sleath, wolf in greediness, dog in madness, lion in prey. Let not the creaking of shoes nor the rustling of silks betray thy poor heart to woman: keep thy foot out of brothels, thy hand out of plackets, thy pen from leunders' 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, sesaa! let him trot by.

[Storm still.
Lear. Why, thou wert better in thy grave than to answer with thy uncovered body this extremity of the skies; thou dost me no more than this? Consider him well. Thou owest the worm no soil, the beast no hide, the sheep no wool, the cat no perfume. Ha! here 's three on 's are sophisticated! Thou art the thing itself: unaccommodated man is no more but such a poor, bare, forked animal as thou art. Off, off, you lendings! come, unbutton here.

Fool. Prithie, 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 Flibbertiggibbet: 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. This is the fiend: Prithee, Gloucester.

S. Withold footed thurie the old:
He met the night-mare, and her nine-fold;
Bid her alight,
And her troth plight,

And, aroint thee, witch, aroint thee!

Kent. What furt thy grace?

Lear. What's he?

Kent. Who's there? What is 't you seek?

Glou. What are you there? Your names?

Edg. Poor Tom; that eats the swimming frog, the toad, the tadpole, the wall-newt and the water; that in the fury of his heart, when the foul fiend rages, eats cow-dung for sallats; swallows the old rat and the ditch-dog; drinks the green mantle of the standing pool; who is whipped from tithing to tithing, and stock-punished, and imprisoned; who had had three suits to his back, six shirts to his body, horse to ride, and weapon to wear;

But mice and rats, and such small deer.

And when Tom's food for seven long year,
Beware my follower. Peace, Smulkin; peace, thou fiend!

Glou. What, hath your grace no better company?

Edg. The prince of darkness is a gentleman:
Moit he's call'd, and Mahu. [lord,
Glou. Our flesh and blood is grown so vile, my That it doth hate what gets it.

Edg. Poor Tom's a-cold.

Glou. Go in with me; my duty cannot suffer To obey in all your daughters' hard commands: Though their injunction be to bar my doors, And let this tyrannous night take hold upon you, Yet have I ventured to come seek you out, And bring you where both fire and food is ready.

Lear. First let me talk with this philosopher.

What is the cause of thunder? [house.
Kent. Good my lord, take his offer; go into the Lear. I'll talk a word with this same learned What is it to thee? [Than.
Edg. How to prevent the fiend, and to kill vermin.

Lear. Let me ask you one word in private.
Kent. Importune him once more to go, my lord;
His wits begin to unsettle.

Kent. His daughters blame him: ah, that good Kent! He said it would be thus, poor banish'd man! Thou say'st the king grows mad; I'll tell thee, friend, I am almost mad myself: I had a son, Now outlaw'd from my blood; he sought my life, But lately, very late: I loved him, friend; No father his son dearer: truth to tell thee, The grief hath crazed my wits. What a night 's this? I do beseech thy grace.—

O, cry thee mercy, sir.

Noble philosopher, your company.

Edg. Tom's a-cold.

Glou. In, fellow, there, into the hovel: keep thee Lear. Come, let 's in all.

This way, my lord.

Lear. With him; I will keep still with my philosopher.

Kent. Good my lord, soothe him; let him take the fellow.

Glou. Take him you all.

Kent. Farewell, come on; go along with us.

Lear. Come, good Athenian.

Glou. No words, no words: hush.

Edg. Child Rowland to the dark tower came,
His word was still.—Fie, fo, and furm;
I smell the blood of a British man. [Exeunt.

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SCENE V.—Gloucester’s castle.

Enter Cornwall and Edmund.

Corn. I will have my revenge ere I depart his house.

Edm. How, my lord, I may be censured, that nature thus gives way to loyalty, something fears me to think.

Corn. I now perceive, it was not altogether your brother’s evil disposition made him seek his death; but a provoking merit, set a work by a reprovable badness in himself.

Edm. How malicions is my fortune, that I must repent to be just! This is the letter he spoke of, which approves him an intelligently party to the advantages of France. O heavens! that this treason were not, or not I the detector!

Corn. Go with me to the duchess.

Edm. If the matter of this paper be certain, you have mighty business in hand.

Corn. True or false, it hath made thee earl of Gloucester. Seek out where thy father is, that he may be ready for our apprehension.

Edm. [Aside] If I find him comforting the king, it will stuff his suspicion more fully. — I will persevere in my course of loyalty, though the conflict be sore between that and my blood.

Corn. I will lay trust upon thee; and thou shalt find a dearer father in my love.

[Exeunt.

SCENE VI.—A chamber in a farmhouse adjoining the castle.

Enter Gloucester, Lear, Kent, Fool, and Edgar.

Glow. Here is better than the open air; take it thankfully. I will piece out the comfort with what addition I can: I will not be long from you.

Kent. All the power of his wits have given way to his impatience: the gods reward your kindness!

[Exit Gloucester.

Edg. Frateretto calls me; and tells me Nero is an angler in the lake of darkness. Pray, innocent, and beware the foul fiend.

Fool. Frithcr, uncle, tell me whether a madman be a gentleman or a yeoman?

Lear. A king, a king! Fool. No, he’s a yeoman that has a gentleman to his son; for he’s a mad yeoman that sees his son a gentleman before him.

Lear. To have a thousand with red burning spits Come hissing in upon ‘em,—

Edg. The foul fiend bites my back.

Fool. He’s mad that trusts in the tameness of a wolf, a horse’s health, a boy’s love, or a whore’s oath.

Lear. It shall be done; I will arraign them straight.

[To Edgar] Come, sit thou here, most learned justice of my court! [To the Fool] Thou, sapient sir, sit here. Now, you Fool. Look, where he stands and glares! Esteem thou eyes at trial, madam?

Come o’er the bourn, Bessy, to me,—

Fool. Her boat hath a leak, And she must not speak

Why she dares not come over to thee.

Edg. The foul fiend haunts poor Tom in the voice of a nightingale. Hoppance cries in Tom’s belly for two white herring. Croak not, black angel; I have no food for thee.

Kent. How do you, sir? Stand you not so amazed: Will you lie down and rest upon the cushions?

Lear. I’ll see their trial first. Bring in the evidence.

[To Edgar] Thou robed man of justice, take thy

[To the Fool] And thou, his yoke-fellow of equity, Bench by his side: [To Kent] you are o’ the committee at you.

[Edgar, Lear, and Kent retire.

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 kicked the poor king her father.

Fool. Come hither, mistress. Is you name Goneril? Lear. She cannot deny it.

Fool. Cry you mercy, I took you for a joint-stool.

Lear. And here’s another, whose warp’d looks proclaim What store her heart is made on. Stop her there! Arms, arms, sword, fire! Corruption in the place!

False justicer, why hast thou let her ‘scape?

Edg. Bless thy five wits!

Kent. O pity! Sir, where is the patience now, That you so oft have boasted to retain?

Edg. [Aside] My tears begin to take his part so They’ll mar my counterfeiting.

[much,

Lear. The little dogs and all,

Tray, Blanch, and Sweet-heart, see, they bark at me.

Edg. Tom will throw his head at them. Avaunt, you curs!

Be thy mouth or black or white.

Tooth that poisons if it bite;

Mastiff, greyhound, mongrel grim,

Hound or spaniel, brach or lyn,

Or bobtail fike or trundle-tail,

Tom will make them weep and wail:

For, with throwing thus my head,

Dogs leap the hatch, and all are fled.

Do de, de, de. Sessa! Come, march to wakes and fairs and market-towns. Poor Tom, thy horn is dry.

Lear. Then let them anatomize Regan; see what breeds about her heart. Is there any cause in nature that makes these hard hearts? [To Edgar] You, sir, I entertain for one of my hundred; only I do not like the fashion of your garments: you will say they are Persian attire; but let them be changed.

Kent. Now, good my lord, lie here and rest awhile.

Lear. Make no noise, make no noise; draw the curtains: so, so, so. We’ll go to supper i’ the morning. So, so, so.

Fool. And I’ll go to bed at noon.

Re-enter Gloucester.

Glow. Come hither, friend: where is the king my master?

Kent. Here, sir; but trouble him not, his wits are gone.

Glou. Good friend, I prithee, take him in thy arms; I have o’erheard a plot of death upon him: There is a litter ready; lay him in’t. [meet And drive towards Dover, friend, where thou shalt find welcome and protection. Take up thy master: If thou shouldst daily 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 balmd thy broken senses, Which, if convenience will not allow,

Stand in hard cure. [To the Fool] Come, help to bear thy master:

Thou must not stay behind.

Glow. 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? the mind,

Leaving free things and happy shows behind;

But then the mind much sufferance doth o’ershink, When grief hath mates, and bearing fellowship.

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If the light and portable my pain seems now,
When that which makes me bend makes the king
He childed as I father'd! Tom, away! [Bow,
Mark the high noises; and thyself bewray,
When false opinion, whose wrong thought defiles thee,
In thy just proof, repeals and reconciles thee.
What will hap more to-night, safe 'scape the king?
Lurk, lurk. [Exeit.]

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 my beholding. Add to the duke, where you are going, to a most fertile preparation: we are bound to the like. Our posts shall be swift and intelligent betwixt us. Farewell, dear sister: farewell, my lord of Gloucester.

Enter Oswald.

How now! where's the king? [hence:

Osw. My lord of Gloucester hath convey'd him Some five or six and thirty of his knights, Hot questirs after him, met him at gate; Who, with some other of the lords dependants, Are gone with him towards Dover; where they boast To have well-armed friends.

Corn. Get horses for your mistress.

Gon. Farewell, sweet lord, and sister.

Corn. Edmund, farewell.

[Exeunt Goneril, Edmund, and Oswald.

Enter Osvald. Pinnion like him a thief, bring him before us. [Exeunt other Servants.

Though well we may not pass upon his life Without the form of justice, yet our power Shall do a courtesy to our wrath, which men May blame, but not control. Who's there? the traitor?

Enter Gloucester, brought in by two or three.

Reg. Ingrateful fox! 'tis he.

Corn. Bind fast his corky arms.

Glow. What mean your graces? Good my friends, consider You are my guests: do me no foul play, friends.

Corn. Bind him, I say. [Servants bind him.

Reg. Hard, hard. O filthy traitor! Glow. Unmerciful lady as you are, I 'm none.

Corn. To this chair bind him. Villain, thou shalt find. [Regan plucks his beard.

Glow. By the kind gods, 'tis most ignobly done To pluck me by the beard.

Reg. So white, and such a traitor! Glow. Naughty lady, These hairs, which thou dost ravish from my chin, Will quicken, and accuse thee: I am your host: With robbers' hands my hospitable favours You should not ruffle thus. What will you do?

Corn. Come, sir, what letters had you late from France?

Reg. Be simple answerer, for we know the truth. Corn. And what confederacy have you with the traitors Late footed in the kingdom?

Reg. To whose hands have you sent the luniac Speak. [king?

Glow. I have a letter guesingly set down,
Which came from one that's of a neutral heart, And not from one opposed.


Corn. Where hast thou sent the king?

Glow. To Dover. Reg. Whereto to Dover? Wast thou not charged at peril—

Corn. Where to Dover? Let him first answer that.

Glow. I am tied to the stake, and I must stand the course.

Reg. Wherefore to Dover, sir?

Glow. Because I would not see thy cruel nails Pluck out his poor old eyes; nor thy fierce sister In his anointed flesh stick boarish fangs.

The sea, with such a storm as his bare head In hell-black night endured, would have buoy'd up, And quench'd the stilled fires:

Yet, poor old heart, he hop'd the heavens to rain. If wolves had at thy gate how'd that stern time, Thou should'st have said 'Good porter, turn the key,' And so to the gate. But for this Lithus, which I shall see The winged vengeance overtake such children.

Corn. See 't shalt thou never. Fellows, hold the Upon these eyes of thine I 'll set my foot. [chair.

Glow. He that will think to live till he be old, Give me some help! O cruel! O you gods! Reg. One side will mock another; the other too.

Corn. If you see vengeance.

First Serv. Hold your hand, my lord: I have served you ever since I was a child; But better service have I never done you Than now to bid you hold.

Reg. First Serv. If you did wear a beard upon your chin, I 'd shake it on this quarrel. What do you mean? Corn. My villain! [They draw and fight. First Serv. Nay, then, come on, and take the chance of anger. [thus!

Reg. Give me thy sword. A peasant stand up. [Takes a sword, and runs at him behind.

First Serv. O, I am slain! My lord, you have one eye left To see some mischief on him. O! [Dies.

Corn. Lest it see more, prevent it. Out, vile jelly! Where is thy justre now? [Edmund? Glow. All dark and comfortless. Where's my son Edmund, and kindle all the sparks of nature, To quit this horrid act.

Reg. Out, treacherous villain! Thou call'st on him that hates thee: it was he That made the overture of thy treasons to us; Who is too good to pity thee.

Glow. O my fellows! then Edgar was abused. Kind gods, forgive me that, and prosper him! Reg. Go thrust him out at gates, and let him smell His way to Dover. [Exit one with Gloucester.] How 's, my lord? how look you?

Corn. I have received a hurt: follow me, lady. Turn out that eyeless villain, throw this slave Upon the dunghill. Regan, I bleed apace: Untimely comes this hurt: give me your arm. [Exit Cornwall, led by Regan.

Sec. Serv. I 'll never care what wickedness I do, If this man come to good.

Third Serv. If she live long, And in the land meet the old course of death, Women will all turn monsters. [Bedlam Sec. Serv. Let's follow the old earl, and get the To lead him where he would: his roguish madness Allows itself to any thing.

Third Serv. Go thou: I 'll fetch some flax and white 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 contemned,
Than still contemned 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
Prove our commodities. O dear son Edgar,
The food of thy abused father's wrath!
Might I but live to see thee in my touch,
I'd say I had eyes again!

Old Man. How now! Who's there?
Glou. [Aside] 0 gods! Who is 't can say 'I am at,
I am worse than e'er I was. [the worst?]

Old Man. 'Tis poor mad Tom.
Glou. [Aside] And worse I may be yet: the worst.
So long as we can say 'This is the worst.' [Is not
Old Man. Fellow, where goest?
Glou. Is it a beggar-man?

Old Man. Madman and beggar too.
Glou. He has some reason, else he could not beg.
I' the last night's storm I such a fellow saw;
Which made me think a man a worm: my son
 Came then into my mind; and yet my mind
Was then sickly friends with him; I have heard
Since more:
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 foul to sorrow,
Angering itself and others.—Bless thee, master!
Glou. Is that the naked fellow?

Old Man. Ay, my lord.
Glou. Then, prithee, get thee gone: if, for my sake,
Thou wilt o'ertake us, hence a mile or twain,
I' the way toward Dover, do it for ancient love;
And bring some covering for this naked soul,
Who I'll entreat to lead me.

Old Man. Alack, sir, he is mad.
Glou. 'Tis the times' plague, when madmen lead
the blind.
Do as I bid thee, or rather do thy pleasure;
Above the rest, be gone.

Old Man. I'll bring him the best 'parel that I have.
Come on 't what will.

[Exit.]

Glou. Sirrah, naked fellow.—

Edg. Poor Tom's a-cold. [Aside] I cannot daub
it further.

Glou. Come hither, fellow. [Aside] And I must.—Bless thy sweet
eyes, they bleed.

Glou. Know'st thou the way to Dover?

Edg. Both stile and gate, horse-way and foot-
path. Poor Tom hath been scared out of his good

wits: bless thee, good man's son, from the foul fiend!
Five fiends have been in poor Tom at once; of lust,
As Obidicut; Hobbididdle, prince of dumbness;
Mahn, of stealing; Mado, of murder; Flibbertigibbet,
of mopping and mowing, who since posses-
sesses chambermaids and waiting-women. So, bless thee, master!

Glou. Here, take this purse, thou whom the heavens' plagues
Have humbled to all strokes: that I am wretched
Makes thee the happier: heavens, deal so still!
Let the superfluous and lust-dieted man,
That slays your ordinance, that will not see
Because he doth not feel, feel your power quickly;
So distribution should undo excess.
And each man have enough. Dost thou know
Edg. Ay, master.

Glou. There is a cliff, whose high and bending head
Looks fearfully in the confined deep:
Bring me but to the very brim of it,
And I'll repair the misery thou dost bear
With something rich about me: from that place
I shall no longer need.

Edg. Give me thy arm:
Poor Tom shall lead thee.
[Exit.]

SCENE II.—Before the Duke of Albany's palace.

Enter Goneril and Edmund.

Gon. Welcome, my lord: I marvel our mild hus-
Not met us on the way.

[band

Enter Oswald.

Gon. Now, where's your master?
Osw. Madam, within; but never man so changed.
I told him of the army that was landed;
He smiled at it: I told him you were coming;
His answer was 'The worse': of Gloucester's
And of the loyal service of his son, [treachery,
When I inform'd him, then he call'd me rot,
And told me I had turn'd the wrong side out:
What most he should dislike seems pleasant to him;
What like, offensive.

Gon. [To Edm.] Then shall you go no further.
It is the cowish terror of his spirit,
That dares not undertake: he 'll not feel wrongs
Which tie him to an answer. Our wishes on the way
May prove effects. Back, Edmund, to my brother;
Hasten his musters and conduct his powers:
I must change arms at home, and give the distress
Into my husband's hands. This trusty servant
Shall pass between us: ere long you are like to hear,
If you dare venture in your own behalf,
A mistress's command. Wear this; spare speech;
[Giving a favour.
Decline your head: this kiss, if it durst speak,
Would stretch thy spirits up into the air:
Conceive, and fare thee well.

Edm. Yours in the ranks of death.
Gon. My most dear Gloucester! [Exit Edmund.
O, the difference of man and man!
To thee a woman's services are due:
My fool usurps my body.

Osw. Madam, here comes my lord.

Gon. Enter the Duke of Albany.

[Exit.]

Gon. I have been worth the whistle.
Alb. O Goneril! You are not worth the dust which the rude wind
Blows in your face. I fear your disposition:
That nature, which contains its origin.
Cannot be border'd certain in itself;
She that herself will silver and disbranch

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From her material sap, performe must wither
And come to deadly use.

Kent. No more; the text is foolish.

Gon. Good savour but themselves. What have you done?

Tigers, not daughters, what have you perform’d?

A father, and a gracious aged man,

Thick revenge even the head-lugg’d bear would

Most barbarous, most degenerate! have you 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,

Like monsters of the deep.

Gon. Milk-liver’d man!

That bear’st a cheek for blows, a head for wrongs;

Who hast not in thy brows an eye discerning

Thine honour from thy suffering; that not know’st

Fools do those villains pity who are punish’d

Ere they have done their mischief. Where’s thy

France spreads his banners in our noiseless land;

With plumed helm thy slayer begins threats;

Whiles thou, a moral fool, sit’st still, and criest

‘Alack, why does he so?’

Alb. See thyself, devil!

Proper deformity seems not in the fiend

So horrid as in woman.

Gon. O vain fool! [shame.

Alb. Thou changed and self-cover’d thing, for

Be-monster not thy feature. Were ’t my fitness

To let these hands obey my blood,

They are apt enough to dislocate and tear

Thy flesh and bones: howe’er thou art a fiend,

A woman’s shape doth shield thee.

Gon. Marry, your manhood now—

Enter a Messenger.

Alb. What news now? [dead;

Mess. O, my good lord, the Duke of Cornwall’s

Slain by his servant, going to put out

The other eye of Gloucester.

Alb. Gloucester’s eyes!

Mess. A servant that he bred, thrill’d with remorse,

Opposed against the act, bending his sword

To his great master; who, threat’d enraged,

Flew on him, and amongst them fell’d him dead;

But not without that harmful stroke, which since

Hath pluck’d him after.

Alb. This shows you are above,

You justicers, that these our nere crimes

So speedily can venge! But, O poor Gloucester!

Lest he lose his other eye?

Mess. Both, both, my lord.

This letter, madam, craves a speedy answer;

’Tis from your sister.

Gon. [Aside] One way I like this well;

But being widow, and my Gloucester with her,

May all the building in my Clancy pluck

Upon my hateful life: another way,

The news is not so tart.—I’ll read, and answer.

Alb. Where was his son when they did take his

Mess. Come with my lady hither. [eyes

Alb. He is not here.

Mess. No, my good lord; I met him back again.

Alb. Knows he the wickedness?

Mess. Ay, my good lord; ’t was he inform’d against

And quit the house on purpose, that their punish-

Might have the freer course.

Alb. Gloucester, I live

To thank thee for the love thou show’dst the king,

And to revenge thine eyes. Come hither, friend;

Tell me what more thou know’st.”

[Exeunt. SCENE III.—The French camp near Dover.

Enter Kent and a Gentleman.

Kent. Why the King of France is so suddenly

gone back know you the reason?

Gent. Something he left imperfect in the state,

which since his coming forth is thought of; which

imports to the kingdom so much fear and danger,

that his personal return was most required and

necessary.

Kent. Who hath he left behind him general?

Gent. The Marshal of France, Monsieur La Far.

Kent. Did your letters pierce the queen to any

demonstration of grief?

[presence;

Gent. Ay, sir; she took them, read them in my

And now and then an ample tear trickl’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.

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Kent.
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. Drct. There is means, madam: Our foster-nurse of nature is repose, The which he lacks; that to provoke in him, Are many simples operative, whose power Will close the eye of anguish, Cor. All best secrets, All you unpublish’d virtues of the earth, Spring with my tears! be aidant and remediate 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. 

Mres. News, madam; The British powers are marching bitherward. Cor. ’Tis known before; our preparation stands In expectation of them. O dear father, It is thy business that I go about; Therefore great France My mourning and important tears hath pitied. No blown ambition doth our arms incite, But love, dear love, and our aged father’s right: Soon may I hear and see him! [Exit. 

SCENE V.—Gloucester’s castle. 

Enter Regan and Oswald. 

Reg. But are my brother’s powers set forth? Osw. Ay, madam, Reg. Himself in person there? Osw. Madam, with much ado: Your sister is the better soldier. Reg. Lord Edmund spake not with your lord at home? Osw. No, madam. [him? Reg. What might import my sister’s letter to Osw. I know not, lady. Reg. ’Faith, he is posted hence on serious matter. It was great ignorance, Gloucester’s eyes being out, To let him live: where he arrives he moves All hearts against us: Edmund, I think, is gone, In pity of his misery, to dispatch His nighted life: moreover, to descray The strength o’ the enemy. [letter. Osw. I must needs after him, madam, with my Reg. Our troops set forth to-morrow: stay with The ways are dangerous. [us; Osw. I may not, madam: My lady charged my duty in this business. Reg. Why should she write to Edmund? Might not you Transport her purposes by word? Belike, Something—I know not what: I’ll love thee much, Let me unseal the letter. Osw. I, madam, I had rather— Reg. I know your lady does not love her husband; I am sure of that: and at her late being here She gave strange cellades and most speaking looks To noble Edmund, I know you are of her bosom. Osw. I, madam? Reg. I speak in understanding; you are, I know ’t: Therefore do advise you, take this note: My lord is dead: Edmund and I have talk’d; And more convenient is he for my hand Than for your lady’s: you may gather more. If you do find him, pray you, give him this; And when your mistress hears thus much from you, I pray, desire her call her wisdom to her. So, fare you well. If you do chance to hear of that blind traitor, Preferment falls on him that cuts him off. 

Osw. Would I could meet him, madam! I should What party I do follow. [show Reg. Fare thee well. [Exit. 

SCENE VI.—Fields near Dover. 

Enter Gloucester, and Edgar dressed like a peasant. 

Glow. When shall we come to the top of that same hill? [hour. Edg. You do climb it up now; look, how we la—Glow. Methinks the ground is even. Edg. Glow. Horrible steep. Hark, do you hear the sea? 

Edg. No, truly. Glow. Edg. Why, then, your other senses grow imperfect By your eyes’ anguish. Glow. So may it be, indeed: Methinks thy voice is alter’d; and thou speak’st In better phrase and matter than thou didst. Edg. Glow. ’You’re much deceived: in nothing am I But in my garments. [changed, Glow. Edg. Methinks you’re better spoken. Glow. Edg. Come on, sir; here’s the place: stand still. How fearful And dizzy ’t is, to cast one’s eyes so low! The crows and crows that wing the midway air Show scarce so gross as beetles: half-way down Hangs one that gathers samphire, dreadful trade! Methinks he seems no bigger than his head: The fishermen, that walk upon the beach, Appear like mice; and yond tall anchoring bark, Diminish’d to her cock; her cock, a buoy Almost too small for sight: the murmuring surge, That on the unnumber’d idle pebbles chafes, Cannot be heard so high. ‘I’ll look no more; Lest my brain turn, and the deficient sight Topple down headlong. Set me where you stand. 

Edg. Give me your hand: you are now within a foot Of the extreme verge: for all beneath the moon Would I not leap upright. 

Glow. Let go my hand. Here, friend, ’s another purse; in it a jewel Well worth a poor man’s taking: fairies and gods Prosper it with thee! Go thou farther off; Bid me farewell, and let me hear thee going. Edg. Glow. Now fare you well, good sir. 

Glow. With all my heart. Edg. Why do I thrive thus with his despair Is done to cure it. Glow. [Kneeling] O you mighty gods! This world I do renounce, and, in your sights, Shake patiently my great affliction off: If I could bear it longer, and not fall To quarrel with your great opposeless wills, My snuff and loathed part of nature should Burn itself out. If Edgar live, O, bless him! Now, fellow, fare thee well. [He falls forward. 

Edg. Gone, sir: farewell. And yet I know not how conceit may rob The treasury of life, when life itself Yields to the theft: had he been where he thought, By this, had thought been past. Alive or dead? Ho, you sir! friend! Here you, sir! speak! Thus might he pass indeed: yet he revives. What are you, sir? Edg. Away, and let me die. Glow. Edg. Hadst thou been aught but gossamer, feather So many fathom down precipitating, [ers, air, Thou’dst shiver’d like an egg: but thou dost breathe: Hast heavy substance; bleed’st not; speak’st; art Ten masts at each make not the altitude [sound. Which thou hast perpendicularly fell: Thy life’s a miracle. Speak yet again. 

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ACT IV.

KING

LEAR.

SCENE VI.

Glow. But have I fall'n, or no?

Edg. From the dread summit of this chalky bourn.

Look up a-height; the shrill-gorged lark so far

Cannot be seen or heard: do but look up.

Glow. Alack, I have no eyes.

Is wretchedness deprived that benefit,
To end itself by death? 'Tis yet some comfort,
When misery could beguile the tyrant's rage,
And frustrate his proud will.

Edg. Give me your arm: Up: so. How is 't? Feel you your legs? You

Glow. Too well, too well. 

[stand.]

Edg. This is above all strangeness.

Upon the crown o' the cliff, what thing was that
Which parted from you?

Glow. A poor unfortunate beggar.

Edg. As I stood here below, methought his eyes

Were two full moons; he had a thousand noses,

Horns whelk'd and waved like the emiredge sea:

It was some fiend; therefore, thou happy father,

Think that the clearest gods, who make them hom:

Of men's impossibilities, have preserved thee. Yours

Glow. One hour now; henceforth I'll bear

Affliction till it do cry out itself

'Enough, enough, and die.' That thing you speak

I took it for a man; often 't would say [of,

'The fiend, the fiend:' he led me to that place.

Edg. Bear free and patient thoughts. But who

comes here?

Enter Lear, fantastically dressed with wild flowers.

The safer sense will ne'er accommodate
His master thus.

Lear. No, they cannot touch me for 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! 'i the clout, 'i the clout: hewgh!

Give the word.

Edg. Sweet marjoram.

Lear. Pass.

Glow. I know that voice.

Lear. 'Ay, Ha' Goneril, with a white beard! They

flattered me like a dog; and told me I had white

hairs in my beard ere the black ones were there.

To say 'ay' and 'no' to everything 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 everything; 't is a lie, I

am notague-proof.

Glow. The trick of that voice I do well remember

Is 't not the king? [der:]

Lear. 'Ay, every inch a king: When I do stare, see how the subject quakes.

I pardon that man's life. But what 's the 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

Gott 'twixt the lawful sheets.

'To, luxury, pell-mell! for I lack soldiers.

Behold yond simpering dame, whose face between her forks presses snow;

That bright and dandled duchess shake the head

To hear of pleasure's name: the bitch, nor the soiled horse, goes to 't

With a more riotous appetite.

Down from the waist they are Centaurs,

Though women all above:

But to the girdle do the gods inherit,

Beneath is the fiends.

There's hell, there's darkness, there's the sulphurous

pit.

Burning, scalding, stench, consumption; fie, fie,
fie! pah, pah! Give me an ounce of civet, good

apothecary, to sweeten my imagination: there's money for thee.

Glow. O, let me kiss that hand!

Lear. Let me wipe it first; it smells of mortality.

Glow. O ruin'd piece of nature! This great world

Shall so wear out to nought. Dost thou know me?

Lear. I remember thine eyes well enough. Dost

thou squint at me? No, do thy worst, blind

Cupid; I'll not love. Read thou this challenge;

mark but the penning of it.

Glow. Were all the letters suns, I could not see

Edg. I would not take this from report; it is,

And my heart breaks at it.

Lear. Read.

Glow. What, with the case of eyes?

Lear. O, ho, are you there with me? No eyes

in your head, nor no money in your purse? Your

eyes are in a heavy case, your purse in a light: yet

you see how this world goes.

Glow. See it feelingly.

Lear. What, art mad? A man may see this
world goes with no eyes. Look with thine eyes:

see how yond justice rails upon yond simple thief.

Hark, in thine ear: change places; and, handy-
dandy, which is the justice, which is the thief?

Thou hast seen a farmer's dog bark at a beggar?

Glow. Ay, sir.

Lear. And the creature run from the cut? There

thou mightst behold the great image of authority:

a dog's obeyed in office.

Thou rascal beadle, hold thy bloody hand! [back;

Why dost thou lash that whore? 'Strip thine own

Thou holty lust'st to use her in that kind [ezener.

For which thou whip'st her. The usurer hangs the

Through tatter'd clothes small vices do appear;

Robes and fur'd gowns hide all. Plate sin with gold,

And the strong lance of justice hurtless breaks;

Arm it in rags, a pigmy's straw does pierce it.

None does offend, none, I say, none; I 'll able 'em:

Take that of me, my friend, who have the power

To seal the baser's lips. Get thee glass eyes;

And, like a surly politician, seem [now:

To see the things dost not. Now, now, now,

Pull off my boots: harder, harder: so.

Edg. O, matter and impertinency mix'd!

Reason in madness!

Lear. If thou wilt weep my fortunes, take my eyes.

I know thee well enough; thy name is Gloucester:

Thou must be patient; we came crying hither;

Thou know'st, the first time that we smell the air,

We wawl and cry. I will preach to thee: mark.

Glow. Alack, alack the day! 

[come Lear. When we are born, we cry that we are

To this great stage of fools: this a good block;

It were a delicate stratagem, to shoe

A troop of horse with felt: I 'll put 't in proof;

And when I have stol'n upon these sons-in-law,

Then, kill, kill, kill, kill, kill, kill, kill!

Enter a Gentleman, with Attendants.

Gent. O, here he is: lay hand upon him. Sir,

Your most dear daughter—

Lear. No rescue? What, a prisoner? I am even

The natural fool of fortune. Use me well;

You shall have ransom. Let me have surgeons;

I am cut to the brains.

Gent. You shall have any thing.

Lear. No seconds? all myself?

Why, this would make a man a man of salt,
To use his eyes for garden water-pots, 
Ay, and laying autumn's dust.

Gent. 
Good sir,—
Lear. I will die bravely, like a bridegroom. What! I will be jovial—come, come; I am a king, 
My masters, know you that.

Gent. You are a royal one, and we obey you. 
Lear. Then there's life in 't. Nay, if you get it, 
You shall get it with running. Sa, sa, sa, sa.

[Exit running; Attendants follow.]

Gent. A sight most pitiful in the meanest wretch, 
Past speaking of in a king! Thou hast one daughter, 
Who redeems nature from the general curse
Which twain have brought her to.

Edg. Hail, gentle sir.

Gent. 
Sir, speed you: what's your will?

Edg. Do you hear aught, sir, of a battle toward? 
Gent. Most sure and vulgar: every one hears that, 
Which can distinguish sound.

Edg. 
But, by your favour, 
How near's the other army?

Gent. Near and on speedy foot; the main descry 
Stands on the hourly thought.

Edg. I thank you, sir; that's all. 
Gent. Though that the queen on special cause is 
Her army moved on. [here, 

Edg. I thank you, sir. 

[Exit Gent.]

Glo. You ever-gentle gods, take my breath from 
Let not my worser spirit tempt me again [me; 
To die before you please! 

Edg. Well pray you, father.

Glo. Now, good sir, what are you? [blows; 
Edg. A most poor man, made tame to fortune's 
Who, by the art of known and feeling sorrows, 
Am pregnant to good pity. Give me your hand, 
I'll lead you to some biding.

Glo. Hearty thanks: 
The bounty and the benson of heaven 
To boot, and boot! 

Enter Oswald.

Osw. A proclaim'd prize! Most happy! 
That eyesless head of thine was first framed flesh 
To raise my fortunes. Thou old unhappy traitor, 
Briefly thyself remember: the sword is out 
That must destroy thee.

Glo. 
Now let thy friendly hand 
Proceed enough to 't. 

[Edgar interposes.

Osw. 
Wherefore, bold peasant, 
Darest thou support a publish'd traitor? Hence; 
Lest that the infection of his fortune take 
Like hold on thee. Let go his arm.

Edg. Chill not let go, zir; without vurrther 'casion. 
Osw. Let go, slave, or thou diest! 
Edg. Good gentleman, go your gait, and let poor 
volk pass. An chud ha' bin zwaggered out of my 
life, 't would not ha' bin so long as 't is by a 
night. Nay, come not near th' old man; keep out, 
che vor ye, or ise try whether your costard or my 
bellow be the harder: chill be plain with you.

Osw. Out, dunchill! 
Edg. Chill pick your teeth, zir: come; no matter 
vor your foins.

[They fight, and Edgar knocks him down. 
Osw. Slave, thou hast slain me: villain, take my 
If ever thou wilt thrive, bury my body; [purse: 
And give the letters which thou find'st about me 
To Edmund earl of Gloucester; seek him out 
Upon the British party: O, untimely death! [Dies.

Edg. I know thee well: a serviceable villain 
As duteous to the vices of thy mistress 
As badness would desire.

Glo. What, is he dead? 

Edg. Sit you down, father; rest you. 
Let 's see these pockets: the letters that he speaks of 
May be my friends. He's dead; I am only sorry

He had no other death's-man. Let us see: 
Leave, gentle wax; and, manners, blame us not: 
To know our enemies' minds, we 'ld rip their hearts; 
Their papers, is more lawful, 

[Reeds] 'Let our reciprocal vows be remembered. 
You have many opportunities to cut him off: if 
your will want not, time and place will be fruitfully 
offered. There is nothing done, if he return the 
conqueror: then am I the prisoner, and his bed my 
good; from the loathed warmth whereof deliver me, 
and supply the place for your labour. 

'Your—wife, so I would say—

"Affectionate servant, 
'Goneril,' 
O undistinguish'd space of woman's will! 
A plot upon her virtuous husband's life; 
And the exchange my brother! Here, in the sands, 
Thee I'll rake up, the post unseancified 
Of murderous lechers: and in the mature time 
With this ungracious paper strike the sight 
Of the death-practised duke; for him 't is well 
That of thy death and business I can tell.

Glo. The king is mad: how stiff is my vile sense, 
That I stand up, and have ingenious feeling 
Of my huge sorrows! Better I were distract: 
So should my thoughts be sever'd from my griefs, 
And woes by wrong imaginations lose 
The knowledge of themselves.

Edg. Give me your hand: 

[Drum after off.]

Far off, methinks, I hear the beaten drum: 
Come, father, I'll bestow you with a friend. 

[Exeunt.]

SCENE VII. — A tent in the French camp. Lear 
on a bed asleep, soft music playing; 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 o'erpaid. 
All my reports go with the post unseancified 
Nor more or less'd, but so.

Cor. Be better suited: 
These weeds are memories of those worsrer hours: 
I pritcheth, they put them off.

Kent. Pardon me, dear madam; 
Yet to be known shortens my made intent: 
My boon I make it, that you know me not 
Till time and I think meet.

Cor. Then be 't so, my good lord. [To the Doctor] 
How does the king?

Doc. Madam, sleeps still. 
Cor. O you kind gods, 
Cure this great breach in his abused nature! 
The untuned and jarring senses, O, wind up 
Of this child-changed father!

Doc. So please your majesty 
That we may wake the king: he bath slept long.

Cor. Be govern'd by your knowledge, and proceed 
I the spray of your own will. Is he array'd? 

Gent. Ay, madam; in the heaviness of his sleep 
We put fresh garments on him. 
Doc. Be by, good madam, when we do awake him; 
I doubt not of his temperance.

Cor. Very well. [there! 
Doc. Please you, draw near. Louder the music 
Cor. O my dear father! Restoration hang 
Thy medicine on my lips; and let this kiss 
Repair those violent harms that my two sisters 
Have in thy reverence made.

Kent. Kind and dear princess! 
Cor. Had you not been their father, these white 
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 perd!—
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!
I’ was wonder that thy life and wits at once
Had not concluded all. He wakes; speak to him.

Doc. Madam, do you? ’tis fittest. [majesty]
Cor. How does my royal lord? How fares your
Leer. You do me wrong to take me out o’ the
Though I am bound [grave]: Upon a wheel of fire, that mine own
tears Do scald like molten lead.

Cor. Sir, do you know me?
Lear. You are a spirit, I know: when did you die?
Cor. Still, still, far wide!

Doc. He’s scarce awake: let him alone awhile.
Lear. Where have I been? Where am I? Fair
daylight?
I am mightily abused. I should e’en die with pity,
To see another thus. I know not what to say.
I will not swear these are my hands: let’s see;
I feel this pin prick. Would I were assured
Of my condition!
Cor. O, look upon me, sir,
And hold your hands in benediction o’er me:
No, sir, you must not kneel.

Lear. Pray, do not mock me:
I am a very foolish fond old man,
Fourscore and upward, not an hour more nor less;
And, to deal plainly, I fear I am not in my perfect mind.
Methinks I should know you, and know this man;
Yet I am doubtful: for I am mainly ignorant

What place this is; and all the skill I have
Remembers not these garments; nor I know not
Where I did lodge last night. Do not laugh at me;
For, as I am a man, I think this lady
To be my child Cordelia.

Cor. And so I am, I am.

Lear. Be your tears wet? yes, faith. I pray, weep
If you have poison for me, I will drink it. [not:
You have some cause, they have not.

Cor. No cause, no cause.

Lear. Am I in France?
Kent. In your own kingdom, sir.

Lear. Do not abuse me.

Doc. Be comforted, good madam: the great rage,
You see, is kill’d in him: and yet it is danger
To make him even o’er the time he has lost.
Desire him to go in; trouble him no more
Till further settling.

Cor. Will ‘tplease 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.

Gent. The arbitrement is like to be bloody.

Are you well, sir. [Exit.

Kent. My point and period will be thoroughly
wrought,
Or well or ill, as this day’s battle’s fought. [Exit.
ACT V.  

KING LEAR.  

SCENE III.

Edm. The enemy's in view; draw up your powers. 

Edm. To both these sisters have I sworn my love; 

Edm. Never to both these ladies have I spoken 

Edm. I'll do't, my lord. 

Edm. About it; and write happy when thou hast 

Edm. May equally determine. 

Edm. To send the old and miserable king 

Edm. If ever I return to you again, 

Edm. Grace go with you, sir! 

Edm. Alarum within. Enter, with drum and colours, Lear, 

Edm. And Gloucester. 

Edm. Enter Edgar and Gloucester. 

Edg. Here, father, take the shadow of this tree 

Edg. Give me thy hand; away! 

Edg. What, in ill thoughts again? Men must endure 

Edg. Their going hence, even as their coming hither: 

Edg. 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, 

Here are their 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; 

Mystic could else out-frown false fortune's frown. 

Seest thou not these daughters and these sisters? 

Lear. No, no, no! Come, let's away to prison: 

We two alone will sing like birds in the cage: 

When thou dost ask me blessing, I'll kneel down, 

And ask of thee forgiveness: so we'll live, 

And pray, and sing, and tell old tales, and laugh 

At gilded butterflies, and hear poor rogues 

Talk of court news; and we'll talk with them too, 

Who loses and who wins; who's in, who's out; 

And take upon's the mystery of things, 

As if we were God's spies: and we'll wear out, 

In a wall'd prison, packs and sects of great ones, 

That ebb and flow by the moon. 

Edm. Take them away. 

Edm. Upon such sacrifices, my Cordelia, 

[Thee? The gods themselves throw incense. Have I sought 

That part of 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 prize: 

One step I have advanced thee; if thou dost 

As this instructs thee, thou dost make thy way 

To noble fortunes: know thou this, that men 

Are as the time is: to be tender-minded 

Does not become a sword: thy great employment 

Will not bear question; either say thou 'tis 't, or 

Or thrive by other means. 

Capt. I'll do't, my lord. 

Edm. About it; and write happy when thou hast 

Mark, I say, instantly; and carry it so [done. 

As I have set it down. 

Capt. I cannot draw a cart, nor eat dried oats; 

If it be man's work, I'll do't. 

[Exit. 

Flourish. Enter Albany, Goneril, Regan, 

another Captain, and Soldiers. 

Alb. Sir, you have shown to-day your valiant strain, 

And fortune led you well: you have the captives 

That were the opposites of this day's victory: 

We do require 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 [queen; 

Which do command them. With him I sent the 

My reason all the same; and they are ready 

To-morrow, or at further space, to appear 

Where you shall hold your session. At this time 

We sweat and bleed: the friend hath lost his friend; 

And the best quarrels, in the heat, are cursed 

By those that feel their sharpness: 

The question of Cordelia and her father 

Requires a fitter place. 

Alb. Sir, by your patience, 

I hold you but a subject of this war, 

Not as a brother. 

Reg. That's as we list to grace him. 

Methinks our pleasure might have been demanded, 

Ere you had spoke so far. He led our powers; 

Bore the commission of my place and person; 

The which immediacy may well stand up, 

And call itself your brother. 

Gon. Not so hot: 

In his own grace he doth exalt himself, 

More than in your addition. 

Reg. In my rights, 

By me invested, he compeers the best. [you. 

Gon. That were the most, if he should husband 


Gon. Holla, holla! 

That eye that told you so look'd but a-squint. 

Reg. Lady, I am not well; else I should answer 

From a full and given stat. In general, 

Take thou my soldiers, prisoners, patrimony; 

Dispose of them, of me; the walls are thine: 

Witness the world, that I create thee here 

My lord and master. 

Gon. Mean you to enjoy him? 

Alb. The let-alone lies not in your good will. 

Edm. Nor in thine, lord. 

Alb. Half-blooded fellow, yes. 

Reg. [To Edmund] Let the drum strike, and prove 

my title thine. 

Alb. Stay yet; hear reason. Edmund, I arrest thee 

On capital treason; and, in thine attaint, 

Thisgildedserpent[pointing to Goneril]. For your claim, 

I bar it in the interest of my wife; [fair sister, 

'T is she is sub-contracted to this lord, 

And I, her husband, contradict your bans. 

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KING LEAR.

ACT V. SCENE III.

If you will marry, make your loves to me,
My lady is bespoke.

Edg. An interlude! [pet sound: Glad.

Alb. Thou art arm'd, Gloucester; let the trumpet sound:
If none appear to prove upon thy head
Thy heinous, manifest, and many treasons,
There is my pledge [throwing down a glove]; I'll prove it on thy heart.

Edm. Ask here, I'll preserve thy heart.

Edg. Ere I taste bread, thou art in nothing less
Than I have here proclaimed thee.

Req. Sick, O, sick!

Gon. [Aside] If not, I'll ne'er trust medicine.

Edm. There's my exchange [throwing down a glove]; what in the world his name
That names me traitor, villain-like he lies:
Call by the trumpet: he that dares approach
On him, on you, who not? I will maintain
My truth and honour firmly.

Alb. A herald, ho!

Edm. Trust to thy single virtue; for thy soldiers, All levied in my name, have in my name Took their discharge.

Req. My sickness grows upon me.

Alb. She is not well; convey her to my tent.

[Exit Edgar, rebuked.]

Enter a Herald.

Come hither, herald,—Let the trumpet sound,—
And read out this.

Capt. Sound, trumpet! [A trumpet sounds.]

Her. [Reads] 'If any man of quality or degree within the lists of the army will maintain upon Edmund, supposed Earl of Gloucester, that he is a manifold traitor, let him appear by the third sound of the trumpet: he is bold in his defence.'


[Trumpeters answer within.]

Enter Edgar, at the third sound, armed, with a trumpet before him.

Alb. Ask him his purposes, why he appears
Upon this call o' the trumpet.

Her. What are you?

Your name, your quality? and why you answer
This present summons?

Know, my name is lost;
By treason's tooth bare-grawned and canker-bit:
Yet am I noble as the adversary
I come to cope.

Alb. Which is that adversary?

Edg. What's he that speaks for Edmund Earl of Gloucester?

Edm. Himself: what say'st thou to him?

Edg. Draw thy sword, that, if my speech offend a noble heart,
Thy arm may do thee justice: here is mine.
Behold, it is the privilege of mine honours,
My oath, and my profession: I protest
Mangsre thy strength; thou dost disdaine the earth,
That thinkest that I'll give thee one who dare to make
Desert and dust below thy foot,
A most toad-spotted traitor. Say thou 'No,'
This sword, this arm, and my best spirits, are bent
To prove upon thy heart, whereto I speak,
Thou liest.

Edm. In wisdom I should ask thy name;
But, since thy side looks so fair and warlike,
And that thy tongue some say of breathing breaths,
What safe and nicely I might well delay
By rule of knighthood, I disdain and spurn:
Back do I toss these treasons to thy head;
With the hell-hated lie o'erwhelm thy heart;

Which, for they yet glance by and scarcely bruise,
This sword of mine shall give them instant way,
Where they shall rest for ever. Trumpets, speak!

[Alarums. They fight. Edmund falls.]

Alb. Save him, save him!

Gon. This is practice, Gloucester: By the law of arms thou wast not bound to answer
An unknown opposite; thou art not vanquish'd,
But cozen'd and beguil'd.

Alb. Shut your mouth, dame, or with this paper shall I stop it; Hold, sir;
Thou worse than any name, read thine own evil:
No tearing, lady; I perceive you know it.

[Give the letter to Edmund.]

Gon. Say, if I do, the laws are mine, not thine;
Who can arraign me for 't?

Alb. Most monstrous! oh! know'st thou this paper?

Gon. Ask me not what I know. [Exit.]

Alb. Go after her; she's desperate; govern her.

Edm. What you have charged me with, that have I done;
And more, and more; the time will bring it out: 'tis past, and so am I. But what art thou
That hast this fortune on me? If thou 'rt noble, I do forgive thee.

Edg. Let's exchange charity.

I am no less in blood than thou art, Edmund;
If more, the more thou hast wrong'd me.

My name is Edgar, and thy father's son.
The gods are just, and of our pleasant vices
Make instruments to plague us:
The dark and vicious place where thee he got
Cost him his eyes.

Thou hast spoke right, 'tis true;
The wheel is come full circle; I am here.

Alb. Methought thy very gait did prophesy
A royal nobleness: I must embrace thee:
Let sorrow split my heart, if ever
Did hate thee or thy father!

Edg. A worthy prince, I know 't

Alb. Where have you bid yourself?

How have you known the miseries of your father?

Edg. By nursing them, my lord. List a brief tale;
And when 'tis told, O, that my heart would burst!
The bloody proclamation to escape,
That follow'd me so near.—O, our lives' sweetness!
That we the pain of death would hourly die,
Rather than die at once!—taught me to shift
Into a madman's rags; to assume a semblance
That very dogs disdain'd: and in this habit
Met I my father with his bleeding rings,
Their precious stones new lost: became his guide,
Led him, begg'd for him, saved him from despair;
Never.—O fault!—reveal'd myself unto him,
Until some half-hour past, when I was arm'd:
Not sure, though hoping, of this good success,
I ask'd his blessing, and from first to last
Told him my pilgrimage: but his flaw'd heart,
Alack, too weak the conflict to support!
'Twixt two extremes of passion, joy and grief,
Burst smirlingly.

Edm. This speech of yours hath moved me,
And shall per chance do good: but speak you on;
You look as you had something more to say.

Alb. If there be more, more woeful, hold it in;
For I am almost ready to dissolve,
Hearing of this.

Edg. This would have seem'd a period
To such as love not sorrow; but another,
To amplify too much, would make much more,
And top extremity.

Whilst I was big in clamour came there in a man,
Who, having seen me in my worst estate,
Shunn'd my abhorred society; but then, finding
Who most that was endured, with his strong arms
He fasten'd on my neck, and bellow'd out
As he'd burst heaven; threw him on my father;
Told the most piteous tale of Lear and him
That ever I received: which in recounting
His grief grew puissant, and the strings of life
Began to crack: twice then the trumpets sounded,
And there I left him tranced.

Alb. But who was this?

Edg. Kent, sir, the banish'd Kent; who in disguise
Follow'd his enemy king, and did him service
Improper for a slave.

Enter a Gentleman, with a bloody knife.

Gent. Help, help, O, help!

Edg. What kind of help?

Alb. Gentleman, speak, man.

Edm. What means that bloody knife?

Gent. 'T is hot, it smokes;
It came even from the heart of— O, she's dead!


Gent. Your lady, sir, your lady: and her sister
By her is poisoned; she hath confess'd it.

Edm. I was contracted to them both: all three
Now marry in an instant.

Edg. Here comes Kent.

Alb. Produce their bodies, be they alive or dead:
This judgment of the heavens, that makes us tremble,
Touches us not with pity.

Enter Kent.

O, is this he?
The time will not allow the compliment
Which various manners urges.

Kent. I am come
To bid my king and master aye good night:
Is he not here?

Alb. Great thing of us forgot!
Speak, Edmund, where's the king? and where's
See'st thou this object, Kent? [Cordelia?
[The bodies of General and Regan are brought in.
Kent. Allack, why thus?

Edm. Yet Edmund was beloved:
The one the other poison'd for my sake,
And after slew herself.

Alb. Even so. Cover their faces.

Edm. I pant for life: some great I mean to do,
Despite of mine own nature. Quickly send,
The briefnes of it, to the castle; for my writ
Is on the life of Lear and on Cordelia:
Nay, send in time.

Alb. Run, run, O, run!

Edg. To who, my lord? Who hath the office? send
Thy token of reprieve.

Edm. Well thought on: take my sword,
Give it the captain.

Alb. Haste thee, for thy life. [Exit Edgar.

Edm. He hath commission from thy wife and me
To hang Cordelia in the prison, and
To lay the blame upon her own despair,
That she forsook 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
I know when one is dead, and when one lives; [ever
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?

Lear. Or image of that horror?

Alb. This feather stirs; she lives! if it be so,
It is a chance which does redeem all sorrows
That ever I have felt.
Othello, the Moor of Venice.

Dramatis Personae.

Duke of Venice,
Brabantio, a senator,
Other Senators.
Gratiano, brother to Brabantio.
Lodovico, kinsman to Brabantio.
Othello, a noble Moor in the service of the Venetian state.
Casio, his lieutenant.
Iago, his ancient.
Roderigo, a Venetian gentleman.

Montano, Othello’s predecessor in the government of Cyprus.
Clown, servant to Othello.
Desdemona, daughter to Brabantio and wife to Othello.
Emilia, wife to Iago.
Bianca, mistress to Cassio.
Sailor, Messenger, Herald, Officers, Gentlemen, Musicians, and Attendants.

Scene—Venice: a Sea-port in Cyprus.

Act I.

Scene I.—Venice. A street.

Enter Roderigo and Iago.

Rod. Tush! never tell me; I take it much unkindly
That thou, Iago, who hast had my purse
As if the strings were thine, shouldst know of this.
Iago. ‘Scowld, but you will not hear me:
If ever I did dream of such a matter,
Abhor me. [Exit Roderigo.
Iago. Thou told’st me thou diest hold him in thy
Despise me, if I do not. Three great ones of the city,
In personal suit to make me his lieutenant,
Off-capp’d to him: and, by the faith of man,
I know my price, I am worth no worse a place:
But he, as loving his own pride and purposes,
Evades them, with a bombast circumstance
Horribly stuf’d with epithets of war;
And, in conclusion,
Nonsuits my mediators; for, ‘Certes,’ says he,
‘I have already chose my officer.’
And what was he?
Forsoth, a great mathematician,
One Michael Cassio, a Florentine,
A fellow almost damn’d in a fair wife;
That never set a squadron in the field,
Nor theéd a vision of a battle knows
More than a spinster; unless the bookish theorie,
Wherein the toged consuls can propose
As masterly as he: mere prattle, without practice,
Is all his soldiery. But he, sir, had the election:
And I, of whom his eyes had seen the proof
At Rhodes, at Cyprus and on other grounds.
Christian and heathen, must be be-lee’d and calm’d
By debitor and creditor: this counter-caster,
Hke, in good time, must his lieutenant be, [client.
And I—God bless the mark!—his Moorship’s an
Rod. By heaven, I rather would have been his
hangerman. [service.
Iago. Why, there’s no remedy; ’tis the curse of
Preferment goes by letter and affection,
And not by old gradation, where each second
Stood heir to the first. Now, sir, be judge yourself,
Whether I in any just term am affined
To love the Moor.
Rod. I would not follow him then.
Iago. O, sir, content you;
I follow him to serve my turn upon him:
We cannot all be masters, nor all masters
Cannot be truly follow’d. You shall mark
Many a duteous and knee-crooking knife,
That, dotting on his own obsequious bondage,
Wears out his time, much like his master’s ass,
For nought but provender, and when he’s old,
cashier’d:
Whip me such honest knaves. Others there are
Who, trimm’d in forms and visages of duty,
Keep yet their hearts attending on themselves,
And, throwing but shows of service on their lords,
Do well strive by and when they have lined
their coats
[soul;
Do themselves homage: these fellows have some
And such a one do I profess myself. For, sir,
It is as sure as you are Roderigo,
Were I the Moor, I would not be Iago:
In following him, I follow but myself;
Heaven is my judge, not I for love and duty,
But seeming so, for my peculiar end:
For when my outward action doth demonstrate
The native act and figure of my heart
In compliment extem, ’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,
Rone 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!
ACT I.

OTHELLO.

SCENE II.

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 tumping your white ewe. Arise, arise;
Awake the snorting citizens with the bell,
Or else the devil will make a grand sire of you:
Arise, I say.

Bra. What, have you lost your wits?

Rod. Most reverend signior, do you know my Bra. Not I: what are you? [voice?]

Rod. My name is Roderigo.

Bra. The worser welcome; I have chargèd thee not to haunt about my doors:
In honest plausset thou hast heard me say
My daughter is not for thee; and now, in madness, Being full of surpise and distempering draughts,
Upon my vicious bravery, dost thou come
To start my quiet.

Rod. Sir, sir, sir,—

Bra. But thou must needs be sure
My spirit and my place have in them power
To make this bitter to thee.

Rod. Patience, good sir.

Bra. What tell'st thou me of robbing? this is
My house is not a grange. [Venice;

Rod. Most grave Brabantio,
In simple and pure soul I come to you.

Iago. ’Zounds, sir, you are one of those that will not serve God, if the devil bid you. Because we come to do you service and you think we are ruffians, you'll have your daughter covered with a Barbary horse; you'll have your nephews neigh to you; you'll have couriers 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 back.

Bra. Thou art a villain.

Iago. You are—a senator.

Bra. This thou shalt answer; I know thee, Roderigo.

Rod. Sir, I will answer any thing. But, I beseech If 't be your pleasure and most wise consent,
As partly I find it is, that your fair daughter,
At this odd-even and dull watch o' the night,
Transported, with no worse nor better guard
But with a knife of common hire, a gondoller,
To the gross claps of a lascivious Moor,—
If this be known to you and your allowance,
We then have done you bold and saucy wrongs; But if you know not this, my manners tell me
We have your wrong rebuke. Do not believe That, from the sense of all civility,
I thus would play and trifle with your reverence:
Your daughter, if you have not given her leave, I say again, hath made a gross revolt;
Tying her duty, beauty, wit and fortunes
In an extravagant and wheeling stranger
Of here and every where. Straight satisfy yourself:
If she be in her chamber or your house,
Let loose on me the justice of the state
For thus deluding you.

Bra. Strike on the tinder, ho! Give me a taper! call up all my people!

This accident is not unlike my dream:
Belief of it oppresses me already.
Light, I say! light! [Exit above.

Iago. Farewell; for I must leave you.
It seems not meet, nor wholesome to my place,
To be produced — as, if I stay, I shall—
Against the Moor: for, I do know, the state,
However this may gall him with some check,
Cannot with safety cast him, for he's embark'd
With such loud reason to the Cyprus wars,
Which even now stand in act, that, for their souls,
Another of his fathom they have none,
To lead their business: in which regard,
Though I do hate him as I do hell-pains,
Yet, for necessity of present life,
I must show out a flag and sign of love, [find him,
Which is indeed but sign. That you shall surely
Lead to the Sagittary the raised search;
And there will I be with him. So, farewell. [Exit.

Enter, below, Brabantio, and Servants with torches.

Bra. It is too true an evil: gone she is;
And what 's to come of my despaired life
Is sought but bitterness. Now, Roderigo,
Where didst thou see her? O unhappy girl!
With the Moor, say'st thou? Who would be a father!
How didst thou know 'twas she? O, she deceives me
Past thought! What said she to you? Get more tapers;
Raise all my kindred. Are they married, think you?

Rod. Truly, I think they are. [the blood!

Bra. O heaven! How got she out? O treason of Fathers, from hence trust not your daughters' minds
By what you see them act. Is there not charms
By which the property of youth and maidhood
May be abused? Have you not read, Roderigo,
Of some such thing?

Rod. Yes, sir, I have indeed.

Bra. Call up my brother. O, would you had had her!

Some one way, some another. Do you know
Where we may apprehend her and the Moor?

Rod. I think I can discover him, if you please
To get good guard and go along with me. [call;

Bra. Pray you, lead on. At every house I'll
May command at a lost. Get weapons, ho! And raise some special officers of night.

On, good Roderigo: I'll deserve your pains.

Enter Othello, Iago, and Attendants with torches.

Iago. Though in the trade of war I have slain
Yet do I hold it very stuff o' the conscience [men,
To do no contrived murder: I lack iniquity
Sometimes to do me service: nine or ten times
I had thought to have yerkt'd him here under the
Oth. 'T is better as it is. [ribs.

Iago. Nay, but be prated,
And speak such scurrily and provoking terms
Against your honour
That, with the little godliness I have,
I did full hard forbear him. But, I pray you, sir,
Are you fast married? Be assured of this,
That the magnificia is much beloved,
And hath in it effect a voice potential
As double as the duke's: he will divorce you;
Or put upon you what restraint and grievance
The law, with all his might to enforce it on,
Will give him cable.

Oth. Let him do his spite;
My services which I have done the signiory
Shall out-tongue his complaints. 'T is yet to know,—
Which, when I know that boasting is an honour,
I shall promulgate — I fetch my life and being
From men of royal siege, and my demerits
May speak unbonneted to as proud a fortune
As this that I have reach'd: for know, Iago,
But that I love the gentle Desdemona,
I would not my unhoused free condition
Put into circumscription and confine [yond?]
For the sea's worth. But, look! what lights come
Iago. Those are the raised father and his friends:
You were best go in.

Oth. Not I; I must be found:
My parts, my title and my perfect soul
Shall manifest me rightly. Is it they?

Iago. By Janus, I think no.

Enter Cassio, and certain Officers with torches.

Oth. The servants of the duke, and my lieutenant.
The goodness of the night upon you, friends!
What is the news?

Cas. The duke does greet you, general,
And he requires your haste-post-haste appearance,
Even on the instant.

Oth. What is the matter, think you?

Cas. Something from Cyprus, as I may divine:
It is a business of some heat: the galleys
Have sent a dozen sequent messengers
This very night at one another's heels,
And many of the consuls, raised and met,
Are at the duke's already: you have been hotly
called for;
When, being not at your lodging to be found,
The senate hath sent about three several quests
To search you out.

Oth. 'Tis well I am found by you.
I will but spend a word here in the house,
And go with you. [Exit.

Cas. Ancient, what makes he here?

Iago. 'Faith, he to-night hath boarded a land
carack:
If it prove lawful prize, he's made for ever.

Cas. I do not understand.

Iago. He's married.

Cas. To who?

Iago. Marry, to—Come, captain, will you go?

Oth. Have with you.

Cas. Here comes another troop to seek for you.

Iago. It is Brabantio. General, be advised;
He comes to bad intent.

Enter Brabantio, Roderigo, and Officers with torches and weapons.

Oth. Holla! stand there!

Rod. Signior, it is the Moor.

Bra. Down with him, thief! [They draw on both sides.

Iago. You, Roderigo! come, sir, I am for you.

Oth. Keep up your bright swords, for the
dew will rust them.

Good signior, you shall more command with years
Than with your weapons.

Bra. O thou foul thief, where hast thou stow'd my
daughter?

Dann'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 shun'd
The wealthy curled darlings of our nation,
Would ever have, to incur a general mock,
Run from her guardance to the sooty bosom
Of such a thing as thou, to fear, not to delight.
Judge me the world, if 'tis not gross in sense
That thou hast practis'd on her with foul charms,
Abused her delicate youth with drugs or minerals
That weaken motion: I'll have 't disputed on;
'T is probable and palpable to thinking.
I therefore apprehend and do attach thee
For an abuser of the world, a 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 thy charge?

Bra. To prison, till fit time
Of law and course of direct session
Call thee to answer.

Oth. What if I do obey?
How may the duke be therewith satisfied,
Whose messengers are here about my side,
Upon some present business of the state
To bring me to him?

First Off. 'T is 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 't were 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 judgment:
I do not so secure me in the error,
But the main article I do approve
In fearful sense.


First Off. A messenger from the galleys.

Enter a Sailor.

Duke. Now, what's the business?

Sail. The Turkish preparation makes for Rhodes;
So was I bid report here to the state
By Signior Angelo.

Duke. How say you by this change?

First Sen. This cannot be,
By no assay of reason: it is a pageant,
To keep us in false gaze. When we consider
The importunity of Cyprus to the Turk,
And let ourselves again but understand,
That as he 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
This, that Rhodes is dress'd in: if we make thought of
We must not think the Turk is so unskilful
To leave that latest which concerns him first,
Neglecting an attempt of ease and gain,
To wake and wage a danger profitless.

Duke. Nay, in all confidence, he's not for Rhodes.

First Off. Here is more news.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. The Ottomites, reverend and gracious,
Steering with due course towards the isle of Rhodes,
Have there injointed them with an after fleet.

First Sen. Ay, so I thought. How many, as you
guess?
ACT I.

OTHELLO.

Scene III.

Mess. Of thirty sail: and now they do re-stem Their backward course, bearing with frank appearance Their purposes toward Cyprus. Signior Montano, Your trusty and most valiant servitor, With his free duty recommends you thus, And prays you to believe him:

Duke. 'Tis certain, then, for Cyprus.

Marcus Luccio, is not he in town?

First Sen. He's now in Florence.

Duke. Write from us to him; post-post-haste dispatch.

[Moor.]

First Sen. Here comes Brabantio and the valiant

Enter Brabantio, Othello, Iago, Roderigo, and Officers.

Duke. Valiant Othello, we must straight employ Against the general enemy Ottoman. [you To Brabantio] I did not see you; welcome, gentle signior:

We lack'd your counsel and your help to-night. 

Bra. So did I yours. Good your grace, pardon me;
Neither my place nor aught I heard of business Hath rais'd me from my bed, nor doth the general Duke hold on me, for my particular grief |care Is of so flood-gate and o'erbearing nature That it engulfs and swallows other sorrows And it is still itself.

Duke. Why, what's the matter? 

Bra. My daughter! O, my daughter!

Duke and Sen. Dead?

Bra. Ay, to me;
She is abused, stol'n from me, and corrupted By spells and medicines bought of mountebanks; For nature so preposterously to err, Being not deficient, blind, or lame of sense, Sans witchcraft could not.

Duke. Who'er he be that in this foul proceeding Hath thus beguil'd your daughter of herself And you of her, the bloody book of law You shall yourself read in the bitter letter After your own sense, yea, though our proper son Stood in your action.

Bra. Humbly I thank your grace. Here is the man, this Moor, whom now, it seems, Your special mandate for the state-affairs Hath hither brought.

Duke and Sen. We are very sorry for 't.

Duke. [To Othello] What, in your own part, can you say to this?

Bra. Nothing, but this is so.

Oth. Most potent, grave, and reverend signiors, My very noble and approved good masters, That I have ta'en away this old man's daughter, It is most true; true, I have married her: The very head and front of my offending Hath this extent, no more. Rude am I in my speech, And little bled'st with the soft phrase of peace: For since these arms of mine had seven years' pith, Till now some nine moons wasted, they have used Their dearest action in the tented field, And little of this great world can I speak, More than pertains to feats of broil and battle, And therefore little shall I grace my cause In speaking for myself. Yet, by your gracious I will a round unvanish'd tale deliver [patience, Of my whole course of love; what drugs, what charms, What conjuration and what mighty magic, For such proceeding I am charged withal, I won his daughter.

Bra. A maiden never bold; Of spirit so still and quiet, that her motion Blush'd at herself; and she, in spite of nature, Of years, of country, credit, every thing, To fall in love with what she fear'd to look on! It is a judgment maim'd and most imperfect That will confess perfection so could err Against all rules of nature, and must be driven To find out practices of cunning hell, Why this should be. I therefore vouch again That with some mixtures powerful o'er the blood, Or with some dram conjured to this effect, He wrought upon her.

Duke. To vouch this, is no proof, Without more wider and more overt test Than these thin habits and poor likelihoods Of modern seeming do prefer against him. [First Sen. But, Othello, speak.

Did you by indirect and forced courses Subdue and poison this young maid's affections? Or came it by request and such fair question As soul to soul afforded?

Oth. I do beseech you,
Send for the lady to the Sagittary, And let her speak of me before her father: If you do find me foul in her report, The trust, the office I do hold of you, Not only take away, but let your sentence Even fall upon my life.


Oth. Ancient, conduct them: you best know the place. [Exeunt Inigo and Attendants. And, till she come, as truly as to heaven I do confess the vices of my blood, So justly to your grave ears I'll present How I did thrive in this fair lady's love, And she in mine. 

Duke. Say it, Othello.

Oth. Her father loved me; oft invited me; Still question'd me the story of my life, From year to year, the battles, sieges, fortunes, That I have pass'd. I ran it through, even from my boyish days, To the very moment that he bade me tell it; Wherein I spoke of most disastrous chances, Of moving accidents by flood and field, [breach, Of hair-breadth escapes 't the imminent deadly Of being taken by the insolent foe And sold to slavery, of my redemption thence And portance in my travels! story: Wherein of antres vast and deserts idle, [heaven, Rough quarries, rocks and hills whose heads touch It was my hint to speak,—such was the process; And of the Cannibals that each other eat, The Anthropopiagi 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 piant hour, and found good means To draw from her a prayer of earnest heart That I would all my pilgrimage dilate, Whereof by parcels she had something heard, But not intentionally: I did consent, And often did beguile her of her tears, When I did speak of some distressful stroke That my youth suffer'd. My story being done, She gave me for my pains a world of sighs: She swore, in faith, 't was strange, 't was passing 'T was pitiful, 't was wondrous pitiful: [strange, She wish'd she had not heard it, yet she wish'd That heaven had made her such a man: she thank'd me, And bade me, if I had a friend that loved her, I should but teach him how to tell my story, And that would soothe 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. 

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Enter Desdemona, Iago, and Attendants.

Duke. I think this tale would win my daughter Good Brabantio, [too.

Take up this mangled matter at the best: Men do their broken weapons rather use Than their bare hands.

I pray you, hear her speak:
If she confess that she was half the woorer,
 Destruction on my head, if my bad blame
Light on the man! Come hither, gentle mistress: Do you perceive in all this noble company Which most you owe obedience?

Des. My noble father,
I do perceive here a divided duty:
To you I am bound for life and education;
My life and education both do learn me
How to respect you; you are the lord of duty;
I am hitherto your daughter: but here’s my hus-
And so much duty as my mother show’d [band,
To you, preferring you before her father,
So much I challenge that I may profess
Due to the Moor my lord.

Duke. God be wi’ you! I have done.

Please at 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 sen-
tence,
Which, as a grise or step, may help these lovers
Into your favour.

When remedies are past, the griefs are ended
By seeing the worst, which late on hopes depended.
To mourn a mischief that is past and gone
Is the next way to draw new mischief on.
What cannot be preserved when fortune takes
Patience her injury a mockery makes. [thief;
The robb’d that smiles steals something from the He robs himself that spends a bootless grief.

Duke. So let the Turk of Cyprus us beguile;
We lose it not, so long as we can smile.
He bears the sentence well that nothing bears
But the free comfort which from thence he hears,
But he bears both the sentence and the sorrow
That, to pay grief, must of poor patience borrow.
These severages, to sugar, or to gall,
Being strong on both sides, are equivocal:
But words are words; I never yet did hear
That the bruised heart was pierced through the ear.
I humbly beseech you, proceed to the affairs of state.

Duke. The Turk with a most mighty preparation makes for Cyprus. Othello, the fortitude of the place is best known to you; and though we have there a substitute of most allowed sufficiency, yet opinion, a sovereign mistress of effects, throws a more safer voice on you: you must therefore be content to stubber the gloss of your new fortunes with this most solemn and boisterous expedition.

Oth. The tyrant custom, most grave senators, Hath made the flinty and steel couch of war
My thrice-driven bed of down: I do agnize
A natural and prompt alacrity
I find in hardness, and do undertake
These present wars against the Ottomites. Most honour therefore bending to your state,
Where due reference of place and exhibition,
With such accommodation and resort
As levels with her breeding.

Duke. Be’t at her father’s.

Duke. I’ll not have it so.

Oth. Nor I.

Des. Nor I; I would not there reside,
To put my father in impatient thoughts
By being in his eye. Most gracious duke,
To my unfolding lend your prosperous ear;
And let me find a charter in your voice,
To assist my simplicess.

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 quiver of my lord!
I saw Othello’s visage in his mind,
And to his honours and his valiant parts
Did I my soul and fortunes consecrate.
So that, dear lords, if I be left behind,
A moth of peace, and he go to the war,
The rites for which I love him are bereft me,
And I a heavy interim shall support
By his dear absence. Let me go with him.

Oth. Let her have your voices.

Youch 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 seek with wanton dullness
My speculative and officed instruments,
That my disports corrupt and taint my business,
Let housewives make a skilllet of my helm,
And all indign and base adversities
Make head against my estimation!

Duke. Be it as you shall privately determine,
Either for her stay or going: the affair cries haste,
And speed must answer it.

First Sen. You must away to-night.

Oth. With all my heart.

Duke. At nine I’ the morning here we’ll meet
Othello, leave some officer behind, [again.
And he shall our commission bring to you;
With such things else of quality and respect
As 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
If virtue no delighted beauty lack, [signior,
Your son-in-law is far more fair than black. [well.

First Sen. Adieu, brave Moor; use Desdemona.

Duke. Look to her, Moor, if thou hast eyes to see:
She has deceived her father, and may thee.

[Exeunt Duke, Senators, Officers, &c.

Oth. My life upon her faith! Honest Iago,
My Desdemona must I leave to thee:
I pritchet, let thy wife attend on her;
And bring them after in the best advantage.
Come, Desdemona; I have not an hour
Of love, of worldly matters and direction,
To spend with thee; we must obey the time.

[Exeunt Othello and Desdemona.

Rod. Iago.—

Iago. What say’st thou, noble heart?

Rod. What will I do, thinkest thou?

Iago. What shall I do to thee?

Rod. I will inventently drown myself.

Iago. If thou dost, I shall never love thee after.

Rod. Why, thou silly gentleman!

Rod. It is silliness to live when to live is tor-
ment; and then have we a prescription to die when death is our physician.
Scene I. A sea-port in Cyprus. An open place near the quay.

Enter Montano and two Gentlemen.

Mon. What from the cape can you discern at sea?  
Fir. Gent. Nothing at all; it is a high-wrought I cannot, 'twixt the heaven and the main, f'lood; Desery a sail.

Mon. Methinks the wind hath spoke aloud at land;  
A fuller blast ne'er shook our battlements: If it hath ruffian'd so upon the sea,  
What ribs of oak, when mounted on them, Can hold the mortise? 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 bare,  
And quench the guards of the ever-fixed pole: I never did like molestation view

On the enchaessed flood.  

Mon. If that the Turkish fleet

Be not ensneller'd and embay'd, they are drown'd; It is impossible they bear it out.

Enter a third Gentleman.

Third Gent. News, lads! our wars are done. The desperate vanquish hath so hang'd the Turks, That their desigament halts: a noble ship of Venice Hath seen a grievous wreck and sufferance On most part of their fleet.  
Mon. How! is this true?  
Third Gent. The ship is here put in, A Veronese, Michael Cassio, Lieutenant to the warlike Moor Othello, Is come on shore: the Moor himself at sea, And is in full commission here for Cyprus.  
Mon. I am glad on 't; 'tis a worthy governor.  
Third Gent. But this same Cassio, though he speak of comfort Touching the Turkish loss, yet he looks sadly, And prays the Moor be safe; for they were parted With foul and violent tempest.  
Mon. Pray heavens he be;  
For I have served him, and the man commands
Like a full soldier. Let’s to the seaside, ho! 
As well to see the vessel that’s come in 
As to throw out our eyes for brave Othello, 
Even then will we make the main and the aerial blue 
An indistinct regard.

Third Gent. Come, let’s do so; 
For every minute is expectancy 
Of more arriance.

Enter Cassio.

Cas. Thanks, you the valiant of this warlike isle, 
That so approve the Moor! O, let the heavens 
Give him defence against the elements, 
For I have lost him on a dangerous sea. 
Mon. Is he well shipp’d? 
Cas. His bark is stoutly timber’d, and his pilot 
Of very expert and approved allowance; 
Therefore my hopes, not surfeited to death, 
Stand in bold cure. 

[To All within.] A sail, a sail, a sail!

Enter a fourth Gentleman.

Cas. What noise? 
Fourth Gent. The town is empty; on the brow o’ the sea, 
Stand ranks of people, and they cry ‘A sail!’

Cas. My hopes do shape him for the governor. 
[Gun heard.

Sec. Gent. They do discharge their shot of cour
t Our friends at least. 
[tesy: 
Cas. I pray you, sir, go forth, 
And give us truth who ’tis that is arrived. 
Sec. Gent. I shall. 
[Exit Mon. But, good lieutenant, is your general wiv’d? 
Cas. Most fortunately: he hath achieved a maid 
That paragonous description and wild fame: 
One that excels the quirks of blazing pens, 
And in the essential vesture of creation 
Does tire the ingener.

Re-enter second Gentleman.

How now! who has put in? 
Sec. Gent. ’Tis one Iago, ancient to the general. 
Cas. Has had most favourable and happy speed: 
Tempests themselves, high seas and howling winds, 
The gutter’d rocks and congregated sands,— 
Traitors estueep’d to clog the guiltless keel,— 
As having sense of beauty, do omit 
Their mortal natures, letting go safely 
The divine Desdemona. 
Mon. What is she? 
Cas. She that I spake of, our great captain’s cap.
Left in the conduct of the bold Iago, 
[tain, Whose footing here anticipates our thoughts 
A se’nnight’s speed. Great Jove, Othello guard, 
And swell his sail with thine own powerful breath, 
That he may bless this bay with his tall ship, 
Make love’s quick pants in Desdemona’s arms, 
Give renew’d fire to our extincted spirits, 
And bring all Cyprus comfort!

Enter Desdemona, Emilia, Iago, Rodrigo, and Attendants.

O, behold, 
The riches of the ship is come on shore! 
Ye men of Cyprus, let her have your knees. 
Hail to thee, lady! and the grace of heaven, 
Before, behind thee and on every hand, 
Enwheel thee round! 
Des. I thank you, valiant Cassio. 
What tidings can you tell me of my lord? 
Cas. He is not yet arrived; nor know I aught 
But that he’s well and will be shortly here. 
Des. How long, then, have you come away? 
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. [Exit Gentleman. 
Good ancient, you are welcome. [To Emilia] Wel
come, mistress: 
Let it not gall your patience, good Iago, 
That I extend my manners; ’tis my breeding 
That gives me this bold show of courtesy. 

Kissing her.

Iago. Sir, would she give you so much of her lips 
As of her tongue she oft bestows on me, 
You’d have enough. 
Des. Alas, she has no speech. 
Iago. In faith, too much: 
I find it still, when I have 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. 
[doors, 
Iago. Come on, come on; you are pictures out of 
Bells in your parlours, wild-cats in your kitchens, 
Saints in your injuries, devils being offended, 
Players in their fast housewifery, and housewives in your 
Des. O, fie upon thee, slanderer! 
[beds. 
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 not. 
Des. What wouldst thou write of me, if thou 
shouldst praise me? 
Iago. O gentle lady, do not put me to ‘t; 
For I am nothing, if not critical. 
Des. Come on, assay. There’s one gone to the 
Iago. Ay, madam. 
[harbour? 
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. 
If she be fair and wise, fairness and wit, 
The one’s for use, the other useth it. 
[witty? 
Des. Well praised! How if she be black and 
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 i’ the alehouse. What miserable praise hast thou for her that’s foul and foolish? 
Iago. There’s none so foul and foolish thereunto, 
But does foul pranks which fair and wise ones do. 
Des. O heavy ignorance! thou praisest the worst 
best. But what praise couldst thou bestow on a 
deserving woman indeed, one that, in the authority of her merit, did justly put on the vouch of very 
males is itself. 
Iago. She was that ever fair and never proud, 
Had tongue at will and yet was never loud, 
Never lack’d gold and yet went never gay, 
Fled from her wish and yet said ‘Now I may,’ 
She that being anger’d, her revenge being nigh, 
Bade her wrong stay and her displeasure fly, 
She that in wisdom never was so frail 
To change the cod’s head to the salmon’s tail; 
She that could think and ne’er disclose her mind, 
See suitors following and not look behind, 
She was a wight, if ever such wight were,— 
Des. To do what?

Iago. To suckle fools and chronicle small beer.
O wherefore blame and potent conclusion! Do not learn of him, Emilia, though he be thy hus-
band. How say you, Cassio? is he not a most pro-
face and liberal counsellor?
Cas. He speaks home, madam: you may relish him more in the soldier than in the scholar.

Iago. [Aside] He takes her by the palm: ay, well said, whisper: with as little a web as this will I ensnare as great a fly as Cassio. Ay, smile upon her, do; I will give thee in thine own courtship. You say true, my lord; indeed: if such tricks as these strip you out of your lieutenantcy, it had been better you had not kissed your three fingers so oft, which now again you are most apt to play the sir in. Very good; well kissed! an excellent courtesy! 'tis so, indeed. Yet again your fingers to your lips? would they were cyster-pipes for your sake! [Trumpet]

Des. I know the Moor! I know his trumpet. Cas. 'Tis truly so.

Des. Let's meet him and receive him.

Cas. Lo, where he comes!

Enter Othello and Attendants.

Oth. O my fair warrior! My dear Othello!

Des. It gives me wonder great as my content To see you here before me. O my soul's joy! If after every tempest come such calms, May the winds blow still with them who have waken'd death! And let the farther hills climb hills of seas Olympus-high and duck again as low. As hell's from heaven! If it were now to die, 'Twere now to be most happy; for, I fear, My soul hath her content so absolute That not another comfort like to this Succeeds in unknown fate.

The heavens forbid But that our loves and comforts should increase, Even as our days do grow!

Oth. Amen to that, sweet powers! I cannot speak enough of this content; It stops me here; it is too much of joy: And this, and this, the greatest discords be That e'er our hearts shall make!

Iago. [Aside] O, you are well tuned now! But I'll set down the pegs that make this music, As honest as I am.

Oth. Come, let us to the castle. News; friends; our wars are done, the Turks are drown'd.

How does my old acquaintance of this isle? Honey, you shall be well desired in Cyprus; I have found great love amongst them. O my I prattled out of fashion, and I dole [sweet, In mind as well]. I must poor ... Iago, Go to the bay and disembark my coffer: Bring thou the master to the citadel; He is a good one, and his worthiness Does challenge much respect. Come, Desdemona, Once more, well met at Cyprus.

[Exit Othello, Desdemona, and Attendants.]

Iago. Do thou meet me presently at the harbour. Come hither. If thou be'st valiant,—as, they say, base men being in love have then a nobility in their natures more than is native to them,—list me. The lieutenant to-night watches on the court of guard:—first, I must tell thee this—Desdemona is directly in love with him.

Rod. With him! why, 'tis not possible.

Iago. Lay thy finger thus, and let thy soul be instructed. Mark me with what violence she first loved the Moor, but for bragging and telling her fantastical lies, and will she love him still for prating? let me not distrage my heart think it. Her eye must be fed; and what delight shall she have to look on the devil? When the blood is made dull with the act of sport, there should be, again to inflame it and to give sate a freshness appetite, love-liness in favour, sympathy in years, manners and beauties; all which the Moor is defective in; now, for want of these required conveniences, her delicate tenderness will find itself abused, begin to have the gorge, disrelish and abhor the Moor; very nature will instruct her in it and compel her to some second choice. Now, sir, this granted,—as it is a most pregnant and unforced position,—who stands so eminent in the degree of this fortune as Cassio, doth know how very valuable; no further compassing than in putting upon the mere form of civil and humane seeming, for the better compassing of his salt and most hidden loose affection? why, none; why, none: a slipper and subtle knave, a finder of occasions, that has an eye can stamp and counterfeit 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 thou not see her give it to Cassio? Rod. Yes, that I did; but that was but courtesy. Iago. Lecchery, by this hand; an index and obscure prologue to the history of lust and foul thoughts. They met so near with their lips that their breaths embraced together. Villainous thoughts, Roderigo! when these mutualities so marshal the way, hard at hand comes the master and main exercise, the incorruptible conclusion, Fish! But, sir, be you ruled by me: I have brought you from Venice. Watch you to-night; for the command, I'll lay 't upon you. Cassio knows you not. I'll not be far from you: do you find some occasion to anger Cassio, either by speaking too loud, or taunting 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 happily may strike at you: provoke him, that he may; for given out of that will I cause these of Cyprus to mutiny; whose qualification shall come into no true taste again but by the displainting 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. Well, 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 accountable for such 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 with my heart thus. I will, wife, Or falling so, yet that I put the Moor At least into a jealousy so strong That judgment cannot cure. Which thing to do, If this poor trash of Venice, whom I trash For his quick hunting, stand the putting on, I'll have our Michael Cassio on the hip,
Abuse him to the Moor in the rank garb —
For I fear Cassio with my night-cap too —
Make the Moor thank me, love me and reward me,
For making him egregiously an ass
And practising upon his peace and quiet.
Even to madness. 'Tis here, but yet confused:
Knave’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 and valiant general, that, upon certain tidings now arrived, importing the mere perdition of the Turkish fleet, every man put himself into triumph; some to dance, some to make bonfires, each man to what sport and revels his addiction leads him; for, besides these beneficial news, it is the celebration of his nuptial. So much was his pleasure should be proclaimed. All officers are open, and there is full liberty of feasting from this present hour of five till the bell have told eleven. Heaven bless the isle of Cyprus and our noble general Othello! [Exeunt.

SCENE III.—A hall in the castle.

Enter Othello, Desdemona, Cassio, and Attendants.

Oth. Good Michael, look you to the guard to-night;
Let's teach ourselves that honourable stop,
Not to outstrip discretion.
Cas. Iago hath direction what to do;
But, notwithstanding, with my personal eye
Will I look to 't.
Oth. Iago is most honest.
Michael, good night: to-morrow with your earliest
Let me have speech with you. [To Desdemona] Come, my dear love,
The purchase made, the fruits are to ensue;
That profit's yet to come 'twixt me and you.
Good night. [Exeunt Othello, Desdemona, and Attendants.

Enter Iago.

Cas. Welcome, Iago; we must to the watch.
Iago. Not this hour, lieutenant; 'tis not yet ten
o'clock. Our general cast us thus early for the
love of his Desdemona: who let us not therefore blame:
he hath not yet made wanton the night
with her; and she is sport for Jove.
Cas. Iago. And, I'll warrant her, full of game. [tune.
Cas. Indeed, she's a most fresh and delicate crea-
Iago. What an eye she has! methinks it sounds
a parley of provocation. [modest.
Cas. An inviting eye; and yet methinks right
Iago. And when she speaks, is it not an alarum
Cas. She is indeed perfection. [to love?
Iago. Well, happiness to their sheets! Come, lieutenant,
I have a stoup of wine; and here without
are a brace of Cyprus gallants that would fain
have a measure to the health of black Othello.
Cas. Not to-night, good Iago: I have very poor
and unhappy brains for drinking: I could well wish
courtesy would invent some other custom of enter-
tainment.
Iago. O, they are our friends; but one cup: I'll
drink for you.
Cas. I have drunk but one cup to-night, and that
was craftily quaff'd one, too, and, behold, what inno-
vation it makes here: I am unfortunate in the in-
firmity, and dare not task my weakness with any more.
Iago. What, man! 'tis a night of revels: the
gallants desire it.
Cas. Where are they?
Iago. Here at the door; I pray you, call them in.

Cas. I'll do't; but it dislikes me. [Exit.
Iago. If I can fasten but one cup upon him,
With that which he hath drunk to-night already,
He'll be as full of quarrel and offence
As my young mistress' dog. Now, my sick fool
Rodrigue,
Whom love hath turn'd almost the wrong side out,
To Desdemona hath to-night caroused
Potations pottle-deep; and 'he's to watch:
Three lads of Cyprus, noble swelling spirits,
That hold their honours in a wary distance,
The very elements of this warlike isle,
Have I to-night hustled with flowing cups,
And they watch too. Now, 'mongst this flock of
drunkards,
Am I to put our Cassio in some action
That may offend the isle.—But here they come:
If consequence do but approve my dream,
My boat sails freely, both with wind and stream.

Re-enter Cassio; with him Montano and Gentle-
men; Servants following with wine.

Cas. ’Fore God, they have given me a rouse already.
Mon. Good faith, a little one; not past a pint, as
I am a soldier.
Iago. Some wine, ho!

[Sing] And let me the canakin clink, clink;
And let me the canakin clink:
A soldier's a man;
A life's but a span;
Why, then, let a soldier drink.
Some wine, boys!

Cas. 'Fore God, an excellent song.
Iago. I learned it in England, where, indeed, they
are most potent in potting: your Dane, your German,
and your swag-belied Hollander—Drink, ho!—are
nothing to your English. [jog?
Cas. Is your Englishman so expert in his drink-
Iago. Why, he drinks you, with facility, your
dane dead drunk; he sweats not to overthrow your
Almain; he gives your Hollander a vomit, eré the
next pottle can be filled.
Cas. To the health of our general! [rice.
Mon. I am for it, lieutenant; and I'll do you jus-
Iago. O sweet England! King Stephen was a worthy peer,
His breeches cost him but a crown;
He held them sixpence all too dear,
With that he call'd the tailor loan.
He was a wight of high renown,
And thou art a lout of low degree:
'Tis pride that pulls the country down;
Then take thine auld cloak about thee.

Some wine, ho!

Cas. Why, this is more exquisite song than the
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 gen-
eral, nor any man of quality,—I hope to be saved.
Iago. And so do I too, lieutenant.
Cas. Ay, but, by your leave, not before me; the
lieutenant is to be saved before the ancient. Let's
have no more of this; let's to our affairs.—Forgive
us our sins!—Gentlemen, let's to our business.
Do not think, gentlemen, I am drunk: this is my
ancient; this is my right hand, and this is my left:
I am not drunk now; I can stand well enough,
and speak well enough.

All. Excellent well.
Cas. Why, very well then; you must not think
then that I am drunk. [Exit.
Mon. To the platform, masters; come, let's set
the watch.

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Othello. You see this fellow that is gone before; He is a soldier fit to stand by Caesar And give direction: and do but see his vice; 'Tis to his virtue a just equinox, The one as long as the other: 'tis pity of him. I fear the trust Othello puts him in, On some odd time of his infirmity, Will shake this island.

Mon. But is he often thus?
Oth. 'Tis evermore the prologue to his sleep: He'll watch the horologue a double set, If drink rock not his cradle.

The general were put in mind of it. Perhaps he sees it not; or his good nature Prizes the virtue that appears in Cassio, And looks not on his evils: is not this true?

Enter Roderigo.

Oth. [Aside to Iago] How now, Roderigo! I pray you, after the lieutenant; go. [Exit Roderigo.

Mon. 'And 'tis great pity that the noble Moor Should have taken a place as his own second With one of an ingrained infirmity: It were an honest action to say So to the Moor.

Oth. 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! I pray you, after the lieutenant; go. [Exit Roderigo.

Mon. 'What's the matter, lieutenant? Cassio. A knave teach me my duty! Mon. I'll beat the knave into a twiggren bottle. Rod. Beat me!

Cas. Dost thou prize, rogue? [Striking Roderigo. Mon. Nay, good lieutenant; [Staying him. I pray you, sir, hold your hand. Cas. Let me go, sir, Or I'll knock you o'er the mazzard.


Nay, good lieutenant,— alas, gentlemen; — Help, ho! — Lieutenant,— sir,—Montano,— sir,— Help, masters! — Here's a goodly watch indeed! [Bell rings. Who's that which rings the bell? — Diabolo, ho! The town will rise: God's will, lieutenant, hold! You shall 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. [Pains.

Oth. Hold, for your lives! [gentlemen,— Iago. Hold, ho! Lieutenant,— sir,—Montano,— Have you not all sense of place and duty? Hold! the general speaks to you; hold, hold, for shame! [this? Oth. Why, how now, ho! from whence ariseth Are we turn'd Turks, and to ourselves do that Which heaven hath forbid the Ottomites? For Christian shame, put by this barbarous brawl: He that stirs next to carve for his own rage Holds his soul light; he dies upon his motion. Silence that dreadful bell: it frights the 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 In quarter, and in terms like bride and groom [now,

Devesting them for bed; and then, but now — As if some planet had unwitt'd 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 bore 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 months of best content: 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. — [me,— While I spare speech, which something now offends Of all that I do know: nor know I aught By me that's said or done amiss this night; Unless self-charity be sometimes a vice, And to defend ourselves it be a sin When violence assails us. Oth. Now, by heaven, My blood begins my safer guides to rule; And passion, having my best judgment collid'd, 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 birth, Shall lose me. What! in a town of war, Yet wild, the people's hearts brimful of fear, To manage private and domestic quarrel, In night, and on the court and guard of safety! 'Tis monstrous, Iago, who began it? Mon. If partially affined, or league'd in office, Thou dost deliver more or less than truth, Thou art no soldier.

Iago. Touch me not so near: I had rather have this tongue cut from my mouth Than it should do offence to Michael Cassio; Yet, I persuade myself, to speak the truth Shall nothing wrong him. Thus it is, general. Montano and myself being in speech, There comes a fellow crying out for help; And Cassio following him with determined sword, To execute upon him. Sir, this gentleman Steps in to Cassio, and entreats his cause: Myself the crying fellow did pursue, Lest by his clamour — as it so fell out — The town might fall in fright: he, swift of foot, Outran my purpose; and I return'd the rather For that I heard the clink and fall of swords, And Cassio high in other, which time to night I ne'er might say before. When I came back — For this was brief — I found them close together, At blow and thrust; even as again they were When you yourself did part them. More of this matter cannot I report: But men are men; the best sometimes forget: Though Cassio did some little wrong to him, As men in rage strike those that wish them best, Yet surely Cassio, I believe, received From him that fled some strange indignity, Which patience could not pass. Oth. I know, Iago, Thy honesty and love doth mince this matter, Making it light to Cassio. Cassio, I love thee; But never more be officer of mine.

Re-enter Desdemona, attended.

Look, if my gentle love be not raised up! I'll make thee an example. Des. What's the matter?
Scene for Othello

Oth. All’s well now, sweeting; come away to bed. Sir, for your hurts, myself will be your surgeon: Lead him off. [To Montano, who is led off. Iago, Marry, heaven forbid! To have their balmy slumbers waked with strife. [Exit all but Iago and Cassio.

Iago. What, are you hurt, Lieutenant? Cas. Ay, past all surgery. Iago. Marry, heaven forbid! To have their balmy slumbers waked with strife. [Exit.}

Scene for Roderigo

Roderigo. How now, Roderigo! Rod. I do follow here in the chase, not like a hound that hunts, but one that fills up the cry. My money is almost spent; I have been to-night exceedingly well cudgelled; and I think the issue will be, I shall have so much experience for my pains, and so, with no money at all and a little more wit, return again to Venice.

Iago. How poor are they that have not patience! What wound did ever heal but by degrees? Thou know’st we work by wit, and not by witchcraft; and wit depends on dilatory time.

Does ’t not go well? Cassio hath beaten thee, and thou, by that small hurt, hast cashier’d Cassio: Though other things grow fair against the sun, yet fruits that burst from 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. ’Tis two things 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?

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 general and his waylay, to hear music the general does not greatly care.

*First Mus.* We have none such, sir.

Clo. Then put up your pipes in your bag, for I’ll away; go; vanish into air; away! [Exeunt Musicians.]

*Cas.* Dost thou hear, my honest friend?

Clo. No, I hear not your honest friend; I hear you.

*Cas.* Prithee, keep up thy quillets. There’s a poor piece of gold for thee: if the gentlewoman that attends the general’s wife be stirring, tell her there’s one Cassio entreats her a little favour of speech: wilt thou do this?

Clo. She is stirring, sir: if she will stir hither, I shall seem to notify unto her.

*Cas.* Do, good my friend. [Exit Clown.]

Enter Iago.

Iago. In happy time, Iago.

*Cas.* Why, no; the day had broke Before we parted. I have made bold, Iago, To send in to your wife: my suit to her Is, that she will to virtuous Desdemona Procure me some access.

*Iago.* I’ll send her to you presently; And I’ll devise a mean to draw the Moor Out of the way, that your converse and business May be more free.

*Cas.* I humbly thank you for’t. [Exit Iago.] I never knew A Florentine more kind and honest.

Enter Emilia.

*Emil.* Good morrow, good lieutenant: I am sorry For your displeasure; but all will sure be well. The general and his waylay are talking of it; And she speaks for you stoutly: the Moor replies, That he you hurt is of great fame in Cyprus And great affinity and that in wholesome wisdom He might not but refuse you, but he protests he loves you And needs no other suitor but his likings To take the safest occasion by the front To bring you in again.

*Cas.* Yet, I beseech you, If you think fit, or that it may be done, Give me advantage of some brief discourse With Desdemona alone.

*Emil.* Pray you, come in: I will bestow you where you shall have time To speak your bosom freely.

*Cas.* I am much bound to you. [Exeunt.]
That he hath left part of his grief with me,  
To suffer with him. Good love, call him back.  

Oth. Not now, sweet Desdemona; some other time.  

Des. But shall 't be shortly?  

Oth. The sooner, sweet, for you.  

Des. Shall 't be to-night at supper?  

Oth. No, not to-night.  

Des. To-morrow dinner, then?  

Oth. I shall not dine at home;  
I meet the captains at the citadel. [morn;  

Des. Why, then, to-morrow night; or Tuesday  
On Tuesday noon, or night; on Wednesday morn:  
I prithee, name the time, but let it not  
Exceed three days: in faith, he's penitent;  
And yet his trespass, in our common reason—  
Save that, they say, the wars must make examples  
Out of their best, is not almost a fault  
To incur a private check. When shall he come?  
Tell me, Othello: I wonder in my soul,  
What you would ask me, that I should deny,  
Or stand so mannering on. What! Michael Cassio,  
That came a-wooing with you, and so many a time,  
When I have spoke of you dispraisingly,  
Hath taken your part: to have so much to do  
To bring him in! Trust me, I could do much.—  

Oth. Prithee, no more: let him come when he will;  
I will deny thee nothing.  

Des. Why, this is not a boon;  
'Tis as I should entreat you wear your gloves,  
Or feed on nourishing dishes, or keep you warm,  
Or shut your eyes to do a lawful profit  
To your own person: nay, when I have a suit  
Wherein I mean to touch your love indeed,  
It shall be full of poised and difficult weight  
And fearful to be granted.  

Oth. I will deny thee nothing:  
Wherefore, I do beseech thee, grant me this,  
To leave me but a little to myself.  

Des. Shall I deny you? no: farewell, my lord.  

Oth. Farewell, my Desdemona: I 'll come to thee  
straight.  

Des. Emilia, come. Be as your fancies teach you;  
Whate'er you be, I am obedient.  

[Exeunt Desdemona and Emilia.  

Oth. Excellent wretch! Perdition catch my soul,  
But I do love thee! and when I love thee not,  
Chaos is come again.  

Iago. My noble lord,—  

Oth. What dost thou say, Iago?  

Iago. Did Michael Cassio, when you woo'd your lady,  
Know of your love?  

Oth. He did, from first to last: why dost thou ask?  

Iago. But for a satisfaction of my thought;  
No further harm.  

Oth. Why of thy thought, Iago?  

Iago. I did not think he had been acquainted  
with her.  

Oth. O, yes; and went between us very oft.  

Iago. Indeed! [in that?  

Oth. Indeed! ay, indeed: discern'st thou aught  
Is he not honest?  

Iago. Honest, my lord!  

Oth. Honest! ay, honest.  

Iago. My lord, for aught I know.  

Oth. What dost thou think?  

Iago. Think, my lord!  

Oth. Think, my lord!  

By heaven, he echoes me,  
As if there were some monster in his thought  
Too hideous to be shown. Thou dost mean something:  
I heard thee say even now, thou likedst not that,  
When Cassio left my wife: what didst not like?  
And when I told thee he was of my counsel  
In my whole course of wooing thou couldst! Indeed!  
And didst contract and purse thy brow together,  
As if thou then hadst shut up in thy brain  

Some horrible conceit: if thou dost love me,  
Show me thy thought.  

Iago. My lord, you know I love you,  

Oth. But, I think thou dost;  
And, for I know thou 'rt full of love and honesty,  
And weigh'st thy words before thou givest them breath,  
Therefore these stops of thine fright me the more:  
For such things in a false disloyal knave  
Are tricks of custom, but in a man that 's just  
They are close 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 thoughts,  
As thou dost ruminate, and give thy worst of  
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. [false  
Utter my thoughts? Why, say they are vile and  
As where 's that palace whereunto foul things  
Sometimes intrude not? who has a breast so pure,  
But some uncleanly apprehensions  
Keep leeds at a 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. I do beseech you—  
Though I perchance am vicious in my guess,  
As, I confess, it is my nature's plague  
To spy into abuses, and oft my jealousy  
Shapes faults that are not— that your wisdom yet,  
From one that so imperfectly conceits,  
Would take no notice, nor build yourself a trouble  
Out of his scattering and unsure observance.  
It were not for your quiet nor your good,  
Nor for my manhood, honesty, or wisdom,  
To let you know my thoughts.  

Oth. What dost thou mean?  

Iago. Good name in man and woman, dear my  
Is the immediate jewel of their souls: [lord,  
Who steals my purse steals trash; 'tis something,  
nothing;  
'Twas mine, 'tis his, and has been slave to thou—  
But he that fitches from me my good name [sands;  
Robes me of that which not enriches him  
And makes me poor indeed.  

Oth. By heaven, I'll know thy thoughts.  

Iago. You cannot, if my heart were in your hand;  
Nor shall not, whilst 'tis in my custody.  

Oth. Ha!  

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 lie o'er  
Who dotes, yet doubts, suspects, yet strongly loves!  

Oth. O misery!  

Iago. Poor and content is rich and rich enough,  
But riches fainess is as poor as winter  
To him that ever fears he shall be poor.  
Good heaven, the souls of all my tribe defend  
From jealousy!  

Oth. Why, why is this?  

Think'st thou I'd make a life of jealousy,  
To follow still the changes of the moon  
With fresh suspicions? No; to be once in doubt  
is once to be resolved: exchange me for a goat,  
When I shall turn the business of my soul.
ACT III.

OTHELLO.

SCENE III.

To such exsufflicate and blown surprises, [Otho
Matching thy inference. ’Tis not to make me jeal-
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 virous:
Nor from mine own weak merits will I draw
The smallest fear or doubt of her revolt;
For she had eyes, and chose me. No, Iago;
I'll see before I doubt; when I doubt, prove;
And on the proof, there is no more but this,—
Away at once with love or jealousy.
Iago. I stand of it: for now I shall have reason
To show the love and duty that I bear you
With franker spirit: therefore, as I am bound,
Receive it from me. I speak not yet of proof.
Look to your wife; observe her well with Cassio;
Wear your eye thus, not jealous nor secure:
I would not have your free and noble nature,
Out of self-honour, be abused; look to ’t:
I know our country disposition well;
In Venice they do let heaven see the pranks
They dare not show their husbands; their best con-
science
Is not to be undone, but keep ’t unknown.
Oth. Dost thou say so?
Iago. She did deceive her father, marrying you;
And when she seem’d to shake and fear your looks,
She loved them most.
Oth. And so she did.
Iago. Why, go to then;
She that, so young, could give out such a seeming,
To see her father’s eyes up close as oak—
He thought ’t was witchcraft—but I am much to
Humbly do beseech you of your pardon [blame;
For too much loving you.
Oth. I am bound to thee for ever.
Iago. I see this hath a little dash’d thy spirits.
Oth. Not a jot, not a jot.
Iago. I’faith, I fear it has.
I hope you will consider what is spoke
Comes from my love. But I do see you’re moved;
I am to pray you not to strain my speech
To grosser issues nor to larger reach
Than to suspicion.
Oth. I will not.
Iago. Should you do so, my lord,
My speech should fall into such vile success
As my thoughts aim not at. Cassio’s my worthy
My lord, I see you’re moved: [friend—
Oth. No, not much moved;
I do not think but Desdemona’s honest. [think so
Iago. Long live she so! and long live you to
Oth. And yet, how nature erring from itself,—
Iago. Ay, there’s the point: as—to be hold with
Not to affect many proposed matches:—[you
Of her own clime, complexion, and degree,
Where to we see in all things nature tends—
Foh! one may smell in such a will most rank,
Foul disproportion, thoughts unnatural.
But pardon me; I do not in position
Distinctly speak of her; though I may fear
Her who, confiding her better judgment,
May fail to match you with her country forms
And happily repent.
Oth. Farewell, farewell:
If more thou dost perceive, let me know more;
Set on thy wife to observe: leave me, Iago.
Iago. [Going] My lord, I take my leave. [doubtless
Oth. Why, did I say a vry creature
Sees and knows more, much more, than he unfold.
Iago. [Returning] My lord, I would I might en-
treat your honour
To scan this thing no further; leave it to time:
Though it be fit that Cassio have his place,
For, sure, he fills it up with great ability,
Yet, if you please to hold him off awhile
You shall by that perceive him and his means:
Note, if your lady strain his entertainment
With any strong or vehement importunity;
Much will be seen in that. In the mean time,
Let me be thought too busy in my fears—
As worthy an use I have my good faith—
And hold her free, I do beseech your honour.
Oth. Fear not my government.
Iago. I once more take my leave.
[Exit.
Oth. This fellow ’s of exceeding honesty,
And knows all qualities, with a learned spirit,
Of human dealings. If I do prove her haggard,
Though that her joints were with my dear heart-strings,
I’d whistle her off and let her down the wind,
To prey at fortune. Haply, for I am black
And have not those soft parts of conversation
That chamberers have, or for I am declined
Into the vale of years,—yet that ’s not much—
She ’s gone. I am abused; and my relief
Must be to loathe her. O curse of marriage,
That we can call these delicate creatures ours,
And not their appetites! I had rather be a toad,
And live upon the vapour of a dungeon,
Than keep a corner In the thing I love
For others’ uses. Yet, ’tis the plague of great ones;
Prerogatived are they less than the base;
’Tis destiny unshunnable, like death:
Even then this forked plague is fated to us
When we do quicken. Desdemona comes:
Re-enter Desdemona and Emilia.
If she be false, O, then heaven mocks itself!
I’ll not believe ’t.
Des. How now, my dear Othello!
Your dinner, and the generous islands
By you invited, do attend your presence.
Oth. I am to blame
Des. Why do you speak so faintly?
Are you not well?
Oth. I have a pain upon my forehead here.
Des. ’Faith, that’s with watching; ’t will away
Let me but bind it hard, within this hour [again:
It will be well.
Oth. Your napkin is too little:
He puts the handkerchief from him; and it drops.
Let it alone. Come, I’ll go in with you.
Des. I am very sorry that you are not well.
[Exeunt Othello and Desdemona.
Emil. I am glad I have found this napkin:
This was her first remembrance from the Moor:
My wayward husband hath a hundred times
Woo’d me to steal it; but she so loves the token,
For he conjured her she should ever keep it,
That she reserves it evermore about her
To kiss and talk to. I’ll have the work ta’en out,
And give ’t Iago: what he will do with it
Heaven knows, not I;
I nothing but to please his fantasy.
Re-enter Iago.
Iago. How now! what do you here alone?
Emil. Do not you chide; I have a thing for you.
Iago. A thing for me? it is a common thing—
Emil. Ha! ha!
Iago. To have a foolish wife.
Emil. O, is that all? What will you give me now
For that same handkerchief?
Iago. What handkerchief?
Emil. What handkerchief!
Iago. Why, that the Moor first gave to Desdemona;
That which so often you did bid me steal.
Emil. Hast stol’n it from her?
Emil. No, ’faith; she let it drop by negligence,
And, to the advantage, I, being here, took ’t up.
Look, here it is.
Iago. A good wench; give it me.
Emil. What will you do with’t, that you have been
To have me fetch it?
[So earnest
Iago. [Snatching it] Why, what's that to you? 

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 unknown on 't; I have use for it. 

Go, leave me. [Exit Emilia.] 

I will in Cassio's lodging lose this napkin, 

And let him find it. Trifles light as air 

Are to the jealous confirmations strong 

As proofs of holy writ: this may do something. 

The Moor already changes with my poison: 

Dangerous conceits are, in their natures, poisons, 

Which at the first are scarce found to distaste, 

But with a little act upon the blood, 

Burn like the mines of sulphur. I did say so: 

Look, where he comes! 

Re-enter Othello. 

Not poppy, nor mandragora, 

Nor all the drowsy syrups of the world, 

Shall ever medicine thee to that sweet sleep 

Which thou ow'est yest'ring day. 

Oth. If that be so, why then, 'tis not for thee: 

I slept the next night well, was free and merry; 

I found not Cassio's kisses on her lips: 

He that is robb'd, not wanting what is stol'n, 

Let him not know 't, and he's not robb'd at all. 

Iago. I am sorry to hear this. 

Oth. I had been happy, if the general camp, 

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! 

Farewell the neighing steed, and the shrill trump, 

The spirit-stirring drum, the ear-piercing fife, 

The royal banner, and all quality, 

Pride, pomp and circumstance of glorious war! 

And, O you mortal engines, whose rude throats 

The immortal Jove's dread clamours counterfeits, 

Farewell! Othello's occupation's gone! 

Iago. Is't possible? 

Oth. Villain, be sure thou prove my love a whore, 

Be sure of it; give me the ocular proof; 

Or, by the worth of man's eternal soul, 

Thou hadst better have been born a dog 

Than answer my wag'd wrath! 

Iago. Is't come to this? 

Oth. Make me to see 't; or, at the least, so prove 

That the probation bear no hinge nor loop [it, 

To hang a doubt on; or woe upon thy life! 

Iago. My noble lord,— 

Oth. If thou dost slander her and torture me, 

Never pray more; abandon all remorse; 

On horror's head he pours accumulates; 

Do deeds to make heaven weep, all earth amazed; 

For nothing canst thou to damnation add 

Greater than that. 

Iago. O grace! O heaven forgive me! 

Are you a man? have you a soul or sense? 

God will you; take mine office. O wretched fool, 

That liv'st in such a house as this in Venice! 

O monstrous world! Take note, take note, O world, 

To be direct and honest is not safe. 

I thank you for this profit: and from hence 

I'll love no friend, sith love breeds such offence. 

Oth. Nay, stay: thou shouldst be honest. 

Iago. I should be wiser, for honesty 's a fool 

And loses that it works for. 

Oth. By the world, 

I think my wife be honest and think she is not; 

I think that thou art just and think thou art not. 

I'll have some proof. Her name, that was as fresh 

As Dian's visage, is now become so black 

As mine own face. If there be cords, or knives, 

Poison, or fire, or suffocating streams, 

I'll not endure it. Would I were satisfied! 

Iago. I see, sir, you are eaten up with passion: 

I do repent me that I put it to you. 

You would be satisfied? 

Oth. Would! nay, I will. [lord? 

Iago. And may: but, how? how satisfied, my 

Would you, the supervisor, grossly gape on— 

Behold her topp'd? 

Oth. Death and damnation! O! 

Iago. It were a tedious difficulty, I think, 

To bring them to that prospect: damn them then, 

If ever mortal eyes do see them bolster 

More than their own! What then? how then? 

What shall I say? Where's satisfaction? 

It is impossible you should see this, 

Were they as prime as goats, as hot as monkeys, 

As salt as wolves in pride, and fools as gross 

As ignorance made drunk. Nay, I yet say, 

If imputation and strong circumstances, 

Which lead directly to the door of truth, 

Will give you satisfaction, you may have 't. 

Oth. Give me a living reason she's disloyal. 

Iago. I do not like the office. 

But, sith I am enter'd in this cause so far, 

Prick'd to 't by foolish honesty and love, 

I will go on. I lay with Cassio lately; 

And, being troubled with a raging tooth, 

I could not sleep. 

There are a kind of men so loose of soul, 

That in their sleeps will mutter their affairs: 

One of this kind is Cassio: 

In sleep I heard him say 'Sweet Desdemona, 

Let us be wary, let us hide our loves;' 

And then, sir, would he gripe and wring my hand, 

Cry 'O sweet creature!' and then kiss me hard, 

As if he pluck'd up kisses by the roots 

That grew upon my lips; then laid his leg 

Over my thigh, and sigh'd, and kiss'd; and then 

Cried 'Cursed fate that gave thee to the Moor!' 

Oth. O monstrous! monstrous! 

Iago. Nay, this was but his dream. 

Oth. But this was denoted a foregone conclusion: 

'Twas pluck'd up by the roots in the inmost soul. 

Iago. And this may help to thicken other proofs 

That do demonstrate thinly. 

Iago. I'll tear her all to pieces. 

Iago. Nay, but be wise; yet we see nothing done; 

She may be honest yet. Tell me but this, 

Have you not sometimes seen a handkerchief 

Spotted with strawberries in your wife's hand? 

Oth. I gave her such a one: 't was my first gift. 

Iago. I know not that: but such a handkerchief— 

I am sure it was your wife's—did I to-day 

See Cassio wipe his beard with. 

Oth. Iago. If it be that,— 

Iago. If it be that, or any that was hers, 

It speaks against her with the other proofs. 

Oth. O, that the slave had forty thousand lives! 

One is too poor, too weak for my revenge. 

Now do I see 'tis true. Look here, Iago; 

All my fond love thus do I blow to heaven. 

'Tis gone. 

Arise, black vengeance, from thy hollow cell! 

Yield up, O love, thy crown and hearted throne 

To tyrannous hate! Swell, bosom, with thy fraught, 

For 't is of aspice's tongues! 

Iago. Yet be content. 

Oth. O, blood, blood, blood! [change. 

Iago. Patience, I say; your mind perhaps may 

Oth. Never, Iago. Like to the Pontic sea, 

Whose icy current and compulsive course
Ne'er feels retiring ebb, but keeps due on
To the Propontic and the Hellespont,
Even so my bloody thoughts, with violent pace,
Shall ne'er look back, ne'er ebb to humble love,
Till that a capable and wide revenge
Swallow them up. Now, by yond marble heaven,
[Kneels] In the due reverence of a sacred vow
I here engage my words.

Iago. Do not rise yet.

[Kneels] Witness, you ever-burning lights above,
You elements that clip us round about,
Witness that here Iago doth give up
The execution of his wit, hands, heart,
To wrong'd Othello's service! Let him command,
And to obey shall be in me remorse,
What bloody business ever.

Oth. I gree'ry love,
Not with vain thanks, but with acceptance bounte.
And will upon the instant put thee to 't: [teous,
Within these three days let me hear thee say
That Cassio's not alive.

Iago. My friend is dead; 'tis done at your request:
But let her live.

Oth. Damn her, lewd minx! O, damn her!
Come, go with me apart; I will withdraw,
To furnish me with some swift means of death
For the fair devil. Now art thou my lieutenant.

Iago. I am your own for ever. [Exeunt.

SCENE IV.—Before the castle.

Enter Desdemona, Emilia, and Clown.

Des. Do you know, sirrah, where Lieutenant Cassio lies?

Clo. I dare not say he lies any where.

Des. Why, man?

Clo. He's a soldier, and for one to say a soldier lies, is stabbing.

Des. Go to: where lodges he?

Clo. To tell you where he lodges, is to tell you where I lie.

Des. Can any thing be made of this?

Clo. I know not where he lodges, and for me to devise a lodging and say he lies here or he lies there, were to lie in mine own throat.

Des. Can you inquire him out, and be edified by report?

Clo. I will catechize the world for him; that is, make questions, and by them answer.

Des. Seek him, bid him come hither: tell him I have moved my lord on his behalf, and hope all will be well.

Clo. To do this is within the compass of man's wit; and therefore I will attempt the doing it. [Exeunt.

Enter Othello.

Des. Where should I lose that handkerchief,

Emili. I know not, madam. [Emilia. I believe me, I had rather have lost my purse
Full of crusadoes: and, but my noble Moor
Is true of mind and made of no such baseness
As jealous creatures are, it were enough
To put him to ill thinking.

Emili. Is he not jealous?
Des. Who, he? I think the sun where he was
Drew all such humours from him. [born

Emili. Look, where he comes.
Des. I will not leave him now till Cassio
Be call'd to him.

Enter Othello.

Oth. How is 't with you, my lord?

Des. Well, my good lady. [Aside] O, hardness to dissemble! —

How do you, Desdemona?

Des. Well, my good lord.

Oth. Give me your hand: this hand is moist, my lady.

Des. It yet hath felt no age nor known no sorrow.

Oth. This argues fruitfulness and liberal heart:

Des. You may, indeed, say so;
For 't was that hand that gave away my heart.

Oth. A liberal hand: the hearts of old gave
But our new heraldry is hands, not hearts. [hands;

Des. I cannot speak of this. Come now, your


Des. I have sent to bid Cassio come speak with you.

Oth. I have a salt and sorry rheum offends me;
Lend me thy handkerchief.

Des. Here, my lord.

Oth. That which I gave you.

Des. I have it not about me.

Oth. 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 [kept it,
The thoughts of people: she told her, while she
'T would make her amiable and subdue my father
Entirely to her love, but if she lost it
Or made a gift of it, my father's eye
Should hold her loathed and his spirits should hunt
After new fancies: she, dying, gave it me;
And bid me, when my fate would have me wife,
To give it her. I did so: and take heed on 't;
Make it a daring 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 't gone? speak, is it out o' the

Des. Heaven bless us! [way?

Oth. Say you?

Des. It is not lost; but what an if it were?

Oth. How!

Des. I say, it is not lost.

Fetch 't, let me see 't.

Oth. Why, so I can, sir, but I will not now.

This is a trick to put me from my suit:
Pray you, let Cassio be received again.

Oth. Fetch me the handkerchief: my mind mis-

Des. Come, come; [gives.

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. A way! [Exeunt.

Emili. Is not this man jealous?

Des. I ne'er saw this before.

Sure, there's some wonder in this handkerchief: I am most unhappy in the loss of it.

Emili. 'T is 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 virtuous means I may again 
Exist, and be a member of his love 
Whom, I pray, you all the office of my heart 
Entirely honour: I would not be delay'd. 
If my offence be of such mortal kind 
That nor my service past, nor present sorrows, 
Nor purpos'd merit in futurity, 
Can ransom me into his love again, 
But to know so must be my benefit: 
So shall I clothe me in a forced content, 
And shut myself up in some other course, 
To fortune's alms.

Des. Alas, thrice-gentle Cassio!
My advocacy is not now in tune; 
My lord is not my lord; nor should I know him, 
Were he in favour as in humour alter'd. 
So help me every spirit sanctified, 
As I have spoken for you all my best 
And stood within the blank of his displeasure 
For my free speech! you must awhile be patient: 
What I can do I will; and more I will 
Than for myself I dare: let that suffice you.

Iago. Is my lord angry?

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.

Emil. Something, sure, of state, 
Either from Venice, or some unwatch'd practice 
Made demonstrable here in Cyprus to him, 
Hath plicated his clear spirit; and in such cases 
Men's natures wrangle with inferior things, 
Though great ones are their object. 'Tis even so; 
For let our finger ache, and it indues 
Our other healthful members even to that sense 
Of pain; nay, we must think men are not gods, 
Nor of them look for such observances 
As 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 no jealous toy 
Concerning you.

Des. Alas the day! I never gave him cause. 

Emil. But jealous souls will not be answer'd so; 
They are not ever jealous for the cause, 
But jealous for they are jealous: 'tis a monster 
Begot upon itself, born on itself. 

Des. Heaven keep that monster from Othello's 

Emil. Lady, amen. [mind] 

Des. I will go seek him. Cassio, walk hereabout: 
If I do find him fit, I'll move your suit 
And seek to effect it to my uttermost.

Cas. I humbly thank your ladyship.

[Exeunt Desdemona and Emilia.]

Enter Bianca.

Bian. Save you, friend Cassio!

Cas. What make you from home? 

Bian. And I was going to your lodging, Cassio. 

Cas. What, keep a week away? seven days and nights? 

Bian. Eight score eight hours! and lovers' absent hours, 

Cas. More tedious than the dial eight score times? 

Bian. O weary reckoning! 

Cas. Pardon me, Bianca: 

Bian. I have this while with leaden thoughts been press'd; 
But I shall, in a more continue time, 
Strike off this score of absence. Sweet Bianca,

[Giving her Desdemona's handkerchief.]

Bian. Take me this work costly. 

Cas. O Cassio, whence came this? 

Bian. This is some token from a newer friend: 

Cas. To the felt absence now I feel a cause: 

Bian. Is 't come to this? Well, well.

Cas. Go to, woman! 

Bian. Throw your vile guesses in the devil's teeth, 

Cas. From whence you have them. You are jealous now 

Bian. That this is from some mistress, some remembrance: 

Cas. No, in good troth, Bianca. 

Bian. Why, whose is it?

Cas. I know not, sweet: I found it in my chamber: 

Bian. I like the work well: ere it be demanded.— 

Cas. As like enough it will—I 'd have it copied: 

Bian. Take it, and do 't; and leave me for this time. 

Cas. Leave you! wherefore?

Cas. I do attend here on the general; 

Bian. And think it no addition, nor my wish, 

Cas. To have him see me woman'd. 

Bian. Why, I pray you?

Cas. Not that I love you not.

Bian. But that you do not love me. 

Cas. I pray you, bring me on the way a little, 

Bian. And say if I shall see you soon at night. 

Cas. 'Tis but a little way that I can bring you; 

Bian. For I attend here: but I'll see you soon. 

Bian. 'Tis very good; I must be circumspect.

[Exeunt.]

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—Cyprus. Before the castle.

Enter Othello and Iago.

Iago. Will you think so? 

Oth. Think so, Iago! 

Iago. What? 

Oth. To knew in private? 

Iago. An unauthorized kiss. 

Oth. Or to be naked with her friend in bed 

An hour or more, not meaning any harm? 

Oth. Naked in bed, Iago, and not mean harm! 

Iago. That they mean virtuously, and yet do so, [heaven. 

The devil their virtue tempts, and they tempt
Act IV.

Othello. Scene I.

Iago. Ay, what of that?
Oth. That's not so good now.
Iago. If I had said I had seen him do you wrong? Or heard him say, as knaves be such abroad, Who having, by their own importunate suit, Or voluntary dotage of some mistress, Convinced or supplied them, cannot choose But they must blab—
Oth. Hath he said any thing?
Iago. He hath, my lord; but be you well assured, No more than he 'll unweary. What hath he said?
Iago. 'Faith, that he did — I know not what he
Oth. What? what?
Iago. Lie—
Oth. With her? Is it not possible?
Iago. With her, on her; what you will, Oth. Lie with her! lie on her! We say lie on her, when they belle her. Lie with her! that's fulsome.—Handkerchief — confessions — handkerchief! — To confess, and be hanged for his labour; — first, to be hanged, and then to confess. — I tremble at it. Nature would not invest herself in such shadowing passion without some instruction. It is not words that shake me thus. Fish! Noses, ears, and lips. — Is 't possible? — Confess — handkerchief! — O devil! [Falls in a trance.
Iago. Work on, [faints; Iago. My master works! Thus credulous fools are And many worthy and chaste dames even thus, All guiltless, meet reproach. What, ho! my lord! My lord, I say! Othello!

Enter Cassio.

Cass. What's the matter?
Iago. My lord is fall'n into an epitaph; This is his second fit; he had one yesterday.
Cas. Rub him about the temples.
Iago. No, forbear; The lethargy must have his quiet course: If not, he foams at mouth and by and by Breaks out to savage madness. Look, he stirs: Do you withdraw yourself a little while, He will recover straight: when he is gone, I would on great occasion speak with you. [Exit Cassio.

Iago. How is it, general? have you not hurt your head?
Oth. Dost thou mock me?
Iago. I mock you! no, by heaven. Would you bear your fortune like a man! Oth. A horned man 's a monster and a beast.
Iago. There's many a beast then in a populous And many a civil monster. [city, 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 [ter. Which they dare swear peculiar; your case is bet-
O. 'tis the spite of hell, the fiend's arch-mock, To lip a wanton in a secure couch, And to suppose her chaste! No, let me know; And knowing what I am, I know what she shall be. Oth. O, thou art wise; 'tis certain.
Iago. Stand you awhile apart; Consult yourself but in a patient list, Whilst you were here o'erwhelmed with your grief — A passion most unsuiting such a man — Cassio came hither: I shifted him away, And laid good 'scuse upon your estasy, Bade him anon return and here speak with me; The which he promised. Do but encave yourself, And mark the fleshes, the gibes, and notable scorns, That dwell in every region of his face; For I will make him tell the tale anew,

Where, how, how oft, how long ago, and when He hath, and is again to cope your wife: I say, but mark his gesture. Marry, patience; Or I shall say you are all in all in spleen, And nothing of a man.
Oth. Dost thou hear, Iago? I will be found most cunning in my patience; But — dost thou hear? — most bloody.
Iago. That's not amiss; But yet keep time in all. Will you withdraw?

Now will I question Cassio of Bianca, A housewife that by selling her desires Buys herself bread and clothes; it is a creature That dotes on Cassio; as 'tis the strumpet's plague To beguile many and be beguiled by one: He, when he hears of her, cannot refrain From the excess of laughter. Here he comes:

Re-enter Cassio.

As he shall smile, Othello shall go mad; And his unbookish jealousy must construe Poor Cassio's smiles, gestures and light behaviour, Quite in the wrong. How do you now, lieutenant?
Cas. The 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 How quickly should you speed! [power, Cas. Alas, poor calf! Oth. Look, how he laughs already! Iago. I never knew woman love man so. [me. Cas. Alas, poor rogue! I think, i' faith, she loves Oth. Now he denies it faintly, and laughs it out. Iago. Do you hear, Cassio? Oth. No. Now he importunes him To tell it o'er: go to; well said, well said.
Iago. She gives it out that you shall marry her: Do you intend it?
Cas. Ha, ha, ha!
Oth. Do you triumph, Roman? do you triumph? Cas. I marry her! what? a customer! Prithie, bear some charity to my wit; do not think it so unwholesome. Ha, ha, ha!
Oth. So, so, so, so: they laugh that win. Iago. 'Faith, the cry goes that you shall marry Cas. Prithie, say true. [her.
Iago. I am a very villain else.
Cas. Have you spoke to 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 babble, and, by this hand, she falls me thus about my neck —
Oth. Crying 'O dear Cassio!' as it were: his gesture imports it.
Cas. So hangs, and lolls, and weeps upon me; so hales, and pulls me: ha, ha, ha!
Oth. Now he tells how she plucked him to my chamber. Q, I see that nose of yours, but not that dog I shall throw it to.
Cas. She, well, I must leave her company.
Iago. Before me! look, where she comes.
Cas. 'Tis such another fitchew! marry, a perfumed one.

Enter Bianca.

What do you mean by this haunting of me?
Bian. Let the devil and his dam haunt you! What did you mean by that same handkerchief you gave me even now? I was a fine fool to take it. I must take out the work? — A likely piece of work, that you should find it in your chamber, and not know who left it there! This is some minx's token,
ACT IV.

OTHELLO.

SCENE I.

and I must take out the work? There; give it your hobby-horse; wheresoever you had it, I'll take out no work on't.

Cas. How now, my sweet Bianca! how now! how now! Oth. By heaven, that should be my handkerchief! Bian. An you'll come to supper to-night, you may; an you will not, come when you are next prepared for. [Exit.

Iago. After her, after her.

Cas. 'Faith, I must; she'll rail in the street else.

Iago. Will you sup there?

Cas. 'Faith, I intend so.

Iago. Well, I may chance to see you; for I would very fain speak with you.

Cas. Prfethee, come; will you?

Iago. Go to; say no more. [Exit Cassio.

Oth. [Admiringly] How shall I murder him, Iago?

Iago. Did you perceive how he laughed at his Oth. O Iago! [vice.

Iago. And did you see the handkerchief?

Oth. Was that mine?

Iago. Yours, by this hand: and to see how he prizes that foolish woman your wife! she gave it him, and hath given it his whore.

Oth. I would have him nine years a-killing. A fine woman! a fair woman! a sweet woman!

Iago. Nay, you must forget that.

Oth. Ay, let her rot, and perish, and be damned to-night; for she shall not live: no, my heart is tuned to her; I strike it, and it hurts my hand.

Oth. The world hath not a sweeter creature: she might lie by an emperor's side and command him tasks.

Iago. Nay, that's not your way.

Oth. Hang her! I do but say what she is: so delicate with her needle: an admirable musician: Oh! she will sing the savages out of a bear: of so high and plenteous wit and invention:-

Iago. She's the worse for all this.

Oth. O, a thousand thousand times: and then, of so gentle a condition!

Iago. Ay, too gentle.

Oth. Nay, that's certain sol yet the pity of it, Iago! O lago, the pity of it, Iago!

Iago. If you are so fond over her iniquity, give her patent to offend; for, if it touch not you, it comes near nobody.

Oth. I will chop her into messes: cuckold me!

Iago. O, 'tis foul in her.

Oth. With mine officer!

Iago. That's fouler.

Oth. Get me some poison, Iago; this night: I'll not expostulate with her, lest her body and beauty unprovide my mind again: this night, Iago.

Iago. Do it not with poison, strangle her in her bed, even the bed she hath contaminated.

Oth. Good, good: the justice of it pleases: very good.

Iago. And for Cassio, let me be his undertaker: you shall hear more by midnight.

Oth. Excellent good. [A trumpett within.] What trumpet is that same?

Iago. Something from Venice, sure. 'Tis Lodo-

Vico [him].

Enter Lodovico, Desdemona, and Attendants.

Lod. Save you, worthy general.

Oth. With all my heart, sir. Lod. The duke and senators of Venice greet you. [Gives him a letter.

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 to Cyprus.

Lod. I thank you. How does Lieutenant Cassio?
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, thou 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

Emil. Never, my lord. [nothing?

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 whore, a closed lock and key of villainous secrets: and yet she’ll kneel and pray; I have seen her do’t.

Enter Desdemona with Emilia.

Des. My lord, what is your will?

Oth. Fray, 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 proverbs 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 understand a fury in your words, [import? But not the words.

Oth. Why, what art thou?

Des. Your wife, my lord; your true and loyal wife.

Oth. Come, swear it, damn thyself;

Lest, being like one of heaven, the devils themselves should fear to seize thee: therefore be double; swear thou art honest. [damm’d:

Des. Heaven doth truly know it.

Oth. Heaven truly knows that thou art false as hell. [I false?

Des. To whom, my lord? with whom? how am Oth. O Desdemona! Away! away! away!

Des. Alas the heavy day! Why do you weep?

Des. I am the motive of these tears, my lord? If haply you my father do suspect; an instrument of this your calling back, lay not your blame on me: if you have lost him, why, I have lost him too.

Oth. Had it pleased heaven to try me with affliction; had they rain’d all kinds of sores and shame’s on my bare head, steep’d me in poverty to the very lips, given to captivity 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 garnered 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.—there, to knot and gender in! Turn thy complexion patience, thou young and rose-leaf’d cherubin,—Ay, there, look grim as hell!

Des. I hope my noble lord esteemeth me honest.

Oth. O, ay; as summer flies are in the shambles, that quicken even with blowing. O thou weedy, who art so lovely fair and smell’st so sweet that the sense acheth at thee, would thou hadst ne’er been born!

Des. Alas, what ignorant sin have I committed? Oth. Was this fair paper, this most goodly book, Made to write ‘whore’ upon? What committed? Committed! O thou public commoner! I should make very forges of my cheeks, that would to cinders burn up modesty, Did I but speak thy deeds. What committed! Heaven stops the nose at it and the moon winks, the bawdy wind that kisses all it meets is hush’d within the hollow mine of earth, and will not hear it. What committed! Impudent strumpet!

Des. By heaven, you do me wrong.

Oth. Are not you a strumpet?

Des. No, as I am a Christian:

To preserve this vessel for my lord From any other foul unlawful touch Be not to be a strumpet, I am none.

Oth. What, not a whore?

Des. No, as I shall be saved.

Oth. Is’t possible?

Des. O, heaven forgive us!

Oth. I cry you mercy, then:

I took you for that cunning whore of Venice That married with Othello. [Raising his voice]

You, mistress, that have the office opposite to Saint Peter, And keep the gate of hell!

Re-enter Emilia.

You, you, ay, you!

We have done our course; there’s money for your pains:

I pray you, turn the key and keep our counsel. [Exit Emilia.

Des. Alas, what does this gentleman conceive? How do you, madam? how do you, my good lady?

Des. O, faith, half asleep.

Emil. Good madam, what’s the matter with my lord?

Des. 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. Priftee, to-night lay on my bed my wedding sheets: remember; and call thy husband hither.

Emil. There’s a change indeed! [Exit Desdemona.

Des. ’Tis meet I should be used so, very meet. 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? How is’t with you?

Des. I cannot tell. Those that do teach young do it with gentle means and easy tasks; [babes he might have chid me so; for, in good faith, I am a child to chiding.

Iago. What’s the matter, lady?

Emil. Alas, Iago, my lord hath so bewraved her, thrown such despite and heavy terms upon her, as true hearts cannot bear.

Des. Am I that name, Iago?

Iago. What name, fair lady?
Des. Such as she says my lord did say I was.

Emil. He call'd her whore: a beggar in his drink
Could not have said such terms upon his callat.

Iago. Why did he so?

Des. I do not know; I am sure I am none such.

Iago. Do not weep, do not weep. Alas the day!

Emil. Hath she forsook so many noble matches,
Her father and her country and her friends,
To be call'd whore? would it not make one weep?

Des. It is my wretched fortune.

Iago. Beshrew him for 't!

How comes this trick upon him?

Des. Nay, heaven doth know.

Emil. I will be hang'd, if some eternal villain,
Some busy and insinuating rogue,
Some coggling, cozening slave, to get some office,
Have not devised this slander; I'll be hang'd else.

Iago. Fie, there is no such man; it is impossible.

Des. If any such there be, heaven pardon him!

Emil. A halter pardon him! and hell gnaw his bones!

Why should he call her whore? who keeps her company?

The Moor's abused by some most villainous knave,
Some base notorious knave, some scurvy fellow.
O heaven, that such companions thou'dst unfold,
And put in every man's way a whip
To lash the rascals naked through the world
Even from the east to the west!

Iago. Speak within door.

Emil. O, lie upon them! Some such squire he was
That turn'd your wit the seamy side without,
And made you to suspect me with the Moor.

Iago. You are a fool; go to.

Des. O good Iago,

What shall I do to win my lord again?
Good friend, go to him: for, by this light of heaven,
I know not how I lost him. Here I kneel:
If e'er my will did trespass 'gainst his love,
Either in discourse of thought or actual deed,
Or that mine eyes, mine ears, or any sense,
Delighted them in any other form;
Or that I do not yet, and ever did,
And ever will—though he do shake me off
To beggarly divorcement—love him dearly,
Comfort forswear me! Unkindness may do much;
And his unkindness may defeat my life,
But never taint my love. I cannot say 'tis wrong:
It does abhor me now I speak the word;
To do the act that might the addition earn
Not the world's mass of vanity could make me.

Iago. I pray you, be content: 'tis but his humour:
The business of the state does him offence,
And he doth chide with you.

Des. If 't were no other,—

Iago. 'Tis but so, I warrant.

Emil. Hark, how these instruments summon to supper!
The messengers of Venice stay the meal.

Go in, and weep not: all things shall be well.

[Erect Desdemona and Emilia.

Enter Roderigo.

How now, Roderigo!

Rod. With ought but truth. I have wasted myself out of my means. The jewels you have had from me to deliver to Desdemona would half have corrupted a votarist: you have told me she hath received them and returned me expectations and comforts of sudden respect and acquaintance, but I find none.

Iago. Well; go to; very well.

Rod. Very well! go to! I cannot go to, man; nor 'tis not very well: nay, I think it is scurrvy, and begin to find myself foolish in it.

Iago. Very well.

Rod. I tell you 'tis not very well. I will make myself known to Desdemona: if she will return me my jewels, I will give over my suit and repeat my unlawful solicitation; if not, assure yourself I will seek satisfaction of you.

Iago. You have said now.

Rod. Ay, and said nothing but what I protest intention of doing.

Iago. Why, now I see there's mettle in thee, and even from this instant do build on thee a better opinion than ever before. Give me thy hand, Roderigo: thou hast taken against me a most just exception; but yet, I protest, I have dealt most directly in thy affair.

Rod. It hath not appeared.

Iago. I were indeed it hath not appeared, and your suspicion is not without wit and judgment.

But, Roderigo, if thou hast that in thee indeed, which I have greater reason to believe now than ever, I mean purpose, courage and valour, this night show it: if thou the next night following enjoy not Desdemona, take me from this world with treachery and devise engines for my life.

Rod. Well, what is it? is it within reason and compass?

Iago. Sir, there is especial commission come from Venice to depute Cassio in Othello's place.

Rod. Is that true? why, then Othello and Desdemona return again to Venice.

Iago. O, no; he goes into Mauritania and takes away with him the fair Desdemona, unless his abode be lingered here by some accident: wherein none can be so determinate as the removing of Cassio.

Rod. How do you mean, removing of him?


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 profit on him. It is now high supper-time, and the night grows to waste: about it.

Rod. I will hear further reason for this.

Iago. And you shall be satisfied.

[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; 't will do me good to walk.

Lod. Madam, good-night; I humbly thank your ladyship.

Des. Your honour is most welcome.

Oth. Will you walk, sir?

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. He says he will return incessant; [did. He hath commanded me to go to bed, and bade me to dismiss you.

Emil. I would never seen him!

Des. So would not I: my love doth so approve him, That even his stubbornness, his checks, his frowns,— Printhee, unpine me,— have grace and favour in them. Emil. I have laid those sheets you bade me on the bed.

Des. All's one. Good faith, how foolish are our If I do die before thee, printhee, shroud me! [minds In one of those same sheets.

Emil. Come, come, you talk.

Des. My mother had a maid call'd Barbara; She was in love, and 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 did sing 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. Printhee, dispatch.

Emil. Shall I go fetch your night-gown? Des. No, unpine me here.

This Lodovico is a proper man.

Emil. A very handsome man.

Des. He speaks well.

Emil. I know a lady in Venice would have walked barefoot to Palestine for a touch of his nether lip.

Des. [Singing] The poor soul sat sighing by a sycamore, 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 murmurd her Sing willow, willow, willow; [moans; Her salt tears fell from her, and soften'd the Lay by these:—[stones;—

[Singing] Sing willow, willow, willow; Printhee, hie thee; he'll come anon:—[land.

[Singing] Sing all a green willow must be my gar- Let it lap its leaves; his scorn I approve, Nay, that's not next.—Hark! who is that knocks? Em. It's the wind.

Des. [Singing] I call'd my love false love; but what said he then?

Sing willow, willow, willow:

If I courte moe women, you'll lough with moe men.—

So, get thee gone; good-night. Mine eyes do itch; Doth that bode waking? Emil. 'Tis neither here nor there.

Des. I have heard it said so. O, these men, these men! Dost thou in conscience think,—tell me, Emilia,— That there be women do abuse their husbands In such gross kind?

Emil. There be some such, no question.

Des. Wouldst thou do such a deed for all the Emil. Why, would not you? [world? Des. No, by this heavenly light! Emil. Nor I neither by this heavenly light! I might do 't as well 't the dark. [world? Des. Wouldst thou do such a deed for all the Emil. The world's a huge thing: it is a great For a small vice. [price Des. In troth, I think thou wouldst not. Emil. In troth, I think I should; and undost When I had done. Marry, I would not do such a thing for a joint-ring, nor for measures of lawn, nor for gowns, petticoats, nor caps, nor any petticoat; but, for the whole world,—why, who would not make his husband a cuckold to make him a monarch? I should venture purgatory for 't. Des. Beshrew me, if I would do such a wrong For the whole world.

Emil. Why, the wrong is but a wrong 't the world; and having the world for your labour, 'tis a wrong in your own world, and you might quickly make it right.

Des. I do not think there is any such woman.

Emil. Yes, a dozen; and as many to the vantage as would store the world they played for. But I do think it is their husbands' faults If wives do fail: say that they slack their duties, And pour our treasures into foreign laps, Or else break out in peevish jealousies, Throwing restraint upon us; or say they strike us, Or scant our former having in despite; Why, we have galls, and though we have some grace, Yet have we some revenge. Let husbands know Their wives have sense like them: they see and smell And have their palates both for sweet and sour, As husbands have. What is it that they do When they change us for others? Is it sport? I think it is: and doth affection breed it? I think it doth: is't frailty that thus errs? It is so too: and have we not affections, Desires for sport, and frailty, as men have? Then let them use us well: else let them know, The ills we do, their ills instruct us so. [send, Des. Good night, good night; heaven me such uses Not to pick bad from bad, but by bad mend! [Exeunt.
Enter Cassio.

Rod. I know his gait, 'tis he. — Villain, thou diest! [Makes a pass at Cassio.]

Cas. That thrust had been mine enemy indeed, But that my coat is better than thou know'st: I will make proof of thine.

[Draws, and wounds Rodrigo.]

Rod. O, I am slain! [Iago from behind wounds Cassio in the leg, and exit.]

Cas. I am maim'd for ever. Help, ho! murder! murder! [Falls.]

Enter Othello.

Oth. The voice of Cassio: Iago keeps his word.

Rod. O, villain that I am!

Oth. It is even so.

Cas. O, help, ho! light! a surgeon! [To Iago.]

Oth. 'Tis he: — O brave Iago, honest and just, That hast such noble sense of thy friend's wrong! Thou teachest me, Minion, your dear lies dead, And your unblest fate lies: strumpet, I come.

Forth of my heart those charms, thine eyes, are blotted;

Thy bed, lust-stain'd, shall with lust's blood be spotted. [Exit.]

Enter Lodovico and Gratiano.

Cas. What, ho! no watch? no passage? murder! murder!

Gra. 'Tis some miscchance; the cry is very dire— Cas. O, help! Lod. Hark! Rod. O wretched villain! Lod. Two or three groan: it is a heavy night:

These may be counterfeit's: let's think 't unsafe To come in to the cry without more help.

Rod. Nobody come? then shall I bleed to death.

Lod. Hark!

Re-enter Iago, with a light.

Gra. Here's one comes in his shirt, with light and weapons.

Iago. Whose 's there? whose noise is this that cries on murder?

Lod. We do not know.

Iago. Did not you hear a cry?

Cas. Here, here! for heaven's sake, help me!

Iago. What 's the matter?

Gra. This is Othello's ancient, as I take it.

Lod. The same indeed; a very valiant fellow.

Iago. What are you here that cry so grievously?

Cas. Iago? O, I am spoil'd, undone by villains! Give me some help. [Exit.]

Iago. O me, lieutenant! what villains have done Cas. I think that one of them is hereabout, And cannot make away.

Iago. O treacherous villains! What are you there? come in, and give some help. [To Lodovico and Gratiano.]

Rod. O, help me here!

Cas. That 's one of them.

Iago. O murderous slave! O villain! [Stabs Rodrigo.]

Rod. O damn'd Iago! O inhuman dog!

Iago. Kill men i' the dark! — Where be these bloody thieves?— How silent is this town! — Ho! murder! murder!— What may you be? are you of good or evil?

Lod. As you shall prove us, praise us.

Iago. Signior Lodovico? Lod. He, sir. [Villains.]

Iago. I cry you mercy. Here 's Cassio hurt by 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! [pect. Iago. O notable strumpet! Cassio, may you sus-

Who they should be that have thus mangled you? Cas. No. [seek you.]

Gra. I am sorry to find you thus: I have been to Iago. Lend me a garter. So. O, for a chair, To bear him 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 Rodorigo! no: — yes, sure: — O heaven! Rodorigo. Gra. What, of Venice?

Iago. Even he, sir: did you know him?

Gra. Know him! ay.

Iago. Signior Gratiano? I cry you gentle pardon; These bloody accidents must excuse my manners, That so neglected you.

Gra. I am glad to see you.

Iago. How do you, Cassio? O, a chair, a chair!

Gra. Rodorigo!

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, mistresses, [silo, Save you your labour. He that lies slain here, Cass. Was my dear friend: what malice was between you? Cas. None in the world; nor do I know the man.

Iago. [To Bian.] What, look you pale? O, bear him out o' the air. [Cassio and Rodorigo are borne off. Stay you, good gentlemen. Look you pale, mistress? Do you perceive the garstness 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 Rodorigo and fellows that are escaped: He's almost slain, and Rodorigo dead.

Emil. Alas, good gentleman! alas, good Cassio! Iago. This is the fruit of whoring, Prithee,Emilia, Go know of Cassio where he supp'd to-night. [To Bianca] What, do you shake at that?

Bian. He supp'd at my house; but I therefore shake not.

Iago. O, did he so? I charge you, go with me.

Emil. Fie, fie upon thee, strumpet! Bian. I am no strumpet; but of life as honest As you that thus abuse me.

Emil. As I! foh! fie upon thee! Iago. Kind gentlemen, let's go see poor Cassio dress'd.

Come, mistress, you must tell 's another tale. Emilia, run you to the citadel, And tell my lord and lady what hath happ'd. Will you go on? I pray. [Aside] This is the night That either makes me or fordoes me quite. [Exit.]

SCENE II.—A bedchamber in the castle: Desdemona in bed asleep; a light burning.

Enter Othello.

Oth. It is the cause, it is the cause, my soul,— Let me not name it to you, you chaste stars! —
It is the cause. Yet I'll not shed her blood; Nor scar that whiter skin of hers than snow, And smooth as monumental alabaster. Yet she must die, else she'll betray more men. Put out the light, and then put out the light: If I quench thee, thou flaming minister, I can again thy former light restore, Should I repent me: but once put out thy light, Thou cunning'st pattern of excelling nature, I know not where is that Promethean heat [rose, That can thy light renowne. When I have pluck'd the I cannot give it vital growth again, it must needs wither: I'll smell it on the tree. [Kissing her. Ah, balmy breath, that dost almost persuade Justice to break her sword! One more, one more. Be thus when thou art dead, and I will kill thee, And love thee after. One more, and this the last: So sweet was ne'er so fatal. I must weep, But they are cruel tears: this sorrow's heavenly; It strikes where it doth love. She wakes. Oth. Who's there? Othello? 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. Alas, my lord, what do you mean by that? Oth. Well, do it, and be brief; I will walk by: I would not kill thy unprepared spirit; No; heaven forfend! I would not kill thy soul. Des. Talk you of killing? Oth. Ay, I do. Then heaven Have mercy on me! Oth. Amen, with all my heart! Des. If you say so, I hope you will not kill me. Oth. Hum! Des. And yet I fear you; for you are fatal then When your eyes roll so: why should I fear know not, Since guiltiness I know not; but yet I feel I fear. Oth. Think on thy sins. Des. They are loves I bear to you. Oth. Ay, and for that thou diest. Des. That death's unnatural that kills for loving. Alas, why gnaw you so your nether lip? Some bloody passion shakes your very frame: These are portents; but yet I hope, I hope, They do not point on me. Oth. Peace, and be still! Des. I will so. What's the matter? [thee Oth. That handkerchief which I so loved and gave Thou gavest to Cassio. Des. No, by my life and soul! Send for the man, and ask him. Oth. Sweet soul, take heed, Take heed of perjury; thou art on thy death-bed. Des. Ay, but not yet to die. Oth. Yes, presently: Therefore confess thee freely of thy sin; For to deny each article with oath Cannot remove nor choke the strong conception That I do groan withal. Thou art to die. Des. Then Lord have mercy on me! Oth. I say, amen. Des. And have you mercy too! I never did Offend you in my life; never loved Cassio But with such general warranty of heaven As I might love: I never give his token. Oth. By heaven, I saw your handkerchief in 's hand. O perjured woman! thou dost stone my heart, And makest me call what I intend to do A murder, which I thought a sacrifice: I saw the handkerchief. Des. He found it then; I never gave it him; send for him hither; Let him confess a truth. Oth. He hath confess'd. 
Des. But half an hour! Oth. Being done, there is no pause. Des. But while I say one prayer! Oth. It is too late. Emili. [Within] My lord, my lord! what, ho! my lord, my lord! [dead?] Oth. What noise is this? Not dead? not yet quite I that am cruel am yet merciful; I would not have thee linger in thy pain: So, so. Emili. [Within] What, ho! my lord, my lord! Oth. Who's there? Emili. [Within] O, good my lord, I would speak a word with you! Oth. Yes: 'tis Emilia. By and by. She's dead. 't is like she comes to speak of Cassio's death.— The noise was here. Ha! no more moving? Still as the grave. Shall she come in? were 't good?— I think she stirs again: —no. What's best to do? If she come in, she'll sure speak to my wife: My wife! my wife! what wife? I have no wife. O, insupportable! O heavy hour! Methinks it should be now a huge eclipse Of sun and moon, and that the affrighted globe Should yawn at alteration. Emili. [Within] I do beseech you That I may speak with you. O, good my lord! Oth. I had forgot thee: O, come in, Emilia: Soft; by and by. Let me the curtains draw. Where art thou? [Unlocks the door. Enter Emilia. What's the matter with thee now? Emili. O, my good lord, yonder's foul murders Oth. What, now? [done! Emili. 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. Emili. Cassio, my lord,hath kill'd a young Venetian Call'd Roderigo. Oth. Roderigo kill'd! And Cassio kill'd! 
Emili. No, Cassio is not kill'd. Oth. Not Cassio kill'd! then murderer's out of tune, And sweet revenge grows harsh. Des. O, falsely, falsely murder'd! 
Command 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:
T was I that kill’d her.
Emil. O, the more angel she,
And you the blacker devil!
Oth. I 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.
O, 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!
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, ’tis he that told me first:
An honest man he, and hates the crime
That sticks on filthy deeds.
Emil. My husband!
Oth. What needs this iteration, woman? I say
thy husband. [Love]
Emil. O mistress, villany hath made mockes with
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
Than thou wast worthy her.
Oth. Peace, you were best.
Emil. Thou hast not half that power to do me
As I have to be hurt. O gull! O doit! [Harm]
As ignorant as dirt! thou hast done a deed—
I care not for thy sword: I’ll make thee known,
Though I lost twenty lives—'Help! help, ho! help!
The Moor hath kill’d my mistress! Murder! murder!

Enter Montano, Gratiano, Iago, and others.
Mon. What is the matter? How now, general! [weapon, Iago. O, are you come, Iago? you have done well,
That men must lay their murders on your neck.
Gra. What is the matter?
Emil. Disprove this villain, if thou be’st a man:
He says thou toldst him that his wife was false:
I know thou diist not, thou ‘rt not such a villain:
Speak, for my heart is full.
Iago. Thou art what I thought, and told no more
Than what he found himself was apt and true.
Emil. 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.
I am false with Cassio!—did you say with Cassio?
Iago. With Cassio, mistress. Go to, charm your tongue.
[to speak: Emil. I will not charm my tongue; I am bound
My mistress here lies murder’d in her bed,—
All. O heavens forfend! [Emil. And your reports have set the murder on.
Oth. Nay, say not the masters: it is true, indeed.
Gra. ’T is a strange truth.
Mon. O monstrous act!
Emil. Villany, villany, villany! I think upon ’t, I think: I smell ’t: O villany!—
I thought so then:—I’ll kill myself for grief,—
O villainy, villainy! [home. Iago. What are you mad? I charge you, get you
Emil. Good gentlemen, let me have leave to speak:
’T is 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 roar;
For thou hast kill’d the sweetest innocent
That e’er did lift up eye.
Oth. [Rising] O, she was foul! I scarce did know you, uncle: there lies your niece,
Whose breath, indeed, these hands have newly
I know this act shows horrible and grim. [stopp’d:
Gra. Poor Desdemona! I am glad thy father’s dead:
Thy match was mortal to him, and pure grief
Shore his old thread in twain: did he live now,
This sight would make him do a desperate turn,
Yea, curse his better angel from his side,
And fall to reprobation.
Oth. ’Tis pitiful; but yet Iago knows
That she with Cassio hath the act of shame
A thousand times committed; Cassio confess’d it:
And she did gratify his amorous works
With that recognizance and pledge of love
Which I first gave her: I saw it in his hand:
It was a handkerchief, an antique token
My father gave my mother.
Emil. O heaven! O heavenly powers!
Iago. Come, hold your peace.
Emil. ’T will out, ’t will out: I peace!
No, I will speak as liberal as the north:
Let heaven and men and devils, let them all,
All, all, cry shame against me, yet I ’ll speak.
Iago. Be wise, and get you home.
Emil. I will not.
Iago. [Iago offers to stab Emilie. Fie! Your sword upon a woman?
Emil. O thou dull Moor! that handkerchief thou
I found by fortune and did give my husband;
For often, with a solemn earnestness,
More than indeed belong’d to such a trife,
He begg’d of me to steal it.
Iago. Villainous whore!
Emil. She gave it Cassio! no, alas! I found it,
And I did give ’t my husband.
Iago. Filth, thou liest!
Emil. By heaven, I do not, I do not, gentlemen.
O murderous coxcomb! what should such a fool
Do with so good a woman?
Iago. Are there not stones in heaven
But what serve for the thunder?—Precious villain! [He runs at Iago. Iago, from behind, stabs
Emilie, and exit.
Gra. The woman falls; sure, he hath kill’d his wife.
Emil. Ay, ay: O, lay me by my mistress’ side.
Gra. He’s gone, but his wife ’s kill’d. [weapon
Mon. ’T is a notorious villain. Take you this
Which I have here recover’d from the Moor:
Come, guard the door without; let him not pass,
But kill him rather. I ’ll after that same villain,
For ’t is a damned slave.
[Excit Montano and Gratiano.
Oth. I am not villain neither,
But every puny whisper gets my sword:
But why should honour outline honesty?
Let it go all.
Emil. What did thy song bode, lady? Hark, canst thou hear me? I will play the swan,
And die in music. [Singing] Willow, willow, willow,
Moor—
Emil. Moor, she was chaste; she loved thee, cruel Moor;—
So come my soul to bliss, as I speak true;
So speaking as I think, I die, I die. [Dies.
Oth. I have another weapon in this chamber; It is a sword of Spain, the ice-brook’s temper.
O. here it is. Uncle, I must come forth. [dear: 
Gro. [Within] If thou attempt it, it will cost thee Thou hast no weapon, and perfere must suffer. Oth. Look in upon me then and speak with me, Or, naked as I am, I will assault thee.

Re-enter Gratiano.
Gro. What is the matter?
Oth. Behold, I have a weapon; A better never did itself sustain Upon a soldier’s thigh: I have seen the day, That, with this little arm and this good sword, I have made my way through more impediments Than twenty times your stop: but, O vain boast! Who can control his fate? ‘tis not so now. Be not afraid, though you do see me weapon’d; Here is my journey’s end, here is my butt, And very sea-mark of my utmost sail. Do you go back dismay’d? ‘tis a lost fear; Man but a rush against Othello’s breast, And he retires. Where should Othello go? Now, how dost thou look now? O ill-star’d wench! Pale as thy smock! when we shall meet at compt, This look of thine will hurl my soul from heaven, And fiends will snatch at it. Cold, cold, my girl! Even like thy chastity. O cursed slave! Whip me, ye devils, From the possession of this heavenly sight! Blow me about in winds! roast me in sulphur! Wash me in steep-down gulfs of liquid fire! O Desdemona! Desdemona! dead! Oh! Oh! Oh!

Enter Lodovico, Montano, Cassio in a chair, and Officers with Iago, prisoner.

Lod. Where is this rash and most unfortunate man?
Oth. That’s he that was Othello: here I am.
Lod. Where is that viper? bring the villain forth.
Oth. I look down towards his feet: but that’s a If that thou be’est a devil, I cannot kill thee. [flable. 

Wounds Iago.

Lod. Wrench his sword from him.
Iago. I bleed sir; but not kill’d.
Oth. I am not sorry neither: I’d have thee live; For, in my sense, ‘tis happiness to die.
Lod. O thou Othello, that wert once so good, Fall’n in the practice of a damned slave, What shall be said to thee?
Oth. Why, any thing: An honourable murderer, if you will; For not I did in hate, but all in honour.
Lod. This wretch hath part confess’d his villany: Did you and he consent in Cassio’s death?
Oth. Ay.
Cas. Dear general, I never gave you cause.
Oth. I do believe it, and I ask you pardon. Will you, I pray, demand that demi-devil? Why he hath thus ensnared my soul and body?
Iago. Demand me nothing: what you know, you know:
From this time forth I never will speak word.
Lod. What, not to pray?
Gro. Torments will ope your lips.
Oth. Well, thou dost best.
Lod. Sir, you shall understand what hath befall’n,
Which, as I think, you know not. Here is a letter Found in the pocket of the slain Roderigo;
And here another: the one of them imports The death of Cassio to be undertook
By Roderigo.
Oth. O villain!
Cas. Most heathenish and most gross!
Lod. Now here’s another discontented paper, Found in his pocket too; and this, it seems, Roderigo meant to have sent this damned villain; But that belike Iago in the interim Came in and satisfied him.
Oth. O the pernicious caiffit! How came you, Cassio, by that handkerchief That was my wife’s?
Cas. I found it in my chamber:
And he himself confess’d but even now That there he dropp’d it for a special purpose Which wrought to his desire.
Oth. O fool! fool! fool!
Cas. There is besides in Roderigo’s letter, How he upbraids Iago, that he made him Brave me upon the watch; wherein it came That I was cast: and even but now he spake, After long seeming dead, Iago hurt him, Iago set him on.
Lod. You must forsake this room, and go with us: Your power and your command is taken off, And Cassio rules in Cyprus. For this slave, If there be any cunning cruelty... That can torment us much and hold him long, It shall be his. You shall close prisoner rest, Till that the nature of your fault be known To the Venetian state. Come, bring him away.
Oth. Soft you; a word or two before you go. I have done the state some service, and they know’t. No more of that. I pray you, in your letters, When you shall these 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 wronged Perplex’d in the extreme; of one whose hand, Like the base Indian, threw a pearl away [eyes, Richer than all his tribe; of one whose subdu’d Albeit unused to the melting mood, Drop tears as fast as the Arabian trees Their medicinal gum.” Set you down this; And say besides, that in Alcipp 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!
Iago. All that’s spoke is marr’d.
Gro. Oth. I kiss’d thee ere I kiss’d thee: no way but Killing myself, to die upon a kiss. [this;
Falls on the bed, and dies.
Cas. This did I fear, but thought he had no For he was great of heart. [weapon;
Lod. To Iago] O Spartan dog, More fell than anguish, hunger, or the sea! Look on the 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 abroad; and to the state This heavy act with heavy heart relate. [Exeunt. 

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ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Mark Antony, Octavius Caesar, M. Antonius Lepidus, Sextus Pompeius, Domitius Enobarbus, Ventidius, Eros, Scarrus, Dercetias, Demetrius, Philo, Mecenas, Agrippa, Dolabella, Proculeius, Thyreus, Gaius, Menas, Menecrates, } friends to Antony.


Charmian, Attendants on Cleopatra.

Officers, Soldiers, Messengers, and other Attendants.

Scene.—In several parts of the Roman empire.

ACT I.


Enter Demetrius and Philo.

Phi. Nay, but this dotage of our general's overflows the measure: those his goodly eyes, That o'er the files and muster of the war Have glow'd like plated Mars, now bend, now turn, The orifices and devotion of their view Upon a tawny front: his captain's heart, Which in the scuffles of great fights hath burst The buckles on his breast, reneges all temper, And is become the bellows and the fan To cool a gipsy's lust.

Flourish. Enter Antony, Cleopatra, her Ladies, the Train, with Eunuchs fanning her. Look, where they come:

Take but good note, and you shall see in him The triple pillar of the world transform'd Into a trumpeter's foot: behold and see.

Ant. There's begging in the love that can be reckon'd.

Cleo. I'll set a bourn how far to be belov'd.

Ant. Then must thou needs find out new heaven, new earth.

Enter an Attendant.

Att. News, my good lord, from Rome.

Ant. Grates me: the sum.

Cleo. Nay, hear them, Antony:

If Fulvia perchance is angry; or, who knows If the scarce-bearded Caesar have not sent His powerful mandate to you, 'Do this, or this; Take in that kingdom, and enfranchise that; Perform 't, or else we damn thee.'

Ant. How, my love!

Cleo. Perchance! nay, and most like; You must not stay here longer, your dismissal Is come from Caesar; therefore hear it, Antony. Where's Fulvia's process? Caesar's I would say? both? Call in the messengers. As I am Egypt's queen, Thou blushest, Antony; and that blood of thine Is Caesar's homager: else so thy cheek pays shame When shrill- tongued Fulvia scolds. The messengers! Ant. Let Rome in Tiber 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 stirr'd by Cleopatra. Now, for the love of Love and her soft hours, Let's not confound the time with conference harsh: There's not a minute of our lives should stretch Without some pleasure now. What sport to-night?

Cleo. Hear the ambassadors.

Ant. Fie, wrangling queen! Whom every thing becomes, to chide, to laugh, To weep: whose every passion fully strives To make itself, in thee, fair and admired! No messenger, but thine; and all alone To-night we'll wander through the streets and note
ACT I.

ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA.

SCENE I.

The qualities of people. Come, my queen;
Last night you did desire it: speak not to us.

[Exeunt Ant. and Cleo. with their train.

Dem. Is Cesar 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, Iris, Alexas, and a Soothsayer.

Chor. Lord Alexas, sweet Alexas, most anything
Alexas, almost most absolute Alexas, where’s the soothsayer that you praised so to the queen? O, that
I knew this husband, which, you say, must charge
his horns with garlands!

Alex. Soothsayer!

Sooth. You, sir? [things?]

Chor. Is this the man? Is’t you, sir, that know
Sooth. In nature’s infinite book of secrecy
A little I can read.

Alex. Show him your hand.

Enter Enobarbus.

Euno. Bring in the banquet quickly; wine enough
Cleopatra’s health to drink.

Chor. Good sir, give me good fortune.

Sooth. I make not, but foresee.

Chor. Pray, then, foresee me one.

Sooth. You shall be yet far fairer than you are.

Chor. He means in flesh.

Iras. No, you shall paint when you are old.

Chor. Wrinkles forbid!

Alex. Vex not his prescience; be attentive.

Chor. Hush!

Sooth. You shall be more beloved than beloved.

Chor. I had rather beat my liver with drinking.

Alex. Nay, hear him.

Chor. Good now, some excellent fortune! Let me
be married to three kings in a foresto, and widow
them all: let me have a child at fifty, to whom Herod
of Jewry may do homage: find me to marry me with
Octavius Caesar, and companion me with my mistress.

Sooth. You shall outlive the lady whom you serve.

Chor. O excellent! I love long life better than figs.

Sooth. You have seen and proved a fairer former
Than that which is to approach.

Chor. Then believe my children shall have no names: prithee, how many boys and wenches must I have?

Sooth. If every of your wishes had a womb,
And fertile every wish, a million.

Chor. Out, fool! I forgive thee for a witch.

Alex. You think none but your sheets are privy
to your wishes.

Chor. Nay, come, tell Iras hers.

Alex. We’ll know all our fortunes.

Euno. Mine, and most of our fortunes, to-night,
shall be—drunk to bed. [else.

Iras. There’s a palm presages chastity, if nothing
Chor. ‘Tis as the everflowing Nilus presageth famine.

Iras. Go, you wild bedellow, you cannot soothsay.

Chor. Nay, if an oily palm be not a fruitful prognostication, I cannot scratch mine ear. Prithee, tell her but a work-day fortune.

Sooth. Your fortunes are alike.

Iras. But how, but how? give me particulars.

Sooth. I have said.

Iras. Am I not an inch of fortune better than she?

Chor. Well, if you were but an inch of fortune
better than I, where would you choose it?

Iras. Not in my husband’s nose.

Chor. Our worser thoughts heavens mend! Alexas,—come, his fortune, his fortune! O, let him marry a woman that cannot go, sweet Isis, I beseech thee! and let her die too, and give him a worse! and let worse follow worse, till the worst of all follow him laughing to his grave, fifty-fold a cuckold! Good Isis, hear me this prayer, though
thou deny me a matter of more weight; good Isis, I beseech thee!

Iras. Amen. Dear goddess, hear that prayer of the people! for, as it is a heart-breaking to see a handsome man loose-willed, so it is a deadly sorrow to behold a foul knave uncuckolded: therefore, dear Isis, keep decorum, and fortune him accordingly!

Chor. Amen.

Alex. Lo, now, if it lay in their hands to make me a cuckold, they would make themselves whores, but they ’ld do’t!


Chor. Not he; the queen.

Enter Cleopatra.

Cleo. Saw you my lord?

Euno. No, lady.

Chor. Was he not here?

Cleo. No, madam.

Cleo. He was disposed to mirth; but on the sudden
A Roman thought hath struck him. Enobarbus!

Euno. Madam?

Cleo. Seek him, and bring him hither. Where’s Alexas?

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, jointing their force ’gainst
Cesar;
Whose better issue in the war, from Italy,
Upon the first encounter, drave them.

Ant. Well, what worst?

Mess. The nature of bad news infects the teller.

Ant. When it concerns the fool or coward. On:
Things that are past are done with me. ’Tis thus;
Who tells me true, though in his tale lie death,
I hear him as he flatter’d.

Labienus—

This is stiff news—bath, 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, mine not the general
tongue:

Name Cleopatra as she is call’d in Rome;
Rall thou in Fulvia’s phrase; and taunt my faults
With such full license as both truth and malice
Have power to utter. O, then we bring forth weeds,
When our quick minds lie still; and our hills told us
Is as our caring. Fare thee well awhile.

Mess. At your noble pleasure.

[Exit.

Ant. From Sicyon, ho, the news! Speak there!

First Att. The man from Sicyon,—is there such an
Sec. Att. He stays upon your will. [gone?

Ant. Let him appear.

These strong Egyptian fetters I must break,
Or lose myself in dotage.

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Enter another Messenger.

What are you?

Sec. Mess. Fulvia thy wife is dead.

Ant. Where did she?

Sec. Mess. In Sicily: Her length of sickness, with what else more serious
Importeth thee to know, this bears. [Gives a letter.]

Forbear me.

There's a great spirit gone! Thus did I desire it:
What our contempt doth often hurl from us,
We wish it ours again; the present pleasure,
By revolting doth become the sport,
The opposite of itself: she's good, being gone;
The hand could pluck her back that shaved her on.
I must from this enchanting queen break off:
Ten thousand harms, more than the ills I know,
My idleness doth hatch. How now! Enobarbus!

Re-enter Enobarbus.

Eno. What's your pleasure, sir?

Ant. I must with haste from hence.

Eno. Why, then, we kill all our women: we see
how mortal an unkindness is to them; if they suffer
our departure, death's the word.

Ant. I must be gone.

Eno. Under a compelling occasion, let women die:
it were pity to cast them away for nothing: though,
between them and a great cause, they should be es-
teeemed 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. Alick, sir, no; her passions are made of
nothing but the finest part of pure love: we can-
not 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 in-
deed 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 Cleopa-
tra's, which wholly depends on your abode.

Ant. No more light answers. Let our officers
Have notice what we purpose. I shall break
The cause of our expediency to the queen,
And get her leave to part. For not alone
The death of Fulvia, with more urgent touches,
Do strongly speak to us; but the letters too
Of many our contriving friends in Rome
Petition us at home: Sextus Pompeius
Hath given the dare to Caesar, and commands
The empire of the sea: our slippery people,
Whose love is never link'd to the deserver
Till his deserts are past, begin to throw
Pompey the Great and all his dignities
Upon his son; who, high in name and power,
Higher than both in blood and life, stands up
For the main soldier: whose quality, going on,
The sides o' the world may danger: much is breeding,
Which, like the courser's hair, hath yet but life,
And not a serpent's poison. Say, our pleasure,
To such whose place is under us, requires
Our quick remove from hence.

Eno. I shall do't.

[Exeunt.]

SCENE III.—The same. Another room.

Enter Cleopatra, Charmian, Iris, and Alexas.

Cleo. Where is he?

Charm. I did not see him since.

Cleo. See where he is, who's with him, what he
I did not send you: if you find him sad, [does:
Say I am dancing; if in mirth, report:
That I am often sick: quick, and return.]

Ant. What should I do, I do not?

Charm. In each thing give him way, cross him in
nothing.

Cleo. Thou teachest like a fool; the way to lose him.

Charm. Tempt him not 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 not 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:
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 said the treasons planted.

Ant. True, Cleopatra,—[true.
Cleo. Why should I think you can be mine and
Though you in swearing shake the throne of gods,
Who have been false to Fulvia? Riotous madness,
To be entangled with those mouth-made vows,
Which break themselves in swearing.

Ant. 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 then, the greatest soldier of the world,
Art turn'd the greatest liar.

Ant. How now, lady!

Cleo. I would I had thy inches; thou should'st know
There were a heart in Egypt.

Ant. Hear me, queen: the strong necessity of time commands
Our services awhile; but my full heart
Remains in use with you. Our Italy
Shines o'er with civil swords: Sextus Pompeius
Makes his approaches to the port of Rome:
Equality of two domestic powers

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ACT I.  ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA.  SCENE IV.

Breed scrupulous faction: the hated, grown to strength,
Are newly grown to love: the condemn’d Pompey,
Riot, his father’s honour, creeps apace.
Into the hearts of such as have not thrived
Upon the present state, whose numbers threaten;
And quietness, grown sick of rest, would purge
By any desperate change: my more particular,
And that which most with you should safe my going,
Is Fulvia’s death.

Cleo.  Though age from folly could not give me
It does from childishness: can Fulvia die?
Ant.  She’s dead, my queen:—
Look here, and at thy sovereign leisure read
The 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.  Quarril no more, but be prepared to know
The purposes I bear; which are, or cease,
As you shall give the advice. By the fire
That quickens Nilus’ slime, I go from hence
Thy soldier, servant; making peace or war
As thou affect’st.

Cleo.  Cut my lace, Charmian, come;
But let it be: I am quickly ill, and well,
So Antony loves.

Ant.  My precious queen, forbear;
And give true evidence to his love, which stands
An honourable trial.

Cleo.  So Fulvia told me.
I prithee, turn aside and weep for her;
Then bid adieu to me, and say the tears
Belong to Egypt: good now, play one scene
Of excellent dissembling; and let it look
Like perfect honour.

Ant.  You ’ll heat my blood: no more.
Cleo.  You can do better yet; but this is meetly.
Ant.  Now, by my sword,—
Cleo.  And target. Still he mends;
But this is not the best. Look, prithee, Charmian,
How this Herculean Roman does become
The carriage of his chafe.
Ant.  I ’ll leave you, lady.
Cleo.  Courteous lord, one word.
Sir, you and I must part, but that’s not it:
Sir, you and I have loved, but there’s not it;
That you know well: something it is I would,—
O, my oblivion is a very Antony,
And I am all forgotten.

Ant.  But that your royalty
Holdst idleness your subject, I should take you
For idleness itself.

Cleo.  ’Tis sweating labour
To bear such idleness so near the heart
As Cleopatra this. But, sir, forgive me;
Since my becomings kill me, when they do not
Eye well to you: your honour calls you hence;
There be no harm to my sorrowed folly.
And all the gods go with you! upon your sword
Sit laurel victory! and smooth success
Be strew’d before your feet!

Ant.  Let us go. Come;
Our separation so abides, and flies,
That thou, residing here, go’st yet with me,
And I hence fleeting, here remain with thee.
Away!  [Exit.

SCENE IV.—Rome.  Caesar’s house.

Enter Octavius Caesar, reading a letter, Lepidus, and their Train.

Cas.  You may see, Lepidus, and henceforth
It is not Caesar’s natural vice to hate [know,
Our great competitor: from Alexandria

This is the news: he fishes, drinks, and wastes
The lamps of night in revel; is not more manlike
Than Cleopatra; nor the queen of T’polomyean
More womanly than he: hardly gave audience, or
Vouchsafed to think he had partners: you shall
A man who is the abstract of all faults [find there
That all men follow.

Lep.  I must not think there are
Evils even to darken all his goodness;
For his faults in him seem as the stars of heaven,
More fiery by night’s blackness; hereditary,
Rather than purchased; what he cannot change,
Than what he chooses.

Cas.  You are too indulgent. Let us grant, it is
Amiss to tumble on the bed of T’polomy;  [not
To give a kingdom for a mirth: to sit
And keep the turn of a turn of a turn with a slave;
To reel the streets at noon, and stand the buffet
With knaves that smell of sweat: say this becomes
As his composure must be rare indeed [him,—
Whom these things cannot blemish,—yet must
No way excuse his soils, when we do bear [Antony
So great weight in his lightness. If he fill’d
His vacancy with his voluptnousness,
Full surfeits, and the dryness of his bones,
Call on him for ’t; but to confound such time,
That drums him from his sport, and speaks as loud
As his own state and ours,—’t is to be chid.
As we rate boys, who, being mature in knowledge,
Pawn their experience to their present pleasure,
And so rebel to judgment.

Enter a Messenger.

Lep.  Here’s more news.

Mess.  Thy biddings have been done; and every
Most noble Caesar, shalt thou have report [hour,
How ’t is abroad. Pompey is strong at sea;
And it appears he is beloved of those
That only have fear’d Caesar: to the ports
The discontent’s repair, and men’s reports
Give him much wrong’d.

I should have known no less.
It hath been taught us from the primal state,
That he which is was wish’d until he were:—
Love, and the ebb’d man, ne’er lov’d till ne’er worth
Comes dear’d by being lack’d. This common body,
Like to a vagabond flag upon the stream,
Goes to and back, lackeying the varying tide,
To rot itself with motion.

Mess.  Caesar, I bring thee word
Menecrates and Menas, famous pirates, [wound
Make the sea serve them, which they ear and
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 ’t is as soon
Taken as seen; for Pompey’s name strikes more
Than could his war resisted.

Antony,
Leave thy lascivious wassails. When thou once
Vast beaten from Modena, when thou slew’st
Hirtius and Pansa, consuls, at thy heel
Died 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 purse then did
The roughest turn of the rutted badge;
[deign
Yea, like the stag, when snow the pasture sheets,
The banks of trees thou brows’dst; 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.

Cas.  Let his shames quickly

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Drive him to Rome; 'tis time we twain
Did show ourselves i' the field; and to that end
Assemble we immediate council: Pompey
Thrives in our idleness.

Lep. To-morrow, Cesar,
I shall be furnish'd to inform you rightly
Both what by sea and land I can be able
To front this present time.

Ces. Till which encounter,
It is my business too. Farewell.

Lep. Farewell, my lord: what you shall know
Of stirs abroad, I shall beseech you, sir; [meantime
To let me be partaker.

Doubt not, sir; [Exeunt.

I knew it for my bond.


Enter Cleopatra, Charmian, Iras, and Mardian.

Mard. Charmian!

Iras. Madam?

Cleo. Ha, ha!

Give me to drink mandragora.

Charm. Why, madam?

Cleo. That I might sleep out this great gap of
My Antony is away. [time

Charm. You think of him too much.

Cleo. Thou, eunuch Mardian!

Mar. What 's your highness' pleasure?

Cleo. Not now to hear thee sing; I take no pleas-
In-ant at an eunuch has: 't is well for thee, [ure
That, being unseminar'd, thy freer thoughts
May not fly forth of Egypt. Hast thou affections?

Mar. Yes, gracious madam.

Cleo. Indeed!

Mar. Not in deed, madam; for I can do nothing
But what indeed is honest to be done:
Yet have I fierce affections, and think
What Venus did with Mars.

Cleo. O Charmian,

Where think'st thou he is now? Stands he, or sits
Or does he walk? or is he on his horse? [hes
O happy horse, to bear the weight of Antony!

Do bravely, horse! for wot'st thou whom thou
The demi-Atlas of this earth, the arm [movest
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 mark where thou, when thou wast here above the ground, I was
A morsel for a monarch: and great Pompey
Would stand and make his eyes grow in my brow;

There would he anchor his aspect and die
With looking on his life.

Enter Alexas, from Cesar.

Alex. Sovereign of Egypt, hail!

Cleo. How much unlike art thou Mark Antony?
Yet, coming from him, that great medicine hath
With his tinct gilded thee.

How goes it with my brave Mark Antony?

Alex. Last thing he did, dear queen,
He kiss'd,—the last of many doubled kisses,—

This orient pearl. His speech sticks in my heart.

Cleo. Mine ear must pluck it thence.

Alex. 'Good friend,' quoth he,

'Say, the firm Roman to great Egypt sends
This treasure of an oyster; at whose foot,
To mend the petty present, I will piece
Her opulent throne with kingdoms; all the east,
Say thou, shall call her mistress.' So he nodded,
And soberly did mount an arm-gaunt steed,

Whose neck'd so high, that what I would have spoke
Was beastly dumb'd by him.

Cleo. What, was he sad or merry?

Alex. Like to the time o' the year between the ex-
Of hot and cold, he was nor sad nor merry. [tremes

Cleo. O well-divided disposition! Note him.

Alex. Note him, good Charmian, 't is the man; but note
He was not sad, for he would shine on those [him:
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 mingling! Be st thou sad or merry,
The violence of either thee becomes,
So does it no man else. Met' st thou my posts?

Alex. Ay, madam, twenty several messengers:
Why do you send so thick?

Cleo. Who's born that day
When I forget to send to Antony,

Shall die a beggar. Ink and paper, Charmian.

Welcome, my good Alexas. Did I, Charmian,

Ever love Cesar so?

Charm. O that brave Cesar!

Cleo. Be choked with such another emphasis!

Say, the brave Antony.

Charm. The valiant Cesar!

Cleo. By Isis, I will give thee bloody teeth,

If thou with Cesar paragon again

My man of men.

Charm. By your most gracious pardon,

I sing but after you.

Cleo. My salad days,

When I was green in judgment: cold in blood,

To say as I said then! But, come, away;

Get me ink and paper:

He shall have every day a several greeting,

Or I'll unpeople Egypt.

[Exeunt.

ACT II.

SCENE I.—Messina. Pompey's house.

Enter Pompey, Menocrates, and Menas, in war-
like manner.

Pom. If the great gods be just, they shall assist
The deeds of justest men.

Men. Know, worthy Pompey,

That what they do delay, they do not deny. [cays

Pom. While we are suitors to their throne, de-

The thing we sue for.

Menas. We, ignorant of ourselves,

Beg often our own harms, which the wise powers

Deny us for our good; so find we profit

By losing of our prayers.

Pom. I shall do well:

The people love me, and the sea is mine;

My powers are crecent, and my auguring hope

Says it will come to the full. Mark Antony

In Egypt sits at dinner, and will make

No wars without doors: Cesar gets money where

He loses hearts: Lepidus flatters both,

Of both is flatter'd: but he neither loves,

Nor either cares for him.

Cesar and Lepidus

Are in the field: a mighty strength they carry.

Pom. Where have you this? 't is false.

Men. From Silvius, sir.

Pom. He dreams: I know they are in Rome to-

gether,

Looking for Antony. But all the charms of love,
Salt Cleopatra, softens thy wan'd lip!
Let witchcraft join with beauty, lust with both!
Tie up the libertine in a field of feasts,
Keep his brain fuming: Epicurean cooks
Sharpen with cloyless sauce his appetite;
That sleep and feeding may prologue his honour
Even till a Lethe'd dulness!

Enter Varrius.

How now, Varrius?

Var. This is most certain that I shall deliver:
Mark Antony is every hour in Rome
Expected: since he went from Egypt 'tis
A space for further travel.

Pom. I could have given less matter
A better ear. Menas, I did not think
This amorous surfeiter would have donn'd his helm
For such a petty war: his soldiership
Is twice the other twain: but let us rear
The higher our opinion, that our stirring
Can from the lap of Egypt's widow pluck
The ne'er-lust-wearied Antony.

Men. I cannot hope
Cæsar and Antony shall well greet together:
His wife that's dead did trespass to Cæsar;
His brother warr'd upon him; although, I think,
Not moved by Antony.

Pom. I know not, Menas,
How lesser enmities may give way to greater.
Were 't not that we stand up against them all,
'Twere pregnant they should square between themselves;
For they have entertained cause enough
To draw their swords: but how the fear of us
May cement their divisions and bind up
The petty difference, we yet not know.
Be 't as our gods will have 't: it only stands
Our lives upon to use our strongest hands.
Come, Menas. [Exeunt.

SCENE II.—Rome. The house of Lepidus.

Enter Enobarbus and Lepidus.

Lep. Good Enobarbus, 'tis a worthy deed,
And shall become you, to entreat your captain
To soft and gentle speech.

Eno. I shall entreat him
To answer like himself: if Cæsar move him,
Let Antony look over Cæsar's head
And speak as loud as Mars. By Jupiter,
Were I the wearer of Antonius' beard,
I would not shave 't to-day.

Lep. 'Tis not a time
For private stomaching.

Eno. Every time
Serves for the matter that is then born in 't.

Lep. But small to greater matters must give way.

Eno. Not if the small come first.

Lep. Your speech is passion;
But, pray you, stir no embers up. Here comes
The noble Antony.

Enter Antony and Ventidius.

Eno. And yonder, Cæsar.

Enter Cæsar, Meænas, and Agrippa.

Ant. If we compose well here, to Parthia:
Hark, Ventidius. I do not know,
Meænas; ask Agrippa.

Lep. Noble friends,
That which combined us was most great, and let not
A leaner action rend us: that 's amiss,
May it be gently heard: when we debate
Our trivial difference loud, we do commit
Murder in healing wounds: then, noble partners,
The rather, for I earnestly beseech,

Touch you the sourest points with sweetest terms,
Nor curstness grow to the matter.

Ant. 'Tis spoken well.
Were we before our armies, and to fight,
I should do thus. [Flourish.

Cæs. Welcome to Rome.

Ant. Thank you.

Cæs. Sit. Sir.

Cæs. Nay, then,

Ant. I learn, you take things ill which are not so,
Or being, concern you not.

Cæs. I must be laugh'd at,
If, or for nothing or a little, I
Should say myself offended, and with you
Chiefly! 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, Cæsar,
What was 't to you?

Cæs. No more than my residing here at Rome
Might be to you in Egypt: yet, if you there
Did practise on my state, your being in Egypt
Might be my question.

Ant. How intend you, practised?

Cæs. You may be pleased to catch at mine intent
By what did here befal me. Your wife and brother
Made wars upon me; and their contestation
Was theme for you, you were the word of war.

Ant. You do mistake your business; my brother
Did urging me in his act: I did inquire it; [never
And have my learning from some true reports,
That drew their swords with you. Did he not rather
Discredit my authority with yours:
And make the wars alike against my stomach,
Having alike your cause? Of this my letters
Before did satisfy. If you 'll patch a quarrel,
As matter whole you have not to make it with,
It must not be with this.

Cæs. You praise yourself
By laying defects of judgment to my; but
You patch'd up your excuses.

Ant. Not so, not so;
I know you could not lack, I am certain on 't,
Very necessity of this thought, that I,
Your partner in the cause 'gainst which he fought,
Could not with graceful eyes attend those wars
Which fronted mine own peace. As for my wife,
I would you had her spirit in such another:
The third o' the world is yours; which with a snaffle
You may pace easy, but not such a wife.

Eno. Would we had all such wives, that the men
might go to wars with the women!

Ant. So much uncurable, her garboils, Cæsar,
Made out of her impatience, which did not want
Shrewishness of policy too, I grieving grant
Did you too much disquiet: for that you must
But say, I could not help it.

Cæs. I wrote to you
When rioting in Alexandria: you
Did pocket up my letters, and with taunts
Did give my missive out of audience.

Ant. Sir,
He fell upon me ere admitted: then
Three kings I had newly feasted, and did want
Of what I was I the morning: but next day
I told him of myself; which was as much
As to have ask'd him pardon. Let this fellow
Be nothing of our strife: if we content,
Out of our question wipe him.

Cæs. You have broken
The article of your oath; which you shall never
Have tongue to charge me with.

Ant. Soft, Cæsar! No,

Lepidus, let him speak:
The honour is sacred which he talks on now,
Supposing that I lack'd it.  But, on, Cæsar;  
The article of my oath.  
Cæs.  To lend me arms and aid when I required  
The which you both denied.  [them;  
Ant.  Neglected, rather;  
And then when poison'd hours had bound me up  
From mine own knowledge.  As nearly as I may,  
I'll play the penitent to you; but mine honesty  
Shall not make poor my greatness, nor my power  
Work without it.  Truth is, that Fulvia,  
To have me out of Egypt, made wars here;  
For which myself, the ignorant motive, do  
So far ask pardon as befits mine honour  
To stoop in such a case.  
Lep.  Tis noble spoken.  
Mec.  If it might please you, to enforce no further  
The griefs between ye: to forget them quite  
Were to remember that the present need  
Speaks to atone you.  
Lep.  Worthily spoken, 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.  [no more.  
Ant.  You wrong this presence; therefore speak  
Eno.  Go to, then; your considerate stone.  
Cæs.  I do not much dislike the matter, but  
The manner of his speech; for 't cannot be  
We shall remain in friendship, our conditions  
So differing in their acts.  Yet, if I knew  
What hoop should hold us stanch, from edge to  
Of the world I would pursue it.  
Agr.  Give me leave, Cæsar;  
Cæs.  Speak, Agrippa.  
Agr.  Thou hast a sister by the mother's side,  
Admired Octavia: great Mark Antony  
Is now a widower.  
Cæs.  Say not so, Agrippa:  
If Cleopatra heard you, your reproof  
Were well deserved of rashness.  
Ant.  I am not married, Cæsar: let me hear  
Agrippa further speak.  
Agr.  To hold you in perpetual amity,  
To make you brothers, and to knit your hearts  
With an unslipping knot, take Antony  
Octavia to his wife; whose beauty claims  
No worse a husband than the best of men;  
Whose virtue and whose general graces speak  
That which none else can utter.  By this marriage,  
All little jealousies, which now seem great,  
And all great fears, which now import their dangers,  
Would then be nothing: truths would be tales,  
Where now half tales be truths: her love to both  
Would, each to other and all loves to both,  
Draw after her.  Pardon what I have spoke;  
For 't is a studied, not a present thought,  
By duty ruminated.  
Ant.  Will Cæsar speak?  
Cæs.  Not till he hears how Antony is touch'd  
With what is spoke already.  
Ant.  What power is in Agrippa,  
If I would say, 'Agrippa, be it so,'  
To make this good?  
Cæs.  The power of Cæsar, and  
His power unto Octavia.  
Ant.  May I never  
To this good purpose, that so fairly shows,  
Dream of impediment!  Let me have thy hand:  
Further this act of grace: and from this hour  
The heart of brothers govern in our loves  
And sway our great designs!  There is my hand.  
Cæs.  A sister I bequeath you, whom no brother  
Did ever love so dearly: let her live  
To join our kingdoms and our hearts; and never  
Fly off our loves again!  
Lep.  Happily, amen!  
Ant.  I did not think to draw my sword 'gainst  
Pompey;  
For he hath laid strange courtesies and great  
Of late upon me: I must thank him only,  
Lest my remembrance suffer ill report;  
At heel of that, defy him.  
Lep.  Time calls upon 's:  
Of us must Pompey presently be sought,  
Or else he seeks us out.  
Ant.  Where lies he?  
Cæs.  About the mount Misenum.  
Ant.  What is his strength by land?  
Cæs.  Great and increasing: but by sea  
He is an absolute master.  
Ant.  So is the fame.  
Would we had spoke together!  Haste we for it:  
Yet, ere we put ourselves in arms, dispatch we  
The business we have talk'd of.  
Cæs.  With most gladness;  
And do invite you to my sister's view,  
Whither straight I'll lead you.  
Ant.  Let us, Lepidus,  
Not lack your company.  
Lep.  Noble Antony,  
Not sickness should detain me.  
Mec.  Welcome from Egypt, sir.  
Eno. Half the heart of Cæsar, worthy Mecenas!  
My honourable friend, Agrippa!  
Agr.  Good Enobarbus!  
Mec.  We have cause to be glad that matters are  
so well digested.  You stayed well by 't in Egypt.  
Eno. Ay, sir; we did sleep day out of countenance,  
And made the night light with drinking.  
Mec.  Eight wild-boars roasted whole at a breakfast,  
and but twelve persons there; is this true?  
Eno. This was but as a fly by an eagle: we had  
much more monstrous matter of feast, which  
worthily deserved noting.  
Mec.  She's a most triumphant lady, if report  
be square to her.  
Eno. When she first met Mark Antony, she pursed  
up his heart, upon the river of Cydnus.  
Agr.  That's she appeared indeed; or my reporter  
devised well for her.  
Eno. I will tell you.  
The barge she sat in, like a burnish'd throne,  
Burn'd on the water: the poop was beaten gold;  
Purple the sails, and so perfumed that  
[silver,  
The winds were love-sick with them; the oars were  
Which to the tune of flutes kept stroke, and made  
The water which they beat to follow faster,  
As amorous of their strokes. For her own person,  
It beggar'd all description: she did lie  
In her pavilion — cloth-of-gold of tissue—  
O'er-picture that Venus where we see  
The fancy outwork nature: on each side her  
Stood pretty dimpled boys, like smiling Cupids,  
With divers-colour'd fans, whose wind did seem  
To glow the delicate cheeks which they did cool,  
And what they undid did.  
Agr.  O, rare for Antony!  
Eno. Her gentlewomen, like the Nereides,  
So many mermaids, tended her i' the eyes,  
And made their bends adorning: at the helm  
A seeming mermaid steers: the silken tackle  
Swell with the touches of those flower-soft hands,  
That yarely frame the office.  From the barge  
A strange invisible perfume hits the sense  
Of the adjacent wharfs. The city cast  
Her people out upon her; and Antony,  
Enthroned i' the market-place, did sit alone,  
Whistling to the air; which, but for vacancy,
ACT II.  

ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA.  SCENE V.

Had gone to gaze on Cleopatra too  
And made a gap in nature.  

Agr.  [Rare Egyptian!  

Eno. Upon her landing, Antony sent to her,  
Invited her to supper; she replied,  
It should be better he became her guest;  
Which she entertained: our courteous Antony,  
Whom ne'er the word of 'No' woman heard speak,  
Being barber'd ten times o'er, goes to the feast,  
And for his ordinary pays his heart  
For what his eyes eat only.  

Agr.  [Royal wench! she made great Caesar lay his sword to bed:  
He plough'd her, and she cropp'd.  

Eno. I saw her once  
Hop forty paces through the public street;  
And having lost her breath, she spoke, and pant'd,  
That she did make defect perfection,  
And, breathless, power breathe forth.  

Mec. Now Antony must leave her utterly.  

Eno. Never; he will not:  
Age cannot wither her, nor custom stale  
Her infinite variety: other women clay  
The appetites they feed: but she makes hungry  
Where most she satisfies: for vilest things  
Become themselves in her; that the holy priests  
Bless her when she is riggish.  

Mec. If beauty, wisdom, modesty, can settle  
The heart of Antony, Octavia is  
A blessed lottery to him.  

Agr.  [Let us go.  

Good Enobarbus, make yourself my guest  
While you abide here.  

Eno. Humbly, sir, I thank you.  [Exeunt.  

SCENE III.—The same.  Caesar’s house.  

Enter Antony, Caesar, Octavia between them,  
and Attendants.  

Octa. The world and my great office will some—  
Divide me from your bosom.  

Octa. All which time  
Before the gods my knee shall bow my prayers  
To them for you.  

Ant.  [Good night, sir.  My Octavia,  
Read not my blemishes in the world's report:  
I have not kept my square; but that to come  
Shall all be done by the rule.  Good night, dear lady.  
Good night, sir.  

Cleo. Good night.  [Exeunt Caesar and Octavia.  

Enter Soothsayer.  

Sooth.  

Ant. Now, sirrah; you do wish yourself in Egypt?  

Sooth.  

Ant.  [Would I had never come from thence, nor Thither!  [you  

Sooth.  

Ant.  [With what you can, your reason?  

Sooth.  

Ant.  [I see it in  

Sooth.  

Ant.  [My motion, have it not in my tongue: but yet  
Hie you to Egypt again.  

Sooth.  

Ant.  [Say to me,  
Whose fortunes shall rise higher, Caesar’s or mine?  
Sooth.  

Ant.  [Therefore, O Antony, stay not by his side:  
Thy demon, that’s thy spirit which keeps thee, is  
Noble, courageous, high, unmatchable,  
Where Caesar’s is not; but, near him, thy angel  
Becomes a fear, as being o’erpower’d: therefore  
Make space enough between you.  

Ant.  

Sooth.  

Ant.  [To none but thee; no more, but when to  
If thou dost play with him at any game,  [thee,  
Thou art sure to lose; and, of that natural luck,  
He beats thee‘gainst the odds: thy lustre thickens,  
When he shines by: I say again, thy spirit  
Is all afraid to govern thee near him;  
But, he away, ‘tis noble.  

Ant.  

Get thee gone:  

Say to Ventidius I would speak with him:  

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 fain  
Under his chance: if we draw lots, he speeds;  
His cocks do win the battle still of mine.  
When it is all to nought; and his quails ever  
Beat mine, inhoop’d, at odds.  I will to Egypt:  
And though I make this marriage for my peace,  
I’ the cast my pleasure lies.  

Enter Ventidius.  

O, come, Ventidius,  
You must to Parthia: your commission’s ready;  
Follow me, and receive’t.  [Exeunt.  

SCENE IV.—The same.  A street.  

Enter Lepidus, Mecaenas, and Agrippa.  

Lep. Trouble yourselves no further: pray you,  
Your generals after.  

Agr.  [Sir, Mark Antony  
Will e’en but kiss Octavia, and we ’ll follow.  

Lep.  [Till I shall see you in your soldier’s dress,  
Which will become you both, farewell.  

Mec.  [We shall,  
As I conceive the journey, be at the Mount  
Before you, Lepidus.  

Lep.  [Your way is shorter;  
My purposes do draw me much about:  
You’ll win two days upon me.  

Mec.  

Agr.  

Lep.  [Farewell.  [Exeunt.  

SCENE V.—Alexandria.  Cleopatra’s palace.  

Enter Cleopatra, Charmian, Iras, and Agasias.  

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; ‘tis to billiards: come, Charmian.  

Char.  [My arm is sore; best play with Mardian.  

Cleo.  [As well a woman with an eunuch play’d  
As with a woman.  Come, you’ll play with me, sir?  

Mar.  [As well as I can, madam.  

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.  [T was merry when  
You wager’d on your angling: when your diver  
Did hang a salt-fish on his hook, which he  
With fervency drew up.  

Cleo.  [That time.—O times!—  
I laugh’d him out of patience; and that night  
I laugh’d him into patience: and next morn,  
Ere the ninth hour, I drank him to his bed;  
Then put my tires and mantles on him, whilst  
I wore his sword Phillipian.  

Enter a Messenger.  

Mes.  [O, from Italy!  

Ram thou thy fruitful tidings in mine ears!  
That long time have been barren.  

Mes.  [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 kissting.
Mess. First, madam, he is well.
Cleo. Why, there's more gold.

But there's no goodness in thy face: if Antony
Be free and healthful,—so tart a favour
To trumpet such good tidings! If not well,
Thou shouldst come like a Fury crown'd with
Not like a formal man. [snakes,
Mess. Will 't please you hear me?
Cleo. I have a mind to strike thee ere thou speak'st?
Yet, if thou say Antony lives, is well,
Or friends with Caesar, or not captive to him,
I'll set thee in a shower of gold, and hail
Rich pearls upon thee.

Mess. Madam, he's well.
Cleo. Well said.
Mess. And friends with Caesar.
Cleo. Thou 'rt an honest man.
Mess. Caesar and he are greater friends than ever.
Cleo. Make thee a fortune from me.
Mess. But yet, madam—
Cleo. I do not like ' But yet,' it does allay
The good precedence; fie upon ' But yet'!
' But yet' is as a goaler to bring forth
Some monstrous malefactor. Frith, friend,
Pour out the pack of matter to mine ear, [Cesar;
The good and bad together; he's friends with
In state of health thou say'st; and thou say'st free.
Mess. Free, madam! no; I made no such report:
He's bound out unto Octavia.

Cleo. For what good turn?
Mess. For the best turn I the bed.
Cleo. I am pale, Charmian.
Mess. Madam, he's married to Octavia.
Cleo. The most infectious pestilence upon thee!
[Strikes him down.

Mess. Good madam, patience.
Cleo. What say you? Hence, [Strikes him again.

Horrible villain! or I'll spur thine eyes
Like balls before me: I 'll unhair thy head:
She hales him up and down.

Thou shalt be whip'd with wire, and stew'd in brine,
Smarting in lingering pickle.
Mess. Gracious madam,
I that do bring the news made not the match.
Cleo. Say 'tis not so, a province I will give thee,
And make thy fortunes proud: the blow thou hast
Shall make thy peace for moving me to rage;
And I will boot thee with what gift beside
Thy modesty can beg.
Mess. He's married, madam.
Cleo. Rogue, thou hast lived too long.

What mean you, madam? I have made no fault.

Mess. Nay, then I 'll run.

What mean you, madam? I have made no fault.
Cleo. I will not hurt him.

[Exit Charmian.

Re-enter Charmian and Messenger.

Come hither, sir.
Though it be honest, it is never good
To bring bad news: give to a gracious message
An host of tongues; but let ill tidings tell
Themselves when they be felt.

Mess. I have done my duty.
Cleo. Is he married?
I cannot hate thee worser than I do,
If thou again say ' Yes.'

Mess. He's married, madam.
Cleo. The gods confound thee! dost thou hold
there still?
Mess. Should I lie, madam?
Cleo. O, I would thou didst,
So half my Egypt were submerged and made
A cisterm for scaled snakes! Go, get thee hence:
Hadst thou Narcissus in thy face, to me
Thou wouldst appear most ugly. He is married?
Mess. I crave your highness' pardon.
Cleo. He is married?
Mess. Take no offence that I would not offend you:
To punish me for what you make me do
Seems much unequal: he's married to Octavia.
Cleo. O, that his fault should make a knife of thee,
That art not what thou 'rt sure of! Get thee hence:
The merchandise which thou hast brought from
Rome,
To scourge the ingratitude that despiteful Rome
Cast on my noble father.


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.

Come. 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.

Ces. Ant. Which do not be entreated to, but weigh
What is it worth embraced.

Ces. And what may follow,
To try a larger fortune.

Pom. You have made me offer
Of Sicily, Sardinia; and I must
Rid all the sea of pirates; then, to send
Measures of wheat to Rome; this 'greed upon,
To part with unack'd edges, and bear back
Our targs undinted.


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 Cæsar and your brother were at blows,
Your mother came to Sicily and did find
Her welcome friendly.

Ant. I have heard it, Pompey;
And am well studied for a liberal thanks
Which I do owe you.

Pom. Let me have your hand:
I did not think, sir, to have met you here. [you,
Ant. The beds 't the cast are soft; and thanks to
That call'd me timelier than my purpose hither;
For I have gain'd by't.

Ces. Since I saw you last,
There is a change upon you.

Pom. Well, I know not
What counts harsh fortune casts upon my face;
But in my bosom shall she never come,
To make my heart her vassal.

Lep. Well met here.

Pom. I hope so, Lepidus. Thus we are agreed:
I crave our composition may be written,
And seal'd between us.

Ces. That's the next to do.

Pom. We'll feast each other ere we part; and
Draw lots who shall begin. [Let's
Ant. That will I, Pompey.

Pom. No, Antony, take the lot: but, first
Or last, your fine Egyptian cookery
Shall have the fame. I have heard that Julius
Grew fat with feasting there. [Cæsar
Ant. I have fair meanings, sir.
Ant. And fair words to them.

Pom. Then so much have I heard:
And I have heard, Apollodorus carried—
Cæsar no more of that: he did so.

Pom. What, I pray you?

Eno. A certain queen to Cæsar in a mattress.

Pom. I know thee now: how fairest thou, soldier?

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,
It nothing ill becomes thee.

Aboard my galley I invite you all:
Will you lead, lords?

Cæsar. Ant. Lep. Show us the way, sir.

Pom. Come.

[Exeunt all but Menas and Eobω blessedus.

Men. [Aside] Thy father, Pompey, would not have made this treaty.—You and I have known,

Eno. At sea, I think. [sir.

Men. We have, sir.

Eno. You have done well by water.

Men. And you by land.

Eno. I will praise any man that will praise me;
though it cannot be denied what I have done by

Men. Nor what I have done by water. [land.

Eno. Yes, something you can deny for your own
safety: you have been a great thief by sea.

Men. And you by land.

Eno. There I deny my land service. But give
me your hand, Menas: if our eyes had authority,
here they might take two thieves kissing.

Men. All men's faces are true, whatsoever
their hands are.

Eno. But there is never a fair woman has a true

Men. No slander: they steal hearts. [face.

Eno. We came hither to fight with you.

Men. For my part, I am sorry it is turned to a

Eno. Pompey doth this day laugh away his

Men. If he do, sure, he cannot weep 't back again.

Men. You've said, sir. We looked not for Mark
Antony here: pray you, is he married to Cleopatra?

Eno. Cæsar's sister is called Octavia. [cellus.

Men. True, sir; she was the wife of Caius Marcius.

Eno. But she is now the wife of Marcus Antonius.

Men. Pray ye, sir?

Eno. 'Tis true.

Men. Then is Cæsar and he for ever knit together.

Eno. If I were bound to divine of this unity, I
would not prophesy so.

Men. I think the policy of that purpose made
more in the marriage than the love of the parties.

Eno. I think so too. But you shall find, the

Men. Who would not have his wife so?

Eno. Not he that himself is not so; which is

Men. He will to his Egyptian dish again:
then shall the sighs of Octavia blow the fire up in Cæsar:
and, as I said before, that which is the
strength of their amity shall prove the immediate
author of their variance. Antony will use his
affection where it is: he married but his occasion here.

Men. And thus it may be. Come, sir, will you
aboard? I have a health for you. [in Egypt.

Eno. I shall take it, sir: we have used our throats

Men. Come, let's away.

[Exeunt.

SCENE VII.—On board Pompey's galley, off
Misenum.

Musice plays. Enter two or three Servants with a banquet.

First Serv. Here they'll be, man. Some o' their
plants are ill-rooted already; the least wind 't the
world will blow them down.

Sec. Serv. Lepidus is high-coloured.

First Serv. They have made him drink alms-drink.

Sec. Serv. As they push one another by the dis-
position, he cries out 'No more;' reconciles them
to his entreaty, and himself to the drink.

First Serv. But it raises the greater war between
him and his discretion.
ANTONY

"Why, this it is to have a name in great men's fellowship: I had as lief have a reed that will do me no service as a partisan I could not heave."

First Serv. "To be called into a huge sphere, and not to be seen to move in 't, are the holes where eyes should be, which pitifully disaster the cheeks.

A semnet sounded. Enter Caesar, Antony, Lepidus, Pompey, Agrippa, Mecenas, Enobarbus, Menas, with other captains.

Ant. [To Caesar] "Thus do they, sir: they take the prey o' the Nile.

By certain scales t' the pyramid: they know, By the height, the lowness, or the mean, if dearth Or foison follow: the higher Nilus swells, The more it promises: as it ebbs, the seedsmen Upon the slime and ooze scatters his grain, And shortly comes to harvest.

Lep. "You've strange serpents there.


Lep. Your serpent of Egypt is bred now of your mud by the operation of your sun: so is your croco-

Ant. They are so.

Pom. Sit,—and some wine! A health to Lepidus!

Lep. I am not so well as I should be, but I'll ne'er out.

Eno. "Not till you have slept; I fear me you'll be in till then.

Lep. Nay, certainly, I have heard the Ptolemies' pyramids are very goodly things; without contradiction, I have heard that.

Men. [Aside to Pom.] Pompey, a word.

Pom. [Aside to Men.] Say in mine ear: what is 't?

Men. [Aside to Pom.] Forsake thy seat, I do beseech thee, captain, And hear me speak a word.

Pom. [Aside to Men.] Forbear me till anon.

This wine for Lepidus!

Lep. What manner o' thing is your crocodile?

Ant. "It is shaped, sir, like itself; and it is as broad as it hath breadth: it is just so high as it is, and moves with it own organs: it lives by that which nourisheth it; and the elements once out of it, it transmigrates.

Lep. What colour is it of?

Ant. Of it own colour too.

Lep. 'T is a strange serpent.

Ant. 'T is so. And the tears of it are wet.

Ces. Will this description satisfy him?

Ant. "With the health that Pompey gives him, else he is a very encumbrance.

Pom. [Aside to Men.] Go hang, sir, hang! Tell me of that? away!

Do as I bid you. Where 's this cup I call'd for?

Men. [Aside to Pom.] If for the sake of merit thou wilt hear me,

Rise from thy stool.

Pom. [Aside to Men.] I think thou'rt mad. The matter?

[Rises, and walks aside.

Men. I have ever held my cap off to thy fortunes.

Pom. Thou hast served me with much faith. What's else to say?

Be jolly, lords.

Ant. These quick-sands, Lepidus,

Keep off them, for you sink.

Men. Wilt thou be lord of all the world?

Pom. "What say'st thou?

Men. Wilt thou be lord of the whole world?

That's twice.

Pom. How should that be?

Men. But entertain it, And, though thou think me poor, I am the man Will give thee all the world.

Pom. Hast thou drunk well?

Men. No, Pompey, I have kept me from the cup. Thou art, if thou dar'st be, the earthly Jove:

Whate'er the ocean pales, or sky inclips,

Is thine, if thou wilt ha' t.

Pom. Show me which way.

Men. These three world-sharers, these competi-

Are in thy vessel: let me cut the cable;

[ors, And, when we are put off, fall to their Threats:

All there is thine.

Pom. "Ah, this thou shouldst have done, And not have spoken on 't! In me 't is villany; In thee 't had been good service. Thou must know, 't is 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 commend it now. Desist, and drink.

Men. [Aside] For this.

I'll never follow thy palf'd fortunes more. Who seeks, and will not take when once 't is offer'd, Shall never find it more.

Pom. This health to Lepidus!

Ant. Bear him ashore. I'll pledge it for him,

Eno. Here 's to thee, Menas! [Pompey.

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?

[see'st not?

Eno. 'A bears the third part of the world, man;

Men. The third part, then, is drunk: would it That it might go on wheels!

[were all,

Eno. Drink thou; increase the reeds.

Men. Come.

Pom. This is not yet an Alexandrian feast.

Ant. It ripens towards it. Strike the vessels, ho!

Here is to Cesar!

Ces. I could well forbear 't.

It's monstrous labour, when I wash my brain, And it grows fouler.

Ant. Be a child o' the time.

Ces. Possess it, I'll make answer:

But I had rather fast from all four days Than drink so much in one.

Eno. Ha, my brave emperor! [To Antony.

Shall we dance now the Egyptian Bacchanals, And celebrate our drink?

Pom. Let's ha' t, good soldier.

Ant. Come, let's all take hands,

Till that the conquering wine hath steep'd our sense In soft and delicate Lethe.

Eno. All take hands.

Make battery to our ears with the loud music; The while I'll place you; then the boy shall sing; The holding every man shall bear as loud As his strong sides can volley.

[Music plays. Enobarbus places them hand in hand.

THE SONG.

Come, thou monarch of the vine,

Plumpy Bacchus with pink eyne!

In thy fats our cares be drown'd,

With thy grapes our hairs be crown'd:

Cup us, till the world go round,

Cup us, till the world go round!

Ces. What would you more? Pompey, good night. Good brother,

Let me request you off: our graver business Frowns at this levity. Gentile 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 Good Antony, your hand. [night.

Pom. I'll try you on the shore.

Ant. And shall, sir: give's your hand.

Pom. O Antony,
ACT III.

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 Pacorus 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 Pacorus, Orodes,
Pays this for Marcus Crassus.

Sil. Noble Ventidius,
Whilst yet with Parthian blood thy sword is warm,
The fugitive Parthians follow; spur through Media,
Mesopotamia, and the shelters whither
The routed fly: so thy grand captain Antony
Shall set thee on triumphant chariots and
Put garlands on thy head.

Ven. O Silius, Silius,
I have done enough; a lower place, note well.
May make too great an act: for learn this, Silius;
Better to leave undone, than by our deed
Acquire too high a fame when him we serve's away.
Cesar and Antony have ever won
More in their officer than person: Sossius,
One of my place in Syria, his lieutenant,
For quick accumulation of renown,
Which he achieved by the minute, lost his favour.
Who does it? the wars more than his captain can
Becomes his captain's captain: and ambition,
The soldier's virtue, rather makes choice of loss,
Than gain which darkens him.

I could do more to do Antonius good,
But 't would offend him; and in his offence
Should my performance perish.

Sil. Thou hast, Ventidius, that
Without which the soldier, and his sword, [Tony?
Grants scarce distinction. Thou wilt write to An-
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.

Ven. He purposeth to Athens: whither, with what haste
The weight we must convey with 's will permit.
We shall appear before him. On, there, pass
along! [Exeunt.]

SCENE II.—Rome. An ante-chamber in Cæsar's house.

Enter Agrippa at one door, Enobarbus at another.

Agr. What, are the brothers parted? [gone;
Eno. They have dispatch'd with Pompey, he is
The other three are sealing. Octavia weeps
To part from Rome; Cæsar is sad; and Lepidus,
Since Pompey's feast, as Menas says, is troubled
With the green sickness.

Agr. 'Tis a noble Lepidus.
Eno. A very fine one: O, how he loves Cæsar!
Agr. Nay, but how dearly he adores Mark Antony!

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.

ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA.

SCENE III.—Alexandria. Cleopatra’s palace.

Enter Cleopatra, Charmian, Irias, and Alexas.

Cleo. Where is the fellow?—
Ant. Half afoot to come.

Cleo. Go to, go to.

Enter the Messenger as before.

Mess. That Herod’s head I’ll have: but how, when Antony is gone [near. Through whom I might command it? Come thou Most gracious majesty,—
Cleo. Didst thou behold Octavia? I know, Mark Antony.
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! ’t is impossible.
Cleo. I think so, Charmian: dull of tongue, and dwarfish!—
What majesty is in her gait? Remember, If e’er thou look’dst on majesty.
Mess. She creeps; Her motion and her station are as one; She shows a body rather than a life, A statue than a breather.
Cleo. Is this certain?
Mess. Or I have no observance.
Char. Three in Egypt Cannot make better note.
Cleo. He’s very knowing; I do perceive ’t: there’s nothing in her yet: The fellow has good judgment.
Char. Excellent.
Cleo. Guess at her years, I prithee.
Mess. Madam, She was a widow,—
Cleo. Widow! Charmian, hark. And I do think she’s thirty. [round? Cleo. Bear’st thou her face in mind? is ’t long or Mess. Round even to faultiness. For the most part, too, they are foolish that are so.
Her hair, what colour?—
Mess. Brown, madam; and her forehead As low as she would wish it.
Cleo. There’s gold for thee.
Thou must not take my former sharpness ill: I will employ thee back again; I find thee Most fit for business: go make thee ready, Our letters are prepared. [Exit Messenger. Char. A proper man.

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! [Charmi. Cleo. I have one thing more to ask him yet, good But ’t is no matter; thou shalt bring him to me Where I will write. All may be well enough.
Char. I warrant you, madam. [Exit.

SCENE IV.—Athens. A room in Antony’s house.

Enter Antony and Octavia.

Ant. Nay, say, Octavia, not only that.— That were excusable, that, and thousands more Of semblable import,—but he hath waged [it New wars against Pompey; made his will, and read To public ear: Spoke scantly of me: when perfervce 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. O my good lord, Believe not all; or, if you must believe, Stomach not all. A more unhappy lady, If this division chance, ne’er stood between, Praying for both parts. The good gods will mock me presently, When I shall pray, ‘O, bless my lord and husband!’ Undo that prayer, by crying out as loud, ‘O, bless my brother!’ Husband win, win brother, Prays, and destroys the prayer; no midway Twixt these extremes at all.

Oct. Gentle Octavia, Let your best love draw to that point, which seeks Best to preserve it: if I lose mine honour, I lose myself: better I were not yours Than yours so branchless. But, as you requested, Yourself shall go between’s: the mean time, lady, I’ll raise the preparation of a war Shall stain your brother: make your soonest haste; So your desires are yours.

Ant. Thanks to my lord. The Jove of power make me most weak, most weak, Your reconciler! Wars ‘twixt you twain would be As if the world should cleave, and that slain men Should seldom up the rift.
Ant. When it appears to you where this begins, Turn your displeasure that way; for our faults Can never be so equal, that your love Can equally move with them. Provide your going; Choose your own company, and command what cost Your heart has mind to.

[Exeunt.

SCENE V.—The same. Another room.

Enter Enobarbus and Eros, meeting.

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 enlarges his confines [more; Eros. Then, world, thou hast a pair of chaps, na And throw between them all the food thou hast, They’ll grind the one the other. Where’s Antony?
Eros. He's walking in the garden—thus; and
spurns
The rush that lies before him; cries, 'Fool Lepidus!' And thrusts the threat of that his officer That murder'd Pompey.
Euno. Our great navy's rig'd.
Evy. For Italy and Caesar. More, Domitius; My lord desires you presently: my news I might have told hereafter.
Euno. 'Twill be naught: But let it be. Bring me to Antony.
Eros. Come, sir. [Exeunt.


Enter Cæsar, Agrippa, and Mecenas.

Cæs. Contemning Rome, he has done all this, and In Alexandria; here's the manner of 't: [more, I'm the market-place, on a tribunal silver'd, Cæpola and himself in chains of gold Were publicly enthroned: at the feet sat Cæsarion, whom they call my father's son, And all the unlawful issue that their lust Since then hath made between them. Unto her He gave the establishment of Egypt; made her Of lower Syria, Cyprus, Lydia, Absolute queen.

Mec. This is the common show-place, where they ex-His sons he there proclaimed the kings of kings: Great Media, Parthia, and Armenia, He gave to Alexander; to Ptolemy he assign'd Syria, Cilicia, and Phæacia: she In the habitations of the goddess Isis That day appear'd; and dit before gave audience, As 'tis reported, so.

Let Rome be thus Inform'd.

Agr. Who, queasy with his insolence Already, will their good thoughts call from him. The people know it; and have now received His accusations.

Agr. Who does he accuse?

Cæs. Caesar: and that, having in Sicily Sextus Pompeius spoil'd, we had not rated him His part o'the isle: then does he say, he lent some shipping unrestored: hastily, he frets That Lepidus of the triumvirate Should be depos'd; and, being, that we detain All his revenue.

Agr. Sir, this should be answer'd.

Cæs. 'Tis done already, and the messenger gone. I have told him, Lepidus was grown too cruel; That he his high authority abused, [quer'd, And did deserve his change: for what I have con-grant him part; but then, in his Armenia, And other of his conquer'd kingdoms, I Demand the like.

Mec. He'll never yield to that.

Cæs. Nor must not then be yielded to in this.

Enter Octavia with her train.

Oct. Hail, Cæsar, and my lord! hail, most dear Cæsar!

Cæs. That ever I should call thee castaway! Oct. You have not call'd me so, nor have you cause.

Cæs. Why have you stol'n upon us thus? You Like Cæsar's sister: the wife of Antony [come not Should have an army for an usher, and The neighs of horse to tell of her approach Long ere she did appear; the trees by the way Should have borne men: and expectation faint'd, Longing for what it had not; nay, the dust Should have ascended to the roof of heaven, Raised by your populous troops: but you are come A market-maid to Rome; and have prevented The ostentation of our love, which, left unshown, Is often left unloved: we should have met you By sea and land; supplying every stage With an augmented greeting.

Oct. Good my lord, To come thus was I not constrain'd, but did On my free will. My lord, Mark Antony, Hearing that you prepared for war, acquainted My grieved ear withal; whereon, I begg'd His pardon for return.

Cæs. Which soon he granted, Being an obstruct 'tween his lust and him.

Oct. Do not say so, my lord.

Cæs. I have eyes upon him, And his affairs come to me on the wind. Where is he now?


Cæs. No, my most wronged sister; Cleopatra Hath nod'd him to her. He hath given his empire Up to a whore; who now are levying The kings o'the earth for war: he hath assembled Bocchus, the king of Libya; Archelaus, Of Cappadocia; Philadelphos, king Of Paphlagonia; the Thracian king, Adallas; King Malchus of Arabia; King of Pont; Herod of Jewry; Mithridates, king Of Comagene; Polemon and Amyntas, The kings of Mede and Lycaonia, With a more larger list of sceptres. Ay me, most wretched, That have my heart parted betwixt two friends That do afflict each other!

Your letters did withhold our breaking forth; Till we perceived, both how you were wrong led, And we in negligent danger. Cheer your heart: Be you not troubled with the time, which drives O'er your content these strong necessities; But let determined things to destiny Hold unbewail'd their way. Welcome to Rome; Nothing more dear to me. You are abused Beyond the mark of thought: and the high gods, To do you justice, make them ministers Of us and those that love you. Best of comfort; And ever welcome to us.

Agr. Welcome, lady.

Mec. Welcome, dear madam. In such heart in Rome do 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.

Cleo. I will be even with thee, doubt it not. Eno. But why, why, why?

Cleo. Thou hast forspoke my being in these wars, And say'st it is not fit.

Eno. Well, is it, is it?

Cleo. If not denounced against us, why should not we Be there in person?

Eno. [Aside Well, I could reply: If we should serve with horse and mares together, The horse were merely lost; the mares would bear A soldier and his horse.

Cleo. What is 't you say?

Eno. Your presence needs must puzzle Antony; Take from his heart, take from his brain, from's time, What should not then be spared. He is already Traduced for levity; and 't is said in Rome

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ACT III.

ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA.

SCENE X.

That Phoebus an eunuch and your maids manage this war.

Cleo. Sink Rome, and their tongues rot that speak against us! A charge we bear! the war, and, as the president of my kingdom, will appear there for a man. Speak not against it; I will not stay behind.

Eno. Nay, I have done. Here comes the emperor.

Enter Antony and Canidius.

Ant. Is it not strange, Canidius, that from Tarentum and Brundisium he could so quickly cut the Ionian sea, and take in Tuscany? You have heard on't, sweet? Cleo. Celerity is never more admired than by the negligent.

And. A good rebuke, which might have well become the best of men, to taunt at slackness. Canidius, we will fight with him by sea.

Cleo. By sea! what else? Can. Why will my lord do so? Ant. For that he dares us to't. Eno. So hath my lord dared him to single fight. Can. Ay, and to wage this battle at Pharsalia, where 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 manned; your mariners are muleters, reapers, people ingross'd by swift impress; in Caesar's fleet are those that often have 'gainst Pompey fought: their ships are yare; yours, heavy: no disgrace shall fall you for refusing him at sea, being prepared for land.

Ant. By sea, by sea.

Eno. Most worthy sir, you therein throw away the absolute soldiership you have by land; distract your army, which doth most consist of war-mark'd footmen; leave unexecuted your own renowned knowledge; quite forego the way which promises assurance; and give up yourself merely to chance and hazard, from firm security.

Ant. I'll fight at sea. Cleo. I have sixty sails, Caesar none better.

Ant. Our overplus of shipping will we burn; and, with the rest full-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.

Thy business?

Mess. The news is true, my lord; he is descried; Caesar has taken Tuscany. Ant. Can he be there in person? 't is impossible; strange that his power should be. Canidius, our nineteen legions thou shalt hold by land, and our twelve thousand horse. We'll to our ship: Away, my Thetis!

Enter a Soldier.

How now, worthy soldier! Sold. O noble emperor, do not fight by sea; trust not to rotten planks: do you misdoubt this sword and these my wounds? Let the Egyptians and the Phoenicians go a-ducking: we have used to conquer, standing on the earth, and fighting foot to foot.

Ant. Well, well; away! [Exit Antony, Cleopatra, and Enobarbus.]

Sold. By Hercules, I think I am i' the right. Can. Soldier, thou art: but his whole action not in the power on't: so our leader's led, 'grows 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 Callius, are for sea: but we keep whole by land. This speed of Caesar's Constes beyond belief.

Sold. While he was yet in Rome, his power went out in such distractions as beguil'd all spies.


Enter a Messenger.

Mess. The emperor calls Canidius. Can. With news the time's with labour, and threes forth, each minute, some. [Exeunt.]

SCENE VIII.—A plain near Actium.

Enter Caesar, and Taurus, with his army, marching.

Ces. Taurus! Taur. My lord? Ces. Strike not by land; keep whole: provoke till we have done at sea. Do not exceed the prescript of this scroll: our fortune lies upon this jump. [Exeunt.]

SCENE IX.—Another part of the plain.

Enter Antony and Enobarbus.

Ant. Set we our squadrons on yond side o' the hill, in eye of 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 one way over the stage; and Taurus, the lieutenant of Caesar, the other way. After their going in, is heard the noise of a sea-fight.

Alarum. Enter Enobarbus.

Eno. Naught, naught, all naught! I can behold the Antoniad, the Egyptian admiral, no longer: with all their sixty, fly and turn the rudder: to see 't mine eyes are blasted.

Enter Scarus.

Sear. Gods and goddesses, all the whole synd of them!

Eno. What's thy passion? Sear. The greater cattle of the world is lost: with very ignorance; we have kiss'd away kingdoms and provinces. Eno. How appears the fight? Sear. On our side like the token'd pestilence, where death is sure. Yon ribaudred nag of Egypt,—whom leprosly o'ertake!—'t is the midst of the fight, when vantage like a pair of twins appear'd, both as the same, or rather ours the elder, the breese upon her, like a cow in June, Hoists sails and flies.

Eno. That I beheld: mine eyes did sicken at the sight, and could not endure a further view.

Sear. She once being loof'd, the noble ruin of her magic, Antony, claps on his sea-wing, and, like a dotting mallard, leaving the fight in height, flies after her: I never saw an action of such shame; experience, manhood, honour, ne'er before did violate so itself.

Eno. Alack, alack!
SCENE XI.—Alexandria. Cleopatra’s palace.

Enter Antony with Attendants.

Ant. Hark! The land bids me tread no more upon ’t; It is ashamed to bear me! Friends, come hither: I am so lated in the world, that I have lost my way for ever: I have a ship Laden with gold; take that, divide it; fly, And make your peace with Caesar.

All. Fly! not we.

Ant. I have ailed myself; and have instructed cowards To run and show their shoulders. Friends, be gone; I have myself resolved upon a course. Which has no need of you; be gone: My treasure’s in the harbour, take it. O, I follow’d that I blush to look upon: My very hairs do mutiny; for the white Reprove the brown for rashness, and they them For fear and dotting. Friends, be gone: you shall Have letters from me to some friends that will Sweep your way for you. Pray you, look not sad, Nor make replies of loathness; take the hint Which my despair proclaims; let that be left Which leaves itself: to the sea-side straightway: I will possess you of that ship and treasure. Leave my pray, a little: you now: Nay, do so: for, indeed, I have lost command, Therefore I pray you: I’ll see you by and by.

[Sits down.

Enter Cleopatra led by Charmian and Iras; Eros following.

Eros. Nay, gentle madam, to him, comfort him.

Iras. Do, most dear queen.

Char. Do! why? what else?

Cleo. Let me sit down. O Juno!

Ant. No, no, no, no, no.

Eros. See you here, sir?

Ant. O fie, fie, fie!

Char. Madam!

Iras. Madam, O good empress!

Eros. Sir, sir.—

Ant. Yes, my lord, yes; he at Philippi kept His sword e’en like a dancer; while I struck The lean and wrinkled Cassius; and ’twas I That the mad Brutus ended: he alone Dealt on lieutenantry, and no practice had. In the brave squares of war: yet now — No matter.

Cleo. Ah, stand by.

Eros. The queen, my lord, the queen.

Iras. Go to him, madam, speak to him:
He is unqualitied with very shame.

Cleo. Well then, sustain me: O!

Eros. Most noble sir, arise: the queen approaches: Her head’s declined, and death will seize her, but Your comfort makes the rescue.

Ant. I have offended reputation, A most unswolswerving.

Eros. Sir, the queen.

Ant. O, whither hast thou led me, Egypt? See, How I convey my shame out of thine eyes By looking back what I have left behind ’Stroy’d in dishonour.

Cleo. My lord, my lord, Forgive my fearful sails! I little thought You would have follow’d.

Ant. Egypt, thou knewst too well My heart was to thy rudder tied by the strings, And thou shouldst tow me after: o’er my spirit Thy full supremacy thou knewst, and that Thy beck might from the bidding of the gods Command me.

Cleo. O, my pardon!

Ant. Now I must To the young man send humble treaties, dodge And palter in the shifts of lowness; who With half the bulk o’ the world play’d as I pleased, Making and marring fortunes. You did know How much you were my conqueror; and that My sword, made weak by my affection, would Obey it on all cause.

Cleo. Pardon, pardon!

Ant. Fall not a tear, I say; one of them rates All that is won and lost: give me a kiss! Even this repays me. We sent our schoolmaster; Is he come back? Love, I am full of lead. [knows Some wine, within there, and our viands! Fortune We scorn her most when most she offers blows.

SCENE XII.—Egypt. Caesar’s camp.

Enter Caesar, Dolabella, Thyreus, with others.

Ces. Let him appear that’s come from Antony. Know you him?

Dol. Caesar, ’tis his schoolmaster:
An argument that he is pluck’d, when hither He sends so poor a pinion of his wing, Which had superfluous kings for messengers Not many moons gone by.

Enter Euphronium, ambassador from Antony.

Ces. Approach, and speak.

Euph. Such as I am, I come from Antony: I was of late as petty to his ends As is the morn-dew on the myrtle-leaf To his grand sea.

Ces. Be’t so: declare thine office.

Euph. Lord of his fortunes he salutes thee, and Requires to live in Egypt: which not granted, He lessens his requests; and to thee sues To let him breathe between the heavens and earth, A private man in Athens: this for him. Next, Cleopatra does confess thy greatness; Submits her to thy might; and of thee craves The circle of the Ptolemies for her heirs, Now hazarded to thy grace.

Ces. For Antony, I have no ears to his request. The queen Of audience nor desire shall fail, so she From Egypt drive her all-disgraced friend, Or take his life there: this if she perform, She shall not sue unheard. So to them both.

Euph. Fortune pursue thee!

Ces. Bring him through the bands.

[Exit Euphronium.

[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;
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 meed question: ’t was a shame no less Than was his loss, to course your flying flags, And leave his navy gazing.

Cleo. Prithée, peace. Enter Antony with Euphorbius, the Ambassador.

Ant. Is that his answer?

Euph. Ay, my lord. Ant. The queen shall then have courtesy, so she Will yield us up. Euph. He says so. Ant. To the boy Caesar send this grizzled head, And he will fill thy wishes to the brim With principalties.

Cleo. That head, my lord? Ant. To him again: tell him he wears the rose Of youth upon him; from which the world should note Something particular: his coin, ships, legions, May be a coward’s; whose ministers would prevail Under the service of a child as soon As i’ the command of Caesar: I dare him therefore To lay his gay comparisons apart, And answer me declined, sword against sword, Ourselves alone. I’ll write it: follow me. [Exit Antony and Euphorbius.

Eno. [Aside] Yes, like enough, high-battled Cæsar will Unstate his happiness, and be staged to the show, Against a swordsman! I see men’s judgments are A parcel of their fortunes; and things outward Do draw the inward quality after them, To suffer all alike. That he should dream, Knowing all measures, the full Cæsar will Answer his emptiness! Cæsar, thou hast subdued His judgment too. Enter an Attendant.

Att. A messenger from Cæsar. Cleo. What, no more ceremony! See, my women! Against the blown rose may they stop their nose That kneel’d unto the buds. Admit him, sir. [Exit Attendant.

Eno. [Aside] Mine honesty and I begin to square. The loyalty well held to fools does make Our faith mere folly: yet he that can endure To follow with allegiance a fall’n lord Does conquer him that did his master conquer, And earns a place i’ the story.

Enter Thyrus.

Thyr. Caesar’s will?

Cleo. Caesar’s wish?

Thyr. Hear it apart.

Cleo. None but friends: say boldly. 764

Cleo. Thyr. So, haply, are they friends to Antony. Eno. He needs as many, sir, as Cæsar has, Or needs not us. If Cæsar please, our master Will leap to be his friend; for us, you know Whose he is we are, and that is, Cæsar’s.

Cleo. Thus then, thou most renown’d: Cæsar entreats, Not to consider in what case thou stand’st, Further than he is Cæsar.

Cleo. Go on: right royal. Thyr. He knows that you embrace not Antony As you did love, but as you fear’d him. Cleo. O! Thyr. The scars upon your honour, therefore, he Does pity, as constrained blemishes, Not as deserved.

Cleo. He is a god, and knows What is most right: mine honour was not yielded, But conquer’d merely.

Eno. [Aside] To be sure of that, I will ask Antony. Sir, sir, thou art so leaky, That we must leave thee to thy sinking, for Thy dearest quill thee.

Thyr. Shall I say to Cæsar What you require of him? for he partly begs To be desired to give. It much would please him, That of his fortunes you should make a staff To lean upon: but it would warm his spirits, To hear from me you had left Antony, And put yourself under his shrowd, The universal landlord.

Cleo. What’s your name?

Thyr. My name is Thyrus.

Cleo. Most kind messenger, Say to great Cæsar this: in deception I kiss his conquering hand: tell him, I am prompt To lay my crown at his feet, and there to kneel: Tell him, from his all-obeying breath I hear The doom of Egypt.

Thyr. ’Tis your noblest course. Wisdom and fortune combating together, If that the former dare but what it can, No chance may shake it. Give me grace to lay My duty on your hand.

Cleo. Your Cæsar’s father oft, When he hath mused of taking kingdoms in, Bestow’d his lips on that unworthy place, As it rain’d kisses.

Re-enter Antony and Enobarbus.

Ant. Favours, by Jove that thunders! What art thou, fellow?

Thyr. One that but performs The bidding of the fittest 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! [’Ho! Authority melts from me: of late, when I cried Like boys unto a muss, kings would start forth, And cry ‘Your will? ’ Have you no ears? I am Antony yet.

Enter Attendants.

Take hence this Jack, and whip him. Eno. [Aside] ’T is better playing with a lion’s Than with an old one dying. [whep

Ant. Moon and stars! Whip him. Were’t twenty of the greatest tributaries That do acknowledge Cæsar, should I find them So saucy with the hand of she here,—what’s her name, Since she was Cleopatra? Whip him, fellows, Till, like a boy, you see him cringe his face, And whine aloud for mercy: take him hence.

Thyr. Mark Antony!

Ant. Tug him away: being whipp’d.
ACT IV.

ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA.

SCENE I.—Before Alexandria. Caesar’s camp.

Enter Caesar, Agrippa, and Mecenas, with his Army; Caesar reading a letter.

Cæs. He calls me boy; and chides, as he had power
To beat me out of Egypt; my messenger
He hath whipp’d with rods; dares me to personal
combat.

Cæs. to Antony: let the old ruffian know
I have many other ways to die; meantime
Laugh at his challenge.

Mec. Caesar must think,

Cleo. Have you done yet?

Ant. To flatter Caesar, would you mingle eyes
With one that ties his points?

Cleo. Not know me yet?

Ant. Cold-hearted toward me?

Cleo. Ah, dear, if I be so,
From my cold heart let heaven engender hail,
And poison it in the source; and the first stone
Drop in my neck: as it determines, so
Dissolve my life! The next Caesarion smile!
Till by degrees the memory of my womb,
Together with my brave Egyptians all,
By the discandying of this pelleted storm,
Lie graveless, till the flies and gnats of Nile
Have buried them for prey!

Ant. I am satisfied,
Cæsar sits down in Alexandria; where
I will oppose his fate. Our force by land
Hath nobly held; our sever’d navy too
Have knelt again, and fleet, threatening most seaklike.
Where hast thou been, my heart? Dost thou hear,
If from the field I shall return once more [lady?
To kiss these lips, I will appear in blood;
And my sword will earn our chronicle:
There’s hope in it yet.

Cleo. That’s my brave lord!

Ant. I will be trade-sinew’d, hearted, breathed,
And fight maliciously: for when mine hours
Were nice and lucky, men did ransom lives
Of me for jests; but now I will 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 hold 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.

[Exeunt all but Enoobarus.

Eno. Now he’ll outrage the lightning. To be
furious
Is to be frightened 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 prays on reason,
It cats the sword it fights with. I will seek
Some way to leave him.

[Exit.

ACT IV.
SCENE II.—Alexandria. Cleopatra’s palace.

Enter Antony, Cleopatra, Enobarbus, Charmian, Iras, Alexas, with others.

Ant. He will not fight with me, Domitius.

Eso. No.

Ant. Why should he not? [tune, Eso. He thinks, being twenty times of better for—He is twenty men to one.

Ant. To-morrow, soldier, By sea and land I’ll fight: or I will live, Or bathe my dying honour in the blood Shall make it live again. Woot ‘t thou fight will? Eso. I’ll strike, and cry ‘Take all.’

Ant. Well said; come on.

Call forth my household servants: let’s to-night Be bounteous at our meal.

Enter three or four Servitors.

Give me thy hand, Thou hast been rightly honest;—so hast thou;— Thou, and thou, and thou:—you have served me And kings have been your fellows. [well, Cleo. [Aside to Eso.] What does this mean? Eso. [Aside to Cleo.] ’Tis one of those odd tricks which sorrow shoots

Out of the mind.

Ant. And thou art honest too.

I wish I could be made so many men, And all of you clapp’d up together In an Antony, that I might do you service So good as you have done.

All. The gods forbid!

Ant. Well, my good fellows, wait on me to-night: Scant not my cups; and make as much of me As when mine empire was your fellow too, And suffer’d my command.

Cleo. [Aside to Eso.] What does he mean? Eso. [Aside to Cleo.] To make his followers weep.

Ant. Tend me to-night; May be it is the period of your duty: Haply you shall not see me more; or if, A mangled shadow: perchance to-morrow You’ll serve another master. I look on you As one that takes his leave. Mine honest friends, I turn you not away; but, like a master Married to your good service, stay till death: Tend me to-night two hours, I ask no more, And the gods yield you for’t!

Eso. What mean you, sir, To give them this discomfort? Look, they weep; And I, an ass, am onion-eyed: for shame, Transform us not to women.

Ant. Ho, ho, ho! Now the witch take me, if I meant it thus! Grace grow where those drops fall! My hearty friends, You take me in too dolorous a sense; For I spake to you for your comfort; did desire you To burn this night with torches: know, my hearts, I hope well of to-morrow; and will lead you Where rather I’ll expect victorious life Than death and honour. Let’s to supper, come, And drown consideration. [Exeunt.

SCENE III.—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.

Hear’d you of nothing strange about the streets?

First Sold. Nothing. What news?

Sec. Sold. Belike ’tis but a rumour. Good night to you.

First Sold. Well, sir, good night.

Enter two other Soldiers.

Sec. Sold. Soldiers, have careful watch.

Third Sold. And you. Good night, good night. [They place themselves in every corner of the stage.

Fourth Sold. Here we: 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. Peace, I say!

Second Sold. Hark! Music! the air.

Third Sold. Under the earth.

Fourth Sold. It signs well, does it not?

Third Sold. No.

First Sold. Peace, I say!

What should this mean? [loved, Sec. Sold. ’Tis the god Hercules, whom Antony Now leaves him.

First Sold. Walk; let’s see if other watchmen Do hear what we do? [They advance to another post Sec. Sold. How now, masters!

All. [Speaking together] How now!

How now! do you hear this?

First Sold. Ay; ’tis not strange?

Third Sold. Do you hear, masters? do you hear? First Sold. Follow the noise so far as we have Let’s see how it will give off that [quarter, 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 unbuckles this, till we do please To daft’t for our reposé, shall hear a storm. Thou fumblest, Eros; and my queen’s a squire More tight at this than thou: dispatch. O love, That thou couldst see my wars to-day, and knew’st The royal occupation! thou shouldst see A workman in’t.

Enter an armed Soldier.

Good morrow to thee; welcome; Thou look’st like him that knows a warlike charge: To business that we love we rise betime, And go to ’t with delight.

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.
ACT IV.  
ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA.  
SCENE VIII.  

Enter a Soldier of Caesar's.

Sold.  Enobarbus, Antony
Hath after thee sent all thy treasure, with
His bounty overplus: the messenger
Came on my guard; and at thy tent is now
Unloading of his mules.

Eno.  I give it you.
Sold.  Mock not, Enobarbus.  I
Tell you true: best 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.

Eno.  I am alone the villain of the earth,
And feel I am so most. O Antony,
Thou mine of bounty, how wouldst thou have paid
My better service, when my turpitude
Thou dost so crown with gold! This blows my heart:
If swift thought break it not, a swifter mean
Shall outstrike thought: but thought will do 't, I
I fight against thee! No: I will go seek
Some ditch wherein to die; the foul'st best fits
My latter part of life.  

[Exit.]

SCENE VII.—Field of battle between the camps.

Alarum.  Drums and trumpets.  Enter Agrippa
and others.

Ag.  Retire, we have engaged ourselves too far:
Cesar himself has work, and our oppression
Exceeds what we expected.  

[Exeunt.]

Alarums.  Enter Antony, and Scærus wounded.

Scæ.  O my brave emperor, this is fought indeed!
Had we done so at first, we had droven them home
With clouts about their heads.

Ant.  Thou bleed'st apace.  Scæ.  I had a wound here that was like a T,
But now 't is made an H.

Ant.  They do retire.  Scæ.  We 'll beat 'em into lurch-holes: I have yet
Room for six scotches more.

[Exit.]

Enter Eros.

Eros.  They are beaten, sir; and our advantage
For a fair victory.

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Scæ.  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 value.  Come thee on.

[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 one
before,
And let the queen know of our gusts. To-morrow,
Before the sun shall see 's, we'll spil 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,
ACT IV.  
ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA.  
SCENE XII.

Chain mine arm'd neck; leap thou, attire and all,  
Through proof of harness to my heart, and there  
Ride on the pants triumphing?  

Cleo.  
Lord of lords!  
O infinite virtue, comest thou smiling  
The world's great snare uncaught?  

Ant.  
My nightingale,  
We have beat them to their beds. What, girl!  
thought grey  
Do something mingle with our younger brown, yet  
A dream that none takes our nerves, and can [ha'] we  
Get goal for goal of youth. Behold this man;  
Commend unto his lips thy favouring hand:  
Kiss it, my warrior: he hath fought to-day  
As if a god, in hate of mankind, had  
Destroy'd in such a shape.  

Cleo.  
I'll give thee, friend,  
An armour all of gold; it was a king's.  
Ant. He has deserved it, were it carbuncled  
Like holy Phœbus' ear. Give me thy hand;  
Through Alexandria make a jolly march;  
Bear our hack'd targets like the men that owe  
Had our great palace the capacity  
[them]:  
To camp this host, we all would camp together;  
And do this carouses to the next day's fate,  
Which promises royal peril. Trumpeters,  
With brazen din blast you the city's ear;  
Make mingle with our rattling tabourines;  
That heaven and earth may strike their sounds  
together,  
Applauding our approach.  

[Exeunt.

SCENE IX.—Cæsar's camp.

Sentinels at their post.

First Sold. If we be not relieved within this hour,  
We must return to the court of guard: the night  
Is shiny; and they say we shall embattle  
By the second hour i' the morn.  

Sec. Sold. This last day was  
A 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,  
When men revoluted shall upon record  
Bear hateful memory, poor Enobarbus did  
Before thy face repent!  

First Sold. Enobarbus!  
Third Sold. Peace!  
Hark further.  

Eno. O sovereign mistress of true melancholy,  
The poisonous damps of night dispone upon me,  
That life, a very rebel to my will,  
May hang no longer on me: throw my heart  
Against the flint and hardness of my fault;  
Which, being dried with grief, will break to powder,  
And finish all foul thoughts. O Antony,  
Nobler than my revolt is infamous,  
Forgive me in thine own particular;  
But let the mark I make in register  
A master-leaver and a fugitive:  
O Antony! O Antony!  

[Dies.  
Sec. Sold. Let's speak  
To him.  

First Sold. Let's hear him, for the things he speaks  
May concern Cæsar.  

Third Sold. Let's do so. But he sleeps.  

First Sold. Swoons rather; for so bad a prayer  
Was never yet for sleep.  
[his  
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 raught him.  

[Drums afar off.] Hark! the drums

Demurely wake the sleepers. Let us bear him  
To the court of guard; he is of note: our hour  
Is fully out.  

Third Sold. Come on, then;  
He may recover yet.  

SCENE X.—Between the two camps.

Enter Antony and Scærus, with their army.  

Ans. Their preparation is to-day by sea;  
We please them not by land.  

Sec. Scærus. For both, my lord,  
Ans. I would they 'd fight i' the fire or i' the air;  
We 'd fight there too. But this it is; our foot  
Upon the hills adjoining to the city  
Shall stay with us: order for sea is given;  
They have put forth the haven...  
Where their appointment we may best discover,  
And look on their endeavour.  
[Exeunt.

SCENE XI.—Another part of the same.

Enter Cæsar, and his army.  

Cæs. But being charged, we will be still by land,  
Which, as I take 't, we shall: for his best force  
Is forth to man his galleys. To the vales,  
And hold our best advantage.  
[Exeunt.

SCENE XII.—Another part of the same.

Enter Antony and Scærus.  

Ant. Yet they are not joint'd: where yond pine  
does stand,  
I shall discover all: I'll bring thee word  
Straight, how 't is like to go.  
[Exit Scærus.  

Enobarbus.  
In Cleopatra's sails their nests: the augurers  
Say they know not, they cannot tell; look grimly,  
And dare not speak their knowledge. Antony  
Is valiant, and dejected; and, by starts,  
His fretted fortunes give him hope, and fear,  
Of what he has, and has not.  
[Alarum efar off, as at a sea-fight.  
Re-enter Antony.  

Ant. All is lost;  
This foul Egyptian hath betrayed me:  
My fleet hath yielded to the foe: and yonder  
They cast their caps up and carouse together  
Like friends long lost. Triple-turn'd whore! 't is  
Hast sold me to this novice: and my heart  
[thou  
Makes only wars on thee. Bid them all fly;  
For when I am revenged upon my charm,  
I have done all. Bid them all fly; begone.  
[Exit Scærus.  

O sun, thy uprise shall I see no more;  
Fortune and Antony part here; even here  
Do we shake hands. All come to this? The hearts  
That spaniel'd me at heels, to whom I gave  
Their wishes, do discandy, melt their sweets  
On blossoming Cæsar; and this pine is bark'd,  
That overtopp'd them all. Betray'd I am:  
O this false soul of Egypt! this grave charm;  
Whose eye beck'd forth my wars, and call'd them  
home;  
Whose bosom was my crownet, my chief end,—  
Like a right gypsy, hath, at fast and loose,  
Beguiled me to the very heart of love.  
What, Eros, Eros!  

Enter Cleopatra.

Ah, thou spell! Avault!  
Cleo. Why is my lord enraged against his love?  
Ant. Vanish, or I shall give thee thy deserving,  
And blemish Cæsar's triumph. Let him take thee,  
And hoist thee up to the shouting plebeians:  
Follow his chariot, like the greatest spot
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.

'T is well thou 'rt gone,
If it be well to live; but better 't were
Thou fell'st into my fury, for one death
Might have prevented many. Eros, ho!
The shirt of Nessus is upon me: teach me,
Alcides, thou mine ancestor, thy rage:
Let me lodge Lichas on the horns o' the moon;
And with those hands, that grasp'd the headiest club,
Subdue my worthiest self. 'The witch shall die:
To the young Roman boy she hath sold me, and I fall
Under this plot; she dies for 't. Eros, ho! [Exit.

SCENE XIII. — Alexandria. Cleopatra's palace.

Enter Cleopatra, Charmian, Iras, and Mardian.

Cleo. Help me, my women! O, he is more mad
Than Telamon for his shield: the boar of Thessaly
Was never so emboss'd.

Char. To the monument!
There lock yourself, and send him word you are dead.
The soul and body rive not more in parting
Than greatness going off.

Cleo. To the monument; Mardian, go tell him I have slain myself:
Say, that the last I spoke was 'Antony,'
And word it, prithee, piteously: hence, Mardian,
And bring me how he takes my death. To the monument! [Exit.

SCENE XIV. — The same. Another room.

Enter Antony and Eros.

Ant. Eros, thou yet behould'st me?

Eros. Ay, noble lord.

Ant. Sometimes we see a cloud that's dragonish;
A vapour sometime like a bear or lion,
A tower'd citadel, a pendent rock,
A forked mountain, or blue promontory
With trees upon 't, that nod unto the world,
And mock our eyes with air; thou hast seen these
They are black vesper's pageants. [signs;
Eros. Ay, my lord.

Ant. That which is now a horse, even with a thought
The rack dislimns, and makes it indistinct,
As water is in water.

Eros. It does, my lord.

Ant. My good knave Eros, now thy captain is
Even such a body: here I am Antony;
Yet cannot hold this visible shape, my knave.
I made these wars for Egypt; and the queen,—
Whose heart I thought I had, for she had mine;
Which whilst it was mine had annex'd unto 't
A million more, now lost,—she, Eros, has
Pack'd cards with Cesar, and false-play'd my glory
Unto an enemy's triumph.
Nay, weep not, gentle Eros; there is left us
Ourselves to end ourselves.

Enter Mardian.

O, thy vile lady!
She has robb'd me of my sword.

Mar. No, Antony;
My mistress loved thee, and her fortunes mingled
With thine entirely.

Ant. Hence, saucy cunmch! peace! I
She hath betray'd me and shall die the death.

Mar. Death of one person can be paid but once,
And that she has discharged; what thou wouldest do
Is done unto thy hand; the last she spake
Was 'Antony! most noble Antony!'
Then in the midst a tearing groan did break
The name of Antony; it was divided
Between her heart and lips: she render'd life,
Thy name so buried in her.

Ant. Dead, then?

Mar. Dead.

Ant. Unarm, Eros: the long day's task is done,
And we must sleep. [To Mar.] That thou depart'st hence safe,
Doe's pay thy labour richly: go. [Exit Mardian.

Off, pluck off:
The seven-fold shield of Ajax cannot keep
The battery from my heart. O, cleave, my sides!
Heart, once be stronger than thy continent,
Crack thy frail case! Apace, Eros, apace.
No more a soldier: bruised pieces, go;
You have been nobly borne. From me awhile. [Exit Eros.

I will o'ertake thee, Cleopatra, and
Weep for my pardon. So it must be, for now
All length is torture: since the torch is out,
Lie down, and stray no further: now all labour
Mars what it does; yea, very force entangles
Itself with strength: seal then, and all is done.
Eros! — I come, my queen: — Eros! — Stay for me:
Where souls do couch on flowers, we 'll hand in hand,
And with our sprightly port make the ghosts gaze:
Dido and her Aeneas shall want troops,
And all the haunt be ours. Come, Eros, Eros!

Re-enter Eros.

Eros. What would my lord?

Ant. Since Cleopatra died,
I have lived in such dishonour, that the gods
Detest my baseness. I, that with my sword
Quarter'd the world, and o'er green Neptune's back
With ships made cities, condemn myself to lack
The courage of a woman; less noble mind
Than she which by her death our Caesar tells
I am conqueror of myself. Thou art sworn, Eros,
That, when the exigent should come, which now
Is come indeed, when I should see behind me
The inevitable prosecution of
Disgrace and horror, that, on my command,
Thou then wouldst kill me: do 't; the time is come:
Thou strik'st not me, 't is Caesar thou defat'st.
Put colour in thy cheek.

Eros. The gods with withhold me!
Shall I do that which all the Parthian darts,
Though enemy, lost aim, and could not?

Eros. Wouldst thou be window'd in great Rome and see
Thy master thus with pleach'd arms, bending down
His corrigible cheek, and his face unshaded
To penetrative shame, whilst the wheel'seat
Of fortunate Cesar, drawn before him, branded
His baseness that ensued?

Eros. I would not see 't.

Ant. Come, then; for with a wound I must be cured,
Draw that thy honest sword, which thou hast worn
Most useful for thy country.

Eros. O, sir, pardon me!

Ant. When I did make thee free, sworest thou
not then
To do this when I bade thee? Do it at once;
Or thy precedent services are all
But accidents unpurposed. Draw, and come.
Eros. Turn from me, then, that noble countenance,
Wherein the worship of the whole world lies.

Ant. Lo thee! [Turning from him.

Eros. My sword is drawn.

Ant. Then let it do at once
The thing why thou hast drawn it.

Eros. My dear master,
My captain, and my emperor, let me say,
Before I strike this bloody stroke, farewell.

Ant. 'T is 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.

Ant. Three nobler than myself! Thou teachest me, O valiant Eros, what
I should, and thou couldst not. My queen and Eros
Have by their brave instruction got upon me
A nobleness in record: but I will be
A bridegroom in my death, and run into 't
As to a lover’s bed. Come, then; and, Eros,
Thy master dies thy scholar: to do thus
[Falling on his sword.
I learn’d of thee. How not dead? not dead?
The guard, ho! O, dispatch me!

Enter Dercetas and Guard.

First Guard. What’s the noise? Ant. I have done my work ill, friends: O, make
Of what I have begun. [an end
Sec. Guard. The star is fallen.
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. 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. [prithee.
Ant. Too late, good Diomed: call my guard, I
Dio. What, ho, the emperor’s guard! The guard,
Come, your lord calls! [what, ho!

Enter four or five of the Guard of Antony.

Ant. Bear me, good friends, where Cleopatra bides;
’Tis the last service that I shall command you.
First Guard. Woe, woe are we, sir, you may not
live to wear
All your true followers out.
All. Most heavy day!
Ant. Nay, my good fellows, do not please sharp fate
To grace it with your sorrows: bid that welcome
Which comes to punish us, and we punish it
Seeming to bear it lightly. Take me up:
I have led you oft: carry me now, good friends,
And have my thanks for all. [Exeunt, bearing Antony.

Scene XV.—The same. A monument.

Enter Cleopatra, and her maids aloft, with Charmian and Iris.

Cleo. O Charmian, I will never go from hence.
Char. Be comforted, dear madam.
Cleo. No, I will not.

All strange and terrible events are welcome.
But comforts we despise: our size of sorrow,
Proportion’d to our cause, must be as great
As that which makes it.

Enter, below, Diomedes.

Dio. How now! is he dead?
Dio. His death’s upon him, but not dead.
Look out o’ the other side your monument;
His guard have brought him thither.

Enter, below, Antony, borne by the Guard

Cleo. O sun, Burn the great sphere thou movest in! Darkling star
The varying shore o’ the world. O Antony, Antony, Antony! Help, Charmian, help, Iris, help:
Help, friends below; let’s draw him hither.
Ant. Peace! Not Caesar’s valour hath overthrown Antony,
But Antony’s hath triumphed on itself.
Cleo. So it should be, that none but Antony
Should conquer Antony; but woe’s 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, pardoning,—I dare not,
Lest I be taken: not the impious 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 conclusion, shall acquire no honour
Bearing upon me. But come, come, Antony,—
Help me, my women,—we must draw thee up:
Assist, good friends.
Ant. O, quick, or I am gone.
Cleo. Here’s sport indeed! How heavy weighs
Our strength is all gone into heaviness, [my lord
That makes the weight: had I great Juno’s power,
The strong-wing’d Mercury should fetch thee up,
And set thee by Jove’s side. Yet come a little,—
Wishers were ever fools,—O, come, come, come;
[They heave Antony aloft to Cleopatra.
And welcome, welcome! die where thou hast lived:
Quicken with kissing: had my lips that power,
Thus would I wear them out.
All. A heavy sight!
Ant. I am dying, Egypt, dying:
Give me some wine, and let me speak a little.
Cleo. No, let me speak; and let me rail so high,
That the false housewife Fortune break her wheel,
Provoked by my offence.
One word, sweet queen: Of Caesar seek your honour, with your safety. O!
Cleo. They do not go together.
Ant. Gentle, hear me:
None about Caesar trust but Proculeius.
Cleo. My resolution and my hands I’ll trust;
None about Caesar.
Ant. The miserable change now at my end
Lament nor sorrow at; but please your thoughts
In feeding them with those my former fortunes
Wherein I lived, the greatest prince o’ the world,
The noblest; and do now not basely die,
Not cowardly, but on my helmet to
My countryman,—a Roman by a Roman
Valiantly vanquish’d. Now my spirit is going;
I can no more.
Cleo. Noblest of men, wo’st die? Hast thou no care of me? shall I abide
In this dull world, which in thy absence is
No better than a sty? O, see, my women,
Antony, Antony! [Antony dies.
The crown o’ the earth doth melt. My lord!
O, wither’d is the garland of the war,
ACT V.

ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA.  


Enter Caesar, Agrippa, Dolabella, Mecenas, Gallus, Proculeius, and others, his council of war.

Cor. Go to him, Dolabella, bid him yield;
    Being so frustrate, tell him he mocks
    The pangs that he makes.

Dol. Caesar, I shall. [Exeunt.

Enter Derectas, with the sword of Antony.

Cor. Wherefore is that? and what art thou
    That appear thus to us? [darest
    I am call'd Derectas;
    Mark Antony I served, who best was worthy
    Best to be served: whilst he stood up and spoke,
    He was my master; and I wore my life
    To spend upon his haters. If thou please
    To take me to thee, as I was to him
    I'll be to Caesar; if thou pleasest not,
    I yield thee up my life.

Dol. What is 't thou say'st?
    I say, O Caesar. Antony is dead.
    The breaking of so great a thing should make
    A greater crack: the round world
    Should have shook lions into civil streets,
    And citizens to their dens: the death of Antony
    Is not a single doom; in the name lay
    A moiety of the world.

Cor. He is dead, Caesar; not
    By a public minister of justice,
    Nor by a hired knife; but that self band,
    Which writ his honour in the acts it did,
    Hath, with the courage which the heart did lend it,
    Splitted the heart. This is his sword;
    I robb'd his wound of it; behold it stain'd
    With his most noble blood.

Cor. Look you sad, friends?
    The gods rebuke me, but it is tidings
    To wash the eyes of kings.

Agr. And strange it is,
    That nature must compel us to lament
    Our most persitent deeds.

Mec. His taints and honours
    Waged equal with him.

Agr. A rarer spirit never
    Did steer humanity: but you, gods, will give us
    Some faults to make us men. Caesar is touch't.

Mec. When such a spacious mirror's set before
    He needs must see himself. [him,
    O Antony! I have follow'd thee to this; but we do lance
    Diseases in our bodies: I must perforse
    Have shown to thee such a declining day,
    Or look on thine; we could not stall together
    In the whole world: but yet let me lament,
    To tell them that this world did equal theirs
    Till they had stol'n our jewel. All's but naught;
    Patience is sottish, and impatience does
    Become a dog that's mad: then is it sin
    To rush into the secret house of death,
    Ere death dare come to us?) How do you, women? What,
    What! good cheer! 'Why, how now, Charm-'
    Mynoble girls! Ah, women, look, [mian! Our lamp is spent, it's out! Good sirs, take heart:
    We'll bury him; and then, what's brave, what's
    Let's do it after the high Roman fashion, [noble,
    And make death proud to take us. Come, away:
    This case of that huge spirit now is cold:
    Ah, women! women! we have no friend
    But resolution, and the briefest end.

[Exeunt; those above bearing off Antony's body.

With tears as sovereign as the blood of hearts,
    That thou, my brother, my competitor
In top of all design, my mate in empire,
    Friend and companion in the front of war,
    The arm of mine own body, and the heart
    Where mine his thoughts did kindle,—that our stars,
    Unreconciliable, should divide
Our equalness to this. Hear me, good friends,—
    But I will tell you at some meete season:

Enter an Egyptian.

The business of this man looks out of him;
    We'll hear him what he says. Whence are you?
    Egypt. A poor Egyptian yet. The queen my mis-
    Confined in all she has, her monument, [tress,
    Of thy intents desires instruction,
    That she preparedly may frame herself
    To the way she's forced to.

Cor. 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! [Exeunt.

Cor. Caesar, I shall. [Exeunt.

Ces. Gallus, go you along. [Exeunt Gallus.

To second Proculeius? [Dolabella,

All. Dolabella!

Cor. Let him alone, for I remember now
    How he's employ'd: he shall in time be ready.
Go with me to my tent; where you shall see
    How hardly I was drawn into this war;
    How calm and gentle I proceeded still
    In all my writings: go with me, and see
    What I can show in this.

[Exeunt.

SCENE II.—Alexandria.  A room in the monument.

Enter Cleopatra, Charmian, and Iras.

Cleo. My desolation does begin to make
    A better life. 'Tis paity to be Caesar;
    Not being Fortune, he's but Fortune's knave,
    A minister of her will: and it is great
    To do that thing that ends all other deeds;
    Which shackles accidents and bolts up change;
    Which sleeps, and never palates more the dag,
The beggar's nurse and Caesar's.

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Enter the gates of the monument, Proculeius, Gallus, and Soldiers.

Pro. Caesar sends greeting to the Queen of Egypt; and bids thee study on what fair demands Thou mean'st to have him grant thee.

Cleo. What's thy name?

Pro. My name is Proculeius.

Cleo. 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 needs to let him report to him Your sweet dependency; and you shall find A conqueror that will pray in aid for kindness, Where he for grace is kneel'd to.

Cleo. Pray you, tell him I am his fortune's vassel, 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 Proculeius and two of the Guard ascend the monument by a ladder placed against a window, and, having descended, come behind Cleopatra. Some of the Guard unbar and open the gates.]

[To Proculeius and the Guard] Guard her till Caesar come. [Exit.]

Iras. Royal queen! Char. O Cleopatra! thou art taken, queen.

Cleo. Quick, quick, good hands.

Pro. [Drawing a dagger.] Hold, worthy lady, hold: [Seizes and disarm her.]

Do not yourself such wrong, who are in this Relieved, but not betrayed.

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 babies and beggars!

Pro. Cleopatra, Sir, I will eat no meat, I'll not drink, sir: If idle talk will once be necessary. I'll not sleep neither: this mortal house I'll ruin, Do Caesar what he can. Know, sir, that I Will not wait pinion'd at your master's court; Nor once be chastised with the sober eye Of dull Octavia. Shall they hold me up And show me to the shouting variety 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 Caesar.

Enter Dolabella.

Dol. Proculeius, What thou hast done thy master Caesar knows, And he hath sent for thee: for the queen, I'll take her to my guard.

Pro. So, Dolabella, it shall content me best: be gentle to her. [please, To Cleo.] To Caesar I will speak what you shall If you'll employ me to him.

Cleo. Say, I would die.

[Douston Proculeius and Soldiers.]

Pro. Most noble empress, you have heard of me?

Cleo. I cannot tell.

Pro. Cleopatra, No matter, sir, what I have heard or known. You laugh when boys or women tell their dreams; Is 't not your trick?

Dol. I understand not, madam. Cleo. I dream'd there was an Emperor Antony: O, such another sleep, that I might see But such another man!—

Pro. If it might please ye,—

Dol. His face was as the heavens; and therein stuck A sun and moon, which kept their course, and The little O, the earth.

Pro. Most sovereign creature,—

Cleo. His legs bestrid the ocean: his rear'd arm Crested the world: his voice was proportioned To all the tuned spheres; and that to friends; But when he meant to quail and shake the orb, He was as rattling thunder. For his bounty, There was no winter in 't: an autumn 't was That grew the more by reaping: his delights Were dolphin-like; they show'd his back above The element they lived in: in his livery [were Walk'd crowns and crownets; realms and islands As plates dropp'd from his pocket.

Dol. Cleopatra! Cleopatra! Think you there was, or might be, such a man As this I dream'd of?

Dol. Gentle madam, no.

Cleo. You lie, up to the hearing of the gods. But, if there be, or ever were, one such, 'Tis past the size of dreaming: nature wants stuff To vie strange forms with fancy; yet, to imagine An Antony, were nature's piece 'gainst fancy, Condemning shadows quite.

Dol. Hear me, good madam. Your loss is as yourself, great; and you bear it As answering to the weight: would I might never O'take 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 Caesar means to do with me?

Dol. I am loath to tell you what I would you knew. Cleo. Nay, pray you, sir,—

Dol. Though he be honourable,—

Cleo. He 'll lead me, then, in triumph?

Dol. Madam, he will; I know it. [Cesar!]

Flourish and shout within, Make way there:

Enter Caesar, Gallus, Proculeius, Mecænas, Selæucus, and others of his Train.

Cæs. Which is the Queen of Egypt?

Dol. It is the emperor, madam. [Cleopatra kneels.]

Cæs. Arise, you shall not kneel! I pray you, rise; rise, Egypt. 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.

Cleo. Sole sir o' the world, I cannot project mine own cause so well
ACT V.  ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA.  SCENE II.

To make it clear: but do confess I have
been laden with like frailties which before
have often shamed our sex.

Ces.  Cleopatra, know,
we will extenuate rather than enforce:
If you apply yourself for our intents,
Which most your passion you are most gentle, you shall find
A benefit in this change: but if you seek
to lay on me a cruelty, by taking
Antony's course, you shall bereave yourself
Of my good purposes, and put your children
To that destruction which I'll guard them from.
If thereon you rely, I'll take my leave.

Cleo.  And may, through all the world: 'tis yours;
Your scutcheons and your signs of conquest, shall
Hang in what place you please. Here, my good lord.

Ces.  You shall advise me in all for Cleopatra.

Cleo.  This is the brief of money, plate, and jewels,
I am possess'd of: 'tis exactly valued;
Not petty things admitted. Where's Seleucus?
Sel.  Here, madam.

Cleo.  This is my treasurer: let him speak, my
Upon his peril, that I have reserved
To myself nothing.  Speak the truth, Seleucus.
Sel.  Madam,
I had rather seal my lips, than, to my peril,
Speak that which is not.

Cleo.  What have I kept back?
Sel.  Enough to purchase what you have made
known.

Ces.  Nay, blush not, Cleopatra; I approve
Your wisdom in the deed.

Cleo.  See, Caesar!  O, behold,
How pomp is follow'd! mine will now be yours;
And, should we shift estates, yours would be mine.
The ingratitude of this Seleucus does
Even make me wild: O slave, of no more trust
Than love that's hired? What, goest thou back?
Thou shalt
Go back, I warrant thee; but I'll catch thine eyes,
Though they had wings: slave, soulless villain, dog!
O rarely base!

Ces.  Good queen, let us entreat you.

Cleo.  O Caesar, what a wounding shame is this,
That thou, vouchsafing here to visit me,
Doing the honour of thy lordliness
To one so meek, that mine own servant should
Parcel the sum of my disgraces by
Addition of his envy!  Say, good Caesar,
That I some lady tribes have reserved,
Immonwards, things of such dignity
As we greet modern friends withal; and say,
Some nobler token I have kept apart
For Livia and Octavia, to induce
Their mediation; must I be unfolded
With one that I have bred?  The gods! it smiles
Beneath the fall I have.  [To Seleucus] Prithée, go!
Or I shall show the cinders of my spirits
[Here;]
Through the ashes of my change: Wert thou a man, Thou wouldst have mercy on me.

Ces.  Forbear, Seleucus.  [Exit Seleucus.]

Cleo.  Be it known, that we, the greatest, are
mistrust
For things that others do; and, when we fall,
We answer others' merits in our name,
Are therefore to be pitied.

Ces.  Cleopatra, [edged,
Not what you have reserved, nor what acknowledge: We i' the roll of conquest: still be't yours,
Bestow it at your pleasure; and believe,
Cæsar's no merchant, to make prize with you
Of things that merchants sold. Therefore be chear'd; Make not your thoughts your prisons: no, dear For we intend so to dispose you as queen; Yourself shall give us counsel. Feed, and sleep:
Our care and pity is so much upon you,
That we remain your friend; and so, adieu.

Cleo.  My master, and my lord!


Cleo.  He words me, girls, he words me, that I should not
Be noble to myself: but, hark thee, Charmian.

Whispers Charmian.

Iras.  Finish, good lady; the bright day is done,
And we are for the dark.

Cleo.  He 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 Cleopatra.]

Dol.  Madam, as thereto sworn by your command,
Which my love makes religion to obey,
I tell you this: Caesar through Syria
Intends his journey; and within three days
You with your children shall be send before;
Make your best use of this: I have perform'd
Your pleasure and my promise.

Cleo.  Dolabella, I shall remain your debtor.

Dol.  I your servant.

Adieu, good queen; I must attend on Caesar.

Cleo.  Farewell, and thanks.  [Exit Dolabella.

Now, Iras, what think'st thou?

Thou, an Egyptian puppet, shalt be shown
In Rome, as well as I: mechanic slaves
With greasy aprons, rules, and hammers, shall
Uplift us to the view; in their thick breaths,
Rank of gross diet, shall we be enclosed,
And forced to drink their vapour.

Iras.  The gods forbid!

Cleo.  Nay, 'tis most certain, Iras: saucy lictors
Will catch at us, like strumpets; and seald rymers
Ballad us out o' tune: the quick comedians,
Extemporally will stage us, and present
Our Alexandrian revels; Antony
Shall be brought drunken forth, and I shall see
Some squeaking Cleopatra boy my greatness
'T the posture of a whore.

Iras.  O the good gods!

Cleo.  Nay, that's certain.

Iras.  I'll never see 't; for, I am sure, my nails
Are stronger than mine eyes.

Cleo.  Why, that's the way
To fool their preparation, and to conquer
Their most absurd intents.

Re-enter Charmian.

Char.  Now, Charmian!

Show me, my women, like a queen: go fetch
My best attire: I am again for Cydnus,
To meet Mark Antony: sirrah Iras, go.
Now, noble Charmian, we'll dispatch indeed; leave
And, when thou hast done this chace, I'll give thee
To play till doomsday. Bring our crown and all,
Wherefore 's this noise?  [Exit Iras.  A noise within.

Enter a Guardsman.

Guard.  Here is a rural fellow
That will not be denied 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
No planet is of mine.

Re-enter Guardsman, with Clown bringing in a basket.

Guard.  This is the man.

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Cleo. Avoid, and leave him. [Exit Guardsman. Hast thou the pretty worm of Nilus there, That kills and pains not?—Cleo. 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 not longer than yesterday: a very honest woman, but something given to lie; as a woman should not do, but in the way of honesty: how she died of the biting of it, what pain she felt: truly, she makes a very good report o' the worm; but he that will believe all that they say, shall never be saved by half that they do: but this is most falble, the worm's an old 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 doth weep. 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 need'd. Clown. Very good. Give it nothing, I pray you, for it is not worth the feeding. Cleo. Will it eat me? Clown. You must not think I am so simple but I know the devil himself will not eat a woman: I know that a woman is a dish for the gods, if the devil dress her not. But, truly, these same whoreson devils do the gods great harm in their women: for in every ten that they make, the devils mar five.

Cleo. Well, get thee gone; farewell. Clown. Yes, forsooth: I wish you joy o' the worm. 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: Xare, xare, good Iras: quick. Methinks I hear Antony call; I see him rouse himself. To praise my noble act; I hear him mock The luck of Caesar, which the gods give men. To excuse that after wrath: husband, I come: Now to that name my courage prove my title! I am fire and air; my other elements I give to baser life. So; have you done? Come then, and take the last warmth of my lips. Farewell, kind Charmian; Iras, long farewell. [Kisses them. Iras falls and dies.

Cleo. Have I the aspic in my lips? Dost fall? If thou and nature can so gently part, The stroke of death is as a lover's pinch, Which hurts, and is desired. Dost thou lie still? If thus thou vanishest, thou tell'st the world It is not worth my taking. [says. Chor. Dissolve, thick cloud, and rain; that I may The gods themselves do weep! Cleo. This proves me base: If she first meet the curled Antony, 'He'll make demand of her, and spend that kiss Which is my heaven to have. Come, thou mortal of which, [To an asp, which she applies to her breast. With thy sharp teeth this knot intrinsic Life at once untie: poor venomous fool, Be angry, and dispatch. O, couldst thou speak, That I might hear thee call great Caesar ass Unpoised! Chor. O eastern star! Peace, peace! Dost thou not see my baby at my breast, That sucks the nurse asleep?

Char. O, break! O, break! Cleo. As sweet as balm, as soft as air, as gentle,—O Antony!—Nay, I will take thee too: [Applying another asp to her arm. What should I stay,—[Dies. Char. In this vile world? So, fare thee well. Now boast thee, death, in thy possession lies A less unparallel'd. Downy windows, close; And golden Phebus never be beheld No longer than to 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 on asp.

O, come, dispatch! I partly feel thee. First Guard. Approach, ho! All's not well: Caesar's beguiled. [call him. Sec. Guard. There's Dolabella sent from Caesar; First Guard. What work is here! Charmian, is this well done? Char. It is well done, and fitting for a princess Descended of so many royal kings. Ah, soldier! [Dies. Re-enter Dolabella. Dol. How goes it here? Sec. Guard. All dead. Dol. Caesar, thy thoughts Touch their effects in this; thyself art coming To see perform'd the dreaded act which thou So sought'st to hinder. [Within 'A way there, a way for Caesar! Re-enter Caesar and all his train, marching. Dol. O sir, you are too sure an augurer; That you did fear is done. Cas. Bravest at the last, So it shall'd at our purposes, and, being royal, Took her own way. The manner of their deaths? I do not see them bleed. Dol. Who was last with them? First Guard. A simple countryman, that brought This was his basket. [her fags. First Guard. Poison'd, then. O Caesar, This Charmian liv'd but now; she stood and spake: I found her trimming up the diadem On her dead mistress; tremblingly she stood And on the sudden dropp'd. Cas. O noble weakness! If they had swallow'd poison, 'twould appear By external swelling; but she looks like sleep, As she would catch another Antony In her strong toil of grace. Dol. Here, on her breast, There is a vent of blood and something blown: The like is on her arm. First Guard. This is an aspic's trail: and these fig-leaves Have slime upon them, such as the asp leaves Upon the caves of Nile. Cas. Most probable That so she died; for her physician tells me She hath pursued conclusions infinite Of easy ways to die. Take up her bed; And bear her women from the monument: She shall be buried by her Antony: No grave upon the earth shall clip in it A pair so famous. High events as these Strike those that make them; and their story is No less in pity than his glory which Brought them to be lamented. Our army shall In solemn show attend this funeral; And then to Rome. Come, Dolabella, see High order in this great solemnity. [Exeunt.
Cymbeline, King of Britain.

CLOTEN, son to the Queen by a former husband.

POSTHUMUS LEONATUS, a gentleman, husband to

IMOGEN.

BELARIUS, a banished lord, disguised under the
name of Morgan.

GUIDERIUS, sons to Cymbeline, disguised under
the names of Polydore and Cadwal,

ARRIVAGUS, supposed sons to Morgan.

PHILARIO, friend to Posthumus, Italians.

IACHIMO, friend to Philario.

CATUS LUCIUS, general of the Roman forces.

PISANIO, servant to Posthumus.

CORNELIUS, a physician.

A Roman Captain.

Two British Captains.

A Frenchman, friend to Philario.

Two Lords of Cymbeline's Court.

Two Gentlemen of the same.

Two Gaolers.

Queen, wife to Cymbeline.

IMOGEN, daughter to Cymbeline by a former queen.

HELEN, a lady attending on Imogen.

Lords, Ladies, Roman Senators, Tribunes, a Soothsayer,

A Dutchman, a Spaniard, Musicians, Officers, Captains, Soldiers, Messengers, and other Attendants.

Apparitions.

SCENE — Britain; Rome.

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

ACT I.

SCENE I. — Britain. The garden of Cymbeline's

palace.

Enter Two Gentlemen.

FIRST GENT. You do not meet a man but frowns:

our bloods

No more obey the heavens than our courtiers

Still seem as does the king.

SECOND GENT. But what's the matter?

FIRST GENT. His daughter, and the heir of 's kingdom,

whom

He purposed to his wife's sole son — a widow

That late he married — hath refer'd herself

Unto a poor but worthy gentleman: she's wedded;

Her husband banish'd; she imprison'd: all

Is outward sorrow; though I think the king

Be touch'd at very heart.

SECOND GENT. None but the king?

FIRST GENT. He that hath lost her too: so is the queen,

That most desired the match; but not a courtier,

Although they wear their faces to the bent

Of the king's looks, hath a heart that is not

Glad at the thing they scowl at.

SECOND GENT. And why so? [thing

FIRST GENT. He that hath miss'd the princess is a

Too bad for bad report: and he that hath her—

I mean, that married her, 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 falling

In him that should compare. I do not think

So fair an outward and such stuff within

Endows a man but he.

SECOND GENT. You speak him far.

FIRST GENT. I do extend him, sir, within himself,

Crush him together rather than unfold

His measure duly.

SECOND GENT. What's his name and birth?

FIRST GENT. I cannot delve him to the root; his father

Was call'd Sicilius, who did join his honour

Against the Romans with Cassibelen,

But had his titles by Tenanious whom

He served with glory and admired success,

So gain'd the sur-addition Leonatus;

And had, besides this gentleman in question,

Two other sons, who in the wars o' the time

Died with their swords in hand; for which their father,

Then old and fond of issue, took such sorrow

That he quit being, and his gentle lady,

Big of this gentleman our theme, deceased

As he was born. The king he takes the babe

To his protection, calls him Posthumus Leonatus,

Breeds him and makes him of his bed-chamber,

Puts to him all the learnings that his time

Could make him the receiver of; which he took,

As we do air, fast as 't was minister'd,

And in's spring became a harvest, lived in court—

Which rare it is to do — most prais'd, 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.

SECOND GENT. I honour him

Even out of your report. But, pray you, tell me,

Is she sole child to the king?

FIRST GENT. His only child.

He had two sons: if this be worth your hearing,

Mark it: the eldest of them at three years old,

I' the swathing-clothes the other, from their nursery

Were stol'n, and to this hour no guess in knowledge

Which way they went.

SECOND GENT. How long is this ago?

FIRST GENT. Some twenty years. [convey'd,

SECOND GENT. That a king's children should be so

So slackly guarded, and the search so slow,

That could not trace them!
Enter Cymbeline and Lords.

Post. Alack, the king!
Cym. Thou basest thing, avoid! hence, from my sight!
If after this command thou dost not depart
With thy unworthiness, thou diest: away!
Thou wilt poison to my blood.
Post. The gods protect you!
And bless the good remainders of the court!
I am gone. [Exit.
Ino. There cannot be a pinch in death
More sharp than this.
Cym. Or dialoyal thing,
That shouldst repair my youth, thou heap'st
A year's age on me.
Ino. 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?
Ino. Past hope, and in despair; that way, past grace.
[Queen!]
Cym. That mightest have had the sole son of my
Ino. O blest, that I might not! I chose an eagle,
And did avoid a putock. [my throne
Cym. Thou took'st a beggar; wouldst have made
A seat for baseness.
Ino. No; I rather added
A lustre to it.
Cym. O thou vile one!
Ino. Sir,
It is yourfault that I have loved Posthumus:
That you bred him as my playfellow, and he is
A man worth any woman, overbides me
Almost the sum he pays.
Cym. What, art thou mad?
Ino. Almost, sir; heaven restore me! Would I
A neat-herd's daughter, and my Leonatus [were
Our neighbour shepherd's son!]
Cym. Thou foolish thing!

Re-enter Queen.

They were again together: you have done
Not after our command. Away with her,
And pen her up.
Queen. Beseech your patience. Peace,
Dear lady daughter, peace! Sweet sovereign,
Leave us to ourselves; and make yourself some
Out of your best advice. [comfort
Cym. Nay, let her languish
A drop of blood a day; and, being aged,
Die of this folly! [Exit Cymbeline and Lords.
Queen. Fie! you must give way.

Enter Pisanio.

Here is your servant. How now, sir! What news?
Pis. My lord your son drew on my master.
Queen. Ha!
No harm, I trust, is done?
Pis. There might have been,
But that my master rather play'd than fought
And had no help of anger: they were parted
By gentlemen at hand.
Queen. I am very glad on't.
Cym. Your son's my father's friend; he takes his
To draw upon an exile! O brave sir! [part.
I would they were in Afric both together;
Myself by with a needle, that I might prick
The 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.

Post. Please your highness,
I will from hence to-day.
Queen. You know the peril.
I'll fetch a turn about the garden, pitying
The pangs of 'r'd affections, though the king
Hath charged you should not speak together. [Exit.
Ino. Dissembling courtesy! How fine this tyrant
Can tickle where she wounds! My dearest husband,
I something fear my father's wrath; but nothing—
Always reserved my holy duty—what
His rage can do on me; you must be gone;
And I shall abide the hourly shot
Of angry eyes, not comforted to live,
But that there is this jewel in the world
That I may see again.
Post. My queen! my mistress!
O lady, weep no more, lest I give cause
To be suspected of more tenderness
Than doth become a man. I will remain
The loyal'st husband that did e'er plight troth:
My residence in Rome at one Philario's,
Who to myfather was a friend, to me
Known but by letter: thither write, my queen,
And with mine eyes I'll drink the words you send,
Though ink be made of gall.

Re-enter Queen.

Queen. Be brief, I pray you:
If the king come, I shall incur I know not
How much of his displeasure. [Aside Yet I'll move
him
To walk this way: I never do him wrong,
But he does buy my injuries, to be friends;
Pays dear for my offences. [Exit.
Post. Should we be taking leave
As long a term as yet we have to live,
The loathness to depart would grow. Adieu! [Exeunt.
Ino. Nay, stay a little:
Were you but riding forth to air yourself,
Such parting were too petty. Look here, love;
This diamond was my mother's: take it, heart;
But keep it till you woo another wife,
When Imogen is dead.
Post. How, how! another?
You gentle gods, give me but this I have,
And bear up my embracements from a next
With bonds of death! [Putting on the ring.] Remain,
remain thou here
While sense can keep it on. And, sweetest, fairest,
As I my poor self did exchange for you,
To your so infinite loss, so in our triftles
I still wish of you: for my sake bear this;
it is a manacle of love; I'll place it
Upon this fairest prisoner.
Ino. [Putting a bracelet upon her arm.
O the gods!

When shall we see again?

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ACT I.

CYMBELINE.

SCENE IV.

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 red 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, 'tis not; not so much as his patience.
First Lord. Hurt him! his body's a passable cassus, if he be not hurt: it is a thoroughfare 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.
Clo. And that she should love this fellow and refuse me!
Sec. Lord. [Aside] If it be a sin to make a true election, she is damned.
First Lord, Sir, as I told you always, her beauty and her brain go not together: she's a good sign, but I have seen small reflection of her wit.
Sec. Lord. [Aside] She shines not upon fools, lest the reflection should hurt her.
Clo. Come, I'll to my chamber. Would there had been some hurt done!
Sec. Lord. [Aside] I wish not so; unless it had been the fall of an ass, which is no great hurt.
Clo. You'll go with us?
First Lord. I'll attend your lordship.
Clo. Nay, come, let's go together.
Sec. Lord. Well, my lord.
[Exeunt.

SCENE III.—A room in Cymbeline's palace.

Enter Imogen and Pisanio.

Imo. I would thou gree'st unto the shores o' the haven.
And question'd every sail: if he should write,
And I not have it, 't were a paper lost,
As offer'd mercy. What was the last
That he spake to thee?
Pis. It was his queen, his queen!
Imo. Then waved his handkerchief?
Pis. And kiss'd it, madam.
Imo. Senseless linen! happier therein than I!
And that was all?
Pis. No, madam: for so long
As he could make me with this eye or ear
Distinguish him from others, he did keep
The deck, with glove, or hat, or handkerchief,
Still waving, as the fits and stirs of 's mind
Could best express how slow his soul sal'd on,
How swift his ship.
Imo. Thou should'st have made him
As little as a crow, or less, ere left
To after-eye him.
Pis. Madam, so I did.

Imo. I would have broke mine eye-string; crack'd
To look upon him, till the diminution [them, but
Of space had pointed him sharp as my needle,
Nay, follow'd him, till he had melted from
The smallness of a gnat to air, and then
Have turn'd mine eye and wept. But, good Pisanio,
When shall we hear from him?
Pis. Be assured, madam,
With his next vantage.
Imo. I did not take my leave of him, but had
Most pretty things to say: ere I could tell him
How I would think on him at certain hours,
Such thoughts and such, or I could make him swear
The shes of Italy should not betray
Mine interest and his honour, or have charged him,
At the sixth hour of morn, at noon, at midnight,
To encounter me with orisons, for then
I am in heaven for him; or ere I could
Give him that parting kiss which I had set
Betwixt two charming words, comes in my father
And like the tyrannous breathing of the north
Shakes all our buds from growing.

Enter a Lady.

Lady. The queen, madam, Desires your highness' company. [them'd.
Imo. Those things I bid you do, get them done,
I will attend the queen.
Pis. Madam, I shall. [Exeunt.


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 cresent 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.
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 his 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 fortify her judgment, which else an easy battery might lay flat, for taking a beggar without less quality. But how comes it he is to sojourn with you? How creeps acquaintance?
Phi. His father and I were soldiers together; to whom I have been often bound for no less than my life. Here comes the Briton: let him be so entertained amongst you as suits, with gentlemen of your knowing, to a stranger of his quality.

Enter Posthumus.

I beseech you all, be better known to this gentleman; whom I commend to you as a noble friend of mine: how worthy he is I will leave to appear hereafter, rather than story him in his own hearing.
French. Sir, we have known together in Orleans.
Post. Since when I have been debtor to you for courtesies, which I will be ever to pay and yet pay still.
French. Sir, you o'er-rate my poor kindness: I was glad I did atone my countryman and you; it had been pity you should have been put together

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with so mortal a purpose as then each bore, upon importance of so slight and trivial a nature.

Iack. What then, sir? I was then a young traveller; rather shunned to go even with what I heard than in my very 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.

Post. You are to be put to the arbitrement of swords, and by such two that would by all likelihood have confounded one the other, or have fallen both.

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

French. Safely, I think: ’t was a contention in public, I think 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.

Iack. 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.

Iack. 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.

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

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

Iack. What do you esteem it at?

Post. More than the world enjoys.

Iack. 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.

Iack. Which the gods have given you?

Post. Which, by their graces, I will keep.

Iack. 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 unsurprizable 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 find, 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.

Iack. With five times so much conversation, I should get great of your fair mistresses, make her go back, even to the yielding, had I admittance and opportunity to friend.

Post. No, no.

Iack. I dare thereupon pawn the moiety of my estate to your ring; which, in my opinion, o’er-values it something: but I make my wager the association from 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.

Iack. With 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.

Post. What! I had put my estate and my neighbour’s on the approbation of what I have spoke!

Post. What lady would you choose to assail?

Iack. 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; ’t is part of it.

Iack. You are afraid, and therein the wisest. 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 fear.

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

Iack. I am the master of my speeches, and would undergo whatever is spoken, I swear.

Post. Will you? I will 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.

Iack. By the gods, it is one. If I bring you no sufficient testimony that I have enjoyed the nearest bodily part of your mistress, my ten thousand ducats are yours; so is your diamond too; if I come off, and leave her in such honour as you have trust in, she your jewel, this your 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 note: if she remain unsucced, you not making it appear otherwise, for your ill opinion and the assault you have made to her chastity you shall answer me with my sword.

Iack. 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. Pleased 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,
ACT I.

Cymbeline.

SCENE I.

Which are the movers of a languishing death; But though slow, deadly?

Queen. I wonder, doctor; Thou ask'st me such a question. Have I not been Thy pupil long? Hast thou not learnt me how To make perfumes? distill? preserve? yea, so That our great king himself doth woo me off. For my confections? Having thus far proceeded,— Unless thou thinkest me devilish—is 't not meet That I did amplify my judgment in Other conclusions? I will try the forces Of these thy compounds as We count not worth the hanging, but none human, To try the vigour of them and apply Allayments to their act, and by them gather Their several virtues and effects. Cor. Your highness Shall from this practice but make hard your heart: Besides, the seeing these effects will be Both noisome and infectious. O, content thee. Queen.

Enter Pisanio.

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

Cor. [Aside] I do suspect you, madam; But you shall do no harm. Queen. [To Pisanio] Work thee, a word. [she has Cor. [Aside] I do not like her. She doth think Strange lingering poisons: I do know her spirit, And will not trust one of her malice with A drug of such damn'd nature. Those she has Will stupefy and dull the sense awhile; [dogs Which first, perchance, she'll prove on cats and Then make ward up higher, but there is No danger in what show of death it makes, More than the locking-up the spirits a time, To be more fresh, reviving. She is fool'd With a most false effect; and I the truer, So to be false with her.

Queen. No further service, doctor, Until I send for thee.

Cor. I humbly take my leave. [Exit. Queen. Weeps she still, say'st thou? Dost thou think in time She will not quench and let instructions enter Where once impertinent? Do thou work: When thou shalt bring me word she loves my son, I'll tell thee on the instant thou art then As great as is thy master, greater, for His fortunes all lie speechless and his name Is at last gasp: return he cannot, nor Continue where he is: to shift his being Is to exchange one misery with another, And every day that comes comes to decay A day's work in him. What shalt thou expect, To be dependant 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 may turn to the end. Tell thy mistress how The case stands with her; do 't as from thyself. Think what a chance thou changest on, but think Thou hast thy mistress still, to boot, my son, Who shall take notice of thee: I'll move the king To any shape of thy preferment such As thou hast desire; and then myself, I chiefly, That set thee up to this deed; am bound To load thy merit richly. Call my women:

Think on my words. [Exit Pisanio.] Not to be shaken; the agent for his master And the remembrancer of her to hold The hand-fast to her lord. I have given him that Which, if he take, shall quite unpeopple her Of liegers for her sweet, and which she after, Except she bend her humour, shall be assured To taste of too.

Re-enter Pisanio and Ladies.

So, so: well done, well done: The violets, cowslips, and the primroses, Bear to my closet. Fare thee well, Pisanio; Think on my words. [Exeunt Queen and Ladies. Pts. 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 so'er, that have their honest wills, Which seasons comfort. Who may this be? Fie! Enter Pisanio and Iachimo.

Pts. Madam, a noble gentleman of Rome, Comes from my lord with letters. Iach. Change you, madam? Pts. Madam, a noble gentleman of Rome, Comes from my lord with letters. Iach. The worthy Leonatus is in safety And greets your highness dearly. [Presents a letter. Imo. Thanks, good sir: You're kindly welcome. Rich! Iach. [Aside] All of her that is out of door most If she be furnish'd with a mind so rare, She is alone the Arabian bird, and I Have lost the wager. Boldness be my friend! Arm me, audacity, from head to foot! Or, like the Parthian, I shall flying; Rather, directly fly! Imo. [Reads] 'He is one of the noblest note, to whose kindesses I am most infinitely tied. Reflect upon him accordingly, as you value your trust——

Leonatus.' So far I read aloud: But even the very middle of my heart Is warm'd by the rest, and takes it thankfully. You are as welcome, worthy sir, as I Have words to bid you, and shall find it so In all that I can do. Iach. Thanks, fairest lady. What, are men mad? Hath nature given them eyes To see this vaulted arch, and the rich crop Of sea and land, which can distinguish twixt The fiery orbs above and the twin'd stones Upon the number'd beach? and can we not Partition make with spectacles so precious Twixt fair and foul? Imo. What makes your admiration? Iach. It cannot be i' the eye, for apes and monkeys 'Twixt two such shew would hasten this way and Contemn with mows the other; nor i' the judgment, For idiots in this case of favour would Be wisely definite; nor i' the appetite; Shuttery to such next excellence opposed Should make desire vomit emptiness, Not so allured to feed. Iach. What is the matter, trow? Imo. The cloyed will,
That satiate yet unsatisfied desire, that tub
Both ill'd and running, ravening first the lamb
Longs after for the garboard. What, dear sir,
Thus raps you? Are you well?

Imo. Continues well my lord? His health, be-

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 reveller.

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, one
An eminent Monsieur, that, it seems, much loves
A Gallian girl at home; he furnaces
The thick sighs from him, whiles the jolly Briton—
Your lord, I mean—laughs from 's free lungs, cries

Can my sides hold, to think that man, who knows
By history, report, or his own proof,
What woman is, yea, what she cannot choose
But must be, will his free hours languish for
Assured bondage?'

Iach. Will my lord say so?

Iach. Ay, madam, with his eyes in flood with
It is a recreation to be by laughter:
And hear him mock the Frenchman. But, heavens
Some men are much to blame.

Iach. Not he, I hope.

Iach. Not he: but yet heaven's bounty towards
him might
Be used more thankfully. In himself, 't is much;
In you, which I account his beyond all talents,
Whilst I am bound to wonder, I am bound
To pity too.

Iach. What do you pity, sir?

Iach. Two creatures heartily.

Iach. Am I one, sir?

Iach. Do you look on: what wreck discern you in me
Deserves your pity?

Iach. Lamentable! What,
To hide me from the radiant sun and solace
I! the dungeon by a snuff?

Imo. 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.

Imo. You seem to do know
Something of me, or what concerns me: pray you,—
Since doubting things go ill often hurts more
Than to be sure they do; for certainties
Either are past remedies, or, timely knowing,
The remedy then born—discover to me
What both you spur and stop.

Iach. Had I this cheek
To bathe my lips upon; this hand, whose touch,
Whose every touch, would force the fee'dr'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 unlusious as the smoky light
That 's fed with smoking tallow: it were fit
That all the plagues of hell should at one time
Encounter such revolt.

Iach. My lord, I fear,
Has forgot Britain.

Iach. And himself. Not I,
Inclined to this intelligence, pronounce
The beggary of his change; but 't is your graces
That from my mutest conscience to my tongue
Charms this report out.

Imo. 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, [ner'd
Would make the great'st king double.—to be part-
With tomboys hired with that self-exhibition
Which your own coffers yield! with diseased ven-
tures.

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.

Iach. Revenged!

Iach. How should I be revenged? If this be true,—
'C s 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, like Diana's priest, betwixt cold sheets,
Whiles he is vauling variable ramps,
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.

Iach. What, ho, Pisanio!

Iach. Let me my service tender on your lips.

Imo. Away I do condemn mine ears that have
So long attended thee. If thou wert honourable,
Thou 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 doth
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 worthiess fit! Give me your pardon.
I have spoke this, to know if your affiance
Were deeply rooted; and shall make your lord,
That which he is, new o'er: and he is one
The truest manner'd: such a holy witch
That he enchanteth societies into him;
Half all men's hearts are his.

Iach. You make amends.

Iach. He sits 'mongst men like a descended god:
He hath a kind of honour sets him off,
More than a mortal soul. He is not angry,
Most mighty grace, that I have adventure
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

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ACT II.

SCENE I.—Britain. Before Cymbeline's palace.

Enter Cloten and two Lords.

Cloten. Was there ever man had such luck! when I kissed the jack, upon an up-cast to be hit away! I had a hundred pound on 't: and then a whoreson jackanapes must take me up for swearing; as if I borrowed mine oaths of him and might not spend them at my pleasure.

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.

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

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

Cloten. Whoreson dog! I give him satisfaction? Would he had been one of my rank!

Sec. Lord. [Aside] To have smelt like a fool.

Cloten. I am not vexed more at any thing in the earth: a pox on 't! I had rather not be so noble as I am; they dare not fight with me, because of the queen my mother: every Jack-slave hath his bloody-foul of fighting, and I must go up and down like a cock that nobody can match.

Sec. Lord. [Aside] You are cock and capon too; and you crow, cock, with your comb on.

Cloten. Sayest thou?

Sec. Lord. It is not fit your lordship should undertake every companion that you give offence to.

Cloten. No, I know that: but it is fit I should commit offence to my inferiors.

Sec. Lord. Ay, it is fit for your lordship only.

Cloten. Why, so I say.

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

Cloten. A stranger, and I not know on 't.

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

First Lord. Is there an Italian come; and, 'tis thought, one of Leonatus' friends.

Cloten. Leonatus! a banished rascal; and he's another, whatsoever he be. Who told you of this stranger?

First Lord. One of your lordship's pages.

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

Sec. Lord. You cannot derogate, my lord.

Cloten. Not easily, I think.

My lord hath interest in them, I will keep them in my bedchamber.

Iachimo. 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.

Cloten. O, no, no.

Iachimo. Yes, I beseech; or I shall short my word by lengthening my return. From Gallia I cross'd the seas on purpose and on promise to see your grace.

Cloten. I thank you for your pains: but not away to-morrow!

Iachimo. 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.

Cloten. I will write. Send your trunk to me; it shall safe be kept, and truly yielded you. You're very welcome.

[Exeunt.

ACT II.

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

Cloten. Come, I'll go see this Italian: what I have lost to-day at bowis I'll win to-night of him. Come, go.

Sec. Lord. I'll attend your lordship.

[Exeunt Cloten and First Lord. Such that such a crafty devil as his mother should yield the world this ass! a woman that bears all down with her brain, and this her son cannot take two from twenty, for his heart, and leave eighteen. Alas, poor princess, Thou divine Imogen, what thou endurest, Betwixt a father by thy step-dame govern'd, A mother hourly coining plots, a wooer More hateful than the foul expulsion is Of thy dear husband, than that horrid act Of the divorce he 'd make! The heavens hold firm The walls of thy dear honour, keep unshaken That temple, thy fair mind, that thou mayst stand, To enjoy thy banish'd lord and this great land!

[Exit.

SCENE II.—Imogen's bedchamber in Cymbeline's palace: a trunk in one corner of it.

Imogen in bed, reading; a Lady attending.

Label. Who's there? my woman Helen?

Lady. Please you, madam.

Imogen. What hour is it?

Lady. Almost midnight, madam.

Imogen. I have read three hours then: mine eyes are weak: Fold down the leaf where I have left: to bed: Take not away the taper, leave it burning, And if thou canst awake by four o' the clock, I prithee, call me. Sleep hath seized me wholly.

[Exit Lady.

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

[Sleeps. Iachimo comes from the trunk.

Iachimo. The crickets sing, and man's o'er-labour'd repairs itself by rest. Our Tarquin thus [sense did softly press the rushes, ere he waken'd the chastity he wounded. Cytherea, How bravely thou bestow'st thy bed, fresh lily, And whiter than the sheets! That I might touch! But kiss; one kiss! Rubies unparagon'd, How dearly they do 't! 'Tis her breathing that
Perfumes the chamber thus: the flame o' the taper
Bows toward her, and would un-pear 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 o' the story.
Ah, but some natural notes about her body,
Above ten thousand meaner movables
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-pointed, like the crimson drops
I' the bottom of a cowslip; here's a voucher,
Stronger than ever law could make: this secret
Will force him think I have pick'd the lock and ta'en
The treasure of her honour. No more. To what end?
Why should I write this down, that's riveted,
Screw'd to my memory? She hath been reading late
The tale of Tereus; here the leaf's turn'd down
Where Philomel gave up. I have enough:
To the trunk again, and shut the spring of it.
Swift, swift, you dragons of the night, that dawning
May bare the raven's eye! I lodge in fear;
Though this a heavenly angel, hell is here.

One, two, three; time, time!

[Clock strikes.

SCENE III.—An ante-chamber adjoining Imogen's apartments.

Enter Cloten and Lords.

First Lord. Your lordship is the most patient man in loss, the most coldest that ever turned up
Clo. It would make any man cold to lose. [see. 
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 wish 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 finger, so; we'll try with tongue too: if none will do, let her remain; but I'll never give o'er.
First, a very excellent good conceited thing; after, a wonderful sweet air, with admirable rich words to it: and then let her consider.

SONG.
Hark, hark! the lark at heaven's gate sings,
And Phoebus' guns 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,
ACT II.

CYMBELINE.

SCENE IV.

Imo. Good morrow, sir. You lay out too much pains For purchasing but trouble: the thanks I give Is telling you that I am poor of thanks And scarce can spare them.

Clo. Still, I swear I love you.

Imo. If you but said so, 't were as deep with me: If you swear still, your recompense is still That I regard it not.

Clo. This is no answer, [silent, Imo. But that you shall not say I yield being I would not speak. I pray you, spare me: 'faith, I shall unfold equal discourtesy To your best kindness: one of your great knowing Should learn, being taught, forbearance.

Clo. To leave you in your madness, 't were my I will not. [sin

Imo. Fools are not mad folks.

Clo. Do you call me fool?

Imo. As I am mad, I do: If you'll be patient, I'll make no more mad: That cures us both. I am much sorry, sir, You put me to forget a lady's manners, By being verbal: and learn now, for all, That I, which know my heart, do here pronounce, By the very truth of it, I care not for you, And am so near the lack of charity — To accuse myself — I hate you; which I had rather You fell 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 scrape o' the court, it is no contract, none: And though it be allow'd in meaner parties — Yet who than he more mean? — to knit their souls, On whom there is no more dependency, But brats and beggary, in self-figured knot; Yet you are cur'd from that enlargement by The consequence o' the crown, and must not soil The precious note of it with a base slave, A hiding for a livery, a squire's cloth, A panter, not so eminent.

Imo. Profane fellow! Wert thou the son of Jupiter and no more But what thou art besides, thou wert too base To be his groom: thou wert dignified enough, Even to the point of envy, if 't were made Comparative for your virtues, to be styled The under-hangman of his kingdom, and hated For being pres'd so well.

Clo. The south-fog rot him! Imo. He never can meet more mischance than come To be but named of thee. His meanest garment, That ever hath but clipp'd his body, is dearer In my respect than all the hairs above thee, Were they all made such men. How now, Pisanio!

Imo. 'His garment!' Now the devil —

Clo. To Dorothy my woman lie thee presently — 'His garment'!

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

Clo. 'T will not be lost.

Imo. I hope so: go and search. [Exit Pisanio.

Clo. You have abused me: 'His meanest garment!'

[Mr. Andrew Buller.

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

Clo. I will inform your father.

Imo. Your mother too: She's my good lady, and will conceive, I hope, But the worst of me. So, I leave you, sir, To the worst of discontent. [Exit. Clo. I'll be revenged: His meanest garment! 'Well. [Exit.


Enter Posthumus and Philario.

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

Phi. What means do you make to him? Post. Not any, but abide the change of time, Quake in the present winter's state and wish That warmer days would come: in these sear'd I barely gratify your love; they failing, [hopes, I must die much your debtor.

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

Post. I do believe, Statist though I am none, nor like to be, That this will prove a war; and you shall hear The legions now in Gallia sooner landed In our not-fearing Britain than have tidings Of any penny tribute paid. Our countrymen Are men more order'd than when Julius Cesar Smiled at their lack of skill, but found their courage Worthy his frowning at: their discipline, Now mingled with their courage, will made known To their approvers they are people such That mend upon the world.

Enter Iachimo.

Phil. See! Iachimo! Post. The swiftest harts have posted you by land; And winds of all the corners kiss'd your sails, To make your vessel nimble.

Phi. Welcome, sir.

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

Iach. Your lady Is one of the fairest that I have look'd upon. Post. And therewithal the best; or let her beauty Look through a casement to allure false hearts And be false with them.

Iach. Here are letters for you.

Post. Their tenour good, I trust.

Iach. 'Tis very like.

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

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

Post. All is well yet. Sparkles this stone as it was wont? or is 't not 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. Not a whit, Your lady being so easy.

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 wringer
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 or gains or loses
Your sword or mine, or masterless leaves both
To who shall find them.

Iach. Sir, my circumstances,
Being so near the truth as I will make them,
Must first induce you to believe: whose strength
I will confirm with oath; which, I doubt not,
You 'll give me leave to spare, when you shall find
You need it not.

Post. Proceed.

Iach. First, her bedchamber,—
Where, I confess, I slept not, but profess
Had that was well worth watching — it was hang'd
With tapestry of silk and silver; the story
Proud Cleopatra, when she met her Roman,
And Cydnus swell'd above the banks, or for
The press of boats or pride — a piece of work
So bravely done, so rich, that it did strive
In workmanship and value; which I wonder'd
Could be so rarely and exactly wrought,
Since the true life on 't was—

Post. This is true;
And this you might have heard of here, by me,
Or by some other.

Iach. More particulars
Must justify my knowledge.

Post. So they must,
Or do your honour injure.

Iach. The chimney
Is south the chamber, and the chimney-piece
Chaste Dian bathing: never saw I figures
So likely to report themselves: the cutter
Was as another nature, dumb; outwent her,
Motion and breath left out.

Post. This is a thing
Which you might from relation likewise reap,
Being, as it is, much spoke of.

Iach. The roof o' the chamber
With golden cherubins is fretted: her andirons—I
Had forgot them — were two winking Cupids
Of silver, each on one foot standing, nicely
Depending on their brands.

Post. This is her honour!
Let it be granted you have seen all this—and praise
Be given to your remembrance—the description
Of what is in her chamber nothing saves
The wager you have laid.

Iach. Then, if you can,
[showing the bracelet]
Be pale: I beg but leave to air this jewel; see!
And now 'tis up again: it must be married
To that your diamond; I 'll keep them.

Post. Once more let me behold it: is it that
Which I left with her?

Iach. Sir — I thank her — that:
She stripp'd it from her arm; I see her yet;
Her pretty action did outsell her gift,
And yet enrich'd it too: she gave it me, and said
She praised it once.

Post. May be she pluck'd it off
To send it me.

Iach. She writes so to you, doth she?

Post. O, no, no, no! 'tis true. Here, take this
too;

[In gives the ring.

It is a basilisk unto mine eye,
Kills me to look on 't. Let there be no honour

Where there is beauty; truth, where semblance;
love,
Where there's another man: the vows of women
Of no more bondage be, to where they are made,
Than they are to their virtues; which is nothing.
O, above measure false!

Post. Have patience, sir,
And take your ring again; it is not yet won:
It may be probable she lost it; or
Who knows if one of her women, being corrupted,
Hath stol'n it from her?

Post. Very true;
And so, I hope, he came by 't. Back my ring:
Rend her to me some corporal sign about her,
More evident than this; for this was stolen.

Iach. By Jupiter, I had it from her arm.

Post. Hark you, he swears; by Jupiter he swears.
'Tis true — nay, keep the ring — 'tis true: I am sure
She would not lose it: her attendants are
[it! All sworn and honourable: — they induced to steal
And by a stranger! — No, he hath enjoyed her:
The cognizance of her incontinency
Is this: she hath bought the name of whose thus dearly.

There, take thy hire; and all the fiends of hell
Divide themselves between you!

Post. Sir, be patient:
This is not strong enough to be believed
Of one persuaded well of—

Post. Never talk on 't;
She hath been coltied by him.

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

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

Iach. Will you hear more?

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

Iach. I 'll be sworn—
No swearing.

Post. If you will swear you have not done 't, you lie;
And I will kill thee, if thou dost deny
Thou 'st made me cuckold.

Iach. I 'll deny nothing.

Post. O, that I had her here, to tear her limb-meal!
I will go there and do 't, I 'll the court, before
Her father. I 'll do something—

[Exit. Phil. Quite besides the
The government of patience! You have won;
Let's follow him, and pervert the present wrath
He hath against himself.

Iach. With all my heart. [Exeunt.

SCENE V. — another room in Philario's house.

Enter Posthumus.

Post. Is there no way for men to be but women
Must be half-workers? We are all bastards;
And that most venerable man which I
Did call my father, was I know not where
When I was stamp'd; some coiner with his tools
Made me a counterfeit: yet my mother seem'd
The Dian of that time: so doth my wife
The nonpareil of this. O, vengeance, vengeance!
Me of my lawful pleasure she restrain'd
And pray'd me off forbearance; did it with
A prudence so rosy the sweet view on 't
Her Might well have warm'd old Saturn: that I thought
As chaste as unsumm'd snow. O, all the devils!
This yellow Iachino, in an hour,—was 't not?—
Or less,—at first? — perchance he spoke not, but,
ACT III.

SCENE I.—Britain. A hall in Cymbeline's palace.

Enter in state, Cymbeline, Queen, Cloen, and Lords and Attendants.

Cym. Now say, what would Augustus Caesar with us? [Yet

Luc. When Julius Caesar, whose remembrance Lives in men's eyes and will to ears and tongues Be theme and hearing ever, was in this Britain And conquer'd it, Cassibelian, 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, Y' a three thousand pounds, which by thee lately Is left un'tender'd.

Queen. And, to kill the marvel, Shall be so ever.

Clo. There be many Cæsars, Ere such another Julius. Britain is A world by itself; and we will nothing pay For wearing our own noses.

Queen. That opportunity Which then they had to take from's, to resume We have again. Remember, sir, my liege, The kings your ancestors, together with The natural bravery of your isle, which stands As Neptune's park, ribbed and paled in With rocks unscaleable and roaring waters, With sands that will not bear your enemies' boats, But suck them up to the topmast. A kind of conquest Cæsar made here; but made not here his brag Of '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 whereof The famed Cassibelian, who was once at point— O giglot fortune!—to master Cæsar's sword, Made Lud's town with rejoicing fires bright And Britons strait with courage.

Clo. Come, there's no more tribute to be paid: our kingdom is stronger than it was at that time; and, as I said, there is no more such Cæsars: other of them may have crook'd noses, but to owe such straight arms, none.

Cym. Son, let your mother end.

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

Cym. You must know, Till the injurious Romans did extort [tition, This tribute from us, we were free: Cæsar's ambi- Which swell'd so much that it did almost stretch The sides o' the world, against all colour here Did put the yoke upon's; which to shake off Nice longing, slanders, mutability, All faults that may be named, nay, that hell knows, Why, here, 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 't is greater skill In a true hate, to pray they have their will: The very devils cannot plague them better. [Exit.

SCENE II. Another room in the palace.

Enter Pisanio, with a letter.

Pis. How! of adultery? Wherefore write you not What monster's her accuser? Leonatus! O master! what a strange infection Is fall'n into thy ear! What false Italian, As poisonous-tongued as handed, hath prevail'd On thy too-ready hearing? Disloyal! No: She's punish'd for her truth, and undergoes, More goddess-like than wife-like, such assaults As would take in some virtue. O my master! Thy mind to her is now as low as were Thy fortunes. How! that I should murder her? Upon the love and truth and vows which I Have made to thy command? I, her? her blood? If it be so to do good service, never Let me be counted serviceable. How look I, That I should seem to lack humanity (the letter So much as this fact comes to? [Reading] 'Do't:

785
Cymbeline.

Enter Imogen.

Imo. How now, Pisani?

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

Imo. Who? thy lord? that is my lord, Leonatus! O, learn'd indeed were that astronomer That knew the stars as I his characters; He'd lay the future open. You good gods, Let what is here contain'd relish of love, Of my lord's health, and a kind content, yet not That we two are asunder; let that grieve him: Some griefs are med'cinal; that is one of them, For it doth physic love: of his content, All but in that! Good wax, thy leave. Blest be You bees that make these locks of counsel! Lovers And men in dangerous bonds pray not alike: Though forfeiters you cast in prison, yet You clasp young Cupid's tables. Good news, gods! [Reads] 'Justice, and your father's wrath, should he take me in his dominion, could not be so cruel to me, as you, O the dearest of creatures, would even more increase. I take this ease that I am in Cambria, at Milford-Haven: what your own love will out of this advise you, follow. So he wishes you all happiness, that remains loyal to his vow, and your, increasing in love, Leonatus Posthumus. O, for a horse with wings! Hear'st thou, Pisani? He is at Milford-Haven: read, and tell me How far 'tis thither. If one of mean affairs May plod it in a week, why may not I Glide thither in a day? Then, true Pisani,— Who long'st, like me, to see thy lord; who long'st,— O, let me bate,— but not like me,— yet long'st, But in a fainter kind:— O, not like me: For mine's beyond beyond,— say, and speak thick; Love's counsellor should fill the bores of hearing, To the smothing of the sense—how far it is To this same blessed Milford: and by the way Tell me how Wales was made so happy as To inherit such a haven: but first of all, How we may steal from hence, and for the gap That we shall make in time, from our hence-going And our return, to excuse: but first, how get hence: Why should excuse be born or e'er begot? We'll talk of that hereafter. Prithee, speak, How many score of miles may we well ride 'Twixt hour and hour? Pis. One score 'twixt sun and sun, Madam, 's enough for you; [Aside] and too much too.

Imo. Why, one that rode to 's execution, man, Could never go so slow: I have heard of riding wagers, Where horses have been nimble than the sands That run i' the clock's behalf. But this is foolery: Go bid my woman fetch a sieve and say: She'll home to her father: and provide me presently A riding-suit, no costlier than would fit A franklin's housewife.

Pis. Madam, you're best consider.

Imo. I see before me, man: nor here, nor here, Nor what ensues, but have a fog in them, That I cannot look through. Away, I prithee, Do as I bid thee: there's no more to say; Accessible is none but Milford way. [Exeunt]

SCENE III.—Wales: a mountainous country with a cave.

Enter, from the cave, Belarius; Guiderius and Arviragus following.

Bel. A good day not to keep house, with such Whose roof 's as low as ours! Stoop, boys; this gate Instructs you how to adore the heavens and bows you To a morning's holy office: the gates of monarchs Are open ere the sun in the crown of his day but of And keep their impious turbans on, without Good-morrow to the sun. Hail, thou fair heaven! We house i' the rock, yet use thee not so hardly As prouder livers do.

Gut. Hail, heaven!

Arc. Hail, heaven!

Bel. Now for our mountain sport: up to yond hill; Your legs are young; I'll tread these flats. Consider When you above perceive me like a crow, [sider, That it is place which lesserens and sets off: And you may then resolve what tales I have told Of courts, of princes, of the tricks in war; [you This service of your being done, But being so allow'd: to apprehend thus, Draws us a profit from all things we see; And often, to our comfort, shall we find The sharded beetle in a safer hold Than is the full-wing'd eagle. O, this life Is nobler than attending for a check. Richer than doing nothing for a bauble, Prouder than rustling in unpaid-for silk: Such gain the cap of him that makes 'em fine, Yet keeps his book uncorrect'd: no life to ours.

Gut. Out of your proof you speak: we, poor un- [not Have never wing'd from view o' the nest, nor know What air 's from home. Haply this life is best, If quiet life be best; sweeter to you That have a sharper known; well corresponding With your stiff age; but unto us it is A cell of ignorance; travelling a-bed; A prison for a debtor, that not dares To strike a limit. Arc. What should we speak of When we are old as you? when we shall hear The rain and wind beat dark December, how, In this our pinching cave, shall we discourse The freezing hours away? We have seen nothing; We are beastly, subtle as the fox for prey, Like warlike as the wolf for what we eat; Our valour is to chase what flies; our cage We make a quire, as doth the prison'd bird, And sing our bondage freely.

Bel. How you speak! Did you but know the city's usuries And felt them knowingly; the art o' the court, As hard to leave as keep; whose top to climb Is certain falling; or so slippery that The fear 's as bad as falling; the toil o' the war, A pain that only seeks to seek out danger [search, I' the name of fame and honour; which dies i' the And hath as oft a slanderous epitaph As record of fair act: nay, many times, Both ill deserve by doing well; what's worse, Must court'sy at the censure:— O boys, this story The world may read in me: my body's mark'd With Roman swords, and my report was once First with the best of note: Cymbeline loved me, And when a soldier was the theme, my name Was not far off: then was I as a tree [night, Whose boughs did bend with fruit: but in one Storm or robbery, call it what you will, Shook down my mellow hangings, nay, my leaves, And left me bare to weather.

Gut. Uncertain favour! Bel. My fault being nothing — as I have told you oft— But that two villains, whose false oaths prevail'd Before my perfect honour, swore to Cymbeline I was confederate with the Romans: so Follow'd my punishment, and this twenty years This rock and these desmesnes have been my world; Where I have lived at honest freedom, paid More pious debts to heaven than in all
This is not hunters' language: he that strikes
The venison first shall be the lord o' the feast;
To him the other two shall minister;
And we will fear no poison, which attends
In place of greater state. I'll meet you in the val-
leys.

Exeunt

If even man
They know little they are sons to the king;
Nor Cymbeline dreams that they are alive.
They think they are mine; and though train'd up
thus meanly
I'the cave wherein they bow, their thoughts do hit
The rays their places, and nature prompts them
In simple and low things to prince it much
Beyond the trick of others. This Polydore,
The heir of Cymbeline and Britain, who
The king his father call'd Guiderus,—Jove!
When on my three-foot stool I sit and tell
The warlike feats I have done, his spirits fly out
Into my story: say 'Thrice mine enemy fell,
And thus I set my foot on 's neck:' even then
The princely blood flows in his cheek, he sweats,
Strains his young nerves and puts himself in posture
That acts my words. The younger brother, Cadwal,
Once Arviragus, now like a fly.
Strikes life into my speech and shows much more
His own conceiving.—Hark, the game is roused!—
O Cymbeline! heaven and my conscience knows
Thou didst unjustly banish me: whereon,
At three and two years old, I stole these babes;
Thinking to bar thee of succession, as
Thou best of me of my lands. Euripile,
Thou wast their nurse; they took thee for their
And every day do honour to her grave: [mother,
Myself, Belarius, that am Morgan call'd,
They take for natural father. The game is up. (Exit.

SCENE IV.—Country near Milford-Haven.

Enter Pisanio and Imogen.

Imo. Thou told'st me, when we came from horse,
the place
Was near at hand: me'er long'd my mother so
To see me first, as I have now. Pisanio! man!
Where is Posthumus? What is in thy mind,
That makes thee stare thus? Wherefore breaks
that sigh
From the inward of thee? One, but painted thus,
Would be interpreted a thing perplex'd
Beyond me; but thus thou art. Beyond
Into a haven of less fear, ere wildness
Vanquish my stalder senses. What's the matter?
Why tender'st thou that paper to me, with,
A look untender'd? If 't be summer news,
Smile to 't before; if winterly, thou need'st
Ink, pen, and cost of maintenance still. My husband's hand!
That drag-damned Italy hath out-craftied him,
And he's at some hard point. Speak, man: thy
Tongue may take off some extremity, which to read
Would be even mortal to me.

Pis. Please you, read; I and you shall find me, wretched man, a thing
The most disdain'd of fortune.

Imo. [Reads] 'Thy mistress, Pisanio, hath played
the strumpet in my bed; the testimonies whereof lie bleeding in me. I speak not out of weak sur-
mise, but from proof as strong as my grief and as certain to meet my revenge. That part thou,
Pisanio, must act for me, if thy faith be not tainted with the breach of hers. Let thine own hands take
away her life: I shall give thee opportunity at Mil-
ford-Haven. She hath my letter for the purpose: where, if thou fear to strike and to make me certain
it is done, thou art the pandar to her dishonour and equally to me disloyal.'

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

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

Pis. Alas, good lady!

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

Pis. Good madam, hear me.

Imo. True honest men being heard, like false
Æneas,
Were in his time thought false, and Simon's weeping
Did scandal many a holy tear, took pity
From most true wretchedness: so thou, Posthumus,
Wilt lay the leaven on all proper men;
Goodly and gallant shall be false and perjured
From thy great flaw. Come, fellow, be thou honest:
Do thou thy master's bidding: when thou see'st him,
A little witness my obedience: look!
I draw the sword myself: take it, and hit
The innocent mansion of my love, my heart:
Fear not: 'tis empty of all things but grief:
Thy master is not there, who was indeed
The riches of it: do his bidding; strike
Thou mayst be valiant in a better cause;
But now thou seem'st a coward.

Pis. Hence, vile instrument!

Imo. Thou shalt not damn my hand.

Pis. Why, I must die;
And if I do not by thy hand, thou art
No servant of thy master. Against self-slaughter
There is a prohibition: think to [heart.
That cravens my weak hand. Come, here's my
Something 's afore 't. Soft, soft, we 'll no defence;
Obedient as the scabbard, What is here?
The scriptures of the loyal Leonatus,
All turn'd to heresy? Away, away,
Corrupters of my faith: you shall no more
Be stomachers to my heart. Thus may poor fools
Believe false teachers: though those that are betray'd
Do feel the treason sharply, yet the traitor
Stands in worse case of woe.
And thou, Posthumus, thou that didst set up
My disobedience 'gainst the king my father
And make me put into contempt the suits
Of princely fellows, shall hereafter find
It is no act of common passage, but
A strain of raresness; and I grieve myself
To think, when thou shalt be dissembled by her
That now thou tirest on, how thy memory
Will then be pang'd by me. Privity, dispatch;
The lamb entreats the butcher: where 's thy knife?
Thou art too slow to do thy master's bidding,
When I desire it too.

Pis. O gracious lady,
Since I received command to do this business
I have not slept one wink.

Imo. Do 't, and to bed then.
Pis. I'Il wake mine eye-balls blind first.

Imo. Wherefore then didst undertake it? Why hast thou abused so many miles with a pretence? this place?

Mine action and thine own? our horses' labour? the perturb'd court, for my being absent? whereunto I never purpose return. Why hast thou gone so far, to be unbeit when thou hast ta'en thy stand, the elected deer before thee?

Pis. But to win time to lose so bad employment; in the which I have consider'd of a course. Good lady, hear me with patience.

Imo. Talk thou tongue weary; speak: I have heard I am a shame; and mine ear, therein false struck, can take no greater wound, nor tent to bottom that. But speak.

Pis. Then, madam, I thought you would not back again.

Imo. Most like; bringing me here to kill me.

Pis. Not so, neither: but if I were as wise as honest, then my purpose would prove well. It cannot be but that my master is abused: some villain, ay, and singular in his art, hath done you both this cursed injury.

Imo. Some Roman courtezian.

Pis. No, on my life. I'Il give but notice you are dead and send him some bloody sign of it; for 'tis commanded I should do so: you shall be miss'd at court, and that will well confirm it.

Imo. Why, good fellow, what shall I do the while? where bide? how live? or in my life what comfort, when I am dead to my husband?

Pis. If you 'll back to the court—

Imo. No court, no father; nor no more ado with that harsh, noble, simple nothing, that Cloten, whose love-suit hath been to me as fearful as a siege.

Pis. If not at court, then not in Britain must you bide.

Imo. Where then? hath Britain all the sun that shines? Day, night, are we not but in Britain? I' the world's volume our Britain seems as of it, but not in it; 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 prettily and full of view; yea, haply, near the residence of Posthumus; so high at least that though his actions were not visible, yet report should render him hourly to your ear as truly as he moves.

Imo. O, for such means! though peril to my modesty, not death on 't, I would adventure.

Pis. Well, then, here's the point: you must forget to be a woman; change command into obedience; fear and niceness—

The handmaids of all women, or, more truly, woman its pretty self—into a waggish course; ready in gibes, quick-answer'd, saucy and as quarrelous as the wasel; nay, you must forget that rarest treasure of your cheek, exposing it—but, O, the harder heart! alack, no remedy! to the greedy touch of common-kissing Titan, and forget your laboursome and dainty trims, wherein you made great Juno angry.

Imo. Nay, be brief: I see into thy end, and am almost a man already.

Pis. First, make yourself but like one. fore-thinking this, I have already fit—

'T is in my cloak-bag—doublet, hat, hose, all that answer to them: would you in their serving, and with what imitation you can borrow from youth of such a season, 'fore noble Lucius present yourself, desire his service, tell him [know, wherein you're happy,—which you'll make him if his head have ear in music,—doubtless 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.

Pis. Well, madam, we must take a short farewell, lest, being miss'd, I be suspected of your carriage from the court. my noble mistress, here is a box; I had it from the queen, what's in 't is precious; if you are sick at sea, or stomach-qualm'd at land, a dram of this will drive away distemper. to some shade, and fit you to your manhood. may the gods direct you to the best!

Imo. Amen: I thank thee. [Exeunt, severally.

Scene V.—A room in Cymbeline's palace.

Enter Cymbeline, Queen, Cloten, Lucius, Lords, and Attendants.

Cym. Thus far; and so farewell.

Luc. Thanks, royal sir. my emperor hath wrote, I must from hence; and am right sorry that I must report ye my master's enemy.

Cym. Our subjects, sir, will not endure his yoke; and for ourself to show less sovereignty than they, must needs appear unkinglike.

So, sir: I desire of you a conduct over-land to Milford-Haven. madam, all joy belfast your grace!

Queen. And you! Cym. My lords, you are appointed for that office; the due of honour in no point omit.

So farewell, noble Lucius.

Luc. Your hand, my lord.

Clo. Receive it friendly; but from this time forth I wear it as your enemy.

Luc. Sir, the event is yet to name the winner: fare you well.

Cym. Leave not the worst thoughts, good my lords, till he have cross'd the Severn. happiness! [Exeunt Lucius and Lords.

Queen. He goes hence crowning: but it honours that we have given him cause. [Exeunt.

["Cymbeline. ACT III. SCENE V.

788"]
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; or
We have been too slight in sufferance.

[Exit an Attendant.

Queen. Royal sir,
Since the exile of Posthumus, most retired
Hath her life been; the cure whereof, my lord,
'Tis time must do. Beseech your majesty,
Forbear sharp speeches to her; she's a lady
So tender of rebukes that words are strokes
And strokes death to her.

[Re-enter Attendant.

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

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

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

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

[Exit Queen.

Cym. 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 stand'st so for Posthumus!
He hath a drug of mine: I pray the absence
Proceed by swallowing that, for he believes
It is a thing most precious. But for her,
Where is she gone? Happily, 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.

Que. [Aside] All the better: may
This night forestall him of the coming day! [Exit Clo.

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 and throwing favours on
The low Posthumus slander's so her judgment
That what's else rare is choked; and in that point
I will conclude to hate her, nay, indeed,
To be revenged upon her. For when fools
Shall—

Enter Pisanio.

Who is here? What, are you packing, sirrah?
Come hither: ah, you precious pandar! Villain,
Where is thy lady? In a word; or else
Thou art straightway with the French.

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 woes of baseness cannot
A drain of worth be drawn.

Ps. Alas, my lord,

How can she be with him? When was she miss'd?
He is in Rome.

Clo. Where is she, sir? Come nearer;
No further halting: satisfy me home
What is become of her.

Ps. O, my all-worthy lord!

Clo. All-worthy villain!
Discover where thy mistress is at once,
At the next word: no more of 'worthy lord!'
Speak, or thy silence on the instant is
Thy condemnation and thy death.

Then, sir,
This paper is the history of my knowledge
Touching her flight. [Presenting a letter.

Clo. Let's see't. I will pursue her
Even to Augustus' throne.

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

Clo. Hum!

Pis. [Aside] I'll write to my lord she's dead.

O Imogen,
Safe mayst thou wander, safe return again!

Clo. Sirrah, is this letter true?

Ps. Sir, as I think.

Clo. It is Posthumus' hand; I know't. Sirrah,
if thou wouldst not be a villain, but do me true
service, undergo those employments wherein
I should have cause to use thee with a serious
industry, that is, what villany so'er I bid thee do,
I will perform it freely and truly. I would think
thee an honest man: thou shouldst not want
my means for thy relief nor my voice for thy pre-

Ps. Well, my good lord.

[ferment.

Clo. Wilt thou serve me? for since patiently and
constantly thou hast stuck to the bare fortune of
that beggar Posthumus, thou canst not, in the
course of gratitude, but be a diligent follower of
mine: wilt thou serve me?

Ps. Sir, I will.

Clo. Give me thy hand: here's my purse. Hast
any of thy late master's garments in thy possession?

Ps. I have, my lord, at my lodging, the same
suit he wore when he took leave of my lady and
mistress.

Clo. The first service thou dost me, fetch that
suit hither: let it be thy first service; go.

Ps. I shall, my lord.

[Exit.

Clo. Meet thee at Milford-Haven!—I forgot to
ask him one thing: I'll remember't anon:—even
there, thou villain Posthumus, will I kill thee.
I would these garments were come. She said upon
a time—the bitterness of it I now belch from my
heart—that she held the very garment of Post-
humus in more respect than my noble and natural
person together with the adornment of my quali-
ties. With that suit upon my back, will I ravish
her: first kill him, and in her eyes: there shall
she see my valour, which will then be a torment to
her contempt. He on the ground, my speech of
insultment ended on his dead body, and when my
mouth hath dined,—which, as I say, to vex her I
will execute in the clothes that she so praised,—
to the court I'll knock her back, foot her home
again. She hath despised me rejoicingly, and I'll
be merry in my revenge.

[Re-enter Pisanio, with the clothes.

Be these the garments?

Ps. Ay, my noble lord.

[Haven?

Clo. How long is't since she went to Milford-
Pis. She can scarce be there yet.

Clo. Bring this apparel to my chamber; that is
the second thing that I have commanded thee: the
first is, that thou wilt make a voluntary mute to my
design. Be but duteous, and true preference
shall tender itself to thee. My revenge is now at Mi-
ford: would I had wings to follow it! Come, and be true. [Exit. 

Pis. Thou bid'st me to my loss: for true to thee Were to prove false, which I will never be, To him that is most true. To Milford go, And find not her whom thou pursuest. Flow, flow, You heavenly blessings, on her! This fool's speed Be cross'd with slowness; labour be his meed! [Exit.

SCENE VI.—Wales. Before the cave of Belarius.

Enter Imogen, in boy's clothes.

Imo. I see a man's life is a tedious one: I have tired of it, and long for an end: Have made the ground my bed. I should be sick, But that my resolution helps me. Milford, When from the mountain-top Pisario 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 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 lape in fulness Is sorer than to lie for need, and falsehood Is worse in kings than beggars. My dear lord! Thou hast one of the false. Now I think on thee, My hunger's gone; but even before, I was At point to sink for food. But what is this? Here is a path to 't: 'tis some savage hold: I was best not call; I dare not call: yet famine, Ere clean it o'erthrow nature, makes it valiant. Plenty and peace breeds Bourdais: hardness ever Of hardness is mother. Ho! who's here? If any thing that's civil, speak; if savage, Take or lend. Ho! No answer? Then I'll enter. Best draw my sword; and if mine enemy But fear the sword like me, he'll scarcely look on 't. Such a foe, good heavens! [Exit, to the cave.

Enter Belarius, Guiderius, and Arviragus.

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

Gui. I am throughly weary. 

Arv. I am weak with toil, yet strong in appetite. 

Gui. There is cold meat! the cave: we'll browse Whilst what we have kill'd be cook'd. [on that, Bel. [Looking into the cave] Stay; come not in. But that it eats our victuals, I should think Here were a fairy. 

Gui. What's the matter, sir? 

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

Re-enter Imogen.

Imo. Good masters, harm me not: Before I enter'd here, I call'd; and thought To have begg'd or bought what I had took: good truth, [found I have stol'n nought, nor would not, though I had Gold strew'd it the floor. Here's money for my I would have left it on the board so soon! meat: As I had made my meal, and part'd With prayers for the provider. 

Gui. Money, youth? 

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

Imo. I see you're angry: Know, if you kill me for my fault, I should Have 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. Prithee, 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. 

Imo. 'Mongst friends, brothers. [Aside] Would it had been so, that they Had been my father's sons! then had my pride Seen less, and so more equal ballasting To thee, Posthumus. 

Bel. He wrings at some distress. 

Gui. Would I could free 't! 

Arv. Or I, whate'er it be, What pain it cost, what danger. Gods! 

Bel. Hark, boys. [Whispering.

Imo. Great men, That had a court no bigger than this cave, That did attend themselves and had the virtue Which their own conscience seal'd them—laying by That nothing-gift of differing multitudes— Could not out-pee these twain. Pardon me, gods! I 'd change my sex to be companion with them, Since Leonatus's false. 

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

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 Against the Pannonians and Dalmatians, And that the legions now in Gallia are Full weak to undertake our wars against The fall'n-off Britons, that we do incite The gentry to this business. He creates Lucius proconsul: and to you the tribunes, For this immediate levy, he'll name His absolute commission. Long live Caesar! 

First Tri. Is Lucius general of the forces? 

Sec. Sen. [Ay. 

First Tri. Remaining now in Gallia? 

First Sen. With those legions Which I have spoke of, wherenon your levy Must be supplying: 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.
SCENE I.—Wales: near the cave of Belarius.

Enter Cloten.

Clo. I am near to the place where they should meet, if Pisanio have mapped it truly. How fit his garments serve me! Why should his mistress, who was made by him that made the tailor, not be fit too? the rather—saving reverence of the word—for 'tis said a woman’s fitness comes by fits. Therein I must play the workman. I dare speak it to myself—for it is not vain-glory for a man and his glass to confer in his own chamber—I mean, the lines of my body are as well drawn as his; no less young, more strong, not beneath him in fortunes, beyond him in the advantage of the time, above him in birth, alike conversant in general services, and more remarkable in single oppositions: yet this imperceivable thing loves him in my despite. What mortality is! Posthumus, thy head, which now is growing upon thy shoulders, shall within this hour be off; thy mistress enforced; thy garments cut to pieces before thy face: and all this done, spurn her home to her father; who may haply be a little angry for my so rough usage; but my mother, having power of his tenderness, shall turn all into my commendations. My horse is tied up safe: out, sword, and to a sore purpose! From this, put them into me! And so, hand! This is the very description of their meeting-place; and the fellow dares not deceive me. [Exit.

SCENE II.—Before the cave of Belarius.

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

Bel. [To Imogen] You are not well: remain here in We’ll come to you after hunting. [the cave; 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. Gui. Go you to hunting; I’ll abide with him.
Imo. So sick I am not, yet I am not well; But not so citizen a wanton as To seem to die ere sick: so please you, leave me; Stick to your journal course: the breach of custom Is breach of all. I am ill, but your being by me Cannot amend me; society is no comfort To one not sociable: I am not very sick, Since I can reason of it. Pray you, trust me here: I’ll rob none but myself; and let me die, Stealing so poorly.
Gui. I love thee; I have spoke it: How much the quantity, the weight as much, As I do love my father. Bel. What! how! how! Arv. If it be sin to say so, sir, I yoke me In my good brother’s fault: I know not why I love this youth; and I have heard you say, Love’s reason’s without reason: the bier at door, And a demand who is’t shall die, I’d say ‘My father, not this youth.’
Bel. [Aside] O noble strain! O worthiness of nature! breed of greatness! Cowards father cowards and base things sire to base: Nature hath meal and bran, contempt and grace. I’m not their father; yet who this should be, Doth miracle itself, loved before me. ’Tis the ninth hour o’ the morn.

Our courtiers say all’s savage but at court: Experience, O, thou disprovest report! The imperious seas breed monsters, for the dish Poor tributary rivers as sweet fish. I am sick still; heart-sick. Pisanio, I’ll now taste of thy drug. [Swallows some. Gui. I could not stir him: He said he was gentle, but unfortunate; Dishonestly afflicted, but yet honest. Arr. 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. Arr. We’ll not be long away. Pray, be not sick, Imo. For you must be our housewife. Well or ill, I am bound to you.
Bel. And shalt be ever. [Exit Imogen, to the cave. This youth, how’ser distress’d, appears he hath Good ancestors. Arr. How angel-like he sings! Gui. But his neat cookery! he cut our roots In characters, And sauced our broths, as Juno had been sick And he his dieter.
Arr. Nobly he yokes A smiling with a sigh, as if the sight Was that it was, for not being such a smile; The smile mocking the sigh, that it would fly From so divine a temple, to commix With winds that sailors sail at.
Gui. I do note That grief and patience, rooted in him both, Mingled their spurs together.
Arr. Grow, patience! And let the stinking elder, grief, untwine His perishing root with the increasing vine!
Bel. It is great morning. Come, away!—Who’s there? [Enter Cloten.
Bel. I cannot find those runagates; that villain Hath mock’d me. I am faint.
Bel. Those runagates! Means he not us? I partly know him: ’tis Cloten, the son o’ the queen. I fear some ambush. I saw him not these many years, and yet I know ’tis he. We are held as outlaws: hence! Gui. He is but one: you and my brother search What companies are near: pray you, away; Let me alone with him. [Exeunt Belarius and Arviragus. Clo. Soft! What are you That fly me thus? some villain mountaineers? I have heard of such. What slave art thou? Gui. More servile did I ne’er than answering A slave without a knock. Clo. Thou art a robber, A law-breaker, a villain: yield thee, thief. Gui. To who? to thee? What art thou? Have not I An arm as big as thine? a heart as big? Thy words, I grant, are bigger, for I wear not My dagger in my mouth. Say what thou art, Why I should yield to thee? Clo. Thou villain base, Know’st me not by my clothes? Gui. No, nor thy tailor, rascal Who is thy grandfather? he made those clothes, Which, as it seems, make thee. Clo. Thou precious varlet, My tailor made them not.

791
Cymbeline.

Where his not then The O
[Exit.

To O
Die With I
[Solemn No
Here,

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May

Absolute

He

Gui.

Gui.

Gui.

Clo.

Clo.

Clo.

Gui.

Gui.

Gui.

Clo.

Dat, 

To thy further fear,

Nay, to thy mere confusion, thou shalt know

I am son to the queen

Gu.

I am sorry for 't; not seeming

So worthy as thy birth.

Gu.

Art not afeard?

Gu.

Those that I reverence those I fear, the wise:

At fools I laugh, not fear them.

Gu.

Die the death:

When I have slain thee with my proper hand,

I'll follow those that even now fled hence.

And on the gates of Lud's-town set your heads:

[Execut. fighting.

Re-enter Belarius and Arviragus.

Bel. No companies abroad? [sure,

Arv. None in the world: you did mistake him.

Bel. I cannot tell: long is it since I saw him,

But time hath nothing blurr'd those lines of favour

Which then he wore; the snatches in his voice,

And burst of speaking, were as his: I am absolute

'T was very Cloten.

Arv. In this place we left them:

I wish my brother make good time with him,

You say he is so fel.

Bel. Being scarce made up,

I mean, to man, he had not apprehension

Of roaring terrors; for the effect of judgment

Is oft the cause of fear. But, see, thy brother.

Re-enter Guiderius, with Cloten's head.

Gui. This Cloten was a fool, an empty 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 'd take us in, [grow

Displace our heads where—thank the gods!—they

And set them on Lud's-town.

Bel. We are all undone.

Gui. Why, worthy father, what have we to lose,

But that he swore to take, our lives? The law

Protects not us: then why should we be tender

To let an arrogant piece of flesh 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, any, and that

From one bad thing to worse; not frenzy, not

Absolute madness could so far have raved

To bring him here alone; although perhaps

It may be heard at court that such as we

Cave here, hunt here, are outlaws, and in time

May make some stronger head: the which he hear-

As it is like him—might break out, and tearr ing—

He 'd fetch us in; yet is 't not probable

To come alone, either he so undertakings,

Or they so suffering: then on good ground we fear,

If we do fear this body hath a tail

More perilous than the head.

Gui. Hence, then, and thank

The man that gave them thee. Thou art some fool;

I am loath to beat thee.

Clo. Thou injurious thief,

Hear but my name, and tremble.

Gui. Cloten, thou villain.

What's thy name?

Clo. Cloten, thou double villain, be thy name,

I cannot tremble at it: were it Toad, or Adder, Spli-

'T would move me sooner.

[der,

Clo. To thy further fear,

Nay, to thy mere confusion, thou shalt know

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To come alone, either he so undertakings,

Or they so suffering: then on good ground we fear,

If we do fear this body hath a tail

More perilous than the head.
My brother wears thee not the one half so well
As when thou grew'st thystelf.  
Bel.  O melancholy!  
Who ever yet could sound thy bottom?  find
The ounce, to show how coast thy sluggish glare
Might easiest harbour in?  Thou blessed thing!
Jove knows what man thou mightst have made;
Thou diest, a most rare boy, of melancholy.  [but I,
How found you him?  
Avr.  Stark: as you see,
Thus smiling, as some fly had tickled slumber,
Not as death's dart, being laugh'd at: his right cheek
Reposing on a cushion.  
Gui.  Where?  
Avr.  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.
Avr.  With fairest flowers
Whilst summer lasts and I live here, Fidele,
I'll sweeten thy sad grave: thou shalt not lack
The flower that's like thy face, pale primrose, nor
The azured note, like thy veins, no, nor
The leaf of egantine, whom not to slander,
Out-sweeten'd not thy breath: the ruddock would,
With charitable bill,—O bill, so saving
Those rich-left heirs that let their fathers lie
Without a monument!—bring thee all this;
Yea, and furr'd moss besides, when flowers are
To winter-ground thy corpse.  [none,
Gui.  Prithree, have done;
And do not play in wench-like words with that
Which is so serious.  Let us bury him,
And not protract with admiration what
Is now due debt.  To the grave!
Avr.  Say, where shall's lay him?
Gui.  By good Euphurile, our mother.
Avr.  Be't so:
And let us, Polydore, though now our voices
Have got the mannish crack, sing him to the ground,
As once our mother; use like note and words,
Save that Euphurile must be Fidele.
Gui.  Cadwal,  
I cannot sing: I'll weep, and word it with thee;
For notes of sorrow out of tune are worse
Than priests and fanes that lie.
Avr.  We'll speak it, then.
Bel.  Great griefs, I see, medicine the less; for
Cloten
Is quite forgot.  He was a queen's son, boys;
And though he came our enemy, remember [ting
He was paid for that: though mean and mighty, rot-
Together, have one dust, yet reverence,
That angel of the world, doth make distinction
Of place 'tween high and low.  Our foe was princely:
And though you took his life, as being our foe,
Yet bury him as a prince.
Gui.  Pray you, fetch him hither.
Thersites' body is as good as Ajax',
When neither are alive.
Avr.  If you'll go fetch him,
We'll say our song the whilst.  Brother, begin.
[Exit Belarius.
Gui.  Nay, Cadwal, we must lay his head to the
My father hath a reason for't.  
Avr.  'Tis true.
Gui.  Come on then, and remove him.
Avr.  So.  Begin.

SONG.
Gui.  Fear no more the heat o' the sun,
Nor the furious winter's rages;
Thou worthy task hast done,
Home art gone, and ta'en thy wages:
Golden lads and girls all must,
As chimney-sweepers, come to dust.
Avr.  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,
Avr.  Nor the all-dreaded thunder-stone;
Gui.  Fear not slander, censure rash;
Avr.  Thou hast finish'd joy and moan;
Both.  All lovers young, all lovers must
Consign to thee, and come to dust.
Gui.  No exerciser harm thee!
Avr.  Nor no witchcraft charm thee!
Gui.  Ghost unaided forbear thee!
Avr.  Nothing ill come near thee!
Both.  Quiet consummation have;
And renowned be thy grave!

Re-enter Belarius, with the body of Cloten.
Gui.  We have done our obsequies: come, lay him down.

[more:  
Bel.  Here's a few flowers; but 'bout midnight,
The heris that have on them cold dew o' the night
Are strenuous stuff for graves.  You are flowers,
You were as flowers, now wither'd: even so
These herblets shall, which we upon you strewn.
Come on, away: apart upon our knees.
The ground that gave them first has them again:
Their pleasures here are past, so is their pain.
[Exit Belarius, Guiderius and Arviragus.
Imo.  [Awaking] Yes, sir, to Milford-Haven; which
Is the way?—thither I thank you.—By yond bush?—Pray, how far
'Od's pitkkins! can it be six mile yet?—
I have gone all night.  'Tfaith, I'll lie down and sleep.
But, soft! no bedfellow!—'Od 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 look to honest creatures: but 't is not so;
'Twas but a bolt of nothing, shot at nothing,
Which the brain makes of fumes: our eyes are
Sometimes like our judgments, blind.  Good
I tremble still with fear: but if there be
[faith,
Yet left in heaven as small a drop of pity
As a wren's eye, fear'd gods, a part of it!
The dream's here still: even when I wake, it is
Without me, as within me; not imagined, felt.
A headless man!  The garments of Posthumus!
I know the shape of 's leg: this is his hand;
His foot Mercurial; his Martial thigh;
The brawns of Hercules: but his Jovial face—
Murder in heaven?—How!—'Tis gone.  Pisanio,
All curses maddened Hecuba gave the Greeks,
And that devoted one: he was on thee! Thou,
Conspired with that irreducible devil, Cloten,
Hast here cut off my lord.  To write and read
Be henceforth treacherous!  Damn'd Pisanio
Hath with his forged letters,—damn'd Pisanio—
From this most bravest vessel of the world
Struck the main-top!  O Posthumus! alas, [that?  
Where is thy head? where 's that?  Ay me! where 's
Pisanio might have kill'd thee at the heart,
And left this head on.  How should this be? Pisanio?
'Tis he and Cloten; malice and lure in them
Have laid this woe here.  O, 'tis pregnant, pregnant!
The drug be good or none, while he said was precious
And cordial to me, have I not found it
Muderous to the senses?  That confirms it home;
This is Pisanio's deed, and Cloten's: O!
Give colour to my pale cheek with thy blood,
That we the horrid scene may seem to those
Which chance to find us: O, my lord, my lord!
[Falls on the body.]

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

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

Luc. But what from Rome?

Cap. The senate hath stirr’d up the confinors
And gentlemen of Italy, most willing spirits,
That promise noble service: and they come
Under the conduct of bold Iachimo,
Syenna’s brother.

Luc. When expect you them?

Cap. With the next benefit o’ the wind.

Luc. This forwardness
Makes our hopes fair. Command our present numbers
Be muster’d; bid the captains look to ’t. Now, sir,
What have you dream’d of late of this war’s purpose?
Sooth. Last night the very gods show’d me a 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 rumour speaks that sometime
It was a worthy building. How! a page!
Or dead, or sleeping on him? But dead rather;
For nature doth abhor to make his bed
With the defunct, or sleep upon the dead.
Let’s see the boy’s face.

Cap. He’s alive, my lord.

Luc. He ’ll then instruct us of this body. Young
Inform us of thy fortunes, for it seems
One, they crave to be demand’d. Who is this?
Thou makest thy bloody pillow? Or who was he
That, otherwise than noble nature did,
Hath alter’d that good picture? What’s thy interest
In this sad wreck? How came it? Who is it?
What art thou?

Imo. I am nothing: or if not,
Nothing to be worse. This was my master,
A very valiant Briton and a good
That here by mountaineers lies slain. Alas!
There is no more such masters: I may wander
From east to occident, cry out for service,
Try many, all good, serve truly, never
Find such another master.

Luc. ‘Lack, good youth!
Thou movest no less with thy complainting than
Thy master in bleeding: say his name, good friend.

Imo. His name is Cluny. If I do lie and
No harm by it, though the gods hear, I hope [do
They’ ll pardon it.—Say you, sir?

Luc. Thy name?

Imo. Fidele, sir.

Luc. Thou dost approve thyself the very same:
Thy name well fits thy faith, thy faith thy name.
With 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 consuls to me, should not sooner
Than thine own worth prefer thee: go with me.

Imo. I’ ll follow, sir. But first, an’t please the gods,
I’ll hide my master from the flies, as deep
As these poor pickaxes can dig: and when [grave,
With wild wood-leaves and weeds I ha’ strew’d his
And on it said a century of prayers,
Such as I can, twice o’er, I’ll weep and sigh;
And leaving so his service, follow you,
So please you entertain me.

Luc. Ay, good youth;
And rather father thee than master thee.

My friends,
The boy hast 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 preferr’d
By thee to us, and he shall be intern’d
As soldiers can. Be cheerful; wipe thine eyes:
Some fails 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 ’t is with her.

Exit an Attendant.

I fear with the absence of her son,
A madness, of which her life ’s in danger. Heavens,
How deeply you at once do touch me! Imogen,
The great part of my comfort, gone; my queen
Upon a desperate bed, and in a time
When fearful wars point at me; her son gone,
So needful for this present: it strikes me, past
The hope of comfort. But for thee, fellow,
Who needs must know of her departure and
Dost seem so ignorant, we’ll enforce it from thee
By a sharp torture.

Pis. Sir, my life is yours;
I humbly set it at your will; but, for my mistress,
I nothing know where she remains, why gone.
Nor when she purposes return. Beseech your high-
Hold me your loyal servant.

First Lord. Good my liege,
The day that she was missing he was here:
I dare be bound he ’s true and shall perform
All parts of his subjection loyal. For Cloten,
There wants no diligence in seeking him,
And will, no doubt, be found.

Cym. The time is troublesome.
[To Pisanio.] We’ll slip you for a season; but our jealousy
Does yet depend.

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, but did promise
To yield me such 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 steerd.

[Exit.
SCENE IV.—Wales: before the cave of Belarius.

Enter Belarius, Guiderius, and Arrviragus.

Guiderius. The noise is round about us.
Belarius. Let us from it.
Arrviragus. What pleasure, sir, find we in life, to lock it From action and adventure?
Guiderius. 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.

Belarius. Sons, We'll higher to the mountains; there secure us. To the king's party there's no going: newness Of Cloten's death—being not known, not mus. Among the bands—may drive us to a render (ter'd Where we have lived, and so exempt from 's That Which we have done, whose answer would be death Drawn on with torture.

Guiderius. This is, sir, a doubt In such a time nothing becoming you, Nor satisfying us.

Arrviragus. It is not likely That when they hear the Roman horses neigh, Behold their quarter'd forces both their eyes And ears so cloy'd importantly as now, That they will waste their time upon our note, To know from whence we are.

Belarius. O, I am known Of many in the army: many years, Though Cloten but six years, you see, not wore From my remembrance. And, besides, the king Hath not deserved my service nor your loves;

Who find in my exile the want of breeding, The certainty of this hard life; aye hopeless To have the courtesy your brother promised, But to be still hot summer's tanlings and The shrinking slaves of winter.

Guiderius. Than be so Better to cease to be. Pray, sir, to the army: I and my brother are not known; yourself So out of thought, and thereto so o'ergrown, Cannot be question'd.

Arrviragus. 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 beshired 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 blast beame, remaining So long a poor unknown.

Guiderius. 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!

Arrviragus. So say I: amen.

Belarius. 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 live: 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.

Posthumus. You, 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 Must murder wives much better than themselves For wryng but a little! O Pisanio! Every good servant does not all commands: No bond but to do just ones. Gods! if you Should have ta'en vengeance on my faults, I never Had lived to put on this: so had you saved The noble Imogen to repent, and struck Me, wretch more worth your vengeance. But, alack, You snatch some hence for little faults; that's love, To have them fail no more: you some permit To second ills with ills, each elder worse, And make them dread it, to the doers' thirst. 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 kindred: 'tis enough That, Britain, I have kill'd thy mistress; peace! I'll give no wound to thee. Therefore, good heavens, Hear patiently my purpose: I'll disrobe me Of these Italian weeds and suit myself As does a Briton peasant: so I'll fight Against the part I come with; so I'll die For thee, O Imogen, even for whom my life Is every breath a death; and thus, unknown, Pitted nor hated, to the face of peril Myself I'll dedicate. Let me make men know More valour in me than my habits show. Gods, put the strength o' the Leonati in me! To shame the gueue 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 following, like a poor soldier. They march over and go out. Then enter again, in skirmish, Iachimo and Posthumus: he vanquisheth and doth, and then leaves him.

Iachimo. The heaviness and guilt within my bosom Takes off my manhood: I have belied a lady, The princess of this country, and the air on't Revengingly enfeebles me; or could this carl, A very drudge of nature's, have subdued me In my profession? Knighthoods and honours, borne As I wear mine, are titles but of scorn. If that thy gentry, Britain, go before This rout as he exceeds our lords, the odds Is that we scarce are men and you are gods. [Exit.

The battle continues: the Britons fly; Cymbeline is taken; then enter, to his rescue, Belarius, Guiderius, and Arrviragus.

Belarius. Stand, stand! We have the advantage of the ground:
The lane is guarded: nothing routs us but The villany of our fears.

Guiderius. Stand, stand, and fight!

Re-enter Posthumus, and seconds the Britons: they rescue Cymbeline, and exeunt. Then re-enter Lucius, and Iachimo, with Imogen.

Lucius. Away, boy, from the troops, and save thyself; For friends kill friends, and the disorder 's such As war were hoodwink'd. Iachimo. 'Tis their fresh supplies. 795
ACT V.

Cymbeline.

SCENE IV.

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 Post? I did: stand? Though you, it seems, come from the fliers.

Lord. No blame be to you, sir; for all was lost, But that the heavens fought: the king himself Of his wings destitute, the army broken, And hurt of the backs of Britons seen, all flying Through a strait lane; the enemy full-hearted, Lolling the tongue with slaughterings, having more Plentiful than tools to do 't, struck down Some mortally, some slightly touch'd, some falling Merely through fear; that the straight pass was damn'd With dead men hurt behind, and cowards living To die with lengthen'd shame.

Lord. Where was this lane?

Post. Close by the battle, ditch'd, and wall'd with Which gave advantage to an ancient soldier, [turf; An honest one, I warrant— who deserved So long a breeding as his white beard came to, In doing 't for his country in the lane. He, with two stripings — lads more like to run The country base than to commit such slaughter; With faces fit for masks, or rather fairer Than those for preservation cas'd, or shame,— Made good the passage: cried to those that fled, 'Our Britain's harts die flying, not our men: To darkness fleet souls that fly backwards. Stand; Or we are Romans and will give you that Like beasts which you shun beastly, and may save, But to look back in frown: stand, stand.' These Three thousand confident, in as many— [three, For three performers are the file when all The rest do nothing—with this word 'Stand, stand,' Accommodated by the place, more charming With their own nobleness, which could have turn'd A distaff to a lance, gilded pale looks, [coward Part shame, part spirit renew'd; that some, turn'd But by example — O, a sin in war Dow'd in the first beginners!— gan to look The way that they did, and to grin like lions Upon the pikes of the hunters. Then began A stop 't the chaser, a retire, anon A rout, confusion thick: forthwith they fly Chickens, the way which they stoop'd eagles; slaves, The strides they victors made: and now our cowards, Like fowls, turn'd voyages, being drove. The life o'the need: having found the back-dooropen Of the ungarded hearts, heavens, how they wound! Some slain before; some dying; some their friends O'er-borne 't the former wave: ten, chased by one, Are now each one the slaughter-man of twenty: Those that would die or ere resist are grown The mortal bugs o'the field.

Lord. This was strange chance: A narrow lane, an old man, and two boys.

Post. Nay, do not wonder at it: you are made Rather to wonder at the things you hear Than to work any. Will you rhyme upon 't, And vent it for a mockery? Here is one: 'Two boys, an old man twice a boy, a lane, Preserved the Britons, was the Romans' bane.' Lord. Nay, be not angry, sir.

Post. Who dares not stand his fee, I'll be his friend; For if he 'll do as he is made to do, I know he'll quickly fly my friendship too.
You have put me into rhyme.

Lord. Farewell; you're angry. Post. Still going? [Exit Lord.] This is a lord! O noble misery,

To be 't the field, and ask 'what news?' of me! To-day how many would have given their honours To have saved their carcasses? lo! Well to do 't, And yet died too! I, in mine own woe charm'd, Could not find death where I did hear groan, Nor feel him where he struck: being an ugly monster, 'T is strange he hides him in fresh cups, soft beds, Sweet women, or hath more ministers than we That draw his knives? the war, Well, I will find For being now a favourer to the Briton [him: 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: the Romans, great the answer be Britons must take. For me, my ransom's death; On either side I come to spend my breath; Which neither here I'll keep nor bear again, But end it by some means for Imogen.

Enter two British Captains and Soldiers.

First Cap. Great Jupiter be praised! Lucius is taken.
'T is thought the old man and his sons were angels.
Sec. Cap. There was a fourth man, in a silly habit, That gave the afront with them.

First Cap. So 't is 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!

What crows have peck'd them there. He brings his As if he were of note; bring him to the king.

Enter Cymbeline, Belarius, Guiderius, Arriragus, Pisanno, 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 stoln, 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 goast; 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 fitter'd
More than my shanks and wristes: you good gods, give me
The penitent instrument to pick that bolt, Then, free for ever! Is 't enough I am sorry? So children temporal fathers do appease;
Gods are more full of mercy. Must I repent? I cannot do it better than in gyves, Desired more than constrain'd: to satisfy, If of my freedom 't is the main part, take No stricter render of me than my all. I know you are more 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 't is a life; you could it: Twice men and maid, nor weight not every stamp; Though light, take pieces for the figure's sake: You rather mine, being yours: and so, great powers, If you will take this audit, take this life, And cancel these cold bonds. O Imogen! I'll speak to thee in silence. [Sleeps.
Solemn music. Enter, as in an apparition, Sicilius Leonatus, father to Posthumus, an old man, attired like a warrior, leading in his hand an ancient matron, his wife, and mother to Posthumus, with music before them: then, after other music, follow the two young Leonati, brothers to Posthumus, with wounds as they died in the wars. They circle Posthumus round, as he lies sleeping.

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-izing 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 his dearest one, Sweet Imogen?

Sici. Why did you suffer Iachimo, Slight thing of Italy, To touch his mother hand and brain With needless jealousy; And to become the gear 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; Then, Jupiter, thou king of gods, Why hast thou thus adjourn'd The graces for his merits due, Being all to do lours 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.

Jup. No more, you petty spirits of region low, Offend our hearing; hush! How dare you ghosts Accuse the thunderer, whose bolt, you know, Sky-planted battereth all rebellious 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 friend 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 impietate, lest you stir up mine. Mount, eagle, to my palace crystalline. [Ascends. Sic. He came in thunder; his celestial breath Was sulphurous to smell: the holy eagle Sweep'd, as to foot us: his ascension is More sweet than our blest fields: his royal bird Prunes the immortal wing and cloys his beak, As when his god is pleased.

All. Thanks, Jupiter! Sic. The marble pavement closes, he is enter'd His radiant roof. Away! and, to be blest, Let us with care perform his great behest. [The Ghosts vanish.

Post. [Waking] Sleep, thou hast been a grandsire, A father to me; and thou hast created [and begot A mother and two brothers: but, O scorn! Gone! they went hence so soon as they were born: And so I am awake. Poor wretches that depend On greatness' favour dream as I have done, Wake and find nothing. But, alas, I swerve: Many dream not to find, neither deserve, And yet are steep'd in favours; so am I, That have this green chance and know not why. What fairies haunt this ground? A book? O rare Be not, as is our fangled world, a garment [one! Nobler than that it covers: let thy effects So follow, to be most unlike our courtiers, As good as promise.

[Reads] 'When as a lion's whelp shall, to himself unknown, without seeking find, and be embraced by a piece of tender air; and when from a stately cedar shall be lopped branches, which, being dead many years, shall after revive, be jointed to the old stock and freshly grow; then shall Posthumus end his miseries, Britain be fortunate and flourish in peace and plenty.'

'T is still a dream, or else such stuff as madmen Tongue and brain not; either both or nothing; Or senseless speaking or a speaking such As sense cannot untie. Be what it is, The action of my life is like it, which I'll keep, if but for sympathy.

Re-enter First Gaoler.

First Gaoler. Come, sir, are you ready for death? Post. Over-roasted rather; ready long ago. First Gaoler. Hanging is the word, sir: if you be ready for that, you are well cooked. Post. So, if I prove a good repast to the spectators, the dish pays the shot.

First Gaoler. A heavy reckoning for you, sir. But the comfort is, you shall be called to no more payments, fear no more tavern-bills; which are often
the sadness of parting, as the procuring of mirth: you could not faint for want of much heart feeling with too much drink; sorrow that you have paid too much, and sorry that you are paid too much; purse and brain both empty; the brain the heavier for being too light, the purse too light, being drawn of heaviness: of this contradiction you shall now be quit. O, the charity of a penny cord! it sums up thousands in a trice: you have no true debtor and creditor but it; of what’s past, is, and to come, the discharge: your neck, sir, is pen, book and counters; so the acquittance follows.

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

First Groat. Indeed, sir, he that sleeps feels not the tooth-ache; but a man that stirs to keep 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 Groat. Your death has eyes in ’s head then; I have not seen him so pictured: you must either be directed by some that take upon them to know, or 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 Groat. 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 Groat. I ’ll be hang’d then.

Post. Thou shalt be then freer than a gaoler, no bolts for the dead.

[Exeunt Posthumus and Messenger.

First Groat. Unless a man would marry a gallow and begot young gibbets, I never saw one so prone. Yet, on my conscience, there are verier knaves desirous to live, for all he be a Roman: and there be some of them that lie against their wills; we should I, if I were one. I would we were all of one mind, and one mind good; O, there were desolation of gaolers and gallowses! I speak against my present profit, but my wish hath a preferment in’t.

[Exeunt.]

SCENE V.—Cymbeline’s tent.

Enter Cymbeline, Belarius, Guiderius, Arriragus, Pisanio, Lords, Officers, and Attendants.

Cym. Stand by my side, you whom the gods have Preservers of my throne. Woe is my heart [made That the poor soldier that so richly fought, Who was at arm of galleys and Dioscurid 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. No tidings of him? Pisa. He hath been sear’d among the dead and But no trace of him. [living.

Cym. To my grief, I am The heir of his reward: [To Belarius, Guiderius, and Arriragus] which I will add To you, the liver, heart and brain of Britain, By whom I grant she lives. ’T is now the time To ask of whence you are. Report it.

Bel. Sir,

In Cambria are we born, and gentlemen: Further to boast were neither true nor modest, Unless I add, we are honest. Cym. Bow your knees. Arise my knights o’ the battle: I create you Companions to our person and will fit you With dignities becoming your estates.

Enter Cornelius and Ladies.

There’s business in these faces. Why so sadly Greet you our victory? you look like Romans, And not o’ the court of Britain.

Cor. Hail, great king! To sour your happiness, I must report The queen is dead.

Cym. Who worse than a physician Would this report become? But I consider, By medicine life may be prolonged, yet death Will seize the doctor too. How ended she?

Cor. With horror, madly dying, like her life, Which, being cruel to the world, concluded Most cruel to herself. What she confess’d I will report, so please you: these her women Can trip me, if I err; who with wet cheeks Were present when she finish’d.

Cym. Prithee, say.

Cor. First, she confess’d she never loved you, only Affected greatness got by you, not you: Married your royalty, was wife to your place; Abbhor’d your person.

Cym. She alone knew this; And, but she spoke it dying, I would not Believe her lips in opening it. Proceed.

Cor. Your daughter, whom she bore in hand to With such integrity, she did confess [love Was as a scorpion to her sight; whose life, But that her flight prevented it, she had Ta’en off by poison.

Cym. O most delicate mind! Who is it can read a woman? Is there more?

Cor. More, sir, and worse. She did confess she had For you a mortal mineral; which, being took, Should by the minute feed on life and lingering By inches waste you: in which time she purposed, By watching, weeping, tendance, kissing, to O’ercome you with her show, and in time, When she had fitted you with her craft, to work Her son into the adoption of the crown: But, failing of her end by his strange absence, Grew shameless-desperate; open’d, in despite Of heaven and men, her purposes; repented The evils she hatch’d were not effect’d; so 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; Posthumus behind, and Imogen.

Thon comest not, Caius, now for tribute; that The Britons have raze’d out, though with the loss Of many a bold one; whose kinsmen have made suit That their good souls may be appeas’d with slaughter Of you their captives, which ourself have granted: So think of your estates.

Luc. Consider, sir, the chance of war: the day Was yours by accident; had it gone with us, We should not, when the blood was cool, have threaten’d.
Our prisoners with the sword. But since the gods
Will have it thus, that nothing but our lives
May be call’d ransom, let it come: sufficeth
A Roman with a Roman’s heart can suffer;
Augustus lives to think on’t: and so much
For my peculiar care. This one thing only
I will entreat; my boy, a Briton born,
Let him be ransom’d: never master had
A page so kind, so duteous, diligent,
So tender over his occasions, true,
So feat, so nurse-like: let his virtue join [ness
With my request, which I’ll make bold your high-
Cannot deny; he hath done no Briton harm,
Though he have served a Roman: save him, sir,
And spare no blood beside.

Cym. I have surely seen him:
His favour is familiar to me. Boy,
Thou hast look’d thyself into my grace,
And art mine own. I know not why, wherefore,
To say ‘live, boy:’ ne’er thank thy master; live:
And ask of Cymbeline what boon thou wilt,
Fitting my bounty and thy state, I’ll give it;
Yea, though thou do demand a prisoner,
The noblest ta’en.

Luc. I humbly thank your highness.

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

Cym. No, no: alack,
There’s other work in hand: I see a thing
Bitter to me as death: your life, good master,
Must needs suffice for itself.

Luc. The boy disdaiseth me,
He leaves me, scorns me: briefly die their joys
That place them on the truth of girls and boys.
Why stands he so perplex’d?

Cym. What wouldst thou, boy?
I love thee more and more: think more and more
What’s best to ask. Know’st him thou look’st on?
Wilt have him live? Is he thy kin? thy friend?

Cym. He is a Roman; no more kin to me [sal,
Than I to thy highness; who, being born your vas-
Am something nearer.

Cym. Wherefore eyest he so?

Luc. I’ll tell you, sir, in private, if you please
To give me hearing.

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

Imo. Fidele, sir, is it.

Cym. Thou’rt my good youth, my page;
I’ll be thy master: walk with me; speak freely.

Cymbeline and Imogen converse apart.

Bel. Is not this boy revived from death?

Arc. One sand another
Not more resembles that sweet rosy lad
Who died, and was Fidele. What think you?

Gu. The same dead thing alive.

Bel. Peace, peace! see further; he eyes us not;
As, be it ever so.
Creatures may be alike: were ’t he, I am sure
He would have spoke to us.

Cym. But we saw him dead.

Bel. Be silent; let’s see further.

Pis. [Aside] It is my mistress:
Since she is living, let the time run on
To good or bad.

Cymbeline and Imogen come forward.

Cym. Come, stand thou by our side;
Make thy demand aloud. [To Iachino] Sir, step
forth;
Give answer to this boy, and do it freely;
Or, by our greatness and the grace of it,
Which is our honour, bitter torture shall [him.
Winneth the truth from falsehood. On, speak to
Imo. My boon is, that this gentleman may render
Of whom he had this ring.

Post. [Aside] What’s that to him?
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 credulous fool,
Egregious murderer, thief, any thing
That’s due to all the villains past, in being,
To come! O, give me cord, or knife, or poison,
Some upright justice! Thou, king, send out
For torturers ingenuous: 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, I lie—
That caused a lesser villain than myself,
A sacrilegious thief, to do ’t: the temple
Of virtue was she; yea, and she herself.

Spit, and throw stones, cast mire upon me, set
The dogs o’ the street to bay me: every villain
Be call’d Posthumus Leonatus; and
Be villain less than ’t was! O Imogen!
My queen, my life, my wife! O Imogen,
Imogen, Imogen!

Post. Shall’s have a play of this? Thou scornful
There die thy part. [Striking her: she falls]
Thou, 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 staggeries on me?
Thou gavest me poison: dangerous fellow, hence!
Breathe not where princes are.

Cym. The tune of Imogen!

Ps. 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?

Post. It poison’d me.

Cym. O gods!
I left out one thing which the queen confess’d,
Which must approve thee honest: ’If Pisario
Have’ said she ’given his mistress that confection
Which I gave him for cordial, she is served
As I would serve a rat.’

Cym. The queen, sir, very oft importuned me
To temper poison 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?

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

Bel. My boys, there was our error.

Gui. This is, sure, Fidele.

Post. Why did you throw your wedded lady from
Think that you are upon a rock; and now [you]
Throw me again.

Post. Hang there like fruit, my soul,
Till the tree die!

Cym. How now, my flesh, my child!
What, maketh thou me a dullard in this act?
Wilt thou not speak to me?

And let it be confiscate all, so soon
As I have received it.

Cym.  
Bel. I am too blunt and saucy: here's my knee:
Ere I come, I will prefer my sons:
Then spare not the old father. Mighty sir,
These two young gentlemen, that call me father
And think they are my sons, are none of mine;
They are the issue of your loins, my liege,
And blood of your begetting.

Guiderius.  
How! my issue!
Bel. So sure as you your father's. I, old Morgan,
Am that Belarius whom you sometime banish'd:
Your pleasure was my mere offence, my punish-
ment
Itself, and all my treason; that I suffer'd
Was all the harm I did. These gentle princes—
For such and so they are—these twenty years
Have I train'd up: those arts they have as I
Could put into them; my breeding was, sir, as
Your highness knows. Their nurse, Euriphe,  
Whom for the theft I wedded, stole these children
Upon my banishment: I moved her to 't,
Having received the punishment before,
For that which I did then: beaten for loyalty
Excited me to treason: their dear loss,
The more of you 't was felt, the more it shaped
Unto my end of stealing them. But, gracious sir,
Here are your sons again; and I must lose
Two of the sweetest companions in the world.
The benediction of these covering heavens
Fall on their heads like dew! for they are worthy
To inlay heaven with stars.

Cym.  
Thou weep'st, and speak'st:
The service that you three have done is more
Unlike than this thou told'st. I lost my children:
If these be they, I know not how to wish
A pair of worthier sons.

Bel.  
Be pleased awhile.
This gentleman, whom I call Polydore,
Most worthy prince, as yours, is true Guiderius:
This gentleman, my Cadwal, Arviragus,
Your younger princely son; he, sir, was lapp'd
In a most curious mantle, wrought by the hand
Of his queen mother, which for more probation
I can with ease produce.

Cym.  
Guiderius had
Upon his neck a mole, a sanguine star;
It was a mark of wonder.

Bel.  
Who hath upon him still that natural stamp:
It was wise nature's end in the donation,
To be his evidence now.

Cym.  
O, what, am I
A mother to the birth of three? Ne'er mother
Rejoiced deliverance more. Blest pray you be,
That, after this strange starting from your orbs,
You may reign in them now! O Imogen,
Thou hast lost by this a kingdom.

Imo.  
No, my lord;
I have got two worlds by 't. O my gentle brothers,
Have we thus met? O, never say hereafter
But I am truest speaker: you call'd me brother,
When I was but your sister; I ye brothers,
When ye were so indeed.

Cym.  
Did you e'er meet?
Arv.  
Ay, my good lord.
Guiderius.  
And at first meeting loved;
Cor.  
By the queen's dram she swallow'd.

Cym.  
O rare instinct!
When shall I hear all through? This fierce abridge-
ment
Hath to it circumstantial branches, which
Distinction should be rich in. Where? how lived you?
And when came you to serve our Roman captive?

Imo.  
How parted with your brothers? how first met
them?
Why fled you from the court? and whither? These,
And your three motives to the battle, with
I know not how much more, should be demanded;
And all the other by-dependencies,
From chance to chance; but nor the time nor
Will serve our long interrogatories. See,
[place
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,
To see this gracious season.

Cym.  
All o'erjoy'd,
Save these in bonds: let them be joyful too,
For they shall taste our comfort.

Imo.  
I will yet do you service.

Luc.  
Happy be you!
Cym.  
The forlorn soldier, that so nobly fought,
He would have well become this place, and graced
The thankings of a king.

Post.  
I am, sir,
The soldier that did company these three
In poor be seeming; 't was a fitment for
The purpose I then follow'd. That I was he,
Speak, Ichino: 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!
We'll learn our freeness of a son-in-law;
Pardon 's the word to all.

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

Post.  
Your servant, princes. Good my lord of
Rome,
Call forth your soothsayer: as I slept, metthought
Great Jupiter, upon his eagle back'd,
Appeard to me, with other spirtly shows
Of mine own kindred: when I waked, I found
This label on my bosom; whose containing
Is so from sense in hardnes, that I can
Make no collection of it: let him show
His skil 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
dealt many years, shall after revive, be jointed to
the old stock, and freshly grow; then shall Post-
humus 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 virtu-
ous daughter,
Which we call 'mollis aer;' and ' mollis aer'

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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.

This hath some seeming.

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.

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.

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

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 'l 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 Personae.

Antiochus, King of Antioch.
Pericles, Prince of Tyre.
Helicanus, two lords of Tyre.
Escaneas, Simonides, King of Pentapolis.
Cleon, Governor of Tarsus.
Lysimachus, Governor of Mytilene.
Cerimon, a lord of Ephesus.
Thallard, a lord of Antioch.
Philemon, servant to Cerimon.
Leonine, servant to Dionysa.
Boul't, his servant.

The Daughter of Antiochus.
Dionyza, wife to Cleon.
Thaisa, daughter to Simonides.
Marina, daughter to Pericles and Thaisa.
Lychorida, nurse to Marina.
A Bawd.

Lords, Knights, Gentlemen, Sailors, Pirates, Fishermen, and Messengers.

Diana.

Gower, as Chorus.

Scene—Dispersedly in various countries.

Enter Gower.

Before the palace of Antioch.

To sing a song that old was sung,

From ashes ancient Gower is come;

Assuming man's infirmities,

To glad your ear, and please your eyes.

It hath been sung at festivals,

On ember-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 faire,

Who died and left a female heir,

So buxom, blithe, and full of face,

As heaven had lent her all his grace;

With whom the father liking took,

And her to incest did provoke:

Bad child; worse father! to entice his own

To evil should be done by none:

But custom what they did begin

Was with long use account no sin.

The beauty of this sinful dame

Made many princes thither frame,

To seek her as a 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 judgment of your eye

I give, my cause who best can justify. [Exit.

Scene I.—Antioch. A room in the palace.

Enter Antiochus, Prince Pericles, and followers.

Ant. Young prince of Tyre, you have at large re-
The danger of the task you undertake. [ceived

Per. I have, Antiochus, and, with a soul

Embolden'd with the glory of her praise,

Think death no hazard in this enterprise.

Ant. Bring in our daughter, clothed like a bride,

For the embraces 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 peculiar.

Music. Enter the Daughter of Antiochus.

Per. See where she comes, apparell'd like the spring,

Graces her subjects, and her thoughts the king

Of every virtue gives renown to men!

Her face the book of praises, where is read

Nothing but curious pleasures, as from thence

Sorrow were ever razed, and testy wrath

Could never be her mild companion.

You gods that made me man, and sway in love,

That have inflamed desire in my breast

To taste the fruit of you celestial tree,

Or die in the adventure, be my helps,

As I am son and servant to your will,

To compass such a boundless happiness!

Ant. Prince Pericles,

Per. That would be son to great Antiochus.

Ant. Before thee stands this fair Hesperides,

With golden fruit, but dangerous to be touch'd;

For death-like dragons here affright the hard;

Her face, like heaven, enticeth to view

Her countless glory, which desert must gain;
ACT I.

PERICLES.

And which, without desert, because thine eye
Presumes to reach, all thy whole heap must die.
You see sometimes famous princes, like thyself,
Drawn by report, adventurous by desire. [pale,]
Tell thee, with speechless tongues and semblance
That without covering, save you field of stars,
Here they stand martyrs, slain in Cupid’s wars;
And with dead cheeks advise thee to desist.
For going on death’s net, whom none resist.

Per. Antiochus, I thank thee, who hast taught
My frail mortality to know itself,
And by those fearful objects to prepare
This body, like to them, to what I must;
For death remember’d should be like a mirror,
Who tells us life’s but breath, to trust it error.
I’ll make thee wise, and, as sick men do
Who know the world, see heaven, but, feeling woe,
Gripe not at earthly joys as erst they did;
So I bequeath a happy peace to you
And all good men, as every prince should do;
My riches to the earth from whence they came;
But my unspotted fire of love to you.

[To the daughter of Antiochus.

Thus ready for the way of life or death,
I wait the sharpest blow, Antiochus.

Ant. Scorning advice, read the conclusion, then:
Which read and not expounded, 'tis decreed,
As these before thee thou thyself shalt bleed.

David. If all say’d yet, I am but of profane
Of all say’d yet, I wish thee happiness! [perous!]

Per. Like a bold champion, I assume the lists,
Nor ask advice of any other thought
But faithfulness and courage.

He reads the riddle.

I am no viper, yet I feed
On mother’s flesh which did me breed.
I sought a husband, in which labour
I found that kindness in a father:
He’s father, son, and husband mild;
I mother, wife, and yet his child.
How they may be, and yet in two,
As you will live, resolve it you.

Sharpest physic is the last: but, O you powers
That give heaven countless eyes to view men’s acts,
Why cloud they not their sights perpetually,
If this be true, which makes me pale to read it?
Fair glass of light, I loved you, and could still,
Hold as such a trust as that of the Princess.

Were not this glorious casket stored with ill?
But I must tell you, now my thoughts revolv;
For he’s no man on whom perfections wait
That, knowing sin within, will touch the gate.
You are a fair viol, and your sense the strings;
Who, finger’d to make man his lawful music,
Would draw heaven down, and all the gods, to
But being play’d upon before your time, [hearren;
Hell only dancest 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 to the rest, as all’s expired:
Either expound now, or receive your sentence.

Per. Great king,
Few love to hear the sins they love to act;
’T would 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 bought thus dear,
The breath is gone, and the sore eyes see clear:
To stop the air would hurt them. The blind mole
Copp’d hills towards heaven, to tell the earth is
By man’s oppression; and the poor worm doth die
for ‘t.

Kings are earth’s gods; in vice their law ’s their will;
And if Jove stray, who dares say Jove doth ill?
It is enough you know; and it is fit,
What being more known grows worse to smother it.
All love the wond 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 gaze 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 beft our honour and your worth.

[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
Then were it certain you were not so bad
As with foul incest to abuse your soul;
Where now you’re both a father and a son,
By your untimely clasping with your child,
Which pleasure fits an husband, not a father;
And she an eater of her mother’s flesh;
By the defiling of her parent’s bed;
And both like serpents are, who though they feed
On sweetest flowers, yet they poison breed.
Antioch, farewell! for wisdom sees, those men
Blush not in actions blacker than the night;
Will shun no course to keep them from the light.
One sin, I know, another doth provoke;
Murder’s as near to lust as flame to smoke;
Poison and treason are the hands of sin,
Ay, and the targets, to put off the shame;
Then, lest my life be cropp’d to keep you clear.
By flight I ’ll shun the danger which I fear. [Exit.

Re-enter Antiochus.

Ant. He hath found the meaning, for which we
To have his head. [mean

He must not live to trumpet forth my infancy,
Nor tell the world Antiochus doth sin
In such a hold as that of the Princess.
And therefore instantly this prince must die;
For by his fall my honour must keep high.
Who attends us there?

Enter Thaliard.

Thal. Doth your highness call?

Ant. Thaliard,
You are of our chamber, and our mind partakes
Her private actions to your secrecy;
And for your faithfulness we will advance you;
Thaliard, behold, here’s poison, and here’s gold;
We hate 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,
’T is done.

Ant. Enough.

Enter a Messenger.

Let your breath cool yourself, telling thy 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, thou never return
Unless thou say ‘Prince Pericles is dead.’

Thal. My lord,
If I can get him within my pistol’s length, [mess.
I’ll make him sure enough; so, farewell to your high-

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PERICLES.

SCENE II.—Tyre. A room in the palace.

Enter Pericles.

Per. [To Lords without] Let none disturb us.—

Why should this change of thoughts,

Till Pericles be dead,

My heart can lend no succour to my head. [Exit.]

SCENE III.—Tyre. An ante-chamber in the palace.

Enter Thalaid.

Thal. So this is Tyre, and this the court. Here must I kill King Pericles; and if I do it not, I am sure to be hanged at home: ’tis dangerous. Well, I perceive he was a wise fellow, and had good discretion, that, being bid to ask what he would of the 805
king, desired he might know none of his secrets:
now do I see he had some reason for 't; for if a king
bid a man be a villain, he's bound by the indenture
of his oath to be one. Hush! here come the lords of
Tyre.

Enter Helicanus and Escanes, with other Lords
of Tyre.

Hel. You shall not need, my fellow peers of Tyre,
Further to question me of your king's departure:
His seal'd commission, left in trust with me,
Doth speak sufficiently he's gone to travel.
Thal. [Aside] How! the king gone!
Hel. I 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 welcome.

Thal. From him I come
With message unto princely Pericles;
But since my landing I have understood
Your lord has betook himself to unknown travels,
My message must return from whence it came.
Hel. We have no reason to desire it,
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 Tharsus, with Dionyzia,
and others.

Cleon. My Dionyzia, shall we rest us here,
And by relating tales of others' griefs,
See if 't will teach us to forget our own?

Dio. That were to blow at fire in hope to quench it;
For who digs hills because they do aspire
Throws down one mountain to cast up a higher.
O my distressed lord, even such our griefs are;
Here they're but felt, and seen with mischief's eyes,
But like to groves, being topp'd, they higher rise.

Cleon. O Dionyzia,
Who wanteth food, and will not say he wants it,
Or can conceal his hunger till he famish?
Our tongues and sorrows do sound deep
Our woes into the air; our eyes do weep,
Till tongues fetch breath that may proclaim them louder;
That, if heaven slumber while their creatures want,
They may awake their helps to comfort them.
I'll then discourse our woes, felt several years,
And wanting breath to speak help me with tears.

Dio. I'll do my best, sir.

Cleon. This Tarsus, o'er which I have the government,
A city whom plenty held full hand,
For riches strew'd herself even in the streets;
Whose towers bore heads so high they kiss'd the clouds,
And strangers ne'er beheld but wonder'd at;
Whose men and dames so jetted and adorn'd,
Like one another's glass to trim them by:
Their tables were stored full, to glad the sight,
And not so much to feed on as delight;
All poverty was scorn'd, and pride so great,
The name of help grew odious to repeat.


Cleon. But see what heaven can do! By this our changing
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 some 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.

Cleon. O, let those cities that of plenty's cup
And her properties so largely taste,
With their superfluous riots, hear these tears!
The misery of Tarsus may be theirs.

[Exeunt.

Lord. Where's the lord governor?

Cleon. Here.

Lord. Speak out thy sorrows which thou bring'st in haste,
For comfort is too far for us to expect.

Lord. We have descried, upon our neighbouring shore,
A portly sail of ships make netherward.

Cleon. I thought as much.

Lord. 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.

Cleon. Thou speak'st like him's untutor'd to repeat:
Who makes the fairest show means most deceit.
But bring they what they will and what they can,
What need we fear?
The ground's the lowest, and we are half way there.
Go tell their general we attend him here,
To know for what he comes, and whence he comes,
And what he craves.

Lord. I go, my lord.

[Exit.

Enter Pericles with Attendants.

Pericles. Lord governor, for so we hear you are,
Let not our ships and number of our men
Be like a beacon 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.
ACT II.

PERICLES.

PER. Arise, I pray you, rise:
We do not look for reverence, but for love,
And harblourge for ourse, our ships, and men.
CHL. The which when any shall not gratify,
Or pay you with unthankfulness in thought,
Be it our wives, our children, or ourselves,
The curse of heaven and men succeed their evils!
Till when,—the which I hope shall ne'er be seen,—
Your grace is welcome to our town and us.
PER. Which welcome we'll accept; feast here awhile,
Until our stars that frown lend us a smile. [Exeunt.

ACT II.

Enter Gower.

GOW. Here have you seen a mighty king
His child, I wis, to incest bring;
A better prince and benign lord,
That will prove awful both in deed and word.
Be quiet then as 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 mission,
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 shews the letter to
Cleon; gives it the Messenger a reward, and knits 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 fulfill his prince's desire,
Sends word of all that hap in Tyre;
How Thallard came full bent with sin
And had intent to murder him;
And that in Tarsus was not best
Longer for him to make his rest.
He, doing so, put forth to seas,
Where when men been, there's seldom ease;
For now the wind begins to blow;
Thunder above and deeps below
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 perish of man, of pelf,
Ne ought 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, wct.

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 breathe
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 strest 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 our-

selfes.
Third Fish. Nay, master, said not I as much
when I saw the porpus how he bounced and tumbled?
they say they're half fish, half flesh: a
plague on them, they ne'er come but I look to be
washed. Master, I marvel how the fishes live in
the sea.
First Fish. Why, as men do a-land; the great
ones eat up the little ones: I can compare our rich
misters 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 't the land, who never leave gap-
ing till they 've swallowed the whole parish, church,
steepie, bells, and all.
Third Fish. But, master, if I had been the sex-
ton, 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, steepie,
church, and parish, up again. But if the good
King Simonides were of my mind,—
PER. [Aside] Simonides!—
Third Fish. We would purge the land of these
drones, that rob the bee of her honey.
PER. [Aside] How from the finny subject of the
These fishers tell the infirmities of men; [sea
And from their watery empire collect
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, search 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 practis'd it.
Sec. Fish. Nay, then thou wilt starve, sure:
for here's nothing to be got now-a-days, unless thou
canst fish for 't.
Pericles. Exeunt.

Scene II.

**First Fish.** Die quoth-a? Now gods forbid! I have a gown here; come, put it on; keep thee warm till I call another, a handsome fellow! Come, thou shalt go home, and we'll have flesh for holidays, fish for fastings, and more occasion to celebrate with joy, 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 too, and so I shall 'scape whipping.

**Per.** Why, are all your beggars whipped, then?

**Sec. Fish.** O, not all, my friend, not all; for if all your beggars were whipped, I would wish no better fate for any of your subjects. Here, hold my gown; for if at the bottom of the But, master, I'll go draw up the net.

[Exeunt with Third Fisherman.

**Per.** [Aside] How well this honest mirth becomes their labour!

**First Fish.** Hark you, sir, do you know where ye are?

**Per.** Not well.

**First Fish.** Why, I'll tell you: this is called Pentapolis, and our king the good Simonides.

**Per.** The good King Simonides, do you call him?

**First Fish.** Ay, sir; and he deserves so to be called for his peaceable reign and good government.

**Per.** He is a happy king, since he gains from his subjects the name of good by his government. How far is his court distant from this shore?

**First Fish.** Marry, sir, half a day's journey: and I'll tell you, he hath a fair daughter, and to-morrow is her 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.

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! bote on 't, 'tis come at last, and 't is turned to a rusty armour.

**Per.** An armour, friends! I pray you, let me see it.

Thanks, fortune, yet, that, after all my crosses, Thou givest me somewhat to repair myself; And though it was mine own, part of my heritage, Which my dead father did bequeath to me, With this strict charge, even as he left his life, 'Keep it well, for 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 from me; and though they cannot have 't again; I thank thee for 't: my shipwreck now's no ill, Since I have here my father's gift in 's will.

**First Fish.** 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, he loved me dearly, And for his sake I wish the having of it; And that you 'd guide me to your sovereign's court, Where with it I may appear a gentleman; And if that ever my low fortune's better, I'll pay your bounties: till then rest your debtor.

**First Fish.** Why, wilt thou tourney for the lady? **Per.** I'll show the virtue I have borne in arms.

**First Fish.** Why, do 'e take it, and the gods give thee good on 't!

**Sec. Fish.** Ay, but hark you, my friend; 't was that we made up this garment through the rough seams of the waters: there are certain condolements, certain vaunts; I hope, sir, if you thrive, you'll remember from whence you had it.

**Per.** Believe 't, I will. By your furtherance I am clothed in steel; And, spite of all the rapture of the sea, This jewel holds his building on my arm: Unto thy value I will mount myself.

Upon a course, 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 device.

**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, Prince, Lords, etc.

Enter Simonides, Thaisa, Lords, and Attendants.

**Sim.** Are the knights ready to begin the triumph?

**First Lord.** They are, my liege; And stay your coming to present yourselves, 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.

[Exeunt a Lord.

**That.** It pleaseth you, my royal father; to express My commendations great, whose merit's less. **Sim.** It's fit it should be so; for princes are A model, which heaven makes like to itself: As jewels lose their glory if neglected, So princes their renown if not respected. 'T is now your honour, daughter, to explain The labour of each knight in his device. [form. 

**That.** 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?

**That.** A knight of Sparta, my renowned father; And the device he bears upon his shield Is a black Ethiope reaching at the sun, The word, 'Lux tua vita mili.'

**Sim.** He loves you well that holds his life of you. [The Second Knight passes over. 

Who is the second that presents himself?

**That.** A knight of Macedon, my 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, 'Plu por dulzura que por fuerza.'

[The Third Knight passes over.

**Sim.** And what's this third?

**That.** The third of Antioch, And his device, a wreath of chivalry; The word, 'Me Pompe provehit apex.' [The Fourth Knight passes over.

**Sim.** What is the fourth?

**That.** A burning torch that's turned upside down; The word, 'Dolit flagit, machina.'

**Sim.** Which shows that beauty hath his power and Which can as well inflame as it can kill. [will, [The Fifth Knight passes over.
PERICLES.

That. The fifth, an hand environed with clouds, Holding out gold that's by the touchstone tried; The motto thus, 'Sic spectanda fides.'

Sim. And what's that? The sixth and last, the which the knight himself With such a graceful courtesy deliver'd? [rust.]

Sim. But his present is A wither'd branch, that 's only green at top; The motto, ' In haeque vivo.'

Sim. A pretty moral; From the destitute 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 practised more the whistle than the lance. Sec. Lord. He well may be a stranger, for he comes To an honour'd triumph strangely furnished. [rust.]

Third Lord. And on set purpose let his armour Untill 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, We're more than you expect, or more than 's fit, Since every worth in show commends itself. Prepare for mirth, for mirth becomes a feast: You are princes and my guests.

That. But you, my knight and guest; To whom this wreath of victory I give, And crown you king of this day's happiness. Per. 'T is more by fortune, lady, than by merit. Sim. Call it by what you will, the day is yours; And here, I hope, is none that envies it. In framing an artist, art hath thus decreed, To make some good, but others to exceed; And you are her labour'd scholar. Come, queen o' the gallery, 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 For he who hates honour hates the gods above. [love; Marshal. Sim. Sir, yonder is your place. Per. Sim. Some other is more fit. First Knight. Contend not, sir; for we are gentle- That neither in our hearts nor outward eyes [men Envy the great nor do the low despise. Per. You are right courteous knights, Sim. Per. By Jove, I wonder, that is king of thoughts, These cates resist me, she but thought upon. That. By Juno, that is queen of marriage, All viands that I eat do seem unsavoury, [man. Wishing him my meat. Sure, he's a gallant gentle- Sim. He's but a country gentleman; Has done no more than other knights have done; Has broken a staff or so; so let it pass. That. To me he seems like diamond to glass. Per. You king's to me like to my father's picture, Which tells me in that glory once he was; Had princes sit, like stars, about his throne, And he the sun, for them to reverence; None that beheld him, but, like lesser lights, Did vail their crowns to his supremacy: Where now his son's like a glow-worm in the night, The which hath fire in darkness, none in light: Whereby I see that Time's the king of men, He's both their parent, and he is their grave, And gives them what he will, not what they crave, Sim. What, are you merry knights? Knights. Who can be other in this royal presence? Sim. Here, with a cup that's stored unto the brim,— As you do love, fill to your mistress' lips,— We drink this health to you. Knights. We thank your grace.

That. What is it To me, my father?

Sim. O, attend, my daughter: Princes in this should live like gods above, Who freely give to every one that comes To honour them; And princes not doing so are like to gnats, Which make a sound, but kill'd are wonder'd at. Therefore to make his entrance more sweet, Here, say we drink this standing-bowl of wine to him. That. 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. That. [Aside] Now, by the gods, he could not please me better. [of him, Sim. And furthermore tell him, we desire to know Of whence he is, his name and parentage. That. The king my father, sir, has drunk to you. Per. I thank him. That. Wishing it so much blood unto your life, Per. I thank both him and you, and pledge him freely. That. And further he desires to know of you, Of whence 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 seft of ships and men, And after shipwreck driven upon this shore. That. He thanks your grace; names himself A gentleman of Tyre, [Pericles, Who only by misfortune of the seas Bereft of ships and men, cast on this shore. Sim. Now, by the gods, I pity his misfortune, And will awake him from his melancholy. Come, gentlemen, we sit too long on trifles, And waste the time, which looks for other revels. Even in your armourns, as you are address'd, Will very well become a soldier's dance. I will not have excuse, with saying this Loud music is too harsh for ladies' heads, Since they love men in arms as well as beds. [The Knights dance.

That. So, this was well ask'd, 't was so well perform'd. Come, sir; Here is a lady that wants breathing too: And I have heard, you knights of Tyre Are excellent in making ladies trip; And that their measures are as excellent. [Lord. Per. In those that practise them they are, my Sim. O, that's as much as you would be denied Of your fair courtesy.

[The Knights dance. Unclap, unclasp:

Thanks, gentlemen, to all; all have done well.

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ACT II. PERICLES. 

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.

Hel. Then you love us, we you, and we'll clasp hands:

When peers thus knit, a kingdom ever stands.

[Exeunt.]

Enter Pericles.

Per. All fortune to the good Simonides!

Sim. To you as much, sir! I am beholding to you
For your sweet music this last night: I do
Protest my ears were never better fed
With such delightful pleasing harmony.

Per. It is your grace's pleasure to 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 look to it.

Per. I am unworthy for her schoolmaster.

Sim. She thinks not so; peruse this writing else.

Per. [Aside] What's here?

A letter, that she loves the knight of Tyre!
'Tis the king's subtlety to have my life,
O, seek not to entrap me, gracious lord,
A stranger and distressed gentleman,
That never aim'd so high to love your daughter,
But bent all offices to honour her.

Sim. Thou hast bewitch'd my daughter, and thou
A villain. 

[art 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. Who, mistress, at your preceptary? [Aside] I am glad on't with all my heart. — I'll tame you; I'll bring you in subjection. Will you, not having my consent, Bestow your love and your affections Upon a stranger? [Aside] who, for aught I know, May be, nor can I think the contrary, As great in blood as I myself. — Therefore hear you, mistress; either frame Your will to mine, and you, sir, hear you, Either be ruled by me, or I will make you — Man and wife. Nay, come, your hands and lips must seal it too: And being join'd, I'll thus your hopes destroy; And for a further grief, — God give you joy! — What, are you both pleased? Tha. Yes, if you love me, sir. Per. Even as my life, or blood that fosters it. Sim. What, are you both agreed? Both. Yes, if it please your majesty. Sim. It pleaseth me so well, that I will see you wed; And then with what haste you can get you to bed. [Exeunt.

**ACT III.**

**Enter Gower.**

**Gow.** Now sleep slaked hath the rout; No din but snores the house about, Made louder by o'er-fed breast Of this most pompous marriage-feast. The cat, with eyne of burning coal, Now coughs fore the mouse's hole; And crickets sing at the oven's mouth, E'er the blither for their drouth. Hymen hath brought the bride to bed, Where, by the loss of maidenhead, A babe is moulded. Be attend, And time that is so briefly spent With your fine fancies quaintly eche: What 's dumb in show I'll plain with speech.

**Dumb Show.**

**Enter, Pericles and Simonides, 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 darn and painful perch Of Pericles the careful search, By the four opposing coigns Which the world together joins, Is made with all due diligence That horse and sail and high expense Can stead the quest. At last from Tyre, Fame answering the most strange inquiry, To the court of king Simonides Are letters brought, they tell us these: Antiochus and his daughter dead; The men of Tyrus on the head Of Helicanus would set on The crown of Tyre, but he will none: The mutiny he thinks hastes t' oppress; Says to 'em, if King Pericles Come not home in twice six moons, He, obedient to their dooms, Will take the crown. The sum of this, Brought hither to Pentapolis, X-ravished the regions round, And every voice with claps can sound, 'Our heir-apparent is a king! Who dream'd, who thought of such a thing? Brief, he must hence depart to Tyre: His queen with child makes her desire —

Which who shall cross? — along to go: Omit we all their dole and woe: Lychorida, her nurse, she takes, And so to sea. Their vessel shakes On Neptune's billow; half the flood Hath their keel cut: but fortune's mood Varies again; the grisly north Disorges some 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 nil relate, action may Conveniently the rest convey; Which might not what by me is told. In your imagination bold This stage the ship, upon whose deck The sea-tost Pericles appears to speak. [Exit.

**SCENE I.**

**Enter Pericles, on shipboard.**

Per. Thou god of this great vast, rebuke these surges, [hast Which wash both heaven and hell; and thou, that Upon the winds command, bind them in brass, Having call'd them from the deep! O, still Thy deafening, dreadful thunders; gently quench Thy rime, sulphurous flashes! O, how, Lychorida, How does my queen? Thou stormest venomously; Wilt thou spit all thyself? The seaman's whistle Is as a whisper in the ears of death, Unheard. Lychorida! — Lucina, O Divinest patience, and mildwife gentle To those that cry by night, convey thy deity Aboard our dancing boat; make swift the pangs Of my queen's travails!

**Enter Lychorida, with an Infant.**

Now, Lychorida! Lyc. Here is a thing too young for such a place, Who, if it had conceit, would die, as I Am like to do: take in your arms this piece Of your dead queen. Per. How, how, Lychorida! Lyc. Patience, good sir; do not assist the storm. Here's all that's left 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,

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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 rudellest 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 heal 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 bulks there! Thou wilt not
With thee, thou fool, and split thyself.
Sec. Sail.  But sea-room, an the brine and cloudy
bellow kiss the moon, I care not.

First Sail.  Sir, your queen must overboard:
the sea works high, the wind is loud, and will not
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.  Perchance 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 coffin: lay the babe
Upon the pillow: hie thee, whilsts I say
A priestly farewell to her: suddenly, woman.

[Exit Lychorida.  
Sec. Sail.  Sir, we have a chest beneath the
hatches, caulked and bitumen ready.  [this]
Per.  I thank thee.  Mariner, say what coast is
Sec. Sail.  We are near Tarsus.
Per.  Thither, gentle mariner,
[it?  
Alter thy course for Tyre.  When canst thou reach
Sec. Sail.  By break of day, if the wind cease.
Per.  O, make for Tarsus!
There will I visit Cleon, for the babe
Cannot hold out to Tyrus: there I’ll leave it
At careful nursing.  Go thy ways, good mariner:
I’ll bring the body presently.  

[Exeunt.  

SCENE II.—Ephesus.  A room in Cerimon’s house.  

Enter Cerimon, with a Servant, and some Persons
who have been shipwrecked.  

Cer.  Philemon, ho!  

Enter Philemon.  

Phil.  Doth my lord call?
Cer.  Get fire and meat for these poor men:
’T has been a turbulent and stormy night.  [this,
Serv.  I have been in many; but such a night as
Till now, I ne’er endured.

Cer.  Your master will be dead ere you return;
There’s nothing can be minister’d to nature
That can recover him.  [To Philemon] Give this to the
‘pothecary,
And tell me how it works.  [Exeunt all but Cerimon.  

Enter two Gentlemen.  

First Gent.  Good morrow.
Sec. Gent.  Good morrow to your lordship.
Cer.  Gentlemen, Why do you stir so early?
First Gent.  Sir, Our lodgings, standing bleak upon the sea,
Shook as the earth did quake;
The very principals did seem to rend,
And all-to topple: pure surprise and fear
Made me to quit the house.  

[early;  
Sec. Gent. That is the cause we trouble you so
’T is not our husbandry.
Cer.  First Gent. But I much marvel that your lordship,
Shake off the golden slumber of repose.
’T is most strange.
Nature should be so conversant with pain,
Being thereto not compell’d.
Cer.  I hold it ever;
Virtue and cunning were endowments greater
Than nobleness and riches: careless heirs
May the two latter darken and expend;
But immortality attends the former,
Making a man a god.  ’T is known, I ever
Have studied physic, through which secret art,
By turning o’er authorities, I have,
Together with my practice, made familiar
To me and to my aid the best infusions
That dwell in vegetals, in metals, stones;
And I can speak of the disturbances [give me
That nature works, and of her cures; which doth
A more content in course of true delight.
Than to be thirsty after tottering honour,
Or tie my treasure up in silken bags,
To please the fool and death.
Sec. Gent. Your honour has through Ephesus
pour’d forth
Your charity, and hundreds call themselves
Your creatures, who by you have been restored;
And 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 now
Did the sea toss upon our shore this chest:
’T is of some wreck.
Cer.  Set ’t down; let ’s look upon ’t.
Sec. Gent.  ’T is like a coffin, sir.
Cer.  Whate’er it be,
’T is wondrous heavy.  Wrench it open straight:
If the sea’s stomach be o’ercharged with gold,
’T is a good constraint of fortune it belches upon us.
Sec. Gent.  ’T is so, my lord.
Cer.  How close ’tis can’tailk’d and bitumen!
Did the sea cast it up?
First Serv.  I never saw so huge a billow, sir,
As toss’d it upon shore.  Wrench it open;
Cer.  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 curse!
First Gent.  Most strange! [treasured
Cer.  Shrouded in cloth of state! balm’d and en-
ACT III.

PERICLES.

SCENE IV.

With full bags of spices! A passport too! Apollo, perfect me in the characters! [Reads from a scroll.

Here I give to understand,
If 'er this coffin drive a-land,
I, King Pericles, have lost
This queen, worth all our mundane cost.
Who finds her, give her burying;
She was the daughter of a king:
Besides this treasure for a fee,
The gods require his charity!

If thou livest, Pericles, thou hast a heart
That even cracks for woe! This chance'd to-night.
Sec. Gent. Most likely, sir.

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'erpressed spirits. I heard of an Egyptian
That had nine hours lien dead,
Who was by good appliance recovered.

Re-enter a Servant, with boxes, napkins, and fire.

Well said, well said; the fire and cloths.
The rough and woeful music that we have,
Cause it to sound, beseech you.
The viol once more: how thou stiller'st, thou block!
The music there!—1 pray you, give her air.

Gentlemen,
This queen will live: nature awakes; a warmth
Breathes out of her; she hath not been entranced
Above five hours: see how she gins to blow
Into life's flower again!

First Gent. The heavens,
Through you, increase our wonder and set up
Your fame for ever.

Cer. She is alive; behold,
Her eyelids, cases to those heavenly jewels
Which Pericles hath lost,
Begin to part their fringes of bright gold;
The diamonds of a most praised water
Do appear, to make the world twice rich. Live,
And make us weep to hear your fate, fair creature,
Rare as you seem to be. [She moves.

Thais. 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!
Lend me your hands; to the next chamber bear her.
Get linen: now this matter must be look'd to,
For her relapse is mortal. Come, come;
And Esculapius guide us!

[Execut, carrying her away.

SCENE III.—Tarsus. A room in Cleon's house.

Enter Pericles, Cleon, Dionyzza, and Lychorida with Marina in her arms.

Per. Most honour'd Cleon, I must needs be gone;
My twelve months are expired, and Tyrus stands
In a litigious peace. You, and your lady,
Take from my heart all thankfulness! The gods
Make up the rest upon you!

Cle. Your shafts of fortune, though they hurt you mortally,
Yet glance full wanderingly on us.
Dion. O your sweet queen!
That the strict fates had pleased you had brought
her hither,
To have your blessings mine eyes with her!

Per. We cannot but obey
The powers above us. Could I rage and roar
As doth the sea she lies in, yet the end
Must be as 'tis. My gentle babe Marina, whom,
For she was born at sea, I have named so, here
I charge your charity withal, leaving her
The infant of your care; beseeching you
To give her princely training, that she may be
Manner'd as she is born.

Cle. Fear not, my lord, but think
Your grace, that fed my country with your corn,
For which the people's prayers still fall upon you,
Must in your child be thought on. If neglect
Should 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 'tis,
Without your vows. Till she be married, madam,
By bright Diana, whom we honour, all
Uncissar'd shall this hair of mine remain,
Though I show ill in 't. So I take my leave.
Good madam, make me blessed in your care
In bringing up my child.

Dion. I have one myself,
Who shall not be more dear to my respect
Than yours, my lord.

Per. Madam, my thanks and prayers,
Cle. We'll bring your grace e'en to the edge o' the
shore,
Then give you up to the mask'd Neptune and
The gentlest winds of heaven.

Per. I will embrace
Your offer. Come, dearest madam. O, no tears,
Lychorida, no tears:
Look to your little mistress, on whose grace
You may depend hereafter. Come, my lord. [Execut.

SCENE IV.—Ephesus. A room in Cerimon's house.

Enter Cerimon and Thaisa.

Cer. Madam, this letter, and some certain jewels,
Lay with you in your coffer: which are now
At your command. Know you the character?
Thais. It is my lord's.
That I was shipy'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.

Thais. My recompense is thanks, that's all;
Yet my good will is great, though the gift small.

[Execut.
ACT IV.

Enter Gower.

Gow. Imagine Pericles arrived at Tyre, Welcomed and settled to his own desire, His woeful queen we leave at Ephesus, Unto Diana there a votaress. Now to Marina bend your mind, Whom our fast-growing scene must find At Tarsus, and by Cleon train'd In music, letters; who hath gain'd Of education all the grace, Which makes her both the heart and place Of general wonder. But, ake, That monster envy, off the wrack Of earned praise, Marina's life Seeks to take off by treason's knife. And in this kind hath our Cleon One daughter, and a wench full grown, Even ripe for marriage-rite; this maid Might yield to her mistress any more Than Philetten and it is said For certain in our story, she Would ever with Marina be: Be't when she weaved the slided silk With fingers long, small, white as milk; Or when she would with sharp needle wound The cambic, which she made more sound By labring it: or when to the lute She sung, and made the night-bird mate, That still records with strain; or when She would with rich and constant pen Vail to her mist, Dian; still This Philetten contends in skill With absolute Marina: so With the dove of Paphos might the crow Vie feathers white. Marina gets All praises, which are paid as debts, And not as given. This so darks In Philetten all graceful marks, That Cleon's wife, with envy rare, A present murderer does prepare For good Marina, that her daughter Might stand peerless by this slaughter. The sooner her vile thoughts to stead, Lychorida, our nurse, is dead: And cursed Dionyza hath The pregnant instrument of wrath Prest for this blow. The unborn event I do commend to your content: Only I carry winged time Post on the lame feet of my rhyme; Which never could I so convey, Unless your thoughts went on my way. Dionyza does appear, With Leonine, a murderer. [Exit.

SCENE I.—Tarsus. An open place near the seashore.

Enter Dionyza and Leonine.

Dion. Thy oath remember; thou hast sworn to do 't: 'Tis but a blow, which never shall be known. Thou canst not do a thing in the world so soon, To yield thee so much profit. Let not conscience, Which hath old Marina's love! thy bosom, Inflame too nicely; nor let pity, which Even women have cast off, melt thee, but be A soldier to thy purpose.

Leon. I will do 't; but yet she is a goodly creature.

Dion. The fitter, then, the gods should have her. Here she comes weeping for her only mistresse's death. Thou art resolved? 

Leon. I am resolved.

Enter Marina, with a basket of flowers.

Mar. No, I will rob Telus of her weed, To strew thy green with flowers: the yellows, blues, The purple violets, and marigolds, Shall as a carpet hang upon thy grave, While summer-days do last. Ay me! poor maid, Born in a tempest, when my mother died, This world to me is like a lasting storm, Whirring me from my friends.

Dion. How now, Marina! why do you keep alone? How chance my daughter is not with you? Do not Consume your blood with sorrowing: you have A nurse of me. Lord, how your favour 's changed With this unprofitable woe! Come, give me your flowers, ere the sea mar it. Walk with Leonine; the air is quick there, And it pierces and 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 regard the breadth of his great voyage; Blame both my lord and me, that we have taken No care to your best courses. Go, I pray you, Walk, and be cheerful once again; reserve That excellent complexion, which did steal The eyes of young and old. Care not for me; I can go home alone.

Mar. Well, I will go; But yet I have no desire to it. 

Dion. Come, come, I know 't is good for you. Walk half an hour, Leonine, at the least; Remember what I have said.

Leon. I warrant you, madam. 

Dion. I 'll leave you, my sweet lady, for a while: Pray, walk softly, do not heat your blood: What! I must have a care of you. 

Mar. My thanks, sweet madam, [Exit Dionyza.]

Is this wind westerly that blows? 

Leon. South-west. 

Mar. When I was born, the wind was north. 

Leon. Was 't so? 

Mar. My father, as nurse said, did never fear, But cried 'Good seamen!' to the sailors, galling His kingly hands, halting 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 whistles, and The master calls, and trebles their confusion. 

Leon. Come, say your prayers. 

Mar. What mean you? 

Leon. If you require a little space for prayer, I grant it: pray; but be not tedious, For the gods are quick of ear, and I am sworn To do my work with haste. 

Mar. Why will you kill me? 

Leon. To satisfy my lady. 

Mar. Why would she have me kill'd? 

Now, as I can remember, by my troth, I never did her hurt in all my life: I never spake bad word, nor did ill turn To any living creature: believe me, la,
I never kill’d a mouse, nor hurt a fly:
I trod upon a worm against my will,
But I wept for it. How have I offended,
Wherein my death might yield her any profit,
Or my life imply her any danger?
Leon. My commission
Is not to reason of the deed, but do it.
Mar. You will not do’t for all the world, I hope.
You are well favour’d, and your looks foreshow
You have a gentle heart. I saw you lately,
When you caught hurt in parting two that fought:
Good sooth, it show’d well in you: do so now:
Your lady seeks my life; come you between,
And save poor me, the weaker.
Leon. I am sworn,
And will dispatch.
[He seizes her.]

Enter Pirates.

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.
[Execut Pirates with Marina.]

Re-enter Leonine.

Leon. These roguing thieves serve the great pirate
Valdes; And they have seized Marina. Let her go: [dead,
There’s no hope she will return. I’ll swear she’s And through into the sea. But I’ll see further:
Perhaps they will but please themselves upon her,
Not carry her aboard. If she remain,
Whom they have ravish’d must by me be slain.
[Exit.]

SCENE II.—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 mart by being too wenchless.

Bawd. We were never so much out of creatures. We have but poor three, and they can do no more than they can do; and they with continual action are even as good as rotten.

Pand. Therefore let’s have fresh ones, whate’er we pay for them. If there be not a conscience to be used in every trade, we shall never prosper.

Bawd. Thou sayest true: ’tis not our bringing up of poor bastards,—as, I think, I have brought up some eleven—

Boult. Ay, to eleven; and brought them down again. But shall I search the market?

Bawd. What else, man? The stuff we have, a strong wind will blow it to pieces, they are so pitifully sodden.

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, ’t were 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?

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

Bawd. Boult, has she any qualities? [earnest.

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?

Pand. I cannot be bated one doit of a thousand

Bawd. 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.
[Execut Pandar and Pirates.

Bawd. Boult, take you the marks of her, the colour of her hair, complexion, height, age, with warrant of her virginity; and cry ‘He that will give most shall have her first.’ Such a maidenhead 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 me For to seek my mother!

Bawd. Why lament you, pretty one?

Mar. That I am pretty.

Bawd. Come, the gods have done their part in

Mar. I accuse them not.

Bawd. You are light into my hands, where you are like to live.

Mar. The more my fault To scepe his hands where I was like to die.

Bawd. Ay, and you shall live in pleasure.

Mar. No.

Bawd. Yes, indeed shall you, and taste gentlemen of all fashions: you shall fare well; you shall have the difference of all complexion. What! do you stop your ears?

Mar. Are you a woman?

Bawd. What would you have me be, an I be not a woman?

Mar. An honest woman, or not a woman.

Bawd. Marry, whip thee, goosing: I think I shall have something to do with you. Come, you’re a young foolish sapling, and must be bowered 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 I’ the hams?

Bawd. Who, Monsieur Veroles?

Boult. Ay, he: he offered to cut a caper at the

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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 suffer it. I know he will come in our shadow to scatter his coffins in the sun.

*Boul.* 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 fortune 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.

*Boul.* O, take her home, mistress, take her home: these blusses of hers must be quenched with some present practice.

*Bawd.* Thou sayest true, I? faith, so they must: for your bride goes to that with shame which is her way to go with warrant.

*Boul.* 'Faith, some do, and some do not. But, mistress, if I have bargained for the joint,—

*Bawd.* Thou mayst cut a morsel off the spit.

*Boul.* I may so.

*Bawd.* Who should deny it? Come, young one, I like the manner of your garments well. [yet,

*Boul.* Ay, by my faith, they shall not be changed! *Bawd.* But I spend there that in the town; report what a soljourner we have; you'11 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.

*Boul.* 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'11 bring home some to-night.

*Bawd.* Come your ways; follow me.

*Mar.* If fires be hot, knives sharp, or waters deep, Untied I still my virgin knot will keep.

*Diana, aid my purpose!*

*Bawd.* What have we to do with Diana? Pray you, will you go with us? [Exeunt.

**SCENE III.—Tarsus. A room in Cleon's house.**

*Enter Cleon and Dionyza.*

*Dion.* Why, are you foolish? Can it be undone?

*Cleon.* O Dionyza, such a piece of slaughter

The sun and moon ne'er look'd upon!

*I think You'11 turn a child again.

*Cleon.* Were I chief lord of all this spacious world, I'd give it to undo the deed. O lady, Much less in blood than virtue, yet a princess To equal any single crown o' the earth I the justice of compare! O villain Leonine! Whom thou hast poison'd too;

If thou hast drunk to him, 't had been a kindness Becoming well thy fact: what canst thou say When noble Pericles shall demand his child? *Dion.* That she is dead. Nurses are not the fates, To foster it, nor ever to preserve.

She died at night: I'll say so. Who can cross it? Unless you play the pious innocent, And for an honest attribute cry out 'She died by foul play.'

*Cleon.* 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 wrecks 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.

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 distain my child, and stood between Her and her fortunes: none would look on her, But cast their gazes on Marina's face;

Whilst ours was blessed 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.

*Cleon.* Heavens forgive it!

*Dion.* And as for Pericles,

What should he say? We wept after her hearse,

And yet we mourn: her monument

Is almost finish'd, and her epitaphs In glittering golden characters express A general praise to her, and care in us At whose expense 'tis done.

*Cleon.* 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 superstition

Doth swear to the gods that winter kill's the flies:

But yet I know you 'll do as I advise. [Exeunt.

**SCENE IV.**

*Enter Gower, before the Monument of Marina at Tarsus.*

*Gower.* Thus time we waste, and longest leagues make short;

Sail seas in cockles, have an wish but for 't;

Making, to take your imagination,

From bourn to bourn, region to region.

By you being pardon'd, we commit no crime

To use one language in each several clime

Where our scenes seem to live. I do beseech you

To learn of me, who stand I the gaps to teach you,

The stages of our story. Pericles

Is now again thwarting the wayward seas,

Awaited on by many a lord and knight,

To see his daughter, all his life's delight.

Old Esopus, whom Helicanus late

Advanced in time to great and high estate,

Is left to govern. Bear you it in mind,

Old Helicanus goes along behind. [brought

Well-sailing ships and bounteous winds have

This king to Tarsus,—think his pilot thought;

So with his steerage shall your thoughts grow on,—

To fetch his daughter home, who first is gone.

Like 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; whereas Pericles makes lamentation, puts on sackcloth, and in a mighty passion departs. Then exeunt Cleon and Dionyza.*

See how belief may suffer by foul show!

This borrow'd passion stands for true old woe;

And Pericles, in all his deviser's, shower'd,

With sighs shot through, and biggest tears o'er.

Leaves Tarsus and again embarks. He swears

Never to wash his face, nor cut his hairs:

He puts on sackcloth, and to sea. He bears

A tempest, which his mortal vessel tears,

And yet he rides it out. Now please you wit

The epitaph is for Marina writ

By wicked Dionyza.

[Reads the inscription on Marina's monument.]
ACT IV.

PERICLES.

SCENE VI.

PERICLES. That dignifies the renown of a bawd, no less than it gives a good report to a number to be chaste.

Exeunt Bawd.

PERICLES. Here comes that which grows to the stalk; never plucked yet, I can assure you.

Re-enter Bawd with Marina.

Is she not a fair creature?

LYS. ‘ Faith, she would serve after a long voyage at sea. Well, there’s for you: leave us.

BAWD. I beseech your honour, give me leave: a word, and I’ll have done presently.

LYS. I beseech you, do.

BAWD. [To Marina] First, I would have you note, this is an honourable man. [note him.

MAR. I desire to find him so, that I may worthily carry him. Next, he’s the governor of this country, and a man whom I am bound to.

MAR. If he govern the country, you are bound to him indeed; but how honourable he is in that, I know not.

BAWD. Pray you, without any more virginal fencing, will you use him kindly? He will line your apron with gold.

MAR. What he will do graciously, I will thank.

LYS. Ha! you done? [fully receive.

BAWD. My lord, she’s not paced yet: you must take some pains to work her to your manage. Come, we will leave him without her; the hang it.

Exeunt Bawd, Pandar, and Boult.

LYS. Now, pretty one, how long have you been at this trade?

MAR. What trade, sir?

LYS. Why, I cannot name ‘t but I shall offend. MAR. I cannot be offended with my trade. Please you to name it.

LYS. How long have you been of this profession?

MAR. E’er since I can remember.

LYS. Did you go to ‘t so young? Were you a gamester at five or at seven?

MAR. Earlier too, sir, if now I be one.

LYS. Why, the house you dwell in proclaims you to be a creature of sale.

MAR. Do you know this house to be a place of such resort, and will come into ‘t? I hear say you are of honourable parts, and are the governor of this place.

LYS. Why, hath your principal made known unto you who I am?

MAR. Who is my principal?

LYS. Why, your herb-woman; she that sets seeds and roots of shame and iniquity. O, you have heard something of my power, and so stand aloof for more serious woeing. But I protest to thee, pretty one, my authority shall not see thee, or else look friendly upon thee. Come, bring me to some private place: come, come.

MAR. If you were born to honour, show it now; If put upon you, make the judgment good That thought you worthy of it.

LYS. How’s this? how’s this? Some more; be MAR. For me, [sage.

You a maid, though most ungentle fortune Have placed me in this sty, where, since I came, Diseases have been sold dearer than physic, O, that the gods Would set me free from this unhallow’d place, Though they did change me to the meanest bird That flies i’ the purer air! I did not think Thou couldst have spoke so well; ne’er dream’d thou couldst.

HAD. I brought him a corrupted mind, Thy speech had alter’d it. Hold, here’s gold for Persever in that clear way thou goest, [thee: And the gods strengthen thee!

MAR. The good gods preserve you!
ACT V.

PERICLES.

ACT V.

PERICLES.

Scene I.

Enter Gower.

Gow. Marina thus the brothel-scrapes, and chances Into an honest house, our story says. She sings like one immortal, and she dances As goddess-like to her admired lays; Deep clerks she dumbs; and with her needle composes Nature’s own shape, of bud, bird, branch, or berry, That even her art sisters the natural roses; Her ink with twin with the rubbed cherry: That pupil 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 favour hies.

In your supposing once more put your sight Of heavy Pericles; think this his bark: Where what is done in action, more, if might, Shall be discover’d; please you, sit and hark. [Exit.

Scene I.—On board Pericles’ 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.

Lys. For me, be you thoughten That I came with no ill intent; for to me The very doors and windows savour vilely. Fare thee well. Thou art a piece of virtue, and I doubt not but thy training hath been noble. Hold, here’s more gold for thee. A curse upon him, die he like a thief. That robs thee of thy goodness! If thou dost Hear from me, it shall be for thy good.

Re-enter Boult.

Boult. I beseech your honour, one piece for me. Lys. Avaunt, thou damned door-keeper! Your house, but for this virgin that dost prop it, Would sink and overwhelm you. Away! [Exit.

Boult. How’s this? We must take another course with you. If your peevish chastity, which is not worth a breakfast in the cheapest country under the cope, shall undo a whole household, let me be gilded like a spaniel. Come your ways.

Mar. Whither would you have me?

Boult. I must have your maidenhead taken off, or the common hangman shall execute it. Come your ways. We’ll have no more gentlemen driven away. Come your ways, I say.

Re-enter Bawd.

Bawd. How now! what’s the matter?

Boult. Worse and worse, mistress; she has here spoken holy words to the Lord Lysimachus.

Bawd. O abominable!

Boult. She makes our profession as it were to stink afore the face of the gods.

Bawd. Marry, hang her up for ever!

Boult. The nobleman would have dealt with her like a nobleman, and she sent him away as cold as a snowball: saying his prayers too.

Bawd. Boult, take her away; use her at thy pleasure: crack the glass of her virginity, and make the rest malleable.

Boult. An if she were a thornier piece of ground than she is, she shall be ploughed.

Mar. Hark, hark, you gods!

Bawd. She conjures: away with her! Would she had never come within my doors! Marry, hang you! She’s born to undo us. Will you not go the way of women-kind? Marry, come up, my dish of chastity with rosemary and bays! [Exit.

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. Prithee, tell me one thing first.

Boult. Come now, your one thing.

Mar. What e’er thou wish shone enemy to be?

Boult. Why, I could wish him to be my master, or rather, my mistress.

Mar. Neither of these are so bad as thou art, Since they do better thee in their command. Thou hold’st a place, for which the pained’st fiend Of hell would not in reputation change: Thou art the damned doorkeeper to every Coisrel that comes inquiring for his Tibr; To the choleric fistng of every rogue Thy ear is liable; thy food is such As hath been belch’d on by infected lungs.

Boult. What would you have me do? go to the wars, would you? where a man may serve seven years for the loss of a leg, and have not money enough in the end to buy him a wooden one?

Mar. Do any thing but this thou doest. Empty Old receptacles, or common shores, of filth; Serve by indenture to the common hangman: Any of these ways are yet better than this: For what thou professest, a baboon, could he speak, Would own a name too dear. O, that the gods Would safely deliver me from this place!

Here, here’s gold for thee. If that thy master would gain by me, Proclaim that I can sing, weave, sew, and dance, With other virtues, which I’ll keep from boast; And I will undertake all these to teach. I doubt not but this populous city will Yield many scholars.

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.
PERICLES.

ACT V. SCENE I.

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 thence, Lysimachus and Lords; with the Gentlemen and the two Sailors.

Tyr. Said, Sir,
This is the man that can, in aught you would,
Resolve you.
Lys. Hall, 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 berefore.
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 prologue his grief.
Lys. Upon what ground is his distemper?
Hel. "Tis too great a task to repeat;
But the grief springs from the loss of
A beloved daughter and a wife.
Lys. May we not see him?
Hel. You may;
But bootless is your sight: he will not speak
To any.
Lys. Yet let me obtain my wish.
Hel. Behold him. [Pericles discovered.] This was a goodly person,
Till the disaster that, one mortal night,
Drove him to this.
Lys. Sir king, all hail! the gods preserve you!
Hail, royal sir!
Hel. It is in vain; he will not speak to you.

First Lord. Sir,
We have a maid in Mytilene, I durst wager,
Would win some words of him.
Lys. 'Tis well bethought.
She questionless with her sweet harmony
And other chosen attractions, would allure,
And make a battery through his deaf'den 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 barge of Lysimachus.

Hel. Sure, all's effectless; yet nothing we'll omit
That bears recovery's name. But, since your kind-
We have stretch'd thus far, let us beseech you [narr
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 catariller,
And so affict our province. Yet once more
Let me entreat to know at large the cause
Of your king's sorrow.
Hel. Sit, sir, I will recount it to you:
But, see, I am prevented.

Re-enter, from the barge, Lord, with Marina, and a young Lady.

Lys. O, here is
The lady that I sent for. Welcome, fair one!
Is't not a goodly presence?
PERICLES.

ACT V. SCENE I.

Mar. Some such thing
I said, and said no more but what my thoughts
Did warrant me was likely.

Per. Tell thy story;
If thine consider’d prove the thousandth part
Of my endurance, thou art a man, and I
Have suffer’d like a girl; yet thou dost look
Like no king’s gravels, and smiling
Extremity out of act. What were thy friends?
How lost thou them? Thy name, my most kind
virgin?

Recount, I do beseech thee; come, sit by me.

Mar. My name is Marina.

Per. O, I am mock’d,
And thou by some incensed god sent hither
To make the world to laugh at me.

Mar. Patience, good sir,
Or here I’ll cease.

Per. Nay, I’ll be patient.
Thou little know’st how thou dost startle me,
To call thyself Marina.

Mar. The name
Was given me by one that had some power,
My father, and a king.

Per. And call’d Marina?
And call’d Marina? You said you would believe me;
But, not to be a trouble of your peace,
I will end here.

Per. But are you flesh and blood?
Have you a working pulse? and are no fairy?
Motion! Well; speak on. Where were you born?
And wherefore call’d Marina?

Mar. Call’d Marina,
For I was born at sea.

Per. At sea! what mother?

Mar. My mother was the daughter of a king;
Who died the minute I was born,
As my good nurse Lychorida hath oft
Deliver’d weeping.

Per. O, stop there a little!

[Aside] This is the rarest dream that e’er dull sleep
Did mock sad fools withal: this cannot be:
My daughter’s buried. Well: where were you bred?
I’ll hear you more, to the bottom of your story,
And never interrupt you. [give o’er.

Mar. You scorn: believe me, ’twere best I did
Per. I will believe you by the syllable
Of what you shall deliver. Yet, give me leave:
How came you in these parts? where were you bred?

Mar. The king my father did in Tarsus leave me;
Till cruel Cleon, with his wicked wife,
Did seek to murder me: and having woo’d
A villain to attempt it, who having drawn to do ’t,
A crew of pirates came and rescued me;
Brought me to Mytilene. But, good sir,
Whither will you have me? Why do you weep?
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 thismaid is, or what is like to be,
That thus hath made me weep?

Hel. I know not; but
Here is the regent, sir, of Mytilene
Speaks nobly of her.

Lys. She would never tell
Her parentage; being demanded that,
She would sit still and weep.

Per. O Helicanus, strike me, honour’d sir;
Give me a gash, put me to present pain;
Let this great sea of joys rushing upon me
O’erbear the shores of my mortality,
SCENE III.

—Enter Gover, before the temple of Diana at Ephesus.

Gove. Now our sands are almost run; More, a little more, and then dumb. This, my last boon, give me, For such kindness must relieve me, That you aptly will suppose What pageantry, what feats, what shows, What minstrelsy, and pretty din, The regent made in Mytilene To greet the king. So he thrive, That he is promised to be wedded To fair Marina; but in no wise Till he had done his sacrifice, As Dian bade: whereto being bound, The interim, pray you, all confound, In feather'd briefness sails are fill'd, And wishes fall out as they 're will'd. At Ephesus, the temple see, Our king and all his company. That he can hitter come so soon, Is by your fancy's thankful doom.

[Exeunt.]

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 childhood she die, 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.

Thaisa. Voice and favour! You are, you are — O royal Pericles! [Paints. Per. What means the nun? she dies! help, gen. Cer. Noble sir, [Act.] 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. 'Tis most certain. Per. Look to the lady; O, she's but o'erriday'd. Early in bustlering morn this lady was Thrown upon this shore. I ope the coffin, Found there rich jewels; recover'd her, and placed Her in Diana's temple. [her Cer. May we see them? Cer. Great sir, they shall be brought you to my Whither I invite you. Look, Thaisa is [house, Recovered.

Thaisa. O, let me look! If he be none of mine, my sanctity Will to my sense bend no licentious ear, But curb it, spite of seeing. O, my lord, Are you not Pericles? Like him you spake, Like him you are: did you not name a tempes, A birth, and death? Per. That. That Thaisa am I, supposed dead And drown'd. Per. Immortal Dian! That. 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.

Per. Look, who kneels here! Flesh of thy flesh, Thy burden at the sea, and call'd Marina, (Thaisa; For she was yielded there. That. Blest, and mine own! Hel. Hall, madam, and my queen! That. I know you not. Per. You have heard me say, when I did fly from I left behind an ancient substitute: [Tyre, Can you remember what I call'd the man? I have named him off. That. *T was Helicanus then. Per. Still confirmation: Embrace him, dear Thaisa; this is he. Now do I long to hear how you were found; How possibly preserved; and who to thank, Besides the gods, for this great miracle. That. Lord Cerimon, my lord; this man, Through whom the gods have shown their power; From first to last resolve you. [that can Per. Reverend sir, The gods can have no mortal officer More like a god than you. Will you deliver How this dead queen re-lives? Cer. I will, my lord. 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. [sir, That. Lord Cerimon hath letters of good credit, My father's dead. (my queen, Per. Heavens make a star of him! Yet there, We'll celebrate their nuptials, and ourselves Will in that kingdom spend our following days: Our son and daughter shall in Tyrus reign. Lord Cerimon, we do our longing stay To hear the rest untold: sir, lead's the way. [Exeunt. Enter Gover.

Gove. In Antiochus and his daughter you have heard Of monstrous lust the due and just reward: In Pericles, his queen and daughter, seen, Although assail'd with fortune fierce and keen, Virtue preserved from fell destruction's blast, Led on by heaven, and crown'd with joy at last: In Helicanus may you well descry A figure of truth, of faith, of loyalty: In reverend Cerimon there well appears The worth that learned charity aye wears: For wicked Cleon and his wife, when fame Had spread their cursed deed, and honour'd name Of Pericles, to rage the city turn, That him and his they in his palace burn; The gods for much sought such content To punish them; although not done, but meant. So, on your patience evermore attending, New joy wait on you! Here our play has ending
VENUS AND ADONIS.

'Vilia minaret vulgus; nihil flaurus Apollo
Pocus Castalia plena ministret aqua.'

TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE HENRY Wriothesly,
EARL OF SOUTHAMPTON, AND BARON OF TICHFIELD.

Right Honourable,

I know not how I shall offend in dedicating my unpolished lines to your lordship, nor how the world will censure me for choosing so strong a prop to support so weak a burden: only, if your honour seem but pleased, I account myself highly praised, and vow to take advantage of all idle hours, till I have honoured you with some graver labour. But if the first heir of my invention prove deformed, I shall be sorry it had so noble a god-father, and never after ear so barren a hand, 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-thought Venus makes amain unto him,
And like a bold-faced suitor 'gins to woo him:

'Thrice-fairer than myself,' thus she began,
'The field's chief flower, sweet above compare,
Stain to all nymphs, more lovely than a man,
More white and red than doves or roses are;
Nature that made thee, with herself at strife,
Saith that the world hath ending with thy life.

'Vouchsafe, thou wonder, to alight thy steed,
And rein his proud head to the saddle-bow;
If thou wilt deign this favour, for thy need
A thousand honey secrets shalt thou know:
Here come and sit, where never serpent kisses,
And being set, I'll smother thee with kisses;

'And yet not clown thy lips with loathed satiety,
But rather famish them amid their plenty,
Making them red and pale with fresh variety,
Ten kisses short as one, one long as twenty:
A summer's day will seem an hour but short,
Being wasted in such time-begulling 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 coursers rein,
Under her other was the tender boy,
Who blush'd and pouted in a dull disdain,
With leaden appetite, unapt to toy;
She red and hot as coals of glowing fire,
He red for shame, but frosty in desire.

The studded bridle on a ragged bough
Nimbly she fastens:—O, how quick is love!—
The steed is stalled up, and even now
To tie the rider she begins to prove:
Backward she push'd him, as she would 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 Brown,
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;
Saith she is immost, blames her 'miss;
What follows more she murders with a kiss.

Even as an empty eagle, sharp by fast,
Tires with her beak on feathers, flesh and bone,
Shaking her wings, devouring all in haste,
Till either gorge be stuff'd or prey be gone;
Even so she kissed his brow, his cheek, his chin,
And where she ends she doth anew begin.

 Forced to content, but never to obey,
Panting he lies and breatheth in her face;
She feedeth on the steam as on a prey,
And calls it heavenly moisture, air of grace;
Wishing her cheeks were gardens full of flowers,
So they were dew'd with such distilling showers.

Look, how a bird lies tangled in a net,
So fasten'd in her arms Adonis lies;
Pure shame and aved resistance made him fret,
Which bred more beauty in his angry eyes:
Rain added to a river that is rank
Perforce will force it overflow the bank.

Still she entreats, and prettily entreats,
For to a pretty ear she tunes her tale;
Still is he sullen, still he lours and frets,
'Twixt crimson shame and anger ashy-pale;
Being red, she loves him best; and being white,
Her best is better'd with a more delight.

Look how he can, she cannot choose but love;
And by her fair immortal hand she swears,
From his soft bosom never to remove,
Till he take truce with her contending tears,
Which long have rain'd, making her cheeks all wet;
And one sweet kiss shall pay this countless debt.
Venus and Adonis.

Upon this promise did he raise his chin,  
Like a dive-dapper peering through a wave,  
Who, being look’d on, ducks as quickly in;  
So offers he to give what she did crave;  
But when her lips were ready for his pay,  
He winks, and turns his lips another way.

Never did passenger in summer’s heat  
More thirst for drink than she for this good turn.  
Her help she sees, but help she cannot get;  
She bathes in water, yet her fire must burn:  
‘O, pity,’ says she, ‘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,  
Who conquers where he comes in every jar;  
Yet hath he been my captive and my slave,  
And begg’d for that which thou unask’d shalt have.

Over my altars hath he hung his lance,  
His battler’s shied, his uncontrolled crest,  
And for my sake hath learn’d to sport and dance,  
To toy, to wanton, daily, smile and jest,  
Scoring his churlish drum and ensign red,  
Making my arms his field, his tent my bed.

Thus he that overruled I oversway’d,  
Leading him prisoner in a red-rose chain:  
Strong-temper’d steel his stronger strength obey’d,  
Yet was he servile to my coy disdain.  
O, be not proud, nor brag not of thy might,  
For mastering her that foil’d the god of fight!

Touch but my lips with those fair lips of thine,—  
Though mine be not so fair, yet are they red —  
The kiss shall be thine own as well as mine.  
But seest thou in the ground? bold up thy head:  
Look in mine eye-balls, there thy beauty lies;  
Then why not lips on lips, since eyes in eyes?

Art thou ashamed to kiss? then wink again,  
And I will wink; so shall the day seem night;  
Love keeps his revels where there are but twain;  
Be bold to play, our sport is not in sight:  
These blue-vein’d violets whereon we lean  
Never can blab, nor know not what we mean.

The tender spring upon thy tempting lip  
Shows these unripe; yet mayst thou well be tasted:  
Make use of time, let not advantage slip;  
Beauty within itself should not be wasted:  
Fair flowers that are not gather’d in their prime  
Rot and consume themselves in little time.

Were I hard-favour’d, foul, or wrinkled-old,  
Ill-nurtur’d, crooked, churlish, harsh in voice,  
O’er-worn, despised, rheumatic and cold,  
Thick-sighted, barren, lean and lacking juice,  
Then mightst thou pause, for then I was not for thee;  
But having no defects, why dost abhor me?

Thou canst not see one wrinkle in my brow;  
Mine eyes are gray and bright and quick in turning;  
My beauty as the spring doth yearly grow,  
My flesh is soft and plump, my marrow burning;  
My smooth moist hand, were it with thy hand felt,  
Would in thy palm dissolve, or seem to melt.

Bid me discourse, I will enchant thine ear,  
Or, like a fairy, trip upon the green,  
Or, like a nymph, with long dishelli’d hair,  
Dance on the sands, and yet no footing seen:  
Love is a spirit all compact of fire,  
Not gross to sink, but light, and will aspire.

Witness this primrose bank whereon I lie;  
These forceless flowers like sturdly trees support me;  
Two strengthless doves will draw me through thy skies,  
From morn till night, even where I list to sport me;  
Is love so light, sweet boy, and may it be  
That thou shouldst think it heavy unto thee?

Is thine own heart to thine own face affected?  
Can thy right hand seize love upon thy left?  
Then woo thyself, be of thyself rejected,  
Steal thine own freedom and complain on theft.  
Narcissus so himself himself forsook,  
And died to kiss his shadow in the brook.

Torches are made to light, jewels to wear,  
Dauntles to taste, fresh beauty for the use,  
Herbs for their smell, and sappy plants to bear:  
Things growing to themselves are growth’s abuse;  
Seeds spring from seeds and beauty breedeth beauty;  
Thou wast begot; to get it is thy duty.

Upon the earth’s increase why shouldst thou feed,  
Unless the earth with thy increase be fed?  
By law of nature thou art bound to breed.  
Thou ne’er made love when thou thyself art dead;  
And so, in spite of death, thou dost survive,  
In that thy likeness still is left alive.’

By this the love-sick queen began to sweat,  
For where they lay the shadow had forsook them,  
And Titan, tired in the mid-day heat.  
With burning eye did hastily overlook them;  
Wishing Adonis had his team to guide,  
So he were like him and by Venus’ side.

And now Adonis, with a lazy spright,  
And with a heavy, dark, disliking eye,  
And a rebel heart, and in a fit of sight,  
Like misty vapours when they blot the sky,  
Souring his cheeks cries ‘Fie, no more of love!  
The sun doth burn my face; I must remove.’

‘Ay me,’ quoth Venus, ‘young, and so unkind?  
What bare excuses makest thou to be gone!  
I’ll sigh celestial breath, whose gentle wind  
Shall cool the heat of this descending sun:  
I’ll make a shadow for thee of my hairs;  
If they burn too, I’ll quench them with my tears.

The sun that shines from heaven shines but warm,  
And, lo, I lie between that sun and thee:  
The heat I have from thence doth little harm,  
Thine eye darts forth the fire that burneth me;  
And were I not immortal, life were done  
Between this heavenly and earthly sun.

Art thou obdurate, flinty, hard as steel,  
Nay, more than flint, for stone at rain 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 contemn me this?  
Or what great danger dwells upon my suit?  
What were thy lips the worse for one poor kiss?  
Speak, fair; but speak fair words, or else be mute:  
Give me one kiss, I’ll give it thee again,  
And one for interest, if thou wilt have twain.

‘Fie, lifeless picture, cold and senseless stone,  
Well-painted idol, image dull and dead,  
Statue contenting but the eye alone.  
Thing like a man, but of no woman bred!  
Thou art no man, though of a man’s complexion,  
For men will kiss even by their own direction.’
This said, impatience chokes her pleading tongue,  
And swelling passion doth provoke a pause;  
Red cheeks and fiery eyes blaze forth her wrong;  
Being judge in love, she cannot right her cause:  
And now she weeps, and now she fain would speak,  
And now her sobs do her intentions break.

Sometimes she shakes her head and then his hand,  
Now gazeth she on him, now on the ground;  
Sometimes her arms infold him like a band:  
She would, he will not in her arms be bound;  
And when from thence he struggles to be gone,  
She locks her lily fingers one in one.

'Fondling,' she saith, 'since I have hemm'd thee here
Within the circuit of this ivory pale,
I'll be a park, and thou shalt be my deer;
Feed where thou wilt, on mountain or in dale:
Graze on my lips; and if those hills be dry,
Stray lower, where the pleasant fountains lie.'

'Within this limit is relief enough,
Sweet bottom-grass and high delightful plain,
Round rising hillocks, brakes obscure and rough,
To shelter thee from tempest and from rain:
Then be my deer, since I am such a park;
No dog shall rouse thee, though a thousand bark.'

At this Adonis smiles as in disdain,
That in each cheek appears a pretty dimple;
Love made those hollows, if himself were slain,
He might be buried in a tomb so simple;
Foreknowing well, if there he came to lie,
Why, there Love lived and there he could not die.

These lovely caves, these round enchanting pits,
Open'd their mouths to swallow Venus' liking,
Being mad before, how doth she now for wits?
Struck dead at first, what needs a second striking?
Poor queen of love, in thine own law forlorn,
To love a cheek that smiles at thee in scorn!

Now which way shall she turn? what shall she say?
Her words are done, her woes the more increasing;
The time is spent, her object will away,
And from her twining arms doth urge releasing.
'Pity,' she cries, 'some favour, some remorse!'
Away he springs and hasted to his horse.

But, lo, from forth a cope that neighbours by,
A breeding jennet, lusty, young and proud,
Adonis' trampling courser doth encourage,
And forth she rushes, snorts and neighs aloud:
The strong-neck'd steed, being tied unto a tree,
Breaketh his rein, and to her straight goes he.

Imperiously he leaps, he neighs, he bounds,
And now his woven girths he breaks asunder;
The bearing earth with his hard hoof he wounds,
Whose hollow womb resounds like heaven's thunder;
The iron bit he crusheth 'tween his teeth,
Controlling what he was controlled with.

His ears up-prick'd: his braided hanging mane
Upon his compass'd crest now stand on end;
His nostrils drink the air, and forth again,
As from a furnace, vapours doth he send:
His eye, which scornfully glisters like fire,
Shows his hot courage and his high desire.

Sometime he trots, as if he told the steps,
With gentle majesty and modest pride;
Anon he rears upright, curvets and leaps,
As who should say 'Lo, thus my strength is tried,
And this I do to captivate the eye
Of the fair breeder that is standing by.'

What recketh he his rider's angry stir,
His flatter ing 'Holla,' or his 'Stand, I say?'
What cares he now for curb or pricking spur?
For rich caparisons or trapping gay?
He sees his love, and nothing else he sees,
For nothing else with his proud sight agrees.

Look, when a painter would surpass the life,
In limning out a well-proportion'd steed,
His art with nature's workmanship at strife,
As if the dead the living should exceed;
So did this horse excel a common one
In shape, in courage, colour, pace and bone.

Round-hoof'd, short-jointed, feltocks shag and long,
Broad breast, full eye, small head and nostril wide,
High crest, short ears, straight legs and passing strong,
This 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.

Sometimes he scuds far off and there he stares;
Anon he starts at stirring of a feather;
To bid the wind a base he now prepares,
And 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:
Spurns at his love and scorns the heat he feels,
Beating his kind embraces with her heels.

Then, like a melancholy malcontent,
He veils his tail that, like a falling plume,
Cloak 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 nature's ring, swiftly to take him,
With her the horse, and left Adonis there:
As they were mad, unto the wood they hie them,
Out-stripping crows that strive to over-fly them.

All swoln with chafing, down Adonis sits,
Banning his boisterous and unruly beast;
And now the happy season once more fits,
That love-sick Love by pleading may be blest;
For lovers say, the heart hath treble wrong
When it is barr'd the aldiance 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 steal ing to the wayward boy!
To note the fighting conflict of her hue,
How white and red each other did destroy!
But now her cheek was pale, and by and by
It flash'd forth fire, as lightning from the sky.
Venus and Adonis.

Now was she just before him as he sat,
And like a sly lover down she kneels;
With one fair hand she heaveth up his hat,
Her other tender hand his fair cheek feels:
His tender cheek receives her soft hand's print,
As apt as new-fall'n snow takes any dint.

O, what a war of looks was then between them!
Her eyes petitioners to his eyes suing;
His eyes saw her eyes as they had not seen them;
Her eyes woo'd still, his eyes disdain'd the wooing:
And all this dumb play had his acts made plain
With tears, which, chorus-like, her eyes did rain.

Full gently now she takes him by the hand,
A silly prison'd in a gaul 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 not weil 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
O, give it me, lest thy heart do steel it, [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.'

'So 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 leahten rein!
But when he saw his love, his youth's fair fee,
He held such petty bondage in disdain;
Throwing the base thong from his bending crest,
Enfranchising his mouth, his back, his breast.

'Who sees his true-love in her naked bed,
Teaching the sheets a whiter hue than white,
But, when his glutton eye so full hath fed,
His other agents all at once quit him:
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 she, 'nor will not know it,
Unless it be a boar, and then I chase it;
'Tis much to borrow, and I will not owe it;
My love to love is love but to disgrace it;
For I have heard it is a life in death,
That laughs and weeps, and all but with a breath.

'Who wears a garment shapeless and unfinish'd
Who plucks the bud before one leaf put forth?
If springing things be any jot diminish'd,
They wither in their prime, prove nothing worth:
The colt that's back'd and burden'd being young
Loseth his pride and never waxeth strong.

'You hurt my hand with wringing; let us part,
And leave this idle theme, this bootless chat:
Remove thy siege from my unyielding heart;
To love's alarm it will not open but with tery:
Dismiss thy vows, thy feigned tears, thy flat
For where a heart is hard they make no battery.'

'What! canst thou talk?' quoth she, 'hast thou a tongue?
O, would thou hast 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 stillitory of thy face excelling
Comes breath perfumed that breetheth love by smelling.

'But, O, what banquet wert thou to the taste,
Being nurse and feeder of the other four!
Would they not wish the feast might ever last,
And bid Suspicion double-lock the door.
Lest Jealousy, that sour unwelcome guest,
Should, by his stealing in, disturb the feast?'

Once more the ruby-colour'd portal open'd,
Which to his speech did honey passage yield;
Like a red morn, that ever yet betoken'd
Wreck to the seaman, tempest to the land;
Sorrow to shepherds, woe unto the birds,
Gusts and foul flaws to herdmen and to herds.

This ill presage advisedly she marketh:
Even as the wind is hush'd before it raineth,
Or as the wolf doth grin before he barketh,
Or as the berry breaks before it staineth,
Or like the deadly bullet of a gun,
His meaning struck her ere his words begun.

And at his look she faintly 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 sily boy, believing she is dead,
Claps her pale cheek, till clapping makes it red

And all amazed brake off his late intent,
For sharply he did think to reprehend her,
Which cunning love did wittily prevent:
Fair fall the wit that can so well defend her!
For on the grass she lies as she were slain,
Till his breatheth life in her again.

He wrings her nose, he strikes her on the cheeks,
He bends her fingers, holds her pulses hard,
He chafes her lips; a thousand ways he seeks
To mend the hurt that his unkindness marr'd:

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Venus and Adonis.

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 faint sun, when in his fresh array  
He cheers the mourn and all the earth relieved;  
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 would all their shine.  
Were lamps without, and all 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 didest kill me: kill me once again:  
Thy eyes' shred rud tutor, that hard heart of thine,  
Hath taught them scornful tricks and such disdain  
That they have murder'd this poor heart of mine;  
And these mine eyes, true leaders to their queen,  
But for thy piteous lips no more had seen.

'Long may they kiss each other, for this cure!  
O, never let their crimson liveries wear!  
And as they last, their verdure still endure,  
To drive infection from the dangerous year!  
That the star-gazers, having writ on death,  
May say, the plague is banish'd by thy 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?  
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 your unripe years:  
Before I know myself, seek not to know me;  
No fisher but the ungrown fry forbeares:  
The yellow plum doth fall, the green sticks fast,  
Or being early pluck'd is sour to taste.

'Look, the world's comforter, with weary gait,  
His day's hot task hath ended in the west;  
The owl, night's herald, shrieks, 'T is very late;  
The sheep are gone to fold, birds to their nest,  
And coal-black clouds in 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 she 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 disjoint'd, and backward drew  
The heavenly moisture, that sweet coral mouth,  
Whose precious taste her thirsty lips well knew,  
Whereon they surrept, yet complain on drouth:  
He with her plenty press'd, she faint with dearth,  
Their lips together glued, fail 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;  
[high,  
Whose vulture thought doth pitch the price so  
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,  
Or as the fleet-foot roe that's tired with chasing,  
Or like the froward infant still'd with dandling.  
He now obeys, and now no more resisteth,  
While she takes all she can, not all she listeth.

What wax so frozen but dissolves with tempering,  
And yields at last to every light impression?  
Things out of hope are compass'd oft with venturing,  
Chiefly in love, whose leave exceeds commission;  
Affection faints not like a pale-faced coward,  
But then woos best when most his choice is froward.

When he did frown, O, had she then gave over,  
Such nectar from his lips she had not suck'd.  
Foul words and frowns must not repel a lover;  
What though the rose have prickles, yet 'tis pluck'd:  
We 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,  
The which, by Cupid's bow she doth protest,  
He carries thence incaged in his breast.

'Sweet boy,' she says, 'this night I'll waste in sorrow;  
For my sick heart commands mine eyes to watch.  
Tell me, Love's master, shall we meet to-morrow?  
Say, shall we? shall we? wilt thou make the match?  
He tells her, no; to-morrow he intends  
To hunt the boar with certain of his friends.

'The boar!' quoth she; whereat a sudden pale,  
Like lawn being spread upon the blushing rose,  
Usurps her cheek; she trembles at his tale,  
And on his neck her yoking arms she throws;  
She sinketh down, still hanging by his neck,  
He on her belly falls, she on her back.

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 mishaps,  
As those poor birds that helpless berries saw.  
The warm effects which she in him finds missing  
She seeks to kindle with continual kissing.
VENUS AND ADONIS.

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 had'st 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 be whetted still,
Like to a mortal butcher bent to kill.

'On his bow-back he hath a battle set
Of bristly pikes, that ever threat his foes;
His eyes, like glow-worms, shine when he doth fret;
His snout digs sepulchres where'er he goes;
Being moved, he strikes whate'er is in his way,
And whom he strikes his cruel tushes slay.

'His brawny sides, with hairy bristles arm'd,
Are better proof than thy spear's point can enter;
His short thick neck cannot be easily lanced;
Being fierce, on the lion he willventure:
The thorny brambles and embracing bushes,
As fearful of him, part, through whom he rushes.

'Alas, he sought estates that face of thine,
To which Love's eyes pay tributary gazes:
Nor thy soft hands, sweet lips and crystal eyne,
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 sought 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 dest lie,
My boding heart pants, beats, and takes no rest;
But, like an earthquake, shakes thee on my breast.

'For where Love reigns, disturbing Jealousy
Doth call himself Affection's sentinel;
Gives false alarms, suggesteth mutiny,
And in a peaceful hour doth cry "Kill, kill!"
Distempering gentle Love in his desire,
As air and water do abate the fire.

'This sour informer, this bate-breading spy,
This canker that eats up Love's tender spring,
This carry-tale, dissidentious Jealousy,
That sometime true news, sometime false doth bring,
Knocks at my heart and whispers in mine ear
That if I love thee, I thy death should fear:

'And more than so, presenteth to mine eye
The picture of an angry-chasing 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-breathed horse keep with thy hounds.

'And when thou hast on foot the purblind hare,
Mark the poor wretch, to overshoot his troubles;
How he outruns the wind and with what care
He cranks and crosses with a thousand doubles:
The many musets through which he goes
Are like a labyrinth to amaze his foes.

'Sometime he runs among a flock of sheep,
To make the cunning hounds mistake their smell,
And sometime where earth-delving conies keep,
To stop the loud pursuers in their yell,
And sometime sorteth with a herd of deer:
Danger deviseth shifts; wit waits on fear:

'For there his smell with others being mingled,
The hot scent-snuffling 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 alarums he doth hear;
And now his grief may be compared well
To one sore sick that hears the passing-bell.

'Then shalt thou see the dew-bedabbled wretch
Turn, and return, indenting with the way;
Each curious 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:
To make thee hate the hunting of the boar,
Unlike myself thou hast it much amiss,
Applying this to that, and so to so;
For love can comment upon every woe.

'Where did I leave? 'No matter where,' quoth he,
'Leave me, and then the story aptly ends:
The night is spent.' Why, what of that? ' quoth she.

'I am,' quoth he, 'expected of my friends;
And now 'tis dark, and going I shall fall.'
'In night,' quoth she, 'desire sees best of all.

'But if thou fall, O, then imagine this,
The earth, in love with thee, thy footing trips,
And all is but to rob thee of a kiss.
Rich prey's make true men thieves; so do thy lips
Make modest Dian cloudy and forlorn,
Lest she should steal a kiss and die forsworn.

'Now of this dark night I perceive the reason:
Cynthia for shame obscures her silver shine,
Till forging Nature be condemn'd of treason,
For stealing moulds from heaven that were divine.
Wherein she framed thee in high heaven's despite
To shame the sun by day and her by night.

'And therefore hath she bribed the Destinies
To cross the curious workmanship of nature,
To mingle beauty with infirmities,
And pure perfection with impure defeat,
Making it subject to the tyranny
Of mad mischances and much misery;

As burning fevers, agues pale and faint,
Life-poisoning pestilence and frowen wood,
The marrow-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 light brings beauty under:
Both favour, savour, hue and qualities,
Whereat the impartial gazer late did wonder,
Are on the sudden wasted, thaw'd and done,
As mountain-snow melts with the midday sun.

Therefore, despite of fruitless chastity,
Love-lacking vestals and self-loving nuns,
That on the earth would breed a scarcity
And barren deary of daughters and of sons,
Be prodigal: the lamp that burns by night
Dries up his oil to lend the world his light.

What is thy body but a swallowing grave,
Seeming to bury that posterity
Which by the rights of time thou needs must have,
If thou destroy them not in dark obscurity?
If so, the world will hold thee in disdain,
Sith in thy pride so fair a hope is slain.

So in thyself thyself an art made away;
A mischief worse than civil home-bred strife,
Or theirs whose desperate hands themselves do slay,
Or butcher-size that reaves his son of life.
Foul cankering rust the hidden treasure frets,
But gold that's put to more good begets.

Nay, then, quoth Adon, you will fall again
Into your idle over-handled theme:
The kiss I gave you is bestow'd in vain,
And all in vain you strive against the stream;
For, by this black-faced night, desire's foul curse,
Your treatise makes me like you worse and worse.

If love have lent you twenty thousand tongues,
And every tongue more moving than your own,
Bewitching like the wanton mermaid's songs,
Yet from mine ear the tempting tune is blown;
For know, my heart stands armed in mine ear,
And will not let a false sound enter there;

Lest the deceiving harmony should run
Into the quiet closure of my breast;
And then my little heart were quite undone,
In his bedchamber to be bar'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 advice in love,
That lends embracements unto every stranger.
You do it for increase: O strange excuse,
When reason is the bawd to lust's abuse!

Call it not love, for Love to heaven is fled,
Since sweating Lust on earth usurp'd his name;
Under whose simple semblance he hath fed
Upon fresh beauty, blotting it with blame;
Which the hot tyrant stains and soon bereaves,
As caterpillars do the tender leaves.

Love comforteth like sunshine after rain,
But Lust's effect is tempest after sun;
Love's gentle spring doth always fresh remain,
Lust's winter comes ere summer half be done;
Love surfeits not; Lust like a glutton dies;
Love is all truth, Lust full of forged lies.

'More I could tell, but more I dare not say;
The text is old, the orator too green.
Therefore, in sadness, now I will away;
My face is full of shame, my heart of teen:
Mine ears, that to your wanton talk attended,
Do burn themselves for having so offended.'

With this, he breaketh from the sweet embrace,
Of those fair arms which bound him to her breast,
And homeward through the dark laund runs apace,
Leaves Love upon her back deeply distress'd.
Look, how a bright star shooteth from the sky,
So glides he in the night from Venus' eye;

Which after him she darts, as one on shore
Gazing upon a late-embark'd 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 night.

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:
'Ay me!' she cries, and twenty times
'Woe, woe!' and twenty echoes cry so.

She marking them begins a waiting note
And sings extemporally a woeful ditty:
How love makes young men thrall and old men
How love is wise in folly, foolish-witty:
[doe; 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 sport, with their own voice, like the 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,
Sothing the humour of fantastic wits?
She says: 'Tis so; they answer all: 'Tis so;' And would say after her, if she said 'No,'

Lo, here the gentle lark, weary of rest,
From his moist cabinet mounts up on high,
And wakes the morning, from whose silver breast
The sun ariseth in his majesty;
Who doth the world so gloriously behold
That cedar-tops and hills seem burnish'd gold.

Venus salutes him with this fair good-morrow:
'O thou clear god, and patron of all light,
From whose bright lamp and shining star dost borrow
The beauteous influence that makes him bright,
There lives a son that suck'd an earthly mother,
May lend thee light, as thou dost lend to other.'

This said, she hasteth to a myrtle grove,
Musing the morning is so much o'erworn,
VENUS AND ADONIS.

And yet she hears no tidings of her love:
She heartens for his hounds and for his horn:
Anon she hears them chant it lustily,
And all in haste she costeth 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 explain aloud:
Finding their enemy to be so curt;
They all strain courtesy who shall cope him first.

This dismal cry rings sadly in her ear,
Through which it enters to surprise her heart;
Who, overcome by doubt and bloodless fear,
With cold-juce weakness numbs each feeling part:
Like soldiers, when their captain once doth yield,
They basely fly and dare not stay the field.

Thus stands she in a trembling ecstacy;
Till, cheering up her senses all dismay'd,
She tells them 'tis a causeless fantasy,
And childish error, that they are afraid;
Bids them leave quaking, bids them fear no more:—
And with that word she spied the hunted boar,
Whose frothy mouth, bejewelled all with red,
Like milk and blood being mingled both together,
A second fear through her sinews spread,
Which madly hurries she knows not whither:
This way she runs, and now she will no further,
But back retires to rate the boar for mutter.

A thousand spleens bear her a thousand ways;
She treads the path that she untreads again;
Her more than haste is rated with delays,
Like the proceedings of a drunken brain,
Full of respects, yet nought at all respecting;
In hand with all things, nought at all effecting.

Here kennel'd in a brake she finds his bower,
And asks the weary caitiff for his master,
And there another licken of his wound,
'Gainst venom 's dores the only sovereign plaster;
And here she meets another sadly swoweing,
To whom she speaks, and he replies with howling.

When he hath ceased his ill-resounding noise,
Another flap-mouth'd mourner, black and grim,
Against the welkin volleys out his voice;
Another and another answer him,
Clapping their proud tails to the ground below,
Shaking their scratch'd ears, bleeding as they go.

Look, how the world's poor people are amazed
At apparitions, signs and prodigies,
Whereon with fearful eyes they long have gazed,
Infusing them with dreadful prophecies;
So she at these sad signs draws up her breath
And sighing it again, exclaims on Death.

'Hard-favour'd tyrant, ugly, meagre, lean,
Hateful divorce of love,'—thus chides she Death,—

'Grim-grinning ghost, earth's worm, what dost thou mean
To stifle beauty and to steal his breath,
Who when he lived, his breath and beauty set
Gloss on the rose, smell to the violet?

'If he be dead,—O no, it cannot be,
Seeing his beauty, thou shouldst strike at it:—
O yes, it may; thou hast no eyes to see,
But hateful at random dost thou hit.
Thy mark is feeble age, but thy false dart
Mistakes that aim and cleaves an infant's heart.

'Hast thou but bid beware, then he had spoke,
And, hearing him, thy power had lost his power.
The Destinies will curse thee for this stroke;
They bid thee crop a weed, thou pluck'st a flower:
Love's golden arrow at him should have fled,
And not Death's ebon dart, to strike him dead.

'Dost thou drink tears, that thou provokest such weeping?
What may a heavy groan advantage thee?
Why hast thou cast into eternal sleeping
Those eyes that taught all other eyes to see?
Now Nature cares not for thy mortal vigour,
Since her best work is ruin'd with thy rigour.

Here overcome, as one full of despair,
She vail'd her eyelids, who, like sluces, stoop
The crystal tears from her two cheeks fair
In the sweet channel of her bosom dropp't;
But through the flood-gates breaks the silver rain,
And with his strong course opens them again.

O, how her eyes and tears did lend and borrow!
Her eyes seen in the tears, tears in her eye;
Both crystals, where they view'd each other's sorrow,
Sorrow that friendly sights sought still to dry;
But like a stormy day, now wind, now rain,
Signs dry her cheeks, tears make them wet again.

Variable passions through her constant woe,
As striving who should best become her grief;
All entertain'd, each passion labours so,
That every present sorrow seemeth chief,
But none is best: then join they all together,
Like many clouds consulting for foul weather.

By this, far off she hears some huntsman holllo;
A nurse's song ne'er pleased her babe so well:
The dire imagination she did follow
This sound of hope doth labour to expel;
For now reviving joy bids her rejoice,
And flatters her it is Adonis' voice.

Whereat her tears began to turn their tide,
Being prison'd in her eye like pearls in glass;
Yet sometimes falls an orient drop beside,
Which her cheek melts, as scorning it should pass,
To wash the foul face of the sluttish ground,
Who is but drunken when she seemeth drownd.

O hard-believing love, how strange it seems
Not to believe, and yet too credulous!
Thy weal and woe are both of them extremes;
Despair and hope makes thee ridiculous
The one doth flatter thee in thoughts unlikely
In likely thoughts the other kills thee quickly.

Now she unweaves the web that she hath wrought:
Adonis lives, and Death is not to blame;
It was not she that call'd him all-to naught:
Now she adds honours to his hateful name
She clepes him king of graves and grave for kings,
Imperious supreme of all mortal things.
VENUS AND ADONIS.

No, no, 'quoth she, 'sweet Death, I did but jest;
Yet pardon me I felt a kind of fear
When as I met the boar, that bloody beast,
Which knows no pity, but is still severe;
Then, gentle shadow,—truth I must confess,—
I rail'd on thee, fearing my love's decease.

'T is 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 wail his death who lives and must not die
Till mutual sport and sportive sport;
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 and bethinking griefs.'
Even at this word she hears a merry horn,
Whereat she leaps that was but late forlorn.

As falcon to the lure, away she flies;
The grass stoops not, she treads on it so light;
And in her steps the gentle wind rises.
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 her troubled brain;
Who bids them still consort with ugly night,
And never wound the heart with looks again;
Who, like a king perplexed in his throne,
By their suggestion gives a deadly groan,

Whereat each tributary subject quakes;
As when the wind, imprison'd in the ground,
Struggling for passage, earth's foundation shakes,
Which with cold terror doth men's minds confound.
This mutiny each part doth so surprise
That from their dark beds once more leap her eyes;

And, being open'd, threw unwilling light
Upon the wide wound that the boar had trench'd
In his soft flank; whose wond'ring lily white
With purple tears, that his wound wept, was drench'd;
No flower was nigh, no grass, herb, leaf, or weed,
But stole his blood and seem'd with him to bleed.

This solemn sympathy poor Venus noteth;
Over one shoulder doth she hang her head;
Dumbly she passions, franticly she doteth;
She thinks he could not die, he is not dead:
Her voice is stopt, her joints forget to bow;
Her eyes are mad that they have wept till now.

Upon his hurt she looks so steadfastly,
That her sight dazzling makes the wound seem three;
And then she reprehends her mangling eye,
That makes more gashes where no breach should be:
His face seems twain, each several limb is doubled;
For oft the eye mistakes, the brain being troubled.

'My tongue cannot express my grief for one,
And yet,' quoth she, 'behold two Adonis dead!
My sighs are blown away, my salt tears gone,
Mine eyes are turn'd to fire, my heart to lead:
Heavy heart's lead, melt at mine eyes' red fire!
So shall I die by drops of hot desire.

Alas, poor world, what treasure hast thou lost!
What face remains alive that's worth the viewing?
Whose tongue is music now? what causeth 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 hiss you:
But when Adonis lived, sun and sharp air
Lurk'd like two thieves, to rob him of his fair:

And therefore would he put his bonnet on,
Under whose brim the gaudy sun would peep;
The wind would blow it off and, being gone,
Play with his locks: then would Adonis weep;
And straight, in pity of his tender years,
They both would strive who first should dry his tears.

To see his face the lion walk'd along
Behind some hedge, because he would not fear him;
To recreate himself when he hath sung,
The tiger would be tame and gently hear him;
If he had spoke, the wolf would leave his prey
And never fright the silly lamb that day.

When he beheld his shadow in the brook,
The fishes spread on it their golden gills;
When he was by, the birds such pleasure took,
That some would sing, some other in their bills
Would bring him mulberries and ripe-red cherries;
He fed them with his sight, they him with berries.

But this foul, grim, and urchin-snouted boar,
Whose downward eye still looketh for a grave,
Ne'er saw the beauteous livery that he wore;
Witness the entertainment that he gave:
If he did see his face, why then I know
He thought to kiss him, and hath kill'd him so.

'T is true, 't is 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 task in his soft groin.

Had I been tooth'd like him, I must confess,
With kissing him I should have kill'd him first;
But he is dead, and never did he bless
My youth with his; the more am I accurst.
With this, she fellath in the place she stood,
And stalks her face with his concealed blood.

She looks upon his lips, and they are pale;
She takes him by the hand, and that is cold;
She whispers in his ears a heavy tale,
As if they heard the woeful words she told;
She lifts the coffre-lids that close his eyes,
Where, lo, two lamps, burnt out, in darkness lies;
Two glasses, where herself herself beheld
A thousand times, and now no more reflect;
Their virtue lost, wherein they late excel'd,
And every beauty robb'd of his effect:
'Wonder of time,' quoth she, 'this is my spite,
That, thou being dead, the day should yet be light.

'Since thou art dead, lo, here I prophesy:
Sorrow on love hereafter shall attend:
It shall be waited on with jealousy,
Find sweet beginning, but unsavoury end,
Yet settled equally, but high or low,
That all love's pleasure shall not match his woe.

'It shall be fickle, false and full of fraud,
Bud and be blasted in a breathing while;
The bottom poison, and the top estraw'd
With sweets that shall the truest sight beguile:
The strongest body shall it make most weak,
Strike the wise dumb and teach the fool to speak.

'It shall be sparing and too full of riot,
Teaching decrepit age to tread the measures;
The staring ruffian shall it keep in quiet,
Pluck down the rich, enrich the poor with treasures;
It shall be raging mad and silly mild,
Make the young old, the old become a child.

'It shall suspect where is no cause of fear;
It shall not fear where it should most mistrust;
It shall be merciful and too severe,
And most deceiving when it seems most just;
Perverse it shall be where it shows most toward,
Put fear to valour, courage to the coward.

'It shall be cause of war and dire events,
And set dissension 'twixt the son and sire;
Subject and servile to all discontented,
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 reft from her by death:
She crops the stalk; and in the break appears
Green dropping sap, which she compares to tears.

'Poor flower,' quoth she, 'this was thy father's guise—
Sweet issue of a more sweet-smelling sire—
For every little grief to wet his eyes:
To grow unto himself was his desire,
And so 'tis thine; but know, it is as good
To wither in my breast as in his blood.

'Here was thy father's bed, here in my breast;
Thou art the next of blood, and 'tis thy right:
Lo, in this hollow cradle take thy rest,
My throbbing heart shall rock thee day and night:
There shall not be one minute in an hour
Wherein I will not kiss my sweet love's flower.'

Thus weary of the world, away she hies,
And yokes her silver doves; by whose swift aid
Their mistress mounted through the empty skies
In her light chariot is quickly convey'd;
Holding their course to Paphos, where their queen
Means to immure herself and not be seen.
THE RAPE OF LUCRECE.

TO THE
RIGHT HONOURABLE HENRY WROTHESLY,
EARL OF SOUTHERN, 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,

[Signature]

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 retrieving or staying for the people's suffrages, had possessed himself of the kingdom, went, accompanied with his sons and other noblemen of Rome, to besiege Ardea. During which siege the principal men of the army meeting one evening at the tent of Sextus Tarquinius, the king's son, in their discourses after supper every one commended the virtues of his own wife: among whom Collatius extolled the incomparable chastity of his wife 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 Collatius 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 sports. Whereupon the noblemen yielded Collatius the victory, and his wife the fame. At that time Sextus Tarquinius being inflamed with Lucrece's beauty, yet smoothing 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 stealthed into her chamber, violently ravished her, and early in the morning speedeth away. Lucrece, in this lamentable plight, hastily dispatcheth messengers, one to Rome for her father, another to the camp for Collatius. They came, the one accompanied with Junius Brutus, the other with Publius Valerius; and finding Lucrece stired in mourning habit, demanded the cause of her sorrow. She, first taking an oath of them for her revenge, revealed the actor, and whole manner of his dealing, and withal suddenly stabbed herself. Which done, with one consent they all vowed to root out the whole hated family of the Tarquins; and bearing the dead body to Rome, Brutus acquainted the people with the doer and manner of the vile deed, with a bitter invective against the tyranny of the king: wherewith the people were so moved, that with one consent and a general acclamation the Tarquins were all exiled, and the state government changed from kings to consuls.

FROM the besieged Ardea all in post,
Borne by the trustless wings of false desire,
Lust-breathed Tarquin leaves the Roman host,
And to Collatium bears the lightless fire
Which, in pale embers hides the captive sprite
And girdle with embracing flames the waist
Of Collatine's fair love, Lucrece the chaste.

Haply that name of 'chaste' unhappily set
This bateless edge on his keen appetite;
When Collatine unwisely did not let
To praise the clear unmatched red and white
Which triumph'd in that sky of his delight,
Where mortal stars, as bright as heaven's beauties,
With pure aspects did him peculiar duties.

For he the night before, in Tarquin's tent,
Unlock'd the treasure of his happy state;
What priceless wealth the heavens had him lent
In the possession of his beauteous mate;
Reckoned his fortune at such high-prov'd rate,
That kings might be espoused to more fame,
But king nor peer to such a peerless dame.

O happiness enjoy'd but of a few!
And, if possess'd, as soon decay'd and done
As is the morning's silver-melting dew
Against the golden splendour of the sun!
An expired date, cancel'd ere well begun:
Honour and beauty, in the owner's arms,
Are weakly fortress'd from a world of harms.

Beauty itself doth of itself persuade
The eyes of men without an orator;
What needeth then apologies be made,
To set forth that which is so singular?
Or why in Collatine the publisher
Of that rich jewel he should keep unknown
From thievish ears, because it is his own?

Percance his boast of Lucrece's sovereignty
Suggested this proud issue of a king;
For by our ears our hearts oft tainted be:
Percance that envy of so rich a thing,
Braving compare, disdainfully did sting
His high-pitch'd thoughts, that meaner men
Should vaunt
That golden hap which their superiors want.

But some untimely thought did instigate
His all-too-timeless speed, if none of those:
His honour, his affairs, his friends, his state,
Neglected all, with swift intent he goes
To quench the coal which in his liver glows,
O rash false heat, wrapp'd in repentant cold,
Thy hasty spring still blasts, and ne'er grows old!

When at Collatium this false lord arrived,
Well was he welcomed by the Roman dame,
Within whose face beauty and virtue strived
Which of them both should underprop her fame:
When virtue bragg'd, beauty would blush for shame;
When beauty boasted blushes, in despite
Virtue would stain that o'er with silver white.

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But beauty, in that white intuited,
From Venus' doves doth challenge that fair field:
Then virtue claims from beauty's red,
Which virtue gave the golden age to gild
Their silver cheeks, and call'd it then their shield;
Teaching them thus to use it in the fight, [white.
When shame assail'd, the red should fence the
This heraldry in Lucrece's face was seen,
Argued by beauty's red and virtue's white:
Of either's colour was the other queen,
Proving from world's minority their right;
Yet their ambition shames to take a flight;
The sovereignty of either being so great,
That oft they interchange each other's seat.

Their silent war of lilies and of roses,
Which Tarquin view'd in her fair face's field,
In their pure ranks his traitor eye encloses,
Where, lest between them both it should be kill'd,
The coward captive vanquished doth yield
To those two 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,
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 earthy saint, adored by this devil,
Little suspecteth the false worshipper;
For unstain'd thoughts do seldom dream on evil;
Birds never limed no secret bushes fear:
So guiltless she securely gives good cheer
And reverend welcome to her princely guest,
Whose inward ill no outward harm express'd;

For that he colour'd with his high estate,
Hiding base sin in plaits of majesty;
That nothing in him seem'd inordinate,
Save sometime too much wonder of his eye,
Which, having all, all could not satisfy;
But, poorly rich, so wanteth in his store,
That, cloy'd with much, he pineth still for more.

But she, that never coped with stranger eyes,
Could pick no meaning from their parted looks,
Nor read the subtle shiftings of the heart:
Writ in the glassy margents of such books:
She touch'd no unknown baits, nor fear'd no hooks;
Nor could she moralize his wanton sight,
More than his eyes were open'd to the light.

He stories to her ears her husband's fame,
Won in the fields of fruitful Italy;
And deck'd 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 vauht prison stows the Day.

For then is Tarquin brought unto his bed,
Intending weariness with heavy sproight;
For, after supper, long he questioned
With modest Lucrece, and wore out the night:
Now leaden slumber with life's strength doth fight;
And every one to rest themselves betake,
Save thieves, and cares, and troubled minds,
that wake.

As one of which doth Tarquin lie revolving
The sunry day's end of his will's obtaining;
Yet ever to obtain his will resolving.
Though weak-built hopes persuade him to abstaining:
Despair to gain doth traffic oft for gaining;
And when great treasure is the need proposed,
Though death be adjunct, there's no death sup-

Those that much covet are with gain so fond,
For what they have not, that which they possess
They scatter and loose 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 wantage;
And in this aim there is such thwarting strife,
That one for all, or all for one engage;
As life for honour in fell battle's rage;
Honour for wealth; and oft that wealth doth cost
The death of all, and all together lost.

So that in venturing ill we leave to be
The things we are for that which we expect,
And this ambitious foul infirmity,
In having much, torment us with defect
Of that we have; so then we do neglect
The thing we have; and, all for want of wit,
Make something nothing by augmenting it.

Such hazard now must doting Tarquin make,
Pawning his honour to obtain his lust;
And for himself himself he must forsake:
Then where is truth, if there be no self-trust?
When shall he think to find a stranger just,
When he himself himself confounds, betrays
To slanderous tongues and wretched hateful days?

Now stole upon the time the dead of night,
When heavy sleep had closed up mortal eyes:
No comfortable star did lend his light,
No noise but owls' and wolves' death-boding cries;
No serves the season that they may surprise
The silly lambs: pure thoughts are dead and still,
While lust and murder wake to stain and kill.

And now this lustful lord leap'd from his bed,
Throwing his mantle rudely o'er his arm;
Is madly toss'd between desire and dread;
Th' one sweetly flatters, th' other feareth harm;
But honest fear, bewitch'd with lust's foul charm,
Doth too too oft betake him to retire,
Beaten away by brain-sick rude desire.

His falchion on a flint he softly smithe,
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 sorrowfully, he doth despise
His naked armour of still-slaughter'd lust,
And justly thus controls his thoughts unjust:

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LUCECE.

First red as roses that on lawn we lay,
Then white as lawn, the roses took away.

'And how her hand, in my hand being lock'd,
 Forced it to tremble with her loyal fear!
 Which struck her sad, and then it faster rock'd,
 Until her husband's welfare she did hear;
 Whereat she smiled with so sweet a cheer,
 That had Narcissus seen her as she stood,
 Self-love had never drown'd him in the flood.

'Why hunt I then for colour or excuses?
 All orators are dumb when beauty pleadeth;
 Poor wretches have remorse in poor abuses;
 Love thrives not in the heart that shadows dreadeth:
 Affection is my captain, and he leadeth;
 And when his gaudy banner is display'd,
 The coward fights and will not be dismay'd.

'Then, childish fear, avaunt! debating, die!
 Respect and reason, wait on wrinkled age!
 My heart shall never countermand mine eye:
 Sad pause and deep regard beseech the sage;
 My part is youth, and beats these from the stage:
 Desire my pilot is, beauty my prize;
 Then who fears sinking where such treasure lies?

As corn o'ergrown by weeds, so heedful fear
 Is almost choked by unresisted lust.
 Away he steals with open listening ear,
 Full of foul hope and full of fond mistrust;
 Both which, as servitors to the unjust,
 So cross him with their opposite persuasion,
 That now he vows a league, and now invasion.

Within his thought her heavenly image sits,
 And in the self-same seat sits Collatine:
 That eye which looks on her confounds his wits;
 That eye which him beholds, as more divine,
 Unto a view so false will not incline:
 But with a pure appeal seeks to the heart,
 Which once corrupted takes the worse part;

And therein heartens up his servile powers,
 Who, fatter'd by their leader's jocund show,
 Stuff up the lust, as mixtures;
 And as their captain, so their pride doth grow,
 Paying more slavish tribute than they owe.
 By reprobate desire thus madly led,
 The Roman lord marcheth to Lucrece' bed.

The locks between her chamber and his will,
 Each one by him enforced, retires his ward;
 But, as they open, they all rate his ill,
 Which drives the creeping thief to some regard:
 The threshold grates the door to have him heard;
 Night-wandering weasels shriek to see him there;
 They fright him, yet he still pursues his fear.

As each unwilling portal yields him way,
 Through little vents and crannies of the place
 The wind wars with his torch to make him stay,
 And blows the smoke of it into his face,
 Extinguishing his conduct in this case;
 But his hot heart, which fond desire doth scorch,
 Puffs forth another wind that fires the torch:

And being lighted, by the light he spies
 Lucretia's glove, wherein her needle sticks:
 He takes it from the rushes where it lies,
 And gripping it, he need his finger pricks;
 As who should say 'This glove to wanton minds Is not insured; return again in haste;
 Thou seest our mistress' ornaments are chaste.'

But all these poor forbiddings could not stay him;
 He in the worst sense construes their denial:
The doors, the wind, the glove, that did delay him,  
He takes for accidental things of trial;  
Or as those bars which stop the hourly dial,  
Who with a lingering stay his course doth let,  
Till every minute pays the hour his debt.

'So, so,' quoth he; 'these lets attend the time,  
Like little frosts that sometime thrust the spring,  
To add a more rejoicing to the prime,  
And give the snaped birds more cause to sing.  
Pain pays the income of each precious thing;  
Huge rocks, high winds, strong pirates, shelves and sands,  
The merchant fears, ere rich at home he lands.'

Now is he come unto the chamber-door,  
That shuts him from the heaven of his thought,  
Which with a yielding latch, and with no more,  
Hath barr’d him from the blessed thing he sought.  
So from himself impiety hath wrought,  
That for his prey to pray he doth begin,  
As if the heavens should countenance his sin.

But in the midst of his unfruitful prayer,  
Having solicited th’ eternal power  
That his foul thoughts might compass his fair fair,  
And they would stand auspicious to the hour,  
Even there he starts: quoth he, 'I must deflower  
The powers to whom I pray abhor this fact,  
How can they then assist me in the act?'

'Then Love and Fortune be my gods, my guide!  
My will is back’d with resolution:  
Thoughts are but dreams till their effects be tried;  
The blackest sin is clear’d with absolution;  
Against love’s fire fear’s frost hath dissolution.  
The eye of heaven is out, and misty night  
Covers the shame that follows sweet delight.'

This said, his guilty hand pluck’d up the latch,  
And with his knee the door he opens wide.  
The dove sleeps fast that this night-owl will catch:  
Thus treason works ere traitors be espied.  
Who sees the lurking serpent steps aside;  
But she, sound sleeping, fearing no such thing,  
Lies at the mercy of his mortal sting.

Into the chamber wickedly he stalks,  
And gazeth on her yet unstained bed.  
The curtains being close, about he walks,  
Rolling his greedy eyeballs in his head:  
By their high treason is his heart misled;  
Which gives the watch-word to his hand full soon  
To draw the cloud that hides the silver moon.

Look, as the fair and fiery-pointed sun,  
Rushing from forth a cloud, bereaves our sight;  
Even so, the curtain drawn, his eyes begun  
To wink, being blinded with a greater light:  
Whether it is that she reflects so bright,  
That dazzleth them, or else some shame supposed;  
But blind they are, and keep themselves enclosed.

O, had they in that darksome prison died!  
Then had they seen the period of their ill;  
Then Collatine again, by Lucrece’ side,  
In his clear bed might have reposéd still:  
But they must ope, this blessed league to kill;  
And holy-thought Lucrece to their sight  
Must sell her joy, her life, her world’s delight.

Her lily hand her rosy cheek lies under,  
Cozening the pillow of a lawful kiss;  
Who, therefore angry, seems to part in sunder,  
Swelling on either side to want his bliss;  
Between whose hills her head entombed is:

Where, like a virtuous monument, she lies,  
To be admired of lewd 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;  
O modest wantone! with modesty adorn’d!  
Showing life’s triumph in the map of death,  
And death’s dim look in life’s mortality:  
Each in her sleep themselves so beautify,  
As if between them twain there were no strife,  
But that life lived in death, and death in life.

Her breasts, like ivory globes circled with blue,  
A pair of maiden worlds unconquered,  
Save of their lord no bearing yoke they knew,  
And him by oath they truly honoured.  
These worlds in Tarquin new ambition bred;  
Who, like a foul usurper, went about  
From this fair throne to heave the owner out.

What could he see but mightily he noted?  
What did he note but strongly he desired?  
What he beheld, on that he firmly doted,  
And in his will his wilful 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 pilage fighting,  
Obludurate vassals fell exploits effecting,  
In bloody death and ravishment delighting,  
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 commendeth the leading to his hand;  
His hand, as proud of such a dignity,  
Smoking with pride, march’d on to make his stand  
On her bare breast, the heart of all her land;  
Whose ranks of blue veins, as his hand did scale,  
Left their round turrets destitute and pale.

They, mustering to the quiet cabinet  
Where their dear governess and lady lies,  
Do tell her she is dreadfully beset,  
And fright her with confusion of their cries:  
She, much amazed, breaks ope her lock’d-up eyes,  
Who, peeping forth this tumult to behold,  
Are by his flaming torch dimm’d and control’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 set even her lock’d-up eyes;  
What terror ’tis! but she, in worser taking,  
From sleep disturbed, needfully 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;
LUCRECE.

She dares not look: yet, winking, there appears
Quick-shifting anties, ugly in her eyes:
Such shadows are the weak brain's forgeries;
Who, angry that the eyes fly from their lights,
In darkness daunts them with more dreadful sights.

His hand, that yet remains upon her breast,—
Rude, run, to bate such an ivory wall!—
May feel her heart—poor citizen!—distress'd,
Wounding itself to death, rise up and fall,
Beating her bulk, that his hand shakes withal.
This moves in him more rage and lesser pity,
To make the breach and enter this sweet city.

First, like a trumpet, doth his tongue begin
To sound a parley to his heartless foe;
Who o'er the white sheet peers her whiter chin,
The reason of this rash alarm to know,
Which he by dumb demeanour seeks to show;
But she with vehement prayers urge still
Under what colour he commits this ill.

Thus he replies: 'The colour in thy face,
That even for anger makes the lily pale,
And the red rose blush at her own disgrace,
Shall plead for me and tell my loving tale;
Under that colour am I come to call
Thy never-conquer'd fort: the fault is thine,
For those thine eyes betray thee unto mine.

'Thus I forestall thee, if thou mean to chide;
Thy beauty hath ensnared thee to this night,
Where thou with patience must my will abide;
My will that marks thee for my earth's delight,
Which I to conquer sought with all my might;
But as reproof and reason beat it dead,
By thy bright beauty was it newly bred.

'I see what crosses my attempt will bring;
I know what thorns the growing rose defends;
I think the honey guarded with a sting;
All this beforehand counsel comprehends;
But will is deaf and hears no heedful friends;
Only he hath an eye to gaze on beauty,
And dotes on what he looks, 'gainst law or duty.

'I have debated, even in my soul,
What wrong, what shame, what sorrow I shall breed;
But nothing can affection's course control,
Or stop the 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 threats if he mount he dies:
So under his insulting falcon lies
Harmless Lucretia, marking what he tells
With trembling fear, as fowl hear falcon's bells.

'Lucrece,' quoth he, 'this night I must enjoy thee:
If thou deny, then force must work my way,
For in thy bed I purpose to destroy thee:
That done, some worthless slave of thine I'll slay,
To kill thine honour with thy life's decay;
And in thy dead arms do I mean to place him,
Swearing I slew him, seeing thee embrace him.

'So thy surviving husband shall remain
The scornful mark of every envious eye;
Thy kinsmen hang their heads at this disdain,
Thy issue blurr'd with nameless bastardy:
And thou, the author of their obloquy,
Shalt have thy trespass cited up in rhymes,
And sung by children in succeeding times.

'But if thou yield, I rest thy secret friend:
The fault unknown is as a thought unacted;
A little harm done to a great good end
For lawful policy remains enacted.
The poisonous simple sometimes is compacted
In a pure compound; being so applied,
His venom in effect is purified.

'Then, for thy husband and thy children's sake,
Tender my suit: bequeath not to their lot
The shame that from them no device can take,
The blemish that will never be forgot;
Worse than a slavish wiper or birth-hour's blot:
For marks described in men's natality
Are nature's faults, not their own infamy.'

Here with a cockatrice' dead-killing eye
He roseth up himself and makes a pause;
While she, the picture of pure piety,
Like a white hind under the gripe's sharp claws,
Pleads, in a wilderness where are no laws,
To the rough beast that knows no gentle right,
Nor aught obyes but his foul appetite.

But when a black-faced cloud the world doth threat,
In his dim mist the aspiring mountains hiding;
From earth's dark womb some gentle gust doth get,
Which blows these pitchy vapours from their biding,
Hindering their present fall by this dividing;
So his unshallow'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 granteth
No penetrable entrance to her praying:
[ing.]
Tears harden lust, though marble wear with rain-

Her pity-pleading eyes are sadly fix'd
In the remorseless wrinkles of his face;
Her modest eloquence with sighs is mix'd,
Which to her oratory adds more grace.
She puts the period often from his place;
And midst the sentence so her accent breaks,
That twice she doth begin ere once she speaks.

She conjures him by high almighty Jove,
By knighthood, gentry, and sweet friendship's oath,
By her untimely tears, her husband's love,
By holy human law, and common troth,
By heaven and earth, and all the power of both,
That to his borrow'd bed he make retire,
And stope to honour, not to foul desire.

Quoth she, 'Reward not hospitality
With such black payment as thou hast pretended;
Mud not the fountain that doth drink to thee;
Mar not the thing that cannot be amended;
End thy ill aim before thy shot be ended;
He is no woodman that doth bend his bow
To strike a poor unseasonable doe.

'My husband is thy friend; for his sake spare me:
Thyself art mighty; for thine own sake leave me:
Myself a 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 stones dissolved to water do convert.
O, if no harder than a stone thou art,
Melt at my tears, and be compassionate!
Soft pity enters at an iron gate.

'T in Tarquin's likeness I did entertain thee:
Hast thou put on his shape to do him shame?
To all the host of heaven I complain, [name]. Thou wrong'st his honour, wound'st his princely Thou art not what thou seem'st; and if the same,
Thou seem'st not what thou art, a god, a king;
For kings like gods should govern every thing.

'How will thy shame be seend 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;
But happy monarchs still are fear'd for love;
With foul offenders thou performest must bear,
When in thee the like offences prove:
If but for fear of this, they 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 at reproach against long-living laud,
And makest fair reputation but a bawd.

'Hast thou command? by him that gave it thee,
From a pure heart command thy rebel will:
Draw not thy sword to guard iniquity,
For it was lent thee all that brood to kill.
Thy princely office how canst thou fulfill,
When, pattern'd by thy fault, foul sin may say,
He learn'd to sin, and thou didst teach the way?

'Think but how vile a spectacle it were,
To view thy present trespass in another.
Men's faults do seldom to themselves appear;
Their own transgressions partially they smother:
This guilt would seem defam'd in thy brother,
O, how are they wrapp'd in with famifies
That from their own misdeeds askance their eyes!

'To thee, to thee, my heaved-up hands appeal,
Not to seducing lust, thy rash relifier:
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,' quoth he; 'my uncontrolled tide
Turns not, but swell's the higher by this let.
Small lights are soon blown out, huge fires abide,
And with the wind in greater fury fret:
The petty streams that pay a daily debt
To their salt sovereign, with their fresh falls
Add to his flow, but alter not his taste.' [haste

'Thou art,' quoth she, 'a sea, a sovereign king;
And, lo, there falls into thy 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 sea dispersed.

'So shall these slaves be king, and thou their slave;
Thou nobly base, they basely dignified;

Thou their fair life, and they thy fouler grave:
Thou loathed in their shame, they in thy pride:
The lesser thing should not the greater hide;
The cedar stoops not to the base shrub's foot,
But low shrubs wither at the cedar's root.

'So let thy thoughts, low vassals to thy state —
'No more,' quoth he; 'by heaven, I will not hear
Yield to my love; if not, enforced hate,
[thee: Instead of love's coy touch, shall rudely tear thee:
That done, despitely I mean to bear thee
Unto the base bed of some rascal groom,
To be thy partner in this shamefull 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 control'd
Entombs her outcry in her lips' sweet fold:

For with the nightly linen that she wears
He pens her piteous clamours in her head;
Cooling his hot face in the chastest tears
That ever modest eyes with sorrow shed,
O, that prone lust should stain so pure a bed!
The spots whereof could weeping purify,
Her tears should drop on them perpetually.

But she hath lost a dearer thing than life,
And he hath won what he would lose again:
This forced league doth force a further strife;
This momentary joy breeds months of pain;
This hot desire converts to cold disdain:
Pure Chastity is rid 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 conscit
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 discolor'd cheek,
With heavy eye, knit brow, and strengthless pace,
Feeble Desire, all recreant, poor, and meek,
Like to a bankrupt beggar wails his case:
The flesh being proud, Desire doth fight with Grace,
For there it revol; and when that decays,
The guilty rebel for remission prays.

So fares it with this faultful lord of Rome,
Who this accomplishment so hotly chased;
For now against himself he sounds this doom.
That through the length of times he stands dis-
Besides, his soul's fair temple is defaced; [graced:
To whose weak ruin musters troops of cares,
To ask the spotted princess how she fares.

She says, her subjects with foul insurrection
Have batter'd down her consecrated wall,
And by their mortal fault brought it in subjection.
Her immortality, and made her thrall
To living death and pain perpetual:
Which in her prescience she controlled still,
But her foresight could not forestall their will.
Even in this thought through the dark night he
A captive victor that hath lost in gain; [stealeth,
Bearing away the wound that nothing healeth,
The scar that will, despite of cure, remain;
Leaving his spoil perplex'd in greater pain.
She bears the load of lust he left behind,
And he the burden of a guilty mind.
He like a thievish dog creeps sadly thence;
She like a weared lamb lies panting there;
He scowls and hatest himself for his offence;
She, desperate, with her nails her flesh doth tear;
He fainting swelling with guilty fear.
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 scapes 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 cheeks what helpless shame I feel.'
Here she exclaims against repose and rest,
And bids her eyes hereafter still be blind.
She wakes her heart by beating on her breast,
And bids it leap from thence, where it may find
Some purer chest to close so pure a mind.
Prantic 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 harbor for defame!
Grim cave of death! whispering conspirator
With close-tongued treason and the ravisher!
'O hateful, vaporous, and foggy Night!
Since thou art guile 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 damps ravish the morning air;
Let their exhaled unwholesome breaths make sick
The life of purity, the supreme fair.
Ere he arrive his weary noon-tide prick;
And let thy misty vapours march so thick,
That in their smoky ranks his smother'd light
May set at noon and make perpetual night.
'Were Tarquin Night, as he is but Night's child,
The silver-shining queen he would distain;
Her twinkling 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 woe doth woe assaugh;
As palmer's 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 unlootheth thy black all-hiding cloak
Immodestly lies martyr'd with disgrace!
Keep still possession of thy gloomy place,
That all the faults which in thy reign are made
May likewise be sepulchred in thy shade!
'Make me not object to the tell-tale Day!
The light will show, character'd in my brow,
The story of sweet chastity's decay,
The impious breach of holy wedlock vow:
Yea, the illiterate, that know not how
To cipher what is writ in learned books,
Will quote my loathsome trespass in my looks.
'The nurse, to still her child, will tell my story,
And fright her crying babe with Tarquin's name:
The orator, to deck his oratory,
Will couple my reproach to Tarquin's shame;
Feast-finding minstrels, tuning my defame,
Will tie the bearers to attend each line,
How Tarquin wronged me, I Collatine,
'Let my good name, that senseless reputation,
For Collatine's dear love be kept unsploted:
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 attain't of mine
As I, ere this, was pure to Collatine.
'O unseen shame! invisible disgrace!
O unfelt sore! crest-wounding, private scar!
Reproach is stamp'd in Collatine's face,
And Tarquin's eye may read the mot afar,
How he in peace is wounded, not in war.
Alas, how many bear such shameful blows,
Which not themselves, but he that gives them knows!
'If, Collatine, thine honour lay in me,
From me by strong assault it is bereft.
My honey lost, and I, a drone-like bee,
Have no perfection of my summer left,
But 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 am I guilty of thy honour's wrack;
Yet for thy honour did I entertain him;
Coming from thee, I could not put him back,
For it had been dishonour to disdain him:
Besides, of weakness he did complain him,
And talk'd of virtue: O unlook'd-for evil,
When virtue is profaned in such a devil!
'Why should the worm intrude the maiden bud?
Or hateful cuckoo hatch in sparrows' nests?
Or toads infect fair fountains with venom mud?
Or tyrant folly lurk in gentle breasts?
Or kings be breakers of their own behests?
But no perfection is so absolute,
That some impurity doth not pollute.
'The aged man that cofers-up his gold
Is plagued with cramps and gouts and painful fits;
And scarce hath eyes his treasure to behold,
But like still-pining Tantalus he sits,
And useless barns the harvest of his wits;
Having no other pleasure of his gain
But torment that it cannot cure his pain.
O, hear me then, injurious, shifting Time!  
Be guilty of my death, since of my crime.

Why hath thy servant, Opportunity,  
Betray'd the hours thou gavest me to repose,  
Cancel'd my fortunes, and enchaned me  
To endless date of unavoidable woe?  
Time's office is to fine the hate of foes;  
To eat up errors by opinion bred,  
Not spend the dowry of a lawful bed.

Time's glory is to calm contending kings,  
To unmask falsehood and bring truth to light,  
To stamp the seal of time on aged things,  
To wake the morn and sentinel the night,  
To wrong the wronger till he render right,  
To ruinate proud buildings with thy hours,  
And smear with dust their glittering golden towers;

To fill with worm-holes stately monuments,  
To feed oblivion with decay of things,  
To blot old books and alter their contents,  
To pluck the quills from ancient ravens' wings,  
To dry the old oak's sap and cherish springs,  
To spoil antiquities of hammer'd steel,  
And turn the giddy round of Fortune's wheel;

To show the bald 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?  
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 hislewed eyes alight;  
And the dire thought of his committed evil  
Shape every bush a hideous shapeless devil.

Disturb his hours of rest with restless trances,  
Afflict him in his bed with bedrid groans;  
Let there bechance him pitiful mischances,  
To make him moan; but pity not his moans:  
Stone him with harden'd hearts, harder than stones;  
And let mild women to him lose their mildness,  
Wilder to him than tigers in their wildness.

Let him have time to tear his curled hair,  
Let him have time against himself to rave,  
Let him have time of Time's help to despair,  
Let him have time to live a loathed slave,  
Let him have time a beggar's orts to crave,  
And time to see one that by alms doth live  
Disdain to him disdained scraps to give.

Let him have time to see his friends his foes,  
And merry fools to mock at him resort;  
Let him have time to mark how slow time goes  
In time of sorrow, and how swift and short  
His time of folly and his time of sport;  
And ever let his unrecalling crime  
Have time to wall 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 seek every hour to kill! [spill;
Such wretched hands such wretched blood should
For who so base would such an office have
As slanderous death's-man 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 begts him hate;
For greatest scandal waits on greatest state.
The moon being clouded presently is miss'd,
But little stars may hide them when they list.

The crow may bathe his coal-black wings in mire,
And unperceived fly with the filth away;
But if the like the snow-white swan desire,
The stain upon his silver down will stay.
Poor grooms are sightless night, kings glorious day:
Gnats are unnoted wheresoe'er they fly,
But eagles gazed upon with every eye.

Out, idle words, servants to shallow fools!
Unprofitable sounds, weak arbitrators!
Busy yourselves in skill-contending schools;
Debate where leisure serves with dull debaters;
To trembling clients be you mediators:
For me, I force not argument a straw.
Since that my case is past the help of law.

In vain I rail at Opportunity,
At Time, at Tarquin, and uncheerful Night;
In vain I cavil with mine infamy,
In vain I spurn at my confirm'd despite:
This helpless smoke of words doth me no right.
The remedy indeed to do me good
Is to let forth my foul-defiled blood.

Poor hand, why quiverst thou at this decree?
 Honour thyself to rid me of this shame;
For if I die, my honour lives in thee;
But if I live, thou livest in my defame:
Since thou couldst not defend thy royal dame,
And wast afraid to scratch her wicked foe,
Kill both thyself and her for yielding so.'

This said, from her be-tumbled couch she starteth,
To find some desperate instrument of death:
But this no slaughterhouse no tool imparteth
To make more vent for passage of her breath;
Which, thronging through her lips, so vanisheth
As smoke from Ætna, that in air consumes,
Or that which from discharged cannon fumes.

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 rified me.

'O, that is gone for which I sought to live,
And therefore now I need not fear to die.
To clear this spot by death, at least I give
A badge of fame to slander's livery;
A dying life to living infamy:
Poor helpless help, the treasure stol'n away,
To burn the guiltless casket where it lay!

Well, well, dear Collatine, thou shalt not know
The stained taste of violated troth;
I will not wrong thy true affection so,
To flatter thee with an infringed oath;
This bastard graft shall never come to growth:
He shall not boast who did thy stock pollute
That thou art doting father of his fruit.

'Nor shall he smile at thee in secret thought,
Nor laugh with his companions at thy state;
But thou shalt know thy interest was not bought
Basely with gold, but stol'n from forth thy gate.
For me, I am the mistress of my fate,
And with my trespass never will dispense,
Till life to death acquit my forced offence.

'I will not poison thee with my attaint,
Nor fold my fault in cleanly-coin'd excuses;
My sable ground of sin I will not paint,
To hide the truth of this false night's abuses;
My tongue shall utter all; mine eyes, like sluices,
As from a mountain-spring that feeds a dale,
Shall gush pure streams to purge my Impure tale.

By this, lamenting Philomel had ended
The well-tuned warble of her nightly sorrow,
And solemn night with slow sad gait descended
To ugly bell; when, lo, the blushing morrow
Lends light to all fair eyes that light will borrow:
But cloudy Lucrece shames herself to see,
And therefore still in night would cloister'd be.

Revealing day through every cranney spies,
And seems to point her out where she sits weeping;
To whom she solacing speaks: 'O eye of eyes,
Why pry'st thou through my window? leave thy peeping:
Mock with thy tickling beams eyes that are sleep-
ing:
Brand not my forehead with thy piercing light,
For day hath nought to do what's done by night.'

Thus cavils she with every thing she sees:
True grief is fond and testy as a child,
Who wayward once, his mood with nought agrees;
Old woes, not infant sorrows, bear them mild;
Continuance tames the one; the other wild,
Like an unpractised swimmer plunging still,
With too much labour drowns for want of skill.

So she, deep-drenched in a sea of care,
Holds disputation with each thing she views,
And to herself all sorrow doth compare;
No object but her passion's strength renewes;
And as one shifts, another straight ensues:
Sometime her grief is dumb and hath no words;
Sometime 'tis mad and too much talk affords.

The little birds that tune their morning's joy
Make her moans mad with their sweet melody;
For mirth doth search the bottom of annoy;
Sad souls are slain in merry company;
Grief best is pleased with grief's society;
True sorrow then is feelingly sufficed
When with like semblance it is sympathized.

'Tis double death to drown in ken of shore;
He ten times pines that pines beholding food;
To see the salve doth make the wound ache more;
Great grief grieves most at that would do it good;
Deep woes roll forward like a gentle flood,
Who, being stopp'd, the bounding banks o'er-
flows;

Grief dailled with nor lay 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 wontful hostess brooks not merry guests;
Relish your nimble notes to pleasing ears;
Distress likes dumps when time is kept with tears.
"Come, Phyllomel, that sing'st of ravishment,
Make thy sad grove in my dishevell'd hair:
As the dank earth weeps at thy languishment,
So I and each sad strain will strain a tear.
And with deep groans the diapason bear;
For burden-wise I'll hum on Tarquin still,
While thou on Tereus descant'st better skill.

And whilsts 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 shameing 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 minds.
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 an endless 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 swallowed in confusion.
That mother tries a merciless conclusion
Who, having two sweet babies, when death takes one,
Will slay the other and be nurse to none.

'My body or my soul, which was the dearer,
When the one pure, the other made divine?
Whose love of either to myself was nearer,
When both were kept for heaven and Collatine?
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,
Her mansion batter'd by the enemy;
Her sacred temple spotted, spoil'd, corrupted,
Grossly engirt with daring infamy;
Then let it not be call'd impiety,
If in this blemish'd fort I make some hole
Through which I may convey this troubled soul.

Yet die I will not till my Collatine
Have heard the cause of my untimely death;
That he may vow, in that sad hour of mine,
Revenge on him that made me stop my breath.
My stained blood to Tarquin I'll bequeath,
Which by him tainted shall for him be spent,
And as his due writ in my testament.

'My honour I'll bequeath unto the knife
That wounds my body so dishonoured.
'T is honour to deprive dishonour'd life;
The one will live, the other being dead:
So of shame's ashes shall my fame be bred:
For in my death I murder shameful scorn:
My shame so dead, mine honour is new-born.

'Dear lord of that dear jewel I have lost,
What legacy shall I bequeath to thee?

My resolution, love, shall be thy boast,
By whose example thou 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 abridgment of my will I make:
My soul and body to the skies and ground;
My resolution, husband, do thou take;
Mine honour be the knife's that makes my wound;
My shame be his that did my fame confound;
And all my fame that lives disbursed be
To those that live, and think no shame of me.

'Thou, Collatine, shalt oversee this will;
How was I overseen that thou shall see it?
My blood shall wash the slander of mine ill;
My life's foul deed, my life's fair end shall free it.
Faint not, faint heart, but stoutly say 'So be it:'
Yield to my hand; my hand shall conquer thee:
Thou dead, both die, and both shall victors be.'

This plot of death when sadly she had laid,
And wiped the blemish pearl from her bright eyes,
With untuned tongue she hoarsely calls her maid,
Whose swift obedience to her mistress hies:
For fleet-wing'd duty with thought's feathers flies.
Poor Lucrece' cheeks unto her maid seem so
As winter meads when sun doth melt their snow.

Her mistress she doth give demure good-morrow,
With soft-slow tongue, true mark of modesty,
And sorts a sad look to her lady's sorrow,
For why her face wore sorrow's livery;
But durst not ask of her audaciously
Why her two suns were cloud-eclipsed so,
Nor why her fair cheeks over-washed with woe.

But as the earth doth weep, the sun being set,
Each flower moisten'd like a melting eye;
Even so the maid with swelling drops gan wet
Her circled eye, enforced by sympathy
Of those fair suns set in her mistress' sky,
Who in a salt-waved ocean quench their light,
Which makes the maid weep like the dewy night.

A pretty while these pretty creatures stand,
Like ivory conduits coral cisterns filling;
One justly weeps; the other takes in hand
No cause, but company, of her drops spilling;
Their gentle sex to weep are often willing;
Grieving themselves to guess at others' smarts,
And then they drown their eyes or break their hearts.

For men have marble, women waxen, minds,
And therefore are they form'd as marble will:
The weak oppress'd, the impression of strange kinds
Is form'd in them by force, by fraud, or skill:
Then call them not the authors of their ill,
No more than wax shall be accounted evil
Wherein is stamp'd the semblance of a devil.

Their smoothness, like a goodly champaign plain,
Lays open all the little worms that creep;
In men, as in a rough-grown grove, remain
Cave-keeping evils that obscurely sleep:
Through crystal walls each little mote will peep;
Though men can cover crimes with bold stern looks,
Poor women's faces are their own faults' books.

No man inveigh against the wither'd flower,
But chide rough winter that the flower hath kill'd:
Not that devour'd, but that which doth devour,
Is worthy blame. 'O, let it not be 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 Lucrece view,
Assail’d by night with circumstances strong
Of present death, and shame that might ensue
By that her death, to do her husband wrong:
Such danger to resistance did belong,
That dying fear through all her body spread;
And who cannot abuse a body dead?

By this, mild patience bid fair Lucrece speak
To the poor counterfeit of her complaining:
’My girl,’ quoth she, ’on what occasion break
Those tears from thee, that down thy cheeks are falling?
If thou dost weep for grief of my sustaining,
Know, gentle wench, it small avails my mood:
If tears could help, mine own would do me good.

’But tell me, girl, when went’—and there she stay’d Till after a deep groan—’Tarquin from hence?’
’Madam, ere I was up,’ replied the maid,
’The more to blame my sluggish negligence:
Yet with the fault I thus far can dispense;
Myself was stirring ere the break of day,
And, ere I rose, was Tarquin gone away.

’But, lady, if your maid may be so bold,
She would request to know your heaviness,’
’O, peace!’ quoth Lucrece: ’if it should be told,
The repetition cannot make it less;
For more it is than I can well express:
And that deep torture may be call’d a hell
When more is felt than one hath power to tell.

’Go, get me hither paper, ink, and pen:
Yet save that labour, for I have them here.
What should I say? One of my husband’s men
Bid thou be ready, by and by, to bear
A letter to my lord, my love, my dear:
Bid him with speed prepare to carry it;
The cause craves haste, and it will soon be writ,’

Her maid is gone, and she prepares to write,
First hovering o’er the paper with her quill:
Conceit and grief an eager combat light;
What is blotted down is blotted with intent;
This is too curious-good, this blunt and ill:
Much like a press of people at a door,
Throng her inventions, which shall go before.

At last she thus begins: ’Thou worthy lord,
Of that unworthy wife that greteth thee,
Health to thy person! next vouchsafe t’ afford—
If ever, love, thy Lucrece thou wilt see—
Some present speed to come and visit me.
So, I commend me from our house in grief:
My woes are tedious, though my words are brief.’

Here folds she up the tenour of her wo,
Her certain sorrow writ uncertainly.
By this short schedule Collatine may know
Her grief, but not her grief’s true quality:
She dares not thereof make discovery,
Lest he should hold it her own gross abuse,
Ere she with blood had stain’d her stain’d excuse.

Besides, the life and feeling of her passion
She hoards, to spend when he is by to hear her;
When sighs and groans and tears may grace the fashion
Of her disgrace, the better so to clear her
From that suspicion which the world might bear her.
To shun this blot, she would not blot the letter
With words, till action might become them better.

To see sad sights moves more than hear them told;
For then the eye interprets to the ear
The heavy motion that it doth behold,
When every part a part of woe doth bear.
’Tis but a part of sorrow that we hear:
Deep sounds make lesser noise than shallow fords,
And sorrow ebbs, being blown with wind of words.

Her letter now is seal’d, and on it writ
’At Ardea to my lord with more than haste.
The post attends, and she delivers it,
As lagging fowls before the northern blast:
Speed more than speed but dull and slow she desires.
Extremity still urgeth such extremes.
The homely villain court’sies to her low;
And, blushing on her, with a steadfast eye
Receives the scroll without or yea or no,
And forth with bashful innocence doth hie.
But they whose guilt within their bosoms lie
Imagine every eye beholds their blame;
For Lucrece thought he blush’d to see her shame:
When, sir, a groom! God wot, it was defect
Of spirit, life, and bold audacity.
Such harmless creatures have a true respect
To talk in deeds, while others saucily
Promise more speed, but do it leisurely:
Even so this pattern of the worn-out age
Pawn’d honest looks, but laid no words to gage.

His kindled duty kindled her mistrust,
That two red fires in both their faces blazed;
She thought he blush’d, as knowing Tarquin’s lust,
And, blushing with him, wistly on him gazed;
Her earnest eye did make him more amazed:
The more she saw the blood his cheeks replenish,
The more she thought he spied in her some blemish.

But long she thinks till he return again,
And yet the duteous vassal scarce is gone.
The weary time she cannot entertain,
For now ’tis stale to sigh, to weep, and groan:
So rose hath wearied, so doth 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 Illon 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 slaughtered husband by the wife:
The red blood reek’d, to show the painter’s strife;
And dying eyes gleam’d forth their ashy lights,
Like dying coals burnt out in tedious nights.

There might you see the labouring pioneer
Be grimed 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;
LUCRECE.

In youth, quick bearing and dexterity;
And here and there the painter interlaces
Pale cowards, marching on with trembling paces;
Which heartless peasants did so well resemble,
That one would swear he saw them quake and tremble.

In Ajax and Ulysses, O, what art
Of physiognomy might one behold!
The face of either cipher'd either's heart;
Their face their manners most expressly told:
In Ajax' eyes blunt rage and rigour roll'd;
But the mild glance that sly Ulysses lent
Show'd deep regard and smiling government.

There pleading might you see grave Nestor stand,
As 't were encouraging the Greeks to fight;
Making such sober action with his hand,
That it beguiled attention, charm'd the sight:
In speech, it seem'd, his beard, all silver white,
Wagg'd up and down, and from his lips did fly
Thin winding breath, which puri'd up to the sky.

About him were a press of gaping faces,
Which seem'd to swallow up his sound advice;
All jointly listening, but with several graces,
As if some mermaid did their ears entice,
Some high, some low, the painter was so nice;
The scalps of many, almost hid behind,
To jump up higher seem'd, to mock the mind.

Here one man's hand lean'd on another's head,
His nose being shadow'd by his neighbour's ear;
Here one being throng'd bears back, all boll'n and red;
Another smoker'd seems to pelt and swear;
And in their rage such signs of rage they bear,
As, but for loss of Nestor's golden words,
It seem'd they would debate with angry swords.

For much imaginary work was there;
Conceit deceitful, so compact, so kind,
That for Achilles' image stood his spear,
Gripped in an armed hand; himself, behind,
Was left unseen, save to the eye of mind:
A hand, a foot, a face, a leg, a head,
Stood for the whole to be imagined.

And from the walls of strong-besieg'd Troy
When their brave hope, bold Hector, march'd to
Stood many Trojan mothers, sharing joy [field,
To see their youthful sons bright weapons wield;
And to their hope they such odd action yield,
That through their light joy seemed to appear,
Like bright things stain'd, a kind of heavy fear.

And from the strand of Dardan, where they fought,
To Simos' reedy banks the red blood ran,
Whose waves to imitate the battle songs
With swelling ridges; and their ranks began
To break upon the galleed shore, and then
Retire again, till, meeting greater ranks,
They join and shoot their foam at Simos' banks.

To this well-painted piece is Lucrece come,
To find a face where all distress is stell'd.
Many she sees where cares have carved some,
But none where all distress and dolour dwell'd;
Till she despairing Hecuba beheld,
Staring on Priam's wounds with her old eyes,
Which bleeding under Pyrrhus' proud foot lies.

In her the painter had anatomized
Time's ruin, beauty's wreck, and grim care's reign:
Her cheeks with chaps and wrinkles were disguised;
Of what she was no semblance did remain;
Her blue blood changed to black in every vein,
Wanting the spring that those shrunk pipes had
Show'd life imprison'd in a body dead.

On this sad shadow Lucrece spends her eyes,
And shapes her sorrow to the baldam's woes,
Who nothing wants to answer her but cries,
And bitter words to ban her cruel foes:
The painter was no god to lend her those;
And therefore Lucrece swears he did her wrong;
To give her so much grief and not a tongue.

'Poor instrument,' quo'th she, 'without a sound,
I'll tune thy woes with my lamenting tongue;
And drop sweet balm in Priam's painted wound,
And raill 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 nalls her beauty I may tear.
Thy heat of lust, fond Paris, did incur
This load of wrath that burning Troy doth bear:
Thy eye kindled the fire that burneth here;
And here in Troy, for trespass of thine eye,
The sire, the son, the dame, and daughter die.

'Why should the private pleasure of some one
Become the public plague of many more?
Let sin, alone committed, light alone
Upon his head that hath transgressed so;
Let guiltless souls be freed from guilty woe:
For one's offence why should so many fall,
To plague a private sin in general?

'Lo, here weeps Hecuba, here Priam dies,
Here manly Hector faints, here Troilus swounds,
Here friend by friend in bloody channel lies,
And friend to friend gives unadvised wounds,
And one man's lust these many lives confounds:
Had dotting Priam check'd his son's desire,
Troy had been bright with fame and not with fire.'

Here feelingly she weeps Troy's painted woes:
For sorrow, like a heavy-hanging bell,
Once set on ringing, with his own weight goes:
Then little strength rings out the doleful knell:
So Lucrece, set a-work, sad tales doth tell
Topencill'd pensiveness and colour'd sorrow; [row.
She lifts them words, and she their looks doth bor-

She throws her eyes about the painting round,
And whom she finds forlorn she doth lament.
At last she sees a wretched image bound,
That piteons 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
The credulous 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 lodged not a mind so ill:
And still on him she gazed; and gazing still,
Such signs of truth in his plain face she spied,
That she concludes the picture was belied.

"It cannot be," quothe 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 faint'd,
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?
For every tear he falls a Trojan bleeds:
His eye drops fire, no water thence proceeds;
Those round clear pearls of his, that move thy pity,
Are balls of quenchless fire to burn thy city.

"Such devils steal effects from lightless hell;
For Simon in his fire doth quake with cold,
And in that cold hot-burning fire doth dwell;
These contraries such unity do hold,
Only to flatter fools and make them bold:
So Priam's trust false Simon's tears doth flatter,
That he finds means to burn his Troy with water.

Here, all enraged, such passion her assail'd,
That patience is quite beaten from her breast.
She tears the senseless Simon with her nails,
Comparing him to that unhappy guest
Whose deed hath made herself herself detest:
At last she smilingly with this gives o'er:
"Fool, fool!" quothe she, "his wounds will not be sore.

Thus ebb's and flows the current of her sorrow,
And time doth weary time with her complaining.
She looks for night, and then she longs for morn,
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 oversipp'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 showes of discontent.
It easeth 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;
Her eyes, though sod in tears, look'd red and raw,
Her lively colour kill'd with deadly cares.
He hath no power to ask her how she fares:
Both stood, like old acquaintance in a trance,
Met far from home, wondering each other's chance.
At last he takes her by the bloodless hand,
And thus begins: "What uncouth ill event
Hath thee behall'n, that thou dost trembling stand?
Sweet love, what spite hath thy fair colour spent?
Why art thou thus attired in discontent?
Unmask, dear dear, this moody heaviness,
And tell thy grief, that we may give redress.

Three times with sighs she gives her sorrow fire,
Ere once she can discharge one word of woe;
At length address'd to answer his desire,
She modestly prepares to let them know
Her honour is ta'en prisoner by the foe;
While Collatine and his consorted lords
With sad attention long to hear her words.

And now this pale swan in her watery nest
Begins the sad dirge of her certain ending:
"Few words," quothe 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 wost 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 falcon in my chamber came
A creeping creature, with a flaming light,
And softly cried " Awake, thou Roman dame,
And entertain my love; else lastling shame
On thee and thine this night I will inflict,
If thou my love's desire do contradict.

"For some hard-favour'd groom of thine," quothe
"Unless thou yoke thy liking to my will.
I, he, I'll murder straight, and then I'll slaughter thee
And swear I found you where you did fulfil
The loathsome act of lust, and so did kill
The lechers in their deed: this act will be
My fame and thy perpetual infamy,"

"With this, I did begin to start and cry;
And then against my heart he sets his sword,
Swearing, unless I took all patiently,
I should not live to speak another word;
So should my shame still rest upon record,
And never be forgot in mighty Rome,
Th' adulterate death of Lucrece and her groom.

"Mine enemy was strong, my poor self weak,
And far the weaker with so strong a fear:
My bloody judge forbade my tongue to speak;
No rightful plea might plead for justice there:
His scarlet just came evidence to swear
That my poor beauty had purloin'd his eyes;
And when the judge is robb'd the prisoner dies.

"O, teach me how to make mine own excuse!
Or at the least this refuge let me find;"
LUCRECE.

Though my gross blood be stain'd with this abuse, Immaculate and spotless is my mind; That was not forced; that never was inclined 'To accessory yeldings, but still pure Doth in her poison's closet yet endure.'

Lo, here, the hopeless merchant of this loss, With head declined, and voice damm'd up with woe, With sad set eyes, and wretched arms across, From lips now-waxen pale begins to flow 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 hate, Yet in the eddy boundeth in his pride Back to the strait that forced him on so fast; In rage sent out, recall'd in rage; being past: Even so his sighs, his sorrows, make a saw, To push grief on, and back the same grief draw.

Which speechless woe of his poor she attendeth, And his untimely frenzy thus awakened: 'Dear lord, thy sorrow to my sorrow lendeth Another power; no flood by raining slaketh. My woe too sensible thy passion maketh More feeling-painful: let it then suffice To drown one woe, one pair of weeping eyes.

'And for my sake, when I might charm thee so For she that was thy Lucrece, now attend me: Be suddenly revenged on my foe, Thine, mine, his own: suppose thou dost defend me From what is past: the help that thou shalt lend me Comes all too late, yet let the traitor die; For sparing justice feeds iniquity.

'But ere I name him, you fair lords,' quoth she, Speaking to those that came with Collatine, Shall plight your honourable faiths to me, With swift pursuit to venge this wrong of mine; For 't is a meritorious fair design To chase injustice with revengeful arms: Knights, by their oaths, should right poor ladies' harms.'

At this request, with noble disposition Each present lord began to promise aid, As bound in knighthood to her imposition, Longing to hear the hateful foe bewray'd. But she, that yet her sad task hath not said, The protestation stops, 'O, speak,' quoth she, 'How may this forced stain be wiped from me?'

'What is the quality of mine offence, Being constrain'd with dreadful circumstance? May my pure mind with the foul act dispense, My low-declined honour to advance? May any terms acquit me from this chance? The poison'd fountain cleanst itself again: And why not I from this compelled stain?'

With this, they all at once began to say, Her body's stain her mind untainted clears; While with a joyless smile she turns away The face, that map which deep impression bears Of hard misfortune, carved in it with tears. 'No, no,' quoth she, 'no dame, hereafter living, By my excuse shall claim excuse's giving.'

Here with a sigh, as if her heart would break, She throw forth Tarquin's name: 'He, he,' she says, But more than he her poor tongue could not speak; Till after many accents and delays, Untimely breathings, sick and short assays, She utters this, 'He, he, fair lords, 't is he, That guides this hand to give this wound to me.'

Even here she sheathed in her harmless breast A harmful knife, that thence her soul unsheathed: That blow did ball 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

Life's lasting date from cancel'd destiny.

Stone-still, astonish'd with this deadly deed, Stood Collatine and all his lordly crew; Till Lucrece' father, that beholds her bleed, Himself on her self-slaughter'd body threw; And from the purple fountain Brutus drew The murderer's knife, and, as it left the place, Her blood, in poor revenge, held it in chase;

And bubbling from her breast, it doth divide In two slow rivers, that the crimson blood Circles her body in on every side, Who, like a late-sack'd island, vastly stood Bare and unpeople'd 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 pitying Lucrece' woes, Corrupted blood some watery token shows; And blood untainted still doth red abide, Blushing at that which is so putrid.

'Daughter, dear daughter,' old Lucretius cries, 'That life was mine which thou hast here deprived. If in the child the father's image lies, Where shall I live now Lucrece is unliv'd? Thou wast not to this end from me derived. If children pre-deecase progenitors, We are their offspring, and they none of ours.

'Poor broken glass, I often did behold In thy sweet semblance my old age new born; But now that fresh fair mirror, dim and old, Shows me a bare-boned death by time outworn: O, from thy cheeks my image thou hast torn, And shiver'd all the beauty of my glass, That I no more can see what once I was!'

'O time, cease thou thy course and last no longer, If they surcease to be that should survive. Shall rotten death make conquest of the stronger And leave the faltering feeble souls alive? The old bees die, the young possess their hive: Then live, sweet Lucrece, live again and see Thy father die, and not thy father thee!'

By this, starts Collatine as from a dream, And bids Lucretius give his sorrow place; And then in key-cold Lucrece' bleeding stream He falls, and bathes the pale fear in his face, And counterfeits to die with her a space: Till manly shame bids him possess his breath And live to be revenged on her death.

The deep vexation of his inward soul Hath served a dumb arrest upon his tongue; Who, mad that sorrow should his use control, Or keep him from heart-easing words so long, Begins to talk, but through his lips do throng Weak words, so thick come in his poor heart's aid, That no man could distinguish what he said. 845
LUCECE.

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's life,
Answer'd their cries, 'my daughter' and 'my wife.'

Brutus, who pluck'd the knife from Lucrece's side,
Seeing such emulation in their woe,
Began to clothe his wit in state and pride,
Burying in Lucrece's wound his folly's show.
He with the Romans was esteemed so
As silly-jeering idiots are with kings,
For sportive words and uttering foolish things:

But now he throws that shallow habit by,
Wherein deep policy did him disguise;
And arm'd his long-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
Is it revenge to give thyself a blow (deeds?
For his foul act by whom thy fair wife bleeds?
Such childish humour from weak minds proceeds:
Thy wretched wife mistook the matter so,
To slay herself, that should have slain her foe.

'Courteous Roman, do not steep thy heart
In such relenting dew of lamentations;
But kneel with me and help to bear thy part,
To rouse our Roman gods with invocations,
That they will suffer these abominations,
Since Rome herself in them doth stand disgraced,
By our strong arms from forth her fair streets chased.

'Now, by the Capitol that we adore,
And by this chaste blood so unjustly stain'd,
By heaven's fair sun that breeds the fat earth's store,
By all our country rights in Rome maintain'd,
And by chaste Lucrece's soul that late complain'd
Her wrongs to us, and by this bloody knife,
We will revenge the death of this true wife.'

This said, he struck his hand upon his breast,
And kiss'd the fatal knife, to end his vow;
And to his protestation 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, mak'st waste in niggarding.
Pity the world, or else this glutton be,
To eat the world's due, by the grave and thee.

II.
When forty winters shall besiege thy brow,
And dig deep trenches in thy beauty's field,
Thy youth's proud livery, so gazed on now,
Will be a tatter'd weed, of small worth held:
Then being ask'd where all thy beauty lies,
Where all the treasure of thy lusty days,
To say, within thine own deep-sunken eyes,
Were an all-eating shame and thriftless praise.
How much more praise deserved thy beauty's use,
If thou couldst answer 'This fair child of mine
Shall sum my count and make my old excuse,'
Proving his beauty by succession thine!
This were to be new made when thou art old,
And see thy blood warm when thou feel'st it cold.

III.
Look in thy glass, and tell the face thou viewest
Now is the time that face should form another;
Whose fresh repair if now thou not renewest,
Thou dost beguile the world, unblest some mother.
For where is she so fair whose unear'd womb
Disdains the tillage of thy husbandry?
Or who is he so fond will be the tomb
Of his self-love, to stop 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 gives nothing but doth lend,
And being frank she lends to those are free.
Then, beauteous niggard, why dost thou abuse
The bounteous largess given thee to give?
Profitless usurer, why dost thou use
So great a sum of sums, yet canst not live?
For having traffic with thyself alone,
Thou of thyself thy sweet self dost deceive,
Then how, when nature calls thee to be gone,
What acceptable audit canst thou leave?
Thy unused beauty must be tomb'd with thee,
Which, used, lives th' 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 gone quite,
Beauty o'erthrown and bareness every where:
Then, were not summer's distillation left,
A liquid prisoner pent in walls of glass,
Beauty's effect with beauty were bereft,
Nor it nor no remembrance what it was:
But flowers distill'd, though with winter meet,
Lease but their show; their substance still lives sweet.

VI.
Then let not winter's ragged hand deface
In thee thy summer, ere thou be distill'd:
Make sweet some vial; treasure thou some place
With beauty's treasure, ere it be self-kill'd.
That use is not forbidden usury
Which happies those that pay the willing loan;
That's for thyself to breed another thee,
Or ten times happier, be it ten for one;
Ten times thyself were happier than thou art,
If of thine ten times rehured 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 bedeath's conquest and make worms thine heir.
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.

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;  
[fence  
And nothing 'gainst Time's scythe can make de-  
Save breed, to brave him when he takes thee hence.

O, that you were yourself! but, love, you are  
No longer yours than you yourself here live:  
Against this coming end you should prepare,  
And your sweet semblance to some other give.  
So should that beauty waste you hold in lease  
Find no determination; then you were  
Yourself again after yourself's decease,  
When your sweet issue your sweet form should bear,  
Who lets so fair a house fall to decay,  
Which husbandry in honour might uphold  
Against the stormy gusts of winter's day  
And barren rage of death's eternal cold?  
O, none but unthrifts! Dear love, you know  
You had a father: let your son say so.

Not from the stars do I my judgment pluck;  
And yet methinks I have astronomy,  
But not to tell of good or evil luck,  
Of plagues, of earths, or seasons' quality;  
Nor can I fortune to brief minutes tell,  
Pointing to each his thunder, rain and wind,  
Or say with princes if it shall go well,  
By oft predict that I in heaven find:  
But from thine eyes my knowledge I derive,  
And, constant stars, in them I read such art  
As truth and beauty shall together thrive,  
If from thyself to store thou wouldest convert;  
Or else of thee this I prognosticate:  
Thy end is truth's and beauty's doom and date.

When I consider every thing that grows  
Holds in perfection but a little moment,  
That this huge stage presenteth nought but shows  
Whereon the stars in secret influence comment;  
When I perceive that men do grasp at clouds,  
Cheered and check'd even by the self-same sky,  
Vague 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 engraff you new.

But wherefore do not you a mightier way  
Make war upon this bloody tyrant, Time?  
And fortify yourself in your decay  
With means more blessed than my barren rhyme?  
Now stand you on the top of happy hours,  
And many maiden gardens yet unset
SONNETS.

With virtuous wish would bear your living flowers,
Much liker than your painted counterfeit:
So should the lines of life that life repair,
Though wisps, this, Time's pencil, or my pupil pen,
Neither in inward worth nor outward fair,
Can make you live yourself in eyes of men.
To give away yourself keeps yourself still,
And you must live, drawn by your own sweet skill.

Who will believe my verse in time to come,
If it were fill'd with your most high deserts?
Though yet, heaven knows, it is but as a tomb
Which hides your life and shows not half 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 earthily faces.'
So should my papers yellow'd with their age
Be scorn'd like old men of less truth than tongue,
And your true rights be term'd a poet's rage
And stretched metre of an antique song:
But were some child of yours alive that time,
You should live twice; in it and in my rhyme.

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 gives life to thee.

Devouring Time, blunt thou the lion's paws,
And make the earth devour her own sweet brood;
Pluck the keen teeth from the fierce tiger's jaws,
And burn the long-liv'd phoenix in her blood;
Make glad and sorry seasons as thou coaxest,
And do what'er thou wilt, swift-footed Time,
To the wide world and all her fading sweets;
But I forbid thee one thing more than others,
O, carve not with thy hours my love's fair brow,
Nor draw no lines there with thine antique pen;
Him in thy course untaintest do allow
For beauty's pattern to succeeding men.
Yet, do thy worst, old Time: despite thy wrong,
My love shall in my verse ever live young.

A woman's face with Nature's own hand painted
Hast thou, the master-mistress of my passion?
A woman's gentle heart, but not 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 went thou first created;
Till Nature as she wrought thee, fell a-doting,
And by addition me of thee didst raise;
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.

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 round b moon:
Oh, let me, true in love, but truly write,
And then believe me, my love is as fair
As any mother's child, though not so bright
As those gold candles fix'd in heaven's air:
Let them say more that like of hearsay well;
I will not praise that purpose not to sell.

My glass shall not persuade me I am old,
So long as youth and thou are of one date;
But when in thine time's favours I behold,
Then look I death my days should expiate.
For all that beauty that doth cover thee
Is but the seemly raiment of my heart,
Which in thy breast doth live, as thine in me:
How can I then be elder than thou art?
O, therefore, love, be of thyself so wary
As I, not for myself, but for thee's sake,
Bearing thy heart, which I will keep so chary
As tender nurse her babe from faring ill.
Presume not on thy heart when mine is slain;
Thou gavest me thine, not to give back again.

As an unperfect actor on the stage
Who with his fear is put besides his part,
Or some fierce thing replete with too much rage,
Whose strength's abundance weakens his own heart,
So I, for fear of trust, forget to say
The perfect ceremony of love's rite,
And in mine own love's strength seem to decay,
O'ercharged with burden of mine own love's might.
O, let my books be then the eloquence
And dumb presagers of my speaking breast,
Who plead for love and look for recompense
More than that tongue that more hath express'd.
O, learn to read what silent love hath writ:
To hear with eyes belongs to love's fine wit.

Mine eye hath play'd the painter and hath stell'd
Thy beauty's form in table of my heart;
My body is the frame whereon't is hald,
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 drawne thy shape, and thine for me
Are windows to my breast, where-through the sun
Delights to peep, to gaze therein on thee;
Yet eyes this cunning want to grace their art:
They draw but what they see, know not the heart.

Let those who are in favour with their stars
Of public honour and proud titles boast,
Whilest 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 famish'd for fight,
After a thousand victories once foil'd,
Is from the book of honour razed quite,
And all the rest forgot for which he toil'd;
Then happy I, that love and am beloved
Where I may not remove nor be removed.

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SONNETS.

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 me on my making to writing,
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's expired:
For then my thoughts, from far where I abide,
Intend a zealous pilgrimage to thee,
And keep my drooping eyelids open wide,
Looking on darkness which my blind do see:
Save that my soul's imaginary sight
Presents thy shadow to my sightless view,
Which, like a jewel hung in ghastly night,
Makes black night beauteous and her old face new.
Lo! thus, by day my limbs, by night my mind,
For thee and for myself no quiet find.

XXVIII.
How can I then return in happy plight,
That am debarr'd the benefit of rest?
When day's oppression is not eased by night,
But day by night, and night by day, oppress'd?
And each, though enemies to either's reign,
Do in consent shake hands to torture me;
The one by toil, the other to complain
How far I toil, still 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 sorrow longer
And night doth nightly make my 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 almost despising,
Haply I think on thee, and then my state
Like to the lark at break of day arising
From sullen earth, sings hymns at heaven's gate;
For thy sweet love remember'd such wealth 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 affr'd love's long-since cancel'd woe,
And mean 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.

XXXI.
Thy bosom is endear'd with all hearts,
Which I by lacking have supposed dead,
And there reigns love and all love's loving parts,
And all those friends which I thought bury'd.
How many a holy and obsequious tear
 Hath dear religious love stol'n from mine eye
As into vacant andDESIRE, DESIRE
lost sea,
But things removed that hidden in thee be!
Thou art the grave where buried love doth live,
Hług 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 bury,
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
Dreaded by night with ugly rack on high,
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 disclaimeth;
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?
'T is 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 fountains mud;
Clouds and eclipses stain both moon and sun,
And loseth some canker lives in sweetest bud.
All men make faults, and even I in this,
Authorizing thy trespass with compare,
SONNETS.

Myself corrupting, salving thy amiss,
Excusing thy sins more than thy sins are;
For to thy sensual fault I bring in sense—
Thy adverse party is thy advocate—
And 'gainst myself a lawful plea commence;
Such civil war is in my love and hate
That I an accessory needs must be.
To that sweet thief which sourly robs from me.

XXXVI.
Let me confess that we two must be twain,
Although our undivided loves are one:
So shall those blot 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 that which生产力 divine invitator,
And he that calls on thee, let him bring forth
Eternal numbers to outlive long date.
If my slight Muse do please these curious days,
The pain be mine, but thine shall be the praise.

XXXIX.
O, how thy worth with manners may I sing,
When thou art all the better part of me?
What can mine own praise to mine own self bring
And what is 't but mine own when I praise thee?
Even for this let us divided live,
And our dear love lose name of single one,
That by this separation I may give
That due to thee which thou deservest alone.
O absence, what a torment wouldest thou prove,
Were it not thy soure 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 who doth hence remain!

XL.
Take all my loves, my love, yea, take them all;
What hast thou more than thou hast'd befo're?
No love, my love, that thou mayst true love call;
All mine was thine before thou hast'd this more.
Then if for my love thou my love receivest,
I cannot blame thee for my love thou usest;
But yet be blamed, if thou thyself deceivest
By wilful taste of what thyself refusest.
I do forgive thy gentle thief,
Although thou steal thee all my poverty;
And yet, love knows, it is a greater grief
To bear love's wrong than hate's known injury.
Lascivious grace, in whom all ill well shows,
Kill me with spites; yet we must not be foes.

XLII.
Those petty wrongs that liberty commits,
When I am sometime absent from thy heart,
Thy beauty and thy years full well befit,
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 wos, what woman's son
Will sourly leave her till she have prevailed?
Ay me! but yet thou might'st my seat forbear,
And chide thy beauty and thy straying youth,
Who lead thee in their riot even there.
Wert thou art free to break twofold truth,
Hers, by thy beauty tempting her to thee,
Thine, by thy beauty being false to me.

XLIII.
When most I wink, then do mine eyes best see,
For all the day they view things unexpected;
But when I sleep, in dreams they look on thee,
And darkly bright are bright in dark directed.
Then thou, whose shadow shadows doth make bright,
How would thy shadow's form form happy show
To the clear day with thy much clearer light,
When to unseen 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.

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;
For 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 all lengths of miles when thou art gone,
But that so much of earth and water wrougth
I must attend time's leisure with my moan,
Receiving nought by elements so slow
But heavy tears, badges of either's woe.

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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 with swift西路s on mine side.  
For when these quicker elements are gone  
In tender embassy of love to thee,  
My life, being made of four, with two alone  
Sink down to death, oppress'd with melancholy;  
Until life's composition be recurred  
By those swift messengers return'd from thee,  
Who pen my heart, and didst assure  
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's 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 closer never pierced with crystal eyes—  
But the defendant doth the plea deny  
And says in him thy fair appearance lies.  
To 'cide this title is impanneled  
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 guard turns now unto the other:  
When that mine eye is famish'd for a look,  
Or heart in love with sighs himself doth smother,  
With my love's picture then my eye doth feast  
And to the painted banquet bids my heart;  
Another time mine eye is my heart's guest  
And in his thoughts of love doth share a part:  
So, either by thy picture or my love,  
Thyself away art present still with me;  
For thou not farther than my thoughts canst move,  
And I am still with them and they with thee;  
Or, if they sleep, thy picture in my sight  
Awakes my heart to heart's and eye's delight.

XLVIII.
How careful was I, when I took my way,  
Each trifle under truest bars to thrust,  
That to my use it might unused stay  
From hands of falsehood, in sure wards of trust!  
But thou, to whom my jewels trisies 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 thievish for a prize so dear.

XLIX.
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 thought it was,  
Shall reasons find of settled gravity,—  
Against that time do I ensconce me here  
Within the knowledge of mine own desert,  
And this my hand against myself upheld,  
To guard the lawful reasons on thy part:  
To leave poor me thou hast the strength of laws,  
Since why to love I can allege no cause.

LI.
How heavy do I journey on the way,  
When what I seek, my weary travel's end,  
Doth teach that ease and that repose to say  
'Thus far the miles are measured from thy friend!'  
The beast that bears me, tired with my woe,  
Plods dully on, to bear that weight in me,  
As if by some instinct the wretch did know  
His rider loved not speed, being made from thee:  
The bloody spur cannot provoke him on  
That sometimes anger thrusts into his hide;  
Which heavily he answers with a groan,  
More sharp to me than spurring to his side:  
For that same groan doth put this in my mind;  
My grief lies onward and my joy behind.

LII.
Thus can my love excuse the slow offence  
Of my dull bearer when from thee I speed:  
From where thou art why should I haste me thence?  
Till I return, of posting is no need.  
O, what excuse will my poor beast then find,  
When swift extremity can seem but slow?  
Then should I spur, though mounted on the wind;  
In winged speed no motion shall I know:  
Then can no horse with my desire keep pace;  
Therefore desire, of perfect'st love being made,  
Shall neath — no dull flesh — in his dery 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.
So am I as the rich, whose blessed key  
Can bring him to his sweet up-locked treasure,  
The which he will not every hour survey,  
For blunting the fine point of seldom pleasure.  
Therefore are thefts 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 blst,  
By new unfolding his imprison'd pride.  
Blessed are you, whose worthiness gives scope,  
Being bad, 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 dyes and springs 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.

LIX.
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-bloom hath all as deep a dye  
As the perfumed tincture of the roses,  
Hang on such thorns and play as wantonly  
When summer's breath their masked buds discloses:  
But, for their virtue only is their show,  
They live unwoo'd and unrespected fade,
SONNETS.

Die to themselves. Sweet roses do not so;
Of their sweet deaths are sweetest odours made:
And so of you, beauteous and lovely youth,
When that shall fade, my verse distills your truth.

L.V.
Not marble, nor the gilded monuments
Of princes, shall outlive this powerful rhyme;
But you shall shine more bright in these contents
Than unsweetest stone besmear'd with sluttish time.
When wasteful war shall statues overturn,
And broils root out the work of masonry,
Nor Mars his sword nor war's quick fire shall burn
The living record of your memory.
'Gainst death and all-oblivious enmity
Shall you pace forth; your praise shall still find
Even in the eyes of all posterity
That wear this world out to the ending doom.
So, till the judgment that yourself arise,
You live in this, and dwell in lovers' eyes.

L.VI.
Sweet love, renew thy force; be not said
Thy edge should blunter be than appetite,
Which but to-day by feeding is allay'd,
To-morrow sharpen'd in thy 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 brisk may be the view.
Else call it winter, which being full of care
Makes summer's welcome thrice more wish'd,
more rare.

L.VII.
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.

L.VIII.
That god forbid that made me first your slave,
I should in thought control your times of pleasure,
Or at your hand the account of hours to crave,
Being your vassal, bound to stay your leisure
O, let me suffer, being at your beck,
The imprison'd absence of your liberty;
And patience, tame to sufferance, bide each check,
Without accusing you of injury.
Be where you list, your charter is so strong
That you shall have privilege to your time
To what you will; to you it doth belong
Yourself to pardon of self-doing crime.
I am to wait, though waiting so be hell;
Not blame your pleasure, be it ill or well.

LIX.
If there be nothing new, but that which is
Hath been before, how are our brains beguiled,
Which, labouring for invention, bear amiss
The second burden of a former child!
O, that record could with a backward look,
Even of five hundred courses of the sun,
Show me your image in some antique book,
Since 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 wits of former days
To subjects worse have given admiring praise.

L.X.
Like as the waves make towards the pebbled shore,
So do our minutes hasten to their end;
Each changing place with that which goes before,
In sequent toll all forwards do contend.
Nativity, once in the main of light,
Crawls to maturity, wherewith being crown'd,
Crooked eclipses 'gainst his glory fight,
And Time that gave doth now his gift confound.
Time doth transfix the flourish set on youth
And delves the parallels in beauty's brow,
Feeds on the rarities of nature's truth,
And nothing stands but for his scythe to mow:
And yet to times in hope my verse shall stand,
Praising thy worth, despite his cruel hand.

L.XI.
Is it thy will thy image should keep open
My heavy eyelids to the weary night?
Dost thou desire my slumbers should be broken,
While shadows like to thee do mock my sight?
Is it thy spirit that thou send'st from thee
So far from home into my deeds to pry,
To find out shame 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.

L.XII.
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,
Beaten and chipp'd with tarn'd antiquity,
Mine own self-love quite contrary I read;
Self so self-loving were iniquity.
'Tis thee, myself, that for myself I praise,
Painting my age with beauty of thy days.

L.XIII.
Against my love shall be, as I am now,
With Time's injurious hand crush'd and o'erworn;
When hours have drain'd his blood and fill'd his brow
With lines and wrinkles; when his youthful morn
Hath travel'd on to age's steepy night,
And all those beauties whereof now he's king
Are vanishing & clear'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.

L.XIV.
When I have seen by Time's fell hand defaced
The rich prond cost of outworn buried age;
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When sometime lofty towers I see down-raised
And brass eternal slave to mortal rage:
When I have seen the hungry ocean gain
Advantage on the kingdom of the shore,
And the firm soil win of the watery main,
Increasing store with loss and loss with store;
When I have seen such interchanges of state,
Or state itself confounded to decay;
Ruin hath taught me that this or that ruminat,
That Time will come and take my love away.
This thought is as a death, which cannot choose
But weep to have that which it fears to lose.

Since brass, nor stone, nor earth, nor boundless sea,
But sad mortality oversways their power,
How with this rage shall beauty hold a plea,
Whose action is no stronger than a flower?
O, how shall summer's honey breath hold out
Against the wreckful siege of battering days,
When rocks immoveable are fort 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.

Tired with all these, for restful death I cry,
As, to behold desert a beggar born,
And need not nothing trimm'd in jollity,
And purest faith in unprofitable sorrow,
And gilded honour shamefully misplaced,
And maiden virtue rudely strumpeted,
And right perfection wrongfully disgraced,
And strength by limping swain disabled,
And art made tongue-ied 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 love my love alone.

Ah! wherefore with infection should he live,
And with his presence grace impiete,
That sin by him advantage should achieve
And face 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
Rosés of shadow, since his rose is true?
Why should he live, now Nature bankrupt is,
Beggar'd of blood to blush through lively veins?
For she hath no exchequer now but his,
And, proud of many, lives upon his gains.
O, him shotstores, to show what wealth she had
In days long since, before these last so bad.

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 bough.
Before the golden tresses of the dead,
The right of sepulchers, 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 repent, itself not 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.

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 gueus, they measure by thy deeds;
Then, churlis, their thoughts, although their eyes
were kind,
To thy fair flower add the rank smell of weeds:
But why thy odour matchest not thy show,
The solve is this, that thou dost common grow.

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 wo'd of time;
For canker vice the sweetest buds doth love,
And thou present'st a pure unstained prime.
Thou hast past 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 enlarged:
If some suspect of ill mask'd not thy show,
Then thou alone kingdoms of hearts shouldst owe.

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 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 your poor name rehearse,
But let that go, and live with me in day,
Lest the wise world should look into your moan
And mock you with me after I am gone.

O, lest the world should task you to recite
What merit lived in me, that you should love
After my death, dear love, forget me quite,
For you in me can nothing worthy prove;
Unless you would devise some virtuous lie,
To do more for me than mine own desert,
And hang more praise upon deceased I
Than niggard truth would willingly impart:
O, lest your true love from them 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.

That time of year thou mayst in me behold
When yellow leaves, or none, or few, do hang
Upon those boughs which shake against the cold,
Bare ruin'd choirs, where late the sweet birds sang.
In me thou seest the twilight of such day
As after sunset fadeth in the west
Which by and by black night doth take away,
Death's second self, that seals up all in rest.
In me thou seest the glowing of such fire
That on the ashes of his youth doth lie,
As the death-bed whereon it must expire
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.

But be contented: when that fell arrest
Without all bail shall carry me away,
My life hath in this line some interest,
Which for memorial still with thee shall stay.
When thou reviewest this, thou dost review
The very part that was my greatest numbers and decay'd
The earth can have but earth, which is his due;
My spirit is thine, the better part of me:
So then thou hast but lost the dregs of life,
The prey of worms, my body being dead,
The coward conquest of a wretch's knife,
Too base of thee to be remembered.
The worth of that is that which it contains,
And that is this, and this with thee remains.

So are you to my thoughts as food to life,
Or as sweet-season'd showers are to the ground;
And for the peace of you I hold such strife
As 'twixt a miser and his wealth is found;
Now proud as an enjoyer and anon
Doubting the felching age will steal his treasure,
Now counting best to be with you alone,
Then better'd that the world may see my pleasure;
Sometimes all full with feasting on your sight
And by and by clean starved for a look;
Possessing or pursuing no delight,
Save what is had or must from you be took.
Thus do I pine and surfeit day by day,
Or gluttoning on all, or all away.

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 spent by me:
For as the sun is daily new and old,
So is my love still telling what is told.

Thy glass shall show thee how thy beauties wear,
Thy dial show the minutes waste;
The vacant leaves thy mind's impress 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 stealthy mayst know
Time's thievish progress to eternity.
Look, what thy memory can never forget
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.

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 poesy 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 gracest be;
But thou art all my art and dost advance
As high as learning my rude ignorance.

Whilst I alone did call upon thy aid,
My verse alone had all thy gentle grace,
But now my graces numbers and 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.

Or I shall live thy 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 enshrink'd in your 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 breaths, even in the mouths of men.

I grant thou wert not married to my Muse
And therefore mayst without attain'd overlook
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, on 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:
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. 

XIII. 
So shall I live, supposing thou art true, 
Like a deceived husband; so love's face 
May still seem love to me, though alter'd new; 
Thy looks with me, thy heart in other place: 
For there can live no hatred in thine eye, 
Therefore in that I cannot know thy change. 
In many's looks the fair of youth put a spirit 
Is writ in moods and frowns and wrinkles strange, 
But heaven in thy creation did decree 
That in thy face sweet love should ever dwell; 
Whate'er thy thoughts or thy heart's workings be, 
Thy looks should nothing thence but sweetness tell. 

How like Eve's apple 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, then, that dares the basest thing, 
Whose wretched faults are, as we know, 
Unmoved, cold, and to temptation slow, 
They rightely 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 sweetest dost thou sins enclose! 
That tongue that tells the story of thy days, 
Making lascivious comments on thy sport, 
Cannot dispraise but in a kind of praise; 
Naming thy name blesses an ill report. 
O, what a mansion have those vices got 
Which for their habitation chose out thee, 
Where beauty's veil doth cover every blot, 
And leaves the base to show itself too late! 
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 throned queen 
The basest jewel will be well esteem'd, 
So are those errors that in thee are seen 
To truths translated and for true things deem'd. 
How many lambs might the stern wolf betray, 
If like a lamb he could his looks translate! 
How many gazers mightst thou lead away, 
If thou wouldst use the strength of all thy state! 
But do not so; I love thee in such sort 
As thou being mine, mine is thy good report.

XCVIII. 
For all the changes of the winter's time, 
And yet this time removed was summer's time, 
The teeming autumn, big with rich increase, 
Bearing the wanton burden of the prime, 
Like widow'd wombs after their lords' decease: 
Yet this abundant issue seem'd to me 
But hope of orphans and unfather'd fruit; 
For summer and his pleasures wait on thee, 
And thou away, the youth binds on me: 
Or, if they sing, 't is with a dull a cheer 
That leaves look pale, dreading the winter's near.

XCVIII. 
From you have I been absent in the spring, 
When proud-pied April dress'd in all his trim 
Hath put a spirit into each flower; 
That heavy Saturn laugh'd and leap'd with him. 
Yet nor the lays of birds nor the sweet smell 
Of different flowers in odour and in hue 
Could make me any summer's story tell, 
[ grew; 
Or from their proud lap pluck them where they 
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:

XCV. 
The forward violet thus did I chide: 
[smells; 
Sweet thief, whence didst thou steal thy sweet that 
If not from my love's breath? The purple pride 
Which on thy soft cheek for complexion dwells 
In my love's veins thou hast too grossly dyed. 
The lily I condemned for thy hand, 
And buds of marjoram had stol'n thy hair: 
The roses fearfully on thorns did stand, 
One blushing shame, another white despair; 
A third, nor red nor white, had stol'n of both 
And to his robbery had annex'd thy breath; 
But, for his theft, in pride of all his growth 
A vengeful canker eat him up to death. 
More flowers I noted, yet I none could see 
But sweet or colour it had stol'n from thee.

C. 
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 lays esteem 
And gives thy pen both skill and argument. 
Rise, resty Muse, my love's sweet face survey, 
If Time have any wrinkle graven there; 
If any, be a satire to decay, 
And make Time's spoils despised everywhere. 
Give my love fame faster than Time wastes life; 
So thou prevent'st his scythe and crooked knife.

Cl. 
O truant Muse, what shall thy amends 
For thy neglect of truth in beauty dyed? 
Both truth and beauty on my love depends; 
So dost thou too, and therein dignified. 
Make answer, Muse: wilt thou not haply say 
'Truth needs no colour, with his colour fix'd? 
Beauty no pencil, beauty's truth to lay; 
But best is best, if never intermix'd? 
Because he needs no praise, wilt thou be dumb? 
Excuse not silence; 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.

Cl. 
My love is strengthen'd, though more weak in seem- 
I love not less, though less the show appear: 
[ing;
SONNETS.

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 Philomel in summer's front doth sing
And stops her still, in growth of ripper 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 let her I sometime sing my tongue,
Because I would not dull you with my song.

CIII.

Alack, what poverty my Muse brings forth,
That having such a scope to show her pride,
The argument all bare is of more worth:
And sweet grown common lose their dear delight.
Therefore let her I sometime sing my tongue,
Because I would not dull you with my song.

CIV.

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 these, still such, and ever so.
Kind is my love to-day, to-morrow kind,
Still constant in a wondrous excellence;
Therefore my verse to constancy confined,
One thing expressing, leaves out difference.
Fair, kind, and true is all my argument,
Fair, kind, and true varying to other words;
And in this change is my invention spent,
Three themes in one, which wondrous scope afford.
Fair, kind, and true, have often lived alone,
Which three till now never kept seat in one.

CVI.

When in the chronicle of wasted time
I see descriptions of the fairest wights,
And beauty making beautiful old rhyme
In praise of ladies dead and lovely knights,
Then, in the blazon of sweet beauty's best,
Of hand, of foot, of lip, of eye, of brow,
I see their antique pen would have express'd
Even such a beauty as my Muse now show.
So all their praises are but prophecies
Of this our time, all you professing;
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.

CIV.

Not mine own fears, or the prophetic soul
Of the wide world dreaming on things to come,
Can yet the lease of my true love control,
Supposed as forfeit to a confined doom.
The mortal moon hath her eclipse endured
And the sad augurs mock their own presage;
Incertainties now crown themselves assured
And peace proclaims olives of endless age.
Now with the drops of this most balmy time
My love looks fresh, and Death to me subscribes,
Since, spite of him, I'll live in this fair 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.

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
Ab from my soul, which the 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 blentches gave my heart another youth,
And worse essays proved thee my best love.
Now all is done, have what shall have no end;
Mine appetite I never more will grinde
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;
SONNETS.

No bitterness that I will bitter think,
Nor double penance, to correct correction.
Pity me then, dear friend, and I assure ye
Even that your pity is enough to cure me.

CXXI.

Your love and pity doth the impression fill
Which vulgar sence, I thrp'd, doth upon my brow;
For what care who calls me well or ill,
So you o'er-green my bad, my good allow?
You are all the world, and I must strive
To know my shames and praises from your tongue;
None else to me, nor I to none alive,
That my steel'd sense or changes right or wrong.
In so profound a world, 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.

CXXII.

Since I left you, mine eye is in my mind;
And that which governs 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:
Incable of more, replete with you,
My most true mind thus makes mine eye untrue.

CXXIII.

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 come to resemble?
O, 'tis the first; 'tis flattery in my seeing,
And my great mind most kindly drinks it up:
Mine eye well knows what with his gust is greening,
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.

CXXIV.

Those lines that I before have writ do lie,
Even those that said I could not love you dearer:
Yet then my judgment knew no reason why
My most full flame should afterwards burn clearer.
But reckoning time, whose million'd accidents
Creep in 'twixt vows and change decrees of kings,
Tan sacred beauty, blunt the sharpest intents,
Divert strong minds to the course of altering things:
Alas, why, fearing of time's tyranny,
Might I not then say 'Now I love you best,'
When I was certain o'er incertainty,
Crowning the present, doubting of the rest?
Love is a babe; then might I not say so,
To give full growth to that which still doth grow?

CXXV.

Let me not to the marriage of true minds
Admit impediments. Love is not love
Which alters when it alteration finds,
Or bends with the remover to remove:
O, no! it is an ever-fixed mark
That looks on tempests and is never shaken;
It is the star to every wandering bark,
Whose worth's unknown, although his height be taken.
Love's not Time's fool, though rosy lips and cheeks
Within his bending sickle's compass come;
Love alters not with his brief hours and weeks,
But bears it out even to the edge of doom.
If this be error and upon me proved,
I never writ, nor no man ever loved.

CXXVI.

Accuse me thus: that I have scanted all
Wherein I should your great deserts repay,
Forgot upon your dearest love to call,
Whereo 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.

CXXVII.

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 sweetness,
To bitter sauces did I frame my feeding
And, sick of welfare, found a kind of meetness
To be diseased ere that there was true 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 hence I learn, and find the lesson true,
Drugs poison him that so fell sick of you.

CXXVIII.

What potions have I drunk of Siren tears,
Distill'd from limbeckes soul as hell within,
Appointing fears and hopes to my ears,
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 fitting
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 three times more than I have spent.

CXXIX.

That you were once unkind befriends me now,
And for that sorrow which I then did feel
Needs must I under my transgression bow,
Unless my nerves were brass or hammer'd steel.
For if you were by my unkindness shaken
As I by yours, you've pass'd a hell of time,
And I, a tyrant, have no leisure taken
To weigh how once I suffer'd in your crime.
O, that our night of woe might have 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 would hasten alexes
But that your trespass now becomes a fee;
Mine ransoms yours, and yours must ransom me.

CXXX.

'Tis better to be vile than vile esteem'd,
When not to be receiv'd reproach of being,
And the just pleasure lost which is so deem'd
Not by our feeling but by others' seeing:
For why should others' false adulterate eyes
Give salutation to my sportive blood?
Or on my frailties why are trailer spies,
Which in their wills count bad what I think good?
No, I, an that I am, and thou that level
At my abuses reckon up their own:
I may be straight, though they themselves be bevel;
By their rank thoughts my deeds must not be shown;
Unless this general evil they maintain,
All men are bad, and in their badness reign.

CXXII.

Thy gift, thy tables, are within my brain
Full character'd with lasting memory,
Which shall above that idle rank remain
Beyond all date, even to eternity;
Or at the least, so long as brain and heart
Have faculty by nature to subsist;
Till each to 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,
Wherein 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.
Showers.
That it nor grows with heat nor drowns with cold,
To this I witness call the fools of time.
Which die for goodness, who have lived for crime.

CXXV.

Were 't taught 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 ing?
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 thrivers, in their gazzing spent?
No, let me be obsequious to 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 yarning 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 pow'r,
Fairing the soul 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,
Slandering creation with a false esteem:
Yet so they mourn, becoming of their woe,
That every tongue says beauty should look so

CXXVIII.

How oft, when thou, my music, music play'st,
Upon that blessed wood whose motion sounds
With thy sweet fingers, when thou gently sway'st
The wry conic 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 the 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 purgied, murder'd, bloody, full of blame,
Savage, extreme, rude, cruel, not to trust,
Enjoy'd no sooner but desip'd straight,
Past reason hunted, and no sooner had
Past reason hated, as a swallow's 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 wo;
Before, a joy proposed; behind, a dream.

CXXX.

All this the world well knows; yet none knows
To shun the heaven that leads men to this hell.

My mistress' eyes are nothing like the sun;
Coral is far more red than her lips' red;
If snow be white, why then her breasts are dun;
If hairs be wires, black wires grow on her head.
I have seen roses damask'd, red and white,
But no such roses see I in her cheeks;
And in some perfumes is there more delight
Than in the breath that from my mistress reeks.
I love to hear her speak; yet well I know
That music hath a far more pleasing sound;
I grant I never saw a goddess go;  
My mistress, when she walks, treads on the ground:  
And yet, by heaven, I think my love as rare  
As any she belied with false compare.

CXXXI.
Thou art as tyrannous, so as thou art,  
As those whose beauties proudly make them cruel;  
For well thou know'st to my dear doting heart  
Thou art the fairest and most precious jewel.  
Yet, in good faith, some say that thee behold  
Thy face hath not the power to make love groan:  
To say, not, for ever, for it is forsworn;  
Although I swear it to myself alone.  
And, to be sure that is not false I swear,  
A thousand groans, but thinking on thy face,  
One on another's neck, do witness bear  
Thy black is fairest in my judgment's place.  
In nothing art thou black save in thy deeds,  
And thence this slander, as I think, proceeds.

CXXXII.
Thine eyes I love, and they, as pitying me,  
Knowing thy heart torments me with disdain,  
Have put on black and loving mourners be,  
Looking with pretty ruth upon my pain.  
And truly not the morning sun of heaven  
Better becomes the grey cheeks of the east,  
Nor that full star that ushers in the even  
Doth half that glory to the sober west,  
As those two mourning eyes become thy face:  
O, let it then as well beseech thy heart  
To mourn for me, since mourning doth thee grace,  
And suit thy pity like in every part.  
Then will I swear beauty herself is black  
And all they foul that thy complexion lack.

CXXXIII.
Beshrew that heart that makes my heart to groan  
For that deep wound it gives my friend and me!  
Is 't not enough to torture me alone,  
But slave to slavery my sweet'st friend must be?  
Me from myself thy cruel eye hath taken,  
And my next self thou harder hast engross'd:  
Of him, myself, and all his lost forsaken:  
A torment thrice threefold thus to be cross'd.  
Prison my heart in thy steel bosom's ward,  
But then my friend's heart let my poor heart ball;  
Who'er keep's me, let my heart be his guard;  
Thou canst not then use rigour in my goa!  
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 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 vouchsafe to hide my will in thine?  
Shall will in others seem right gracious,  
And in my will no fair acceptance shine?  
The sea, all water, yet receives rain still  
And in abundance addeth to his store;  
So thou, being rich in 'Will,' add to thy 'Will.'  
One will of mine, to make thy large 'Will' more.  
Let no unkind, no fair beseechers kill;  
Think all but one, and me in that one 'Will.'

CXXXVI.
If thy soul check thee that I come so near,  
Swear to thy blind soul that I was thy 'Will,'  
And will, thy soul knows, is admitted there;  
Thus far for love my love's suit, sweet, fulfil.  
'Will' will fulfil the treasure of thy love,  
Ay, fill it full with wills, and my will one.  
In things of great receipt with ease we prove  
Among a number one is reckon'd none:  
Then in the number let me pass untold,  
Though in thy 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 lov'est me, for my name is 'Will.'

CXXXVII.
Thou blind fool, Love, what dost thou to mine eyes,  
That they behold, and see not what they see?  
They know what beauty is, see where it lies,  
Yet what the best is take the worst to be.  
If eyes corrupt by over-partial looks  
Be anchor'd in the bay where all men ride,  
Why of eyes' falsehood hast thou forged hooks,  
Where to the judgment of my heart is tied?  
Why should my heart think that a several plot  
Which my heart knows the world's common  
Or mine eyes seeing this, say this is not, [place?  
To put fair truth upon so foul a face?  
In things right true my heart and eyes have erred,  
And to this false plague are they now transfer'd.

CXXXVIII.
When my love swears that she is made of truth  
I do believe her, though I know she lies,  
That she might think me some untutor'd youth,  
Unlearned in the world's false subtilties.  
Thus vainly thinking that she thinks me young,  
Although she knows my days are past the best,  
Simply I credit her false-speaking tongue:  
On both sides thus is simple truth suppress'd.  
But wherefore says she not she is unjust?  
And wherefore say not I that I am old?  
O, love's best habit is in seeming trust,  
And age in love loves not to have years told:  
Therefore I lie with her and she with me,  
And in our faults by lies we flatter'd be.

CXXXIX.
O, call not me to justify the wrong  
That thy unkindness lays upon my heart;  
Wound me not with thine eye but with thy tongue;  
Use power with power and slay me not by art.  
Tell me thou lovest elsewhere, but in my sight,  
Dear heart, forbear to glance thine eye aside:  
What need'st thou wound with cunning when thou 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.

CXL.
Be wise as thou art cruel; do not press  
My tongue-tied patience with too much disdain;
Lest sorrow wound 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 would 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.

CXLII.
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 dote;  
Nor are mine ears with thy tongue's tune delighted.  
Nor tender feeling, to base touches prone,  
Nor taste, nor smell, desire to be invited  
To any sensual feast with thee alone:  
But my five wits nor my five senses can  
Dissuade one foolish heart from serving thee,  
Who leaves unwary'd the likeness of a man,  
Thy powder'd love and powder'd woe to be:  
Only my plague thus far I count my gain,  
That she that makes me sin awards me pain.

CXLIII.
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 reprouving;  
Or, if it do, not from those lips of thine,  
That have profaned their scarlet ornaments  
And seal'd false bonds of love as oft as mine,  
Robb'd others' beds' revenues of their rents.  
Be it lawful I love thee, as thou lov'st those  
Whom thine eyes woo as mine importune thee:  
Root pity in thy heart, that when it grows  
Thy pity may deserve to pitied be.  
If thou dost seek to have what thou dost hide,  
By self-example mayst thou be denied!

CXLIV.
Two loves I have of comfort and despair,  
Which like two spirits do suggest me still:  
The better angel is a man right fair,  
The worser spirit a woman colour'd ill.  
To win me soon to hell, my female evil  
Tempteth my better angel from my side,  
And would corrupt my saint to be a devil,  
Wooing his purity with her foul pride.  
And when 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  
Breathe 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 down annoy'd;  
'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,  
Whether thou pine within and suffer dearth,  
Painting thy outward wall so costly gay?  
Why so large cost, having so short a lease,  
Dost thou upon thy fading manor spend?  
Shall worms, inheritors of this excess,  
Eat up thy charge? is this thy body's end?  
Then, soft, let thy new servant's labour,  
And let that pine to aggravate thy store;  
Buy terms divine in selling hours of dross;  
Within be fed, without be rich no more:  
So shalt thou feed on Death, that feeds on men,  
And Death once dead, there's no more dying then.

CXLVII.
My love is as a fever, longing still  
For that which longer nurseth the disease,  
Feeding on that which doth preserve the ill,  
The uncertain sickly appetite to please.  
My reason, the physician to my love,  
Angry that his prescriptions are not kept,  
Hath left me, and I desperate now approve  
Desire is death, which physic did except.  
Past cure I am, now reason is past care,  
And frantic-mad with evermore unrest;  
My thoughts and my discourse as madmen's are,  
At random from the truth vainly express'd;  
For I have sworn thee fair and thought thee bright,  
Who art as black as hell, as dark as night.

CXLVIII.
O me, what eyes hath Love put in my head,  
Which have no correspondence with true sight!  
Or, if they have, where is my judgment fled,  
That censures falsely what they see aright?  
If that be fair whereon my false eyes doate,  
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; [blind]  
O cunning Love! with tears thou keep'st me  
Lest eyes well-seeing thy foul faults should find.

CXLIX.
Canst thou, O cruel! say I love thee not,  
When I against myself with thee partake?  
Do I not think on thee, when I forgot  
Am of myself, all tyrant, for thy sake?  
Who hateth thee that do I 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 shouldst not abhor my state:
If thy unworthiness raised love in me,
More worthy I to be beloved of thee.

CLL.
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 farther reason;
But, rising at thy name, doth point out thee
As his triumphant pride. Proud of this pride,
He is contented thy poor drudge to be,
To stand in thy affairs, fall by thy side.
No want of conscience hold it that I call
Her 'love' for whose dear love I rise and fall.

CLII.
In loving thee thou know'st I am forsworn,
But thou art twice forsworn, to me love swearing,
in act thy bed-vow broke and new faith torn
In vowing new hate after new love bearing.
But why of two oaths' breach do I accuse thee,
When I break twenty? I am perjur'd most;
For all my vows are oaths but to misuse thee
And all my honest faith in thee is lost,
For I have sworn deep oaths of thy deep kindness,
Oaths of thy love, thy truth, thy constancy,
And, to enlighten thee, gave eyes to blindness,
Or made them swear against the thing they see;
For I have sworn thee fair; more perjur'd I,
To swear against the truth so foul a lie!

CLIII.
Cupid laid by his brand, and fell asleep:
A maid of Dian's this advantage found,
And his love-kindling fire did quickly steep
In a cold valley-fountain of that ground;
Which borrow'd from this holy fire of Love
A dateless lively heat, still to endure.
And grew a seething bath, which yet men prove
Against strange maladies a sovereign cure.
But at my mistress' eye Love's brand new-fired,
The boy for trial needs would touch my breast;
I, sick withal, the help of bath 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 chastity keep
Came tripping by; but in her maiden hand
The fairest votary took up that fire
Which many legions of true hearts had warm'd;
And so the general of hot desire
Was sleeping by a virgin hand disarm'd.
This brand she quenched in a cool well by,
Which from Love's fire took heat perpetual,
Growing a bath and healthful remedy
For men diseased; but I, my mistress' thrall,
Came there for cure, and this by that I prove,
Love's fire heats water, water cools not love.

A LOVER'S COMPLAINT.

From off a hill whose concave womb re-worded
A plentiful 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 twain,
Storming her world with sorrow's wind and rain.

Upon her head a platted hive of straw,
Which fortified her visage from the sun,
Whereon the thought might think sometime it saw
The carcass of a beauty spent and done:
Time had not seyed all that youth begon,
Nor youth all quit: but, spite of heaven's fell rage,
Some beauty peep'd through lattice of ear'd age.

Oft did she heave her napkin to her eye,
Which on it had concocted characters,
Laundering the silken figures in the brine
That season'd woe had pelleted in tears,
And often reading what contents it bears;
As often shrieking undistinguish'd woe,
In clamours of all size, both high and low.

Sometimes her levell'd eyes their carriage ride,
As they did battery to the spheres intend;
Sometime diverted their poor balls are tied
To the orb'd earth; sometimes they do extend.
Their view right on; anon their gazes lend
To every place at once, and, nowhere fix'd.
The mind and sight distractedly commix'd.

Her hair, nor loose nor tied in formal plat,
Proclaim'd in her a careless hand of pride
For some, untuck'd, descend'd her sheaved hat,
Hanging her pale and plumed cheek beside:
Some in her threaden fillet still did hide,
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,
Of which one by one she in a river threw,
Upon whose weeping margin she was set;
Like usury, applying wet to wet,
Or monarch's hands that let not bounty fall.
Where want cries some, but where excess begs all.

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A Lover's Complaint.

Of folded schedules had she many a one,
Which she perused, sigh'd, tore, and gave the flood;
Crack'd many a ring of posied gold and bone,
Bidding them find their sepulchres in mud.

Found yet more letters sadly penn'd in blood,
With shielded 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 uncorrected 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 ruffie knew
Of court, of city, and had let go by
The swiftest hours, observed as they flew—
Towards this afflicted fancy hastily drew,
And, privileged by age, desires to know
In brief the grounds and motives of her 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 judgment I am old;
Not age, but sorrow, over me hath power:
I might as yet have been a spreading flower,
Fresh to myself, if I had self-applied
Love to myself and to no love beside.

'But, woe is me! too early I attended
A youthful suit— it was to gain my grace—
Of one by nature's outwards so commended,
That maidens' eyes stuck over all his face:
Love lawn'd a dwelling, and made him her place;
And when in his fair parts she did abide,
She was new lodged and newly defied.

'H's browny locks did hang in crooked curls;
And every light occasion of the wind
Upon his limbs their silken parcels yield;
What 's sweet to do, to do will aptly find;
Each eye that saw him did enchant the mind,
For on his visage was in little drawn
What largeness thinks in Paradise was sown.

'Small show of man was yet upon his chin;
H's phoenix down began but to appear
Like unshorn velvet on that termless skin
Whose bare out-bragg'd the web it seem'd to wear;
Yet show'd his visage by that cost more dear;
And nice affections wavering stood in doubt
If best were as it was, or best without.

'H's 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, unruly though they be.
H's rudeness so with his authorized youth
Did lively falseness in a pride of truth.

'Well could he ride, and often men would say
'That horse his mettle from his rider takes:
Proud of subjection, noble by the sway,
What rounds, what bounds, what course, what stophe
And controversy hence a question takes, [makes!]

Whether the horse by him became his deed,
Or he his manage by the well-doing steed.

'But quickly on this side the verdict went:
His real habitude gave life and grace
To apparellings 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
Piec'd not his grace, but were all grace 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 laughre weep,
He had the dialect and different skill,
Closing 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 haunt:
Consents bewitch'd, ere he desire, have granted;
And argued for him he what he would say,
As'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 labouring in moe pleasures to bestow them
Than the true gouty landlord which doth owe them:

'So many have, that never touch'd his hand,
Sweetly supposed them mistress of his heart.
My woeful self, that did in freedom stand,
And was my own fee-simple, not in part,
What with his art in youth, and youth in art,
Threw my affections In his charmed power,
Reserved the stalk and gave him all my flower.

'Yet did I not, as some my equals did,
Demand of him, nor being desired yielded:
Finding myself in honour so forbid,
With safest distance I mine honour shield:
Experience for me many bulwarks builded
Of proofs new-bleeding, which remain'd the foil
Of this false jewel, and his amorous spoil.

'But, ah, who ever shunn'd by precedent
The destined ill she must herself assay?
Or forced examples, 'gainst her own content,
To put by-past perils in her way?
Counsel may stop awhile what will not stay;
For when we rage, advice is often seen
By blunting us to make our wits more keen.

'Nor gives it satisfaction to our blood,
That we must curb it upon others' proof;
To be forbod the sweets that seem so good,
For fear of harms that preach in our behalf.
O appetite, from judgment stand aloof!
The one a palate hath that needs will taste,
Though Reason weep, and cry 'It is thy last.'

'For further I could say 'This man 's untrue,'
And knew the patterns of his foul beguiling;
Heard where his plans and orchards grew,
Saw how deceits were glided in his smiling;
Knew vows were ever brokers to delusion;
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,
A LOVER'S COMPLAINT.

Have of my suffering youth some feeling pity,
And be not of my holy vows afraid:
That's to ye sworn to none was ever said;
For feasts of love I have been call'd unto,
Till now did ne'er invite, nor never woe.

"All my offences that abroad you see
Are errors of the blood, none of the mind;
Love made them not: with acture they may be,
Where neither party is nor true nor kind:
They sought their shame that so their shame did find;
And so much less of shame in me remains,
By how much of me their reproach contains.

"Among the many that mine eyes have seen,
Not one whose flame my heart so much as warm'd,
Or my affection put to the smallest teen,
Or any of my pleasures ever charm'd:
Harm have I done to them, but ne'er was harm'd;
Kept hearts in livers, but mine own was free,
And reign'd, commanding in his monarchy.

"Look here, what tributes wounded fancies sent
Of paled pears and rubies red as blood;
Fine, Figuring that they their passions likewise lent me
Of grief and blushes, aptly understood
In bloodless white and the encrimson'd mood;
Effects of terror and dear modesty,
Encamp'd in hearts, but fighting outwardly.

"And, lo, behold these talents of their hair,
With twisted metal amorously impleach'd,
I have received from many a sever fair,
Their kind acceptance weepingly beseech'd,
With the annexions of fair gems enrich'd,
And deep-brain'd sonnets that did amplify
Each stone's dear nature, worth, and quality.

"The diamond,—why, 't was beautiful and hard,
Whereeto his invis'd properties did tend;
The deep-green emerald, in whose fresh regard
Weak sights their sickly radiance do amend;
The heaven-hued sapphire and the opal blend
With objects manifold: each several stone,
With wit well blazon'd, smiled or made some moan.

"Lo, all these trophies of affections hot,
Of pensived and subdue'd desires the tender,
Nature hath charged me that I hoard them not,
But yield them up where I myself must render,
That is, to you, my origin and end.
For these, of force, must your oblations be,
Since I their altar, you enparion me.

"O, then, advance of yours that phraseless hand,
Whose while weighs down the airy scale of praise;
Take all these similis to your own command,
Hallow'd with sighs that burning lungs did raise;
What me your minister, for you obeys,
Works under you; and to your audit comes
Their distract parcels in combined sums.

"Lo, this device was sent me from a nun,
Or sister sanctifi'd, 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 difference, 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 striv's,
Playing the place which did no form receive,
Playing patient sports in unconstrained gyres?
She that her fame so to herself contrives,
The scars of battle 'scapeth by the flight,
And makes her absence valiant, not her might.

"O, pardon me, in that my boast is true:
The accident which brought me to her eye
Upon the moment did her force subdue,
And now she would the caged cloister fly:
Religious love put out Religion's eye:
Not to be tempted, would she be immured,
And now, to tempt, all liberty procured.

"How mighty then you are, O, hear me tell!
The broken bosoms that to me belong
Have emptied all their fountains in my well,
And mine I pour your ocean all among:
I strong o'er them, and you o'er me being strong,
Must for your victory us all conger,
As compound love to physic your cold breast.

"My parts had power to charm a sacred nun,
Who, disciplined, ay, dieted in grace,
Believed her eyes when they to assail begun,
All vows and consecrations giving place:
O most potential love! vow, bond, nor space,
In thee hath neither sting, knot, nor confine,
For thou art all, and all things else are thine.

"When thou 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 sweetness, in the suffering pangs it bears,
The akes of all forces, shocks, and fears.

"Now all these hearts that do mine depend,
Feeling it break, with bleeding groans they pine;
And supplicant their sights to you extend,
To leave the battery that you make 'gainst mine,
Lending soft audiance to my sweet design,
And credent soul to that strong-bonded oath
That shall prefer and undertake my troth.

"This said, his watery eyes he did dismount,
Whose sights till then were levell'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 daff'd,
Shook off my sober guards and civil fears;
Appeal to him, as he to me appears,
All melting; though our drops this difference bore,
His poison'd me, and mine did him restore.

"In him a plenitude of subtle matter,
Applied to cautels, all strange forms receives,
Of burning blushes, or of weeping water,
Or swooning paleness; and he takes and leaves,
In either's aptness, as it best deceives,
To blush at speeches rank, to weep at woes,
Or to turn white and swoon at tragic shows:

"That not a heart which in his level came
Could 'scape the hail of his all-hurting aim,
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 still.
To win me soon to hell, my female evil
Tempteth my better angel from my side,
And would corrupt my saint to be a devil,
Wooing his purity with her fair pride.
And whether that my angel be turn'd fiend,
Suspect I may, yet not directly tell:
For being both to me, both to each friend,
I guess one angel in another's hell:
The truth I shall not know, but live in doubt,
Till my bad angel fire my good one out.

III.

Did not the heavenly rhetoric of thine eye,
'Gainst whom the world could not hold argument,
Persuade my heart to this false perjury?
Vows for thee broke deserve not punishment.
A woman I forswore; but I will prove,
Thou being a goddess, I forswore not thee:
My vow was earthly, thou a heavenly love;
Thy grace being gain'd cures all disgrace in me.
My vow was breath, and breath a vapour is;
Then, thou fair sun, that on this earth doth shine,
Exhale this vapour vow; in thee it is:
If broken, then it is no fault of mine.
If by me broke, what fool is not so wise
To break an oath to win a paradise?

IV.

Sweet Cytherea, sitting by a brook
With young Adonis, lovely, fresh, and green,
Did court the lad with many a lovely look,
Such looks as none could look but beauty's queen.

Ay me! I fell; and yet do question make
What I should do again for such a sake.
'O, that infected moisture of his eye,
O, that false fire which in his cheek so glow'd,
O, that forced thunder from his heart did fly,
O, that sad breath his spongy 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.

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 fairer to deface her.

If her lips to mine how often hath she join'd,
Between each kiss her oaths of true love swearing!
How many tales to please me hath she coin'd,
Dreading my love, the loss thereof still fearing!
Yet in the midst of all her pure protestings,
Her faith, her oaths, her tears, and all were jestings.
She burn'd with love, as straw with fire flameth;
She burn'd out love, as soon as straw out-burneth;
She framed the love, and yet she flied the framing;
She bore love last, and yet she fell a-turning.
Was this a lover, or a lecher whether?
Bad in the best, though excellent in neither.

VII.

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.

Downward to thee is dear, whose heavenly touch
Upon the lute doth ravish human sense;
Spenser to me, whose deep conceit is such
As, passing all conceit, needs no defence.
Thou lovest to hear the sweet melodious sound
That Phoebus' lute, the queen of music, makes;
And I in deep delight am chiefly drown'd
When as himself to singing he betakes.

One god is god of both, as poets feign;
One knight loves both, and both in thee remain.

X.

Fair was the morn when the fair queen of love,
* * * * *

Paler for sorrow than her milk-white dove,
For Adon's sake, a youngster proud and wild;
Her stand she takes upon a steep-up hill:
Anon Adonis comes with horn and hounds;
She, silly queen, with more than love's good will,
Forbade the boy he should not pass those grounds:
'Once,' quoth she, 'did I see a fair sweet youth
Here in these brakes deep-wounded with a boar,
Deep in the thigh, a spectacle of ruth!
See, in my thigh, quoth she, 'here was the sore.'
She showed hers: she saw more wounds than one,
And blushing fled, and left her all alone.

X.

Sweet rose, fair flower, untimely pluck'd, soon vaded,
Pluck'd in the bud, and vaded in the spring!
Bright orient pearl, alack, too timely shadéd!
Fair creature, kill'd too soon by death's sharp sting!

Like a green plant that hangs upon a tree,
And falls, through wind, before the fall should be.

I weep for thee, and yet no cause I have;
For why thou left'st me nothing in thy will:
And yet why thou left'st me more than I did crave;
For why I craved nothing of thee still:
O yes, dear friend, I pardon crave of thee,
Thy discontent thou didst bequeath to me.

X.

Venus, with young Adonis sitting by her
Under a myrtle shade, began to woo him:
She told the young Mars, 'let Mars try her,
And as he felt to her, so fell she to him.
'Even thus,' quoth she, 'the warlike god embraced me.'

And then she clipp'd Adonis in her arms;

'Even thus,' quoth she, 'the warlike god unlaced me,'
As if the boy should use like loving charms;
'Even thus,' quoth she, 'he seiz'd on my lips,' And with her lips on his did act the seizure:
And as she fetched breath, away he skips, And would not take her meaning nor her pleasure.

Ah, that I had my lady at this bay,
To kiss and clip me till I run away!

XII.

Cribbed age and youth cannot live together:
Youth is full of pleasure, age is full of care;
Youth like summer morn, age like winter weather;
Youth like summer brave, age like winter bare.
Youth is full of sport, age's breath is short;
Youth is nimble, age is lame.
Youth is hot and bold, age is weak and cold;
Youth is wild, and age is tame.
Age, I do abhor thee; youth, I do adore thee;
O, my love, my love is young!
Age, I do defy thee: O, sweet shepherd, his thee.
For methinks thou stay'st too long.

XIII.

Beauty is but a vain and doubtful good;
A shining gloss that vaded suddenly;
A flower that dies when first it gins to bud;
A brittle glass that's broken presently.
A doubtful good, a glass, a glass, a flower,
Lost, vaded, broken, dead within an hour.
And as goods lost are sold or never found,
As vaded gloss no rubbing will refresh,
As flowers dead lie wither'd on the ground,
As broken glass no cement can redress.
So beauty blisnish'd once 's for ever lost,
In spite of physic, painting, pain and cost.

XIV.

Good night, good rest. Ah, neither be my share:
She bade good night that kept my rest away;
And daff'd me to a cabin hang'd with care,
To descant on the doubts of my decay.
'Farewell,' quoth she, 'and come again to-morrow.'

Fare well I could not, for I supp'd with sorrow.
Yet at my parting sweetly did she smile,
In scorn or friendship, nil I construe whether:
'T may be, she joy'd to jest at my exile,
'T may be, again to make me wander thither:
'Wander,' a word for shadows like myself,
As take the pain, but cannot pluck the pelf.

XV.

Lord, how mine eyes throw gazes to the east!
My heart doth charge the watch; the morning rise
Doth cite each moving sense from idle rest.
Not daring trust the office of mine eyes,
While Philomela sits and sings, I sit and mark,
And wish her lays were tuned like the lark;
For she doth welcome daylight with her ditty,
And drives away dark dismal-dreaming night:
The night so pack'd, I post unto my pretty,
Heart hath his hope, and eyes their wished sight:
Sorrow changed to solace, solace mix'd with sorrow;
For why, she sigh'd and bade me come to-morrow.

Were I with her, the night would post too soon;
But now are minutes added to the hours;
To spite me now, each minute seems a moon;
Yet not for me, shine sun to succour flowers!
Pack night, peep day; good day, of night now borrow:
Short, night, to-night, and length thyself to-morrow.

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SONNETS TO SUNDAY

NOTES OF MUSIC.

[XVI.]
It was a lord's daughter, the fairest one of three,
That liked of her master as well as well might be,
Till looking on an Englishman, the fair'st that eye
could see,
Her fancy fell a-turning;
Long was the combat doubtful that love with love
did fight,
To leave the master loveless, or kill the gallant knight:
To put in practice either, alas, it was a spite
Unto the silly damsel!
But one must be refused; more mickle was the pain
That nothing could be used to turn them both to gain,
For of the two the trusty knight was wounded with disdain:
Alas, she could not help it!
Thus art with arms contending was victor of the day,
Which by a gift of learning did bear the maid away:
Then, lullaby, the learned man hath got the lady gay;
For now my song is ended.

XVII.
On a day, alack the day!
Love, whose month was ever May,
Spied a blossom passing fair,
Playing in the wanton air:
Through the velvet leaves the wind,
All unseen, gan passage find;
That the lover, sick to death,
Wish'd himself the heaven's breath,
'Air,' quoth he, 'thy cheeks may blow;
Air, would I might triumph so!
But, alas! my hand hath sworn
Ne'er to pluck thee from thy thorn:
Vow, alack! for youth unmeet:
Youth, so apt to pluck a sweet:
Thou for whom Jove would swear
June but an Ethiope were;
And deny himself for Jove,
Turning mortal for thy love.'

[XVIII.]
My doves feed not,
My ewes breed not,
My rams speed not,
All is amiss:
Love's denying,
Faith's defying,
Heart's renying,
Causer of this,
All my merry jigs are quite forgot,
All my lady's love is lost, God wot:
Where her faith was firmly fix'd in love,
There a nay is placed without remove.
One silly cross
Wrought all my loss;
'O frowning Fortune, cursed, fickle dame!
For now I see
Inconstancy
More in women than in men remain.

In black mourn I,
All fears scorn I,
Love hath forlorn me,

Living in thrall:
Heart is bleeding,
All help needing,
O cruel speeding,
Fraughted with gall.
My shepherd's pipe can sound no deal;
My wether's bell rings doleful knell;
My curtail dog, that wont to have play'd,
Plays not at all, but seems afraid;
My sighs so deep
Procure to weep,
In howling wise, to see my doleful plight.
How sighs resound
Through heartless ground,
Like a thousand vanquish'd men in bloody fight!
Clear wells spring not,
Sweet birds sing not,
Green plants bring not
Forth their dye;
Herds stand weeping,
Flocks all sleeping,
Nymphs back peeping
Fearfully:
All our pleasure known to us poor swains,
All our merry meetings on the plains,
All our evening sport from us is fled,
All our love is lost, for Love is dead.
Farewell, sweet lass,
Thy like ne'er was
For a sweet content, the cause of all my moan;
Poor Corydon
Must live alone;
Other help for him I see that there is none.

XIX.
When as thine eye hath chose the dame,
And stall'd the deer that thou shouldst strike,
Let reason rule things worthy blame,
As well as fancy partial might:
Take counsel of some wiser head,
Neither too young nor yet unwe'd.

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 brawl, and say thee nay,
Her feeble force will yield at length,
When craft hath taught her thus to say,
'Had women been so strong as men,
In faith, you had not had it then.'

And to her will frame all thy ways;
Spare not to spend, and chiefly there
Where thy desert may merit praise,
By ringing in thy lady's ear:
The strongest castle, tower, and town,
The golden bullet beats it down.

Serve always with assured trust,
And in thy suit be humble true;
Unless thy lady prove unjust,
Press never thou to choose anew:
When time shall serve, be thou not slack
To proffer, though she put thee back.

The wiles and guiles that women work,
Dissembled with an outward show,
The tricks and toys that in them lurk,
The cock that treads them shall not know.
Have you not heard it said full oft,
A woman's nay doth stand for nought?

Think women still to strive with men,
To sin and never for to saint:
There is no heaven, by holy then,
When time with age doth them attain.
Were kisses all the joys in bed,
One woman would another wed.

But, soft! enough, too much, I fear;
Lest that my mistress hear my song,
She will not stick to round me 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 thee 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.

[xxi.]

As it fell upon a day
In the merry month of May,
Sitting in a pleasant shade
Which a grove of myrtles made,
Beasts did leap, and birds did sing,
Trees did grow, and plants did spring;
Every thing did banish moan,
Save the nightingale alone:
She, poor bird, as all forlorn,
Lean'd her breast up-til a thorn,
And there sung the doleful st ditty,
That to hear it was great pity:
'Fie, fie, fie,' now would she cry;
'Tereu, tereu!' by and by;
That to hear her so complain,
Scarce I could from tears refrain;
For her griefs, so lively shown,
Made me think upon mine own.
Ah, thought I, thou mourn'st in vain!
None takes pity on thy pain:
Senseless trees they cannot hear thee;
Ruthless beasts they will not cheer thee:
King Pandion he is dead;
All thy friends are lap'd in lead;
All thy fellow birds do sing,
Careless of thy sorrowing,
Even so, poor bird, like thee,
None alive will pity me.
Whilst as sickle 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 wherewith to spend;
But if store of crowns be scant,
No man will supply thy want.
If that one be prodigal,
Bountiful they will him call,
And with such-like flattering,
'Pity but he were a king;'
If he be addict to vice,
Quickly him they will entice;
If to women he be bent,
They have at commandement:
But if Fortune once do frown,
Then farewell his great renown;
They that fawn'd on him before
Use his company no more.
He that is thy friend indeed,
He will help thee in thy need:
If thou sorrow, he will weep;
If thou wake, he cannot sleep;
Thus of every grief in heart
He with thee doth bear a part.
These are certain signs to know
Faithful friend from flattering foe.

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.
Let the bird of loudest lay,
On the sole Arabian tree,
To whose sound chaste wings obey.

But thou shrieking harbinger,
Foul precurrer of the fiend,
To this troop come thou not near!

From this session interdict
Every fowl of tyrant wing.
Save the eagle, feather'd king:
Keep the obsequy so strict.

And thou treble-dated crow,
That thy sable gender makest
With the breath thou givest and takest,
Mongst our mourners shalt thou go.

Here the anthem doth commence:
Love and constancy is dead;
Phœnix and the turtle fled
In a mutual flame from hence.

So they loved, as love in twain
Had the essence but in one;
Number there in love was slain.

Hearts remote, yet not asunder;
Distance, and no space was seen
'Twixt the turtle and his queen;
But in them it were a wonder.

So between them love did shine,
That the turtle saw his right;
Either was the other's mine.
GLOSSARY TO SHAKESPEARE'S WORKS.

Abate, v.t. to shorten. M. N's Dr. III. 2. To cast down. Cor. III. 3. To blunt. R. III. v. 4.

Abatement, s. diminution. Lear. i. 4.

Abide, s. to sojourn. Wint. Tale. iv. 3. v.t. to expire (a corruption of 'Abey'). J. C. III. 1; Ibid. iii. 2.

Abie, v.t. to uphold. Lear. iv. 6.

Abridgment, s. a short play. Ham. II. 2.

Abrooks, v.t. to brook, abide. 2 H. VI. ii. 4.

Absey-Book, s. a primer. John, i. 1.

Absolute, adj. positive, certain. Cym. iv. 2; Ham. v. 2. Complete. Temp. i. 2.

Absolute, v.t. to deceive. Lear. iv. 7.

Abuse, s. deception. M. for M. v. 1.

Abys, v.t. to expiate a fault. M. N's Dr. iii. 2.

Abysm, s. abyss. Temp. i. 2.

Accite, v.t. to cite, summon. 2 H. IV. v. 2.

Accuse, v.t. to accusation. 2 H. VI. iii. 1.

Achieve, v.t. to obtain. H. IV. v. 4.

Acquaint, p.p. 'to be known' s. to acknowledge. Oth. iii. 3.

Acquittance, s. a receipt or discharge. Ham. ii. 2.

Action-taking, adj. litigious. Lear. ii. 2.

Accept, s. to action. Lover's Com.

Addition, s. title, attribute. All's Well. ii. 3; T. & C. i. 2.

Address, s. to prepare oneself. 2 H. VI. v. 2; Ham. i. 2.

Addressed, s. part. prepared. L's L's L. ii. 1.

Advance, v.t. to prefer, promote to honour. Tim. i. 2.

Advertisement, s. admonition. Much Ado. &c. v. i.


Advices, s. consideration, discretion. Two Gent. ii. 4; M. for M. v. 1.

Advise, v.t. sometimes neater, sometimes reflective, to consider, reflect. Tw. N. iv. 2.

Advised, s. p.p. considerate. Com. of E. v. i.

Advisation, s. pleading, advocacy. Oth. iii. 4.

Afoard, adj. afraid. Merry Wives. iii. 4.

Affect, v.t. to love. Merry Wives. ii. 1.

Affected, s. p.p. assessed, confirmed. Mac. iv. 3.


Affront, adj. in front. I H. IV. ii. 4.

Agreed, s. p.p. looking in amazement. 7 H. VI. i. 1.

Aglet-baby, s. the small figure engraved on a jewel. Tam. of S. i. 2.

Agrieve, v.t. to acknowledge, confess. Oth. i. 3.

Agood, adj. a good deal, plentifully. Two Gent. iv. 4.

Ahold, adj. a sea-term. Temp. i. 1.

Ajoy, s. the nest of a bird of prey. R. III. i. 3.

Aim, s. a guess. Two Gent. iii. 1.

Alder-dearest, adj. most loved of all. 2 H. VI. i. 1.
whether men, prayers, or anything else. Cor. 1. 7; Cym. iv. 2.

Ceremony, sb. a ceremonial vestment, re- liques, or anything ceremonial. J. C. 1. 1; Mac. iii. 4.

Cer., adv. certainly. Oth. 1. 1.

Cess, sb. rate, reckoning. 1 H. IV. ii. 1.

Cheat, sb. a term at tennis. H. V. i. 2.

Chamber, sb. a species of great gun. 2 H. IV. ii. 4.

Chamberer, sb. an effeminate man. Oth. iii. 3.

Chanson, sb. a song. Ham. ii. 2.

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. 1. 1.

Chare, vb. a turn of work. A. & C. iv. 18.

Chargehouse, sb. a free-school. L's L's L. v. 1.

Charles' wains, sb. the constellation called also Ursa Major, or the Great Bear. 1 H. IV. iv. 1.

Charneco, sb. a species of sweet wine. 2 H. VI. ii. 8.

Chaudron, sb. entralis. Mac. iv. 1.

Cheater, sb. for escheator, an officer who collects the fines to be paid into the Exchequer. Merry Wives i. 3. A decay. 2 H. IV. ii. 8.

Cheek, vb. a technical term in falconry; when a falcon flies at a bird which is not her proper game she is said to cheek it. Tw. N. ii. 5.

Cheeks, sb. perhaps intended for elixirs. Tam. of S. i. 1.

Cheery, adj. fortunate, countenance. Temp. i. 1.

Cheerly, adv. a game played with cherry-stones. Tw. N. iii. 4.

Cheeverit, sb. kid leather. R. & J. ii. 4.

Cheeuft, vb. chough. 1 H. IV. v. 1.

Chill'd, vb. adj. pregnant. M. N's Dr. ii. 2.

Chill'd, vb. will, be angry. Lear. iv. 6.

Chirurgeony, adv. In a manner becoming a surgeon. Temp. ii. 1.

Chopin, sb. a high shoe or clog. Ham. ii. 2.

Chrestendom, sb. the state of being a Christian. John, iv. 1. Name. All's Well, r. 1.

Christom, adj. clothed with a christen, the white garment which used to be put on the newly baptized children. H. V. iii. 1.

Chuck, sb. chicken, a term of endearment. Mac. iii. 2.

Chuff, sb. a coarse blunt clown. 1 H. IV. ii. 2.

Cinque pace, sb. a kind of dance. Much Ado. ii. 1.

Clip, vb. to deciper. Lucr. 7.

Circumstance, sb. an argument. Two Gent. iii. 2.

Cito, sb. rectial. 1 H. IV. v. 2.

Cito, vb. to incite. Two Gent. ii. 4; 3 H. VI. ii. 1.

Citron, sb. a guitar. L's L's L. v. 2.

Clack-dishe, sb. a beggar's dish. M. for M. iii. 2.

Clap' th' clout, to shoot an arrow into the bull's eye of the target. 2 H. IV. iii. 2.

Cleaver, flat iron. Much Ado. i. 3.

Clepe, vb. to call. Ham. i. 4.

Cliff, sb. the key in music. T. & Cr. v. 2.

Cling, vb. to starve. Mac. v. 5.

Clingent, adj. glittering. H. VIII. i. 1.

Clow'd, vb. to embrace, enclose. 2 H. IV. ii. 1; Cor. i. 6; Oth. iii. 3.

Clout, sb. the mark in the middle of a target. L's L's L. iv. 1.

Costly, vb. to advance. V. & A.

Coffeas, sb. a big loaf. T. & Cr. ii. 1.

Cock, sb. a cock-hoast. Lear. iv. 6.

Cock-and-pale, an oath. Merry Wives i. 1.

Coble, sb. a kind of coddle. 2 H. IV. vi. 4

Cock-shut-time, vb. the twilight, when cocks and hens go to roost. R. iii. v. 3.

Cog, vb. to cheat, dissemble. Merry Wives iii. 3.

Coggen, sb. badge, token. 1 H. VI. ii. 4.

Coign, sb. projecting corner-stone. Mac. i. 6.

Cool, sb. tumult, turmoil. Temp. i. 2.

Collection, sb. a drawing conclusion. Ham. iv. 5.

Collect'd, pp. blackened. Oth. ii. 3; M. N's Dr. i. 1.

Colours, sb. pretence. L's L's L. iv. 2.

Colourful, adj. specious. Ibid.

Cold, vb. to declare, beseech. 1 H. IV. iv. 2.

Com-bated, sb. a joint bargain. Ham. i. 1.

Combined, pp. betrothed. M. for M. iii. 1.

Combine, vb. to bind. M. for M. iv. 3.

Commodity, sb. interest, profit. M. of V. i. 4.

Commonly, sb. used licudiously for comedy. Induction to Tam. of S. 8.

Compact, pp. compacted, composed. M. N's Dr. i. 1.

Compass, vb. drawing comparisons. 1 H. IV. i. 2.

Comparative, sb. rival. 1 H. IV. iii. 2.

Compare, sb. comparison. T. & Cr. iii. 2.

Compassionate, adj. moving comparison. R. H. vi. 2.

Competitor, sb. one who seeks the same thing, an associate in any object. Two Gent. ii. 6.

Compendious, sb. accomplishment. L's L's L. i. 1.

Complacency, sb. passion. Ham. i. 4.

Compose, vb. to agree. A. & C. ii. 2.

Composition, sb. composition. Temp. iv. 2.

Composerly, adj. tractable. Tw. n. i. 5.

Comestead, vb. to learn by heart. M. N's Dr. i. 2.

Concern, sb. conception, opinion, fancy.

Two Gent. iii. 2.

Concent, vb. concubine. T. & Cr. v. 2.

Condition, sb. temper, quality. M. of V. i. 2; Lear. i. 1.

Condolence, sb. griev. Ham. 2. 2.

Confess, sb. John, i. 1.

Confess, vb. to make up into sweets. Much Ado. iv. 1.

Confound, vb. to consume, destroy. 1 H. IV. i. 3; Cor. i. 6; Cym. i. 5.

Conjunct, vb. to conjecture. Oth. iii. 3.

Consign, vb. to sign a common bond, to confederate. 2 H. IV. iv. 1.

Consort, sb. company. Two Gent. iv. 1.

Consort, vb. to accompany. L's L's L. ii. 1.

Consensuality, sb. consent, consistory. M. N's Dr. v. 1.

Constant, adj. settled, determined. Temp. ii. 2; Lear. v. 1.

Constancy, sb. adj. firmly. M. for M. iv. 1.

Construe, vb. to construe. Tw. N. i. 4.

Contemptible, adj. contemptuous. Much Ado. ii. 3.

Continent, sb. that which contains anything. Lear. iii. 2; M. N's Dr. ii. 2. That which contains, 2 H. IV. vii. 4.

Continue, vb. uninterrupted. Tim. i. 1.

Contract, sb. the marriage contract. Ham. iii. 4.

Contrary, vb. to resist. R. & J. i. 5.

Construe, vb. to construe. J. & II. ii. 3. v.t. to wear away. Tam. of S. i. 2.

Control, vb. to confute. Temp. i. 2.

Convent, vb. to convene, summon. H.
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<th>Word</th>
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<tr>
<td>Dearn</td>
<td>adj. lonely. Per. III. (Gower).</td>
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<td>Deboshed</td>
<td>pp. debauched, drunken. Temp. iv. 3.</td>
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<tr>
<td>Deck</td>
<td>vt. to bedew. This is probably a form of the verb 'to dag,' now a provincial word. Temp. i. 2.</td>
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<td>Deck, a.</td>
<td>pack of cards. 2 H. VI. v. 1.</td>
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<td>Decline, a.</td>
<td>meta. as in going through the cases of a noun. T. &amp; Cr. i. 11.</td>
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<td>Declined, p.p.</td>
<td>fallen. T. &amp; Cr. i. 3.</td>
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<td>Deem, a.</td>
<td>doom, judgment. T. &amp; Cr. iv. 4.</td>
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<td>Deed, a.</td>
<td>vt. undo, destroy. Oth. i. iv. 2.</td>
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<td>Defeature, a.</td>
<td>disfigurement. Com. of E. i. 1.</td>
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<td>Defence, a.</td>
<td>art of fencing. Tw. N. iii. 4.</td>
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<td>Defensible, a.</td>
<td>adj. having the power to defend. 2 H. ii. 3.</td>
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<td>Deflity, adv.</td>
<td>dexterously. Mac. i. 4.</td>
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<td>Defy, a.</td>
<td>vt. renounce. 1 H. iv. 1. 3.</td>
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<td>Deepets, a.</td>
<td>step. J. c. ii. 1.</td>
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<td>Delay, a.</td>
<td>vt. to let slip by delaying. Cor. i. 6.</td>
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<td>Demerit, a.</td>
<td>merit, desert. Oth. i. 2.</td>
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<td>Demurly, adv.</td>
<td>solemnly. A. &amp; C. iv. 9.</td>
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<td>Denay, a.</td>
<td>denial. Tw. N. iv. 4.</td>
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<td>Decliser, a.</td>
<td>the 12th part of a French sol. R. iii. 1. 2.</td>
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<td>Donoment, a.</td>
<td>marking. Oth. iii. 3. Note or manifestation. Ibd. iii. 3.</td>
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<td>Deny, a.</td>
<td>vt. to refuse. Tim. iii. 2.</td>
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<td>Decorate, a.</td>
<td>vt. to cloth the face. 2 H. vi. 1. 1.</td>
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<td>Depart, a.</td>
<td>to part. L's i. l. i. 1.</td>
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<td>Departing, a.</td>
<td>parting. Separation. 3 H. vi. 2.</td>
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<td>Depend, a.</td>
<td>vt. to be in service. Lear. i. 4.</td>
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<td>Derogated, p.p.</td>
<td>degraded. Lear. i. 4.</td>
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<td>Descent, a.</td>
<td>a variation upon a melody, hence, metaphorically, a comment on a given theme. Two Gent. i. 2.</td>
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<td>Design, a.</td>
<td>vt. to draw up articles. Ham. i. 1.</td>
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<td>Despach, a.</td>
<td>vt. to deprive, bereave. Ham. i. 5.</td>
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<td>Desparate, adj.</td>
<td>determined, bold. R. &amp; J. iii. 4.</td>
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<td>Detect, a.</td>
<td>vt. to charge. Blame. For M. iii. 2.</td>
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<td>Determina, a.</td>
<td>vt. to conclude. Cor. iii. 3.</td>
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<tr>
<td>Dih, a.</td>
<td>optic mood, perhaps contracted for 'do it.' Tim. i. 2.</td>
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<td>Diet, a.</td>
<td>food regulated by the rules of medicine. Two Gent. i. 1.</td>
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<tr>
<td>Diet of, a.</td>
<td>to have one's food regulated by the rules of medicine. All's Well, iv. 3.</td>
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<td>Digrossing, p.p.</td>
<td>transgressing, going out of the right way. R. ii. 3.</td>
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<td>Digression, a.</td>
<td>transgression. L's i. l. i. 2.</td>
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<td>Dig-gin-good-will, a.</td>
<td>may give you good evening. L's i. l. i. 1.</td>
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<td>Ditto, a.</td>
<td>the chorus or burden of a song. Wint. Tale. iv. 3.</td>
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<td>Dist, a.</td>
<td>strake. J. c. iii. 2.</td>
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<td>Distinction, a.</td>
<td>judgment, skill. R. iii. v. 3.</td>
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<td>Disable, a.</td>
<td>vt. to disparage. As you Like it, iv. 1.</td>
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<td>Disappointed, p.p.</td>
<td>unprepared. Ham. i. 5.</td>
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<td>Disease, a.</td>
<td>vt. unready. Wint. Tale. iv. 3.</td>
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<td>Discoursed, a.</td>
<td>continual. A. &amp; C. i. 4.</td>
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<td>Discourse, a.</td>
<td>power of reasoning. Ham. iv. 4.</td>
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<td>Disdained, p.p.</td>
<td>disdainful. 1 H. iv. 1. 3.</td>
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<td>Dillunas, a.</td>
<td>transformed. A. &amp; C. ii. 12.</td>
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