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Δημόσια Κεντρική Βιβλιοθήκη Βέροιας

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THE WORKS OF
WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE

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WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE





THE WORKS OF WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE

With Life, Glossary, etc., Prepared from
the Texts of the First Folio, the Quartos
and compared with recent Commentators
by the Editor of the "Chandos" Classics

The "Victorian" Edition

LONDON

1906

FREDERICK WARNE AND CO
AND NEW YORK

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With Life, Glossary, and Preface from
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PREFACE.

In preparing the text of this Edition of Shakspeare, reference has been made to the First Folio, the Quartos, the notes of the Variorum Edition, and the best following ones. The closer the text can be kept to the earliest authorities, the nearer we must necessarily be to the true work of Shakspeare; for, as Dr. Johnson has wisely observed, "Though much credit is not due to the fidelity, nor any to the judgment of the first publishers, yet they who had the copy before their eyes were more likely to read it right than we who read it only by imagination." Therefore the text of the earliest Editions has been as faithfully as possible reproduced in the following volume.

It is true that the First Folio is disfigured by defective printing, errors, and slight omissions, but it is the sole authority for many of the finest plays. In it "The Tempest," "Twelfth Night," "As You Like It," "Winter's Tale," "Measure for Measure," "Coriolanus," "Julius Cæsar," "Antony and Cleopatra," "Macbeth," and "Cymbeline" were first printed, and of these it is the sole authoritative text.

The Quartos of the other plays contain many lines, several long passages, and in one instance a whole scene, which are not to be found in the Folio version of them. The text and arrangement of the metre in the Quartos are, also, occasionally to be preferred.

Emendations when absolutely required have been made by comparison of various copies, those being adopted that appear most in harmony with the original.

The arrangement of the plays is the same as that of the First Folio, as far as the end of the Histories, after that they have been differently arranged; the Greek and Roman tragedies being placed together, the romantic dramas following, and the two doubtful plays of "Titus Andronicus" and "Pericles" closing the series.

The text of the two poems, the "Venus and Adonis" and "Lucrece," has been prepared from the early Edition of each—1593 and 1594—collated with the subsequent Editions.

▼

The Sonnets follow the text of the Quarto (1609) with a few necessary emendations, for some of which the reader is indebted to Malone and Dyce. The arrangement or sequence of the sonnets is also that of the Quarto.

Of "The Passionate Pilgrim," only those poems have been retained which are ascribed with reason to Shakspeare; the sonnets in it taken from the play are, also, omitted as mere repetitions.

The expressions and phrases of Shakspeare have become so blended and imbedded as it were in our language, that they will probably never become obsolete; but some of the words used by him are, or are used in a different sense from that which belongs to them in the present day: a Glossary has, therefore, been carefully prepared, and will be found at the end of the volume.

With it we close the pages of wit, wisdom, and matchless poetry of the greatest dramatist and poet in the world, proud of the knowledge that Shakspeare belongs to England, and is the best exponent of her character and genius.

THE EDITOR OF THE "CHANDOS" CLASSIC.

ΠΕΡΙ ΕΠΙΣΤΟΛΗΣ

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MEMOIR OF SHAKSPEARE.

A LIFE of peace and prosperity furnishes but little matter for a chronicle. Such, doubtless, with but a brief interval, was that of England's greatest poet, for the record of it is brief and jejune in the extreme; only to be traced in registers and occasional notices. Unhappily for us, Shakspeare did not find, amongst the manifold characters which surrounded him, a Boswell, to note down the witty utterances with which his contemporaries were charmed; we have no authentic anecdotes of the "myriad-minded man," as Coleridge terms him, only imperfect and apocryphal traditions. But everything that is known of him is of value in the eyes of Englishmen; we subjoin, therefore, a short notice of his life, from the few records that remain.

William Shakspeare was born at Stratford-on-Avon, on St. George's Day, April 23, 1564. He was the eldest son of John Shakspeare and his wife, Mary Arden.

His family were "gentle" upon both sides. His paternal ancestor is believed to have fought at Bosworth Field on the side of Richmond, for he received from Henry VII., in reward for "valiant and faithful" services, tenements and lands in Warwickshire, on which his descendants dwelt till the birth of him who was destined to immortalize their name. Shakspeare's mother was the daughter and heiress of Robert Arden, of Wylmote, (or Wellingeote,) in Warwickshire, a gentleman of ancient and honourable family, deriving its name probably from the forest land on which its possessions stood.

The year of Shakspeare's birth was marked by the outbreak of the plague in Stratford; but the spotted curse passed harmlessly by the cradle of the glorious infant; whilst his then well-to-do father contributed of his means to the relief of the poor who had suffered by its ravages. The boyhood of Shakspeare, till he was ten years old, was spent, probably, in a manner well adapted to foster his genius. On his mother's heritage of Asbyes—in his father's nearer meadows—the young poet must have revelled in the greenwood shades, and amid the daisied meads, of which he afterwards painted such sweet sylvan pictures. The forest of Arden, the sheep-shearing of Perdita, the fairy-haunted woods, &c., were doubtless memories of his boyhood.

From about the time Shakspeare completed his eleventh year, the prosperity of his family waned; the shadow of evil days gathered over the hitherto prosperous yeoman. In 1578, John Shakspeare was unable to pay poor-rates; and

—happy and considerate must the age have been!—he “was left untaxed.” During these eleven years his gifted eldest son was receiving his early education at the free grammar school of Stratford; the masters being at that time Walter Roche, Thomas Hunt, and Thomas Jenkins. Of the where or how that education was completed we have no record. That his days of youthful study ended early, we may, however, conjecture, as he married at the age of eighteen Anne Hathaway, the daughter of Richard Hathaway, of Shottery, a substantial yeoman. The bride was eight years older than her husband. Before Shakspeare was twenty-one, he was the father of three children, a daughter,—Susanna, the darling of his after life,—and a twin son and daughter, Hamnet (or Hamlet) and Judith.

It is probable that this rapid increase of family and his father's decaying circumstances, led to the resolve of the poet to seek a fortune in London. He had in the great city—which was an El Dorado to the imaginations of country folks in those days—a relative and townsman named Thomas Green, a celebrated comedian, who, in company with the actors Burbage, Slye, Hemynge, and Tooley, had very recently performed at Stratford—i.e. in 1584. Without giving much credence to the traditionary scandal of Shakspeare stealing deer from Sir Thomas Lucy's grounds at Charlecote, we may believe he had by some wild boyish freak given annoyance to the “Justice,” and thus added another motive to those which already disposed him to leave his fair Warwickshire home. Doubtless but little inducement was, however, required to lure him into the world of famous men whose renown then filled the length and breadth of the land; and whose grand memories surround his own, lighting the age of Elizabeth with a galaxy of statesmen and heroes. He himself early declared that—

“Home-keeping youth have ever homely wils.”

And with his consciousness of mental power, he would naturally seek the widest field for its exercise.

He went to London in 1586, and, as it is supposed, became an actor and adapter of plays for the Blackfriars' Theatre. In 1589 he was able to purchase a share in it, and from that time his fame and good fortune grew rapidly. His dramas became known and appreciated, and in the following year he was honoured by the generous praise of Spenser, in the “Tears of the Muses.”

In 1593 appeared his first poem, “Venus and Adonis,” written probably during the suspension of theatrical performances in London, caused by the plague of 1592. It was published by himself; the printer being a Stratford man (probably an old acquaintance) named Richard Field. That it was successful we cannot doubt, as the next year his “*Tarquin and Lucrece*” issued from the same press. Another poetical laurel was bestowed on him by Spenser; and common tradition ascribes to this period a gift made to him by Lord Southampton (the friend of Essex), of a thousand pounds, in order that he might complete a meditated purchase.

The full tide of prosperity, which he had indeed “taken at the flood,” now bore the great dramatist of all ages swiftly on its waters. The Queen—whose

grand character he could so well appreciate—smiled on him, and deigned to direct and call forth his genius; while England's most chivalrous nobles were his friends. "Probably," says Lord Lytton, in his delightful "Caxtoniana," "his (Shakspeare's) personal intimacies assisted to the perfection of his delineations of the manners and mind of the being we call gentleman—of a Bassanio, a Gratiano, a Benedick, an Orlando, a Mercutio, &c., not to speak of the incomparable art with which he retains to Falstaff, in despite of all the fat knight's rogueries, the character of the wit who has equality with princes."

The date at which Shakspeare's first drama appeared is uncertain. That he was a renowned dramatist in 1591, Spenser's praise of him, published in that year, proves. Rowe was not able to discover any character in which he was remembered, as an actor, except that of the *Ghost* in "Hamlet;" nevertheless, the instructions to the players in that tragedy show how great was his knowledge of the histrionic art, and how perfect the taste which would have guided his own performance—probably too good for such rude spectators as those who assembled at the Globe, and who had hitherto been used to tragedies in King Cambyzes' vein—all rant, murders, and horrors. In 1596 a great sorrow fell upon the poet; his only son Hamnet died, at the age of eleven years;—a bitter grief must it have been to one whose tenderness and warmth of affection appear from the concurrent testimony of his age to have been equal to his genius. Shakspeare was a good son, as well as a genial and generous friend. His parents shared his prosperity. He helped them with his influence and his purse; redeemed his mother's mortgaged property in "Green Arden," and—purchasing a large and pleasant dwelling in his native place—brought his parents home to dwell there.

He did not yet, however, retire from the stage. He had a house in Southwark, which was his London home; his visits to Stratford were periods of rest and recreation, probably also of quiet literary labour. He continued purchasing property near his country home; manifesting prudence and common sense in affairs of the world; and a sound discretion in all things.

It is supposed that Shakspeare quitted the stage finally in 1604, as his name does not appear on the list of players after the production of Ben Jonson's "Sejanus," in 1603. He had made a comfortable fortune, estimated by Gildon (in his Letters and Essays) at 300*l.* a year, equal to rather more than a thousand a year at the present day, and had then only attained the age of forty years.

And now, happy in cherishing the age of his parents, in seeing his daughter Susanna a happy wife and mother, and in entertaining his friends, Shakspeare passed twelve years of well-earned repose; the darling alike of Nature and of Fortune.

He cultivated his land, planted the famous mulberry tree, and at this time published his exquisite Sonnets, which had, probably, been written in his youth. Such, at least, was the opinion of Coleridge, who says:—"These extraordinary sonnets form, in fact, a poem of fourteen lines each; and, like the passion which inspired them, the sonnets are always the same, with a variety of expression,

—continuous, if you regard the lover's soul,—distinct, if you listen to them, as he heaves them sigh after sigh. These sonnets, like the 'Venus and Adonis,' and the 'Rape of Lucrece,' are characterized by boundless fertility and laboured condensation of thought, with perfection of sweetness in rhythm and metre. These are the essentials in the budding of a great poet. Afterwards habit and consciousness of power teach more ease." He returned occasionally, however, to London, and was never forgotten by the noble friends his genius had secured. Lord Southampton—great from his personal qualities—styles him in a letter "my especial friend." Queen Elizabeth had honoured him with personal notice and favour; James I. "was pleased with his own hand to write an amicable letter to Master Shakspeare;" and the testimony of his fellow-actors,—of his rivals,—and of the poets of the age, all tell how worthy Shakspeare was of love as well as of renown.

He who was "for all Time" did not fail, as we have seen, of winning the golden opinions of his own; and at the distance of nearly three hundred years from that grand period of our national story, we can still find no better words to eulogize him than his own:—

" 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!"

There is a tradition that Shakspeare's death was hastened by the hospitable entertainment he bestowed on Ben Jonson and Drayton, who visited him shortly before his last illness; but it seems probable that he had been ill for some short time previously, as in the January of the year in which he "rested from his labours" his will was prepared; it was signed by him in the March preceding his death. He expired on his birth-day, April 23rd, 1616, aged 52, having secured, during his comparatively short life, an eternity of fame.

"He was," says Aubrey, who lived only twenty-six years after his death, "a handsome, well-shaped man, verie good company, and of a verie ready, pleasant, and smooth wit."

Shakspeare was buried with his ancestors on the north side of the chancel in the great Church of Stratford, and a monument was erected to his memory bearing the following Latin distich:—

" *Judicio Pylum, genio Boetium, arte Maronem,
Terra tegit, populus mæret, Olympus habet.*"

On the gravestone in the pavement is the well-known inscription which appears (in conjunction with certain modern notions of making a show of all belonging to the poet) to have been a prophetic injunction,—

" Good friend, for Jesus' sake forbear
To dig the dust inclosed here;
Blest be the man that spares these stones,
And curst be he that moves my bones."

In the year 1741 another monument was erected to his memory in Westminster Abbey (near the south door in Poets' Corner), under the direction of

Pope, Lord Burlington, Dr. Mead, and Mr. Martyn. It was the work of Scheemaker after a design of Kent's.

The actors at each of the London theatres gave a benefit to help defray the expenses of it, (which were paid by the public,) and the Dean and Chapter of Westminster gave the ground.

"Anne Hathaway" survived her husband eight years. His favourite daughter, Susanna, married a physician, Dr. Hall, and left an only child, Elizabeth, who was married first to Mr. Nashe, and afterwards to Sir John Barnard, of Abingdon, Northamptonshire; she died childless. His younger daughter, Judith, married a Mr. Quiney, and had three children, all of whom died before they had reached the age of twenty. Consequently, with Lady Barnard expired the last descendant of Shakspeare.

To his country has descended the rich inheritance of his fame; we should rather say, to the world; for wherever the tongue of England shall hereafter be spoken, the works of him who enriched and preserved it will descend, a fount of wisdom, wit, and poetry, of teaching and of pleasure, for all ages.

No writer ever so perfectly represented the entire genius of his country; hence probably he is so especially the idol of the people; so completely identified with their modes of thought and feeling. He is an authority in all circumstances and events of life; and they are fond of believing that things old and new, from the discoveries of his own day to those of the present, were dreamed of in the "philosophy" of Shakspeare. The national pride in its great dramatist is well expressed in the sonorous and not inelegant compliment of Dr. Johnson:—

"When Learning's triumph o'er his barb'rous foes
First rear'd the stage, immortal Shakspeare rose;
Each change of many-colour'd life he drew,
Exhausted worlds, and then imagin'd new:
Existence saw him spurn her bounded reign,
And panting Time toil'd after him in vain."

SHAKSPEARE'S WILL,

FROM THE ORIGINAL IN THE OFFICE OF THE PREROGATIVE COURT
OF CANTERBURY.

*Vicesimo quinto die Martii, Anno Regni Domini nostri Jacobi, nunc Regis Angliæ, &c.,
decimo quarto, et Scelice quadregesimo nono. Anno Domini 1616.*

IN the name of God, Amen. I, William Shakspeare, of Stratford-upon-Avon in the county of Warwick, Gent., in perfect health and memory, (God be praised,) do make and ordain this my last will and testament, in manner and form following;—that is to say:

First, I commend my soul into the hands of God my Creator, hoping, and assuredly believing, through the only merits of Jesus Christ my Saviour, to be made partaker of life everlasting; and my body to the earth, whereof it is made.

Item, I give and bequeath unto my daughter Judith one hundred and fifty pounds of lawful English money, to be paid unto her in manner and form following; that is to say, one hundred pounds in discharge of her marriage portion, within one year of my decease, with consideration after the rate of two shillings in the pound for so long time as the same shall be unpaid to her after my decease; and the fifty pounds residue thereof, upon her surrendering of, or giving of such sufficient security as the overseers of this my will shall like of, to surrender or grant all her estate and right that shall descend or come unto her after my decease, or that she now hath of, in, or to, one copyhold tenement, with the appurtenances, lying and being in Stratford-upon-Avon aforesaid, in the said county of Warwick, being parcel or holden of the manor of Rowington, unto my daughter Susannah Hall, and her heirs for ever.

Item, I give and bequeath unto my said daughter Judith one hundred and fifty pounds more, if she, or any issue of her body, be living at the end of three years next ensuing the day of the date of this my will, during which time my executors to pay her consideration from my decease according to the rate aforesaid: and, if she die within the said term, without issue of her body, then my will is, and I do give and bequeath one hundred pounds thereof to my niece, Elizabeth Hall; and the fifty pounds to be set forth by my executors during the life of my sister, Joan Hart, and the use and profit thereof coming, shall be paid to my said sister Joan, and after her decease the said fifty pounds shall remain amongst the children of my said sister, equally to be divided amongst them; but if my said daughter Judith be living at the end of the said three

years, or any issue of her body, then my will is, and so I devise and bequeath the said hundred and fifty pounds to be set out by my executors and overseers for the best benefit of her and her issue, and the stock not to be paid unto her so long as she shall be married and covert baron; but my will is, that she shall have the consideration yearly paid unto her during her life; and after her decease the said stock and consideration to be paid to her children, if she have any, and if not, to her executors or assigns, she living the said term after my decease; provided that if such husband as she shall at the end of the said three years be married unto, or at any [time] after, do sufficiently assure unto her, and the issue of her body, lands answerable to the portion by this my will given unto her, and to be adjudged so by my executors and overseers, then my will is, that the said hundred and fifty pounds shall be paid to such husband as shall make such assurance, to his own use.

Item, I give and bequeath unto my said sister Joan twenty pounds, and all my wearing apparel, to be paid and delivered within one year after my decease; and I do will and devise unto her the house, with the appurtenances, in Stratford, wherein she dwelleth, for her natural life, under the yearly rent of twelve pence.

Item, I give and bequeath unto her three sons, William Hart, — Hart, and Michael Hart, five pounds a-piece, to be paid within one year after my decease.

Item, I give and bequeath unto the said Elizabeth Hall, all my plate that I now have (except my broad silver and gilt bowl), at the date of this my will.

Item, I give and bequeath unto the poor of Stratford, aforesaid, ten pounds; to Mr. Thomas Combe, my sword; to Thomas Russell, Esq., five pounds; and to Francis Collins, of the borough of Warwick, in the county of Warwick, Gent., thirteen pounds six shillings and eightpence, to be paid within one year after my decease.

Item, I give and bequeath to Hamlet [*Hamnet*] Sadler twenty-six shillings eightpence, to buy him a ring; to William Reynolds, Gent., twenty-six shillings eightpence, to buy him a ring; to my godson William Walker, twenty shillings in gold; to Anthony Nash, Gent., twenty-six shillings eightpence; and to Mr. John Nash, twenty-six shillings eightpence; and to my fellows, John Hemyng, Richard Burbage, and Henry Cundell, twenty-six shillings eightpence a-piece, to buy them rings.

Item, I give, will, bequeath, and devise unto my daughter Susanna Hall, for the better enabling her to perform this my will, and towards the performance thereof, all that capital messuage or tenement, with the appurtenances, in Stratford aforesaid, called the New Place, wherein I now dwell, and two messuages or tenements with the appurtenances, situate, lying, and being in Henley Street, within the borough of Stratford aforesaid; and all my barns, stables, orchards, gardens, lands, tenements, and hereditaments whatsoever, situate, lying, and being, or to be had, received, perceived, or taken within the towns, hamlets, villages, fields, and grounds of Stratford-upon-Avon, Old Stratford, Bishopton, and Welcome, or in any of them, in the said county of Warwick; and also all that messuage or tenement, with the appurtenances, wherein one John Robinson dwelleth, situate, lying, and being in the Blackfriars in London, near the Ward-

robe; and all other my lands, tenements, and hereditaments whatsoever; to have and to hold all and singular the said premises, with their appurtenances, unto the said Susanna Hall, for and during the term of her natural life; and, after her decease, to the first son of her body lawfully issuing; and to the heirs males of the body of the said first son lawfully issuing; and for default of such issue, to the second son of her body lawfully issuing, and to the heirs males of the body of the said second son lawfully issuing; and for default of such heirs, to the third son of the body of the said Susanna lawfully issuing; and to the heirs males of the body of the said third son lawfully issuing; and for default of such issue, the same to be and remain to the fourth, fifth, sixth, and seventh sons of her body, lawfully issuing one after another, and to the heirs males of the bodies of the said fourth, fifth, sixth, and seventh sons lawfully issuing, in such manner as it is before limited to be, and remain to the first, second, and third sons of her body, and to their heirs males; and for default of such issue, the said premises to be and remain to my said niece Hall, and the heirs males of her body lawfully issuing; and for default of such issue, to my daughter Judith, and the heirs males of her body lawfully issuing; and for default of such issue, to the right heirs of me the said William Shakspeare for ever.

Item, I give unto my wife my second-best bed, with the furniture.

Item, I give and bequeath to my said daughter Judith, my broad silver-gilt bowl. All the rest of my goods, chattels, leases, plates, jewels, and household stuff whatsoever, after my debts and legacies paid, and my funeral expenses discharged, I give, devise, and bequeath to my son-in-law, John Hall, Gent., and my daughter Susanna, his wife, whom I ordain and make executors of this my last will and testament. And I do entreat and appoint the said Thomas Russell, Esq., and Francis Collins, Gent., to be overseers hereof. And do revoke all former wills, and publish this to be my last will and testament. In witness whereof, I have hereunto put my hand, the day and year first above written.

By me,
WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE.

Witness to the publishing hereof.

FRA. COLLINS,
JULIUS SHAW,
JOHN ROBINSON,
HAMNET SADLER,
ROBERT WHATTICOTT.

Probatum fuit testamentum Suprascriptum apud London, Coram Magistro William Byrde, Legum Doctore, &c., vicesimo secundo die mensis Junii, Anno Domini 1616; juramento Johannis Hall, unius ex cui, &c., de bene, &c., jurat, reservata potestate, &c. Susannæ Hall, alt. ex., &c., eam cum venerit, &c., petitur, &c.

THE WORKS OF WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE.

THE TEMPEST.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Alonso, *King of Naples.*
 Sebastian, *his brother.*
 Prospero, *the rightful Duke of Milan.*
 Antonio, *his brother, the usurping Duke of Milan.*
 Ferdinand, *son to the King of Naples.*
 Gonzalo, *an honest old Counsellor.*
 Adrian, } *Lords.*
 Francisco, }
 Caliban, *a savage and deformed Slave.*
 Trinculo, *a Jester.*

Stephano, *a drunken Butler.*
 Master of a Ship, Boatswain, and Mariners.
 Miranda, *daughter to Prospero.*
 Ariel, *an airy Spirit.*
 Iris,
 Ceres, } *Spirits.*
 Juno,
 Nymphs,
 Reapers, }

Other Spirits attending on Prospero.

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

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*On a Ship at Sea.—A Storm with Thunder and Lightning.*

Enter a Ship-master and a Boatswain.

Master. Boatswain!

Boats. Here, master: what cheer?

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

Enter Mariners.

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

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

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

Boats. I pray now, keep below.

Ant. Where is the master, boatswain?

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

Gon. Nay, good, be patient.

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

Gon. Good; yet remember whom thou hast

Boats. None that I more love than myself. You are a counsellor: if you can command these elements to silence, and work the peace of the present, we will not hand a rope more;

use your authority: if you cannot, give thanks you have lived so long, and make yourself ready in your cabin for the mischance of the hour, if it so hap.—Cheerly, good hearts!—Out of our way, I say. *[Exit.]*

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

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 hear! Shall we give o'er, and drown? Have you a mind to sink?

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

Boats. Work you, then.

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

Gon. I'll warrant him from drowning; though the ship were no stronger than a nut-shell, and as leaky as an unstanched wench.

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

Enter Mariners, wet.

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

Boats. What, must our mouths be cold?

Gon. The king and prince at prayers! let For our case is as theirs.

Seb. I am out of patience.

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

This wide-chopp'd rascal, — would, thou mightst lie drowning, The washing of ten tides!

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

[A confused noise within.]—"Mercy on us!"—"We split, we split!"—"Farewell, my wife and children!"—"Farewell, brother!"

—"We split, we split, we split!"—"Ant. Let's all sink with the king."

Seb. Let's take leave of him.

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

SCENE II.—*The Island: before the Cell of Prospero.*

Enter Prospero and Miranda.

Mira. If by your art, my dearest father, you have

Put the wild waters in this roar, allay them. The sky, it seems, would pour down stinking

pitch, But that the sea, mounting to the welkin's Dashes the fire out. O, I have suffer'd

With those that I saw suffer! a brave vessel, Who had, no doubt, some noble creatures in her, Dash'd all to pieces. O, the cry did knock

Against my very heart! Poor souls! they perish'd.

Had I been any god of power, I would Have sunk the sea within the earth, or e'er

It should the good ship so have swallow'd, and The fraughting souls within her.

Pro. Be collected: No more amazement. Tell your piteous heart, There's no harm done.

Mira. O, woe the day!

Pro. No harm. I have done nothing but in care of thee, (Of thee, my dear one; thee, my daughter!)

who Art ignorant of what thou art, nought knowing Of whence I am; nor that I am more better Than Prospero, master of a full poor cell,

And thy no greater father. *Mira.* More to Did never meddle with my thoughts.

Pro. 'Tis time I should inform thee further. Lend thy hand, And pluck my magic garment from me.—So—

[Lays down his robe.] Lie there, my art.—Wipe thou thine eyes; have comfort.

The dreadful spectacle of the wreck, which touch'd

The very virtue of compassion in thee, I have with such provision in mine art

So safely order'd, that there is no soul— No, not so much perdition as an hair,

Betid to any creature in the vessel Which thou hear'd'st cry, which thou saw'st

sink. Sit down;

For thou must now know further.

Mira. You have often Begun to tell me what I am; but stopp'd,

And left me to a bootless inquisition, Concluding, "Stay, not yet."

Pro. 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 Out three years old.

Mira. Certainly, sir, I can.

Pro. By what? by any other house, or pere Of anything the image tell me, that Hath kept with thy remembrance.

Mira. '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?

Pro. Thou hadst, and more, Miranda. But how is it,

That this lives in thy mind? What seest thou in the dark backward and abysm of time?

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

Mira. But that I do not.

Pro. Twelve year since, Miranda, twelve year since, Thy father was the duke of Milan, and

A prince of power.

Mira. Sir, are not you my father?

Pro. Thy mother was a piece of virtue, and She said thou wast my daughter; and thy

father Was duke of Milan; and his only heir A princess,—no worse issued.

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

Pro. Both, both, my girl: By foul play, as thou say'st, were we heav'd But blessedly help hither.

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

further. [Antonio.]

Pro. My brother, and thy uncle, call'd I pray thee, mark me,—that a brother should

Be so perfidious!—he whom, next thyself, Of all the world I lov'd, and to him put

The manage of my state; as, at that time, Through all the signories it was the first,

And Prospero the prime duke; being so re-in dignity; and, for the liberal arts, (puted

Without a parallel: those being all my study.

The government I cast upon my brother,
And to my state grew stranger, being trans-
ported.

And rapt in secret studies. Thy false uncle—
Dost thou attend me?

Mira. Sir, most heedfully.
Pro. Being once perfected how to grant suits,
How to deny them; who to advance, and who
To trash for overtopping; new created
The creatures that were mine, I say, or
chang'd them.

Or else new form'd them: having both the key
Of officer and office, set all hearts 't' th' state
To what tune pleas'd his ear; that now he
was

The Ivy, which had hid my princely trunk,
And suck'd my verdure out on 't.—Thou
attend'st not.

Mira. O good sir, I do.

Pro. I pray thee, mark me.
I, thus neglecting worldly ends, all dedicated
To closeness, and the bettering of my mind
With that, which, but by being so retir'd,
O'erpriz'd all popular rate, in my false brother
Awak'd an evil nature; and my trust,
Like a good parent, did beget of him
A falsehood, in its contrary as great
As my trust was; which had, indeed, no limit,
A confidence sans bound. He being thus
lorded,

Not only with what my revenue yielded,
But what my power might else exact,—like one,
Who having, 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 sub-
stitution,

And executing the outward face of royalty,
With all prerogative:—Hence his ambition,
Dost thou hear? [growing.]

Mira. Your tale, sir, would cure deafness.
Pro. To have no screen between this part
he play'd

And him he play'd it for, he needs will be
Absolute Milan. Me, poor man!—my library
Was dukedom large enough: of temporal
royalties

He thinks me now incapable; confederates
(So dry he was for away) with the king of
Naples

To give him annual tribute, do him homage;
Subject his coronet to his crown, and bend
The dukedom, yet unbowed, (alas, poor Milan!)
To most ignoble stooping.

Mira. O the heavens!
Pro. Mark his condition, and the event;
then tell me

If this might be a brother. *Mira.* I should sin
To think but nobly of my grandmother:
Good wombs have borne bad sons.

Pro. Now the condition.
This king of Naples, being an enemy
To me inveterate, hearkens 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 lov'd, one midnight
Fated to the purpose, did Antonio open [ness,
The gates of Milan; and, i' the dead of dark-
The ministers for the purpose hurried thence
Me, and thy crying self.

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

Pro. Hear a little further,
And then I'll bring thee to the present busi-
ness [story
Which now's upon us; without the which, this
Were most impertinent.

Mira. Wherefore did they not
That hour destroy us?

Pro. Well demanded, wench:
My tale provokes that question. Dear, they
durst not,—

So dear the love my people bore me,—nor set
A mark so bloody on the business; but
With colours fairer painted their foul ends.
In few, they hurried us aboard a bark,
Bore us some leagues to sea; where they pre-
A rotten carcass of a boat, not rigg'd, [par'd
Nor tackle, sail, nor mast; the very rats
Instinctively had quit it: there they hoist us,
To cry to the sea that roar'd to us; to sigh
To the winds, whose pity, sighing back again,
Did us but loving wrong.

Mira. Alack, what trouble
Was I then to you! *Pro.* O! a cherubin
Thou wast, that did preserve me! Thou didst
Infuse with a fortitude from heaven, smile,
When I have deck'd the sea with drops full
salt,

Under my burden groan'd; which rais'd in me
An undergoing stomach, to bear up
Against what should ensue.

Mira. How came we ashore?
Pro. By Providence divine.

Some food we had, and some fresh water, that
A noble Neapolitan, Gonzalo,
Out of his charity, (who being then appointed
Master of this design,) did give us; with
Rich garments, linens, stuffs, and necessities,
Which since have steeded much; so, of his
gentleness,

Knowing I lov'd my books, he furnish'd me,
From my own library, with volumes that
I prize above my dukedom.

Mira. Would I might
But ever see that man! *Pro.* Now I arise:—
[Puts on his robe again.]

Sit still, and hear the last of our sea-sorrow.
Here in this island we arriv'd; and here
Have I, thy schoolmaster, made thee more
profit
Than other princesses can, that have more time
For vainer hours, and tutors not so careful.

Mira. Heavens thank you for't! And now,
I pray you, sir,—
(For still 'tis beating in my mind), your reason
For raising this sea-storm?

Pro. Know thus far forth.—
By accident most strange, bountiful fortune,
Now my dear lady, hath mine enemies;
Brought to this shore; and by my prescience
I find my zenith doth depend upon
A most auspicious star; whose influence
If now I court not, but omit, my fortunes
Will ever after droop.—Here cease more
questions;

Thou art inclin'd to sleep; 'tis a good dulness,
And give it way;—I know thou canst not
choose.—
Come away, servant, come! I'm ready now:
Approach, my Ariel; come!

Enter Ariel. [I come
Ari. All hail, great master! grave sir, hail!
To answer thy best pleasure; be't to fly,
To swim, to dive into the fire, to ride [task
On the curl'd clouds; to thy strong bidding,
Ariel, and all his quality.

Pro. 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 flann'd amazement; sometimes I'd divide,
And burn in many places; on the topmast,
The yards, and bowsprit, would I flame dis-
tinctly, [precursors

Then meet, and join: Jove's lightnings, the
O' the dreadful thunder-claps, more moment-
ary [cracks
And sight-outrunning were not; the fire, and
Of sulphurous roaring, the most mighty Nep-
tune [tremble

Seem to besiege, and make his bold waves
Yea, his dread trident shake.

Pro. My brave spirit!
Who was so firm, so constant, that this coil
Would not infect his reason? *Ari.* Not a soul
But felt a fever of the mad, and play'd
Some tricks of desperation. All, but mariners,
Plung'd in the foaming brine, and quit the
vessel, [unand,

Then all a-fire with me: the king's son, Ferdi-
With hair up-starting (then like reeds, not hair,)
Was the first man that leap'd; cried, "Hell is
And all the devils are here." [empty,

Pro. Why, that's my spirit!
But was not this high shore?

Ari. Close by, my master.
Pro. But are they, Ariel, safe?

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

His arms in this sad knot.

Pro. Of the king's ship
The mariners, say how thou hast dispos'd,
And all the rest o' the fleet.

Ari. Safely in harbour
Is the king's ship; in the deep nook, where
once

Thou call'dst me up at midnight to fetch dew
From the still-vev'd Bermoothes, there she
The mariners all under hatches stow'd; [hid
Whom, with a charm join'd to their suffer'd
labour,

I have left asleep: and for the rest o' the fleet,
Which I dispers'd, they all have met again,
And are upon the Mediterranean fote,
Bound sadly home for Naples;

Supposing that they saw the king's ship
wreck'd, [charge

And his great person perish. *Pro.* Ariel, thy
Exactly is perform'd: but there's more work!
What is the time o' the day?

Ari. Past the mid season.

Pro. At least two glasses: the time 'twixt
six and now

Must by us both be spent most precious.

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

Let me remember thee what thou hast promis'd,
Which is as yet perform'd me.

Pro. How now! moody!

What is't thou canst demand?

Ari. My liberty.

Pro. Before the time be out? no more!

Ari. I pr'ythee

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

Pro. Dost thou forget

From what a torment I did free thee?

Ari. No.

Pro. Thou dost; and think'st it much to
Of the salt deep,— [trend the ooze

To run upon the sharp wind of the north,
To do me business in the veins o' the earth,
When it is bak'd with frost. *Ari.* I do not, sir.

Pro. Thou liest, malignant thing! Hast
thou forgot [envy,

The foul witch Sycorax, who, with age and
Was grown into a hoop? hast thou forgot her?

Ari. No, sir.

Pro. Thou hast. Where was she born?

Ari. Sir, in Argier. *Pro.* O, was she so? I
must, [been,

Once in a month, recount what thou hast
Which thou forget'st. This damn'd witch,
Sycorax,

For mischiefs manifold, and sorceries terrible
To enter human hearing, from Argier, [did,

Thou know'st, was banish'd: for one thing she
They would not take her life. Is not this true?

Ari. Ay, sir. [with child,

Pro. This blue-eyed hag was hither brought

And here was left by the sailors. Thou, my slave, [want:

As thou report'st thyself, was 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 Imprison'd, thou didst painfully remain A dozen years; within which space she died, And left thee there; where thou didst vent thy groans [Island

As fast as mill-wheels strike. Then was this (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.

Pro. 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 Syccorax Could not again undo: it was mine art, When I arriv'd and heard thee, that made The pine, and let thee out. [gape

Ari. I thank thee, master. *Pro.* If thou more murmur'st, I will rend an And peg thee in his knotty entrails, till [oak, Thou hast howl'd away twelve winters.

Ari. Pardon, master: I will be correspondent to command, And do my spiriting gently.

Pro. Do so; and after two days I will discharge thee.

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

Pro. Go make thyself like a nymph o' the sea: be subject

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

Mira. [Waking.] Awake, dear heart, awake! thou hast slept Awake! [well;

Mira. [Waking.] The strangeness of your story put

Heaviness in me. *Pro.* Shake it off. Come We'll visit Caliban, my slave, who never [on; Yields us kind answer.

Mira. 'Tis a villain, sir, I do not love to look on. *Pro.* But, as 'tis, We cannot miss him; he does make our fire, Fetch in our wood; and serves in offices That profit us.—What ho! slave! Caliban! Thou earth, thou! speak.

Cal. [Within.] There's wood enough within. [ness for thee;

Pro. Come forth, I say; there's other business, thou tortoise! when?

Re-enter Ariel, like a water-nymph. Fine apparition! My quaint Ariel,

Hark in thine ear.

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

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

Enter Caliban. [brush'd

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

Pro. For this, be sure, to-night thou shalt Side-stitches that shall pen thy breath up; [work,

Urchins Shall, for that vast of night that they may All exercise on thee: thou shalt be pinch'd

As thick as honeycomb, each pinch more Than bees that made them. [stinging

Cal. I must eat my dinner. This island's mine, by Syccorax my mother,

Which thou tak'st from me. When thou camest first, [wouldst give me

Thou strok'st me, and mad'st much of me; Water with berries in't; and teach me how

To name the bigger light, and how the less, That burn by day and night: and then I lov'd thee,

And show'd thee all the qualities o' the isle, The fresh springs, brine-pits, barren place, and fertile:

Curs'd be I that did so!—All the charms Of Syccorax, toads, beetles, bats, light on you!

For I am all the subjects that you have, Which first was mine own king; and here you sty me

In this hard rock, while you do keep from me The rest o' the island.

Pro. Thou most lying slave, Whom stripes may move, not kindness: I have us'd thee, [these

Filth as thou art, with human care; and lodg'd 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.

Pro. Abhorred slave, Which any print of goodness wilt not take, Being capable of all ill! I pitied thee,

Took pains to make thee speak, taught thee each hour [savage,

One thing or other: when thou didst not, Know thine own meaning, but would'st gabble like

A thing most brutish, I endow'd thy purposes With words that made them known: but thy

vile race, [good natures

Though thou didst learn, had that in't which Could not abide to be with; therefore wast

Deserv'dly confin'd into this rock, [thou

Who hadst deserv'd more than a prison.

Cal. You taught me language; and my profit on't [you,

Is, I know how to curse: the red plague rid For learning me your language!

Pro. Hag-seed, hence

Fetch us in fuel; and be quick, thou'rt
beat, [malice]
To answer other business. Shrug'st thou,
If thou neglect'st, or dost unwillingly [cramps]
What I command, I'll rack thee with old
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.

Pro. So, slave; hence! [*Exit Caliban.*]
Re-enter Ariel invisible, playing and singing:
Ferdinand following him.

ARIEL'S SONG.

Come unto these yellow sands,
And then take hands:
Court'sied when you have, and kiss'd
(The wild waves whist.)
Foot it featly here and there;
And, sweet sprites, the burden bear.

Hark, hark!
Burden. *Bowgh, wough.* [*Dispersedly.*]
The watch-dogs bark:
Burden. *Bowgh, wough.* [*Dispersedly.*]
Hark, hark! I hear
The strain of strutting chanticleer,
Cry, Cock-a-doodle-doo.

Fer. Where should this music be? I th' air,
or th' earth!

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

Ariel sings.
Full fathom five thy father lies;
Of his bones are coral made;
Those are pearls that were his eyes;
Nothing of him that doth fade,
But doth suffer a sea-change
Into something rich and strange.
Sea-nymphs hourly ring his knell:
Hark! now I hear them,—ding-dong, bell.

[*Burden: ding-dong.*]
Fer. The ditty does remember my drown'd
father.

This is no mortal business, nor no sound
That the earth owes:—I hear it now above me.

Pro. The fringed curtains of thine eye ad-
And say, what thou seest yond'. [*vanca,*
Mira. What is't? a spirit?

Lord, how it looks about! Believe me, sir,
It carries a brave form:—but 'tis a spirit.

Pro. No, wench; it eats and sleeps, and
hath such senses [*seest,*

As we have, such; this gallant, which thou
Was in the wreck; and, but he's something
stain'd [*call him*

With grief, that's beauty's canker, thou might'st

A goodly person: he hath lost his fellows,
And strays about to find them.

Mira. I might call him
A thing divine; for nothing natural
I ever saw so noble.

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

Fer. Most sure, the goddess
On whom these airs attend!—Vouchsafe, my
prayer

May know if you remain upon this island;
And that you will some good instruction give,
How I may bear me here: my prime request
Which I do last pronounce, is—O you wonder!
—If you be maid, or no? *Mira.* No wonder,
But certainly a maid. [*sir,*

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

Pro. How! the best!
What wert thou, if the king of Naples heard
thee?

Fer. A single thing, as I am now, that won-
ders
To hear thee speak of Naples. He does hear
me;

And, that he does, I weep: myself am Naples;
Who with mine eyes, ne'er since at ebb, beheld
The king, my father, wreck'd.

Mira. Alack, for mercy!
Fer. Yes, faith, and all his lords: the duke
And his brave son, being twain. [*of Milan,*

Pro. [*Aside.*] The duke of Milan,
And his more braver daughter, could control
thee,

If now 'twere fit to do't:—At the first sight
[*Aside.*

They have chang'd eyes:—delicate Ariel,
I'll set thee free for this!—[*To Fer.*] A word,
good sir;

I fear you have done yourself some wrong: a
word. [*This*

Mira. Why speaks my father so ungently?
Is the third man that e'er I saw; the first
That e'er I sigh'd for: pity move my father

To be inclin'd my way! *Fer.* O! if a virgin,
And your affection not gone forth, I'll make
The queen of Naples. [*you*

Pro. 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
Makes the prize light.—[*To Fer.*] One word
more: I charge thee,

That thou attend me. Thou dost here usurp
The name thou ow'st not; and hast put thy-
Upon this island, as a spy, to win it
From me, the lord on't.

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

Pro. [To *Fer.*] Follow me.—[To *Mira.*]

Speak not
Fer.

I'll manacle
Sea-water;

The fresh-l
husl

Wherein t
I will rear

Mine enen
[*He a*

Mira.

Make not
He's gentl

My foot m
Who mak

con
Is so posse

For I can
And make

Mira.

Pro. H

Mira.

I'll be his

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Ent

t you for him; he's a traitor.—[To r.] Come; cle thy neck and feet together: shalt thou drink; thy food shall be brook muscles, wither'd roots, and asks the scorn cradled. Follow. *Fer.* No; dost such entertainment, till my has more power.

draws, and is charmed from moving.

O dear father! t too rash a trial of him, for [say, tle, and not fearful. *Pro.* What! I my tutor!—Put thy sword up, traitor; dost a show, but dar'st not strike, thy conscience sess'd with guilt: come from thy ward, in here disarm thee with this stick, ke thy weapon drop.

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

Sir, have pity: is surety. *Pro.* Silence! one word more take me chide thee, if not hate thee, oarts for an impostor? hush! [What! link'st at there are no more such shapes as he, [wench! seen but him and Caliban: Foolish most of men this is a Caliban, ey to him are angels.

My affections en most humble; I have no ambition a goodlier man.

[To *Fer.*] Come on; obey: erves are in their infancy again, [are: ave no vigour in them. *Fer.* So they irits, as in a dream, are all bound up, ther's loss, the weakness which I feel, wreck of all my friends, or this man's threats, om I am subdued, are but light to me, I but through my prison once a day d this maid: all corners else o' th' earth berty make use of; space enough I in such a prison.

[*Aside.*] It works.—[To *Fer.*] Come on.—

[Follow me.— hast done well, fine Ariel!—[To *Fer.*] riel.] Hark, what thou else shalt do me.

Be of comfort; ther's of a better nature, sir, he appears by speech: this is unwonted, h now came from him.

Thou shalt be as free ountain winds; but then, exactly do ints of my command.

To the syllable. [To *Fer.*] Come, follow. Speak not for him. — [Exit.

ACT II.

SCENE I.—Another Part of the Island.

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

Gen. Beseech you, sir, be merry: you have [So have we all] of joy; for our escape [cause is much beyond our loss. Our hint of woe is common: every day, some sailor's wife, The masters of some merchant, and the mer-

chant, [miracle, Have just our theme of woe; but for the I mean our preservation, few in millions Can speak like us: then wisely, good sir, weigh Our sorrow with our comfort.

Alon. Pr'ythee, peace.

Seb. He receives comfort like cold porridge.

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

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

Gen. Sir,—

Seb. One:—tell. [offer'd,

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

Seb. A dollar.

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

Seb. You have taken it wiser than I meant

Gen. Therefore, my lord,— [you should,

Ant. Eie, what a spendthrift is he of his

Alon. I pr'ythee, spare. [tongue!

Gen. Well, I have done; but yet—

Seb. He will be talking.

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

wager, first begins to crow?

Seb. The old cock.

Ant. The cockrel.

Seb. Done. The wager.

Ant. A laughter.

Seb. A match. [cert,—

Adr. Though this island seems to be de-

Seb. Ha, ha, ha!

Ant. So you're paid. [sible,—

Adr. Uninhabitable, and almost imacce-

Seb. Yet—

Adr. Yet—

Ant. He could not miss it.

Adr. It must needs be of subtle, tender,

and delicate temperance.

Ant. Temperance was a delicate weach.

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

edly delivered. [sweetly,

Adr. The air breathes upon us here most

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

Ant. Or as 'twere perfumed by a fen.

Gen. Here is everything advantageous to

Ant. True; save means to live. [life,

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

Gen. How lush and lusty the grass looks!

how green!

Ant. The ground, indeed, is tawny.

Seb. With an eye of green in't.

Ant. He misses not much. [totally,

Seb. No; he doth but mistake the truth

Gen. But the rarity of it is, (which is indeed almost beyond credit,)—

Seb. As many vouch'd rarities are.

Gen. That our garments, being, as they were, drenched in the sea, hold notwithstanding

ing their freshness and glosses; being rather new dyed, than stain'd with salt water.

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

Seb. Ay, or very falsely pocket up his reason. Methinks, our garments are now as fresh as when we put them on first in Afric, at the marriage of the king's fair daughter Claribel to the king of Tunis.

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

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

Gon. Not since widow Dido's time.

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

Seb. What if he had said, widower Aneas too? good lord, how you take it!

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

Gon. This Tunis, sir, was Carthage.

Adr. Carthage?

Gon. I assure you, Carthage. [sharp.]

Ant. His word is more than the miraculous

Seb. He hath raised the wall, and houses too.

Ant. What impossible matter will he make easy next?

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

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

Gon. Ay!

Ant. Why, in good time.

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

Ant. And the rarest that e'er came there.

Seb. Bate, I beseech you, widow Dido.

Ant. O, widow Dido; ay, widow Dido.

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

Ant. That sort was well fish'd for.

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

Alon. You cram these words into mine ears, against

The stomach of my sense. Would I had married my daughter there! for, coming

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

Who is so far from Italy remov'd, I ne'er again shall see her. O thou, mine heir

Of Naples and of Milan, what strange fish Hath made his meal on thee?

Fran. Sir, he may live:

I saw him beat the surges under him, And ride upon their backs; he trod the water,

Whose enmity he flung aside, and breast'd The surge most swollen that met him; his bold

head

'Bove the contentions waves he kept, and oar'd Himself with his good arms in lusty stroke

To the shore, that o'er his wave-worn head bow'd,

As stooping to relieve him. I not doubt, He came alive to land.

Alon. No, no, he's gone. [great loss]

Seb. Sir, you may thank yourself for this. That would not bless our Europe with you

But rather lose her to an African; [daughter] Where she, at least, is banish'd from your eye

Who hath cause to wet the grief on 't.

Alon. Pr'ythee, peace

Seb. You were kneel'd to, and importun'd otherwise

By all of us, and the fair soul herself Weigh'd between loathness and obedience, at

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

I fear, for ever: Milan and Naples have More widows in them of this business' making,

Than we bring men to comfort them: the fault's

Your own. *Alon.* So is the dearest of the

Gon. My lord Sebastian, [noise] The truth you speak doth lack some gentle

And time to speak it in; you rub the sore, When you should bring the plaster.

Seb. Very well.

Ant. And most chirurgically.

Gon. It is foul weather in us all, good sir, When you are cloudy. *Seb.* Foul weather!

Ant. Very foul.

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

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

Seb. Or docks, or mallows.

Gon. And were the king on 't, what would I do?

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.

Ant. The latter end of his commonwealth forgets the beginning.

Gon. All things in common nature should produce,

Without sweat or endeavour: treason, felony, Sword, pike, knife, gun, or need of any engine,

Would I not have; but nature should bring forth,

Of its own kind, all foison, all abundance, To feed my innocent people.

Seb. No marrying 'mong his subjects?

Ant. None, man; all idle; whores and knaves.

Gon. I would with such perfection govern, To excel the golden age. [sit]

Seb. 'Save his majesty!
Ant. Long live Gonzalo!
Gon. And,—do you mark me, sir?
Alon. Pr'ythee, 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 laugh'd at.
Gon. Who, in this kind of merry fooling, am nothing to you; so you may continue, and laugh at nothing still.
Ant. What a blow was there given!
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 I am very heavy?
Ant. Go sleep, and hear us.
[All sleep but Alon., Seb., and Ant.]
Alon. What, all so soon asleep! I wish mine eyes would, with themselves, shut up my thoughts: they are inclin'd to do so. *[I find]*
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 And watch your safety. *[rest]*
Alon. Thank you: wondrous heavy. *[Alonso sleeps. Exit Ariel.]*
Seb. What a strange drowsiness possesses them!
Ant. It is the quality o' the climate. *Why*
Seb. Doth it not, then, our eyelids sink? I find not Myself dispos'd to sleep.
Ant. Nor I: my spirits are nimble. They fell together all, as by consent; They dropp'd as by a thunder-stroke. *What*
might, *[more:]* Worthy Sebastian?—O! what might!—No And yet, methinks, I see it in thy face, What thou should'st be. 'Th' occasion speaks thee; and My strong imagination sees a crown Dropping upon thy head.
Seb. What, art thou waking?
Ant. Do you not hear me speak?
Seb. I do; and surely, It is a sleepy language, and thou speak'st Out of thy sleep. What is it thou didst say? This is a strange repose, to be asleep With eyes wide open; standing, speaking, And yet so fast asleep. *[moving]*

Ant. Noble Sebastian, Thou let'st thy fortune sleep,—die, rather; Whiles thou art waking. *[wink'st]*
Seb. Thou dost snore distinctly; There's meaning in thy mores. *[you]*
Ant. I am more serious than my custom; 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.* O, 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, *[on:]* By their own fear, or sloth. *Seb.* Pr'ythee, say The setting of thine eye, and cheek, proclaim A matter from thee; and a birth, indeed, Which throes 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 persuation, 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 doubts discovery there. Will you grant That Ferdinand is drown'd? *[with me]*
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 *[from Naples]* Ten leagues beyond man's life; she that Can have no note, unless the sun were post, *(The man i' the moon's too slow,)* till new-born chins Be rough and razorable; she that, from whom We were all sea-swallow'd, though some cast And by that destiny to perform an act, *[again:]* Whereof what's past is prologue; what to In yours and my discharge. *[come]*
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, this were death *[no worse]* That now hath seiz'd them; why, they were

Than now they are. There be, that can rule Naples

As well as he that sleeps; lords, that can
As amply, and unnecessarily, [prate]
As this Gonzalo; I myself could make
A chough of as deep chat. O, that you bore
The mind that I do! what a sleep were this
For your advancement! Do you understand

Seb. Methinks, I do. [me?]
Ant. And how does your content
Tender your own good fortune?

Seb. I remember,
You did supplant your brother Prospero.

Ant. True:
And look how well my garments sit upon me;
Much better than before; my brother's servants

Were then my fellows; now they are my men.

Seb. But, for your conscience,— [kibe]

Ant. Ay, sir; where lies that? if it were a
'Twould put me to my slipper; but I feel not
This deity in my bosom: twenty consciences,
That stand 'twixt me and Milan, candied be

they, [brother]
And melt, ere they molest! Here lies your
No better than the earth he lies upon,
If he were that which now he's like, that's

dead; [of it]
Whom I, with this obedient steel, three inches

Can lay to bed for ever; whiles you, doing thus,
To the perpetual wink for aye might put
This ancient morsel, this Sir Prudence, who
Should not upbraid our course. For all the rest,
They'll take suggestion, as a cat laps milk;
They'll tell the clock to any business that
We say belies the hour.

Seb. Thy case, dear friend,
Shall be my precedent: as thou got'st Milan,
I'll come by Naples. Draw thy sword: one
stroke

Shall free thee from the tribute which thou
And I the king shall love thee. [pay'st,
Ant. Draw together,

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

Seb. O, but one word. [They converse apart.
Music. Re-enter Ariel, invisible.

Ari. My master through his art foresees
the danger [forth,

That you, his friend, are in; and sends me
(For else his project dies) to keep thee living.

[Sings in Gonzalo's ear.
While you here do snoring lie,
Open-eyed conspiracy
His time doth take:
If of life you keep a care,
Shake off slumber, and beware:
Awake! Awake!

Ant. Then let us both be sudden.

Gon. Now, good angels, preserve the king!

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

Wherefore this ghastly looking!

Gon. What's the matter?

Seb. Whiles we stood here securing your
repose, [loud]
Even now, we heard a hollow burst of bellow

Like bulls, or rather lions; did 't not wake
It struck mine ear most terribly. [you]

Alon. I heard nothing.

Ant. O, 'twas a din to fright a monster's
ear;

To make an earthquake! sure it was the roar
Of a whole herd of lions.

Alon. Heard you this, Gonzalo?

Gon. Upon mine honour, sir, I heard a
humming, [me]

And that a strange one too, which did awake
I shak'd you, sir, and cry'd; as mine eyes

open'd,
I saw their weapons drawn:—there was a noise,
That's verily, 'Tis best we stand upon our

guard, [weapons]
Or that we quit this place: let's draw our
swords. Lead off this ground, and let's make

For my poor son. [farther search]
Gon. Heavens keep him from these beasts!

For he is, sure, 't the island. [Alon. Lead
away. [Exit with the others.]

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

So, king, go safely on to seek thy son. [Exit.
SCENE II.—Another Part of the Island.

Enter Caliban, with a burden of wood.
A noise of Thunder heard.

Cal. All the infections that the sun sucks up
From 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 not
pinch, [mire]

Fright me with urchin shows, pitch me 't the
Nor lead me, like a fire-brand, in the dark
Out of my way, unless he bid 'em; but

For every trifle are they set upon me:
Sometime like apes, that moe and chatter at me,
And after, bite me; then like hedge-hogs, which

Lie tumbling in my bare-foot way, and mount
Their prickles at my foot-fall: sometime crows
All wound with adders, who with cloven

tongues
Do hiss me into madness.—
Enter Trinculo.

Lo! now! lo!

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

Trin. Here's neither bush nor shrub to
bear off any weather at all, and another storm
brewing; I hear it sing 't the wind: yond'

same black cloud, yond' huge one, looks like
a foul bombard that would shed his liquor.
If it should thunder, as it did before, I know

not where to hide my head: yond' same cloud
cannot choose but fall by paddles.—What
have we here? a man or a fish? Dead or

alive! A fish: he smells like a fish; a very
ancient and fish-like smell; a kind of not of
the newest Pouch-John. A strange fish! Were
I in England now, (as once I was,) and had
but this fish painted, not a holiday fool there
but would give a piece of silver: there would
this monster make a man; any strange beast
there makes a man: when they will not give
a doit to relieve a lame beggar, they will lay
out ten to see a dead Indian. Legg'd like a
man! and his fins like arms! Warm, o' my
troth! I do now let loose my opinion; hold it
no longer; this is no fish, but an islander,
that hath lately suffered by a thunderbolt.
[Thunder.] Alas! the storm is come again:
my best way is to creep under his gaberdine;
there is no other shelter hereabout: misery
acquaints a man with strange bedfellows. I
will here shroud, till the dregs of the storm be
past.

Enter Stephano, singing; a bottle in his hand.
Ste. I shall no more to sea, to sea,
Here shall I die ashore.—

This is a very scurvy tune to sing at a man's
funeral: well, here's my comfort. [Drinks.]

The master, the weather, the boatswain, and I,
The gunner, and his mate,
Lord Mall, Meg, and Marian, and Margery,
But none of us car'd for Kate;
For she had a tongue with a tang,
Would cry to a sailor, Go hang!

She lov'd not the saviour of her nor of pitch,
Yet a tailor might scratch her where'er she did
itch;

Then, to sea, boys, and let her go hang.
This is a scurvy tune too: but here's my
comfort. [Drinks.]

Cal. Do not torment me: O!

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

Cal. The spirit torments me: O!

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

Cal. Do not torment me, pray thee: I'll
bring my wood home faster.

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

Cal. Then dost me yet but little hurt; thou
wilt anon, I know it by thy trembling: now
Prospero works upon thee.

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

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

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

Trin. Stephano!

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

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

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

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

Ste. Pr'ythee, do not turn me about: my
stomach is not constant.

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

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

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

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

Ste. Here: swear, then, how thou escap'dst.

Trin. Swam ashore, man, like a duck: I
can swim like a duck, I'll be sworn.

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

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 this agree?

Cal. Hast thou not dropp'd from heaven?

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

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

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

Trin. By this good light, this is a very shallow monster.—I afraid of him?—a very weak monster.—The man i' the moon? a most poor credulous monster!—Well drawn, monster, in good sooth, [island;]

Cal. I'll show thee every fertile inch o' the I will kiss thy foot: I pr'ythee, be my god.

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

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

Ste. Come on then; down, and swear.

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

Ste. Come, kiss.

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

Cal. I'll show thee the best springs; I'll pluck thee berries;

I'll fish for thee, and get thee wood enough. A plague upon the tyrant that I serve!

I'll bear him no more sticks, but follow thee, Thou wondrous man.

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

Cal. I pr'ythee, 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 marmozet; I'll bring thee To clust'ring filberts, and sometimes I'll get thee

[with me] Young scamels from the rock. Wilt thou go?

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

Cal. Farewell, master; farewell, farewell. [Sings drunkenly.]

Trin. A howling monster, a drunken monster.

Cal. No more dams I'll make for fish; Nor fetch in firing

At requir'ing, Nor scrape trencher, nor wash dish;

'Ban, 'Ban, Ca—Caliban, Has a new master—Get a new man.

Freedom, hey-day! hey-day, freedom! freedom! hey-day, freedom!

Ste. O brave monster! lead the way. [Exeunt.]

ACT III.

SCENE I.—Before Prospero's Cell.

Enter Ferdinand, bearing a log.

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

Delight in them sets off: some kinds of labours are nobly undergone; and most poor matters point to rich ends. This my mean task Would be as heavy to me, as odious; but The mistress, which I serve, quickens what

dead, And makes my labours pleasures: O! she is Ten times more gentle than her father

crabbed, And he's composed of harshness. I must not Somethousands of these logs, and pile them up

Upon a sore injunction: my sweet mistress Weeps when she sees me work, and says such

baseness Had never like executor. I forget:

But these sweet thoughts do even refresh me. Most busy lest, when I do it. [labours]

Enter Miranda; and Prospero at a distance. My

Mira. Alas! now, pray you, Work not so hard: I would the lightning had

Burnt up those logs that you are enjoind to pile! [burns]

Pray, set it down, and rest you: when the 'Twill weep for having wearied you. [father]

Is hard at study; pray now, rest yourself: He's wafe for these three hours.

Fer. O most dear mistress, The sun will set, before I shall discharge

What I must strive to do.

Mira. If you'll sit down, I'll bear your logs the while. Pray, give me Of it

I'll carry it to the pile. [that On t]

Fer. No, precious creature, I had rather crack my sinews, break my back

Than you should such dishonour undergo, While I sit lazy by.

Mira. It would become me As well as it does you: and I should do it

With much more ease; for my good will is And yours it is against.

Pro. [Aside.] Poor worm! thou art infected. This visitation shows it.

Mira. You look wearily.

Fer. No, noble mistress; 'tis fresh morning with me.

When you are by at night. I do beseech you, Chiefly that I might set it in my prayers,—

What is your name?

Mira. Miranda.—O my father, I have broke your heart to say so.

Fer. Admir'd Miranda, Indeed, the top of admiration; worth

What's dearest to the world! Full many a lady I have ey'd with best regard; and many a time

The harmony of their tongues hath into bond

age Brought my too diligent ear: for several virtues

I lik'd several women; never any so full soul, but some defect in her; quarrel with the noblest grace she ow'd, put it to the foil; but you, O you! effect, and so peerless, are created every creature's best.

ra. I do not know of my sex; no woman's face remember, from my glass, mine own; nor have I seen that I may call men, than you, good friend,

my dear father: how features are abroad, skill-less of; but, by my modesty, jewel in my dower,) I would not wish companion in the world but you; can imagination form a shape, does yourself, to like of. But I prattle nothing too wildly, and my father's precepts rein do forget.

er. I am, in my condition, since, Miranda; I do think, a king; could, not so!) and would no more endure wooden slavery, than to suffer flesh-ly blow my mouth.—Hear my soul very instant that I saw you, did [speak:—heart fly to your service; there resides, make me slave to it; and for your sake, I this patient leg-man.

fira. O heaven! O earth! hear witness to this sound,

I crown what I profess with kind event, speak true; if hollowly, invert; at best is boded me, to mischief! I, round all limit of what else 't the world, love, prize, honour you. *Mira.* I am a weep at what I am glad of. [fool,

ro. [Aside.] Fair encounter two most rare affections! Heavens rain that which breeds between them! [grace

er. Wherefore weep you? *Mira.* At mine unworthiness, that dare not offer

at I desire to give; and much less take at I shall die to want. But this is trifling; and all the more it seeks to hide itself, bigger bulk it shows. Hence, bashful cunning!

and prompt me, plain and holy innocence! in your wife, if you will marry me;

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.

er. My mistress, dearest, and I thus humble ever. *Mira.*

er. Ay, with a heart as willing bondage e'er of freedom: here's my hand. *Mira.* And mine, with my heart in't: and half-an-hour hence, [now farewell,

er. A thousand thousand! [Recount *er.* and *Mira.*

ro. So glad of this as they, I cannot be, no are surpris'd with all; 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, with a bottle, 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 the other two be brained like us, the state totters.

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

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

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

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

Ste. We'll not run, monsieur monster.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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. [pleas'd

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

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

Enter Ariel, invisible.

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

Ari. Thou liest.

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

Ste. Trinculo, if you trouble him any more

once ache: here's a maze trod, in-
[patience]
rth-rights, and meanders] by your
ut rest me.

Old lord, I cannot blame thee,
myself attach'd with weariness,
ling of my spirits: sit down, and rest.
I will put off my hope, and keep it
for my flatterer: he is drown'd,
us we stray to find; and the sea
cks

ate search on land. Well, let him go.
[side to Seb.] I am right glad that
so out of hope.

or one repulse, forego the purpose
resolv'd to effect.

[side to Ant.] The next advantage
ake thoroughly.

[side to Seb.] Let it be to-night;
they are oppress'd with travel, they
nor cannot, use such vigilance,
they are fresh. [more.]

[side to Ant.] I say, to-night: no
und strange music; and Prospero
invisible. Enter several strange
bringing in a banquet: they dance
it with gentle actions of salutation;
[singing the King, &c., to eat, they
[friends, hark!

What harmony is this! my good
Marvellous sweet music!

Give us kind keepers, heavens! What
are these?

Living drollery. Now I will believe
are are unicorns; that in Arabia
one tree, the phoenix' throne; one
hour reigning there. [phoenix

I'll believe both;
it does else want credit, come to me,

be sworn 'tis true: travellers ne'er did
fools at home condemn them. [lie,

If in Naples
report this now, would they believe

old say, I saw such islanders, [me?
rtes, these are people of the island,]

ough they are of monstrous shape,
et, note,

anners are more gentle, kind, than of
man generation you shall find

ay, almost any.
[side.] Honest lord,

ast said well; for some of you there
se than devils. [present,

I cannot too much muse,
napes, such gesture, and such sound,

expressing
gh they want the use of tongue) a kind

llent dumb discourse.
[side.] Praise in departing.

They vanish'd strangely.

No matter, since
ave left their viands behind; for we

ave stomachs.—
please you taste of what is here!

Alon. Not I. [we were boys,
Gon. Faith, sir, you need not fear. When
Who would believe that there were moun-
taineers [hanging at them

Dew-lapp'd like bulls, whose throats had
Wallets of flesh! or that there were such men
Whose heads stood in their breasts! which
now we find,

Each putter-out of five for one, will bring us
Good warrant of.

Alon. I will stand to, and feed,
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
happy; claps his wings upon the table; and,
with a quaint device, the banquet vanishes.

Ant. You are three men of sin, whom
destiny

[That hath to instrument this lower world,
And what is in't,) the never-surfeited sea
Hath caused to belch up; and on this island
Where man doth not inhabit; you 'mongst
men [mad;

Being most unfit to live, I have made you
[Seeing Alon., Seb., &c., draw their swords.

And even with such like valour, men hang
and drown [fellows

Their proper selves. You fools! I and my
Are ministers of fate: the elements

Of whom your swords are temper'd, may as well
Wound the loud winds, or with bemock'd-at

stabs
Kill the still-closing waters, as diminish

One dowle that's in my plume; my fellow-
ministers

Are like invulnerable. If you could hurt,
Your swords are now too massy for your

strengths,
And will not be uplifted. But, remember,

(For that's my business to you,) that you three
From Milan did supplant good Prospero;

Expos'd unto the sea, which hath requit it,
Him, and his innocent child: for which foul

deed
The powers, delaying, not forgetting, have

Incens'd the seas and shores, yea, all the
creatures,

Against your peace. Thee, of thy son, Alonso,
They have bereft; and do pronounce, by me,

Lingering perdition (worse than any death
Can be at once) shall step by step attend

You, and your ways; whose wraths to guard
you from

(Which here in this most desolate isle, else falls
Upon your heads) is nothing, but heart's

And a clear life ensuing. [sorrow,
He vanishes in thunder: then, to soft music,

enter the Shapes again, and dance with
mocks and moves, and carry out the table.

Pro. [side.] Bravely the figure of this
happy hast thou [sing;

Perform'd, my Ariel; a grace it had, devour-
Of my instruction hast thou nothing bated,

In what thou hadst to say : so with good life
And observation strange, my meener ministers
Their several kinds have done. My high
charms work,

And these, mine enemies, are all knit up
In their distractions : they now are in my
power ;

And in these fits I leave them, while I visit
Young Ferdinand, (whom they suppose is
drown'd.)

And his and my loved darling. *[Exit above.*
Gon. P' the name of something holy, sir,
In this strange stare ? *[why stand 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 bass my trespass.
Therefore my son i' the ooze is bedded ; and
I'll seek him deeper than e'er plummet
sounded,

And with him there lie mudded. *[Exit.*
Seb. But one fiend at a time,
I'll fight their legions o'er.

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

Gon. All three of them are desperate ; their
great guilt,

Like poison given to work a great time after,
Now gins to bite the spirits.—I do beseech you,
That are of suppler joints, follow them swiftly,
And hinder them from what this ecstasy
May now provoke them to.

Adr. Follow, I pray you. *[Recount.*

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—Before Prospero's Cell.

Enter Prospero, Ferdinand, and Miranda.

Pro. If I have too austere punish'd you,
Your compensation makes amends ; for I
Have given you here a thread of mine own life,
Or that for which I live ; whom once again
I tender to thy hand : all thy vexations
Were but my trials of thy love, and thou
Hast strangely stood the test : here, afore
Heaven,

I ratify this my rich gift. O Ferdinand !
Do not smile at me that I boast her off,
For thou shalt find she will outstrip all praise,
And make it halt behind her.

Fer. I do believe it,
Against an oracle.

Pro. Then, as my gift, and thine own ac-
quisition

Worthily purchas'd, take my daughter : but
If thou dost break her virgin knot before
All sanctimonious ceremonies may
With full and holy rite be minister'd,
No sweet aspersion shall the heavens let fall
To make this contract grow ; but barren hate,
Sour-ey'd disdain, and discord, shall bestrew
The union of your bed with weeds so loathly,

That you shall hate it both : therefore,
As Hymen's lamps shall light you.

Fer. For quiet days, fair issue, and long life,
With such love as 'tis now, the merriest
The most opportune place, the strong'st ac-
tion

Our worse genius can, shall never melt
Aline honour into lust, to take away
The edge of that day's celebration ;
When I shall think, or Phœbus' steeds
Or night kept chain'd below.

Pro. Fairly spoken.
Sit then, and talk with her, she is thine own.
What, Ariel ! my industrious servant, Ariel.

Ari. What would my potent master ?
I am.

Pro. Thou and thy meener fellows your
Did worthily perform ; and I must use you
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. *Ari.* Present.

Pro. Ay, with a twick.
Ari. Before you can say, "Come," and "Go,"
And breathe twice ; and I must use you
Each one, tripping on his toe,
Will be here with mop and mow.

Do you love me, master ? I do ?
Pro. Dearly, my delicate Ariel. Do not
Till thou dost hear me call.

Ari. Well, I conceive.
Pro. Look, thou be true ; do not give
liance

Too much the reins ; the strongest oaths
To the fire i' the blood : be more abstemious
Or else, good night, your vow !

Fer. I warrant you,
The white-cold virgin snow upon my heart
Abates the ardour of my liver. *Pro.* Well,
Now come, my Ariel ! bring a corollary,
Rather than want a spirit : appear, a
pertly.—

No tongue ; all eyes ; be silent. *[Soft music.*
A Masque. Enter Iris.

Iris. Ceres, most bounteous lady, thy
less

Of wheat, rye, barley, vetches, oats, and pease
Thy turf mountains, where live nibbling she
And that meads, thatch'd with stover, them
keep ;

Thy banks with pioned and twilled brims,
Which spongy April at thy best bestrides,
To make cold nymphs chaste crowns ; and
broom groves,

Whose shadow the dismissed bachelor loves
Being lass-lorn ; thy pole-clipt vineyard ;
And thy sea-marge, sterile and rocky-hard
Where thou thyself dost air : the queen
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 again :
Approach, rich Ceres, her to entertain.

Enter Ceres.
Cer. Hall, many-coloured messenger, that
Dost disobey the wife of Jupiter ; *[ne'er*
Who, with thy saffron 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 bath thy
queen

Summon'd me hither, to this short-grass'd
Iris. A contract of true love to celebrate,
And some donation freely to estate
On the bless'd lovers.

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

Iris. Of her society
Be not afraid ; I met her deity *[son*
Cutting the clouds towards Paphos, and her
Dove-drawn with her. Here thought they to
have done

Some wanton charm upon this man and maid,
Whose vows are, that no bed-rite shall be paid
Till Hymen's torch be lighted ; but in vain :
Mars's hot minion is return'd again ;
Her washp-head son has broke his arrows,
Swears he will shoot no more, but play with
And be a boy right out.

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

Jun. How does my bounteous sister ! Go
with me, *[be,*
To bless this twain, that they may prosperous
And honour'd in their issue.

song.
Jun. Honour, riches, marriage-blessing,
Long continuance, and increasing,
Howe'er joys be still upon you !
Juno sings her blessing on you.
Cer. Earth's increase, foison plenty,
Barns and garners never empty ;
Vines, with clust'ring bunches growing ;
Plants, with goodly burden bowing ;
Spring come to you, at the farthest,
In the very end of harvest !
Scarcity and want shall shun you ;
Ceres' blessing so is on you.

Fer. This is a most majestic vision, and
Harmonious charmingly : May I be hold
To think these spirits ?

Pro. Spirits, which by mine art
I have from their confines called to enact
My present fancies.

Fer. Let me live here ever :

So rare a wonder'd father, and a wife,
Make this place Paradise.

*[Juno and Ceres whisper, and
send Iris on employment.*

Pro. Sweet now, silence !
Juno and Ceres whisper seriously ;
There's something else to do : hush, and be
Or else our spell is marr'd.

Iris. You nymphs, call'd Nalada, of the
winding brooks,
With your self'd crowns, and ever-harmless
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 sun-burn'd sicklemen, of August weary,
Come hither from the furrow, and be merry :
Make holiday : your eye-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, hollow, and confused noise, they
heavily vanish.*

Pro. I had forgot that foul con-
Of the beast Caliban, and his confederates,
Against my life : the minute of their plot
Is almost come.—*[To the Spirits.]* Well
done ;—avoid,—no more.

Fer. This is strange : your father's in some
That works him strongly—
Mira. Never till this day,
Saw I him touch'd with anger so distemper'd.

Pro. You do look, my son, in a mov'd 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
Be not disturb'd with my infirmity. *[troubled.*
If you be pleas'd, retire into my cell,
And there repose : a turn or two I'll walk,
To still my beating mind.

Fer. We wish your peace. *[Exit.*
Pro. Come with a thought !—*[To them.]* I
—Ariel, come ! *[thank you.*

Enter Ariel.
Ari. Thy thoughts I cleave to. What's thy
pleasure ? *Pro.* Spirit,
We must prepare to meet with Caliban.

Ari. Ay, my commander ; when I presented
Ceres,

I thought to have told thee of it; but I fear'd
lest I might anger thee.

Pro. Say again, where didst thou leave these
varlets?

Ari. I told you, sir, they were red-hot with
drinking;

So full of valour that they smote the air
For breathing in their faces; beat the ground
For kissing of their feet; yet always bending
Towards their project. Then I beat my tabor;
At which, like unback'd colts, they prick'd
their ears,

Advanc'd their eyelids, lifted up their noses,
As they smelt music: so I charm'd their ears,
That, on-like, they my lowing follow'd, through
Tooth'd briars, sharp furzes, pricking goss, and
thorns,

Which enter'd their frail shines: at last I left
I the filthy mantled pool beyond your cell,
There dancing up to the chins, that the foul
Overstunk their feet.

Pro. This was well done, my bird;
Thy shape invisible retain thou still:

The trumpety in my house, go, bring it hither,
For stale to catch these thieves.

Ari. I go, I go. [Exit.]

Pro. 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, laden with glittering
apparel, &c.

Come, hang them on this line.
Prospero and Ariel remain unseen. Enter

Caliban, Stephano, and Trinculo, all wet.

Cal. Pray you, tread softly, that the blind
mole may not

Hear a foot fall: we now are near his cell.

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

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

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

Trin. Thou wert but a lost monster.

Cal. Good, my lord, give me thy favour still;
Be patient, for the prize I'll bring thee to
Shall hoodwink this mischance; therefore
speak softly;

All's hush'd as midnight yet.

Trin. Ay, but to lose our bottles in the pool,—

Ste. There is not only disgrace and dis-
honour 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. Pr'ythee, my king, be quiet. Seest thou
here,

This is the mouth o' the cell: no noise, and

Do that good mischief, which may make
island

Thine own for ever, and I, thy Caliban,
For aye thy foot-licker.

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

Trin. O king Stephano! O peer! O word!

Stephano! look, what a wardrobe here is
this!

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

Trin. O, ho, monster; we know what
longs to a frippery.—O king Stephano!

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

Trin. Thy grace shall have it.

Cal. The drowy drow this fool! what
you mean,

To doat thus on such luggage! Let's also
And do the murder first: if he awake,
From toe to crown he'll fill our skins with
Make us strange stuff.

Ste. Be you quiet, monster.—Mistress Il-
is not this my jerkin! Now is the jack
under the line: now, jerkin, you are like
lose your hair, and prove a bald jerkin.

Trin. Do, do: we steal by line and lev-
and't like your grace.

Ste. I thank thee for that jest; here's
garment for't: wit shall not go unrewarded
while I am king of this country: "Steal by it
and level," is an excellent pass of pate; then
another garment for't.

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

Cal. I will have none out: we shall lo-
our time,

And all be turn'd to barnacles, or to apes
With foreheads villainous low.

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

Trin. And this.

Ste. Ay, and this.

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

Pro. Hey, Mountain, hey!

Ari. Silver! there it goes, Silver!

Pro. Fury, Fury! there, Tyrant, there
hark, hark!

[Cal., Ste., and Trin. are driven on
Go, charge my goblins that they grind their
joints

With dry convulsions; shorten up their sinews
With aged cramps; and more pinch-spotted
make them,

Than pard, or cat o' mountain.

Ari. Hark! they roar!

Pro. Let them be hunted soundly. At the
Lie at my mercy all mine enemies: [Thunder]

Shortly shall all my labours end, and thou
Shalt have the air of freedom: for a little,
Follow, and do me service.

[Exit.]

ACT V.

SCENE I.—Before the cell of Prospero.

Enter Prospero in his magic robes; and Ariel.

Pro. Now does my project gather to a head:
My charms crack not; my spirits obey; and
time

Goes upright with his carriage. How's the
Ari. On the sixth hour; at which time, my
[lord,

You said our work should cease.

Pro. I did say so.

When first I rais'd the tempest. Say, my
How fares the king and 's followers?

Ari. Confind together

In the same fashion as you gave in charge;
Just as you left them: all prisoners, sir,

In the fine-grove which weather-fends your
cell;

They cannot budge, till your release. The
His brother, and yours, abide all three dis-
tracted;

And the remainder mourning over them,
Brimful of sorrow and dismay; but chiefly
Him that you term'd, sir, "The good old lord
Gonzalo:"

His tears run down his beard, like winter's
From eaves of eaves; your charm so strongly
works them,

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

Pro. Doest thou think so, spirit?

Ari. Mine would, sir, were I human.

Pro. And mine shall.

Hast thou, which art but air, a touch, a feel-
Of their afflictions, and shall not myself, (ing
One of their kind, that relish all as sharply,
Passion as they, be kindlier mov'd than thou
art?

Though with their high wrongs I am struck
Yet, with my nobler reason, 'gainst my fury
Do I take part: the rarer action is
In virtue than in vengeance: they being peni-
The sole drift of my purpose doth extend
Not a frown further. Go, release them, Ariel.
My charms I'll break, their senses I'll restore,
And they shall be themselves.

Ari. I'll fetch them, sir. [Exit.]

Pro. 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 demy-puppets, that
By moonshine do the green-sour ringlets make,
Whereof the ewe not bites; and you, whose
pastime

Is to make midnight-mushrooms; that rejoice
To hear the solemn curfew; by whose aid
(Weak masters though ye be) I have bedimm'd
The noontide sun, call'd forth the mutinous
winds,

And 'twixt the green sea and the azur'd vault
Set roaring war: to the dread rattling thunder
Have I given fire, and rifted Jove's stout oak

With his own bolt: the strong-bas'd promon-
tory

Have I made shake; and by the spurs
The pine and cedar: graves, at my command,
Have wak'd their sleepers; open'd, and let them
forth

By my so potent art. But this rough magic
I here abjure; and, when I have requir'd
Some heavenly music, (which even now I do,)

To work mine end upon their senses, that
This airy charm is for, I'll break my staff,
Bury it in the fathoms in the earth,

And, deeper than did ever plummet sound,
I'll drown my book.

[Solemn music.]

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

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

[stand,

Holy Gonzalo, honourable man,
Mine eyes, even sociable to the show of thine,
Fall fellowly drops.—The charm dissolves
apace;

And as the morning steals upon the night,
Melting the darkness, so their rising senses
Begin to chase the ignorant fumes that mantle
Their clearer reason.—O good Gonzalo,
My true preserver, and a loyal air

To him thou follow'st, I will pay thy graces
Home, both in word and deed.—Most cruelly
Didst thou, Alonso, use me and my daughter:
Thy brother was a furtherer in the act;—
Thou'rt pinch'd for't now, Sebastian.—Flash
and blood,

You brother mine, that entertain's ambition,
Expell'd remorse and nature; who, with Se-
bastian,

(Whose inward pinches therefore are most
Would here have kill'd your king; I do for-
give thee,

[standing

Unnatural though thou art!—Their under-
Begins to swell, and the approaching tide
Will shortly fill the reasonable shores,
That now lie foul and muddy. Not one of
them

That yet looks on me, or would know me.—
Fetch me the hat and rapier in my cell.—
[Exit Ariel.]

I will dis-case me, and myself present,
As I was sometime Milan.—Quickly, spirit;
Thou shalt ere long be free.

Ariel re-enters, singing, and helps to attire
Prospero.

Ari. Where the bee sucks, there suck I:
In a cornfield's bell I lie;
There I couch when owls do cry;
On the bat's back I do fly
After summer, merrily:

*Merrily, merrily, shall I live now,
Under the blossom that hangs on the bough.*

Pro. Why, that's my dainty Ariel! I shall
But yet thou shalt have freedom:—so, so, so,—
To the king's ship, invisible as thou art:
There shalt thou find the mariners asleep
Under the hatches; the master, and the boat-
swain,

Being awake, enforce them to this place;
And presently, I pray thee,

Ari. I drink the air before me, and return
Or e'er your pulse twice beat. *[Exit.]*

Gon. All torment, trouble, wonder, and
amazement.

Inhabit here: some heavenly power guide us
Out of this fearful country!

Pro. 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. Who's that beest he, or no,
Or some enchanted trifle to abuse me,
As late I have been, I not know: thy pulse
Beats, as of flesh and blood; and, since I saw
thee,

The affliction of my mind amends, with which,
I fear, a madness held me: this must crave
(As if this be at all) a most strange story.
Thy dukedom I resign; and do entreat
Thou pardon me my wrongs.—But how should
Be living, and be here! *[Prospero]*

Pro. First, noble friend,
Let me embrace thine age; whose honour
cannot

Be measur'd, or could'd. *Gon.* Whether
Or be not, I'll not swear. *[This be,*

Pro. 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
And justify you traitors: at this time *[you,*
I will tell no tales.

Seb. [Aside.] The devil speaks in him.

Pro. No.—
For you, most wicked sir, whom to call brother
Would even infect my mouth, I do forgive
Thy ranker fault; all of them; and require
My dukedom of thee, which, perforce, I know,
Thou must restore.

Alon. If thou beest Prospero,
Give us particulars of thy preservation:

How thou hast met us here, who three hours
since *[lost,*

Were wreck'd upon this shore; where I have
(How sharp the point of this remembrance is!)
My dear son Ferdinand.

Pro. I am woe for't, sir.

Alon. Irreparable is the loss; and patience

Says it is past her cure.
Pro. I rather think,

You have not sought her help; of whose
grace,

For the like loss I have her sovereign aid,
And rest myself content.

Alon. You the like loss!
Pro. As great to me, as late; and, suppo-

able *[weak]*
To make the dear loss, have I means
Than you may call to comfort you; for I

Have lost my daughter. *Alon.* A daughter!
O heavens! that they were living both.

Naples, *[I w]*
The king and queen there! that they w

Myself were muddled in that oozy bed
Where my son lies. When did you lose yo

daughter! *[hor]*
Pro. In this last tempest. I perceive, the

At this encounter do so much admire,
That they devour their reason, and scarce thi

Their eyes do offices of truth, their words
Are natural breath: but, howso'er you ha

Been justled from your senses, know for c

That I am Prospero, and that very duke *[tal]*
Which was thrust forth of Milan; who me

strangely *[was lande]*
Upon this shore, where you were wreck'd

To be the lord on't. No more yet of this;
For 'tis a chronicle of day by day,

Not a relation for a breakfast, nor
Befitting this first meeting. Welcome, sir;

This cell's my court: here have I few at
tendants,

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 yo

As much as me my dukedom.

The entrance of the Cell opens, and discover
Ferdinand and Miranda playing at chess.

Mira. Sweet lord, you play me false.

For. No, my dearest love,
I would not for the world. *[should wrangle]*

Mira. Yes, for a score of kingdoms you
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!

For. Though the seas threaten they are
I have cur'd them without cause. *[merciful]*

Alon. Now, all the blessings
Of a glad father compass thee about!

Arise, and say how thou cam'st here.

Mira. O, wonder!
How many goodly creatures are there here!
How beauteous mankind is! O brave new

That has such people in't! *[world,*

Pro. 'Tis new to thee.

Alon. What is this maid, with whom thou
wast at play! *[hourat]*

Your old'st acquaintance cannot be three

Is she the goddess that has sever'd us,
And brought us thus together!

Fer. Sir, she's mortal;

But, by immortal providence, she's mine;
I chose her, when I could not ask my father

For his advice, nor thought I had one. She
Is daughter to this famous duke of Milan,

Of whom so often I have heard renown,
But never saw before; of whom I have

Recov'd a second life; and second father
This lady makes him to me. *Alon.* I am

But O! how oddly will it sound, that I *[hers:]*
Must ask my child forgiveness.

Pro. There, sir, stop.
Let us not burden our remembrance with

A heaviness that's gone. *I have inly wept,*

Gon. Or should have spoke ere this. Look down,
you gods,

And on this couple drop a blessed crown;
For it is you that have chalk'd forth the way,

Which brought us thither!

Alon. I say, Amen, Gonzalo!

Gon. Was Milan thrust from Milan, that
his issue

Should become kings of Naples! O, rejoice
Beyond a common joy; and set it down

With gold on lasting pillars: in one voyage
Did Charbel her husband find at Tunis;

And Ferdinand, her brother, found a wife
Where he himself was lost; Prospero his

dukedom
In a poor idle; and all of us, ourselves.

When no man was his own. *[hands:]*

Alon. *[To Fer. and Mir.]* Give me your
Let grief and sorrow still embrace his heart

That doth not wish you joy!

Gon. Be it so: Amen!

Re-enter Ariel, with the Minister and Boatswain
amazedly following.

O look, sir! look, sir! here are more of us.

I prophesied, if a gallows were on land,
This fellow could not drown.—Now, blas-

phemy,
That swear'st grace o'erboard, not an oath on

shore! *[news:]*

Hast thou no mouth by land? What is the
Boats. The best news is, that we have safely

found

Our king, and company: the next, our ship,—
Which, but three glasses since, we gave out

split,—

Is tight, and yars, and bravely rigg'd, as when
We first put out to sea.

Ari. [Aside to Pro.] Sir, all this service
Have I done since I went.

Pro. [Aside to Ari.] My tricky spirit!

Alon. These are not natural events; they
strengthen *[you hither:]*

From strange to stranger.—Say, how came
Boats. If I did think, sir, I were well awake,
I'd strive to tell you. We were dead of sleep,
And (how we know not) all clapp'd under

Where, but even now, with strange and several
noises *[chains,*

Of roaring, shrieking, howling, jingling
And more diversity of sounds, all horrible;

We were awak'd; straightway, at liberty:
Where we, in all her trim, freshly beheld

Our royal, good, and gallant ship; our master
Capering to eye her: on a trice, so please

you,

Even in a dream, were we divided from them,
And were brought moping hither.

Ari. [Aside to Pro.] Was't well done!

Pro. [Aside to Ari.] Bravely, my diligence.
Thou shalt be free.

Alon. This is as strange a maze as e'er men
trod;

And there is in this business more than nature
Was ever conduct of: I some oracle *[piece,*

Must rectify our knowledge. *Pro.* Sir, my
Do not infect your mind with beating on

The strangeness of this business: at pick'd
leisure,

Which shall be shortly, single I'll resolve you
(Which to you shall seem probable) of every

These happen'd accidents: till when, be
cheerful. *[Come hither, spirit:]*

And think of each thing well.—*[Aside to Ari.]*
Set Caliban and his companions free;

Untie the spell. *[Exit Ariel.]* How fares
my gracious sir!

There are yet missing of your company
Some few odd bits, that you remember not.

Re-enter Ariel, driving in Caliban, Stephano,
and Trinculo, in their stolen apparel.

Seb. Every man shift for all the rest, and
let no man take care for himself, for all is but

fortune.—Coragio! bully-monster, Coragio!

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

Cal. O Setebos, these be brave spirits, in-
How fine my master is! I am afraid *[dead]*

He will charitise me. *Seb.* Ha! ha!

What things are these, my lord Antonio!
Will money buy them!

Ant. Very like; one of them
is a plain fish, and, no doubt, marketable.

Pro. 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 dews 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!

THE TWO GENTLEMEN OF VERONA.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Duke of Milan, father to Silvia.

Valentine, } the Two Gentlemen.

Proteus, }

Antonio, father to Proteus.

Thurio, a foolish rival to Valentine.

Eglamour, agent for Silvia, in her escape.

Speed, a clownish servant to Valentine.

Launce, the like to Proteus.

Panthino, servant to Antonio.
Host, where Julia lodges in Milan.
Out-lawed with Valentine.Julia, beloved of Proteus.
Silvia, beloved of Valentine.
Lucetta, waiting-woman to Julia.
Servants, musicians.

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

ACT I.

SCENE I.—An open place in Verona.

Enter Valentine and Proteus.

Val. Cease to persuade, my loving Proteus:

Home-keeping youth have ever homely wits.

Wert not, affection chains thy tender days

To the sweet glances of thy honour'd love,

I rather would entreat thy company

To see the wonders of the world abroad,

Than, living dully sluggardiz'd at home,

Wear out thy youth with shapeless idleness.

But, since thou lov'st, love still, and thrive

therein,

Even as I would, when I to love begin.

Pro. Wilt thou be gone? Sweet Valentine,

adieu!

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

If ever danger do environ thee, [danger]

Commend thy grievance to my holy prayers,

For I will be thy head's-man, Valentine.

Val. And on a love-book pray for my suc-

cess. [thee]

Pro. Upon some book I love, I'll pray for

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; [moment's mirth]

Coy looks, with heart-sore sighs; one fading

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

And he that is so yoked by a fool, [you]

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. [bud]

Val. And writers say, As the most forward

Is eaten by the canker ere it blow,

Even so by love the young and tender wit

Is turn'd to folly; blasting in the bud,

Losing his verdure even in the prime,

And all the fair effects of future hopes.

But wherefore waste I time to counsel thee,

That art a votary to fond desire?

Once more adieu! my father at the road

Expects my coming, there to see me shipp'd.

Pro. And 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, fare-

well. [Exit.]

Pro. He after honour hunts, I after love:

He leaves his friends to dignify them more;

I leave myself, my friends, and all for love.

Thou, Julia, thou hast metamorphos'd me;

Made me neglect my studies, lose my time,

Alon. And Trinculo is seeling ripe: where
should they
Find this grand liquor that hath gilded them!—
How cam'st thou in this pickle?Trin. I have been in such a pickle, since I
saw you last, that, I fear me, will never out of
my bones: I shall not fear fly-blowing.

Seb. Why, how now, Stephano?

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

but a cramp.

Pro. You'd be king of 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.]

Pro. 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 here-

after,

And seek for grace. What a thrice-double ass

Was I, to take this drunkard for a god,

And worship this dull fool!

Pro. Go to; away!

Alon. Hence, and bestow your luggage

where you found it.

Seb. Or stole it, rather.

[Exit Cal., Ste., and Trin.]

Pro. 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

Go quick away: the story of my life, [make it]

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 solemniz'd;
And thence retire me to my Milan, where
Every third thought shall be my grave.

Alon.

To hear the story of your life, which must

Take the ear strangely. Pro. I'll deliver

And promise you calm seas, auspicious gales

And sail so expeditious, that shall catch

Your royal fleet far off.—[Aside to Ari.]

Ariel;—chick,—

That is thy charge: then to the elements

Be free, and fare thou well!—Please you

draw near. [Exit.]

EPILOGUE. Spoken by Prospero.

Now my charms are all o'erthrown,

And what strength I have's mine own;

Which is most faint: now, 'tis true,

I must be here confin'd by you,

Or sent to Naples. Let me not,

Since I have my dukedom got,

And pardon'd the deceiver, dwell

In this bare island, by your spell;

But release me from my bands,

With the help of your good hands,

Gentle breath of yours my sails

Must fill, or else my project fails,

Which was to please. Now I want

Spirits to enforce, art to enchant;

And my ending is despair,

Unless I be reliev'd by prayer;

Which pierces so, that it assaults

Mercy itself, and frees all faults.

As you from crimes would pardon'd be,

Let your indulgence set me free.

War with good counsel, set the world at naught; [thought.]
Made wit with musing weak, heart sick with

Enter Speed.

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

Pro. But now he parted hence, to embark

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 awhile 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

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

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

Speed. Such another proof will make me cry

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.

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

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

Pro. You mistake: I mean the pound, a

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

'Tis threefold too little for carrying a letter to

Pro. But what said she? [Speed nods.] Did she nod?

Speed. I.

Pro. Nod, if why, that's nodd.

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

Pro. And that set together, is—nodd.

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

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

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

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

Speed. Marry, sir, the letter very order having nothing but the word "nodd" for pains.

Pro. Beshrew me, but you have a quick

Speed. And yet it cannot overtake your

Pro. Come, come; open the matter in

Speed. Open your purse, that the

Pro. Well, sir, here is for your pains.

Speed. Truly, sir, I think you'll hardly

Pro. Why, couldst thou perceive so

Speed. Sir, I could perceive nothing at

Pro. What! said she nothing

Speed. No, not so much as—"take this

Pro. To testify your bounty, I the

Speed. No, not so much as—"take this

Pro. To testify your bounty, I the

Speed. No, not so much as—"take this

Pro. To testify your bounty, I the

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Pro. To testify your bounty, I the

Speed. No, not so much as—"take this

Pro. To testify your bounty, I the

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

Luc. Then thus,—of many good I think

Jul. Your reason?

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

Jul. I think him so, because I think him so.

Luc. And wouldst thou have me cast my

Jul. love on him?

Luc. Ay, if you thought your love not cast

Jul. Why, he, of all the rest, hath never

Luc. mov'd me.

Jul. Yet he, of all the rest, I think, best

Luc. His little speaking shows his love but

Jul. small.

Luc. Fire that is closest kept, burns most of

Jul. They do not love, that do not show

Luc. their love.

Jul. O, they love least, that let men know

Luc. I would I knew his mind.

Jul. Peruse this paper, madam.

Luc. "To Julia."—Say from whom?

Jul. That the contents will show.

Luc. Say, say, who gave it thee?

Jul. Sir Valentine's page; and sent, I think,

Luc. from Proteus.

Jul. He would have given it you; but I, being in the

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

Jul. I pray.

Luc. Now, by my modesty, a goodly broker!

Jul. Dare you presume to harbour wanton lines?

Luc. To whisper and conspire against my youth?

Jul. Now, trust me, 'tis an office of great worth,

Luc. And you an officer fit for the place.

Jul. There, take the paper; see it be return'd;

Luc. Or else return no more into my sight.

Jul. To plead for love deserves more

Luc. Will you be gone?

Jul. That you may ruminate.

Luc. And yet, I would I had o'erlook'd the

Jul. letter.

Luc. It were a shame to call her back again,

Jul. And pray her to a fault for which I chid her.

Luc. What fool is she, that knows I am a maid,

Jul. And would not force the letter to my view!

Luc. Since maids, in modesty, say "No," to that

Jul. Which they would have the profligate construe,

Luc. "Ay."

Jul. His, ha, how wayward is this foolish love,

Luc. That like a testy babe will scratch the nurse,

Jul. And presently, all humbled, kiss the rod!

Luc. How churlishly I chid Lucetta hence,

Jul. When willingly I would have had her here!

Luc. How angrily I taught my brow to frown,

Jul. When inward joy enforc'd my heart to smile!

Luc. My penance is, to call Lucetta back,

Jul. And ask remission for my folly past,—

Luc. What ho! Lucetta!

Jul. Re-enter Lucetta.

Luc. What would your ladyship?

Jul. Is it near dinner-time?

Luc. I would it were;

Jul. That you might kill your stomach on your

Luc. meat,

Jul. And not upon your maid.

Jul. What is't that you took up so glori-

Luc. giously?

Jul. Nothing.

Luc. Why didst thou stoop, then?

Jul. To take a paper up

Luc. 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,

Jul. Unless it have a false interpreter.

Luc. Some love of yours has writ to you in

Jul. rhyme.

Luc. That I might sing it, madam, to a

Jul. tune:

Luc. Give me a note: your ladyship can set.

Jul. As little by such toys as may be pos-

Luc. sible:

Jul. Best sing it to the tune of "Light o' Love."

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

Jul. Heavy! belike it hath some burden,

Luc. then!

Jul. Ay; and melodious were it, would you

Luc. And why not you?

Jul. I cannot reach so high.

Luc. Let's see your song. [Taking the

Jul. letter.] How now, minion!

Luc. Keep tune there still, so you will sing

Jul. it out:

Luc. 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.

Jul. And mar the concord with too harsh a discord:

Luc. There wanteth but a mean to fill your song.

Jul. The mean is drown'd with your unruly

Luc. base.

Jul. Indeed, I bid the base for Proteus.

Luc. This babble shall not henceforth

Jul. trouble me.

[Here is a roll with protestation!—

[Tears the letter.

Go, get you gone, and let the papers lie:

You would be fingering them, to anger me.

Luc. She makes it strange; but she would

be best pleas'd

To be so anger'd with another letter. [Exit.

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

the same!

O hateful hands, to tear such loving words!

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

As in revenge of thy ingratitude, [Julia]

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 thoroughly

heal'd:

And thus I search it with a sovereign kiss.

But twice or thrice was "Proteus" written down—

Be calm, good wind, blow not a word away,
Till I have found each letter in the letter,
Except mine own name; that some whirlwind
Unto a ragged, fearful, hanging rock, [hear
And throw in thence into the raging sea!
Lo! here in one line is his name twice writ,—
"Poor forlorn Proteus, passionate Proteus,
To the sweet Julia;"—that I'll tear away;
And yet I will not, with so prettily
He couples it to his complaining names:
Thus will I fold them one upon another:
Now kiss, embrace, contend, do what you will.

Re-enter Lucetta.

Luc. Madam,
Dinner is ready, and your father stays.

Jul. Well, let us go.

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

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

Luc. Nay, I was taken up for laying them down;

Yet here they shall not lie for catching cold.

Jul. I see you have a month's mind to them.

Luc. Ay, madam, you may say what sights you see;

I see things too, although you judge I wink.

Jul. Come, come; will't please you go? *[Exeunt.]*

SCENE III.—Verona. A Room in Antonio's House.

Enter Antonio and Panthino.

Ant. Tell me, Panthino, what sad talk was that,

Wherewith my brother held you in the cloister?

Pant. 'Twas of his nephew Proteus, your son.

Ant. Why, what of him?

Pant. He wonder'd that your lordship would suffer him to spend his youth at home;

While other men, of slender reputation, put forth their sons to seek preferment out;

Some to the wars, to try their fortune there;

Some to discover islands far away;

Some to the studious universities.

For any, or for all these exercises, He said that Proteus your son was meet;

And did request me to importune you To let him spend his time no more at home,

Which would be great impeachment to his age, In having known no travel in his youth.

Ant. Nor need'st thou much importune me to that.

Wherein this month I have been hammering, I have consider'd well his loss of time,

And how he cannot be a perfect man, Not being tried and tutor'd in the world:

Experience is by industry achiev'd, And perfected by the swift course of time.

Then, tell me, whither were I best to send him?

Pant. I think your lordship is not ignorant How his companion, youthful Valentine, Attends the emperor in his royal court.

Ant. I know it well. *[Sent him thither.]*

Pant. 'Twere good, I think, your lordship There shall be practise tilts and tournaments;

Hear sweet discourse, converse with nobles, 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 thou may'st perceive how well I'll The execution of it shall make known;

Even with the speediest expedition I will despatch him to the emperor's court.

Pant. To-morrow, may it please you, Alphonse,

With other gentlemen of good esteem, Are journeying to salute the emperor,

And to commend their service to his will.

Ant. Good company; with them shall Proteus go:

And, in good time:—now will we break up.

Enter Proteus.

Pro. Sweet love! sweet lines! sweet life Here is her hand, the agent of her heart;

Here is her oath for love, her honour's paw, O, that our fathers would applaud our love!

To seal our happiness with their consents! O heavenly Julia!

Ant. How now! what letter are you read there?

Pro. May't please your lordship, 'tis word or two

Of commendations sent from Valentine, Deliver'd by a friend that came from him.

Ant. Lend me the letter; let me see what news.

Pro. There is no news, my lord; but how happily he lives, how well belov'd,

And daily graced by the emperor; Wishing me with him, partner of his fortune.

Ant. And how stand you affected to wish?

Pro. As one relying on your lordship's will, And not depending on his friendly wish.

Ant. My will is something sorted with wish.

Muse not that I thus suddenly proceed; For what I will, I will, and there an end.

I am resolv'd that thou shalt spend some time With Valentines in the emperor's court:

What maintenance he from his friends receiveth, Like exhibition thou shalt have from me.

To-morrow be in readiness to go: Excuse it not, for I am peremptory.

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

Ant. Look, what thou want'st shall be after thee:

No more of stay; to-morrow thou must go. Come on, Panthino: you shall be employ'd To hasten on this expedition.

[Exeunt Antonio and Panthino.]

Pro. Thus have I shunn'd the fire, for fear of burning, And drench'd me in the sea, where I

four'd to show my father Julia's letter, that he should take exceptions to my love;

and, with the vantage of mine own excuse, hath he excepted most against my love.

How this spring of love resembleth The uncertain glory of an April day;

Which now shows all the beauty of the sun, And by and by a cloud takes all away!

Re-enter Panthino.

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

Pro. Why, this it is: my heart accords thereto;

and yet a thousand times it answers, No. *[Exeunt.]*

ACT II.

SCENE I.—Milan. A Room in the Duke's Palace. *Enter Valentine and Speed.*

Speed. Sir, your glove.

Val. Not mine; my gloves are on.

Speed. Why then this may be yours, for this but one. *[Mine.]*

Val. Ha! Let me see: ay, give it me, it's sweet ornament that decks a thing divine!

Speed. *[Culling.]* Madam Silvia! Madam Silvia!

Val. How now, sirrah!

Speed. She is not within hearing, sir.

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

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

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

Speed. And yet I was last childen for being slow.

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

Speed. She that your worship loves?

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

Speed. Marry, by those special marks: first, you have learned, like Sir Proteus, to wreath your arms, like a discontent; to relish a love-song, like a robin-red-breast; to walk alone, like one that had the pestilence; to sigh, like a school-boy that had lost his 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 obbing; to speak pining, like a beggar at Allowmas. You were wont, when you laugh'd, to crow like a cock; when you walk'd, 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 metamorphos'd 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! I say, 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 a crystal, that not an eye that sees you, but is a physician to comment on your malady. *[Silvia.]*

Val. But tell me, dost thou know my lady?

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

Val. Hast thou observed that? even she I 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-favoured.

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

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

Val. How painted? and how out of count?

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

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

Speed. You never saw her since she was deformed.

Val. How long hath she been deformed?

Speed. Ever since you loved her.

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

Speed. If you love her, you cannot see her.

Val. Why?

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

Val. What should I see then?

Speed. Your own present folly, and her passing deformity: for he, being in love, could not see to garter his hose; and you, being in love, cannot see to put on your hose.

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

Speed. True, sir; I was in love with my bed; I thank you, you swung me for my love, which makes me the bolder to chide you for yours.

Val. In conclusion, I stand affected to her.

Speed. I would you were set; so your affection would cease.

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

Speed. And have you? *Val.* I have.

Speed. Are they not lamely writ?

Val. No, boy, but as well as I can do them. —Peace! here she comes.

Enter Silvia.

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

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

Speed. [Aside.] O, 'give ya good even! here's a million of manners.

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

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

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

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

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

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

Val. No, madam; so it stead you, I will Please you command, a thousand times as And yet,— [much]

Sil. A pretty period! Well, I guess the sequel: [not]

And yet I will not name it;—and yet I care And yet take this again;—and yet I thank you, Meaning henceforth to trouble you no more.

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

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

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

Val. Madam, they are for you.

Sil. Ay, ay, you writ them, sir, at my request;

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

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

Sil. And, when it's writ, for my sake read it over:

And, if it please you, so; if not, why, so.

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

Sil. Why, if it please you, take it for your labour:

And so, good-morrow, servant. [Exit]

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

[her savior] My master sues to her; and she hath taught 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 from madam

Val. To whom? [Silvia]

Speed. To yourself. Why, she woees you by

Val. What figure! [a figure]

Speed. By a letter, I should say.

Val. Why, she hath not writ to me!

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

Val. No, believe me.

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

Val. She gave me none, except an

Speed. Why, she hath given you a letter

Val. That's the letter I writ to her

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

"For often have you writ to her; and she

Or else for want of idle time, could not

Or fearing else some messenger that might

mind discover,

Herself hath taught her love himself to

unto her lover."

All this I speak in print, for in print I

it.—

Why muse you, sir! 'tis dinner-time.

Val. I have dined.

Speed. Ay, but hearken, sir; though

chameleon Love can feed on the air,

one that is nourished by my victuals,

would fain have meat. O, be not like

mistress; be moved, be moved. [Exit]

SCENE II.—Verona. A Room in Julia's

House. Enter Proteus and Julia.

Pro. Have patience, gentle Julia,

Jul. I must, where is no remedy.

Pro. When possibly I can, I will return

Jul. If you turn not, you will return

sooner.

Keep this remembrance for thy Julia's sake

[Gives him a ring] master is shipped, and thou art to post after

Pro. Why, then, we'll make exchange; with ours. What's the matter? Why weepest

take you this. [Gives her another] thou, man! Away, as! you'll lose the tide,

if you tarry any longer.

Jul. And seal the bargain with a holy

Pro. Here is my hand for my true constant

And when that hour o'erslips me in the day

Wherein I sigh not, Julia, for thy sake,

The next ensuing hour some foul mischief

Torment me for my love's forgetfulness!

My father stays my coming; answer not.

The tide is now: nay, not thy tide of tears!

That tide will stay me longer than I should

Julia, farewell! [Exit Julia.] What, gone

out a word!

Ay, so true love should do: it cannot spare

For truth hath better deeds than words

grace it.

Enter Panthino.

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

Pro. Go; I come, I come!

Alas! this parting strikes poor lovers dead

[Exit]

SCENE III.—Verona. A Street.

Enter Launce, leading a dog.

Launce. Nay, 'twill be this hour ere I have

one weeping: all the kind of the Launces

ave this very fault. I have received my pro-

ortion, like the prodigious son, and am going

with Sir Proteus to the Imperial's court. I

think Crab, my dog, be the saddest-natured dog

that liveth my mother weeping, my father

howling, my sister crying, our maid howling,

our cat wending her hands, and all our house

a great perplexity, yet did not this cruel-

hearted cur shed one tear: he is a stone, a

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 man-

ner of it. This shoe is my father's;—no, this

left shoe is my father's;—no, no, this left shoe

is my mother's;—nay, that cannot be so, neither:

—yes, it is so; it is so; it hath the worse sole.

This shoe, with the hole in, is my mother,

and this my father. A vengeance on't! there

his: 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;—O, 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

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 wood woman; well, I kiss her;—why

there 'tis, here's my mother's breath up and

down. Now come I to my sister; mark the

mean she makes. Now, the dog all this while

sheds not a tear, nor speaks a word; but see

how I lay the dust with my tears.

Enter Panthino.

Pant. Launce, away, away, aboard! thy

master is shipped, and thou art to post after

with ours. What's the matter? Why weepest

thou, man! Away, as! you'll lose the tide,

if you tarry any longer.

Launce. It is no matter if the tide were lost;

for it is the unkindest tide that ever any man

lost.

Pant. What's the unkindest tide?

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

dog.

Pant. Tut, man, I mean thou'll 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?

[longer]

Launce. For fear thou should'st lose thy

father. Where should I lose my tongue?

Pant. In thy tale. *Pant.* In thy tail!

Launce. Lose the tide, and the voyage, and

the master, and the service, and the tide!

Why, man, if the river were dry, I am able to

fill it with my tears; if the wind were down, I

could drive the boat with my sighs.

Pant. Come, come away, man; I was sent

to call thee.

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

Pant. Will thou go?

Launce. Well, I will go. [Re-enter]

SCENE IV.—Milan. A Room in the Duke's

Palace.

Enter Valentine, Silvia, Thurio, and Speed.

Sil. Servant— *Val.* Mistress!

Speed. Master, Sir Thurio frowns on you.

Val. Ay, boy, it's for love.

Speed. Not of you.

Val. Of my mistress, then.

Speed. 'Twere good you knock'd him.

Sil. Servant, you are sad.

Val. Indeed, madam, I seem so.

Thur. Seem you that you are not?

Val. Happily, I do.

Thur. So do counterfeit.

Val. So do you.

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 doublet.

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

Thur. How!

Sil. What, angry, Sir Thurio! do you

change colour?

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

of chameleon.

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.

Val. I know it well, sir: you always and

ere you begin.

Sil. A fine volley of words, gentlemen, and

quickly shot off.

Val. 'Tis indeed, madam; we thank the

Sil. Who is that, servant?

[Giver]

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 ex-

chequer of words, and, I think, no other trea-

sure to give your followers; for it appears by

their bare liveries, that they live by your bare

words.

Sil. No more, gentlemen, no more; here

comes my father.

Enter the Duke.

Duke. Now, daughter Silvia, you are hard

beset.—

Sil. Valentine, your father's in good health:

What say you to a letter from your friends

Of much good news!

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

Duke. Know you Don Antonio, your countryman?

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

Duke. Hath he not a son?

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

Duke. You know him well?

Val. I know him as myself; for from our infancy [together:] We have convers'd, and spent our hours to-

And though myself have been an idle truant, Omitting the sweet benefit of time

To clothe mine age with angel-like perfection, Yet hath Sir Proteus, for that's his name,

Made use and fair advantage of his days: His years but young, but his experience old;

His head unmellow'd, but his judgment ripe; And, in a word, (for far behind his worth

Come all the praises that I now bestow,) He is complete in feature and in mind,

With all good grace to grace a gentleman.

Duke. Beshrew me, sir, but if he make this good,

He is as worthy for an empress' love, As meet to be an emperor's counsellor.

Well, sir, this gentleman is come to me With commendation from great potentates;

And here he means to spend his time a while: 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 Silvia, I speak to you; and you, Sir Thurio:—

For Valentine, I need not cite him to it: I'll send him hither to you presently. [Exit.]

Val. This is the gentleman, I told your ladyship,

Had come along with me, but that his mistress Did hold his eyes lock'd in her crystal looks.

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

Val. Nay, sure, I think she holds them prisoners still. [To being blind.]

Sil. Nay, then, he should be blind; and, 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 Val. To see such lovers, Thurio, as yourself:

Upon a homely object love can wink.

Sil. Have done, have done: here comes the gentleman.

Enter Proteus.

Val. Welcome, dear Proteus!—Mistress, I beseech you,

Confirm his welcome with some special favour.

Sil. His worth is warrant for his welcome hither.

If this be he you oft have wish'd to hear from,

Val. Mistress, it is: sweet lady, welcome 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 meek 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.

Sil. And duty never yet did want his mistress.

Servant, you are welcome to a worthless

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

Sil. That you are welcome!

Pro. That you are worthy

Enter an Attendant.

Att. Madam, my lord your father will speak with you.

Sil. I wait upon his pleasure. [Exit.]

Pro. Come, Sir Thurio,

Go with me.—Once more, new servant, I'll leave you to confer of home affairs;

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

Pro. We'll both attend upon your ladyship.

Exit Silvia and Thurio.

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

Pro. Your friends are well, and have

Val. And how do yours?

Pro. I left them all in health.

Val. How does your lady? and how

your love?

Pro. My tales of love were wont to

I know, you joy not in a love-discourse.

Val. Ay, Proteus, but that life is all now:

I have done penances for contemning love;

Whose high imperious thoughts have pun- With bitter fasts, with penitential groans,

With nightly tears, and daily heart- sor- For, in revenge of my contempt of love,

Love hath chas'd sleep from my enthralled And made them watchers of mine own heart

sorrow.

O, gentle Proteus! love's a mighty lord,

And hath so humbled me, as, I confess,

There is no woe to his correction,

Nor to his service, no such joy on earth!

Now, no discourse, except it be of love;

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

Upon the very naked name of love.

Pro. Enough: I read your fortune in your

Was this the idol that you worship so?

Val. Even she; and is she not a heavenly

saint?

Pro. No; but she is an earthly paragon.

Val. Call her divine.

Pro. I will not flatter

Val. O, flatter me; for love delights

in praise.

Pro. When I was sick you gave me

And I must minister the like to you.

Val. Then speak the truth by her: if not Yet let her be a principality,

[divine, Sovereign to all the creatures on the earth.]

Pro. Except my mistress.

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

Pro. Have I not reason to prefer mine own?

Val. And I will help thee to prefer her, too: She shall be dignified with this high honour,—

To bear my lady's train, lest the base earth Should from her vesture chance to steal a kiss,

And, of so great a favour growing proud, Disdain to root the summer-swelling flower,

And make rough winter everlasting.

Pro. Why, Valentine, what braggardism is this?

Val. Pardon me, Proteus; all I can, is, no To her, whose worth makes other worthies

nothing.

Pro. Then, let her alone.

Val. Not for the world: why, man, she is mine own;

And I as rich in having such a jewel, As twenty seas, if all their sands were pearl,

The water nectar, and the rocks pure gold. Forgive me, that I do not dream on thee,

Because thou see'st me dote upon my love. My foolish rival, that her father likes

Only for his possessions are so huge, Is gone with her along; and I must after,

For love, thou know'st, is full of jealousy.

Pro. But she loves you?

Val. Ay, and we are betroth'd:

Nay, more, our marriage hour, With all the cunning manner of our flight,

Determin'd of; how I must climb her window, The ladder made of cord, 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 necessities that I needs must use;

And then I'll presently attend you.

Val. Will you make haste?

Pro. I will.

[Exit Valentine and Speed.]

Even as one heat another heat expels,

Or as one nail by strength drives out another, So the remembrance of my former love

Is by a newer object quite forgotten. Is it mine eye, or Valentine's praise,

Her true perfection, or my false transgression, That makes me, reasonless, to reason thus?

She's fair; and so is Julia that I love,— That I did love, for now my love is thaw'd;

Which, like a waxen image 'gainst a fire, Bears no impression of the thing it was.

Methinks, my zeal to Valentine is cold, And that I love him not as I was wont:

O, but I love his lady too too much; And that's the reason I love him so little.

How shall I dote on her with more advice, That thus without advice begin to love her!

'Tis but her picture I have yet beheld, And that hath dazzled my reason's light; But when I look on her personations, There is no reason but I shall be blind. If I can check my erring love, I will; If not, to compass her I'll use my skill. [Exit.]

SCENE V.—Milan. A Street.

Enter Speed and Launce.

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

Launce. Forewarn not thyself, sweet youth, for I am not welcome. I reckon this always

—that a man is never undone, till he be hang'd; nor never welcome to a place, till some certain

shot be paid, and the hostess say, "Welcome."

Speed. Come on, you madcap, I'll to the alehouse with you presently; where, for one

shot of five pence, thou shalt have five thousand welcomes. But, sirrah, how did thy

master part with Madam Julia?

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

Speed. But shall she marry him?

Launce. No.

Speed. How then? Shall he marry her?

Launce. No, neither.

Speed. What, are they broken?

Launce. No, they are both as whole as a

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

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

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

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

Speed. What thou sayest?

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

Speed. It stands under thee, indeed.

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

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

Launce. Ask my dog; if he say ay, it will; if he say no, it will; if he shake his tail and any nothing, it will.

Speed. The conclusion is, then, that it will.

Launce. Thou shalt never get such a secret from me, but by a parable.

Speed. 'Tis well that I get it so. But, Launce, how sayest thou, that my master is

become a notable lover?

Launce. I never knew him otherwise.

Speed. Then how?

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

Speed. Why, thou whorehouse ass, thou mis- taken man!

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

Speed. I tell thee, my master is become

hot lover.

Launce. Why, I tell thee, I care not though he burn himself in love. If thou wilt, go with

me to the alehouse; if not, thou art a Hebrew,
a Jew, and not worth the name of a Christian.
Speech. Why?

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

Speech. At thy service.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VI.—Milan. A Room in the
Duke's Palace.

Enter Proteus.

Pro. To leave my Julia, shall I be forsworn;
To love fair Silvia, shall I be forsworn;
To wrong my friend, I shall be much forsworn;
And even that power, which gave me first my
Provokes me to this threefold perjury: [oath,
Love bade me swear, and Love bids me for-
swear.

O sweet-suggesting Love, if thou hast sinn'd,
Teach me, thy tempted subject, to excuse it! At first I did adore a twinkling star,
But now I worship a celestial sun.
Unheeded vows may headlily be broken;
And he wants wit, that wants resolved will
To learn his wit to exchange the bad for better.
Fie, fie, unrevolving tongue! to call her bad,
Whose sovereignty so oft thou hast prefer'd
With twenty thousand soul-confirming oaths.
I cannot leave to love, and yet I do;
But there I leave to love, where I should love,
Julia I lose, and Valentine I lose;
If I keep them, I needs must lose myself;
If I lose them, thus find I, by their loss,—
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
Shows Julia but a swarthy Ethiop. [fair!]
I will forget that Julia is alive,
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, blind Thurio's dull
proceeding. [swift,
Love, lend me wings to make my purpose
As thou hast lent me wit to plot this drift!

[*Exit.*]

SCENE VII.—Verona. A Room in 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 engrav'd,—
To lesson me; and tell me some good means
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
fly;

And when the flight is made to one so dear,
Of such divine perfection, as Sir Proteus.
Luc. Better forbear till Proteus make his
turn. [soul's foot]

Jul. O, know'st thou not, his looks are
Pity the dearth that I have pined in,
By longing for that food so long a time.
Didst thou but know the holy touch of love,
Thou wouldst as soon go kindle fire with water
As seek to quench the fire of love with words.

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

Jul. The more thou damnest it up, it
more it burns.

The current that with gentle murmur glides
Thou know'st, being stopp'd, impatiently do
rage;

But when his fair course is not hindered,
He makes sweet music with the enamell'd
Giving a gentle kiss to every sedge [stone]
He overtaketh in his pilgrimage;
And so by many winding nooks he strays,
With willing sport, to the wild ocean.

Then let me go, and hinder not my course;
I'll be as patient as a gentle stream,
And make a pastime of each weary step,
Till the last step have brought me to my love.
And there I'll rest, as, after much turmoil,
A blessed soul doth in Elysium.

Luc. But in what habit will you go along?
Jul. Not like a woman; for I would prevail
The loose encounters of lascivious men.
Gentle Lucetta, fit me with such weeds
As may beseech some well-reputed page.

Luc. Why then, your ladyship must cut
your hair. [string]
Jul. No, girl; I'll knit it up in silks
With twenty odd-conceited true-love knots;
To be fantastic may become a youth
Of greater time than I shall show to be.

Luc. What fashion, madam, shall I mend
your breeches?
Jul. That fits as well as—"tell me, good
my lord,

What compass will you wear your farthingale?
Why, even what fashion thou best lik'st,
Lucetta.

Luc. You must needs have them with a cod-
piece, madam.
Jul. Out, out, Lucetta! that will be ill
favour'd. [worth a pin]

Luc. A round hose, madam, now's not
Unless you have a cod-piece to stick pins on.
Jul. Lucetta, as thou lov'st me, let me have

What thou think'st meet, and is most man-
nerly.

But tell me, wench, how will the world repute
For undertaking so unstead a journey? [me]
I fear me, it will make me scandaliz'd.

Luc. If you think so, then stay at home,
Jul. Nay, that I will not. [and go not.
Luc. Then never dream on infamy, but go.
If Proteus like your journey when you come,
No matter who's displeas'd when you are
gone:

I fear me, he will scarce be pleas'd withal.
Jul. That is the least, Lucetta, of my fear:
A thousand oaths, an ocean of his tears,
And instances as infinite of love,
Warrant me welcome to my Proteus.

Luc. All these are servants to deceitful men.
Jul. Base men, that use them to so base
effect!

But truer stars did govern Proteus' birth:
His words are bonds, his oaths are oracles;
His love sincere, his thoughts immaculate;
His tears, pure messengers sent from his heart;
His heart as far from fraud, as heaven from
earth. [come to him!]

Jul. Pray heaven, he prove so, when you
Luc. Now, as thou lov'st me, do him not
that wrong.

To bear a hard opinion of his truth:
Only deserve my love by loving him;
And presently go with me to my chamber,
To take a note of what I stand in need of,
To furnish me upon my longing journey.
All that is mine I leave at thy dispose.
My goods, my lands, my reputation:
Only, in lieu thereof, dispatch me hence.
Come; answer not, but to it presently:
I am impatient of my tarriance. [Exeunt.]

ACT III.

SCENE I.—Milan. In the Duke's Palace.

Enter Duke, Thurio, and Proteus.

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

[*Exit Thurio.*
Now tell me, Proteus, what's your will with
me? [discover]

Pro. My gracious lord, that which I would
The law of friendship bids me to conceal:
But when I call to mind your gracious favours
Done to me, undeserving as I am,
My duty pricks me on to utter that, [me]
Which else no worldly good should draw from
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 determin'd to bestow her
On Thurio, whom your gentle daughter hates;
And should she thus be stolen away from you,
It would be much vexation to your age.

Thus, for my duty's sake, I rather choose
To cross my friend in his intended drift,
Than, by concealing it, heap on your head
A pack of sorrows, which would press you
down,

Being unprepared, to your timeless grave.
Duke. Proteus, I thank thee for thine honest
care;

Which to requite, command me while I live.
This love of theirs myself have often seen,
Happily, when they have judg'd me fast asleep;
And oftentimes have purpos'd to forbid
Sir Valentine her 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 gentle looks; thereby to find
That which thyself hast now disclos'd to me.
And, that thou may'st perceive my fear of this,
Knowing that tender youth is soon suggested,
I nightly lodge her in an upper tower,
The key whereof myself have ever kept;
And thence she cannot be convey'd away.

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

Duke. Upon mine honour, he shall never
That I had any light from thee of this. [know
Pro. Adieu, my lord; Sir Valentine is com-
ing. [Exit.]

Enter Valentine.

Duke. Sir Valentine, whither away so fast?
Val. Please it your grace, there is a mes-
senger

That stays to bear my letters to my friends,
And I am going to deliver them.
Duke. Be they of much import?
Val. The tenor of them doth but signify
My health, and happy being at your court.
Duke. Nay, then no matter: stay with me
a while;

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 daugh-
ter.
Val. I know it well, my lord; and, sure, the
match [man]
Were rich and honourable; besides, the gentle-
Is full of virtue, bounty, worth, and qualities
Beseeching such a wife as your fair daughter.
Cannot your grace win her to fancy him?

Duke. No, trust me: she is peevish, sullen,
forward,
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
I now am full resolv'd to take a wife, [duty,
And turn her out to who will take her in:
Then, let her beauty be her wedding-dower;
For me and my possessions she esteems not.

Val. What would your grace have me to do in this?

Duke. There is a lady, sir, in Milan, here,
Whom I affect; but she is nice, and coy,
And nought esteems my aged eloquence:
Now, therefore, would I have thee to my tutor,
(For long ago I have forgot to court;
Besides, the fashion of the time is chang'd.)
How, and which way, I may bestow myself,
To be regarded in her sun-bright eye.

Val. Win her with gifts, if she respect not words:

Dumb jewels often, in their silent kind,
More than quick words, do move a woman's mind.

Duke. But she did scorn a present that I
Val. A woman sometimes scorns what best contents her:

Send her another; never give her o'er;
For scorn at first, makes after-love the more.
If she do frown, 'tis not in hate of you,
But rather to begot more love in you:
If she do chide, 'tis not to have you gone;
For why, the fools are mad, if left alone.
Take no repulse, whatever she doth say;
For, "Get you gone," she doth not mean,
"Away!"

Flatter and praise, commend, extol their graces;
Though ne'er so black, say they have angels.
That man that hath a tongue, I say, is no man,
If with his tongue he cannot win a woman.

Duke. But she I mean is promis'd 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
That no man hath recourse to her by night.

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

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

Val. Why then, a ladder quaintly made of
To cast up, with a pair of anchoring hooks,
Would serve to scale another Hero's tower,
So bold Leander would adventure it. [blood,

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

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

Duke. This very night; for Love is a child.

That longs for everything that he can come to.

Val. By seven o'clock I'll get you a ladder.

Duke. But hark thee; I will go to her
How shall I best convey the ladder thither?

Val. It will be light, my lord, that you go
Under a cloak as long as of any length.

Duke. A cloak as long as thine will serve.

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 purpose, my lord.

Duke. How shall I fashion me to wear it?
I pray thee, let me feel thy cloak upon me.

[Puts open Valentine's cloak]
What letter is this same? What's here?

Silvia? And here an engine fit for my proceeding:
I'll be so bold to break the seal for once.

"My thoughts do harbour with my Silvia nightly;
And slaves they are to me, that send to
O, could their master come and go as lightly
Himself would lodge, where senseless
are lying!"

My herald thoughts in thy pure bosom
While I, their king, that thither them
portune, [bless'd be
Do curse the grace that with such grace
Because myself do want my servants' service
I curse myself, for they are sent by me,
That they should harbour where their
should be."

What's here?

"Silvia, this night I will enfranchise thee."
'Tis so; and here's the ladder for the purpose.

Why, Phaeton, (for thou art Merops' son),
Wilt thou aspire to guide the heavenly car,
And with thy daring folly burn the world?

Wilt thou reach stars, because they shine?
Go, base intruder! overweening slave! [thou
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 thy favours

Which, all too much, I have bestow'd on thee.
But if thou linger in my territories
Longer than swiftest expedition
Will give thee time to leave our royal court,
By Heaven, my wrath shall far exceed the love
I ever bore my daughter or thyself.

Be gone! I will not hear thy vain excuse;
But, as thou lov'st thy life, make speed forth hence.

Val. And why not death, rather than living torment?

To die, is to be banish'd from myself;
And Silvia is myself; banish'd from her,
Is self from self; a deadly banishment!

What light is light, if Silvia be not seen?
What joy is joy, if Silvia be not by?

Unless it be, to think that she is by,
And feed upon the shadow of perfection.

Except I be by Silvia in the night,
There is no music in this nightingale;

Unless I look on Silvia in the day,
There is no day for me to look upon:

She in my easiness; and I leave to be,
If I be not by her fair influence

Foster'd, flourish'd, cherish'd, kept alive,
I fly not death, to fly his deadly doom;

Tarry I here, I but attend on death;
But, fly I hence, I fly away from life.

Enter Proteus and Launce.
Pro. Run, boy; run, run, and seek him out.

Launce. So-ho! so-ho!

Pro. What akest thou?

Launce. How we go to find; there's not a hair on's head, but 'tis a Valentine.

Pro. Valentine? Val. No.

Pro. Who then? his spirit?

Val. Nothing. [strike?]
Launce. Can nothing speak a master, shall I?

Pro. Who wouldst thou strike?

Launce. Nothing. Pro. Villain, forbear.

Launce. Why, sir, I'll strike nothing: I pray you,— [time, a word,

Pro. Sirrah, I say, forbear.—Friend Valen-

Val. My ears are stopp'd, and cannot hear good news.

So much of bad already hath possess'd them.

Pro. Then in dumb silence will I bury mine,
For they are harsh, untunable, and bad.

Val. Is Silvia dead?

Pro. No, Valentine.

Val. No Valentine, indeed, for sacred
Hath she forsworn me! [Silvia!—

Pro. No, Valentine.

Val. No Valentine, if Silvia have forsworn
What is your news? [me!—

Launce. Sir, there's a proclamation that you are banished.

Pro. That thou art banished. O, that's the news!

From hence, from Silvia, and from me, thy
Val. O, I have fed upon this woe already,
And now excess of it will make me surfeit.

Doth Silvia know that I am banished?

Pro. Ay, ay; and she hath offer'd to the doom

(Which, unrevok'd, stands in effectual force)
A sea of melting pearl, which some call tears:

Those at her father's churlish feet she tender'd;
With them, upon her knees, her humble self;
Wringing her hands, whose whiteness so became them,

As if but now they waxed pale for woe:
But neither bended knees, pure hands held up,
Sad sighs, deep groans, nor silver-shedding tears,

Could penetrate her uncompassionate sire;
But Valentine, if he be taken, must die.

Besides, her intercession chaf'd him so,
When she for thy repeal was suppliant,
That to close prison he commanded her,
With many bitter threats of bidding there.

Val. No more; unless the next word that thou speak'st

Have some malignant power upon my life:
If so, I pray thee, breathe it in mine ear,
As ending anthem of my endless 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.
Hope is a lover's staff; walk hence with that,
And manage it against despairing thoughts.

Thy letters may be here, though thou art hence;
Which, being writ to me, shall be deliver'd
Even in the milk-white bosom of thy love.

The time now serves not to expostulate;
Come, I'll convey thee through the city gate;
And, ere I part with thee, confer at large
Of all that may concern thy love-affairs.

As thou lov'st Silvia, though not for thyself,
Regard thy danger, and along with me.

Val. I pray thee, Launce, an if thou see'st
my boy, [gate.

Bid him make haste, and meet me at the north

Pro. Go, sirrah, find him out. Come, Valentines.

Val. O my dear Silvia! Hapless Valentine!

[Exeunt Valentine and Proteus.

Launce. I am but a fool, look you; and yet
I have the wit to think, my master is a kind of
a knave; but that's all one, if he be but one
knave. He lives not now, that knows me to be
in love; yet I am in love; but a team of horses
shall not pluck that from me, nor who 'tis I
love; and yet 'tis a woman; but what woman,
I will not tell myself; and yet 'tis a milk-
maid; yet 'tis not a maid, for she hath had
gooseys; yet 'tis a maid; for she is her master's
maid, and serves for wages. She hath more
qualities than a water-spaniel,—which is much
in a bare Christian. [Pulling out a paper.]
Here is the cat-log of her condition. [Reads.]
"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 can milk;" look
you, a sweet virtue in a maid with clean hands.

Enter Speed.

Speed. How now, Signior Launce! what
news with your mastership? [at sea.

Launce. With my master's ship? why, it is
Speed. Well, your old vice still; mistake the
word. What news, then, in your paper?

Launce. The blackest news that ever thou
Speed. Why, man, how black! [hearest.

Launce. Why, as black as ink.

Speed. Let me read them.

Launce. Fie on thee, jolt-head! thou canst
Speed. Thou liest; I can. [not read.

Launce. I will try then. Tell me this: who begot thee?

Speed. Marry, the son of my grandfather.

Launce. O, illiterate fooler! 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. "Imprimis, She can milk." [*Speed*]

Launce. Ay, that she can.

Speed. "Item, She brews good ale."

Launce. And thereof comes the proverb,—
Blessing of your heart, you brew good ale.

Speed. "Item, She can sew." [*so*]

Launce. That's as much as to say, Can she

Speed. "Item, She can knit."

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

Speed. "Item, She can wash and scour."

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

Speed. "Item, She can spin."

Launce. Then may I set the world on wheels, when she can spin for her living.

Speed. "Item, She hath many nameless virtues."

Launce. That's as much as to say, hastyard virtues; that, indeed, know not their fathers, and therefore have no names.

Speed. "Here follow her vices."

Launce. Close at the heels of her virtues.

Speed. "Item, She is not to be kissed fasting, in respect of her breath."

Launce. Well, that fault may be mended with a breakfast. Read on.

Speed. "Item, She hath a sweet mouth."

Launce. That makes amends for her sour breath.

Speed. "Item, She doth talk in her sleep."

Launce. It's no matter for that, so she sleep not in her talk.

Speed. "Item, She is slow in words."

Launce. O villain, that set this down among her vices! To be slow in words is a woman's only virtue: I pray thee, out with't, and place it for her chief virtue.

Speed. "Item, She is proud."

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

Speed. "Item, She hath no teeth."

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

Speed. "Item, She is curst." [*to bite*]

Launce. Well; the best is, she hath no teeth.

Speed. "Item, She will often praise her liquor."

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

Speed. "Item, She is too liberal."

Launce. Of her tongue she cannot, for that's writ down she is slow of; of her purse she shall not, for that I'll keep shut: now, of

another thing she may, and that cannot help. Well, proceed.

Speed. "Item, She hath more hair than wits, and more faults than hairs, and more wealth than faults."

Launce. Stop there; I'll have her: she wits mine, and not mine, twice or thrice in that article. Rehearse that once more. [*wit*]

Speed. "Item, She hath more hair than wits."

Launce. More hair than wit,—it may be; I

prove it: the cover of the salt hides the wits, and therefore it is more than the salt; the hair that covers the wit, is more than the wit,

the greater hides the less. What's next?

Speed. "And more faults than hairs."

Launce. That's monstrous: O, that they

were out!

Speed. "And more wealth than faults."

Launce. Why, that word makes the fault gracious. Well, I'll have her; and if it be

match, as nothing is impossible,—

Speed. What then?

Launce. Why, then will I tell thee,—that I

master stays for thee at the north gate.

Speed. For me!

Launce. For thee! ay; who art thou? I

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 to

turn.

Speed. Why didst not tell me sooner I part

of your love-letters. [*Exit*]

Launce. Now will he be swing'd for reading

my letter: an unmannerly slave, that thrust

himself into secrets!—I'll after, I'll

rejoice in the boy's correction. [*Exit*]

SCENE II.—Milan. A Room in the Duke's

Palace. Enter Duke and Thurio.

Duke. Sir Thurio, fear not but that she will

love you,

Now Valentine is banish'd from her sight.

Thurio. Since his exile she hath deeply lov'd

most,

Forsworn my company, and rail'd at me,

That I am desperate of obtaining her. [*figure*]

Duke. This weak impress of love is as

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. [*loud*]

Duke. My daughter takes his going grie

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

Duke. So I believe; but Thurio thinks no

Proteus, the good conceit I hold of thee, [*figure*]

(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

Duke. T

effect

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Pro. I d

Duke. A

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Pro.

You s

If crooked fortune had not thwarted me.

2 Out. What, were you banish'd thence?

Val. I was.

2 Out. For what offence? [Release:]

Val. For that which now torments me to I kill'd a man, whose death I much repent; But yet I slew him manfully, in fight, Without false vantage or base treachery. [Go.]

1 Out. Why, ne'er repent it, if it were done But were you banish'd for so small a fault?

Val. I was, and held me glad of such a

2 Out. Have you the tongue? [Doom.]

Val. My youthful travel therein made me Or else I often had been miserable. [Happy.]

3 Out. By the bare scalp of Robin Hood's fat friar,

This fellow were a king for our wild faction!

1 Out. We'll have him:—sirs, a word.

Speed. Master, be one of them;

It is an honourable kind of thievery.

Val. Peace, villain! [Take to:]

2 Out. Tell us this: have you anything to

Val. Nothing, but my fortune. [Gentlemen,

3 Out. Know then, that some of us are Such as the fury of ungovern'd youth

Thrust from the company of awful men:

Myself was from Verona banish'd

For practising to steal away a lady,

An heir, and near allied unto the duke,

2 Out. And I from Mantua, for a gentleman,

Who, in my mood, I stabb'd unto the heart.

1 Out. And I, for such like petty crimes as

these.

But to the purpose; for we cite our faults,

That they may hold excus'd our lawless lives;

And, partly, seeing you are beautify'd

With goodly shape; and by your own report

A linguist, and a man of such perfection,

As we do in our quality much want,—

2 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?

3 Out. What say'st thou? wilt thou be of

our consort?

Say ay, and be the captain of us all:

We'll do thee homage, and be ruled by thee,

Love thee as our commander and our king.

1 Out. But if thou scorn our courtesy, thou

dost.

2 Out. Thou shalt not live to brag what we

have offer'd.

Val. I take your offer, and will live with you;

Provided that you do no outrages

On silly women, or poor passengers.

3 Out. No; we detest such vile, base prac-

tices.

Come, go with us; we'll bring thee to our

cave,

And show thee all the treasure we have got;

Which, with ourselves, all rest at thy dispose.

[Exeunt.]

SCENE II.—Milan. The Court of the Palace. Enter Proteus.

Pro. Already have I been false to Valen-

And now I must be as unjust to Thurio.

Under the colour of commanding 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 lov'd

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

window,

And give some evening music to her ear.

Enter Thurio and Musicians.

Thu. How now, Sir Proteus! are you ore-

before us?

Pro. Ay, gentle Thurio; for, you know

that love

Will creep in service where it cannot go.

Thu. Ay; but I hope, sir, that you do

not here.

Pro. Sir, but I do; or else I would be heard

Thu. Whom? Silvia?

Pro. Ay, Silvia,—for your sake.

Thu. I thank you for your own.—No

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 allycholly: I pray you, why is it?

Jul. Marry, mine host, because I cannot

be merry.

Host. Come, we'll have you merry; I

bring you where you shall hear music, and

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 excellent;
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

Host. Why, my pretty youth? [Not.]

Jul. He plays false, father.

Host. How? out of tune on the strings?

Jul. Not so; but yet so false, that he grieves

my very heart-strings.

Host. You have a quick ear.

Jul. Ay; I would I were deaf! it makes me

have a slow heart.

Host. I perceive you delight not in music.

Jul. Not a whit,—when it jars so.

Host. Hark, what fine change is in the

music!

Jul. Ay, that change is the spite.

Host. You would have them always play

but one thing? [Thing.]

Jul. I would always have one play but one

But, Host, doth this Sir Proteus, that we talk

Often resort unto this gentlewoman? [On.]

Host. I will tell you what Launce, his man,

told me,—he lov'd 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.

Jul. Peace! stand aside: the company

parts. [Plead.]

Pro. Sir Thurio, fear not you; I will so

That you shall say my cunning drift excels.

Thu. Where meet we?

Pro. At Saint Gregory's well.

Thu. Farewell.

[Exeunt Thurio and Musicians.]

Enter Silvia above, at her window.

Pro. Madam, good even to your ladyship.

Sil. I thank you for your music, gentlemen.

Who is that that spake? [Truth.]

Pro. One, lady, if you knew his pure heart's

You would quickly learn to know him by his

Sil. Sir Proteus, as I take it. [Voice.]

Pro. Sir Proteus, gentle lady, and your serv-

Sil. What is your will? [Ant.]

Pro. That I may compass yours. [This,—]

Sil. You have your wish: my will is even

That presently you bid me home to bed.

Thou subtle, perjur'd, false, disloyal man!

Think'st thou I am so shallow, so conceited,

To be seduced by thy flattery,

That hast deceiv'd so many with thy vows?

Return, return, and make thy love amends.

For me,—by this pale queen of night I swear,

I am so far from granting thy request,

That I despise thee for thy wrongful suit;

And by and by intend to chide myself,

Even for this time I spend in talking to thee.

Pro. I grant, sweet love, that I did love a

But she is dead. [Lady:]

Jul. [Aside.] 'Twere false, if I should

For, I am sure, she is not buried. [Speak it:]

Sil. Say, that she be; yet Valentine, thy

friend,

Survives, to whom thyself art witness

I am betroth'd; and art thou not wam'd?

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. [Earth.]

Pro. Sweet lady, let me rake it from the

Sil. Go to thy lady's grave, and call hers

thence;

Or, at the least, in hers sepulchre thine.

Jul. [Aside.] He heard not that.

Pro. Madam, if your heart be so obdurate,

Vouchsafe me yet your picture for my love,

The picture that is hanging in your chamber;

To that I'll speak, to that I'll sigh and weep;

For, since the substance of your perfect soul

Is else devoted, I am but a shadow,

And to your shadow will I make true love.

Jul. [Aside.] If 'twere a substance, you

would, sure, deceive it.

Sil. I am very loth to be your idol, air;

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'er night,

That wait for execution in the morn,

[Exeunt Proteus, and Silvia, above.]

Jul. Host, will you go?

Host. By my halidom, I was fast asleep.

Jul. Pray you, where lies Sir Proteus?

Host. Marry, at my house. Trust me, I

think 'tis almost day. [Night.]

Jul. Not so; but it hath been the longest

That e'er I watched, 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

Madam, madam! [In—]

Enter Silvia above, at her window.

Sil. Who calls?

Egl. Your servant, and your friend;

One that attends your ladyship's command.

Sil. Sir Eglamour, a thousand times good-

morning.

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

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

Sil. This evening coming.
Egl. Where shall I meet you?
Sil. At friar Patrick's cell, Where I intend holy confession. [morrow,
Egl. I will not fail your ladyship. Good Gentle lady.

Al. Good-morrow, kind Sir Eglamour. [Exeunt Eglamour, and Silvia, above.

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 trencher, and steals her capon's leg. O, 'tis a foul thing, when a cur cannot keep himself in all companies! I would have, as one should say, one that takes upon him to be a dog indeed, 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 suffer'd for't: you shall judge. He thrusts me himself into the company of three or four gentleman-like dogs under the duke's table: he had not been there (bless the mark) a pleasing while, but all the chamber smelt him. "Out with the dog!" says one; "What cur is that?" says

another; "Whip him out," says the duke. "Hang him up," says the duke. I, having acquainted with the smell before, knew Crab; and goes me to the fellow that whips dogs: "Friend," quoth I, "you mean to whip the dog?" "Ay, marry, do I," quoth he. "You do him the more wrong," quoth I; "I did the thing you wot of." He makes more ado, but whips me out of the chamber. How many masters would do this for him? 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 suffer'd for't: thou thinkest not of this. —Nay, I remember the trick you served when I took my leave of Madam Silvia: not I bid thee still mark me, and do as I. When didst thou see me leave up my leg, make water against a gentleman's face, gale? Didst thou ever see me do such a trick?

Enter Proteus and Julia.

Pro. Sebastian is thy name? I like thee, And will employ thee in some service presently.
Jul. In what you please: I will do what I can.

Pro. I hope thou wilt. —[To Launce. How now, you whorson peasant! Where have you been these two days loitering?
Launce. Marry, sir, I carried mistress Silvia's dog you bade me.

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

Pro. But she received my dog?
Launce. No, indeed, did she not: here I brought him back again.

Pro. What! didst thou offer her this dog?
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, which is a dog as big as ten of yours, and therefore the gift the greater.

Pro. Go, get thee hence, and find my Or so'er return again into my sight. [Exit Launce. Away, I say! Stay'st thou to vex me here? A slave that still an end turns me to shame.

[Exit Launce. Sebastian, I have entertained thee, Partly, that I have need of such a youth, That can with some discretion do my business; For 'tis no trusting 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 true. Therefore, know thou, for this I entertain thee. Go presently, and take this ring with thee. Deliver it to Madam Silvia: She lov'd me well deliver'd it to me.

Jul. It seems, you lov'd not her, to leave her dead, belike?

Pro. Not so: I think, she liv'd.
Jul. Alas!

Pro. Why dost thou cry, alas!

Jul. I cannot choose but pity her.

Pro. Wherefore shouldst thou pity her?

Jul. Because, methinks, that she lov'd you.

As you do love your lady Silvia.

She dreams on him, that has forgot her love;

You dote on her, that cares not for your love.

This pity, love should be so contrary;

And thinking on it makes me cry, alas!

Pro. Well, give her that ring; and there- withal.

This letter:—that's her chamber.—Till my claim the promise for her heavenly picture.

Your message done, his home unto my chamber.

Where thou shalt find me sad and solitary.

[Exit. [Julia. How many women would do such a message!

Alas, poor Proteus! thou hast entertain'd

A fox to be the shepherd of thy lambs.

Alas, poor fool! why do I pity him,

That with his very heart despoileth me?

Because he loves her, he despoileth me;

Because I love him, I must pity him.

This ring I gave him when he parted from me,

To bind him to remember my good will;

And now am I (unhappy messenger!) To plead for that which I would not obtain;

To carry that which I would have refus'd;

To praise his faith which I would have dis- praise'd.

I am my master's true confirmed love,

But cannot be true servant to my master,

Unless I prove false traitor to myself.

Yet will I woo for him; but yet so coldly,

As heaven it knows, I would not have him speed.

Enter Silvia, attended.

Gentlewoman, good day! I pray you, be my mean.

To bring me where to speak with Madam Silvia.

What would you with her, if that I be she?

Jul. If you be she, I do entreat your To hear me speak the message I am sent on.

Sil. From whom?

Jul. From my master, Sir Proteus, madam.

Sil. O,—he sends you for a picture?

Jul. Ay, madam.

Sil. Ursula, bring my picture there,—

[A picture brought. To 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 unadvis'd

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

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 An easily as I do tear his paper.

Jul. Madam, he sends your ladyship this ring.

Sil. The more shame for him that he sends

For, I have heard him say, a thousand times,

His Julia gave it him at his departure.

Though his false finger have profan'd 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

Poor gentlewoman! my master wrongs her

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.

Sil. Belike, she thinks, that Proteus hath

forsook her.

Jul. I think she doth; and that's her cause

of sorrow.

Sil. Is she not passing fair?

Jul. She hath been fairer, madam, than

When she did think my master lov'd 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 starv'd 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 pigeons 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 a good;

For I did play a lamentable part!

Madam, 'twas Ariadne, passioning

For Theseus' perjury, and unjust flight;

Which I so lively acted with my tears,

That my poor mistress, moved therewithal,

Wept bitterly; and would I might be dead,

If I in thought felt not her very sorrow!

Sil. She is beholder 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 [To Silvia. For thy sweet mistress' sake, because thou

farewell.

Jul. And she shall thank you for't, if e'er

you know her.— [Exit Silvia with Attendants.

A virtuous gentlewoman, mild and beautiful.

I hope my master's suit will be but cold,

Since she respects my mistress' love so much.

Alas, how love can trifle with itself!

Here in her picture: let me see; I think,

If I had such a tire, this face of mine

Were full as lovely as is this of hers;

And yet the painter flatter'd her a little,
Unless I flatter with myself too much.
Her hair is auburn, mine is perfect yellow:
If that be all the difference in his love,
I'll get me such a colour'd periwig.
Her eyes are gray 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 respect 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, lov'd, 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 us'd 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.]

ACT V.

SCENE I.—Milan. An Abbey.

Enter Eglamour.

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

Sil. Amen, amen! go on, good Eglamour,
Out at the postern by the abbey-wall:
I fear I am attended by some spies. [off]
Egl. Fear not: the forest is not three leagues
If we recover that, we are sure enough.

[Exit.]

SCENE II.—Milan. 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 spur'd
to what it loathes.

Thur. What says she to my face?

Pro. She says it is a fair one.

Thur. Nay then, the wanton lies; my face is
black.

Pro. But pearls are fair; and the old saying
Black men are pearls in beautiful ladies' eyes.

Jul. [Aside.] 'Tis true, such pearls as put
out ladies' eyes;

For I had rather wink than look on them.

Thur. How likes she my discourse?

Pro. Ill, when you talk of war.

Thur. But well, when I discourse of love.
Jul. [Aside.] But better, indeed, when
hold your peace.

Thur. What says she to my valour?

Pro. O, sir, she makes no doubt of that.
Jul. [Aside.] She needs not, when
knows it cowardice.

Thur. What says she to my birth?

Pro. That you are well deriv'd.

Jul. [Aside.] True; from a gentleman.

Thur. Considers she my possessions?

Pro. O, ay; and pities them.

Thur. Wherefore?

Jul. [Aside.] That such an ass should

Pro. That they are out by lease.

Jul. Here comes the duke.

Enter Duke.

Duke. How now, Sir Proteus! how
Thurio!

Which of you saw Sir Eglamour of late?

Pro. Not I. Pro. Nor I.

Duke. Saw you my daughter?

Pro. Neither.

Duke. Why, then,
She's fled unto that peasant Valentine;
And Eglamour is in her company.

'Tis true; for Friar Laurence met them
As he in penance wander'd through the forest;
Him he knew well; and guess'd that it was
But, being mask'd, he was not sure of it:
Besides, she did not intend confession
At Patrick's cell this even; and there she
These likelihoods confirm her flight
hence:

Therefore, I pray you, stand not to dispute
But mount you presently; and meet with
Upon the rising of the mountain-foot,
That leads towards Mantua, whither they
Despatch, sweet gentlemen, and follow me.

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

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

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

[Exit.]

[Exit.]

[Exit.]

[Exit.]

[Exit.]

[Exit.]

[Exit.]

[Exit.]

[Exit.]

[Exit.]

[Exit.]

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[Exit.]

[Exit.]

[Exit.]

[Exit.]

[Exit.]

[Exit.]

[Exit.]

[Exit.]

at Moyses, and Valerius, follow him.

So thou with her to the west end of the wood;
There is our captain. We'll follow him that's
The thickest is beset; he cannot scape. [Exit]
Excellent all except the First Outlaw and Silvia.

1 Out. Come, I must bring you to our
captain's cave.

2 Out. 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!
These shadowy, desert, unfrequented woods,
better brook than flourishing peopled towns.

Here can I sit alone, unseen of any,
and to the nightingale's complaining notes
tune my distressed, and record my woes.

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!

[Noise heard.]

What halloing, and what stir, is this to-day?
These are my mates, that make their wills
their law,

have some unhappy passenger in chase.
They love me well; yet I have much to do
to keep them from uncivil outrages.—
Withdraw thee, Valentine: who's this comes
here?

[Retires.]

Enter Proteus, Silvia, and Julia.

Pro. Madam, this service I have done for
you, [doth,]
Though you respect not aught your servant
to hazard life, and rescue you from him
that would have forc'd your honour and your
love:

Touchsafe me, for my mood, but one fair look;
smaller boon than this I cannot beg,
and less than this, I am sure, you cannot give.

Val. [Aside.] How like a dream is this I
see and hear!

Pro. O, miserable, unhappy that I am!
Unhappy were you, madam, ere I
came;

but by my coming I have made you happy.
Sil. By thy approach thou mak'st me most
unhappy.

Jul. [Aside.] And me, when he approacheth
to your presence.

Sil. Had I been seized by a hungry lion,
would have been a breakfast to the beast,
rather than have false Proteus rescue me.

O heaven be judge, how I love Valentine,
whose life's as tender to me as my soul;
and full as much (for more there cannot be)
do detest false perjur'd Proteus!

Therefore be gone, solicit me no more.

Pro. What dangerous action, stood it next
to death,

Would I not undergo for one calm look!
O, 'tis the curse in love, and still approv'd,
When women cannot love, where they're be-
lov'd!

Sil. When Proteus cannot love where he's
lov'd.

Read over Julia's heart, thy first best love.
For whose dear sake thou didst then read thy
faith

Into a thousand oaths; and all those oaths
Descended into perjury, to love me.

Thou hast no faith left now, unless thou'dst
two, [none]

And that's far worse than none: better have
Than plural faith, which is too much by one.
Thou counterfeit to thy true friend!

Pro. In love
Who respects friend?

Sil. All men but Proteus.
Pro. Nay, if the gentle spirit of moving
words

Can no way change you to a milder form,
I'll woo you like a soldier, at arms' end,
And love you 'gainst the nature of love,—force

Sil. O heaven! [you]
Pro. I'll force thee yield to my desire.

Val. [Coming forward.] Ruffian, let go that
rude uncivil touch;

Thou friend of an ill-faithful!

Pro. Valentine! [faith or love;
Val. Thou common friend, that's without
(For such is a friend now) treacherous man!

Thou hast beguild my hopes: nought but
mine eye

Could have persuaded me. Now I dare not say,
I have one friend alive: thou wouldst dis-
prove me. [hand]

Who should be trusted, when one's own right
is perjur'd to the bosom? Proteus,
I am sorry I must never trust thee more,
But count the world a stranger for thy sake.

The private wound is deepest. O time most
curst! [worst]

'Mongst all foes, that a friend should be the
Pro. My shame and guilt confound me.—
Forgive me, Valentine. If hearty sorrow
Be a sufficient ransom for offence,
I tender't here; I do as truly suffer,
As e'er I did commit.

Val. Then, I am paid;
And once again I do receive thee honest.—
Who by repentance is not satisfied,
Is nor of heaven, nor earth; for these are
pleas'd.

By penitence th' Eternal's wrath appears'd:—
And, that my love may appear plain and free,
All that was mine in Silvia I give thee.

Jul. O me unhappy! [Faints.]

Pro. Look to the boy.

Val. Why, boy! why, wag! how now!
what's the matter? look up; speak.

Jul. O good sir, my master charg'd me to

deliver a ring to Madam Silvia; which, out of my neglect, was never done.

Pro. Where is that ring, boy?

Jul. Here 'tis; this is it. [*Gives a ring.*]

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

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

[*Shows another ring.*]

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

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

Pro. How! Julia!

Jul. Behold her that gave aim to all thy And entertain'd them deeply in her heart: How oft hast thou with perjury cleft the root! O Proteus! let this habit make thee blush: Be thou asham'd, that I have took upon me Such an immodest raiment,—if shame live In a disguise of love.

It is the lesser blot, modesty finds, Women to change their shapes, than men their minds.

Pro. Than men their minds! 'tis true, O heaven! were man

But constant, he were perfect: that one error Fills him with faults; makes him run through all sins:

Inconstancy falls off, ere it begins.

What is in Silvia's face, but I may spy

More fresh in Julia's, with a constant eye!

Val. Come, come, a hand from either.

Let me be blest to make this happy close:

"Twere pity two such friends should be long foes.

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

Jul. And I mine.

Enter Outlaws, with Duke and Thurio.

Out. A prize! a prize! a prize! [the duke.—

Val. Forbear, forbear, I say! it is my lord Your grace is welcome to a man disgrac'd,

Banished Valentine. *Duke.* Sir Valentine!

Thur. Yonder is Silvia; and Silvia's mine.

Val. Thurio, give back, or else embrace thy death.

Come not within the measure of my wrath: Do not name Silvia thine; if once again,

Milano shall not hold thee. Here she stands:

Take but possession of her with a touch;—

I dare thee but to breathe upon my love.

Thur. Sir Valentine, I care not for her: I 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 thou,

To make such means for her as thou hast! And leave her on such slight conditions.

Now, by the honour of my ancestry, I do applaud thy spirit, Valentine,

And think thee worthy of an empress' love. Know then, I here forget all former griefs:

Cancel all grudge, repeal thee home again. Plead a new state in thy unrivall'd merit.

To which I thus subscribe.—Sir Valentine, Thou art a gentleman, and well deriv'd;

Take thou thy Silvia, for thou hast deserved. *Val.* I thank your grace; the gift hath

me happy.

I now beseech you, for your daughter's sake, To grant one boon that I shall ask of you.

Duke. I grant it, for thine own, what thou wilt.

Val. These banish'd men, that I have withal,

Are men endu'd with worthy qualities: Forgive them what they have committed,

And let them be recall'd from their exile! They are reformed, civil, full of good,

And fit for great employment, worthy love. *Duke.* Thou hast prevail'd; I pardon

and thee: Dispose of them, as thou know'st their desert.

Come; let us go: we will include all jars With triumphs, mirth, and rare solemnities.

Val. And as we walk along, I dare be With our discourse to make your grace

smile.

What think you of this page, my lord? *Duke.* I think the boy hath grace in

he blushes.

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

Duke. What mean you by that saying? *Val.* Please you, I'll tell you as we

along.

That you will wonder what hath fortun'd Come, Proteus; 'tis your penance, but to

The story of your loves discovered: That done, our day of marriage shall be

One feast, one house, one mutual happiness.

Mr John Falstaff.

Shallow, a Country Justice,

Slender, cousin to Shallow.

William Page, a Boy, son to Page.

Sir Hugh Evans, a Welsh Parson.

Dr. Caius, a French Physician.

Host of the Garter Inn.

Two Gentlemen dwelling at Windsor.

Host of the Garter Inn.

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THE MERRY WIVES OF WINDSOR.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Bardolph, Pistol, Nym, followers of Falstaff.

Robin, page to Falstaff.

Simple, servant to Slender.

Rugby, servant to Dr. Caius.

Mistress Ford.

Mistress Page.

Anne Page, her daughter, in love with Fenton.

Mistress Quickly, servant to Dr. Caius.

Servants to Page, Ford, &c.

SCENE.—Windsor; and the neighbourhood.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—Windsor. Before Page's House.

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 Falstuffs, he shall not abuse Robert Shallow, Esquire.

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

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

Slen. Ay, and ratolorum too; and a gentleman born, master parson; who writes himself

armigero,—in any bill, warrant, quittance or obligation, armigero.

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

Slen. All his successors, gone before him, have don't; and all his ancestors that come

after him, may; they may give the dozen white laces in their coat.

Shal. It is an old coat.

Eva. 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 lucc is the fresh fish; the salt fish is an old coat.

Slen. I may quarter, coz?

Shal. You may, by marrying.

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

Shal. Not a whit.

Pro. 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 disparage-

ments unto you, I am of the church, and will be glad to do my benevolence, to make atone-

ments and compromises between you.

Shal. The council shall hear it: it is a riot.

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

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

Eva. It is petter that friends is the sword, and end it: and there is also another device in my brain, which, peradventure, prings good

discretions with it: there is Anne Page, which is daughter to master George Page, which is

pretty virginity.

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

Eva. It is that fery person for all the 'orld, as just as you will desire; and seven hundred

pounds of monies, and gold, and silver, is her grandsire, upon his death's-bed, (Got deliver to a joyful resurrections!) give, when she is able

to overtake seventeen years old. It were a goot motion, if we leave our pribbles and prabbles,

and desire a marriage between master Abraham and Mrs. Anne Page.

Shal. Did her grandsire leave her seven hundred pound?

Eva. Ay, and her father is make her a petter

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

Eva. Seven hundred pounds, and possibilities, is good gifts.

Shal. Well, let us see honest master Page, is Falstaff there?

Eva. Shall I tell you a lie? I do despise a liar, as I do despise one that is false; or as I

despise one that is not true. The knight, Sir John, is there; and, I beseech you, be ruled

by your well-willers. I will peat the door for master Page. [*Knocks.*] What, ho! Got

pleas your house here!

Page. [Within.] Who's there?
Eva. Here is Got's pleasing, and your friend, and justice Shallow; and here young master Slender, that peradventures, shall tell you another tale, if matters grow to your likings.

Enter Page.

Page. I am glad to see your worships 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 kill'd.—How doth good mistress Page?—and I thank you always with my heart, la; with my heart.

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

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

Page. It could not be judged, sir.
Slender. You'll not confess, you'll not confess.

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

Page. A cur, sir.
Shal. Sir, he's a good dog, and a fair dog; can there be more said? he is good, and fair.

—Is Sir John Falstaff here?

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

Eva. It is spoke as a Christians ought to speak.

Shal. He hath wronged me, master Page.

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

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

Page. Here comes Sir John.

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

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

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

Fal. But not kissed your keeper's daughter?

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

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

Shal. The council shall know this.

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

Eva. *Præca verba*, Sir John; good words.

Fal. Good words! good cabbage.—Slender, I broke your head; what matter have you against me?

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

Bard. You Banbury cheese!

Slender. Ay, it is no matter.

Pistol. How now, Mephostophilus!

Slender. Ay, it is no matter.

Nym. Slice, I say! *pauca, pauca*; that's my humour.

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

Eva. Peace, I pray you. Now let us stand; there is three umpires in this:—as I understand; that is—master Page, master Page; and there is myself, myself; and the three party is, lastly, mine host of the Garter.

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

Eva. Very good: I will make a prior of my note-book; and we will afterwards upon the cause, with as great discreteness.

Fal. Pistol, —

Pistol. He hears with ears.

Eva. The devil and his tam! what pluck this, "He hears with ears!" Why, affections.

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

Slender. Ay, by these gloves, did he; would I might never come in mine own chamber again else,—of seven groats in sixpences, and two Edward shovels-board cost me two shilling and two pence apiece.

Fal. Is this true, Pistol?

Eva. No; it is false, if it is a pick-pocket.

Pistol. Ha, thou mountain foreigner! John and master mine.

I combat challenge of this latten bilboe: Word of denial in thy labras here;

Word of denial: froth and scum, thou lie!

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

Nym. Be advised, sir, and pass humours. I will say, "marry trap," with if you run the nuthook's humour on me: is the very note of it.

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

Fal. What say you, Scarlet and John?

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

Eva. It is his "five senses;" he, who ignorance is!

Bard. And being sap, sir, was, as the cashier'd; and so conclusions pass'd careles.

Slender. Ay, you spake in Latin then too: 'tis no matter: I'll ne'er be drunk with live again, but in honest, civil, godly company for this triek; if I be drunk, I'll be with those that have the fear of God, and with drunken knaves.

Eva. So Got 'udge me, that is a virtue.

Fal. You hear all these matters of gentlemen; you hear it.

Enter Anna Page, with Wine; Mistress Ford and Mistress Page.

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

Slender. O heaven! this is mistress Anne Page.

Page. How now, mistress Ford?

Fal. Mistress Ford, by my troth, you are very well met; by your leave, good mistress.

Kissing her.

Page. Wife, bid these gentlemen welcome.—We have a hot venison pasty to dinner; I hope we shall drink down all unkindness.

Account all but Shallow, Slender, and Evans.

Page. I had rather than forty shillings, I had my book of Songs and Sonnets here.

Enter Simple.

Page. Now, Simple! Where have you been? must wait on myself, must I? You have not a book of Riddles about you, have you?

Sim. Book of Riddles! why, did you not send it to Alice Shortcake upon Allhallowmas eve, a fortnight afore Michaelmas?

Shal. Come, come, come, come; we stay for you. A word with you, coz; marry, this, coz: there is, as 'twere a tender, a kind of under, made after off by Sir Hugh here; do you understand me?

Slender. Ay, sir, you shall find me reasonable: it be so, I shall do that that is the reason.

Shal. Nay, but understand me.

Slender. So I do, sir.

Shal. Give ear to his motions, master Slender: I will description the matter to you, you be capacity of it.

Slender. 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.

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

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

Eva. Marry, is it; the very point of it; to Mistress Anne Page.

Slender. Why, if it be so, I will marry her upon any reasonable demands.

Eva. But can you affection the woman? Let command to know that of your mouth, or of your lips; for divers philosophers hold, that the lips is parcel of the mouth: therefore, precisely, can you carry your good will to the maid?

Shal. Cousin Abraham Slender, can you love her?

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

Eva. Nay, Got's lords and his ladies, you must speak possitableness, if you can carry her our desires towards her.

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

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

Shal. Nay, conceive me, conceive me, sweet

coz: what I do, is to pleasure you, coz. Can you love the maid?

Slender. I will marry her, sir, at your request; but if there be no great love in the beginning, yet heaven may decrease it upon better acquaintance, when we are married, and have more occasion to know one another: I hope, upon familiarity will grow more contempt; but if you say, "Marry her," I will marry her: that I am freely dissolved, and dissolutely.

Eva. It is a very discretion answer; save, the fault is in the word "dissolutely;" the word is, according to our meaning, "resolutely."—His meaning is good.

Shal. Ay, I think my cousin meant well.

Slender. Ay, or else I would I might be hanged, la.

Shal. Here comes fair mistress Anne.—[*Re-enter Anna Page.*] Would I were young for your sake, mistress Anne.

Anna. The dinner is on the table; my father desires your worships' company.

Shal. I will wait on him, fair mistress Anne.

Eva. Od's pleased will! I will not be absence at the grace.

[*Account Shallow and Sir H. Evans.*]

Anna. Will't please your worship to come in, sir?

Slender. No, I thank you, forsooth, heartily; I am very well.

Anna. The dinner attends you, sir.

Slender. I am not a-hungry, I thank you forsooth.—Go, sirrah, for all you are my man, go, wait upon my cousin Shallow. [*Exit Simple.*] A justice of peace sometime may be beholden 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.

Anna. I may not go in without your worship: they will not sit, till you come.

Slender. Faith, I'll eat nothing; I thank you as much as though I did.

Anna. I pray you, sir, walk in.

Slender. I had rather walk here, I thank you. I bruised my shin the other day with playing at sword and dagger with a master of fence,—three venises 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? I be there bears 't the town!

Anna. I think there are, sir, I heard them talked of.

Slender. 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?

Anna. Ay, indeed, sir.

Slender. 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 shriek'd at it, that it pass'd: 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.

Slender. I'll eat nothing, I thank you, sir.

Page. By cock and pye, you shall not choose, sir: come, come.

Slender. Nay, pray you, lead the way.

Page. Come on, sir.

Slender. Mistress Anne, yourself shall go first.

Anne. Not I, sir; pray you, keep on.

Slender. Truly, I will not go first; truly, in; I will not do you that wrong.

Anne. I pray you, sir.

Slender. I'll rather be unmannerly, than troublesome. You do yourself wrong, indeed, in.

SCENE II.—The Same.

Enter Sir Hugh Evans and Simple.

Evans. Go your ways, and ask of Dr. Caius' house, which is the way: and there dwells one mistress Quickly, which is in the manner of his nurse, or his dry nurse, or his cook, or his laundry, his washer, and his wringer.

Simple. Well, sir.

Evans. Nay, it is better yet.—Give her this letter; for it is a woman that altogether acquaintance with mistress Anne Page: and the letter is, to desire and require her to solicit your master's desires to mistress Anne Page. I pray you, be gone. I will make an end of my dinner; there's pippins and cheese to come.

[Exit Evans.]

SCENE III.—A Room in the Garter Inn.

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

Falstaff. Mine host of the Garter,—

Host. What says my bully-rook? Speak scholarly and wisely.

Falstaff. Truly, mine host, I must turn away some of my followers.

Host. Discard, bully Hercules; cashier: let them wag; trot, trot.

Falstaff. I sit at ten pounds a week.

Host. Thou'rt an emperor, Caesar, Keisar, and Pheazar. I will entertain Bardolph; he shall draw, he shall tap: said I well, bully Falstaff. Do so, good mine host.

Host. I have spoke; let him follow.—Let me see thee froth and lime: I am at a word; follow.

Falstaff. 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.

Bardolph. It is a life that I have desired: I will.

Pistol. O base Hungarian wight! wilt thou the spigot wield?

Nym. He was gotten in drink: is not the humour concealed?

Falstaff. I am glad I am so acquit of this tinder-box: his thefts were too open; his fleching was like an unskillful singer,—he kept not time.

Nym. The good humour is to steal like my pinnace to these golden shores.—

[Exit Robin.]

Pistol. "Convey," the wise it call.

Falstaff. A fico for the phrase!

Falstaff. Well, sir, I am almost out at

Pistol. Why, then, let kibes ensue.

Falstaff. There is no remedy; I must catch; I must shift.

Pistol. Young ravens must have food.

Falstaff. Which of you know Ford of this

Pistol. I ken this wight: he is of such good.

Falstaff. My honest lads, I will tell you

am about.

Pistol. Two yards, and more.

Falstaff. No quips now, Pistol: indeed,

in the waist two yards about; but I am

about no waste; I am about thrift.

Pistol. I do mean to make love to Ford's wife:

entertainment in her; she discourses

carves, she gives the leer of invitation;

construes the notion of her familiar style

the hardest voice of her behaviour;

Englished rightly, is, "I am Sir John

staff's."

Pistol. He hath studied her well, and

lured her well,—out of honesty into

Nym. The anchor is deep: will that I

pass!

Falstaff. Now, the report goes, she has

rule of her husband's purse; he hath a

of angels.

Pistol. As many devils entertain; and

her, boy," say I.

Nym. The humour rises; it is good: it

me the angels.

Falstaff. I have writ me here a letter to

and here another to Page's wife, who

gave me good eyes too, examined my

with most judicious cell-lids: something

beam of her view gilded my foot, some

my portly belly.

Pistol. Then did the sun on dunghill

Nym. I thank thee for that humour.

Falstaff. O, she did so course o'er my

with such a greedy intention, that the

of her eye did seem to scorch me up

burning-glass! Here's another letter to

she bears the purse too; she is a

Guiana, all gold and bounty. I will be

to them both, and they shall be excheq-

me; they shall be my East and West

and I will trade to them both. Go

thou this letter to mistress Page; and

this to mistress Ford. We will thrive,

will thrive.

Pistol. Shall I Sir Pandarus of Troy

And by my side wear steel! then, I

take all!

Nym. I will run no base humour:

take the humour-letter. I will keep

behaviour of reputation.

Falstaff. [To Robin.] Hold, sirrah, bear

these letters tightly:

like my pinnace to these golden shores.—

[Exit Robin.]

hence! avaunt! vanish like hail-

stones, go;

odge, plod away o' the hoof; seek shelter,

pack!

detail will learn the humour of this age,

much thrift, you rogues; myself, and skirled

page.

Pistol. Let vultures gripe thy guts! for gourd

and fullum holds,

ad high and low beguile the rich and poor.

ster I'll have in pouch, when thou shalt lack,

oe Phrygian Turk!

Nym. I have operations in my head, which

humours of revenge.

Pistol. Will thou revenge?

Nym. By welkin, and her stars!

Pistol. With wit, or steel?

Nym. With both the humours, I:

will discuss the humour of this love to Page.

Pistol. And I to Ford shall eke unfold,

How Juliett, varlet vile,

His dove will prove, his gold will hold,

And his soft couch defile.

Nym. My humour shall not cool; I will

cessa Page to deal with poison; I will

nessa him with yellowness, for the revolt of

len is dangerous: that is my true humour.

Pistol. Thou art the Mars of malcontent: I

cond thee; troop on.

[Exit Nym.]

SCENE IV.—A Room in Dr. Caius's House.

Enter Mistress Quickly and Simple.

Quick. What, John Rugby! [Enter Rugby.]

pay thee, go to the easement, and see if you

in see my master, master Doctor Caius,

ming: if he do, I'll faith, and find anybody

the house, here will be an old abusing of

ed's patience, and the king's English.

Rug. I'll go watch.

Quick. Go; and we'll have a posset for't

ton at night, in faith, at the latter end of a

ka-coal fire. [Exit Rugby.]

Nym. I thank thee for that humour.

Falstaff. O, she did so course o'er my

with such a greedy intention, that the

of her eye did seem to scorch me up

burning-glass! Here's another letter to

she bears the purse too; she is a

Guiana, all gold and bounty. I will be

to them both, and they shall be excheq-

me; they shall be my East and West

and I will trade to them both. Go

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this to mistress Ford. We will thrive,

will thrive.

Pistol. Shall I Sir Pandarus of Troy

And by my side wear steel! then, I

take all!

Nym. I will run no base humour:

take the humour-letter. I will keep

behaviour of reputation.

Falstaff. [To Robin.] Hold, sirrah, bear

these letters tightly:

ber him; does he not hold up his head, as it

were, and strut in his gait?

Sim. Yes, indeed, does he.

Quick. Well, heaven send Anne Page no

worse fortune! Tell master parson Evans, I

will do what I can for your master: Anne is a

good girl, and I wish—

Re-enter Rugby.

Rug. Out, alas, here comes my master.

Quick. We shall all be silent.—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.

[Exit Rugby.] [Sings.] "And down, down,

adown-a," &c.

Enter Doctor Caius.

Caius. Vat is you sing? I do not like dose

toys. Pray you, go and fetch me in my closet

un better vat; a box, a green-a box: do

intend vat I speak? a green-a box.

Quick. Ay, forsooth; I'll fetch it you.

[Aside.] I am glad he went not in himself:

if he had found the young man, he would

have been horn-mad.

Caius. Fe, fe, fe, fe, ma foi, il fait fort

chard. Je m'en vais a la cour,—la grande

Quick. Is it this, sir?

Caius. Oui; mettez le au mon pochet;

donnez-le, quickly.—Vat is dat knave Rugby?

Quick. What, John Rugby? John!

Re-enter Rugby.

Rug. Here, sir.

Caius. You are John Rugby, and you are

Jack Rugby: come, take-a your rapier, and

come after my heel to de court.

Rug. 'Tis ready, sir, here in the porch.

Caius. By my trot, I tarry too long.—Od's

me! Qu'ai-je oublié? dere is some simples in

my closet, dat I vill not for de varld I shall

leave behind.

Quick. [Aside.] Ah me! he'll find the young

man there, and be mad.

Caius. O diable! diable! vat is in my

closet!—Villainy! larron! [Pulling Simple

out.] Rugby, my rapier!

Quick. Good master, be content.

Caius. Verfore shall I be content-a?

Quick. The young man is an honest man.

Caius. Vat 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. Veil.

Sim. Ay, forsooth; to desire her to—

Quick. Peace, I pray you.

Caius. Peace-a your tongue!—Speak-a your

Sim. To desire this honest gentlewoman,

your maid, to speak a good word to mistress

Anne Page for my master, in the way of mar-

riage.

Quick. This is all, indeed, la; but I'll ne'er put my finger in the fire, and need not.

Caius. Sir Hugh send-a you!—Rugby, bailles me some paper.—Tarry you a little-a while.

Quick. I am glad he is so quiet: if he had been thoroughly moved, you should have heard him so loud, and so melancholy.—But, notwithstanding, man, I'll do your master what good I can; and the very yea and the no is, the French doctor, my master,—I may call him my master, look you, for I keep his house; and I wash, wring, brew, bake, scour, dress meat and drink, make the beds, and do all myself.

Sir. 'Tis a great charge to come under one body's hand.

Quick. Are you avis'd o' that? you shall find it a great charge: and to be up early and down late;—but notwithstanding,—to tell you in your ear,—I would have no words of it,—my master himself is in love with mistress Anne Page; but notwithstanding that, I know Anne's mind; that's neither here nor there.

Caius. You Jack-nape, give-a dis letter to Sir Hugh; by gar, it is a challenge: I vill cut his trout in de park; and I vill teach a scurvy Jack-a-nape priest to muddle or make,—You may be gone; it is not good you tarry here:—by gar, I vill cut all his two stones; by gar, he shall not have a stone to throw at his dog.

[Exit Simple.]

Quick. Alas! he speaks but for his friend.
Caius. It is no matter-a for dat:—do not you tell-a me, dat I shall have Anne Page for myself!—By gar, I vill kill de Jack priest; and I have appointed mine host of de *Jarretiere* to measure our weapon.—By gar, I vill myself have Anne Page.

Quick. Sir, the maid loves you, and all shall be well. We must give folks leave to prate: what, the good-fer.

Caius. Rugby, come to the court vit me.—By gar, if I have not Anne Page, I shall turn your head out of my door.—Follow my heels, Rugby.

Quick. You shall have An fool's-head of your own. No, I know Anne's mind for that: never a woman in Windsor knows more of Anne's mind than I do; nor can do more than I do with her, I thank heaven.

Fent. [Within.] Who's within there? ho!
Quick. Who's there, I trow? Come near the house, I pray you.

Enter Fenton.

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

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

Fent. What news? how does pretty mistress Anne?

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

Fent. Shall I do any good, think you? Shall I not lose my suit?

Quick. Troth, sir, all is in his hands; but notwithstanding, master Fenton, sworn on a book, she loves you.—By your worship a wart above your eye!

Fent. Yes, marry have I; what of it?
Quick. Well, thereby hangs a tale. Faith, it is such another Nan;—but, I an honest maid as ever broke bread with me to show to the contrary.
Fent. Faith, but you do, in my mind.
Quick. Well, I do then; yet, I say, would show you to the contrary. O, mistress, give me some counsel.

Fent. Well, I shall see her to-day. There's money for thee; let me have the money in my behalf: if thou seest her husband, commend me.

Quick. Will I? Faith, that we will honour! will tell your worship more of the way next time we have confidence; and of woocers.

Fent. Well, farewell; I am in great haste.
Quick. Farewell to your worship.
Fent. Truly, an honest gentleman Anne loves him not; for I know his mind as well as another does.—Out with what have I forgot?

ACT II.

SCENE I.—Before Page's House.

Enter Mistress Page, with a Letter.

Mrs. Page. What I have I 'scaped letters in the holyday time of my beauty am I now a subject for them? Let me see.

"Ask me no reason why I love you, though love use reason for his precious; admits him not for his counsellor, not young, no more am I; go to them, sympathy: you are merry, so am I; then, there's more sympathy: you love and so do I; would you desire better sympathy? Let it suffice thee, mistress Page, the least, if the love of a soldier can suffer that I love thee. I will not say, Pity me, not a soldier-like phrase; but I say, Love 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 world!—one that is well-nigh worth pieces with age, to show himself a gallant! What an unweighed behaviour this Flemish drunkard picked—with the name—out of my conversation, that he in this manner assay me! Why, he hath been thrice in my company!—What should I say to him?—I was then frugal of my

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heaven forgive me!—Why, I'll exhibit a bill to the parliament for the putting down of men. How shall I be revenged on him? for re-venge I will be, as sure as his guls are made puddings.

Enter Mistress Ford.

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

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

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

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

Mrs. Ford. Well, I do then; yet, I say, would show you to the contrary. O, mistress, give me some counsel.

Mrs. Page. What's the matter, woman?

Mrs. Ford. O woman! if it were not for trifling respect, I could come to such honour!

Mrs. Page. Hang the tride, woman! take honour. What is it?—dispense with trifles; what is it?

Mrs. Ford. If I would but go to hell for an eternal moment or so, I could be knighted.

Mrs. Page. What!—thou heat.—Sir Alice wouldst not alter the article of thy gentry.

Mrs. Ford. We burn daylight;—here, and, read;—perceive how I might be knighted.

I shall think the worse of fat men, as long as I have an eye to make difference of men's ring; and yet he would not swear, praised women's modesty, and gave such orderly and all-belated reproof to all uncomeliness.

at I would have sworn his disposition would have gone to the truth of his words; but they have no more adhere and keep place together than a hundredth psalm to the tune of "Green leaves."

What tempest, I trow, threw this hale, with so many tuns of oil in his belly, ashore at Windsor? How shall I be revenged on him? I think, the best way were to enter him with hope, till the wicked fire of lust have melted him in his own grease.—Did you ever hear the like?

Mrs. Page. Letter for letter, but that the name of Page and Ford differs!—To thy great comfort in this mystery of ill opinions, here's a twin brother of thy letter: but let thine in-ter first; for, I protest, mine never shall.

I warrant, he hath a thousand of these letters, writ in blank space for different names,—sure, sure,—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 print us two.

I had rather be a giantess, and under Mount Pelion. Well, I will find you twenty lascivious turtles, ere one chaste man.

Mrs. Ford. Why, 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 let him 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 fine-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 greasy knight. Come hither.

[They retire.]

Enter Ford, Pistol, Page, and Nym.

Ford. Well, I hope it be not so.

Pistol. Hope is a curtail dog in some affairs: Sir John affects thy wife.

Ford. Why, sir, my wife is not young.

Pistol. He woe both high and low, both rich and poor.

Both young and old, one with another, Ford: He loves the gally-mawry; Ford, perpend.

Ford. Love my wife!

Pistol. With liver burning hot; prevent, or go like Sir Acteon he, with Ringwood at thy O, odious is the name!

Ford. What name, sir?

Pistol. The horn, I say. Farewell: Take heed; have open eye: for thieves do foot by night!

[Birds do sing.—]
Take heed, ere summer comes, or cuckoo-Away, sir corporal Nym!

Ford. 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 necessity. He loves your wife; there's the short and the long. My name is corporal Nym; I speak, and I avouch 'tis true: my name is Nym, and Falstaff loves your wife.—Adieu. I love not the humour of bread and cheese; and there's the humour of it. Adieu.

Page. [Aside.] "The humour of it," quoth 'b! here's a fellow frights humour out of his

Ford. I will seek out Falstaff.

[Exit.]

Page. I never heard such a drawling, affecting rogar.
Ford. If I do find it;—well.
Page. I will not believe such a Catinian, through the priest o' the town commended him for a true man.

Ford. 'Twas a good sensible fellow:—well.
Page. How now, Meg! [Hark you.]
Mrs. Page. Whither go you, George?—
Mrs. Ford. How now, sweet Frank! why art thou melancholy?

Ford. I melancholy! I am not melancholy.—Get you home, go.

Mrs. Ford. Faith, then hast some crochets 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. Trust me, I thought on her: she'll fit it.

Enter Mrs. 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. [Exit Mrs. Page, Mrs. Ford, and Mrs. Quickly.]

Page. How now, master Ford!
Ford. You heard what this knave told me, did you not?

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

Ford. Do you think there is truth in them?

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

Ford. Were they his men?

Page. Marry, were they.

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

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

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

Page. Look, where my ranting host of the Garter comes. There is either liquor in his pate, or money in his purse, when he looks so merrily. [Enter Host.] How now, mine host!

Host. How now, bully-rogue! thou'rt a gentleman.—Cavalero-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, cavalero-justice! bully-rogue.

Shal. Sir, there is a fray to be fought, and, hang no more about me; I am no gibbet, the French doctor.

Ford. Good mine host of the Garter, your manner of Pickhatch, go.—You'll not

Host. What sayest thou, my bully-rogue?—You stand [They go.] your honour!—Why, thou unconfinable

Shal. [To Page.] Will you go with mine host?—I, I, I myself

hold it! My merry host hath had the use of mine honour precise. I, I, I myself

ing of their weapons; and, I think, sometimes, leaving the fear of heaven on the

pointed them contrary places; for, bold hand, and hiding mine honour in my

I hear the parson is no jester. Hark, I easily, am fain to shuffle, to hedge, and to

you what our sport shall be. [They go.]—And yet you, rogue, will ensconce your

Host. Hast thou no suit against my son, your cat-a-mountain looks, your red-

my guest-cavalier?

Ford. None, I protest: but I'll give the shelter of your honour! You will

potter of burnt sack to give me rest? do it, you!

him, and tell him my name is Brook!

Host. My hand, bully: thou shalt not do it, you!

Ford. None, I protest: but I'll give the shelter of your honour! You will

shall be Brook. It is a merry knight.

Shal. Have with you, mine host.

Page. I have heard, the Frenchman's good skill in his rapier.

Shal. Tut, sir! I could have told you quick. I'll be sworn; as my mother was,

In these times you stand on distance first hour I was born.

passes, stoicades, and I know not what I do believe the swearer. What with

is the heart, master Page; 'tis here, 'tis here. Shall I vouchsafe your worship a

I have seen the time, with my long sword or two?

would have made you four tall fellows! Two thousand, fair woman; and I'll

like rats.

Host. Here, boys, here, here! shall we quick. There is one mistress Ford, sir:—I

Page. Have with you.—I had rather, come a little nearer this ways.—I my-

them scold than fight.

Ford. Though Page be a secure fool, yet in worship, come a little nearer this ways,

not put off my opinion so easily: she's a little nearer this ways.—I pray

his company at Page's house; and when people, mine own people,

made there, I know not. Well, I will quick. Are they so? Heaven bless them,

farther into't; and I have a disguise to make them his servants!

Falstaff. If I find her honest, I lose of labour; if she be otherwise, 'tis labour bestowed.

SCENE II.—A Room in the Garter Inn.

Enter Falstaff and Pistol.

Fal. I will not lend thee a penny.

Pist. Why, then the world's mine oyster.

Which I with sword will open.—

I will retort the sum in equipage.

Fal. Not a penny. I have been cozened

sir, you should lay my countenance to

I have grated upon my good friends for

reprieves for you and your coach-fellow,

or else you had looked through the grate

a gemini of baboons. I am damned

for wearing to gentlemen, my friends, and

good soldiers, and tall fellows: and

Mistress Bridget lost the handle of her

Pist. Didst thou not share? hadst thou not

bully-rogue!

Fal. Reason, you rogue, reason; thinkest

you, I'll endanger my soul gratis? At a

between Sir Hugh, the Welsh priest, and, hang no more about me; I am no gibbet,

you:—go.—A short knife and a throng:—

your manner of Pickhatch, go.—You'll not

let me a letter for me, you rogue!—You stand

[They go.] your honour!—Why, thou unconfinable

ness, it is as much as I can do, to keep the

of mine honour precise. I, I, I myself

ing of their weapons; and, I think, sometimes, leaving the fear of heaven on the

pointed them contrary places; for, bold hand, and hiding mine honour in my

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them scold than fight.

Ford. Though Page be a secure fool, yet in worship, come a little nearer this ways,

not put off my opinion so easily: she's a little nearer this ways.—I pray

his company at Page's house; and when people, mine own people,

made there, I know not. Well, I will quick. Are they so? Heaven bless them,

farther into't; and I have a disguise to make them his servants!

Falstaff. If I find her honest, I lose of labour; if she be otherwise, 'tis labour bestowed.

could never get an eye-wink of her,—I had myself twenty angels given me this morning; but I duty all angels, (in any such sort, as they say,) but in the way of honesty:—and, I warrant you, they could never get her so much as sip on a cup with the proud 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, that her husband will be absent from his house between ten and eleven.

Fal. Ten and eleven?

Quick. Ay, forsooth; and then you may come and see the picture, she says, that you wot of:—master Ford, her husband, will be from home. Alas! the sweet woman leads an

ill life with him; he's a very jealousy man; she leads a very frampold life with him, good heart.

Fal. Ten and eleven.—Woman, commend me to her; I will not fall 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

fatuous as a civil modest wife, and one (I tell you) that will not miss your morning nor evening

prayer, as any is in Windsor, who'er be the other:—and she bade me tell your worship,

that her husband is seldom from home; but, she hopes, there will come a time. I never

knew a woman so dote upon a man: surely, I think you have charms, la; yes, in truth.

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

other charms.

Quick. Blessing on your heart for't!

Fal. But, I pray thee, tell me this: has Ford's wife, and Page's wife, acquainted each

other how they love me?

Quick. That were a jest, indeed!—they have not so little grace, I hope:—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,

truly, she deserves it; for if there be a kind woman in Windsor, she is one. You must

send her your page; no remedy.

Fal. Why, I will.

Quick. Nay, but do so, then: and, look you, he may come and go between you both;

and, in any case, have a nayword, that you may know one another's mind, and the boy

never need to understand anything; for 'tis not good that children should know any wicked

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.

Host. Pardon, guest-justice.—A word, mon-
Caius. Mock-water! vat is dat?

Host. Mock-water, in our English tongue, is valour, bully.

Caius. By gar, den, I have as much mock-water as de Englishman.—Sourvy jack-dog priest! by gar, me vill 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 vill have it.

Host. And I will provoke him to't, or let
Caius. Me tank you for dat. [Hitts wag.

Host. And moreover, bully.—But first, master guest, and master Page, and eke cavalero Slender, [aside to them,] go you through the town to Frogmore.

Page. Sir Hugh is there, is he?

Host. He is there: see what humour he is in; and I will bring the doctor about by the fields. Will it do well?

Shal. We will do it.

Page, Shal., and Slender. Adieu, good master doctor. [Exeunt Page, Shallow, and Slender.]

Caius. By gar, me vill kill de priest; for he speak for a jack-an-die to Anna Page.

Host. Let him die; sheathe thy impatience; throw cold water on thy cholera: go about the fields with me through Frogmore: I will bring thee where mistress Anna Page is, at a farmhouse a-feasting; and thou shalt woo her. Cry I aim, said I well?

Caius. By gar, me tank 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 Anna 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.

SCENE I.—A Field near Frogmore.

Enter Sir Hugh Evans and Simple.

Evans. I pray you now, good master Slender's serving-man, and friend Simple by your name, which way have you looked for master Caius, that calls himself Doctor of Physic?

Sim. Marry, sir, the pittle-ward, de ward, every way; old Windsor every way but the town way.

Evans. I most feehemently desire you will also look that way.

Sim. I will, sir.

Evans. Bless my soul! how full of am, and trampling of mind!—I shall if he have deceived me.—How melancoly am I—I will knog his urinals about his costard, when I have got opportunity the 'ork:—bless my soul!

To shallow rivers, to whose falls
Melodious birds sing madrigals;
There will we make our beds of rue,
And a thousand fragrant posies.

To shallow—
Mercy on me! I have a great disposition to cry.

Melodious birds sing madrigals:—
When as I sat in Babylon,
And a thousand vagrant posies.

To shallow—
[Coming forward.] Yonder coming this way, Sir Hugh.

Evans. He's welcome.—
To shallow rivers, to whose falls

Heaven prosper the right!—what well he!

Sim. No weapons, sir. There comes master, master Shallow, and another man, from Frogmore, over the stile.

Evans. Pray you, give me my gown; keep it in your arms. [Leads in.]

Enter Page, Shallow, and Slender.

Shal. How now, master parson!

Page. How now, good Sir Hugh. Keep a g from the dice, and a good student in book, and it is wonderful.

Slender. Ah, sweet Anne Page!

Page. Save you, good Sir Hugh!

Evans. Bless you from His mercy sake!

Shal. What, the sword and the you study them both, master parson?

Page. And youthful still, in your and hose, this raw rheumatic day?

Evans. There is reasons and causes for Page. We are come to you to do office, master parson.

Evans. Very well: what is it?

Page. Yonder is a most reverend gentleman, belike having received wrong by person, is at most odds with his own and patience that ever you saw.

Shal. I have lived fourscore years and ward; I never heard a man of his gravity, and learning, so wide of his

Evans. What is he?

Page. I think you know him; master Caius, the renowned French physician.

Evans. God's will, and his passion of my I had as lief you would tell me of a

Page. Why?

Evans. He has no more knowledge in

Scene 2.

THE MERRY WIVES OF WINDSOR.

boocrates 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. O, sweet Anne Page!

Shal. It appears so, by his weapons.—Keep them asunder!—here comes doctor Caius.

Enter Host, Caius, and Rugby.

Page. Nay, good master parson, keep in your weapon.

Shal. So do you, good master doctor.

Host. Disarm them, and let them question: let them keep their limbs whole, and hack our English.

Caius. I pray you, let-a me speak a word at your ear: verelore vill you not meet-a me?

Evans. Pray you, use your patience: in good time.

Caius. By gar, you are de coward, de Jack dog, John ape.

Evans. 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:—I will knog your urinals about your knave's cogcombs for missing your meetings and appointments.

Caius. Hable!—Jack Rugby,—mine host de Jarretiere,—have I not stay for him to kill him? I have I not, at de place I did appoint?

Evans. As I am a Christian 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 Guallia: French and Welsh; soul-curer and body-curer!

Caius. Ay, dat is very good; excellent.

Host. Peace, I say! I hear mine host of the Garter. Am I polite? am I subtle? am I a knave?

Shal. Shall I lose my doctor? no; he gives me the potions, and the motions. Shall I lose my parson, my priest, my Sir Hugh?

Evans. Give me the proverbs and the noverbs.

Shal. Give me thy hand, terrestrial! so?—give me thy hand, celestial! so.—Boys of art, I have deceived you both; I have directed you in wrong places: your hearts are mighty, your kins are whole, and let burst sack be the case.—Come, lay their swords to pawn.—Follow me, lad of peace; follow, follow, follow.

Shal. Trust me, a mad host!—Follow, gentlemen, follow.

Slender. O, sweet Anne Page!

[Exeunt Shallow, Slender, Page, and Host.]

Caius. Ha, do I perceive dat I have you taken-a de sot of us, ha, ha!

Evans. This is well; he has made us his laughing-stock.—I desire you, that we may be friends; and let us knog our brains together in revenge on this same scall, scurvey, cogging companion, the host of the Garter.

Caius. By gar, vit all my heart. He promise bring me vere is Anne Page: by gar, he receive me too.

Evans. Well, I will smite his noddles.—Pray you, follow. [Exeunt.]

Page, Shal., and Slender. Well met, master Ford.

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

Shal. I must excuse myself, master Ford.

Slender. And so must I, sir: we have appointed

SCENE II.—A Street in Windsor.

Enter Mistress Page and Robin.

Mrs. Page. Nay, keep your way, little gallant: you were wont to be a follower, but now you are a leader. Whether had you rather, lead mine eyes, or eye your master's heels?

Robin. 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 Ford. Ay; and as idle as she may hang together, for want of company. I think, if your husbands were 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?

Robin. 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.

Mrs. Page. By your leave, sir: I am sick, till I see her. [Exeunt 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 them. Why, this boy will carry a letter twenty miles, 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 revolted wives share damnation together. Well; I will take him, then torture my wife, pluck the borrowed veil of modesty from the so-seeming Mrs. Page, divulge Page himself for a secure and wilful

Acton; and to these violent proceedings all my neighbours shall cry aim. [Clock strikes.]

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.

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

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

Shal. I must excuse myself, master Ford.

Slender. And so must I, sir: we have appointed

to dine with Mrs. Anne, and I would not break with her for more money than I'll speak of.

Shal. We have lingered about a watch between Anna Page and my cousin Slender, and this day we shall have our answer. [Page.]

Slender. I hope I have your good-will, father Page. You have, master Slender; I stand wholly for you—but my wife, master doctor, is for you altogether.

Calus. Ay, by gar; and do maul is love-a-me: my maul-a. Quickly tell me so much.

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

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

Ford. I beseech you, heartily, some of you go home with me to dinner: besides your cheer, you shall have sport; I will show you a monster.—Master Doctor, you shall go;—so shall you, master Page; and you, Sir Hugh. *Shal.* Well, fare you well: we shall have the freer wooing at master Page's.

[*Exeunt* Shallow and Slender. *Calus.* Go home, John Rugby; I come anon. *Host.* Farewell, my hearts: I will to my honest knight Falstaff, and drink canary with him. *Ford.* [Aside.] I think, I shall drink in pipe-wine first with him; I'll make him dance.—Will you go, gentlemen?

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 back-basket—

Mrs. Ford. I warrant.—What, Robin, I

Enter Servants with a large basket.

Mrs. Page. Come, come, come.

Mrs. Ford. Here, set it down.

Mrs. Page. Give your men the charge: we must be brief.

Mrs. Ford. Marry, as I told you before, John, and Robert, be ready here hard by in the 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 whitsters in Datchet-mead, and there empty it in the muddy ditch, close by the Thames side.

Mrs. Page. You will do it?

Mrs. Ford. I have told them over and over they lack no direction.—Be gone, and when you are called.

Mrs. Page. Here comes little Robin.

Enter Robin.

Mrs. Ford. How now, my eyes—what news with you?

Rob. My master, Sir John, is come your back-door, mistress Ford, and of your company.

Mrs. Page. You little Jack-a-lent, has been true to us?

Rob. Ay, I'll be sworn. My master not of your being here; and bath there to put me into everlasting liberty, if I

Mrs. Page. Thou'rt a good boy; this of thine shall be a tailor to thee, and make thee a new doublet and hose—

Mrs. Ford. Do so.—Go tell thy man am alone.—Mistress Page, remember me.

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

Mrs. Ford. Go to, then: we'll use wholesome humility, this gross water; we'll teach him to know turtles.

Enter Falstaff.

Fal. "Have I caught my heavenly!"

Mrs. Ford. Oh, sweet Sir John!

Mrs. Page. Oh, sweet Sir John!

Mrs. Ford. I cannot cog, I

Mrs. Page. Now shall I

Mrs. Ford. I would thy husband were dead

Mrs. Page. I should be a pitiful

Mrs. Ford. I your lady, Sir John!

Fal. Let the court of France show

Mrs. Ford. I see how thine eye would

Mrs. Page. thou hast the right

Mrs. Ford. the tire-vallant, or any time of Venice

Mrs. Page. a plain kerchief, Sir John

Fal. Thou art a traitor to say

Mrs. Ford. I wouldst make an absolute courtier;

Mrs. Page. a firm fixture of thy foot would give an

Mrs. Ford. in a semi-circled

Fal. I see what thou wert, if Fortune

Mrs. Page. I have not which pleases me

Mrs. Ford. I know not which pleases me

Mrs. Page. I know not which pleases me

Mrs. Ford. I know not which pleases me

Mrs. Page. I know not which pleases me

man's apparel, and smell like Bucklersbury in simple time; I cannot; but I love thee; none but thee; and thou deservest it.

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

Fal. Thou might'st as well say, I love to talk by the Counter-gate, which is as hateful to me as the reek of a lime-kiln.

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

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

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

Rob. [Within.] Mistress Ford! Mistress Ford!

Mrs. Ford. Here's mistress Page at the door, weating, and blowing, and looking wildly, and would needs speak with you presently.

Fal. She shall not see me: I will ensconce to behind the arras.

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

Enter Mistress Page and Robin.

Mrs. Page. O mistress Ford! what have you done? You're shamed, you are over-

Mrs. Ford. What's the matter, good mis-

Mrs. Page. O well-a-day, mistress Ford!

Mrs. Ford. I have an honest man to your husband, to

Mrs. Page. What cause of suspicion?

Mrs. Ford. What cause of suspicion?—Out

Mrs. Page. You're shamed, you are over-

Mrs. Ford. What's the matter?

Mrs. Page. Your husband's coming hither,

Mrs. Ford. With all the officers of Windsor, to

Mrs. Page. I have an honest man to your husband, to

Mrs. Ford. What cause of suspicion?

Mrs. Page. What cause of suspicion?—Out

Mrs. Ford. You're shamed, you are over-

Mrs. Page. Your husband's coming hither,

Mrs. Ford. With all the officers of Windsor, to

Mrs. Page. I have an honest man to your husband, to

Mrs. Ford. What cause of suspicion?

Mrs. Page. What cause of suspicion?—Out

Mrs. Ford. You're shamed, you are over-

Mrs. Page. Your husband's coming hither,

Mrs. Ford. With all the officers of Windsor, to

Mrs. Page. I have an honest man to your husband, to

Mrs. Ford. What cause of suspicion?

Mrs. Page. What cause of suspicion?—Out

Mrs. Ford. You're shamed, you are over-

ing: or, it is whitening-time, send him by your two men to Datchet-mead.

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

Re-enter Falstaff.

Fal. Let me see't, let me see't, O, let me see't! I'll in, I'll in—follow your friend's counsel:—I'll in.

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

Fal. I love thee, help me away: let me creep in here. I'll never—

[*He gets into the basket; they cover him with*

fool linen.

Mrs. Page. Help to cover your monster, boy.—Call your men, mistress Ford.—You

Mrs. Ford. What, John! Robert! John!

Re-enter Servants. Go take up those clothes

Mrs. Ford. What, John! Robert! John!

Re-enter Servants. Go take up those clothes

Mrs. Ford. What, John! Robert! John!

Re-enter Servants. Go take up those clothes

Mrs. Ford. What, John! Robert! John!

Re-enter Servants. Go take up those clothes

Mrs. Ford. What, John! Robert! John!

Re-enter Servants. Go take up those clothes

Mrs. Ford. What, John! Robert! John!

Re-enter Servants. Go take up those clothes

Mrs. Ford. What, John! Robert! John!

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Mrs. Ford. What, John! Robert! John!

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Mrs. Ford. What, John! Robert! John!

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Mrs. Ford. What, John! Robert! John!

Re-enter Servants. Go take up those clothes

Mrs. Ford. What, John! Robert! John!

Re-enter Servants. Go take up those clothes

Mrs. Ford. What, John! Robert! John!

Re-enter Servants. Go take up those clothes

Mrs. Ford. What, John! Robert! John!

Re-enter Servants. Go take up those clothes

Mrs. Ford. What, John! Robert! John!

Re-enter Servants. Go take up those clothes

would all of the same strain were in the same distress.

Mrs. Ford. I think, my husband hath some special suspicion of Falstaff's being here; for I never saw him so gross in his jealousy till now.

Mrs. Page. I will lay a plot to try that; and we will yet have more tricks with Falstaff: his dissolute disease will scarce obey this medicine.

Mrs. Ford. Shall we send that foolish carter, mistress Quickly, to him, and excuse his throwing into the water; and give him another hope, to betray him to another punishment?

Mrs. Page. We will do it: let him be sent for to-morrow eight o'clock, to have wounds.

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

Ford. I cannot find him: may be, the knave bragged of that he could not compass.

Mrs. Page. [Aside to Mrs. Ford.] Heard you that?

Mrs. Ford. You use me well, master Ford.

Ford. Ay, I do so. [Your thoughts.]

Mrs. Ford. Heaven make you better than Ford. Amen!

Mrs. Page. You do yourself mighty wrong, master Ford.

Ford. Ay, ay; I must bear it.

Eva. If there be any body 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: dera is no bodier.

Page. Fie, fie, master Ford! are you not ashamed? What spirit, what devil suggests this imagination? I would not have your distemper in this kind for the wealth of Windsor Castle.

Ford. 'Tis my fault, master Page: I suffer.

Eva. You suffer for a pad conscience: your wife is as honest a woman as I will desire among five thousand, and five hundred too.

Caius. By gar, I see 'tis an honest woman.

Ford. Well; I promised you a dinner.—Come, come, walk in the park: I pray you, pardon me; I will hereafter make known to you, why I have done this.—Come, wife;—come, mistress Page. I pray you, pardon me; pray heartily, pardon me.

Page. Let's go in, gentlemen; but, trust me, we'll mock him. I do invite you to-morrow morning to my house to breakfast: after, we'll a birding together; I have a fine hawk for the bush. Shall it be so?

Ford. Anything.

Eva. If there is one, I shall make two in the company.

Caius. If dere be one or two, I shall make a Ford. Pray you go, master Page. [do turn.]

Eva. I pray you now, remembrance to-morrow on the lousy knave, mine host.

Caius. Dat is good; by gar, vit all my heart.

Eva. A lousy knave, to have his giben, and his mockeries!

SCENE IV.—A Room in Page's House.

Enter Fenton and Anne Page.

Fent. I see I cannot get thy father's. Therefore no more turn me to him, sweet.

Ann. Alas! how then?

Fent. Why, thou must be the doer.

Ann. He doth object, I am too great of birth.

Fent. And that my state being gall'd with it, I seek to heal it only by his wealth.

Ann. Besides these, other bars he lays before.

Fent. My riots past, my wild societies; and tells me, 'tis a thing impossible.

Ann. I should love thee, but as a property.

Fent. May be, he tells you true.

Ann. No, heaven so speed me in my suit.

Fent. Albeit, I will confess, thy father's wealth was the first motive that I would thee.

Ann. Yet, wooing thee, I found thee of more.

Fent. Then stamps in gold, or sums in sealed.

Ann. And 'tis the very riches of thyself.

Fent. That now I aim at.

Ann. Gentle master Fent.

Fent. Yet seek my father's love; still seek it.

Ann. If opportunity and humblest suit cannot attain it, why then.—Hark you!

Fent. [They converse.]

Enter Shallow, Slender, and Mrs. Quickly.

Shal. Break their talk, mistress Quickly; my kinsman shall speak for himself.

Slender. I'll make a shaft or a bolt on't.

Shal. Be not dismayed.

Slender. No, she shall not dismay me!

Shal. Not for that,—but that I am afraid.

Slender. Quick! hark ye: master Slender speak a word with you.

Ann. I come to him.—[Aside.]

Shal. My father's choice.

Slender. O, what a world of vile ill-favour'd faults!

Shal. Looks handsome in three hundred pound year!

Slender. And how does good master Fent?

Shal. Pray you, a word with you.

Slender. She's coming; to her coz.

Shal. Thou hadst a father!

Slender. I had a father, mistress Anne.

Shal. Anne can tell you good jests of him—

Slender. you, uncle, tell mistress Anne the jest.

Ann. Now, master Slender,—

Slender. Now, good mistress Anne,—

Ann. What is your will?

Slender. My will! O, d's heartings, that's a pretty

Ann. Just, indeed! I ne'er made my will yet, I thank heaven; I am not such a sickly creature, I give heaven praise.

Slender. I mean, master Slender, what would

Ann. Truly, for mine own part, I would

Slender. Little or nothing with you. Your father, and

Ann. my uncle, have made motions: if it be my

Slender. luck, so; if not, happy man be his dole!

Ann. They can tell you how things go, better than I

Slender. can: you may ask your father; here he comes.

Enter Page and Mistress Page.

Page. Now, master Slender;—love him,

Slender. daughter Anne.—

Page. Why, how now! what does master Fenton here?

Slender. You wrong me, sir, thus still to haunt my house:

Page. I told you, sir, my daughter is dispos'd of.

Slender. Nay, master Page, be not impatient.

Page. Mrs. Page. Good master Fenton, come not

Slender. to my child.

Page. She is no match for you.

Slender. Sir, will you hear me?

Page. No, good master Fenton.—

Slender. Come, master Shallow;—come, son Slender;

Page. in.—

Slender. Knowing my mind, you wrong me, master

Page. [Re-enter Page, Shallow, and Slender.]

Slender. Quick. Speak to mistress Page.

Page. Fent. Good mistress Page, for that I love

Slender. your daughter

Page. in such a righteous fashion as I do, [ners,

Slender. Perforce, against all cheeks, rebukes, and man-

Page. I must advance the colours of my love,

Slender. And not retire: let me have your good-will.

Page. Anna. Good mother, do not marry me to

Slender. your fool. [better husband.]

Page. Mrs. Page. I mean it not; I seek you a

Slender. Quick. That's my master, master doctor.

Page. Anna. Alas! I had rather be set quick!

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 specially for master Fenton. Well, I must of another errand to Sir John Falstaff from my two mistresses: what a beast am I to slack it! [Exit.]

SCENE V.—A Room in the Garter Inn.

Enter Falstaff and Bardolph.

Fal. Bardolph, I say,—

Bard. Here, sir.

Fal. Go fetch me a quart of sack; put a toast in't. [Exit Bard.] Have I lived to be carried in a basket, like a barrow of butcher's offal, and to be thrown in the Thames? Well, if I be served such another trick, I'll have my brains ta'en out, and buttered, and give them to a dog for a new year's gift. The rogues slighted me into the river with as little remorse as they would have drowned a bitch's blind puppies, fifteen of 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 drown. I had been drowned, but that the shore was shelvy and shallow; a death that I abhor; for the water swells a man; and what a thing should I have been when I had been swelled! I should have been a mountain of mummy.

Re-enter Bardolph, with the Wine.

Bard. Here's mistress Quickly, sir, to speak with you.

Fal. Come, let me pour in some sack to the Thames water; for my belly's as cold as if I had swallowed snow-balls for pills to cool the reins. Call her in.

Bard. Come in, woman.

Enter Mrs. 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. Simples of itself; I'll no pullet-sperm in my brewage.—[Exit Bardolph.]—How now!

Quick. Marry, sir, I come to your worship from mistress Ford.

Fal. Mistress Ford! I have had ford enough; I was thrown into the ford; I have my belly full of ford.

Quick. Alas the day! good heart, that was not her fault: she does so take on with her men; they mistake their erection.

Fal. So did I mine, to build upon a foolish woman's promise.

Quick. Well, she laments, sir, for it, that it would yearn your heart to see it. Her husband goes this morning a birding: she desires you once more to come to her between eight and nine. I must carry her word quickly: she'll make you amends, I warrant you.

Fal. Well, I will visit her: tell her so; and

bid her think what a man is: let her consider his frailty, and then judge of my merit.

Quick. I will tell her.
Fal. Do so. Between nine and ten, sayest thou?

Quick. Eight and nine, sir.
Fal. Well, be gone; I will not miss her.
Quick. Peace be with you, sir.
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-favourably, 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 harum 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
Fal. You shall hear. As good luck would have it, comes in one mistress Page; gives intelligence of Ford's approach; and in her invention, and Ford's wife's distraction, they conveyed me into a buck-basket.

Ford. A buck-basket?
Fal. By the Lord, a buck-basket!—rammed me in with foul shirts and smocks, socks, foul stockings, greasy napkins; that, master Brook, there was the rankest compound of villainous smell that ever offended nostril.

Ford. And how long lay you there?
Fal. Nay, you shall hear, master Brook, what I have suffered, to bring this woman to evil for your good. Being thus crammed in the basket, a couple of Ford's 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 knave would have searched it; but fate, ordaining he should be a cuckold, held his hand. Well; on went he for a search, and away went I for foul clothes. But mark the sequel, master Brook: I suffered the pangs of three several deaths: first, an intolerable fight, to be detected with a jealous rotten

bell-wether; next, to be compassed, like a bilbo, in the circumference of a peck, to point, heel to head; and then to be squeezed in, like a strong distillation, with all clothes that fretted in their own grease; of that,—a man of my kidney,—think of that as an subject to heat, as butter; of continual dissolution and thaw; a miracle, to 'scape suffocation. And the height of this bath, when I was more than stewed in grease, like a Dutch dish, thrown into the Thames, and cooled, as hot in that surge, like a horse-shoe; and that,—hissing hot,—think of that, master Brook!

Ford. In good sadness, sir, I am sorry for your sake you have suffered all this; suit, then, is desperate; you'll undertake no more?

Fal. Master Brook, I will be thrown into the Thames, as I have been into Thames, ere I leave her thus. Her husband is this gone a birding: I have received from his other 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 appointment. Come to me at your convenience, and you shall know how I spend the conclusion shall be crowned with enjoying her; adieu. You shall have master Brook; master Brook, you shall have old Ford.

Ford. H'm,—Is this a vision? I dream? do I sleep? Master Ford, awake, master Ford! there's a hole in your best coat, master Ford. This 'tis married! this 'tis to have linen, and baskets!—Well, I will proclaim myself I am; I will now take the lecher; he is house: he cannot 'scape me; 'tis impossible he should; he cannot creep into a halberd, nor into a pepper-box: but, the devil that guides him should aid him, search impossible places. Though what I cannot avoid, yet to be what I would shall not make me tame; if I have him make me mad, let the proverb go with me, be horn mad.

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—The Street.

Enter Mrs. Page, Mrs. Quickly, and Will.
Mrs. Page. Is he at master Ford's? do you think thou?

Quick. Sure, he is by this, or will be so; but truly, he is very courageous about his throwing into the water. Master Ford desires you to come suddenly.

Mrs. Page. I'll be with her by and by, but bring my young man here to school, where his master comes; 'tis a playing see.

Enter Sir Hugh Evans.
Now now, Sir Hugh! no school to-day!
Eva. No; master Slender is got the boys to play.

Quick. Blessing of his heart!
Mrs. Page. Sir Hugh, my husband says, you are profits nothing in the world at his school; I pray you, ask him some questions in his accident.

Eva. Come hither, William; hold up your head; answer your master, be not afraid.
Mrs. Page. William, how many numbers is in your book?

Will. Two.
Quick. Truly, I thought there had been one number more, because they say, old's nouns.
Eva. Peace your babbings.—What is fair, Will, Pulcher.

Quick. Pole-cats! there are fairer things than pole-cats, sure.
Eva. You are a very simplicity 'oman; I pray you peace.—What is *lapis*, William?

Will. A stone.
Eva. And what is a stone, William?
Will. A pebble.
Eva. No, it is *lapis*: I pray you remember Will, *lapis*.

Eva. 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, haec, hoc.

Eva. *Nominativo*, *hic*, *haec*, *hoc*:—pray you, mark; *genitivo*, *hujus*. Well, what is your accusative case?

Will. *Accusativo*, *hinc*.
Eva. I pray you, have your remembrance, Will; *accusativo*, *hinc*, *hanc*, *huc*.
Quick. Hang hog is Latin for bacon, I warrant you.

Eva. Leave your prabbles, 'oman.—What is the fociative case, William?
Will. O,—*vocativo*, O.
Eva. Remember, William; fociative is, *carer*.
Quick. And that's a good root.

Eva. 'Oman, forbear.
Mrs. Page. Peace!
Eva. What is your genitive case plural, Will. Genitive case?
Will. Ay.

Will. *Genitivo*,—*horum*, *harum*, *eorum*.
Quick. Vengeance of Jenny's case! lie on her!—Never name her, child, if she be a hog. For shame, 'oman!

Quick. You do ill to teach the child such words.—He teaches him to hick and to hack, which they'll do fast enough of themselves: and to call *horum*!—lie upon you!

Eva. 'Oman, art thou lunatic? hast thou understandings for thy cases, and the numbers, and the genders? Thou art as foolish as Christian creatures as I would desire.
Mrs. Page. Pr'ythee, hold thy peace.

Eva. Show me now, William, some declensions of your pronouns.
Will. Forsooth, I have forgot.

Eva. It is *qui*, *quae*, *quod*: if you forget your *quis*, your *quae*, and your *quod*, you must be preaches. Go your ways, and play; go. [Thought he was.]

Mrs. Page. He is a better scholar than I.
Eva. 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. [Exit.]

SCENE II.—A Room in Ford's House.
Enter Falstaff and Mrs. Ford.
Fal. Mistress Ford, your sorrow hath eaten up my suffrance. I see you are obsequious in your love, and I profess requital to a hair's breadth; not only, Mrs. Ford, in the simple office of love, but in all the accompaniment, complement, and ceremony of it. But are you sure of your husband now?

Mrs. Ford. He's a birding, sweet Sir John.
Mrs. Page. [Within.] What ho, gossip Ford! what ho!
Mrs. Ford. Step into the chamber, Sir John. [Exit Falstaff.]

Enter Mrs. Page.
Mrs. Page. How now, sweetheart! who's at home besides yourself? [People.]

Mrs. Ford. Why, none but mine own.
Mrs. Page. Indeed? [Speak louder.]
Mrs. Ford. No, certainly.—[Aside to her.]
Mrs. Page. Truly, I am so glad you have Mrs. Ford, Why?

[nobody here.]
Mrs. Page. Why, woman, your husband is in his old limes 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 yet beheld seemed but tameness, civility, and patience, to this his distemper he is in now. I am glad the fat knight is not here.

Mrs. Ford. Why, does he talk of him?
Mrs. Page. Of none but him; and swears he was carried out, the last time he searched for him, in a basket: protests to my husband he is now here; and hath drawn him and the rest of their company from their sport to make another experiment of his suspicion. But I am glad the knight is not here: now he shall see his own folly.

Mrs. Ford. How near is he, mistress Page?
Mrs. Page. Hard by; at street end: he will be here anon. [Here.]

Mrs. Ford. I am undone!—the knight is
Mrs. Page. Why then, you are utterly shamed, and he's but a dead man. What a woman are you! Away with him, away with him! better shame, than murder.
Mrs. Ford. Which way should he go? how

rivers, and has been grievously pouted as an old woman: 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. Davina but how you'll use him when he comes,
And let us two devise to bring him thither.

Mrs. Page. There is an old tale goes, that Herne the hunter,

Sometimes a keeper here in Windsor forest,
Doth all the winter time, at still midnight,
Walk round about an oak, with great ragged horns;

And there he blasts the trees, and takes the And makes milch-kine yield blood, and shakes a chain

In a most hideous and dreadful manner.
You have heard of such a spirit; and well you know

The superstitious idle-headed old
Rec'd, 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,
Disguis'd like Herne, with huge horns on his head.

Page. Well, let it not be doubted but he'll
And in this shape: when you have brought him thither,
What shall be done with him? what is your

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 I, are newly met,
Let them from forth a saw-pit rush at once
With some diffused song: upon their sight,

We two in great amazement 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-born the spirit,
And mock him home to Windsor.

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

Eva. I will teach the children their behaviours;
I will be like a jack-an-apes also, to burn the knight with my tabor.

Ford. That will be excellent.
[Exit]

Mrs. Page. My Nan shall be the
all the fairies.

Finely attired in a robe of white.

Page. That silk will I go buy—
and in that time

Shall master Slender steal my Nan
And marry her at Eton.—[To them]

to Falstaff straight.

Ford. Nay, I'll to him again in
He'll tell me all his purpose. Sure, he

Mrs. Page. Fear not you that.
And tricking for our fairies.

Eva. Let us about it; it is a adulter
sures, and very honest knavery.

[Exit Page, Ford, and
Mrs. Page. Go, mistress Ford,
Send quickly to Sir John, to know his

I'll to the doctor: he hath my good
And none but he, to marry with Nan

That Slender, though well lauded, he
And him my husband best of all affections

The doctor is well money'd, and his
Potent at court: he, none but he, shall

her,
Though twenty thousand worthier
crave her.

SCENE V.—A Room in the Garter Inn.
[Enter Host and Simple.]

Host. What wouldst thou have,
what, thick-skinn? speak, breathe,

brief, short, quick, snap.

Sim. Marry, sir, I come to speak
John Falstaff from master Slender,

Host. There's his chamber, his house
castle, his standing-bed, and his trunk

painted about with the story of the
fresh and new. Go, knock and call

speaking like an Anthropophaginan
knock, I say.

Sim. There's an old woman, a fat
gone up into his chamber: I'll be so

stay, sir, till she come down; I come
with her, indeed.

Host. Ha! a fat woman! the knight
be robbed: I'll call.—Bully knight!

John! speak from thy lungs military;
there! it is thine host, thine Ephesian!

Fal. [Above.] How now, mine host!
Host. Here's a Bohemian Tartar

coming down of thy fat woman. Let
second, bully, let her descend; my

are honourable: fie! privacy! fie!
[Enter Falstaff.]

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

Sim. Pray you, sir, wasn't not she
woman of Bredford?

Fal. Ay, marry, was it, muscle-shell
would you with her?

Sim. My master, sir, master Slender

her, seeing her go through the streets, to
w, sir, whether one Nym, sir, that beguiled
of a chain, had the chain or no.

Fal. I speak with the old woman about it.
Sim. And what says she, I pray, sir?

Fal. Marry, she says that the very name
of that beguiled master Slender of his

cozened him of it.

Sim. I would I could have spoken with the
man herself; I had other things to have

seen 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
dressing Anne Page; to know, if it were my

husband's fortune to have her, or no.
Fal. 'Tis his fortune.

Sim. What, sir? [woman told me so.
Fal. To have her,—or no. Go; say the

Sim. May I be bold to say so, sir?
Fal. Ay, sir; like who more bold?

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

Host. Thou art clerdy, thou art clerdy,
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

in my life; and I paid nothing for it
ther, but was paid for my learning.

[Enter Bardolph.]
Bard. Out, alas, sir! cozenage, more
snags!

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

Bard. Run away, with the cozeners: for so
as I came beyond Eton, they threw me

from behind one of them, in a sledge of
ice; and set spurs and away, like three

man devils, those Doctor Faustus.
Host. They are gone but to meet the duke,

fresh and new. Go, knock and call
most men.

[Enter Sir Hugh Evans.
Eva. Where is mine host?

Host. What is the matter, sir?
Eva. Have a care of your entertainments:

there is three cousin Germans, that has
and all the hosts of Readings, of Maiden-

head, of Colebrook, of horses and money. I
and you for good will, look you: you are wise,

and full of gibes and clowning-stops, and 'tis
convenient you should be cozened. Fare

you well. [Exit.
[Enter Dr. Caius.

Host. Here is mine host do *Ferretiere*!
Dr. Caius. I cannot tell what is that; but it is tell-

me, that you make grand preparation for a
wedding, by my trot, there is no duke

in court is know to come. I tell you for
adieu. [Exit.

[Enter Dr. Caius.
Dr. Caius. I cannot tell what is that; but it is tell-

me, that you make grand preparation for a
wedding, by my trot, there is no duke

in court is know to come. I tell you for
adieu. [Exit.

[Enter Dr. Caius.
Dr. Caius. I cannot tell what is that; but it is tell-

me, that you make grand preparation for a
wedding, by my trot, there is no duke

Host. Hue and cry, villain! go.—Assist me,
knight.—I am undone!—Fly, run, hue and
cry, villain!—I am undone!

[Exit Host and Bardolph.]

Fal. I would all the world might be cozened;
for I have been cozened, and beaten too. If

it should come to the ear of the court how I
have been transformed, and how my transfor-

mation hath been washed and endgalled, they
would melt me out of my fat, drop by drop,

and liquor fishermen's 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 mind 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 tallest thou me of black and
blue? I was beaten myself into all the colours

of the rainbow; and I was like to be appre-
hended for the witch of Bredford; but that

my admirable dexterity of wit, my counter-
feiting the action of an old woman, delivered

me, the knave constable had set me 't the
stocks, 't the common stocks, for a witch.

Quick. Sir, let me speak with you in your
chamber; you shall hear how things go; and,

I warrant, to your content. Here is a letter
will say somewhat. Good hearts, what ado

here is to bring you together! Sure, one of
you does not serve heaven well, that you are

so crossed.
Fal. Come up into my chamber. [Exit.

SCENE VI.—Another Room in the Garter Inn.
[Enter Fenton and Host.]

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

Fent. Yet hear me speak. Assist me in
my purpose.

And, as I am a gentleman, I'll give thee
A hundred pound in gold more than your loss.

Host. I will hear you, master Fenton; and
I will, at the least, keep your counsel. [You

Fent. From time to time I have acquainted
with the dear love I bear to fair Anne Page;

Who, mutually, hath answer'd my affection
(So far forth as herself might be her chooser)

Even to my wish. I have a letter from her
Of such contents as you will wonder at;

The mirth whereof so larded with my matter,
That neither, singly, can be manifested, [staff

Without the show of both;—wherein fat Fal-

Hath a great scene: the image of the jest
[Pointing to the Letter.]
I'll show you here at large. Hark, good mine
host:

To-night at Herne's oak, just 'twixt twelve and
Must my sweet Nan present the fairy queen;
The purpose why, is here: [Pointing to
Letter.] in which disguise,

While other jests are something rank on foot,
Her father hath commended her to slip
Away with Slender, and with him at Eton
Immediately to marry: she hath consented.
Now, sir,

Her mother, even strong against that match,
And firm for Dr. Caius, hath appointed
That he shall likewise shuffle her away,
While other sports are tasking of their minds,
And at the deanery, where a priest attends,
Straight marry her: to this her mother's plot
She, seemingly obedient, likewise hath prest:
Made promise to the doctor:—Now, thus it
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 in-
tended,

The better to denote her to the doctor,
[For they must all be mask'd and vizarded.]
That, quaint in green, she shall be loose en-
rob'd.

With ribands pendant, flaring 'bout her head;
And when the doctor spies his vantage ripe,
To pinch her by the hand, and on that token,
The maid hath given consent to go with him.

Host. Which means she to deceive, father
or mother?

Ford. Both, my good host, to go along with
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
Bring you the maid, you shall not lack a priest.

Ford. 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 Mrs. Quickly.

Fal. Prythee, no more prattling;—go:—
I'll hold. This is the third time; I hope good
luck lies in odd numbers. Away, go. They
say there is divinity in odd numbers, either in
nativity, chance, or death.—Away.

Quick. I'll provide you a chain; and I'll do
what I can to get you a pair of horns.

Fal. Away, I say; time wears: hold up
your head and mince.

[Exit Mrs. Quickly.]

Enter Ford.

How now, master Brook? Master Brook, the
matter will be known to-night, or never. Be

you in the park about midnight,
oak, and you shall see wonders.

Ford. Went you not to her yet?
as you told me you had appointed?

Fal. I went to her, master Brook,
see, like a poor old man: but I
her, master Brook, like a poor
That same knave Ford, her husband,
finest-mad devil of jealousy in the
Brook, that ever governed frenzy:—
you:—he beat me grievously, in the
a woman; for in the shape of a
Brook, I fear not Gollath with a
beam; because I know also, life is a
am in haste; go along with me: I'll
all, master Brook. Since I pluck
played truant, and whipped top, I
what it was to be beaten, till lately
me: I'll tell you strange things of
Ford; on whom to-night I will be
and I will deliver his wife into your
Follow:—Strange things in hand
Brook:—follow.

SCENE II.—Windsor Park.

Enter Page, Shallow, and Slender.

Page. Come, come; we'll couch it
ditch, till we see the light of our fair
member, son Slender, my daughter.

Slender. Ay, forsooth; I have spoke
and we have a way-word, how to
another. I come to her in white,
"Mum;" she cries "Budget;" and
we know one another.

Shal. That's good too: but who
either your "mum," or her "bud-
white will decipher her well enough:
struck ten o'clock.

Page. The night is dark; light
will become it well. Heaven pro-
sport! No man means evil but the
we shall know him by his horns. Let
follow me.

SCENE III.—The Street in Windsor.

Enter Mrs. Page, Mrs. Ford, and Dr.
Caius.

Mrs. Page. Master Doctor, my day
in green! when you see your time, take
the hand, away with her to the de-
despatch it quickly. Go before into the
we two must go together.

Caius. I know yet I have to do.
Mrs. Page. Fare you well, sir.

My husband will not rejoice so much
abuse of Falstaff, as he will chide
doctor's marrying my daughter: but
matter; better a little chiding, than
deal of heart-break.

Mrs. Ford. Where is Nan now,
troop of fairies! and the Welsh devil.

Mrs. Page. They are all couched
hard by Herne's oak, with obscure
which, at the very instant of Falstaff

meeting, they will at once display to the
[him.]

Mrs. Ford. That cannot choose but amaze
Mrs. Page. If he be not amazed, he will be
asked; if he be amazed, he will every way
amazed.

Mrs. Ford. We'll betray him finely.
Mrs. Page. Against such lewdsters, and
their lechery,

we that betray them do no treachery.

Mrs. Ford. The hour draws on: to the oak,
he oak!

[Exeunt.]

SCENE IV.—Windsor Park.

Enter Sir Hugh Evans, disguised as a Satyr,
with Anna Page and others as Fairies.

Evans. Trib, trib, trib, come; and re-
member your parts. Be bold, I pray you;
aw me into the pit; and when I give the
signals, do as I bid you: come, come;
trib.

[Exeunt.]

SCENE V.—Another part of the Park.

Enter Falstaff disguised as Herne, with a
Buck's Head on.

Fal. The Windsor bell hath struck twelve;
minute draws on. Now, the hot-blooded
madst me!—remember, Jove, thou wast
all for thy Europa; love set on thy horns:

a powerful love! that, in some respects,
does a beast a man; in some other, a man
a beast.—You were also, Jupiter, a swan for
love of Leda:—O omnipotent love! how
the god drew to the complexion of a
she!

A fault done first in the form of a
she:—O Jove, a beastly fault! and then
her fault in the resemblance of a fowl:
she!—Jove, a foul fault.—When gods
hot backs, what shall poor men do? For
I am here a Windsor stag; and the fattest,
thick, I the forest. Send me a coal rut-time,
or who can blame me to piss my tallow?

Who comes here? my doe?
Enter Mrs. Ford and Mrs. Page.
Mrs. Ford. Sir John! art thou there, my
my male deer?

Mrs. Ford. My doe with the black seat!—Let the
rain potatoes; let it thunder to the tune of
green sleeves; hail kissing-comfits, and
aw aringoes; let there come a tempest of
vocation, I will shelter me here.

[Embracing her.]

Mrs. Ford. Mistress Page is come with me,
sober.

Fal. Divide me like a bribed buck, each a
hinderer: I will keep my sides to myself, my
hinderers for the follow of this walk, and my
hinderers I bequeath your husbands. Am I a
man, but? Speak I like Herne the
hunter?—Why, now is Cupid a child of con-
science; he makes restitution. As I am a true
rit, welcome!

[Noise within.]

Mrs. Page. Alas! what noise!

Mrs. Ford. Heaven forgive our sins!

Fal. What should this be?

Mrs. Ford. Away, away! [They run off.]

Fal. I think the devil will not have me
damned, lest the oil that is in me should set
hell on fire; he would never else cross me thus.

Enter Sir Hugh Evans, as a Satyr; Mrs.
Quickly, Anna Page, as the Fairy Queen,
attended by her brother and others, as
fairies, with wicker tapers on their heads.

Quick. Fairies, black, gray, green, and
white,
You moonshine revellers, mad shades of night,
You orphan-boys of fixed destiny,
Attend your office and your quality.—
Crier Hobgoblin, make the fairy o-yes.

Pish. Elves, list your names; silence, you
airy toys!

Crickat, to Windsor chimneys shalt thou leap,
Where fires thou find'st unquench'd and hearth-
smoke swept,

There pinch the maids as blue as bilberry;
Our radiant queen hates sluts, and sluttish.

Fal. They are fairies: he that speaks to
them, shall die!

I'll wink and cough: no man their works must
know.

Evans. Where's Bede?—Go you, and where
you find a maid,

That, ere she sleep, has thrice her prayers
Raise up the organs of her fantasy,

Sleep she as sound as careless infancy: [sins,
But those that sleep, and think not on their
Pinch them, arms, legs, backs, shoulders,

Quick. About, about! [sides, and shins.
Search Windsor castle, elves, within and out:
Strew good luck, ophaps, on every sacred
room;

That it may stand till the perpetual doom,
In state as wholesome as in state 'tis fit;

Worthy the owner, and the owner it.
The several chairs of order look you scour
With juice of balm and every precious flower;

Each fair instalment, coat, and several crest,
With loyal blazon, ever more be blest!

And nightly, meadow-fairies, look you sing,
Like to the Garter's compass, in a ring;

Th' expressure that it bears, green let it be,
More fertile-fresh than all the field to see;

And, *Honi soit qui mal y pense*, write,
In emerald tufts, flowers purple, blue, and
white;

Like sapphire, pearl, and rich embroidery,
Buckled below fair knighthood's bending
knee:—

Fairies use flowers for their character.
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; your
selves in order set;

And twenty glow-worms shall our lanterns be,
To guide our measure round about the tree.—
But, stay! I smell a man of middle earth.

Fal. Heavens defend me from that Welsh fairy, lest he transform me to a piece of cheese!
Pist. Vile worm, thou wast o'erlook'd, even in thy birth.

Quick. With trial-fire touch me his finger. 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.

Eva. Come, will this wood take fire?

[They burn him with their tapers.]

Fal. Oh, oh, oh!

[desire!—]

Quick. Corrupt, corrupt, and tainted in 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 villainy;
 Pinch him, and burn him, and turn him
 about,
 Till candles, and star-light, and moonshine
 be out.*

During this song, the fairies pinch Falstaff. Doctor Caius comes one way, and steals away a fairy in green; Blenzer, another way, and takes off a fairy in white; and Fenton comes, and steals away Anne Page. A noise of hunting is made within. The fairies run away. Falstaff pulls off his buck's head and rises.

Enter Page, Ford, Mrs. Page, and Mrs. Ford. They lay hold on Falstaff.

Page. Nay, do not fly: I think we have watch'd you now;
[turn!]
 Will none but Herne the hunter serve your
Mrs. Page. I pray you come; hold up the
 jest no higher.—
[wives!]

Now, good Sir John, how like you Windsor
 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 back-basket, his cudgel, and
 twenty pounds of money, which must be paid
 to master Brook; his horses are arrested for
 it, master Brook.

Mrs. Ford. Sir John, we have had ill-luck;
 we could never meet. I will never take you
 for my love again; but I will always count
 you my deer.
[an ass.]

Fal. I do begin to perceive that I am made
Ford. Ay, and an ox too; both the proofs
 are extant.

Fal. And these are not fairies! I have been
 or four times in the thought, they were
 fairies: and yet the guilleness of the
 sudden surprise of my powers, the
 grossness of the foppery into a room,
 in despite of the teeth of all rhyme, and
 that they were fairies. See now, how
 be made a Jack-a-lent, when I was a
 employment!

Eva. Sir John Falstaff, serve God.
Ford. Well said, fairly Hugh.

Eva. And leave your jealousies to when I took a boy for a girl. If I had
Ford. I will never mistrust my own married to him, for all he was in woman's
 till thou art able to woo her in good earnest, I would not have had him.

Fal. Have I laid my brain in the page. Why, this is your own folly. Did
 dried it, that it wants matter to put I tell you how you should know my
 gross o'er-reaching as this? Am I lighter by her garments?
 a Welsh goat too? shall I have a cocken. I went to her in white, and cried,
 frize! 'Tis time I were choked with plum, and she cried "Budget," as Anne
 of toasted cheese.

Eva. Scese is not good to give me, but a post-master's boy.

Fal. Scese and putter! have I lived in the page. Good George, be not angry: I
 at the taunt of one that makes fitter of your purpose; turned my daughter
 lish! This is enough to be the doctor at the deanery, and there married.

Mrs. Page. Why, Sir John, do you though we would have thrust virtue
 hearts by the head and shoulders, given ourselves without scruple to
 ever the devil could have made you light?

Ford. What, a hedge-pudding!

Mrs. Page. A pulled man? [able]

Page. Old, cold, withered, and of

Ford. And one that is as sland

Page. And as poor as Job!

Ford. And as wicked as his wife!

Eva. And given to fornications, taverns, and sack, and wine, and me
 and to drinkings, and swearings and
 pribbles and prabbles!

Fal. Well, I am your theme; you
 start of me; I am dejected; I am an
 answer the Welsh flannel; ignorance
 a plummet o'er me: use me as you

Ford. Marry, sir, we'll bring you
 sor, to one master Brook, that
 cozened of money, to whom you shou
 been a pander: over and above that
 suffered, I think, to repay that money
 a biting affliction.

Page. Yet be cheerful, knight: I
 eat a posset to-night at my house;
 will desire thee to laugh at my wife,
 laughs at thee: tell her, master Slender
 married her daughter.

Mrs. Page. [Aside.] Doctors don't
 if Anne Page be my daughter, she is
 doctor Caius' wife.

Enter Slender.

Slender. Whoo, ho! ho! father Page!

Page. Son, how now! how now, son,
 you despatched!

Slender. Despatched!—I'll make the best in
 Gloucestershire know out; would I were

Page. Of what, son! [changed, in, else!]

Slender. I came yonder at Eton to marry mis-

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Slender. If it had not been for the church, I would

Page. swung him, or he should have swung

Slender. If I did not think it had been Anne

Page. I would I might never stir!—and 'tis a

Slender. master's boy.

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Slender. when I took a boy for a girl. If I had

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Mrs. Page. Why, Sir John, do you though we would have thrust virtue

Ford. hearts by the head and shoulders, given ourselves without scruple to

Page. ever the devil could have made you light?

Ford. What, a hedge-pudding!

Mrs. Page. A pulled man? [able]

Page. Old, cold, withered, and of

Ford. And one that is as sland

Page. And as poor as Job!

Ford. And as wicked as his wife!

Eva. And given to fornications, taverns, and sack, and wine, and me

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Ford. Marry, sir, we'll bring you

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MEASURE FOR MEASURE.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Vincentio, *Duke of Vienna.*
 Angelo, *Lord Deputy in the Duke's absence.*
 Escalus, *an ancient Lord, joined with Angelo in the deputation.*
 Claudio, *a young Gentleman.*
 Lucio, *a Fantastic.*
 Two other like Gentlemen.
 Varrius, *a Gentleman attending on the Duke.*
 Provost.
 Thomas, } *two Friars.*
 Peter, }
 A Justice.

Elbow, *a simple Constable.*
 Froth, *a foolish Gentleman.*
 Clown; *a Servant to Mistress Overdone.*
 Abhorson, *an Executioner.*
 Barnardine, *a dissolute Prisoner.*
 Isabella, *sister to Claudio.*
 Mariana, *betrothed to Angelo.*
 Juliet, *beloved of Claudio.*
 Francisca, *a Nun.*
 Mistress Overdone, *a Bawd.*
 Lords, Officers, Citizens, Boy, and

SCENE, — Vienna.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*An Apartment in the Duke's Palace.**Enter Duke, Escalus, Lords, and Attendants.**Duke.* Escalus,— *Escal.* My lord?*Duke.* Of government the properties to unfold,

Would seem in me t'affect speech and dis-

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 re-

mains, [able;

But that to your sufficiency, as your worth is

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 hither,

I say, bid come before us Angelo.—

[Exit an Attendant.

What figure of us think you he will bear?

For, you must know, we have with special soul

Elected him our absence to supply;

Lent him our terror, drest him with our love;

And given his deputation all the organs

Of our own power. What think you of it?

Escal. If any in Vienna be of worth

To undergo such ample grace and honour,

It is lord Angelo.

Duke. Look where he comes.*Enter Angelo.**Ang.* Always obedient to your grace's will,

I come to know your pleasure.

Duke. Angelo,

There is a kind of character in thy life,

That, to th' observer, doth thy history

Fully unfold. Thyself and thy beloved

Are not thine own so proper, as to war

Thyself upon thy virtues, them on thee

Heaven doth with us, as we with torches

Not light them for themselves; for if our

Did not go forth of us, 'twere all alike

As if we had them not. Spirits are made

touch'd,

But to fine issues; nor nature never

The smallest scruple of her excellency

But, like a thrifty goddess, she detour

Herself the glory of a creditor.—

Both thanks and use. But I do b

To one that can my part in him advert

Hold, therefore, Angelo:

[Tendering his commission

In our remove, be thou at full yourself;

Mortality and mercy in Vienna

Live in thy tongue and heart. Old E

Though first in question, is thy second

Take thy commission.

Ang. Now, good m

Let there be some more test made of my

Before so noble and so great a figure

Be stamp'd upon it.

Duke. No more evasion

We have with a heaven'd and prepared

Proceeded to you; therefore take your

Our haste from hence is of so quick con

That it prefers itself, and leaves unque

Matters of needful value. We shall w

you,

As time and our concernings shall imp

How it goes with us; and do look to k

What doth befall you here. So, fare yo

To the hopeful execution do I leave yo

Of your commissions.

Yet, give leave, my lord,
we may bring you something on the way.
My haste may not admit it;
need you, on mine honour, have to do
any scruple: your scope is as mine own,
enforce or qualify the laws
your soul seems good. Give me your
rively away. I love the people, [hand:
do not like to stage me to their eyes:
ugh it do well, I do not relish well
loud applause and *aves* vehement;
do I think the man of safe discretion,
does affect it. Once more, fare you well.
ng. The heavens give safety to your pur-
poses! [happiness!
Lead forth, and bring you back in
uke. I thank you. Fare you well. [Exit.
I shall desire you, sir, to give me leave
have free speech with you; and it concerns
look into the bottom of my place: [me
power I have, but of what strength and nature
n not yet instructed. [together,
ing. 'Tis so with me. Let us withdraw
we may soon our satisfaction have
aching that point.

I'll wait upon your honour.
[Exit.

SCENE II.—A Street.

Enter Lucio and two Gentlemen.

Lucio. If the duke, with the other dukes,
be not to composition with the king of
Hungary, why then, all the dukes fall upon
the king.

1 Gent. Heaven grant us its peace, but not
2 Gent. Amen. [the king of Hungary's]

Lucio. Thou concludest like the sanctimonious
pirate, that went to sea with the ten com-
mandments, but scraped one out of the table.

2 Gent. "Thou shalt not steal!"

Lucio. Ay, that he razed.

1 Gent. Why, 'twas a commandment to
obey the captain and all the rest from
our functions: they put forth to steal.

There's not a soldier of us all, that, in the
unforgiving before meat, doth relish the peti-
on well that prays for peace.

2 Gent. I never heard any soldier dislike it.

Lucio. I believe thee; for I think thou never
eat where grace was said.

2 Gent. No! a dozen times at least.

1 Gent. What, in metre? [grace.

Lucio. In any proportion, or in any lan-
1 Gent. I think, or in any religion.

Lucio. Ay; why not? Grace is grace, de-
state of all controversy: as, for example,—
ou thyself art a wicked villain, despite of all
grace.

1 Gent. Well, there want but a pair of shears
Lucio. I grant; as there may between the
the and the velvet: thou art the list.

1 Gent. And thou the velvet: thou art good
velvet; thou art a three-piled piece, I warrant
so. 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. [have I not?

1 Gent. I think I have done myself wrong,

2 Gent. Yes, that thou hast, whether thou
art intsted, or free.

Lucio. Behold, behold, where madam Mit-
igation comes! I have purchased as many
diseases under her roof, as come to—

2 Gent. To what, I pray? Lucio. Judge.

2 Gent. To three thousand dollars a year.

1 Gent. Ay, and more.

Lucio. A French crown more.

1 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.

1 Gent. How now! Which of your hips
has the most profound sciatica?

Mrs. Ov. Well, well; there's one yonder
arrested and carried to prison, was worth five
thousand of you all.

2 Gent. Who's that, I pray thee? [Claudio.

Mrs. Ov. Marry, sir, that's Claudio, signior

1 Gent. Claudio to prison! 'tis not so.

Mrs. Ov. Nay, but I know 'tis so: I saw
him arrested; saw him carried away; and,
which is more, within these three days his
head is to be chopped off.

Lucio. But, after all this fooling, I would
not have it so. Art thou sure of this?

Mrs. Ov. I am too sure of it; and it is for
getting madam Julietta with child.

Lucio. Believe me, this may be; he pro-
mised to meet me two hours since, and he was
ever precise in promise-keeping.

2 Gent. Besides, you know, it draws some-
thing near to the speech we had to such a
purpose. [proclamation.

1 Gent. But most of all, agreeing with the
Lucio. Away! let's go learn the truth of it.

[Exit Lucio and Gentlemen.

Mrs. Ov. Thus, what with the war, what
with the sweat, what with the gallows, and
what with poverty, I am custom-shrunk.

Enter Clown.

How now! what's the news with you?

Clo. Yonder man is carried to prison.

Mrs. Ov. Well; what has he done?

Clo. A woman.

Mrs. Ov. But what's his offence?

Clo. Groping for trout in a peculiar river.

Mrs. Ov. What, is there a maid with child
by him?

Clo. No; but there's a woman with maid
by him. You have not heard of the proclama-
tion, have you?

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,
Governs Lord Angelo; a man whose blood
Is very snow-broth; one who never feels
The wanton stings and motions of the sense,
But doth rebate and blunt his natural edge
With profits of the mind, study and fast.
He (to give fear to use and liberty,
Which have, for long, run by the hideous law,
As nice 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. He's censur'd 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
All their petitions are as freely theirs [kneel,
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:
Commend 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. [Exit.

ACT II.

SCENE I.—A Hall in Angelo's House.

Enter Angelo, Escalus, a Justice, Provost,
Officers, and other Attendants.

Ang. We must not make a scare-crow 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 coher'd with place, or I
wishing,
Or that the resolute acting of your
Could have attain'd th' effect of
purpose,

Whether you had not, some time
Err'd in this point which now you
And pull'd the law upon you.

Ang. 'Tis one thing to be tempted,
Another thing to fall. I not deny,
The jury, passing on the prisoner's life,
May in the sworn twelve have a thief
Guiltier than him they try. What
made to justice,

That justice seizes: what know the
That thieves do pass on thieves?
pregnant,

The jewel that we find, we stoop and
Because we see it; but what we do
We tread upon, and never think of it.

You may not so extenuate his offence
For I have had such faults; but rather
When I, that censure him, do so offend,
Let mine own judgment pattern out
And nothing come in partial. Sir, he

Escal. Be it as your wisdom will.

Ang. Where is the

Prov. Here, if it like your honouring

Ang. See that he
Be executed by nine to-morrow morning;
Bring him his confessor, let him be
For that's the utmost of his pilgrimage.

Escal. Well, heaven forgive him!
give us all!

Some rise by sin, and some by virtue
Some run from brakes of vice, and
none;

And some condemned for a fault alone.

Enter Elbow, Froth, Clown, Officer, &c.

Elb. Come, bring them away. I
good people in a common-weal, that
thing but use their abuses in common;

I know no law: bring them away.

Ang. How now, sir! What's your

and what's the matter?

Elb. If it please your honour, I
poor duke's constable, and my name

I do lean upon justice, sir; and do
here before your good honour two
benefactors.

Ang. Benefactors! Well; what be
are they? are they not malefactors?

Elb. If it please your honour, I
well what they are: but precise vill
are, that I am sure of; and void of
sanation in the world that good

ought to have.

Escal. This comes off well: here
Ang. Go to: what quality are
Elbow is your name? why dost
speak, Elbow?

Cl. He cannot, sir; he's out at
Ang. What are you, sir?

e, sir! a tapster, sir; parcel-bowed;
 serves a bad woman; whose house, sir,
 they say, plucked down in the suburbs;
 she professes a hot-house, which, I
 a very ill house too.

How know you that?

ly wife, sir, whom I detest before
and your honour,—

How! thy wife! [honest woman,—
y, sir; whom, I thank heaven, is an
Dost thou detest her therefore?

say, sir, I will detest myself also, and she, that this house, if it be not a curse, it is a pity of her life, for it is a house.

How dost thou know that, con-
sular, sir, by my wife; who, if she
a woman cardinally given, might
an accused in fornication, adultery,
uncleanliness there.

By the woman's means I

“Ay, sir, by mistress Overdone’s means
he spit in his face, so she dashed him.

But, if it please your honour, this is no

Prove it before these varlets here, thou
ble man; prove it.

[To Angelo.] Do you hear how I
Sir, she came in, great with child, and
(saying your honour's reverence) for
prunes, sir;—we had but two in the
which at that very distant time stood
ere, in a fruit dish, a dish of some
age;—your honours have seen and
they are not China dishes, but ver-
dishes.—

— Go to, go to: no matter for the dish. No, indeed, sir, not of a pin; you are in the right;—but to the point. As mistress Elbow, being, as I say, with a great belly'd, and longing, and for prunes; and having but two in the house, I said, master Froth here, this evening having eaten the rest, as I said, and, for paying for them very honestly,—for I know, master Froth, I could not give my conscience again.—

No, indeed,

Very well;—you being then, if you liked, numbered, cracking the stones of the four corners.—

h. Ay, so I did, indeed.

Why, very well;—I telling you then, remembered, that such a one, and one, were past cure of the thing you unless they kept very good diet, as All this is true.

Why, very well then.

What was done to her.

Sir, your honour cannot come to the

16. No, sir, nor I mean it not. [S

Cla. Sir, but you shall come to it, by your honour's leave. And, I beseech you, look into master Froth here, sir; a man of four-score pound a year; whose father died at Hallowmas:—was't not at Hallowmas, master *Froth*. All-hallownd eve. [*Froth*—]

Clo. Why, very well; I hope here be truths. He, sir, sitting, as I say, in a lower chair, sir;—'twas in the Bunch of Grapes, where, indeed, you have a delight to sit. Have you not?

Froth. I have no; because it is an open room, and good for winter. [trials]

Ang. This will last out a night in Russia.

When nights are longest there: I'll take my
leave,
And leave you to the hearing of the cause:
Hoping you'll find good cause to whip them all.

Now, sir, come on; what was done to Elbow's wife, once more? Over once.

Elb. I beseech you, sir, ask him what this

Clo. I beseech your honour, ask me. [her

Clo. I beseech you, sir, look in this gentle

man's face.—Good master Froth, look upon
his honour; 'tis for a good purpose.—Doll

Escal. Ay, sir, very well.

Clo. Nay, I beseech you, mark it well.
Escal. Well, I do so. [face
Clo. Doth your honour see any harm in his
Escal. Why no.

Clo. I'll be supposed upon a book, his face is the worst thing about him. Good, then:

his face be the worst thing about him, how could master Froth do the constable's wife any harm? I would know that of your honour.

Escal. He's in the right,—Constable, what say you to it?

E/b. First, an it like you, the house is
respected house; next, this is a respected fe

low; and his mistress is a respected woman.
 Clo. By this hand, sir, his wife is a mo-

respected person than any of us all.

varlet. The time is yet to come that she will be ever respected with man, woman, or child.

Q. Clo, Sir, she was respected with him, before
if he married with her.

Elb. Marry, I thank your good worship for it. What let your worship's pleasure I shall do with this wicked calf?

Escal. Truly, 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. [Of, sir?]

Escal. So.—[To Clown.] What trade are you?

Clo. A tapster; a poor widow's tapster.

Escal. Your mistress' name?

Clo. Mistress Overdone.

Escal. Hath she had any more than one husband?

Clo. Nine, sir; Overdone by the last.

Escal. Nine!—Come hither to me, master Froth. Master Froth, I would not have you acquainted with tapsters: they will draw you, master Froth, and you will hang them. Get you gone, and let me hear no more of you.

Froth. I thank your worship. For mine own part, I never come into any room in a taphouse, but I am drawn in.

Escal. Well, no more of it, master Froth: farewell. [Exit Froth.]—Come you hither to me, master tapster. What's your name, master tapster?

Clo. Pompey.

Clo. Bum, sir.

Escal. Troth, and your bum is the greatest thing about you; so that, in the beastliest sense, you are Pompey the great. Pompey, you are partly a bawd, Pompey, howsoever you colour it in being a tapster. Are you not? come, tell me true: it shall be the better for you.

Clo. Truly, sir, I am a poor fellow that would live.

Escal. How would you live, Pompey? by being a bawd? What do you think of the trade, Pompey? is it a lawful trade?

Clo. If the law would allow it, sir.

Escal. But the law will not allow it, Pompey; nor it shall not be allowed in Vienna.

Clo. Does your worship mean to geld and spay all the youth of the city?

Escal. No, Pompey.

Clo. Truly, sir, in my poor opinion, they will to't then. If your worship will take order for the drabs and the knaves, you need not to fear the bawds.

Escal. There are pretty orders beginning, I can tell you: it is but hanging and hanging.

Clo. If you head and hang all that offend that way but for ten year together, you'll be glad to give out a commission for more heads: if this law hold in Vienna ten year, I'll rent the fairest house in it after three years a bay:

if you live to see this come to pass.

Pompey told you so.

Escal. Thank you, good Pompey. I requital of your prophecy, bawd, advise you, let me not find you before upon any complaint whatsoever; dwelling where you do: if I do, shall beat you to your tent, and your bed.

Clo. I thank your worship for it. I shall be done, sir, with the groaning very near her hour.

Escal. I thank your worship for it. I shall be done, sir, with the groaning very near her hour.

Clo. I thank your worship for it. I shall be done, sir, with the groaning very near her hour.

Escal. Come hither to me, master comes hither, master constable.

Elb. Seven year and a half, sir.

Escal. I thought, by your ready office, you had continued in it.

Elb. And a half, sir.

Escal. Alas, it hath been great you! They do you wrong to put upon't. Are there not men in it sufficient to serve it?

Elb. Faith, sir, few of any way matters; as they are chosen, they choose me for them; I do it for some money, and go through with all.

Escal. Look you bring me in the some six or seven, the most sufficient.

Elb. To your worship's house, sir.

Escal. To my house. Fare you.

What's o'clock, think you?

Just. Eleven, sir.

Escal. I pray you home to dinner.

Just. I humbly thank you.

Escal. It grieves me for the But there is no remedy.

Just. Lord Angelo is severe.

Escal. Mercy is not itself, that oft looks on Pardon is still the nurse of second thoughts.

But yet, poor Claudio!—There is no Come, sir.

SCENE II.—Another Room in Angelo's Palace.

Enter Provost and a Servant.

Serv. He's hearing of a cause, my lord.

Prov. Pray you, do. [Exit Servant.]

His pleasure; may be he will relent too cold; if you should need a pin, I say.

Must he needs die?

Enter Angelo.

Ang. Now, what's the matter?

Is it your will Claudio shall die?

Ang. Did I not tell thee, yet? hadst thou almost thou ask again?

Just. Lest I might be too rash; after execution, judgment hath sent o'er his doom.

Ang. Go to; let that be mine: you your office, or give up your place, you shall well be spared.

Just. I crave your honour's pardon.—I shall be done, sir, with the groaning very near her hour.

Ang. Dispose of her: that with speed.

Just. Here is the sister of the man comes access to you.

Ang. Hath he a sister?

Just. Ay, my good lord; a very virtuous one, to be shortly of a sisterhood.

Ang. Well, let her be admitted.

Just. On the fornicatress be remov'd: or have needful, but not lavish, means; shall be order for it.

Enter Isabella and Lucio.

Isa. Save your honour! [Offering to retire.] Stay a little while.—[To Isa.] You're welcome: what's your will?

Luc. I am a woeful suitor to your honour, but your honour hear me.

Isa. Well; what's your suit?

Luc. There is a vice, that most I do abhor, which I must not plead, but that I must; which I must not plead, but that I am a twit will and will not.

Isa. I have a brother is condemn'd to die: I beseech you, let it be his fault, not my brother's.

Luc. [Aside.] Heaven give thee moving graces!

Isa. Condemn the fault, and not the actor's mercy.

Luc. Pardon is still the nurse of second thoughts.

Isa. But yet, poor Claudio!—There is no Come, sir.

Ang. Mercy is not itself, that oft looks on Pardon is still the nurse of second thoughts.

Isa. But yet, poor Claudio!—There is no Come, sir.

Ang. Mercy is not itself, that oft looks on Pardon is still the nurse of second thoughts.

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Isa. But yet, poor Claudio!—There is no Come, sir.

Ang. Mercy is not itself, that oft looks on Pardon is still the nurse of second thoughts.

Isa. Yes; I do think that you might pardon him, [mercy.]

And neither heaven, nor man, grieve at the Ang. I will not do't.

Isa. But can you if you would? Ang. Look; what I will not, that I cannot do.

Isa. But might you do't, and do the If so your heart were touch'd with that remorse As mine is to him?

Ang. He's sentenc'd; 'tis too late. *Isa.* [Aside to Isa.] You are too cold. *Isa.* 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 slept like him; but he, like you, Would not have been so stern.

Ang. Pray you, be gone. *Isa.* I would to heaven I had your patience, And you were Isabel! should it then be thus? No; I would tell what 'twere to be a judge, And what a prisoner. [There's the vein.]

Lucio. [Aside to Isa.] Ay, touch him: Ang. Your brother is a forfeit of the law, And you but waste your words.

Isa. Why, all the souls that were, were forfeit once; And he that might the vantage best have took, Found out the remedy. How would you be, If he, which is the top of judgment, should But judge you as you are? O! think on that; And mercy then will breathe within your lips, Like man new made.

Ang. Be you content, fair maid; It is the law, not I, condemns your brother: Were he my kinsman, brother, or my son, It should be thus with him: he must die to-morrow. [Him, spare him!—]

Isa. To-morrow! O, that's sudden! Spare him; he's not prepar'd for death. Even for our kitchens [Heaven]

We kill the fowl of season: shall we serve With less respect than we do minister To our gross selves? Good, good my lord, bethink you.

Who is it that hath died for this offence? There's many have committed it.

Lucio. [Aside to Isa.] 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 th' edict infringe, Had answer'd for his deed; now 'tis awake; Takes note of what is done; and, like a prophet,

Looks in a glass, that shows what future evils (Either new, or by remissness new-conceiv'd, And so in progress to be hatch'd and born,) will

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 sentence,

And he that suffers. O! it is excellent
To have a giant's strength; but it is tyrannous
To use it like a giant.

Lucio. [Aside to *Isab.*] That's well said.

Isab. Could great men thunder
As Jove himself does, Jove would ne'er be quiet;
For every petting, petty officer,
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!
Drest in a little brief authority,—
Most ignorant of what he's most assur'd,
His glassy essence,—like an angry ape,
Plays such fantastic tricks before high heaven,
As make the angels weep; who, with our spleens,

Would all themselves laugh mortal.

Lucio. [Aside to *Isab.*] O, to him, to him,
wench! he will relent:

His coming: I perceive't.
Prov. [Aside.] Pray heaven, she win him!

Isab. We cannot weigh our brother with
Great men may jest with saints; 'tis wit in
But, in the less, foul profanation.

Lucio. [Aside to *Isab.*] Thou'rt in the right,
girl: more o' that.

Isab. That in the captain's but a choleric
Which in the soldier is flat blasphemy.

Lucio. [Aside to *Isab.*] Art advis'd o' that?
more o'nt.

Ang. Why do you put these sayings upon
Isab. Because authority, though it err like
Hath yet a kind of medicine in itself, [others,
That skins the vice o' the top. Go to your bosom;

Knock there, and ask your heart what it doth
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. She speaks, and 'tis
Such sense that my sense breeds with it. Fare

Isab. Gentle my lord, turn back, [you well,
Ang. I will bethink me: come again to-morrow.

Isab. Hark how I'll bribe you: good my
Ang. How! bribe me!

Isab. Ay, with such gifts that
share with you.

Lucio. [Aside to *Isab.*] You had
else.

Isab. Not with fond shekels of
Or stones, whose rates are either
As fancy values them; but with
That shall be up at heaven, and
Ere sun-rise,—prayers from
From fasting maids, whose minds
To nothing temporal.

Ang. Well; come to me
Lucio. [Aside to *Isab.*] Go to
away!

Isab. Heaven keep your honour
Ang. [Aside.]

For I am that way going to tempt
Where prayers cross.

Isab. At what hour to-morrow
Shall I attend your lordship?

Ang. At any time
Isab. Save your honour!

[Exit *Isabella*, *Lucio*, and
Ang. From thee; even from thy
What's this, what's this! Is this

mine!

The tempter or the tempted, who
Not she; nor doth she tempt: but
That lying by the violet in the sun,

Do, as the carrion does, not as the sun,
Corrupt with virtuous season. Can
That modesty may more betray our

Than woman's lightness? Have
ground enough,

Shall we desire to raze the sanctuary
And pitch our evils there? O, fie,
What dost thou, or what art thou?

Dost thou desire her foully for thy
That make her good? O, let her
Thieves for their robbery have

When judges steal themselves. What
love her,

That I desire to hear her speak
And feast upon her eyes? What
O cunning enemy, that, to catch a

With saints dost bait thy hook!
gerous

Is that temptation, that doth good
To sin in loving virtue. Never

strumpet,
With all her double vigour, art thou

Once stir my temper; but this vice
Subdues me quite:—ever, till now,

When men were fond, I smil'd, and
how.

SCENE III.—A Room in a
Enter Duke, disguised as a Friar.

Provost.

Duke. Hail to you, provost, so
are.

Prov. I am the provost. What
Duke. Bound by my charity, and

I come to visit the afflicted spirits

in the prison. Do me the common right
let me see them, and to make me know
nature of their crimes, that I may minister
them accordingly.

Prov. I would do more than that, if more
le, here comes one,—a gentlewoman of

mine,
so, falling in the flaws of her own youth,

blister'd her report: she is with child;
he that got it, sentenc'd—a young man

Ere sun-rise,—prayers from
From fasting maids, whose minds
die for this.

Enter Juliet.
Juliet. When must he die?

Prov. As I do think, to-morrow.—
[Juliet] I have provided for you: stay a

you shall be conducted. [wide,
Juliet. Repent you, fair one, of the sin you

carry?
I do; and bear the shame most

Juliet. I'll teach you how you shall arraign
your conscience,

try your penitence, if it be sound,
hollowly put on.

Juliet. I'll gladly learn.
Prov. Love you the man that wrong'd you?

Juliet. Yes, as I love the woman that
wrong'd him.

Prov. So then, it seems, your most offence
mutually committed?

Juliet. Then was your sin of heavier kind
than his.

Prov. I do confess it, and repeat it, father.
Juliet. 'Tis meet so, daughter: but lest you

do repent, [shame,—
that the sin hath brought you to this

which sorrow is always toward ourselves, not
heaven,

wing, we would not spare heav'n, as we
as we stand in fear,—

Juliet. I do repent me, as it is an evil,
take the shame with joy.

Prov. There rest,
partner, as I hear, must die to-morrow,

And feast upon her eyes? What
I am going with instruction to him.

go with you! *Benedicite!* [Exit.
Juliet. Must die to-morrow! O injurious

law,
respite me a life, whose very comfort

is a dying horror!
Prov. 'Tis pity of him. [Exit.

SCENE IV.—A Room in Angelo's House.
Enter Angelo.

Ang. When I would pray and think, I think
and pray

several subjects. Heaven hath my empty
lora on Isabel: heaven in my mouth,

I did but only chew his name;
in my heart the strong and swelling evil

my conception. The state, wherein I
studied,

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is like a good thing, being often read,
Grown sear'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 wisest souls
To thy false seeming! Blood, thou art blood!
Let's write good angel on the devil's horn,
'Tis not the devil's crest.

Enter Servant.
How now! who's there?

Serv. One Isabel, a sister,
Desires access to you.

Ang. Teach her the way. [Exit Servant.
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?

[swoons;
So play the foolish throngs with one that
Come all to help him, and so stop the air

By which he should revive: and even so
The general, subject to a well-wish'd king,

Quit their own part, and in obsequious fond-
ness

[Jove
Crowd to his presence, where their untaught
Must needs appear offence.

Enter Isabella.
How now, fair maid!

Isab. I am come to know your pleasure.
Ang. That you might know it, would much

better please me, [cannot live,
Than to demand what 'tis. Your brother

Isab. Even so,—Heaven keep your honour!
[Relining.

Ang. Yet may he live a while; and, it may
As long as you, or I: yet he must die. [be,

Isab. Under your sentence!
Ang. Yea.

[reproach,
Isab. When, I beseech you! that in his
longer or shorter, he may be so fitted,

That his soul sicken not. [good
Ang. Ha! Fie, these filthy veils! It were as

To pardon him, that hath from nature stolen
A man already made, as to remit [image

Their saucy sweetness, that do coin heaven's
In stamps that are forbid: 'tis all as easy

Falsely to take away a life true made,
As to put metal in restrained means,

To make a false one. [earth.
Isab. 'Tis set down so in heaven, but not in

Ang. Say you so? then I shall pose you
quickly.

Which had you rather,—that the most just law
Now took your brother's life; or, to redeem

him,
Give up your body to such sweet uncleanness

As she that he hath stain'd?
Isab. Sir, believe this,

I had rather give my body than my soul.
Ang. I talk not of your soul. Our compell'd

Stand more for number than for account. [sins

Isab. How say you?
Ang. Nay, I'll not warrant that; for I can speak

Against the thing I say. Answer to this:—
 I, now the voice of the recorded law,
 Pronounce a sentence on your brother's life:
 Might there not be a charity in sin,
 To save this brother's life?

Isab. Please you to do't,
 I'll take it as a peril to my soul,
 It is no sin at all, but charity.

Ang. Pleas'd you to do't, at peril of your
 Were equal poise of sin and charity.

Isab. That I do beg his life, if it be sin,
 Heaven let me bear it! you granting of my
 suit,

If that be sin, I'll make it my morn-prayer
 To have it added to the faults of mine,
 And nothing of your answer.

Ang. Nay, but hear me.
 Your sense pursues not mine: either you are
 ignorant,

Or seem so, craftily; and that's not good.
Isab. Let me be ignorant, and in nothing
 good,

But graciously to know I am no better.
Ang. Thus wisdom wishes to appear most
 bright.

When it doth tax itself; as these black masks
 Proclaim and ensnail beauty ten times louder
 Than beauty could, display'd.—But mark me;
 To be received plain, I'll speak more gross:
 Your brother is to die.

Isab. So.
Ang. And his offence is so, as it appears,
 Accountant to the law upon that pain.

Isab. True.
Ang. Admit no other way to save his life,
 (as I subscribe not that, nor any other,
 But in the loss of question,) that you, his sister,
 Finding yourself desir'd of such a person,
 Whose credit with the judge, or own great
 place,

Could fetch your brother from the manacles
 Of the all-binding 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 suppos'd, or else to let him suffer;
 What would you do?

Isab. As much for my poor brother, as
 That is, were I under the terms of death,
 Till impression of keen whips I'd wear as
 And strip myself to death, as to a bad rubric,
 That, longing, I've been sick for, ere I'd yield
 My body up to shame.

Ang. Then must
 Your brother die.

Isab. And 'twere the cheaper way:
 Rather 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
 That you have slander'd so?

Isab. Ignomy in ransom, and free pardon,
 Are of two houses: lawful mercy is

Nothing akin to foul redemption.
Ang. You seem'd of late to make
 And rather prov'd the sliding of your
 A merriment, than a vice.

Isab. O, pardon me, my lord; if it
 To have what we would have, we
 what we mean!

I something do excuse the thing I do
 For his advantage that I dearly love.

Ang. We are all frail.
Isab. Else let my lord
 If not a feodary, but only he,

Owe, and succeed thy weakness.
Ang. Nay, women are
 stronger

Isab. Ay, as the glasses where
 themselves;
 Which are as easy broke as they make
 Women!—Help heaven! men think
 mar

In profling by them. Nay, call me
 For we are soft as our complexion,
 And credulous to false prints.

Ang. I think
 And from this testimony of your own
 (Blame, I suppose, we are made
 stronger

Than faults may shake our frames;
 I do arrest your words. Be that you
 That is, a woman; if you be more, you
 If you be one, (as you are well express'd
 By all external warrants,) show it me
 By putting on the destin'd livery.

Isab. I have no tongue but one's
 lord,
 Let me entreat you speak the
Ang. Plainly conceive, I love you.

Isab. My brother did love Juliet;
 That he shall die for't.

Ang. He shall not, Isabel, if you
Isab. I know, your virtue hath a
 Which seems a little fouler than it
 To pluck on others.

Ang. Believe me, on mine
 My words express my purpose.

Isab. Ha! little honour to be murther'd
 And most pernicious purpose!—
 seeming!

I will proclaim thee, Angelo; look for't!
 Sign me a present pardon for my brother
 Or with an outstretch'd throat I'll tell
 Aload what man thou art.

Ang. Who will believe thee?
 My unsold name, the austereness of
 My vouch against you, and my place?
 Will so your accusation outweigh
 That you shall stifle in your own report,
 And smell of calumny. I have begun
 And now I give my sensual race the
 Fit thy consent to my sharp appetite.
 Lay by all nicety and prolixious blushes,
 That banish what they see for; red
 brother

By yielding up thy body to my will;
 Or else he must not only die the death

thy unkindness shall his death draw out
 lingering sufferance. Answer me to-morrow,
 by the affection that now guides me most,
 prove a tyrant to him. As for you,
 what you can, my horse o'erweighs your
 true.

Isab. To whom should I complain? Did I
 tell this,
 so would believe me? O perilous months!
 I bear in them one and the self-same tongue,
 her of condemnation or approval;
 ding the law make court'ay to their will;
 doing both right and wrong to th' appetite,
 follow as it draws. I'll to my brother:
 though he hath fallen by prompture of the
 blood,

hath he in him such a mind of honour,
 as, had he twenty heads to tender down
 twenty bloody blocks, he'd yield them up,
 two his sister should her body sleep
 such abhor'd pollution.

Isab. Live chaste, and, brother, die:
 n, Isabel, live chaste, and, brother, die:
 than our brother is our chastity.
 tell him yet of Angelo's request,
 fit his mind to death, for his soul's rest.

[Exit.]

Thou bear'st thy heavy riches but a journey,
 And death unloads thee. Friend hast thou
 none;

For thine own bowels, which do call thee sire,
 The mere effusion of thy proper loins,
 Do curse the gout, serpigo, and the rheum,
 For ending thee no sooner. Thou hast nor
 youth nor age;

But, as it were, an after-dinner's sleep,
 Dreaming on both; for all thy blessed youth
 Becomes as aged, and doth beg the alms
 Of palsied old: and when thou art old and
 rich,

Thou hast neither heat, affection, limb, nor
 To make thy riches pleasant. What's yet in this
 That bears the name of life? Yet in this life
 Lie hid more thousand deaths: yet death we
 That makes these odds all even.

[Exit.] I humbly thank you.
 To me to live, I find I seek to die;
 And, seeking death, find life: let it come on.

[Enter Isabella.]
Isab. What ho! Peace here; grace and
 good company!

Prov. Who's there? come in: the wish
 deserves a welcome.

Duke. Dear sir, ere long I'll visit you again.
Claud. Most holy sir, I thank you.
Isab. My business is a word or two with
 Claudio.

Prov. And very welcome.—Look, signior;
Duke. Provost, a word with you.
Prov. As many as you please.

Duke. Bring me to hear them speak, where
 I may be conceal'd.

[Exit Duke and Provost.]
Claud. Now, sister, what's the comfort?
Isab. Why

As all comforts are; most good, most good
 Lord Angelo, having affairs to heaven, [indeed;
 intends you for his swift ambassador,
 Where you shall be an everlasting leiger:
 Therefore, your best appointment make with
 To-morrow you set on.

Claud. Is there no remedy?
Isab. None, but such remedy, as, to save a
 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 suffer you till death.

Claud. Perpetual duration?
Isab. Ay, just; perpetual duration,—a re-
 straint,

Though all the world's vastidity you had,
 To a determin'd scope.

Claud. But in what nature?
Isab. In such a one as (you consenting to't)
 Would bark your honour from that trunk you
 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 sufferance finds a pang as great
As when a giant dies.

Claudio. Why give you me this shame?
Think you I can a resolution fetch
From flowery tenderness. If I must die,
I will encounter darkness as a bride,
And hug it in my arms. [Father's grave]

Isab. There spake my brother: there my
Did utter forth a voice! Yes, thou must die:
Thou art too noble to conserve a life [deputy—
In base appliances. This outward-sainted
Whose settled visage and deliberate word
Nips youth in the head, and follies doth enmesh
As falcon doth the fowl—is yet a devil;
His fifth within being cast, he would appear
A pond as deep as hell.

Claudio. The princely Angelo?
Isab. O, 'tis the cunning liver of hell,
The damned'st body to invest and cover
In princely guards! Dost thou think,
If I would yield him my virginity, [Claudio,—
Thou mightst be freed.

Claudio. O heavens! It cannot be.
Isab. Yes, he would give't 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.

Claudio. Thou shalt not do't.
Isab. O! were it but my life,
I'd throw it down for your deliverance
As frankly as a pin.

Claudio. Thanks, dear Isabel.
Isab. Be ready, Claudio, for your death to-morrow.

Claudio. Yes.—Has he affections in him,
That thus can make him bite the law by the
nose,
When he would force it?—Sure, it is no sin;
Or of the deadly seven, it is the least.

Isab. Which is the least? [wise,
Claudio. If it were damnable, he being so
Why would he for the momentary trick
Be perjurably fin'd?—O Isabel!

Isab. What says my brother?
Claudio. Death is a fearful thing.
Isab. And shamed life a hateful. [where;
Claudio. Ay, but to die, and go we know not
To lie in cold obstruction, and to rot;
This sensible warm motion to become
A kneaded clod; and the delighted spirit
To bathe in fiery floods, or to reside
In 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 uncertain thoughts
Imagine howling!—'tis too horrible!
The weariest and most loathed worldly life
That age, ache, penury, and imprisonment

Can lay on nature, is a paradise
To what we fear of death.

Isab. Alas, alas!
Claudio. Sweet sister,
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 would be unlawfully born.
O faithless coward! O dishonest wretch!
Wilt thou be made a man out of my womb,
Is't not a kind of incest to take life
From thine own sister's shame? What should
Heaven shield, my mother play'd the whore
For such a warped slip of wilderness?
Ne'er issu'd from his blood. Take my
Die, perish! might but my bending
Relieve thee from thy fate, it should
I'll pray a thousand prayers for thee,
No word to save thee.

Claudio. Nay, hear me, Isabel.
Isab. Thy sin's not accidental, but a trade.
Mercy to thee would prove itself a sin.
'Tis best that thou diest quickly.

Claudio. O, hear me!
Re-enter Duke.
Duke. Vouchsafe a word, young
Isab. What is your will?
Duke. Might you dispense with your
I would by and by have some
you: the satisfaction I would require
wise your own benefit.

Isab. I have no superfluous words;
stay must be stolen out of other affairs
will attend you a while.

Duke. [Aside to Claudio.] How
overheard what hath passed between
your sister. Angelo had never the
corrupt her; only he hath made an
her virtue, to practise his judgment
disposition of natures: she, having
of honour in her, hath made him that
denial which he is most glad to receive
confessor to Angelo, and I know
true; therefore prepare yourself.
Do not satisfy your resolution with
are fallible: to-morrow you must
your knees, and make ready.

Claudio. Let me ask my sister part
so out of love with life, that I will
Duke. Hold you there: farewell.

Re-enter Provost.
Provost, a word with you.

Prov. What's your will, father?
Duke. That now you are come, you
gone. Leave me a while with the
mind promises with my habit no
touch her by my company.

Prov. In good time.
Duke. The hand that hath made
hath made you good: the goodness
cheap in beauty, makes beauty brief
ness: but grace, being the soul of

tion, shall keep the body of it ever fair.
assault that Angelo hath made to you,
and hath conveyed to my understanding;
but that frailty hath examples for his fall:
I should wonder at Angelo. How would
I do to content this substitute, and to save

Isab. I am now going to resolve him; I had
my brother die by the law, than my son
be unlawfully born. But O, how much
the good duke deceived in Angelo! If ever
return, and I can speak to him, I will open
lips in vain, or discover his government.

Duke. That shall not be much amiss; yet,
the matter now stands, he will avoid your
sation;—"he made trial of you only."
before, fasten your ear on my advising:
this love I have in doing good, a remedy
counts itself. I do make myself believe,
you may most uprightly do a poor
lady a merited benefit; redeem your
sister from the angry law; do no stain to
your own gracious person; and much please
absent duke, if peradventure he shall ever
have hearing of this business.

Isab. Let me hear you speak further; I
am spirit to do anything that appears not
in the truth of my spirit.

Duke. Virtue is bold, and goodness never
feigns. Have you not heard speak of Mariana,
sister of Frederick, the great soldier who
married at sea?

Isab. I have heard of the lady, and good
she went with her name.

Duke. She should this Angelo have married;
alliance to her by oath, and the nuptial
pointed: between which time of the con-
sation, and limit of the solemnity, her brother
Frederick was wrecked at sea, having in that
washed vessel the dowry of his sister. But
how heavily this befall to the poor gentle-
man: there she lost a noble and renowned
father, in his love toward her ever most kind
natural; with him, the portion and snow
fortune, her marriage-dowry; with both,
combine husband, this well-seeming
elo.

Isab. Can this be so? Did Angelo so leave
her? Left her in her tears, and dried not
of them with his comfort; swallowed his
whole, pretending, in her, discoveries of
honour: in few, bestow'd her on her own
satisfaction, which she yet wears for his sake;
he, a marble to her tears, is washed with
her, but remains not.

Isab. What a merit were it in death to take
poor maid from the world! What cor-
ruption in this life, that it will let this man
—But how out of this can she avail?

Duke. It is a rupture that you may easily
make; and the cure of it not only saves your
sister, but keeps you from dishonour in
Isab. Show me how, good father, [doing it.

Duke. This fore-named maid hath yet in

her the continuance of her first affection: his
unjust unkindness, that in all reason should
have quenched her love, hath, like an impediment
in the current, made it more violent and
unruly. Go you to Angelo; answer his re-
quiring 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, now follows all. We shall advise this
wronged maid to stand up your appointment,
go in your place; if the encounter acknow-
ledge itself hereafter, it may compel him to her
recompense: and here, by this, is your brother
saved, your honour untainted, the poor Mariana
advantaged, and the corrupt deputy sealed.
The maid will I frame, and make fit for his
attempt. If you think well to carry this, as
you may, the doubleness of the benefit defends
the deceit for 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 entreat you to his bed, give him prom-
ise of satisfaction. I will presently to St.
Luke's; there, at the moated grange, resides
this dejected Mariana. At that place call
upon me; and despatch with Angelo, that it
may be quickly.

Isab. I thank you for this comfort. Fare
you well, good father. [Exit.

SCENE II.—The Street before the Prison.
*Enter Duke as a Friar; to him Elbow, and
Officers, with Clown.*

Elb. Nay, if there be no remedy for it, but
that you will needs buy and sell man and wo-
men like beasts, we shall have all the world
drink brown and white bastard.

Duke. O heavens! what stuff is here?
Elb. 'Twas never merry world, since, of two
usuries, the merriest was put down, and the
worse allowed by order of law a farred gown
to keep him warm; and furred with fox and
lamb skins too, to signify, that craft, being
richer than innocence, stands for the facing.

Elb. Come your way, sir.—Bless you, good
father friar.

Duke. And you, good brother father. What
offence hath this man made you, sir?

Elb. Marry, sir, he hath offended the law;
and, sir, we take him to be a thief too, sir;
for we have found upon him, sir, a strange
pickle-lock, which we have sent to the deputy.

Duke. Fie, sirrah! a bawd, a wicked bawd!
The evil that thou callest to be done,
That is thy means to live. Do thou but think
What 'tis to cram a maw, or clothe a back,
From such a filthy vice: say to thyself,—
From their abominable and beastly touches

I drink, I eat, array myself, and live.
Canst thou believe thy living is a life,
So stinkingly depending? Go mend, go mend.
Clo. Indeed, it does stink in some sort, sir;
but yet, sir, I would prove—

Duke. Nay, if the devil have given thee
proofs for sin,
Thou wilt prove him.—Take him to prison, officer:
Correction and instruction must both work,
Ere this rude beast will profit.

Elb. He must before the deputy, sir; he has
given him warning. The deputy cannot abide
a whore-master; if he be a whore-monger, and
comes before him, he were as good go a rattle
on his errand.

Duke. That we were all, as some would
From our faults, as faults from seeming, free!
Elb. His neck will come to your waist,—a
cord, sir.

Clo. 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 tri-
umph! What—is there none of Pygmalion's
images, newly made woman, to be had now,
for putting the hand in the pocket and ex-
tracting it clutched? What reply? ha! What
say'st thou to this tune, matter, and method?
Is't not drowned i' the last rain, ha! What
sayest thou to't? In 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 mis-
tress? Procures she still, ha?

Clo. 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 unhungged conse-
quence; it must be so. Art going to prison,
Pompey?

Clo. Yes, faith, sir.
Lucio. Why, 'tis not amiss, Pompey. Fare-
well. 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 im-
prisonment 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.

Clo. I hope, sir, your good worship will be.

Lucio. No, indeed will I not, Pompey; it is
not the wear. I will pray, Pompey, to in-
crease your bondage: if you take it not
patiently, why, your nattle is the more.
Adieu, trusty Pompey.—Bless you, friar.

Duke. And you.

Lucio. Does Bridget paint still, Pompey,
Elb. Come your ways, sir; come.

Clo. You will not bail me, then, sir!

Lucio. Then, Pompey! nor
news abroad, friar! What news!
Elb. Come your ways, sir; come.

Lucio. Go,—to kennel, Pompey!
[Exeunt Elbow, and Officers.]

What news, friar, of the duke?

Duke. I know none. Can you?

Lucio. Some say, he is with the
Russa; other some, he is in Rome.

Duke. I know not where; but I would
know where he is.

Lucio. It was a mad fantastical
to steal from the state, and usurp
he was never born to. Lord Angelo
well in his absence; he puts transgression

Duke. He does well in't.

Lucio. A little more lenity to lead
do no harm in him; something more
that way, friar.

Duke. It is too general a vice,
Lucio. Yes, in good sooth, the
great kludged; it is well allied; but
possible to extirp it quite, friar, till
drinking be put down. They say,
was not made by man and woman,
downright way of creation: is it true?

Duke. How should he be made,
Lucio. Some report, a sea-maid
him; some, that he was begot be-
stock-fishes. But it is certain, the
makes water, his urine is congealed

Duke. I know to be true; and he is a
generative; that's infallible.

Duke. You are pleasant, sir.

Lucio. Why, what a ruthless thing
in him, for the rebellion of a cold
away the life of a man! Would the
is absent have done this? Ere he
haunted a man for the getting a hun-
tards, he would have paid for the
thousand: he had some feeling of
he knew the service, and that insti-
to mercy.

Duke. I never heard the absent
detected for women; he was not in-
Lucio. O, sir, you are deceived.

Duke. 'Tis not possible.

Lucio. Who? not the duke? yes, your
gar of fifty; and his use was, to put
in her clack-dish: the duke had
him; he would be drunk too; that is
form you.

Duke. You do him wrong, surely.

Lucio. Sir, I was an inward of his
fellow was the duke; and, I believe,
the cause of his withdrawing.

Duke. What, I prythee, might he
Lucio. No,—pardon;—'tis a secret
looked within the teeth and the lips;
I can let you understand,—the great
the subject held the duke to be wise.

Duke. Wise! why, no question but
Lucio. A very superficial, ignorant
weighing fellow.

uke. Either this is envy in you, folly, or
siding: the very stream of his life, and the
ness he hath helmed, must, upon a war-
need, give him a better proclamation.
him be but festinated in his own being-
forth, and he shall appear to the envious,
tolar, a statesman, and a soldier. There-
you speak unskillfully; or, if your know-
be more, it is much darkened in your
eye.

Lucio. Sir, I know him, and I love him.

uke. Love talks with better knowledge,
knowledge with dearer love.

Lucio. Come, sir, I know what I know.

uke. I can hardly believe that, since you
do not what you speak. But, if ever the
return, (as our prayers are he may,) let
desire you to make your answer before
—if it be honest you have spoke, you have
age to maintain it: I am bound to call
you; and, I pray you, your name?

Lucio. Sir, my name is Lucio; well known
to the duke.

uke. He shall know you better, sir, if I
live to report you.

Lucio. I fear you not.

uke. O, you hope the duke will return no
or you imagine me too unwhimsical an
office. But, indeed, I can do you little
: you'll forswear this again.

Lucio. I'll be hanged first: thou art deceived
o, friar. But no more of this. Canst thou
if Claudio die to-morrow, or no?

uke. Why should he die, sir?

Lucio. Why, for filling a bottle with a tun-
and again: this ungentle agent will un-
do the province with continency; sparrows
not build in his house-caves, because they
are cheerful. The duke yet would have dark-
ness darkly answered; he would never bring
to light: would he were returned! Marry,
Claudio is condemned for untrussing.

uke. Well, good friar; I prythee, pray for me.
Fridays. He's now past it; yet, and I
to thee, he would mouth with a beggar,
th he smelt brown bread and garlic: say
I said so, Farewell.

Lucio. No might nor greatness in mortality
ensures 'scape: back-wounding calumny
whitest virtue strikes. What king so
strong,

he the gall up in the slanderous tongue?
who comes here?

*Enter Escalus, Provost, and Officers with
Mrs. Overdone.*

uke. Go; away with her to prison!

Mrs. O. Good my lord, be good to me;
honour is accounted a merciful man;
my lord.

uke. Double and treble admonition,
forfeit in the same kind! This would
mercy swear, and play the tyrant.

Prov. A bawd of eleven years' continuance,
may it please your honour.

Mrs. O. My lord, this is one Lucio's in-
formation against me. Mistress Kate Keep-
down 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 li-
cense:—let him be called before us.—Away
with her to prison!—Go to; no more words.

[Exeunt Officers with Mrs. Overdone.]

Prov. my brother Angelo will not be altered,
Claudio must die to-morrow: let him be fir-
mished with divines, and have all charitable
preparation; if my brother wrought by my
pity, it should not be so with him.

Prov. So please you, this fear hath been
with him, and advised him for the entertain-
ment of death.

Escal. Good even, good father.

Duke. Bless and goodness on you!

Escal. Of whence are you?

Duke. Not of this country, though my
chance is now

To use it for my time: I am a brother
Of gracious order, late come from the See,
In special business from his Holiness.

Escal. What news abroad i' the world?

Duke. None, but there is so great a fever
on goodness, that the dissolution of it must
cure it: novelty is only in request; and it is as
dangerous to be aged in any kind of course,
as it is virtuous to be constant in any under-
taking: there is scarce truth enough alive to
make societies secure; but security enough to
make fellowships accursed:—much upon this
riddle runs the wisdom of the world. This
news is old enough, yet it is every day's news.

I pray you, sir, of what disposition was the
duke?

Escal. One that, above all other strifes,
contended especially to know himself.

Duke. What pleasure was he given to?

Escal. Rather rejoicing to see another
merry, than merry at anything which pro-
fessed to make him rejoice: a gentleman of
all temperance. But leave we him to his
events, with a prayer they may prove prosper-
ous; and let me desire to know how you find
Claudio prepared. I am made to understand,
that you have lent him visitation.

Duke. He professes to have received no
sinister measure from his judge, but most wil-
lingly humbles himself to the determination of
justice; yet had he framed to himself, by the
instruction of his frailty, many deceiving pro-
mises 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 gentle-

man to the extremest shore of my modesty; but my brother justice have I found so severe, that he hath forced me to tell him, he is indeed—justice.

Duke. If his own life answer the straitness of his proceeding, it shall become him well; wherein if he chance to fail, he hath sentenced himself.

Escal. I am going to visit the prisoner. Fare you well. *Duke.* Peace be with you!

[*Exeunt Escalus and Provost.*]

He, who the sword of heaven will bear,
Should be as holy as severe;
Pattern in himself to know,
Grace to stand, and virtue go;
More nor less to others paying,
Than by self-offences weighing.
Shame to him, whose cruel striking
Kills for faults of his own liking!
Twice treble shame on Angelo,
To weed my vice, and let his grow!
O, what may man within him hide,
Though angel on the outward side!
How may likeness, made in crimes,
Making practice on the times,
To draw with idle spiders' strings
Most ponderous and substantial things!
Craft against vice I must apply,
With Angelo to-night shall lie
His old betrothed, but despis'd;
So disguise shall, by the disguis'd,
Pay with falsehood false exacting,
And perform an old contracting.

[*Exit.*]

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—*Before the moated Grange.*
Mariana discovered sitting; a Boy singing.

SONG.

*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 seal'd in vain,
Seal'd in vain.*

Mari. Break off thy song, and haste thee quick away:
Here comes a man of comfort, whose advice
Hath often still'd my brawling discontent.—
[*Exit Boy.*]

Enter Duke.

I cry you mercy, sir; and well could wish
You had not found me here so musical;
Let me excuse me, and believe me so,—
My mirth it much displeas'd, but pleas'd my woe.

Duke. 'Tis good; though music oft hath
such a charm
To make bad good, and good provoke to
harm.—

I pray you, tell me, hath anybody inquired for

me here to-day? much upon this
promised here to meet.

Mari. You have not been inquired
have sat here all day.

Duke. I do constantly believe
time is come, even now. I shall
forbearance a little; may be, I will
you anon, for some advantage to you.

Mari. I am always bound to you.
Enter Isabella.

Duke. Very well met, and welcome.
What is the news from this good day?

Isab. He hath a garden circum-
brick,

Whose western side is with a vineyard
And to that vineyard is a ploughed
That makes his opening with this
This other doth command a little
Which from the vineyard to the
There have I made my promise on
Middle of the night to call upon him
Duke. But shall you on your knowledge
this way!

Isab. I have taken a due and wary
With whispering and most guilty
In action all of precept, he did show
The way twice o'er.

Duke. Are there no other
Between you 'greed, concerning
ance?

Isab. No, none, but only a request
And that I have possess'd him my
Can be but brief: for I have made
I have a servant comes with me alone.
That stays upon me; whose persuasion,
I come about my brother.

Duke. 'Tis well. Do you call, sir?
I have not yet made known to Mariana.
A word of this.—What ho! within!

Re-enter Mariana.

I pray you, be acquainted with this
She comes to do you good.

Isab. I do desire
Duke. Do you persuade yourself
respect you?

Mari. Good friar, I know you do
Duke. Take, then, this your com-
the hand,

Who hath a story ready for your ear,
I shall attend your leisure: but must
The vaporous night approaches.

Mari. Will't please you
[*Exeunt Mariana and Duke.*]

Duke. O place and greatness! I
false eyes

Are stuck upon thee. Volumes of
Run with these false and most contriv'd
Upon thy doings! thousand 'scape-
Make thee the father of their idle
And rack thee in their fancies!

Re-enter Mariana and Isabella.
Welcome! How

Isab. She'll take the enterprise
If you advise it.

Duke. It is not my consent,
my entreaty too.

Isab. Little have you to say,
on you depart from him, but, soft and low,
inquire now my brother,

Mari. Fear me not.

Duke. Nor, gentle daughter, fear you not at
your husband on a pre-contract: full.
Join you thus together, 'tis no sin,
that the justice of your title to him
a flourish the deceit. Come, let us go:
corn's to reap, for yet our title's to sow.
[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—*A Room in the Prison.*

Enter Provost and Clown.

Prov. Come hither, sirrah. Can you cut
man's head?

Clow. If the man be a bachelor, sir, I can;
if he be a married man, he is his wife's
and I can never cut off a woman's head.

Prov. Come, sir, leave me your statches,
yield me a direct answer. To-morrow
are to die Claudio and Barnardine.

Clow. In our prison a common executioner,
in his office lacks a helper: if you will
on you to assist him, it shall redeem you
your gyves; if not, you shall have your
time of imprisonment, and your deliver-
with an unpittied whipping, for you have
a notorious bawd.

Prov. Sir, I have been an unlawful bawd,
out of mind; but yet I will be content to
be a lawful hangman. I would be glad to re-
some instruction from my fellow-partner.

Clow. What ho, Abhorson! Where's Ab-
horson, there?

Enter Abhorson.

Prov. Do you call, sir?

Abhorson. Sirrah, here's a fellow will help you
in your execution. If you think it
compound with him by the year, and let
hide here with you; if not, use him for
resent, and disdain him; he cannot plead
mitigation with you; he hath been a bawd.

Prov. A bawd, sir! Fie upon him! he
discredit our mystery.

Clow. Go to, sir; you weigh equally; a
will turn the scale.

Prov. Pray, sir, by your good favour,—for
a good favour you have, but that
have a hanging look,—do you call, sir,
occupation a mystery?

Clow. Ay, sir; a mystery.

Prov. Painting, sir, I have heard say, is a
mystery; and your whores, sir, being members
occupation, using painting, do prove
should be in hanging, if I should be
I cannot imagine.

Clow. Sir, it is a mystery.

Prov. Every true man's apparel fits your
If it be too little for your thief, your

true man thinks it big enough; if it be too big
for your thief, your thief thinks it little enough;
so, every true man's apparel fits your thief.

Re-enter Provost.

Prov. Are you agreed?

Clow. Sir, I will serve him; for I do find,
your hangman is a more penitent trade than
your bawd,—he doth often ask forgiveness.

Prov. You, sirrah, provide your block and
your axe to-morrow, four o'clock.

Abhor. Come on, bawd; I will instruct
thee in my trade; follow.

Clow. I do desire to learn, sir; and, I hope,
if you have occasion to use me for your own
turn, you shall find me rare; for, truly, sir,
for your kindness I owe you a good turn.

Prov. Call hither Barnardine and Claudio:
[*Exeunt Clown and Abhorson.*]

Enter Claudio.

Th' one has my pity; not a jot the other,
Being a murderer, though he were my brother.

Enter Claudio.

Look, here's the warrant, Claudio, for thy
death: [*row*]

'Tis now dead midnight, and by eight to-mor-
Thou must be made immortal. Where's
Barnardine?

Clow. As fast lock'd up in sleep, as guilt-
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 reprieve,
For the most gentle Claudio.—

Enter Duke.

Duke. Welcome, father.

The best and wholesomest spirits of
the night [of late]

Envelop you, good provost! Who call'd here?

Prov. None, since the curfew rung.

Duke. Not Isabel?

Prov. No. They will, then, ere't be long.

Duke. What comfort is for Claudio?

Prov. There's some in hope.

Duke. It is a bitter deputy.

Prov. Not so, not so; his life is parallel'd
Even with the stroke and line of his great
justice:

He doth with holy abstinence subdue
That in himself, which he spurs on his power
To qualify in others: were he meal'd with that
Which he corrects, then were he tyrannous;
But this being so, he's just.—[*Knocking within.*]

Now are they come. [*Exit Provost.*]

This is a gentle provost: seldom, when
The steeld gaoler is the friend of men.—
[*Knocking.*]

How now! What noise! That spirit's pos-
sessed with haste,
That wounds th' insisting postern with these
strokes.

He enters Provost, speaking to one at the door.

Prov. There he must stay until the officer Arden to let him in: he is call'd up.

Duke. Have you no countermend for him? he must die to-morrow! [*Claudio yet.*]

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 countermend; no such example have we: Besides, upon the very siege of justice, Lord Angelo hath to this public ear Profess'd the contrary.

Enter a Messenger.

This is his lordship's man.

Duke. And here comes Claudio's pardon.

Mes. [Giving a paper.] My lord hath sent you this note; and by me this farther charge,—that you serve not from the smallest article of it, neither in time, matter, or other circumstances. Good-morrow; for, as I take it, it is almost day.

Prov. I shall obey him. [*Exit Messenger.*]

Duke. [Aside.] This is his pardon, purchased by such sin

For which the pardoner himself is in. Hence hath offence his quick celerity.

When it is borne on high authority:

When vice makes mercy, mercy's so extended,

That for the fault's love is the offender

Now, sir, what news? [*Friended.*—

Prov. I told you: Lord Angelo, belike

thinking me remiss in mine office, awakens me

with this unwonted putting on; methinks

strangely, for he hath not used it before.

Duke. Pray you, let's hear.

Prov. [Reads.]

"*Whosoever you may hear to the contrary,*

let Claudio be executed by four of the clock;

and, in the afternoon, Barnardine. For my

better satisfaction, let me have Claudio's head

sent me by five. Let this be duly performed;

with a thought that more depends on it than

we must yet deliver. Thus fast not to do your

office, as you will answer it at your peril."

What say you to this, sir?

Duke. What is that Barnardine who is to

be executed this 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

undoubted proof.

Duke. Is it now apparent? [*Himself.*]

Prov. Most manifest, and not denied by

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

less, reckless, and fearless of what

sent, or to come; insensible of pain,

desperately mortal. *Duke.* He was

Prov. He will hear none: he has

had the liberty of the prison; and

to escape hence, he would not: he

times a day, if not many days since.

We have very oft awaked him, as

him to execution, and showed him

warrant for it: it hath not moved

Duke. More of him anon. There

in your brow, provost, honesty and

if I read it not truly, my ancient

me; but, in the boldness of my own

lay myself in hazard. Claudio,

you have warrant to execute, is

forfeit to the law than Angelo who

tenced him. To make you understand

a manifested effect, I pray but to

spite; for the which you are to do

present and a dangerous courtesy.

Prov. Pray, sir, in what?

Duke. In the delaying death.

Prov. Alack! how may I do it?

hour limited, and an express com-

penalty, to deliver his head in to

Angelo! I may make my case as

cross this in the smallest.

Duke. By the vow of mine order

you, if my instructions may be

Let this Barnardine be this morning

and his head borne to Angelo.

Prov. Angelo hath seen them both

discover the favour.

Duke. O, death's a great disguise

may add to it. Shave the head,

beard; and say it was the desire of

to be so bared before his death.

the course is common. If anything

you upon this, more than thanks

fortune, by the saint whom I pray

plead against it with my life.

Prov. Pardon me, good father

against my oath.

Duke. Were you sworn to this?

Prov. To him, and to his substitute.

Duke. You will think you have

offence, if the duke avouch the just

dealing?

Prov. But what likelihood is in

Duke. Not a resemblance, but a

Yet since I see you fearful, that

coat, integrity, nor persuasion, can

attempt you, I will go farther than

to pluck all fears out of you. I

here is the hand and seal of the

know the character, I doubt not

signet is not strange to you.

Prov. I know them both.

Duke. The contents of this is the

the duke: you shall anon over-see

pleasure; where you shall find, in

two days he will be here. This

Angelo knows not; for he this very day
wrote letters of strange tenor; perchance, of
Angelo's death; perchance, entering into
a monastery; but, by chance, nothing of
it is writ. Look, the unfolding star calls
the shepherd. Put not yourself into
moment how these things should be; all
quitties are but easy when they are known.
Your executioner, and off with Barnardine's
head! I will give him a present shroud,
and bid him to a better place. Yet you are
loose; but this shall absolutely resolve you.
Away; it is almost clear dawn. [*Exeunt.*]

Enter III.—Another Room in the Prison.

Enter Claudio.

I am as well acquainted here, as I was
our house of profession: one would think
me mistress Overdone's own house; for
there be many of her old customers. First,
a young master Rask; he's in for a com-
pany of brown paper and old ginger, nine-
and seventeen pounds; of which he made
marble ready money; marry, then ginger
not much in request, for the old women
all dead. Then is there here one master
Pots, at the suit of master Threeplume
for some four suits of peach-colour'd
which now pines him a beggar. Then
we young Dizzy, and young master
vow, and master Copper-spur, and master
Ladbury, the rapier and dagger-man, and
Drop-hair that kill'd lusty Padding, and
Forlright, the filiter, and brave master
the great traveller, and wild Halfcan
stabbed Pots, and, I think, forty more;
but down in our trade, and are now for
old's sake.

Enter Abhorson.

Sirrah, bring Barnardine hither.

Master Barnardine! you must rise and

begeth master Barnardine.

What he! Barnardine!

Prov. [Within.] A pox o' your throats!

What noise there? What are you?

Your friend, sir; the hangman. You

are so good, sir, to rise and be put to

death. [*Within.]* Away, you rogue, away!

Prov. Tell him he must awake, and that

Pray, master Barnardine, awake till you

are executed, and sleep afterwards.

Go in to him, and fetch him out.

He is coming, sir, he is coming; I hear

him rattle.

Is the axe upon the block, sirrah?

Very ready, sir.

Enter Barnardine.

How now, Abhorson! what's the

with you?

Truly, sir, I would desire you to

do your prayers; for, look you, the

axe comes.

Barnardine. You rogue, I have been drinking
all night; I am not fitt'd for't.

Claudio. O, the better, sir; for he that drinks
all night, and is hang'd betimes in the morn-
ing, may sleep the sounder all the next day.

Abhorson. Look you, sir; here comes your
ghostly father: do we just now, think you?

Enter Duke, disguised as before.

Duke. Sir, induced by my charity, and hear-
ing how hastily you are to depart, I am come
to advise you, comfort you, and pray with you.

Barnardine. Friar, not I: I have been drinking
hard all night, and I will have more time to
prepare me, or they shall beat out my brains
with billets: I will not consent to die this day,
that's certain.

Duke. O, sir, you must; and therefore, I
look forward on the journey you shall go.

Barnardine. I swear I will not die to-day for
any man's persuasion.

Duke. But hear you,—

Barnardine. Not a word: if you have anything
to say to me, come to my ward; for thence
will not I to-day.

Duke. Unto to live, or die. O, gravel
heart!

After him, fellows: bring him to the block.

[Exeunt Abhorson and Claudio.]

Enter Provost.

Prov. Now, sir, how do you find the
prisoner? [*Death;*]

Duke. A creature unprepared, unmeet for
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 inclin'd;
And satisfy the deputy with the visage

Of Ragozine, more like to Claudio? [*Vides!*]

Duke. O, 'tis an accident that heaven pro-
despatch it presently: the hour draws on

Preh'd by Angelo; see this be done,
And sent according to command, whilst I

Persuade this rude wretch willingly to die.

Prov. This shall be done, good father,
presently.

But Barnardine must die this afternoon:
And how shall we continue Claudio?

To save me from the danger that might come,
If he were known alive? [*Holds;*]

Duke. Let this be done;—put them in secret
Both Barnardine and Claudio; are 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, despatch, 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 weak-balance'd form,
We shall proceed with Angelo.

Re-enter Provost.

Prov. Here is the head; I'll carry it myself.
Duke. Convenient is it. Make a swift return;

For I would commune with you of such things,
That want no ear but yours.

Prov. I'll make all speed. *[Exit.]*

Isab. *[Within.]* Peace, ho, be 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,
To make her heav'nly comforts of despair,
When it is least expected.

Enter Isabel.

Isab. Ho, by your leave,

Duke. Good morning to you, fair and gracious daughter. *[Enter.]*

Isab. The better, given me by so holy a
Hath yet the deputy sent my brother's pardon?
Duke. He hath releas'd him, Isabel, from
the world:

His head is off, and sent to Angelo.

Isab. Nay, but it is not so.

Duke. It is no other:
Show your wisdom, daughter, in your close
patience. *[Eyes.]*

Isab. O, I will to him, and pluck out his
Duke. You shall not be admitted to his sight.

Isab. Unhappy Claudio! Wretched Isabel!
Injurious world! Most damned Angelo!

Duke. This nor hurts him, nor profits you
a jot:

Forbear it therefore; give your cause to heaven.
Mark what I say, which you shall find
By every syllable a faithful verity:

The duke comes home to-morrow;—nay, dry
your eyes:

One of our 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 path 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, if I
I am combined by a sacred vow,
And shall be absent. Wend you with
Command these frothing waters to
With a light heart: trust not my
If I pervert your course.—Who's that?

Enter Lucio.

Lucio. Friar, where is the provost?
Duke. Not far.

Lucio. O pretty Isabella, I am
heart to see thine eyes so red: thou
patient. I am fain to dine and sup
and bran; I dare not for my
belly; one fruitful meal would
But they say, the duke will be here
By my troth, Isabel, I loved thy
the old fantastical duke of dark
been at home, he had lived.

Duke. Sir, the duke is marvellous
holden to your reports; but the
lives not in them.

Lucio. Friar, thou knowest not
well as I do: he's a better woman
thou takest him for.

Duke. Well, you'll answer this
Fare ye well.

Lucio. Nay, tarry: I'll go along
I can tell thee pretty tales of the
Duke. You have told me too much
already, sir, if they be true: if not
were enough.

Lucio. I was once before him
wench with child.

Duke. Did you such a thing?
Lucio. Yes, marry, did I: but I
foreswear it; they would else have
to the rotten medlar.

Duke. Sir, your company is
honest. Rest you well.

Lucio. By my troth, I'll go with
lane's end: if bawdy talk offend
have very little of it. Nay, friar,
of butt; I shall stick.

SCENE IV.—A Room in Angelo's Palace.

Enter Angelo and Escalus.

Escalus. Every letter he hath writ
vouched other.

Ang. In most uneven and distrustful
ner. His actions show much like a
pray heaven his wisdom be not tam'd
why meet him at the gates, and
authorities there?

Escalus. I do not know.
Ang. And why should we proceed
hour before his entering, that
redress of injustice, they should
petitions in the street?

Escalus. He shows his reason for
have a despatch of complaints, and
us from devices hereafter, which
have no power to stand against us.

Ang. Well, I beseech you, let
claim'd:

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.]

provost knows our purpose, and our plot.
hold you ever to our special drift,
ugh sometimes you do blench from this
to that, *[Pause.]*

I tell him where I stay: give the like notice
Valentinus, Rowland, and to Crassus,
I bid them bring the trumpets to the gate;
send me Flavius first.

Peter. It shall be speeded well. *[Exit.]*

Enter Varrius.

Duke. I thank thee, Varrius; thou hast
made good haste:

we, we will walk. There's other of our
friends

greet us here anon, my gentle Varrius. *[Exit.]*

SCENE VI.—Street near the City Gate.

Enter Isabella and Mariana.

Isab. To speak so indirectly, I am loth:
ould say the truth; but to accuse him so,
is your part: yet I'm advis'd to do it;
says, to veil full purpose.

Mariana. Besides, he tells me, that if perad-
venture

peak against me on the adverse side,
ould not think it strange; for 'tis a physic
is bitter to sweet end.

Isab. I would, friar Peter—
O, peace! the friar is come.

Enter Friar Peter.

F. Peter. Come; I have found you out a
stand most fit, *[Duke.]*

Where you may have such vantage on the
He shall not pass you. Twice have the
trumpets sounded;

The generous and gravest citizens
Have hent the gates, and very near upon
The duke is entering: therefore hence, away. *[Exit.]*

ACT V.

SCENE I.—A public Place near the City Gate.

Mariana, veiled, Isabella, and Friar Peter, at a distance. Enter from one side, Duke, Varrius, Lords; from the other, Angelo, Escalus, Lucio, Provost, Officers, and Citizens.

Duke. My very worthy cousin, fairly met:—
Our old and faithful friend, we are glad to see
you. *[Royal grace!]*

Ang. and Escal. Happy return be to your
Duke. Many and hearty thankings to you
both.

We have made inquiry of you; and we hear
Such goodness of your justice, that our soul
Cannot but yield you forth to public thanks,
Forerunning more requital.

Ang. You make my bonds still greater.
Duke. O, your desert speaks loud; and I
should wrong it.

To lock it in the wards of covert bosom,
When it deserves, with characters of brass,
A fortified residence 'gainst the tooth of time,
And rasure of oblivion. Give me your hand,
And let the subject see, to make them know
That outward courtesies would fain proclaim
Favours that keep within.—Come, Escalus;
You must walk by us on our other hand;—
And good supporters are you.

Friar Peter and Isabella come forward.

F. Peter. Now is your time: speak loud
and kneel before him. *[Regard!]*

Isab. Justice, O royal duke! Vail your
Upon a wrong'd, I'd fain have said, a maid!
O worthy prince, dishonour not your eye
By throwing it on any other object,
Till you have heard me in my true complaint,
And given me justice, justice, justice!

Duke. Relate your wrongs; in what I by
whom? Be brief;

Here is lord Angelo shall give you justice:
Reveal yourself to him.

Isab. O worthy duke,
You bid me seek redemption of the devil:
Hear me yourself; for that which I must speak,
Must either punish me, not being believ'd,
Or wring redress from you: hear me, O, hear
me, here! *[Firm:]*

Ang. My lord, her wits, I fear me, are not
She hath been a suitor to me for her brother,
Cut off by course of justice,—

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 unto your height of pleasure.

Thou foolish friar; and thou pernicious woman,
Compact with her that's gone, think'st thou
thy oath,

Though they would swear down each particular
saint,
Were testimonies against his worth and credit,
That's seal'd in approbation!—You, lord
Escalus,

Sit with my cousin; lend him your kind pains
To find out this abuse, whence 'tis derived.—
There is another friar that set them on;
Let him be sent for.

[*For he, indeed,*
F. Peter. Would he were here, my lord!
Hath set the women on to this complaint.
Your provost knows the place where he abides,
And he may fetch him.

Duke. Go do it instantly.—[*Exit Provost.*
And you, my noble and well-warranted cousin,
Whom it concerns to hear this matter forth,
Do with your injuries as seems you best,
In any chastisement: I for a while
Will leave you; but stir not you, till you have
Determined upon these slanderers.

[*well*
Escal. My lord, we'll do it thoroughly.—
[*Exit Duke.*
Signior Lucio, did not you say you knew that
friar Lodowick to be a dishonest person?

Lucio. *Quoniam non facit monachum:*
honest in nothing, but in his clothes; and one
that hath spoke most villainous speeches of
the duke.

Escal. We shall entreat you to abide here
till he come, and enforce them against him:
we shall find this friar a notable fellow.

Lucio. As any in Vienna, on my word.

Escal. [To an Attendant.] Call that same
Isabel here once again: I would speak with
her. [*Exit 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 re-
Escal. Say you!

Lucio. Marry, sir, I think, if you handled
her privately, she would sooner confess: per-
chance, 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.

*Re-enter Officers with Isabella, Duke, as a
friar, and Provost.*

Escal. [To Isab.] Come on, mistress: here's
a gentleman 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.

Lucio. Mum.

Escal. Come, sir, did you set these women

on to slander lord Angelo? they
fessed you did.

Duke. How I know you where you
were!

Duke. Respect to your great place
the devil

Be sometime honour'd for his
Where is this duke? 'tis he should

Look you speak justly.

Escal. The duke's in us; and we
Come you to seek the lamb here of

Good night to your redress. Is there
Then is your cause gone too.

Thus to retort your manifest approach,
And put your trial in the villain's

Which here you come to accuse.

Lucio. 'Tis in the rascal; this is in
Escal. Why, thou unreverend

hallow'd friar!

Is't not enough, thou hast suborn'd
To accuse this worthy man, but, in

And in the witness of his proper ear,
To call him villain! and then to

To the duke himself, to tax him
justice!

Take him hence; to the rack will I
Joint by joint, but we will know his

What! unjust!

Duke. Be not so hot; the duke
Dare no more stretch this finger of

Dare rack his own: his subject and
Nor here provincial. My business

Made me a looker-on here in Vienna
Where I have seen corruption boil and

Till it o'er-run the stew: laws for
But faults so countenanc'd, that

statutes
Stand like the forfeits in a barber's

As much in mock as mark.

Escal. Slander to the state!
Ang. What can you vouch against

signior Lucio?

Is this the man that you did tell us
Lucio. 'Tis he, my lord.

goodman bald-pate: do you know
Duke. I remember you, sir, by

of your voice: I met you at the
absence of the duke.

Lucio. O, did you so? And do
member what you said of the duke?

Duke. Most notably, sir.

Lucio. Do you so, sir? And was
a fleshmonger, a fool, and a coward,

then reported him to be?

Duke. You must, sir, change your
me, are you make that my report: you

spoke so of him; and much more, *no*
Lucio. O thou damnable fellow!

I pluck thee by the nose, for thy
Duke. I protest, I love the duke

myself.

Ang. Hark how the villain was
now, after his treasonable abuses.

Such a fellow is not to be talk'd
Away with him to prison!—Where

provost!—Away with him to prison!
its enough on him: let him speak no

—Away with those gillots too, and with
or confederate companion!

[*The Provost lays hands on the Duke.*
Stay, sir; stop awhile.

What! resists he! Help him, Lucio.

Come, sir; come, sir; come, sir;
Why, you bald-pated, lying rascal!

Must be hooded, must you! show your
 visage, with a por to you; show your

alting face, and be hanged an hour!
not off!

[*Off the friar's hood, and discovers the*
Duke.

[*a duke.*—
Thou art the first knave that's made

provost, let me bail these gentle three.—
[*Lucio.* Speak not away, sir; for the

trial and you
ave a word anon.—Lay hold on him.

—This may prove worse than hanging.
[*To Escalus.*] What you have spoke,

pardon; sit you down:—
I borrow place of him.—[*To Angelo.*]

To the duke himself, to tax him
[*Well* you or worst, or wit, or impudence,

Take him hence; to the rack will I
Joint by joint, but we will know his

What! unjust!

Duke. Be not so hot; the duke
Dare no more stretch this finger of

Dare rack his own: his subject and
Nor here provincial. My business

Made me a looker-on here in Vienna
Where I have seen corruption boil and

Till it o'er-run the stew: laws for
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absence of the duke.

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member what you said of the duke?

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Lucio. Do you so, sir? And was
a fleshmonger, a fool, and a coward,

then reported him to be?

Duke. You must, sir, change your
me, are you make that my report: you

spoke so of him; and much more, *no*
Lucio. O thou damnable fellow!

I pluck thee by the nose, for thy
Duke. I protest, I love the duke

myself.

Ang. Hark how the villain was
now, after his treasonable abuses.

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,

That brain'd my purpose: but, peace be with
him!

That life is better life, past fearing death,
Than that which lives to fear. Make it your

So happy is your brother. [*comfort,*
Isab. I do, my lord.

*Re-enter Angelo, Mariana, Friar Peter,
and Provost.*

Duke. For this new-married man approach-
ing here,

Whose salt imagination yet hath wrong'd
Your well-defended honour, you must pardon

For Mariana's sake: but, as he adjudg'd your
(Being criminal, in double violation (brother,

Of sacred chastity, and of promise-breach
Thereon dependent, for your brother's life,)

The very mercy of the law cries out
Most audible, even from his proper tongue,

"An Angelo for Claudio, death for death!"
Haste still pays haste, and leisure answers

leisure; [*Measure.*
Like doth quit like, and Measure still for

Then, Angelo, thy fault's thus manifested;
Which, though thou wouldst deny, denies

these vantage;

We do condemn thee to the very block
Where Claudio stoop'd to death, and with

Away with him. [*like haste.*—
Mari. O, my most gracious lord,

I hope you will not mock me with a husband.
Duke. It is your husband mock'd you with

a husband:
Consenting to the safeguard of your honour,

I thought your marriage fit; else imputation,
For that he knew you, might reproach your life,

And choke your good to come. For his pos-
sessions,

Although by confiscation they are ours,
We do instate and widow 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. [Kneeling.] Gentle my liege,—

Duke. You do but lose your labour.—
Away with him to death!—[*To Lucio.*] Now,

sir, to you. [*take my part:*
Mari. O, my good lord!—Sweet Isabel,

Lead me your knees, and, all my life to come,
I'll lend you all my life to do you service. [*her;*

Duke. Against all sense you do importune
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: [*all.*

Hold up your hands, say nothing,—I'll speak
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.

Isab. [Kneeling.] Most bounteous sir, Look, if it please you, on this man condemn'd, As if my brother liv'd. I partly think, A due sincerity govern'd his deeds, Till he did look on me: since it is so, Let him not die. My brother had but justice, In that he did the thing for which he died: For Angelo

His act did not o'ertake his bad intent; And must be buried but as an intent That perish'd by the way: thoughts are no intents but merely thoughts. *[Subjects;]*

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

Duke. For which I do discharge you of your Give up your keys. *[Office;]*

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 reserv'd 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 squar'st 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: I leave him to your hand.—What muffled fellow's that?

Prov. This is another prisoner. That should have died when Claudio

head; As like almost to Claudio as him

Duke. *[To Isabella.]* If he be brother, for his sake

Is he pardon'd; and, for your love, Give me your hand, and say you will. He is my brother too;—but hither. By this, lord Angelo perceives his. Methinks I see a quick'ning in his. Well, Angelo, your evil quits you. Look that you love your wife; worth yours.—

I find an apt remission in myself. And yet here's one in place. *[To Lucio.]* You, sirrah, that know a fool, a coward,

One all of luxury, an ass, a madman, Wherein have I so deserv'd of you, That you extol me thus?

Lucio. Faith, my lord, I spoke according to the trick. If you will not, it, you may; but I had rather it, you I might be whipped.

Duke. Whipp'd first, sir, and hang. Proclaim it, provost, round about. If any woman's wrong'd by this, let her. *(As I have heard him swear, himself, Whom he begot with child,.)* let her. And he shall marry her: the night. Let him be whipp'd and hang'd.

Lucio. I beseech your highness, marry me to a whore! Your highness even now, I made you a duke: good do not recompense me in making me

Duke. Upon mine honour, thou shalt have her.

Thy slanders I forgive; and therefore Remit thy other forfeits.—Take him. And see our pleasure herein executed.

Lucio. Marrying a punk, my lord, ing to death, whipping, and hanging.

Duke. Slandering a prince deserves. She, Claudio, that you wrong'd, to the store.—

Joy to you, Mariana!—love her, as I have confess'd her, and I know her. Thanks, good friend Escalus, for goodness;

There's more behind that is more good. Thanks, provost, for thy care and

We shall employ thee in a worthier. Forgive him, Angelo, that brought

The head of Ragozine for Claudio's. The offence pardons itself.—Dear

I have a motion much imports you. Wherefore if you'll a willing ear incline, What's mine is yours, and what is

mine.—

So, bring us to our palace; where

What's yet behind, that's meet you know.



THE COMEDY OF ERRORS.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

of Ephesus.
Merchant of Syracuse.
of Ephesus, } *Twin Brothers, sons*
of Syracuse, } *to Ageon and*
 } *Emilia.*
of Ephesus, } *Twin Brothers, attend-*
of Syracuse, } *ants on the two Anti-*
 } *pholuses.*
Merchant. *Angelo, a Goldsmith.*
 Merchant, friend to Antipholus of Syracuse.
 Pinch, a Schoolmaster and a Conjuror.
 Emilia, Wife to Ageon, an Abbess at Ephesus.
 Adriana, Wife to Antipholus of Ephesus.
 Luciana, her Sister.
 Luce, servant to Adriana.
 A Courtesan.
 Goaler, Officers, and other Attendants.
SCENE, — *Ephesus.*

ACT I.

—A Hall in the Duke's Palace.

Ageon, Goaler, Officers, and
other Attendants.

Proceed, Sollans, to procure my fall,
doom of death and woes and all.
Merchant of Syracuse, plead no more.
Artful, to infringe our laws:

And discord which of late [Duke]
in the rancorous outrage of your
arts, our well-dealing countrymen,—
ing gilders to redeem their lives,
and his rigorous statutes with their
eds,

And pity from our threat'ning looks.

the mortal and intestine jars

aditious countrymen and us,

solemn synods been decreed,

the Syracusans and ourselves:

no traffic to our adverse towns:

ie, if any, born at Ephesus,

at Syracusan marts and fairs;

any Syracusan born

the bay of Ephesus, he dies,

and confiscate to the duke's dispose,

thousand marks be levied,

the penalty and to ransom him.

tance, valued at the highest rate,

mount unto a hundred marks:

ie, by law thou art condemn'd to die.

Yet this my comfort,—when your

ords are done,

end likewise with the evening sun.

Well, Syracusan, say, in brief, the

use

ou departedst from thy native home,

what cause thou cam'st to Ephesus.

A heavier task could not have been

pos'd,

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 too, had not our hap been bad.

With her I liv'd in joy: our wealth increas'd

By prosperous voyages I often made

To Epidamnium; till my factor's death,

And the great care of goods at random left,

Drew me from kind embracements of my

spouse: [Duke]

From home my absence was not six months

Before herself (almost at fainting under

The pleasing punishment that women bear)

Had made provision for her following me,

And soon and safe arrived where I was.

There had she not been long, but she became

A joyful mother of two goodly sons; [Duke]

And, which was strange, the one so like the

As could not be distinguish'd but by names.

That very hour, and in the self-same inn,

A poor mean 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 Epidamnium 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 em-

brace'd,

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,
For'd 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 sea-faring 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 dispos'd, 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,
Dispers'd those vapours that offended us;
And, by the benefit of his wish'd light,
The seas wax'd calm, and we discovered
Two ships from far making main to us;
Of Corinth that, of Epidaurus this:
But ere they came,—O, let me say no more!
Gather the sequel by that went before.

Duke. Nay, forward, old man; do not
break off so;

For we may pity, though not pardon thee.

Age. O, had the gods done so, I had not now
Worthily term'd them merciless to us!
For, ere the ships could meet by twice five
leagues,

We were encounter'd by a mighty rock;
Which being violently borne upon,
Our helpful ship was splitted in the midst;
So that, in this unjust divorce of us,
Fortune had left to both of us alike
What to delight in, what to sorrow for.
Her part, poor soul! seeming as burdened
With lesser weight, but not with lesser woe,
Was carried with more speed before the wind;
And in our sight they three were taken up
By fishermen of Corinth, as we thought.
At length, another ship had seiz'd on us;
And, knowing whom it was their hap to save,
Gave healthful welcome to their shipwreck'd
guests;

And would have left the fishers of their prey,
Had not their bark been very slow of sail,
And therefore homeward did they bend their
course.

Thus have you heard me sever'd from my bliss;
That by misfortunes was my life prolong'd,
To tell and stories of my own mishaps.

Duke. And, for the sake of them thou
sorrowest for,

Do me the favour to dilate at full
What hath befall'n of them, and thee, till now.

Age. My youngest boy, and yet my eldest
At eighteen years became inquisitive [care,
After his brother; and unportant'd me,
That his attendant (for his case was like,
Rapt of his brother, but retain'd his name),
Might bear him company in the quest of him;

Whom whilst I labour'd of a love
I hazarded the loss of whom I lov'd.
Five summers have I spent in farthest
Roaming clean through the boundless
Ocean, coasting homeward, came to me
Hopeless to find, yet loth to leave
Or that, or any place that harbours
But here must end the story of my
And happy were I in my timely
Could all my travels warrant me that

Duke. Hopeless Ageon, whom
have mark'd

To bear the extremity of dire mischance

Now, trust me, were it not against
Against my crown, my oath, my duty,
Which princes, would they, may not
My soul should sue as advocate for

But though thou art adjudged to be
And passed sentence may not be
But to our honour's great disparage
Yet will I favour thee in what I can

Therefore, merchant, I'll limit thee
To seek thy life by beneficial help

Try all the friends thou hast in Ephesus
Beg thou, or borrow, to make up the
And live; if no, then thou art damn'd

Ageon. I will, my lord.

Ageon. Hopeless, and helpless, do
But to procrastinate his lifeless end

Ageon. I will, my lord.

Ageon. Hopeless, and helpless, do
But to procrastinate his lifeless end

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Ageon. I will, my lord.

Ageon. Hopeless, and helpless, do
But to procrastinate his lifeless end

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.

Ant. S. I commend you to your own
content.

Ant. S. He that commends me to mine own
content,

commends me to the thing I cannot get.

In 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:

I, to find a mother, and a brother,
Quest of them, unhappy, lose myself.

Enter Dromio of Ephesus.

How comes the almanack of my true date.—
[too late:] How chance thou art return'd so
soon!

Dro. E. Return'd so soon! rather approach'd
clock hath strucken twelve upon the bell,

my mistress made it one upon my cheek:
The meat 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;

I have no stomach, having broke your fast;
We, that know what 'tis to fast and pray,

penitent for your default to-day.

Ant. S. Stop in your wind, sir: tell me this,
I pray,

where have you left the money that I gave
you yesterday last

Dro. E. O,—sir, since, that I had o' Wed-
nesday last

pay the saddler for my mistress' crupper:—
saddler had it, sir; I kept it not.

Ant. S. I am not in a sportive humour now:
being strangers here, how dar'st thou trust

great a charge from thine own custody!

Dro. E. I pray you, jest, sir, as you sit at
dinner:

my mistress come to you in post;
return, I shall be post indeed,

she will score your fault upon my pate.
thinks your maw, like mine, should be your
clock,

I strike you home without a messenger.

Ant. S. Come, Dromio, come, these jests
are out of season;

serve them till a merrier hour than this.
There is the gold I gave in charge to thee!

Dro. E. To me, sir? why, you gave no gold
to me.

Ant. S. Come on, sir knave; have done your
foolishness,

tell me how thou hast dispos'd thy charge.
Dro. E. My charge was but to fetch you
from the mart.

come to your house, the Phoenix, sir, to dinner:
my mistress and her sister stay for you.

Ant. S. Now, as I am a Christian, answer
me,

In what safe place you have bestow'd my
money;

Or I shall break that merry sconce of yours,
That stands on tricks when I am undispos'd;

Where is the thousand marks thou hadst of
me? [my pate;

Dro. E. I have some marks of yours upon
Some of my mistress' marks upon my
shoulders;

But not a thousand marks between you both.
If I should pay your worship those again,

Perchance you will not bear them patiently.

Ant. S. Thy mistress' marks! what mis-
tress, slave, hast thou?

Dro. E. Your worship's wife, my mistress
at the Phoenix;

She that doth fast till you come home to dinner,
And prays that you will kiss her home to dinner.

Ant. S. What, wilt thou doubt 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, as you will not, sir, I'll take my heels.
[Exit.

Ant. S. Upon my life, by some device or
other

The villain is over-raught of all my money.
They say this town is full of cozenage;

As, nimble jugglers that deceive the eye,
Dark-working sorcerers that change the mind,

Soul-killing witches that deform the body,
Disguis'd 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.—Antipholus's House.

Enter Adriana and Luciana.

Adr. Neither my husband, nor the slave
return'd,

That in such haste I sent to seek his master!
Sure, Luciana, it is two o'clock.

Luc. Perhaps some merchant hath invited
him, [dinner.

And from the mart he's somewhere gone to
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? [door.

Luc. Because their business still lies out o'
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. [woe.

Luc. Why, headstrong liberty is lash'd with
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 natures' subjects, and at their controls:
Men, more divine, the masters of all these,
Lords of the wide world, and wild wat'ry seas,
Indu'd with intellectual sense and souls,
Of more pre-eminence than fish and fowls,
Are masters to their females, and their lords:
Then, let your will attend on their accords.

Adr. This servitude makes you to keep unwed.

Luc. Not this, but troubles of the marriage.
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 unmov'd, no marvel though she pause;

They can be meek, that have no other cause.
A wretched soul, bruiz'd 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
With urging helpless patience wouldst relieve
But, if thou live to see like right bereft, [me;
This fool-begg'd patience in thee will be left.
Luc. Well, I will marry one day, but to try.
Here comes your man; now is your husband nigh.

Enter Dromio of Ephesus.
Adr. Say, is your tardy master now at hand?

Dro. E. Nay, he's at two hands with me,
and that my two ears can witness.

Adr. Say, didst thou speak with him?
Know'st thou his mind?

Dro. E. Ay, ay, he told his mind upon mine ear: beshrew his hand, I scarce could understand it.

Luc. Spake he so doubtfully, thou couldst not feel his meaning?

Dro. E. Nay, he struck so plainly, I could too well feel his blows; and withal so doubtfully, that I could scarce understand them.

Adr. But say, I pray thee, is he coming home?
It seems, he hath great care to please his wife.

Dro. E. Why, mistress, sure my master is
Adr. Horn-mad, thou villain! [horn-mad.

Dro. E. I mean not cuckold-mad;
But, sure, he is stark mad.

When I desir'd 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,"
quoth I: "Is it burn'd?" quoth he:

"The pig," quoth I: "Is it burn'd?" quoth he:
quoth he:

"My mistress, sir," quoth I: "Hang up thy

I know not thy mistress; out on her!

Luc. Quoth who?

Dro. E. Quoth my master:
"I know," quoth he, "no house,

So that my errand, due unto my wife,
I thank him, I bear home upon my back.

For, in conclusion, he did beat me
And go back again, thou shalt know him home.

Dro. E. Go back again, and be
For God's sake, send some other man.

Adr. Back, slave, or I will be
across.

Dro. E. And he will bless that
Between you, I shall have a holy day.

Adr. Hence, prating peasant!
master home.

Dro. E. Am I so round with you?
That like a football you do spurn me?

You spurn me hence, and he will
hither:

If I last in this service, you must
leather.

Luc. Fie, how impatience leaveth
face!

Adr. His company must do
What ruins are in me that can be cured.

Hath homely age th' alluring beauty
From my poor cheek? then, he hath

Are my discourses dull? barren my
If voluble and sharp discourse be

Unkindness blunts it more than
Do their gay vestments his affection

That's not my fault,—he's master of
What ruins are in me that can be cured.

By him not ruin'd? then is he the
Of my defacements. My decay'd face

A sunny look of his would soon
But, too unruly deer, he breaks the

And feeds from home: poor I am
Luc. Self-harming jealousy!

hence.

Adr. Unfeeling fools can with
I know his eye doth homage other

Or else, what lets it but he would
Sister, you know he promis'd me a

Would that alone, alone he would
So he would keep fair quarter with

I see, the jewel best enamell'd
Will lose his beauty; and though

That others touch, yet often touch
Wear gold: and no man that hath

By falsehood and corruption doth
Since that my beauty cannot please

I'll weep what's left away, and weep
Luc. How many fond fools

jealousy!

SCENE II.—A public Place.
Enter Antipholus of Syracuse.

Ant. S. The gold I gave to Dromio
Safe at the Centaur: and the hooded

Is wander'd forth, in care to seek me
By computation and mine host's re-

not speak with Dromio since at first
him from the mart.—See, here he comes.

Enter Dromio of Syracuse.
now, sir! Is your merry humour alter'd?

I love strokes, so jest with me again.
I know no Centaur? You receiv'd no gold?

My mistress sent to have me home to dinner:
I was at the Phoenix? Wast thou mad,

thus so madly thou didst answer me?
S. What answer, sir? when spake I

such a word? [an hour since.
S. Even now, even here, not half

an hour since. I did not see you since you sent me
hence.

to the Centaur with the gold you gave
S. Villain, thou didst deny the gold's

receipt.
I did at me of a mistress, and a dinner;

which I hope thou felt'st I was displeas'd.
S. I am glad to see you in this merry

vein:
means this jest? I pray you, master, tell

me. *S.* Yea, dost thou jest, and dost me
in the teeth?

and that. [Beating him.
S. Hold, sir, for God's sake! now your

jest is earnest:
what bargain do you give it me?

S. Because do I familiarly sometimes
call you for my fool, and chat with you,

your madness will jest upon my love,
I make a common of my serious hours.

The sun shines let foolish gulls make
sport,

when he hides his beams.
I will jest with me, know my aspect,

and when your demeanour to my looks,
I'll beat this method in your sconce.

S. Scence, call you it? so you would
battering, I had rather have it a head:

use these blows long, I must get a
for my head, and incoherence it too; or

shall seek my wit in my shoulders. But,
why am I beaten?

S. Dost thou not know?
S. Nothing, sir, but that I am beaten.

S. Shall I tell you why?
S. Ay, sir, and wherefore; for they

why hath a wherefore;
S. Why, drest,—for flouting me; and

wherefore,—for urging it the second
time.

S. Was there ever any man thus
in the why and the wherefore is neither

nor, I thank you. [Rhyme nor reason?
S. Thank me, sir! for what?

S. Marry, sir, for this something that
I've me for nothing.

S. I'll make you amend next, to give
thing for something. But say, sir, is it

time? [that I have.
S. No, sir: I think the meat wants

in good time, sir; what's that?

Dro. S. Basting.

Ant. S. Well, sir, then 'twill be dry.

Dro. S. It is so, sir, I pray you eat none
of it.

Ant. S. Your reason?
Dro. S. Last it make you choleric, and pur-

chase 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 re-
covery?

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 scantied

men in hair, he hath given them in wit.
Ant. S. Why, but there's many a man hath

more hair than wit.
Dro. S. Not a man of those, but he hath the

wit to lose his hair.
Ant. S. Why, thou didst conclude hairy

men plain dealers, without wit.
Dro. S. The plainer dealer, the sooner lost:

yet he loseth it in a kind of jollity.
Ant. S. For what reason?

Dro. S. For two; and sound ones too.
Ant. S. Nay, not sound, I pray you.

Dro. S. Sure ones, then.
Ant. S. Nay, not sure, in a thing falsing.

Dro. S. Certain ones, then.
Ant. S. Name them.

Dro. S. The one, to save the money that he
spends in trimming; the other, that at dinner

they should not drop in his porridge.
Ant. S. You would all this time have proved

there is no time for all things.
Dro. S. Marry, and did, sir; namely, no time

to recover hair lost by nature.
Ant. S. But your reason was not substan-

tial, why there is no time to recover.
Dro. S. Thus I mend it: Time himself is

bald, and therefore, to the world's end, will
have bald followers.

Ant. S. I knew 'twould be a bald conclusion.
But soft! who waxes us yonder?

Enter Adriana and Luciana.
Adr. Ay, ay, Antipholus, look strange, and

frown:
Some other mistress hath thy sweet aspects;

I am not Adriana, nor thy wife.
The time was once, when thou unurg'd wouldst

That never words were music to thine ear,
That never object pleasing in thine eye,

That never touch well welcome to thy hand,
That never meat sweet-savour'd in thy taste,

Unless I spake, or look'd, or touch'd, or carv'd
to thee.

How comes it now, my husband, O! how
That thou art thus estranged from thyself?

Thyself I call it, being strange to me,
That, undividable, incorporate,

Am better than thy dear self's better part.

Ah, do not tear away thyself from me!

For know, my love, as easy mayest thou full

A drop of water in the breaking gulf,

And take unmingled thence that drop again,

Without addition or diminishing,

As take from me thyself, and not me too.

How dearly would it touch thee to the quick,

Shouldst thou but hear I were licentious,

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 tear the stain'd skin off my harlot-brow,

And from my false hand cut the wedding-ring

And break it with a deep-divorcing vow?

I know thou canst; and therefore, see thou do

I am possess'd with an adulterate-blot; [It.

My blood is mingled with the crime of lust:

For if we two be one, and thou play false,

I do digest the poison of thy flesh,

Being strumpeted by thy contagion. [bed;

Keep, then, fair league and truce with thy true

I live unstain'd, thou endishonoured.

Ant. S. Plead you to me, fair dame? I

know you not:

In Ephesus I am but two hours old,

As strange unto your town as to your talk;

Who, every word by all my wit being scann'd,

Want wit in all one word to understand.

Luc. Fie, brother! how the world is chang'd

with you!

When were you wont to use my sister thus?

She sent for you by Dromio home to dinner.

Ant. S. By Dromio? Dro. S. By me?

Adr. By thee; and this thou didst return

from him,—

That he did buffet thee, and, in his blows,

Denied my house for his, me for his wife.

Ant. S. Did you converse, sir, with this

gentlewoman?

What is the course and drift of your compact?

Dro. S. I, sir! I never saw her till this time.

Ant. S. Villain, thou liest; for even her

very words

Didst thou deliver to me on the mart.

Dro. S. I never spake with her in all my life.

Ant. S. How can she thus, then, call us by

Unless it be by inspiration? [our names,

Adr. How ill agrees it with your gravity

To counterfeit thus grossly with your slave,

Abetting him to thwart me in my mood!

Be it my wrong you are from me exempt,

But wrong not that wrong with a more con-

tempt.

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

If aught possess thee from me,

Uscurping ivy, briar, or idle moss,

Who, all for want of pruning,

Infect thy sap, and live on thy

Ant. S. To me she speaks!

for her theme:

What, was I married to her in

Or sleep I now, and think I

What error drives our eyes and

Until I know this sure uncertainty

I'll entertain the offer'd fallacy

Luc. Dromio, go bid the serv

Dro. S. O, for my heads! I

sinner.

This is the fairy land: O spite

We talk with goblins, owls, and

If we obey them not, this will

They'll suck our breath, or pinch

blue.

Luc. Why pratest thou to

Dromio, thou drone, thou snail,

so!

Dro. S. I am transform'd, m

Ant. S. I think thou art, in

am I.

Dro. S. Nay, master, both

Ant. S. Thou hast thine own

Dro. S.

Luc. If thou art chang'd to

ass.

Dro. S. 'Tis true; she rides

'Tis so, I am an ass; else it

But I should know her, as well

me.

Adr. Come, come; no longer

To put the finger in the eye and

Whilst man and master laugh

Come, sir, to dinner.—Dromio,

Husband, I'll dine above with

And shrieve you of a thousand

Sirrah, if any ask you for your

Say he dines forth, and let no

Come, sister.—Dromio, play the

Ant. S. [Aside.] Am I in

or in hell?

Sleeping or waking? mad or well

Known unto these, and to myself

I'll say as they say, and perseve

And in this mist at all adventur

Dro. S. Master, shall I be

Adr. Ay; and let none enter

your pate.

Luc. Come, come, Antipholus

ACT III.

SCENE I.—The Street.

Enter Antipholus of Ephesus,

Ephesus, Angelo, and Bal

Ant. B. Good signior Angelo

excuse us all;

wish, when I keep not hours;
er'd with you at your shop
king of her earcanet,
orrow you will bring it home.
lain, that would face me down
the mart, and that I beat him,
aim with a thousand marks in

I deny my wife and house.—
rd, thou, what didst thou mean
[what I know;
what you will, sir, but I know
at me at the mart, I have your
o show: [gave were ink,
re parchment, and the blows you
dwriting would tell you what I
think thou art an ass. [think.

Marry, so it doth appear
I suffer, and the blows I bear.
ck, being kick'd; and, being at
ass, [of an ass,
keep from my heels, and beware
ou are sad, signior Balthazar:
God, our cheer
my good-will, and your good
me here. [your welcome dear,
old your dainties cheap, sir, and
O, signior Balthazar, either at flesh
h, [dainty dish,
ll of welcome makes scarce one
d meat, sir, is common; that every
d affords.

And welcome more common; for
a nothing but words.
all cheer and great welcome makes
ry feast.

Ay, to a niggardly host, and more
ing guest.

h my cates be mean, take them in
l part; [better heart.
er may you have, but not with
my door is lock'd.—Go bid them
is in. [Dian, Ginn!
Maud, Bridget, Marian, Cicely, Gil-
[Within.] Mome, malt-horse,
m, coxcomb, idiot, patch!
thee from the door, or sit down at
hatch.

soujere for wenches, that thou call'st
such store, [the door.
is one too many! Go, get thee from
What patch is made our porter?
master stays in the street.

Let him walk from whence he came,
he catch cold on's feet. [the door.
Who talks within there? ho! op'n
Right, sir; I'll tell you when, an'
I'll tell me wherefore.

Wherefore? for my dinner; I have
din'd to-day.
Nor to-day here you must not, come
in when you may.

What art thou that keep'st me out
u 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; [blame.
The one ne'er got me credit, the other mickle
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.

Luce. [Within.] What a coil is there!
Dromio, who are those at the gate?

Dro. E. Let my master in, Luce.

Luce. 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?

Luce. Have at you with another: that's
—When? can you tell?

Dro. S. [Within.] If thy name be called Luce,
—Luce, thou hast answer'd him well.

Ant. E. Do you hear, you minion! you'll
let us in, I hope!

Luce. [Within.] I thought to have ask'd you.

Dro. S. [Within.] And you said no.

Dro. E. So, come, help!—well struck!
there was blow for blow.

Ant. E. Thon baggage, let me in.

Luce. Can you tell for whose sake?

Dro. E. Master, knock the door hard.

Luce. Let him knock till it ache.

Ant. E. You'll cry for this, minion, if I
beat the door down.

Luce. What needs all that, and a pair of
stocks in the town?

Adr. [Within.] Who is that at the door
that keeps all this noise?

Dro. S. [Within.] By my troth your town
is troubled with unruly boys.

Ant. E. Are you there, wife? you might
have come before. [from the door.

Adr. Your wife, sir knave! go, get you

Dro. E. If you went in pain, master, this
knave would go sore.

Ang. Here is neither cheer, sir, nor welcome:
we would fain have either.

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
garments were thin.

Your cake here is warm within; you stand
here in the cold: [bought and sold.

It would make a man mad as a buck to be so
Ant. E. Go fetch me something: I'll break
ope the gate. [break your knave's pate.

Dro. S. Break any breaking here, and I'll

Dro. E. A man may break a word with you,
sir; and words are but wind:

Ay, and break it in your face, so he break it not
behind. [out upon thee, hind!

Dro. S. It seems thou want'st breaking:

Dro. B. Here's too much "out upon thee!"
I pray thee, let me in.

Dro. S. Ay, when fowls have no feathers,
and fish have no fin. [a crow.]

Ant. B. Well, I'll break in:—go borrow me
Dro. S. A crow without feather,—master,
mean you so? [out a feather:]

For a fish without a fin, there's a fowl with-
out a feather. If a crow help us in, sirrah, we'll pluck a crow
together. [iron crow.]

Ant. B. Go, get thee gone; fetch me an
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. [wisdom,
Once this,—Your long experience of her

Her sober virtue, years, and modesty,
Plead on her part some causes to you unknown;

And doubt not, sir, but she will well excuse
Why at this time the doors are made against

Be rul'd by me: depart in patience, [you.
And let us to the Tiger all to dinner,

And about evening come yourself alone
To know the reason of this strange restraint.

If by strong hand you offer to break in,
Now in the stirring passage of the day,

A vulgar comment will be made of it;
And that supposed by the common rout,

Against your yet unguessed estimation,
That may with foul intrusion enter in,

And dwell upon your grave when you are dead:
For slander lives upon succession,

For ever housed, where it gets possession.
Ant. B. You have prevail'd: I will depart

in quiet,
And, in despite of mirth, mean to be merry.

I know a wench of excellent discourse,
Pretty and witty; wild, and yet, too, gentle:

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.—Get you home,

And fetch the chain; by this, I know, 'tis made:
Bring it, I pray you, to the Porcupine;

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. B. Do so. This jest shall cost me some

expense. [Exit.]

SCENE II.—*The Same.*

Enter Luciana and Antipholus of Syracuse.
Luc. And may it be that you have quite

forgot
A husband's office? Shall, Antipholus,

Even in the spring of love, thy love-spring rot?
Shall love, in building, grow so ruinous?

If you did wed my sister for her wealth,
Then, for her wealth's sake, use her with

more kindness.

Or, if you like elsewhere, do
Muffle your false love with

blindness:
Let not my sister read it in your

Be not thy tongue thy own
Look sweet, speak fair, become

Apparell'd vice like virtue's look;
Bear a fair presence, though be

tainted:
Teach sin the carriage of a

Be secret-false: what need she
What simple thief brags of

'Tis double wrong to trust
And let her read it in thy

Shame hath a bastard issue,
Ill deeds are doubled with

Alas, poor women! make us
Being compact of credit, that

Though others have the
sleeve;

We in your motion turn, and
Then, gentle brother, get you

Comfort my sister, cheer her
'Tis holy sport to be a little

When the sweet breath of
Ant. S. Sweet mistress,—

is else, I know not,
Nor by what wonder you do

Less in your knowledge and
show not

Than our earth's wonder;
Teach me, dear creature, how

to speak;
Lay open to my earthly

Smother'd in errors, fables, shadows,
The folded meaning of your

Against my soul's pure truth
To make it wander in a

Are you a god? would you create
Transform me, then, and to

But if that I am I, then well
Your weeping sister is no

Nor to her bed no homage do
Far more, far more, to you

O, train me not, sweet
note,

To drown me in thy sister's
Sing, siren, for thyself, and

Spread o'er the silver waves
And as a bed I'll take them,

And, in that glorious supple
He gains by death, that bath

die:
Let love, being light, be drown'd

Luc. What! are you mad, or
son so?

Ant. S. Not mad, but made
Luc. It is a fault that springs

eye.
Ant. S. For gazing on your

Luc. Gaze where you should
clear your sight.

Ant. S. As good to wink
look on night.

Why call you me love? call my sister
S. Thy sister's sister. [a.]

That's my sister. No;

self, mine own self's better part,
My clear eye, my dear heart's dearer

heart, my fortune, and my sweet hope's
earth's heaven, and my heaven's claim.

All this my sister is, or else should be.
S. Call thyself sister, sweet, for I am

thine.
If I love, and with thee lead my life;

not no husband yet, nor I no wife.
thy hand.

O, soft, sir! hold you still:
my sister, to get her good-will.

Enter Dromio of Syracuse, hastily.
S. Why, how now, Dromio! where

hast thou so fast?
S. Do you know me, sir? am I Dro-

mo? I your man? am I myself?
S. Thou art Dromio, thou art my

man, art thyself. [and besides myself.
I am as you, I am a woman's man,

S. What woman's man? and how be-
lieve?

S. Marry, sir, besides myself, I am
a woman; one that claims me, one

as me, one that will have me.
S. What claim lays she to thee?

S. Marry, sir, such claim as you would
not horse; and she would have me as

not that, I being a beast, she would
; but that she, being a very beastly

lays claim to me.
What is she?

A very reverent body: ay, such a
man may not speak of, without he

reverence." I have but lean luck in
th, and yet is she a wondrous fat

How dost thou mean,—a fat
S. Marry, sir, she's the kitchen-wench,

and I know not what use to
to, but to make a lamp of her, and

her by her own light. I warrant,
and the tallow in them, will burn a

while; if she lives till doomsday,
a week longer than the whole world.

What complexion is she of?
Swart, like my shoe, but her face

like so clean kept: for why, she
a man may go over shoes in the

That's a fault that water will mend.
No, sir, 'tis in grain; Noah's flood

do it.
What's her name?

Nell, sir; but her name and three-
that is, an ell and three quarters,—

measure her from hip to hip.
Then she bears some breadth!

Dro. S. No longer from head to foot, than
from hip to hip: she is spherical, like a globe;

I could find out countries in her.
Ant. S. In what part of her body stands

Ireland? [It out by the bogs.
Dro. S. Marry, sir, in her buttocks: I found

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 re-
verted, making war against her hair.

Ant. S. Where England?
Dro. S. I looked for the chalky cliffs, but I

could find no whiteness in them; but I guess,
it stood in her chin, by the salt rheum that ran

between France and it.
Ant. S. Where Spain? [Not in her breath.

Dro. S. Faith, I saw it not; but I felt it
Ant. S. Where America, the Indies?

Dro. S. O, sir, upon her nose, all o'er em-
bellished with rubies, carbuncles, sapphires,

declining their rich aspect to the hot breath of
Spain, who sent whole armadas of caracks to

be ballast at her nose. [lands?
Ant. S. Where stood Belgium, the Nether-

Dro. S. O, sir, I did not look so low. To
conclude, this drudge, or diviner, laid claim

to me; call'd me Dromio; swore I was assured
to her; told me what privy marks I had about

me, as the mark of my shoulder, the mole in
my neck, the great wart on my left arm, that

I, amazed, ran from her as a witch:
And, I think if my breast had not been made

of faith, and my heart of steel,
She had transform'd me to a curtail dog, and

made me turn i' the wheel. [road:
Ant. S. Go lie thee presently, post to the

And if the wind blow any way from shore,
I will not harbour in this town to-night:

If any bark put forth, come to the mart,
Where I will walk till thou return to me.

If every one knows us, and we know none,
'Tis time, I think, to trudge, pack, and be gone.

Dro. S. As from a bear a man would run
for life,

So fly I from her that would be my wife. [Exit.]

Ant. S. There's none but witches do inhabit
here;

And therefore 'tis high time that I were hence.
She that doth call me husband, even my soul

Doth for a wife abhor; but her fair sister,
Possess'd with such a gentle sovereign grace,

Of such enchanting presence and discourse,
Hath almost made me traitor to myself:

But, lest myself be guilty to self-wrong,
I'll stop mine ears against the mermaid's song.

Enter Angelo.
Ang. Master Antipholus,—

Ant. S. Ay, that's my name. [chain.
Ang. I know it well, sir. Lo, here is the

I thought to have ta'en you at the Porcupine:
The chain unfinish'd made me stay thus long.

Ant. S. What is your will that I shall do with this? [made it for you.]
Ang. What please yourself, sir: I have
Ant. S. Made it for me, sir! I bespoken it not. [you have.]
Ang. Not once, not twice, but twenty times
 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.

Ant. S. What I should think of this, I cannot tell:
 But this I think, there's no man is so vain,
 That would refuse so fair an offer'd chain.
 I see, a man here needs not live by shifts,
 When in the streets he meets such golden gifts.
 I'll to the mart, and there for Dromio stay:
 If any ship put out, then straight away. [Exit.]

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—The Same.

Enter Merchant, Angelo, and an Officer.

Mer. You know since Pentecost the sum is due,
 And since I have not much importun'd you;
 Nor now I had not, but that I am bound
 To Persia, and want gilders for my voyage:
 Therefore, make present satisfaction,
 Or I'll attach you by this officer.

Ang. Even just the sum that I do owe to
 Is growing to me by Antipholus; [you,
 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.
Off. That labour may you save: see where
 he comes.

Enter Antipholus of Ephesus and Dromio of Ephesus.

Ant. E. While I go to the goldsmith's
 house, go thou
 And buy a rope's end: that I will 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 help 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, [not.]
 If it were chain'd together, and therefore came
Ang. Saving your merry humour, here's the
 note

How much your chain weighs
 carat,
 The fineness of the gold, and chain
 Which doth amount to three gold
 Than I stand debted to this gold
 I pray you, see him presently
 For he is bound to sea, and stay
Ant. E. I am not furnish'd with
 money;
 Besides, I have some business
 Good signior, take the stranger
 And with you take the chain,
 Disburse the sum on the receipt
 Perchance I will be there as soon
Ang. Then, you will bring the
 yourself?
Ant. E. No; bear 't with you
Ang. Well, sir, I will. Have
 about you!
Ant. E. An' if I have not,
 Or else you may return without
Ang. Nay, come, I pray you
 the chain:
 Both wind and tide stay for this
 And I, to blame, have held him
Ant. E. Good lord! you use
 to excuse

Your breach of promise to the
 I should have chid you for not
 But, like a shrew, you first beg
Mer. The hour steals on; I
 despatch.
Ang. You hear how he importuneth
Ant. E. Why, give it to my
 your money.
Ang. Come, come, you know
 Either send the chain, or send
 token.

Ant. E. Fie! now you run the
 Come, where's the chain! I pray
 see it.
Mer. My business cannot
 Good sir, say whether you'll answer
 If not, I'll leave him to the officer.
Ant. E. I answer you! what
 swer you!

Ang. The money that you owe
Ant. E. I owe you none till
 chain.
Ang. You know I gave it you
Ant. E. You gave me none:
 much to say so.
Ang. You wrong me more,
 Consider how it stands upon my
Mer. Well, officer, arrest him
Off. I do;—and charge you
 name to obey me.

Ang. This touches me in reputation
 Either consent to pay this sum
 Or I attach you by this officer.
Ant. E. Consent to pay the
 Arrest me, foolish fellow, if
Ang. Here is thy fee; arrest
 I would not spare my brother's

should scorn me so apparently.
 I do arrest you, sir: you hear the suit.
E. I do obey thee till I give thee bail.
 real, you shall buy this sport as dear,
 he metal in your shop will answer.
 Sir, sir, I shall have law in Ephesus,
 notorious shame, I doubt it not.
Enter Dromio of Syracuse.
S. Master, there is a bark of Epidam-

nia
 says but till her owner comes aboard,
 on, sir, she bears away. Our freight-
 cargo, sir,
 convey'd aboard; and I have bought
 the balsamum, and aqua-vitæ.
 is in her trim: the merry wind [all
 air from land: they stay for naught at
 their owner, master, and yourself.
 How now! a madman! Why,
 you peevish shoop,
 of Epidamnium stays for me!
 A ship you sent me to, to hire waft-
 go. [for a rope;
 Thou drunken slave, I sent thee
 I these to what purpose, and what end.
 You sent me for a rope's end as
 me to the bay, sir, for a bark [soon;
 I will debate this matter at more
 leisure,
 with your ears to list me with more heed.
 ana, villain, hie thee straight:
 this key, and tell her, in the desk
 cover'd o'er with Turkish tapestry,
 a purse of ducats; let her send it:
 I am arrested in the street,
 I shall bail me: hie thee, slave, begone,
 or, to prison till it come.
Merchant, Angelo, Officer, and Ant. E.

Exit.
*To Adriana! that is where we din'd,
 Demeasdel did claim me for her hus-
 and:*

so big, I hope, for me to compass,
 I must, although against my will,
 out must their masters' minds fulfil.

Exit.
 II.—A Room in the House of Anti-
 pholus of Ephesus.
Enter Adriana and Luciana.
 Ah, Luciana, did he tempt thee so?
 thou perceivest underly in his eye
 did plead in earnest, yes or no?
 in or red, or pale, or sad, or merrily?
 observation mad'st thou, in this case,
 art's meteors tilting in his face?
 first he denied you had in him no
 set.

Ant. E. This touches me in reputation
 Either consent to pay this sum
 Or I attach you by this officer.
Ant. E. Consent to pay the
 Arrest me, foolish fellow, if
Ang. Here is thy fee; arrest
 I would not spare my brother's

And true he swore, though yet for-
 when pleaded I for you.
 And what said he?

Luc. That love I begg'd for you, he begg'd
 of me. [thy love!
Adr. With what persuasion did he tempt
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, though not my heart, shall have
 his will.

He is deformed, crooked, old, and sere,
 ill-fac'd, worse bodied, shapeless everywhere;
 Vicious, ungentle, foolish, blunt, unkind;
 Stigmatical in making, worse in mind.

Luc. Who would be jealous, then, of such
 No evil lost to wail'd when it is gone. [a one!
Adr. Ah, but I think him better than I say,
 And yet would herein others' eyes were
 worse.

Far from her nest the lapwing cries away:
 My heart prays for him, though my tongue
 do curse.

Enter Dromio of Syracuse.
Dro. S. Huro, 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? [than hell.]

Dro. S. No, he's in Tartar Italo, worse
 A devil in an everlasting garment hath him;
 One whose hard heart is button'd up with steel;
 A fiend, a fairy, pitiless and rough;
 A wolf, nay, worse, a fellow all in buff;
 A back-friend, a shoulder-clapper, one that
 countermands [lands;
 The passages of alleys, creeks, and narrow
 A bound that runs counter, and yet draws
 dry-foot well; [souls to hell.]

One that, before the judgment, carries poor
Adr. Why, man, what is the matter?

Dro. S. I do not know the matter; he is
 'rested on the case. [whose suit.]

Adr. What, is he arrested? tell me at
Dro. S. I know not at whose suit he is
 arrested well; [that can I tell.]

But he's in a suit of buff which 'rested him,
 Will you send him, mistress, redemption,—the
 money in his desk?

Adr. Go fetch it, sister.—[Exit Luciana.]
 This I wonder at:

That he, unknown to me, should be in debt.
 Tell me, was he arrested on a band? [thing.]

Dro. S. Not on a band, but on a stronger
 A chain, a chain: do you not hear it ring?

Adr. What, the chain?

Dro. S. No, no, the bell. 'Tis time that I
 were gone; [strikes one.]

It was two ere I left him, and now the clock
Adr. The hours come back! that did I
 never hear.

Dro. S. O yes; if any hour meet a sergeant,
 'a turns back for very fear.

Adr. As if Time were in debt! how fondly dost thou reason!

Dro. S. Time is a very bankrupt, and owes more than he's worth, to season. [say, Nay, he's a thief too: have you not heard men That Time comes stealing on by night and day? If Time be in debt and theft, and a sergeant in the way, [day? Hath he not reason to turn back an hour in a Re-enter Luciana.

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.

SCENE III.—A public Place.

Enter Antipholus of Syracuse.

Ant. S. There's not a man I meet but doth salute me,
As if I were their well-acquainted friend;
And every one doth call me by my name.
Some tender money to me; some invite me;
Some offer me thanks for kindnesses;
Some offer me commodities to buy:
Even now a tailor call'd me in his shop, [me,
And shew'd me silks, that he had bought for
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
What, have you got the picture of old Adam
new apparel'd? [dost thou mean?]

Ant. S. What gold is that? What Adam?
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

Ant. S. I understand thee not. [liberty.

Dro. S. No! why, 'tis a plain case: he that
want, like a base-viol, in a case of leather; the
man, sir, that, when gentlemen are tired, gives
them a fob, and 'rests them; he, sir, that takes
pity on decayed men, and gives them suits of
durand; he that sets up his rest to do more
exploits with his mace than a morris-pike.

Ant. S. What, thou meanest an officer?

Dro. S. Ay, sir, the sergeant of the band;
he that brings any man to answer it, that
breaks his band; one that thinks a man al-
ways going to bed, and says, "God give you
good rest!"

Ant. S. Well, sir, there rest in your foolery.
Is there any ship puts forth to-night? may we
be gone?

Dro. S. Why, sir, I brought you word an
hour since, that the bark Expedition put forth
to-night; and then were you hindered by the
sergeant, to tarry for the holy Delay. Here are
the angels that you sent for, to deliver you.

Ant. S. The fellow is distract-
ed here we wander in illusion.
Some blessed power deliver us!

Enter a Courtesan.

Cour. Well met, well met,
I see, sir, you have found the
is that the chain you promised

Ant. S. Satan, avoid! I charge
me not!

Dro. S. Master, is this mistress
Ant. S. It is the devil.

Dro. S. Nay, she is worse, she's
dam; and here she comes in
light wench: and thereof

wenches say, "God damn
much as to say, "God damn
wench." It is written, they are
angels of light: light is an angel
fire will burn; ergo, light

will burn; ergo, light
Come not near her.

Cour. Your man and you
Will you go with me? we'll

here.
Dro. S. Master, if you do
meat; so bespeak a long spoon.

Ant. S. Why, Dromio?
Dro. S. Marry, he must have
that must eat with the devil.

Ant. S. Avoid thee, fiend!
me of supping!

Thou art, as you are all, a snake;
I conjure thee to leave me, and
dinner.

Cour. Give me the ring of mine
Or, for my diamond, the chain

And I'll be gone, sir, and not
Dro. S. Some devils ask but
one's nail,

A rush, a hair, a drop of blood,
A nut, a cherry-stone;

But she, more covetous, would
Master, be wise! an' if you give
The devil will shake her chain

with it.
Cour. I pray you, sir, my
I hope you do not mean to cheat

Ant. S. A vaunt, thou witch!
let us go. [mistress.

Dro. S. "Fly pride," say
[Exeunt Ant. S. and Dromio.]

Cour. Now, out of doubt,
Else would he never so demand
A ring he hath of mine worth
And for the same he promised
Both one and other he denied
The reason that I gather he is
Besides this present instance
Is a mad tale he told to-day
Of his own doors being shut
trance.

Belike, his wife, acquainted
On purpose shut the doors
My way is now, to his home
And tell his wife, that, being

into my house, and took perforce
away. This course I fittest choose;
My duce is too much to lose. [Exit.

SCENE IV.—A Street.
Antipholus of Ephesus and an Officer.

Ant. Fear me not, man; I will not
break away;
these are I leave thee, so much money,
ant thee, as I am 'rested for,
is in a wayward mood to-day,
it not lightly trust the messenger:
should be attach'd in Ephesus,
'twill sound harshly in her ears.
comes my man; I think he brings the
money.

Dromio of Ephesus with a rope's end.
sir! have you that I sent you for?
Here's that, I warrant you, will pay
you all.

But where's the money? [rope.
Why, sir, I gave the money for the
Five hundred ducats, villain, for a
[the rate.

I'll serve you, sir, five hundred
To what end did I bid thee his
see home? [end am I return'd.

To a rope's end, sir; and to that
And to that end, sir, I will welcome
[Beating him.

Good sir, be patient.
Nay, 'tis for me to be patient; I
generally.

Good now, hold thy tongue.
Nay, rather persuade him to hold
Then whoremong, senseless villain!

I would I were senseless, sir, that
not feel your blows.

Thou art sensible in nothing but
as is an ass.

I am an ass indeed; you may
by my long ears. I have served him
hour of my nativity to this instant,
nothing at his hands for my service

When I am cold, he heats me
ing; when I am warm, he cools me
ing: I am waked with it when I
slept with it when I sit; driven out of
it when I go from home; welcomed
it when I return: nay, I hear it on
then he hath lam'd me, I shall beg
am door to door.

Come, go along; my wife is com-
Luciana, the Courtesan, and
Pinch, &c.

Mistress, respect him, respect
or rather, to prophesy like the
bawards the rope's end."

Will thou still talk? [Beats him.

How say you now? Is not your hus-
and mad?

Is his civility confirms no less.—

Good doctor Pinch, you are a conjurer;
Confound him in his true sense again,
And I will please you what you will demand.

Luc. Alas, how fury and how sharp he
looks!

Cour. Mark how he trembles in his ecstasy!
Pinch. Give me your hand, and let me feel
your pulse.

Ant. E. There is my hand, and let it feel
your ear.

Pinch. I charge thee, Satan, housed within
this man,

To yield possession to my holy prayers,
And to thy state of darkness like thee straight:
I conjure thee by all the saints in heaven!

Ant. E. Peace, doting wizard, peace! I am
not mad.

Adr. O, that thou wert not, poor distressed
Ant. E. You minion, you, are these your
enchantments?

Did this companion with the saffron face
Revel and feast it at my house to-day,
Whilst upon me the guilty doors were shut,
And I denied to enter in my house?

Adr. O husband, God doth know, you din'd
at home;

Where would you had remain'd until this time,
Free from these slanders and this open shame!

Ant. E. Din'd at home!—Thou villain, what
say'st thou?

Dro. E. Sir, sooth to say, you did not dine
at home.

Ant. E. Were not my doors lock'd up, and
I shut out?

Dro. E. Perdy, your doors were lock'd, and
Ant. E. And did not she herself revile me
there?

Dro. E. Sans fable, she herself revild you
Ant. E. Did not her kitchen-maid rail,
taunt, and scorn me?

Dro. E. Certes, she did; the kitchen-vestal
Ant. E. And did not I in rage depart from
thence?

Dro. E. In verity, you did;—my bones bear
That since have felt the vigour of his rage.

Adr. Is't good to soothe him in these con-
traries?

Pinch. It is no shame: the fellow finds his
And, yielding to him, humours well his frenzy.

Ant. E. Thou hast suborn'd the goldsmith
to arrest me.

Adr. Alas, I sent you money to redeem you,
By Dromio here, who came in haste for it.

Dro. E. Money by me! heart and good-
will you might;

But surely, master, not a rag of money.
Ant. E. Went'st not thou to her for a purse
of ducats?

Adr. He came to me, and I deliver'd it.
Luc. And I am witness with her that she
did.

Dro. E. God and the rope-maker bear me
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 And why dost thou deny the bag of gold?

Adr. I did not, gentle husband, lock thee forth.

Dro. E. And, gentle master, I receiv'd no But I confess, sir, that we were lock'd out.

Adr. Dissembling villain! thou speak'st false in both.

Ant. E. Dissembling harlot! thou art false And art confederate with a damned pack.

To make a loathsome object scorn of me: But with these nails I'll pluck out those false eyes.

That would behold in me this shameful sport.

Adr. O bind him, bind him! let him not come near me.

Pinch. More company! the fiend is strong

Enter Assistants.

Luc. Ah me, poor man, how pale and wan he looks!

[*Pinch and Assistants bind Ant. E. and Dro. E.*

Ant. E. What, will you murder me! Thou gaoler, thou,

I am thy prisoner: wilt thou suffer them To make a rescue!

Off. Masters, let him go: He is my prisoner, and you shall not have him.

Pinch. Go bind this man, for he is frantic too.

Adr. What wilt thou do, thou peevish Hast thou delight to see a wretched man Do outrage and displeasure to himself?

Off. He is my prisoner: if I let him go, The debt he owes will be requir'd of me.

Adr. I will discharge thee ere I go from thee:

Bear me forthwith unto his creditor,

And, knowing how the debt grows, I will pay 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

Dro. E. Will you be bound for nothing! be Cry, the devil!

Luc. God help, poor souls, how idly do they talk!

Adr. Go bear him hence.—Sister, go you with me.—

[*Exit Pinch and Assistants with Ant. E. and Dro. E.*

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

Off. Two hundred ducats.

Adr. Say, how grows it due?

Off. Due for a chain your husband had of him.

Adr. He did bespeak a chain for me, but

Cour. When as your husband, all in rage,

Came to my house, and took

The ring I saw upon his finger.

Adr. It may be so, but I

Come, gaoler, bring me where

I long to know the truth thereof.

Enter Antipholus of Syracuse.

Luc. God, for thy money again.

Adr. And come with me

To have them bound again.

Off. [*Exit Adriana, Luciana, and others.*

Ant. S. I see, these wits

Dro. S. She, that would be

Ant. S. Come to the Court

stuff from thence:

I long that we were safe and

Dro. S. Faith, stay here

will surely do us no harm:

us fair, give us gold: methinks

a gentle nation, that, but for

mad flesh that claims marriage

find in my heart to stay here

Ant. S. I will not stay

Therefore away, to get our

ACT V.

SCENE I.—*Before an*

Enter Merchant and

Ang. I am sorry, sir, that

But, I protest, he had the

Though most dishonestly he

Mer. How is the man estab-

city?

Ang. Of very reverend repu-

Of credit infinite, highly believ-

Second to none that lives here

His word might bear my weal

Mer. Speak softly: yonder

walks.

Enter Antipholus of Syracuse.

Ang. 'Tis so; and that he

Which he forswore most

Good sir, draw near to me, I

Signior Antipholus, I wonder

That you would put me to

And, not without some scandal

Yes, that you did, sir, and forswore

too.

S. Who heard me to deny it or for-

These ears of mine, thou know'st, did

hear thee.

Wretch! 'tis pity that thou liv'st

where any honest men resort.

S. Thou art a villain to impeach me

to mine honour and mine honesty

these presently, if thou dar'st stand.

I dare, and do defy thee for a villain.

[*They draw.*

Adriana, Luciana, Courtesan, and others.

Hold! hurt him not, for God's sake!

is mad.

at within him; take his sword away.

come too, and bear them to my house.

S. Run, master, run; for God's sake,

take a house!

some priory:—in, or we are spoil'd.

Ant. S. and Dro. S. into the Abbey.

Enter the Abbess.

Be quiet, people. Wherefore throng

on hither?

To fetch my poor distracted husband

some in, that we may bind him fast,

or him home for his recovery.

I knew he was not in his perfect wits.

I am sorry now, that I did draw on

him.

How long hath this possession held

This week he hath been heavy, sour,

and

all different from the man he was;

I this afternoon, his passion

break into extremity of rage.

Hath he not lost much wealth by

reck at sea?

some dear friend? Hath not else his eye

his affection in unlawful love?

revelling much in youthful men,

ve their eyes the liberty of gazing.

of these sorrows is he subject to?

To none of these, except it be the last;

some love that draw him off from home.

You should for that have reprehended

Why, so I did.

[*him.*

Ay, but not rough enough.

As roughly as my modesty would let

Haply, in private.

[*him.*

And in assemblies too.

Ay, but not enough.

It was the copy of our conference:

he slept not for my urging it;

and, he led not for my urging it;

it was the subject of my theme;

company, I often glanc'd at it:

I tell him it was vile and bad.

[*mad:*

And therefore came it that the man was

from clamours of a jealous woman

more deadly than a mad dog's tooth.

his sleeps were hinder'd by thy rail-

ing,

whereof comes it, that his head is light.

5

Thou say'st his meat was sauc'd with thy up-

Unquiet meals make ill digestions, [brailings:

Therewith the raging fire of fever bred;

And what's a fever but a fit of madness?

Thou say'st his sports were hinder'd by thy

bravals:

Sweet recreation barr'd, what doth ensue,

But moody and dull melancholy,

Kinman to grim and comfortless despair;

And at her heels a huge infectious troop

Of pale distemp'ratures, and foes to life:

In food, in sport, and life-preserving rest

To be disturb'd, would mad or man or beast:

The consequence is, then, thy jealous fits

Have scard thy husband from the use of wits.

Luc. She never reprehended him but mildly.

When he demean'd himself rough, rude, and

wildly.

Why hear 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 hus-

band forth.

Abb. Neither; he took this place for sanc-

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 us'd the approved means I have,

With wholesome syrups, drugs, and holy

prayers,

To make of him a formal man again:

It is a branch and parcel of mine oath,

A charitable duty of my order:

Therefore depart, and leave him here with me.

Adr. I will not hence, and leave my hus-

band here:

And ill it doth beseem your holiness

To separate the husband and the wife.

Abb. Be quiet, and depart: thou shalt not

have him.

[*Exit.*

Luc. Complain unto the duke of this in-

dignity.

[*Exit.*

Adr. Come, go; I will fall prostrate at his

And never rise until my tears and prayers

Have won his grace to come in person hither,

And take perforce my husband from the abbess.

Sec. Mer. By this, I think, the dial points

at five:

Anon, 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

Who put unluckily into this bay.

[*Merchant.*

Against the laws and statutes of this town,

Behaved publicly for his offence.

[*his death.*

Ang. See where they come: we will behold

Luc. Kneel to the duke before he pass the abbey.

Enter Duke attended; Alceon bare-headed; 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.

Adr. Justice, most sacred duke, against the abbess!

Duke. She is a virtuous and a reverend lady: It cannot be that she hath done thee wrong.

Adr. May it please your grace, Antipholus, my husband,

Whom I made lord of me and all I had, At your important letters,—this ill day A most outrageous fit of madness took him; That desperately he hurried through the street,—

With him his bondman, all as mad as he,— Doing displeasure to the citizens

By rushing in their houses, bearing thence Rings, jewels, anything his rage did like.

Once did I get him bound, and sent him home, Whilst to take order for the wrongs I went,

That here and there his fury had committed. Anon, I wot not by what strong escape,

He broke from those that had the guard of him;

And with his mad attendant and himself, Each one with ireful passion, with drawn swords,

Met us again, and, madly bent on us, Chas'd us away; till, raising of more aid,

We came again to bind them. Then they fled Into this abbey, whither we pursued them;

And here the abbess shuts the gates on us, And will not suffer us to fetch him out,

Nor send him forth, that we may bear him hence. [maud]

Therefore, most gracious duke, with thy command Let him be brought forth, and borne hence for help.

Duke. Long since thy husband serv'd me in my wars;

And I to thee engag'd a prince's word, When thou didst make him master of thy bed,

To do him all the grace and good I could. Go, some of you, knock at the abbey gate,

And bid the lady abbess come to me, I will determine this before I stir.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. O mistress, mistress! shift and save yourself!

My master and his man are both broke loose, Beaten the maids a-row, and bound the doctor, Whose beard they have sing'd off with brands of fire;

And ever as it blaz'd they threw on him Great pails of puddled mire to quench the hair. My master preaches patience to him, and the while

His man with scissars nicks him like a fool; And sure, unless you send some present help, Between them they will kill the conjurer.

Adr. Peace, fool! thy master are here,

And that is false thou dost report.

Serv. Mistress, upon my life, I have not breath'd almost, since

He cries for you, and vows, if he To scorch your face, and to disfigure

Hark, hark! I hear him, mistress!

Duke. Come, stand by me; I Guard with halberts!

Adr. Ah me, it is my husband! That he is borne about inviolable

Even now we hous'd him in the street, And now he's there, past thought of reason.

Enter Antipholus of Ephesus and Ephesus.

Ant. E. Justice, most gracious grant me justice!

Even for the service that long since When I bestrid thee in the wars,

Deep scars to save thy life; even That then I lost for thee, now grant

Adr. Unless the fear of death me dote,

I see my son Antipholus, and I

Ant. E. Justice, sweet prince, woman there!

She whom thou gav'st to me to be That hath abused and dishonour'd

Even in the strength and height of Beyond imagination is the wrong.

That she this day hath sham'd me.

Duke. Discover how, and thou shalt just.

Ant. E. This day, great duke, you call While she with harlots feasted so

Duke. A grievous fault.—Say'st thou so?

Adr. No, my good lord: not To-day did dine together. So

As this is false he burdens me with walls

Luc. Ne'er may I look on day, night,

But she tells to your highness and is false!

Ang. O perjur'd woman! Thou art forsworn:

In this the madman justly charged you

Ant. E. My liege, I am advised been Neither disturb'd with the effect of

Nor heady-rash, provok'd with any he

Albeit my wrongs might make me think that

This woman lock'd me out the dinner:

That goldsmith there, were he not, He Could witness it, for he was with

Who parted with me to go fetch of he

Promising to bring it to the Port. So

Where Balthazar and I did dine. As

Our dinner done, and he not come, grace

I went to seek him: in the street. W

And in his company, that gentle abbe

There did this perjur'd goldsmith

ay of him receiv'd the chain,
 he knows, I saw not: for the
 me with an officer, [which
 and sent my peasant home
 nents: he with none return'd.
 bespoke the officer
 on with me to my house,
 ye met
 sister, and a rabble more
 lerates. Along with them
 t one Pinch, a hungry lean-fac'd
 my, a mountebank, [villain,
 juggler, and a fortune-teller,
 low-ey'd, sharp-looking wretch,
 I man. This pernicious slave,
 ok on him as a conjurer;
 in mine eyes, feeling my pulse,
 face, as 'twere, out-facing me,
 was possess'd. Then, altogether
 on me, bound me, bore me thence,
 ck and dankish vault at home
 e and my man, both bound to-
 ; [sunder,
 g with my teeth my bonds in
 freedom, and immediately
 to your grace; whom I beseech
 ample satisfaction
 ep shames and great indignities.
 lord, in truth, thus far I witness
 him, [out,
 ned not at home, but was lock'd
 t had he such a chain of thee, or
 [in here,
 had, my lord; and when he ran
 saw the chain about his neck.
 Beakles, I will be sworn these
 of mine
 confess you had the chain of him,
 rat forswore it on the mart:
 pon I drew my sword on you;
 ou fled into this abbey here,
 ce, I think, you are come by miracle.
 I never came within these abbey
 ;
 idst thou draw thy sword on me:
 y the chain, so help me heaven!
 false you burden me withal. [this!
 Why, what an intricate impeach is
 d all have drunk of Circe's cup.
 u hous'd him, here he would have
 ;
 mad, he would not plead so coldly:
 dined at home; the goldsmith here
 t saying. Sirrah, what say you?
 'Sir, he dined with her there, at the
 cupina, [that ring.
 e did; and from my finger snatch'd
 'Tis true, my liege; this ring I had
 [here!
 Saw'st thou him enter at the abbey
 e sure, my liege, as I do see your
 ce.
 Why, this is strange.—Go call the
 oesa hither, [Exit an Attendant.

I think you are all mated, or stark mad.
Ege. Most mighty duke, vouchsafe me
 speak a word:
 Haply, I see a friend will save my life,
 And pay the sum that may deliver me. [wilt.
Duke. Speak freely, Syracusan, what thou
Ege. Is not your name, sir, called Anti-
 pholus?
 And is not that your bondman Dromio?
Dro. E. Within this hour I was his bond-
 man, 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. [you;
Dro. E. Ourselves we do remember, sir, by
 For lately 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.
Ege. O, grief hath chang'd me, since you
 saw me last;
 And careful hours, with Time's deformed hand,
 Have written strange defeatures in my face:
 But tell me yet, dost thou not know my voice?
Ant. E. Neither.
Ege. Dromio, nor thou?
Dro. E. No, trust me, sir, nor I.
Ege. I am sure thou dost.
Dro. E. Ay, sir; but I am sure I do not;
 and whatsoever a man denies, you are now
 bound to believe him.
Ege. Not know my voice? O, time's ex-
 tremity!
 Hast thou so crack'd and splitted my poor
 tongue
 In seven short years, that here my only son
 Knows not my feeble key of usum'd cares?
 Though now this grain'd face of mine be hid
 In sap-consuming winter's drizzled snow,
 And all the conduits of my blood froze up,
 Yet hath my night of life some memory,
 My wasting lamps some fading glimmer left,
 My dull deaf ears a little use to hear:
 All these old witnesses—I cannot err—
 Tell me thou art my son Antipholus.
Ant. E. I never saw my father in my life.
Ege. But seven years since, in Syracuse,
 boy,
 Thou know'st we parted: but perhaps, my son,
 Thou sham'st to acknowledge me in misery.
Ant. E. The duke, and all that know me
 in the city,
 Can witness with me that it is not so:
 I ne'er saw Syracuse in my life.
Duke. I tell thee, Syracusan, twenty years
 Have I been patron to Antipholus,
 During which time he ne'er saw Syracuse.
 I see, thy age and dangers make thee dote.
Re-enter Antipholus of Syracuse
and Dromio of Syracuse.
Abb. Most mighty duke, behold a man much
 wrong'd. [All gather to see him.

Adr. I see two husbands, or mine eyes deceive me!
[other]
Duke. One of these men is Genius to the And so of these; which is the natural man, And which the spirit? Who deciphers them?
Dro. S. I, sir, am Dromio: command I away.
Dro. E. I, sir, am Dromio: pray let me
Ant. S. Aegon, art thou not? or else his ghost?
[him here]
Dro. S. O, my old master! who hath bound
Abb. Whoever bound him, I will loose his And gain a husband by his liberty. *[bonds]*
Speak, old Aegon, if thou be'st the man That hadst a wife once called Emilia,
That bore thee at a burden two fair sons: O, if thou be'st the same Aegon, speak,
And speak unto the same Emilia!
Ege. If I dream not, thou art Emilia:
If thou art she, tell me where is that son That floated with thee on the fatal raft?
Abb. By men of Epidamnus, he and I,
And the twin Dromio, all were taken up; But by and by, rude fishermen of Corinth
By force took Dromio and my son from them, And me they left with those of Epidamnus.
What then became of them, I cannot tell; I, to this fortune that you see me in. *[right:]*
Duke. Why, here begins his morning story
These two Antipholuses, these two so like, And these two Dromios, one in semblance,—
Besides her urging of her wreck at sea;— These are the parents to these children,
Which accidentally are met together;— Antipholus, thou can'st from Corinth first!
Ant. S. No, sir, not I; I came from Syracuse.
Duke. Stay, stand apart; I know not which
is which. *[gracious lord,—]*
Ant. E. I came from Corinth, my most
Dro. E. And I with him. *[famous warrior,*
Ant. E. Brought to this town by that most
Duke Menaphon, your most renowned uncle.
Adr. Which of you two did dine with me
Ant. S. I, gentle mistress. *[to-day]*
Adr. And are not you my husband?
Ant. E. No; I say nay to that. *[so]*
Ant. S. And so do I; yet did she call me
And this fair gentlewoman, her sister here, Did call me brother.—What I told you then,
I hope I shall have leisure to make good; If this be not a dream I see and hear. *[of me]*
Aug. That is the chain, sir, which you had
Ant. S. I think it be, sir; I deny it not.
Ant. E. And you, sir, for this chain arrested me.
Aug. I think I did, sir; I deny it not.

Adr. I sent you money, sir, to
By Dromio; but I think he brought
Dro. E. No, none by me.
Ant. S. This purse of ducats
And Dromio, my man, did bring to me I see, we still did meet each other
And I was t'en for him, and he for me And thereupon these Errors are
Ant. E. These ducats pawn I
Duke. It shall not need; thy life.
Cour. Sir, I must have that
Ant. E. There, take it; and for my good cheer.
Abb. Renowned duke, vouchsafe
To go with us into the abbey here And hear at large discoursed all our
And all that are assembled in this That by this sympathized one day
Have suffer'd wrong, go, keep na And we shall make full satisfaction
Thirty-three years have I but gone Of you, my sons; nor, till this
My heavy burdens are delivered The duke, my husband, and my
And you the calendars of their Go to a gossip's feast, and go with
After so long grief, such nativity
Duke. With all my heart; I'll
[Exeunt Duke, Abbess, Angelo, and
Merchant, Angelo, and
Dro. S. Master, shall I fetch your
shipboard?
Ant. E. Dromio, what stuff
Dro. S. Your goods that lay
the Centaur. *[in]*
Ant. S. He speaks to me.—
Come, go with us; we'll look to Embrace thy brother there; rejoice
[Exeunt Ant. S. and Ant. E.]
Dro. S. There is a fat friend at
house,
That kitchen'd me for you to-day She now shall be my sister, not
Dro. E. Methinks you are not
not my brother:
I see by you I am a sweet-faced Will you walk in to see their
Dro. S. Not I, sir; you are not
Dro. E. That's a question; try it!
Dro. S. We'll draw cuts for
Dro. E. Nay, then, thus:
We came into the world like And now let's go hand in hand,
another.

MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Don Pedro, Prince of Arragon.
 Claudio, his bastard Brother.
 Leonato, a young Lord of Florence.
 Benedick, a young Gentleman of Padua.
 Governor of Messina.
 Don John, his Brother.
 attendant on Don Pedro.
 followers of Don John.
 Dogberry, } two foolish Officers.
 Verges, }
 Friar.
 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.—Grounds adjoining Leonato's House.

Leonato, Hero, and Beatrice, with a Messenger.

I learn in this letter, that Don Pedro comes this night to Messina.

He is very near by this: he was not long off when I left him.

How many gentlemen have you lost in this action?

But few of any sort, and none of name.

A victory is twice itself, when the conqueror brings home full numbers. I find that Don Pedro hath bestowed much on a young Florentine, called Claudio.

Much deserved on his part, and equally rewarded by Don Pedro. He hath borne beyond the promise of his age; doing, more of a lamb, the feats of a lion: he is indeed, better bettered expectation, than he hath an uncle here in Messina.

I have already delivered him letters, and he appears much joy in him; even so that joy could not show itself modest without a badge of bitterness.

Did he break out into tears?

In great measure.

A kind overflow of kindness: there is no truer than those that are so full of joy at weeping!

I pray you is signior Montanto really known none of that name, lady?

None such in the army of any sort.

What is he that you ask for, niece?

Hero. My cousin means signior Benedick of Padua.

Mess. O, he is returned; and as pleasant as ever he was.

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 and eaten in these wars? But how many hath he killed for, indeed, I promised to eat all of his killing.

Leon. Faith, niece, you tax signior Benedick too much; but he'll be met 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 trencherman; he hath an excellent stomach.

Mess. And a good soldier, too, lady.

Beat. And a good soldier to a lady;—but what is he to a lord?

Mess. A lord to a lord, a man to a man; stuffed with all honourable virtues.

Beat. It is so, indeed; he is no less than a stuffed man: but for the stuffing—Well, we are all mortal.

Leon. You must not, sir, mistake my niece; there is a kind of merry war betwixt signior Benedick and her; they never meet, but there's a skirmish of wit between them.

Beat. Alas, he gets nothing by that! In our last conflict four of his five wits went halting off, and now is the whole man governed with one: so that if he hath 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. [Your books.

Mess. I see, lady, the gentleman is not in *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 he be cured.

Mess. I will hold friends with you, lady.

Beat. Do, good friend.

Leon. You will ne'er run mad, niece.

Beat. No, not till a hot January.

Mess. Don Pedro is approached.

Enter Don Pedro, Don John, Claudio, Benedick, and Balthazar.

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 should remain; but when you depart from me, sorrow abides, and happiness takes its leave.

D. Pedro. You embrace your charge too willingly.—I think this is your daughter.

[*See*]

Leon. Her mother hath many times told me *Bene.* Were you in doubt, sir, that you asked her?

Leon. Signior Benedick, no; for then you were a child.

D. Pedro. You have it full, Benedick: we may guess by this what you are, being a man. Truly, the lady fathers herself.—Be happy, lady; for you are like an honourable father.

Bene. If signior Leonato be her father, she would not have his head on her shoulders for all Messina, as like him as she is.

Beat. I wonder that you will still be talking, signior Benedick: nobody marks you.

Bene. What, my dear lady Disdain! are you yet living?

Beat. Is it possible disdain should die, while she hath such meet food to feed it, as signior Benedick? Courtesy itself must convert to disdain, if you come in her presence.

Bene. Then is courtesy a turn-coat.—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 also have been troubled with a pernicious

suitors. I thank God and your honour for that: I am of your humour for that: I would I might hear my dog bark at a crow, that I love me.

Bene. God keep your ladyship's mind! so some gentleman or other shall have a predestinate scratched face.

Beat. Scratching could not murther.

Bene. Well, you are a rare paragon.

Beat. A bird of my tongue is almost as sweet as the last time you said so.

Bene. I would my horse had your tongue, and so good a keeper your way, o' God's name!

Beat. You always end with a jest.

D. Pedro. This is the sum of it:—signior Claudio, and signior Benedick, dear friend Leonato hath invited us.

Leon. Tell him we shall stay here at the house, and he heartily prays some occasion may be found to detain us longer: I dare swear he is not in your grace's heart.

Leon. If you swear, my lord, be forsworn.—Let me bid you be reconciled to the brother, I owe you all duty.

D. John. I thank you: I am not a word, but I thank you.

Leon. Please it your grace, let us together.

D. Pedro. Your hand, Leonato.

[*Exeunt all but Benedick and Claudio.*]

Benedick. Didst thou not tell me, signior Leonato?

Bene. I noted her not; but I noted her.

Beat. Is she not a modest woman?

Bene. Do you question me, woman?

Beat. No, for my simple reason.

Bene. Or would you have me speak as being a professed tyrant to the sex?

Beat. No; I pray thee, speak your judgment.

Bene. Why, I' faith, methinks for a high praise, too brown for and too little for a great praise.

Beat. Commendation I can afford her.

Bene. She other than she is, she were and being no other but as she like her.

Beat. Thou thinkest I am in thee, tell me truly how thou lik'st her.

Bene. Would you buy her, the after her?

Beat. Can the world buy her?

Bene. Yes, and a case to put speak you this with a sad brow.

Beat. Play the floating jack; to tell me good hure-finder, and Vulcan a good hure-finder.

Bene. Come, in what key shall I sing to you in the song?

Beat. In mine eye she is the that ever I looked on.

no such matter: there's her cousin, an' not possessed with a fury, exceeds much in beauty, as the first of May doth at of December. But I hope, you have not to turn husband, have you?

Bene. I would scarce trust myself, though sworn to the contrary, if Hero would be

is't come to this, I' faith! Hath not one man, but he will wear his cap

Shall I never see a bachelor

Go to, I' faith; an' thou thrust thy neck into a yoke, wear

out of it, and sigh away Sundays. Look, Hero is returned to seek you.

Re-enter Don Pedro.

Pedro. What secret hath held you here, you follow not to Leonato's? [me to tell.

Bene. I would your grace would constrain me to hear, Count Claudio: I can be

as a dumb man, I would have you think not on my allegiance,—mark you this,

allegiance,—He is in love. With who?

That is your grace's part.—Mark, how this answer is;—with Hero, Leonato's daughter.

Beat. If this were so, so were it uttered.

Bene. Like the old tale, my lord: it is not 'twas not so; but, indeed, God forbid

it should be so.

Beat. If my passion change not shortly, I would it should be otherwise.

Bene. Amen, if you love her; for the very well worthy.

Beat. You speak this to fetch me in, my lord.

Bene. By my troth, I speak my thought.

Beat. And in faith, my lord, I spoke mine.

Bene. And by my two faiths and troths, my

Beat. That I love her, I feel.

Bene. That she is worthy, I know.

Beat. That I neither feel how she should be nor know how she should be worthy, is

that fire cannot melt out of me: lie in it at the stake.

Bene. Thou wast ever an obstinate

Beat. And never could maintain his part, the force of his will.

Bene. That a woman conceived me, I thank

Beat. That she brought me up, I likewise give

Bene. That I will have out winded in my forehead, or hang my

Beat. In an invisible baldrick, all women shall

Bene. Because I will not do them the to mistrust any, I will do myself the

Beat. And the fine is, (for which go the finer,) I will live a bachelor.

Bene. I shall see thee, ere I die, look

Beat. With anger, with sickness, or with

Bene. 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. If I do, hang me in a bottle like 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 bear it, pluck off the bull's horns, and set them in my forehead: and let me be vildly 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."

Beat. If this should ever happen, thou wouldst 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 me 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—

[*Exit*]

Beat. To the tuition of God: from my

D. Pedro. The sixth of July; your loving friend, Benedick.

Bene. Nay, mock not, mock not. The body of your discourse is sometime guarded with fragments, and the guards are but slightly

based on neither: are you that old ends any further, examine your conscience! and so I leave you.

Beat. My liege, your highness may say do me good.

[*It but how,*]

D. Pedro. My love is thine to teach: teach And thou shalt see how apt it is to learn

Any hard lesson that may do thee good.

Beat. Hath Leonato any son, my lord?

D. Pedro. No child but Hero; she's his

Beat. Doth thou affect her, Claudio? [only heirs

Beat. O, my lord,

When you went onward on this ended action, I look'd upon her with a soldier's eye,

That lik'd, but had a rougher task in hand

Than to drive liking to the name of love; But now I am return'd, and that war-thoughts

Have left their places vacant, in their rooms

Come thronging soft and delicate desires,

All prompting me how fair young Hero is,

Saying, I lik'd her ere I went to wars.

D. Pedro. Thou wilt be like a lover presently, And tire the heaven with a book of words.

If thou dost love fair Hero, cherish it;

And I will break with her, and with her father,
And thou shalt have her. Was't not to this
end

That thou began'st to twist so fine a story?

Claud. How sweetly do you minister to love,
That know love's grief by his complexion!
But lest my liking might too sudden seem,
I would have lov'd it with a longer treatise.

D. Pedro. What need the bridge much
broader than the flood?

The fairest grant is the necessity;
Look, what will serve is fit: 'tis once, thou
And I will fit thee with the remedy.
I know we shall have revelling to-night;
I will assume thy part in some disguise,
And tell fair Hero I am Claudio;
And in her bosom I'll unclasp my heart,
And take her hearing prisoner with the force
And strong encounter of my amorous tale:
Then, after, to her father will I break;
And the conclusion is, she shall be thine:
In practice let us put it presently. [Exeunt.]

SCENE II.—A Room in Leonato's House.

Enter Leonato and Antonio.

Leon. How now, brother! Where is my
cousin, your son? Hath he provided this
marriage?

Ant. He is very busy about it. But, brother,
I can tell you strange news, that you yet
dreamt not of. *Leon.* Are they good?

Ant. As the event stamps them: but they
have a good cover; they show well outward.
The prince and count Claudio, walking in a
thick-pleached alley in my orchard, were thus
much overheard by a man of mine: the prince
discovered to Claudio that he loved my niece
your daughter, and meant to acknowledge it
this night in a dance; and, if he found her
accordant, he meant to take the present time
by the top, and instantly break with you of it.

Leon. Hath the fellow any wit that told you
this?

Ant. A good sharp fellow: I will send for
him; and question him yourself.

Leon. No, no; we will hold it as a dream,
till it appear itself; but I will acquaint my
daughter withal, that she may be the better
prepared for an answer, if peradventure that
be true. Go you, and tell her of it. [Several
persons cross the stage.] Cousins, you know
what you have to do.—O, I cry you mercy,
friend; go you with me, and I will use your
skill.—Good cousin, have a care of this busy
time. [Exeunt.]

SCENE III.—Another Room in Leonato's House.

Enter Don John and Conrade.

Con. What the good-year, my lord! why
are you thus out of measure sad?

D. John. There is no measure in the occasion
that breeds, therefore the sadness is without
limit.

Con. You should hear reason.
D. John. And when I have
blessing bringeth it?

Con. If not a present remedy.

D. John. I wonder that thou say'st thou art born under
about to apply a moral medicine
ing mischief. I cannot hide
must be sad when I have cause,
no man's jests; and when I have
wait for no man's leisure; sleep
drowsy, and tend on no man's
when I am merry, and claw me
humour.

Con. Yea, but you must not
show of this, till you may do it
treatment. You have of late
your brother, and he hath taken
his grace; where it is impossible
take true root, but by the fair
you make yourself; it is needful
the season for your own harvest.

D. John. I had rather be a
hedge, than a rose in his grace;
fits my blood to be discoloured
fashion a carriage to rob love
this, though I cannot be said to
honest man, it must not be done
plain-dealing villain. I am an
muzzle, and enfranchised with
fore I have decreed not to shut
If I had my mouth, I would bite
liberty, I would do my liking
time, let me be that I am, and
alter me.

Con. Can you make no more
content?

D. John. I make all use of
only.—Who comes here? [Enter
What news, Borachio?

Bora. I came yonder from
the prince, your brother, is reported
by Leonato; and I can give you
of an intended marriage.

D. John. Will it serve for
build mischief on? What is
that betroths himself to acquit?

Bora. Marry, it is your brother.

D. John. Who, the most exalted?

Bora. Even he.

D. John. A proper squire!
who? Which way looks he?

Bora. Marry, on Hero, the
heir of Leonato.

D. John. A very forward
How came you to this?

Bora. Being entertained for
I was smoking a musty room,
prince and Claudio, hand in
ference: I whipt me behind
there heard it agreed upon,
should woo Hero for himself,
tained her, give her to count
D. John. Come, come, let us

prove food to my displeasure. That
start-up hath all the glory of my over-
every way. You are both sure, and
just me! *Con.* To the death, my lord.
John. Let us to the great supper: their
is the greater, that I am subdued.
the cook were of my mind!—Shall we
what's to be done?
We'll wait upon your lordship.

[Exeunt.]

ACT II.

SCENE I.—A Hall in Leonato's House.

Leonato, Antonio, Hero, Beatrice, and
others.

Was not count John here at supper?
I saw him not.

How tartly that gentleman looks! I
can see him, but I am heart-burned at
see.

He is of a very melancholy disposition.
He were an excellent man, that were
out in the midway between him and
nothing; and the other too like my lady's
son, overmore tattling.

Then, half signior Benedick's tongue
John's mouth, and half count John's
holy in signior Benedick's face.

With a good leg, and a good foot,
and money enough in his purse, such a
could win any woman in the world,—if
I get her good will.

By my troth, niece, then wilt never
be a husband, if thou be so shrewd of
tongue.

Ant. In faith she is too curst.
Too curst is more than curst: I shall
not's sending that way; for it is said,
no curst he sends none.

So, by being too curst, God will send
horns?

Just, if he send me no husband; for
blessing I am at him upon my knees
morning and evening. Lord! I could
be a husband with a beard on his
head rather lie in the woollen.

You may light on a husband that
beard.

What should I do with him? dress
my apparel, and make him my wait-
woman? He that hath a beard is
as a youth; and he that hath no beard
is an old man; and he that is more than
an old man is not for me; and he that is less than
an old man is not for me; therefore I will even
dance in earnest of the hearward, and
apes into hell.

Well, then, go you into hell!

No; but to the gate; and there will
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 maids!" so deliver I up my
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 courtesy, and say, "Father, as it please
you:"—but yet for all that, cousin, let him
be a handsome fellow, or else make another
courtesy, 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 over-mastered with a piece of
valiant dust? to make an account of her life
to a clog of wayward mair? 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. That 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 everything, and so dance out the
answer. For, hear me, Hero:—wooing,
wedding, and repenting, is as a Scotch jig, a
measure, and a cinque-pace: the first wit is
hot and hasty, like a Scotch jig, and full as
fantastical; the wedding, mannerly-modest, as
a measure, full of state and ancientry; and
then comes repentance, and, with his bad
legs, falls into the cinque-pace faster and
faster, till he sink into his grave. [Shrewdly.]

Leon. Cousin, you apprehend passing
Beat. I have a good eye, uncle; I can see
a church by daylight. [Make good room.]

Leon. The revellers are entering, brother;
Enter Don Pedro, Claudio, Benedick, Bal-
thazar, 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 please you to say so?

Hero. When I like your favour: for God
defend the lute should be like the case!

D. Pedro. My visor is Philemon's roof;
within the house is love. [Hatch'd.]

Hero. Why, then, your visor should be
D. Pedro. Speak low, if you speak love.

[Takes her aside.]
Bene. Well, I would you did like me.

Mary. So would not I, for your own sake:
for I have many ill qualities.

Bene. Which is one?

Marg. I say my prayers aloud.

Bene. I love you the better; the heavens may cry Amen.

Marg. God match me with a good dancer!

Balth. Amen.

Marg. And God keep him out of my sight, when the dance is done!—Answer, clerk.

Balth. No more words: the clerk is answered.

Urs. I know you well enough! you are Ant. At a word, I am not.

Urs. I know you by the wagging of your Ant. To tell you true, I counterfeit him.

Urs. You could never do him so ill-will, unless you were the very man. Here's his day hand up and down: you are he, you are he.

Ant. At a word, I am not.

Urs. Come, come, do you think I do not know you by your excellent wit! Can virtue hide itself! Go to, man, you are he: graces will appear, and there's an end.

Beat. Will you not tell me who told you so?

Bene. No, you shall pardon me.

Beat. Nor will you not tell me who you are?

Bene. Not now.

Beat. That I was disdainful, and that I had my good wit out of the "Hundred Merry Tales."—Well, this was signior Benedick that said so.

Bene. What's he?

Beat. I am sure, you know him well enough.

Bene. Not I, believe me.

Beat. Did he never make you laugh?

Bene. I pray you, what is he?

Beat. Why, he is the prince's jester: a very dull fool; only his gift is in devising impossible slanders: none but libertines delight in him; and the commendation is not in his wit, but in his villainy; for he both pleases men and angers them, and then they laugh at him and beat him. I'm sure he is in the fleet; I would he had boarded me!

Bene. When I know the gentleman, I'll tell him what you say.

Beat. Do, do; he'll but break a comparison or two on me; which, peradventure, not marked, or not laughed at, strikes him into melancholy; and then there's a partridge wing saved, for the fool will eat no supper that night. [Music within.] We must follow the leaders.

Bene. In every good thing.

Beat. Nay, if they lead to any ill, I will leave them at the next turning.

[Dance: then count off but Don John, Benedick, 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. [By his bearing.]

Bora. And that is Claudio: I know him.

D. John. Are not you signior Benedick?

Claudio. You know me well; I am he.

D. John. Signior, you are very near my brother in his love: he is enamoured on Hero; I pray you, dissuade him from her; she is no

equal for his birth: you may do the honest man in it.

Claudio. How know you he loves her?

D. John. I heard him swear his love to her. So did I too; and he swore to marry her to-night.

D. John. Come, let us to the banquet. [Exeunt Don John and Claudio.]

Claudio. Thus answer I to the banquet. But hear these ill news with the ear of a friend. 'Tis certain so:—the prince wooed me. Friendship is constant in all other things, Save in the office and affairs of love. Therefore, all hearts in love use tongues;

Let every eye negotiate for itself, And trust no agent; for beauty is a sin Against whose charms faith melteth into blood. This is an accident of hourly proof, Which I mistrusted not. Farewell. [Exit Benedick.]

Bene. Count Claudio!

Claudio. Yes, the same.

Bene. Come, will you go with me to the willow?

Claudio. Whither?

Bene. Even to the next willow, to own business, count. What fashion wear the garland of?

Claudio. About your neck, under your chain? or under your lieutenant's scarf? You must wear the prince's lath got your Hero.

Claudio. I wish him joy of her.

Bene. Why, that's spoken like a drover; so they call bullocks. Think the prince would have served you?

Claudio. I pray you leave me.

Bene. Ho! now you strike like a man: 'twas the boy that stole your love you'll beat the post.

Claudio. If it will not be, I'll leave her.

Bene. Alas, poor hurt fowl! creep into a sedge. But, that my love should know me, and not know the prince's fool!—Ha! it may be so; that title, because I am merry. I am apt to do myself wrong; I am put: it is the haze, though little of Beatrice, that puts the world person, and so gives me out. Well, I'll be avenged as I may.

Re-enter Don Pedro.

D. Pedro. Now, signior, when did you see him?

Bene. Truth, my lord, I have part of lady Fame. I found him melancholy as a lodge in a wood; and I think I told him true: he had got the good will of lady; and I offered him my willow tree, either to make him being forsaken, or to bind him being worthy to be whipped!

D. Pedro. To be whipped!

Bene. The flat transgression of a school-boy; being overjoy'd with finding a bird's nest, shows it his companion, and he steals it.

D. Pedro. Will that make a trust a transgression? This transgression is in the stealer.

Bene. Yet it had not been worse the rod had made, and the garland too; for the garland might have worn himself, and the rod might have bestowed on you, who, as I do 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, my faith, you say honestly.

D. Pedro. The lady Beatrice hath a quarrel with you: the gentleman that danced with her, for she is much wronged by you.

Bene. O, she misused me past the endurance of a block! an oak, but with one green leaf on it, would have answered her; my very visor to assume life, and scold with her. She was, not thinking I had been myself, that she the prince's jester; that I was duller than a great thaw; huddling just upon just, such impossible conveyance upon me.

D. Pedro. I stood like a man at a mark, with a whole army shooting at me. She speaks words, and every word stabs: if her breath were as terrible as her terminations, there were living near her; she would infect to the stars. I would not marry her, though were endowed with all that Adam had left before he transgressed: she would have to Hercules have turned spit, yea, and to eat of her; you shall find her infernal in good apparel. I would to God some war would conjure her; for certainly, as she is here, a man may live as quiet in a sanctuary; and people sin upon her, because they would go thither; so, all disquiet, horror, and perturbation follow her.

Re-enter Claudio, Beatrice, Hero, and Leonato.

D. Pedro. Look, here she comes.

Bene. Will your grace command me any more to the world's end? I will go on the next errand now to the Antipodes that you desire to send me on; I will fetch you a speaker now from the farthest inch of Asia; you the length of Prester John's foot; you a hair off the great Cham's beard; you any embassy to the Pignies, rather than three words' conference with this woman. 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: to endure my lady Tongue. [Exit.]

D. Pedro. Come, lady, come; you have no heart of signior Benedick.

Beat. Indeed, my lord, he lent me awhile; gave him use for it,—a double heart for

a 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? Claudio. Not sad, my lord.

D. Pedro. How then? Claudio. Sick!

Beat. Neither, my lord.

Beat. The count is neither sad, nor sick, nor merry, nor well; but civil, count; civil as an orange, and something of that jealous complexion.

D. Pedro. I faith, lady, I think your blazon to be true; though, I'll be sworn, if he be so, his conceit is false. Here, Claudio, I have won 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!

Leon. Count, take of me my daughter, and with her my fortunes: his grace hath made the match, and all grace say Amen to it!

Beat. Speak, count, 'tis your cue.

Claudio. Silence is the perfectest herald of joy: I were but little happy, if I could say how much. Lady, as you are mine, I am yours: I give away myself for you, and dote upon the exchange.

Beat. Speak, cousin; or, if you cannot, stop his mouth with a kiss, and let not him speak neither. [Heart.]

D. Pedro. In faith, lady, you have a merry 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.

Claudio. And so she doth, cousin.

Beat. Good lord, for alliance! Thus goes every one to the world but I, and I am sun-burned: 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 near 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 then 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. *(Exit.)*

D. Pedro. By my troth, a pleasant-spirited lady.

Leon. There's little of the melancholy element in her, my lord: she is never sad, but when she sleeps; and not erer 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 wooers out of snit. *(Benedick.)*

D. Pedro. She were an excellent wife for

Leon. O Lord, my lord, if they were but a week married, they would talk themselves mad!

D. Pedro. Count Claudio, when mean you to go to church?

Claudio. To-morrow, my lord: time goes on crutches till love have all his rites.

Leon. Not till Monday, my dear son, which is hence a just seven-night; and a time too brief, too, to have all things answer my mind.

D. Pedro. Come, you shake the head at so long a breathing: but, I warrant thee, Claudio, the time shall not go dully by us. I will, in the interim, undertake one of Hercules' labours; which is, to bring signior Benedick and the lady Beatrice into a mountain of affection, the one with the other. I would fain have it a match; and I doubt not but to fashion it, if you three will but minister such assistance as I shall give you direction.

Leon. My lord, I am for you, though it cost me ten nights' watchings.

Claudio. 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 unholiest husband that I know. Thus far can I praise him; he is of a noble strain, of approved valour, and confirmed honesty. I will teach you how to humour your cousin, that she shall fall in love with Benedick;—and I, with your two helps, will so practise on Benedick, that, in despite of his quick wit and his queasy stomach, he shall fall in love with Beatrice. If we can do this, Cupid is no longer an archer; his glory shall be ours, for we are the only love-gods. Go in with me, and I will tell you my drift. *(Exit.)*

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Bora. Not honestly, my lord; but verily that no dishonesty shall appear.

D. John. Show me briefly how.

Bora. I think I told your lordship since, how much I am in the favour of

D. John. I remember.

Bora. I can, at any unreasonable hour of the night, appoint her to look out at her chamber-window.

D. John. What life is in that, to the death of this marriage?

Bora. The poison of that lies in your temper. Go you to the prince your

spare not to tell him, that he hath won honour in marrying the renowned

(whose estimation do you mightily hold a contaminated stale, such a one as

D. John. What proof shall I make?

Bora. Proof enough to misuse the prince Claudio, to undo Hero, and kill

Look you for any other issue?

D. John. Only to despise them, I shall endeavour anything.

Bora. Go, then; find me a meet

draw Don Pedro and the count Claudio

tell them that you know that Hero

intend a kind of zeal both to the prince

Claudio, as,—in love of your brother

who hath made this match; and his

reputation, who is thus like to be

the semblance of a maid,—that you

covered thus. They will scarcely

without trial: offer them instances

shall bear no less likelihood than to

her chamber-window; hear me call

Hero; hear Margaret term me, Claudio

bring them to see this the very night

the intended wedding, for in the

will so fashion the matter that Hero

absent; and there shall appear such

truth of Hero's disloyalty, that jealousy

be called assurance, and all the

overthrown.

D. John. Grow this to what advantage, I will put it in practice. Re count

working this, and thy fee is a thousand

Bora. Be you constant in the

and my cunning shall not shame me.

D. John. I will presently go learn

of marriage.

SCENE III.—Leonato's Garden.

Enter Benedick and a Boy.

Bened. Boy!

Boy. In my chamber-window

bring it hither to me in the orchard.

Boy. I am here already, sir.

Bened. I know that; but I would

hence, and here again. *(Exit Boy.)*

much wonder, that one man, seeing

another man is a fool when he

behaviours to love, will, after he

at such shallow follies in others,

out of his own score by falling in love: ah a man is Claudio. I have known, here was no music with him but the sad the life; and now had he rather in labor and the pipe: I have known, he would have walked ten mile afoot to good armour; and now will he lie ten awake, carving the fashion of a new t. He was wont to speak plain, and purpose, like an honest man, and a; and now he is turned orthographer; rid are a very fantastical banquet,—just ay strange dishes. May I be so con- and use with these eyes! I cannot think not: I will not be sworn but love transform me to an oyster; but I'll take sh on it, till he have made an oyster of shall never make me such a fool. One is fair; yet I am well: another is wise; am well: another virtuous; yet I am but till all graces be in one woman, one shall not come in my grace. Rich she be, that's certain; wise, or I'll none; us, or I'll never cheapen her; fair, or ever look on her; mild, or come not near to be, or not I for an angel; of good me, an excellent musician, and her hair be of what colour it please God. Ha! huce and Monsieur Love! I will hide the arbour.

[Withdraws.
Enter Don Pedro, Leonato, and Claudio,
Followed by Balthazar and Musicians.

Pedro. Come, shall we hear this music?
Cl. Yea, my good lord.—How still the evening is,

Pedro. And on purpose to grace harmony!
Cl. See you where Benedick hath himself?

Cl. O, very well, my lord: the music at the kid-fox with a pennyworth.
Pedro. Come, Balthazar, we'll hear that again.

Cl. O, good my lord, tax not so bad a under music any more than once.
Pedro. It is the witness still of excellency, t a strange face on his own perfection;—

Cl. thee, sing, and let me woo no more.
th. Because you talk of wooing, I will sing;

many a wooer doth commence his suit r he thinks not worthy; yet he woos; ill he swear, he loves.

Pedro. Nay, pray thee, come; thou wilt hold longer argument, in notes.

th. Note this before my notes, a not a note of mine that's worth the noting.

Pedro. Why, these are very crotchets; notes, forsooth, and noting! [*Music.* Now, divine air! now is his soul lit!—Is it not strange, that sheep's guts I hale sculls out of men's bodies!—Well, for my money, when all's done.

Balthazar sings,

*Sigh no more, ladies, sigh no more,
Men were deceivers ever;
One foot in sea, and one on shore;
To one thing constant never:
Then sigh not so,
But let them go,
And be you blithe and bonny;
Converting all your sounds of woe
Into, Hey nonny, nonny.*

*Sing no more ditties, sing no mo
Of dumps so dull and heavy;
The fraud of men was ever so,
Since summer first was leavy.
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. [*Aside.*] 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. [*To Claudio.*] Yea, marry.—Dost thou hear, Balthazar? 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.

D. Pedro. Do so: farewell. [*Exit Balthazar and Musicians.*] Come hither, Leonato: what was it you told me of to-day,—that your niece Beatrice was in love with signior Benedick?

Claud. O, ay;—[*Aside to Pedro.*] Stalk on, stalk on; the fowl sits. [*Aloud.*] 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. [*Aside.*] 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. Pedro. 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. Pedro. Why, what effects of passion shows she? [*will bite.*]

Claud. [*Aside.*] Bait the hook well; this fish

Leon. What effects, my lord? She will sit you,—[*To Claudio.*] You heard my daughter tell you how. *Claud.* She did, indeed.

D. Pedro. How, how, I pray you! You amaze me: I would have thought her spirit

had been invincible against all assaults of affection.

Leon. I would have sworn it had, my lord; especially against Benedick.

Bene. [Aside.] I should think this a gull, but that the white-bearded fellow speaks it; knavery cannot, sure, hide itself in such reverence. [Hold it up.]

Claud. [Aside.] He hath ta'en the infection: *D. Pedro.* Hath she made her affection known to Benedick?

Leon. No; and swears she never will: that's her torment.

Claud. 'Tis true, indeed; so your daughter says: "Shall I," says she, "that have so oft encountered him with scorn, write to him that I love him?"

Leon. This says she now when she is beginning to write to him; for she'll be up twenty times a night; and there will she sit in her smock, till she have writ 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 immodest to write to one that she knew would flout her: "I measure him," says she, "by my own spirit; for I should flout him, if he writ to me; yea, though I love him, I should."

Claud. Then down upon her knees she falls, weeps, sobs, 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 sometimes afraid she will do a desperate outrage to herself: it is very true.

D. Pedro. It were good, that Benedick knew of it by some other, if she will not discover it.

Claud. To what end? he would but make a sport of it, and torment the poor lady worse.

D. Pedro. An' he should, it were an alms to hang him. She's an excellent sweet lady; and, out of all suspicion, she is virtuous.

Claud. And she is exceeding wise.

D. Pedro. In everything, but in loving Benedick.

Leon. O my lord, wisdom and blood combating in so tender a body, we have ten proofs to one, that blood hath the victory. I am sorry for her, as I have just cause, being her uncle and her guardian.

D. Pedro. I would she had bestowed this dotage on me; I would have dashed all other respects, and made her half myself. I pray

you, tell Benedick of it, and hear what he say.

Leon. Were it good, think you?

Claud. Hero thinks surely she will do so: she says she will die if he love her not; she will die, ere she make her love known; and she will die, if he woo her, rather than she will bate one breath of her accustomed crossness.

D. Pedro. She doth well; if she make tender of her love, 'tis very possible to scorn it; for the man, as you know, is a contemptible spirit.

Claud. He is a very proper man.

D. Pedro. He hath indeed a good deal of happiness.

Claud. 'Fore God, and in my opinion.

D. Pedro. He doth indeed show some that are like wit.

Leon. And I take him to be valiant.

D. Pedro. As Hector, I assure you: the managing of quarrels you may be wise; for either he avoids them with discretion, or undertakes them with a Christian-like fear.

Leon. If he do fear God, he must early keep peace; if he break the peace, he ought to enter into a quarrel with trembling.

D. Pedro. And so will he do; for he doth fear God, howsoever it seems not by some large jests he will make. We are sorry for your niece. Shall we go see Benedick, and tell him of her love?

Claud. Never tell him, my lord: I wear it out with good counsel.

Leon. Nay, that's impossible: she must hear heart out first.

D. Pedro. Well, we will hear further by your daughter: let it cool the love Benedick well; and I could not would modestly examine himself, to much he is unworthy to have so good a lady.

Leon. My lord, will you walk? I am ready.

Claud. [Aside.] If he do not dot upon this, I will never trust my eyes.

D. Pedro. [Aside.] Let there be the net spread for her; and that must your sister and her gentlewomen carry. They will be, when they hold one another's dotage, and no such matter; the scene that I would see, which is merely a dumb show. Let us send him in to dinner.

[Exeunt Don Pedro, Claudio, and Leon.]

Bene. [Advanc. from the arbour.] There be no trick: the conference was sad. They have the truth of this from Hero: I am to pity the lady: it seems, her love have the full bent. Love me! why, I be requited. I hear how I am censured: say I will bear myself proudly, if I let the love come from her: they say

will rather die than give any sign of affection.—I did never think to marry.—I must seem proud.—Happy are they that bear detractions, and can put them to mend.—They say the lady is fair,—'tis a truth, I bear them witness; and virtuous,—'tis so, and reprove it; and wise, but for loving by my troth, it is no addition to her wit; no great argument of her folly,—for I will be horribly in love with her. I may chance have some odd quirks and remnants of wit hid on me, because I have rail'd so long last marriage; but doth not the appetite? A man loves the meat in his youth, but he cannot endure it in his age. Shall quips, sentences and these paper bullets of the tongue, awe a man from the career of his love? No; the world must be peopled. 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 one: 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.
Gene. Fair Beatrice, I thank you for your pains.
Beat. I took no more pains for those thanks, in you take pains to thank me: if it had been painful, I would not have come.
Gene. You take pleasure, then, in the message?
Beat. Yea; just so much as you may take on a knife's point, and choke a daw withal.
Gene. You have no stomach, signior! fare you well.
Beat. Ha! "Against my will I am sent to bid you come in to dinner,"—there's a double meaning in that. "I took no more pains for those thanks, than you took pains to thank me," that's as much as to say, Any pains that I take for you are as easy as thanks.—If I do not love her, I am a villain; if I do not love her, I am a Jew: I will go get her picture.
[Exit.]

ACT III.

SCENE I.—Leonato's Garden.

Enter Hero, Margaret, and Ursula.
Hero. Good Margaret, run thee to the parlour; here shalt thou find my cousin Beatrice, disposing with the prince and Claudio: whisper her ear, and tell her, I and Ursula walk in the orchard, and our whole discourse bid her steal into the plench'd bower, where honeysuckles ripen'd by the sun, bid the sun to enter;—like favourites, proud by princess, that advance their [she hides her,] against that power that bred it:—there will

To listen to our purpose. This is thy office; Bear thee well in it, and leave us alone.

Marg. I'll make her come, I warrant you, presently. *[Exit.]*

Hero. Now, Ursula, when Beatrice doth come,

As we do trace this alley up and down, Our talk must only be of Benedick. When I do name him, let it be thy part To praise him more than ever man did merit: My talk to thee must be, how Benedick is sick in love with Beatrice. Of this matter is little Cupid's crafty arrow made, That only wounds by hearsay. Now begin;
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 ears the silver stream, And greedily devour the treacherous bait: So angle we for Beatrice; who even now is couch'd in the woodbine coverture. Fear you not my part of the dialogue.

Hero. Then go we near her, that her ear lose nothing

Of the false sweet bait that we lay for it.—
[They advance to 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-troth'd lord. *[Madam!]*

Urs. And did they bid you tell her of it, Hero. They did entreat me to acquaint her of it;

But I persuaded them, if they lov'd Benedick, To wish him wrestle with affection, And never to let Beatrice know of it.

Urs. Why did you so? Dost not the gentleman Deserve as full, as fortunate a bed, As ever Beatrice shall couch upon? *[Serve]*

Hero. O God of love! I know he doth desire As much as may be yielded to a man:

But nature never fram'd a woman's heart Of prouder stuff than that of Beatrice; Disdain and scorn ride sparkling in her eyes, Misprising what they look on; and her wit Values itself so highly, that to her All matter else seems weak: she cannot love, Nor take no shape nor project of affection, She is so self-endear'd.

Urs. Sure, I think so; And therefore certainly it were not good She knew his love, lest she make sport at it.

Hero. Why, you speak truth. I never yet saw man, *[featur'd]* How wise, how noble, young, how rarely But she would spell him backward: if fair-fair'd, *[her sister:]* She would swear the gentleman should be If black, why, nature, drawing of an antick,

Made a foul blot; if tall, a lance ill-headed;
If low, an agate very vilely out;
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 simpleness and merit purchaseth.

Urs. Sure, sure, such carping is not commendable.

Hero. No; not to be so odd, and from all fashions.

An 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 tickling. [*says.*]

Urs. Yet tell her of it; hear what she will.

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 enpoison 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
As she is prided 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 excellencies did earn it, ere he had
When are you married, madam? [*lit.*]

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 lim'd, I warrant you: we have
caught her, madam. [*hays.*]

Hero. If it prove so, then loving goes by
Some Cupid kills with arrows, some with traps.

[*Exeunt Hero and Ursula.*]

Beat. [*Advancing.*] 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.

If thou dost love, my kindness shall incite thee
To bind our loves up in a holy band;

For others say thou dost deserve, and I
Believe it better than reportingly. [*Exit.*]

SCENE II.—A Room in Leonato's House.

Enter Don Pedro, Claudio, Benedick, and Leonato.

D. Pedro. I do but stay till your marriage
be consummate, and then go I toward Arragon.

Claudio. I'll bring you thither, my lord;
you'll vouchsafe me.

D. Pedro. Nay, that would be an good
soil in the new gloss of your marriage;

show a child his new coat and forbid him
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 new

he hath twice or thrice cut Cupid's bowstring,
and the little hangman dare not shoot at him;

he hath a heart as sound as a bell, and
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 wadded.

Claudio. I hope he is in love.

D. Pedro. Hang him, traitor! there's
true drop of blood in him, to be truly true

with love. If he be so, he wants money.

Bene. I have the toothache.

D. Pedro. Draw it.

Claudio. You must hang it first, and draw
afterwards.

D. Pedro. What! sigh for the toothache?

Leon. Where is but a humour, or a weariness?

Bene. Well, every one can master a grief
but he that has it.

Claudio. Yet say I, he is in love.

D. Pedro. There is no appearance of it
in him, unless it be a fancy that he hath

strange disguises; as, to be a Dutchman
day, a Frenchman to-morrow; or in the

of two countries at once; as, a German
the waist downward, all shops, and a Spaniard

from the hip upward, no doubt. Unless
he have a fancy to this foolery, as it appears

he is no fool for fancy, as you would
have it appear he is.

Claudio. If he be not in love with
a woman, there is no believing old signs;

brushes his hat o' mornings; what should
he do?

D. Pedro. Hath any man seen him at
barber's?

Claudio. No, but the barber's man hath
seen with him; and the old ornament of

cheek hath already stuffed tennis-balls.

Leon. Indeed he looks younger than he
was by the loss of a beard.

D. Pedro. Nay, he rubs himself with
can you smell him out by that?

Claudio. That's as much as to say the
youth is in love. [*Interchange.*]

D. Pedro. The greatest note of it is
his face.

Claudio. And when was he wont to wash
his face?

D. Pedro. Yea, or to paint himself? for
which, I hear what they say of him.

Scene 3.

MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING.

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Claudio. Nay, but his jesting spirit; which is
new crop into a lustre, and now governed
by story.

D. Pedro. Indeed, that tells a heavy tale for
him. Conclude, conclude, he is in love.

Claudio. Nay, but I know who loves him.

D. Pedro. That would I know too: I warrant
one that knows him not.

Claudio. Yes, and his ill conditions; and in
despite of all, dies for him.

D. Pedro. She shall be buried with her face
to the wall.

Bene. Yet is this no charm for the tooth-
ache.—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.*]

D. Pedro. For my life, to break with him
about Beatrice.

Claudio. This even so. Hero and Margaret
have by this played their parts with Beatrice;

and then the two hours will not bite one
another when they meet.

Enter Don John.

D. Pedro. My lord and brother, God save
you.

D. John. Good den, brother. [*You.*]

D. Pedro. If your leisure served, I would
speak with you.

D. John. In private?

D. Pedro. In private? Claudio may hear; for what I would speak of
concerns him.

D. Pedro. What's the matter?

D. John. [*To Claudio.*] Means your lord-
ship to be married to-morrow?

D. Pedro. You know he does.

D. John. I know not that, when he knows
what I know.

Claudio. If there be any impediment, I pray
let that appear hereafter, and aim better at me

by that I now will manifest. For my brother,
heart hath help to effect your ensuing mar-
riage—surely, suit ill-spent, and labour ill-
bestowed.

D. Pedro. Why, what's the matter?

D. John. I came hither to tell you; and
circumstances shortened, (for she hath been
too long a talking of,) the lady is disloyal.

Claudio. Who, Hero?

D. John. Even she: Leonato's Hero, your
Hero, every man's Hero.

Claudio. Disloyal! her wickedness
I could say, she were worse: it

is. 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
will her; but it would better fit your honour
to change your mind.

Claudio. May this be so?

D. Pedro. I will not think it.

D. John. If you dare not trust that you see,
confess not that you know. If you will follow

me, I will show you enough; and when you
have seen more, and heard more, proceed ac-
cordingly.

Claudio. If I see anything to-night, why I
should not marry her to-morrow, in the con-
gregation, where I should wed, there will I
shame her.

D. Pedro. And, as I wooed for thee to ob-
tain her, I will join with thee to disgrace her.

D. John. I will disperse her no further,
till you are my witnesses: hear it coldly but
till midnight, and let the issue show itself.

D. Pedro. O day untowardly turned!

Claudio. O mischief strangely thwarting!

D. John. O plague right well prevented! So
will you say, when you have seen the sequel.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.—A Street.

Enter Dogberry and Verges, with the Watch.

Dogb. Are you good men and true?

Verg. Yea, or else it were pity but they
should suffer salvation, body and soul.

Dogb. Nay, that were a punishment too
good for them, if they should have any alle-
giance in them, being chosen for the prince's
watch.

Verg. Well, give them their charge, neigh-
bour Dogberry.

Dogb. First, who think you the most desert-
less man to be constable?

1 Watch. Hugh Oatcake, sir, or George
Seacoll; for they can write and read.

Dogb. Come hither, neighbour Seacoll.
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.

2 Watch. Both which, master constable,—

Dogb. 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.

Watch. How, if a' will not stand?

Dogb. Why, then, take no note of him, but
let him go; and presently call the rest of the
watch together, and thank God you are rid of
a knave.

Verg. If he will not stand when he is bidden,
he is none of the prince's subjects.

Dogb. 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 talk, is most tolerable and not
to be endured.

2 Watch. We will rather sleep than talk: we
know what belongs to a watch.

Dogb. Why, you speak like an ancient and
most quiet watchman; for I cannot see how

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?

Dogb. Marry, sir, I would have some confidence with you, that concerns you nearly.

Leon. Brief, I pray you; for you see it is a busy time with me.

Dogb. Marry, this it is, sir.

Verg. Yes, in truth it is, sir.

Leon. What is it, my good friends?

Dogb. 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 honestier than I. [*Neighbour Verges.*]

Dogb. Comparisons are odorous: palabras, *Leon.* Neighbours, you are tedious.

Dogb. 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 find in my heart to bestow it all of your worship.

Leon. All thy tediousness on me, ha!

Dogb. 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. [*Say.*]

Leon. I would fain know what you have to say. *Verg.* Marry, sir, our watch to-night, excepting your worship's presence, have taken a couple of as arrant knaves as any in Messina.

Dogb. 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!

Leon. Indeed, neighbour, he comes too short of you. *Dogb.* Gifts that God gives.

Leon. I must leave you.

Dogb. One word, sir: our watch, sir, hath indeed comprehended two auspicious 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 may appear unto you.

Dogb. It shall be sufficiency.

Leon. Drink some wine ere you go: fare you well.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. My lord, they stay for you to your daughter to her husband.

Leon. I'll wait upon them: I am ready.

[*Exeunt Leonato and Hero.*]

Dogb. Go, good partner, go, go.

Francis Scaucel. bid him bring his inkhorn to the gaol: we are now to try these men.

Verg. And we must do it wisely.

Dogb. We will spare for no wit; you; here's that (*touching his forehead*) drive some of them to a non-com: and learned writer to set down our examination, and meet me at the gaol.

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—*The Inside of a Church.*

Enter Don Pedro, Don John, Leonato, Claudio, Benedick, Hero, Beatrice, and Friar.

Leon. Come, friar Francis, be brought to the plain form of marriage, and recount their particular duties afterwards.

Friar. You come hither, my lord, this lady?

Leon. To be married to her: I come to marry her.

Friar. Lady, you come hither to this count?

Friar. If either of you know any impediment why you should not be married, I charge you, on your souls, to utter it.

Claud. Know you any, Hero?

Hero. None, my lord.

Friar. Know you any, count?

Leon. I dare make his answer, no.

Claud. O, what men dare do!

Hero. What men daily do, not what they do!

Bene. How now! Interjections! then, some be of laughing, as he is!

Claud. Stand thee by, friar.—*To your leave:*

Will you with free and unconstrained Give me this maid, your daughter?

Leon. As freely, son, as God did give.

Claud. And what have I to give you whose worth

May counterpoise this rich and precious?

D. Pedro. Nothing, unless you recede again.

Claud. Sweet prince, you learn me thankfulness.

There, Leonato; take her back again: Give not this rotten orange to your daughter: She's but the sign and semblance of our—

Behold how like a maid she blushes! 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,

Will you that see her, that she were a maid, by these exterior shows? But she is none:

she knows the heat of a luxurious bed; her blush is guiltiness, not modesty.

Leon. What do you mean, my lord?

Claud. Not to be married; Not to knit my soul to an approved wanton.

Leon. Dear my lord, if you, in your own proof,

have vanquish'd the resistance of her youth, And made defeat of her virginity,—

Claud. I know what you would say: if I have known her,

can't I say she did embrace me as a husband, and so extenuate the forehead sin:

to Leonato, never tempted her with word too large; but, as a brother to his sister, show'd faithful sincerity and comely love.

Hero. And seem'd I ever otherwise to you?

Claud. Out on thee! Seeming! I will write against it:

you seem to me as Dian in her orb, and chaste as ice in the bud ere it be blown:

but you are more intemperate in your blood than Venus, or those purper'd animals that rage in savage sensuality. [*so wide!*]

Leon. Is my lord well, that he doth speak thus?

Claud. 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 are true.

Bene. This looks not like a nuptial.

Hero. True! O God!

Claud. Leonato, stand I here?

Is this the prince? Is this the prince's brother?

Is this face Hero's? Are our eyes our own?

Leon. All this is so; but what of this, my lord?

Claud. Let me but move one question to you, and by that fatherly and kindly power that you have in her, bid her answer truly.

Leon. I charge thee do so, as thou art my child.

Hero. O, God defend me! how am I beset!—What kind of catechising call you this?

Claud. To make you answer truly to your name.

Hero. Is it not Hero? Who can blot that name?

Claud. With any just reproach?

Hero. I myself can blot out Hero's virtue. What man was he talk'd with you yesternight out at your window, betwixt twelve and one?

Now. If you are a maid, answer to this.

Hero. I talk'd with no man at that hour, my lord.

D. Pedro. Why, then are you no maiden:—I am sorry you must hear: upon mine honour,

Myself, my brother, and this griev'd 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 encounter they have had A thousand times in secret.

D. John. Fie, fie! they are not to be Not to be spoken of; [*nam'd, my lord,*]

There is not chastity enough in language, Without offence, to utter them. Thus, pretty lady,

I am sorry for thy much misgovernment.

Claud. O Hero! what a Hero hadst thou been,

If half thy outward graces had been plac'd About thy thoughts, and counsels of thy heart!

But fare thee well, most foul, most fair! fare-well,

Thou pure impiety, and impious purity! For thee I'll lock up all the gates of love,

And on my eye-lids shall conjecture hang, To turn all beauty into thoughts of harm,

And never shall it more be gracious.

Leon. Hath no man's dagger here a point for me? [*Hero swoons.*]

Beat. Why, how now, cousin! wherefore sink you down! [*come thus to light,*]

D. John. Come, let us go. These things, Smother her spirits up.

[*Exeunt Don Pedro, Don John, and Claudio.*]

Bene. How doth the lady?

Beat. Dead, I think!—help, uncle!—

Hero! why, Hero!—Uncle!—Signior Benedick!—friar!

Leon. O fate, take not away thy heavy hand! Death is the fairest cover for her shame

That may be wish'd for.

Beat. How now, cousin Hero!

Friar. Have comfort, lady.

Leon. Dost thou look up?

Friar. Yea, wherefore should she not?

Leon. Wherefore! Why doth not every earthly thing

Cry shame upon her? Could she here deny The story that is printed in her blood?—

Do not live, Hero; do not 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 that frugal nature's frame? O, one too much by thee! Why had I one!

Why ever wast thou lovely in mine eyes? Why had I not with charitable hand

Took up a beggar's issue at my gates; Who smother'd thus and mi'd with infamy,

I might have said, "No part of it is mine; This shame derives itself from unknown loins!"

But mine, and mine I lov'd, and mine I priz'd, And mine that I was proud on; mine so much That I myself was to myself not mine,

Valuing of her; why, she—O, she is fallen Into a pit of ink, that the wide sea

Hath drops too few to wash her clean again,
And salt too little, which may reason give
To her foul tainted flesh!

Hero. Sir, sir, be patient.
For my part, I am so attir'd in wonder,
I know not what to say.

Beat. O, on my soul, my cousin is belied!
Hero. Lady, were you her bed-fellow last night?

Beat. No, truly, not; although, until last
I have this twelvemonth been her bed-fellow.

Leon. Confir'm'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, that, speaking of her foul-

ness, [her die,
Wash'd it with tears! Hence from her! let

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 blushing apparitions start
Into her face; a thousand innocent shames
In angel whiteness bear away those blushes;
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 observation,
Which with experimental seal doth warrant
The tenor 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
A sin of perjury: she not denies it.

Why seek'st thou, then, to cover with excuse
That which appears in proper nakedness?

Friar. Lady, what man is he you are ac-

cus'd of? [none;
Hero. They know, that do accuse me; I know
If I know more of any man alive, [rant,
Than that which maiden modesty doth war-

Let all my sins lack mercy!—O, my father!
Prove you that any man with me convers'd
At hours unmeet, or that I yesternight
Maintain'd the change of words with any
creature,

Refuse me, hate me, torture me to death.

Friar. There is some strange misprision in
the princes, [honour;
Beat. Two of them have the very bent of
And if their wisdoms be misled in this,
The practice of it lives in John the bastard,
Whose spirits toll in frame of villainies.

Leon. I know not. If they speak but truth
of her,
These hands shall tear her: if they wrong her
honour,
The proudest of them shall well hear of it.
Time hath not yet so dried this blood of mine,
Nor age so eat up my invention,

Nor fortune made such havoc of me,
Nor my bad life left me so much of
But they shall find, awak'd in such
Both strength of limb and policy of
Ability in means and choice of means
To quit me of them thoroughly.

Friar. And let my counsel away you in this
Your daughter, here, the princes [night,
Let her a while be secretly kept in,
And publish it, that she is dead in
Maintain a mourning ostentation,
And on your family's old monument
Hang mournful epitaphs, and do all
That appertain unto a burial.

Leon. What shall become of this
will this do?

Friar. Marry, this, well carried, [behalf,
Change slander to remorse;—that
good:
But not for that dream I on this
course,

But on this travail look for greater
She dying, as it must be so maintain'd
Upon the instant that she was accus'd;
Shall be lamented, pitied, and excus'd
Of every hearer: for it so falls out,
That what we have we prize not to the
Whiles we enjoy it; but being look'd
Why, then we rack the value, then we
The virtue that possession would not
While it was ours.—So will it fare with
When he shall hear she died upon her
The idea of her life shall sweetly
Into his study of imagination;
And every lovely organ of her life
Shall come apparell'd in more precious
More moving delicate, and full of life,
Into the eye and prospect of his soul,
Than when she liv'd indeed:—then
(If ever love had interest in his liver),
And wish he had not so accus'd her;
No, though he thought his accusation
Let this be so, and doubt not but she
Will fashion the event in better shape
Than I can lay it down in likelihood.
But if all aim but this be lov'd, false
The supposition of the lady's death
Will quench the wonder of her infancy,
And if it sort not well, you may come
(As best befits her wounded reputation)
In some exclusive and religious life,
Out of all eyes, tongues, minds, and
Beat. Signior Leonato, let the
you:
And though you know my inward
love
Is very much unto the prince and
Yet, by mine honour, I will deal in
As secretly and justly, as your soul
Should with your body.

Leon. Being that I show
The smallest twine may lead me.

Friar. This well consented; presently away;
For to strange sores strangely they strain
the cure.—
One, lady, die to live: this wedding day
Perhaps is but prolong'd; have patience
and endure.

[*Exeunt Friar, Hero, and Leonato.*
Beat. Lady Beatrice, have you wept all this
night?

Beat. Yea, and I will weep a while longer.
Beat. I will not desire that.

Beat. You have no reason; I do it freely.
Beat. Surely, I do believe your fair cousin
wronged.

Beat. Ah! how much might the man deserve
me that would right her!

Beat. Is there any way to show such friend-
ship?

Beat. A very even way, but no such friend.
Beat. May a man do it?

Beat. It is a man's office, but not yours.
Beat. I do love nothing in the world so well
as you: is not that strange?

Beat. As strange as the thing I know not.
I were as possible for me to say I loved
nothing so well as you: but believe me not;
and yet I lie not; I confess nothing, nor I
deny nothing.—I am sorry for my cousin.

Beat. By my sword, Beatrice, thou lovest me.
Beat. Do not swear by it, and eat it.

Beat. I will swear by it that you love me;
and I will make him eat it that says I love not.

Beat. Will you not eat your word? [you.
Beat. With no sauce that can be devised to
it, I protest I love thee.

Beat. Why then, God forgive me!
Beat. What offence, sweet Beatrice?

Beat. You have play'd me in a happy hour:
was about to protest I loved you.

Beat. And do it with all thy heart.
Beat. I love you with so much of my heart,
that none is left to protest.

Beat. Come, bid me do anything for thee.
Beat. Kill Claudio.

Beat. Ha! not for the wide world.
Beat. You kill me to deny it. Farewell.

Beat. Tarry, sweet Beatrice.
Beat. I am gone, though I am here:—there
is no love in you.—Nay, I pray you, let me go.

Beat. Beatrice,—
Beat. In faith, I will go.

Beat. We'll be friends first.
Beat. You dare easier be friends with me,
than fight with mine enemy.

Beat. Is Claudio thine enemy?
Beat. He be not approved in the height
of honour, that hath slandered, scorned, dis-

man!—What! bear her in hand until they
come to take hands; and then, with public
accusation, uncovered slander, unmitigated
rancour,—O God, that I were a man! I would
eat his heart in the market-place.

Beat. Hear me, Beatrice,—

Beat. Talk with a man out at a window!—
a proper saying!

Beat. Nay, but, Beatrice,—
Beat. Sweet Hero!—she is wronged, she is
slandered, she is undone.

Beat. Princes and countesses! surely, a
sweet gallant, surely! O that I were a man
for his sake! or that I had any friend would be
a man for my sake! But manhood is melted
into courtesies, valour into compliments, and
men are only turned into tongues, 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 do a
woman with grieving. [I love thee.

Beat. Tarry, good Beatrice. By this hand,
Beat. Use it for my love some other way
than swearing by it.

Beat. Think you in your soul the count
Claudio hath wronged Hero? [soul.

Beat. Yea, as sure as I have a thought or a
bone. Enough! I am engaged; I will
challenge him. I will kiss your hand, and so
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, farewell. [Exit.

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SCENE II.—A Prison.

*Enter Dogberry, Verges, and Sexton, in gowns;
and the Watch, with Conrade and Borachio.*

Dogb. Is our whole dissembly appeared?
Verg. O, a stool and a cushion for the
Sexton. Which be the malefactors? [Sexton.

Dogb. Marry, that am I and my partner.
Verg. Nay, that's certain: we have the ex-

hibition to examine.

Sexton. But which are the offenders that
are to be examined? Let them come before
master constable.

Dogb. Yea, marry, let them come before
me.—What is your name, friend?

Borachio. [Strut!
Dogb. Pray write down—Borachio.—Yours,
Con. I am a gentleman, sir, and my name
is Conrade.

Dogb. Write down—master gentleman
Conrade.—Masters, do you serve God?

Con. Bora. Yea, sir, we hope.
Dogb. Write down—that they hope they
serve God;—and write God first: for God
defend but God should go before such villains!

—Masters, it is proved already that you are
little better than false knaves; and it will go
near to be thought so shortly. How answer
you for yourselves?

Con. Marry, sir, we say we are none.
Dogb. A marvellous witty fellow, I assure
you; but I will go about with him.—Come
you hither, sirrah; a word in your ear, sir: I
say to you, it is thought you are false knaves.

Borachio. Sir, I say to you, we are none.

Dogb. Sir, I say to you, we are none.

Borachio. Sir, I say to you, we are none.

Dogb. Sir, I say to you, we are none.

Borachio. Sir, I say to you, we are none.

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Borachio. Sir, I say to you, we are none.

Dogb. Sir, I say to you, we are none.

Dogb. Well, stand aside—'Fore God, they are both in a tale. Have you writ down—that they are none?

Sexton. Master constable, you go not the way to examine: you must call forth the watch that are their accusers.

Dogb. Yea, marry, that's the easiest way.—Let the watch come forth.—Masters, I charge you, in the prince's name, accuse these men.

1 Watch. This man said, sir, that Don John, the prince's brother, was a villain.

Dogb. Write down—Prince John a villain.—Why, this is flat perjury, to call a prince's brother villain. *Bora.* Master constable,—

Dogb. Pray thee, fellow, peace: I do not like thy look, I promise thee.

Sexton. What heard you him say else?

2 Watch. Marry, that he had received a thousand ducats of Don John for accusing the lady Hero wrongfully.

Dogb. Flat burglary as ever was committed.

Verg. Yea, by the mass, that it is.

Sexton. What else, fellow?

1 Watch. And that count Claudio did mean, upon his words, to disgrace Hero before the whole assembly, and not marry her.

Dogb. O villain! thou wilt be condemned into everlasting redemption for this.

Sexton. What else! *2 Watch.* This is all.

Sexton. And this is more, masters, than you can deny. Prince John is this morning secretly stolen away: Hero was in this manner accused; in this very manner refused; and, upon the grief of this, suddenly died.—Master constable, let these men be bound, and brought to Leonato's; I will go before, and show him their examination. *[Exit.]*

Dogb. Come, let them be opinioned.

Verg. Let them be in the hands—

Con. Off, coxcombs!

Dogb. God's my life! where's the sexton? let him write down—the prince's officer, coxcomb.—Come, bind them.—Thou naughty varlet!

Con. Away! you are an ass, you are an ass.

Dogb. Dost thou not suspect my place? Dost thou not suspect my years?—O that he were here to write me down an ass!—but, masters, remember that I am an ass; though it be not written down, yet forget not that I am an ass.—No, thou villain, thou art full of plety, as shall be proved upon thee by good witness. I am a wise fellow; and, which is more, an officer; and, which is more, a householder; and, which is more, as pretty a piece of flesh as any in Messina; and one that knows the law, go to; and a rich fellow enough, go to; and a fellow that hath had losses; and one that hath two gowns, and everything handsome about him.—Bring him away.—O that I had been writ down an ass! *[Exit.]*

ACT V.

SCENE I.—Before Leonato's House.

Enter Leonato and Antonio.

Ant. If you go on thus, you will ruin yourself;

And 'tis not wisdom thus to second
Against yourself.

Leon. I pray thee, cease thy
Which falls into mine ears as profane
As water in a sieve; give not me counsel
Nor let no comforter delight mine ear.

But such a one whose wrongs do
Bring me a father that so lov'd his child
Whose joy of her is overwhelm'd like
And bid him speak of patience;

Measure his woe the length and breadth
And let it answer every strain for sorrow
As thus for thus, and such a grief for grief
In every lineament, branch, shape, and colour
If such a one will smile, and stroke his cheek
Cry "Sorrow, wag!" and hem, and cough,
Should groan;

Patch grief with proverbs; make my grief
With candle-wasters: bring him yet
And I of him will gather patience.

But there is no such man: for, brother,
Can counsel, and speak comfort to Claudio,
Which they themselves not feel; but, to
Their counsel turns to passion, which
Would give preceptual medicine to reason
Fetter strong madness in a silken thread
Charm ache with air, and agony with words
No, no; 'tis all men's office to speak
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
counsel:

My griefs cry louder than advertisement
Ant. Therein do men from children
differ.

Leon. I pray thee, peace! I will
For there was never yet philosopher
That could endure the toothache patiently
However they have writ the style of sages
And made a push at chance and suffering
Ant. Yet bend not all the harm upon
self;

Make those that do offend you suffer
Leon. There thou speak'st at reason—
will do so.

My soul doth tell me Hero is belied;
And that shall Claudio know; so shall
And all of them that thus dishonour me.

Ant. Here come the prince and
hastily.

Enter Don Pedro and Claudio.

D. Pedro. Good den, good den.

Claudio. Good day to both.

Leon. Hear you, my lords,—

D. Pedro. We have some haste,—

Leon. Some haste, my lord!—well,
well, my lord:—

asty now!—well, all is one.
Nay, do not quarrel with us,
old man. [ling,
could right himself with quarrel—
would lie low.

Who wrongs him?
ry, thou dost wrong me; thou
abler, thou:—
lay thy hand upon thy sword;
not.

Marry, beshrew my hand,
give your age such cause of fear;
hand meant nothing to my sword.
ah, hush, man! never deer and
at me:

—like a dotard nor a fool,
privilege of age, to brag [do,
re done being young, or what would
old. Know, Claudio, to thy head,
so wrong'd mine innocent child and
ford'd to lay my reverence by, [me,
grey hairs, and bruise of many days,
go thee to trial of a man.

Just belied mine innocent child:
er hath gone through and through
heart,
as buried with her ancestors;
ab where never acandal slept,
of hers, fram'd by thy villainy!
My villainy!

Thine, Claudio: thine, I say.
ro. You say not right, old man.

My lord, my lord,
it on his body, if he dare,
is nice fence and his active practice,
of youth and bloom of lustyhood.
Away! I will not have to do with
a.

Canst thou so dall me? Thou hast
I'd my child:
ill at me, boy, thou shalt kill a man.
le shall kill two of us, and men
lead:

—no matter; let him kill one first:
and wear me,—let him answer me.—
flow me, boy! come, sir boy, come,
low me!

'I'll whip you from your foining fence;
I am a gentleman, I will.

Brother,—
content yourself. God knows I lov'd
y niece;

is dead, slander'd to death by villains,
as well answer a man, indeed,
take a serpent by the tongue;
es, braggarts, Jacks, milksops!—

Brother Antony,—
fold you content. What, man! I
now them, yea,
at they weigh, even to the utmost
uple,—

g, out-facing, fashion-mong'ring
y, and cog, and flout, deprave and
[slander,

Go antickly, and show outward hideousness,
And speak off half a dozen dangerous words,
How they might hurt their enemies, if they
And this is all! [durst;

Leon. But, brother Antony,—

Ant. Come, 'tis no matter:
Do not you meddle; let me deal in this.

D. Pedro. Gentlemen both, we will not wake
your patience.

My heart is sorry for your daughter's death:
But, on my honour, she was charged with
nothing

But what was true, and very full of proof.

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.

Enter Benedick.

D. Pedro. See, see; here comes the man
we went to seek.

Claud. Now, signior, what news?

Bene. Good day, my lord.

D. Pedro. Welcome, signior; you are
almost come to part almost a fray.

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
thinkest thou? Had he 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. Wilt thou
use thy wit?

Bene. It is in my scabbard: shall I draw it?

D. Pedro. Dost thou wear thy wit by thy
side?

Claud. Never any did so, though very
many have been beside their wit.—I will bid
thee draw, as we do the minstrels; draw, to
pleasure us.

D. Pedro. As I am an honest man, he looks
pale.—Art thou sick, or angry?

Claud. What, courage, man! What though
care killed a cat, thou hast mettle enough in
thee to kill care.

Bene. Sir, I shall meet your wit in the
career, an' you charge it against me. I pray
you, choose another subject.

Claud. Nay, then, give him another staff:
this last was broke cross.

D. Pedro. By this light, he changes more and
more. I think he be angry indeed.

Claud. If he be, he knows how to turn his
girdle.

Bene. Shall I speak a word in your ear?

Claud. God bless me from a challenge!

Bene. You are a villain;—I jest not:—I will
make it good how you dare, with what you
dare, and when you dare.—Do me right, or I

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? [Said me.]

Beat. Yes, signior; and depart when you *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 for; 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 unbidden.

Bene. Thou hast frightened the word out of his right sense, so forcible is thy wit. But I must tell thee plainly, Claudio undergoes my challenge; and either I must shortly hear from him, or I will subscribe him a coward. And, I pray thee now, tell me for which of my bad parts didst thou first fall in love with me?

Beat. For them altogether; 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 conclusion, 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 there will I leave you too, for here I am in haste.

Enter Ursula.

Urs. Madam, you must come to your Yonder's old coil at home: it is put off by lady Hero hath been falsely accused prince and Claudio mightily abused. Don John is the author of all, who is gone. Will you come presently?

Beat. Will you go hear this news?

Bene. I will live in thy heart, die with thee, and be buried in thy eyes; and will go with thee to thy uncle's.

SCENE III.—*The Inside of a Church.*

Enter Don Pedro, Claudio, and Angelo, with music and tapers.

Claud. Is this the monument of Leonato?

Angelo. It is, my lord.

Claud. [*Reads from a scroll.*]

Done to death by slanderous tongue

Was the Hero that here lies:

Death, in guerdon of her wrong,

Gives her fame which never dies:

So the life, that died with shame,

Lives in death with glorious fame;

Hang thou there upon the tomb,

[A pause.]

Praising her when I am dumb—

Now, music, sound; and sing your hymn.

SONG.

Parthen, goddess of the night,

Those that sleep thy virgin knight,

For the which, with songs of love,

Round about her tomb they go—

Midnight, assist our moan!

Help us to sigh and groan,

Heavily, heavily:

Graves, yawn, and yield your

Till death be uttered,

Heavily, heavily.

Claud. Now, unto thy bones good

Yearly will I do this rite.

D. Pedro. Good-morrow, master,

your torches out:

The wolves have prey'd; and look, this

day,

Before the wheels of Phœbus, round

Dapples the drowsy east with spots,

Thanks to you all, and leave us: fare ye

Claud. Good-morrow, masters: we will

several way.

D. Pedro. Come, let us hence, and

other weeds:

And then to Leonato's we will go.

Claud. And Hymen now with luck

speeds,

Than this, for whom we render

Enter a Room in Leonato's House.
Leonato, Antonio, Benedick, Beatrice, Ursula, Friar, and Hero.
Hero. Did I not tell you she was innocent?
Leonato. Are the prince and Claudio, who
Beatrice. And her error that you heard debated;
Leonato. set was in some fault for this,
Beatrice. against her will, as it appears
Leonato. course of all the question. [well.
Beatrice. Well, I am glad that all things sort so
Leonato. and so am I, being else by faith en-
Beatrice. ding Claudio to a reckoning for it.
Leonato. Well, daughter, and you gentlewomen
Beatrice. into a chamber by yourselves, [all,
Leonato. I send for you, come hither mask'd;
Beatrice. and Claudio promis'd by this hour
Leonato. —You know your office, brother;
Beatrice. be father to your brother's daughter,
Leonato. her to young Claudio.
Beatrice. Which I will do with confirm'd coun-
Leonato. [think.
Beatrice. Friar, I must entreat your pains I
Leonato. To do what, signior? [them.—
Beatrice. To bind me, or undo me; one of
Leonato. counts, truth it is, good signior,
Beatrice. so regards me with an eye of favour.
Leonato. That eye my daughter lent her: 'tis
Beatrice. not true.
Leonato. And I do with an eye of love requite
Beatrice. The sight whereof, I think, you had
Leonato. on me, [will I
Beatrice. and the prince: but what's your
Leonato. Your answer, sir, is enigmatical:
Beatrice. my will, my will is, your good will
Leonato. and with ours, this day to be conjoin'd
Beatrice. ate of honourable marriage:
Leonato. good friar, I shall desire your help.
Beatrice. My heart is with your liking.
Leonato. And my help.
Beatrice. the prince and Claudio.
Leonato. Enter Don Pedro and Claudio, with
Beatrice. Attendants.
Leonato. Good-morrow to this fair assembly.
Beatrice. Good-morrow, prince: good-morrow,
Leonato. Claudio:
Beatrice. attend you. Are you yet determin'd
Leonato. to marry with my brother's daughter?
Beatrice. I'll hold my mind, were she an
Leonato. thion.
Beatrice. Call her forth, brother: here's the
Leonato. star ready.
Beatrice. Good-morrow, Benedick. Why,
Leonato. what's the matter,
Beatrice. have such a February face,
Leonato. of frost, of storm, and cloudiness?
Beatrice. I think, he thinks upon the savage
Leonato. all.—
Beatrice. hear not, man; we'll tip thy horns with
Leonato. old,
Beatrice. Europa shall rejoice at thee;

As once Europa did at lusty Jove,
When he would play the noble beast in love.
Bene. Bull Jove, sir, had an amiable low;
And some such strange bull leap'd your father's
And got a calf in that same noble feat. [cow,
Much like to you, for you have just his bleat.
Claud. For this I owe you: here come
other reckonings.
Re-enter Antonio, with the ladies masked.
Which is the lady I must seize upon! [her.
Ant. This same is she, and I do give you
Claud. Why, then she's mine.—Sweet, let
me see your face. [her hand
Leon. No, that you shall not, till you take
Before this friar, and swear to marry her.
Claud. Give me your hand before this holy
I am your husband, if you like of me. [Friar:
Hero. And when I liv'd, I was your other
wife: [Unmasking.
And when you lov'd, you were my other hus-
Claud. Another Hero! [band.
Hero. Nothing certainer;
One Hero died dead; but I do live,
And surely as I live, I am a maid.
D. Pedro. The former Hero! Hero that is
dead! [slander liv'd.
Leon. She died, my lord, but whiles her
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. [Beatrice!
Bene. Soft and fair, friar.—Which is
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 Claudio,
Have been deceiv'd; for they swore you did.
Beat. Do not you love me?
Bene. Troth, no; no more than reason.
Beat. Why, then, my cousin, Margaret,
and Ursula, [did.
Are much deceiv'd; for they did swear, you
Bene. They swore that you were almost sick
for me. [dead for me.
Beat. They swore that you were well-nigh
Bene. 'Tis no such matter. Then, you do
not love me?
Beat. No, truly, but in friendly recompense.
Leon. Come, cousin, I am sure you love the
gentleman. [loves her;
Claud. And I'll be sworn upon't that he
For here's a paper, written in his hand,
A halting sonnet of his own pure brain,
Fashion'd to Beatrice.
Hero. And here's another,
Writ in my cousin's hand, stolen from her
pocket,
Containing her affection unto Benedick.
Bene. A miracle! here's our own hands
against our hearts.—Come, I will have thee;
but, by this light, I take thee for pity.

Beat. I would not deny you;—but, by this good day, I yield upon great persuasion; and partly to save your life, for I was told you were in a consumption.

Bene. Peace! I will stop your mouth.

[*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, he shall wear nothing handsome about him. In brief, since I do purpose to marry, I will think nothing to any purpose that the world can say against it; and therefore never flout at me for what I have said against it; for man is a giddy thing, and this is my conclusion.—For thy part, Claudio, I did think to have beaten thee; but, in that thou art like to be my kinsman, live unbruised, and love my cousin.

Claud. I had well hoped thou wouldst have denied Beatrice, that I might have had thee out of thy single life, to make me a double dealer; which, out of question, will be, if my cousin do not look upon me narrowly to thee.

Bene. Come, come, we are friends; have a dance ere we are married, that we may lighten our own hearts, and our wives'.

Leon. We'll have dancing afterwards.

Bene. First, of my word; therefore, music!—Prince, thou art sad; get thee a wife: there is no staff more than one tipped with horn.

Enter a Messenger.

Mes. My lord, your brother John is fled.

Bene. Think not on him till to-morrow.

Beat. Think not on him till to-morrow. Strike up, pipers!

[*Dance.*]

LOVE'S LABOUR'S LOST.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Costard, a Clown.
Moth, page to Armado.
A Forester.
Princess of France.
Rosaline,
Maria,
Katharine,
Jaquenetta, a country wench.
Lords, and others, attendants on the King and Princess.

SCENE.—Navarre.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—A Park, with a Palace in it.

Enter the King, Biron, Longaville, and Dumain.

King. Let fame, that all hunt after in their lives, register'd upon our brazen tombs, [lives, and then grace us in the disgrace of death;] And, spite of cornucopia devouring Time, let our names live like the flowers of the sun; and let our honour which shall bate his scythe's keen edge, and make us heirs of all eternity.

Biron. Therefore, brave conquerors,—for so you are, not war against your own affections, but the huge army of the world's desires,—in late edict shall strongly stand in force: our court shall be the wonder of the world; and contemplative in living art.

Long. On three, Biron, Dumain, and Longaville, we have sworn for three years' term to live with me, and to keep those statutes that are recorded in this schedule here: our oaths are past; and now subscribe your names.

King. But his own hand may strike his honour down, that violates the smallest branch herein: you are arm'd to do, as sworn to do, subscribe to your deep oaths, and keep it too.

Long. I am resolv'd; 'tis but a three years' fast;

King. My mind shall banquet, though the body pine: it paunches have lean pates; and dainty bits like rich the ribs, but bankrupt quite the wits.

Dumain. My loving lord, Dumain is mortified: in graver 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, 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. [please;]

Biron. Let me say no, my liege, an' if you I only swore to study with your grace, [space. And stay here in your court for three years']

Long. You swore to that, Biron, and to the rest. [jest.]

Biron. By yea and nay, sir, then I swore in What is the end of study? let me know.

King. Why, that to know, which else we should not know.

Biron. Things hid and barr'd, you mean, from common sense? [pense.]

King. Ay, that is study's god-like recompense.

Biron. Come on, then; I will swear to study To know the thing I am forbid to know: [so, As thus,—to study where I well may dine, When I to feast expressly am forbid; Or study where to meet some mistress fine, When mistresses from common sense are hid;

Or, having sworn too hard-a-keeping oath,
Study to break it, and not break my troth.
If study's gain be thus, and this be so,
Study knows that which yet it doth not know:
Swear me to this, and I will ne'er say no.

King. These be the stops that hinder study
And train our intellects to vain delight, [quite,
Biron. Why, all delights are vain; but that
most vain,

Which, with pain purchas'd, doth inherit pain;
As, painfully to pore upon a book [while
To seek the light of truth; while truth the
Doth falsely blind the eyesight of his look:
Light, seeking light, doth light of light
beguile:

So, are you find where light in darkness lies,
Your light grows dark by losing of your eyes.
Study me how to please the eye indeed,
By fixing it upon a fairer eye;

Who dazling so, that eye shall be his hood,
And give him light that it was blinded by.
Study is like the heaven's glorious sun,
That will not be deep-searched with saucy
looks:

Small have continual plodders ever won,
Save base authority from others' looks.
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
And every godfather can give a name.
King. How well he's read, to reason against
reading!

Dum. Proceeded well, to stop all good pro-
long. He weeds the corn, and still lets grow
the weeding.

Biron. The spring is near, when green geese
are a breeding.
Dum. How follows that?
Biron. Fit in his place and time.
Dum. In reason nothing.

Biron. Something, then, in rhyme.
King. Biron is like an envious sneaping
frost, [spring,
That bites the first-born infants of the
Biron. Well, say I am; why should proud
summer boast

Before the birds have any cause to sing?
Why should I joy in an abortive birth?
At Christmas I no more desire a rose [shows;
Than wish a snow in May's new-fangled
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 to what I swore, [day,
And bide the penance of each three years'

Give me the paper,—let me read the
And to the strict'st decrees I'll write
King. How well this yielding
from shame!

Biron. [Reads.] "Item, That
shall come within a mile of my count-
this been proclaim'd!" *Long.* [Reads.]
Biron. Let's see the penalty. [Reads.]
pain of losing her tongue."—Who's
Long. Marry, that did I.

Biron. Sweet lord,
Long. To fright them hence with
penalty.

Biron. A dangerous law against
[Reads.] "Item, If any man be
with a woman within the term of the
he shall endure such public shame
of the court can possibly devise."

This article, my liege, yourself must
For well you know, here comes
The French king's daughter with
speak—

A maid of grace and complete may
About surrender up of Aquitaine
To her decrepit, sick, and bed-ridden
Therefore this article is made in vain.
Or vainly comes the admired prince.

King. What say you, lords? I will
quite forget.

Biron. So study evermore is over-
While it doth study to have what it
It doth forget to do the thing it should
And when it hath the thing it should
'Tis won, as towns with fire; so won
King. We must of force dispense.

She must lie here on mere necessity.
Biron. Necessity will make us all
Three thousand times within this time
For every man with his affects is here
Not by might master'd, but by speech.
If I break faith this word shall speak
I am forsworn on mere necessity.

So to the laws at large I write my
And he that breaks them in the
Stands in attainder of eternal shame.
Suggestions are to others, as to me
But I believe, although I seem so hot,
I am the last that will not keep his oath.
But is there no quick recreation grow
King. Ay, that there is. Our
know, is haunted

With a refined traveller of Spain;
A man in all the world's new fashion
That hath a mint of phrases in his
One, whom the music of his own voice
Doth ravish like enchanting harmony.
A man of compliments, whom right
Have chose as umpire of their match.
This child of fancy, that Armado
For interim to our studies, shall
In high-born words, the worth of many
From tawny Spain, lost in the world,
How you delight, my lords, I know

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.
Biron. Dull, with a letter, and Costard.
Dull. Which is the duke's own person?

Biron. This, fellow; what wouldst thou?
Dull. I myself reprehend his own person.
For I am his grace's tharborough; but I would
be his own person in flesh and blood.

Biron. This is he.
Dull. Signior Arm—Arm—commenda you.
There's villainy abroad: this letter will tell you
more.

Cost. Sir, the contempt thereof are as touch-
King. A letter from the magnificent Armado.
Biron. How long soever the matter, I hope
to God for high words. [grant us patience]

Long. A high hope for a low heaven: God
Biron. To hear, or forbear laughing!

Long. To hear meekly, sir, and to laugh
moderately; or to forbear both.
Biron. Well, sir, be it as the style shall
give us cause to climb in the marriage.

Cost. The matter is to me, sir, as concern-
ing 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, sitting with her upon the form,
and taken following her into the park; which,
put together, is, in manner and form following.

Biron. 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 atten-
Biron. As we would hear an oracle.
Cost. Such is the simplicity of man to
hearken after the flesh.

King. [Reads.] "Great deputy, the within's
vice-regent, and sole dominator of Navarre,
my soul's earth's God, and body's fostering
nurse." *Cost.* Not a word of Costard yet.

King. [Reads.] "So it is—"
Cost. It may be so; but if he say it is so, he
is, in telling true, but so. *King.* Peace!

Cost.—be to me, and every man that dares
not fight.
King. No words!

Cost.—of other men's secrets, I beseech you.
King. [Reads.] "So it is, besieged with
sable-coloured melancholy, I did commend the
physic of thy health-giving air; and, as I am
a gentleman, betook myself to walk. The time
when I 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 yeldest thy park. Then for the place
it is where, I mean, I did encounter that
where; where, I mean, I did encounter that
most chaste and posterous count, that
draweth from my snow-white pen the abon-
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
standeth north-north-east and by east from the
west corner of thy curious-knotted garden:
there did I see that low-spirited swain, that
base minion of thy mirth." *Cost.* Me.

King. [Reads.] "—that unlettered small-
knowing soul," *Cost.* Me.

King. [Reads.] "—that shallow vessel," *Cost.* Still me.

King. [Reads.] "—which, as I remember,
[night Costard],"
Cost. O, me.

King. [Reads.] "—sorted and consorted,
contrary to thy established proclaimed edict
and continent canon, with—will,—O, with—
but with this I passion to say volens, nolens,"

Cost. With a wench.
King. [Reads.] "—with a child of our
grandmother Eve, a female; or, for thy more
sweet understanding, a woman. Usm I [as my
ever-esteemed duty pricks me on] have sent to
thee, to receive the maid of punishment, by thy
sweet grace's officer, Antony Dull; a man of
good repute, carriage, bearing, and estima-
tion." [Dull.

Dull. Me, an't please you: I am Antony
King. [Reads.] "For Jaquenetta, (so is the
weaker vessel called, which I apprehended with
the aforesaid swain,) I keep her as a vessel of
thy land'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,
Cost. 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 imprison-
ment 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. [claimed virgin.

King. It is so varied too; for it was pro-
claimed. 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 delivered o'er—
And go we, lords, to put in practice that

Which each to other hath so strongly sworn.

[*Exeunt King, Longaville, and Dumain.*]

Biron. I'll lay my head to any good man's hat.

[*Scorn.*—
These oaths and laws will prove an idle 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.—*Another part of the Park.*

Before Armado's House.

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 boy.

Moth. No, no; O lord! sir, no.

Arm. How canst thou part sadness and
melancholy, my tender juvenal?

Moth. By a familiar demonstration of the
working, my tough senior.

Arm. Why tough senior? why tough senior?

Moth. Why tender juvenal? why tender
juvenal?

Arm. I spoke it, tender juvenal, as a con-
gruent epithet appertaining to thy young
days, which we may nominate tender.

Moth. And I, tough senior, as an appeti-
tent title to your old time, which we may
name tough.

Arm. Pretty, and apt.

Moth. How mean you, sir? I pretty, and
my saying apt? Or I apt, and my saying
pretty? Arm. Thou pretty, because little.

Moth. Little pretty, because little. Where-
fore apt?

Arm. And therefore apt, because quick.

Moth. Speak you this in my praise, master?

Arm. In thy condign praise. [praise.]

Moth. I will praise an eel with the same
Arm. What, that an eel is ingenious?

Moth. That an eel is quick.

Arm. I do say thou art quick in answers:
thou heatest my blood.

Moth. I am answered, sir.

Arm. I love not to be crossed.

Moth. [Aside.] He speaks the mere contrary,
—crosses love not him.

Arm. I have promised to study three years
with the duke.

Moth. You may do it in an hour, sir.

Arm. Impossible.

Moth. How many is one thrice told?

Arm. I am ill at reckoning,—it fitteth the
spirit of a tapster.

[*Exit.*]
Moth. You are a gentleman, and a gamester,

Arm. I confess both; they are
varnish of a complete man.

Moth. Then, I am sure, you know
much the gross sum of dence-as-sure

Arm. It doth amount to one marvel.

Moth. Which the base vulgar do
Arm. True.

Moth. Why, sir, is this such a
study? Now, here's three studied,

thrice wink; and how easy it is to
to the word three, and study three

words, the dancing horse will tell you.

Arm. A most fine figure!

Moth. [Aside.] To prove you a
Moth. I will hereupon confess I am

and as it is base for a soldier to love
in love with a base wench. If drawn

sword against the humour of affection,
deliver me from the reprobate thought

would take desire prisoner, and ransom
to any French courtier for a new

courtesy. I think scorn to sigh; I
should out-swear Cupid. Comfort me

what great men have been in love?

Moth. Hercules, master.

Arm. Most sweet Hercules!—More
ity, dear boy, name more; and, sweet

let them be men of good repute and
Moth. Samson, master: he was a

good carriage, great carriage,—for he
the town-gates on his back like a port

he was in love.

Arm. O well-knit Samson! strong
Samson! I do excel thee in my

much as thou didst me in carrying
am in love too—who was Samson's

dear Moth?

Moth. A woman, master.

Arm. Of what complexion?

Moth. Of all the four, or the three,
two; or one of the four.

Arm. Tell me precisely of what colour
Moth. Of the sea-water green, sir.

Arm. Is that one of the four complexions?

Moth. As I have read, sir; and that
them too.

Arm. Green, indeed, is the colour of
but to have a love of that colour, mo

Samson had small reason for it. He
affected her for her wit.

Moth. It was so, sir, for she had a
Arm. My love is most immaculate

and red. [Masked under such a
Moth. Most immaculate thoughts, master.

Arm. Define, define, well-educated
Moth. My father's wit, and my

tongue, assist me! [pretty and piteous]

Arm. Sweet invocation of a child,
Moth. If she be made of white and

Her faults will ne'er be known;
For blushing cheeks by faults are

And fears by pale-white shown;
Then, if she fear, or be to blame,

By this you shall not know;

For still her cheeks possess the same,
Which native she doth owe.

A dangerous rhyme, master, against the reason
of white and red.

Arm. Is there not a ballad, boy, of the King
Moth. The world was very guilty of such a

ballad some three ages since; but, I think,
now 'tis not to be found; or, if it were, it

would neither serve for the writing nor the tune.

Arm. I will have that subject newly writ
over, that I may example my digression by

some mighty precedent. Boy, I do love that
country girl, that I took in the park with the

rational kind Costard: she deserves well.

Moth. [Aside.] To be whipped; and yet a
better love than my master.

Arm. Sing, boy; my spirit grows heavy in
Moth. And that's great marvel, loving a

light wench. Arm. I may sing.

Moth. Forbear till this company be past.

Enter Dull, Costard, and Jaquenetta.

Dull. Sir, the duke's pleasure is, that you
keep Costard safe; and you must let him take

no delight, nor no penance; but a' must fast
three days a week. For this damsel, I must

keep her at the park: she is allowed for the
day-woman. Fare you well.

Arm. I do betray myself with blushing.

Jag. Man.

Arm. I will visit thee at the lodge.

Jag. That's hereby.

Arm. I know where it is situate.

Jag. Lord, how wise you are!

Arm. I will tell thee wonders.

Jag. With that face! Arm. I love thee.

Jag. So I heard you say.

Arm. And so farewell.

Jag. 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
followers, 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 dissolution 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 forewarned, (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
wit. Cupid's butt-shaft is too hard for Her-
cules' club; and therefore too much odds for
a Spaniard's rapier. The first and second clause
will not serve my turn; the pseudo he re-
specta not, the duello he regards not: his dis-
grace is to be called boy; but his glory is, to
subdue men. Adieu, valour! rust, 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 sonneteer.
Devise, wit! write, pen! for I am for whole
volumes in folio! [Exit.]

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*A part of the Park. A Pavilion
and Tents at a distance.*

*Enter the Princess of France, Rosaline, Maria,
Katharine, Boyet, Lords, and other Attend-
ants.* [Cost spirits:]

Boyet. Now, madam, summon up your dear-
Consider whom the king your father sends;

To whom he sends; and what's his embassy:
Yourself, held precious in the world's esteem;

To parley with the sole inheritor
Of all perfections that a man may owe,

Matchless Navarre; the plex of no less weight
Than Aquitaine,—a dowry for a queen.

Be now as prodigal of all dear grace,
As nature was in making graces dear,

When she did starve the general world beside,
And prodigally gave them all to you.

Prin. Good lord Boyet, my beauty, though
but mean,

Needs not the painted flourish of your praise:
Beauty is bought by judgment of the eye,

Not utter'd by base sale of chapmen's tongues;
Not utter'd by base sale of chapmen's tongues;

I am less proud to hear you tell my worth,
Than you much willing to be counted wise

In spending your wit in the praise of mine.
But now to task the tasker:—Good Boyet,

You are not ignorant, all-telling fane
Doth noise abroad, Navarre hath made a vow,

Till painful study shall outweigh three years,
No woman may approach his silent court:

Therefore to see seem'th it a needful course,
Before we enter his forbidden gates,

To know his pleasure; and in that behalf,
Bold of your worthiness, we single you

As our best moving fair solicitor;
Tell him, the daughter of the king of France,

On serious business, craving quick despatch,
Importunes personal conference with his grace:

Haste, signify so much; while we attend,
Like humble-visag'd suitors, his high will.

Boyet. Proud of employment, willingly I go,
Prin. All pride is willing pride, and yours
is so.— [Exit Boyet.]

Who are the votaries, my loving lords,
That are vow-fellows with this virtuous duke?
1 Lord. Longaville is one.

Prin. Know you the man?
Mar. I know him, madam: at a marriage
feast,

Between Lord Perigot and the beauteous heir
Of Jacques Faulconbridge, solemnized,
In Normandy, saw I this Longaville:
A man of sovereign parts he is esteem'd;
Well fitted in the arts, glorious in arms:
Nothing becomes him ill, that he would well.
The only soil of his fair virtue's gloss,
'If virtue's gloss will stain with any soil,
Is a sharp wit match'd with too blunt a will;
Whose edge hath power to cut, whose will
still wills [power]

It should none spare that come within his
Prin. Some merry mocking lord, belike; is't
so? [humours know]

Mar. They say so most that most his
Prin. Such short-liv'd wits do wither as
Who are the rest? [they grow]

Kath. The young Dumain, a well accom-
plish'd youth,

Of all that virtue love for virtue lov'd: [ill];
Most pover to do most harm, least knowing
For he hath wit to make an ill shape good,
And shape to win grace though he had no wit.
I saw him at the duke Alençon's once;
And much too little of that good I saw
Is my report to his great worthiness.

Ros. Another of these students at that time
Was there with him: if I have heard a truth,
Biron they call him; but a merrier man,
Within the limit of becoming mirth,
I never spent an hour's talk withal;
His eye begs occasion for his wit;
For every object that the one doth catch,
The other turns to a mirth-moving jest,
Which his fair tongue (conceit's expositor)
Delivers in such apt and gracious words,
That aged ears play truant at his tales,
And younger hearings are quite ravished;
So sweet and voluble is his discourse. [love,
Prin. God bless my ladies! are they all in
That every one her own hath garnish'd
With such bedecking ornaments of praise?
1 Lord. Here comes Boyet.

Re-enter Boyet.

Prin. Now, what admittance, lord?
Boyet. Navarre had notice of your fair ap-
And he and his competitors in oath, [pronech,
Were all address'd to meet you, gentle lady,
Before I came. Marry, thus much I have
learn'd,

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. [The ladies mask.]

Enter King, Longaville, Dumain, and Attendants.

King. Fair princess, welcome to the
of Navarre.

Prin. "Fair," I give you back again;
"welcome" I have not yet: the root
court is too high to be yours; and to
to the wide fields too base to be mine.

King. You shall be welcome, madam,
my court.

Prin. I will be welcome, then: come;
King. Hear me, dear lady, I have
an oath.

Prin. Our lady help my lord! he'll
King. Not for the world, fair madam,
my will.

Prin. Why, will shall break it; will
King. Your ladyship is ignorant what
Prin. Were my lord so, his ignorance
wise,

Where now his knowledge must prove
I hear your grace hath sworn-out home;
'Tis deadly sin to keep that oath, my lord;
And sin to break it.

But pardon me, I am too sudden-bolt:
To teach a teacher ill beseemeth me;
Vouchsafe to read the purpose of my oath,
And suddenly resolve me in my suit.

King. Madam, I will, if suddenly I
Prin. You will the sooner, that I woe
For you'll prove perjur'd, if you make me
Biron. Did not I dance with you in
once?

Ros. Did not I dance with you in
Biron. I know you did.

Ros. How needless was it,
To ask the question!

Biron. You must not be so
Ros. 'Tis long of you, that spare not
such questions.

Biron. Your wit's too hot, it speeds too
Ros. Not till it leave the rider in the
Biron. What time o' day?

Ros. The hour that fools should ask.
Biron. Now fair befall your mask!

Ros. Fair fall the face it covers!
Biron. And send you many lovers!

Ros. Amen, so you be none.
Biron. Nay, then I will be gone.

King. Madam, your father here doth
The payment of a hundred thousand crowns
Being but the one half of an entire sum;
Disburied by my father in his wars:
But say that he, or we, (as neither have)
Received that sum, yet there remains
A hundred thousand more; in surety
One part of Aquitaine is bound to us,
Although not val'd to the money's worth.
If, then, the king your father will restore
But that one half which is unsatisfied,
We will give up our right in Aquitaine,
And hold fair friendship with his majesty.
But that, it seems, he little purposeth;

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But that, it seems, he little purposeth;

For here he doth demand to have repaid
A hundred thousand crowns; and not de-
mands,
On payment of a hundred thousand crowns,
To have his little live in Aquitaine;
Which we much rather had depart withal,
And have the money by our father lent,
Than Aquitaine, so gilded as it is.
Dear princess, were not his requests so far
From reason's yielding, your fair self should
make
A yielding, 'gainst some reason, in my breast,
And go well satisfied to France again. (wrong,
Prin. You do the king my father too much
In so unseemly to confess receipt
Of that which hath so faithfully been paid.
King. I do protest, I never heard of it;
And if you prove it, I'll repay it back,
Or yield up Aquitaine.
Prin. We arrest your word.—
Boyet, you can produce acquaintances
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 inter-
mentime, receive such welcome at my hand,
As honour, without breach of honour, may
Make tender of to thy true worthiness:
You may not come, fair princess, in my gates;
But here without you shall be so receiv'd,
As you shall deem yourself lodg'd in my heart,
Though so denied fair harbour in my house.
Your own good thoughts excuse me, and fare-
well: to-morrow shall we visit you again. [well:]
Prin. Sweet health and fair desires consort
your grace! [place:]
King. Thy own wish wish I thee in every
[Exit King and his train.]

Biron. Lady, I will commend you to mine
own heart.

Ros. Pray you, do my commendations; I
Biron. I would, you heard it groan.

Ros. Is the fool sick?

Biron. Bleak at the heart.

Ros. Alack! let it bleed.

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, Rosaline her
name.

Dum. A valiant lady. Monsieur, fare you
well.

Boyet. The heir of Alençon, Rosaline her
name.

Dum. A valiant lady. Monsieur, fare you
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Boyet. The heir of Alençon, Rosaline her
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well.

Boyet. The heir of Alençon, Rosaline her
name.

Dum. A valiant lady. Monsieur, fare you
well.

Long. I beseech you a word: what is she
in the white? [in the light.]

Boyet. A woman sometimes, and you saw her
Long. Perchance, light in the light. I de-
sire her name. [sire that, were a shame.]

Boyet. She hath but one for herself; to de-
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 heir of Faulconbridge.

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. Katharine, 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.—Ladies unmus.]

Mar. That last is Biron, the merry mad-cap
Not a word with him but a jest. [lord:]

Boyet. And every jest but a word.
Prin. It was well done of you to take him
at his word. [was to board.]

Boyet. I was as willing to grapple, as he
Mar. Two hot sheeps, marry!

Boyet. And wherefore not ships?
No sheep, sweet lamb, unless we feed on your
lips. [finish the jest:]

Mar. You sheep, and I pasture: shall that
Boyet. So you grant pasture for me.

[Offering to kiss her.]
Mar. Not so, gentle beast:
My lips are no common, though several they
Boyet. Belonging to whom? [be]

Mar. To my fortunes and me.
Prin. Good wits will be jangling; but, gentles,
agree:

This civil war of wits were much better us'd
On Navarre and his book-men; for here 'tis
abused. [dom lies:]

Boyet. If my observation, (which very sel-
By the heart's still rhetoric disclosed with eyes,
Deceive me not now, Navarre is infected.

Prin. With what? [affected.]

Boyet. With that which we lovers entitle,
Prin. Your reason. [their retire]

Boyet. Why, all his behaviours did make
To the court of his eye, peeping thorough de-
sire: [press'd:]

His heart, like an agate, with your print im-
prond with his form, in his eye pride express'd:
His tongue, all impatient to speak and not see,
Did stumble with haste in his eye-sight 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, tending their own worth, from where
they were glass'd,

Did point you to buy them, along as you pass'd:

[Exit.]

His face's own margin did quote such amazes,
That all eyes saw his eyes enchanted with gazes.
I'll give you Aquitain, and all that is his,
An' you give him for my sake but one loving
kiss. [pos'd—]

Prin. Come to our pavilion: Boyet is dis-
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
speak'st skillfully. [scans of him.]

Mar. He is Cupid's grandfather, and learns
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.—Another part of the Park.

Enter Armado and Moth.

Arm. Warble, child: make passionate my
sense of hearing.

Moth. [Singing.] *Consoliel—*

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. [French brawl]

Moth. Master, will you win your love with a
Arm. How meanest thou! brawling in
French!

Moth. No, my complete master: but to jig
off a tune at the tongue's end, canary to it
with your feet, humour it with turning up your
eye-lids; sigh a note and sing a note; some-
times through the throat, as if you swallowed
love by singing love; sometime through the
nose, as if you snuffed up love by smelling
love; with your hat penthouse-like, o'er the
shop of your eyes; with your arms crossed on
your thin belly-doublet, like a rabbit on a
spit; or your hands in your pocket, like a man
after the old painting; and keep not too long
in one tune, but a snip and away. These are
complements, these are humours; these be-
tray nice wenches, that would be betrayed
without these; and make them men of note,
(do you note, men!) that most are affected to
these. [peritena!]

Arm. How hast thou purchased this ex-
Moth. By my penny of observation.

Arm. But O—but O—

Moth.—the hobby-horse is forgot.

Arm. Callest thou my love hobby-horse!

Moth. No, master; the hobby-horse is but
a colt, and your love, perhaps, a hackney.

Arm. Almost I had,

Moth. Negligent student! learn

Arm. By heart, and in heart, boy!

Moth. And out of heart, master!

three I will prove.

Arm. What wilt thou prove!

Moth. A man, if I live; and *thou*

and without, upon the instant: by his

love her, because your heart cannot

her; in heart you love her, because you

is in love with her; and out of heart

her, being out of heart that you cannot

Arm. I am all these three.

Moth. And three times as much more

yet nothing at all.

Arm. Fetch hither the swain: he must

me a letter.

Moth. A message well sympathized!

to be ambassador for an ass.

Arm. Ha, ha! what sayest thou!

Moth. Marry, sir, you must send

upon the horse, for he is very slow-gaited

I go.

Arm. The way is but short: away!

Moth. As swift as lead, sir.

Arm. Thy meaning, pretty ingenious

is not lead a metal heavy, dull, and

Moth. Minime, honest master: or

Arm. I say, lead is slow.

Moth. You are too swift, sir, to

is that lead slow which is fired from a

Arm. Sweet smoke of rhetoric!

Hereupons me a cannon; and the bullet

I shoot thee at the swain.

Moth. Thump, then, and I flee.

Arm. A most acute juvenal; volu-

free of grace!

By thy favour, sweet welkin, I must

Most rude melancholy, valour give

My herald is return'd.

Re-enter Moth with Costard.

Moth. A wonder, master! here's a

broken in a shin.

Arm. Some enigma, some riddle:—

thy *Penney*;—begin.

Cost. No enigma, no riddle, no *Penney*

salve in them all, sir: O, sir, plantain,

plantain! no *Penney*, no *Penney*: no

sir, but a plantain!

Arm. By virtue, thou enforcest

thy silly thought, my spleen: the

my lungs provokes me to ridiculous

O pardon me, my stars! Doth the

aiderate take salve for *Penney*, and

Penney for a salve!

Moth. Do the wise think them other-

Arm. No, page: it is an epilogue,

course, to make plain

Some obscure precedence that hath

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 *Penney*!

Moth. I will add the *Penney*.

moral again.

Arm. The fox, the ape, and 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 fol-

low with my *Penney*.

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 *Penney*, ending in the goose:

could you desire more!

Cost. The boy hath sold him a bargain, a

goose, that's flat.

Thy pennyworth is good, an your goose

be fat.

To sell a bargain well, is as cunning as fast

and loose: [goose.]

Let me see,—a fat *Penney*: say, that's a fat

Arm. Come hither, come hither. How did

this argument begin! [in a shin.]

Moth. By saying that a Costard was broken

Then call'd you for the *Penney*.

Cost. True, and I for a plantain: thus came

your argument in; [bought;

Then the boy's fat *Penney*, the goose that you

had 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 *Penney*: [within,

I, Costard, running out, that was safely

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 *Penney*, some goose, in this.

Arm. By my sweet soul, I mean setting

thee at liberty, enfranchising thy person: thou

wast immured, restrained, captivated, bound.

Cost. True, true; and now you will be my

purveyor, and let me loose.

Arm. I give thee thy liberty, set thee from

hence, and in lieu thereof, impose upon thee

nothing but this:—[Giving a letter.] Bear

this significant to the country maid Jaquenetta.

[Giving money.] There is remuneration; for

the best ward of mine honour is rewarding my

dependants.—Moth, follow.

Moth. Like the sequel, I.—Signior Costard,

adieu.

Cost. My sweet ounce of man's flesh! my

inequity Jew!

Now will I look to his remuneration. Re-

muneration! O, that's the Latin word for three

farthings: three farthings,—remuneration.

What's the price of this inkle?—"A

penny."—"No, I'll give you a remuneration:"

why, it carries it.—Remuneration!—why, it is

a fairer name than French crown. I will never

buy and sell out of this word.

Enter Birron.

Birron. O, my good knave Costard! ex-
ceedingly well met.

Cost. Pray you, sir, how much carnation

riband may a man buy for a remuneration!

Birron. What is a remuneration!

Cost. Marry, sir, half-penny farthing. [silk.]

Birron. O, why then, three-farthings-worth of

Cost. I thank your worship: (God be wi' you.

Birron. O, stay, 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?

Birron. O, this afternoon.

Cost. Well, I will do it, sir! fare you well.

Birron. O, thou knowest not what it is.

Cost. I shall know, sir, when I have done it.

Birron. Why, villain, thou must know first.

Cost. I will come to your worship to-morrow

morning. [Hark, slave,

Birron. It must be done this afternoon.

It is but this:—

The princess comes to hunt here in the park,

And in her train there is a gentle lady;

When tongues speak sweetly, then they name

her name,

And Rosaline they call her: ask for her;

And to her white hand, see thou do commend

This seal'd-up counsel. [Gives him money.]

There's thy guardon; go.

Cost. Guardon.—O sweet guardon! better

than remuneration; eleven-pence farthing

better: most sweet guardon!—I will do it, sir,

in print.—Guardon—remuneration. [Exit.

Birron. O,—and I, forsooth, in love! I, that

have been love's whip;

A very beadle to a humorous sigh;

A critic, nay, a night-watch constable;

A demureing pedant o'er the boy,

Than whom no mortal so magnificent! [Boy;

This wimpled, whining, purblind, wayward

This senior-junior, giant-dwarf, Dan Cupid;

Regent of love-rhymes, lord of folded arms,

Th' anointed sovereign of sighs and groans,

Liege of all loiterers and malcontents,

Dread prince of plaquets, king of cod-pieces,

Sole imperator and great general

Of trotting paritors: (O my little heart!)

And I to be a corporal of his field,

And wear his colours like a tumbler'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 aright, being a watch,

But being watch'd that it may still go right!

Nay, to be perjur'd, which is worst of all;

And, among three, to love the worst of all;

A whitely wanton with a velvet brow,

With two pitch balls stuck in her face for eyes;

Ay, and, by heaven, one that will do the deed,

Though Argus were her eunuch and her guard;

And I to sigh for her! to watch for her!

To pray for her! Go to; it is a plague

That Cupid will impose for my neglect

Of his almighty dreadful little might.
Well, I will love, write, sigh, pray, sue, groan:
Some men must love my lady, and some Joan.
[Exit.]

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—Another part of the Park.

Enter the Princess, Rosaline, Maria,
Katharina, Boyet, Lords, Attendants,
and a Forester.

Prin. Was that the king, that spurr'd his
horse so hard
Against the steep uprising of the hill? [He.
Boyet. I know not; but I think it was not
Prin. Whoe'er he was, he show'd a mount-
ing mind.

Well, lords, to-day we shall have our de-
spatch;

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 cop-
pice;

A stand where you may make the fairest shoot.
Prin. I thank my beauty, I am fair that
shoot,

And thereupon thou speak'st, the fairest shoot.
For. Pardon me, madam, for I meant not so.
Prin. What, what? first praise me, and again
say no?

O short-liv'd pride! Not fair! alack for woe!
For. Yes, madam, fair.

Prin. Nay, never paint me now:
Where fair is not, praise cannot mend the brow.
Here, good my glass:—[Giving him money.]
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 sav'd
O' heresy in fact, 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
And out of question, so it is sometimes; [kill.
Glory grows guilty of detested crimes,
When, for fame's sake, for praise, an outward
part,

We bend to that the working of the heart;
As I for praise alone now seek to spill

The poor deer's blood, that my heart means
no ill.

Boyet. Do not curst wives hold that self-
Only for praise' sake, when they strive to be
Lords o'er their lords.

Prin. Only for praise; and praise we may
To any lady that subdues a lord.

Boyet. Here comes a member of
monwealth.

Enter Costard.
Cost. God dig-you-den all!

Prin. Thou shalt know her, fellow,
rest that have no heads.

Cost. Which is the greatest lady, the
Prin. The thickest, and the tallest.

Cost. The thickest, and the tallest!
truth is truth.

An' your waist, mistress, were as slender
One o' these maids' girdles for you
should be fit.

Are not you the chief woman? you
Prin. What's your will, sir? what's your
Cost. I have a letter from monsieur
to one lady Rosaline.

Prin. O, thy letter, thy letter! he's
friend of mine;

Stand aside, good bearer.—Boyet, I
Break up this capon.

Boyet. I am bound to
This letter is mistook; it importeth
It is writ to Jaquenetta.

Prin. We will read it,
Break the neck of the wax, and every
ear.

Boyet. [Reads.] "By heaven, that
fair, is most infallible; true, that
beauteous; truth itself, that thou art
More fairer than fair, beautiful than
teous, truer than truth itself, have
tion on thy herical vassal! The mo-
mous and most illustrious king Cap-
eye upon the pernicious and indubitable
Zenelophon; and he it was that might
say Vrai, vrai, vrai; which to anatomize
vulgar, (O base and obscure vulgar!)
He came, saw, and overcame; he came
saw, two; overcame, three. Who came
king: Why did he come to see? Why
saw? to overcome: To whom came he?
beggard: What saw he? the beggar's
overcame he? the beggar. The
is victory; on whose side? the king's
captive is enriched; on whose side?
beggard's. The catastrophe is a mystery
whose side? the king's?—no, on both
or one in both. I am the king; for
the comparison: thou the beggar; for
nesseth thy lowliness. Shall I commend
love? I say: Shall I enforce thy
could: Shall I entreat thy love? I will
shall thou exchange for rags I rags
littles! titles; for thyself! me. Re-
pecting thy reply, I profane my lips
foot, my eyes on thy picture, and my heart
thy every part.

Prin. In the dearest design of France,
Don Adriano de Armado
Thou dost thou hear the Nemean lion
prey:

Boyet. Who is the suitor? who is the suitor?
Ros. Shall I teach you to know?

Boyet. Ay, my continent of beauty.
Why, she that bears the bow.

Prin. My lady goes to kill horns; but, if
Horn me by the neck, if horns that year mis-
Pity put on!

Ros. Well, then, I am the shooter.
Boyet.

Ros. If we choose by the horns, yourself:
come not near.

Prin. You still wrangle with her, Boyet,
and she strikes at the brow.

Boyet. But she herself is hit lower; have I
hit her now?

Ros. Shall I come upon thee with an old
killing, that was a man when king Pepin of
France was a little boy, as touching the hit it?

Boyet. So may I answer thee with one as
old, that was a woman when queen Guinever
of Britain was a little wench, as touching the
hit it.

Ros. "Thou cannot not hit it, hit it, hit it,
Thou cannot not hit it, my good man."

Boyet. "An I cannot, cannot, cannot,
An I cannot, another can."

Cost. By my troth, most pleasant: how both
did hit it!

Mar. A mark! O, mark! that mark!
Boyet. A mark, says my lady!

Let the mark have a prick in't, to mete at, if
it may be.

Prin. Only for praise; and praise we may
To any lady that subdues a lord.

Boyet. Do not curst wives hold that self-
Only for praise' sake, when they strive to be
Lords o'er their lords.

Prin. Only for praise; and praise we may
To any lady that subdues a lord.

Sublimely fall his princely feet before,
And he from forage will incline to play:
But if thou strive, poor soul, what art thou
then?

Food for his rage, repasture for his den.
Prin. What plume of feathers is he that
indited this letter?

What vane, what weather-cock! did you ever
hear better?

Boyet. I am much deceiv'd, but I remember
the style.

Prin. Else your memory is bad, going o'er
Boyet. This Armado is a Spaniard, that
keeps here in court;

A phantasm, a Moorish, and one that makes
To the prince and his book-mates.

Prin. Thou, fellow, a word.
Who gave thee this letter?

Cost. I told you; my lord.
Prin. To whom shouldst thou give it?

Cost. From my lord to my lady.
Prin. From which lord, to which lady?

Cost. From my lord Biron, a good master
of mine.

To a lady of France, that he called Rosaline.
Prin. Thou hast mistaken his letter.—
Come, lords, away.—[another day.]

Here, sweet, put up this: 'twill be thine
[Exit 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.
Why, she that bears the bow.

Prin. My lady goes to kill horns; but, if
Horn me by the neck, if horns that year mis-
Pity put on!

Ros. Well, then, I am the shooter.
Boyet.

Ros. If we choose by the horns, yourself:
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Boyet. Do not curst wives hold that self-
Only for praise' sake, when they strive to be
Lords o'er their lords.

Prin. Only for praise; and praise we may
To any lady that subdues a lord.

Mar. Wide o' the bow hand! I' faith your
hand is out.

Cost. Indeed a' must shoot nearer, or he'll
Boyet. An' if my hand be out, then belike
your hand is in.

Cost. Then will she get the upshot by
cleaving the pin.

Mar. Come, come, you talk greasily;
your lips grow foul.

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.

[Exit Boyet and Maria.]
Cost. By my soul, a swal! a most simple
clown!

Lord, lord! how the ladies and I have put
O' my troth, most sweet jests! most tucoy
vulgar wit!

When it comes so smoothly off, so obscenely,
Armado o' the one side,—O, a most dainty
man!

So see him walk before a lady, and to bear
To see him kiss his hand! and how most
sweetly a' will swear!

And his page o' the other side, that hand of
Ah, heavens, it is a most patheticul!

[Shouting within.] Sola, sola!

[Exit running.]

SCENE II.—Another part of the Park.
Enter Holofernes, Sir Nathaniel, and Dull.

Nath. Very reverent sport, truly; and
done in the testimony of a good conscience.

Hol. The deer was, as you know, sanguis,
—in blood; ripe as a pomewater, who now
hangeth like a jewel in the ear of celo,—the
sky, the walkin, the heaven; and anon falleth
like a crab on the face of terra,—the soil, the
land, the earth.

Nath. Truly, master Holofernes, the epi-
thets are sweetly varied, like a scholar at the
least; but, sir, I assure ye, it was a buck of
the first hand.

Hol. Sir Nathaniel, *haud credo*. [pricket.
Dull. 'Twas not a *haud credo*; 'twas 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, ratherest, unconfirmed fashion,
—to insert again my *haud credo* for a deer.

Dull. I said the deer was not a *haud credo*,
'twas a pricket.

Hol. Twice sod simplicity, *bis coctus*!—O
thou monster ignorance, how deformed dost
thou look!

Nath. Sir, he hath never fed of the dainties
that are bred in a book; he hath not eat
paper, as it were; he hath not drunk ink: his
intellect is not replenished; he is only an
animal, only sensible in the duller parts:

Biron. [Aside.] O, rhymes are guards on Disfigure not his alop. [wanton Cupid's hose:]
Long. This same shall go.

[Reads.]
"Did not the heavenly rhetoric of thine eye,
Gaiest 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 gaw'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,

Ezhal't 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 lose an oath, to win a paradise!"

Biron. [Aside.] This is the liver vein, which
makes flesh a deity;

A green goose, a goddess; pure, pure idolatry,
God amend us, God amend! we are much out
o' the way.

Long. By whom shall I send this?—Com-
[Steps aside.]

Biron. [Aside.] All hid, all hid, an old infant
fantasy.

Like a demi-god here sit I in the sky,
And wretched fools' secrets heedfully o'er-eyes,
More sarks 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 Kato!

Biron. [Aside.] O most profane coxcomb!
Dum. By heaven, the wonder of a mortal
eye!

Biron. [Aside.] By earth, she is not, cord-
Dum. Her amber hairs for foul have amber
coted.

Biron. [Aside.] An amber-colour'd raven
Dum. As upright as the cedar.

Biron. [Aside.] Stoop, I say;
Her shoulder is with child.

Dum. As fair as day.

Biron. [Aside.] Ay, as some days; but
then no sun must shine.

Dum. O that I had my wish!

Long. [Aside.] And I had mine!

King. [Aside.] And I mine too, good lord!

Biron. [Aside.] Amen, so I had mine; is
not that a good word!

Dum. I would forget her: but a fever she
Reigns in my blood, and will remember'd be.

Biron. [Aside.] A fever in your blood!
why, then incision

Would let her out in saucers: sweet misprision!
Dum. Once more I'll read the ode that I
have writ.

Biron. [Aside.] Once more I'll mark how
love can vary wit.

Dum. [Reads.]

"On a day,—alack the day!
Love, whose month is ever May,
Spied a blossom, passing fair,
Playing in the wanton air:
Through the velvet leaves the bee
All unseem, 'gan passage find;
That the lover, sick to death,
Wish'd himself the heaven's bird;
Air, quail he, thy cheeks may kiss;
Air, would I might triumph so!
But alack! my hand is sworn
Ne'er to pluck thee from thy thorn;
Vow, alack! for youth unmet,
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 Ethiop were;
And deny himself for Jove,
Turning mortal for thy love."

This will I send, and something else
That shall express my true love's face;
O, would the King, Biron, and Long,
Were lovers too! Ill, to example ill,
Would from my forehead wipe a passion
For none offend, where all alike do
Long. [Advancing.] Dumain, thy
far from charity.

That in love's grief desir'd society:
You may look pale, but I should blush
To be o'erheard, and taken napping;
King. [Advancing.] Come, sir, you
as his your case is such;

You chide at him, offending twice as
You do not love Maria; Longaville
Did never sonnet for her sake compile
Nor never lay his wreathed arms about
His loving bosom, to keep down his
I have been closely shrouded in this
And mark'd you both, and for you
blush:

I heard your guilty rhymes, observed
Saw sighs leak from you, noted
passion:

Ah me! says one; O Jove! the other
One, her hairs were gold, crystal
eyes:

[To Long.] You would for paradise
[To Dumain.] And Jove, for your love
infringe an oath.

What will Biron say, when that he shall
Faith infringed, which such zeal did
How will he scorn! how will he spend
How will he triumph, leap, and laugh
For all the wealth that ever I did see,
I would not have him know so much
Biron. Now step I forth to whip hypocrisy
[Descends from the stage.]

Ah, good my liege, I pray thee, pardon
Good heart! what grace hast thou,
reprove

These worms for loving, that art most
Your eyes do make no coaches; in your

There is no certain princess that appears;
You'll not be perjur'd, 'tis a hateful thing;
Only I nouns but minstrels like of sonnetting.
But are you not ashamed I say, are you not
All three of you, to be thus much o'er-shot!
You found his mote; the king your mote did
But I a beam do find in each of three, [see;
what a scene of foolery have I seen,
Of sighs, of groans, of sorrow, and of teen!
I am, 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 tuning a jig,
And Nestor play at push-pin with the boys,
And mirth 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!

King. Too bitter is thy jest.
Biron. Betray'd thus to thy over-view!

Biron. Not you by me, but I betray'd to
that an honest; I, that hold it sin [you;
to betray the vow I am engaged in;
and betray'd, by keeping company
with men, like men, of strange inconstancy.

When shall you see me write a thing in rhyme!
I'll praise for Jean I or spend a minute's time
in praising me! When shall you hear that I
praise a hand, a foot, a face, an eye,
a wit, a state, a brow, a breast, a waist,
a leg, a limb!

Soft! Whither away so fast!
I am a man, or a thief, that gallops so! [go.
Biron. I part from love; good lover, let me
Enter Jaquenetta and Costard.

Jaq. God bless the King!

Cost. What present hast thou there!

King. Some certain treason.

King. What makes treason here?

King. Nay, it makes nothing, sir.

King. If it mar nothing neither,
The treason, and you, go in peace away to-
gether.

Jaq. I beseech your grace, let this letter
Our parson misdeeds it; 'twas treason, he
said.

[To him.]
King. Biron, read it over—Giving the letter
King. Where hadst thou it?

Cost. Of Dun Adramadio, Dun Adramadio.

King. How now! what is in you? why dost
thou tear it?

Biron. A toy, my liege, a toy; your grace
Long. It did move him to passion, and
therefore let's hear it.

Dum. [Picking up the piece.] It is Biron's
writing, and here is his name.

Biron. [To Costard.] Ah, you whoreson
laggerhead! you were born to do me
shame.

Cost. My lord, guilty; I confess, I confess.

King. What!

Biron. That you three fools lack'd me fool

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
Dum. Now the number is even. [more.
Biron. True, true; we are four.—
Will these turtles be gone?

King. Hence, sir; away!
Cost. Walk aside the true folk, and let the
traitor stay.

[Exeunt Costard and Jaquenetta.]
Biron. Sweet lords, sweet lovers, O, let us
embrace!

As true we are as flesh and blood can be:
The sea will ebb and flow, heaven show his
face;

Young blood doth not obey an old decree:
We cannot cross the cause why we were born;
Therefore, of all hands must we be forsworn.

King. What, did these rant lines show some
love of thine?

Biron. Did they, quoth you? Who sees the
heavenly Rosaline,

That, like a rude and savage man of Inde,
At the first opening of the gorgeous east,
Kisses the base ground with obedient
What peremptory eagle-sighted eye [breast!
Dares look upon the heaven of her brow,
That is not blinded by her majesty?

King. What zeal, what fury hath inspir'd
these now!

My love, her mistress, is a gracious moon;
She, an attending star, scarce seen a light.

Biron. My eyes are, then, no eyes, nor I
Biron:

O, but for my love, day would turn to night!
Of all complexions the 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 if new-born,
And gives the crutch the cradle's infancy.

O, 'tis the sun, that maketh all things alive!
King. By heaven, thy love is black as ebony.

Biron. Is ebony like her? O wood divine!
A wife of such wood were felicity.

O, who can give an oath? where is a book?
That I may swear beauty doth beauty lack,
If that she learn not of her eye to look:

No face is fair, that is not full so black.

King. O paradox! Black is the badge of
hell.

The hue of dungeons, and the colour of
And beauty's crest becomes the heavens well.

Biron. Devils soonest tempt, resembling
spirits of light.

O, if in black my lady's brows be dock'd,
It mourns, that painting and usurping hair,
Should ravish doters with a false aspect;
And therefore is she born to make black fair.
Her favour turns the fashion of the days;
For native blood is counted painting now;
And therefore red, that would avoid dispraise,
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.

King. And Ethiops of their sweet com-
Dum. Dark needs no candles now, for dark
is light.

Biron. Your mistresses dare never come in
For fear their colours should be wash'd away.

King. 'Twere good, yours did; for, sir, to
tell you plain,

I'll find a fairer face not wash'd to-day.

Biron. I'll prove her fair, or talk till dooma-
day here.

King. No devil will fright thee then so
Dum. I never knew a man hold vile stuff so
dear.

Long. Look, here's thy love: [*Showing his
shoe.*] my foot and her face too.

Biron. O, if the streets were paved with
thine eyes,

Her feet were much too dainty for such
Dum. O vile! then, as she goes, what up-
ward lies

The street should see as she walk'd over
King. But what of this? Are we not all in
love?

Biron. O, nothing so sure; and thereby all
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 guillets, how to cheat the
Dum. Some salue for perjury.

Biron. O, 'tis more than need,—
Have at you, then, affection's 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
And abstinence engenders maladies; [*young;*
And where that you have vow'd to study, lords,
In that each of you hath 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
Why, universal pleading prisons up [*fire.*
The stupid spirits in the arteries;
As motion, and long-during action, thus

The sinewy vigour of the traveller.
Now, for not looking on a woman's face,
You have in that forsworn the use of
And study, too, the cause of your
For where is any author in the world,
Teaches such beauty as a woman's eye
Learning is but an adjunct to ourself,
And where we are, our learning likewise
Then, when ourselves we see in ladies' eyes,
Do we not likewise see our learning too?
O, we have made a vow to study, lords,
And in that vow we have forsworn our
For when would you, my liege, or you,
In leaden contemplation, have found
Such fiery numbers as the prompting
Of beauty's tutors have enrich'd you?
Other slow arts entirely keep the brain
And therefore, finding barren practice
Scarce show a harvest of their heavy toils.
But love, first learned in a lady's eye,
Lives not alone immured in the brain;
But, with the motion of all elements,
Courses as swift as thought in every part,
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 hum of both the senses
Love's feeling is more soft, and smooth,
Than are the tender horns of cockled snails;
Love's tongue proves dainty Iacchus;
For valour, is not love a Hercules,
Still climbing trees in the Hesperides?
Subtle as sphinx; as sweet and smooth,
As bright Apollo's lute, strung with
And, when Love speaks, the voice of
gods

Makes heaven droway with the harmony;
Never durst poet touch a pen to write,
Until his ink were temper'd with Love's
O, then his lines would ravish savage
And plant in tyrants mild humility.
From women's eyes this doctrine I derive:
They sparkle still the right Promethean
They are the books, the arts, the Academes,
That show, contain, and nourish all that
Else none at all in nought proves excellent.
Then fools you were these women to love;
Or, keeping what is sworn, you will prove
For wisdom's sake, a word that loves all
Or for love's sake, a word that loves all
Or for men's sake, the authors of these
Or women's sake, by whom we men are
Let us once lose our oaths, to find our
Or else we lose ourselves to keep our
It is religion to be thus forsworn;
For charity itself fulfils the law;
And who can sever love from charity?

King. Saint Cupid, then! and, *Long.*
the field!

Biron. Advance your standards, and
Pell-mell, down with them! but beware
In conflict that you get the sun of them

Long. Now to plain-dealing; lay these
gloves 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 attack the hand
Of his fair mistress: in the afternoon, [*them.*
We will with some strange pastime solace
Such as the shortness of the time can shape;
For revels, dances, masks, and merry hours,
Fore-run fair Love, strawing her way with
flowers.

King. Away, away! no time shall be
omitted,
That will be time, and may by us be fitted.

Biron. Allons! allons! — Sow'd cockle
reap'd no corn;

And justice always whirls in equal measure:
Light wenches may prove plagues to men for-
sworn;

If so, our copper buys no better treasure.
[*Exeunt.*]

ACT V.

SCENE I.—Another part of the Park.
Enter Holofemes, Sir Nathaniel, and Dull.

Hol. *Satis quod sufficit.*

Nath. I praise God for you, sir: your
recesses at dinner have been sharp and senten-
tious; pleasant without scurrility, witty with-
out affectation, audacious without impudency,
learned without opinion, and strange without
heresy. I did converse this quondam day with
a companion of the king's, who is intitled,
nominated, or called, Don Adriano de Armado.

Hol. *Nati hominem tanquam te;* his hu-
mour is lofty, his discourse peremptory, his
language flow'd, his eyes ambitious, his gait
metaphysical, and his general behaviour vain,
religulous, and thrasonical. He is too plected,
too spruce, too affected, too odd, as it were,
too peregrinate, as I may call it.

Nath. A most singular and choice epithet.
[*Takes out his table-book.*]

Hol. He draweth out the thread of his ver-
bosity finer than the staple of his argument.
I abhor such fanatical phantasms, such in-
rackers and point-devise companions; such
rackers of orthography, as to speak dour, fine,
should pronounce, debt,—d, e, b, t, not
neighbour vocatur nebour; neigh abbreviated
ne. This is abominable, (which he would
call abominable;) it insinuateth me of inanie;
Nath. *Lais Deo, bone intelligo.*

Hol. *Bone! bone, for bone: Priscian a
little scratched; 'twill serve.*

Enter Armado, Moli, and Costard.

Nath. *Videsne quis venit?*

Hol. *Video, et gaudeo.*

Arm. [*To Moli.*] Chirrah!

Hol. *Quare Chirrah, not sirrah!*

Arm. Men of peace, well encountered.

Hol. Most military sir, salutation.

Moli. [*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.

Moli. Peace! the peal begins.

Arm. [*To Hol.*] Monsieur, are you not
lettered?

Moli. Yes, yes; he teaches boys the horn-
book.—What is a, b, spelt backward, with the
horn on his head?

Hol. Ba, pueritia, with a horn added.

Arm. Ba! most silly sheep, with a horn
—You hear his learning.

Hol. *Quis, quis, thou consonant?*

Moli. The third of the five vowels, if you
repeat them; or the fifth, if I.

Hol. I will repeat them,—a, e, i,—

Moli. The sheep; the other two concludes
it,—o, u.

Arm. Now, by the salt wave of the Medi-
terranean, a sweet touch, a quick venew of
wit; snip, snap, quick and home; it rejoiceth
my intellect: true wit.

Moli. Offered by a child to an old man;
which is wit-old.

Hol. What is the figure? what is the figure?

Moli. Horns. [*Whip thy gig.*]

Hol. Thou disputest like an infant; go,

Moli. Lend me your horn to make one,
and I will whip about your infamy *circum-
cised*—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-penny purse of wit, thou
pigeon-egg of discretion. O, an the heavens
were so pleased that thou wert but my
bastard, what a joyful father wouldst thou make
me! Go to; thou hast it *ad dunghill*, at the
fingers' ends, as they say. [*Unquen.*]

Hol. O, I smell false Latin; dunghill for
Arm. *Arts-man, praeambula;* we will be
singled from the barbarous. Do you not
educate youth at the charge-house on the top
of the mountain?

Hol. Or mons, the hill.

Arm. At your sweet pleasure, for the moun-
tain.

Hol. I do, sans question.

Arm. Sir, it is the king's most sweet pleasure
and affection, to congratulate the princess at
her pavilion in the posteriors of this day;
which the rude multitude call the afternoon.

Hol. The posterior of this day, most gener-
ous sir, is liable, congruent, and measurable

for the afternoon: the word is well culled, chose: sweet and apt, I do assure you, sir, I do assure.

Arm. Sir, the king is a noble gentleman; and my familiar, I do assure you, 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 amongst other importunate 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 excriment, with my mustachio: but, sweet heart, let that pass. By the world, I recount no fable: some certain special honours it pleaseth his greatness to impart to Armado, a soldier, a man of travel, that hath seen the world: but let that pass.—The very all of all is,—but, sweet heart, I do implore secrecy,—that the king would have me present the princess, sweet chuck, with some delightful ostentation, or show, or pageant, or antic, or fire-work. Now, understanding that the curts 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 Nathaniel, as concerning some entertainment of time, some show in the posterior of this day, to be rendered by our assistance, at the king's command, and this most gallant, illustrious, and learned gentleman, before the princess, I say, none so fit as to present the Nine Worthies.

Nath. Where will you find men worthy enough to present them?

Hol. Joshua, yourself; myself or this gallant gentleman, Judas Maccabees; 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 Hercules in minority: his *enter* and *exit* shall be strangling a snake; and I will have an apology for that purpose.

Moth. An excellent device! so, if any of the audience hiss, you may cry, "Well done, Hercules! now thou crushest the snake!" that is the way to make an offence gracious, though few have the grace to do it.

Arm. For the rest of the Worthies?—

Hol. I will play three myself.

Moth. Thrice-worthy gentleman!

Arm. Shall I tell you a thing?

Hol. We attend.

Arm. We will have, if this fadge not, an antic. I beseech you, follow.

Hol. *Fie*, Goodman Dull! thou hast spoken no word all this while.

Dull. Nor understood none neither.
Hol. *Alions!* I will employ thee.
Dull. I'll make one in a dance, or will play on the tabor to the Worthies; let them dance the hay.

Hol. Most dull, honest Dull, to come away!

SCENE II.—Another part of the Park.
Before the Princess's Pavilion.
Enter the Princess, Katharine, Rosaline, Maria.

Prin. Sweet hearts, we shall be rich. If fairings come thus plentifully in:—
Kath. A lady wall'd about with diamonds! Look you, what I have from the loving Ros. Madam, came nothing else about that!

Prin. Nothing but this? yes, as much as would be cramm'd up in a sheet of paper. Writ on both sides the leaf, margin and all. That he was fain to seal on Cupid's name.
Ros. That was the way to make his head wax;

For he hath been five thousand years a fool.
Kath. Ay, and a shrewd unhappy one too.

Ros. You'll ne'er be friends with him.
Kath. He made her melancholy, and heavy;

And so she died: had she been light, like Of such a merry, nimble, stirring spirit. She might ha' been a grandam ere she did. And so may you; for a light heart lives long.

Ros. What's your dark meaning, woman? this light word?

Kath. A light condition in a beauty of Ros. We need more light to And meaning out.

Kath. You'll mar the light by talking. Therefore, I'll darkly end the argument.

Ros. Look, what you do, you do it in the dark.
Kath. So do not you, for you are a light.

Ros. Indeed I weigh not you, and therefore light.
Kath. You weigh me not! O, that's past care.

Prin. Well banded both; a set of wit. But Rosaline, you have a favour too: Who sent it? and what is it?

Ros. I would you knew. An if my face were but as fair as yours, My favour were as great; he witnesseth this.

Nay, I have verses too, I thank Biron: The numbers true; and, were the numbers true, I were the fairest goddess on the ground.

I am compar'd to twenty thousand fair ones. O, he hath drawn my picture in this letter.

Prin. Anything like?

Ros. Much, in the letters; nothing, in the person.
Prin. Beauteous as ink: a good conclusion.

Kath. Fair as a text is in a copy-book.
Ros. Were pencils! how! let me not die your debtor.

Prin. I'll make one in a dance, or will play on the tabor to the Worthies; let them dance the hay.

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Ros. That was the way to make his head wax;

Boyet. Under the cool shade of a sycamore, I thought to close mine eyes some half an hour; When, lo! to interrupt my purpos'd rest, Toward that shade I might behold address The king and his companions: warily I stole into a neighbour thicket by, And overheard what you shall overhear: That, by and by, disguis'd they will be here. Their herald is a pretty knavish page, That well by heart hath cou'd his embassy: Action and accent did they teach him there; "Thus must thou speak, and thus thy body bear."

And ever and anon they made a doubt, Presence majestical would put him out; [see: "For," quoth the king, "an angel shall thou 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 prison bolder: One rubb'd his elbow, thus, and fear'd, and swore

A better speech was never spok'n before; Another, with his finger and his thumb, Cried, "Vas! we will do't, come what will come!"

The third he caper'd and cried, "All goes The fourth turn'd on the toe, and down he fell. With that, they all did tumble on the ground, With such a zealous laughter, so profound, That in this spleen ridiculous appears, To check their folly, passion's solemn tears.

Prin. But what, but what, come they to visit us?

Boyet. They do, they do; and are apparel'd Like Muscovites or Russians: as I guess, Their purpose is, to parle, to court, and dance; And every one his love-feat will advance Unto his several mistress, which they'll know By favours several which they did bestow.

Prin. And will they so? the gallants shall be task'd:—

For, ladies, we will every one be mock'd; And not a man of them shall have the grace, Despite of suit, to see a lady's face.—

Hold, Rosaline, this favour thou shalt wear, And then the king will court thee for his dear; Hold, take thou this, my sweet, and give me So shall Biron take me for Rosaline.— [thine, And change you favours, too; so shall your loves

Woo contrary, deceiv'd by these removes.
Ros. Come on, then; wear the favours most in sight.

Kath. But in this changing what is your intent?

Prin. The effect of my intent is, to cross theirs:

They do it but in mocking merriment; And mock for mock is only my intent. Their several counsels they unbosom shall To loves mistook; and so be mock'd withal.

Upon the next occasion that we meet,
With visages display'd, to talk and greet.
Ros. But shall we dance, if they desire us
to't?

Prin. No, to the death, we will not move
Nor to their pen'd speech render we no grace;
But while 'tis spoke, each turn away her face.
Boyet. Why, that contempt will kill the
speaker's heart,
And quite divorce his memory from his part.

Prin. Therefore I do it; and I make no
doubt,
The rest will ne'er come in, if he be out.

There's no such sport, as sport by sport o'er-
thrown;
To make theirs ours, and ours none but our
So shall we stay, mocking intended game;
And they, well mock'd, depart away with
shame.

Boyet. The trumpet sounds: be mask'd;
the maskers come. [The ladies mask.

Enter the King, Biron, Longaville, and
Dumain in Russian habits, and mask'd:
Moth, Musicians, and Attendants.

Moth. "All hail, the richest beauties on the
earth!"

Boyet. Beauties no richer than rich taffets.
Moth. "A holy parcel of the fairest dames,
[The ladies turn their backs to him.

That ever turned their backs—to mortal
views!"

Biron. "Their eyes," villain, "their eyes."
Moth. "That ever turn'd their eyes to
out!"

Boyet. True; "out," indeed.
Moth. "Out of your favours, heavenly
Not to behold!"

Biron. "Once to behold," rogue.
Moth. "Once to behold with your sun-
beamed eyes,—with your sun-beamed eyes!"

Boyet. They will not answer to that epithet;
You were best call it "daughter-beamed eyes."

Moth. They do not mark me, and that
brings me out.

Biron. Is this your perfectness? be gone,
you rogue!

Ros. What would these strangers know
their minds, Boyet?

If they do speak our language, 'tis our will
That some plain man recount their purposes:
Know what they would.

Boyet. What would you with the princess?
Biron. Nothing but peace, and gentle visit-
ation.

Ros. What would they, say they? [ation.
Boyet. Nothing but peace, and gentle visit-
ation.

Ros. Why, that they have; and bid them
Boyet. She says, you have it, and you may
be gone.

King. Say to her, we have measur'd many
To tread a measure with her on this grass.

Boyet. They say, that they have measur'd
many a mile,
To tread a measure with you on this grass.

Ros. It is not so; ask them how
inches

is in one mile: if they have measur'd
The measure, then, of one is easily

Boyet. To come hither, you have
miles,

And many miles, the princess bids
How many inches do fill up one mile

Biron. Tell her, we measure
Boyet. She hears herself.

Ros. How many weary miles you have danc'd
Are number'd in the travel of one mile

Biron. We number nothing that we
Our duty is so rich, so infinite,
That we may do it still without more

Vouchsafe to show the sunshine of
That we, like savages, may worship it

Ros. My face is but a moon, and clouds
King. Blessed are clouds, to do
clouds do!

Vouchsafe, bright moon, and those
(Those clouds remov'd) upon our way

Ros. O vain petitioner! beg a
matter;

Thou now request'st but moonshine
King. Then, in our measure but
one change:

Thou bidst me beg; this begging
Ros. Play, music; then, say, you
it soon.

Not yet;—no dance;—thus change
moon.

King. Will you not dance? How
Ros. You took the moon at full,
she's chang'd.

King. Yet still she is the moon, and
The music plays; vouchsafe some more

Ros. Our ears vouchsafe it.
King. But your legs should
you cry.

Boyet. The tongues of mocking wenchies are
As is the razor's edge invisible, [as keen
Cutting a smaller hair than may be seen;

Above the sense of sense: so sensible
Beneath their conference; their conceits have
wings

Flatter than arrows, bullets, wind, thought,
Ros. Not one word more, my maids: break
off, break off.

Biron. By heaven, all dry-beaten with pure
King. Farewell, mad wenchies; you have
simple wits.

Prin. Twenty adieus, my frozen Mus-
covites.— [Exeunt King, Lords,
Musicians, and Attendants.

Boyet. Taper they are, with your sweet
breath'd puff'd out.

Ros. Well-ill'd wits they have; gross,
Will they not, think you, hang themselves to-
night,

Or ever, but in visors, show their faces?
This past Biron was out of countenance quite:

Are these the breed of wits so wonder'd at?
Boyet. Taper they are, with your sweet
breath'd puff'd out.

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Will they not, think you, hang themselves to-
night,

Or ever, but in visors, show their faces?
This past Biron was out of countenance quite:

Prin. Honey, and milk, and sugar,
Biron. Nay then, two treys, (an if you
so nice,)

Metheglin, wort, and malmsey,—well run,
dice!

There's half a dozen sweets.
Prin. Seventh sweet, adieu:
Shoe 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
Mar. Name it. [a word?

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.

Kath. What, was your visor made without
a tongue?

Long. I know the reason, lady, why you
Kath. O for your reason! quickly, sir: I
long.

Long. You have a double tongue within
And would afford my speechless visor half.

Kath. Vail, quoth the Dutchman:—is not
Long. A calf, fair lady!

Kath. No, a fair lord calf.
Long. Let's part the word.

Kath. No, I'll not be your half;
Tale all, and mean it; it may prove an ox.

Long. Look! how you butt yourself in
these sharp mocks!

Will you give horns, chaste lady! do not so.
Kath. Then die a calf, before your horns
do grow.

Long. One word in private with you, ere I
Kath. Bleat softly, then; the butcher hears
you cry.

Boyet. The tongues of mocking wenchies are
As is the razor's edge invisible, [as keen
Cutting a smaller hair than may be seen;

Above the sense of sense: so sensible
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Ros. Well-ill'd wits they have; gross,
Will they not, think you, hang themselves to-
night,

Or ever, but in visors, show their faces?
This past Biron was out of countenance quite:

Prin. Honey, and milk, and sugar,
Biron. Nay then, two treys, (an if you
so nice,)

Ros. O, they were all in lamentable cases!
The king was wasping-ripe for a good word.

Prin. Biron did swear himself out of all
suit.

Mar. Dumain was at my service, and his
No point, quoth I; my servant straight was
mute.

Kath. Lord Longaville said, I came o'er his
And trow you what he call'd me? [heart;

Prin. Quail, perhaps.
Kath. Yes, in good faith.

Prin. Go, sickness as thou art!
Ros. Well, better wits have worn plain
statute-caps.

But will you hear? the king is my love sworn.
Prin. And quick Biron hath plighted faith
to me.

Kath. And Longaville was for my service
Mar. Dumain is mine, as sure as bark on
tree.

Boyet. Madam, and pretty mistresses, give
Immediately they will again be here [ear:
In their own shapes; for it can never be,
They will digest this harsh indignity.

Prin. Will they return?
Boyet. They will, they will, God knows,
And leap for joy, though they are lame with
blows:

Therefore change favours; and, when they
Blow like sweet roses in this summer air.

Prin. How blow! how blow! speak to be
understood.

Boyet. Fair ladies mask'd, are roses in their
Dismask'd, their damask sweet commixture
shown,

Are angels vailing clouds, or roses blown.
Prin. Avant perplexity! What shall we do,
If they return in their own shapes to woo?

Ros. Good madam, if by me you'll be ad-
vised, [guile'd.

Let's mock them still, as well known, as dis-
Let us complain to them what fools were here,
Disguis'd like Muscovites, in shapeless gear;

And wonder what they were, and to what end
Their shallow shows and prologues vilely penn'd,
And their rough carriage so ridiculous,
Should be presented at our tent to us.

Boyet. Ladies, withdraw: the gallants are
at hand. [land.

Prin. Whip to your tents, as roses run over
[Exeunt Princess, Ros., Kath., and Maria.

Enter the King, Biron, Longaville, and
Dumain in their proper habits.

King. Fair sir, (God save you!) Where is
this princess?

Boyet. Gone to her tent. Please it your
Command me any service to her thither?

King. That she vouchsafe me audience for
one word.

Boyet. I will; and so will she, I know, my
lord. [Exit.

Biron. This fellow pecks up wit, as pigeons
peck up
And utters it again when God doth please:

He is wit's pedlar, and retails his wares
At wakes and wassails, meetings, markets,
fairs;
And we that sell by gross, the Lord doth
know,

Have not the grace to grace it with such show.
This gallant pins the wenches on his sleeve;
Had he been Adam, he had tempted Eve:
He can carve too, and lip: why, this is he
That kiss'd his hand away in courtesy:
This is the ape of form, monsieur the nice,
That, when he plays at tables, chides the dice
In honourable terms: nay, he can sing
A mean most meanly; and in ushering,
Mend him who can: the ladies call him, sweet;
The stairs, as he treads on them, kiss his feet.
This is the flower that smiles on every one,
To show his teeth as white as whales bone;
And consciences, that will not die in debt,
Pay him the due of honey-tongu'd Boyet.

King. A blister on his sweet tongue, with
my heart,

That put Armado's page out of his part!
Re-enter the Princess, ushered by Boyet; Rosaline, Maria, Katharine, and Attendants.

Biron. See where it comes!—Behaviour,
what vert thou! [thou now?]

Till this madman show'd thee? and what art
King. All hail, sweet madam, and fair time
of day!

Prin. Fair, in all hall, is foul, as I conceive,
King. Construe my speeches better, if you
may.

Prin. Then wish me better; I will give you
leave.

King. We came to visit you; and purpose
now

To lead you to our court: vouchsafe it, then,
Prin. This field shall hold me; and so hold
your vow:

Nor God, nor I, delight in perjur'd men.
King. Rebuke me not for that which you
provoke:

The virtue of your eye must break my oath.
Prin. You nick-name 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 be your house's guest;
So much I hate a breaking cause to be
Of heavenly oaths, vow'd with integrity.

King. O, you have liv'd in desolation here,
Unseen, unvisited, much to our shame.

Prin. Not so, my lord; it is not so, I swear;
We have had pasture here, and pleasant
A moss of Russians left us but of late. [game:]

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
My lady (to the manner of the days) [lord:]
In courtesy gives undeserving praise:

We four, indeed, confronted were with
In Russian habit: here they stay'd and
And talk'd space; and in that hour,
They did not bless us with one happy
I dare not call them fools; but this I
When they are thirsty, fools would
drink.

Biron. This jest is dry to me.—Fair,
Your wit makes wise things foolish: what
greet,

With eyes best seeing, heaven's fiery eye
By light we lose light: your capacity
Is of that nature, that to your huge
Wise things seem foolish, and rich things
poor.

Ros. This proves you wise and rich;
Biron. I am a fool, and full of poverty;
Ros. But that you take what doth
belong,

It were a fault to snatch words from
Biron. O, I am yours, and all that I
Ros. All the fool mine!

Biron. I cannot give you
Ros. Which of the visors was it that
wore? [demand you]

Biron. Where? when? what visor?
Ros. There, then, that visor; that
famous case

That hid the worse, and show'd the better.
King. We are deserv'd; they'll
now downright.

Prin. Let us confess, and turn it to a
Prin. Amaz'd, my lord? Why look you
highness sad? [Why look you]

Ros. Help! hold his brows! he'll come
Sea-sick, I think, coming from Muscovy.

Biron. Thus pour the stars down
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
flout;

Thrust thy sharp wit quite through my
Cut me to pieces with thy keen conceit
And I will wish thee never more to dance
Nor never more in Russian habit wait.

O, never will I trust to speeches pawn'd
Nor to the motion of a school-boy's countenance
Nor never come in visor to my friend
Nor woo in rhyme, like a blind
Taffeta phrases, silken terms precise,
Three-pil'd hyperboles, spruce affectations,
Figures pedantical; these summer flies
Have blown me full of maggot ornaments.

I do forswear them; and I here protest,
By this white glove, (how white the
God knows!)

Henceforth my wooing mind shall be
In russet yeas, and honest kersey noes
And, to begin, wench,—so God help me,
My love to thee is sound, sans crack or
Ros. Sans sans, I pray you.

Biron. Yet I have
Of the old rage;—bear with me, I am
old

I'll leave it by degrees. Soft, let us see:—
Wit, "Lord have mercy on us" on those
three;

They are infected, in their hearts it lies;
They have the plague and caught it of your
eyes:

These lords are visited; you are not free,
For the Lord's tokens on you do I see.

Prin. No, they are free that gave those
tokens to us, [undo us,

Biron. Our states are forfeit, seek not to
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
Ros. Nor shall not, if I do as I intend. [you]

Biron. Speak for yourselves; my wit is at
in and.

King. Teach us, sweet madam, for our
Some fair excuse. [rule transgression]

Prin. The fairest is confession.
Were you not here but even now, disguis'd?

Ros. Madam, I was.
Prin. And were you well advis'd?

King. I was, fair madam.
Prin. When you then were here,
What did you whisper in your lady's ear?

King. That more than all the world I did
respect her. [will reject her]

Prin. When she shall challenge this, you
King. Upon mine honour, no.

Prin. Peace, peace! forbear;
Your oath once broke, you force not to for-
swear. [of mine]

King. Despair me, when I break this oath
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
As precious eye-sight, and did value me [dear]

Above this world; adding thereto, moreover,
That he would wed me, or else die my lover.

Prin. God give thee joy of him! the noble
Most honourably doth uphold his word. [lord]

King. What mean you, madam! by my
life, my troth,

I never swore this lady such an oath. [plain]

Ros. By heaven you did; and to confirm it
You gave me this: but take it, sir, again.

King. My faith, and this, the princess I did
I knew her by this jewel on her sleeve. [give:]

Prin. Pardon me, sir, this jewel did she
wear:

And lord Biron, I thank him, is my dear.
What, will you have me, or your pearl again?

Biron. Neither of either—I remit both
twain.—
I see the trick on't:—here was a consent,
Knowing beforehand of our merriment,
To do it like a Christmas comedy:
Some carry-tale, some please-man, some slight
some, [some Dick,—
Some mumble-news, some trencher-knight,
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 discover'd,
The ladies did change favours; and then we,
Following the signs, would but the sign of she.

Now, to our perjury to add more terror,
We are again forsworn; in will, and error.
Much upon this it is:—[To Boyet.] and might
not you

Forestall our sport, to make us thus untrue?
Do not you know my lady's foot by the squire,
And laugh upon the apple of her eye?

And stand between her back, sir, and the fire,
Holding a trencher, jostling merrily?

You put our page out: go, you are allow'd:
Dis when you will, a smock 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
Enter Costard. [have done.

Welcome, pure wit! thou partest a fair fray.
Cost. O Lord, sir, they would know [no]

Whether the three Worthies shall come in or
Biron. What, are there but three?

Cost. No, sir; but it is vana fine,
For every one pursueth three.

Biron. And three times thrice is nine.
Cost. Not so, sir; under correction, sir, I
hope, it is not so.

You cannot beg us, sir, I can assure you, sir,
we know what we know:
I hope, sir, three times thrice, sir,—

Biron. Is not nine.
Cost. Under correction, sir, we know where-
until it doth amount. [for nine]

Biron. By Jove, I always took three thrice
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 whereuntil it doth amount:

for mine own part, I am, as they say, but to
perfect one man in one poor man,—Pompon
the Great, sir.

Biron. Art thou one of the Worthies?
Cost. It pleased them to think me worthy
of Pompon the Great: for mine own part, I
know not the degree of the Worth; 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. [tis some policy]

Biron. We are shame-proof, my lord; and
To have one show worse than the king's and
his company.

King. I say, they shall not come.
Prin. Nay, my good lord, let me o'er-rule
you now:

That sport best pleases that doth least know
how,

Where zeal strives to content, and the contents
Die in the zeal of those which it presents:
Their form confounded makes most form in
mirth; Birth.
When great things labouring perish in their
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 with the King, and delivers a
paper to him.]

Prin. Both this man serve God!

Biron. Why ask you?

Prin. He speaks not like a man of God's
making.

Arm. That's all one, my fair, sweet, honey
monarch; for, I protest, the schoolmaster is
exceeding fantastical; too too vain; too too
vain: but we will put it, as they say, to *for-
tuna della guerra*. I wish you the peace of
mind, most royal complement. [Exit.]

King. Here is like to be a good presence of
Worthies. He presents Hector of Troy; the
swain, Pompey the Great; the parish curate,
Alexander; Armado's page, Hercules; the
pedant, Judas Maccabeus;
And if these four Worthies in their first show
thrive,

These four will change habits, and present the
other five.

Biron. There is five in the first show.

King. You are deceived; 'tis not so.

Biron. The pedant, the braggart, the
hedge-priest, the fool, and the boy;—
Abate throw at novum, and the whole world
again. [This vein.]

Cannot prick out five such, take each one in
King. The ship is under sail, and here she
comes amain.

Enter Costard armed, for Pompey.

Cost. "I Pompey am,"

Boyet. You lie, you are not he.

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 surname'd
Dum. "The great." [the big.]

Cost. It is "great," sir;—"Pompey sur-
name'd the Great;

That oft in field, with large and shield, did
make my foe to sweat;
And travelling along this coast, I here am
come by chance, [lass of France.]

And lay my arms before the legs of this sweet
If your ladyship would say, "Thanks, Pom-
pey," I had done.

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 armed, for Alexander.

Nath. "When in the world I was
the world's commander;

By east, west, north, and south,
my conquering might;

My scutcheon plain declares, that I
Boyet. Your nose says, no, you are
it stands too right.

Biron. Your nose smells, no, in the
tender-smelling knight.

Prin. The conqueror is dismay'd
good Alexander.

Nath. "When in the world I was
the world's commander;"

Boyet. Most true, 'tis right; you
Biron. Pompey the Great;

Cost. Your servant, and Costard.

Biron. Take away the conqueror
away Alexander.

Cost. [To Nath.] O sir, you have
thrown Alexander the conqueror—

be scraped out of the painted cloth
your lion, that holds his poll-axe close-
stool, will be given to A-lar: he
the ninth Worthy. A conqueror, and
to speak] run away for shame, Alexander.
[Nath. retires.] There, an't shall please
foolish mild man; an honest man, and
and soon dashed. He is a marvellous
neighbour, faith, and a very good
but, for Alexander, alas, you see how
little o'erparted.—But there are Wor-
coming will speak their mind in
sort.

Prin. Stand aside, good
Enter Holofernes armed, for Judas.

Moth armed, for Hercules.

Hol. "Great Hercules is presented
imp."

Whose club kill'd Cerberus, the
And, when he was a babe, a child, he
Thus did he strangle serpents in his
Quoniam, he seemeth in minority.

Ergo, I come with this apology.

Keep some state in thy exit, and vanish.
[Moth.]

Hol. "Judas I am."

Dum. A Judas!

Hol. Not Iscariot, sir,—

"Judas I am, yelped Maccabeus."

Dum. Judas Maccabeus elipt is plain;

Biron. A kissing traitor.—How
Hol. "Judas I am."

Dum. The more shame for you, Judas.

Hol. What mean you, sir?

Boyet. To make Judas hang himself.

Hol. Begin, sir; you are my elder.

Biron. Well follow'd: Judas was
on an elder.

Hol. 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 pommel of Caesar's faultchion.

Dum. The carved bone face on a flask.

Biron. St. George's half-cheek in a brooch.

Dum. Ay, and in a brooch of lead.

Biron. Ay, and worn in the cap of a tooth-
drawer.

And now forward; for we have put thee in
[countenance.]

Hol. You have put me out of countenance.

Biron. Falsely: we have given thee faces.

Hol. But you have outface'd them all.

Boyet. An thou wert a lion, we would do so.

Boyet. Therefore, as he is an ass, let him go.

And so adieu, sweet Judas! nay, why dost
thou stay?

Dum. For the latter end of his name.

Biron. For the ass to the Jude! give it
him:—Judas, away.

Hol. This is not generous; not gentle; not
Boyet. A light for monstrous Judas! it grows
dark, he may stumble.

Prin. Alas, poor Maccabeus, how hath he
been baited!

Enter Armado armed, for Hector.

Biron. Hide thy head, Achilles: here
comes Hector in arms.

Dum. Though my mocks come home by
me, I will now be merry.

King. Hector was but a Trojan in respect of
Boyet. But is this Hector?

King. I think Hector was not so clean-
Long. His leg is too big for Hector.

Dum. More calf, certain.

Boyet. No; he is best indeed in the small.

Biron. This cannot be Hector.

Dum. He's a god or a painter; for he
makes faces.

Arm. "The armipotent Mars, of lances the al-
mighty, gives Hector a gift,"

Dum. A gilt nutmeg.

Long. Stick with cloves.

Dum. No, cloven.

Arm. Peace!—
mighty, gives Hector a gift, the heir of Ilion;

From morn till night, that certain he would fight
I am that flower,"

Dum. That mint.

Arm. Sweet lord Longaville, rein thy tongue.

Dum. I must rather give it the rein; for it
runs against Hector.

Arm. Ay, and Hector's a greyhound.

Boyet. The sweet war-man is dead and rot-
ted; when he breathed, he was a man.

Prin. Sweet royalty, bestow on me the
sense of hearing.

Prin. Speak, brave Hector: we are much
delighted.

Arm. I do adore thy sweet grace's slipper.

Boyet. Leaves her by the foot.

Dum. He may not by the yard. [Nath.]—"

Arm. "This Hector far surmounted Hun-
Cost. The party is gone, fellow Hector, she
is gone; she is two months on her way.

Arm. What meanest thou?

Cost. Faith, unless you play the honest Tro-
jan, the poor wench is cast away; she's
quick; the child brags in her belly already:
'tis yours.

Arm. Dost thou infamelize me among
potentates? Thou shalt die.

Cost. Then shall Hector be whipped, for
Jaquenetta that is quick by him; and hanged,
for Pompey that is dead by him.

Dum. Most rare Pompey!

Boyet. Renowned Pompey!

Biron. Greater than great, great, great,
great Pompey! Pompey the huge!

Dum. Hector trembles.

Biron. Pompey is moved.—More Ates,
more Ates! stir them on, stir them on!

Dum. Hector will challenge him.

Biron. Ay, if he have no more man's blood
in's belly than will sup a flea.

Arm. By the north pole, I do challenge
Cost. I will not fight with a pole, like a
northern man: I'll slash; I'll do it by the
sword.—I pray you, let me borrow my arms
again.

Dum. Room for the incensed Worthies.

Cost. I'll do it in my shirt.

Dum. Most resolute Pompey!

Moth. Master, let me take you a button-hole
Do you not see, Pompey is uncasing for the
combat!

What mean you? you will lose your reputation.

Arm. Gentlemen and soldiers, pardon me:
I will not combat in my shirt.

Dum. You may not deny it: Pompey hath
made the challenge.

Arm. Sweet bloods, I both may and will.

Biron. What reason have you for't?

Arm. The naked truth of it is, I have no
shirt; I go woolward for penance.

Boyet. True, and it was enjoined him in
Rome for want of linen; since when, I'll be
sworn, he wore none but a dish-cloth of Ja-
quenetta's, and that he wears next his heart
for a favour.

Enter Mercade.

Mer. God save you, madam!

Prin. Welcome, Mercade;

But that thou interrupt'st our merriment.

Mer. I am sorry, madam; for the news I
bring

Is heavy in my tongue. The king your father—

Prin. Dead, for my life!

Mer. Even so; my tale is told. [To cloud.]

Biron. Worthies, away! The scene begins

Arm. For my own part, I breathe free
breath. I have seen the day of wrong through
the little hole of discretion, and I will right
myself like a soldier. [Exeunt Worthies.]

King. How fares your majesty?
Prin. Boyot, prepare; I will away to-night.
King. Madam, not so; I do beseech you, stay. [Lords,]

Prin. Prepare, I say.—I thank you, gracious
 For all your fair endeavours; and entreat,
 Out of a new-sad soul, that you vouchsafe
 In your rich wisdom to excuse, or hide,
 The liberal opposition of our spirits:
 If over-boldly we have borne ourselves
 In the converse of breath, your gentleness
 Was guilty of it.—Farewell, worthy lord!
 A heavy heart bears but a humble tongue:
 Excuse me so, coming so short of thanks
 For my great suit so easily obtain'd. [Lords,]

King. The extreme part of time extremely
 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 brow of progeny
 Forbid the smiling courtesy of love,
 The holy suit which faith it would convince;
 Yet, since love's argument was first on foot,
 Let not the cloud of sorrow justle it [lost,
 From what it purpos'd; since, to wail friends
 Is not by much so wholesome profitable,
 As to rejoice at friends but newly found.

Prin. I understand you not: my griefs are
 double. [Lords,]

Biron. Honest plain words best pierce the
 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, [Lords,]

Hath much deform'd us, fashioning our
 Even to the oppos'd end of our intents:
 And what in us hath seem'd ridiculous,—
 As love is full of unbefitting strains;
 All wanton as a child, skipping, and vain;
 Form'd by the eye, and, therefore, like the eye,
 Full of stray shapes, of habits, and of forms,
 Varying in subjects, as the eye doth roll
 To every varied object in his glance:
 Which party-coated presence of loose love
 Put on by us, if, in your heavenly eyes,
 Have misbecome our oaths and gravities,
 Those heavenly eyes, that look 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. [Love;]

Prin. We have receiv'd your letters, full of
 Your favours, the ambassadors of love;
 And, in our maiden council, rated them
 At courtship, pleasant jest, and courtesy,
 As bombast, and as lining to the time:
 But more devout than this in our respects,
 Have we not been; and therefore met your
 loves
 In their own fashion, like a merciment.

Dum. Our letters, madam, above
Long. So did our looks. [Lords,]

Ros. We did not look on you,
King. Now, at the latest minute
 Grant us your loves.

Prin. A time, methinks,
 To make a world-without-end bargain
 No, no, my lord, your grace is purer
 Full of dear guiltness; and therefore
 If for my love (as there is no such case)
 You will do aught, this shall you do:
 Your oath I will not trust; but go you
 To some forlorn and naked hermitage,
 Remote from all the pleasures of the world,
 There stay, until the twelve celestial hours
 Have brought about their annual round:
 If this austere insoberable life
 Change not your offer made in heat
 If frosts, and fasts, hard lodgings,
 weeds,
 Nip not the gaudy blossoms of your love,
 But that it bear this trial, and last
 Then, at the expiration of the year,
 Come challenge me, challenge me
 And, by this virgin palm, now kissing
 I will be thine; and, till that instant,
 My woeful self up in a mourning habit
 Raining the tears of lamentation
 For the remembrance of my father's sin:
 If this thou do deny, let our hands part
 Neither intitled in the other's heart.

King. If this, or more than this,
 To flatter up these powers of misdoings
 The sudden hand of death close up
 Hence ever, then, my heart is in the
Biron. And what to me, my love I
 to me?

Ros. You must be purged too, your
 You are attaint with faults and poison
 Therefore, if you my favour mean to
 A twelvemonth shall you spend, and
 But seek the weary beds of people
Dum. But what to me, my love I
 to me?

Kath. A wife!—A beard, fair
 With three-fold love I wish you all the
Dum. O, shall I say, I thank you,
 wife!

Kath. Not so, my lord; a twelvemonth
 I'll mark no words that smooth-faced
 say:
 Come when the king doth to my lady
 Then, if I have much love, I'll give you
Dum. I'll serve thee true and faithful
 then.

Kath. Yet swear not, lest you be
Long. What says Maria?

Mar. At the twelvemonth
 I'll change my black gown for a faithful
Long. I'll stay with patience; but
 is long.

Mar. The liker you; few taller are
Biron. Studies my lady's mistress,
 me;

learned men have compiled in praise of the
 owl and the cuckoo; it should have followed
 in the end of our show.

King. Call them forth quickly; we will do
 Arm. Holloa! approach. [Lords,]

*Re-enter Holofemes, Nathaniel, Moth,
 Costard, and others.*

This side is Hiems, winter; this Ver, the
 spring; the one maintained by the owl, the
 other by the cuckoo. Ver, begin.

SONG.

Spring. When daisies pied, and violets blue,
 And lady-smocks all silver-white,
 And cuckoo-buds of yellow hue,
 Do paint the meadows with delight,
 The cuckoo then, on every tree,
 Mocks married men; for thus sings he,
 Cuckoo;
 Cuckoo, cuckoo,—O, word of fear!
 Unpleasant to a married ear.

When shepherds pipe on oaten straws,
 And merry larks are ploughmen's
 clocks,
 When turtles tread, and rooks, and doves,
 And maidens bleach their summer
 smocks,
 The cuckoo then, on every tree,
 Mocks married men; for thus sings he,
 Cuckoo;
 Cuckoo, cuckoo,—O, word of fear!
 Unpleasant 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,
 To-who;
 To-who, to-who, a merry note,
 While greasy Joan doth keel the pot.

When all about the wind doth blow,
 And coughing drags the parson's nose,
 And Marian's nose looks red and raw,
 When roasted crabs hiss in the bowl,
 Then nightly sings the staring owl,
 To-who;
 To-who, to-who, a merry note,
 While greasy Joan doth keel the pot.

Arm. The words of Mercury are harsh after
 the songs of Apollo. You, that way; we, this
 way. [Exeunt.]

And she respects me as her only son.
There, gentle Hermia, may I marry thee;
And to that place the sharp Athenian law
Cannot pursue us. If thou lov'st me, then,
Steal forth thy father's house to-morrow night,
And in the wood, a league without the town,
Where I did meet thee once with Helena,
To do observance to a morn of May,
There will I stay for thee.

Her. My good Lysander!
I swear to thee, by Cupid's strongest bow;
By his best arrow with the golden head;
By the simplicity of Venus' doves;
By that which knitteth souls and prospers
loves,
And by that fire which burn'd the Carthage
queen,
When the false Trojan under sail was seen;
By all the vows that ever men have broke,
In number more than ever women spoke:
In that same place thou hast appointed me,
To-morrow truly will I meet with thee.

Lys. Keep promise, love. Look, here comes
Helena.

Enter Helena.

Her. God speed, fair Helena! Whither
away?

Hel. Call you me fair? that fair again unsay.
Demetrius loves your fair: O happy fair!
Your eyes are lodestars; and your tongue's
sweet air

More tuneable than lark to shepherd's ear,
When wheat is green, when hawthorn buds
appear.

Sickness is catching: O, were favour so,
Yours would I catch, fair Hermia! ere I go;
My ear should catch your voice, my eye your
eye,

My tongue should catch your tongue's sweet
Were the world mine, Demetrius being bated,
The rest I'll give to be to you translated.
O, teach me how you look; and with what art
You sway the motion of Demetrius' heart!

Her. I frown upon him, yet he loves me still.

Hel. O that your frowns would teach my
smiles such skill!

Her. I give him curses, yet he gives me love.

Hel. O that my prayers could such affection move!

Her. The more I hate, the more he follows.

Hel. The more I love, the more he hateth me.

Her. His folly, Helena, is none of mine.

Hel. None, but your beauty: would that
fault were mine!

Her. Take comfort: he no more shall see
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 Phoebe doth behold
Her silver visage in the wat'ry glass,
Decking with liquid pearl the bladed grass,

(A time that lovers' flights doth still
Remember) Athens' gates have we descried,
And in the wood where others do
walk, ourselves.

Her. And in the wood where others do
walk, ourselves.

Upon faint primrose-beds were we
laying, and the very shadows did
embrace us.

There my Lysander and myself did
lie, and thence from Athens turn away
to seek new friends and strange
playfellow.

Farewell, sweet playfellow: pray
thee, keep word, Lysander: we must
meet at sight.

From lovers' food till morrow dawn,
I will, my Hermia.

Helena, adieu:
As you on him, Demetrius dote on me.

Hel. How happy some, o'er others,
can be!

Through Athens I am thought as fond;
But what of that? Demetrius thinks
he will not know, what all but he
knows.

And as he errs, doting on Hermia,
So I, admiring of his qualities,
Things base and vile, holding no quantity,
Love can transpoise to form and feature
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 judge;
Wings, and no eyes, figure unlook'd
And therefore is Love said to be a child,
Because in choice he is so oft beguiled:
As waggish boys in game themselves abuse,
So the boy Love is perjur'd every where:
For ere Demetrius look'd on Hermia,
He hail'd down oaths that he was true;
And when this hail some heat from Hermia
did catch, So he dissolv'd, and showers of oaths
I will go tell him of fair Hermia's
Then to the wood will he, to-morrow
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 on
me.

Hel. How happy some, o'er others,
can be!

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But what of that? Demetrius thinks
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Love can transpoise to form and feature
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 judge;
Wings, and no eyes, figure unlook'd
And therefore is Love said to be a child,
Because in choice he is so oft beguiled:
As waggish boys in game themselves abuse,
So the boy Love is perjur'd every where:
For ere Demetrius look'd on Hermia,
He hail'd down oaths that he was true;
And when this hail some heat from Hermia
did catch, So he dissolv'd, and showers of oaths
I will go tell him of fair Hermia's
Then to the wood will he, to-morrow
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 on
me.

Hel. How happy some, o'er others,
can be!

Through Athens I am thought as fond;
But what of that? Demetrius thinks
he will not know, what all but he
knows.

And as he errs, doting on Hermia,
So I, admiring of his qualities,
Things base and vile, holding no quantity,
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Through Athens I am thought as fond;
But what of that? Demetrius thinks
he will not know, what all but he
knows.

and a merry.—Now, good Peter Quince,
forth your actors by the scroll: Masters,
and yourselves.

Quin. Answer, as I call you.—Nick Bottom,
ready. Name what part I am for, and
I'll answer.

Bottom. You, Nick Bottom, are set down for
Pyramus.

Bottom. What is Pyramus? a lover, or a tyrant?

Quin. A lover, that kills himself most gal-
lantly for love.

Bottom. That will ask some tears in the true
performing of it: if I do it, let the audience
weep with me to some measure. To the rest—yet
what humour is for a tyrant? I could play
the raven, or a part to tear a cat in, to
show my anger.

Quin. The raging rocks,
And showering shocks,
Shall break the locks
Of prison-gates;
And Phibbus' car
Shall shine from fur,
And make and mar
The foolish fates.

Bottom. Now name the rest of the
players.

Quin. Francis Flute, a tyrant's vein;—a lover is
Pyramus.

Bottom. You must take Thisby on you.

Quin. What is Thisby? a wandering knight?

Bottom. It is the lady that Pyramus must love.

Quin. Nay, faith, let not me play a woman;
I have a beard coming.

Bottom. That's all one: you shall play it in a
woman's part; and you may speak as small as you will.

Quin. An I may lute my face, let me play
Pyramus: I'll speak in a monstrous little
voice:—“Thisbe,” “Thisbe”—“Ah, Pyramus,
loose your love!”

Bottom. No, no; you must play Pyramus:
Flute, you Thisbe.

Quin. Well, proceed.

Bottom. Robin Starveling, the tailor.

Quin. Robin Starveling.

Bottom. Robin Starveling, you must play
Pyramus' mother.—Tom Snout, the tinker.

Quin. You, Peter Quince,

Pyramus' father; myself,
the part;—and, I hope, here is a play fitted.
Have you the lion's part written?

Bottom. If it be, give it me, for I am slow of
footing but roaring.

Quin. You may do it extempore, for it is
but a roar.

Bottom. Let me play the lion too: I will roar,
and I will do any man's heart good to hear
me. I will roar, that I will make the duke
laugh. An you should do it too terribly,
I would fright the duchess and the ladies,

and a merry.—Now, good Peter Quince,
forth your actors by the scroll: Masters,
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Have you the lion's part written?

Bottom. If it be, give it me, for I am slow of
footing but roaring.

Quin. You may do it extempore, for it is
but a roar.

Bottom. Let me play the lion too: I will roar,
and I will do any man's heart good to hear
me. I will roar, that I will make the duke
laugh. An you should do it too terribly,
I would fright the duchess and the ladies,

that they would shriek; and that were enough
to hang us all.

All. That would hang us, every mother's
son.

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'll aggravate my voice so, that I will roar
you as gently as any sucking dove; I will roar
you as 'twere any nightingale.

Quin. You can play no part but Pyramus;
for Pyramus is a sweet-faced man; a proper
man, as one shall see in a summer's day; a
most lovely, gentleman-like man; therefore,
you must needs play Pyramus.

Bot. Well, I will undertake it. What heard
were I best to play it in?

Quin. Why, what you will.

Bot. I will discharge it in either your straw-
colour beard, your orange-tawny beard, your
purple-in-grain beard, or your French-crown
colour beard, your perfect yellow.

Quin. Some of your French crowns have no
hair at all, and then you will play bare-faced.

—But, masters, here are your parts: and I am
to entreat you, request you, and desire you,
to con them by to-morrow night; and meet
me in the palace wood, a mile without the
town, by moonlight; there will we rehearse:
for if we meet in the city, we shall be dogged
with company, and our devices known. In
the mean time, 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 re-
hearse more obscenely, and courageously.
Take pains; be perfect; adieu.

Quin. At the duke's oak we meet.

Bot. Enough; hold, or cut bow-strings.
[Exeunt.]

ACT II.

SCENE I.—A Wood near Athens.

*Enter a Fairy on one side, and Puck on the
other.*

Puck. How now, spirit! whither wander
you?

Fat. Over hill, over dale,
Thorough bush, thorough brier,
Over park, over pale,
Thorough flood, thorough fire,
I do wander everywhere,
Swifter than the moon's sphere;
And I serve the fairy queen:
To dew her orbs upon the green:
The cowslips tall 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 dew-drops here,
And hang a pearl in every cowslip's ear.
Farewell, thou lob of spirits; I'll be gone:
Our queen and all her elves come here anon.

Puck. The king doth keep his revels here to-night:

Take heed the queen come not within his sight;
For Oberon is passing full and wrath,
Because that she, as her attendant, hath
A lovely boy, stol'n from an Indian king;
She never had so sweet a changeling;
And jealous Oberon would have the child
Knight of his train, to trace the forests wild;
But she, perforce, withholdeth 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 star-light sheen,
But they do square; that all their elves, for fear,
Creep into acorn cups, and hide them there.

Pai. Either I mistake your shape and making quite,

Or else you are that shrewd and knavish sprite,
Call'd Robin Good-fellow: are you not he
That frights the maidens of the villagery;
Skims milk, and sometimes labours in the
quern,

And bootless makes the breathless housewife
And sometime makes the drink to bear no barm;
Misleads night-wanderers, laughing at their
harm?

Those that Hobgoblin call you, and sweet Puck,
You do their work, and they shall have good
Are not you he?

Puck. Thou speak'st aright;
I am that merry wanderer of the night.
I jest to Oberon, and make him smile,
When I a fat and bean-fed horse beguile,
Neighing in likeness of a filly foal;
And sometimes 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 dowlap pour the ale.
The wisest aunt, telling the saddest tale,
Sometime for three-foot stool mistaketh me;
Then slip I from her bum, down topples she,
And "tailor" cries, and falls into a cough;
And then the whole quire hold their hips, and
loffe;

And waxen in their mirth, and neeze, and swear
A merrier hour was never wasted there,—
But, room, Fairy! here comes Oberon.

Pai. And here my mistress!—Would that
he were gone!

SCENE II.—The Same.

*Enter Oberon on one side, with his train;
and Titania on the other, with hers.*

Obe. Ill met by moon-light, proud Titania.
Tita. What, jealous Oberon! Fairy, skip
hence:

I have forsworn his bed and company.

Obe. Tarry, rash wanton: am not I thy lord?
Tita. Then, I must be thy lady: but I know
When thou hast stol'n away from fairy land,
And in the shape of Corin sat all day,
Playing on pipes of corn, and versing love
To amorous Philida. Why art thou here,

Come from the farthest steep of India?
But that, forsooth, the bounteous
Your buskin'd mistress and your
To Theseus must be wedded; and
To give their bed joy and prosperity.

Obe. How canst thou thus,
Glance at my credit with Hippolyta,
Knowing I know thy love to Theseus?
Didst thou not lead him through the
ing night

From Perigona, whom he ravish'd?
And make him with fair Egla trust
With Ariadne, and Antiope?

Tita. These are the forgeries of
And never, since the middle summer,
Met we on hill, in dale, forest, or mead;
By paved fountain, or by russet brook,
Or on the beached margin of the sea,
To dance our ringlets to the whistling
But with thy brawls thou hast done
sport.

Therefore the winds, piping to us
As in revenge, have suck'd up from us
Contagious fogs; which, falling in
Have every pelting river made so proud
That they have overborne their bounds,
The ox hath therefore stretch'd his yoke,
The ploughman lost his sweat; and
corn

Hath rotted ere his youth attain'd;
The fold stands empty in the droves;
And crows are fatted with the murrain,
The nine-men's morris is fill'd up with
And the quaint mazes in the wanton
For lack of tread are undistinguish'd;
The human mortals want their winter
No night is now with hymn or carol
Therefore the moon, the governess of
Pale in her anger, washes all the air
That rheumatic diseases do abound;
And thorough this distemperature
The seasons alter: hoary-headed rices
Fall in the fresh lap of the crimson
And on old Hyems' chin, and icy
An odorous chaplet of sweet summer
Is, as in mockery, set: the spring
The childing autumn, angry winter,
Their wonted liveries: and the time
By their increase, now knows and
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
Why should Titania cross her Oberon?
I do but beg a little changeling boy,
To be my henchman.

Tita. Set your heart
The fairy land buys not the child:
His mother was a votaress of my order;
And, in the spiced Indian air, by
Full often hath she gossip'd by my
And sat with me on Neptune's yellow
Marking the embarked traders on the

When we have laugh'd to see the sails conceive,
And grow big-bellied, with the wanton wind;
Which now, with pretty and with swimming
gait

Following, (her womb then rich with my young
Would inmate, and sail upon the land,
To fetch me tidings, and return again,
As from a voyage, rich with merchandise,
but she, being mortal, of that boy did die;
And for her sake I do rear up her boy;
And for her sake I will not part with him.

Obe. How long within this wood intend you
slay?

Tita. Purchase 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,
We shall hide downright, if I longer stay.

Obe. Well, go thy way: thou shalt not
from this grove.

Will I torment thee for this injury.—
My gentle Puck, come hither: Thou remain-
st once I sat upon a promontory, [her'st
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),

lying between the cold moon and the earth,
mid all a-float; a certain aim he took
At a fair vestal throned by the west;
and lock'd his love-shaft smartly from his bow,
as it should pierce a hundred thousand hearts;
but I might see young Cupid's fiery shaft
Quench'd in the chaste beams of the watery
moon, and the imperial votaress passed on,
in maiden meditation, fancy-free.

Puck. I'll put a girdle round about the earth
In forty minutes.

Obe. 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,
A meddling monkey, or on busy ape,
She shall pursue it with the soul of love:

Puck. I'll put a girdle round about the earth
In forty minutes.

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And ere I take this charm off from her sight,
(As I can take it with another herb)
I'll make her render up her page to me.—
But who comes here? I am invisible:
And I will over-hear their conference.

Enter Demetrius, Helena following him.
Dem. I love thee not, therefore pursue me
Where is Lysander, and fair Hermia! [not
The one I'll slay, the other slayeth me.
Thou toldst me they were stol'n into this
wood;

And here am I, and wood within this wood,
Because I cannot meet my Hermia.
Hence! get thee gone, and follow me no
more.

Hel. You draw me, you hard-hearted
But yet you draw not iron, for my heart
Is true as steel: leave you your power to draw,
And I shall have no power to follow you.

Dem. Do I entice you? Do I speak you fair?
Or, rather, do I not in plainest truth
Tell you, I do not nor I cannot love you?

Hel. And even for that do I love you the
I am your spaniel; and, Demetrius, [more.
The more you beat me, I will fawn on you:
Use me but as your spaniel, spurn me, strike
me,

Neglect me, lose me; only give me leave,
Unworthy as I am, to follow you.
What worse place can I beg in your love,
(And yet a place of high respect with me,)
Than to be used as you use your dog?

Dem. Tempt not too much the hatred of
my spirit;

For I am sick when I do look on you.
Hel. And I am sick when I look not on thee.
Dem. You do impeach your modesty too
To leave the city, and commit yourself [much,
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 lack worlds of company,
For you, in my respect, are all the world:

Then how can it be said I am alone,
When all the world is here to look on me?

Dem. I'll run from thee and hide me in the
brakes,
And leave thee to the mercy of wild beasts.

Hel. The wildest hath not such a heart as
you.

Run when you will, the story shall be chang'd,
Apollo flies, and Daphne holds the chase;
The dove pursues the griffin; the mild hind
Makes speed to catch the tiger; bootless
speed,

When cowardice pursues, and valour flies.
Dem. I will not stay thy questions; let me
Or, if thou follow me, do not believe [go:
But I shall do thee mischief in the wood.

Hel. Ay, in the temple, in the town, the field,

You do me mischief. Fie, Demetrius!
Your wrongs do set a scandal on my sex;
We cannot fight for love, as men may do;
We should be woo'd, and were not made to woo.

I'll follow thee, and make a heaven of hell,
To die upon this hand I love so well.

Exeunt Dem. and Hel.

Obe. Fare thee well, nymph: ere he do
leave this grove,
Thou shalt fly him, and he shall seek thy love.
Re-enter Puck.

Hast thou the flower there? Welcome, wan-
Puck. Ay, there it is. *[derer.*

Obe. I pray thee, give it me.
I know a bank whereon the wild thyme blows,
Where ox-lips, and the nodding violet grows;
Quite over-canopied with luscious woodbine,
With sweet musk-roses, and with eglantine:
There sleeps Titania, some time of the night,
Lull'd in these flowers with dances and delight;
And there the snake throws her enamell'd skin,
Weed wide enough to wrap a fairy in:
And with the juice of this I'll streak her eyes,
And make her full of hateful fantasies.
Take thou some of it, and seek through this
grove:

A sweet Athenian lady is in love
With a disdainful youth: anoint his eyes;
But do it, when the next thing he espies
May be the lady. Thou shalt know the man
By the Athenian garments he hath on.
Effect it with some care, that he may prove
More fond on her, than she upon her love:
And look thou meet me ere the first cock crow.

Puck. Fear not, my lord, your servant shall
do so. *[Exit.]*

SCENE III.—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 rear-mice for their leathern
wings, *[keep back]*

To make my small elves coats; and some,
The clamorous owl, that nightly hoots, and
wonders

At our quaint spirits. Sing me now asleep;
Then to your offices, and let me rest.

SONG.

I Fai. You spotted snakes, with double tongue,
Thorny hedge-hogs, be not seen;
Newts, and blind-worms, do no wrong;
Come not near our fairy queen.

Chorus. *Philomel, with melody,*
Sing in our sweet lullaby;
Lulla, lulla, lullaby; lulla, lulla,
Never harm, *[lullaby:]*
Nor spell, nor charm,
Come our lovely lady nigh;
So, good night, with lullaby.

2 Fai. Weaving spiders, come not here!
Hence, you long-legged
hence!

Beetles black, approach not
Worm, nor snail, do no

Chorus. *Philomel, with melody, do*
1 Fai. Hence, away! now all is well.

One, aloof, stand sentinel
[Exeunt Fairies.]

Enter Oberon.

Obe. *[Squeezes the flower on Titania's*
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 eyes that shall appear
When thou wak'st, it is thy dear.

Wake when some vile thing is near.
Enter Lysander and Hermia.

Lys. Fair love, you faint with waking
the wood;

And to speak truth, I have forgot
We'll rest us, Hermia, if you think it
And tarry for the comfort of the day.

Her. Be it so, Lysander: find you not
For I upon this bank will rest my head,
Lys. One turf shall serve as pillow
One heart, one bed, two bosoms,
troth.

Her. Nay, good Lysander; for my
my dear,

Lie farther off yet; do not lie so near,
Lys. O, take the sense, sweet, of
Love takes the meaning in love's words;
I mean, that my heart unto yours is
So that but one heart we can make of
Two bosoms interchain'd with an oath
So then, two bosoms, and a single bed
Then, by your side no bed-room make
For, lying so, Hermia, I do not lie.

Her. Lysander riddles very prettily.
Now much beshrew my manners, and
If Hermia meant to say, Lysander lie
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
So far be distant; and, good night,
friend:

Thy love ne'er alter till thy sweet die.
Lys. Amen, amen, to that fair prayer,
And then end life, when I end loyalty!

Here is my bed; sleep give thee all!
Her. With half that wish the wish
be press'd!

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,
Hous'd 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-courtesy.
[Squeezes the flower on Lysander's
eyelids.]

Churl, upon thy eyes I throw
All the power this charmed cloth owes,
When thou wak'st, let love forbid
Sleep his seat on thy eyelids:
So awake, when I am gone,
For I must now to Oberon.

Enter Demetrius and Helena running. *[Exit.]*

Hel. Stay, though thou kill me, sweet
Demetrius.

Dem. I charge thee, hence; and do not
harm me thus.

Hel. O, wilt thou dar'ling leave me! do
not so.

Dem. Stay, on thy peril: I alone will go.

Hel. O, I am out of breath in this fond
chase!

More my prayer, the lessor is my grace.
Happy is Hermia wheresoe'er she lies;
For she hath blessed and attractive eyes,
How come her eyes so bright? Not with salt
tears:

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,
As a monster, fly my presence thus.

What wicked and disssembling glass of mine
Made me compare with Hermia's sphery
eyes?

But who is here? Lysander! on the ground!
Dead? or asleep? I see no blood, no wound.—
Lys. *[Awaking.]* And run through fire I
will, for thy sweet sake.

Transparent Helena! Nature here shows art,
That through thy bosom makes me see thy
heart.

Where is Demetrius? O, how fit a word
That vile name to perish on my sword!

Hel. Do not say so, Lysander; say not so.
What though he love your Hermia? Lord,
what though?

Yet Hermia still loves you; then be content.
The tedious minutes I with her have spent,
Who will not change a raven for a dove!
And reason says you are the worthier maid:
Things growing are not ripe until their season;
And touching now the point of human skill,
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, is't not enough, young man,
That I did never, no, nor never can,
Deserve a sweet look from Demetrius' eyes,
But you must flout my insufficiency?

Good troth, you do me wrong,—good sooth,
you do,—

In such disdainful manner me to woo,
But fare you well; perforce I must confess
I thought you lord of more true gentleness.
O, that a lady, of one man refus'd,
Should of another therefore be abus'd! *[Exit.]*

Lys. She sees not Hermia.—Hermia, sleep
thou there:

And never 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! *[Might]*

And, all my powers, address your love and
To honour Helen, and to be her knight. *[Exit.]*

Her. *[Awaking.]* Help me, Lysander, help
me! do thy best

To pluck this crawling serpent from my breast!
Alas, for pity!—what a dream was here!
Lysander, look how I do quake with fear:
Methought a serpent eat my heart away,
And you sat smiling at his cruel prey.—
Lysander!—What, remov'd!—Lysander!
lord! *[word:]*

What, out of hearing? gone? no sound, no
Alack! where are you? speak, an if you hear;
Speak, of all loves! I swoon almost with fear.
No!—then I well perceive you are not high:
Either death, or you, I'll find immediately. *[Exit.]*

ACT III.

SCENE I.—The Wood. Titania lying asleep.
Enter Quince, Snug, Bottom, Flute, Snout,
and Starveling.

Bot. Are we all met?

Quin. Pat, pat; and here's a marvellous
convenient place for our rehearsal. This green
plot shall be our stage, this hawthorn brake
our 'tiring-house; and we will do it in action,
as we will do it before the duke.

Bot. Peter Quince,—

Quin. What sayst 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'rakin, a parlous fear.

Star. I believe we must leave the killing
out, when all is done.

Bot. Not a whit; I have a device to make

all well. Write me a prologue; and let the prologue seem to say, we will do no harm with our swords, and that Pyramus is not killed indeed; and, for the more better assurance, 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.

Shout. Will not the ladies be afeared of the Star, I fear it, I promise you.

Bot. Masters, you ought to consider with yourselves: to bring in,—God shield us!—a lion among ladies, is a most dreadful thing; for there is not a more fearful wild-fowl than your lion, living; and we ought to look to it. Snout. Therefore, another prologue must tell he is not a lion.

Bot. Nay, you must name his name, and half his face must be seen through the lion's neck; and he himself must speak through, saying thus, or to the same defect,—“Ladies,—or, fair ladies,—I would wish you,—or, I would request you,—or, I would entreat you,—not to fear, not to tremble: my life for yours. If you think I come hither as a lion, it were pity of my life: no, I am no such thing; I am a man as other men are:—and there, indeed, let him name his name, and tell them plainly, he is Snug, the joiner.

Quin. Well, it shall be so. But there is two hard things,—that is, to bring the moonlight into a chamber; for, you know, Pyramus and Thisby meet by moonlight.

Snug. Doth the moon shine that night we play our play?

Bot. A calendar, a calendar! look in the almanack; find out moonshine, find out moonshine.

Quin. Yes, it doth shine that night.

Bot. Why, then may you leave a casement of the great chamber window, where we play, open; and the moon may shine in at the casement.

Quin. Ay, or else one must come in with a bush of thorns and a lantern, and say he comes to disfigure, or to present, the person of moonshine. Then, there is another thing; we must have a wall in the great chamber; for Pyramus and Thisby, says the story, did talk through the chink of a wall.

Snug. You can never bring in a wall.—What say you, Bottom?

Bot. Some man or other must present wall: and let him have some plaster, or some loam, or some rough-cast about him, to signify wall; and let him hold his fingers thus, and through that granny 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 to his cue.

Enter Puck, behind.

Puck. What hempen home-spuns you swaggering here,

So near the cradle of the fairy queen!

What, a play toward! I'll be an actor.

An actor too, perhaps, if I see cause.

Quin. Speak, Pyramus.—Thisby.

Pyr. “Thisby, the flowers of odours.”

Quin. “Odours,” “odours.”

Pyr. “Odours savours sweet.”

So hath thy breath, my dearest Thisby.

But hark, a voice! stay thou but here.

And by and by I will to thee approach.

Puck. [Aside.] A stranger Pyramus!

Or play'd here!

This. Must I speak now!

Quin. Ay, marry, must you; but you

understand, he goes but to see a woman

heard, and is to come again.

This. “Most radiant Pyramus,”

“white of hue,”

“Of colour like the red rose on the tree,”

“Most brisky juvenal, and the most lovely,”

“As true as trust-horse, that yet will live,”

“I’ll meet thee, Pyramus, at Ninus’ tomb.”

Quin. “Ninus’ tomb,” man. Why

must not speak that yet? that you

Pyramus: you speak all your part

ones and all,—Pyramus, enter! you

past; it is, “never tire.”

This. O,—“As true as trust-horse,”

“yet would never tire.”

Re-enter Puck, and Bottom with him.

Pyr. “If I were, fair Thisby, I would

things.”

Quin. O monstrous! O strange!

Pray, masters! fly, masters!—[Help!]

all not safe from this place, do what they can:

will walk up and down here, and I will sing,

that they shall hear I am not afraid. [Sings.]

The owl-cock, so black of hue,

With orange-luzy bill,

The throats with his note so true,

The wren with little quill:

What angel wakes me

from my flowery bed?

Tit. [Sings.]

The lark, the sparrow, and the lark,

The plain-song cuckoo gray,

Whose note full many a man doth mark,

And darest not answer, nay:—

For indeed, who would set his wit to so foolish

bird? who would give a bird the lie, though

every “cuckoo” never so!

Tit. I pray thee, gentle mortal, sing again:

My ear is much enamour’d of thy note;

So is mine eye enthralled to thy shape; [mus.]

And thy fair virtue’s force, performs both move

and still reason for that: and yet, to say the truth,

now a days,—the more the pity, that some

honest neighbours will not make them friends.

Nay, I can glean upon occasion.

Tit. 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.

Tit. Out of this wood do not desire to go:

I am a spirit of no common rate; [no.]

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.—[ceed!]

Peas-blossom! Cobweb! Moth! and Mustard-

seed!

Enter Peas-blossom, Cobweb, Moth,

and Mustard-seed.

Peas. Ready.

Cob. And I.

Moth. And I.

Must. And I.

Tit. Be kind and courteous to this gentle-

man:

Stop in his walks, and gambol in his eyes,

Feed him with apricocks, and dewberries,

With purple grapes, green figs, and mulberries:

The honey-lays steal from the humble-bees;

And for night tapers crop their waxen thighs,

And light them at the fiery glow-worm’s eyes,

To have my love to bed, and to arise;

And pluck the wings from painted butterflies,

To fan the moon-beams from his sleeping eyes:

Now to him, elves, and do him courtesies,

Peas. Hail, mortal!

Cob. Hail!

Moth. Hail!

Must. Hail!

Tit. Good master Mustard-seed, 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 mine eyes water ere now. I desire

you of more acquaintance, good master Mus-

tard-seed.

Tit. Come, wait upon him; lead him to

The moon, methinks, looks with a wat’ry eye;

And when she weeps, weeps every little flower,

Lamenting some enforced chastity.

Tie up my love’s tongue, bring him silently.

[Exeunt.]

SCENE II.—Another part of the Wood.

Enter Oberon.

Obe. I wonder if Titania be awak’d;

Then, what it was that next came in her eye,

Which she must dote on in extremity.

Here comes my messenger.—[Enter Puck.]

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-skinned 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 comes. When they him

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;

He murder cries, and help from Athens calls.

Their sense thus weak, lost with their fears thus

strong,

Made senseless things begin to do them wrong;

For briers and thorns at their apparel snatch;

Some, sleeves,—some, hats,—from yielders all

things catch.

Δημόσια Κεντρικὴ Βιβλιοθήκη Βέροιας

I led them on in this distracted fear,
And left sweet Pyramus translated there;
When in that moment (so it came to pass),
Titania wak'd, and straightway lov'd an ass.

Oba. This falls out better than I could devise.
But hast thou yet latch'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; [say'd.
That, when he wak'd, of force she must be
Enter Demetrius and Hermia.

Oba. Stand close: this is the same Athenian.

Puck. This is the woman; but not this the man. [you so?

Dem. O, why rebuke you him that loves
Lay breath so bitter on your bitter foe.

Her. Now I but chide; but I should use
these 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 stol'n away
From sleeping Hermia? I'll believe as soon,
This whole earth may be bor'd; and that the moon

May through the centre creep, and so displease
Her brother's noon-tide with th' Antipodes.
It cannot be but thou hast murder'd him;
So should a murderer look; so dead, so grim.

Dem. So should the murder'd look; and so
should I, [cruelty:

Pierc'd through the heart with your stern
Yet you, the murderer, look as bright, as clear,
As yonder Venus in her glimmering sphere.

Her. What's this to my Lysander? where
is he?

Ah, good Demetrius, wilt thou give him me?

Dem. I had rather give his carcass to my
hounds. [past the bounds

Her. Out, dog! out, cur! thou driv'st me
Of maiden's patience. Hast thou slain him,
then?

Henceforth be never number'd 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.

Dem. You spend your passion on a mis-
pri'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. [therefore?

Dem. An if I could, what should I get
Her. A privilege never to see me more:—
And from thy hated presence part I so;
See me no more, whether he be dead or no.

[Exit.

Dem. There is no following her this
vain;

Hence, therefore, for a while I will
So sorrow's heaviness doth heavier grow
For debt that bankrupt sleep doth drown
Which now in some slight measure
If for his tender here I make some

Oba. What hast thou done? thou
taken quite,

And laid the love-juice on some
Of thy misprision must perforce require
Some true-love turn'd, and not a false.

Puck. Then fate o'er-rules; that, hold-
ing truth,

A million fail, confounding oath on oath,
And Helena of Athens look thou find;
All fancy-sick she is, and pale of cheek;
With sighs of love that cost the reed
By some illusion see thou bring her in;
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.

Oba. Flower of this purple dye,
Hit with Cupid's archery,
Sink in apple of his eye!
When his love he doth espie,
Let her shine as gloriously
As the Venus of the sky.
When thou wak'st, if she be living,
Beg of her for remedy.

Re-enter Puck.
Puck. Captain of our fairy band,
Helena is here at hand;
And the youth mistook by me,
Pleading for a lover's pen.
Shall we their fond pageant see?
Lord, what fools these mortals be!

Oba. Stand aside; the noise they make
Will cause Demetrius to awake.

Puck. Then will two at once woo him,
That must needs be sport alone;
And those things do best please him,
That befall preposterously.

Enter Lysander and Helena.
Lys. Why should you think that I
woo in scorn?

Scorn and derision never come in love;
Look, when I vow, I weep, and vows
In their nativity all truth appear.
How can these things in me seem scorn,
Bearing the badge of faith, to prove them true?

Hel. You do advance your cunning more
more.

When truth kills truth, O devilish habit,
These vows are Hermia's: will you
o'er?

Weigh oath with oath, and you will
Your vows to her and me, put in two
Will even weigh; and both as light as
Lys. I had no judgment when to her

Hel. Nor none, in my mind, now you give
her o'er.

Lys. Demetrius loves her, and he loves not
Dem. [Awaking.] O Helen, goddess, nymph,
perfect, divine!

To what, my love, shall I compare thine eye?
Crystal is muddy. O, how ripe in show
Thy lips, those kissing cherries, tempting grow!
That pure congealed white, high Taurus snow,
Fond with the eastern wind, turns to a crow
When thou hold'st up thy hand: O, let me
kiss

That 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 punishment:

If you were civil and knew courtesy,
You would not do me thus much injury.

Can you not hate me, as I know you do,
But you must join in souls to mock me too?

If you were men, as men you are in show,
You would not use a gentle lady so;

In 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 unkind, Demetrius; be not so;
For you love Hermia;—This you know I
know: [heart,

And here, with all good-will, with all my
to Hermia's love I yield you up my part;

And yours of Helena to me bequeath,
Whom I do love, and will do to my death.

Hel. Never did mockers waste more idle
breath.

Dem. Lysander, keep thy Hermia; I will
my heart to her but as guest-wise sojourn'd,
And now to Helen it is home return'd,
There to remain.

Lys. Helen, it is not so.
Dem. Disparage not the faith thou dost not
know.

Lead to thy peril, thou abyt dear.—[dem.
Look, where thy love comes; yonder is thy
function takes,

Enter Hermia.
Her. Dark night, that from the eye his
The ear more quick of apprehension makes;
Wherein it doth impair the seeing sense,
Thou art not by mine eye, Lysander, found;
Mine ear, I thank it, brought me to thy sound.

But why unkindly didst thou leave me so?
Lys. Why should he stay, whom love doth
press to go?

Her. What love could press Lysander from
my side?

Lys. Lysander's love, that would not let
him bide;

Fair Helena; who more engilds the night
Than all you fiery oes and eyes of light.

Why seek'st thou me? could not this make
thee know,

This hate I bare thee made me leave thee so?

Her. You speak not as you think: it can-
not be.

Hel. Lo, she is one of this confederacy!
Now I perceive they have conjur'd, all three,
To fashion this false sport in spite of me.

Injurious Hermia! most ungrateful maid!
Have you conspir'd, have you with these con-
To bait me with this foul derision? [triv'd
Is all the counsel that we two have shur'd,

The sisters' vows, the hours that we have spent,
When we have chid the hasty-footed time
For parting us,—O! is all forgot?

All school-days' friendship, childhood innocence,
We, Hermia, like two artificial gods, [sence!
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, our voices, and minds,
Had been incorporate. So we grew together,
Like to a double cherry, seeming parted;
But yet a union in partition,
Two lovely berries moulded on one stem;
So, with two seeming bodies, but one heart;
Two of the first, like coats in heraldry,
Due but to one, and crown'd with one crest.
And will you rent our ancient love asunder,
To join with men in scorning your poor friend?
It is not friendly, 'tis not maidenly:
Our sex, as well as I, may chide you for it,
Though I alone do feel the injury. [words,
Her. I am amazed at your passionate
I scorn you not: it seems that you scorn me.

Hel. Have you not set Lysander, as in scorn,
To follow me, and praise my eyes and face?

And made your other love, Demetrius, [foot,)
(Who even but now did spurn me with his
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 with love, so fortunate;
But miserable most, to love unlov'd?

This you should pity, rather than despise.
Her. I understand not what you mean by
this.

Hel. Ay, do, persevere, counterfeit sad looks,
Make mouths upon me when I turn my back;
Wink at each other; hold the sweet jest up:
This sport, well carried, shall be chronicle.

If you have any pity, grace, or manners,
You would not make me such an argument.
But, fare ye well: 'tis partly mine own fault;
Which death, or absence, soon shall remedy.

Lys. Stay, gentle Helena; hear my excuse:
My love, my life, my soul, fair Helena!

Hel. O excellent!
 Her. Sweet, do not scorn her so.
 Dem. If she cannot entreat, I can compel.
 Lys. Thou canst compel no more than she entreat:
 Thy threats have no more strength than her Helen, I love thee; by my life, I do;
 I swear by that which I will lose for thee,
 To prove him false that says I love thee not.
 Dem. I say I love thee more than he can do.
 Lys. If thou say so, withdraw, and prove it.
 Dem. Quick, come!
 Her. Lysander, whereto tends all this?
 Lys. Away, you Ethiop!
 Dem. No, no, sir—
 Seem to break loose; take on, as you would follow;
 But yet come not: you are a tame man, go!
 Lys. [To Hermia.] Hang off, thou cat, thou burr! vile thing, let loose,
 Or I will shake thee from me like a serpent!
 Her. Why are you grown so rude? what sweet love!
 Lys. Thy love? out, tawny Tartar, out!
 Out, loathed medicine! O 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 per-
 A weak bond holds you; I'll not trust your word.
 Lys. What, should I hurt her, strike her,
 Although I hate her, I'll not harm her so.
 Her. What, can you do me greater harm than hate?
 Hel. Hate me! wherefore? O me! what news,
 Am not I Hermia? Are not you Lysander?
 I am as fair now, as I was erewhile.
 Since night, you lov'd me; yet, since night
 you left me:
 Why, then you left me (O, the gods forbid!)
 In earnest, shall I say?
 Lys. Ay, by my life;
 And never did desire to see thee more.
 Therefore be out of hope, of question, of doubt:
 Be certain, nothing truer; 'tis no jest,
 That I do hate thee, and love Helena.
 Her. O me!—you juggler! you canker-
 blossom!
 You thief of love! what, have you come by
 And stol'n my love's heart from him?
 Hel. Fine, if faith!
 Have you no modesty, no maiden shame,
 No touch of bashfulness? What, will you tear
 impatient answers from my gentle tongue?
 Fie, fie! you counterfeit, you puppet you!
 Her. Puppet? why, so; ay, that way goes
 the game.
 Now I perceive that she hath made compare
 Between our staturs; she hath urg'd her
 height;
 And with her personage, her tall personage,

Her height, forsooth, she hath compar'd
 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?
 How low am I? I am not yet so low,
 But that my nails can reach unto thine ears.
 Hel. I pray you, though you are
 gentlemen,
 Let her not hurt me: I was never angry
 I have no gift at all in shrewishness;
 I am a right maid for my cowardice.
 Let her not strike me. You perhaps may
 Because she is something lower than you,
 That I can match her.
 Her. Lower! ha, ha!
 Hel. Good Hermia, do not be so
 I evermore did love you, Hermia,
 Did ever keep your counsels, never
 Save that, in love unto Demetrius,
 I told him of your stealth unto this wood.
 He follow'd you; for love, I follow'd;
 But he hath chid me hence, and kill'd my
 To strike me, spurn me, nay, to kill me!
 And now, so you will let me quiet
 To Athens will I bear my folly hence.
 And follow you no farther: let me go.
 You see how simple and how fond I am.
 Her. Why, get you gone: who
 hinders you?
 Hel. A foolish heart, that I love
 Her. What, with Lysander?
 Hel. With him.
 Lys. Be not afraid; she shall not
 thee, Helena.
 Dem. No, sir, she shall not, though
 Hel. O, when she is angry, she is
 absurd;
 She was a vixen when she went to
 And though she be but little, she is
 Her. Little again! nothing but
 little!
 Why will you suffer her to flout me thus?
 Let me come to her.
 Lys. Get you gone, you
 You minims, of hindering knot-grass!
 You bead, you acorn!
 Dem. You are too
 In her behalf that scorns your services:
 Let her alone; speak not of Helena;
 Take not her part; for, if thou dost,
 Never so little show of love to her,
 Thou shalt abate it.
 Lys. Now she holds me
 Now follow, if thou dar'st, to try where
 Or thine or mine, is most in Helena.
 Dem. Follow? nay, I'll go with thee
 by jule.
 Her. You, mistress, all this coil
 Nay, go not back.
 Hel. I will not trust you.
 Nor longer stay in your curst company:
 Your hands, that mine are quicker for,
 My legs are longer though, to run away.

Her. I am amaz'd, and know not what to
 say.
 Dem. This is thy negligence: still thou
 mistak'st,
 Or else commit'st thy knaveries wilfully. [Look.
 Puck. Believe me, king of shadows, I mis-
 Did not you tell me I should know the man
 And so far blameless proves my enterprise,
 That I have 'ointed an Athenian's eyes;
 And so far am I glad it so did sort,
 As this their jangling I esteem a sport.
 Dem. Thou seest, these lovers seek a place to
 The starry welkin cover thou anon
 With drooping fog, as black as Acheron;
 And lead these lusty rivals so astray,
 As one come not within another's way.
 Then stir Demetrius up with bitter wrong,
 And sometime call thou like Demetrius; [thus,
 And from each other look thou lead them
 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 eye-balls roll with wonted sight.
 When they next wake, all this confusion
 Shall seem a dream, and fruitless vision;
 And back to Athens shall the lovers wend,
 With league, whose date till death shall never
 Whiles I in this affair do thee employ, [end.
 I'll to my queen, and beg her Indian boy;
 And then I will her charmed eyes release
 From monster's view, and all things shall be
 peace.
 Puck. My fairy lord, this must be done
 For night's swift dragons cut the clouds full
 And yonder shines Aurora's harbinger; [fast,
 At whose approach, ghosts, wandering here
 and there,
 Troop home to churchyards: damn'd spirits
 That in cross-ways and floods have burial,
 Already to their wormy beds are gone,
 For fear lest day should look their shames,
 They willfully themselves exile from light, upon
 And must for aye consort with black-brow'd
 night.
 Dem. But we are spirits of another sort:
 I with the morning's love have oft made
 sport;
 And, like a forester, the groves may tread,
 Even till the eastern gate, all fiery red,
 Opening on Neptune with fair blessed beams,
 Turns into yellow gold his salt-green streams.
 But, notwithstanding, hate; make no delay:
 We may effect this business yet ere day.
 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 Lys., 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 child;
 I'll whip thee with a rod; he is dead!
 That draws a sword on thee.
 Dem. Yea, art thou there?
 Puck. Follow my voice: we'll try no man-
 hood here.
 Re-enter Lysander.
 Lys. He goes before me, and still dares me:
 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.
 Re-enter Puck and Demetrius.
 Puck. Ho! ho! ho! Coward, why com'st
 thou not? [Exit
 Dem. Abide me, if thou dar'st; for well I
 Thou run'st before me, shifting every place,
 And dar'st 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 day-light see:
 Now, go thy way. Faintness constraineth me
 To measure out my length on this cold bed.
 By day's approach look to be visited.
 [Lies down and sleeps.
 Re-enter Helena.
 Hel. O weary night! O long and tedious
 night!
 Abate thy hours; shine, comforts, from the
 That I may back to Athens, by day-light,
 From these that my poor company detest;
 And sleep, that sometimes shuts up sorrow's
 eye,
 Steal me awhile from mine own company.
 Puck. Yet but three! Come one more;
 Two of both kinds make up four.
 Here she comes, curst and sad;
 Cupid is a knavish lad,
 Thus to make poor females mad.

Re-enter *Hermia*.

Her. Never so weary, never so in woe;
Bedabbled with the dew, and torn with
I can no farther crawl, no farther go; [Dries;
My legs can keep no pace with my desires.
Here will I rest me till the break of day.
Heavens shield Lysander, if they mean a fray!

[Lies down.]

Puck. On the ground sleep sound:

I'll apply to your eye,

Gentle lover, remedy.

[Squeezing the herb on Lysander's eyelids.]

When thou wak'st, thou tak'st

True delight in the sight

Of thy former lady's eye:

And the country proverb known,

That every man should take his own,

In your waking shall be shown:

Jack shall have Jill;

Nought shall go ill;

The man shall have his mare again,

And all shall be well.

[Exit.]

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—The Wood.

Enter *Titania* and *Bottom*, *Fairies* attending;
Oberon behind unseen.

Tita. Come, sit thee down upon this flowery
While I thy amiable cheeks do coy, [Bed,
And stick musk-roses in thy sleek smooth
head,

And kiss thy fair large ears, my gentle joy.

Bot. Where's Peas-blossom?*Peas.* Ready.*Bot.* Scratch my head, Peas-blossom.—

Where's the monsieur Cobweb?

Cob. Ready.

Bot. Monsieur Cobweb, good monsieur, get
your weapons in your hand, and kill me a
red-hipped humble-bee on the top of a thistle;
and, good monsieur, bring me the honey-bag.
Do not fret yourself too much in the action,
monsieur; and, good monsieur, have a care
the honey-bag break not; I would be loth to
have you overflown with a honey-bag, signior.
—Where's monsieur Mustard-seed?

Must. Ready.

Bot. Give me your neif, monsieur Mustard-
seed. Pray you, leave your courtesy, good
monsieur.

Must. What's your will?
Bot. Nothing, good monsieur, but to help
cavaliero Cobweb to scratch. I must to the
barber's, monsieur; for methinks I am marvel-
lous hairy about the face; and I am such a
tender ass, if my hair do but tickle me, I
must scratch.

Tita. What, wilt thou hear some music,
my sweet love?

Bot. I have a reasonable good ear in music;
let us have the tongue and the bones. [To eat.]

Tita. Or say, sweet love, what thou desire'st

Bot. Truly, a peck of provender,
munch your good dry oats. Methinks
a great desire to a bottle of hay:—
sweet hay, hath no fellow.

Tita. I have a venturous fairy that shall
the squirrel's hoard, and fetch thee new
dried peas.

Bot. I had rather have a immortal
people stir me: I have an exposition
come upon me.

Tita. Sleep thou, and I will wind thee
Fairies, be gone, and be all ways away!

So doth the woodbine the sweet honey
Gently entwine: the female ivy so
Enrings the barks fingers of the olive,
O, how I love thee, how I dote on thee!

Enter Puck.

Ob. [Advancing.] Welcome, good Titania,
Seest thou this sweet sight?

Her dotage now I do begin to pity:
For, meeting her of late behind the wood,
Seeking sweet savours for this hateful
I did upbraid her, and fall out with her;
For she his hairy temples then had
With coronet of fresh and fragrant
And that same dew, which sometimes
huds

Was wont to swell, like round and rich
Stood now within the pretty flower
Like tears, that did their own disgrace
When I had at my pleasure taunted her,
And she in mild terms begg'd my pity:
I then did ask of her her changeling
Which straight she gave me; and her
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 transfiguring
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 accident.
But as the fierce vexation of a dream.

But first I will release the fairy queen.
[Touching her eyes with his wand.]
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
Tita. My Oberon! what visions have I
Methought I was enamour'd of an ass.

Ob. There lies your love.

Tita. How came these things about me?
O, how mine eyes do loathe his visage now!

Ob. Silence, awhile.—Robin, take
head.—

Titania, music call; and strike more
Than common sleep, of all these five the first.

Tita. Music, ho! music! such a music
as will sleep.

Puck. When thou wak'st, with this
music.

SCENE I.

MIDSUMMER-NIGHT'S DREAM.

Ob. Sound, music! [Still music.] Come,
my queen, take hands with me,
And rock the ground whereon these sleepers be.
Now thou and I are new in unity,
And will to-morrow midnight solemnly
Dance in Duke Theseus' house triumphantly,
And bless it to all fair prosperity.
These shall the pair of faithful lovers be
Welded, with Theseus, all in jollity.

Puck. Fairy king, attend, and mark:
I do hear the morning lark.

Ob. Then, my queen, in silence sad,
Trip we after the night's shade;
We the globe can compass soon,
Swifter than the wandering moon.

Tita. Come, my lord; and in our flight,
Tell me how it came this night,
That I sleeping here was found
With these mortals on the ground.

[Exeunt. Horns sound within.]
Th. 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:
Be patient, I say, and find the forester.

We will, fair queen, up to the mountain's top,
And mark the musical confusion
Of hounds and echo in conjunction.

Hip. I was with Hercules and Cadmus once,
When in a wood of Crete they lay'd this bear
With hounds of Sparta: never did I hear
Such gallant chiding; for, besides the groves,
Sens'd all one mutual cry: I never heard
Sonomical a discord, such sweet thunder. [Kind,
So few'd, so sounded; and their heads are hung
With ears that sweep away the morning dew;
Cock-knew'd, and dew-lapp'd like Thessalian
bulls;

Slow in pursuit, but match'd in mouth like
Een under each. A cry more tuneable
Was never holla'd to, nor cheer'd with horn,
In Crete, in Sparta, nor in Thessaly:
Judge, when you hear.—But, soft! what
nymphs are these?

Ege. My lord, this is my daughter here
And this, Lysander; this Demetrius is;
This Helena, old Nedar's Helena:
I wonder of their being here together.

Th. No doubt they rose up early to observe
The rite of May; and, hearing our intent,
Came hither in grace of our solemnity.

Bot. Speak, Egeus; is not this the day
That Hermia should give answer of her choice?

Ege. It is, my lord.

Th. Go, bid the huntmen wake them with
[Horns and shout within.] Lysander,
Demetrius, Hermia, and Helena,
Wake and start up.

Good morning, friends. Saint Valentine is
Begin these wood-birds but to couple now?

Lys. Pardon, my lord. [He and Theseus kneel.
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 enmity?

Lys. My lord, I shall reply amazedly,
Half sleep, half waking: but as yet, I swear,
I cannot truly say how I came here;

But, as I think, (for truly would I speak,—
And now I do bethink me, so it is,)
I came with Hermia hither: our intent
Was to be gone from Athens, where we might
Without the peril of the Athenian law.

Ege. Enough, enough, my lord; you have
enough:

I beg the law, the law upon his head.
They would have stol'n away; they would,
Demetrius,

Thereby to 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 Helens in fancy following me.

But, my good lord, I wot not by what power,
(But by some power it is,) my love to Hermia,
Melted as doth the snow, seems to me now
As the remembrance of an idle gawd,
Which in my childhood I did dote upon;

And all the faith, the virtue of my heart,
The object, and the pleasure of mine 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 do I wish it, love it, long for it,
And will for evermore be true to it.

Th. 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 purposes of hunting shall be set aside.
Away, with us, to Athens: three and three,
We'll hold a feast in great solemnity.
Come, Hippolyta.

[Exeunt Theseus, Hippolyta, Egeus, and train.]
Dem. These things seem small and undis-
tinguishable,
Like far-off mountains turned into clouds.

Her. Methinks I see these things with parted
eye,

When everything seems double.

Hel. So methinks:
And I have found Demetrius, like a jewel,
Mine own, and not mine own.

Dem. It seems to me
That yet we sleep, we dream.—Do not you
think

The duke was here, and bid us follow him?

Her. Yea; and my father.
Hel. And 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.

Bot. [Awaking.] When my cue comes, call me, and I will answer:—my next is, "Most fair Pyramus."—O, 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. A Room in Quince's House.

Enter Quince, Flute, Snout, and Starveling.
Quin. Have you sent to Bottom's house? is he come home yet? [He is transported.]
Star. He cannot be heard of. Out of doubt.
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 Quince. Yea, and the best person too; and he is a very paramour for a sweet voice.
Flu. You must say, paragon: a paramour is, God bless us! a thing o' naught.

Enter Song.
Song. Masters, the duke is coming from the temple, and there is two or three lords and ladies more married: if our sport had gone forward, we had all been made men.
Flu. O sweet bully Bottom! Thus hath he lost sixpence a day during his life; he could not have 'scaped sixpence a day: an the duke had not given him sixpence a day for playing Pyramus, I'll be hanged; he would have deserved it: sixpence a day in Pyramus, or nothing.

Enter Bottom.
Bot. Where are these lads? where are these hearts? [O most happy hour!]
Quin. Bottom!—O most courageous day!
Bot. Masters, I am to discourse wonders:

but ask me not what; for if I tell you, no true Athenian. I will tell you right as it fell out.
Quin. Let us hear, sweet Bottom.
Bot. Not a word of me. All that you is, that the duke hath dined. You apparel together, good strings to your new ribbons to your pumps; meet at the palace; every man look o'er his shoulder for the short and the long is, our play's forfeit. In any case, let Thelys lay linen; and let not him that plays the clown, nor garlick, for we are to utter sweet words, and I do not doubt but to hear them a sweet comedy. No more words; away.

ACT V.

SCENE I.—Athens. An Apartment in the Palace of Theseus.

Enter Theseus, Hippolyta, Philostrate, and Attendants.

Hip. 'Tis strange, my Theseus, that lovers speak of.
The. More strange than true. I never saw these antique fables, nor these fairy plays. 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 seers, Helen's beauty in a brow of Egypt; The poet's eye, in a fine frenzy rolling, Doth glance from heaven to earth, to doth And, as imagination bodies forth 'The forms of things unknown, the poet Turns them to shapes, and gives them names. A local habitation and a name. Such tricks hath strong imagination, That, if it would but apprehend some, It comprehends some bringer of that. Or in the night, imagining some fear, How easy is a bush suppos'd a bear!
Hip. But all the story of the night last night, and all their minds transfigur'd so!
 More witnesses than fancy's images, And grows to something of great consequence. But, howsoever, strange and admirable.
The. Here come the lovers, full of mirth.

Enter Lyander, Demetrius, Helena, Joy, gentle friends! joy, and fresh hearts! Accompany your hearts!
Lys. More than to wait in your royal walks, your beauty bed!
The. Come now; what masks, what

To wear away this long age of three hours, Between our after-supper, and bed-time? Where is our usual manager of mirth? What revels are in hand? Is there no play, To ease the anguish of a torturing hour? Call Philostrate.

Philo. Here, mighty Theseus.
The. Say, what abridgment have you for this evening?

Philo. What music? 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.

The. [Reads.] "The battle with the Centaurs to be sung
 By an Athenian exarch to the harp."
 We'll none of that: that have I told my love,
 In glory of my kinsman Hercules.

Philo. "The riot of the tipsy Bacchanals,
 Tearing the Thracian singer in their rage."

The. That is an old device; and it was play'd
 When I from Thebes came last a conqueror.

Philo. "The thrice three muses mourning
 Of learning, late decays'd in beggary."

The. That is some native, keen and critical,
 Not sorting with a nuptial ceremony.

Philo. "A tedious brief scene of young Pyramus
 And his love Thisbe: very tragical mirth."

The. Merry and tragical! 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;

The. Which makes it tedious; for in all the play
 There is not one word apt, one player fitted;
 For Pyramus therein doth kill himself.

Philo. Which, when I saw rehears'd, 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 toil'd their unbreath'd memories
 With this same play, against your nuptial.

The. And we will hear it.
Philo. 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 cou'd with cruel

The. To do you service.
Philo. I will hear that play;
 For never anything can be amiss,

When simplemindedness and duty tender it.
 Go, bring them in: and take your places, ladies.

[Exit Philostrate.]
Hip. I love not to see wretchedness o'er-
 And duty in his service perishing. [Charg'd,
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 poor duty cannot do,
 Noble respect takes it in might, not merit.
 Where I have come, great clerks have purpos'd
 To greet me with premeditated welcomes;
 Where I have seen them shiver and look pale,
 Make periods in the midst of sentences,
 Throttle their practis'd accent in their fears,
 And, in conclusion, dumbly have broke off,
 Not paying me a welcome. Trust me, sweet,
 Out of this silence, yet, I pick'd a welcome;
 And in the modesty of fearful duty
 I read as much, as from the rattling tongue
 Of saucy and audacious eloquence.
 Love, therefore, and tongue-tied simplicity,
 In least speak most, to my capacity.

Enter Philostrate.
Philo. So please your grace, the prologue is address'd. The. Let him approach.
[Flourish of trumpets.]
Enter 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 re-
 pent 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.

Hip. 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 disorder'd. Who is next?
Enter Pyramus and Thisbe, Wall, Moonshine, and Lion, as in dumb show.
Pro. "Gentles, perchance you wonder at this show;
 But wonder on, till truth make all things known;
 This man is Pyramus, if you would know;
 This beauteous lady Thisbe is, certain.
 This man, with lime and rough-cast, doth present
 Wall, that vile wall which did these lovers

And through Wall's chink, poor souls, they are content.

To whisper; at the which let no man wonder.
This man, with lantern, dog, and bush of thorn,
Presenteth Moonshine; for, if you will know,
By moonshine did these lovers think no scorn
To meet at Ninus' tomb, there, there to woo.
This grisly beast, which Lion hight by name,
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

And Thisby, tarrying in mulberry shade,
His dagger drew, and died. For all the rest,
Let Lion, Moonshine, Wall, and lovers twain,
At large discourse while here they do remain.

[*Exeunt Prol., Thisbe, Lion, and Moonshine.*
The. I wonder, if the lion be to speak.

Dem. No wonder, my lord:
One lion may, when many asses do.

Wall. "In this same interlude it doth befall,
That I, one Snout by name, present a wall;
And such a wall, as I would have you think,
That had in it a cranny'd hole or chink,
Through which the lovers, Pyramus and
Did whisper often very secretly. [*Thisby.*
This lime, this rough-cast, and this stone,
doth show

That I am that same wall; the truth is so:
And this the cranny is, right and sinister,
Through which the fearful lovers are to
whisper." [*Speak better!*

The. Would you desire lime and hair to
Dem. It is the wittiest partition that ever I
heard discourse, my lord.

The. Pyramus draws near the wall: silence!
Enter Pyramus.

Pyr. "O grim-look'd night! O night with
hue so black!

O night, which ever art when day is not!
O night, O night! alack, alack, alack!

I fear my Thisby's promise is forgot!—
And thou, O wall, O sweet, O lovely wall,

That stand'st between her father's ground
and mine;

Thou wall, O wall, O sweet and lovely wall,
Show me thy chink to blink through with
mine eyes!" [*Wall holds up his fingers.*

Thanks, courteous wall: Jove shield thee well
for this!

But what see I? No Thisby do I see.
O wicked wall, through whom I see no bliss!

Curst be thy stones for thus deceiving me!"
The. The wall, methinks, being sensible,
should curse again.

Pyr. No, in truth, sir, he should not.
"Deceiving me," is Thisbe's cue: she is to
enter now, and I am to spy her through the

wall. You shall see, it will fall just as
you.—Yonder she comes.

Enter Thisbe.
This. "O wall, fall often hast thou
my moans,

For parting my fair Pyramus and me!
My cherry lips have often kiss'd thy stones,
Thy stones with lime and wash built up
thee."

Pyr. "I see a voice; now will I to the
To spy an I can hear my Thisby
Thisby!"

This. "My love! thou art my love, I see."
Pyr. "Think what thou wilt,
lover's grace;

And, like Lianor, am I trusty still."
This. "And I like Helen, till the
Pyr. "Not Shafalus to Procrus was I!"
This. "As Shafalus to Procrus, I to
Pyr. "O! kiss me through the hole
vile wall!"

This. "I kiss the wall's hole, not you."
Pyr. "Wilt thou at Ninny's tomb
straightway?"

This. "Tide life, 'tide death, I come
[*Exeunt Pyramus and Thisbe.*

Wall. "Thus have I, wall, my job
charged so;

And, being done, thus wall away doth
The. Now is the mural down between
two neighbours.

Dem. No remedy, my lord, when wall
so wilful to hear without warning.

Hip. This is the silliest stuff that
The. The best is this kind are but
and the worst are no worse, if
amend them.

Hip. It must be your imagination
The. If we imagine no worse of them
they of themselves, they may pass for
lent men.—Here come two noble
moon and a lion.

Enter Lion and Moonshine.
Lion. "You, ladies, you, whose
hearts do fear

The smallest monstrous mouse that
May now perchance both quake and
here,

When lion rough in wildest rage doth
Then know that I, one Snug the joiner,

No lion fell, nor else no lion's dam;
For, if I should as lion come in strife,
Into this place, 'twere pity of my life."

The. A very gentle beast, and of a
conscience.

Dem. The very best at a beast, my lord.
Lys. This lion is a very fox for his
The. True; and a goose for his discretion.

Dem. Not so, my lord; for his valour
carry his discretion; and the fox carries
goose.

The. His discretion, I am sure, cannot
his valour; for the goose carries not the

It is well: leave it to his discretion, and let us listen to the moon.

Moon. "This lantern doth the hornèd moon present;"—

Dem. He should have worn the horns on his head. He is no crescent, and his horns are invisible within the circumference.

Moon. "This lantern doth the hornèd moon present;"

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 lantern.

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.

Hip. I am weary of this moon: would he would change!

The. It appears, by his small light of discretion, that he is in the wane; but yet, in courtesy, in all reason, we must stay the time.

Lys. Proceed, moon.

Moon. All that I have to say, is, to tell you that the lantern is the moon; I, the man in the moon; this thorn-bush, my thorn-bush; and this dog, my dog.

Dem. Why, all these should be in the lantern; for all these are in the moon. But, silence! here comes Thisbe.

Enter Thisbe.

This. "This is old Ninny's tomb. Where is my love?"

Lion. [Roaring.] "Oh—."

Dem. Well roared, lion. [Thisbe runs off.]

The. Well run, Thisbe.

Hip. Well shone, moon.—Truly, the moon shines with a good grace.

[The Lion tears Thisbe's mantle, and exit.]

The. Well moused, lion.

Dem. And then came Pyramus.

Lys. And so the lion vanished.

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 streams,

I trust to taste of truest Thisbe's sight.

But stay,—O spite!

But mark, poor knight,

What dreadful dole is here!

Eyes, do you see?

How can it be?

O dainty duck! O dear!

Thy mantle good,

What, stain'd with blood!

Approach, ye furies fell!

O fates, come, come,

Cut thread and thrum;

Quill, crush, conclude, and quell!"

The. This passion, and the death of a dear friend, would go near to make a man look sad.

Hip. Beshrew my heart, but I pity the man.

Pyr. "O wherefore, nature, didst thou lions frame?

Since lion vile hath here deflower'd my dear: Which is—no, no—which was the fairest dame

That liv'd, that lov'd, that lik'd, that look'd

Come, tears, confound; [with cheer, Out, sword, and wound

The pap of Pyramus: Ay, that left pap,

Where heart doth hop:— Thus die I, thus, thus, thus!

Now am I dead, Now am I fled; My soul is in the sky:

Tongue, lose thy light! Moon, take thy light! [Exit Moon. Now die, die, die, die." [Dies.]

Dem. No die, but an ace, for him; for he is but one, [dead; he is nothing.

Lys. Less than an ace, man; for he is 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.

Enter Thisbe.

Hip. Methinks she should not use a long one for such a Pyramus: I hope she will be brief.

Dem. A mote will turn the balance, which Pyramus, which Thisbe, is the better.

Lys. She hath spied him already with those sweet eyes.

Dem. And thus she moans, videlicet:

This. "Asleep, my love? What, dead, my dove?

O Pyramus, arise! Speak, speak. Quite dumb!

Dead, dead! A tomb Must cover thy sweet eyes.

These lily lips, This cherry nose,

These yellow cowslip cheeks, Are gone, are gone:

Lovers, make moan: His eyes were green as leeks.

O, sisters three, Come, come to me,

With hands as pale as milk; Lay them in gore,

Since you have shore With shears his thread of silk.

Tongue, not a word: Come, trusty sword:

Come, blade, my breast imbrue: And farewell, friends: Thus Thisby ends:

Adieu, adieu, adieu." [Dies.]

The. Moonshine and Lion are left to bury the dead. *Dem.* Ay, and Wall too.

Bot. No, I assure you; the wall is down that parted their fathers. Will it please you to see the epilogue, or to hear a Bergomask dance between two of our company?

The. No epilogue, I pray you; for your play needs no excuse. Never excuse; for when the players are all dead, there need none to be blamed. Marry, if he that writ it, had play'd Pyramus, and hanged himself in Thisbe's garter, it would have been a fine tragedy: and so it is, truly; and very notably discharged. But come, your Bergomask: let your epilogue alone.

[*A dance.*
The iron tongue of midnight hath told twelve:—
Lovers, to bed; 'tis almost fairy time.
I fear we shall out-sleep the coming morn,
As much as we this night have overwatch'd.
This palpable gross play hath well-beguill'd
The heavy gait of night.—Sweet friends, to bed.—

A fortnight hold we this solemnity,
In nightly revels, and new jollity. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

Enter Puck.

Puck. Now the hungry lion roars,
And the wolf howls the moon;
Whilst the heavy ploughman snores,
All with weary task foredone.
Now the wasted brands do glow,
Whilst the screech-owl, screeching loud,
Puts the wretch that lies in woe,
In remembrance of a shroud.
Now it is the time of night,
That the graves, all gaping wide,
Every one lets forth his sprite,
In the church-way paths to glide:
And we fairies, that do run
By the triple Hecate's team,
From the presence of the sun,
Following darkness like a dream,
Now are frolic: not a mouse
Shall disturb this hallow'd house:
I am sent, with broom, before,
To sweep the dust behind the door.

Enter Oberon and Titania, with their train.

Obe. Through the house give glimmering
By the dead and drowsy fire: [*light,*
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,
Ever shall in safety rest,
And the owner of it blest.
Trip away; make no stay;
Meet me all by break of day.

[*Exeunt Oberon, Titania, and train.*
Puck. If we shadows have offended,
Think but this, (and all is mended),
That you have but slumber'd here,
While these visions did appear.
And this weak and idle theme,
No more yielding but a dream,
Gentles, do not reprehend:
If you pardon, we will mend.
And, as I'm an honest Puck,
If we have unearn'd luck
Now to 'scape the serpent's tongue,
We will make amends ere long;
Else the Puck a liar call:
So, good night unto you all.
Give me your hands, if we be friends,
And Robin shall restore amends.]

THE MERCHANT OF VENICE.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Duke of Venice.
 Prince of Morocco, } *Suitors to Portia.*
 Prince of Arragon, }
 Antonio, the Merchant of Venice.
 Bassanio, his friend.
 Gratiano, } *Friends to Antonio and Bassanio.*
 Salario, }
 Lorenzo, in love with Jessica.
 Shylock, a Jew.
 Tubal, a Jew, his friend.

Launcelot Gobbo, a Clown, servant to Shylock.
 Old Gobbo, Father to Launcelot.
 Leonardo, Servant to Bassanio.
 Balthazar, } *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, Gaoler, Servants, 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, Salario, and Bassanio.

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.

Salario. 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 count'sy to them, do them reverence,
 As they fly by them with their woven wings.

Bassanio. 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
 And every object that might make me fear
 Misfortune to my ventures, out of doubt
 Would make me sad.

Salario. My wind, cooling my broth,
 Would blow me to an ague, when I thought
 What harm a wind too great might do at sea.
 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
 Which, touching but my gentle vessel's side,

Would scatter all her spices on the stream ;
 Enrobe the roaring waters with my silks ;
 And, in a word, but even now worth this,
 And now worth nothing ? Shall I have the
 thought

To think on this ; and shall I lack the thought,
 That such a thing bechanc'd would make me
 But tell not me ; I know, Antonio [sad]
 Is sad to think upon his merchandise. [it]

Ant. Believe me, no : I thank my fortune for
 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.

Salario. Why, then, you are in love.

Ant. Fie, fie !

Salario. Not in love neither ? Then let's say
 you are sad,
 Because you are not merry : and 'twere as easy
 For you to laugh, and leap, and say you are
 merry, [Janus]

Because you are not sad. Now, by two-headed
 Nature hath fram'd strange fellows in her time :
 Some that will evermore peep through their
 And laugh, like parrots, at a bagpiper ; [eyes,
 And other of such vinegar aspect, [smile,
 That they'll not show their teeth in way of
 Though Nestor swear the jest be laughable.

Enter Bassanio, Lorenzo, and Gratiano.

Salario. Here comes Bassanio, your most
 noble kinsman,

Gratiano, and Lorenzo. Fare you well :
 We leave you now with better company.

Salario. I would have stay'd till I had made
 you merry,

If worthier friends had not prevented me.

Ant. Your worth is very dear in my regard.

I take it your own business calls on you,

And you embrace the occasion to depart.

Salar. Good morrow, my good lords.

Bass. Good signiors both, when shall we laugh? Say, when?

You grow exceeding strange: must it be so?
Salar. We'll make our leasures to attend on yours. *[Exeunt Salarino and Salanio.]*

Lor. My lord Bassanio, since you have found Antonio,

We too will leave you: but, at dinner-time, I pray you, have in mind where we must meet.

Bass. I will not fail you.

Gra. You look not well, signior Antonio; You have too much respect upon the world: They lose it that do buy it with much care: Believe me, you are marvellously chang'd.

Ant. I hold the world but as the world, Gratiano;

A stage, where every man must play a part, And mine a sad one.

Gra. Let me play the fool:

With mirth and laughter let old wrinkles come; And let my liver rather heat with wine, Than my heart cool with mortifying groans. Why should a man, whose blood is warm within,

Sit like his grandsire cut in alabaster?

Sleep when he wakes? and creep into the jaundice

By being peevish? I tell thee what, Antonio,—

I love thee, and it is my love that speaks,—

There are a sort of men, whose visages

Do cream and mantle like a standing pond;

And do a wilful stillness entertain,

With purpose to be dress'd in an opinion

Of wisdom, gravity, profound conceit;

As who should say, "I am Sir Oracle,

And, when I open my lips, let no dog bark!"

O my Antonio, I do know of these,

That therefore only are reputed wise,

For saying nothing; who, I am very sure,

If they should speak, would almost damn

those ears, *[fools.]*

Which, hearing them, would call their brothers

I'll tell thee more of this another time;

But fish not, with this melancholy bait,

For this fool-gudgeon, this opinion.—

Come, good Lorenzo.—Pursue ye well, awhile:

I'll end my exhortation after dinner.

Lor. Well, we will leave you, then, till

dinner-time:

I must be one of these same dumb wise men,

For Gratiano never lets me speak. *[more.]*

Gra. Well, keep me company but two years

Thou shalt not know the sound of thine own

tongue. *[gear.]*

Ant. Farewell: I'll grow a talker for this

Gra. Thanks, i' faith; for silence is only

commendable *[vendible.]*

In a neat's tongue dried, and a maid not

[Exeunt Gratiano and Lorenzo.]

Ant. Is that anything now?

Bass. Gratiano speaks an infinite deal of

nothing, more than any man in all Venice.

His reasons are as two grains of wheat hid in

two bushels of chaff: you shall not find them; and, when you have found them, they are not worth the search.

Ant. Well; tell me now, what lady is the one to whom you swore a secret pilgrimage?

Bass. 'Tis not unknown to you, Antonio.

How much I have disabled mine estate

By something showing a more swiftness

Than my faint means would grant continuance

Nor do I now make moan to be abused

From such a noble rate; but my chief loss

Is, to come fairly off from the great world

Wherein my time, something too prodigal

Hath left me gaged. To you, Antonio,

I owe the most, in money and in love;

And from your love I have a warranty

To unburthen all my plots and purposes

How to get clear of all the debts I owe.

Ant. I pray you, good Bassanio, let

me know it;

And if it stand, as you yourself still do,

Within the eye of honour, be assur'd

My purse, my person, my extremest means

Are all unlock'd to your occasions. *[more.]*

Bass. In my school-days, when I have

I shot his fellow of the self-same right

The self-same way, with more advised

To find the other forth; and by advent

both,

I oft found both: I urge this childhood

Because what follows is pure innocence.

I owe you much; and, like a wilful youth,

That which I owe is lost: but if you pluck

To shoot another arrow that self way

Which you did shoot the first, I do not doubt

As I will watch the aim, or to find both,

Or bring your latter hazard back again,

And thankfully rest debtor for the first.

Ant. You know me well; and herein

but time,

To wind about my love with circumstance

And out of doubt you do me now more wrong

In making question of my uttermost,

Than if you had made waste of all I have;

Then do but say to me what I should do,

That in your knowledge may by me be done,

And I am prest unto it: therefore speak.

Bass. In Belmont is a lady richly bestow'd;

And she is fair, and, fairer than that word,

Of wondrous virtues: sometimes from her

I did receive fair speechless messages;

Her name is Portia; nothing underwrit

To Cato's daughter, Brutus' Portia;

Nor is the wide world ignorant of her worth:

For the four winds blow in from every coast

Renowned suitors; and her sunny locks

Hang on her temples like a golden fleece,

Which makes her seat of Belmont

And many Jasons come in quest of her.

O my Antonio! had I but the means

To hold a rival place with one of them,

I have a mind presages me such thrift,

That I should questionless be fortunate.

Ant. Thou knowest that all my fortunes are at sea;
 Neither have I money, nor commodity
 To raise a present sum: therefore go forth,
 Try what my credit can in Venice do;
 That shall be rack'd, even to the uttermost,
 To furnish thee to Belmont, to fair Portia.
 Do, presently enquire, 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 Mansion.

Enter Portia and Nerissa.

Por. By my troth, Nerissa, my little body
 is weary 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 small
 happiness, therefore, to be seated in the mean;
 superfluity comes sooner by white hairs; but
 competency lives longer.

Por. Good sentences, and well pronounced.
 Ner. They would be better, if well followed.

Por. If to do were as easy as to know what
 were good to do, chapels had been churches,
 and poor men's cottages princes' palaces. It
 is a good divine that follows his own in-
 structions: I can easier teach twenty what
 were good to be done, than be one of the
 twenty to follow mine own teaching. The
 brain may devise laws for the blood; but a
 hot temper leaps o'er a cold decree: such a
 madness in madness, the youth, to skip o'er the
 meshes of good counsel, the cripple. But this
 husband?—O me, the word choose! I may
 neither choose whom I would, nor refuse whom
 I dislike; so is the will of a living daughter
 enclaved by the will of a dead father.—Is it not
 hard, Nerissa, that I cannot choose one, nor
 refuse none?

Ner. Your father was ever virtuous; and
 holy men, at their death, have good inspira-
 tions; therefore, the lottery, that he hath de-
 vised in these three chests, of gold, silver, and
 lead (whereof who chooses his meaning,
 chooses you), will, no doubt, never be chosen
 by any rightly, but one whom you shall rightly
 love. But what warmth is there in your affec-
 tion towards any of these princely suitors that
 are already come?

Por. I pray thee, over-name them; and as
 thou namest them, I will describe them; and,
 according to my description, level at my
 affection.

Ner. First, there is the Neapolitan prince.

Por. Ay, that's a colt, indeed, for he doth
 nothing but talk of his horse; and he makes
 it a great appropriation to his own good parts,
 that he can ride him himself. I am much

afraid, my lady his mother played false with a
 smith.

Ner. Then is there the county Palatine.

Por. He doth nothing but frown: as who
 should say, "An you will not have me,
 choose." He hears merry tales, and smiles
 not: I fear he will prove the weeping philo-
 sopher when he grows old, being so full of un-
 mannerly sadness in his youth. I had rather
 be married to a death's head with a bone in
 his mouth, than to either of these:—God
 defend me from these two!

Ner. How say you by the French lord,
 Monsieur Le Bon?

Por. God made him, and therefore let him
 pass for a man. In truth, I know it is a sin to
 be a 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 throstle sing, he
 falls straight a capering: he will fence with
 his own shadow. If I should marry him, I
 should marry twenty husbands. If he would
 despise me, I would forgive him; for if he
 love me to madness, I shall never requite him.

Ner. What say you, then, to Faulconbridge,
 the young baron of England?

Por. You know I say nothing to him; for
 he understands not me, nor I him: he hath
 neither Latin, French, nor Italian; and you
 will come into the court and swear that I have
 a poor penny-worth in the English. He is a
 proper man's picture; but, alas, who can con-
 verse with a dumb show? How oddly he is
 suited! I think he bought his doublet in
 Italy, his round hose in France, his bonnet in
 Germany, and his behaviour everywhere.

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 French-
 man became his surety, and sealed under for
 another.

Ner. How like you this young German, the
 duke of Saxony's nephew?

Por. Very vilely in the morning, when he is
 sober; and most vilely in the afternoon, when
 he is drunk: when he is best, he is a little worse
 than a man; and when he is worst, he is little
 better than a beast. An the worst fall that
 ever fell, I hope I shall make shift to go with-
 out him.

Ner. If he should offer to choose, and
 choose the right casket, you should refuse
 to perform your father's will, if you should
 refuse to accept him.

Por. Therefore, for fear of the worst, I pray
 thee, set a deep glass of Rhenish wine on the
 contrary casket; for, if the devil be within,
 and that temptation without, I know he will
 choose it. I will do anything, Nerissa, ere I
 will be married to a sponge.

interest:—mark what Jacob did,
 and himself were compromised
 the earnings which were streak'd and
 all as Jacob's hire, the ewes, being
 autumn turned to the rams; [rank,
 the work of generation was
 these woolly breeders in the act,
 all shepherd peel'd me certain wands,
 the doing of the deed of kind,
 them up before the fulsome ewes,
 in conceiving, did in caining time
 ty-colour'd lambs, and those were
 Jacob's,
 the way to thrive, and he was blest:
 it is blessing, if men steal it not.
 This was a venture, sir, that Jacob
 ry'd for;
 not in his power to bring to pass,
 ly'd and fashion'd by the hand of
 heaven,
 inserted to make interest good?
 ur gold and silver ewes and rams?
 I cannot tell; I make it breed as fast;—
 me, signior.

Mark you this, Bassanio,
 can cite Scripture for his purpose.
 soul, producing holy witness,
 villain with a smiling cheek;
 y apple rotten at the heart:
 a goodly outside falsehood hath!
 Three thousand ducats,—'tis a good
 round sum. [rate,
 months from twelve, then let me see the
 Well, Shylock, shall we be beholden
 you?

Signior Antonio, many a time and oft,
 Rialto, you have rated me
 my monies and my usances:
 ve I borne it with a patient shrug;
 France is the badge of all our tribe,
 ll me false-believer, cut-throat dog,
 it upon my Jewish gaberdine,
 I for use of that which is mine own.
 hen, it now appears you need my help:
 then; you come to me, and you say,
 ck, we would have monies:—"you say

at did you'd your rheum upon my beard,
 ot me, as you spurn a stranger cur
 our threshold: monies is your suit.
 Should I say to you? Should I not say,
 a dog money? Is it possible,
 can lend three thousand ducats?" or
 bend low, and in a bondman's key,
 bated breath, and whispering humble-

la,—
 sir, you spit on me on Wednesday last;
 urn'd me such a day; another time
 l'd me dog; and for these courtesies
 d you thus much monies?"
 I am as like to call thee so again,
 on thee again, to spurn thee too.
 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 may'st 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 dole,
 Of usance for my monies, and you'll not hear
 This is kind I offer. [me:]

Ant. This were 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, in 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 for-
 feit it:
 Within these two months, that's a month be-
 fore

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 dealing 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, profitable neither,
 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 unthrifty knave; and presently
 I will be with you. [Exit.

Ant. Hie thee, gentle Jew.
 This Hebrew will turn Christian: he grows
 kind.

Bass. I like not fair terms and a villain's
 mind.

Ant. Come on: in this there can be no dis-
 may;

My ships come home a month before the day.
 [Exeunt.

ACT II.

SCENE I.—Belmont. A Room in Portia's House.

Flourish of cornets. Enter the Prince of Morocco, and his train; Portia, Nerissa, and other Attendants.

Mor. Mislike me not for my complexion, The shadow'd livery of the burnish'd sun, To whom I am a neighbour, and near bred. Bring me the fairest creature northward born, Where Phoebus' fire scarce thaws the icicles, And let us make incision for your love, To prove whose blood is redder, his or mine. I tell thee, lady, this aspect of mine Hath fear'd the valiant: by my love, I swear The best regarded virgins of our clime Have lov'd it too: I would not change this line, 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 scantied me, And held 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 scintillar, — That slew the Sophy, and a Persian prince That won three fields of Sultan Solymann, — I would out-stare the sternest eyes that look, Out-brave the heart most daring on the earth, Pluck the young sucking cubs from the she-bear,

Yea, mock the lion when he roars for prey, To win thee, lady. But, alas the while! If Hercules and Lichas play at dice Which is the better man, the greater throw May turn by fortune from the weaker hand: So is Alcides beaten by his page; And so may I, blind fortune leading me, Miss that which one unworthier may attain, And die with grieving.

Por. You must take your chance; And either not attempt to choose at all, Or swear before you choose, — if you choose Never to speak to lady afterward [wrong, In way of marriage: therefore be advis'd.

Mor. Nor will not. Come, bring me unto my chance. [dinner

Por. First, forward to the temple; after Your hazard shall be made.

Mor. Good fortune then? To make me blest, or curs'd? among men! [Cornets, and exeunt.

SCENE II.—Venice. A Street.

Enter Launcelot Gobbo.

Laun. Certainly, my conscience will serve

me to run from this Jew, my master's friend is at mine elbow, and tempt me to me. "Gobbo, Launcelot Gobbo to me, "Gobbo, Launcelot Gobbo, or "good Gobbo," or "Launcelot Gobbo, use your legs, start, run away." My conscience says, take heed, honest Launcelot; take heed, honest Gobbo; or, as aforesaid, honest Launcelot Gobbo; do not run; soon runneth thy heels." Well, the most comestible bids me pack: "Via!" says the fiend; "away!" says the fiend; "for the rouse up a brave mind," says the fiend, "run." Well, my conscience, hammer the neck of my heart, says very wisely, "My honest friend Launcelot, best friend man's son," — or rather an honest son; — for, indeed, my father did me a smack, something grow to, he had a taste; — well, my conscience says, "budge not." "Budge," says the fiend, "budge not," says my conscience, "once, say I, you counsel well; and, you counsel well: to be ruled by science, I should stay with the Jew my master, who (God bless the mark!) is a kind of father, and, to run away from the Jew, I should be ruled by the fiend, who, saving your reverence, is the devil himself. Certainly, the Jew is a very devil incarnation; and, in my conscience, is but a kind of hard case, to offer to counsel me to stay with the fiend, who gives the more friendly counsel will run, fiend; my heels are at your commandment; I will run.

Enter Old Gobbo, with a basket.
Gob. Master, young man, you, I pray you, which is the way to master Jew's?

Laun. [Aside.] O heavens, this is my begotten father! who, being more than blind, high-gravel blind, knows me not, will try conclusions with him.

Gob. Master young gentleman, I pray you, which is the way to master Jew's?

Laun. Turn up on your right hand at the next turning, but, at the next turning of your left; marry, at the very next turning of no hand, but turn down indirectly to Jew's house.

Gob. By God's senties, 'twill be a hard 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 I will 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 his soul, he will live.

Laun. Well, let his father be what he will, we talk of young master Launcelot.

Gob. Your worship's friend, and Launcelot

Laun. But I pray you, ergo, old man, ergo, Launcelot, talk you of young master Launcelot?

Gob. Of Launcelot, an't please your master.

Laun. Ergo, master Launcelot. Talk not of master Launcelot, father; for the young gentleman (according to fates and destinies, and such old sayings, the sisters three, and such branches of learning,) is, indeed, descended; or, as you would say in plain terms, come to heaven.

Gob. Marry, God forbid! the boy was the very staff of my age, my very prop.

Laun. [Aside.] Do I look like a cudgel or a staff, or a prop? Do you know me, father?

Gob. Alack the day! I know you not, young gentleman; but I pray you, tell me, is my boy (God rest his soul!) alive or dead?

Laun. Do you not know me, father?

Gob. Alack, sir, I am mand-blind; I know you not.

Laun. Nay, indeed, if you had your eyes, you might fall of the knowing me: it is a wise father that knows his own child. Well, old man, I will tell you news of your son. Give me your blessing: truth will come to light; murder cannot be hid long; — a man's son may; but, in the end, truth will out.

Gob. Pray you, sir, stand up: I am sure you are not Launcelot, my boy.

Laun. Pray you, let's have no more fooling 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, worshipp'd might he be! what a beard hast thou got! thou hast got more hair on thy chin, than Dobbin my hall horse has on his tail.

Laun. It should seem, then, that Dobbin's tail grows backward: I am sure he had more hair on his tail, than I have on my face, when I last saw him.

Gob. Lord, how art thou changed! How dost thou and thy master agree. I have brought him a present. How 'gree you now!

Laun. Well, well; but, for mine own part, as I have set up my rest to run away, so I will not rest till I have run some ground. My master's a very Jew; give him a present! give him a halberd: I am furnished 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 our master Bassanio, who, indeed, gives rare new liveries: if I serve not him, I will run as far as God has any ground. — O rare fortune! here comes the man; — to him,

father; for I am a Jew, if I serve the Jew any longer.

Enter Bassanio, with Leonardo, and other followers.

Bass. You may do so: — but let it be so hastied, that supper be ready at the very first of the clock. See these letters delivered; put the liveries to ranking; and desire Gratiano to come anon to my lodging. [Exit a Servant.

Laun. To him, father.

Gob. God bless your worship! [fine!]

Bass. Gramercy! wouldst thou ought with Gob. Here's my son, sir, a poor boy.

Laun. Not a poor boy, sir, but the rich Jew's man; that would, sir, — as my father shall specify, —

Gob. He hath a great infection, sir, as one would say, to serve, —

Laun. Indeed, the short and the long is, I serve the Jew, and have a desire, — as my father shall specify, —

Gob. His master and he (saying your worship's reverence,) are scarce enter-cousins, —

Laun. To be brief, the very truth is, that the Jew having done me wrong, doth cause me, — as my father, being, I hope, an old man, shall fruitfully unto you, —

Gob. I have here a dish of doves, that I would bestow upon your worship; and my suit is, —

Laun. In very brief, the suit is impertinent to myself, as your lordship 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. [you?]

Gob. That is the very defect of the matter, sir. [thy suit:]

Bass. I know thee well, thou hast obtain'd Shylock, thy master, spoke with me this day, And hath prefer'd thee; if it be preposterous

To leave a rich Jew's service, to become The follower of so poor a gentleman.

Laun. The old proverb is very well parted between my master Shylock and you, sir: you have the grace of God, sir, and he hath enough.

Bass. Thou speak'st it well. — Go, father, with thy son: —

Take leave of thy old master, and enquire My lodging out. [To his followers. —] 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, [Looking on his palm:] 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 maids, is a simple coming-in for one man; and then, to 'scape drowning thrice, and to be in peril of my life with the edge of a feather-bed, — here are

simple 'scapes! Well, if fortune be a woman, she's a good wench for this gear.—Father, come; I'll take my leave of the Jew in the twinkling of an eye.

Exeunt Launcelot and Old Gobbo.

Bass. I pray thee, good Leonardo, think on this:

These things being bought, and orderly be-
Return in haste, for I do feast to-night
My best-esteem'd acquaintance; bid thee, go.

Leon. My best endeavours shall be done
herein.

Enter Gratiano.

Gra. Where is your master?

Leon. Yonder, sir, he walks.

Gra. Signor Bassanio,—

Gra. I have a suit to you.

Bass. You have obtain'd it.

Gra. You must not deny me: I must go
with you to Belmont.

Bass. Why, then you must. But hear thee,
Gratiano:

Thou art too wild, too rude, and bold of
voice,—

Parts that become thee happily enough,
And in such eyes as ours appear not faults;
But where thou art not known, why, there
they show

Something too liberal. Pray thee, take pain
To ally with some cold drops of modesty
Thy skipping spirit; lest, through thy wild
behaviour,

I be misconstru'd in the place I go to,
And lose my hopes.

Gra. Signior Bassanio, hear me:
If I do not put on a sober habit,
Talk with respect, and swear but now and then,
Wear prayer-books in my pocket, look de-
murely;

Nay, more, while grace is saying, hood mine
Thus with my hat, and sigh, and say amen;
Use all the observance of civility,
Like one well studied in a sad ostent
To please his grandam, never trust me more.

Bass. Well, we shall see your bearing.

Gra. Nay, but I bar to-night: you shall not
By what we do to-night.

Bass. No, that were pity:
I would entreat you rather to put on
Your boldest suit of mirth, for we have friends
That purpose merriment. But fare you well;
I have some business.

Gra. And I must to Lorenzo and the rest:
But we will visit you at supper-time. *Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—Venice. A Room in Shylock's
House.

Enter Jessica and Launcelot.

Jes. I am sorry thou wilt leave my father so:
Our house is hell; and thou, a merry devil,
Didst rob it of some taste of tediousness.
But fare thee well; there is a ducat for thee:
And, Launcelot, soon at supper shalt thou see

Lorenzo, who is thy new master's son:
Give him this letter; do it secretly:
And so farewell: I would not have
See me in talk with thee.

Laun. Adieu!—tears exhibit my
Most beautiful pagan,—most sweet
A Christian do not play the knave;
thee, I am much deceived. But will
foolish drops do somewhat drown my
spirit: adieu!

Jes. Farewell, good Launcelot.

Alack, what heinous sin is it in me,
To be ashamed to be my father's child!
But though I am a daughter to his line,
I am not to his manners. O Lorenzo,
If thou keep promise, I shall end this
Become a Christian, and thy loving wife.

SCENE IV.—Venice. A Street.

Enter Gratiano, Lorenzo, Salerio,

Salanio.

Lor. Nay, we will slink away in a
Disguise us at my lodging, and return
All in an hour.

Gra. We have not made good prom-
ises.

Saler. We have not spoke as yet
hearers.

Salan. 'Tis vile, unless it may be
And better, in my mind, not undervalued.

Lor. 'Tis now but four o'clock: we
To furnish us.

Enter Launcelot, with a letter.

*Friend Launcelot, what's the
this, it shall seem to signify.*

Lor. I know the hand: is faith
And whiter than the paper it writ on
Is the fair hand that writ.

Gra. Love never
me, Jessica:

Laun. By your leave, sir.

Lor. Whither goest thou?

Laun. Marry, sir, to bid my old
Jew, to sup to-night with my new
Christian.

Lor. Hold here, take this:—tell
I will not fail her;—speak it privately
Gentlemen.

*Will you prepare you for this visit to
I am provided of a torch-bearer.*

Saler. Ay, marry, I'll be gone
straight.

Salan. And so will I.

Lor. Meet me and
At Gratiano's lodging some hour hence.

Saler. 'Tis good we do so.

Exeunt Salerio, Salanio.

Gra. Was not that letter from fair
Lor. I must needs tell thee all.

How I shall take her from her father's
What gold and jewels she is furnish'd
What page's suit she hath in readiness:
If e'er the Jew her father come to hear

SCENE V, 8.

THE MERCHANT OF VENICE.

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It will be for his gentle daughter's sake:
And never dare misfortune cross her foot,
Unless she do it under this excuse,—
That she is issue to a faithless Jew.
Come, go with me: peruse this as thou goest.
This Jessica shall be my torch-bearer. *Exeunt.*

SCENE V.—Venice. Before Shylock's House.

Enter Shylock and Launcelot.

Shy. Well, thou shalt see; thy eyes shall be
thy judge.

What, Jessica!—thou shalt not gormandize,
As thou hast done with me;—what, Jessica!
And sleep and more, and read apparel out;—
Why, Jessica, I say!

Laun. Why, Jessica! *Call.*

Shy. Who bids thee call? I do not bid thee

Laun. Your worship was wont to tell me I
could do nothing without bidding.

Jes. Call you? What is your will?

Shy. I am bid forth to supper, Jessica:

There are my keys.—But whither 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.

Laun. I beseech you, sir, go: my young
master doth expect your reproach.

Shy. So do I his.

Laun. And 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 bleeding on Black-Monday last, at
six o'clock in the morning, falling out that
year on Ash Wednesday was four year in the
afternoon.

Shy. What! are there masques? Hear you
me, Jessica:

Look up my doors; and when you hear the drum,
And the vile squeaking of the wry-neck'd fife,
Hamber 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 case-
ments:

Let not the sound of shallow foppery enter
My sober house.—By Jacob's staff, I swear
But I will go.—Go you before me, shrub:
I will come.

Laun. I will go before, sir.—*Aside to Jes.*

Mistress, look out at window, for all this:

There will come a Christian by.

Will he worth a Jewess's eye.

Shy. What says that fool of Hagar's off-
spring, ha!

Jes. His words were, "farewell, mistress!"

nothing else.

Shy. The patch is blind enough; but a huge

Swail-slow in profit, and he sleeps by day
More than the wild cat: drones hive not with
me;

Therefore I part with him; and part with him
To one that I would have him help to waste
His borrow'd purse.—Well, Jessica, go in:
Perhaps I will return immediately:
Do as I bid you; shut doors after you:
"Fast bind, fast find,"

A proverb never stale in thrifty mind. *Exit.*

Jes. Farewell, and if my fortune be not cross'd,
I have a father, you a daughter, lost. *Exit.*

SCENE VI.—The Same.

Enter Gratiano and Salerio, masked.

Gra. This is the pent-house under which
Desir'd us to make stand.

Saler. His hour is almost past.

Gra. And it is marvel he out-dwells his hour,
For lovers ever run before the clock.

Saler. 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 doth untread 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 a prodigal doth she return,
With over-weather'd ribs and ragged sails,
Lean, rent, and beggar'd by the strumpet wind!

Saler. Here comes Lorenzo:—more of this
hereafter.

Enter Lorenzo.

Lor. Sweet friends, your patience for my
long abode;

Not I, but my affairs, have made you wait:

When you shall please to play the thieves for
wives,

I'll watch as long for you then.—Approach;
Here dwells my father Jew.—No! 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 whom love I so much! And now who
knows

But you, Lorenzo, whether I am yours?

Lor. Heaven and thy thoughts are witness
that thou art.

Jes. Here, catch this casket; it is worth the
I am glad 'tis night, you do not look on me,
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
They in themselves, good sooth, are too too
Why, 'tis an office of discovery, love; [light.
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 run-away,
And we are stay'd for at Bassanio's feast.

Jes. I will make fast the doors, and gild
myself.

With some more ducats, and be with you
straight.

Gra. Now, by my hood, a Gentle, and no
Jew.

Lor. Bashaw me but I love her heartily;
For she is wise, if I can judge of her;

And fair she is, if that mine eyes be true;
And true she is, as she hath prov'd herself;

And therefore, like herself, wise, fair, and true,
Shall she be placed in my constant soul.

Enter Jessica below.
What, art thou come!—On, gentlemen; away!
Our masking mates by this time for us stay.

[Exit with Jessica and Salarino.
Enter Antonio.

Ant. Who's there?
Gra. Signior Antonio?

Ant. Pie, fie, Gratiano! where are all the
"Tis nine o'clock; our friends all stay for you.
No mask to-night: the wind is come about;
Bassanio presently will go aboard:
I have sent twenty out to seek for you.

Gra. I am glad on't; I desire no more
delight,

Than to be under sail, and gone to-night.

[Exit.
SCENE VII.—Belmont. A Room in Portia's
Mansion.

Flourish of cornets. Enter Portia, with the
Prince of Morocco, and their trains.

Por. Go, draw aside the curtains, and dis-
cover

The several caskets to this noble prince.—
Now make your choice.

Mor. The first, of gold, who this inscription
"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?
Por. The one of them contains my picture,
prince.

If you choose that, then I am yours withal.

Mor. Some god direct my judgment
me see;

I will survey the inscriptions back and
forth: What says this leaden casket?

"Who chooseth me must give and hazard
all he hath."

Must give,—For what? For lead? For
lead?

This casket threatens; men that hazard
Do it in hope of fair advantage:
A golden mind stoops not to shows of
things;
I'll then not give nor hazard anything
for lead.

What says the silver, with her vision
shines?
"Who chooseth me shall get as much as he
deserves."

As much as he deserves!—Pause the
And weigh thy value with an even beam:
If thou be'st rated by thy estimation,
Thou dost deserve enough; and yet
May not extend so far as to the lady:
And yet to be afeard of my deserving
Were but a weak disabling of myself.

As much as I deserve!—Why, that
I do in birth deserve her, and in love
In graces, and in qualities of breeding,
But more than these, in love I do deserve.
What if I stray'd no farther, but chose
Let's see once more this saying grav'd
in lead.

"Who chooseth me shall gain what many men
desire."

Why, that's the lady; all the world
From the four corners of the earth do
To kiss this shrine, this mortal breathing
The Hyrcanian deserts, and the vasty
Of wide Arabia, are as through-sails
For princes to come view fair Portia:
The wat'ry kingdom, whose ambitious
Spits in the face of heaven, is no bar
To stop the foreign spirit; but they come
As o'er a brook, to see fair Portia.
One of these three contains her
picture.

Is't like, that lead contains her
damnation

To think so base a thought: it were to
To rib her cerecloth in the obscure
Or shall I think in silver she's immur'd,
Being ten times undervalu'd to tried
O sinful thought! Never so rich a
Was set in worse than gold. They
England

A coin, that bears the figure of an eagle,
Stamped in gold; but that's insculpt
But here an angel in a golden bed
Lies all within.—Deliver me the key:
Here do I choose, and thrive I as I may.
Por. There, take it, prince; and if you
Then I am yours.

[He opens the golden
O hell! what have
A carrion death, within whose empty
There is a written scroll! I'll read the
[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 gold,
Young in limbs, in judgment old,
Your answer had not been inscrol'd;

"Pursue 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.

[Exit with his train, Cornets.
Por. A gentle riddance.—Draw the curtains:
Go.

Let all his complexion choose me so.

[Exit.
SCENE VIII.—Venice. A Street.
Enter Salarino and Salanio.

Salar. Why, man, I saw Bassanio under sail:
With him is Gratiano gone along;

And in their ship, I'm sure, Lorenzo is not.
Salan. The villain Jew with outcries rais'd
the duke;

Who went with him to search Bassanio's ship.
Salar. He came too late, the ship was under
sail;

But there the duke was given to understand,
That in a gondola were seen together
Lorenzo and his amorous Jessica.

Besides, Antonio certified the duke,
They were not with Bassanio in his ship.

Salan. I never heard a passion so confus'd,
So strange, outrageous, and so variable,
As the dog Jew did utter in the streets:

"My daughter!—O my ducats!—O my
daughter!"

Juster! the least my ducats, and my daughter!
A sealed bag, two sealed bags of ducats,
And jewels,—two stones, two rich and precious
stones,

Not my daughter!—Justice! find the girl!
She hath the stones upon her, and the ducats!"

Salar. Why, all the boys in Venice follow
him.

Salan. His stones, his daughter, and his
gold: he shall pay for this.

[day,
I reason'd with a Frenchman yesterday,
Who told me,—in the narrow seas that part
the French and English, there miscarried
a thought of our country, richly fraught:
And wish'd in silence that it were not his.

Salar. You were best to tell Antonio what
you hear;

Yet do not suddenly, for it may grieve him.
Salan. A kinder gentleman trends not the
Bassanio told him he would make some speed
of his return: he answered, "Do not so,

Slubber not business for my sake, Bassanio,
But stay the very evening of the time;
And for the Jew's bond, which he hath of me,
Let it not enter in your mind of love:
Be merry; and employ your chiefest thoughts
To courtship, and such fair objects of love
As shall conveniently become you there:"

And even there, his eye being big with tears,
Turning his face, he put his hand behind him,
And with affection wondrous sensible,
He wrung Bassanio's hand; and so they parted.

Salan. I think, he only loves the world for
I pray thee, let us go and find him out, [him,
And quicken his embrac'd heaviness
With some delight or other.

Salar. Do we so. [Exit.
SCENE IX.—Belmont.

Enter Nerissa, with a Servant.
Ner. Quick, quick, I pray thee; draw the
curtain straight:

The prince of Arragon hath ta'en his oath,
And comes to his election presently.

Flourish of cornets. Enter the Prince of
Arragon, Portia, and their trains.

Por. Behold, there stand the caskets, noble
prince:

If you choose that wherein I am contain'd,
Straight shall our nuptial rites be solemniz'd;
But if you fail, without more speech, my lord,
You must be gone from hence immediately.

Ar. I am engag'd by oath to observe three
First, never to unfold to any one [things:—
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. [swear

Por. To these injunctions every one doth
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
"Who chooseth me must give and hazard all
he hath!"

You shall look fairer, ere I give or hazard.
What says the golden chest? ha! let me see:
"Who chooseth me shall gain what many men
desire."

What many men desire!—that many may be
By the fool multitude, that choose by show,
Not learning more than the fond eye doth
teach;

Which prides not to th' interior, but, like the
Bulld 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 chooseth me shall get as much as he
deserves."

And well said too; for who shall go about

To cozen fortune, and be honourable
Without the stamp of merit? Let none pre-
To wear an undeserved dignity. [same]
O, that estates, degrees, and offices, [honour]
Were not deriv'd corruptly! and that clear
Were purchas'd by the merit of the wearer!
How many then should cover, that stand bare!
How many be commanded, that command!
How much low peasantry would then be glean'd
From the true seed of honour! and how much
honour

Pick'd from the chaff and ruin of the times,
To be new varnish'd! Well, but to my choice:
"Who chooseth me shall get as much as he
deserves."

I will assume desert.—Give me a key for this,
And instantly unlock my fortunes here.

[He opens the silver casket.]

Por. Too long a pause for that which you
find there. [Idiot]

Ar. What's here? the portrait of a blinking
Presenting me a schedule! I will read it.
How much unlike art thou to Portia!
How much unlike my hopes, and my deservings!
"Who chooseth me shall have as much as he
deserves."

Did I deserve no more than a fool's head?
Is that my prize? are my deserts no better?

Por. To offend, and judge, are distinct
offices,
And of opposed natures.

Ar. What is here?
[Reads.] "The first seven times tried this;
Seven times tried that judgment is,
That did never choose an ass.

Some there be that shadows kiss;
Such have but a shadow's bliss:
There be fools alive, I wot,

Silver'd o'er; and so you this
Take what wife you will to bed,
I will ever be your head:

So be gone, sir: you are sped."
Still more fool I shall appear
By the time I linger here:

With one fool's head I came to woo,
But I go away with two.—
Sweet, adieu. I'll keep my oath,
Patiently to bear my wroth.

[Exit with his train.]

Por. Thus hath the candle sing'd the moth.
O, these deliberate fools! when they do choose,
They have the wisdom by their wit to lose.

Ner. The ancient saying is no heresy,—
Hanging and wiving goes by destiny.

Por. Come, draw the curtain, Nerissa.
Enter a Messenger.

Mess. Where is my lady?

Por. Here; what would my lord?
Mess. Madam, there is alighted at your gate
A young Venetian, one that comes before
To signify the approaching of his lord;
From whom he bringeth sensible regrets;
To wit, (besides commands, and courteous
breath.)

Gifts of rich value; yet I have not
So likely an ambassador of love.

A day in April never came so sweet
To show how costly summer waiteth on
As this fore-spurrer comes before his
Por. No more, I pray thee: I will
Thou wilt say anon he is some hireling
Thou spend'st such high-day wit in
him.

Come, come, Nerissa; for I long to see
Quick Cupid's post, that comes so
Ner. Bassanio, Lord Love, if thy

ACT III.

SCENE I.—Venice. A Street.

Enter Salanio and Salarino.

Salan. Now, what news on the
Salar. Why, yet it lives there
that Antonio hath a ship of rich lading
on the narrow seas; the Goodwin,
they call the place; a very dangerous
fatal, where the carcasses of many a
be buried, as they say, if my gossip
in that, as ever knapped ginger, or
neighbours believe she wept for her
third husband. But it is true,—
slips of prolixity, or crossing the plain
of talk,—that the good Antonio, the
Antonio,—O, that I had a title good
to keep his name company!

Salar. Come, the full stop.

Salan. Ha,—what say'st thou?—
end is, he hath lost a ship.

Salar. I would it might prove the
devil cross my prayer,—for here he
the likeness of a Jew.

Enter Shylock.

Shy. You knew, none so well, town
as you, of my daughter's flight.

Salar. That's certain. I, for my part,
the tailor that made the wings she flew
Salan. And Shylock, for his own
knew the bird was fledged; and then, if
complexion of them all to leave the door.

Shy. She is damned for it.

Salar. That's certain, if the devil may
Shy. My own flesh and blood to rub
Salan. Out upon it, old carrion!—
at these years?

Shy. I say, my daughter is my
Salar. There is more difference between
flesh and hors, than between jet and
more between your bloods, than there
tween red wine and rhenish.—But tell
at sea or no!

Shy. There I have another bad match; a
prodigal, who dare scarce show
his head on the Rialto; a beggar, that used
to come as snug 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 no
thing else, it will feed my revenge. He hath
launched me, and hindered me half a million;
launched at my losses, mocked at my gains,
scoffed my nation, thwarted my bargains,
cooled my friends, heated mine enemies; and
now says I am a Jew. Hath not a Jew
eyes?

Shy. Hath not a Jew hands, organs,
dimensions, senses, affections, passions? fed
with the same food, hurt with the same
wounds, 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 suffer-
ance be by Christian example? why, revenge.
The villainy you teach me, I will execute;
and it shall go hard but I will better the in-
struction.

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
Jew cannot be matched, unless the devil him-
self turn Jew.

Shy. Now now, Tubal! what news from
Greece? Hast thou found my daughter?

Tub. I often came where I did hear of her,
but cannot find her.

Shy. Why there, there, there! a diamond
gem, cost me two thousand ducats in Frank-
ford! I never felt it till now:—two thou-
sand ducats in that; and other precious, pre-
cious 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
—and I know not what's spent in the search:
Why thou loss upon loss! the thief gone with
no satisfaction, and so much to find the thief;
and stirring but what lights o' my shoulders; no
sighs but o' my breathing; no tears but o' my
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no satisfaction, and so much to find the thief;
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choking.

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. [Is it true!]

Shy. I thank God! I thank God! Is it 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, one night, fourscore ducats.

Shy. Thou stick'st a dagger into me;—I
shall never see my gold again: fourscore
ducats at a sitting! fourscore ducats!

Tub. There came divers of Antonio's cred-
itors 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 torturest me,
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, see me an officer; bespeak him a for-
night 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, Tubal,
and meet me at our synagogue; go, good
Tubal, at our synagogue, Tubal. [Recount.]

SCENE II.—Belmont. A Room in Portia's
House. The curtains drawn from before
the caskets.

Enter Bassanio, Portia, Gratiano, Nerissa, and
Attendants.

Por. I pray you, tarry: pause a day or two,
Before you hazard: for, in choosing wrong,
I lose your company; therefore, forbear a
while.

There's something tells me, (but it is not love,)
I would not lose you; and you know yourself,
Hate counsels not in such a quality.

But lest you should not understand me well,
(And yet a maiden hath no tongue but
thought.)

I would detain you here some month or two,
Before you venture for me. I could teach you
How to choose right, but then I am forsworn;
So will I never be: so may you miss me;
But if you do, you'll make me wish a sin,
That I had been forsworn. Beskrew your
eyes,

They have o'erlook'd me, and divided me;
One half of me is yours, the other half yours,—
Mine own, I would say; but if mine, then
yours,

And so all yours! O, these naughty times
Put bars between the owners and their rights;
And so, though yours, not yours.—Prove it so,

Let fortune go to hail for it,—not I.
I speak too long; but 'tis to please the time,
To ske it, and to draw it out in length,
To stay you from election.

Bass. Let me choose;
For, as I am, I live upon the rack.

Por. Upon the rack, Bassanio! then confess
What treason there is mingled with your love.

Bass. None but that ugly treason of mistrust,
Which makes me fear th' enjoying of my love:

There may as well be amity and life
'Tween snow and fire, as treason and my love.

Por. Ay, but I fear you speak upon the rack,
Where men enforced do speak anything.

Bass. Promise me life, and I'll confess the truth.
Por. Well then, confess, and live.

Bass. Confess, and love,
Had been the very sum of my confession.

O happy torment, when my torturer
Doth teach me answers for deliverance!

But let me to my fortune and the caskets.
Por. Away then; I am lock'd in one of them:

If you do love me, you will find me out.
Nerissa, and the rest, stand all aloof.

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 wat'ry 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 dulcet sounds in break of day,
That creep into the dreaming bridegroom's ear,
And summon him to marriage. Now he goes,
With no less presence, but with much more love,

Than young Alcides, when he did redeem
The virgin tribute paid by howling Troy
To the sea-monster: I stand for sacrifice;
The rest aloof are the Dardanian wives,
With bleared viages, come forth to view
The issue of th' exploit. Go, Hercules!
Live thou, I live: with much, much more dismay
I view the fight, than thou that mak'st at the fray.

[*Music, whilst Bassanio comments on the caskets to himself.*]

*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 themselves:

The world is still deceiv'd with outside.

In law, what plea so tainted and corrupt,
But, being reason'd with a gracious o'er,
Obscures the show of evil?—To what
What damned error, but some sober brow
Will bless it, and approve it with a text,
Hiding the grossness with fair ornaments:
There is no vice so simple, but assuming
Some mark of virtue on his outward,
How many cowards, whose hearts are all
false

As stairs of sand, wear yet upon their heads
The beards of Hercules and frowning Mars;
Who, inward search'd, have deep doth
milk!

And these assume but valour's trim,
To render them redoubted. Look not
And you shall see 'tis purchased by the sale,
Which therein works a miracle in nature,
Making them lightest that wear most of it:
So are those crisped snaky golden locks
Which make such wanton gambols with
Upon suppos'd 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 beautiful
Veiling an Indian beauty; in a word,
The seeming truth which cunning times
To entrap the wisest. Therefore, though
gold,

Hard food for Midas, I will none of it:
Nor none of these, thou pale and drudge
'Tween man and man: but thou, thou lead,
Which rather threat'nest than dost hurt,
Thy paleness moves me more than alloy:
And here choose I. Joy be the consequence!

Por. How all the other passions flow
As doubtful thoughts, and rash
despair,
And shuddering fear, and great-eyed
O love, be moderate; allay thy ecstasy
In measure reign thy joy; soot this
I feel too much thy blessing: make it
For fear I surfeit!

Bass. [Opening the leaden casket.]
And I here?

Fair Portia's counterfeit? What demi-god
Hath come so near creation? Move that
Or whether, riding on the balls of angels,
Seem they in motion? Here are seven
Parted with sugar breath: so sweet a
Should smother such sweet friends.

her hair,
The painter plays the spider; and hath
A golden mesh to entrap the hearts of
Faster than gnats in cobwebs: but how
How could he see to do them? I have
one,

Metinks it should have power to steal
And leave itself unfurnish'd. Yet look,

The substance of my praise doth wrong this shadow

in underprising it, so far this shadow scrool,
which lings behind the substance.—Here's the
the content and summary of my fortune.

[*Reads.*] *You that chose not by the view,
Chance at fair, and choose as true!*

*Since this fortune falls to you,
Be content, and seek no new.*

*If you be well pleas'd with this,
And hold your fortune for your bliss,
Turn you where your lady is,
And claim her with a loving kiss."*

*A gentle scrool.—Fair lady, by your leave;
I come by note, to give, and to receive.*

[*Kissing her.*]
like one of two contending in a prize,
That thinks he hath done well in people's eyes,
Ready 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,
Will 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,
Accout myself: but the full sum of me
Is sum of nothing; which, to term in gross,
A sumless'd girl, unschoold, unpractis'd;
In this, she is not yet so old
As she may learn; happier than this,
She is not bred so dull but she can learn;
The worst of all, is, that her gentle spirit
Commits itself to yours to be directed,
As from her lord, her governor, her king.
Now converted: but now, I was the lord
Of this fair mansion, master of my servants,
Mean as myself; and even now, but now,
This house, these servants, and this same myself,
Are yours, my lord: I give them with this ring;
Which when you part from, lose, or give away,
Let it procure the ruin of your love,
And be my vantage to exclaim on you.

Bass. Madam, you have bereft me of all
worlds:
And there is such confusion in my powers,
As, after some oration fairly spoke
Among the buzzing pleased multitude;
Turns every something, being blent together,
Express'd, and not express'd. But when this
ring

Parts from this finger, then parts life from
hence:
O, then be bold to say, Bassanio's dead!

Ner. My lord and lady, it is now our time,
That have stood by, and seen our wishes
prosper,

To cry, good joy. Good joy, my lord and lady!

Gra. My lord Bassanio, and my gentle lady,
I wish you all the joy that you can wish;
For I am sure you can wish none from me:
And, when your honours mean to solemnize
The bargain of your faith, I do beseech you,
Even at that time I may be married too.

Bass. With all my heart, so thou canst get
a wife.

Gra. I thank your lordship, you have got me
My eyes, my lord, can look as swift as yours;
You saw the mistress, I beheld the maid;
You lov'd, I lov'd; for intermission
No more pertains to me, my lord, than you.
Your fortune stood upon the caskets there
And so did mine too, as the matter falls;
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
Achiev'd her mistress.

Por. Is this true, Nerissa?

Ner. Madam, it is, so you stand pleas'd
withal.

Bass. And do you, Gratiano, mean good
faith?

Gra. Yes, 'faith, my lord.

Bass. Our feast shall be much honour'd in
your marriage. [thousand ducats.]

Gra. We'll play with them the first boy for a
Ner. What, and stake down?

Gra. No; we shall ne'er win at that sport,
and stake down.— [aside]

But who comes here? Lorenzo and his in-
What, my old Venetian friend, Salanio?

Enter Lorenzo, Jessica, and Salanio.

Bass. Lorenzo, and Salanio, 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 purpose was not to have seen you here;
But meeting with Salanio by the way,
He did entreat me, past all saying nay,
To come with him along.

Salan. I did, my lord;
And I have reason for it. Signior Antonio
Commends him to you.

[*Gives Bassanio a letter.*]
Bass. Ere I open his letter,
I pray you, tell me how my good friend doth.

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mind;

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No more pertains to me, my lord, than you.
Your fortune stood upon the caskets there
And so did mine too, as the matter falls;
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
Achiev'd her mistress.

Por. Is this true, Nerissa?

Ner. Madam, it is, so you stand pleas'd
withal.

Bass. And do you, Gratiano, mean good
faith?

Gra. Yes, 'faith, my lord.

Bass. Our feast shall be much honour'd in
your marriage. [thousand ducats.]

Gra. We'll play with them the first boy for a
Ner. What, and stake down?

Gra. No; we shall ne'er win at that sport,
and stake down.— [aside]

But who comes here? Lorenzo and his in-
What, my old Venetian friend, Salanio?

Enter Lorenzo, Jessica, and Salanio.

Bass. Lorenzo, and Salanio, 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 purpose was not to have seen you here;
But meeting with Salanio by the way,
He did entreat me, past all saying nay,
To come with him along.

Salan. I did, my lord;
And I have reason for it. Signior Antonio
Commends him to you.

[*Gives Bassanio a letter.*]
Bass. Ere I open his letter,
I pray you, tell me how my good friend doth.

Salan. Not sick, my lord, unless it be in
mind;

Nor well, unless in mind: his letter there
Will show you his estate.

Gra. Nerissa, cheer you stranger; bid her
welcome. [Venice?]

Your hand, Salanio; what's the news from
How doth that royal merchant, good Antonio?
I know he will be glad of our success;

We are the Jasons, we have won the fleece.

Salan. I would you had won the fleece that
he hath lost! [same paper,

Por. There are some shrewd contents in you
That steal the colour from Bassanio's cheek:
Some dear friend dead; else nothing in the
Could turn so much the constitution [world
Of any constant man. What, 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 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 [you

My state was nothing, I should then have told
That I was worse than nothing; for, indeed,
I have engag'd myself to a dear friend,
Engag'd my friend to his mere enemy,
To feed my means. Here is a letter, lady;
The paper as the body of my friend,
And every word in it a gaping wound,
Issuing life-blood.—But is it true, Salanio?
Hath 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-marring rocks?

Salan. Not one, my lord.
Besides, it should appear, that if he had
The present money to discharge the Jew,
He would not take it. Never did I know
A creature, that did bear the shape of man,
So keen and greedy to confound a man:
He plies the duke at morning and at night;
And doth impeach the freedom of the state,
If they deny him justice: twenty merchants,
The duke himself, and the magnificoes
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
trouble?

Bass. The dearest friend to me,
The best condition'd and unwearied
In doing courtesies; and one in whom
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?

Pay him six thousand, and deface
Double six thousand, and then trouble
Before a friend of this description
Shall lose a hair through Bassanio's
First, go with me to church and call
And then away to Venice to your
For never shall you lie by Portia's

With an unquiet soul. You shall
To pay the petty debt twenty times

When it is paid, bring your true
My maid Nerissa and myself, meaning
Will live as maids and widows.

For you shall hence upon your wedding
Bid your friends welcome, show a merriment
Since you are dear bought, I will love you

But let me hear the letter of your

Bass. [Reads.] "Sweet Bassanio,
have all miscarried, my creditors
my estate is very low, my bond to the Jew
forfeit: and since, in paying it, it is
I should live, all debts are cleared
and I, if I might but see you at my death,
withstanding, use your powers: I will
do not persuade you to come, let me
go."

Por. O love, despatch all business
gone.

Bass. Since I have your good
I will make haste: but, till I come
No bed shall e'er be guilty of my sleep
Nor rest be interposer 'twixt us

gone.

Por. O love, despatch all business
gone.

Bass. Since I have your good
I will make haste: but, till I come
No bed shall e'er be guilty of my sleep
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I will make haste: but, till I come
No bed shall e'er be guilty of my sleep
Nor rest be interposer 'twixt us

gone.

Por. O love, despatch all business
gone.

Bass. Since I have your good
I will make haste: but, till I come
No bed shall e'er be guilty of my sleep
Nor rest be interposer 'twixt us

gone.

Christian intercessors. Follow not;
have no speaking: I will have my bond.
[Exit.]

Let him alone;
follow him no more with bootless prayers.
sucks my life; his reason well I know:
I deliver'd from his forfeitures
by that have at times made moan to me;
before he hates me.

I am sure, the duke
never grant this forfeiture to hold.
The duke cannot deny the course of
law.

the commodity that strangers have
th us in Venice: if it be denied,
ill much impeach the justice of the state;
that the trade and profit of the city
hath of all nations. Therefore, go:
at I shall hardly spare a pound of flesh
morrow to my bloody creditor.
Oh, guiler, on.—Pray God, Bassanio come
to me pay his debt, and then I care not!

[Exit.]
SCENE IV.—Belmont. A Room in Portia's
House.

Enter Portia, Nerissa, Lorenzo, Jessica, and
Balthazar.

Madam, although I speak it in your
presence,

you have a noble and a true conceit
God-like-animity; which appears most strongly
in hearing thus the absence of your lord.

If you know to whom you show this honour,
how true a gentleman you send relief,

how dear a lover of my lord, your husband,
how you would be prouder of the work

than customary bounty can enforce you.
I never did repent for doing good,
nor shall not now: for in companions

it do converse and waste the time together,
these 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,
that needs be like my lord,

how little is the cost I have bestow'd,
in purchasing the semblance of my soul

out of this state of hellish cruelty?
How comes it that the praising of myself;
Lorenzo, I commit into your hands

my husbandry and manage of my house,
toward heaven breath'd a secret vow

to live in prayer and contemplation,
only attended by Nerissa here,

and there we will abide. I do desire you

Not to deny this imposition;
The which my love, and some necessity,
Now lays upon you.

Lor. Madam, with all my heart;
I shall obey you in all fair commands.

Por. My people do already know my mind,
And will acknowledge you and Jessica
In place of lord Bassanio and myself.
So fare you well, till we shall meet again.

Lor. Fair thoughts, and happy hours, attend
on you!

Jes. I wish your ladyship all heart's content.

Por. I thank you for your wish, and am well
pleas'd.

To wish it back on you: fare you well, Jessica.—
[Exit Jessica and Lorenzo.]

Now, Balthazar,
As I have ever found thee honest, true,

So let me find thee still. Take this same letter,
And use thou all the endeavour of a man

In speed to Padua: see thou render this
Into my cousin's hand, doctor Bellario;

And, look, what notes and garments he doth
give thee,

Bring them, I pray thee, with imagin'd speed
Unto the 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 hus-
band Before they think of us.

Ner. Shall they see us?

Por. They shall, Nerissa; but in such a
habit,

That they shall think we are accomplished
With that we lack. I'll hold thee any wager,

When we are both accounted like young men,
I'll prove the prettier fellow of the two,

And wear my dagger with the braver grace;
And speak between the change of man and boy,

With a reel 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 discontinu'd
school.

About a twelvemonth: I have writ in my mind
A thousand raw tricks of these bragging Jacks,
Which I will practise.

Ner. 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 I am in my coach, which stays for us

At the park gate; and therefore hie away,
For we must measure twenty miles to-day.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V.—Belmont. Portia's Garden.

Enter Launcelot and Jessica.

Laun. Yes, truly; for, look you, the sins of the father are to be laid upon the children; therefore, I promise you, I fear you. I was always 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?

Laun. 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.

Laun. Truly, then I fear you are damned both by father and mother: thus when I shun Scylla, your father, I fall into Charybdis, your mother: well, you are gone both ways.

Jes. I shall be saved by my husband; he hath made me a Christian.

Laun. Truly, the more to blame he: we were Christians enow before; 'tween 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.

Jes. I'll tell my husband, Launcelot, what you say: here he comes.

Enter Lorenzo.

Lor. I shall grow jealous of you shortly, Launcelot, if you thus get my wife into corners.

Jes. Nay, you need not fear us, Lorenzo: Launcelot and I are out. He tells me flatly, there is no mercy for me in heaven, because I am a Jew's daughter: and he says, you are no good member of the commonwealth; for, in converting Jews to Christians, you raise the price of pork.

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.

Laun. It is much, that the Moor should be more than reason: but if she be less than an honest woman, she is indeed more than I took her for.

Lor. How every fool can play upon the word! I think the best grace of wit will shortly turn into silence; and discourse grow commendable in none only but parrots.—Go in, sirrah; bid them prepare for dinner.

Laun. That is done, sir; they have all stomachs.

Lor. Goodly lord, what a wit-snapper are you! then, bid them prepare dinner.

Laun. That is done too, sir; it is the word.

Lor. Will you cover, then, sir?

Laun. Not so, sir, neither; I know.

Lor. Yet more quarrelling with you! Wilt thou show the whole wealth of an instant? I pray thee, understand a man in his plain meaning: go to thy bid them cover the table, serve in the and we will come in to dinner.

Laun. For the table, sir, it shall be in; for the meat, sir, it shall be covered; your coming in to dinner, sir, why, let humours and conceits shall govern.

Lor. O dear discretion, how his The fool hath planted in his memory An army of good words; and I do see A many fools, that stand in better Garnish'd like him, that for a trick, Defy the matter. How cheer'st thou? And now, good sweet, say thy opinion: How dost thou like the lord Bassanio?

Jes. Past all expressing. It is my The lord Bassanio lead an upright life For, having such a blessing in his love, He finds the joys of heaven here on earth And if on earth he do not mean it, In reason he should never come to it. Why, if two gods should play some match,

And on the wager lay two earthly wits, And Portia one, there must be some Pawn'd with the other; for the poor wretch Hath not her follow.

Lor. Even such a fool.

Hast thou of me, as she is for a while?

Jes. Nay, but ask my opinion, *Lor.*

Lor. I will anon: first, let us go to the stomach.

Jes. Nay, let me praise you, while I stomach.

Lor. No, pray thee, let it serve for food. Then, howsoever thou speak'st, I shall digest it.

Jes. Well, I'll set you forth.

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—Venice. A Court of law.

Enter the Duke: the Magnificence; Bassanio, Gratiano, Salario, and others.

Duke. What, is Antonio here?

Ant. Ready, so please your grace.

Duke. I am sorry for thee: thou art 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 pursue His rigorous course; but since he

durate,

And that no lawful means can carry

my reach, I do oppose
to his fury; and am arm'd
with a quietness of spirit,
ranny and rage of his.
one, and call the Jew into the

's ready at the door: he comes,
ord.

Enter Shylock.
ake room, and let him stand before
ace.

o world thinks, and I think so too,
ut lead'st this fashion of thy malice
hour of act; and then, 'tis thought,
ow thy mercy and remorse, more
ago

' strange apparent cruelty;
thou now exact'st the penalty,
a pound of this poor merchant's

not only loose the forfeiture,
'd with human gentleness and love,
nolety of the principal;

an eye of pity on his losses,
of late so huddled on his back,
rom a royal merchant down,
commiseration of his state

ty bowens and rough hearts of flint,
born Turks and Tartars, never train'd
of tender courtesy.

ect a gentle answer, Jew.
ava possess'd your grace of what I
pose;

ur holy Sabbath have I sworn
is due and forfeit of my bond;
y it, let the danger light

r charter and your city's freedom.
me, why I rather choose to have
of carrion flesh, than to receive
ound ducats: I'll not answer that;

is my humour: is it answer'd?
y house be troubled with a rat,
pleas'd to give ten thousand ducats
t baned? What, are you answer'd

there are, love not a gaping pig;
t are mad if they behold a cat;
s, when the bagpipe sings i' the nose,
tain their urine: for affection,
passion, sways it to the mood
t likes or loathes. Now, for your
wer:

s no firm reason to be render'd,
annot abide a gaping pig;
a harmless necessary cat;
a swollen bagpipe,—but of force

d to such inevitable shame
nd, himself being offended;
ive no reason, nor I will not,
a lodg'd hate and a certain loathing

tonio, that I follow thus
nit against him. Are you answer'd?
his is no answer, thou unfeeling man,
the current of thy cruelty.

Shy. I am not bound to please thee with my
answer. [Love!]

Bass. Do all men kill the things they do not
Shy. Hates any man the thing he would not
kill?

Bass. Every offence is not a hate at first.
Shy. What, wouldst thou have a serpent
sting thee twice? [Jew:]

Ant. I pray you, think you question with the
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 fretted with the gusts of heaven;

You may as well do anything most hard,
As seek to soften that (than which what's
harder!)

His Jewish heart:—therefore, I do beseech you,
Make no more offers, use no farther means,
But, with all brief and plain conveyency,
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. [rendering none!]

Duke. How shalt thou hope for mercy,
Shy. What judgment shall I dread, doing
no wrong?

You have among you many a purchas'd slave,
Which, like your asses and your dogs and
mules,

You use in abject and in slavish parts,
Because you bought them:—shall I say to you,
Let them be free, marry them to your heirs?
Why sweat they under burdens? let their beds
Be made as soft as yours, and let their palates
Be season'd with such viands? You will
answer,

The slaves are ours:—so do I answer you:
The pound of flesh which I demand of him,
Is dearly bought, 'tis mine, and I will have it.
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
Unless Bellario, a learned doctor, [court,
Whom I have sent for to determine this,
Come here to-day.

Salar. My lord, here stays without
A messenger with letters from the doctor,
New come from Padua.

Duke. Bring us the letters; call the mes-
senger.

Bass. Good cheer, Antonio! What, man,
courage yet! [all]

The Jew shall have my flesh, blood, bones, and
Ere thou shalt lose for me one drop of blood.

Ant. I am a tainted wether of the flock,
Meetest for death: the weakest kind of fruit
Drops earliest to the ground; and so let me:

You cannot better be employ'd, Bassanio,
Than to live still, and write mine 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.

Bass. Why dost thou what thy knife so
earnestly? [snaps there.]

Shy. To cut the forfeiture from that bank-
Gra. Not on thy sole, but on thy soul, harsh
Jew.

Thou mak'st thy knife keen; but no metal can,
No, not the hangman's axe, bear half the
keenness [thee?]

Of thy sharp envy. Can no prayers pierce
Shy. No, none that thou hast wit enough to
make.

Gra. O, be thou damn'd, inexorable dog!
And for thy life let justice be accus'd.

Thou almost mak'st me waver in my faith,
To hold opinion with Pythagoras,
That souls of animals infuse themselves
Into the trunks of men: thy curst 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 unhallow'd dam,
Infus'd itself in thee; for thy desires
Are wolfish, bloody, starv'd, and ravenous.

Shy. 'Till thou canst rail the seal from off
my bond,

Thou hast offend'd at thy lungs to speak so loud:
Repair thy wit, good youth, or it will fall
To careless ruin.—I stand here for law. [mend]

Duke. This letter from Bellario doth com-
A young and learned doctor to our court.—
Where is he?

Ner. He attendeth here hard by,
To know your answer, whether you'll admit
him.

Duke. With all my heart.—Some three or
four of you

Go give him courteous conduct to this place.
Meantime, the court shall hear Bellario's letter.

[Clerk reads.] "Your grace shall under-
stand, 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 Balthazar.
I acquainted him with the cause in controversy
between the Jew and Antonio the merchant:
we turned o'er many books together: he is fur-
nished with my opinion; which, bettered with
his own learning, (the greatness whereof I can-
not enough commend) comes with him, at my
importunity, to fill up your grace's request in
my stead. I beseech you, let his lack of years
be no impediment to let him lack a reverend
estimation; for I never knew so young a body
with so old a head. I leave him to your gra-
cious acceptance, whose trial shall better pub-
lish his commendation."

Duke. You hear the learn'd Bellario, what
he writes:

And here, I take it, is the doctor come.

Enter Portia, dressed like a doctor.
Give me your hand. Came you
from Padua?

Por. I did, my lord.
Duke. You are welcome; take you
are acquainted with the doctor?

Por. I am inform'd through
cause.—

Which is the merchant here, and
Duke. Antonio and old Shylock.

Por. Is your name Shylock?
Shy. Shylock.

Por. Of a strange nature is the
Yet in such rule, that the Venetian
Cannot impugn you as you do pro-
[To Antonio.] You stand within the law.

Ant. Ay, so he says.
Por. Do you confess it?

Ant. I do.
Por. Then must the Jew be
Shy. On what compulsion must I?

Por. The quality of mercy is not
It droppeth as the gentle rain from
Upon the place beneath: it is twice
It blesseth him that gives, and him that
'Tis mightiest in the mightiest; it is the
The throned monarch better than he:
His sceptre shows the force of temp'rance;
The attribute to awe and majesty,
Wherein doth sit the dread and fear of
But mercy is above this sceptred sway;
It is enthroned in the hearts of kings;
It is an attribute to God himself;
And earthly power doth then show like
When mercy seasons justice. Therefore,
Though justice be thy plea, consider this,
That, in the course of justice, none of us
Should see salvation: we do pray for
And that same prayer doth teach us
render

The deeds of mercy. I have spoke
To mitigate the justice of thy plea;
Which if thou follow, this strict count
Must needs give sentence 'gainst the
there.

Shy. My deeds upon my head!
The penalty and forfeit of my bond.

Por. Is he not able to discharge the
Bass. Yes, here I tender it for him.

Por. Yes, here I tender it for him.
Por. Yes, here I tender it for him.

Por. Yes, here I tender it for him.
Por. Yes, here I tender it for him.

Por. Yes, here I tender it for him.
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Por. Yes, here I tender it for him.
Por. Yes, here I tender it for him.

Por. Yes, here I tender it for him.
Por. Yes, here I tender it for him.

Shy. A Daniel come to judgment! yea, a
Daniel!

Por. Young judge, how I do honour thee!
Shy. I pray you, let me look upon the bond.

Por. Here 'tis, most reverend doctor, here
[offer'd thee.]

Shy. Shylock, there's thrice thy money
[As oath, an oath, I have an oath in
I lay perjury upon my soul? [heaven:]

Por. Not for Venice.
Shy. Why, this bond is forfeit;
And lawfully by this the Jew may claim
A pound of flesh, to be by him cut off
Against the merchant's heart.—Be merciful:
Thrice thy money; bid me tear the bond.

Shy. When it is paid according to the tenour,
I will appear you are a worthy judge;
You know the law, your exposition [law,
I have been most sound: I charge you by the
oath of 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:
Shylock, 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
Which full relation to the penalty,
Which here appeareth due upon the bond.

Shy. 'Tis very true: O wise and upright
judge!

Por. How much more elder art thou than thy looks!
Shy. Therefore, lay bare your bosom.

Por. Ay, his breast;
Hearest his heart: those are the very words.
Per. It is so. Are there balances here to weigh
the flesh?

Shy. I have them ready.
Por. Have by some surgeon, Shylock, on
your charge,

To stop his wounds, lest he do bleed to death.
Shy. Is it so nominated in the bond?

Por. It is not so express'd; but what of that?
I were good you do so much for charity.

Shy. I cannot find it; 'tis not in the bond.
Por. Come, merchant, have you anything
to say?

Ant. But little: I am arm'd and well pre-
pared to pay the forfeit of my bond: I beseech
your grace that I may fall to this for you;

For herein Fortune shows herself more kind
Than in her custom: it is still her use
To view the wretched man out-live his wealth,
To age of poverty; from which lingering pen-
sion such a misery doth she cut me off. [ance
commend me to your honourable wife;
And bid her process of Antonio's and;
I pray how I lov'd you, speak me fair in death;
And when the tale is told, bid her be judge,
Whether Bassanio had not once a love.

Por. Therefore, prepare thee to cut off the
Shed thou no blood; nor cut thou less, nor
more,

But just a pound of flesh: if thou tak'st 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,—
Thou diest, and all thy goods are confiscate.

Gra. O Jew! an upright judge, a learned
judge!

Por. Therefore, prepare thee to cut off the
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But just a pound of flesh: if thou tak'st more,
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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,—
Thou diest, and all thy goods are confiscate.

Here will we sit, and let the sounds of music
Creep in our ears; soft stillness, and the night,
Become the touches of sweet harmony.

Sit, Jessica: look, how the floor of heaven
Is thick inlaid with patines of bright gold:
There's not the smallest orb which thou behold'st,

But in his motion like an angel sings,
Still quiring to the young-eyed cherubins:
Such harmony is in immortal souls;
But whilst this muddy vesture of decay
Doth grossly close it in, we cannot hear it.

Enter Musicians.

Come, ho! and wake Diana with a hymn:
With sweetest touches please your mistress' ear,
And draw her home with music. *[Music.]*

Jes. I am never merry when I hear sweet music.

Lor. The reason is, your spirits are attend-
For do but note a wild and wanton bird,
Or race of youthful and unhandled colts,
Fetching mad bounds, bellowing, and neigh-
ing loud,

Which is the hot condition of their blood;
If they but hear perchance a trumpet sound,
Or any air of music touch their ears,
You shall perceive them make a mutual stand,
Their savage eyes turn'd to a modest gaze,
By the sweet power of music: therefore the poet
Did feign that Orpheus drew trees, stones, and
floods;

Since nought so stockish, hard, and full of rage,
But music for the time doth change his nature.
The man that hath no music in himself,
Nor is not mov'd 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, at a distance.

Por. That light 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 shone, 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. *[Lark.]*

Por. The crow doth sing as sweetly as the lark
When neither is attended; and I think
The nightingale, if she should sing by day,
When every goose is cackling, would be thought
No better a musician than the wren.
How many things by season season'd are
To their right praise and true perfection!—
Peace, ho! the moon sleeps with Endymion,
And would not be awak'd! *[Music ceases.]*

Lor.

Or I am much deceiv'd, of Portia.

Por. He knows me, as the blind
By the bad voice.

Lor.

Dear lady, we have been praying for
bands' welfare,
Which speed, we hope, the better for us:
Are they return'd?

Lor.

Madam, they are
But there is come a messenger looking
To signify their coming.

Por.

Go in, Nerissa,
Give order to my servants that they
No note at all of our being absent take:
Nor you, Lorenzo;—Jessica, nor you.

Lor.

Your husband is at hand!
trumpet:

We are no tell-tales, madam; fear not.

Por. This night methinks is but a day,
It looks a little paler: 'tis a day, I think,
Such as the day is when the sun is hid.

Enter Bassanio, Antonio, Gratiano, and followers.

Bass. We should hold day with you,
podes,

If you would walk in absence of the light;

Por. Let me give light, but let me have
light;

For a light wife doth make a heavy man,
And never be Bassanio so for me.

But God sort all!—You are welcome.

Bass. I thank you, madam: give
to my friend;

This is the man, this is Antonio,
To whom I am so infinitely bound.

Por. You should in all senses
bound to him,

For, as I hear, he was much bound to
Ant. No more than I am well acquainted to.

Por. Sir, you are very welcome to my house.

It must appear in other ways than words:
Therefore I scant this breathing comfort.

Gra. *[To Nerissa.]* By yonder window
you do me wrong;

In faith, I gave it to the judge's clerk:
Would he were gelt that had it, for
Since you do take it, love, so much.

Por. A quarrel, ho, already! what
matter?

Gra. About a hoop of gold, a pattern
That she did give me; whose purport was,
For all the world like cutler's trade,
Upon a knife, "Love me, and leave me."

Ner. What talk you of the purport?

value!

You swore to me, when I did give it,
That you would wear it till your hour of death.

And that it should lie with you to your grave.

Though not for me, yet for your oaths,

You should have been respectively kept.

And begg'd the ring; the which I did deny him,
And suffer'd him to go displeas'd away;

Even he that had held up the very life
Of my dear friend. What should I say, sweet?

I was enforc'd to send it after him: *[Lady:]*
I was beset with shame and courtesy;

My honour would not let ingratitude
So much besmear it. Pardon me, good lady;

For, by these blessed candles of the night,
And you been there, I think you would have

begg'd
The ring of me to give the worthy doctor.

Por. Let not that doctor e'er come near my
house:

Since he hath got the jewel that I lov'd,
And that which you did swear to keep for me,

I will become as liberal as you;
I'll not deny him anything I have,

No, not my body, nor my husband's bed:
Know him I shall, I am well sure of it;

Lis not a night from home: watch me like
If you do not, if I be left alone, *[Argue:]*

Now by mine honour, which is yet mine own,
I'll have that doctor for my bed-fellow. *[Exit.]*

Ner. And I his clerk; therefore be well ad-
How you do leave me to mine own protection.

Gra. Well, do you so: let me not take him,
then;

For if I do, I'll mar the young clerk's pen.

Ant. I am th' unhappy subject of these
quarrels. *[Notwithstanding.]*

Por. Sir, grieve not you; you are welcome
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 I
In both my eyes he doubly sees himself;

In each eye, one;—swear by your double self,
And there's an oath of credit.

Bass. Nay, but hear me:
Pardon this fault, and by my soul I swear,
I never more will break an oath with thee.

Ant. I once did lend my body for his wealth;
Which, but for him that had your husband's
ring,

Had quite miscarried: I dare be bound again,
My soul upon the forfeit, that your lord
Will never more break faith advisedly.

Por. Then you shall be his surety. Give
him this,

And bid him keep it better than the other.

Ant. Here, lord Bassanio; swear to keep
this ring. *[Doctor.]*

Bass. By heaven! it is the same I gave the
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, when the ways are fair enough;
What, are we cuckolds, ere we have deserv'd it?

And I am much deceiv'd, of Portia.

Por. He knows me, as the blind
By the bad voice.

Dear lady, we have been praying for
bands' welfare,
Which speed, we hope, the better for us:
Are they return'd?

Madam, they are
But there is come a messenger looking
To signify their coming.

Go in, Nerissa,
Give order to my servants that they
No note at all of our being absent take:
Nor you, Lorenzo;—Jessica, nor you.

Your husband is at hand!
trumpet:

We are no tell-tales, madam; fear not.

Por. This night methinks is but a day,
It looks a little paler: 'tis a day, I think,
Such as the day is when the sun is hid.

Enter Bassanio, Antonio, Gratiano, and followers.

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 bed-fellow:

When I am absent, then, lie with my wife.

Ant. Sweet lady, you have given me
and living;

For here I read for certain that my ship
Are safely come to road.

Por. How now, Lorenzo?

My clerk hath some good comforts, too, for
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 possessed.

Lor. Fair ladies, you drop manna in the way
Of starv'd 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 inter-gate

And we will answer all things faithfully.

Gra. Let it be so: the first inter-gate
That my Nerissa shall be sworn on, is

Whether till the next night she had rather
Or go to bed now, being two hours to bed

But were the day come, I should wish
That I were couching with the doctor

Well, while I live, I'll fear no other than
So sore, as keeping safe Nerissa's ring.

AS YOU LIKE IT.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Duke, Senior, living in exile.
 Frederick, his Brother, usurper of his do-
 minions.
 Amiens, } Lords attending upon the banished
 Jacques, } Duke.
 Le Beau, a Courtier, attending upon Frederick.
 Charles, a Wrestler.
 Oliver, } Sons of Sir Rowland de Bois.
 Jacques, }
 Orlando, }
 Adam, }
 Dennis, } Servants to Oliver.

Touchstone, a Clown.
 Sir Oliver Mar-text, a Vicar.
 Corin, } Shepherds.
 Silvius, }
 William, a Country Fellow, in love with
 Audrey.
 A person representing Hymen,
 Rosalind, daughter to the banished Duke,
 Celia, daughter to Frederick.
 Phebe, a Shepherdess.
 Audrey, a Country Wench.
 Lords, Pages, Foresters, and Attendants.

SCENE.—First, near Oliver's House; afterwards, partly in the Usurper's Court, and partly in the Forest of Arden.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—An Orchard near Oliver's House.
 Enter Orlando and Adam.

Orl. As I remember, Adam, it was upon this fashion, — bequeathed me by will but poor a thousand crowns, and, as thou say'st, charged my brother, on his blessing, to breed me well: and there begins my sadness. My brother Jacques he keeps at school, and report speaks me rustically at home, or, to speak more properly, stays me here at home unkept; for all you 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 riders dearly hired; and to that end 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 not how to remedy it, though yet I know not how to remedy it.

Adam. Yonder comes my master, your brother. Go apart, Adam, and thou shalt hear how he will shake me up.

Orl. Now, sir! what make you here!

Orl. Nothing: I am not taught to make Orl. What mar you then, sir? [anything.]
 Orl. Marry, sir, I am helping you to mar that which God made, a poor unworthy brother of yours, with idleness.

Oli. Marry, sir, be better employed, and be nought 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?

Orl. O, sir, very well: here in your orchard.

Oli. Know you before whom, sir?

Orl. Ay, better than he 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! [young in this.]

Orl. Come, come, elder brother, you are too Orl. Wilt thou lay hands on me, villain?

Oli. I am no villain: I am the youngest son of Sir Rowland de Bois: 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 railled on thyself.

Adam. Sweet masters, be patient: for your father's remembrance, be at accord.

Oli. Let me go, I say.

Orl. 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, obscuring 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.

Old. And what wilt thou do? beg, when that is spent? Well, sir, get you in: I will not long be troubled with you; you shall have some part of your will: I pray you, leave me.

Old. I will no farther offend you than becomes me for my good.

Old. Get you with him, you old dog.

Adam. Is old dog my reward? Most true, I have lost my teeth in your service.—God be with my old master! he would not have spoke such a word. [*Exeunt Orlando and Adam.*]

Old. Is it even so? begin you to grow upon me? I will physic your rankness, and yet give no thousand crowns neither.—Holla, Dennis!

Enter Dennis.

Den. Calls your worship?

Old. 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.

Old. Call him in. [*Exit Dennis.*—] 'Twill be a good way; and to-morrow the wrestling is.

Enter Charles.

Cha. Good-morrow to your worship.

Old. 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.

Old. 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.

Old. 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 feed the time carelessly, as they did in the golden world.

Old. What, you wrestle to-morrow before the new duke?

Cha. Marry, do I, sir; and I came to acquaint you with a matter. I am given, sir, secretly to understand that your younger brother, Orlando, hath a disposition to come

in disguised against me to try a fall. Now, sir, I wrestle for my credit; and, if I escape me without some broken limb, I acquit him well. Your brother is tall and tender; and, for your love, I will do both to foil him, as I must, for my own; if he come in: therefore, out of respect to you, I came hither to acquaint you with that either you might stay him from his tournament, or brook such disgrace as shall run into; in that it is a thing to search, and altogether against my will.

Old. Charles, I thank thee for thy requite. I had myself notice of thy purpose herein, and have by much laboured to dissuade him from it, but he is resolute. I'll tell thee, Charles, I do not like the earnest young fellow of France; I do not like him, an envious emulator of every man's parts, a secret and villainous contriver, who will practise against thee by poison, shall thee till he hath taken thy life by indirect means or other; for, I saw him and almost with tears I speak it, he is one so young and so villainous this day I speak but brotherly of him; but I will anatomize him to thee as he is, I will and weep, and thou must look on wonder.

Cha. I am heartily glad I came to you; if he come to-morrow, I'll give payment: if ever he go alone against me, I'll wrestle for prize more; and so, good-morrow to your worship!

Old. Farewell, good Charles. Now will I cite this matter to the duke. I shall see an end of him; for yet I know not why, hates nothing so much as he; yet he's gentle; never schoolboy, learned; full of noble device; of all charmingly beloved; and, indeed, of all the heart of the world, and especially of his own people, who best know him, and altogether misprised; but it shall not long; this wrestler shall clear all; and now I'll go about.

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SCENE II.—A Lawn before the Duke's Palace.

Enter Rosalind and Celia.

Cel. I pray thee, Rosalind, sweet, be merry.

Ros. Dear Celia, I show more mirth than I am mistress of; and would you yet merrier? Unless you could teach me to be a banished father, you must not learn to remember any extraordinary pleasure

Old. Herein, I see, thou lovest me not with the full weight that I love thee. If my uncle, my banished father, had banished thy uncle, with me, I could have taught my love to take both of thy love to me were so righteously tempered as mine is to thee.

Ros. Well, I will forget the condition of my state, to rejoice in yours.

Old. You know my father hath no child but I, nor none is like to have; and, truly, when I die, thou shalt be his heir; for what he will render thee again in affection, by mine honour, I will; and when I break that oath, may my dear love, be merry.

Ros. From henceforth I will, coz, and devise reports. Let me see; what think you of falling in love?

Old. Marry, I prythee, do, to make sport withal; but love no man in good earnest; nor take him in sport neither, than with safety of pure blush thou mayst in honour come off again.

Ros. What shall be our sport, then?

Old. Let us sit and mock the good housewife Fortune from her wheel, that her gifts may henceforth be bestowed equally.

Ros. I would we could do so; for her beheading woman doth most mistake in her gifts to women.

Old. 'Tis true; for those that she makes rich she makes honest; and those that she makes honest, she makes very ill-humouredly.

Ros. Nay, now thou goest from Fortune's gift to Nature's: Fortune reigns in gifts of the world, not in the increments of Nature.

Old. Not when Nature hath made a fair creature may she not by Fortune fall into the net?—*Enter Touchstone.* Though Nature give us wit to float at Fortune, hath not Fortune sent in this fool to cut off the argument?

Ros. Indeed, there is Fortune too hard for Nature, when Fortune makes Nature's natural gifts the cause off of Nature's wit.

Old. Peradventure this is not Fortune's work neither, but Nature's; who, perceiving our natural wits too dull to reason of such god-like things, hath sent this natural fool to our whetstone, to take away the dulleth of the wits.—How now, wit! whither wander you?

Touch. Mistress, you must come away to your father.

Cel. Were you made the messenger?

Touch. No, by mine honour; but I was bid to come for you.

Ros. Where learned you that oath, fool?

Touch. Of a certain knight, that swore by

his honour they were good pancakes, and swore by his honour the mustard was naught: now, I'll stand to it, the pancakes were naught, and the mustard was good; and yet was not the knight forsworn.

Cel. How prove you that, in the great heap of your knowledge?

Ros. Ay, marry, now unuzzle your wisdom.

Touch. Stand you both forth now: stroke your chins, and swear by your beards that I am a knave.

Cel. By your beards, if we had them, thou Touch. By my knavery, if I had it, then I were; but if you swear by that that is not, you are not forsworn: no more was this knight, swearing by his honour, for he never had any; or if he had, he had sworn it away before ever he saw those pancakes or that mustard.

Cel. Prythee, 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: speak no more of him; you'll be whipped for taxation one of these days.

Touch. The more pity, that fools may not speak wisely, what wise men do foolishly.

Cel. By my troth, thou sayest true; for since the little wit that fools have was silenced, the little foolery that wise men have makes a great show.—Here comes Monsieur Le Beau.

Enter Le Beau.

Ros. With his mouth full of news.

Cel. Which he will put on us, as pigeons feed their young.

Ros. Then we shall be news-cramm'd.

Cel. All the better; we shall be more marketable. *Bon jour, Monsieur Le Beau:* what's the news?

Le Beau. Fair princess, you have lost much good sport.

Cel. Sport! Of what colour?

Le Beau. What colour, madam? How shall I answer you?

Ros. As wit and fortune will.

Touch. Or as the destinies decree.

Cel. Well said: that was laid on with a trowel.

Touch. Nay, if I keep not my rank,—

Ros. Thou lovest 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 Celia. I could match this beginning with an old tale.

Le Beau. Three proper young men, of excellent growth and presence;—

Ros. With bills on their necks,—"Be it known unto all men by these presents."

Le Beau. The eldest of the three wrestled with Charles, the duke's wrestler; which Charles in a moment threw him, and broke three of his ribs, that there is little hope of life in him: so he served the second, and so the third. Yonder they lie; the poor old man, their father, making such pitiful dole over them, that all the beholders take his part with weeping.

Ros. Alas!

Touch. But what is the sport, monsieur, that the ladies have lost?

Le Beau. Why, this that I speak of.

Touch. Thus men may grow wiser every day! It is the first time that ever I heard breaking of ribs was sport for ladies.

Cel. Or I, I promise thee.

Ros. But is there any else longs to see this broken music in his sides? Is there yet another dotes upon rib-breaking?—Shall we see this wrestling, cousin?

Le Beau. You must, if you stay here; for here is the place appointed for the wrestling, and they are ready to perform it.

Cel. Yonder, sure, they are coming; let us now stay and see it.

Flourish. Enter Duke Frederick, Lords,

Orlando, Charles, and Attendants.

Duke F. Come on: since the youth will not be entreated, his own peril on his forwardness.

Ros. Is yonder the man?

Le Beau. Even he, madam.

Cel. Alas, he is too young! yet he looks successfully.

Duke F. How now, daughter, and cousin? are ye crept hither to see the wrestling?

Ros. Ay, my liege, so please you give us leave.

Duke F. You will take little delight in it, I can tell you, there is such odds in the men: in pity of the challenger's youth, I would fain dissuade him, but he will not be entreated. Speak to him, ladies; see if you can move him.

Cel. Call him hither, good Monsieur Le Beau.

Duke F. Do so: I'll not be by.

[Duke goes apart.]

Le Beau. Monsieur the challenger, the princesses call for you.

Orl. I attend them with all respect and duty.

Ros. Young man, have you challenged Charles the wrestler?

Orl. No, fair princess; he is the general challenger: I come but in, as others do, to try with him the strength of my youth.

Cel. Young gentleman, your spirits are too bold for your years. You have seen cruel proof of this man's strength: if you saw yourself with your eyes, or knew yourself with your judgment, the fear of your adventure would counsel you to a more equal enterprise. We pray you, for your own sake, to embrace your own safety, and give over this attempt.

Ros. Do, young sir; your reputation shall

not therefore be misprised; we will not suit to the duke that the wrestler be not so forward.

Orl. I beseech you, punish me for your hard thoughts; wherein I am much guilty, to deny so fair and gentle ladies anything. But let your gentle wishes go with me to my trial, if I be foiled, there is but one charm that never gracious; if killed, but one death is willing to be so: I shall do my no wrong, for I have none to lament; world no injury, for in it I have nothing in the world I fill up a place, which is better supplied when I have made it.

Ros. The little strength that I have, it were with you.

Orl. And mine, to eke out hers.

Ros. Fare you well: pray heaven deceived in you!

Cel. Your heart's desires be with you.

Cha. Come, where is this young man? is so desirous to lie with his mother's milk?

Orl. Ready, sir; but his will will make more modest working.

Duke F. You shall try but one fall.

Cha. No, I warrant your grace, I will not entreat him to a second, that mightily persuaded him from a first.

Orl. You mean to mock me, should not have mocked me before!

Ros. Now Hercules be thy speed.

Cel. I would I were invisible, to catch strong fellow by the leg.

[Charles and Orlando.]

Ros. O excellent young man!

Cel. If I had a thunderbolt in my hand, I could tell who should down.

[Charles is thrown.]

Duke F. No more, no more.

Orl. Yes, I beseech your grace: I yet well breathed.

Duke F. How dost thou, Charles?

Le Beau. He cannot speak, my lord.

Duke F. Bear him away.

[Charles is borne off.]

What is thy name, young man?

Orl. Orlando, my liege; the youngest of Sir Rowland de Bois.

Duke F. I would thou hadst known some man else:

The world esteem'd thy father honour'd; But I did find him still mine enemy:

Thou shouldst have better pleas'd me to Hadst thou descended from another house:

But fare thee well; thou art a gallant.

I would thou hadst told me of another name.

[Exeunt Duke Fred., train, and Ros.]

Cel. Were I my father, coz, would I were his!

Orl. I am more proud to be Sir Rowland's son;—and would not change To be adopted heir to Frederick.

Ros. My father lov'd Sir Rowland as his soul, and all the world was of my father's mind: I should have given him tears unto entreaties, but he should thus have ventur'd.

Cel. Let us go thank him and encourage him: my father's rough and envious disposition sticks me at heart.—Sir, you have well done keep your promises in love [serv'd] justly, as you have exceeded all promises, your mistress shall be happy.

Ros. [Giving him a chain from her neck.] Wear this for me, one out of suits with fortune, that would give more, but that her hand lacks what we go, coz?

Orl. Ay. Fare you well, fair gentleman.

Cel. Can I not say, I thank you? My better parts

are all thrown down; and that which here is but a quaint, a more lifeless block.

Ros. He calls us back: my pride fell with my fortunes; [sir]—

ask him what he would.—Did you call, you have wrestled well, and overthrown more than your enemies.

Cel. Have with you.—Fare you well.

Orl. What passion hangs these weights upon my tongue?

I cannot speak to her, yet she urg'd conference.

Dear 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 deserv'd high commendation, true applause, and love,

yet such is now the duke's condition, that he misconstrues all that you have done.

The duke is humours: what he is, indeed, I shall advise you to conceive, than I to speak of.

Orl. I thank you, sir: and, pray you, tell me this,—

Which of the two was daughter of the duke, that here was at the wrestling?

Le Beau. Neither his daughter if we judge by manners;

but yet, indeed, the smaller is his daughter: and here is detain'd by her usurping uncle,

to keep his daughter company; whose loves I can tell you, that of late this duke

is on displeasure 'gainst his gentle niece, and 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 do beseech your grace, Let me the knowledge of my fault bear with

It with myself I hold intelligence, [me:] 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,

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 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 lamed with reasons, and the other mad without any.

Cel. But is all this for your father?

Ros. No, some of it for my father's child. O, how full of bribes is this working-day world!

Cel. They are but burrs, cousin, thrown upon thee in holiday foolery: if we walk not in the trodden paths, our very petticoats will catch them.

Ros. I could shake them off my coat: these burrs are in my heart.

Cel. Lend them away.

Ros. I would try, if I could cry hem, and have him.

Cel. Come, come, wrestle with thy affections.

Ros. O, they take the part of a better wrestler than myself!

Cel. O, a good wish upon you! you will try 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 lov'd his father

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.

Enter Duke Frederick, with Lords.

Cel. With his eyes full of anger.

Duke F. Mistress, despatch you with your And get you from our court. [sestest basto, Me, uncle!]

Ros. You, cousin:

Duke F. 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

It with myself I hold intelligence, [me:] 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
Did I offend your highness.

Duke F. Thus do all traitors:
If their purgation did consist in words,
They are as innocent as grace itself:—
Let it suffice thee, that I trust thee not.

Ros. Yet your mistrust cannot make me a traitor:

Tell me whereon the likelihood depends.

Duke F. Thou art thy father's daughter;
there's enough. [his dukedom;

Ros. So was I when your highness took
So was I when your highness banish'd him.

Treason is not inherited, my lord;
Or, if we did derive it from our friends,

What's that to me? my father was no traitor:
Then, good my liege, mistake me not so much,
To think my poverty is treacherous.

Cel. Dear sovereign, hear me speak.

Duke F. Ay, Celia; we stay'd her for your
sake,

Else had she with her father rang'd along.

Cel. I did not then entreat to have her stay;
It was your pleasure, and your own remorse:
I was too young that time to value her;
But now I know her: if she be a traitor,
Why so am I; we still have slept together,
Rose at an instant, learn'd, play'd, eat to-
gether;

And wheresoe'er we went, like Juno's swans,
Still we went coupl'd and inseparable.

Duke F. She is too subtle for thee; and her
smoothness,

Her very silence, and her patience,
Speak to the people, and they pity her.
Thou art a fool: she robs thee of thy name;
And thou wilt show more bright, and seem
more virtuous,

When she is gone. Then, open not thy lips;
Firm and irrevocable is my doom [ish'd.
Which I have pass'd upon her;—she is ban-

Cel. Pronounce that sentence, then, on me,
I cannot live out of her company. [my liege;

Duke F. You are a fool.—You, niece, pro-
vide yourself:

If you out-stay the time, upon mine honour,
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 griev'd than I.

Ros. I have more cause. [am.
Cel. Thou hast not, cousin;

Pr'ythee, be cheerful: know'st thou not, the
Hath banish'd me, his daughter? [duke

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 choice
To bear your griefs yourself, and leave me
For, by this heaven, now at our common
Say what thou canst, I'll go along with you.

Ros. Why, whither shall we go?
Cel. To such a place.

In the forest of Arden.

Ros. Alas, what danger will it be
Maids as we are, to travel forth so late?

Beauty provoketh thieves sooner than
Cel. I'll put myself in poor and mean

And with a kind of umber smirch my face
The like do you: so shall we pass unmolested
And never stir assassinations.

Ros. Were it not for
Because that I am more than common

That I did suit me all points like a man,
A gallant curial-axe upon my thigh,

A boar-spear in my hand; and (in my hand)
Lie there what hidden woman's fear the

We'll have a swashing and a martial air,
As many other mannish cowards have,

That do outface it with their semblance:
Cel. What shall I call thee when thou art

man?
Ros. I'll have no worse a name than
And therefore look you call me Ganymede.

But what will you be call'd?
Cel. Something that hath a reference

No longer Celia, but Aliena.
Ros. But, cousin, what if we away?

The clownish fool out of your father's
Would he not be a comfort to our travel?

Cel. He'll go along o'er the wide world
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 on us

After my flight. Now go we in cool
To liberty, and not to banishment.

ACT II.

SCENE I.—The Forest of Arden.

*Enter Duke Senior, Amiens, and others
in the dress of Foresters.*

Duke S. Now, my co-mates and bre-
thren,

Hath not old custom made this life more
Than that of painted pomp? Are not we

More free from peril than the envious
Here feel we but the penalty of Adam

The seasons' difference; as, the icy frown
And churlish chiding of the winter's plume,

Which, when it bites and blows upon us,
Even till I shrink with cold, I smile,

That is no flattery: these are counsels
That feelingly persuade me what I am.

Sweet are the uses of adversity
Which, like the toad, ugly and venomous,

yet a precious jewel in his head :
his our life, exempt from public haunt,
lingues in trees, books in the running
brook,
us in stones, and good in everything.
I would not change it. Happy is
your grace,
can translate the stubbornness of fortune
to quiet and as sweet a style.
He S. Come, shall we go and kill us
venison!

ret it ticks me, the poor dappled fools,
malice bingers of this desert city,
in their own confines, with forked heads
their round haunches god'd.

lord.
Indeed, my lord,
melancholy Jaques grieves at that ;
in that kind, swears you do more usurp
doth your brother that hath banish'd you.
my lord of Amiens and myself
about behind him, as he lay along
= an oak, whose antique root peeps out
the brook that brawls along this wood :
to which place a poor sequester'd stag,
from the hunters' aim had ta'en a hurt,
came to languish ; and, indeed, my lord,
wretched animal heav'd forth such groans,
their discharge did stretch his leathern
coat
out to bursting ; and the big round tears
w'd one another down his innocent nose
down chase ; and thus the hairy fool,
marked on the melancholy Jaques,
led on the extremest verge of the swift
melting it with tears.

Lord S.
But what said Jaques !
do not moralize this spectacle !
Lord. O, yes, into a thousand similes.
t, for he weeping into the needless stream ;
"O dear," quoth he, "thou makest a
lament
world disage do, giving thy sum of more
that which hath too much ;" then, being
there alone,
and abandon'd of his velvet friends ;
"is right," quoth he ; "thus misery doth
part

thus of company ;" anon, a careless herd,
of the pasture, jumps along by him,
never stays to greet him ; "Ay," quoth
Jaques,
weep on, you fat and greasy citizens ;
just the fashion : wherefore do you look
that poor and broken bankrupt there ?"
most invectively he pierceth through
body of the country, city, court,
and of this our life ; swearing that we
were usurpers, tyrants, and what's worse,
right the animals, and to kill them up,
their assign'd and native dwelling-place.
He S. And did you leave him in this con-
templation ?
Lord. We did, my lord, weeping and com-
ing the soling deer.

Duke S.

Show me the place ;

I love to cope him in these sullen fits,
For then he's full of matter.

2 Lord. I'll bring you to him straight.

[Exeunt.]

SCENE II.—A Room in the Palace.

Enter Duke Frederick, Lords, and Attendants.

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.

1 Lord. I cannot hear of any that did see
The ladies, her attendants of her chamber,
Saw her a-bed ; and, in the morning early,
They found the bed untreasur'd of their
mistress.

2 Lord. My lord, the roynish clown, at whom
Your grace was wont to laugh, is also missing.
Hesperia, 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.

Duke F. Send to his brother ; fetch that gal-
lant hither :

If he be absent, bring his brother to me ;
I'll make him find him ; do this suddenly ;
And let not search and inquisition quail
To bring again these foolish runaways.

[Exeunt.]

SCENE III.—Oliver's House.

Enter Orlando and Adam, meeting.

Orl. Who's there ? [gentle master !]

Adam. What, my young master !—O my
O my sweet master ! O you memory [here ?]
Of old Sir Rowland ! why, what make you
Why are you virtuous ? Why do people love
you ?

And wherefore are you gentle, strong, and
Why would you be so fond to overcome
The bony prisoner 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 used 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.

Orl. Why, whither, Adam, wouldst thou have me go? [Here.]

Adam. No matter whither, so you come not!
Orl. What! wouldst thou have me go and beg my food?

Or with a base and boisterous sword enforce
A thierish living on the common road?
This I must do, or know not what to do:
Yet this I will not do, do how I can;
I rather will subject me to the malice
Of a diverted blood, and bloody brother.

Adam. But do not so. I have five hundred crowns,

The thrifty hire I sav'd under your father,
Which I did store, to be my foster-nurse
When service should in my old limbs lie lame,
And unregarded age in corners thrown:
Take that; and He that doth the ravens feed,
Yea, providently caters for the sparrow,
Be comfort to my age! Here is the gold;
All this I give you. Let me be your servant:
Though I look old, yet I am strong and lusty;
For in my youth I never did apply
Hot and rebellious liquors in my blood;
Nor did not with unbashful forehead woo
The means of weakness and debility;
Therefore my age is as a lusty winter,
Frosty, but kindly: let me go with you;
I'll do the service of a younger man
In all your business and necessities. [appears]

Orl. O good old man, how well in thee
The constant service of the antique world,
When service sweat for duty, not for meed!
Thou art not for the fashion of these times,
Where none will sweat but for promotion;
And having that, do choke their service up
Even with the having: it is not so with thee.
But, poor old man, thou prun'st a rotten tree,
That cannot so much as a blossom yield,
In lieu of all thy pains and husbandry:
But come thy ways; we'll go along together;
And ere we have thy youthful wages spent,
We'll light upon some settled low content.

Adam. Master, go on, and I will follow thee,
To the last gasp, with truth and loyalty.—
From seventeen years, till now almost four-
score,

Here lived I, but now live here no more.
At seventeen years many their fortunes seek;
But at fourscore it is too late a week:
Yet fortune cannot recompense me better,
Than to die well, and not my master's debtor. [Exeunt.]

SCENE IV.—The Forest of Arden.

Enter Rosalind dressed like a boy, Celia like a shepherdess, and Touchstone.

Ros. O Jupiter! how weary are my spirits!
Touch. I care not for my spirits, if my legs
were not weary.

Ros. I could find in my heart to disgrace

my man's apparel, and to cry like a woman
for gold will give us any food: [man,
but almost to death.
Touch. Holla, you clown!
Ros. Peace, fool: he's not thy kinsman.
Cor. Who calls?

Touch. Your betters, sir.
Cor. Alas are they very wretched.
Ros. Good even to you, friend.
Cor. And to you, gentle sir, and to you all.
Ros. I pray thee, shepherd, if that love or gold
Can in this desert place buy entertainment,
Bring us where we may rest ourselves and feed:
Here a young maid with travel much oppress'd,
And faints for succour.

Fair air, 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 churchly disposition,
And little reckes to find the way to heaven
By doing deeds of hospitality:
Besides, his cote, his flock, and bounds of feed,
By reason of his absence, there is nothing
That you will feed on; but what is, come see,
And in my voice most welcome shall you be.
Ros. What is he that shall buy his flock and
pasture?

Cor. That young swain that you saw here
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.
Cor. And we will mend thy wages: I like
this place,
And willingly could waste my time in it.
Cor. Assuredly, the thing is to be sold:
Go with me: if you like, upon report,
I will your very faithful feeder be,
And buy it with your gold right suddenly. [Exeunt.]

SCENE V.—Another part of the Forest.
Enter Amiens, Jaques, and others.

Ami. Under the greenwood tree
Who loves to lie with me,
And turn his merry note
Unto the sweet bird's throat.
Come hither, come hither, come hither:
Here shall he see
No enemy,
But winter and rough weather.

Ami. Dear master, I can go no farther:
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 uncounted forest
yield anything savage I will either be food for
it, or bring it for food to thee. Thy conceit is

Ami. What's that "duedame"?
Jaques. 'Tis a Greek invocation, to call fools
into a circle. I'll go sleep, if I can; if I can-
not, I'll rail against all the first-born of Egypt.
Ami. And I'll go seek the duke: his ban-
quet is prepared. [Exeunt severally.]

SCENE VI.—Another part of the Forest.
Enter Orlando and Adam.

Adam. Dear master, I can go no farther:
O, I die for food! Here lie I down,
and measure out my grave. Farewell, kind master.
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Ami. And I'll go seek the duke: his ban-
quet is prepared. [Exeunt severally.]

Ami. My voice is ragged: I know I cannot please you.
Jaques. I do not desire you to please me; I do desire you to sing. Come, more; another stanza: call you them stanzas?

Ami. What you will, monsieur Jaques.
Jaques. Nay, I care not for their names; they owe me nothing. Will you sing? [sings.]
Ami. More at your request, than to please
Jaques. 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.
Jaques. And I have been all this day to avoid
him. He is too disputable for my company:
I think of as many matters as he; but I give
heaven thanks, and make no boast of them.
Come, warble, come.

SCENE 5, 6.

Ami. My voice is ragged: I know I cannot please you.
Jaques. I do not desire you to please me; I do desire you to sing. Come, more; another stanza: call you them stanzas?

Ami. What you will, monsieur Jaques.
Jaques. Nay, I care not for their names; they owe me nothing. Will you sing? [sings.]
Ami. More at your request, than to please
Jaques. 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.
Jaques. And I have been all this day to avoid
him. He is too disputable for my company:
I think of as many matters as he; but I give
heaven thanks, and make no boast of them.
Come, warble, come.

SCENE 5, 6.

Ami. My voice is ragged: I know I cannot please you.
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Come, warble, come.

nearer death than thy powers. For my sake be comfortable: hold death awhile at the arm's end: I will here be with thee presently; and if I bring thee not something to eat, I will give thee leave to die; but if thou diest before I come, thou art a mocker of my labour. Well said! thou lookest cheerily; and I'll be with thee quickly.—Yet thou liest in the bleak air: come, I will bear thee to some shelter; and thou shalt not die for lack of a dinner, if there live anything in this desert. Cheerily, good Adam.

SCENE VII.—The Forest.

A Table set out. Enter Duke Senior, Amiens, Lords, and others.

Duke S. I think he be transform'd into a For I can nowhere find him like a man. [Heast; 1 Lord. My lord, he is but even now gone hence:

Here was he merry, hearing of a song. [cal, Duke S. If he, compact of jays, grow must-We shall have shortly discord in the spheres. Go, seek him: tell him I would speak with him.

1 Lord. He saves my labour by his own approach.

Enter Jaques.

Duke S. Why, how now, monsieur! what a life is this, [pany? That your poor friends must woo your com-What, you look merrily! [forest, Jaq. A fool, a fool!—I met a fool i' the A motley fool;—a miserable world!—As I do live by food, I met a fool;

Who laid him down and bask'd him in the sun, And rail'd on lady Fortune in good terms, In good set terms,—and yet a motley fool. "Good-morrow, fool," quoth I, "No, sir," quoth he, [fortune, "Call me not fool, till heaven hath sent me

And then he drew a dial from his poke, And, looking on it with lack-lustre eye, Says very wisely, "It is ten o'clock:— [wags: Thus may we see," quoth he, "how the world 'Tis but an hour ago since it was nine;

And after one hour more 'twill be eleven; And so, from hour to hour, we ripe and ripe, And then, from hour to hour, we rot and rot: And thereby hangs a tale." When I did hear The motley fool thus moral on the time, My lungs began to crow like chanticleer, That fools should be so deep-contemplative; And I did laugh, sans intermission, An hour by his dial.—O noble fool!

A worthy fool!—Mottey's the only wear. Duke S. What fool is this? [a courtier, Jaq. O worthy fool!—One that hath been And says, if ladies be but young and fair, They have the gift to know it: and in his brain,—

Which is as dry as the remainder blasquit After a voyage,—he hath strange places cramm'd

With observation, the which he ream'd In mangled forms.—O that I were a I am ambitious for a motley coat.

Duke S. Thou shalt have one. Jaq. It is my wish.

Provided, that you weed your better judgement Of all opinion that grows rank in the head: That I am wise. I must have liberty Withal, as large a charter as the wind, To blow on whom I please; for an ass will And they that are most gall'd with misery, They must must laugh. And why, they so?

The why is plain as way to parish church: He, that a fool doth very wisely hit, Doth very foolishly, although he smite, Not to seem senseless of the blow: 'Tis so. The wise man's folly is anatom'd Even by the squand'ring glances of the world. Invest me in my motley; give me leave To speak my mind, and I will through

Cleanse the foul body of th' infected world, If they will patiently receive my medicine. Duke S. Piss on thee! I can tell what you wouldst do.

Jaq. What, for a counter, would I do, Duke S. Most mischievous and unkind, ing sin:

For thou thyself hast been a libertine, As sensual as the brutish sting itself; And all the embossed sores, and bloody blains, That thou with license of free foot hast made, Wouldst thou discharge into the general world?

Jaq. Why, who cries out on pride, That can therein tax any private party? Doth it not flow as hugely as the sea, Till that the weary means do choke it? What woman in the city do I name, When that I say the city-woman bears The cost of princes on unworthy shoulders? Who can come in, and say that I mean him, Or what is he of basest function, That says his bravery is not on my cost? [Thinking that I mean him, but then] His folly to the mettle of my speech! There then; how then? what then? I see wherein

My tongue hath wrong'd him: if it do him wrong, Then he hath wrong'd himself; if he be wrong, Why then, my taxing like a wild goose, Unclaim'd of any man.—But who comes here?

Enter Orlando, with his sword drawn. Ori. Forbear, and eat no more.

Jaq. Why, I have eat none. Ori. Nor shalt not, till necessity be served.

Jaq. Of what kind should this cook come?

Duke S. Art thou thus bolden'd, man, thy distress,

Or else a rude despiser of good manners? That in civility thou seem'st so empty?

Ori. You touch'd my vein at that thorny point.

Of some distress hath taken from me the show Of smooth civility; yet am I inland bred, And know some nurture. But forbear, I say: He dies, that touches any of this fruit, Till I and my affairs are answered.

Jaq. An you will not be answered with I must die.

Duke S. What would you have? Your gentleness shall force.

More than your force move us to gentleness. Ori. I almost die for food; and let me have

It. Duke S. Sit down and feed, and welcome. Speak you so gently? Pardon me, I pray you:

I thought that all things had been savage here; And therefore put I on the countenance Of stern commandment. But what'er you are, Under the shade of melancholy boughs, Low 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 wip'd a tear,

And know what 'tis to pity, and be pitied, Let gentleness my strong enforcement be:

In the which hope, I blush, and hide my sword. Duke S. True is it that we have seen better

days: And have with holy bell been knoll'd to church;

And sat at good men's feasts; and wip'd our eyes

Of drops that sacred pity hath 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. Ori. Then, but forbear your food a little

while, While, like a doe, I go to find my fawn, And give it food. There is an old poor man,

Who after me hath many a weary step, Limp'd in pure love: till he be first suffic'd,—

Oppress'd with two weak evils, age and hunger,—I will not touch a bit. [Ger, Duke S. Go find him out,

And we will nothing waste till you return. Ori. I thank ye; and be bless'd for your

good comfort! [Exit. Duke S. Thou seest, we are not all alone

This wide and universal theatre [unhappy: Presents more woful pageants, than the scene

Wherein we play in. Jaq. And all the men and women merely players:

They have their exits and their entrances; And one man in his time plays many parts,

His acts being seven ages. At first the infant, Mewling and puking in the nurse's arms.

And then the whining school-boy, with his satchel,

And shining morning face, creeping like snail Unwillingly to school.—And then the lover,

Sighing like furnace, with a woeful ballad

Made to his mistress' eye-brow. Then a soldier, [pard, Full of strange oaths, and bearded like the Jewess 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 lard,

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 sav'd, a world too wide

For his shrunk shank; and his big manly voice, Turning again toward childish treble, pipes

And whistles in his sound. Last scene of all, That ends this strange eventful history,

Is second childishness, and mere oblivion,—Sane teeth, sans eyes, sans taste, sans every-

thing. Re-enter Orlando, with Adam. Duke S. Welcome. Set down your vener-

And let him feed. [able burden, Ori. 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,

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. [holly: Heigh, ho! sing, heigh, ho! unto the green

Most friendship is feigning, most loving mere

Then, heigh, ho! the holly! [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 Row-

land's son,— As you have whisper'd faithfully you were,

And as mine eye doth his enfling witness, Most truly lian'd and living in your face,—

Be truly welcome hither: I am the duke, That lov'd 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, Oliver, Lords, and Attendants.

Duke F. Not seen him since? Sir, sir, that cannot be:

But were I not the better part made mercy, I should not seek an absent argument Of my revenge, thou present. But look to it: Find out thy brother, wheresoe'er he is; Seek him with candle; bring him, dead or living,

Within this twelvemonth, or turn thou no more To seek a living in our territory. [Thine, Thy lands, and all things that thou dost call Worth seizure, do we seize into our hands, 'Till thou canst quit thee by thy brother's mouth Of what we think against thee. [this]

OK. O that your highness knew my heart in I never lov'd 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 expediently, and turn him going.

[Exit.

SCENE II.—The Forest.

Enter Orlando, with a paper.

Orl. Hang there, my verses, in witness of my love: [survey

And thou, thrice crowned queen of night, With thy chaste eye, from thy pale sphere above, [sway,

Thy huntress' name, that my full life doth O Rosalind! these trees shall be my books, And in their barks my thoughts I'll character;

That every eye, which in this forest looks, Shall see thy virtue witness'd everywhere. Run, run, Orlando; carve on every tree The fair, the chaste, and unexpressive she.

[Exit.

Enter Corin and Touchstone.

Cor. And how like you this shepherd's life, master Touchstone?

Touch. Truly, shepherd, in respect of itself, it is a good life; but in respect that it is a shepherd's life, it is naught. In respect that it is solitary, I like it very well; but in respect that it is private, it is a very vile life. Now, in respect it is in the fields, it pleaseth me well; but in respect it is not in the court, it is tedious. As it is a spare life, look you, it fits my humour well; but as there is no more plenty in it, it goes much against my stomach. Hast any philosophy in thee, shepherd?

Cor. No more but that I know, the more one sickens, the worse at ease he is; and that he that wants money, means, and content, is without three good friends; that the property of rain is to wet, and fire to burn; that good pasture makes fat sheep; and that a great

cause of the night is lack of the day; that hath learned no wit by nature, may complain of good breeding, in some very dull kindred.

Touch. Such a one is a natural philosopher: Wast ever in court, shepherd?

Cor. No, truly.

Touch. Then thou art damned.

Cor. Nay, I hope,—

Touch. Truly, thou art damned; 'twixt an ill-roasted egg, all on one side.

Cor. For not being at court?

Touch. Why, if thou never wast at court, thou never sawest good manners; if thou never sawest good manners, then thy manners must be wicked; and wickedness is sin, sin is damnation. Thou art in a pious house.

Touch. Instance, briefly; come, instance.

Cor. Not a whit, Touchstone: These are good manners at the court, as when two

lous in the country, as the behaviour of a country is most muckable at the court, but I told me you salute not at the court, but you kiss your hands; that courtesy would be clearly, if courtiers were shepherds.

Touch. Instance, briefly; come, instance.

Cor. Why, we are still handling our own

and their falls, you know, are greasy.

Touch. Why, do not your courtiers sweat? and is not the grease of a man's

wholesome as the sweat of a man? Shall I shallow. A better instance, I say; come.

Cor. Besides, our hands are hard.

Touch. Your lips will feel them thus soon.

Shallow again. A more sounder instance

comes.

Cor. And they are often tarred over with

surgery of our sheep; and would you have

kiss tar? The courtier's hands are perfumed with civet.

Touch. Most shallow man! Thou wouldest

meat, in respect of a good piece of flesh, but

—Learn of the wise, and perpend: allow me

a baser birth than tar,—the very uncleanly

of a cat. Mend the instance, shepherd.

Cor. You have too courtly a wit for me.

I'll rest.

Touch. Wilt thou rest damned? God's

thee, shallow man! God make inches

thee! thou art raw.

Cor. Sir, I am a true labourer: I earn

I eat, get that I wear; owe no man

envy no man's happiness; glad of other men's

good, content with my harm; and the good

of my pride is, to see my ewes graze, and

lambs suck.

Touch. That is another simple sin in you

to bring the ewes and the lambs together,

to offer to get your living by the copulation

cattle; to be bawd to a boll-wether; and

betray a she-lamb of a twelvemonth, and

crooked-pated, old, cuckoldly ram, out of

reasonable match. If thou be'st not done

for this, the devil himself will have no

body; I cannot see also how thou shouldst

Cor. Here comes young master Gaucolme, my new mistress's brother.

Enter Rosalind, reading a paper.

Ros. [Reads.]

"From the east to western Ind,
No jewel is like Rosalind.

Her worth being mounted on the wind,
Through all the world bears Rosalind.

All the pictures, fairest lin'd,
Are but black to Rosalind.

Let no face be kept in mind,
But the fair of Rosalind."

Touch. I'll rhyme you so, eight years together, dinner, and suppers, and sleeping hours excepted: it is the right butter-woman's rate to market.

Ros. Out, fool!

Touch. For a taste:—

"If a hart do lack a hind,
Let him seek out Rosalind.

If the cat will after kind,
So, be sure, will Rosalind.

Winter-garments must be lin'd,
So must slender Rosalind.

They that reap must sheaf and bind;
Then to cart with Rosalind.

Sweetest nut hath sourest rind,
Such a nut is Rosalind.

He that sweetest rose will find,
Must find love's prick, and Rosalind.

This is the very false gallop of verses: why do you infect yourself with them?

Ros. Peace, you dull fool! I found them

Touch. Truly, the tree yields bad fruit.

Ros. I'll graft it with you, and then I shall

graft it with a medlar: then it will be the

earliest fruit in the country; for you'll be

rotten ere you be half ripe, and that's the right

virtue of the medlar.

Touch. You have said; but whether wisely or no, let the forest judge.

Enter Celia, reading a paper.

Ros. Peace!

Here comes my sister, reading: stand aside.

Or. [Reads.]

"Why should this desert be
For it is unpeopled? No;

Tongues I'll hang on every tree,
That shall civil sayings show;

Some, how brief the life of man
Runs his erring pilgrimage;

That the stretching of a span
Buckles in his sum of age;

Some, of violated vows
'Twixt the souls of friend and friend;

But upon the fairest boughs,
Or at every sentence end,

Will I Rosalinda write:
Teaching all that read to know
The necessaries of every spirit
Heaven would in little show."

Therefore heaven Nature charg'd
That one body should be fill'd

With all graces wide enlarg'd;
Nature presently distill'd

Helen's cheek, but not her heart;
Cleopatra's majesty;

Atalanta's better part;
Sad Lucretia's modesty.

Thus Rosalind of many parts
By heavenly synd was devis'd;

Of many faces, eyes, and hearts,
To have the touches dearest priz'd.

Heaven would that she these gifts should
And I to live and die her slave. [have,

Ros. O most gentle Jupiter!—what tedious

homily of love have you wearied your parish-

ioners withal, and never cried, "Have patience,

good people!"

Cel. How now! back, friends:—shepherd,

go off a little:—go with him, sirrah.

Touch. Come, shepherd, let us make an

honourable retreat; though not with bag and

baggage, yet with scrip and scrippage.

[Exeunt Corin and Touchstone.

Cel. Didst thou hear these verses?

Ros. O, yes, I heard them all, and more

too; for some of them had in them more feet

than the verses would bear.

Cel. That's no matter: the feet might bear

the verses.

Ros. Ay, but the feet were lame, and could

not bear themselves without the verse, and

therefore stood lamely in the verse.

Cel. But didst thou hear without wondering,

how thy name should be hang'd and carved

upon these trees?

Ros. I was seven of the nine days out of

the wonder, before you came; for look here

what I found on a palm-tree:—I was never so

be-rhymed since Pythagoras' time, that I was

an Irish rat, which I can hardly remember.

Cel. Trow you who hath done this?

Ros. Is it a man?

Cel. And a chain, that you once wore, about

his neck. Change you colour!

Ros. I prythee, who?

Cel. O lord, lord! it is a hard matter for

friends to meet; but mountains may be re-

moved with earthquakes, and so encounter.

Ros. Nay, but who is it?

Cel. Is it possible?

Ros. Nay, I prythee now, with most peti-

tionary vehemence, tell me who it is!

Cel. O wonderful, wonderful, and most

wonderful wonderful! and yet again wonder-

ful, and after that, out of all whooping.

Ros. Good my complexion! dost thou think,

though I am caparison'd like a man, I have a

doublet and hose in my disposition? One inch

of delay more is a South-sea of discovery; I

prythee, 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 narrow-

mouth'd bottle,—either too much at once, or none at all. I pray thee, take the cork out of thy month, that I may drink thy tidings.

Cel. So you may put a man in your belly.
Ros. Is he of God's making? What manner of man? Is his head worth a hat, or his chin worth a beard?

Cel. Nay, he hath but a little beard.

Ros. Why, God will send more, if the man will be thankful: let me stay the growth of his beard, if thou delay me not the knowledge of his chin.

Cel. It is young Orlando, that tripped up the wrestler's heels and your heart, both, in an instant.

Ros. Nay, but the devil take mocking: speak sad brow, 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 Garagantua's mouth first: 'tis a word too great for any month of this age's size. To say ay and no to these particulars, is more than to answer in a catechism.

Ros. But doth he know that I am in this forest, and in man's apparel? Looks he as freshly as 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 relish 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 lay he, stretch'd along like a wounded knight.

Ros. Though it be pity to see such a sight, it will become the ground.

Cel. Cry holla to thy tongue, I pray thee; it curvets unseasonably. He was furnish'd like a hunter.

Ros. O, ominous! he comes to kill my heart.

Cel. I would sing my song 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. [Enter Orlando and Jacques.] Soft! comes he not here?

Ros. 'Tis he: sink by, and note him.

[Rosalind and Celia retire.]

Jag. 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 sake, I thank you too for your society.
Jag. God be wi' you, let's meet as we can.

Orl. I do desire we may be better acquainted.
Jag. I pray you, mar no more of my writing love-songs in their barks.

Orl. I pray you, mar no more of my with reading them ill-favourably.

Jag. Rosalind is your love's name?

Orl. Yes, just.

Jag. I do not like her name.

Orl. There was no thought of pleasure when she was christened.

Jag. What stature is she of?

Orl. Just as high as my heart.

Jag. You are full of pretty answers; you not been acquainted with good wives, and could'st them out of rings?

Orl. Not so; but I answer you right in cloth, from whence you have stolen questions.

Jag. You have a nimble wit: I think made of Atalanta's heels. Will you walk with me? and we two will rail against mistress the world, and all our misery.

Orl. I will chide no breather in the world but myself, against whom I know many faults.

Jag. The worst fault you have is to love.

Orl. 'Tis a fault I will not change for my best virtue. I am weary of you.

Jag. By my troth, I was seeking for you when I found you.

Orl. He is drowned in the brook: look in, and you shall see him.

Jag. There I shall see mine own daughter.

Orl. Which I take to be either a fool or a cypher.

Jag. I'll tarry no longer with you: good signior Love.

Orl. I am glad of your departure: good monsieur Melancholy.

[Exit Jacques. Rosalind and Celia come forward.]

Ros. [Aside to Celia.] I will speak like a saucy lackey, and under that knave with him. [To him.] Do you forester?

Orl. Very well; what would you?

Ros. I pray you, what is't o'clock?

Orl. You should ask me, what time there's no clock in the forest.

Ros. Then there is no true lover in the forest: else sighing every minute, and groaning every hour, would detect the lazy foot of time as a clock.

Orl. And why not the swift foot of time had not that been as proper?

Ros. By no means, sir. Time travels divers paces with divers persons: I'll tell you: Time ambles withal, who Time

withal, who Time gallops withal, and who Time stands still withal.

Orl. I pray thee, who doth he trot withal?
Ros. Harry, 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 sear's night, Time's pace is so hard that it seems the length of seven years.

Orl. Who ambles Time withal?

Ros. With a priest that lacks Latin, and a rich man that hath not the gout; for the one sleeps easily, because he cannot study; and the other lives merrily, because he feels no painful learning; the other knowing no burden of heavy tedious penury: these Time ambles withal.

Orl. Who doth he gallop withal?

Ros. With a thief to the gallows; for though he go as softly as foot can fall, he thinks himself too soon there.

Orl. Who stays it still withal?

Ros. With lawyers in the vacation; for they sleep between term and term, and then they decide not how Time moves.

Orl. Where dwell you, pretty youth?

Ros. With this shepherdess, my sister; here in the skirts of the forest, like fringe upon a petticoat.

Orl. Are you native of this place?

Ros. As the coney, that you see dwell where she is kindled.

Orl. Your accent is something finer than you could purchase in so removed a dwelling.

Ros. I have been told so of many: but indeed an old religious uncle of mine taught me one that knew courtship too well, for there he lectured against it; and I thank God, I am easily offended, as he hath generally taxed their whole sex withal.

Orl. Can you remember any of the principal words that he said to the charge of women?

Ros. There were none principal: they were all like one another, as half-pence are; every fault seeming monstrous, till his fellow-fault came to match it.

Orl. I pray thee, recount some of them.

Ros. No, I will not cast away my physic, but on those that are sick. There is a man with carving Rosalind on their barks; hangs all, besooth, deifying the name of Rosalind; if I could meet that fancy-monger, I would give him some good counsel, for he seems to have the quotidian of love upon him.

Orl. I am that is so love-shaked: I pray you, tell me your remedy.

Ros. There is none of my uncle's marks upon you: he taught me how to know a man in love: in which cage of rushes I am sure you are not prisoner.

Orl. What were his marks?

Ros. A lean cheek; which you have not; a blue eye, and sunken; which you have not; an unquestionable spirit; which you have not; a beard neglected; which you have not;—but I pardon you for that; for, simply, your having in beard a younger brother's revenue—then, your hose should be ungarter'd, your bonnet unbanded, your sleeve unbaited, your shoe untied, and everything about you demonstrating a careless desolation. But you are no such man; you are rather point-device in your accoutrements, as loving yourself, than seeming the lover of any other.

Orl. Fair youth, I would I could make thee believe I love.

Ros. Me believe it! you may as soon make her that you love believe it; which, I warrant, she is apter to do, than to confess she does: that is one of the points in the which women still give the lie to their consciences. But, in good sooth, are you he that hangs the verve on the trees, wherein Rosalind is so admired?

Orl. I swear to thee, youth, by the white hand of Rosalind, I am that he, that unfortunate he.

Ros. But are you so much in love as your rhymes speak?

Orl. Neither rhyme nor reason can express how much.

Ros. Love is merely a madness; and, I tell you, deserves as well a dark house and a whip, as madmen do: and the reason why they are not so punished and cured, is, that the lunacy is so ordinary, that the whippers are in love too. Yet I profess curing it by counsel.

Orl. Did you ever cure any so?

Ros. Yes, one; and in this manner. He was to imagine me his love, his mistress; and I set him every day to woo me: at which time would I, being but a moonish youth, grieve, be effeminate, changeable, longing, and liking; proud, fantastical, apish, shallow, inconstant, full of tears, full of smiles; every passion something, and for no passion truly anything, as boys and women 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 drove my suitor from his mad humour of love, to a living humour of madness; which was, to forswear 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 come 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:

Ros. A lean cheek; which you have not; a blue eye, and sunken; which you have not; an unquestionable spirit; which you have not; a beard neglected; which you have not;—but I pardon you for that; for, simply, your having in beard a younger brother's revenue—then, your hose should be ungarter'd, your bonnet unbanded, your sleeve unbaited, your shoe untied, and everything about you demonstrating a careless desolation. But you are no such man; you are rather point-device in your accoutrements, as loving yourself, than seeming the lover of any other.

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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 where in the forest you live. Will you go?

Orl. With all my heart, good youth.
Ros. Nay, you must call me Rosalind.—Come, sister, will you go? [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.—*Another part of the Forest.*
Enter Touchstone and Audrey; Jacques behind.

Touch. Come apace, good Audrey: I will fetch up your goats, Audrey. And how, Audrey? am I the man yet? Doth my simple features 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 thatch'd house!

Touch. When a man's verses cannot be understood, nor a man's good wit seconded with the forward child, understanding, it strikes a man 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, they do feign.

Aud. Do you wish, then, that the gods had made me poetical?

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-favour'd; 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 cut 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! sluttishness 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 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.

Aud. Well, the gods give us joy!

Touch. Amen. A man may, if he were of a fearful heart, stagger in this attempt; for here we have no temple but the wood, no assembly but horn-beasts. But what though? Courage! As horns are odious, they are necessary. It is said,—many a man knows no end of his goods: right; many a man has

good horns, and knows no end of them.

Well, that is the dowry of his wife of his own getting. Horns! Poor men alone!—No, no; the more they have, the more they have; hath them as huge as the rascal. A man therefore blessed? No: as a wife is more worthier than a village, so the head of a married man more honest than the bare brow of a bachelor; and by defence is better than no skill, by a horn more precious than to wear none. Sir Oliver.

Enter Sir Oliver Martext.
Sir Oliver. Mar-text, you are well: you despatch us here under this tree, we go with you to your chapel?

Sir Ol. Is there none here to be married?

Touch. I will not take her on my word.

Sir Ol. Truly, she must be given to me: marriage is not lawful.

Jaq. [*Coming forward.*] Proceed, I'll give her.

Touch. Good even, good master Martext: how do you, sir? You are met: God 'ild you for your late coming: am very glad to see you—even a tale here, sir:—nay, pray be covered.

Jaq. Will you be married, mother?

Touch. As the ox hath his plow, horse his curb, and the falcon his man hath his desires; and as pigeons wedlock would be nibbling.

Jaq. And will you, being a married man, be married under a bush? Get you to church, and let the priest that can tell you what marriage is, fellow will but join you together as wainscot; then one of you will grow panel, and, like green timber, wax a plank, and, like green timber, wax a plank.

Touch. [*Aside.*] I am not in the mood for this.

I were better to be married of him another: for he is not like to marry me, and not being well married, it will hurt the heart of his lover; as a puny tilter, excuse for me hereafter to leave my

Jaq. Go thou with me, and let us be married.

Touch. Come, sweet Audrey: We must be married, or we must be bawdry.

Farewell, good master Oliver:—
O sweet Oliver,
O brave Oliver,

Leave me not behind thee:
but,—
Wend away,
Be gone, I say,

I will not to wedding with thee.
[*Exeunt Jacques, Touchstone, and Audrey.*]

Sir Ol. 'Tis no matter: near a dozen of them all shall doubt me of calling.

SCENE IV.—*The Forest. Before the Chapel.*
Enter Rosalind and Celia.

Ros. Never talk to me; I will weep.

Scene 5.

Orl. No, I prythee; but yet have the power to consider, that tears do not become a man.

Ros. But have I not cause to weep?

Orl. As good cause as one would desire; therefore weep.

Ros. His very hair is of the dissembling colour.

Orl. Something browner than Judas's: his kisses are Judas's own children.

Ros. 'Tis faith, his hair is of a good colour.

Orl. An excellent colour: your chestnut was for the only colour.

Ros. And his kissing is as full of sanctity as the touch of holy bread.

Orl. He hath bought a pair of cast lips of a nun of winter's sisterhood: kisses not more religiously; the very ice of chastity in them.

Ros. But why did he swear he would come this morning, and comes not?

Orl. Nay, certainly, there is no truth in him.

Ros. Do you think so?

Orl. Yes; I think he is not a pick-purse, so think him as concave as a covered goblet, or a worm-eaten nut.

Ros. Not true in love?

Orl. Yes, when he is in: but I think he is not in love.

Ros. You have heard him swear downright, "Was" is not "is": besides, the

of a lover is no stronger than the word of a reckoning: they are both the confiners of the reckoning. He attends here in the forest to see 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 blood as he; so he laughed, and let me go. But he talk of fathers, when there is such a

Orl. O, that's a brave man! he writes brave words, speaks brave words, swears brave oaths, and breaks them bravely, quite traverse, heart the heart of his lover; as a puny tilter, his staff like a noble goose: but all's brave, that youth mounts, and folly guides.—Who comes here?

Orl. Mistress, and master, you have oft enquired.

After the shepherd that complain'd of love, who you saw sitting by me on the turf, feeding the proud disdainful shepherdess.

Orl. Was his mistress?

Orl. 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, you will mark it.

Ros. Well, and what of him?

Orl. Between the pale complexion of true love, and the red glow of scorn and proud disdain, you will mark it.

Ros. O, come, let us remove:

The sight of lovers feedeth those in love.—Bring us to this sight, and you shall say I'll prove a busy actor in their play. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V.—*Another part of the Forest.*
Enter Silvius and Phebe.

Sil. Sweet Phebe, do not scorn me; do not, Phebe:

Say that you love me not; but say not so in bitterness. The common executioner, whose heart th' accustom'd sight of death makes hard,

Falls not the axe upon the humbled neck, but first begs pardon: will you sterner be than he that dies and lives by bloody drops?

Enter Rosalind, Celia, and Corin, behind.
Phe. I would not be thy executioner: I fly thee, for I would not injure thee.

Thou tell'st me there is murder in mine eye: 'Tis pretty, sure, and very probable, [things, That eyes,—that are the frail'st and softest—

Who shut their coward gates on atomies,—Should be call'd tyrants, butchers, murderers! Now I do frown on thee with all my heart;

And, if mine eyes can wound, now let them kill thee:

Now counterfeit to swoon; why now fall down; Or, if thou canst not, O, for shame, for shame, Lie not, to say mine eyes are murderers.

Now show the wound mine eyes hath made in thee; Scratch thee but with a pin, and there remains Some scar of it; lean but upon a rush, The cicatrice and capable impressure Thy palm some moment keeps: but now mine eyes,

Which I have darted at thee, hurt thee not; Nor, I am sure, there is no force in eyes That can do hurt.

Sil. O dear Phebe, If ever, (as that ever may be near,) [fancy, You meet in some fresh cheek the power of

Then shall you know the wounds invisible That love's keen arrows make.

Phe. But, till that time, Come not thou near me: and, when that time comes,

Afflict me with thy mocks, pity me not; As, till that time, I shall not pity thee.

Ros. [*Advancing.*] And why, I pray you? Who might be your mother,

That you insult, exult, and all at once, Over the wretched? What though you have no beauty,

(As by my faith I see no more in you Than without candle may go dark to bed,) Must you be therefore proud and pitiless?

Why, what means this? Why do you look on me?

I see no more in you, than in the ordinary Of nature's salework:—O, my little life! I think she means to tangle my eyes too.

No, 'faith, proud mistress, hope not after it; 'Tis not your inkly brows, your black-silk hair,

Your huckle-eye-balls, nor your cheek of cream,
That can entame my spirits to your worship,—
You foolish shepherd, wherefore do you follow
her,

Like foggy south, puffing with wind and rain?
You are a thousand times a properer man,
Than she a woman: 'tis such fools as you,
That make the world full of ill-favoured
children:

'Tis not her glass, but you, that flatters her;
And out of you she sees herself more proper,
Than any of her lineaments can show her.—
But, mistress, know yourself: down on your
knees,

And thank heaven, fasting, for a good man's
For I must tell you friendly in your ear,—
Sell when you can; you are not for all markets:
Cry the man mercy; love him; take his offer:
Foul is most foul, being foul to be a scoffer.

So take her to thee, shepherd:—fare you well.

Pho. Sweet youth, I pray you, chide a year
together:

I had rather hear you chide than this man woo.

Ros. He's fallen in love with your foulness:—
[*To Silvius.*] and she'll fall in love with my
anger. If it be so, as fast as she answers thee
with frowning looks, I'll sauce her with bitter
words.—Why look you so upon me?

Pho. For no ill-will I bear you.

Ros. I pray you, do not fall in love with me,
For I am false than vows made in wine:
Besides, I like you not.—If you will know my
house,

'Tis at the tuft of olives, here hard by.—

Will you go, sister?—Shepherd, ply her hard.
Come, sister.—Shepherdess, look on him bet-
ter,

And be not proud: though all the world
None could be so abus'd in sight as he.
Come, to our flock.

[*Exeunt Rosalind, Celia, and Corin.*]

Pho. Dead shepherd, now I find thy saw of
might,—

"Who ever lov'd, that lov'd not at first sight?"

Sil. Sweet Phebe,—

Pho. Ha, what say'st thou, Silvius?

Sil. Sweet Phebe, pity me.

Pho. Why, I am sorry for thee, gentle Silvius.

Sil. Wherever sorrow is, relief would be:

If you do sorrow at my grief in love,
By giving love, your sorrow and my grief
Were both extenuat'd.

Pho. Thou hast my love: is not that neigh-
Sil. I would have you.

Pho. Why, that were covetousness.

Silvius, the time was, that I hated thee;

And yet it is not, that I bear thee love:

But since that thou canst talk of love so well,

Thy company, which erst was irksome to me,

I will endure; and I'll employ thee too:

But do not look for farther recompense [play'd.

Than thine own gladness that thou art em-

Sil. So holy and so perfect is my love,

And I in such a poverty of grace,

That I shall think it a most pleasant
To glean the broken ears after the harvest;
That the main harvest reaps; I leave
then

A scatter'd smile, and that I'll live
Pho. Know'st thou the youth that
me ere-while?

Sil. Not very well, but I have met
And he hath bought the cottage and
That the old carlet once was master of.

Pho. Think not I love him, though
for him;

'Tis but a peevish boy:—yet he tells
But what care I for words? yet would I
When he that speaks them please
hear.

It is a pretty youth:—not very well
But, sure, he's proud; and yet he
comes him:

He'll make a proper man: the best that
Is his complexion; and faster than
Did make offence, his eye did heal
He is not very tall; yet for his years
His leg is but so so; and yet 'tis well

There was a pretty redness in his lip

A little ripper and more lusty red

Than that mix'd in his cheek;

Between the constant red and mingled

There be some women, Silvius

mark'd him

In parcels, as I did, would have gone

To fall in love with him: but, for my

I love him not, nor hate him not;

Have more cause to hate him than to love

For what had he to do to chide at me?

He said mine eyes were black, and

black:

And, now I am remember'd, scorn'd

I marvel why I answer'd not again:

But that's all one; omission is no sin

I'll write to him a very taunting letter

And thou shalt bear it: wilt thou, *Sil.*

Pho. Phebe, with all my heart.

Pho. I'll write it.

The matter's in my head, and in my

I will be bitter with him, and penit

Go with me, Silvius.

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—*The Forest.*

Enter Rosalind, Celia, and Jaques.

Jaq. I prythee, pretty youth, to
better acquainted with thee.

Ros. They say, you are a melancholy

Jaq. I am so; I do love it

laughing.

Ros. Those that are in extremity

are abominable fellows, and betray

to every modern censure worse than

Jaq. Why, 'tis good to be sad and

thing.

Ros. Why, then, 'tis good to be a

I have neither the scholar's melancholy, which is emulation; nor the musician's, which is fantastical; nor the courtier's, which is sly; nor the soldier's, which is ambitious; nor the lawyer's, which is politic; nor the clown's, which is nice; nor the lover's, which is idle; but it is a melancholy of mine own, compounded of many simples, extracted from objects; and, indeed, the mundry condensation of my travels; which, by often action, wraps me in a most humorous

A Traveller! By my faith, you have reason to be sad: I fear you have sold your lands, to see other men's; then, to see much, and to have nothing, is to have rich eyes and poor hands.

Yes, I have gained my experience.

Enter Orlando.
And your experience makes you sad: I rather have a fool to make me merry than experience to make me sad; and to travel

Good day, and happiness, dear Rosalind. Nay then, God be wi' you, as you talk such verse.

Good day, monsieur Traveller: look upon me, and wear strange suits; disable all the

of your own country; be out of love with your nativity, and almost chide God for bringing you that countenance you are; or I

scarcely think you have swam in a gondola. [Exit Jacques.] Why, how now, Orlando! have you been all this while? You are

—An you serve me such another trick, I come in my sight more.

My fair Rosalind, I come within an hour of my promise.

Break an hour's promise in love! He will divide a minute into a thousand, and break but a part of the thousandth

of a minute in the affairs of love, it may be said of him, that Cupid hath clapped him

on the shoulder, but I'll warrant him heart-

Orlando. Pardon me, dear Rosalind.

Nay, as you be so tardy, come no more in my sight: I had as lief be woo'd of a

Of a snail!

Ay, of a snail; for though he comes slowly, he carries his house on his head,—a

jointure, I think, than you make a man: besides, he brings his destiny with him.

What's that?

Why, horns; that such as you are fair are beladen to your wives for: but he

is armed in his fortune, and prevents the

of his wife.

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of his wife.

Ros. Come, woo me, woo me; for now I am in a holiday humour, and like enough to consent.—What would you say to me now, as I were your very Rosalind?

Orl. I would kiss before I spoke.

Ros. Nay, you were better speak first; and when you were gravelled for lack of matter, you might take occasion to kiss. Very good orators, when they are out, they will spit; and for lovers, lacking (God warn us!) matter, the cleanliest shift is to kiss.

Orl. How if the kiss be denied?

Ros. Then she puts you to entreaty, and there begins new matter.

Orl. Who could be out, being before his beloved mistress?

Ros. Marry, that should you, if I were your mistress; or I should think my honesty rarer than my wit.

Orl. What, of my suit?

Ros. Not out of your apparel, and yet out of your suit. Am not I your Rosalind?

Orl. I take some joy to say you are, because I would be talking of her.

Ros. Well, in her person, I say—I will not have you.

Orl. Then, in mine own person, I die.

Ros. No, faith, die by attorney. The poor world is almost six thousand years old, and in all this time there was not any man died in his own person, *videlicet*, in a love-cause. Troilus had his brains dashed out with a Grecian club; yet he did what he could to die before; and he is one of the patterns of love. Leander, he would have lived many a fair year, though Hero had turned nun, if it had not been for a hot midsummer night; for, good youth, he went but forth to wash him in the Hellespont, and being taken with the cramp, was drowned: and the foolish chroniclers of that age found it was—Hero of Sestos. But these are all lies; men have died from time to time, and worms have eaten them, but not for love.

Orl. I would not have my right Rosalind of this mind; for, I protest, her frown might kill me.

Ros. By this hand, it will not kill a fly. But come, now I will be your Rosalind in a more coming-on disposition; and ask me what you will, I will grant it.

Orl. Then love me, Rosalind.

Ros. Yes, faith will I, Fridays and Saturdays and all.

Orl. And wilt thou have me?

Ros. Ay, and twenty such.

Orl. What sayest thou?

Ros. Are you not good?

Orl. I hope so.

Ros. Why, then, can one desire too much of a good thing?—Come, sister, you shall be the priest, and marry us.—Give me your hand, Orlando.—What do you say, sister?

Orl. Pray thee, marry us.

Cel. I cannot say the words.

Ros. You must begin,—*"Will you, Orlando?"*

Cel. Go to.—Will you, Orlando, have to wife this Rosalind?

Orl. I will.

Ros. Ay, but when?

Orl. Why now; as fast as she can marry us.

Ros. Then you must say,—*"I take thee, Rosalind, for wife."*

Orl. I take thee, Rosalind, for wife.

Ros. I might ask you for your commission; but,—I do take thee, Orlando, for my husband; there's a girl goes before the priest; and, certainly, a woman's thought runs before her actions.

Orl. So do all thoughts; they are winged.

Ros. Now tell me how long you would have her, after you have possessed her?

Orl. For ever and a day.

Ros. Say a day, without the ever. No, no, Orlando; men are April when they woo, December when they wed; maids are May when they are maids, but the sky changes when they are wives. I will be more jealous of thee than a Barbary cock-pigeon over his hen; more clamorous than a parrot against rain; more new-fangled than an ape; more giddy in my desires than a monkey: I will weep for nothing, like Diana in the fountain, and I will do that when you are disposed to be merry; I will laugh like a hyen, and that when thou art inclined to sleep.

Orl. But will my Rosalind do so?

Ros. By my life, she will do as I do.

Orl. O, but she is wise.

Ros. Or else she could not have the wit to do this: the wiser, the waywarder: make the doors upon a woman's wit, and it will out at the casement; shut that, and 'twill out at the key-hole; stop that, 'twill fly with the smoke out at the chimney.

Orl. A man that hath a wife with such a wit, he might say,—*"Wit, whither wilt?"*

Ros. Nay, you might keep that check for it, till you met your wife's wit going to your neighbour's bed.

Orl. And what wit could wit have to excuse [that?]

Ros. Marry, to say,—she came to seek you there. You shall never take her without her answer, unless you take her without her tongue. O, that woman that cannot make her fault her husband's occasion, let her never nurse her child herself, for she will breed it like a fool.

Orl. For these two hours, Rosalind, I will leave thee.

Ros. Alas, dear love, I cannot lack thee two hours!

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 of yours won me:—'tis but

one cast away, and so,—come, dear o'clock is your hour!

Orl. Ay, sweet Rosalind.

Ros. By my troth, and in good faith, so God mend me, and by all prayers, are not dangerous, if you break one promise, or come one minute before the hour, I will think you the most unfaithful, break-promise, and the most hollow of the most unworthy of her you call; that may be chosen out of the gross of the unfaithful: therefore, beware my eye, and keep your promise.

Orl. With no less religion than I do indeed my Rosalind: so, adieu.

Ros. Well, Time is the old fox; examines all such offenders, and catches them. Try: adieu.

Cel. You have simply misused your love-prate: we must have you and those plucked over your head, and the world that the bird hath done to have.

Ros. O coz, coz, coz, my pretty one, that thou didst know how many lovers I am in love! But it cannot be so, affection hath an unknown bottom.

Cel. Or rather, bottomless: that you pour affection in, it runs out.

Ros. No, that same wicked Venus, that was begot of thought, of spleen, and born of madness: that rascally boy, that abuses every one, cause his own are out, let him be deep I am in love: I'll tell thee, cannot be out of the sight of Orlando, find a shadow, and sigh till he comes.

Cel. And I'll sleep.

SCENE II.—Another part of the forest.

Enter Jaques and Lord.

Jaq. Which is he that killed the deer?

Lord. Sir, it was I.

Jaq. Let's present him to the duke, set the deer's horns upon his head, for of victory.—Have you no song, for this purpose?

Lord. Yes, sir.

Jaq. Sing it: 'tis no matter how tune, so it make noise enough.

SONG.

What shall he have that kill'd the deer,
His leather skin, and horns to wear?

Then sing him home.

[The rest shall bear down.]
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.

SCENE III.—The Forest.

Enter Rosalind and Celia.

Ros. How say you now? Is it not past two o'clock?

Cel. I warrant you, with pure love and a troubled brain,

he hath ta'en his bow and arrows, and is gone to sleep. Look, who comes here.

[Enter Silvius.]

Sil. My errand is to you, fair youth:—My gentle Phoebe did bid me give you this:

[Giving a letter.]
I know not the contents; but, as I guess, she did use as she was writing of it, but as a guiltless messenger.

Ros. Patience herself would startle at this letter.

Cel. And play the swaggerer; bear this, bear all: says I am not fair; that I lack manners; that she did use as she was writing of it, but as a guiltless messenger.

Ros. Patience herself would startle at this letter.

Cel. And play the swaggerer; bear this, bear all: says I am not fair; that I lack manners; that she did use as she was writing of it, but as a guiltless messenger.

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[Rosalind.]

*"If the scorn of your bright eyes
Have power to raise such love in mine,
Alack, in me what strange effect
Would they work in mild aspect!
While you chat me, I did love;
How then might your prayers move!
He that brings this love to thee,
Little knows this love in me:
And by him seal up thy mind;
Whether that thy youth and kind
Will the faithful offer take
Of me, and all that I can make;
Or else by him my love deny,
And then I'll study how to die."*

Sil. Call you this chiding?

Cel. Alas, poor shepherd!

Ros. Do you pity him? no, he deserves no pity.—Wilt thou love such a woman?—What, to make thee an instrument, and play false strains upon thee! not to be endured!—Well, go your way to her, (for I see, love hath made thee a tame snake,) and say this to her:—that if she love me, I charge her to love thee;—if she will not, I will never have her; unless thou entreat for her.—If you be a true lover, hence, and not a word; for here comes more company.

[Exit Silvius.]

Enter Oliver.

Ol. Good morning, fair ones: pray you if you know,

Where in the purlieus of this forest stands
A sheepshead, fence'd about with alive-trees?

Cel. West of this place, down in the neighbour bottom:

The rank of osiers, by the murmuring stream,
Left on your right hand, brings you to the place.

But at this hour the house doth keep itself;
There's none within.

Orl. If that an eye may profit by a tongue,
Then should I know you by description;

Such garments, and such years:—*"The boy is fair,*

*Of female favour, and bestows himself
Like a ripe sister: but the woman low,
And browner than her brother."* Are not you

The owner of the house I did enquire for?

Cel. It is no boast, being ask'd, to say we are.

Orl. Orlando doth commend him to you
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?

Orl. Some of my shame; if you will know
What man I am, and how, and why, and where
This handkerchief was stain'd.

Cel. I pray you, tell it.

Orl. 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 befall! he threw his eye aside,
And, mark, what object did present itself:
Under an old oak, whose boughs were moss'd
with age,

And high top bald with dry antiquity,
A wretched ragged man, o'ergrown with hair,
Lay sleeping on his back: about his neck
A green and gilded snake had wreath'd itself,
Who with her head, nimble in threats,
approach'd.

The opening of his mouth; but suddenly,
Seeing Orlando, it unlink'd itself,
And with indentèd glides did slip away
Into a bush: under which bush's shade
A lioness, with udders all drawn dry, [watch,
Lay couching, head on ground, with catlike
When that the sleeping man should stir; for
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 liv'd 'mongst men.

Oh. And well he might so do,
For well I know he was unnatural. [there,
Ros. But, to Orlando:—did he leave him
Food to the sick'd and hungry lioness?

Oh. Twice did he turn his back, and pur-
pos'd so;

But kindness, nobler ever than revenge,
And nature, stronger than his just occasion,
Made him give battle to the lioness,
Who quickly fell before him: in which hartling,
From miserable slumber I awak'd.

Cel. Are you his brother?

Ros. Was it you he rescu'd?
Cel. Was't you that did so oft contrive to
kill him?

Oh. 'Twas I; but 'tis not I: I do not shame
To tell you what I was, since my conversion
So sweetly tastes, being the thing I am.

Ros. But, for the bloody napkin?—

Oh. By and by.
When from the first to last, betwixt us two,
Tears our recountments had most kindly
bath'd,

As, how I came into that desert place;—
In brief, he led me to the gentle duke,
Who gave me fresh array and entertainment,
Committing me unto my brother's love;
Who led me instantly unto his cave,
There stripp'd himself, and here upon his arm
The lioness had torn some flesh away,
Which all this while had bled; and now he
fainted,

And cried, in fainting, upon Rosalind.
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 this shepherd.
That he in sport doth call his Rosalind.

Cel. [Rosalind swoons.] Why,
Ganymede! sweet Ganymede!

Oh. Many will swoon when they see
on blood.

Cel. There is more in it.—Could I
Oh. Look, he recovers.

Ros. I would I were at home.
Cel. We'll lead you to the duke.

I pray you, will you take him by the hand?
Oh. Be of good cheer, youth:—

Ros. I do so, I confess it. Al-
body would think this was well counte-
I pray you, tell your brother how well

terfeited.—Hail he!

Oh. This was not counterfeit: 'tis
great testimony in your complexion,
a passion of earnest.

Ros. Counterfeit, I assure you.
Oh. Well then, take a good

counterfeit to be a man.
Ros. So I do; but, I faith, I

been a woman by right.
Cel. Come, you look paler and

you, draw homewards.—Good sir,
Oh. That will I, for I must bear

How you excuse my brother, Rosalind.
Ros. I shall devise something.

you, commend my counterfeiting to
you go!

ACT V.

SCENE I.—The Forest.

Enter Touchstone and Audrey.

Touch. We shall find a time
patience, gentle Audrey.

And. Faith, the priest was good
for all the old gentleman's saying.

Touch. A most wicked Sir Oliver
a most vile Mar-text. But, Audrey,

youth here in the forest lays claim
And. Ay, I know who 'tis: he

interest in me in the world: here
man you mean.

Touch. It is meat and drink to
clown: by my troth, we that have

have much to answer for; we shall
we cannot hold.

Enter William.

Will. Good even, Audrey.
And. God ye good even, William.

Will. And good even to you, sir.
Touch. Good even, gentle William.

Will. Five and twenty, sir.
Touch. A ripe age. Is thy name

Will. William, sir.
Touch. A fair name. What hour

Will. Ay, sir, I thank God.

Touch. Thank God;—a good answer. Art
Will. Faith, sir, so so.

Touch. So so, is good, very good, very
good;—and yet it is not; it is but

Will. Ay, sir, I have a pretty wit.
Touch. Why, thou sayest well. I do now

Will. But the wise man knows himself to be
The leathen philosopher, when he

Will. I do, sir.
Touch. Give me your hand. Art thou

Will. No, sir.
Touch. Then learn this of me: to have, is

Will. I do, sir.
Touch. Then learn this of me: to have, is

Will. I do, sir.
Touch. Then learn this of me: to have, is

Will. I do, sir.
Touch. Then learn this of me: to have, is

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Touch. Then learn this of me: to have, is

Will. I do, sir.
Touch. Then learn this of me: to have, is

Will. I do, sir.
Touch. Then learn this of me: to have, is

Orl. You have my consent. Let your wed-
ding 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.

Ros. God save you, brother.
Orl. And you, fair sister. [Exit.

Ros. O, my dear Orlando, how it grieves me
to see thee wear thy heart in a scarf!

Orl. It is my arm.
Ros. I thought thy heart had been wounded
with the claws of a lion.

Orl. Wounded it is, but with the eyes of a
lady.

Ros. Did your brother tell you how I
counterfeited to swoon, when he shewed me
your handkerchief?

Orl. Ay, and greater wonders than that.
Ros. Oh, I know where you are:—may, 'tis

true: there was never anything so sudden,
but the fight of two rams, and Caesar's thim-
sonical brag of—"I came, saw, and overcame:"

for your brother and my sister no sooner met,
but they looked; no sooner looked, but they
loved; no sooner loved, but they sigh'd; no
sooner sigh'd, but they ask'd one another the
reason; no sooner knew the reason, but they
sought the remedy: and in these degrees have
they made a pair of stairs to marriage, which
they will climb incontinent, or else be inconti-
nent 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, inasmuch I say I know you are;
neither do I labour for a greater esteem than
may in some little measure draw a belief from
you, to do yourself good, and not to grace me.

Believe then, if you please, that I can do
strange things: I have, since I was three years
old, conversed with a magician, most pro-
found in his art, and yet not damnable. If
you do love Rosalind so near the heart as your
gesture cries it out, when your brother marries
Aliena, shall you marry her: I know into what
straits of fortune she is driven; and it is not
impossible to me, if it appear not inconvenient
to you, to set her before your eyes to-morrow,
human as she is, and without any danger.

Orl. Speakest thou in sober meanings?

Ros. By my life, I do; which I tender dearly, though I say I am a magician. Therefore, put you in your best array, bid your friends; for if you will be married to-morrow, you shall; and to Rosalind, if you will.—Look, here comes a lover of mine, and a lover of hers.

Enter Silvius and Phebe.

Phe. Youth, you have done me much ungentleness,
To show the letter that I writ to you.

Ros. I care not, if I have: it is my study
To seem despitiful and ungentle to you:
You are there follow'd by a faithful shepherd;
Look upon him, love him; he worships you.

Phe. Good shepherd, tell this youth what 'tis to love.

Sil. It is to be all made of sighs and tears;—
And so am I for Phebe.

Phe. 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 reverence;
And so am I for Phebe. [vice;—

Phe. 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.

Phe. And so am I for Ganymede.

Orl. And so am I for Rosalind.

Ros. And so am I for no woman.

Phe. [To Rosalind.] If this be so, why
blame you me to love you?

Sil. [To Phebe.] If this be so, why blame
you me to love you? [love you!]

Orl. If this be so, why blame you me to
love you?

Ros. Whom do you speak to,—"why blame
you me to love you?" [hear.]

Orl. To her, that is not here, nor doth not
Ros. Pray you, no more of this: 'tis like
the howling of Irish wolves against the moon.

—[To Silvius.] I will help you if I can;—
[To Phebe.] I would love you, if I could.—

To-morrow meet me all together.—[To Phebe.]
I will marry you, if ever I marry a woman
and I'll be married to-morrow:—[To Orlando.]

I will satisfy you, if ever I satisfied man, and
you shall be married to-morrow:—[To Silvius.]

I will content you, if what pleases you
contents you, and you shall be married to-
morrow:—[To Orlando.] As you love Rosa-

lind, meet:—[To Silvius.] 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.

Orl.

Nor I.

Nor I.

[Exeunt.]

SCENE III.—Another part of the forest.

Enter Touchstone and Audrey.

Touch. To-morrow is the joyful day;
To-morrow will we be married.

Aud. I do desire it with all my heart;
I hope it is no dishonest desire, to desire
a woman of the world. Here comes
the banished duke's pages.

Enter two Pages.

1 Page. Well met, honest gentleman;
Touch. By my troth, well met.
sit, and a song.

2 Page. We are for you: sit I pray
you.

1 Page. Shall we clap into't round
out hawking, or spitting, or saying
hoarse, which are the only prologues
to voices?

2 Page. I' faith, I' faith; and let
tune, like two gipsies on a horse.

SONG.

*It was a lover and his lass,
With a hey, and a ho, and a hey;*

*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,
Sweet lovers love the spring.*

*Between the acres of the rye,
With a hey, and a ho, and a hey;*

*These pretty country folks would be,
In the spring time, &c.*

*This carol they began that hour,
With a hey, and a ho, and a hey;*

*How that a life was but a flower,
In the spring time, &c.*

*And therefore take the present time,
With a hey, and a ho, and a hey;*

*For love is crowned with the prime,
In the spring time, &c.*

Touch. Truly, young gentlemen,
there was no great matter in the ditty;
note was very untuneful.

1 Page. You are deceived, sir;
times, we lost not our time.

Touch. By my troth, yes; I lost
time lost to hear such a foolish song;
w' you; and God mend your voices.

1 Page. And God mend your voices.

1 Page. And God mend your voices.

1 Page. And God mend your voices.

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1 Page. And God mend your voices.

1 Page. And God mend your voices.

That would I, had I kingdoms to
 give her.

[To Orlando.] And you say, you will
 have her when I bring her? [King.]

That would I, were I of all kingdoms
 To Phebe. You say, you'll marry me,
 I the willing?

That will I, should I die the hour
 but if you do refuse to marry me, [after.]

give yourself to this most faithful
 So is the bargain. [shepherd?]

[To Silvius.] You say, that you'll have
 Phebe, if she will?

Though to have her and death were
 with one thing. [even.]

I have promised to make all this matter
 on your word, O duke, to give your
 daughter;—

Orlando, to receive his daughter:—
 our word, Phebe, that you'll marry me,
 refusing me, to wed this shepherd:—

our word, Silvius, that you'll marry her,
 refuse me:—and from hence I go,
 let these doubts all even.

[Exeunt Rosalind and Celia.]
 S. I do remember in this shepherd boy
 lively touches of my daughter's favour.

My lord, the first time that I ever saw him,
 might he was a brother to your daughter:

my good lord, this boy is forest-born,
 hath been tutor'd in the rudiments

of desperate studies by his uncle,
 and he reports to be a great magician,
 and in the circle of this forest.

There is, sure, another flood toward,
 these couples are coming to the ark.—
 Touchstone and Audrey.]—Here

is a pair of very strange beasts, which in
 our country are called fools.

Salutation and greeting to you all!
 Good my lord, bid him welcome:

is the merry-minded gentleman, that I
 so often met in the forest: he hath been
 soldier, he swears.

Touch. If any man doubt that, let him put
 to my purgation. I have trod a measure;

my friend, smooth with mine enemy; I
 have undone three tailors; I have had four
 wives, and like to have fought one.

And how was that ta'en up?

Touch. Faith, we met, and found the
 road was upon the seventh cause.

How seventh cause?—Good my lord,
 like S. I like him very well. [like this fellow.]

Touch. God 'ld you, sir; I desire you of
 the country copulatives, to swear, and
 break:—a poor virgin, sir, an ill-
 used thing, sir, but mine own; a poor

rich honesty dwells like a miser, sir, in a
 house, as your pearl in your foul oyster.

Duke S. By my faith, he is very swift and
 sententious.

Touch. According to the fool's bolt, sir,
 and such dulcet diseases.

Jaq. But, for the seventh cause; how did
 you find the quarrel on the seventh cause?

Touch. Upon a lie seven times removed:—
 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 court-
 eous. If I sent him word again, it was not

well cut, he would send me word, he cut it to
 please himself: this is called the Quip modest.
 If again, it was not well cut, he disabled my
 judgment: this is called the Reply churlish.

If again, it was not well cut, he would answer,
 I spake not true: this is called the Reproof
 valiant. If again, it was not well cut, he

would say, I lie: this is called the Counter-
 check quarrelsome: and so to the Lie circum-
 stantial, and the Lie direct.

Jaq. And how oft did you say, his beard
 was not well cut?

Touch. I durst go no farther than the Lie
 circumstantial, nor he durst not give me the
 Lie direct; and so we measured swords, and
 parted. [degrees of the lie?]

Jaq. Can you nominate in order now the
 Touch. O sir, we quarrel in print, by the
 book; as you have books for good manners:

I will name you the degrees. The first, the
 Retort courteous; the second, the Quip mod-
 est; the third, the Reply churlish; the fourth,
 the Reproof valiant; the fifth, the Counter-
 check quarrelsome; the sixth, the Lie with

circumstance; the seventh, the Lie direct. All
 these you may avoid, but the Lie direct; and
 you may avoid that too, with an "if." I knew
 when seven justices could not take up a quar-
 rel; but when the parties were met themselves,

one of them thought but of an "if," as "if
 you said so, then I said so;" and they shook
 hands, and swore brothers. Your "if" is the
 only peace-maker; much virtue in "if."

Jaq. Is not this a rare fellow, my lord?
 he's as good at anything, and yet a fool.

Duke S. He uses his folly like a stalking-
 horse, and under the presentation of that, he
 shoots his wit.

Still music. Enter Hymen, leading Rosa-
 lind in woman's clothes: and Celia.

Hym. Then is there mirth in heaven,
 When earthly things made even

Atone together.

Good duke, receive thy daughter:
 Hymen from heaven brought her;

Yea, brought her hither,
 That thou might'st join her hand with

Whose heart within her bosom is. [his,
 Ros. [To Duke S.] To you I give myself,
 for I am yours.— [yours.]

[To Orlando.] To you I give myself, for I am

Duke S. If there be truth in sight, you are my daughter.

Orl. If there be truth in sight, you are my

Phe. If sight and shape be true, [Rosalind.] Why then,—my love alien!

Ros. [To Duke S.] I'll have no father, if you be not he: [not he:—]

[To Orlando.] I'll have no husband, if you be [To Phebe.] Nor ne'er wed woman, if you be

Hym. Peace, ho! I bar confusion: [not she.] 'Tis I must make conclusion

Of these most strange events:

Here's eight that must take hands,

To join in Hymen's bands,

If truth holds true contents.

[To Orlando and Rosalind.] You and you no cross shall part:—

[To Oliver and Celia.] You and you are heart in heart:—

[To Phebe.] You to his love must accord,

Or have a woman to your lord:—

[To Touchstone and Audrey.] You and you are sure together,

As the winter to foul weather,

Whiles a wedlock hymn we sing,

Feed yourselves with questioning;

That reason wonder may diminish;

How thus we met, and these things finish.

SONG.

Wedding is great Juno's crown:

O blessed bond of board and bed!

'Tis Hymen peoples every town:

High wedlock, then, be honoured:

Honour, high honour and renown,

To Hymen, god of every town.

Duke S. O my dear niece, welcome thou art to me!

Even daughter, welcome in no less degree.

Phe. [To Silvius.] I will not eat my word, now thou art mine;

Thy faith my fancy to thee doth combine,

Enter Jacques de Bois.

Jaq. de B. Let me have audience for a word or two;

I am the second son of old Sir Rowland,

That bring these tidings to this fair assembly:—

Duke Frederick, hearing how that every day

Men of great worth resorted to this forest,

Address'd a mighty power; which were on foot,

In his own conduct, purposely to take

His brother here, and put him to the sword;

And to the skirts of this wild wood he came;

Where, meeting with an old religious man,

After some question with him, was converted

Both from his enterprise and from the world;

His crown bequeathing to his banish'd brother,

And all their lands restor'd to them again,

That were with him exil'd. This to be true,

I do engage my life.

Duke S. Welcome, young man;

Thou offer'st fairly to thy brothers' wedding:

To one, his lands withheld; and to the other,

A land itself at large, a potent dukedom.

First, in this forest, let us do those things

That here were well begun, and well

And after, every of this happy marriage

That have endur'd alreedy days

with us,

Shall share the good of our returned

According to the measure of their

Meantime, forget this new-fall'n

And fall into our rustic revelry:—

Play, music!—and you, brides

grooms all,

With measure heap'd in joy, to the

Jaq. Sir, by your patience:—

The duke hath put on a religious

And thrown into neglect the pomp

Jaq. de B. He hath.

Jaq. To him will I: out of these

There is much matter to be heard

[To Duke S.] You to your former

bequeath;

Your patience, and your virtue

[To Orlando.] You to a love, that

faith doth merit:—

[To Oliver.] You to your land, and

great allies:—

[To Silvius.] You to a long and

[To Touchstone.] And you to

thy loving voyage

Is but for two months victual'd

I am for other than for dancing

Duke S. Stay, Jaques, stay.

Jaq. To see no pasture, I

I'll stay to know at your abandoned

Duke S. Proceed, proceed: we

these rites,

As we do trust they'll end, in true

EPILOGUE.

Ros. It is not the fashion to see the

epilogue; but it is no more unhandsome

to see the lord the prologue. If it be

good wine needs no bush, 'tis true that

play needs no epilogue: yet to good

do use good bushes; and good plays

better by the help of good epilogues,

a case am I in, then, that am neither

epilogue, nor cannot insinuate with

behalf of a good play! I am not

like a beggar, therefore to beg will

me: my way is, to conjure you: and

with the women. I charge you, to

for the love you bear to men, to like

of this play as please you: and I charge

O men, for the love you bear to

I perceive by your snoring none of

them, that between you and the

play may please. If I were a woman,

kiss as many of you as had beards

ma, complexions that liked me, and

that I defied not; and, I am sure, we

have good beards, or good faces,

breaths, will, for my kind offer, when

court'ay, bid me farewell.

THE TAMING OF THE SHREW.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Lord.	Persons in the Induction.	Tranio, } servants to Lucentio.
Christopher Sly, a Tinker.		Biondello, }
Hottish, Page, Players.		Grumio, } servants to Petruchio.
Huntsman, and Servants.		Curtia, }
Baptista, a rich Gentleman of Padua.		Pedant, set up to personate Vincentio.
Vincentio, an old Gentleman of Pisa.		
Vincentio, son to Vincentio; in love with Bianca.		Katharina, the Shrew, } daughters to Baptista.
Petruchio, a Gentleman of Verona; suitor to Katharina.		Bianca, }
Lucentio, } suitors to Bianca.		Widow.
		Tailor, Haberdasher, and Servants attending on Baptista and Petruchio.

Kent, — Sometimes in Padua; and sometimes in Petruchio's House in the Country.

INDUCTION.

SCENE I.—Before an Alehouse on a Heath.

Enter Hostess and Sly.

Sly. I'll please you, in faith.

Host. A pair of stocks, you rogue!

Sly. You are a baggage; the Slys are no

names; look in the chronicles, we came in

with Richard Conqueror. Therefore, pence

for me; let the world slide: Sessa!

Host. You will not pay for the glasses you

have burst!

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.

Sly. Third, or fourth, or fifth borough, I'll

power him by law: I'll not budge an inch,

boy: let him come, and kindly.

[Lies down on the ground, and falls asleep.

Wind Hums. Enter a Lord from hunting,

with Huntsmen and Servants.

Lord. Huntsman, I charge thee, tender well

my hounds:

Shach Merriman,—the poor cur is emboss'd

and couple Clowder with the deep-mouth'd

brach.

Fawt 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.

Hum. Why, Bellman is as good as he,

my lord;

He crieth 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 Eelm 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.

1 Hum. I will, my lord.

Lord. [Sees Sly.] What's here! one dead,

or drunk! See, doth he breathe?

2 Hum. He breathes, my lord: were he not

warm'd with ale,

This were a bed but cold to sleep so soundly.

Lord. O monstrous beast! how like a swine

he lies! [Image]

Grim death, how foul and loathsome is thine

Sirs, I will practise on this drunken man.—

What think you, if he were convey'd to bed,

Wrapp'd in sweat 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?

1 Hum. Bellave me, lord, I think he cannot

choose. [when he wak'd.]

2 Hum. It would seem strange unto him

Lord. Even as a flattering dream, or worth-

less fancy.

Then take him up, and manage well the jest:

Carry him gently to my fairest chamber,

And hang it round with all my wanton

pictures:

Balm his foul head in warm distilled waters,

And burn sweet wood to make the lodging

sweet:

Procure me music ready when he wakes,

To make a dulcet and a heavenly sound;

And if he chance to speak, be ready straight,

And, with a low submissive reverence,

Say,—What is it your honour will command?

Let one attend him with a silver basin

Full of rose-water, and bestrew'd with flowers;

Another bear the ewer, the third a disher,

And say,—Will't please your lordship cool

your hands.

Some one be ready with a costly suit,

And ask him what apparel he will wear;
Another tell him of his bounds 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 he be husbanded with modesty.

1 *Hun.* My lord, I warrant you, we will
play our part,
As he shall think, by our true diligence,
He is no less than what we say he is. [him;

Lord. Take him up gently, and to bed with
And each one to his office when he wakes.

[*Sly is borne out. A trumpet sounds.*
Sirrah, go see what trumpet 'tis that sounds;
[*Exit Servant.*

Belike, some noble gentleman, that means,
Travelling some journey, to repose him here.
Re-enter Servant.

How now! who is it?
Serv. An it please your honour,
Players that offer service to your lordship.

Lord. Bid them come near.
Enter Players.

Now, fellows, you are welcome.
Players. We thank your honour.

Lord. Do you intend to stay with me to-
night?

2 *Play.* So please your lordship to accept
Lord. With all my heart.—This fellow I
remember,

Since once he play'd a farmer's eldest son:
'Twas where you woo'd the gentlewoman so
well;

I have forgot your name; but, sure, that part
Was aptly fitted and naturally perform'd.

1 *Play.* I think 'twas Soto that your honour
means.

Lord. 'Tis very true: thou didst it excel-
lently; 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;

Lest, over-eying 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.
1 *Play.* Fear not, my lord: we can contain
ourselves,

Were he the veriest antic in the world.
Lord. Go, sirrah, take them to the buttery,
And give them friendly welcome every one;
Let them want nothing that my house affords.—
[*Exit Servant and Players.*

[*To a Servant.*] 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
his heart,) he shall be a tinker! Ask
him such as he hath observ'd in no-
tice of the score for silver ale, score me
for the lyingest knave in Christendom,
And say,—What is't your honour's
pleasure?

Wherein your lady and your honour
May show her duty, and make known
And then,—with kind embracements,
ing kisses,

And with declining head into his
Bids him shed tears, as being overjoy'd
To see her noble lord restor'd to life
Who for this seven years hath been
No better than a poor and foolish man;
And if the boy have not a woman's
To rain a shower of commanded tears
An onion will do well for such a fall;
Which, in a napkin being close cover'd,
Shall in despite enforce a watery eye.
See this despatch'd with all the speed
Anon I'll give thee more instructions.

I know the boy will well usurp the
Voice, gait, and action of a gentleman;
I long to hear him call the drunkard
And how my men will stay themselves
laughter.

When they do homage to this simple
I'll in to counsel them; haply my presence
May well abate the over-merry spleen,
Which otherwise would grow into
scurf.

SCENE II.—A bedchamber in the Duke's
House.

*Sly is discovered in a rich nightgown,
Attendants: some with apparel, basin,
towel, and appurtenances.*

Lord, dressed like a servant.
Sly. [Waking.] For God's sake, a
small ale.

1 *Serv.* Will't please your lordship
these conserves?

2 *Serv.* Will't please your lordship
these conserves?

3 *Serv.* What raiment will your
honour, nor lordship: I ne'er dream'd
my life; and if you give me any of
give me conserves of beef: ne'er set
a raiment I'll wear; for I have no more
than backs, no more stockings than
no more shoes than feet: nay, some-
times than shoes, or such shoes as my
feet through the overleather.

Lord. Heaven cease this idle hum-
our, O, that a mighty man, of such descent,
Of such possessions, and so high estate,
Should be infus'd with so foul a spirit!

Sly. What! would you make
Am not I Christopher Sly, old Sly's
Barton-heath; by birth a pedlar, by

now by present profession a tinker! Ask
me such as he hath observ'd in no-
tice of the score for silver ale, score me
for the lyingest knave in Christendom,
And say,—What is't your honour's
pleasure?

1 *Serv.* O, this it is that makes your lady
mourn.

2 *Serv.* O, this it is that makes your serv-
ant drop.

3 *Serv.* O, this it is that makes your kin-
dred drop.

4 *Serv.* O, this it is that makes your
house drop.

5 *Serv.* O, this it is that makes your
house drop.

6 *Serv.* O, this it is that makes your
house drop.

7 *Serv.* O, this it is that makes your
house drop.

8 *Serv.* O, this it is that makes your
house drop.

9 *Serv.* O, this it is that makes your
house drop.

10 *Serv.* O, this it is that makes your
house drop.

11 *Serv.* O, this it is that makes your
house drop.

12 *Serv.* O, this it is that makes your
house drop.

13 *Serv.* O, this it is that makes your
house drop.

14 *Serv.* O, this it is that makes your
house drop.

15 *Serv.* O, this it is that makes your
house drop.

16 *Serv.* O, this it is that makes your
house drop.

17 *Serv.* O, this it is that makes your
house drop.

18 *Serv.* O, this it is that makes your
house drop.

19 *Serv.* O, this it is that makes your
house drop.

20 *Serv.* O, this it is that makes your
house drop.

21 *Serv.* O, this it is that makes your
house drop.

22 *Serv.* O, this it is that makes your
house drop.

23 *Serv.* O, this it is that makes your
house drop.

24 *Serv.* O, this it is that makes your
house drop.

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.

2 *Serv.* Will't please your mightiness to wash
your hands?

[*Servants present a ewer, basin, and napkin.*
O, how we joy to see your wit restor'd!
O, that ones more you knew but what you are!
These fifteen years you have been in a dream;
Or, when you wak'd, so wak'd as if you slept.
Sly. These fifteen years! by my fay, a
goodly nap.

But did I never speak of all that time?

1 *Serv.* O, yes, my lord; but very idle
words.

For though you lay here in this goodly chamber,
Yet would you say, ye were beaten out of door;
And rail upon the hostess of the house;
And say, you would present her at the lect,
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.

3 *Serv.* Why, sir, you know no house, nor
no such maid;

Nor no such men, as you have reckon'd up,—
As Stephen Sly, and old John Naps of Greece,
And Peter Turf, and Henry Pimpnell;
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
Alk. Amen.

1 *Serv.* 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
Where is my wife?

Page. Here, noble lord: what is thy will
with her?

Sly. Are you my wife, and will not call me
My men should call me lord: I am your
goodman.

Page. My husband and my lord, my lord
I am your wife in all obedience.

Sly. I know it well.—What must I call her?

Lord. Madam.

Sly. Alice madam, or Joan madam?

Lord. Madam, and nothing else: so lords
call ladies.

Sly. Madam wife, they say that I have
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
To pardon me yet for a night or two; [you
Or, if not so, until the sun be set,
For your physicians have expressly charg'd,

that you should sleep; I see, I hear, I speak;
I feel sweet savours; and I feel soft things:—

And now by present profession a tinker! Ask
me such as he hath observ'd in no-
tice of the score for silver ale, score me
for the lyingest knave in Christendom,
And say,—What is't your honour's
pleasure?

1 *Serv.* O, this it is that makes your lady
mourn.

2 *Serv.* O, this it is that makes your serv-
ant drop.

3 *Serv.* O, this it is that makes your kin-
dred drop.

4 *Serv.* O, this it is that makes your
house drop.

5 *Serv.* O, this it is that makes your
house drop.

6 *Serv.* O, this it is that makes your
house drop.

7 *Serv.* O, this it is that makes your
house drop.

In peril to incur your former malady,
That I should yet absent me from your bed.
I hope this reason stands for my excuse.

Sly. Ay, it stands so, that I may hardly
tarry so long; but I would be loth to fall into
my dreams again: I will therefore tarry, in
spite of the flesh and the blood.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Your honour's players, hearing your
amendment,
Are come to play a pleasant comedy;
For so your doctors hold it very meet,
Seeing too much sadness hath 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 hars a thousand harms, and lengthens
life.

Sly. Marry, I will; let them play it. Is not
a commonly a Christmas gambol, or a tum-
bling trick?

Page. No, my good lord; it is more pleasing
Sly. What, household stuff? [stall.]

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. [They sit down.]

ACT I.

SCENE I.—Padua. A public Place.

Enter Lucentio and Tranio.

Luc. Tranio, since, for the great desire I had
To see fair Padua, nursery of arts,
I am arriv'd for fruitful Lombardy,
The pleasant garden of great Italy:
And, by my father's love and leave, am arm'd
With his good will and thy good company,
My trusty servant, well approv'd in all;
Here let us breathe, and happy 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 Bentivolli,
Vincentio's son, brought up in Florence,
It shall become, to serve all hopes conceiv'd,
To deck his fortune with his virtuous deeds:
And therefore, Tranio, for the time I study,
Virtue, and that part of philosophy
Will I apply, that treats of happiness
By virtue specially to be achiev'd.
Tell me thy mind; for I have Pisa left,
And am to Padua come, as he that leaves
A shallow plash, to plunge him in the deep,
And with satiety seeks to quench his thirst.

Tr. Mi perdonate, gentle master mine,
I am in all affected as yourself;
Glad that you thus continue your resolve
To smok the sweets of sweet philosophy:
Only, good master, while we do admire

This virtue and this moral discipline,
Let's be no stoics, nor no stoicks, I pray;
Or so devote to Aristotle's checks,
As Ovid be an outcast quill about us.
Balk logic with acquaintance that you know,
And practise rhetoric in your common
Music and poesy use, to quicken you;
The mathematics and the metaphysics
Fall to them, as you find your stomachs
No profit grows, where is no pleasure.

Luc. Gramercies, Tranio; well said.
If Biondello now were come ashore,
We could at once put us in readiness
And take a lodging fit to entertain
Such friends as time in Padua shall bring.
But stay awhile: what company is that?

Tr. Master, some show; I will not
Enter Baptista, Katharina, Bianca,
and Hortensio. Lucentio and Tranio
aside.

Bap. Gentlemen, importance me no
For how I firmly am resolv'd you know.
That is, not to bestow my youngest daughter
Before I have a husband for the eldest;
If either of you both love Katharina,
Because I know you well and love you,
Leave shall you have to court her all your
sure.

Gre. To cart her rather: she's too
There, there, Hortensio, will you answer
Kath. [To Bap.] I pray you, sit, and
will.

To make a stale of me amongst these
Hor. Mates, maid! how mean you
no mates for you,
Unless you were of gentler, milder
Kath. I faith, sir, you shall never
fear:

I wis, it is not half way to her heart;
But if it were, doubt not her ears are close;
To comb your noddle with a three-tooth
And paint your face and use your hair.

Hor. From all such devils, deliver us!

Gre. And me, too, good Lord!

Tr. Rush, master, here is
pastime toward:

That wench is stark mad, or worse;
Luc. But in the other's silence do I
Maids' mild behaviour and sobriety
Peace, Tranio.

Tr. Well said, master; mum!

Bap. Gentlemen, that I may soon
What I have said,—Bianca, get you
And let it not displease thee, good
For I will love thee ne'er the less, if

Kath. A pretty peat! it is best
Put finger in the eye,—an she know
Bian. Sister, content you in my
Sir, to your pleasure humbly I sub-
My books and instruments shall be
pany,

On them to look and practise by my

self.

On them to look and practise by my

Luc. Hark, Tranio! thou may'st hear
Minerva speak,
Her scholar Baptista, will you be so strange?
Am I, that our good-will affects
Bianca's grief.

*Will you mew her up,
And make her hear the penance of her tongue?
Bap.* Gentlemen, content ye, I am resolv'd:—
Exit Bianca.

And for I know she taketh most delight
In music, instruments, and poetry,
I will instruct her youth. If you, Hortensio,
You know Gremio, you,—know any such,
Will be very kind, and liberal
To bring your own children in good bringing up:
I have more to commune with Bianca.

Exit.
Kath. Why, and I trust I may go too, may
I not?

Tr. I shall be appointed hours, as though
I know not what to take, and what to leave
[aside.]

Gre. You may go to the devil's dam: your
love is so good, here's none will hold you.

Tr. Now our nails together, and fast it fairly
—yet, for the love I bear my sweet
—if I can by any means light on a fit
to teach her that wherein she delights, I
will win him to her father.

Tr. So will I, Gremio: but a word,
Through the nature of our quarrel yet
hooked parts, know now, upon advice,
—that we may yet again
be access to our fair mistress, and be happy
in Bianca's love,—to labour and effect
this specially.

Tr. Wants that, I pray!

Gre. Marry, sir, to get a husband for her
—a husband! a devil.

Tr. I say, a husband.

Gre. I say, a devil: thinkest thou, Hor-
tensio, though her father be very rich, any man
very a fool to be married to hell?

Tr. Truly, Gremio! though it pass your
—man, there to endure her loud alarms,
—man could light on them, would take her
with all mirth, and money enough.

Tr. I cannot tell; but I had as lief take
—the high-crook every morning.

Tr. Well, as you say, there's small choice
—between us friends, it shall be so far forth
—daughter to a husband, we set his
—Sweet Bianca!—Happy man be

to him.

to him.

to him.

to him.

to him.

to him.

to him.

to him.

to him.

to him.

to him.

to him.

to him.

to him.

his dols!—He that runs fastest gets the ring.
How say you, signior Gremio?

Gre. I am agreed: and 'would I had given
him the best horse in Padua to begin his woo-
ing, that would thoroughly woo her, wed her,
and bed her, and rid the house of her. Come
on.

Tr. [Advancing.] 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,—
Tranio, I burn, I pine, I perish, Tranio,
If I achieve not this young modest girl.

Counsel me, Tranio, for I know thou canst;
Assist me, Tranio, for I know thou wilt.

Tr. Master, it is no time to chide you now;
Affection is not rated from the heart: [so,—
If love have touch'd you, nought remains but
Redime te captum, quam quies minimo.

Luc. Gramercies, lad; go forward, this
contents:

The rest will comfort, for thy counsel's sound.

Tr. Master, you look'd so longly on the
maid,

Perhaps you mark'd not what's the pith of all.

Luc. O yes, I saw sweet beauty in her face,
Such as the daughter of Agenor had, [hand,
That made great Jove to humble him to her
When with his knees he kiss'd the Cretan strand.

Tr. Saw you no more? mark'd you not
how her sister

Began to scold, and raise up such a storm,
That mortal ears might hardly endure the din?

Luc. Tranio, I saw her coral lips to move,
And with her breath she did perfume the air;
Sacred and sweet was all I saw in her.

Tr. Nay, then, 'tis time to stir him from
his trance.

I pray, awake, sir: if you love the maid,
Bend thoughts and wits to achieve her. Thus
it stands:—

Her elder sister is so enrat and shrewd,
That, till the father rid his hands of her,
Master, your love must live a maid at home;
And therefore has he closely mov'd her up,
Because she will not be annoy'd with suitors.

Luc. Ah, Tranio, what a cruel father's he!
But art thou not advis'd, he took some care
To get her cunning schoolmasters to instruct
her?

Tr. Ay, marry, am I, sir; and now 'tis
Luc. I have it, Tranio. [plotted.]

Tr. Master, for my hand,
Both our inventions meet and jump in one.

Luc. Tell me thine first.

Tr. You will be schoolmaster,
And undertake the teaching of the maid;
That's your device.

That's your device.

That's your device.

That's your device.

That's your device.

That's your device.

That's your device.

That's your device.

That's your device.

That's your device.

Luc. It is: may it be done?
Tru. Not possible; for who shall bear your
 And be in Padua here Vincentio's son? [part,
 Keep house, and ply his book; welcome his
 friends;

Visit his countrymen, and banquet them?
Luc. Basta; content thee; for I have it full,
 We have not yet been seen in any house;
 Nor can we be distinguish'd, by our faces,
 For man, or master, Tranio, it follows thus;—
 Thou shalt be master, Tranio, in my stead,
 Keep house, and port, and servants, as I
 should;

I will some other be; some Florentine,
 Some Neapolitan, or meaner man of Pisa.
 'Tis hatch'd, and shall be so;—Tranio, at once
 Uncease 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.
Tru. So had you need.

[*They exchange habits.*
 In brief, sir, with it your pleasure is,
 And I am tied to be obedient,
 (For so your father charg'd me at our parting,—
 "Be servicable to my son," quoth he,
 Although I think 'twas in another sense,)
 I am content to be Lucutio,
 Because so well I love Lucutio.

Luc. Tranio, be so, because Lucutio 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 stol'n your
 clothes, [news?]

Or you stol'n his! or both? pray, what's the
Luc. Sirrah, come hither: 'tis no time to jest,
 And therefore frame your manners to the time.

Your fellow Tranio, here, to save my life,
 Puts my apparel and my countenance on,
 And I for my escape have put on his;

For in a quarrel, since I came ashore,
 I kill'd a man, and fear I was deserv'd.

Wait you on him, I charge 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 chang'd to Lucutio. [too!]

Bion. The better for him: would I were so
Tru. So would I, faith, boy, to have the
 next wish after,

That Lucutio indeed had Baptista's youngest
 daughter.

But, sirrah, not for my sake, but your master's,
 I advise [companies:]

You use your manners discreetly in all kind of
 When I am alone, why, then I am Tranio.

But in all places else, your master, Lucutio.
Luc. Tranio, let's go—

One thing more rests, that thyself execute;

To make one among these wooers!
 me why,—
 Sufficeth, my reasons are both
 weighty.

2 SERV. My lord, you nod; you
 the play.

SERV. Yes, by Saint Anne, I do
 matter, surely: comes there any way?

PAOR. My lord, 'tis but beguine.

SERV. 'Tis a very excellent piece
 madam lady: would 'twere done!

SCENE II.—Padua. Before Hortensio's house.
 Enter Petruchio and Grumio

Pet. Verona, for a while I take
 To see my friends in Padua; but

My best beloved and approved
 Hortensio; and I trow this is his

Here, sirrah Grumio; knock, I charge
Gru. Knock, sir! whom should

Is there any man has rebused your
Pet. Villain, I say, knock me

Gru. Knock you here, sir! why
 am I, sir, that I should knock you?

Pet. Villain, I say, knock me
 And rap me well, or I'll knock you

pate.
Gru. My master is grown quarrelsome
 should knock you first.

And then I know after who comes
Pet. Will it not be?

Faith, sirrah, an you'll not knock,
Gru. Knock you here, sir! why

I'll try how you can *so, fa, and*
 [He wrings Grumio's

Gru. Help, masters, help! my master
Pet. Now, knock when I bid you

villain!
 Enter Hortensio.

Hor. How now! what's the
 old friend Grumio! and my good

truchio!—How do you all at Verona?
Pet. Signior Hortensio, come you

the fray?
Con tutto il core ben trovato, may I

Hor. Alla nostra casa ben
 honorato signior mio Petruchio!

Rise, Grumio, rise: we will enjoy
 quarels.

Gru. Nay, 'tis no matter, sir, what
 in Latin.—If this be not a lawful

to leave his service,—look you, my
 me knock him, and rap him

well, was it fit for a servant to
 so; being, perhaps (for aught I

thirty,—a pip out!
 Whom 'would to God, I had well

Then had not Grumio come by the
Pet. A senseless villain!—Good

I bade the rascal knock upon your
 And could not get him for my head

Gru. Knock at the gate!—O he
 Spake you not these words plain

knock me here, rap me here, knock

knock me soundly!" And come you now
 knocking at the gate?

Pet. Sirrah, be gone, or talk not, I advise
 you.

Hor. Petruchio, patience: I am Grumio's
 [pledge:]

husband, trusty, pleasant servant Grumio;
 and tell me now, sweet friend, what happy gale

brings you to Padua here, from old Verona?
Pet. Such wind as scatters young men

through the world,
 and their fortunes farther than at home,

where small experience grows. But in a few,
 where my father, is deceas'd;

I have thrust myself into this maze,
 to wife and thrive as best I may:

as in my purse I have, and goods at
 home.

So am I come abroad to see the world.
Hor. Petruchio, shall I then come roundly

to thee,
 and wish thee to a shrewd ill-favour'd wife?

But thank me but a little for my counsel:
 yet I'll promise thee she shall be rich,

very rich:—but thou'rt too much my
 I'll not wish thee to her.

[*friend,*
Signior Hortensio, 'twixt such friends

as we,
 words suffice; and therefore, if thou know

rich enough to be Petruchio's wife,
 wealth is burden of my wooing dance,)

as thou art, as thou art, as thou art,
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as thou art, as thou art, as thou art,
 as thou art, as thou art, as thou art,

Her name is Katharina Minola,
 Renown'd in Padua for her scolding tongue.

Pet. I know her father, though I know not
 And he knew my deceased father well. [her;

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.

Gru. 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, he'll rail in

his rope-tricks. I'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 withal than a

cat. You know him not, sir.
Hor. Tarry, Petruchio, I must go with thee;

For in Baptista's keep 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 those defects I have before rehears'd,)
 That ever Katharina will be woo'd;

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, disguis'd 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 leave and leisure to make love to 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 Grumio; with him Lucutio disguised,
 with books under his arm.*

Master, master, look about you: who goes
 there! ha?

Hor. Peace, Grumio: 'tis the rival of my love.
 Petruchio, stand by a while.

Gru. A proper stripling, and an amorous!
 [*They retire*

Gru. O, very well; I have perus'd the note.
 Hark you, sir; I'll have them very fairly bound:

All books of love, see that at any hand;
 And see you read no other lectures to her:

You understand me—over and beside
 Signior Baptista's liberality, [too,

I'll mend it with a largess:—take your papers
 And let me have them very well perfum'd;

For she is sweeter than perfume itself,
 To whom they go. What will you read to her?

Luc. What'er I read to her, I'll plead for you,
 As for my patron, (stand you so assur'd,)

As firmly as yourself were still in place:
Yea, and perhaps with more successful words
Than you, unless you were a scholar, sir.

Gre. O this learning! what a thing it is!

Gre. O this woodcock! what an ass it is!

Pet. Peace, sirrah!

Hor. Gremio, mum!—God save you, signior Gremio!

[*sio.* Trow you

Gre. And you are well met, signior Hortensio. Whither I am going?—To Baptista Minola.

I promis'd to enquire carefully
About a schoolmaster for the fair Bianca:
And, by good fortune, I have lighted well
On this young man; for learning and behaviour
Fit for her turn; well read in poetry,
And other books,—good ones, I warrant ye.

Hor. 'Tis well: and I have met a gentleman
Hath promis'd me to help me to another,
A fine musician to instruct our mistress;
So shall I no whit be behind in duty
To fair Bianca, so belov'd of me.

Gre. Belov'd of me,—and that my deeds
shall prove.

Gre. [*Aside.*] And that his bags shall prove.

Hor. Gremio, 'tis now no time to vent our
love:

Listen to me; and if you speak me fair,
I'll tell you news indifferent good for either.
Here is a gentleman, whom by chance I met,
Upon agreement from us to his liking,
Will undertake to woo earnest Katharine,
Yea, and to marry her, if her dowry please.

Gre. So said, so done, is well:—

Hortensio, have you told him all her faults?

Pet. I know she is an irksome brawling
scold:

If that be all, masters, I hear no harm.

Gre. No, say'st me so, friend! What
countryman!

Pet. Born in Verona, old Antonio's son:
My father dead, my fortune lives for me;
And I do hope good days and long to see.

Gre. O sir, such a life, with such a wife,
were strange;

But if you have a stomach, to't o' God's name:
You shall have me assisting you in all.
But will you woo this wild cat?

Pet. Will I live?

Gre. Will he woo her? ay, or I'll hang her.

Pet. Why came I hither, but to that intent?

Think you a little din can daunt mine ears?
Have I not in my time heard lions roar?
Have I not heard the sea, puff'd up with winds,
Rage like an angry bear chafed with sweat?
Have I not heard great ordnance in the field,
And heaven's artillery thunder in the skies?
Have I not in a pitched battle heard
Loud 'larums, neighing steeds, and trumpets'
clang?

And do you tell me of a woman's tongue;
That gives not half so great a blow to hear,
As will a chestnut in a farmer's fire?

Tush, tush! fear boys with bugs.

Gre. [*Aside.*]

For he fears none.

Gre. Hortensio, hark:

This gentleman is happily arriv'd,
My mind presumes, for his own good.

Hor. I promis'd we would be
And bear his charge of wooing, which

Gre. And so we will,—provided he
her.

Gre. [*Aside.*] I would I were at
good dinner.

Enter Tranio, bravely apparel'd.
Biondello.

Tra. Gentlemen, God save you;
be bold,

Tell me, I beseech you, which is the
To the house of signior Baptista Minola?

Bion. He that has the two fair daughters
—[*To Tranio*] is't he you mean?

Tra. Even he, Biondello.

Gre. Hark you, sir; you mean

Tra. Perhaps him and her, sir;
you to do?

Pet. Not her that chides, sir;
I pray.

Tra. I love no chiders, sir.—*Exit*
Luc. [*Aside.*] Well begun, Tranio!

Hor. Sir, a word ere
Are you a suitor to the maid you

or no?

Tra. And if I be, sir, is it any
Gre. No; if without more words
get you hence.

Tra. Why, sir, I pray, are not
For me as for you?

Gre. But so is not
Tra. For what reason, I beseech

Gre. For this reason, if you'll
That she's the choice love of signior

Hor. That she's the chosen of
tonello.

Tra. Softly, my masters! If you
men,

Do me this right,—hear me with
Baptista is a noble gentleman,

To whom my father is not all unkind;
And, were his daughter fairer than

She may more suitors have, and more
Fair Leda's daughter had a thousand

Then well one more may fair Bianca
And so she shall; Lucentio shall

Though Paris came in hope to woo
Gre. What, this gentleman will

all!

Luc. Sir, give him head; I know
a jado.

Pet. Hortensio, to what end
Hor. Sir, let me be so bold as

Did you yet ever see Baptista's
Tra. No, sir; but hear I do

The one as famous for a scolding tongue
As is the other for beautiful manners

Pet. Sir, sir, the first's for me; I
Gre. Yea, leave that labour to

cules;
And let it be more than Alcides' labours

Sir, understand you this of me, in
 youth;
 youngest daughter, whom you hearken for,
 father keeps from all access of suitors;
 will not promise her to any man
 the elder sister first be wed:
 younger then is free, and not before.
 If it be so, sir, that you are the man
 I stand in all, and me among the rest;
 if you break the ice, and do this feat,
 leave the elder, not the younger free
 our access,—whose hap shall be to have
 her,
 not so graceless be, to be ingrate.
 Sir, you say well, and well you do
 conceive;
 since you do profess to be a suitor,
 must, as we do, gratify this gentleman,
 whom we all rest generally beholden.
 Sir, I shall not be slack: in sign
 whereof,
 we may contrive this afternoon,
 to spend as adversaries do in law,
 we mightily, but eat and drink as friends.
 O excellent motion! Fellows,
 let's be gone. [so:—
 The motion's good indeed, and be it
 so, I shall be your *ben venuto*.
 [Exit.

ACT II.

Scene I.—Padua. A Room in Baptista's
 House. Enter Katharina and Bianca.
 Kath. Good sister, wrong me not, nor wrong
 yourself,
 make a bondmaid and a slave of me;
 I disdain: but for these other gawds,
 and my hands, I'll pull them off myself,
 all my raiment, to my petticoat;
 what you will command me will I do,
 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.
 Bianca. Believe me, sister, of all the men alive,
 never yet beheld that special face
 which I could fancy more than any other.
 Kath. Minion, thou liest: is't not Hortensio?
 Bianca. If you affect him, sister, here I swear,
 I'll head for you myself, but you shall have him.
 Kath. O then, belike, you fancy riches more:
 you will have Gremio to keep you fair.
 Bianca. Is it for him you do envy me so?
 Kath. Then you jest; and now I well perceive
 you have but jested with me all this while:
 I'll give you, sister Kate, untie my hands.
 Kath. If that be jest, then all the rest was so.
 [Strikes her.
 Enter Baptista.
 Why, how now, dame! whence grows
 this insolence?

Bianca, stand aside:—poor girl! she weeps:
 Go ply thy needle; meddle not with her.
 For shame, thou hilding of a devilish spirit,
 Why dost thou wrong her that did never wrong
 thee?
 When did she cross thee with a bitter word?
 Kath. Her silence flouts me, and I'll be
 reveng'd. [Flies after Bianca.
 Bap. What! in my sight!—Bianca, get thee
 in. [Exit 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 hall.
 Talk not to me: I will go sit and weep,
 Till I can find occasion of revenge. [Exit.
 Bap. Was ever gentleman thus griev'd as I?
 But who comes here?
 Enter Gremio, with Lucentio in the habit of a
 mean man; Petruchio, with Hortensio as a
 Musician; and Tranio, with Biondello bear-
 ing a lute and books.
 Gre. Good-morrow, neighbour Baptista.
 Bap. Good-morrow, neighbour Gremio.—
 God save you, gentlemen!
 Pet. And you, good sir. Pray, have you
 not a daughter
 Call'd Katharina, fair and virtuous?
 Bap. I have a daughter, sir, call'd Katha-
 rina.
 Gre. You are too blunt: go to it orderly.
 Pet. You wrong me, signior Gremio: give
 me leave.
 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 Licio, born in Mantua.
 Bap. You're welcome, sir: and he, for your
 good sake.
 But for my daughter Katharine,—this I know,
 She is not for your turn, the more my grief.
 Pet. 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?
 Pet. Petruchio is my name; Antonio's son,
 A man well known throughout all Italy.
 Bap. I know him well: you are welcome
 for his sake.
 Gre. Saving your tale, Petruchio, I pray,

That you shall be my wife; your dowry
'greed on;

And, will you nil 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 married to no man but me:
For I am he am born to tame you, Kate;
And bring you from a wild Cat to a Kate
Conformable, as other household Kates.
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 Petruccio, how speed you with my daughter?

Pet. How but well, sir? how but well!

Bap. Why, how now, daughter Katharine! in your dumps?

Kath. Call you me daughter? now, I promise you,

You have show'd a tender fatherly regard,
To wish me wed to one half lunatic;

A mad-cap ruffian, and a swearing Jack,
That thinks with oaths to face the matter out.

Pet. Father, 'tis thus:—yourself and all the world,

That talk'd of her, have talk'd amiss of her:
If she be curst, 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, Petruccio; she says she'll see thee hang'd first.

Tra. Is this your speeding? nay then, good night our part!

Pet. Be patient, gentlemen; I choose her for myself:

If she and I be pleas'd, 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 hung about my neck; and kiss on 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 meacock wretch can make the curstest 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.

Bap. I knew not what to say: but give me your hands.

God send you joy, Petruccio! '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
We will have rings, and things, and

And, kiss me, Kate, we will be
Sunday.

[*Exeunt Petruccio and Katharine.*]
Gre. Was ever match clapp'd

so soon?
Bap. Faith, gentlemen, now I

chant's part,
And venture madly on a desperate

Tra. 'Twas a commodity lay
you:

'Twill bring you gain, or perish
Bap. The gain I seek is quiet

Gre. No doubt but he hath got a
But now, Baptista, to your young

Now is the day we long have look'd
I am your neighbour, and was

Tra. And I am one that loves
Than words can witness, or your

guess.
Gre. Youngling, thou canst not

Tra. Grey-beard, thy love doth
Gre. But thou

Skipper, stand back: 'tis age that
Tra. But youth in ladies' eyes

eth.
Bap. Content you, gentlemen;

'Tis deeds must win the prize; and
That can assure my daughter

Shall have my Bianca's love.
Say, signior Gremio, what can you

Gre. First, as you know, my
the city

Is richly furnish'd with plate and
Basins and ewers, to lave her dainty

My hangings all of Tyrian tapestry
In ivory coffers I have stuff'd my

In cypress chests my arras, counterpane,
Costly apparel, tents, and canopies

Fine linen, Turkey cushions boss'd with
Valance of Venice gold in needlework

Pewter and brass, and all things
To house or housekeeping: there

I have a hundred milch-kine to
Six score fat oxen standing in my

And all things answerable to this
Myself am struck in years, I must

And if I die to-morrow, this is
If whilst I live she will be only

Tra. That "only" came well
to me:

I am my father's heir and only
If I may have your daughter to my

I'll leave her houses three or four
Within rich Pisa walls, as any one

Old signior Gremio has in Padua
Besides two thousand ducats by

Of fruitful land, all of which
jointure.

What, have I pinch'd you, signior
Gre. Two thousand ducats

land!
My land amounts not to so much

as she shall have; besides an argosy
now is lying in Marseilles' road.—

Tra. Gremio, 'tis known, my father hath
no less

three great argosies: besides two gal-
and twelve light galleys: these I will assure

her
twice as much, what'er thou offer'st

Gre. Nay, I have offer'd all,—I have no
more:

and she can have no more than all I have:—
Tra. Why, then the maid is mine from all

the world,
your firm promise: Gremio is out-vied.

Gre. I must confess your offer is the best;
let your father make her the assurance,

is your own; also, you must pardon me:
you should do before him, where's her

dower?
Tra. That's but a cavil: he is old, I young.

Gre. And may not young men die, as well
as old?

Tra. Well, gentlemen,
thus receiv'd:—on Sunday next, you

know,
daughter Katharine is to be married:

on the Sunday following, shall Bianca
be wed to you, if you make this assurance;

and to signior Gremio:
I take my leave, and thank you both.

Tra. Adieu, good neighbour. [*Exit Bap.*]
—Now I fear thee not:

ere thou art all, and in his waning age
get under thy table. Tut, a toy!

old Italian fox is not so kind, my boy.

Tra. A vengeance on your crafty wither'd
I have faced it with a card of ten. [*Hide!*]

is in my head to do my master good:—
no reason, but suppos'd Lusentio

get a father, call'd—suppos'd Vincentio
that's a wonder: fathers, commonly,

get their children; but in this case of
wedding,

child shall get a sire, if I fail not of my
cunning.

[*Exit.*]

ACT III.

Scene I.—Padua. A Room in Baptista's
House.

Enter Lucentio, Hortensio, and Bianca.

Luc. Eddid, forbear; you grow too for-
ward, sir:

you so soon forgot the entertainment
of Katharine welcome'd you withal?

But, wrangling pedant, this is
patronage of heav'nly harmony:

to give me leave to have prerogative;
when in music we have spent an hour,

our lecture shall have leisure for as much.

Luc. Preposterous ass, that never read so far
To know the cause why music was ordain'd!

Was it not to refresh the mind of man,
After his studies, or his usual pain?

Then give me leave to read philosophy,
And while I pause, serve in your harmony.

Hor. Sirrah, I will not bear these braves of
thine. [*Wrong.*]

Bian. Why, gentlemen, you do me double
To strive for that which resteth in my choice:

I am no breaching scholar in the schools;
I'll not be tied to hours nor 'pointed times,

But learn my lessons as I please myself.
And, to cut off all strife, here sit we down:—

Take you your instrument, play you the whiles;
His lecture will be done, ere you have tun'd.

Hor. You'll leave his lecture when I am in
tune? [*Hortensio retires.*]

Luc. That will be never:—tune your instru-
Bian. Where left we last? [*ment.*]

Luc. Here, madam:—
Hac ibat Simois; hic est Sigeia tellus;

Hic steterat Priami regia celsa senis.
Bian. Construe them.

Luc. *Hac ibat*, as I told you before,—*Si-*
mois, I am Lucentio,—*hic est*, son unto Vin-

centio of Pisa,—*Sigeia tellus*, disguised thus
to get your love;—*Hic steterat*, and that Lu-

centio that comes a wooing,—*Priami*, is my
man Tranio,—*regia*, bearing my port,—*celsa*

senis, that we might beguile the old panta-
loon.

Hor. [*Coming forward.*] Madam, my in-
strument's in tune.

Bian. Let's hear,—[*Hortensio plays.*] O fie!
the treble jars.

Luc. Spit in the hole, man, and tune again.
Bian. Now let me see if I can construe it:

—*Hac ibat Simois*, I know you not,—*hic est*
Sigeia tellus, I trust you not;—*Hic steterat*

Priami, take heed he hear us not,—*regia*,
presume not;—*celsa senis*, despair not.

Hor. Madam, 'tis now in tune.
Luc. All but the base.

Hor. The base is right; 'tis the base knave
that jars.

How fiery and forward our pedant is!
[*Aside.*] Now, for my life, the knave doth

court my love:
Palascole, I'll watch you better yet.

Bian. In time I may believe, yet I mistrust.
Luc. Mistrust it not: for, sure, *Æacides*

Was Ajax,—call'd so from his grandfather.
Bian. I must believe my master; else, I

promise you,
I should be arguing still upon that doubt:

But let it rest.—Now, Lucio, to you:—
Good masters, take it not unkindly, pray,

That I have been thus pleasant with you both.
Hor. [*To Lucentio.*] You may go walk,

and give me leave awhile:
My lessons make us music in three parts.

Luc. Are you so formal, sir? [*Aside.*] Well,
I must wait.

And watch withal; for, but I be deceiv'd,
Our fine musician groweth amorous.

Hor. Madam, before you touch the instru-
To learn the order of my fingering, [ment,
I must begin with rudiments of art;
To teach you gamut in a briefer sort,
More pleasant, pithy, and effectual,
Than hath been taught by any of my trade;
And there it is in writing, fairly drawn.

Bian. Why, I am past my gamut long ago.

Hor. Yet read the gamut of Hortensio.

Bian. [Reads.]

"Gamut I am, the ground of all accord,
A re, to plead Hortensio's passion;
B mi, Bianca, take him for thy lord,
C fa ut, that loves with all affection;
D sol re, one cliff, two notes have I;
E la mi, show pity, or I die."

Call you this gamut? tut! I like it not:
Old fashions please me best; I am not so nice,
To change true rules for odd inventions.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Mistress, your father prays you leave
your books,

And help to dress your sister's chamber up;
You know, to-morrow is the wedding-day.

Bian. Farewell, sweet masters both; I
must be gone.

[*Exeunt Bianca and Servant.*]

Luc. 'Faith, mistress, then I have no cause
to stay. [Exit.]

Hor. But I have cause to pry into this
pendant: [love:]

Metheinks he looks as though he were in
Yet if thy thoughts, Bianca, be so numble,
To cast thy wand'ring eyes on every stale,
Seize thee that list; if once I had thee ranging,
Hortensio will be quit with thee by changing.

[Exit.]

SCENE II.—Padua, Before Baptista's House.

*Enter Baptista, Gremio, Tranio, Katharina,
Bianca, Lucentio, and Attendants.*

Bap. [To Tranio.] Signior Lucentio, this
is the 'pointed day

That Katharine and Petruchio should be mar-
And yet we hear not of our son-in-law. [ried,
What will be said? what mockery will it be,
To want the bridegroom, when the priest at-
tends

To speak the ceremonial rites of marriage!
What says Lucentio to this shame of ours?

Kath. No shame but mine: I must, for-
sooth, be fore'd

To give my hand, oppos'd against my heart,
Unto a mad-brain rudesby, full of spleen;
Who woo'd in haste, and means to wed at le-
I told you, I, he was a frantic fool, [sure,
Milding his bitter jests in blunt behaviour;
And, to be noted for a merry man, [riage,
He'll woo a thousand, 'point the day of mar-
Make friends invited, and proclaim the banns;
Yet never means to wed where he hath woo'd.
Now must the world point out poor Katharine,

And say,—"Lo, there is maid Petruchio,
If it would please him come and woo."

Tra. Patience, good Katharine,
tista too.

Upon my life, Petruchio means but
Whatever fortune stays him from his
Though he be blunt, I know him for
Though he be blunt, yet withal he
Kath. Would Katharine had not
him though!

[*Exit weeping, followed by Bianca.*]

Bap. Go, girl; I cannot blame thee
weep;

For such an injury would vex a very
Much more a shrew of thy impatient
Enter Bloodello.

Bian. Master, master! news! news!
such news as you never heard of!

Bap. Is it new and old too? how say
Bian. Why, is it not news to hear
chio's coming?

Bap. Is he come!

Bian. Why, no, sir.

Bap. What then?

Bian. He is coming.

Bap. When will he be here?

Bian. When he stands where I
sees you there.

Tra. But, say, what—to think old

Bian. Why, Petruchio is coming,
bat and an old jerkin; a pair of old
thrice turned; a pair of boots that
candle-cases, one buckled, another
old rusty sword 'gainst out of the tower
with a broken hilt, and chaplains
broken points; his horse hippled,
mothy saddle, and stirrups of no use
sides, possessed with the glanders;
mose in the chine; troubled with the
infected with the fashions, full of
sped with spavins, railed with the
cure of the flies, stark spoiled with
gers, begnawn with the bots, swag-
back, and shoulder-shotten; near-
fore, and with a half-checked bit, and
stall of sheep's leather, which, being
to keep him from stumbling, back-
burst, and now repaired with knots
six times pieced, and a woman's
velure, which hath two letters for
fairly set down in studs, and here and
pieced with packthread.

Bap. Who comes with him?

Bian. O, sir, his lackey, for all
caparisoned like the horse; with a
on one leg, and a kersey hood on
other, gartered with a red and blue
old hat, and the "Humour of Jove"
pricked in't for a feather; a monstrous
monster in apparel; and not like a
toothboy, or a gentleman's lackey.

Tra. 'Tis some odd humour pricked
this fashion;

Yet oftentimes he goes but mean apparel

Bap. I am glad he is come, howsoever he
Bian. Why, sir, he comes not. [comes.]

Bap. Didst thou not say, he comes?

Bian. Why? that Petruchio came?

Bap. Ay, that Petruchio came.

Bian. No, sir; I say his horse comes, with
on his back.

Bap. Why, that's all one.

Bian. Nay, by Saint Jany, I hold you a
house and a man is more than one, and yet
not many.

Enter Petruchio and Gremio.

Pet. Come, where be these gallants? who
Bap. You are welcome, sir. [Is at home?]

Pet. And yet I come not well.

Bap. And yet you halt not.

Pet. Not so well apparell'd,

I wish you were,

Bap. Were it better, I should rush in thus.

Pet. But where is Kate? where is my lovely
bride—

Bian. [Brown:] How does my father?—Gentles, methinks you
and wherein gaze this goodly company,
as if they saw some wondrous monument,
some comet, or unusual prodigy? [singing day:]

Bap. Why, sir, you know this is your wed-
ding sabbath, that you come so unprovided;

do not this habit, shame to your estate,
as a witness to our solemn festival!

Tra. And tell us, what occasion of import
And sent you hither so unlike yourself?

Pet. Tedium it were to tell, and harsh to
tongue in some part enforced to digress;

Which, at more leisure, I will so excuse
as you shall well be satisfied withal.

Bap. The morning wears, 'tis time we were at church.

Tra. See not your bride in these unbecom-
ing robes:

Pet. Go to my chamber; put on clothes of mine.

Bap. Not I, believe me: thus I'll visit her.

Pet. But thus, I trust, you will not marry
her.

Pet. Good sooth, even thus; therefore have
done with words:

To us she's married, not unto my clothes:

As I can change these poor accoutrements,
so may you well for Kate, and better for myself.

What a fool am I to chat with you,
When I should bid good-morrow to my bride,

And end the title with a lovely kiss!

[*Exeunt Petruchio, Gremio, and Bianca.*]

Tra. He hath some meaning in his mad at-
titude, but he is better ere he go to church.

Bap. I'll after him, and see the event of this.

Tra. But, sir, to love concerneth us to add
the father's liking: which to bring to pass,
As I before imparted to your worship,

I am to get a man,—what'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 school-
master

Doth watch Bianca's steps so narrowly,
'Twere good, methinks, to steal our marriage;

Which once perform'd, let all the world say no,
I'll keep mine own, despite of all the world.

Tra. That by degrees we mean to look into,
And watch our vantage in this business:

We'll over-reach the grey-beard, Gremio,
The narrow-prying father, Minola,

The quaint musician, amorous Micio;
All for my master's sake, Lucentio.

Re-enter Gremio.

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? 'Tis a groom
indeed,

A grumbling groom, and that the girl shall find.
Tra. Curster than she? why, 'tis impossible.

Gre. Why, he's a devil, a devil, a very devil.
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 gods-wounds!" quoth he; and swore
so loud

That all amaz'd, 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 down fell priest and book, and book and
priest:

"Now take them up," quoth he, "if any list."
Tra. What said the wench when he arose
again? [stamp and swore,

Gre. Trembled and shook; for why, he
As if the vicar meant to cozen him.

But after many ceremonies done, [as if
He calls for wine: "A health!" quoth he;
He had been aboard, carousing to his mates

After a storm; quaff'd off the muscadell,
And threw the sops all in the sexton's face;
Having no other reason

But that his beard grew thin and hangy,
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 minstrel's play. [Music.]

Re-enter Petruchio, Katharina, Bianca, Baptista, Hortensio, Grumio, and train.

Pet. Gentlemen and friends, I thank you for your pains :

I know you think to dine with me to-day,
And have prepar'd 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 go than stay.

And, honest company, I thank you all,
That have beheld me give away myself

To this most patient, sweet, and virtuous wife :
Dine with my father, drink a health to me ;

For I must hence ; and farewell to you all.

Tra. Let us entreat you stay till after dinner.

Pet. It may not be.

Gra. Let me entreat you.

Pet. It cannot be.

Kath. Let me entreat you,

Pet. I am content.

Kath. Are you content to stay ?

Pet. I am content you shall entreat me stay ;
But yet not stay, entreat me how you can.

Kath. Now, if you love me, stay.

Pet. Grumio, my horse !

Gru. Ay, sir, they be ready : the oats have
Kath. Nay, then, [eaten the horses.

Do what thou canst, I will not go to-day ;

No, nor to-morrow, nor till I please myself.

The door is open, sir : there lies your way ;

You may be jogging whiles your boots are
green ;

For me, I'll not be gone till I please myself :

'Tis like you'll prove a jolly surly groom,

That take it on you at the first so roundly.

Pet. O Kate, content thee ; prythee, be not
angry. [do]

Kath. I will be angry : what hast thou to
Father, be quiet : he shall stay my leisure.

Gra. Ay, marry, sir, now it begins to work.

Kath. Gentlemen, forward to the bridal
I see, a woman may be made a fool, [dinner ;
If she had not a spirit to resist.

Pet. They shall go forward, Kate, at thy
command, —

Obey the bride, you that attend on her ;

Go to the feast, revel and domineer,

Carouse full measure to her maidenhead,

Be mad and merry, — or go hang yourselves :

But for my bonny Kate, she must with me.

Nay, look not big, nor stamp, nor stare, nor fret,

I will be master of what is mine own :

She is my goods, my chattels ; she is my house,

My household-stuff, my field, my barn,

My horse, my ox, my ass, my anything ;

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're beset with

thieves :

Rescue thy mistress, if thou be a man.
Fear not, sweet wench, they shall not
thee, Kate :

I'll buckler thee against a million.
[*Exeunt Petruchio, Katharina, and*

Bap. Nay, let them go, a couple of
ones.

Gra. Went they not quickly, I

Tra. Of all mad matches never was

Luc. Mistress, what's your opinion of
sister ?

Bion. That, being mad herself, she

Gra. I warrant him, Petruchio is

Bap. Neighbours and friends, though
and bridegroom wants

For to supply the places at the table.

You know there wants no junkets in the

Lucentio, you shall supply the bride

And let Bianca take her sister's room.

Tra. Shall sweet Bianca practice

bride it ?

Bap. She shall, Lucentio. — Come

men, let's go.

ACT IV.

SCENE I. — A Hall in Petruchio's
House.

Enter Grumio.

Gru. Fle, fle, on all tired ladies, no

masters, and all foul ways ! Was ever

beaten ? was ever man so rayed ?

man so weary ? I am sent before to

fire, and they are coming after to

Now, were not I a little pot, and some

very lips might freeze to my teeth, my

to the roof of my mouth, my head

belly, ere I should come by a fire to

but I, with blowing the fire, shall warm

for, considering the weather, a taller

I will take cold. Holla, ho ! Curtis !

Enter Curtis.

Curt. Who is that calls so coldly ?

Gru. A piece of ice : if thou dost

mayst slide from my shoulder to my

no greater a run but my head and

A fire, good Curtis.

Curt. Is my master and his wife

Grumio ?

Gru. O, ay, Curtis, ay : and thou

fire ; cast on no water.

Curt. Is she so hot a shrew as

Gru. She was, good Curtis, before

but, thou knowest, winter tames man,

and beast ; for it hath tamed my old

and my new mistress, and myself, follow

Curt. Away, you three-inch fool !

beast.

Gru. Am I but three inches ? why, thou

is a foot : and so long am I at the

wilt thou make a fire, or shall I

thee to our mistress, whose hand

now at hand thou shalt soon feel, to

comfort, for being slow in thy hot

Curt. I prytheu, good Grumio, tell me, how goes the world?

Gru. A cold world, *Curtis*, in every office but thine; and therefore, fire: do thy duty, and have thy duty, for my master and mistress are almost frozen to death.

Curt. There's fire ready; and therefore, good Grumio, the news?

Gru. Why, "Jack, boy! ho, boy!" and as much news as thou wilt.

Curt. Come, you are so full of cony-catch-lug!

Gru. Why therefore, fire; for I have caught extreme cold. Where's the cook? is supper ready, the house trimm'd, rushes strew'd, kitchen swept; the serving-men in their new livery, their white stockings, and every officer his wedding-garment on? Be the Jacks fair within, the Jills fair without, and carpets laid, and everything in order?

Curt. All ready; and therefore, I pray thee, news?

Gru. First, know, my horse is tired; my master and mistress fallen out.

Curt. How?

Gru. Out of their saddles into the dirt; and thereby hangs a tale.

Curt. Let's hear't, good Grumio.

Gru. Lend thine ear.

Curt. [Striking him.] There.

Gru. This is to feel a tale, not to hear a tale.

Curt. And therefore it is called a sensible tale; and this cuff was but to knock at your ear, and beseech listening. Now I begin:

Gru. *Impromptu*, we came down a foul hill, my master riding behind my mistress:—

Curt. Both of one horse?

Gru. What's that to thee?

Curt. Why, a horse.

Gru. Tell thou the tale:—but hadst thou not crossed me, thou shouldst have heard how

her horse fell, and she under her horse; thou shouldst have heard, in how miry a place;

how she was bemolded; how he left her with the horse upon her; how he bent me because

her horse stumbled; how she waded through the dirt to pluck him off me; how he swore;

how she prayed—that never prayed before; how I cried; how the horses ran away; how

—with many things of worthy memory, which now shall die in oblivion, and thou return unpunished to thy grave.

Curt. By this reckoning, he is more shrew of you all shall find, when he comes home.

Gru. Ay; and that thou and the proudest of you all shall find, when he comes home.

But what talk I of this? Call forth Nathaniel, Joseph, Nicholas, Philip, Walter, Sugarop,

and the rest: let their heads be sleekly combed, their blue coats brushed, and their garters of

an indifferent knit: let them court'sy with their left legs; and not presume to touch a hair of my master's horse-tail, till they kiss their hands.

Are they all ready?

Curt. They are. *Gru.* Call them forth. *Curt.* Do you hear? ho, you must meet my master, to countenance my mistress.

Gru. Why, she hath a face of her own.

Curt. Who knows not that?

Gru. Thou, it seems, that callest for company to countenance her.

Curt. I call them forth to credit her.

Gru. Why, she comes to borrow nothing of them.

Enter several Servants.

Nath. Welcome home, Grumio!

Phil. How now, Grumio!

Jos. What, Grumio!

Nich. Fellow Grumio!

Nath. How now, old lad?

Gru. Welcome, you;—how now, you;—what, you;—fellow, you;—and thus much for greeting. Now, my spruce companions, is all ready, and all things neat?

Nath. All things is ready. How near is our master?

Gru. E'en at hand, alighted by this; and therefore be not,—Cock's passion, silence!—I hear my master.

Enter Petruchio and Katharina.

Pet. Where be these knaves? What, no man at door,

To hold my stirrup, nor to take my horse? Where is Nathaniel, Gregory, Philip?

All Serv. Here, here, sir; here, sir. [sir!]

Pet. Here, sir! here, sir! here, sir! here, You logger-headed and unpollish'd grooms!

What, no attendance! no regard! no duty! Where is the foolish knave I sent before?

Gru. Here, sir; as foolish as I was before.

Pet. You peasant swain! you whorson malt-horse drudge!

Did I not bid thee meet me in the park, And bring along these rascal knaves with thee?

Gru. Nathaniel's coat, sir, was not fully made, [sneel;]

And Gabriel's pumps were all unpink'd! the There was no link to colour Peter's hat,

And Walter's dagger was not come from sheathing:

There were none fine but Adam, Ralph, and Gregory;

The rest were ragged, old, and beggarly;

Yet, as they are, here are they come to meet you. [in.—]

Pet. Go, rascals, go, and fetch my supper [Re-enter some of the Servants.]

[Sings] "Where is the life that late I led"—Where are those—I sit down, Kate, and wel-

Soud, soud, soud, soud! [come.—]

Re-enter Servants with supper.

Why, when, I say?—Nay, good sweet Kate, be merry.—[when]

Off with my boots, you rogues! you villains, [Sings] "It was the friar of orders grey,

As he forth walked on his way:—"

Out, you rogue! you pluck my foot awry; [Strikes him.]

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 pry thee 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 pry thee let me have it.

Gru. I fear it is too choleric a meat.
How may you to a fat tripe, finely broil'd?

Kath. I like it well: good Grunio, fetch it.
Gru. I cannot tell; I fear 'tis choleric. [Exit.]

What say you to a piece of beef, and mustard?
Kath. A dish that I do love to feed upon.

Gru. Ay, but the mustard is too hot a little.
Kath. Why, then the beef, and let the mustard rest.

Gru. Nay, then I will not: you shall have
Or else you get no beef of Grunio.

Kath. Then both, or one, or anything thou wilt.

Gru. Why then, the mustard without the
Kath. Go, get thee gone, thou false do-
luding slave, [Beats him.]

Thou 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 with a dish of meat; and Hortensio.

Pet. How fares my Kate? What, sweeting,
Hor. Mistress, what cheer? [all amot.]

Kath. Faith, as cold as can be,
Pet. Pluck up thy spirits; look cheerfully upon me.

Here, love; thou seest how diligent I am,
To dress thy meat myself, and bring it thee:

[Sets the dish on a table.]
I am sure, sweet Kate, this kindness merits thanks.

[not;]
What, not a word? Nay then, thou lov'st it
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. [blame.]

Hor. Signior Petruchio, fie! you are to
Come, mistress Kate, I'll bear you company.

Pet. [Aside.] Eat it up all, Hortensio, if
thou lov'st me.—

Much good do it unto thy gentle heart!
Kate, eat apace:—and now, my honey love,
Will we return unto thy father's house,
And reveal it as bravely as the best,

With silken coats, and caps, and golden rings,
With ruffs, and cuffs, and farthingales, and
things;

With scarfs, and fans, and double change of
With amber bracelets, beads, and all this
knavery.

[Reisure;]
What, hast thou din'd? The tailor stays thy
To deck thy body with his ruffling treasure.

Enter Tailor.

Come, tailor, let us see these ornaments
Lay forth the gown.—[Enter Hortensio.]

What news with you, sir?
Hab. Here is the cap your worship

Pet. Why, this was moulded on a
A velvet dish:—fie, fie! 'tis lewd and
Why, 'tis a cockle or a walnut shell,
A knuckle, a toy, a trick, a baby's cap!

Away with it! come, let me have a
Kath. I'll have no bigger: this does
time,

And gentlewomen wear such caps as this
Pet. When you are gentle, you
And not till then.

Hor. [Aside.] That will not be
Kath. Why, sir, I trust I may have
speak:

And speak I will; I am no child, no
Your betters have endur'd me say my
And if you cannot, best you stop your
My tongue will tell the anger of my
Or else my heart, concealing it, will
And rather than it shall, I will be
Even to the uttermost, as I please, to
Pret. Why, thou say'st true; it is a
A custard-collin, a hawke, a silken
I love thee well, in that thou lik'st it.

Kath. Love me or love me not, I
cap;

And it I will have, or I will have none.
Pet. Thy gown? why, ay;—come,
let us see't.

O mercy, God! what masking stuff is
What's this? a sleeve? 'tis like a damask
What! up and down, car'd like a
tart!

Here's snip, and nip, and cut, and
Like to a censer in a barber's shop.
Why, what, o' devil's name, tailor, call
Hort. [Aside.] I see, she's like to have
cap nor gown.

Tai. You bid me make it orderly
According to the fashion and the time.

Pet. Marry, and did; but if you had
I did not bid you mar it to the time.

Go, hop me over every kennel home,
For you shall hop without my custom.
I'll none of it: hence! make your
Kath. I never saw a better-fashion'd
More quaint, more pleasing, nor more
mendable:

Belike you mean to make a puppet of
Pet. Why, true; he means to make a
pet of thee.

Tai. She says your worship means
a puppet of her.

Pet. O monstrous arrogance! Thou
thou thread,

Thou thimble,
Thou yard, three-quarters, half-yard,
Thou flea, thou nit, thou winter-cricketer,
Brav'd in mine own house with a
thread!

say! thou rag, thou quantity, thou remnant;
Or I shall so be-mete thee with thy yard,
As thou shalt think on prating whilst thou
liv'st!

I tell thee, I, that thou hast marr'd her gown.
Tai. Your worship is deceiv'd: the gown is
such as my master had direction:—[made]

Hab. I gave him no order; I gave him the
tail.

Tai. But how did you desire it should be
Gru. Mary, sir, with needle and thread.
Hab. But did you not request to have it cut?
Tai. Then fast faced many things.

Gru. How not me: thou hast braved many
me; leave not me: I will neither be faced
nor braved. I say unto thee,—I bid thy
husband cut the gown; but I did not bid
him cut it to pieces; ergo, thou liest.

Tai. Why, here is the note of the fashion
[to testify.]
Gru. The note lies in's throat, if he say I
said so.

Tai. [Reads.] "Imprimis, a loose-bodied
gown, sew'd in the skirts of it, and beat me
to death with a bottom of brown thread: I
said a gown."

Pet. Proceed.
Tai. [Reads.] "With a small-compressed
cape, I confess the cape."

Tai. [Reads.] "With a trunk sleeve:—"
Gru. I confess two sleeves.

Tai. [Reads.] "The sleeves curiously
cut."—
Pet. Error! the bill, sir; error! the bill,
and sew'd up again; and that I'll prove upon
him, though thy little finger be armed in a
double.

Tai. 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 thy mete-yard, and spare not me.

Pet. God-a-mercy, Grunio! then he shall
have no odds.

Pet. Well, sir, in brief, the gown is not for
use.

Gru. You are in the right, sir: 'tis for my
mistress.

Pet. Go, take it up unto thy master's use.
Gru. Villain, not for thy life: take up my
mistress' gown for thy master's use!

Pet. Why, sir, what's your conceit in that?
Gru. O, sir, the conceit is deeper than you
think for;

Take up my mistress' gown to his master's use!
O, fie, fie, fie! [the tailor padd.]

Pet. [Aside.] Hortensio, say thou wilt see
[to Tailor.] Go take it hence; he gone, and
say no more.

Hor. [Aside to Tailor.] Tailor, I'll pay
thee for thy gown to-morrow:

Take no unkindness of his hasty words:
Away, I say; commend me to thy master.

[Exit Tailor and Habershasher.]
Pet. Well, come, my Kate; we will unto
your father's,

Even in these honest mean habiliments:
Our purses shall be proud, our garments poor,
For 'tis the mind that makes the body rich;
And as the sun breaks through the darkest
clouds,

So honour pierceth 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?

O, no, good Kate; neither art thou the worse
For this poor furniture and mean array.
If thou account'st it shame, lay it on me;
And therefore, frolic: we will hence forthwith,
To feast and sport us at thy father's house.—
Go, call my men, and let us straight to him;
And bring our horses unto Long-lane end;
There will we mount, and thither walk on
foot.—

Let's see; I think 'tis now some seven o'clock,
And well we may come there by dinner-time.

Kath. I dare assure you, sir, 'tis almost two;
And 'twill be supper-time ere you come there.

Pet. It shall be seven ere I go to horse:
Look, what I speak, or do, or think to do,
You are still crossing it.—Sir, let's alone:
I will not go to-day; and ere I do,
It shall be what o'clock I say it is.

Hor. Why, so! this gallant will command
the sun. [Exit.]

SCENE IV.—Padua. Before Baptista's
House.

*Enter Tranio, and the Pedant dressed like
Vincentio.*

Tra. Sir, this is the house: please it you,
that I call?

Ped. Ay, what else? and, but I be deceiv'd,
Signior Baptista may remember me,
Near twenty years ago, in Genoa,
Where we were lodgers at the Pegasus. [case]

Tra. 'Tis well; and hold your own, in any
With such austerity as 'longeth to a father.

Ped. I warrant you. But, sir, here comes
"Twere good he were school'd. [your boy;]

Enter Bonello.

Tra. Fear you not him.—Sirrah Bonello,
Now do your duty thoroughly, I advise you:
Imagine 'twere the right Vincentio.

Bon. Tut! fear not me. [flute]

Tra. But hast thou done thy errand to Nap-
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. [Exit.]

Here comes Baptista:—Set your countenance,
Enter Baptista and Vincentio.

Signior Baptista, you are happily met.—

[To the Pedant.] Sir, this is the gentleman I told you of:

I pray you, stand good father to me now,
Give me Bianca for my patrimony.

Ped. Soft, son!

Sir, by your leave: having come to Padua
To gather in some debts, my son Lucentio
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, [like
To have him match'd; and,—if you please to
No worse than I,—upon some agreement,
Me shall you find ready and willing
With one consent to have her so bestow'd;
For curious I cannot be with you,
Signior Baptista, of whom I 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 dissimble deeply their affections:
And therefore, if you say no more than this,
That like a father you will deal with him,
And pass my daughter a sufficient dower,
The match is made, and all is done:
Your son shall have my daughter with consent.

Tra. I thank you, sir. Where, then, do
you know best,
We be assid, and such assurance ta'en,
As shall with either part's agreement stand?

Bap. Not in my house, Lucentio; for, you
know,

Pitchers have ears, and I have many servants:
Besides, old Gramio is harkening still;
And happily we might be interrupted.

Tra. Then at my lodging, as it like you:
There doth my father lie; and there, this night,
We'll pass the business privately and well.
Send for your daughter by your servant here;
My boy shall fetch the scrivener presently.
The worst is this,—that, at so slender warning,
You're like to have a thin and slender pittance.

Bap. It likes me well.—Cambio, 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.

Luc. I pray the gods she may with all my
heart! [gone.]

Tra. Dally not with the gods, but get thee
Signior Baptista, shall I lead the way?
Welcome! one mess is like to be your cheer:
Come, sir; we will better it in Pisa.

Bap. I follow you.

[*Recent* Tranio, Pedant, and Baptista.

Bion. Cambio!—

Luc. What say'st thou, Biondello?

Bion. You saw my master wink and laugh

Luc. Biondello, what of that? [upon you]

Bion. Faith, nothing; but he
here behind, to expound the meaning
of his signs and tokens.

Luc. I pray thee, moralize them.

Bion. Then thus. Baptista is
with the deceiving father of a deceit.

Luc. And what of him?

Bion. His daughter is to be
you to the supper.

Bion. The old priest at St. Luke's
at your command at all hours.

Luc. And what of all this?

Bion. I cannot tell; expect they
about a counterfeit assurance; tal-
surance of her, *cum privilegio ad*
dum solum; to the church;—take
clerk, and some sufficient honest
If this be not what you look for, I have
to say,

But bid Bianca farewell for ever and

Luc. Hearst thou, Biondello?

Bion. I cannot tarry: I know
married in an afternoon as she was
garden for parsley to stuff a rabbit.
may you, sir: and so, adieu, sir. I
bath appointed me to go to St. Luke's
the priest be ready to come against
with your appendix.

Luc. I may, and will, if she be
tent:

She will be pleas'd; then wherefore
Hap what hap may, I'll roundly go
It shall go hard, if Cambio go without

SCENE V.—*A public Road.*
Enter Petruchio, Katharina, and

Pet. Come on, o' God's name; and
toward our father's.

Good lord, how bright and goodly
moon!

Kath. The moon! the sun; it is
Pet. I say it is the moon that
bright.

Kath. I know it is the sun that
Pet. Now, by my mother's son, and
myself,

It shall be moon, or star, or what I
Or ere I journey to your father's house

Go on, and fetch our horses back again
Evermore cross'd, and cross'd; and
cross'd!

Hor. Say as he says, or we shall
Kath. Forward, I pray, since we
so far,

And be it moon, or sun, or what you
An if you please to call it a rush candle

Henceforth, I vow, it shall be so far
Pet. I say it is the moon.

Kath. I know it is the sun
Pet. Nay, then you lie: it is the moon

Kath. Then God be bless'd, it is the
sun:—

to it is not, when you say it is not ;
his moon changes, even as your mind.
You will have it nam'd, even that it is ;
O, it shall be so for Katharina. [wou.
Petruchio, go thy ways ; the field is
Well, forward, forward ! thus the bowl
should run,
not un luckily against the bias.—
[off] company is coming here.

Vincentio, in a travelling dress.
[Enter Vincentio.] Good-morrow, gentle mis-
tress : where away ?—
O, sweet Kate, and tell me truly too,
Thou beheld a fresher gentlewoman !
war of white and red within her cheeks !
I stars do spangle heaven with such beauty,
one two eyes become that heavenly face !—
lovely maid, once more good day to thee.—
O Kate, embrace her for her beauty's sake.
O, 'A will make the man mad, to make a
in of him.

Oh, Young budding virgin, fair and fresh
and sweet,
her away ; or where is thy abode ?
by the parents of so fair a child ;
for the man, whom favourably stars
thee for his lovely bedfellow !
t. Why, how now, Kate ! I hope thou
art not mad !

is a man, old, wrinkled, faded, wither'd ;
not a maiden, as thou say'st he is.
Oh, Pardon, old father, my mistaking eyes,
have been so bedazzled with the sun,
everything I look on seemeth green ;
I perceive thou art a reverend father ;
Oh, I pray thee, for my mad mistaking.
Do, good old grandsire ; and withal
make known

ch way thou travel'st : if along with us,
shall be joyful of thy company.
Oh, Fair sir, and you my merry mistress,
with your strange encounter much
amazed me,
tania is called Vincentio ; my dwelling,
bound I am to Padua ; there to visit
a of mine, which long I have not seen.
t. What is his name ?

Lucentio, gentle sir.
et, Happily met ; the happier for thy son.
now by law, as well as reverend age,
y entile thee my loving father :
father to my wife, this gentlewoman,
son by this hath married. Wonder not,
be not griev'd : she is of good esteem,
flowery wealthy, and of worthy birth ;
less, so qualified as may bescom
spouse of any noble gentleman.
to embrace with old Vincentio :
wonder we to see thy honest son,
will of thy arrival be full joyous. [sure,
s. But is this true ! or is it else your plea-
sant travellers, to break a jest
the company you overtake !
er. I do assure thee, father, so it is.

Pet. Come, go along, and see the truth
hereof ;

For our first merriment hath made thee jealous.
[Exeunt Petruchio, Katharina, and Vincentio.]

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 unto-
ward. [Exit.

ACT V.

SCENE I.—Padua. Before Lucentio's House.

Enter on one side Biondello, Lucentio, and
Bianca ; Gramio walking on the other side.

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 as
soon as I can.

[Exeunt Lucentio, Bianca, and Biondello.]

Gre. I marvel Cambio comes not all this
while.

Enter Petruchio, Katharina, Vincentio, and
Attendants.

Pet. Sir, here's the door, this is Lucentio's
house : [place ;

My father's bears more toward the market-
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.

Enter Pedant above, at a window.

Ped. What's he, that knocks as he would
beat down the gate ?

Vin. Is signior Lucentio within, sir ?

Ped. He's within, sir ; but not to be spoken
withal.

Vin. What if a man bring him a hundred
pound or two, to make merry withal ?

Ped. Keep your hundred pounds to yourself :
he shall need none, so long as I live.

Pet. Nay, I told you your son was well be-
loved in Padua.—Do you hear, sir !—to leave
frivolous circumstances,—I pray you, tell sig-
nior Lucentio, that his father is come from
Pisa, and is here at the door to speak with
him.

Ped. Thou liest : his father is come from
Pisa, and here looking out at the window.

Vin. Art thou his father ?

Ped. Ay, sir ; so his mother says, if I may
believe her.

Pet. [To Vincen.] Why, how now, gentle-
man ! why, this is flat knavery, to take upon
you another man's name.

Ped. Lay hands on the villain. I believe, 'a

means to cozen somebody in this city under my countenance.

Re-enter Biondello.

Bion. I have seen them in the church together: God send 'em good shipping!—But who is here? mine old master, Vincentio! now we are undone, and brought to nothing.

Vin. [Seeing *Bion.*] Come hither, crack-Bion. I hope I may choose, sir. [Lump.]

Vin. Come hither, you rogue. What, have you forgot me?

Bion. Forgot you! no, sir: I could not forget you, for I never saw you before in all my life.

Vin. What, you notorious villain, didst thou never see thy master's father, Vincentio?

Bion. What, my old, worshipful old master? yes, marry, sir: see where he looks out of the window.

Vin. Is't so, indeed? [Beats Biondello.]

Bion. Help, help, help! here's a madman will murder me. [Exit.]

Pet. Help, son! help, signior Baptista!

[Exit from the window.]

Pet. Pr'ythee, Kate, let's stand aside, and see the end of this controversy. [They retire.]

Re-enter Pedant below; Baptista, Tranio, and Servants.

Tran. Sir, what are you, that offer to beat my servant?

Vin. What am I, sir! nay, what are you, sir!—O immortal gods! O fine villain! A silken doublet! a velvet hose! a scarlet cloak! and a coplain hat!—O, I am undone! I am undone! while I play the good husband at home, my son and my servant spend all at the university.

Tran. How now! what's the matter?

Bap. What, is the man lunatic?

Tran. Sir, you seem a sober ancient gentleman by your habit, but your words show you a madman. Why, sir, what 'eruns it you if I wear pearl and gold? I thank my good father, I am able to maintain it.

Vin. Thy father! O villain! he is a sail-maker in Bergamo.

Bap. You mistake, sir, you mistake, sir. Pray, what do you think is his name?

Vin. His name! as if I knew not his name: I have brought him up ever since he was three years old, and his name is Tranio.

Pet. Away, away, mad ass! his name is Lucentio; and he is mine only son, and heir to the lands of me, signior Vincentio.

Vin. Lucentio! O, he hath murdered his master! Lay hold on him, I charge you in the duke's name.—O my son, my son!—tell me, thou villain, where is my son Lucentio?

Tran. Call forth an officer.

Enter one with an Officer.

Carry this mad knave to the jail.—Father Baptista, I charge you see that he be forthcoming.

Vin. Carry me to the jail!

Gre. Stay, officer: he shall not go to prison.

Bap. Talk not, signior Gremio: I shall go to prison.

Gre. Take heed, signior Baptista: he cony-catched in this business: I am this is the right Vincentio.

Pet. Swear, if thou dar'st.

Gre. Nay, I dare not swear it.

Tran. Then thou wert best say, I am not Lucentio.

Gre. Yes, I know thee to be signior Lucentio.

Bap. Away with the dotard! to prison!

Vin. Thus strangers may be deceived!

Re-enter Biondello, with Lucentio and Bianca.

Bion. O, we are spoiled and—your grace deny him, forswear him, or else we are undone.

Luc. [Kneeling.] Pardon, sweet father, lives my own life.

Vin. [Biondello, Tranio, and Pedant.]

Bian. [Kneeling.] Pardon, dear father.

Bap. How hast thou come to this?

Where is Lucentio?

Luc. Here's Lucentio.

Right son to the right Vincentio!

That have by marriage made thy daughter.

While counterfeit supposes bleed'd thee.

Gre. Here's packing, with a witness, deceive us all!

Vin. Where is that damned villain?

That fac'd and brav'd me in this market.

Bap. Why, tell me, is not this my son?

Bian. Cambio is chang'd into Lucentio.

Luc. Love wrought these miracles.

Love

Made me exchange my state with you.

While he did bear my countenance in the jail.

And happily I have arriv'd at last

Unto the wish'd haven of my life.

What Tranio did, myself entor'd him.

Then pardon him, sweet father, for

Have sent me to the jail.

Bap. [To Lucentio.] But do you have you married my daughter without my good-will?

Vin. Fear not, Baptista! we will you, go to; but I will in, to be revenged on this villainy.

Bap. And I, to sound the death-knavery.

Luc. Look not pale, Bianca; they are not frown. [Exit.]

Gre. My cake is dough; but I'll knead the rest;

Out of hope of all, but my share of it.

Petruchio and Katharina advance.

Kath. Husband, let's follow, to see the end of this ado.

Pet. First kiss me, Kate, and we will follow.

Kath. What, in the midst of the day?

Pet. What, art thou ashamed of me?

Kath. No, sir, God forbid; but ashamed to kiss.

Pet. Why then, let's home again.—Come, sirrah, let's away.

Kath. Nay, I will give thee a kiss: now pray thee, love, stay.

Pet. Is not this well?—Come, my sweet Kate; I'll be once than never, for never too late.

[Exit.]

Scene II.—A Room in Lucentio's House.

Bianca set out. Enter Baptista, Vincentio, Gremio, the Pedant, Lucentio, Petruchio, Katharina, Hortensio, and Widow. Tranio, Biondello, Gremio, and others, attending.

Luc. At last, though long, our jarring notes agree:

And thus it is, when raging war is done,

And thus Bianca, bid my father welcome,

And I, with self-same kindness welcome

him.

Other Petruchio,—sister Katharina,—

And thou, Hortensio, with thy loving widow,—

Meet with the best, and welcome to my house:

For 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!

Bap. Padua affords this kindness, son Petruchio.

Pet. Padua affords nothing but what is kind.

Bor. For both our sakes, I would that word were true.

Pet. Now, for my life, Hortensio fears his

widow. Then never trust me, if I be afeared.

Pet. You are very sensible, and yet you

mean, Hortensio is afeared of you.

Wid. He that is giddy thinks the world turns round.

Kath. Roundly replied.

Wid. Thus I conceive by him.

Pet. Conceive by me!—How likes Hortensio that?

Bor. My widow says, thus she conceives

Pet. Very well mended.—Kiss him for that.

Kath. He that is giddy thinks the world turns round:

Pray you, tell me what you meant by that.

Wid. Your husband, being troubled with a

shrew,

Meaning my husband's sorrow by his woe:

And now you know my meaning.

Kath. A very mean meaning.

Pet. And I am mean, indeed, respecting you.

Pet. To her, Kate!

Bor. To her, widow!

Pet. A hundred marks, my Kate does put

her down.

Pet. Spoke like an officer:—Ha! to thee, lad. [Drinks to Hortensio.]

Bap. How likes Gremio these quick-witted folks?

Gre. Believe me, sir, they butt together well.

Bion. Head and butt! a fusty-witted body would say your head and butt were head and horn.

Vin. Ay, mistress bride, hath that awaken'd

Bian. Ay, but not frighted me; therefore I'll sleep again.

Pet. Nay, that you shall not: since you have begun,

Have at you for a bitter jest or two. [Lump.]

Bion. Am I your bird? I mean to shift my

And then pursue me as you draw your bow.—

You are welcome all.

[Exit Bianca, Katharina, and Widow.]

Pet. She hath prevented me.—Here, signior Tranio;

This bird you aim'd at, though you hit her not,

Therefore a health to all that shot and miss'd.

Tran. O sir, Lucentio slipp'd me like his greyhound,

Which runs himself, and catches for his master.

Pet. A good swift simile, but something curriah.

Tran. 'Tis well, sir, that you hunted for yourself:

'Tis thought your deer does hold you at a bay.

Bap. O ho, Petruchio! Tranio hits you now.

Luc. I thank thee for that gird, good Tranio.

Hor. Confess, confess, hath he not hit you here?

Pet. 'A has a little gall'd me, I confess; and, as the jest did glance away from me,

'Tis ten to one it maim'd you two outright.

Bap. Now, in good sadness, son Petruchio, 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 wife is most obedient

To come at first when he doth send for her,

Shall win the wager which we will propose.

Hor. Content. What is the wager?

Luc. Twenty crowns.

Pet. Twenty crowns!

I'll venture so much on my hawk or hound,

But twenty times so much upon my wife.

Luc. A hundred then.

Hor. Content.

Pet. A match! 'tis done.

Hor. Who shall begin?

Luc. That will I.—

Go, Biondello, bid your mistress come to me.

Bion. I go. [Exit.]

Bap. Son, I will be your half, Bianca comes.

Luc. I'll have no halves; I'll bear it all myself.

Re-enter Biondello.

How now! what news?

Bion. Sir, my mistress sends you word

That she is busy, and she cannot come.

Pet. How! she is busy, and she cannot
Is that an answer? [come!]

Gre. Ay, and a kind one too:
Pray God, sir, your wife send you not a worse.

Pet. I hope, better. [wife]

Hor. Sirrah Biondello, go and entreat my
To come to me forthwith. [Exit Biondello.]

Pet. O ho! entreat her!
Nay, then she must needs come.

Hor. I am afraid, sir,
Do what you can, yours will not be entreated.

Re-enter Biondello.
Now, where's my wife?

Bion. She says you have some goodly jest
in hand:

She will not come; she bids you come to her.

Pet. Worse and worse; she will not come!

O vile,

Intolerable, not to be endur'd!—

Sirrah Grumio, go to your mistress; say,
I command her to come to me. [Exit Grumio.]

Hor. I know her answer. *Pet.* What?

Hor. She will not.

Pet. The fouler fortune mine, and there an
end.

Bap. Now, by my 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 hus-
bands:

Away, I say, and bring them hither straight.

[Exit Katharina.]
Luc. Here is a wonder, if you talk of a
wonder.

Hor. And so it is: I wonder what it bodes.

Pet. Marry, peace it bodes, and love, and
quiet life,

An awful rule, and right supremacy;
And, to be short, what not, that's sweet and
happy.

Bap. Now, fair befall thee, good Petruchio!
The wager thou hast won; and I will add
Unto their losses twenty thousand crowns;
Another dowry to another daughter,
For she is chang'd, as she had never been.

Pet. Nay, I will win my wager better yet,
And show more sign of her obedience,
Her new-built virtue and obedience.

Re-enter Katharina, with Bianca and Widow.
See, where she comes, and brings your fro-
ward wives,

As prisoners to her womanly persuasion.
Katharine, that cap of yours becomes you not:
Off with that bauble, throw it under foot.

[Katharina pulls off her cap, and throws
it down.]

Wid. Lord! let me never have a
sigh,

Till I be brought to such a silly mood.

Bian. Fie! what a foolish duty
is this?

Luc. I would your duty were as light
The wisdom of your duty, fair Bianca,

Hath cost me a hundred crowns already
time.

Bian. The more fool you, for loving
Pet. Katharine, I charge thee, be
head-strong women

What duty they do owe their lords
bands.

Wid. Come, come, you're making
will have no telling.

Pet. Come on, I say; and first begin
Wid. She shall not.

Pet. I say she shall:—and first begin
her.

Kath. Fie, fie! unknit that throat
kind brow;

And dart not scornful glances from
eyes,

To wound thy lord, thy king, thy father;
It blots thy beauty, as frosts bite the
Countdowns thy fame, as whirlwinds sweep
buds;

And in no sense is meet or amiable.
A woman mov'd is like a fountain over-
Muddy, ill-seeming, thick, bereft of beauty;
And while it is so, none so dry or thirsty
Will deign to sip, or touch one drop of it.
Thy husband is thy lord, thy life, thy
Thy head, thy sovereign; one that shall
thee,

And for thy maintenance; committed
To painful labour both by sea and land,
To watch the night in storms, the day in
Whilst thou liest warm at home, secure
safe;

And craves no other tribute at thy hands,
But love, fair looks, and true obedience.
Too little payment for so great a debt.
Such duty as the subject owes the prince,
Even such a woman oweth to her husband.
And when she's froward, peevish, sultry,
And not obedient to his honest will,
What is she but a foul contending rebel,
And graceless traitor to her loving lord?
I am asham'd that women are so simple,
To offer war, where they should
peace;

Or seek for rule, supremacy, and sway,
When they are bound to serve, love, and
Why are our bodies soft, and weak, and
Unapt to toil and trouble in the world?
But that our soft conditions, and our
Should well agree with our external
Come, come, you froward and unconstant
My mind hath been as big as one of
My heart as great, my reason, happy
To bandy word for word, and frown for
But now I see our lances are but straw.

our strength as weak, our weakness past com-
pare,—

that seeming to be most, which we least are.

Then veil your stomachs, for it is no boot;
And place your hands below your husband's
in token of which duty, if he please, [foot:]

My hand is ready, if he please, [foot:]
Pet. Why, there's a wench!—Come on, and
kiss me, Kate.

Luc. Well, go thy ways, old lad; for thou
shalt ha't.

Fin. 'Tis a good hearing, when children are
[toward.]

Luc. But a harsh hearing, when women are
froward.

Pet. Come, Kate, we'll to bed.—
We three are married, but you two are sped.

'Twas I won the wager, [To Lucentio.] though
you hit the white;

And, being a winner, God give you good night!
[Exit Petruchio and Kath.]

Hor. Now, go thy ways; thou hast tam'd a
curst shrew.

Luc. 'Tis a wonder, by your leave, she will
be tam'd so. [Exit.]

ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

King of France.
 Duke of Florence.
 Bertram, Count of Rousillon.
 Lafau, an old Lord.
 Parolles, a follower of Bertram.
 Several young French Lords, who serve with
 Bertram in the Florentine war.
 Steward, Clown, and Page to the Countess of
 Rousillon.
 Countess of Rousillon, Mother to Bertram.

Helena, a Gentlewoman
 Countess.
 A Widow of Florence.
 Diana, Daughter to the Widow.
 Violenta, Neighbours and Friends.
 Mariana, Widow.
 Lords, Officers, Soldiers, &c.,
 Florentine.

SCENE,—Partly in France and partly in Tuscany.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—Rousillon. A Room in the
 Countess's Palace.

Enter Bertram, the Countess of Rousillon,
 Helena, and Lafau.

Count. In delivering my son from me, I
 bury a second husband.

Ber. And I, in going, madam, weep o'er
 my father's death anew: but I must attend his
 majesty's command, to whom I am now in
 ward, evermore in subjection.

Laf. You shall find of the king a husband,
 madam;—you, sir, a father: he that so gener-
 ally is at all times good, must of necessity hold
 his virtue to you; whose worthiness would stir
 it up where it wanted, rather than lack it
 where there is such abundance.

Count. What hope is there of his majesty's
 amendment?

Laf. He hath abandoned his physicians,
 madam; under whose practices he hath per-
 secuted time with hope; and finds no other
 advantage in the process but only the losing of
 hope by time.

Count. This young gentlewoman had a
 father, (O, that "had!" how sad a passage
 'tis!) whose skill was almost as great as his
 honesty; had it stretched so far, would have
 made nature immortal, and death should have
 play for lack of work. Would, for the king's
 sake, he were living! I think it would be the
 death of the king's disease.

Laf. How called you the man you speak of,
 madam?

Count. He was famous, sir, in his profes-
 sion, 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 mournfully: he was skilled
 have lived still, if knowledge could
 against mortality.

Ber. What is it, my good lord?

Laf. A fistula, my lord.

Ber. I heard not of it before.

Laf. I would it were not noted
 this gentlewoman the daughter of

Narbon?
 Count. His sole child, my lord,
 queathed to my overlooking.
 hopes of her good that her
 misers: her dispositions she takes
 make fair gifts fairer; for whose
 mind carries virtuous qualities,
 commendations go with pity,—they are
 traitors too; in her they are the
 their simpleness; she derives her
 achieves her goodness.

Laf. Your commendations,
 from her tears.

Count. 'Tis the best brace
 season her praise in. The reason
 her father never approaches her
 tyranny of her sorrows takes all from
 her cheek. No more of this, Helena,
 no more; lest it be rather thought
 a sorrow, than to have.

Hel. I do affect a sorrow, to
 have it too.

Laf. Moderate lamentation is
 the dead; excessive grief the
 living.

Hel. If the living be enu-
 the excess makes it soon mortal.

Ber. Madam, I desire your love.

Laf. How understand we that?

Count. Be thou blest, Bertram,
 creed thy father
 In manners, as in shape! thy blood

Of pretty, fond, adoptious 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.—'Tis pity—

Par. What's pity?

Hel. That wishing well had not a body in't,
Which might be felt; that we, the poorer born,
Whose baser stars do shut us up in wishes,
Might with effects of them follow our friends,
And show what we alone must think; which
Returns us thanks. [never

Enter a Page.

Page. Monsieur Parolles, my lord calls for
you. [Exit.

Par. Little Helen, farewell: if I can remem-
ber 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

Par. That's for advantage. [light.

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
courtesy; in the which, my instruction shall
serve to naturalize thee, so thou wilt be capable
of a courtier's counsel, and understand what
advice shall thrust upon thee; else thou diest
in thine unthankfulness, and thine ignorance
makes thee away: farewell. When thou hast
leisure, say thy prayers; when thou hast none,
remember thy friends: get thee a good hus-
band, and use him as he uses thee: so fare-
well. [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 [pose
That weigh their pains in sense; and do sup-
What hath been cannot be: who ever strove
To show her merit, that did miss her love!
The king's disease,—my project may deceive
me,

But my intents are fix'd, and will not leave me,

[Exit.

SCENE II.—Paris. A Room in the
Palace.

*Flourish of cornets. Enter the King
with letters; Lords and others.*

King. The Florentines and some
th' ears;

Have fought with equal fortune,
A braving war.

1 Lord. So 'tis reported,
King. Nay, 'tis most credible.

A certainty, you'd from our court
With caution, that the Florentines

For speedy aid; wherein our danger
Prejudicates the business, and would

To have us make denial. His love

1 Lord. Approv'd so to your majesty, most
For amplest credence.

King. He hath arm'd
And Florence is denied before him.

Yet, for our gentlemen that meet
The Tuscan service, freely have they

To stand on either part. It will
2 Lord. A nursery to our gentry, who are

For breathing and exploit. What's to be
King. Enter Bertram, Lafew, and others.

1 Lord. It is the countess's
Young Bertram.

King. Youth, thou bear'st the
Frank nature, rather curious than

Hath well compos'd thee. Thy

parts
Mayst thou inherit too! Welcome

Der. My thanks and duty to your
King. I would I had that com-
ness now,

As when thy father and myself
First tried our soldiership! He

Into the service of the time, and
Disciplin'd of the bravest: he

But on us both did haggish
And wore us out of act. It

To talk of your good father. He

He had the wit, which I can well
To-day in our young lords; but

Till their own scorn return to them
Ere they can hide their levity

So like a courtier: contempt
Were in his pride, or sharpness

His equal had awak'd them; and
Clock to itself, knew the true

Exception bid him speak, and at
His tongue obey'd his hand: who

He us'd as creatures of another
And bow'd his eminent top to

Making them proud of his humbling
In their poor praise he humbled

Might be a copy to these younger
Which, follow'd well, would

But goes backward. His good

Der. His good

richer in your thoughts, than on his tomb:
So in approval lives not his epitaph,
As in your royal speech.

King. Would I were with him! He would
I hear him now; his plaintive words

grow there, and to bear.)—"Let me not
live!"

That his good melancholy oft began,
On this catastrophe and heel of passion,

When I was out,—"Let me not live," quoth he,
"I'll not live, I'll not live, I'll not live,"

Of younger spirits, whose apprehensive senses
are

are
of their garments: whose con-
after him, do after him wish too,

I nor was nor honey can bring home,
to give some labourers room.

1 Lord. You are lov'd, sir;
That, at least lend it you, shall lack you

King. I fill a place, I know't.—How long
was the physician at your father's died?

Der. Some six months since, my lord.

King. If he were living, I would try him
With several applications:—nature and sick-

ness
at their leisure. Welcome, count;

My son's no dearer.

Thank your majesty.

[Exit. Flourish.

SCENE III.—Roussillon. A Room in the
Countess's Palace.

Countess. Steward, and Clown.

Countess. I will now hear: what say you of this
woman?

Stew. Madam, the care I have had to even
your content, I wish might be found in the

modesty of my past endeavours; for then we
of our modesty, and make foul the clear-

ness of our deservings, when of ourselves we
Countess.

Countess. What does this knave here? Get you
I do not all believe: 'tis my slowness,

that I do not; for I know you lack not folly to
Countess.

Countess. 'Tis not unknown to you, madam, I am
a poor fellow.

Countess. 'Tis not so well, that I am
a poor fellow.

Countess. 'Tis not so well, that I am
a poor fellow.

Countess. 'Tis not so well, that I am
a poor fellow.

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a poor fellow.

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a poor fellow.

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a poor fellow.

Countess. 'Tis not so well, that I am
a poor fellow.

Countess. 'Tis not so well, that I am
a poor fellow.

Count. In what case?

Clo. In Isabel's case and mine own. Service
is no heritage: and I think I shall never have
the blessing of God, till I have issue of my
body; for they say, bairns are blessings.

Count. Tell me the 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 rea-
sons, 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 thy enemies, knave.

Clo. You are shallow, madam, in great
friends; for the knaves come to do that for
me, which I am a-weary of. He that ears my
land spares my team, and gives me leave to
inn the crop; if I be his cuckold, he's my
drudge: he that comforts my wife is the cher-
isher 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, howsome'er their hearts are sear'd in
religion, their heads are both one,—they may
jowl horns together, like any deer i' the herd.

Count. Will thou ever be a foul-mouthed
and calumnious knave?

Clo. A prophet I, madam; and I speak the
truth the next way:

For I the ballad will repeat,
Which men full true shall find;

Your marriage comes by destiny,
Your cuckoo sings by kind.

Count. Get you gone, sir; I'll talk with 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. 'Tis as fair face the cause, quoth she,
Why the Grecians sacked Troy!

Fond done, done fond,
Was this king Priam's joy?

With that she sigh'd as she stood,
With that she sigh'd as she stood,
And gave this sentence then:

Among nine bad if one be good,
Among nine bad if one be good,
There's yet one good in ten.

Count. What, one good in ten? you corrupt
the song, sirrah.

Clo. One good woman in ten, madam; which is a purifying of the song: would God would serve the world so all the year! we'd find no fault with the tythe-woman, if I were the parson: one in ten, quoth 'a! an we might have a good woman born but for every blazing star, or at an earthquake, 'twould mend the lottery well: a man may draw his heart out, ere he pluck one.

Count. You'll be gone, sir knave, and do as I command you!

Clo. That man should be at woman's command, and yet no hurt done!—Though honesty be no puritan, yet it will do no hurt; it will wear the surplice of humility over the black gown of a big heart.—I am going, forsooth: the business is, for Helen to come hither.

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 strange sense. Her matter was, she loved your son: Fortune, she said, was no goddess, that had put such difference betwixt their two estates: Love no god, that would not extend his might, only where qualities were level; Diana 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 before, which hung so tottering in the balance, that I could neither believe, nor misdoubt. Pray you, leave me: stall this in your bosom; and I thank you for your honest care; I will speak with you further anon.

[Exit Steward.]

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.

Enter Helena.

Her eye is sick on't: I observe her

Hel. What is your pleasure, madam?

Count. You know I am a mother to you.

Hel. Mine honourable mistress.

Count. Why not a mother? When I said,

Methought you saw a serpent's

mother,

That you start at it! I say, I am your

And put you in the catalogue of those

That were enwombed mine: 'tis odd

Adoption strives with nature; and

breeds

A native slip to us from foreign seeds.

You ne'er oppress'd me with a mother's

Yet I express to you a mother's care

God's mercy, maiden! I do it

To say, I am thy mother! What's

That this distemper'd messenger of mine

The many-colour'd Iris, counts thus

Why?—that you are my daughter?

Hel. That I am, madam.

Count. I say, I am your mother.

Hel. Pardons.

The count Rousillon cannot be my

I am from humble, he from honour

No note upon my parents, but all

My master, my dear lord he is; and

His servant live, and will his

He must not be my brother.

Count. Nor I your

Hel. You are my mother, madam.

you were

(So that my lord, your son, was

Indeed my mother!—or were you

mothers,

I care no more for, than I do for

So I were not his sister. Can't

But, I your daughter, he must be

Count. Yes, Helen, you might love

in-law:

God shield, you mean it not! I

So strive upon your pulses. When

My fear hath catch'd your fondness

The mystery of your loneliness

Your malt fear's head: now to

gross,

You love my son; invention is

Against the proclamation of my

To say thou dost not: therefore

But tell me then, 'tis so:—for, look

Confess it, th' one to the other; and

See it so grossly shown in thy

That in their kind they speak it

And hellish obstinacy tie thy

That truth should be suspected,

If it be so, you have wound a

If it be not, forswear't: howe'er

thine,

As heaven shall work in me for

To tell me truly.

Hel. Good madam, I

Do you love my son?
Your pardon, noble mistress!
Do you my son?
Do not you love him, madam?
Not about: my love hath not a
world takes note: come, come,
our affection; for your passions
all approach'd.

Then, I confess,
nee, before high heaven and you,
ou, and next unto high heaven,
a:—
ere poor, but honest; so 's my
ed; for it hurts not him,
d of me: I follow him not
of presumptuous suit;
have him till I do deserve him,
ow how that desert should be.
in vain, strive against hope;
aptious and intenable slave,
the waters of my love.
to lose still: thus, Indian-like,
mine error, I adore
looks upon his worshipper,
of him no more. My dearest

a,
hate encounter with my love,
here you do: but, if yourself,
honour cites a virtuous youth,
so true a flame of liking,
y, and love dearly, that your Dian
self and love; O! then, give pity
a state is such, that cannot choose
I give, where she is sure to lose;
not to find that her search implies,
she, lives sweetly where she dies.
d you not lately an intent,—speak
ia? [truly,—
Madam, I had.

Wherefore? tell true.
I tell truth; by grace itself, I
ny father left me some prescrip-
tion'd effects, such as his reading
t experience had collected
overoignty; and that he will'd me
t reservation to bestow them,
one faculties inclusive were,
ny were in note: amongst the rest,
medy, approv'd, set down,
desperate languishings whereof
under'd lost.

This was your motive
as it? speak.
ord your son made me to think
t the medicine, and the king,
to conversation of my thoughts,
absent then.

But, think you, Helen,
I tender your supposed aid,
ceive it? He and his physicians
d; he, that they cannot help him,

They, that they cannot help: how shall they
credit

A poor unlearn'd virgin, when the schools,
Embowell'd of their doctrine, have left off
The danger to itself!

Helen. 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?
Helen. Ay, madam, knowingly.

Count. Why, Helen, thou shalt have my
leave, and love, [ings
Means, and attendants, and my loving greet-
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.
[Exit Count.

ACT II.

SCENE I.—Paris. A Room in the King's
Palace.

Flourish. Enter King, with young Lords
taking leave for the Florentine War; Ber-
tram, Parolles, and Attendants.

King. Farewell, young lord; these warlike
principles [farewell:—
Do not throw from you:—and you, my lord,
Share the advice betwixt you; if both gain all,
The gift doth stretch itself as 'tis receiv'd,
And is enough for both.

1 Lord. It is our hope, sir,
After well enter'd soldiers, to return
And find your grace in health. [heart

King. No, no, it cannot be; and yet my
Will not confess he owes the malady
That doth my life besiege. Farewell, young
Whether I live or die, be you the sons [lords;
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.
2 Lord. Health, at your bidding, serve your
majesty! [them:]

King. Those girls of Italy, take heed of
They say, our French lack language to deny,
If they demand: beware of being captives,
Before you serve. [warnings.]

Both Lords. Our hearts receive your
King. Farewell.—[Retires to a couch.]—
Come hither to me. [behind us:]

1 Lord. O my sweet lord, that you will stay

Par. 'Tis not his fault, the spark—

2 Lord. O, 'tis brave wars!

Par. Most admirable: I have seen those wars.

Her. I am commended here, and kept a coil
"Too young," and "the next year," and "'tis too early."

Par. And thy mind stand to 't, boy, stand

Her. I shall stay here the forehorse to a smock,

Creaking my shoes on the plain masoury,
Till honour be bought up, and no sword worn
But one to dance with! By heaven! I'll stand

1 Lord. There's honour in the theft. [away.]

Par. Commit it, count.

2 Lord. I am your accessory; and so, farewell.

Her. I grow to you, and our parting is a tortured body.

1 Lord. Farewell, captain.

2 Lord. Sweet monsieur Parolles!

Par. Noble heroes, my sword and yours are kin. Good sparks and lustrous, a word, good metals:—you shall find in the regiment of the Spinif, one captain Spurio, with his cicatrice, an emblem of war, here on his sinister cheek; it was this very sword entrenched it: say to him, I live, and observe his reports of me.

2 Lord. We shall, noble captain.

Par. Mars dote on you for his novices!—

[*Exeunt Lords.*] What will you do?

Her. Stay; the king—[*Seeing him rise.*]

Par. Use a more spacious ceremony to the noble lords; you have restrained yourself within the list of too cold an adieu: be more expressive to them; for they wear themselves in the cap of the time, there do muster true gait, eat, speak, and move under the influence of the most received star; and though the devil lead the measure, such are to be followed: after them, and take a more dilated farewell.

Her. And I will do so.

Par. Worthy fellows, and like to prove most sinewy swordsmen.

[*Exeunt Bertram and Parolles.*
Enter Lafew.]

Laf. [*Kneeling.*]. Pardon, my lord, for me and for my tidings.

King. I'll see thee to stand up.

Laf. Then here's a man stands, that has brought his pardon.

I would you had kneel'd, my lord, to ask me
And that, at my bidding, you could so stand up.

King. I would I had; so I had broke thy
And ask'd thee mercy, for't.

Laf. Good faith, across; but, my good lord,
Will you be cur'd of your infirmity?

King. No.

Laf. O, will you eat no grapes, my royal fox?
Yes, but you will, my noble grapes, an if
My royal fox could reach them: I have seen
a medicine

That's able to breathe life into a stone,

Quicken a rock, and make you dance
With spritely fire and motion; which
Is powerful to arise king Pepin, may
To give great Charlemain a pen in his
And write to her a love-line.

King.

Laf. Why, doctor she: my lord,

one arriv'd,

If you will see her:—now, by my lord,
If seriously I may convey my thoughts
In this my light deliverance, I have
With one, that in her sex, her years, her
Wisdom, and constancy, hath more
Than I dare blame my weakness to
see her,

[*For that is her demand,*] and that
That done, laugh well at me.

King.

Bring in the admiration; that we may
May spend our wonder too, or take our
By wond'ring how thou took'st it.

Laf.

And not be all day neither.

King. Thus he his special notation
prologues.

[*Re-enter Lafew, with Helene.*]

Laf. Nay, come your ways.

King. This haste hath wings.

Laf. Nay, come your ways;

This is his majesty, say your mind to
A traitor you do look like: but such
His majesty seldom fears: I am cross'd
That dare leave two together; fare you

King. Now, fair one, does your

Hel. Ay, my good lord.

Gerard de Narbon was my father;
In what he did profess, well found.

King.

Hel. The rather will I spare my
towards him;

Knowing him is enough. On's bed of cure,
Many receipts he gave me; chiefly one

Which, as the dearest issue of his practice,
And of his old experience the only dote,

He bade me store up, as a triple eye,
Safer than mine own two, more clear

And, hearing your high majesty is cross'd
With that malignant cause, wherein the

Of my dear father's gift stands chief
I come to tender it, and my appliance

With all bound humbleness.

King.

We thank you,
But may not be so credulous of cure,
When our most learned doctors have

The congregated college have concluded
That labouring art can never ransom

From her inaidable estate,—I say, we may
So stain our judgment, or corrupt our

To prostitute our past-cure malady
To empirics; or to discover so

Our great self and our credit, to esteem
A senseless help, when help past

deem.

My duty, then, shall pay me for my pains;
 no more enforce mine office on you;
 I entreat from your royal thoughts
 that one to bear me back again.
 O! I cannot give thee less, to be call'd
 grateful: [I give,
 thought'st at help me; and such thanks
 a near death to those that wish him live;
 but at full I know, thou know'st no part;
 ring all my peril, thou no art.
 What I can do, can do no hurt to try,
 you set up your rest 'gainst remedy,
 at of greatest works is finisher,
 as them by the weakest minister:
 I writ in babes hath judgment shown,
 Judges have been balanc'd: great floods
 have down [dried,
 simple sources; and great seas have
 miracles have by the greatest been
 denied.
 expectation fails, and most oft there
 most it promises; and oft it hits,
 a hope is coldest, and despair most sits.
 O! I must not hear thee; fare thee well,
 kind maid;
 pains, not us'd, must by thyself be paid;
 you, not took, reap thanks for their reward.
 O! inspired merit so by breath is barr'd:
 not so with Him that all things knows,
 as with us that square our guess by shows;
 most it is presumption in us, when
 help of heaven we count the act of men.
 O! to my endeavours give consent;
 heaven, not me, make an experiment.
 not an impostor, that proclaim
 against the level of mine aim;
 know I think, and think I know most sure,
 art is not past power, nor you past cure.
 O! art thou so confident? Within what
 space
 el. The greatest grace lending grace,
 twice the horses of the sun shall bring
 fiery torches his diurnal ring;
 twice in muck and occidental damp
 at Hesperus hath quench'd his sleepy lamp;
 our and twenty times the pilot's glass
 told the tedious minutes how they pass;
 it is full from your sound parts shall fly,
 th shall live free, and sickness freely die.
 O! Upon thy certainty and confidence,
 O! what's thou venture?
 Tax of impudence,—
 d by boldness, a divulged shame,—
 name by odious ballads; my maiden's
 [tended,
 d otherwise; nay, worse of worst ex-
 a vilest torture let my life be ended.
 O! Methinks in thee some blessed spirit
 doth speak,
 powerful sound within an organ weak:
 what impossibility would aly
 common sense, sense saves another way.
 life is dear; for all, that life can rate

Worth name of life, in thee hath estimate;
 Youth, beauty, wisdom, courage, all
 That happiness and prime can happy call:
 Thou this to hazard, needs must intimate
 Skill infinite, or monstrous desperate.
 Sweet practiser, thy physic I will try,
 That ministers thine own death, if I die.
 Hel. If I break time, or flinch in property
 Of what I spoke, unpitied let me die;
 And well deserv'd: not helping, death's my fee;
 But, if I help, what do you promise me?

King. Make thy demand.

Hel. But will you make it even?

King. Ay, by my sceptre, and my hopes of help.

Hel. Then shalt thou give me with thy kingly
 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 ob-
 serv'd,

Thy will by my performance shall be serv'd:
 So make the choice of thy own time; for I,
 Thy resolv'd 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 can'st, how tended on: but
 Unquestion'd welcome, and undoubted blest.—
 [To Attendants.] Give me some help here, ho!

—[To Helena.] If thou proceed

As high as word, my deed shall match thy deed.

[Flourish. Exeunt.

SCENE II.—Ronsillon. A Room in the
 Countess's Palace.

Enter Countess and Clown.

Count. Come on, sir; I shall now put you
 to the height of your lacing.

Clow. I will show myself highly fed and
 lowly taught: I know my business is but to
 the court.

Count. To the court! why, what place make
 you special, when you put off that with such
 contempt? But to the court!

Clow. Truly, madam, if God have lent a man
 any manners, he may easily put it off at court:
 he that cannot make a leg, put off's cap, kiss
 his hand, and say nothing has neither leg,
 hands, lip, nor cap; and indeed, such a fellow,
 to say precisely, were not for the court: but,
 for me, I have an answer will serve all men.

Count. Marry, that's a bountiful answer
 that fits all questions.

Clow. It is like a barber's chair, that fits
 all buttocks,—the pin-buttock, the quatch-
 buttock, the braven-buttock, or any buttock.

Count. Will your answer serve fit to all ques-
 tions?

Clow. 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 fore-finger, as a pancake for Shrove-Tuesday, a morris for May-day, as the nail to his hole, the cuckold to his horn, as a scolding quena to a wrangling knave, as the nun's lip to the friar's mouth; nay, as the pudding to his skin.

Count. Have you, I say, an answer of such fitness for all questions?

Clo. From below your duke, to beneath your constable, it will fit any question.

Count. It must be an answer of most monstrous size, that must fit all demands.

Clo. But a trifle neither, in good faith, if the learned should speak truth of it: here it is, and all that belongs to't. Ask me, if I am a courtier: it shall do you no harm to learn.

Count. To be young again, if we could;—I will be a fool in question, hoping to be the wiser by your answer. I pray you, sir, are you a courtier?

Clo. O Lord, sir! there's a simple putting off.—More, more, a hundred of them.

Count. Sir, I am a poor friend of yours, that loves you.

Clo. O Lord, sir!—Thick, thick, spare not.

Count. I think, sir, you can eat none of this homely meat.

Clo. O Lord, sir!—Nay, put me to't, I warrant you.

Count. You were lately whipped, sir, as I think.

Clo. O Lord, sir!—Spare not me.

Count. Do you cry, "O Lord, sir!" at your whipping, and "Spare not me!" Indeed, your "O Lord, sir!" is very sequent to your whipping: you would answer very well to a whipping, if you were but bound to't.

Clo. I ne'er had worse luck in my life, in my "O Lord, sir!" I see things may serve long, but not serve ever.

Count. I play the noble housewife with the time, to entertain it so merrily with a fool.

Clo. O Lord, sir!—why, there't serves well again.

Count. An end, sir; to your business. Give And urge her to a present answer back:

Command me to my kinsmen, and my son: This is not much.

Clo. Not much commendation to them.

Count. Not much employment for you; you understand me!

Clo. Most fruitfully: I am there before my

Count. Haste you again.

[*Exeunt severally.*]

SCENE III.—Paris. A Room in the King's Palace.

Enter Bertram, Lafew, 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; ensconcing ourselves into seeming knowledge,

when we should submit ourselves to known fear.

Par. Why, 'tis the rarest argument that hath shot out in our latter days.

Par. And so 'tis.

Laf. To be relinquished of the archbishop.

Par. So I say; both of Gales and Parolles.

Laf. Of all the learned and subtle fellows,—

Par. Right; so I say.

Laf. That gave him out for a scholar.

Par. Why, there 'tis; so say I too.

Laf. Not to be helped,—

Par. Right; as 'twere, a man's own life.

Laf. Uncertain life, and sure death.

Par. Just, you say well; so would I too.

Laf. I may truly say, it is a novel world.

Par. It is, indeed: if you will have showing, you shall read it in—What do you call there—

Laf. A showing of a heavenly actor; an earthly actor.

Par. That's it I would have said; I am sure.

Laf. Why, your dolphin is not lost.

Par. Nay, 'tis strange, 'tis very strange, is the brief and the tedious of it; and a most famous spirit, that will not let me to be the—

Laf. Very hand of heaven—

Par. Ay, so I say.

Laf. In a most weak—

Par. And debile minister, great transcendence: which should give us a further use to be made, the recovery of the king, as to be—

Laf. Generally thankful.

Par. I would have said it; you say it.

Par. Here comes the king.

Enter King, Helena, and Attendants.

Laf. Lustick, as the Dutchman says, like a maid the better, whilst I have my head: why, he's able to lead her.

Par. *Mort du vinagre!* Is not this the king?

Laf. 'Fore God, I think so.

King. Go, call before me all the lords.

Sit, my preserver, by thy patient's side.

And with this healthful hand, whose sense

Thou hast repeal'd, a second time confirm the confirmation of my promised gift.

Which but attends thy naming.

Enter several Lords.

Fair maid, send forth thine eyes; this is

Of noble bachelors stand at my service.

O'er whom both sovereign power and voice

I have to use: thy frank election made

Thou hast power to choose, and I to forsake.

To each of you one fair and virtuous

maid, who loves please I—marry, to each, but

not I. I'll give my curial, and his firaltars,

and with as little beard.

Boys. Peruse them well.

And one of those but had a noble father.

Boys. Heaven hath, through me, restor'd the king

for you.

Test. I am a simple maid; and therein wealth-

ness is your majesty, I have done already:

the blushes in my cheeks thus whisper me,

that thou shouldst choose; but, be

refracted.

Will she come there again?

King. Make choice; and see,

that I am a simple maid; and therein wealth-

ness is your majesty, I have done already:

the blushes in my cheeks thus whisper me,

that thou shouldst choose; but, be

refracted.

Will she come there again?

King. Make choice; and see,

that I am a simple maid; and therein wealth-

ness is your majesty, I have done already:

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ness is your majesty, I have done already:

the blushes in my cheeks thus whisper me,

that thou shouldst choose; but, be

refracted.

King. Know'st thou not, Bertram, what she has done for me?

Ber. Yes, my good lord; But never hope to know why I should marry her.

King. Thou know'st she has rais'd me from my sickly bed.

Ber. But follows it, my lord, to bring me 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!—Dis- Rather corrupt me ever.

King. 'Tis only title thou disdain'st in her, the which

I can build up. Strange is it, that our bloods,

Of colour, weight, and heat, pour'd all together,

Would quite confound distinction, yet stand off

In differences so mighty. If she be

All that is virtuous, (save what thou dislik'st,

A poor physician's daughter,) thou dislik'st,

Of virtue for the name; but do not so:

From lowest place when virtuous things pro-

ceed,

The place is dignified by the deed's deed:

Where great additions swell, and virtue none,

It is a drop'd honour: good alone

Is good, without a name; villainess is so:

The property by what it is, should go,

Not by the title. She is young, wise, fair;

In these to nature she's immediate heir;

And these breed honour: that is honour's

scorn,

Which challenges itself as honour's born.

And is not like the sire: honours thrive,

When rather from our acts we them derive,

Than our foregoers: the mere world's a slave,

Debosh'd on every tomb; on every grave,

A lying trophy; and as oft is dumb,

Where dust and damn'd oblivion is the tomb

Of honour'd bones indeed. What should he

said?

If thou canst like this creature as a maid,

I can create the rest: virtue and she

Is her own dower; honour and wealth from

me.

Ber. I cannot love her, nor will strive to

King. Thou wrong'st thyself if thou should'st

strive to choose.

Hel. That you are well restor'd, my lord, I'm

Let the rest go.

King. My honour's at the stake; which to

I must produce my power. Here, take her

hand,

Proud scornful boy, unworthy this good gift;

That dost in vile misprision shackle up

My love and her desert; that canst not dream,

We, poisoning us in her defective scale,

Shall weigh thee to the beam; that wilt not

It is in us to plant thine honour where

We please to have it grow. Check thy con-

tempt:

Obey our will, which travels in thy good:

Believe not thy disdain, but presently

Do thine own fortunes that obedient right,

Which both thy duty owes, and our power claims;

Or I will throw thee from my care for ever,
Into the staggers, and the careless lapses
Of youth and ignorance; both my revenge
and hate

Loosing upon thee, in the name of justice,
Without all terms of pity. Speak; thine
answer.

Ber. Pardon, my gracious lord; for I submit
My fancy to your eyes: when I consider
What great creation, and what dote of honour,
Flies where you bid it, I find that she, which
late

Was in my nobler thoughts most base, is now
The praised of the king; who, so ennobled,
Is, as 'twere, born so.

King. Take her by the hand,
And tell her she is thine: to whom I promise
A counterpoise, if not to thy estate,
A balance more replete.

Ber. I take her hand.
King. Good fortune, and the favour of the
king,

Smile upon this contract; whose ceremony
Shall seem expedient on the now-born brief,
And be perform'd to-night: the solemn feast
Shall more attend upon the coming space,
Expecting absent friends. As thou lov'st her,
Thy love's to me religious; else, does err.

[*Exeunt* King, Bertram, Helena, Lords,
and Attendants.]

Laf. Do you hear, monsieur! a word with
Par. Your pleasure, sir! [you.]

Laf. Your lord and master did well to make
his recantation.

Par. Recantation!—My lord! my master!

Laf. Ay; is it not a language I speak!

Par. A most harsh one, and not to be
understood without bloody succeeding. My
master!

Laf. Are you companion to the count *Re-
Par.* To any count,—to all counts,—to
what is man.

Laf. To what is count's man: count's
master is of another style.

Par. You are too old, sir; let it satisfy you,
you are too old.

Laf. I must tell thee, sirrah, I write man;
to which title age cannot bring thee.

Par. What I dare too well do, I dare not do.

Laf. I did think thee, for two ordinaries, to
be a pretty wise fellow; thou didst make
tolerable vent of thy travel; it might pass:
yet the scarfs and the bannerets about thee,
did manifoldly dissuade me from believing
thee a vessel of too great a burden. I have
now found thee; when I lose thee again, I care
not: yet art thou good for nothing but taking
up; and that thou'rt scarce worth.

Par. Hadst thou not the privilege of anti-
quity upon thee,—

Laf. Do not plunge thyself too far in anger,
lest thou hasten thy trial; which if—Lord

have mercy on thee for a hour! in
window of lattice, fare thee well!
I need not open, for I look down
Give me thy hand.

Par. My lord, you give me most
indignity.

Laf. Ay, with all my heart; and I
Par. I have not, my lord, do you

Laf. Yes, good faith, every day
I will not hate thee a scruple.

Par. Well, I shall be wiser.
Laf. 'Tis as soon as thou canst, I

hast to pull at a smack of the
ever thou best bound in thy service,
thou shalt find what it is to be pro-
bondage. I have a desire to hold my
ance with thee, or rather my know-
may say, in the default, he is a most

Par. My lord, you do me most
able vexation.

Laf. I would it were hell-pain for
and my poor doing eternal; my
past; as I will by thee, in what
will give me leave.

Par. Well, thou hast a son shall
disgrace off me; scurvy, old, ill-
lord!—Well, I must be patient; the
fettering of authority. I'll bear
life, if I can meet him with any
an he were double and double a
have no more pity of his age, than I
have of—I'll beat him,—an if I could
him again!

[*Re-enter Lafau.*]

Laf. Sirrah, your lord and master's
there's news for you: you have a
tress.

Par. I most unfeignedly beseech you
slip to make some reservation of your
he is my good lord: whom I serve
my master.

Laf. Who? God?

Laf. The devil it is that's thy master;
dost thou garter up thy arms of this
dost make hose of thy sleeves! I do
vants so? Thou wert best set thy
where thy nose stands. By mine honour,
were but two hours younger, I'd
methinks thou art a general offence;
man should beat thee: I think
created for men to breathe themselves
thee.

Par. This is hard and undeserved.

Laf. Go to, sir; you were better
for picking a kernel out of a pome-
you are a vagabond, and no true
you are more saucy with lords and
personages, than the heraldry of
and virtue gives you commission;
not worth another word, else I'd
knave. I leave you.

[*Enter Bertram.*]

Par. Good, very good; it is no longer
very good; let it be conveyed a while

Ber. Undone, and forfeited to cares for ever!
Par. What is the matter, sweet heart?

Par. Although before the solemn priest I
I will not bed her.

Par. What, what, sweet heart?

Par. O my Parolles, they have married me!—
I'm in the Tuscan wars, and never bed her.

Par. France is a dog-hole, and it no more
needs

The tread of a man's foot: to the wars!
Par. There's letters from my mother: what
I know not yet.

Par. Ay, that would be known. To the
wars, my boy, to the wars!

He wears his honour in a box unseen,
That bugs his kinslay-wickies here at home,
Feeding his manly marrow in her arms,
Which should sustain the bound and high
corvet

of Mars's fiery steed. To other regions!
France is a stable; we that dwell in't, jades!

Par. To the war!

Par. It shall be so: I'll send her to my house,
And whither I am fled; write to the king
That which I must not speak: his present gift
shall furnish me to those Italian fields,
To be dark fellows strike: war is no strife
To the dark house and the detested wife.

Par. Will this capriccio hold in thee, art
thou?

Par. Go with me to my chamber, and ad-
vise me.

Par. I'll lead 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.—The 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!

Par. As so, [Exit.]

*SCENE IV.—Paris. Another Room in the
Palace.*

Enter Helena and Clown.

Hel. My mother greets me kindly: is she
well?

Clow. 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 in the world; but yet she
is not well.

Hel. If she be very well, what does she ail,
that she's not very well?

Clow. Truly, she's very well indeed, but for
two things.

Hel. What two things?

Clow. One, that she's not in heaven, whither
she would go quickly! the other, that she's
not from whence God send her quickly!

Hel. Bless you, my fortunate lady!

Clow. I hope, sir, I have your good will to
have mine own good fortunes.

Par. You had my prayers to lead them on;

and to keep them on, have them still.—O, my
knave, how does my old lady?

Clow. So that you had her wrinkles, and I
her money, I would she did as you say.

Par. Why, I say nothing.

Clow. 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.

Clow. You should have said, sir, before a
knave thou'rt a knave; that is, before me thou'rt
a knave: this had been truth, sir.

Par. Go to, thou art a witty fool: I have
found thee.

Clow. 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, if faith, and well fed.—
Madam, my lord will go away to-night;

A very serious business calls on him.
The great prerogative and right of love,

Which, as your due, time claims, he does
acknowledge,

But puts it off to a compell'd restraint;
Whose want, and whose delay, is strew'd
with sweets,

Which they distil now in the curbed time,
To make the coming hour o'erflow with joy,
And pleasure drown the brim.

Hel. What's his will else?

Par. That you will take your instant leave
o' the king,

And make this haste as your own good pro-
ceeding,

Strengthen'd with what apology you think
May make it probable need.

Hel. What more commands he?

Par. That, having this obtain'd, you pre-
attend his farther pleasure.

Hel. In everything I wait upon his will.
Par. I shall report it so.

Hel. I pray you.—Come, sirrah. [Exit.]

SCENE V.—Another Room in the Palace.

Enter Lafau and Bertram.

Laf. But I hope your lordship thinks not
him a soldier. [Proof.]

Ber. Yes, my lord, and of very valiant ap-
pearance. You have it from his own deliverance.

Laf. And by other warranted testimony.
Ber. Then my dial goes not true: I took
this lark for a bunting.

Ber. I do assure you, my lord, he is very
great in knowledge, and accordingly valiant.

Laf. I have, then, sinned against his expe-
rience, 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, is a good workman, a very good tailor.

Ber. [Aside to Parolles.] Is she gone to the

Par. She is.

Ber. Will she away to-night?

Par. As you'll have her.

Ber. I have writ my letters, casked my Given orders for our horses; and to-night,

When I should take possession of the bride, End, ere I do begin.

Laf. A good traveller is something at the latter end of a dinner; but one that lies three-thirds, and uses a known truth to pass a thousand nothings with, should be once heard, and thrice beaten.—God save you, captain.

Ber. Is there any unkindness between my lord and you, monsieur?

Par. I know not how I have deserved to run into my lord's displeasure.

Laf. You have made shift to run into 't, boots and spurs 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 his prayers. Fare you well, my lord; and believe this of me, there can be no kernel in this light nut; the soul of this man is his clothes; trust him not in matter of heavy consequence; I have kept of them tame, and know their natures.—Farewell, monsieur: I have spoken better of you, than you have or will deserve at my hand; but we must do good against evil.

Par. An idle lord, I swear.

Ber. I think so.

Par. Why, do you not know him?

Ber. Yes, I do know him well; and common speech

Gives him a worthy pass.—Here comes my

Enter Helena.

Hel. I have, sir, as I was commanded from

you, Spoke with the king, and have procur'd his For present parting; only, he desires [leave Some private speech with you.

Ber. I shall obey his will.

You must not marvel, Helen, at my course, Which holds not colour with the time, nor does The ministration and required office

On my particular. Prepar'd I was not For such a business; therefore am I found

So much unsettled: this drives me to entreat you,

That presently you take your way for home, And rather muse than ask why I entreat you;

For my respects are better than those And my appointments have in them Greater than shows itself, at the most To you that know them not.

This to my mother.

'Twill be two days ere I shall see you I leave you to your wisdom.

Hel. Sir, I can most But that I am your most obedient

Ber. Come, come, no more of that

Hel. With true observance seek to clear

Wherein toward me my homely state To equal my great fortune.

Ber. My haste is very great: farewell; fare you well; pray, sir, your pardon.

Hel. Well, what would

Hel. I am not worthy of the wealth Nor dare I say 'tis mine,—and yet

But, like a timorous thief, most vain What law does vouch mine own.

Ber. What would

Hel. Something, and scarce so

thing, indeed.— I would not tell you what I would

Strangers and foes do sunder, and

Ber. I pray you, stay not, but

horse.

Hel. I shall not break your

Ber. [To Par.] Where are my

monsieur?—[To Hel.] Fare

Go thou toward home; where I

come,

Whilst I can shake my sword, or

Away! and for our flight.

Par. Bravely.

ACT III.

SCENE I.—Florence. A Room in the

Palace.

Flourish. Enter the Duke of Florence

tended; two French Lords, and

Duke. So that, from point to point

have you heard

The fundamental reasons of this war

Whose great decision hath much

And more thirsts after.

1 Lord. Holy seems

Upon your grace's part; black and

On the opposer.

Duke. Therefore we marvel much

Would, in so just a business, shut

Against our borrowing prayers.

1 Lord. The reasons of our state I cannot

But like a common and an outward

That the great figure of a council

By self-unable motion: therefore

Say what I think of it, since I have

to be uncertain grounds to fall
on as I guess'd.

Be it his pleasure,
Madam, But I am sure, the younger of our
nature,
at least on their ease, will day by day
grow more for physio.

Welcome shall they be;
all the honours that can fly from us
all on them settle. You know your places
well;

no better fall, for your avails they fell:
tomorrow to the field. *[Flourish. Exit.*

SCENE II.—Rousillon. A Room in the
Countess's Palace.

Enter Countess and Clown.

Count. Is hath happened all as I would
we had it, save that he comes not along with

me. By my troth, I take my young lord to
be a very melancholy man.

Clown. By what observance, I pray you?

Count. Why, he will look upon his boot, and
sing; pick the ruff, and sing; ask questions,

that had this trick of melancholy, sold a
man's manner for a song.

Clown. *[Opening a letter.]* Let me see what
you write, and when he means to come.

Count. I have no mind to Isabel, since I was
swept by our old ling and our Isabels o' the

world; for nothing like your old ling and your
Isabels o' the court: the brains of my Cupid's

shot out, and I begin to love, as an old
man loves money, with no stomach.

Clown. What have we here?

Count. O, Fen that you have here?

Clown. *[Reads.]* "I have sent you a daughter
in law; she hath recovered the king, and

now I have wedded her, not bedded
yet, and sworn to make the not eternal. You

hear I am run away: know it before the
king come. If there be breadth enough in the

world, I will hold a long distance. My duty

Your unfortunate son,
BERTRAM."

Count. Is not well, rash and unbridled boy,
with the favours of so good a king;

Clown. I pack his indignation on thy head,
the misprising of a maid too virtuous

for the contempt of empire.

Re-enter Clown.

Count. O madam, yonder is heavy news within,
between two soldiers and my young lady.

Clown. What is the matter?

Count. Say, there is some comfort in the news,
some comfort; your son will not be killed so

soon. Why should he be kill'd?

Clown. So say I, madam, if he run away, as I
do, the loss of man, though it be the getting

of children. Here they come will tell you
more: for my part, I only hear your son was
run away. *[Exit.]*

Enter Helena and Gentlemen.

1 Gen. Save you, good madam.

Hel. Madam, my lord is gone, for ever gone.

2 Gen. Do not say so. *[Gentlemen.]*

Count. Think upon patience.—Pray you,
I have felt so many quirks of joy and grief,

That the first face of neither, on the start,
Can woman me unto't:—where is my son, I

pray you? *[Of Florence:]*

2 Gen. Madam, he's gone to serve the duke
We met him thitherward; for thence we came,
And, after some despatch in hand at court,

Thither we bend again. *[passport.]*

Hel. Look on this letter, madam; here's my
[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
time I write a NEVER."

This is a dreadful sentence.

Count. Brought you this letter, gentlemen?

1 Gen. Ay, madam;

And, for the contents' sake, are sorry for our
pains.

Count. I pr'ythee, lady, have a better cheer;
If thou engrossed all the griefs are thine,
Thou robbst me of a moiety: he was my son;

But I do wash his name out of my blood,
And thou art all my child.—Towards Florence

2 Gen. Ay, madam. *[Is he?]*

Count. And to be a soldier?

2 Gen. 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?

1 Gen. Ay, madam, with the swiftest wing
of speed.

Hel. *[Reads.]* "Till I have no wife, I have
nothing in France." 'Tis bitter.

Count. Find you that there?

Hel. Ay, madam.

1 Gen. 'Tis but the boldness of his hand,
Which his heart was not consenting to. *[haply]*

Count. Nothing in France, until he have
no wife!

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?

1 Gen. A servant only, and a gentleman
Which I have some time known.

Count. Parolles, was it not?

1 Gen. Ay, my good lady, he. *[wickedness.]*

Count. A very tainted fellow, and full of
My son corrupts a well-derived nature
With his inducement.

1 Gen. Indeed, good lady,
The fellow has a deal of that, too much,
Which holds him much to have.

Count. You are welcome, gentlemen.
I will entreat you, when you see my son,
To tell him, that his sword can never win
The honour that he loses; more I'll entreat you
Written to bear along.

2 Gen. We serve you, madam,
In that and all your worthiest affairs.

Count. Not so, but as we change our court-
[exits.]
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 non-sparing war? and is it I [thou]
That drive thee from the sportive court, where
Wast shot at with fair eyes, to be the mark
Of smoky muskets? O you leaden messengers,
That ride upon the violent speed of fire,
Fly with false aim; move the still-peering air,
That sings with piercing; do not touch my
lord!

Whoever shoots at him, I set him there;
Whoever charges on his forward breast,
I am the catill that do hold him to't;
And, though I kill him not, I am the cause
His death was so effected; better 'twere
I met the ravin lion when he roar'd
With sharp constraint of hunger; better 'twere
That all the miseries which nature owes
Were mine at once. No, come thou home,
Rousillon,

Whence honour but of danger wins a scar,
As oft it loses all: I will be gone;
My being here it is that holds thee hence:
Shall I stay here to do't? no, no, although
The air of Paradise did fan the house,
And angels offic'd all: I will be gone,
That pitiful rumour may report my flight,
To console thine ear. Come, night; and,
day!

For with the dark, poor thief, I'll steal away.
[*Exit.*]

SCENE III.—Florence, Before the Duke's
Palace.

Flourish. Enter the Duke of Florence, Ber-
tram, Parolles, Lords, Officers, Soldiers,
and others.

Duke. The general of our horse thou art,
and we,
Great in our hope, lay our best love and
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 th' extreme edge of hazard.

Duke. Then go thou forth;
And fortune play upon thy prosperous helm,
As thy auspicious mistress!

Ber.
Great Mars, I put myself into thy
Make me but like my thoughts;
prove

A lover of thy drum, hater of love.
SCENE IV.—Rousillon. A Room
Countess's Palace.

Enter Countess and Steward.

Count. Alas! and would you take
of her!

Might you not know, she would do
done,

By sending me a letter? Read it.
Stew. [Reads.] "I am Saint Jaques's
grim; thither gone!"

Ambitious love hath so in me
That barefoot plod I the cold ground
With sainted toes my faith to prove.

Write, write, that from the bloody field
My dearest master, your dear son,
Bless him at home in peace, while I
His name with zealous fervour
His taken labours bid him me forgive.

I, his despicable Juno, and how
From courtly friends, with company
Where death and danger do
worth—

He is too good and fair for death
Whom I myself embrace, to set him
Count. Ah, what sharp stings
mildest words!

Rinaldo, you did never lack advice
As letting her pass so; had I not
I could have well diverted her
Which thus she hath prevented.

Stew. Pardon me,
If I had given you this at over-night,
She might have been a certain; and
Pursuit would be but vain.

Count. Bless this unworthy husband!
thrive,
Unless her prayers, whom heaven
And loves to grant, relieve his
wrath

Of greatest justice.—Write, write,
To this unworthy husband of his
Let every word weigh heavy of his
That he does weigh too light: let
grief,

Though little he do feel it, set down
Despatch the most convenient me-
When, haply, he shall hear that she
He will return; and hope I may, that
Hearing so much, will speed her
Led hither by pure love: which of
Is dearest to me, I have no skill in
To make distinction:—provide that
get—

My heart is heavy, and mine age is
Grief would have tears, and sorrow
speak.

Stew. I hope so.—[*Enter Helena, in the
of a Pilgrim.*] Look, here comes a pil-
I know she will lie at my house: thither
I have you, pilgrim!

Hel. Are you bound?

Stew. To Saint Jaques le grand.

Hel. At the Saint Francis here, beside the
road. Is this the way?

Stew. Ay, marry, is't.—[*A march afar off.*]
mark you!

Hel. I'll follow you.—If you will tarry, holy
pilgrim,

Let the troops come by,
I'll conduct you where you shall be lodg'd;
either for I think I know your hostess
as myself.

Hel. Is it yourself?

Stew. I thank you, and will stay upon your
labour.

Hel. You came, I think, from France?

Stew. Here you shall see a countryman of
I did so.

What has done worthy service.

[*Exeunt.*]

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V.—Without the walls of Florence.
A Widow of Florence, Diana, Violenta,
Mariana, and other Citizens.

Wid. Ay, some; for if they do approach
us, we shall lose all the night.

Hel. They say this French count has done
honourable service.

Wid. It is reported that he has taken their
commander: and that with his own
hand he slew the duke's brother. [A trumpet
sounded.] We have lost our labour; they are
a contrary way: hark! you may know
their trumpets.

Hel. Come, let's return again, and suffice
ourselves with the report of it. Well, Diana,
what of this French count: the honour of
his name; and no legacy is so rich
as honesty.

Wid. I have told my neighbour how you
have been solicited by a gentleman his com-
panion:

Hel. I know that leave; hang him! one
witty officer he is in those sug-
gestions for his young earl:—Beware of them,
and all these engines of lust, are not
so much as they go under: many a maid hath
been seduced by them; and the misery is,
that so terrible shows in the wreck of
her, but that they are lined with the twigs
of chastity.

Wid. I hope I need not to
you further; but I hope your own grace
will keep you where you are, though there were
danger known but the modesty
of a lost.

Hel. You shall not need to fear me.

Wid. I hope so.—[*Enter Helena, in the
of a Pilgrim.*] Look, here comes a pil-
I know she will lie at my house: thither
I have you, pilgrim!

Hel. Are you bound?

Stew. To Saint Jaques le grand.

Hel. At the Saint Francis here, beside the
road. Is this the way?

Stew. Ay, marry, is't.—[*A march afar off.*]
mark you!

Hel. I'll follow you.—If you will tarry, holy
pilgrim,

Let the troops come by,
I'll conduct you where you shall be lodg'd;
either for I think I know your hostess
as myself.

Hel. Is it yourself?

Stew. I thank you, and will stay upon your
labour.

Hel. You came, I think, from France?

Stew. Here you shall see a countryman of
I did so.

What has done worthy service.

[*Exeunt.*]

[*Exeunt.*]

[*Exeunt.*]

[*Exeunt.*]

[*Exeunt.*]

[*Exeunt.*]

[*Exeunt.*]

[*Exeunt.*]

[*Exeunt.*]

[*Exeunt.*]

Hel. His name, I pray you.

Dia. The count Rousillon: know you such
a one?

Hel. But by the ear, that hears most nobly
His face I know not. [of him:]

Dia. Whatso'er he is,
He's bravely taken here. He stole from France,
As 'tis reported, for the king had married him
Against his liking: think you it is so?

Hel. Ay, surely, mere the truth: I know
his lady.

Dia. There is a gentleman that serves the
Reports but coarsely of her. [count,

Hel. What's his name?

Dia. Monsieur Parolles.

Hel. O, I believe with him,
In argument of praise, or to the worth
Of the great count himself, she is too mean
To have her name repeated: all her deserving
is a reserved honesty, and that
I have not heard examin'd.

Dia. Alas, poor lady!
'Tis a hard bondage to become the wife
Of a detesting lord.

Wid. Ay, right; good creature, whoso'er
Her heart weighs sadly: this young maid might
A shrewd turn, if she pleas'd. [do her

Hel. How do you mean?

May be, the amorous count solicits her
In the unlawful purpose.

Wid. He does, indeed;
And brokes with all that can in such a suit
Corrupt the tender honour of a maid;
But she is arm'd for him, and keeps her guard
In honestest defence.

Mar. The gods forbid else!

Enter, with drum and colours, a party of the
Florentine army, Bertram, and Parolles.

Wid. So, now they come.—
That is Antonio, the duke's eldest son;

That, Escalus.

Hel. Which is the Frenchman?

Dia. He;
That with the plume: 'tis a most gallant fel-
low;

I would he lov'd his wife: if he were honest,
He were much goodlier: is't not a handsome
gentleman?

Hel. I like him well.

Dia. 'Tis pity he is not honest: yond's that
same knave

That leads him to these places: were I his lady
I would poison that vile rascal.

Hel. Which is he?

Dia. That jackanapes with scars: why is
he melancholy?

Hel. Perchance he's hurt i' the battle.

Par. Loss our drum! well.

Mar. He's shrewdly vex'd at something;
look, he has spied us.

Wid. Marry, hang you!

Mar. And your courtesy, for a ring-carrier!
[*Exeunt Bertram, Parolles, Officers,
and Soldiers.*]

Wid. The troop is past. Come, pilgrim, I will bring you
Where you shall host: of enjoin'd penitents
There's four or five, to great Saint Jacques 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 farther,
I will bestow some precepts on 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.

1 Lord. Nay, good my lord, put him to't:
let him have his way.

2 Lord. If your lordship find him not a hiding,
hold me no more in your respect.

1 Lord. On my life, my lord, a bubble, [him?]
Ber. Do you think I am so far deceived in
1 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.

2 Lord. It were fit you knew him; lest, re-
posing 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.

2 Lord. None better than to let him fetch
off his drum, which you hear him so confidently
undertake to do.

1 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 blind 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 the examination: if he do not, for the
promise of his life, and in the highest com-
pulsion 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
anything.

2 Lord. O, for the love of laughter, let him
fetch off 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 coun-
terfeit lump of ore will be melted, if you give
him not John Drum's entertainment, your
inclining cannot be removed.—Here he comes.

Enter Parolles.

1 Lord. O, for the love of laughter hinder
not the humour of his design: let him fetch
off his drum in any hand.

Ber. How now, monsieur! do you
sorely in your disposition.

2 Lord. A pox on't, let it pass; but
Par. But a drum! let it pass; but a
drum so lost!—There was excellent
night.

—to charge in with our own soldiers
wings, and to rend our own soldiers
command of the service; it was a
year that Caesar himself could not
vented, if he had been there to com-

2 Lord. That was not to be
Ber. Well, we cannot greatly com-
success; some dishonour we had
of that drum; but it is not to be re-

Par. It might have been recovered
Ber. It might; but it is not now.

Par. It is to be recovered; the
merit of service is seldom attributed to
and exact performer, I would have
or another, or his facet.

Ber. Why, if you have stomach to
sieur, if you think your mystery in
can bring this instrument of honour
its native quarter, be magnificent in
enterprise, and go on; I will grant
for a worthy exploit; if you speak
the duke shall both speak of it, and
you what further becomes his grace
to the utmost syllable of your word.

Par. By the hand of a soldier, I
take it.

Ber. But you must not now show
Par. I'll about it this evening;
presently pen down my discom-
myself in my certainty; put my
mortal preparation; and, by morn-
hear farther from me.

Ber. May I be held to acquaint
you are gone about it?

Par. I know not what the answer
my lord; but the attempt I vow.

Ber. I know thou art valiant; the
possibility of thy soldieryship will
thee. Farewell.

Par. I love not many words.

1 Lord. No more than a fish for
Is not this a strange fellow, nor his
confidently seems to undertake the
which he knows is not to be done, or
self to do, and dares better be dam-
do't?

2 Lord. You do not know him; we
we do: certain it is, that he will
into a man's favour, and for a
great deal of discoveries; but when
him out, you have him ever after.

Ber. Why, do you think, he
deed at all of this, that so serious
address himself unto?

1 Lord. None in the world; but
an invention, and clap upon you
probable lies. But we have shown
him,—you shall see his full
deed, he is not for your lordship's

1 Lord. We'll make you some sport with the
case him. He was first smoked
the old Lord Lafou: when his disguise and
varied, tell me what a sprat you shall find
him; which you shall see this very night.

1 Lord. I must go look my twigs: he shall
not escape me.

2 Lord. Your brother, he shall go along with me.

1 Lord. As't please your lordship: I'll leave
you.

Ber. Now will I lead you to the house, and
show you
1 Lord. As't please your lordship: I'll leave
you.

Ber. That's all the fault: I spoke with her
but once.

And found her wondrous cold; but I sent to her,
and this same coxcomb that we have! the wind,
and letters which she did re-send;—
And this is all I have done. She's a fair crea-
ture: you go see her?

2 Lord. With all my heart, my lord.
[Exeunt.]

SCENE VII.—Florence. A Room in the
Widow's House.

Enter Helena and Widow.

Hel. If you misdoubt me that I am not she,
I know not how I shall assure you further.

Wid. Though my estate be fall'n, I was
well born,

Nothing acquainted with these businesses;
And would not put my reputation now
to any staining act.

Hel. Nor would I wish you,
And what to your sworn counsel I have spoken,
by the good aid that I of you shall borrow,
I'll be hallowing it.

Wid. I should believe you:
You are great in fortune.

Hel. Take this purse of gold,
which I will over-pay, and pay again,
When I have found it. The count he wooed
your daughter,

Large down his wanton siege before her beauty,
As we'll direct her how 'tis best to bear it,
That she'll demand: a ring the county wears,
From son to son, some four or five descents,
Since the first father wore it: this ring he holds
To his rich choice; yet, in his idle fire,
To say his will, it would not seem too dear,
If he repented after.

Wid. The bottom of your purpose.

Hel. You see it lawful, then: it is no more,
But that your daughter, ere she seems as won,
Gives this ring; appoints him an encounter;

Now I see
Hel. You see it lawful, then: it is no more,
But that your daughter, ere she seems as won,
Gives this ring; appoints him an encounter;

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Gives this ring; appoints him an encounter;

Now I see
Hel. You see it lawful, then: it is no more,
But that your daughter, ere she seems as won,
Gives this ring; appoints him an encounter;

In fine, delivers me to fill the time,
Herself most chaste 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 perave,
That time and place, with this deceit so lawful,
May prove coherent. Every night he comes
With musics of all sorts, and songs compos'd
To her unworthiness: it nothing steads us,
To chide him from our eaves; for he persists,
As if his life lay out.

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.]

Wid. Let us assay our plot; which, if it speed,
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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, "Come you off with so little!" and great ones I dare not give. Wherefore, what's the instance! Tongue, I must put you into a butter-woman's mouth, and buy myself another of Bajazet's mule, if you prattle me into these perils.

1 Lord. [Aside.] 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.

1 Lord. [Aside.] We cannot afford you so. Par. Or the baring of my beard; and to say it was in stratagem.

1 Lord. [Aside.] 'T would not do.

Par. Or to drown my clothes, and say I was stripped.

1 Lord. [Aside.] Hardly serve.

Par. Though I swore I leaped from the window of the citadel—

1 Lord. [Aside.] How deep?

Par. Thirty fathom.

1 Lord. [Aside.] Three great oaths would scarce make that believed.

Par. I would I had any drum of the enemy's: I would swear I recovered it.

1 Lord. [Aside.] Thou shalt hear one anon.

Par. A drum, now, of the enemy's!

[Alarm within.]

1 Lord.—Throca movousis, cargo, cargo, cargo.

All. Cargo, cargo, villianda par corbo, cargo. [They seize and blindfold him.]

Par. O, ransom, ransom!—Do not hide mine eyes.

1 Sold. Boskos throumulo boskos.

Par. I know you are the Muskos' regiment; And I shall lose my life for want of language: If there be here German, or Dane, low Dutch, Italian, or French, let him speak to me; I will discover that which shall undo The Florentine.

1 Sold. Boskos raurado: I understand thee, and can speak thy tongue:—Keretybonto:—Sir, Betake thee to thy faith, for seventeen poni-Are at thy bosom. [Arms]

Par. Oh!

1 Sold. O, pray, pray, pray!—Manka rovania dulce.

1 Lord. Ocorbi dulchos volivores.

1 Sold. The general is content to spare thee yet; And, hoodwink'd as thou art, will lead thee on To gather from thee: haply thou 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: no; I'll show Which you will wonder at.

1 Sold. But will thou show

Par. If I do not, damn me.

1 Sold. According to

Come on; thou art granted grace.

[Exit, with Parolles.]

1 Lord. Go, tell the count Rousillon

my brother,

We have caught the woodcock, and

Till we do hear from them.

2 Sold. Captain

1 Lord. He will betray us all

Inform on that.

2 Sold. So I will, sir.

1 Lord. Till then, I'll keep him

safer lock'd.

SCENE II.—Florence. A Room in

Widow's House.

Enter Bertram and Diana.

Ber. They told me that your

Fontibell.

Dia. No, my good lord, Diana

Ber.

And worth it, with addition! But

In your fine frame hath love no quality

If the quick fire of youth light not your

You are no maiden, but a monument;

When you are dead, you should be

As you are now, for you are cold and

And now you should be as your marble

When your sweet self was got.

Dia. She then was honest.

Ber. So should

Dia.

My mother did but duty; such, my

As you owe to your wife.

Ber. No more of

I prythee, do not strive against my

I was compell'd to her; but I love thee

By love's own sweet constraint, and will

Do thee all rights of service.

Dia. Ay, so you

Till we serve you; but when you

roses,

You barely leave our throats to

And mock us with our bareness.

Ber. Now have

Dia. 'Tis not the many oaths

the truth,

But the plain single vow, that is yow

What is not holy; that we swear not

But take the Highest to witness

you, tell me,

If I should swear by Jove's great

I lov'd you dearly, would you bellow

When I did love you ill? This has no

To swear by him whom I pretend to

That I will work against him: therefore

oaths

Are words and poor conditions; but

At least, in my opinion.

Ber. Change II, change

And my integrity never knew the crafts

That you do charge men with. Stand no

more off.

But give thyself into my sick desires,

Whether recover: say thou art mine, and ever

My love, as it begins, shall so persevere.

Dia. I see that men make ropes, in such a

snare,

That will forsake ourselves. Give me that

I'll lend it thee, my dear; but have no

give it from me.

Dia.

Will you not, my lord?

Dia. It is an honour hanging to our house,

Which were the greatest obloquy if the world

thought down from many ancestors;

Which were the greatest obloquy if the world

thought down from many ancestors;

Which were the greatest obloquy if the world

thought down from many ancestors;

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thought down from many ancestors;

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thought down from many ancestors;

1 Lord. He hath much worthy blame laid upon him, for shaking off so good a wife, and so sweet a lady.

2 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.

1 Lord. When you have spoken it, 'tis dead, and I am the grave of it.

2 Lord. He hath perverted a young gentlewoman here in Florence, of a most chaste renown; and this night he flashes his will in the spoil of her honour: he hath given her his monumental ring, and thinks himself made in the unchaste composition.

1 Lord. Now, God delay our rebellion: as we are ourselves, what things are we!

2 Lord. Merely our own traitors. And as in the common course of all treasons, we still see them reveal themselves, till they attain to their abhorred ends, so he that in this action contrives against his own ability, in his proper stream o'erflows himself.

1 Lord. Is it not meant damnable in us, to be trumpeters of our unlawful intents? We shall not then have his company to-night!

2 Lord. Not till after midnight; for he is dieted to his hour.

1 Lord. That approaches apace: I would gladly have him see his company anatomized, that he might take a measure of his own judgments, wherein so curiously he had set this counterfeit.

2 Lord. We will not meddle with him till he come; for his presence must be the whip of the other.

1 Lord. In the mean time, what hear you of [these wars?]

2 Lord. I hear there is an overture of peace.

1 Lord. Nay, I assure you, a peace concluded.

2 Lord. What will count Rousillon do then? will he travel higher, or return again into France?

1 Lord. I perceive, by this demand, you are not altogether of his council.

2 Lord. Let it be forbid, sir! so should I be a great deal of his act.

1 Lord. Sir, his wife, some two months since, fled from his house: her pretence is a pilgrimage to Saint Jacques le grand; which holy undertaking, with most austere sanctimony, she accomplished; and, there residing, the tenderness of her nature became as a prey to her grief; in fine, made a groan of her last breath; and now she sings in heaven.

2 Lord. How is this justified?

1 Lord. The stronger part of it by her own letters; which make 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.

2 Lord. Hath the count all this intelligence?

1 *Lord*. Ay, and the particular confirmations, point from point, to the full arming of the verity.

2 *Lord*. I am heartily sorry that he'll be [glad of this.]
1 *Lord*. How mightily, sometimes, we make us comforts of our losses!

2 *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.

1 *Lord*. The web of our life is of a mingled yarn, good and ill together: our virtues would be proud, if our faults whipp'd them not; and our crimes would despair, if they were not cherished by our virtues.—[Enter a Servant.]
—How now! where's your master?

Serv. He met the duke in the street, sir, of whom he hath taken a solemn leave; his lordship will next morning for France. The duke hath offered him letters of commendations to the king.

2 *Lord*. They shall be no more than needful there, if they were more than they can commend.

1 *Lord*. They cannot be too sweet for the king's tartness. Here's his lordship now.—[Enter Bertram.] How now, my lord! is't not after midnight?

Ber. I have to-night despatched sixteen businesses, a month's length a-piece, by an abstract of success: I have cong'd with the duke, done my adieu with his nearest; buried a wife, mourned for her; writ to my lady mother I am returning; entertained my convey; and between these main parcels of despatch, effected many nicer needs: the last was the greatest, but that I have not ended yet.

2 *Lord*. If the business be of any difficulty, and this morning your departure hence, it requires haste of your lordship.

Ber. I mean, the business is not ended, as fearing to hear of it hereafter. But shall we have this dialogue between the fool and the soldier? Come, bring forth this counterfeit model: he has deceived me, like a double-meaning prophesier.

2 *Lord*. Bring him forth: [Exit Soldiers.] he has sat i' the stocks all night, poor gallant knave.

Ber. No matter; his heels have deserved it, in usurping his spurs so long. How does he carry himself?

1 *Lord*. I have told your lordship already,—the stocks carry him. But, to answer you as you would be understood; he weeps like a wench that had shed her milk: he hath confessed himself to Morgan, (whom he supposes to be a friar,) from the time of his remembrance, to this very instant disaster of his setting i' the stocks: and what think you he hath confessed?

Ber. Nothing of me, has he?

2 *Lord*. His confession is taken, he read to his face: if your lordship as I believe you are, you must have patience to hear it.

Re-enter Soldiers with Parolles.
Ber. A plague upon him! I shall say nothing of me: hush, hush!

1 *Lord*. Hoodman comes!—*Parolles.*
1 *Sold.* He calls for the torturers: you say without 'em?

Par. I will confess what I know in constraint: if ye pinch me like a joint, say no more.

1 *Sold.* Bosko chimurcho.

1 *Lord.* Bobbindo chiacurrago.

1 *Sold.* You are a merciful general: bids you answer to what you out of a note.

Par. And truly, as I hope to live.

1 *Sold.* "First, demand of him how horse the duke is strong." What say, that?

Par. Five or six thousand; but weak and unserviceable: the troops are all new, and the commanders very poor rogues; my reputation and credit, and as I hope, my money.

1 *Sold.* Shall I set down your answer?

Par. Do: I'll take the sacrament of it, and which way you will.

Ber. All's one to him. What's that slave is this!

1 *Lord.* [Apart.] You are deceiv'd, my lord: this is monsieur Parolles, a great militarist, (that was his own phrase,) the whole theoretick of war in the scarf, and the practice in the dagger.

2 *Lord.* I will never trust a man keeping his sword clean; nor believe him have everything in him by wearing his sword neatly.

1 *Sold.* Well, that's set down.

Par. Five or six thousand horse, I will say true,—or thereabouts, for I'll speak truth.

1 *Lord.* He's very near the truth.

Ber. But I can him no thanks for nature he delivers it.

Par. Poor rogues, I pray you, my lord.

1 *Sold.* Well, that's set down.

Par. I humbly thank you, sir: the rogues are marvellous.

1 *Sold.* "Demand of him, of what they are a-foot." What say you to that?

Par. By my troth, sir, if I were to present hour, I will tell true. I have Spurio, a hundred and fifty; Corandus, so many; Guillian, Cosmo, Gratii, two hundred fifty each; company, Chitopher, Vannond, hundred fifty each; so that the rotten and sound, upon my life, amount to fifteen thousand poll; half of the

now not shake the snow from off their ears, but they shake themselves to pieces.

1 Lord. [Apert.] What shall be done to him?
1 Lord. [Apert.] Nothing, but let him have what credit I have with the duke.

1 Sold. Well, that's set down. "You shall demand of him, whether one captain Dumain is with the duke; what his valour, honesty, and expertness in wars; or whether he thinks it were not possible, with well-weighed sums of gold, to corrupt him to a revolt." What say you to this? what do you know of it?

1 Lord. I beseech you, let me answer to the particular of this interrogatory: demand them singly.

1 Sold. Do you know this captain Dumain?
1 Lord. I know him: he was a butcher's apprentice in Paris, from whence he was whipped for getting the sheriff's fool with child, a dumb innocent, that could not say him nay.

[Dumain lifts up his hand in anger.
1 Lord. Nay, by your leave, hold your hands; I know his brains are forfeit to the gall that falls.

1 Sold. Well, is this captain in the duke of Florence's camp?
1 Lord. Upon my knowledge, he is, and lousy.

1 Sold. Nay, look not so upon me: we shall hear of your lordship anon.

1 Sold. What is his reputation with the duke?

1 Lord. The duke knows him for no other but a poor officer of mine; and writ to me this other day to turn him out of the band: I think I have his letter in my pocket.

1 Sold. Marry, we'll search.
1 Lord. 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.

1 Sold. Here 'tis; here's a paper: shall I read it to you?

1 Lord. I do not know if it be it or no.

1 Lord. Our interpreter does it well.

1 Sold. Excellently.

1 Lord. "Dian, the count's a fool, and full of gold."

1 Lord. That is not the duke's letter, sir; that is an advertisement to a proper maid in Florence, one Diana, to take heed of the allurement of our count Rousillon, a foolish boy, but for all that, very ruttish: I pray you, sir, put it up again.

1 Sold. Nay, I'll read it first, by your favour.

1 Lord. My meaning is'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 whale to virginity, and devours up all the fry it finds.

1 Sold. "When he swears oaths, bid him drop gold, and take it."

1 Lord. After he swears, he never pays the score:

Half soon is match well made; match, and well make it;

He ne'er pays after debts, take it before;
And say a soldier, Dian, told thee this:

Men are to melt with, boys are not to kiss;
For count of this, the count's a fool, I know it,

Who pays before, but not when he does me it.
Thine, as he wou'd to thee in thine ear,

PAROLLES."

Ber. He shall be whipped through the army, with this rhyme in's forehead.

2 Lord. This is your devoted friend, sir, the manifold linguist, and the armipotent soldier.

Ber. I could endure anything before but a cat, and now he's a cat to me.

1 Sold. I perceive, sir, by our general's looks, we shall be fain to hang you.

Par. My life, sir, in any case I not that I am afraid to die; but that, my offences being many, I would repent out the remainder of nature: let me live, sir, in a dungeon, 't the stocks, or anywhere, so I may live.

1 Sold. We'll see what may be done, so you confess freely; therefore, once more to this captain Dumain: you have answered to his reputation with the duke, and to his valour—what is his honesty?

Par. He will steal, sir, an egg out of a cloister: for rapes and ravishments he parallels Nessus: he professes not keeping of oaths; in breaking them he is stronger than Hercules: he will lie, sir, with such volubility, that you would think truth were a fool: drunkenness is his best virtue; for he will be swine drunk; and in his sleep he does little harm, save to his bed-clothes about him; but they know his conditions, and lay him in straw. I have but little more to say, sir, of his honesty: he has everything that an honest man should not have; what an honest man should have, he has nothing.

1 Lord. I begin to love him for this.

Ber. For this description of thine honesty? a pox upon him for me, he is more and more a cat.

1 Sold. What say you to his expertness in

Par. Faith, sir, he has led the drum before the English tragedians,—to hells him I will not,—and more of his soldiership I know not; except, in that country, he had the honour to be the officer at a place there called MHe-end, to instruct for the doubling of files: I would do the man what honour I can, but of this I am not certain.

1 Lord. He hath out-villain'd villany so far, that the rarity redeems him.

Ber. A pox on him, he's a cat still.

1 Sold. His qualities being at this poor price, I need not ask you, if gold will corrupt him to revolt.

Par. Sir, for a quart d'ecu he will sell the fee-simple of his salvation, the inheritance of it; and cut the entail from all remainders, and a perpetual succession for it perpetually.

1 *Sold.* What's his brother, the other captain
Dumain?

2 *Lord.* Why does he ask him of me?

1 *Sold.* What's he?

Par. E'en 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.

1 *Sold.* If your life be saved, will you undertake to betray the Florentine?

Par. Ay, and the captain of his horse, count Rousillon.

1 *Sold.* I'll whisper with the general, and know his pleasure.

Par. 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?

1 *Sold.* There is no remedy, sir, but you must die: the general says, you, that have so traitorously discovered the secrets of your army, and made such pestiferous reports of men very nobly held, can serve the world for no honest use; therefore you must die.—Come, headsman, off with his head.

Par. O Lord, sir, let me live, or let me see my death!

1 *Sold.* That shall you, and take your leave of all your friends. [*Unmuffling him.*] So, look about you: know you any here?

Ber. Good morrow, noble captain.

2 *Lord.* God bless you, captain Parolles.

1 *Lord.* God save you, noble captain.

2 *Lord.* Captain, what greeting will you to my lord Lafen? I am for France.

1 *Lord.* Good captain, will you give me a copy of the sonnet you writ 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, Lords, &c.*]

1 *Sold.* You are undone, captain; all but your scarf, that has a knot on't yet.

Par. Who cannot be crushed with a plot?

1 *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 you well, sir; I am for France too: we shall speak of you there. [*Exit.*]

Par. Yet am I thankful: if my heart were great,

'Twould burst at this. Captain I'll be no more: But I will eat, and drink, and sleep as soft As captain shall: simply the thing I am Shall make me live. Who knows himself a braggart,

Let him fear this: for it will come to pass, That every braggart shall be found an ass. Rust, sword! cool, blushes! and Parolles, live

Safest in shame! being fool'd, by
thrive!
There's place and means for every man,
I'll after them.

SCENE IV.—Florence. *A Room in the Widow's House.*

Enter Helena, Widow, and Diana.

Hel. That you may well perceive I have wrong'd you,

One of the greatest in the Christian world
Shall be my surety; 'fore whose throne
I kneel,

Ere I can perfect mine intents, to know
Time was I did him a desired office.
Dear almost as his life; which gratitude
Through Binky Tartar's bosom would
forth,

And answer, thanks: I duly am informed
His grace is at Marseilles; to which place
We have convenient convey. You least
I am supposed dead: the army breaking
My husband hies him home: whereas, by
aiding,

And by the leave of my good lord the King,
We'll be before our welcome.

Wid. Gentlewoman,

You never had a servant to whose trust
Your business was more welcome.

Hel. Nor you, madam.

Ever a friend, whose thoughts more
labour

To recompense your love: doubt not,
Hath brought me up to be your daughter.
As it hath fated her to be my motive
And helper to a husband. But, O strange
That can such sweet use make of what
hate,

When saucy trusting of the cozen'd throne
Defiles the pitchy night! so lust doth
With what it loathes, for that which it
But more of this hereafter.—You, Diana,
Under my poor instructions, yet must
Something in my behalf.

Dia. Let death and hell

Go with your impositions, I am yours
Upon your will to suffer.

Hel. Yet, I pray you,

But, with the word, the time will
summer,

When briars shall have leaves as well as I,
And be as sweet as sharp. We must
Our waggon is prepar'd, and time
All's well that ends well: still the
crown;

Whate'er the course, the end is the reward.

SCENE V.—Rousillon. *A Room in the Countess's Mansion.*

Enter Countess, Lafen, and Clown.

Laf. No, no, no, your son was milled
a snipt-tallia fellow there, whose value
safron would have made all the unbride

longly youth of a nation in his colour: your daughter-in-law had been alive at this hour, and your son here at home, more advanced by the king, than by that red-tailed humble-bee I speak of.

Count. I would I had not known him! It was the death of the most virtuous gentleman, that ever nature had praise for creating: if she had partaken of my flesh, and cost me the dearest groans of a mother, I could not have owed her a more rooted love.

Laf. 'Twas a good lady, 'twas a good lady: we may pick a thousand 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 salad-herbs, you knave: they are none-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. [And do his service.]

Clo. I would cozen the man of his wife, [sir, to do her service.]

Laf. So you were a knave at his service.

Clo. And I would give his wife my hauberk.

Laf. I will subscribe for thee, thou art both at your service.

Clo. No, no, no. [Knave and fool.]

Laf. Why, sir, if I cannot serve you, I can serve as great a prince as you are.

Clo. Who's that? a Frenchman?

Laf. Faith, sir, a' has an English name; but his plumage is more hotter in France.

Clo. What prince is that? [than there.]

Laf. The Black Prince, sir; *alias*, the prince of darkness; *alias*, the devil.

Clo. Hold thee, there's my purse: I give thee not this to suggest thee from thy master's back of; serve him still.

Laf. I am a woodland fellow, sir, that always loved a great fire; and the master I speak of, ever keeps a good fire. But, sure, he is the prince of the world; let his nobility remain in his court. I am for the house with the narrow gate, which I take to be too little for pomp to enter; some that humble themselves, may; but the many will be too chill and tender, and they'll be for the flowery way that leads to the broad gate and the great fire.

Clo. Go thy ways, I begin to be a-weary 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.

Laf. If I put any tricks upon 'em, sir, they shall be jade's tricks, which are their own right by the law of nature.

Clo. A shrewd knave, and an unhappy.

Laf. 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 fitter matter. How does 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's my lord your son with a patch of velvet on's face: whether there be a scar under it, or no, the velvet knows; but 'tis a goodly patch of velvet: his left cheek is a cheek of two pile and a half, but his right cheek is worn bare.

Laf. A scar nobly got, or a noble scar, is a good livery of honour; so belike is that.

Clo. But it is your carbonadoed face.

Laf. Let us go see your son, I pray you: I long to talk with the young noble soldier.

Clo. Faith, there's a dozen of 'em, with delicate fine hats, and most courteous 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,

[*It:* Must wear your spirits low; we cannot help 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 gentle Astringer.

This man may help me to his majesty's ear,
If he would spend his power.—God save you,
Gent. And you. [sir.]

Hel. Sir, I have seen you in the court of
Gent. I have been sometimes there. [France.]

Hel. I do presume, sir, that you are not
full'n [mess;]
From the report that goes upon your good-
And therefore, goaded with most sharp occa-
Which lay nice manners by, I put you to [sions,
The use of your own virtues, for the which
I shall continue thankful.

Gent. What's your will?
Hel. That it will please you

To give this poor petition to the king;
And aid me with that store of power you have
To come into his presence.

Gent. The king's not here.
Hel. Not here, sir?

Gent. Not, indeed;
He hence remov'd last night, and with more
Than in his use. [haste]

Hel. Lord, how we lose our pains!
Hel. All's well that ends well yet, [sundr.—
Though times seem so adverse, and means
I do beseech you, whither is he gone?

Gent. Murry, as I take it, to Rousillon;
Whither I am going.

Hel. I do beseech you, sir,
Since you are like to see the king before me,
Commend 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. [again:]

Whate'er falls more.—We must to horse
Go, go, provide. [Exeunt.]

SCENE II.—Rousillon. The inner Court of
the Countess's Palace.

Enter Clown and Parolles.

Par. Good monsieur Lavatch, give my lord
Lafin this letter: I have ere now, sir, been
better known to you, when I have held fami-
liarity with fresher clothes; but I am now,
sir, muddled in fortune's mood, and smell
somewhat strong of her strong displeasure.

Clo. Truly, fortune's displeasure is but slut-
tish, if it smell so strongly as thou speakest
of: I will henceforth eat no fish of fortune's
battering. Prythee, allow the wind.

Par. Nay, you need not to stop your nose,
sir; I spake but by a metaphor.

Clo. Indeed, sir, if your metaphor stink, I
will stop my nose; or against any man's
metaphor. Prythee get thee farther.

Par. Pray you, sir, deliver me this paper.

Clo. Foh! prythee, stand away; a paper
from fortune's close-stool to give to a noble-
man! Look, here he comes himself.

Enter Lafin.

Here is a pur of fortune's air, or of her
cat, (but not a musk-cat,) that has fallen
the unclean fish-pond of her displeasure.
as he says, is muddled withal; pray
use the carp as you may; for he has
a poor, decayed, ingenious, foolish, and
knave. I do pity his distress in my
comfort, and leave him to your lordship's
Par. My lord, I am a man whom
hath cruelly scratched.

Laf. And what would you have me do?
'tis too late to pare her nails now. What
have you played the knave with fortune?
she should scratch you, who of late
good lady, and would not have known
long under her! There's a quarrel
you; let the justices make you and
friends; I am for other business. [Exit.]

Par. I beseech your honour to hear
Laf. You beg a single penny more
you shall ha't; save your word.

Par. My name, my good lord, is Parolles.
Laf. You beg more than one word.
Cox! my passion! I give me your hand;
does your drum!

Par. O, my good lord! you were the
Laf. Was I, in sooth! and I was
that lost thee.

Par. It lies in you, my lord, to have
some grace, for you did bring me out-
Laf. Out upon thee, knave! I don't
upon me at once both the office of
the devil! one brings thee in grace, and
other brings thee out. [Trumpets sound.]
The king's coming; I know by his train.
—Sirrah, enquire further after me;
talk of you last night; though you
and a knave, you shall eat; go to, tell me.

Par. I praise God for you.

SCENE III.—Rousillon. A Room in
Countess's Palace.

Flourish. Enter King, Countess,
Lords, Gentlemen, Guards, &c.

King. We lost a jewel of her
esteem

Was made much poorer by it: but your
As mad in folly, lack'd the sense to
Her estimation home.

Count. 'Tis past, my lord;
And I beseech your majesty to make it
Natural rebellion done! the black of
When oil and fire, too strong for reason,
O'erleaps it, and burns on.

King. My honourable
I have forgiven and forgotten all:
Though my revenges were high bent upon
And watch'd the time to shoot.

Laf. But first I beg my pardon,—the young
Did to his majesty, his mother, and his
Offence of mighty note; but to himself
The greatest wrong of all: he lost a

Which almost did astonish the survey
Of his eyes; whose words all ears took
Whom dear perfection, hearts that scorned to
Immediately call'd mistress.

Count. Praising what is lost
Makes the remembrance dear.—Well, call him
Rother;

We're second'd, and the first view shall kill
All repulsion:—let him not ask our pardon;
The nature of his great offence is dead,
And deeper than oblivion we do bury
The increasing valleys of it: let him approach,
A stranger, no offender; and inform him,
As his will be should.

King. I shall, my liege. [Exit.]
What says he to your daughter?
Have you spoke?

Laf. All that he is hath reference to your
highness.
Then shall we have a match. I have
not let him high in fania. [Exit.]

Enter Bertram.

He looks well on't.
I am not a day of season,
For thou mayst see a sunshine and a hail
In me at once: but to this brightest beams
Detracted clouds give way; so stand thou
The sun is fair again.

My high-repent'd blames,
Despotic, pardon to me.

All is whole;
I take the instant by the forward top;
For we are old, and on our quick'st decrees
To handshakes and noiseless foot of time
Asks ere we can effect them. You remember
The daughter of this lord?

Admirably, my liege: at first
I took my choice upon her, ere my heart
Had made too bold a herald of my tongue:
Where the impression of mine eye infixing,
Which warp'd the line of every other favour;
Saw'd a fair colour, or express'd it stol'n;
By a most hideous object: thence it came,
That she whom all men prais'd, and whom
I myself
Saw I have lost, have lov'd, was in mine eye
The dust that did offend it.

Well excus'd:
You may strike some scores
[too late,
In the great compt: but love that comes
By the great sender turns a sour offence,
That's a good that's gone. Our rash
Made trivial price of serious things we have,
Not knowing them, until we know their grave:
Destroy our friends, and after weep their dust:
Our own love, waking, cries to see what's
done.]

While shameful hate sleeps out the afternoon.
Be this sweet Helen's knell, and now forget
her. [Exit.]

Send forth your amorous token for fair Ma-
The main consents are had; and here we'll
stay

To see our widower's second marriage-day.
Count. Which better than the first, O dear
heaven, bless!

Or, ere they meet, in me, O nature, cease!
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.—[Exit.]

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.

Here it was not.
Ber. 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
I bade her, if her fortunes ever stood [Helen,
Necessitated to help, that by this token
I would relieve her. Had you that craft to
Of what should stand her most? [Leave her
Ber. My gracious sovereign,
Howe'er it pleases you to take it so,
The ring was never hers.

Son, on my life,
I have seen her wear it; and she reckon'd it
At her life's rate.

I am sure I saw her wear it.
Ber. You are deceiv'd, my lord; she never
saw it;

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 engag'd: but when I had subscrib'd
To mine own fortune, and inform'd her fully
I could not answer in that course of honour
As she had made the overture, she ceas'd,
In heavy satisfaction, and would never
Receive the ring again.

Plutus himself,
King. That knows the tinct and multiplying me-
dicine,
Hath not in nature's mystery more science,
Than I have in this ring: 'twas mine, 'twas
Helen's.

Whoever gave it you. Then, if you know
That you are well acquainted with yourself,
Confess 'twas hers, and by what rough en-
forcement [surety,
You got it from her: she call'd the mints to
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.

King. Thou speak'st it falsely, as I love mine honour,

And mak'st conjectural fears to come into me,
Which I would fain shut out. If it should prove

That thou art so inhuman,—'twill not prove
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.—

[Guards seize Bertram.
My fore-past proofs, howe'er the matter fall,
Shall tax my fears of little vanity,
Having vainly fear'd too little.—Away with
We'll sit this matter further. [him]

Ber. If you shall prove
This ring was ever hers, you shall as easy
Prove that I husbanded her bed in Florence,
Where yet she never was. [Exit guarded.]

King. I am wrapp'd in dismal thinkings.
Enter the gentle Anstranger.

Gent. Gracious sovereign,
Whether I have been to blame, or no, I know
Here's a petition from a Florentine, [not:
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 looks in her
With an importing visage; and she told me,
In a sweet verbal brief, it did concern
Your highness with herself.

King. [Reads.] "Upon his many protestations
to marry me when his wife was dead, I
blush to say it, he won me. Now is the count
Rousillon a widower: his vows are forfeited
to me, and my honour's paid to him. He stole
from Florence, taking no leave, and I follow
him to his country for justice: grant it me, O
king! in you it best lies; otherwise a seducer
flourishes, and a poor maid is undone."

DIANA CAPULET.
Laf. I will buy me a son-in-law in a fair,
and toll for this: I'll none of him.

King. The heavens have thought well on
these, Lafau, [suitsors;
To bring forth this discovery.—Seek these
Go speedily, and bring again the count.

[Exit the gentle Anstranger, and some
Attendants.
I am afraid the life of Helen, lady,
Was foully snatch'd.

Count. Now, justice on the doers!
Re-enter Bertram, guarded.

King. I wonder, sir, since wives are mon-
sters to you,
And that you fly them as you swear them lord-
Yet you desire to marry.— [ship,
Re-enter the gentle Anstranger, with Widow
and Diana.

Dia. I am, my lord, a wretched Florentine,
Derived from the ancient Capulet:

My suit, as I do understand, you know
And therefore know how far I may be

Wid. I am her mother, sir, whose
honour
Both suffer under this complaint
And both shall cease, without your

King. Come hither, count: do you
these women?

Ber. My lord, I neither can nor will
But that I know them: do they
farther?

Dia. Why do you look so strange?
Ber. She's none of mine, my lord.

Dia. If you shall prove
You give away this hand, and that you
You give away heaven's vows, and that you
mine;

You give away myself, which I know
For I by vow am so embodied yours,
That she which marries you must marry
Either both or none.

Laf. [To Bertram.] Your reputation
too short for my daughter; you
husband for her.

Ber. My lord, this is a fond and
creature,
Whom sometime I have laugh'd at
Lay a more noble thought upon me
Than for to think that I would sink
King. Sir, for my thoughts, you
ill to friend,
Till your deeds gain them; false
honour,

Than in my thought it lies. Good my
Dia. Ask him upon his oath, if he does
He had not my virginity.

King. What say'st thou to her?
Ber. She's independent,
And was a common gamester to the
Dia. He does me wrong, my
were so,

He might have bought me at a common
Do not believe him: O, behold this
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 fit
Of six preceding ancestors, that you
Conferr'd by testament to the sequel
Hath it been ow'd and worn. This
That ring's a thousand proofs.

King. Methought
You saw one here in court could write
Dia. I did, my lord, but both are
So bad an instrument: his name's
Laf. I saw the man to-day, if man
King. Find him, and bring him
[Exit an attendant]

Ber. He's quoted for a most perfidious slave
With all the spots of the world
debauch'd;

nature speaks but to speak a truth,
For that, or this, for what he'll utter,
I will speak anything?

She hath that ring of yours.
I think she has: certain it is, I lik'd
her.

And board'd her 't the wanton way of youth:
I know her distance, and did angle for me,
aching my eagerness with her restraint,
all settlements in fancy's course
of more fancy; and, in fine,
minute enring, with her modern grace,
I had that, which any inferior might
a more-price have bought.

I must be patient;
I have turn'd off a first so noble wife,
I truly did me. I pray you yet,
you lack virtue, I will lose a husband.)
For your ring, I will return it home,
and give me mine again.

I have it not.
What ring was yours, I pray you?
I must be patient;
I have turn'd off a first so noble wife,
I truly did me. I pray you yet,
you lack virtue, I will lose a husband.)
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I have turn'd off a first so noble wife,
I truly did me. I pray you yet,
you lack virtue, I will lose a husband.)
For your ring, I will return it home,
and give me mine again.

Par. Yes, so please your majesty. I did go
between them, as I said; but more than that,
he loved her,—for, indeed, he was mad for
her, and talked of Satan, and of limbo, and of
furies, and I know not what: yet I was in that
credit with them at that time, that I knew of
their going to bed; and of other motions, as
promising her marriage, and things 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
How could you give it him?

Dia. I never gave it him.
Laf. This woman's an easy glove, my lord;
she goes off and on at pleasure.

King. This ring was mine; I gave it his
first wife.

Dia. It might be yours, or hers, for aught
I know.

King. Take her away; I do not like her
now;

To prison with her: and away with him.—
Unless thou tell'st me where thou hadst this
Thou diest within this hour. [ring,
Dia. I'll never tell you.

King. Take her away.
Dia. I'll put in bail, my liege.

King. I think thee now some common cus-
tomer.

Dia. By Jove, if ever I knew man, 'twas you.
King. Wherefore hast thou accus'd him all
this while?

Dia. Because he's guilty, and he is not
guilty:

He knows I am no maid, and he'll swear to't;
I'll swear I am a maid, and he knows not.
Great king, I am no strumpet, by my life!

I am either maid, or else this old man's wife.
[Pointing to Lafau.

King. She does abuse our ears: to prison
with her.

Dia. Good mother, fetch my ball.—[Exit
Widow.] Stay, royal sir;

The jeweller that owes the ring is sent for,
And he shall surely me. But for this lord,
Who hath abus'd me, as he knows himself,
Though yet he never harm'd me, here I quit
him:

He knows himself my bed he hath defil'd:
And at that time he got his wife with child:

Dead though she be, she feels her young one
kick:
So there's my riddle. One that's dead is quick:
And now behold the meaning.

Re-enter Widow, with Helena.

King. Is there no 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,

[ring;
I found you wondrous kind. There is your
And, look you, here's your letter; this it says:
"When from my finger you can get this ring,
And are by me with child, &c." This is done:
Will you be mine, now you are doubly won?

Ber. If she, my liege, can make me know
this clearly,

I'll love her dearly, ever, ever dearly. [true,
Hel. If it appear not plain, and prove un-
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, I'll
me a handkerchief: so, I thank thee.
me home, I'll make sport with thee: and
courtesies alone, they are scurvy ones.

King. Let us from point to point know
know,

To make the even truth in pleasure known.
[To Diana.] If thou be'st yet a fresh
ped flower,

Choose thou thy husband, and I'll pay
dower;

For I can guess, that by thy honest air,
Thou kept'st a wife herself, thyself a maid.
Of that, and all the progress, more or less,
Resolvedly more leisure shall express.

All yet seems well; and if it end as much,
The bitter past, more welcome is the new.

The king's a beggar, now the play is done.
All is well ended, if this suit be won.
That you express content: which see you
With strife to please you, day exceeding day.

Ours be your patience then, and your
parts;

Your gentle hands lend us, and take
hearts.

TWELFTH-NIGHT; OR, WHAT YOU WILL

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

Duke, Duke of Illyria.
Sebastian, a young Gentleman, Brother to

Viola.
Antonio, a Sea Captain, Friend to Sebastian.

Valentine, Friend to Viola.
Julio, Gentleman attending on the Duke.

Malvolio, Uncle to Olivia.
Andrew Ague-cheek.

Malvolio, Steward to Olivia.

Fabian, Servants to Olivia.

Clown, Servants to Olivia.

Olivia, a rich Countess.

Viola, in love with the Duke.

Maria, Olivia's waiting-woman.

Lords, Priests, Sailors, Officers, Musicians,
and other Attendants.

SCENE.—A City in Illyria; and the Sea-coast near it.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—An Apartment in the Duke's
Palace.

Enter Duke, Curio, 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 south,
That breathes upon a bank of violets,
Sweet and giving odour.—Enough; no
more.

That spirit of love, how quick and fresh art thou!
That, notwithstanding thy capacity
Of what validity and pitch soe'er,
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:

When mine eyes did see Olivia first,
Methought she purg'd the air of pestilence:
That instant was I turn'd into a hart;
And my desires, like fell and cruel hounds,
Ere since pursue me.—

Enter Valentine.

Val. So please my lord, I might not be ad-
mitted:

But from her handmaid do return this answer:
That element itself, till seven years' heat,
Shall not behold her face at ample view;
But, like a cloistress, 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
And having in her sad remembrance. [fresh

Duke. O, she that hath a heart of that fine
frame,

To pay this debt of love but to a brother,
How will she love, when the rich golden shaft
Hath kill'd the flock of all affections else

That live in her! when liver, brain, and heart,
These sovereign thrones, are all supplied and
fill'd

(Her sweet perfections) with one self-king!—
Away before me to sweet beds of flowers:
Love-thoughts lie rich, when canopied with
bowers. [Exeunt.

SCENE II.—The Sea-coast.

Enter Viola, Captain, and Sailors.

Vio. What country, friends, is this?

Cap. This is Illyria, lady.

Vio. And what should I do in Illyria?

My brother he is in Elysium.

Perchance, he is not drown'd:—what think
you, sailors? [sav'd.

Cap. It is perchance that you yourself were

Vio. O my poor brother! and so perchance
may he be. [with chance,

Cap. True, madam: and, to comfort you

Assure yourself, after our ship did split, [you,
When you, and those poor number sav'd with
Hung on our driving boat, I saw your brother,
Most provident in peril, bind himself
(Courage and hope both teaching him the
practice)

To a strong mast, that liv'd 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
 He was a bachelor then. [him:]
Cap. And so is now, or was so very late;
 For but a month ago I went from hence,
 And then 'twas fresh in murmur (as, you know,
 What great ones do, the less will prattle of)
 That he did seek the love of fair Olivia.
Vio. What's she?
Cap. A virtuous maid, the daughter of a
 count
 That died some twelvemonth since; then
 leaving her
 In the protection of his son, her brother,
 Who shortly also died: for whose dear love,
 They say, she hath aljur'd the company
 And sight of men.
Vio. O that I serv'd that lady;
 And might not be deliver'd to the world,
 Till I had made mine own occasion mellow,
 What my estate is!

Cap. That were hard to compass;
 Because she will admit no kind of suit,
 No, not the duke's.

Vio. There is a fair behaviour in thee, cap-
 tain; [wall
 And though that nature with a beautiful
 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 pry thee, (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 a eunuch to him;
 It may be worth thy pains; for I can sing,
 And speak to him in many sorts of music,
 That will allow me very worth his service.
 What else may hap, to time I will commit;
 Only, shape thou thy silence to my wit.

Cap. Be you his eunuch, and your mute I'll
 be; [not see]

When my tongue blabs, then let mine eyes
Vio. I thank thee: lead me on. [Exeunt.]

SCENE III.—A Room in Olivia's House.

Enter Sir Toby Belch and Maria.

Sir To. What a plague means my niece, to
 take the death of her brother thus? I am sure
 care's an enemy to life.

Mar. By my troth, Sir Toby, you must
 come in earlier o' nights: your cousin, my
 lady, takes great exceptions to your ill hours.

Sir To. Why, let her except before excepted.

Mar. Ay, but you must confine yourself
 within the modest limits of order.

Sir To. Confine! I'll confine myself no
 finer than I am: these clothes are good
 enough to drink in; and so be these boots
 too; an they be not, let them hang them-
 selves in their own straps.

Mar. That quaffing and drinking
 you: I heard my lady talk of it
 and of a foolish knight, that you
 one night here to be her wooer.

Sir To. Who? Sir Andrew Ague-
Mar. Ay, he.

Sir To. He's as tall a man as any
Mar. What's that to the purpose?

Sir To. Why, he has three thou-
Mar. Ay, but he'll have but a

these ducats: he's a very fool, and
Sir To. Fie, that you'll say so!

the viol-de-gamboys, and speaks in
 languages word for word without
 hath all the good gifts of nature.

Mar. He hath, indeed, — all —
 for, besides that he's a fool, he's a
 reller; and, but that he hath the
 ard to ally the guest he hath in
 'tis thought among the prudent
 quickly have the gift of a grave.

Sir To. By this hand, they are
 and subtractors that say so of him
 they?

Mar. They that add, moreover,
 nightly in your company.

Sir To. With drinking healths
 I'll drink to her, as long as there
 in my throat, and drink in the
 coward, and a coystrell, that will
 my niece, till his brains turn o' the
 parish top. What, wench! Come
 for here comes Sir Andrew Ague-

*Enter Sir Andrew Ague-
 Sir And.* Sir Toby Belch,
 Toby Belch!

Sir To. Sweet Sir Andrew.

Sir And. Bless you, fair show.

Mar. And you too, sir.

Sir To. Accost, Sir Andrew.

Sir And. What's that?

Sir To. My niece's chambermaid.

Sir And. Good mistress Accost,

better acquaintance.

Mar. My name is Mary, sir.

Sir And. Good mistress Mary.

Sir To. You mistake, knight.

front her, board her, woo her, accom-

Sir And. By my troth, I would

take her in this company. Is that

ing of accost?

Mar. Fare you well, gentlemen.

Sir To. An thou let her pass

drew, would thou mightst never

again!

Sir And. An you part so, I shall

I might never draw sword again.

do you think you have fools to

Mar. Sir, I have not you by the

Sir And. Marry, but you shall

here's my hand.

Mar. Now, sir, thought is five

bring your hand to the buttery

drink.

And, Wherefore, sweet heart? what's
the matter?
And, Is dry, sir.

And, Why, I think so: I am not such
a dry, but I can keep my hand dry. But
your jest!

And, A dry jest, sir.
And, Are you full of them?
And, Ay, sir, I have them at my fingers'

And, Now I let go your hand, I am
[Exit.]
To, O knight! thou hast cast a cup of

And, when did I see thee so put down?
And, Never in your life, I think; un-
less I have no more wit than a Christian,

And, an ordinary man has; but I am a great
and bold, and I believe that does harm to

To, No question.
And, An I thought that, I'd forswear

To, I come to-morrow, Sir Toby.
And, What is *pourquoi*? do, or not do?

To, I had bestowed that time in the
And, O, had I but followed the arts!
And, Then hadst thou had an excellent

To, Why, would that have mended
And, Past question: for thou seest it
And, But it becomes me well enough,

To, Excellent; it hangs like wax on a
And, I hope to see a housewife take
And, 'Faith, I'll home to-morrow, Sir

To, Your niece will not be seen; or if she
And, here hard by, woe her.
To, She'll none of the count: she'll not

To, Above her degree, neither in estate,
And, nor wit; I have heard her swear it.
And, There's life in't, man.

To, I'll stay a month longer. I am
And, the strangest mind in the world;
And, in masks and revels sometimes alto-

To, Art thou good at these kickshaws,
And, As any man in Illyria, whatsoever
And, the degree of my betters; and
And, will not compare with an old man.

To, What is thy excellence in a galliard,
And, 'Faith, I can cut a caper.
To, And I can cut the motion to't.

And, And I think I have the back-trick,
To, as strong as any man in Illyria.
To, Wherefore are these things hid?

To, I have these gifts a curtain before
And, they like to take dust, like mistress
And, why dost thou not go to church

To, And come home in a coranto?
And, your 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 con-
stitution of thy leg, it was formed under the
star of a galliard.

Sir And. Ay, 'tis strong, and it does in-
different 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 hearts.
Sir To. No, sir; it is legs and thighs. Let
me see these capers: ha! higher; ha, ha!—
[Exit.]

SCENE IV.—An Apartment in the Duke's
Palace.

Enter Valentine, and Viola in man's attire.

Val. If the duke continue these favours to-
wards 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 con-
tinuance 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 un-
clasp'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 fix'd foot shall grow,
Till thou have audience.

Vio. Sure, my noble lord,
If she be so abandon'd to her sorrow,
As it is spoke, she never will admit me.

Duke. Be clamorous, and leap all civil
bounds,
Rather than make unprofitable return.

Vio. Say I do speak with her, my lord,
what then? [To Duke.]

Duke. O, then unfold the passion of my
Surprise her with discourse of my dear faith:
It shall become thee well to set my woes;
She will attend it better in thy youth,
Than in a nuncio of more grave aspect.

Vio. I think not so, my lord.

Duke. Dear lad, believe it;
For they shall yet belie thy happy years,
That say thou art a man: 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,

Mal. I like you, Malvolio: if it be a suit from
somebody, I am sick, or not at home; what
will, to dismiss it. [Exit Malvolio.] Now
I am, as how your fooling grows old, and
I dislike it.

Mal. Thou hast spoken for us, madonna, as
thy eldest son should be a fool; whose skull
I am with brains! for—here he comes—
of thy kin, has a most weak *plu mater*.

Enter Sir Toby Belch.
Mal. By mine honour, half drunk.—What is
at the gate, cousin?

Mal. A gentleman, what gentleman?

Mal. To. 'Tis a gentleman here—a plague o'
the sickle horrors!—how now, sor?

Mal. Good Sir Toby,—

Mal. Cousin, cousin, how have you come so
early by this lethargy?

Mal. Lechery! I defy lechery. There's
at the gate.

Mal. As, marry, what is he?

Mal. Let him be the devil, an he will, I
will not give me faith, say I. Well, it's all
[Exit.]

Mal. What's a drunken man like, fool?

Mal. Like a drown'd man, a fool, and a mad-
man. One draught above heat makes him a
second madman; and a third drowns

him. Go thou and seek the coroner, and let
him out of my coz; for he's in the third degree
of drink. He is but mad yet, madonna; and the
coroner shall look to the madman. [Exit.]

Re-enter Malvolio.
Mal. Madam, yond' young fellow swears he
speaks with you. I told him you were sick;

he comes on him to understand so much, and
he comes to speak with you; I told him
you were asleep; he seems to have a foreknow-
ing of that too, and therefore comes to speak
with you. What is to be said to him, lady? he's
against any denial.

Mal. Tell him, he shall not speak with me.

Mal. He has been told so; and he says, he'll
stand at your door like a sheriff's post, and be
supplicatory to a bench, but he'll speak with
you. What kind of man is he?

Mal. Why, of mankind. [you.]

Mal. What manner of man?

Mal. Of very ill manner; he'll speak with
you, or no.

Mal. 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
it is a pease-cod, or a scolding when 'tis almost
a scolding boy and man. He is very well-
favoured, and he speaks very shrewishly; one
would think, his mother's milk were scarce out.

Mal. Let him approach: call in my gentle-
woman, my lady calls. [Exit.]

Re-enter Maria.

Mal. Give me my veil: come, throw it o'er
my face.

We'll once more hear Orsino's embassy.

Enter Viola.

Mal. The honourable lady of the house,
which is she! [Your will!]

Mal. Speak to me; I shall answer for her.

Mal. Most radiant, exquisite, and unmatch-
able beauty,—I pray you tell me if this be the
lady of the house, for I never saw her; I would
be loath to cast 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 compliable, even
to the least sister meagre.

Mal. Whence came you, sir?

Mal. 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.

Mal. Are you a comedian?

Mal. 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?

Mal. If I do not usurp myself, I am.

Mal. 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.

Mal. Come to what is important isn't: I for-
give you the praise. [and 'tis postical.]

Mal. Alas, I took great pains to study it;

Mal. It is the more like to be feigned: I pray
you, keep it in. I heard you were saucy at my
gates; and allowed your approach, rather to
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.

Mal. Will you hoist sail, sir? here flies your
way.

Mal. 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.

Mal. Sure, you have some hideous matter to
deliver, when the courtesy of it is so fearful.
Speak your office.

Mal. 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.

Mal. Yet you began rudely. What are you?
what would you?

Mal. The rudeness that hath appear'd in me,
have I learn'd from my entertainment. What I
am, and what I would, are as secret as maiden-
head: to your ears, divinity; to any other's,
profanation.

Mal. Give us the place alone; we will hear

this divinity. [*Exit Maria.*] Now, sir, what is your text?

Vio. Most sweet lady.—

Ol. A comfortable doctrine, and much may be said of it. Where lies your text?

Vio. In Orsino's bosom. [*Bosom!*]

Ol. In his bosom! In what chapter of his Vio. To answer by the method, in the first of his heart. [*You no more to say!*]

Ol. O, I have read it: it is heresy. Have

Vio. Good madam, let me see your face.

Ol. 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. [*Unveiling.*] Look you, sir, such a one I was this present: is it not well done?

Vio. Excellently done, if God did all.

Ol. 'Tis in grain, sir; 'twill endure wind and weather. [*White*]

Vio. 'Tis beauty truly blent, whose red and Nature's own sweet and cunning hand laid on: Lady, you are the cruell'st she alive, if you will lead these graces to the grave, And leave the world no copy.

Ol. O, sir, I will not be so hard-hearted; I will give out divers schedules of my beauty: It shall be inventoried, and every particle and utensil labelled to my will: as, item, two lips, indifferent red; item, two grey eyes, with lids to them; item, one neck, one chin, and so forth. Were you sent hither to praise me?

Vio. I see you what you are; you are too proud;

But, if you were the devil, you are fair. My lord and master loves you: O, such love Could be but recompens'd, though you were The nonpareil of beauty! [*Crown'd*]

Ol. How does he love me?

Vio. With adorations, with fertile tears, With groans that thunder love, with sighs of fire. [*Not love him!*]

Ol. Your lord does know my mind; I cannot yet suppose him virtuous, know him noble, Of great estate, of fresh and stainless youth; In voices well divulg'd, free, learn'd, and valiant;

And, in dimension and the shape of nature, A gracious person: but yet I cannot love him; He might have took his answer long ago.

Vio. If I did love you in my master's flame, With such a suffering, such a deadly life, In your denial I would find no sense; I would not understand it.

Ol. Why, what would you?

Vio. Make me a willow cabin at your gate, And call upon my soul within the house; Write loyal cantons of contemned love, And sing them loud even in the dead of night; Holla your name to the reverberate hills, And make the babbling gossip of the air Cry out, Olivia! O, you should not rest Between the elements of air and earth, But you should pity me!

Ol. You might do much, Were you not so full of your parentage!

Vio. Above my fortunes, yet my state I am a gentleman.

Ol. Get you to your father's, I cannot love him: let him send me word, Unless perchance, you come to me To tell me how he takes it. Fare you well. I thank you for your pains: spend your

Vio. I am no feed' post, lady, nor

My master, not myself, lacks reason: Love makes his heart of that, that he loves;

And let your fervour, like my master's, be Plac'd in contempt! Farewell, lady.

Ol. "What is your parentage?" "Above my fortunes, yet my state I am a gentleman."—I'll be sworn, you are a spirit, thy face, thy limbs, thy

Do give these five-fold blazes:—and unless the master were the man,— Even so quickly may one catch the plague: Methinks I feel this youth's perfection, To creep in at mine eyes. Well, he is what he is, Malvolio!

Re-enter Malvolio. Here, madam, at your

Ol. Run after that same precipice. The county's man: he left this ring with me. Would I, or not: tell him I'll none of it. Desire him not to flatter with his love. Nor hold him up with hopes; I do not want. If that the youth will come this way, I'll give him reasons for't. His time is waste.

Mal. Madam, I will.

Ol. I do I know not what; and my eye too great a flatterer for my use. Fate, show thy force: ourselves we move. What is decreed must be, and be the

ACT II.

SCENE I.—The Sea-coast.

Enter Antonio and Sebastian.

Ant. Will you stay no longer? no, not that I go with you?

Seb. By your patience, no. My mind is darkly over me: the malignancy of night, perhaps, distemper yours; I shall crave of you your leave, that I may seek my own. It were a bad request, to lay any of them on you, your love, to lay any of them on you.

Ant. Let me yet know of you, before I am bound.

Seb. No, 'sooth, sir; my determination is mere extravagancy. But I perceive so excellent a touch of modesty, that I will not extort from me what I am willing to

It charges me in manners the rather to know myself. You must know of me then, my name is Sebastian, which I called

My father was that Sebastian of whom I know you have heard of. I am an hour: if the heavens had been what we had so ended! but you, sir, for some hour before you took from the branch of the sea was my sister

Alas, the day!

Alas, the day! though it was said she was beautiful; but, though I could not, with this terrible wonder, over-far believe that, I would that every could not but call fair, I seem to drown her remembrance with mine.

Forbear me, sir, your bad entertain-

O good Antonio, forgive me your

And if you will not murder me for my love,

And if you will not undo what you have

And if you will not undo what you have

And if you will not undo what you have

And if you will not undo what you have

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And if you will not undo what you have

That sure methought her eyes had lost her tongue.

For she did speak in starts distractedly. She loves me, sure; the cunning of her pas-

Invites me in this charlish messenger. 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-fake In women's waxen hearts to set their forms!

Alas, our frailty is the cause, not we! For, such as we are made, if 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 dote 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 untangle this, not I; It is too hard a knot for me to untie. [*Exit.*]

SCENE III.—A Room in Olivia's House.

Enter Sir Toby Belch and Sir Andrew Ague-cheek.

Sir To. Approach, Sir Andrew; not to be a-bed after midnight is to be up betimes; and diluculo surgere, thou knowest.

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 unfilial 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 art a scholar; let us therefore eat and drink.—Marian, I say!—a stoop of wine!

Sir And. Here comes the fool, I faith.

Enter Clown.

Clow. How now, my hearts! Did you never see the pictures of us three? [*Catch.*]

Sir To. Welcome, ass. Now let's have a

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 spok'st of Picrogramus, of the Vapian passing the

equinoctial of Quebus: 'twas very good, I faith. I sent thee sippets for thy lamen:

hast it?

Clow. I did impetuous thy gratuity; for Malvolio's nose is no whippstock; 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— [of good life]

Clo. Would you have a love-song, or a song

Sir To. A love-song, a love-song.

Sir And. Ay, ay; I care not for good life, song.

Clo. 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 farther, pretty sweeting;

Journeys end in lovers meeting,

Every wise man's son doth know.

Sir And. Excellent good, I faith.

Sir To. Good.

Clo. What is love? 'tis not hereafter;

Present mirth hath present laughter;

What's to come is still unsure;

In delay there lies no plenty;

Then come kiss me, sweet and twenty,

Youth's a stuff will not endure.

Sir And. A mellifluous voice, as I am true

Sir To. A contagious breath. [knight.]

Sir And. Very sweet and contagious, I 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. [catch well.]

Clo. By'r lady, sir, and some dogs will

Sir And. Most certain. Let our catch be, "Thou knave."

Clo. "Hold thy peace, thou knave," knight? I shall be constrain'd in't to call thee knave, knight.

Sir And. 'Tis not the first time I have constrain'd one to call me knave. Begin, fool: it begins, "Hold thy peace."

Clo. I shall never begin, if I hold my peace.

Sir And. Good, I faith. Come, begin.

[They sing a catch.]

Enter Maria.

Mar. What a caterwauling do you keep here! If my lady have not called up her steward, Malvolio, and bid him turn you out of doors, never trust me.

Sir To. My lady's a Catalan, we are politicians; Malvolio's a Peg-a-Ramsey, and "Three merry men be we." Am not I con-sanguineous? am I not of her blood? Tilly-valley, lady! [Singing.] "There dwelt a man in Babylon, lady, lady!" [fooling.]

Clo. Beshrew me, the knight's in admirable

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. [Singing.] "O, the twelfth day of December,"

Mar. For the love o' God, peace!

Enter Malvolio.

Mal. My masters, are you mad?

are you? Have you no wit, no honesty, but to gabble like hithers?

of night? Do ye make an ale-house lady's house, that ye squeak out your catches without any mitigation or remorse of voice? Is there no respect of place, nor time, in you?

Sir To. We did keep time, do, catches. Snack up!

Mal. Sir Toby, I must be revenged on you. My lady bade me tell you, that, if you harbour you as her kinsman, she will be allied to your disorders. If you will yourself and your misadventures welcome to the house; if not, and please you to take leave of her, she is willing to bid you farewell.

Sir To. "Farewell, dear heart, thou needs be gone."

Mar. Nay, good Sir Toby.

Clo. "His eyes do show his deep desire."

Mal. Is't even so?

Sir To. "But I will never die."

Clo. Sir Toby, there you lie.

Mal. This is much credit to you.

Sir To. "Shall I bid him go?"

Clo. "What an if you do?"

Sir To. "Shall I bid him go?"

Clo. "O! no, no, no, no, no, you may."

Sir To. Out o' tune, sir! To the more than a steward! Dost thou think cakes and ale?

Clo. Yes, by Saint Anne; and give him but I the mouth too.

Sir To. Thou'rt I the right—[Singing.] your claim with crumbs.—A sleep, Maria!

Mal. Mistress Mary, if you please, favour at anything more than common would not give means for this music; she shall know of it, by this hand.

Mar. Go shake your ears.

Sir And. 'Twere as good a deed as when a man's a-hungry, to challenge the field, and then to break promise and make a fool of him.

Sir To. Do't, knight: I'll write challenge; or I'll deliver thy indignation by word of mouth.

Mar. Sweet Sir Toby, he is not to-day with my lady, she is much out of night: since the youth of the count, for monsieur Malvolio, let me alone; if I do not call him into a wayward him a common recreation, do not think wit enough to lie straight in my bed; I can do it.

Sir To. Possess us, possess us.

Mar. Marry, sir, sometimes he is a puritan.

Sir And. O, if I thought that, I

Act 4.

Sir To. What, for being a puritan? thy ex-quisite 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 honest man, but a time-pleaser; an affecter, that can state without book, and himself, so crammed, as he thinks, with ex-perience, that it is his ground of faith, that all men will love him; and on that vice

Sir To. What wilt thou do?

Mar. I will drop in his way some obscure words of love; wherein, by the colour of his

Sir To. The shape of his leg, the manner of his complexion, he shall find himself most feel-

Sir And. I can write very like my

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

Mar. My purpose is, indeed, a horse of

Sir And. And your horse, now, would make

Sir To. O, I'll be admirable!

Mar. Sport royal, I warrant you: I know

Sir To. And let the fool make a third, where

Sir And. For this night, to bed, and dream

Sir To. Good-night, Penthésilæa.

Sir And. Before me, she's a good wench.

Sir To. She's a beagle, true-bred, and one

Sir And. I was adored once too.

Sir To. Let's to bed, knight.—Thou hadst

Sir And. I cannot recover your niece, I

Sir To. Send for money, knight; if thou

Sir And. If I do not, never trust me, take

Sir To. Come, come; I'll go burn some

Sir And. Come, knight. [Exeunt.]

Scene IV.—An Apartment in the Duke's Palace.

Duke. Duke, Viola, Curio, and others.

Clo. Give me some music:—now, good

Mar. Good Cesario, but that piece of song,

Sir To. And antique song, we heard last

Sir And. It did relieve my passion much;

More than light airs; and recollected terms, Of these most brisk and giddy-paced times:

Come, but one verse.

Cur. He is not here, so please your lord-

Duke. Who was it?

Cur. Feste, the jester, my lord; a fool, that the lady Olivia's father took much delight in: he is about the house.

Duke. Seek him out;—and play the tune the while. [Exit Curio. Music.]

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 belov'd.—How dost thou like this tune?

Viola. It gives a very echo to the seat Where love is thron'd.

Duke. Thou dost speak masterly: My life upon't, young though thou art, thine

Viola. Hath stay'd upon some favour that it loves; Hath it not, boy?

Duke. A little, by your favour.

Viola. Of your complexion.

Duke. She is not worth thee, then. What years, I faith?

Viola. About your years, my lord.

Duke. Too old, by heaven: let still the woman take

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 unfirm, More longing, wavering, sooner lost and worn, Than women's are.

Viola. 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.

Viola. And so they are: alas, that they are so, To die, even when they to perfection grow!

Re-enter Curio with Clown.

Duke. O, fellow, come, the song we had last night.—

Mark it, Cesario; it is old and plain: The spinners and the knitters in the sun, And the free maids that weave their thread

With bones, Do use to chaunt it: it is silly mooth, And dallies with the innocence of love, Like the old age.

Clo. Are you ready, sir?

Duke. Ay; prythee, sing. [Music.]

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
Did share it.*

*Not a flower, not a flower sweet,
On my black coffin let there be strown;
Not a friend, not a friend great
My poor corse, 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. [*Sing, sir.*
Clo. No pains, sir; I take pleasure in sing-
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 doublet of changeable
taffeta, for thy mind is a very opal!—I would
have men of such constancy put to sea, that
their business might be everything, and their
intent everywhere; for that's it, that always
makes a good voyage of nothing.—Farewell.
[*Exit.*

Duke. Let all the rest give place.—
[*Exeunt Curio and Attendants.*
Once more, Cesario,
Get thee to yond' same sovereign cruelty:
Tell her, my love, more noble than the world,
Prizes not quantity of dirty lands; [*her.*
The parts that fortune hath bestow'd upon
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 an-
swer'd?

Duke. There is no woman's sides [*swear'd?*
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 palate,—
That suffers 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? [*may owe:*
Vio. Too well what love women to men
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 that? [*And what's that?*
Vio. A blank, my lord. She lov'd
her love,
But let concealment, like a worm I
Feed on her damask cheek: she
thought;
And, with a green and yellow melancholy,
She sat like patience on a monument,
Smiling at grief. Was not this love?
We men may say more, swear more,
dead,
Our shows are more than will; for still
Much in our vows, but little in our love.
Duke. But died thy sister of her love,
boy?

Vio. I am all the daughters of my father's
And all the brothers too;—and yet I know
Sir, shall I to this lady?

Duke. Ay, that's my daughter.
To her in haste; give her this jewel;
My love can give no place, hide no

SCENE V.—*Olivia's Garden.*

Enter Sir Toby Belch, Sir Andrew Aguecheek, and Fabian.

Sir To. Come thy ways, Signior Ague-
Fab. Nay, I'll come: if I love a
this sport, let me be boiled to death
melancholy.

Sir To. Wouldst thou not be glad to
the niggardly rascally sheep-biting
some notable shame?

Fab. I would exult, man: you
brought me out o' favour with my
a bear-baiting here.

Sir To. To anger him, we'll have
again; and we will fool him black and
shall we not, Sir Andrew?

Sir And. An we do not, it is
Sir To. Here comes the little rascal
ter Maria.] How now, my nettle into the

Mal. Get ye all three into the
Malvolio's coming down this walk
been yonder i' the sun practising
his own shadow this half-hour: ob-
for the love of mockery; for I know
will make a contemplative idiot of him
in the name of jesting! [*Throws stones at*
selves.] Lie thou there; [*Throws stones at*
ter.] for here comes the trout that
caught with tickling.

Enter Malvolio.
Mal. 'Tis but fortune; all is fortune;
once told me she did affect me; and
heard herself come thus near, that
fancy, it should be one of my
Besides, she uses me with a more re-
spect than any one else that follows me;
should I think on't?

Sir To. Here's an over-sweeting
Fab. O, peace! Contemplation
rare turkey-cock of him: how he
his advanced plumes!

mended 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 champion discovers not more: this is open. I will be proud, I will read politic authors, I will baffle Sir Toby, I will wash off gross acquaintances, I will be point-device 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 my yellow stockings of 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. "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 pray thee."—Jove, I thank thee.—I will smile; I will do everything that thou wilt 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 another jest.

Enter Maria.

Sir And. Nor I neither.

Fab. Here comes my noble gull-catcher.

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-slave?

Sir And. I' faith, or I either!

Sir To. Why, thou hast put him in such a dream, that when the image of it leaves him, he must run mad.

Mar. Nay, but say true; does it work upon him?

Sir To. Like aqua-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 'tis a colour she abhors, and cross-gartered, a fashion she detests; and he will smile upon her, which will now be so unsuitable to her disposition, being addicted to a melancholy as she is, that it cannot but turn him into a notable contempt. If you will see it, follow me.

Sir To. To the gates of Tartar, thou most excellent devil of wit!

Sir And. I'll make one too.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT III.

SCENE I.—*Olivia's Garden.*

Enter Viola, and Clown with a basket.

Vio. Save thee, friend, and dost thou live by thy labor?

Clow. No, sir, I live by the church.

Vio. Art thou a churchman?

Clow. No such matter, sir: I do live at my house doth stand by the church.

Vio. So thou mayst say, the church stands by thy labor, if thy labor stands by the church.

Clow. You have said, sir.—To see I am a sentence is but a chattering phrase to wit: how quickly the wrong is turned outward!

Vio. Nay, that's certain: they do nicely with words, may quickly make a wanton.

Clow. I would, therefore, my sister had a word.

Vio. Why, man?

Clow. Why, sir, her name's a word daily with that word, might make a wanton. But, indeed, words are easy since bonds disgraced them.

Vio. Thy reason, man!

Clow. Troth, sir, I can yield you out words; and words are grown so am loath to prove reason with them.

Vio. I warrant thou art a merry fellow, carest for nothing.

Clow. Not so, sir, I do care for a but in my conscience, sir, I do not care if that be to care for nothing, sir, I would make you invisible.

Vio. Art not thou the lady Olivia's fool?

Clow. No, indeed, sir; the lady is married; and fools are as like herring-pilchards are to herrings,—the bigger: I am, indeed, not her fool, but corrupter of words.

Vio. I saw thee late at the count's.

Clow. Foolery, sir, does walk about like the sun, it shines everywhere.

Vio. I am sorry, sir, but the fool should be as wise as your master, as with my mistress I saw your wisdom there.

Vio. Nay, an thou pass upon me more with thee. Hold, there's a piece of thee.

Clow. Now Jove, in his next coming, send thee a beard!

Vio. By my troth, I'll tell thee, I am most sick for one; though I would not it grow on my chin. Is thy lady married?

Clow. [Pointing to the coin.] Would a pair of these have bred, sir?

Vio. Yes, being kept together, and

Clow. I would play lord Pandarus of sir, to bring a Cressida to this Troilus.

stand you, sir; 'tis well begg'd.
 matter, I hope, is not great, sir,
 a beggar: Cressida was a beggar.
 thin, sir. I will construe to them
 come; who you are, and what
 to out of my welkin.—I might say
 the word is overworn. [Exit.
 fellow's wise enough to play the

At well craves a kind of wit:
 erve their mood on whom he jests,
 of persons, and the time;
 haggard, check at every feather
 before his eye. This is a practice
 sour as a wise man's art:
 at he wisely shows, is fit:
 idly-fallen, quite taint their wit.
 r Toby Belch and Sir Andrew

Ague-check.
 ive you, gentleman.
 you, sir.
Vien vous garde, monsieur.
ous aussi; votre serviteur.
 I hope, sir, you are; and I am

Will you encounter the house? my
 throns you should enter, if your
 her.
 bound to your niece, sir: I mean,
 it of my voyage.

aste your legs, sir; put them to
 in.
 legs do better understand me, sir,
 stand what you mean by bidding
 legs.

mean, to go, sir, to enter.
 all answer you with gait and an-
 it we are prevented.

Enter Olivia and Maria.
 out accomplished lady, the heavens
 on you!

That youth's a rare countess:
 ure?" well.

matter hail, no voice, lady, but to
 most pregnant and vouchsafed ear.

"*Odours*," "*pregnant*," and
 d.—"I'll get 'em all three all ready.

the garden door be shut, and leave
 entering.

Sir Toby, Sir Andrew, and Maria.
 ur hand, sir.

duty, madam, and most humble
 it is your name! [princess.

ria in your servant's name, fair
 servant, sir! 'Twas never merry

1.
 reigning was call'd compliment:
 ant to the count Orsino, youth.

urs: he is yours, and his must needs
 ant's servant is your servant,

him, I think not on him: for his
 gits,

Would they were blanks, rather than fill'd
 with me! [thoughts

Vio. Madam, I come to whet your gentle
 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 solicit that,
 Than music from the spheres.

Vio. Dear lady,— [sings]
 Ol. Give me leave, 'beseech you. I did

After the last enchantment you did here,
 A ring in chace of you: so did I abuse
 Myself, my servant, and, I fear me, you:
 Under your hard construction must I sit,
 To force that on you, in a shameful cunning,
 Which you knew none of yours: what might
 you think!

Have you not set mine honour at the stake,
 And baited it with all th' unmuzzled thoughts
 That tyrannous heart can think? To one of
 your receiving,

Enough is shown: a cyprus, not a bosom,
 Hides my poor heart. So, let me hear you
 Vio. I pity you. [speak.

Ol. That's a degree to love.
 Vio. No, not a guise; for 'tis a vulgar proof,

That very oft we pity enemies. [again.
 Ol. Why, then, methinks, 'tis time to smile

O world, how apt the poor are to be proud!
 If one should be a prey, how much the better
 To fall before the lion, than the wolf!

[Clock strikes.
 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 har-
 Your wife is like to reap a proper man: [weat,
 There lies your way, due west.

Vio. Then westward ho!
 Grace and good disposition 'tend your lady-
 ship!

You'll nothing, madam, to my lord by me!
 Ol. Stay:

I pry'thee, tell me what thou think'st of me.
 Vio. That you do think you are not what

you are.
 Ol. If I think so, I think the same of you.

Vio. Then think you right: I am not what
 I am. [be I

Ol. I would you were as I would have you
 Vio. Would it be better, madam, than I am.

I wish it might; for now I am your fool.
 Ol. O, what a deal of scorn looks beautiful

In the contempt and anger of his lip!
 A murderous guilt shows not itself more soon

Than love that would seem hid: love's night is
 Cesario, by the roses of the spring, [noon.

By maidhood, honour, truth, and everything,
 I love thee so, that, man's all thy pride,

Nor wit, nor reason, can my passion hide.
 Do not extort thy reasons from this clause,

For that I woo, thou therefore hast no cause;
 But, rather, reason thus with reason fetter,—

people have a special care of him: I would not have him miscarry, for the half of my dowry.

Mal. Oh, 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 clough," 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 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 looked to;" fellow! not Malvolio, nor after my degree, but fellow. Why, everything adheres together, that no dream 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 Belch and Fabian.

Sir To. Which way is he, in the name of sanctity? If all the devils in hell be drawn in hell, and Legion himself possessed him, yet I'll speak to him.

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 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 he takes it at heart! 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 far more than I'll say.

Mal. How now, mistress!

Mar. O lord!

Sir To. Prythee, 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 lawcock! how dost thou, chuck?

Mal. Sir!

Sir To. Ay, Biddy come you man! 'tis not for gravity to play at with Satan: hang him, but collared!

Mar. Get him to say his prayers; Sir Toby, get him to pray.

Mal. My prayers, what?

Mar. No, I warrant you, he will not of godliness.

Mal. Go, hang yourselves all you shallow things: I am not of your generation; you shall know more hereafter.

Sir To. Is't possible?

Fab. If this were played upon a stage, 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, but take air, and taint.

Fab. Why, we shall make him mad.

Mar. The house will be the galleried.

Sir To. Come, we'll have him in a room, and bound. My niece is already in belief that he's mad: we may carry for our pleasure and his penance, till pastime, tired out of breath, cannot have mercy on him; at which time we bring the device to the bar, and send for a finder of madmen.—But now, *Enter Sir Andrew Ague-cheek.*

Fab. More matter for a May morning.

Sir And. Here's the challenge, and warrant there's vinegar and pepper in it.

Fab. Is't so saucy?

Sir And. Ay, is't, I warrant him.

Sir To. Give me. [Reads.] "You shall never know art, thou art but a saucy fellow."

Fab. Good, and valiant.

Sir To. "Wonder not, nor advise thy mind, why I do call thee so, for I have thee no reason for't."

Fab. A good note: that keeps you the blow of the law.

Sir To. "Thou comest to the law, and in my sight she uses thee kindly; liest in thy throat: that is not the challenge thee for."

Fab. Very brief, and exceeding good.

Sir To. "I will way-lay thee where, if it be thy chance to kill me."

Fab. Good.

Sir To. "Thou killest me like a dog; still you keep of the windy pet."

Fab. Still you keep of the windy pet.

Sir To. "Pare thee well; and I will mercy upon one of our souls; I will mercy upon mine; but my hope is in thee to look to thyself. Thy friends, as thou knowest, are my friends; and thy enemy, my enemy." If this letter move him not, cannot: I'll give't him.

Mar. You may have very fit occasion to use it.

Sir To. He is now in some commerce with me, and will by and by depart.

Sir To. Go, Sir Andrew; I will

in the corner of the orchard like a bombardier; draw, draw; and, as I draw, swear horrible; for it comes to me about sharply twanged off, gives man more apprehension than ever proof itself would have earned him. Away!

Sir And. Nay, let me alone for swearing.

Sir To. Now, will not I deliver his letter; the behaviour of the young gentleman gives me out to be of good capacity and breeding; my employment between his lord and my niece is no less; therefore this letter, being so violently ignorant, will breed no terror in me.

Sir To. He will find it comes from a clod of mouth; set upon Ague-cheek a note of valour; and drive the gentleman into his opinion of his rage, skill, fury, and impetuosity. This will so frighten them that they will kill one another by the look, the nod, the wink, the nod.

Sir To. Here he comes with your niece; give him my love, and presently

Sir To. I will meditate the while upon some message for a challenge.

Enter Sir Toby, Fabian, and Maria.

Sir To. I have said too much unto a heart of stone, something in me that reproves my

Sir To. With the same 'haviour that your picture; wear this jewel for me; 'tis my picture; it hath no tongue to vex you: at shall you ask of me that I'll deny.

Sir To. Nothing but this,—your true love for my master.

Sir To. How with mine honour may I give him this?

Sir To. Well, come again to-morrow: fare thee well;

Sir To. I will acquit you, to-morrow: fare thee well;

Sir To. I will acquit you, to-morrow: fare thee well;

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Sir To. I will acquit you, to-morrow: fare thee well;

Sir To. I will acquit you, to-morrow: fare thee well;

Sir To. I will acquit you, to-morrow: fare thee well;

Sir To. I will acquit you, to-morrow: fare thee well;

hath any quarrel to me; my remembrance is very free and clear from any image of offence done to any man.

Sir To. You'll find it otherwise, I assure you; therefore, if you hold your life at any price, bestake you to your guard; for your opposite hath in him what youth, strength, skill, and wrath, can furnish withal.

Vio. I pray you, sir, what is he?

Sir To. He is knight, dubbed with unhatch'd rapier, and on carpet consideration; but he is a devil in private brawl: souls and bodies hath he divorced three; and his incensement at this moment is so implacable, that satisfaction can be none but by pangs of death and sepulchre; hoh, nob, is his word; give't or take't.

Vio. I will return again into the house, and desire some conduct of the lady. I am no fighter. I have heard of some kind of men, that put quarrels purposely on others, to taste their valour: belike this is a man of that quirk.

Sir 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 middle you must, that's certain, or forswear to wear iron about you.

Vio. This is as uncivil, as strange. I beseech you, do me this courteous office, as to know of the knight what my offence to him is: it is something of my negligence, nothing of my purpose.

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 arbitrament; but nothing of the circumstance more. [Exit.]

Vio. I beseech you, what manner of man is Fabian? Nothing of that wonderful promise, to read him by his form, as you are like to find him in the proof of his valour. He is, indeed, sir, the most skilful, bloody, and fatal opposite that you could possibly have found in any part of Illyria. Will you walk towards him? I will make your peace with him, if I can.

Vio. I shall be much bound to you for't: I am one that would 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 frago. I had a pass with him, rapier, scabbard, and all, and he gives me the stuck in, with such a mortal motion, 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 Sophy.

Sir And. For on't, I'll not meddle with

Sir To. Ay, but he will not now be pacified: Fabian can scarce hold him yonder.

Sir And. Plague on't! an I thought he had been valiant, and so cunning in fence, I'd have seen him damned ere I'd have challenged him. Let him let the matter slip, and I'll give him my horse, grey Capilet.

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. There's no remedy, sir; he will fight with you for his oath's sake: marry, he hath better bethought 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; to't.

Sir And. Pray God, he keep his oath!

Enter Antonio. [*Draws.*

Vio. I do assure you, 'tis against my will.

[*Draws.*

Ant. Put up your sword.—If this young gentleman

Have done offence, I take the fault on me;

If you offend him, I for him defy you.

[*Drawing.*

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.

[*Draws.*

Fab. O, good Sir Toby, hold! here come the officers.

Enter Officers.

Sir To. [*To Ant.*] I'll be with you anon.

Vio. [*To Sir And.*] Pray, sir, put your sword 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.

1 Off. This is the man; do thy office.

2 Off. Antonio, I arrest thee at the suit Of Count Orsino.

Ant. You do mistake me, sir.

1 Off. No, sir, no jot; I know your favour well,

Though now you have no sea-cap on; Take him away: he knows I know him.

Ant. I must obey.—[*To Viola.*] I must with seeking you:

But there's no remedy; I shall answer you.

What will you do? Now my necessity Makes me to ask you for my purse! It is

Much more for what I cannot do for you Than what befalls myself. You stand alone

But be of comfort. Come, sir, away.

2 Off. I must entreat of you some of your money.

Vio. What money, sir? For the fair kindness you have shew'd me

And, part, being prompted by your need, Out of my lean and low ability

I'll lend you something: my having is much;

I'll make division of my present with you. Hold, there's half my colour.

Ant. Will you deep me? Is't possible that my deserts to you

Can lack persuasion? Do not tempt me. Lest that it make me so unkind to you

As to upbraid you with those kindnesses 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, vainness, babbling, drunkenness, Or any taint of vice whose strong corruption

Inhalts our frail blood. O heavens! these are the times that try men's hearts.

Ant. Come, sir, I pray you, go.

Ant. Let me speak a little. That you should here

I snatch'd one-half out of the jaws of death, Reliev'd him with such sanctity of love,

And to his image, which methought did shine Most venerable worth, did I devote me.

1 Off. What's that to me? The image is away!

Ant. But O how vile an idol proves Thou hast, Sebastian, done good men's

shame.— In nature there's no blemish but the world's. None can be call'd deform'd but the world's.

Virtue is beauty; but the beautiful Are empty trunks, o'erflow'd with vanity.

1 Off. The man grows mad: Come, come, sir.

Ant. Lead me on.

[*Exeunt Officers with Antonio.*]

Vio. Methinks his words do from me

That he believes himself: so do not I. Prove true, imagination, O, prove true!

That I, dear brother, be now taken for a fool.

Sir To. Come hither, knight; some of most sage saws.

Vio. He nam'd Sebastian: I do know

Yet living in my glass; even such, and

in favour was my brother; and he went
 still in this fashion, colour, ornament,—
 for him I imitate;—O, if it prove,
 Tempers are kind, and salt waves fresh in
 love! [Exit.]
Sir To. A very dishonest paltry boy, and
 more a coward than a hare: his dishonesty
 appears in leaving his friend here in necessity,
 and denying him; and for his cowardship,
 and I shan. [Exit.]
Sir To. A coward, a most devout coward, re-
 ject him. [Exit.]
Sir To. 'Tis I'll alter him again, and
 draw thy sword. [Exit.]
Sir To. Do; cuff him soundly, but never
 An I do not,— [Exit.]
Sir To. Come, let's see the event.
Sir To. I dare lay any money 'twill be no-
 thing yet. [Exit.]

ACT IV.

Scene I.—The Street adjoining Olivia's House.

Enter Sebastian and Clown.
Clown. Will you make me believe that I am
 sent for you?
Seb. Go to, go to, thou art a foolish fellow:
 let me be clear of thee.
Clown. Well held out, if faith! No, I do not
 know you; nor I am not sent to you by my
 lady, to bid you come speak with her; nor
 your name is not master Cesario; nor this is
 not my nose neither.—Nothing that is so, is so.
Seb. I prythee, vent thy folly somewhere else:
 thou know'st not me.
Clown. Vent my folly! He has heard that
 word of some great man, and now applies it
 to a fool. Vent my folly! I am afraid this
 great lubber, the world, will prove a cockney.
 I prythee now, ungird thy strangeness, and
 tell me what I shall vent to my lady: shall I
 tell her that thou art coming?
Seb. I prythee, foolish Greek, depart from me:
 I shall give worse payment.
Clown. 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 Ague-cheek, Sir Toby
 Belch, and Fabian.*
Sir And. Now, sir, have I met you again?
Seb. Why, there's for thee, and there, and
 there.—[Beating Sir Andrew.] Are all the
 people mad?
Sir To. Hold, sir, or I'll throw your dagger
 at the house.
Clown. This will I tell my lady straight; I
 would not be in some of your coats for two
 pence. [Exit.]
Sir To. [Holding Sebastian.] Come on,
 we'll hold!

Sir And. Nay, let him alone: I'll go an-
 other way to work with him: I'll have ac-
 tion 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. [Disengaging
 himself.] What wouldst thou now?
 If thou dar'st tempt me farther, draw thy sword.

Sir To. What, what! Nay then, I must
 have an ounce or two of this malapert blood
 from you. [Draws.]

Enter Olivia.
Ol. Hold, Toby! on thy life, I charge thee,
Sir To. Madam— [hold!]
Ol. Will it be ever thus! Ungacious
 wretch!

Fit for the mountains and the barbarous caves,
 Where manners ne'er were preach'd. Out of
 my sight!

Be not offended, dear Cesario.—
Rudeshy, be gone!—I prythee, gentle friend,
 [Exit Sir Toby, Sir Andrew, and Fabian.]
 Let thy fair wisdom, not thy passion, sway
 In this uncivil and unjust extent.

Against thy peace. Go with me to my house;
 And hear thou there how many fruitless pranks
 This ruffian hath botch'd up, that thou theraby
 Mayst smile at this: thou shalt not choose
 but go:

Do not deny. Beshrew his soul for me,
 He started one poor heart of mine in thee.

Seb. What relish is in this? how runs the
 stream!
 Or I am mad, or else this is a dream:—
 Let fancy still my sense in Lethe steep;
 If it be thus to dream, still let me sleep!

Ol. Nay, come, I prythee. Would
 thou'dst be rul'd by me!

Seb. Madam, I will.

Ol. O, say so and so ho. [Exit.]

SCENE II.—A Room in Olivia's House.
*Enter Maria and Clown; Malvolio in a dark
 chamber adjoining.*

Mar. Nay, I prythee, put on this gown,
 and this beard; make him believe thou art Sir
 Topas, the curate: do it quickly; I'll call Sir
 Toby the whilst. [Exit.]

Clown. Well, I'll put it on, and I will dissemble
 myself in't; and I would I were the first that
 ever dissembled in such a gown. I am not
 tall enough to become the function well; nor
 lean enough to be thought a good student;
 but to be said an honest man and a good
 housekeeper, goes as fairly as to say a careful
 man and a great scholar. The competitors
 enter.

Enter Sir Toby Belch and Maria.
Sir To. Jove bless thee, master parson.

In a voice,
Like to the old voice,
Your need to sustain;

Who, with dagger of talk,
In his rage and his wrath,
Cries, Ah, ha! to the devil;
Like a mad lad,
Pursueth thee, dad;
Adieu, Goodman drive!

[Exit.

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 'tis wonder that enwraps me thus,
Yet 'tis not madness. Where's Antonio, then?
I could not find him at the Elephant;
Yet there he was; and there I found this credit,
That he did range the town to seek me out.
His counsel now might do me golden service:
For though my soul disputes well with my
sense,
That this may be some error, but no madness,
Yet doth this accident and flood of fortune
So far exceed all instance, all discourse,
That I am ready to distrust mine eyes,
And wrangle with my reason, that persuades me
To any other trust but that I am mad;
Or else the lady's mad; yet, if 'twere so,
She could not away her house, command her
followers,
Take and give back affairs, and their despatch,
With such a smooth, discreet, and stable bearing.
As I perceive she does; there's something in't
That is deceivable. But here the lady comes.

Enter Olivia and a Priest.
Ol. Blame not this haste of mine. If you
mean well,
Now go with me, and with this holy man,
To the chantry by; there, before him,
And underneath that consecrated roof,
Pray 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,
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.
Ol. Then lead the way, good father;—and
heaven so shine,
That they may fairly note this act of mine!
[Exeunt.

ACT V.

SCENE I.—*The Street before Olivia's House.*

Enter Clown and Fabian.
Fab. Now, as thou lovest me, let me see his
face.

Clo. Good Master Fabian, grant me an-
Fab. Anything. [other request.

Clo. Do not desire to see this letter.
Fab. This is, to give a dog, and, in recom-
pense, desire my dog again.

Enter Duke, Viola, and Attendants.
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
friends.

Clo. No, sir; the worse.

Duke. How can that be?

Clo. Marry, sir, they praise me, and make
an ass of me; now my foes tell me plainly I
am an ass; so that by my foes, sir, I profit in
the knowledge of myself; and by my friends
I am abused; so that, conclusions to be as
kisses, if your four negatives make your two
affirmatives, why then, the worse for my friends,
and the better for my foes.

Duke. Why, this is excellent.

Clo. By my truth, 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 slaver 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 St. Bennet, sir, may put you in
mind.—One, two, three.

Duke. You can fool no more money out of
me at this throw: if you will let your lady
know I am here to speak with her, and bring
her along with you, it may awake my bounty
further.

Clo. Marry, sir, lullaby to your bounty, till
I come again. I go, sir; but I would not
have you to think that my desire of having is
the sin of covetousness: but, as you say, sir,
let your bounty take a nap, I will awake it
anon. [Exit.

Viola. 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 beset with
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 seafaring grapple did he make
With the most noble bottom of our fleet,
That very envy, and the tongue of loss,

Cried fame and honour on him.—What's the matter?

I Of. 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 'twas, but distraction.

Duke. Notable pirate! thou salt-water thief! What foolish boldness brought thee to their mercies,

Whom thou, in terms so bloody and so dear, Hast made thine enemies?

Ant. Orsino, noble sir, Be pleas'd that I shake off these names you give me;

Antonio never yet was thief or pirate, Though, I confess, on base and ground enough, Orsino's enemy. A witchcraft drew me hither; That most ingrateful boy there, by your side, From the rude sea's enraged and foamy mouth

Did I redeem; a wreck past hope he was; His life I gave him, and did thereto add

My love, without retention or restraint, All his in dedication; for his sake

Did I expose myself, pure for his love, Into the danger of this adverse town;

Drew to defend him when he was beset: Where being apprehended, his false cunning (Not meaning to partake with me in danger)

Taught him to face me out of his acquaintance, And grew a twenty-years-removed thing, While one would wink; denied me mine own

purse, Which I had recommended to his use Not half an hour before.

Vio. How can this be? *Duke.* When came he to this town?

Ant. To-day, my lord; and for three months before, (No interim, not a minute's vacancy,) Both day and night (did we keep company).

Duke. Here comes the countess: now heaven walks on earth.—

Enter Olivia and Attendants. But for thee, fellow,—fellow, thy words are madness: Three months this youth hath tended upon me; But more of that anon.—Take him aside.

Ol. What would my lord, but that he may not have, Wherein Olivia may seem serviceable?—

Cesario. you do not keep promise with me. *Vio.* Madam!

Duke. Gracious Olivia,— *Ol.* What do you say, Cesario?—Good my lord,—

Vio. My lord would speak; my duty hushes

Ol. If it be aught to the old lady, as it is as fat and fulsome to mine ear, As howling after music.

Duke. Still so constant, lord. *Ol.* Still so constant, lord.

Duke. What, to perverseness? your To whose ingrate and unauspicious altar My soul the faithful'st offerings hath

out, That e'er devotion tender'd! What shall I, Even what it please my lord, that become him.

Duke. Why should I not, but I should, Like to the Egyptian thief at point of jealousy, Kill what I love! a savage jealousy, That sometimes savours nobly.—But how

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 honour more, Him will I tear out of that cruel eye, Where he sits crowned in his master's

mischievous thought, Come, boy, with me; my thoughts are

mischievous: I'll sacrifice the lamb that I do love, To spite a raven's heart within a dove.

Vio. And I, most jocund, apt, and willing To do you rest, a thousand deaths would

Ol. Where goes Cesario? *Vio.* After him, more than my eyes.

More than I love these eyes, more than my eyes, More, by all mores, than e'er I shall love mine.

If I do feign, you witness above Punish my life for tainting of my love!

Ol. Ah me, detested! how am I beguiled! *Vio.* Who does beguile you? who am I wrong?

Ol. Hast thou forgot thyself? Call forth the holy father.

Duke. [To Viola.] Whither, my lord?—Cesario, follow me. *Duke.* Husband?

Ol. Ay, husband; can he that does you wrong? *Duke.* Her husband, sirrah!

Vio. No, my lord. *Ol.* Alas, it is the baseness of thy

That makes thee strange thy property: Fear not, Cesario; take thy former name: Be that thou know'st thou art, and these

As great as that thou fear'st.— *Re-enter Attendant with Puck.* O, welcome!

Father, I charge thee, by thy reverence, Here to unfold (though late) my

To keep in darkness, what occasion now Reveals before 'tis ripe) what thou dost see Hath newly pass'd between this youth and

Priest. A contract of eternal bond

by mutual joinder of your hands, directed by the holy close of lips,

and all the ceremony of this compact

in my function, by my testimony: I have travel'd but two hours.

Duke. O, thou dissembling cub! what wilt thou be? When time hath sow'd a grizzle on thy case,

that this own trip shall be thine overthrow? We'll see thee and I henceforth may never meet.

Vio. My lord, I do protest— *O, do not swear!*

Enter Sir Andrew Ague-cheek, with his head broken. For the love of God, a surgeon!

Ol. What's the matter? *Sir And.* He has broke my head across,

for the love of God, your help! I had more than forty pound I were at home.

Sir And. The count's gentleman, one of the very devil incarnate,

my gentleman, Cesario?

Ol. O, his lifelings, here he is!—You 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 thought 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

me.—*Enter Sir Toby Belch, drunk, led by a clown.*—You shall hear more; but if you overhear more than he did.

Vio. Now now, gentleman! how is't with you? *Sir To.* That's all one: he has hurt me, and

the end on't.—So, didst see Dick sur-

round? *Sir To.* He's drunk, Sir Toby, an hour

ago: his eyes were set at eight if the morn-

ing were past; I hate a drunken rogue.

Sir To. Away with him! Who hath made

him? *Sir To.* I'll help you, Sir Toby, because

you are a coxcomb, and a knave: a thin-faced knave,

Get him to bed, and let his hurt be

Enter Clown, Sir Toby, and Sir Andrew.

Enter Sebastian.

Seb. I am sorry, madam, I have hurt your kinsman;

But, had it been the brother of my blood, I must have done no less with wit and safety.

You throw a strange regard upon me, and by I do perceive it hath offended you: [that

Pardon me, sweet one, even for the vows We made each other but so late ago.

Duke. One face, one voice, one habit, and two persons;

A natural perspective, that is, and is not I! *Seb.* Antonio! O my dear Antonio!

How have the hours rack'd and tortur'd me, Since I have lost thee!

Ant. Sebastian are you? *Seb.* Fear'st thou that, Antonio?

Ant. How have you made division of your-

self?— An apple, cleft in two, is not more twin Than these two creatures. Which is Sebastian?

Ol. Most wonderful! *Seb.* Do I stand there? I never had a

Nor can there be that deity in my nature, Of here and everywhere. I had a sister, Whom the blind waves and surges have de-

stroy'd.— *Vio.* Of Messaline: Sebastian was my

Such a Sebastian was my brother too, So went he suited to his wat'ry 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 parturite.

Were you a woman, as the rest grow even, I should my tears let fall upon your cheek,

And say—Thrice welcome, drowned Viola! *Vio.* My father had a mole upon his brow,—

Seb. And so had mine. *Vio.* And died that day, when Viola from

Had number'd thirteen years. *Seb.* O, that record is lively in my soul!

He finished, indeed, his mortal act, That day that made my sister thirteen years.

Vio. If nothing lets to make us happy both But this my masculine usurp'd attire,

Do not embrace me till each circumstance Of place, time, fortune, do cohere and jump,

That I am Viola: which to confirm, I'll bring you to a captain in this town, [help

Where he my maiden weeds; by whose gentle I was preserv'd, to serve this noble count.

All the occurrence of my fortune since Hath been between this lady and this lord.

Seb. [To Olivia.] So comes it, lady, you

have been mistook:

But nature to her bias drew in that.

You would have been contracted to a maid;

Now are you, therein, by my life, deceiv'd,

You are betroth'd both to a maid and man.

Duke. Be not amaz'd; right noble is his blood.—

If this be so, as yet the glass seems true,
I shall have share in this most happy wreck.—

[*To Viola.*] Boy, thou hast said to me a thousand times,

Thou never shouldst love woman like to me.

Viola. And all those sayings will I over-swear;
And all those swearings keep as true in soul,
As doth that orb'd continent the fire
That reverts day from night.

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.

Off. He shall enlarge him:—fetch Malvolio hither:—

And yet, alas, now I remember me,
They say, poor gentleman, he's much distract.

Re-enter Clown, with a letter.

A most extracting frenzy of mine own
From my remembrance clearly banish'd his.—
How does he, sirrah?

Clow. Truly, madam, he holds Belzebub at the stove's end, as well as a man in his case may do: he has here writ a letter to you; I should have given it to you to-day morning: but as a madman's epistles are no gospels, so it skills not much when they are delivered.

Off. Open it, and read it.

Clow. Look then to be well edified, when the fool delivers the madman.—“*By the Lord, madam.*”

Off. How now! art thou mad?

Clow. No, madam, I do but read madness: an your ladyship will have it as it ought to be, you must allow *vox*.

Off. Pr'ythee, read it thy right wits.

Clow. So I do, madonna; but to read his right wits, is to read thus: therefore perpend, my princess, and give ear.

Off. [*To Fabian.*] Read it you, sirrah.

Fab. [*Reads.*] “*By the Lord, madam, you wrong me, and the world shall know it: though you have put me into darkness, and given your 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.*

Off. Did he write this?

Clow. Ay, madam.

Duke. This favours not much of distraction.

Off. See him deliver'd, Fabian: bring him hither.

My lord, so please you, these things farther thought on,

To think me as well a sister as a brother.
One day shall crown the alliance cut
Here at my house, and at my proper time.

Duke. Madam, I am most apt to your offer.—

[*To Viola.*] Your master quits you;
your service done him.

So much against the mettle of your
So far beneath your soft and tender

And since you call'd me master for
Here is my hand: you shall from this

Your master's mistress.

Off. A sister?—you
Re-enter Fabian, with Malvolio.

Duke. Is this the madman?

Off. Ay, my lord, the madman.

How now, Malvolio!

Mal. Madam, you have done me
Notorious wrong.

Off. Have I, Malvolio?

Mal. Lady, you have. Pray you
that letter:

You must not now deny it is your
Write from it, if you can, in hand,

Or say 'tis not your seal, nor your
You can say none of this: well, pray

And tell me, in the modesty of home,
Why you have given me such clear

favour,
Bade me come smiling and cross'd

To put on yellow stockings, and to
Upon Sir Toby and the lighter people

And, acting this in an obedient
Why have you suffer'd me to be

Kept in a dark house, visited by the
And made the most notorious gossamer

That e'er invention play'd on I tell you
Off. Alas, Malvolio, this is not

Though, I confess, much like the
But, out of question, 'tis Maria's

And now I do bethink me, it was she
First told me thou wast mad; thou

smiling,
And in such forms which here were

Upon thee in the letter. Pr'ythee, be
This practice hath most shrewdly

thee;
But when we know the grounds

Thou shalt be both the plaintiff and
Of thine own cause.

Fab. Good madam, hear me
And let no quarrel, nor no brawl

Taint the condition of this present
Which I have wonder'd at. In hope

Most freely I confess, myself and Toby
Set this device against Malvolio

Upon some stubborn and unaccountable
We had conceiv'd against him: Maria

The letter at Sir Toby's great importune
In recompense whereof, he hath

How with a sportful malice it was
May rather pluck on laughter than

If that the injuries be justly weigh'd
That have on both sides past.

Oh, Alas, poor fool, how have they baffled
me!
Clo. Why, "some are born great, some
rise greatness, and some have greatness
thrown upon them." I was one, sir, in this
larado,—one Sir Topas, sir; but that's all
—By the Lord, fool, I am not mad;—"—
it do you remember? "Madam, why laugh
you at such a barren rascal? an you smile not,
I'll be reveng'd on the whole pack of
you."
Oh, He hath been most notoriously abus'd.
Duke. Pursue him, and entreat him to a
peace;—
He hath not told us of the captain yet:
When that is known, and golden time con-
vents,
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,
Cesario's mistress, and his fancy's queen.
[Exeunt all except Clown.]

SONG.

Clo.
When that I was and a little tiny boy,
With hey, ho, the wind and the rain,
A foolish thing was but a toy,
For the rain it raineth every day.
But when I came to man's estate,
With hey, ho, the wind and the rain,
'Gainst knaves and thieves men shut their
gate,
For the rain it raineth every day.
But when I came, alas! to wive,
With hey, ho, the wind and the rain,
By swaggering could I never thrive,
For the rain it raineth every day.
But when I came unto my bed,
With hey, ho, the wind and the rain,
With toss-pots still had drunken head,
For the rain it raineth every day.
A great while ago the world begun,
With hey, ho, the wind and the rain:
But that's all one, our play is done,
And we'll strive to please you every day.
[Exit.]

THE WINTER'S TALE.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Leontes, *King of Sicilia.*
 Mamillius, *his Son.*
 Camillo,
 Antigonus, } *Sicilian Lords.*
 Cleomenes,
 Dion,
 Officers of a Court of Judicature,
 Sicilian Gentlemen.
 Rogero, *a Sicilian Gentleman.*
 Polixenes, *King of Bohemia.*
 Florizel, *his Son.*
 Archidamus, *a Bohemian Lord.*
 A Mariner.
 Gaoler,

An old Shepherd, *reputed Father of*
 Clown, *his Son.*
 Servant to the old Shepherd.
 Autolycus, *a Rogue.*
 Time, *as Chorus.*
 Hermione, *Queen to Leontes.*
 Perdita, *Daughter to Leontes and*
 Paulina, *Wife to Antigonus.*
 Emilia, *a Lady,* } *attending the Queen*
 Other Ladies, }
 Mopsa, } *Shepherdesses.*
 Dorcas, }
 Sicilian Lords and Ladies,
 Guards, Satyrs, Shepherds,
 Fishwives, &c.

SCENE.—*Sometimes in Sicilia, sometimes in Bohemia.*

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*Sicilia. An Antechamber in Leontes' Palace.*

Enter Camillo and Archidamus.

Arch. If you shall chance, Camillo, to visit Bohemia, on the like occasion whereon my 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—in so rare—I know not what to say.—We will give you sleepy drinks, that your senses, unintelligent of our insufficiency, may, though they cannot praise us, as little accuse us.

Cam. You pay a great deal too dear for what's given freely.

Arch. Believe me, I speak as my understanding instructs me, and as mine honesty puts it to utterance.

Cam. Sicilia cannot show himself over-kind to Bohemia. They were trained together in their childhoods; and there rooted betwixt them then such an affection, which cannot choose but branch now. Since their more mature dignities and royal necessities made

separation of their society, their loves, though not personal, have been attorneyed, with interchange of gifts and loving embassies; that they have been together, though absent; shook hands at ends of opposed winds. The heavens

Arch. I think there is not in the world malice or matter to alter it. You have speakable comfort of your young Mamillius: it is a gentleman of the promise that ever came into my notice.

Cam. I very well agree with you in hopes of him: it is a gallant child; indeed, physics the subject, makes him fresh; they that went on crutches are born, desire yet their life to see him.

Arch. Would they else be content to live?

Cam. Yes; if there were no other way they should desire to live.

Arch. If the king had no son, he would desire to live on crutches till he had one.

SCENE II.—*Sicilia. A Room of State in the Palace.*

Enter Leontes, Polixenes, Hermione, Mamillius, Camillo, and Attendants.

Pol. Nine changes of the watry moon have been

The shepherd's note, since we have parted. Without a burden: time as long ago as I was born, my brother, with my mother, would be fill'd up, my brother, with my mother, And yet we should, for perpetuity.

hence to debt: and therefore, like a cipher,
standing in rich place, I multiply
to us we thank you many thousands more
to go before it.

Stay your thanks awhile,
and say them when you part.

Sir, that's to-morrow.
Stay'd by my fears, of what may

chance,
brought upon our absence, that may blow
winning winds at home, to make us say,
"This is put forth too truly." Besides, I have
the your royalty.

We are tougher, brother,
and you can put us to't.

No longer stay.
One seven-night longer.

Very sooth, to-morrow.
We'll part the time between's then:

[and in that
Press me not, beseech you, so,
there is no tongue that moves, none, none i'

the world,
now, as yours could win me: so it should
there necessity in your request, although

I denied it. My affairs
ever drag me homeward: which to hinder,
in your love a whip to me; my stay

to you a charge and trouble: to save both,
I'll leave our brother.

Tongue-tied our queen? speak you.
Her. I had thought, sir, to have held my

peace until
[You, sir,
had drawn oaths from him not to stay.

And to Bohemia's well; this satisfaction
in your love a whip to me; my stay

to you a charge and trouble: to save both,
I'll leave our brother.

Tongue-tied our queen? speak you.
Her. I had thought, sir, to have held my

peace until
[You, sir,
had drawn oaths from him not to stay.

And to Bohemia's well; this satisfaction
in your love a whip to me; my stay

to you a charge and trouble: to save both,
I'll leave our brother.

Tongue-tied our queen? speak you.
Her. I had thought, sir, to have held my

peace until
[You, sir,
had drawn oaths from him not to stay.

And to Bohemia's well; this satisfaction
in your love a whip to me; my stay

to you a charge and trouble: to save both,
I'll leave our brother.

Tongue-tied our queen? speak you.
Her. I had thought, sir, to have held my

peace until
[You, sir,
had drawn oaths from him not to stay.

And to Bohemia's well; this satisfaction
in your love a whip to me; my stay

to you a charge and trouble: to save both,
I'll leave our brother.

Tongue-tied our queen? speak you.
Her. I had thought, sir, to have held my

peace until
[You, sir,
had drawn oaths from him not to stay.

And to Bohemia's well; this satisfaction
in your love a whip to me; my stay

to you a charge and trouble: to save both,
I'll leave our brother.

Not like a guest; so you shall pay your fees
When you depart, and save your thanks. How
say you?

My prisoner, or my guest? I lay your dread verily,
One of them you shall be.

Pol. Your guest, then, madam:
To be your prisoner should import offending;
Which is for me less easy to commit,
Than you to punish.

Her. Not your gaoler, then,
But your kind hostess. Come, I'll question you
Of my lord's tricks and yours when you were
You were pretty lordlings then. [boys;

Pol. We were, fair queen,
Two lads that thought there was no more to be
But such a day to-morrow as to-day, [hind,
And to be boy eternal.

Her. Was not my lord the verier wag o' the
two? [I' the sun,

Pol. We were as twinn'd lambs that did frisk
And bleat the one at th' other: what we
chang'd,

Was innocence for innocence; we knew not
The doctrine of ill-doing, nor dream'd
That any did. Had we pursu'd that life,
And our weak spirits ne'er been higher rear'd
With stronger blood, we should have answer'd
heaven

Boldly, "Not guilty;" the imposition clear'd,
Hereditary ours.

Her. By this we gather,
You have tripp'd since.

Pol. O, my most sacred lady,
Temptations have since then been born to us;
for

In those unfledg'd days was my wife a girl;
Your precious self had then not cross'd the eyes
Of my young playfellow.

Her. Grace to boot!
Of this make no conclusion, lest you say
Your queen and I are devils: yet, go on;
Th' offences we have made you do, we'll
answer;

If you first shun'd with us, and that with us
You did continue fault, and that you shipp'd not
With any, 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 spok'st
To better purpose.

Her. Never!

Leon. Never but once.

Her. What! have I twice said well? when
was't before?

I prythee tell me; cram us with praise, and
make us

As fat as tame things: one good deed, dying
Slaughters a thousand waiting upon that.
Our praises are our wages: you may ride us
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 hav't; I long.

Leon. Why, that was when Three crabbed months had soured themselves to death.

Ere I could make thee open thy white hand, And clap thyself my love: then didst thou utter, "I am yours for ever."

Her. It is Grace indeed.— Why, lo you now, I have spoke to the purpose twice:

The one for ever earn'd a royal husband; Th' other for some while a friend.

[Giving her hand to Polixenes.] Too hot, too hot! To mingle friendship far, is mingling bloods.

I have tremor-cords 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; it may, I grant: But to be paddling palms and pinching fingers,

As now they are; and making practis'd smiles, As in a looking-glass; and then to sigh, as 'twere

The mort o' the deer; O, that is entertainment My bosom likes not, nor my brows.—Mamillius,

Art thou my boy?

Mam. Ay, my good lord.

Leon. I focks! Why, that's my bawcock. What, hast smutch'd thy nose?

They say, it is a copy out of mine. Come, captain, [tain:]

We must be neat;—not neat, but cleanly, cap— And yet the steer, the heifer, and the calf,

Are all call'd neat.—[*Observing Pol. and Her.*] Still virginalling

Upon his palm!—How now, you wanton calf! Art thou my calf?

Mam. Yes, if you will, my lord.

Leon. Thou want'st a rough pash, and the shoots that I have,

To be full like me:—yet they say we are Almost as like as eggs; women say so,

That will say 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! [may't be?] Most dear'st! my collop!—Can thy dam?

Affection, thy intention stabs the centre; Thou dost make possible, things not so held,

Communicat' at with dreams;—(how can this be?)—

With what's unreal thou coactive art, And fellow'st nothing; then, 'tis very credent,

Thou mayst co-join with something; and thou dost;

(And that beyond commission; and I find it,)

And that to the infection of my mother. And hardening of my brow.

Pol. What means this?

Her. He something seems unwell.

Pol. How, my lord?

What cheer! how is't with you, but I feel it.

Her. As if you held a brow of much distraction.

Are you mov'd, my lord?

Leon. No, in good sense.

[*Aside.*] How sometimes nature will make itself

folly, Its tenderness, and make itself a part

To harder bosoms!—[*To Her.*] Looking

the lines Of my boy's face, methought I did recall

Twenty-three years, and saw myself in

In my green velvet coat; my dagger

Lest it should bite its master, and as

As ornaments oft do, too dangerous to

How like, methought, I then was to this

This squash, this gentleman.—Mamillius

Will you take eggs for money?

Mam. No, my lord, I'll fight.

Leon. You will! why, happy man

dole!—My brother,

Are you so fond of your young prince,

Do seem to be of ours?

Pol. If at home, my

He's all my exercise, my mirth, my

Now my sworn friend, and then mine

My parasite, my soldier, statesman,

He makes a July's day short as December

And with his varying childishness cures

Thoughts that would thicken my brow.

Leon. So stands the

Offic'd with me: we two will walk,

And leave you to your graver steps.

mine, How thou lov'st us, show in our

Let what is dear in Sicily, be cheap

Next to thyself and my young rover,

Apparent to my heart.

Her. If you would

We are yours! the garden: shall'st thou

there?

Leon. To your own bents dispose you

Be you beneath the sky.—[*Aside.*]

angling now,

Though you perceive me not how I give

Go to, go to!

[*Observing Polixenes and Her.*]

How she holds up the neb, the bill to

And arms her with the boldness of a

To her allowing husband!—Gone already

[*Exit Polixenes, Hermione, and Mamillius.*]

luch-thick, knees-deep, o'er head and

fork'd one!

Go play, boy, play!—thy mother plays

Play too; but so disgrac'd a part, what

Will hiss me to my grave: contempt

clamour

Will be my knell.—Go play, boy, play,

Or I am much deceiv'd, cuckolds ere

I speak this, even at this present,
 I speak this, holds his wife by th'
 [absence,
 that little thinks she has been sluic'd in's
 and his pond fish'd by his next neighbour, by
 his scale, his neighbour: nay, there's comfort
 in't,
 [open'd,
 while other men have gates, and those gates
 are, against their will: should all despair,
 that have revolted wives, the tenth of mankind
 would hang themselves. Physic for't, there
 is a lowly planet, that will strike [is none;
 these 'tis predominant; and 'tis powerful,
 think it,
 [cluded,
 from east, west, north, and south: be it con-
 siderado for a belly; know it;
 will let in and out the enemy, [us
 have the disease, and feel't not.—How now,
 I am like you, they say. [boy I
 Why, that's some comfort.

What, Camillo there?
 Cam. Ay, my good lord.
 Leon. To play, Mamillius; thou'rt an honest
 man.—
 Cam. This great Sir will yet stay longer.
 Leon. You had much ado to make his anchor
 hold;
 Cam. You cast out, it still came home.

Didst note it?
 Cam. He would not stay at your petitions;
 he was more material.
 [made
 Didst perceive it?—
 Cam. They're here with me already; whis-
 pering, rounding,
 as is a so-forth; 'tis far gone,
 I shall rust it last.—How came't,
 At the good queen's entreaty.

At the queen's, bet: good should
 be pertinent;
 Was this taken
 my understanding pate but thine?
 my conceit is soaking, will draw in
 the common blocks:—not noted, is't,
 of the finer natures? by some severals
 piece extraordinary! lower messes,
 are to this business purblind? say.
 Business, my lord! I think, most un-
 derstand
 stays here longer.

Ha!
 Stays here longer.
 Ay, but why?
 To satisfy your highness, and the en-
 treaties of your mistress. Satisfy [treaties
 that office. I have trusted thee, Camillo,
 with all the nearest things to my heart, as well
 as chamber-councils: wherein, priest-like, thou
 hast clos'd my bosom; I from thee departed
 my patient reform'd; but we have been
 in thy integrity, deceiv'd
 that which seems so,

Cam.

Be it forlaid, my lord!

Leon. To hide upon't; thou art not honest;

or,

If thou inclin'st that way, thou art a coward,
 Which horses honesty behind, restraining
 From course requir'd; 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
 And tal'st it all for jest. [drawn,

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; if ever fearful
 To do a thing, where I the issue doubted,
 Whereof the execution did cry out
 Against the non-performance, 'twas a fear
 Which oft infects the wisest: these, my lord,
 Are such allow'd infirmities, that honesty
 Is never free of. But, beseech your grace,
 Be plainer with me; let me know my trespass
 By its own visage: if I then deny it,
 'Tis none of mine.

Leon.

Have not you seen, Camillo,
 (But that's past doubt; you have; or your eye-
 glass

Is thicker than a cuckold's horn,) or heard,
 (For, to a vision so apparent, rumour
 Cannot be mute,) or thought, (for cogitation
 Resides not in that man that does not think,)
 My wife is slippery? If thou wilt confess,
 (Or else be impudently negative, [say
 To have nor eyes, nor ears, nor thought,) then
 My wife's a hobbyhorse; deserves a name
 As rank as any flax-wench that puts to
 Before her troth-plight: say it, and justify it.

Cam.

I would not be a stander-by, to hear
 My sovereign mistress clouded so, without
 My present vengeance taken: shrew 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 laughter with a sigh? (a note infallible
 Of breaking honesty) horsing foot on foot?
 Skulking in corners? wishing clocks more
 swift? [blind

Hours, minutes! noon, midnight! and all eyes
 With the pin and web, but theirs, theirs only,
 That would unseen be wicked? is this nothing?
 Why, then the world, and all that's in't, is no-
 thing;

The covering sky is nothing; Bohemia nothing;
 My wife is nothing; nor nothing have these
 If this be nothing. [nothing,

Cam. Good my lord, be cur'd
Of this disease'd opinion, and betimes;
For 'tis most dangerous.

Leon. Say it be, 'tis true.
Cam. No, no, my lord.

Leon. It is; you lie, you lie:
I say thou liest, Camillo, and I hate thee;
Pronounce thee a gross lord, 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, hanging

About his neck, Bohemia: who—if I
Had servants true about me that bare eyes
To see alike mine honour as their profits, [that
Their own particular thrifths,—they would do
Which should undo more doing: ay, and thou,
His cup-bearer,—whom I from meager form
Have bench'd and rear'd to worship; who
mayst see [heaven,

Plainly, as heaven sees earth, and earth sees
How I am gall'd,—mightst 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
Madiciously, like poison: but I cannot
Believe this crack to be in my dread mistress,
So sovereignly being honourable.

Leon. Make that thy question, and go rot!
Dost think I am so muddy, so unsettled,
To appoint myself in this vexation; sully
The purity and whiteness of my sheets,
Which to preserve is sleep, which being
spotted,

Is 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't?—Would I do this?
Could man so blench?

Cam. I must believe you, sir:
I do; and will fetch off Bohemia for't; [ness
Provided, that when he's remov'd, your high-
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 then; and with a countenance as clear
As friendship wears at feasts, keep with Bo-
hemian,

And with your queen. I am his cup-bearer:
If from me he have wholesome beverage
Account me not your servant.

Leon. Do't, and thou hast the one half of me;
Do't not, thou spit'st at three ovals.

Cam. I will seem friendly, as thou
advise'st me.

Cam. O miserable lady!—But, for
What case stand I in? I must be true
Of good Polixenes: and my ground of truth
Is the obedience to a master; and
Who, in rebellion with himself, will
All that are his, so too.—To do the
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And flourish'd after, I'd not do't, but
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Let villainy itself forswear't. I could
Forsake the court: to do't, or no, is
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Here comes Bohemia.

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My favour here begins to warp.

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Cam. I dare not know, my lord.
Pol. How! dare not? do not
know, and dare not
Be intelligent to me? 'Tis therefore
For, to yourself, what you do know,
And cannot say, you dare not. Good!
Your chang'd complexions are to me
Which shows me mine chang'd
A party to this alteration, finding
Myself thus alter'd with't.

Cam. There's a
Which puts some of us in distrust
I cannot name the disease; and if it
Of you, that yet are well.

Pol. How! caught of me!
Make me not sighted like the basilisk:
I have look'd on thousands, who have
the better

By my regard, but kill'd none so.
As you are certainly a gentleman;
Clerk-like, experienc'd, who no
Our gentry than our parents' words
In whose success we are gentle,
you,

If you know aught which does
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Her. As merry as you will.
Mam. A sad tale's best for winter.
I have one of sprites and goblins.

Her. Let's have that, good sir.
Come on; sit down:—come on, and do your best.

To fright me with your sprites; you're power-
Mam. There was a man,— [Full at it.]

Her. Nay, come, sit down; then on.
Mam. Dwell by a churchyard:—I will tell
You'd crickets shall not hear it. [It softly;]

Her. Come on, then,
And give't me in mine ear.

Enter Leontes, Antigonus, Lords, and Guards.

Leon. Was he not there? his train? Camillo
with him? [Never]

1 Lord. Behind the tuft of pines I met them;
Saw I men scour so on their way: I y'd them
Even to their ships.

Leon. How bless'd am I
In my just censure, in my true opinion!—
Alack, for lesser knowledge! How accurs'd
In being so blest!—There may be in the cup
A spider steep'd, and one may drink, depart,
And yet partake no venom; for his knowledge
Is not infected; but if one present
The abhor'd 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 spider.

Camillo was his help in this, his pander:—
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 pos-
sion easily open? [Terns]

1 Lord. By his great authority;
Which often hath no less prevail'd than so,
On your command.

Leon. I know't too well.—
[To Hermione.] 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!—[Exit Mamillius, attended.]
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,
"Tis pity she's not honest, honourable:"
Praise her but for this her without-door form,

[Which, on my faith, deserves
and straight
The shrug, the hum, or ha, those
That calumny doth use,—O, I am
That mercy does; for calumny will
Virtue itself—these shrugs, those
ha's,

When you have said "she's goodly,"
between,

Ere you can say "she's honest,"
known,

From him that has most cause to
She's an adulteress.

Her. Should a villain
The most replenish'd villain in the world
He were as much more villain: you
Do but mistake.

Leon. You have mistook
Polixenes for Leontes: O then think
Which I'll not call a creature of toy
Lest barbarism, making me the owner
Should a like language use to all the
And mannerly distinction—between—
Betwixt the prince and beggar—between—
She's an adulteress; I have said so
More, she's a traitor; and one that
A federary with her; and one that
What she should slime to know her
But with her most vile principal, that
A bed-swarver, even as bad as those
That vulgar give boldst titles;—
To this their late escape.

Her. No, by my
Privy to none of this. How will this
When you shall come to clearer know-
You thus have publish'd me!—Gentle
You scarce can right me throughly
You did mistake.

Leon. No; if I mistake
In those foundations which I build
The centre is not big enough to hold
A schoolboy's top.—Away with her!
He who shall speak for her, is dead
But that he speaks.

Her. There's some ill plot
I must be patient till the heavens
With an aspect more favourable—
lords,

I am not prone to weeping, as our
Commonly are: the want of which
Perchance, shall dry your pities;
That honourable grief lodg'd here,
Worse than tears drown'd—between—
lords,

With thoughts so qualified as your
Shall best instruct you, measure me
The king's will be perform'd!—
Leon. [To the Guards.] Shall I
Her. Who is't that goes with us?
your highness,

My women may be with me; for, you
My plight requires it.—Do not
fools;

There is no cause: when you shall

to my better grace.—Adieu, my lord:
I shall—My women, come; you have
leave.

Leon. Do, do our bidding; hence!
Enter Queen and Ladies with Guards.
Beseech your highness, call the
queen again.

Am I certain what you do, sir, lest your
volence: in the which three great ones
your queen, your son.

For her, my lord,—
you to accept it, and will do't, sir,—
questless

the eyes of heaven, and to you; I mean,
which you accuse her.

If it prove
as my wife; I'll keep my stables where
then when I feel and see her, no farther
treat her!

every lock of woman in the world,
every drop of woman's flesh, is false,

Leon. Hold your peace!
Good my lord,—
it is for you we speak, not for our-
selves:

are accus'd, and by some putter-on,
will be damn'd for't; would I knew the
villain.

land-damn him. Be she honour-
less sure dishonour; the eldest is elder;
and the third, nine and some live;
this prove true, they'll pay for't: by mine
honour.

I told them all; fourteen they shall not see,
bring false generations: they are co-heirs;
I feel rather gild myself, than they
not produce fair issue.

Cease; no more.
is a dead man's nose; but I do see't and
feel't.

you feel doing thus; and see withal
instruments that feel.

If it be so,
need no grave to bury honesty:
is not a grain of it the face to sweeten
the whole dingy earth.

What! lack I credit?
I had rather you did lack than I.
my lord,

in this ground; and more it would content
me her honour true than your suspicion,
I should feel how you might.

Why, what need we
formal instigation? Our prerogative
could not your counsels; but our natural
goodness

Imparts this; which, if you (or stapp'd
Or seeming so in skill) cannot or will not
Relish a truth like us, inform yourselves,
We need no more of your advice: the matter,
The loss, the gain, the ordering on't, is all
Properly ours.

Ant. And I wish, my liege,
You had only in your silent judgment tried it,
Without more overtire.

Leon. How could that be?
Either thou art most ignorant by age,
Or thou wert born a fool. Camillo's flight,
Added to their familiarity,
(Which was as gross as ever touch'd conjecture,
That lack'd sight only, naught for approbation
But only seeing, all other circumstances
Made up to the deed,) doth push on this
proceeding:

Yet, for a greater confirmation,
(For in an act of this importance 'twere
Most piteous to be wild,) I have despatch'd
in post

To sacred Delphos, to Apollo's temple,
Cleomeira and Dion, whom you know
Of stuff'd sufficiency: now, from the oracle
They will bring all; whose spiritual counsel
had,

Shall stop or spur me. Have I done well?
1 Lord. Well done, my lord. [More]

Leon. Though I am satisfied, and need no
Than what I know, yet shall the oracle
Give rest to the minds of others; such as he,
Whose ignorant credulity will not [Good],
Come up to the truth. So have we thought it
From our free person she should be confin'd,
Lest that the treachery of the two did hence
Be left her to perform. Come, follow us;
We are to speak in public; by mine
Will raise us all.

Ant. [Aside.] To laughter, as I take it,
If the good truth were known. [Exit.

SCENE II.—Sicilia. The outer Room of a
Prison.

Enter Paulina and Attendants.

Paul. The keeper of the prison,—call to him;
Let him have knowledge who I am.—[Exit
an Attendant.] Good lady!

No court in Europe is too good for thee,
What dost thou, then, in prison?—
Re-enter Attendant with the Keeper.

Now, good sir,
You know me, do you not?

Keep. For a worthy lady,
And one whom much I honour.

Paul. Pray you, then,
Conduct me to the queen.

Keep. I may not, madam: to the contrary
I have express commandment.

Paul. Here's ado,
To lock up honesty and honour from
Th' access of gentle visitors!—Is't lawful,
pray you,
To see her women? any of them? Emilia?

Keep. So please you, madam,
To put apart these your attendants, I
Shall bring Emilia forth.

Paul. I pray now, call her.
Withdraw yourselves. *[Exit Attendants.]*

Keep. And, madam,
I must be present at your conference.

Paul. Well, be't so, prythee *[Exit Keeper.]*

Here's such ado to make no stain a stain,
As passes colouring.

Re-enter Keeper, with Emilia.
Dear gentlewoman,

How fares our gracious lady?

Emil. As well as one so great and so forlorn
May hold together: on her frights and 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:—
These dangerous unsafe luns! the king, be-
shrew them!

He must be told on't, 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 it to the king, and undertake to be
Her advocate to the loudest. We do not know
How he may soften at the sight of the child:
The silence often of pure innocence
Persuades, when speaking fails.

Emil. Most worthy madam,
Your honour, and your goodness, is so evident,
That your free undertaking cannot miss
A thriving issue: there is no lady living
So meet for this great errand. Please your
ladyship

To visit the next room, I'll presently
Acquaint the queen of your most noble offer;
Who, but to-day, hammer'd of this design,
But durst not tempt a minister of honour,
Lest she should be denied.

Paul. Tell her, Emilia,
I'll use that tongue I have: if wit flow from it
As boldness from my bosom, let it not be
I shall do good. *[doubted]*

Emil. Now, be you blest for it!
I'll to the queen: please you, come something
nearer.

Keep. Madam, if't please the queen to send
the babe,

I know not what I shall incur to pass it,
Having no warrant.

Paul. You need not fear it, sir:
The child was prisoner to the womb, and is,
By law and process of great nature, thence
Freed and enfranchis'd; not a party to

The anger of the king, nor guilty of,
If any be, the trespass of the queen.

Keep. I do believe it.

Paul. Do not you fear: upon mine oath,
Will stand betwixt you and danger.

SCENE III.—*Sicilia. A Room in the*

Enter Leontes, Antigonus, and

Attendants.

Leon. Nor night, nor day, no rest,
weakness

To bear the matter thus,—more weary
The cause were not in being,—part of it

She, the adulteress; for the kingly
Is quite beyond mine arm, out of the

And level of my brain, plot-proof to
I can hook to me; say, that she were

Given to the fire, a moiety of my
Might come to me again.—Where's the

I Atten. [Advancing.]

Leon. How does the boy?

I Atten. He took good rest to-day.

Leon. 'Tis hoped his sickness is discharged.

To see his

Conceiving the dishonour of his mother,
He straight declin'd, droop'd, took

Fasten'd and fix'd the shame out in
Threw off his spirit, his appetite, his

And downright languish'd.—Leave me

—Go.

See how he fares. *[Exit Attendants.]*

He! no thought of him!

The very thought of my revenge
Recoil upon me: in himself too weak

And in his parties, his allies, to
Until a time may serve for present

Take it on her. Camillo and I will
Laugh at me, make their pastime of me

They should not laugh, if I could but
Shall she, within my power.

Enter Paulina, with a ring.

1 Lord. You must

Paul. Nay, rather, good my lord,

to me:

Fear you his tyrannous passion more
Than the queen's life? a gracious

More free than he is jealous. *[Exit Paulina.]*

2 Atten. Madam, he hath

night; commanded

None should come at him.

Paul. Not so late.

I come to bring him sleep.

That creep like shadows by him, and
At each his needless heavings, and

Nourish the cause of his awakenings:
Do come with words as needful and

Honest as either, to purge him of that

That presses him from sleep.

Leon. What noise there, ho!

Paul. No noise, my lord; but a

ferance

About some gossips for your highness

How! with that audacious lady!—Antigonus,
I told thee that she should not come about
me: she would.

I told her so, my lord,

And on mine,

What! canst not rule her?

From all dishonesty he can: in this,

He take the course that you have done,

And shall not rule me.

Lo, you now! you hear:

Lo, you now! you hear:

Good my liege, I come,—

And your loyal servant, your physician,

And most obedient counsellor; yet that dares

As you at so in comforting your evils,

As such as most mean yours:—I say, I

And your good queen. *[come]*

Good queen! my lord, good queen;

I say, good queen;

And would by combat make her good, so

And the worst about you. *[were I]*

Let him that makes but trifles of his

And me: on mine own accord I'll off;

I'll do my errand.—The good queen,

And she is good, hath brought you forth a

And she is good; commands it to your blessing.

[Laying down the child.]

Out!

Hence with her, out o'

Intelligencing bawd! *[door:]*

Not so;

As ignorant in that, as you

And you are mad; which is enough, I'll war-

And this world goes, to pass for honest. [rant,

And you not push her out? Give her the bas-

And Antigonus.] Thou dotard, thou art woman-

And she is Partlet here;—take up the bas-

And up, I say; give't to thy crone. [tard]

For ever

He dreads his wife.

And I would you did; then, 'twere

And all your children yours.

And I am none, by this good light.

And one, that's here, and that's himself; for he

And the honour of himself, his queen's,

And his babe's, betrays to slander,

Whose sting is sharper than the sword's; and
will not

(For, as the case now stands, it is a curse

He cannot be compell'd to't) once remove

The root of his opinion, which is rotten

As ever oak, or stone, was sound.

Leon. A callat

Of boundless tongue, who late hath beat her

husband,

And now baits me!—This brat is none of mine;

It is the issue of Polixenes:

Hence with it: and, together with the dam,

Commit them to the fire!

Paul. It is yours;

And, might we lay the old proverb to your

charge,

So like you, 'tis the worse.—Behold, my lords,

Although the print be little, the whole matter

And copy of the father; eye, nose, lip,

The trick of his frown, his forehead; yea, the

valley, [smiles]

The pretty dimples of his chin and cheek; his

The very mould and frame of hand, nail,

finger:— [made it]

And thou, good goddess Nature, which hast

So like to him that got it, if thou hast [fours]

The ordering of the mind too, 'mongst all co-

No yellow in't, lest she suspect, as he does,

Her children not her husband's.

Leon. A grass hag!—

And, lo! thou art worthy to be hang'd,

That wilt not stay her tongue.

Ant. Hang all the husbands

That cannot do that feat, you'll leave yourself

hardly one subject.

Leon. Once more, take her hence.

Paul. A most unworthy and unnatural lord

Can do no more.

Leon. I'll have thee burned.

Paul. 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

Than your own weak-hing'd fancy) something

savours

Of tyranny, and will ignoble make you,

Yea, scandalous to the world.

Leon. On your allegiance,

Out of the chamber with her. Were I a tyrant,

Where were her life? she durst not call me so,

If she did know me one. Away with her.

Paul. I pray you, do not push me: I'll be

gone.

Look to your babe, my lord; 'tis yours: Jove

send her

A better guiding spirit!—What need these

hands!—

You, that are thus so tender o'er his follies,

Will never do him good, not one of you.

So, so!—farewell; we are gone. [Exit.]

Leon. Thou, traitor, hast set on thy wife to

this.—

My child! away with't!—even thou, that
A heart so tender o'er it, take it hence, [rust
And see it instantly consum'd 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 re-
fuse,

And wilt encounter with my wrath, say so;
The bastard brains with these my proper hands
Shall I dash out. Go, take it to the fire;
For thou sett'st on thy wife.

Ant. I did not, sir:
These lords, my noble fellows, if they please,
Can clear me in't.

1 Lord. We can, my royal liege,
He is not guilty of her coming hither.

Leon. You are liars all. [credit:

1 Lord. Beseech your highness, give us better
We have always truly serv'd you; and beseech
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 curse it then. But, be it; let it live:
It shall not neither.—[To Antigonus.] 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 'tis a bastard,
So sure as thy beard's grey,—what will you
adventure

To save this brat's life!

Ant. Anything, 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:—anything possible.

Leon. It shall be possible. Swear by this
Thou wilt perform my bidding. [sword,

Ant. I will, my lord.

Leon. Mark, and perform it,—(seest thou?)
Of any point in't shall not only be [for the fall
Death to thyself, but to thy lewd-tongu'd wife,
Whom for this time we pardon. We enjoin
thee,

As thou art liegeman 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 for-
tune came to us, I do in justice charge thee, [tune
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 I
death

Had been more merciful.—Come
babe:

Some powerful spirit instruct the
To be thy nurses! Wolves and bears
Casting their savageness aside, have
Like offices of pity.—Sir, be present
In more than this deed doth re-
blessing,

Against this cruelty, fight on thy
Poor thing, condemn'd to loss! [Exit with
No, I'll not

Leon. Another's issue.

2 Atten. Please your highness
From those you sent to the oracle
An hour since: Cleomenes and Dion
Being well arriv'd from Delphos,
landed,

Hasting to the court.

1 Lord. So please you, sir,
Hath been beyond account. Twenty

Leon. They have been absent: 'tis
The great Apollo suddenly will have
The truth of this appear. Prepare
Summon a session, that we may
Our most disloyal lady; for, as she
Been publicly accus'd, so shall she
A just and open trial. While she
My heart will be a burden to me
And think upon my bidding.

ACT III.

SCENE I.—Sicilia. A Street in
Enter Cleomenes and Dion

Cleo. The climate's delicate; the
sweet;

Fertile the isle; the temple much
The common praise it bears. I shall

Dion. For most it caught me, the celebrated
(Methinks I so should term thee)

reverence

Of the grave wearers. O, the sweet
How ceremonious, solemn, and un-

It was I the offering! But, of all
And the ear-deafening voice of the
Kin to Jove's thunder, so surprised
That I was nothing.

Dion. If this event of the
Prove as successful to the queen
so!

As it hath been to us rare, please
The time is worth the use on't.

Cleo. Turn all to the best! These pro-
So forcing faults upon Hermione,
I little like.

The violent carriage of it
clear, or end, the business; when the
oracle
by Apollo's great divine seal'd up)
the contents discover, something rare,
then, will rush to knowledge.—Go,—
truth horses!—
fractions be the issue!

[Exeunt.

Scene II.—Sicilia. A Court of Justice.
Jews, Lords, and Officers, properly seated.
Leon. This session (to our great grief, we
pronounce).

against our heart;—the party tried,
daughter of a king, our wife, and one,
too much belov'd. Let us be clear'd
of this tyrannous, since we so openly
in justice; which shall have due course,
by the guilt, or the purgation.
the prisoner.

[Queen
It is his highness' pleasure that the
person here in court.—Silence!

and Ladies attending.
Read the indictment.

Hermione, queen to the
king of Sicilia, thou art here
and arraigned of high treason, in com-
ing adultery with Polixenes, king of Bo-
tany, and conspiring with Camillo, to take
the life of our sovereign lord the king, thy
husband; the pretence whereof being by
thyself partly laid open, thou, Hermione,
didst counsel and aid them, for their
safety, to fly away by night."

Her. Since what I am to say, must be but
a testimony on my part no other [boot me
what comes from myself, it shall scarce
be "Not Guilty;" mine integrity

counted falsehood, shall, as I express it,
But thus,—if powers divine

our human actions, as they do,
But not, then, but innocence shall make

accusation blush, and tyranny [know
while at patience.—You, my lord, best

least will seem to do so) my past life
as chaste, as true,
I am now unhappy: which is more

history can pattern, though devis'd
play'd to take spectators: for, behold

me,—
of the royal bed, which owes
of the throne, a great king's daughter,

number to a hopeful prince,—here stand-
ing
and talk for life and honour, 'fore
me to come and hear. For life, I

price it.
I weigh grief, which I would spare: for
a dedicatee from me to mine, [honour,
only that I stand for. I appeal

you can 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 [yond
Have strain'd, to appear thus: if one jot be
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, Vile, upon my grave!

Leon. I ne'er heard yet,
That any of these bolder vices wanted
Less impudence to gainsay what they did,
Than to perform it first.

Her. That's true enough;
Though 'tis a saying, sir, not due to me.

Leon. You will not own it.

Her. More than mistress of,
Which comes to me in name of fault, I must
At all acknowledge. For Polixenes, [not
(With whom I am accus'd,) I do confess

I lov'd him, as in honour he requir'd;
With such a kind of love as might become
A lady like me; with a love, even such,
So and no other, as yourself commanded:

Which not to have done, I think had been in
Both disobedience and ingratitude [me
To you, and toward your friend; whose love
had spoke,

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 them-
selves wotting no more than I, are ignorant [selves,

Leon. You knew of his departure, as you
know

What you have underta'en to do in his absence.

Her. Sir,
You speak a language that I understand not:
My life stands in the level of your dreams,
Which I'll lay down.

Leon. Your actions are my dreams;
You had a bastard by Polixenes, [shame,
And I but dream'd it:—as you were past all
(Those of your fact are so,) so past all truth:

Which to deny concerns more than avails;
for as

Thy brat hath been cast out, like to itself,
No father owning it, (which is, indeed,
More criminal in thee than it,) so thou

Shalt feel our justice; in whose easiest passage
Look for no less than death.

Her. Sir, spare your threats;
The bug which you would fright me with, I
To me can life be no commodity: [seek,
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-fruits 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 its most innocent mouth,
Hal'd out to murder: myself on every post

Proclaim'd a strumpet; with immodest hatred,
The child-bed privilege denied, which 'longs
To women of all fashion; lastly, hurried
Here to this place, i' the open air, before
I have got strength of limit. Now, my liege,
Tell me what blessings I have here alive,
That I should fear to die? Therefore, proceed.
But yet hear this; mistake me not; no life,—
I prize it not a straw;—but for mine honour,
(Which I would free,) if I shall be condemn'd
Upon surmises,—all proof 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.

1 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 dar'd to break the holy seal,
Nor read the secrets in't.

Cleo. Dion. All this we swear.
Leon. Break up the seals, and read.

Off. *[Reads.]* "Hermione is chaste; Polixenes blameless; Camillo a true subject;
Leontes a jealous tyrant; his innocent babe
truly begotten; and the king shall live with-
out an heir, if that which is lost be not found."

Lords. Now, blessed be the great Apollo!
Her. Prais'd!

Leon. Hast thou read truth?
Off. Ay, my lord; even so

As it is here set down.

Leon. There is no truth at all i' the oracle:
The sessions shall proceed: this is mere false-
hood.

Enter a Servant, hastily.
Ser. My lord the King, the king!

Leon. What is the business?
Ser. 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?
Ser. Is dead.

Leon. Apollo's angry; and the heavens
themselves

Do strike at my injustice. *[Hermione faints.]*
How now, there! *[look down]*

Paul. This news is mortal to the queen;—
And see what death is doing.

Leon. Take her hence:

Her heart is but o'ercharg'd; she will
I have too much believ'd mine own
Beseech you, tenderly apply to her
Some remedies for life.—*Apollo, Paul.*

[Exeunt Paulina and Ladies.]
My great profaneness 'gainst shame
I'll reconcile me to Polixenes;
New woo my queen; recall the good
Whom I proclaim a man of truth;
For, being transported by my jealousy
To bloody thoughts and to revenge,
Camillo for the minister to poison
My friend Polixenes; which had not
But that the good mind of Camillo
My swift command, though I withal
with

Reward did threaten and encourage me,
Not doing it, and being done:

And fill'd with honour, to my heart's
Unclasp'd my practice; quit his office
Which you know great; and to the
hazard

Of all uncertainties himself committ'd
No richer than his honour.—How he
Thorough my rust! and how he
Does my deeds make the blacker!

Re-enter Paulina. *Paul.*
O, cut my lace, lest my heart, crack'd
Break too!

1 Lord. What it is this, good lady,
Paul. What studied torments, what
for me?

What wheels? racks? frowns? what
In leads, or oils? what old, or new?
Must I receive, whose every word
To taste of the most worst? Thy
Together working with thy jealousy
Fancies too weak for boys, too great
For girls of nine!—O, think what
done,

And then run mad indeed,—stark mad!
Thy bygone fooleries were but sport;
That thou betray'dst Polixenes

thing.—
That did but show thee of a fool
And damnable ungrateful; nor were
Thou wouldst have poison'd your
honour,

To have him kill a king;—poor boy!
More monstrous attending him; when
The casting forth to crows thy babe
To be or none, or little; though a
Would have shed water out of thy eyes
Nor is't directly laid to thee, the queen
Of the young prince, whose

thoughts
(Thoughts high for one so touch'd)
That could conceive a gross and
Blemish'd his gracious name: this
Laid to thy answer: but the last,
When I have said, stay, was

queen,

queen,

queen,

queen,

The sweetest, dearest creature's dead; and
no remorse for't.

1 Lord. The higher powers forbid!
word nor oath

And swear: if you can bring
And, or lustre, in her lip, her eye,
I would do the gods.—But, O thou tyrant!
For, being transported by my jealousy
To bloody thoughts and to revenge,
Camillo for the minister to poison
My friend Polixenes; which had not
But that the good mind of Camillo
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queen,

queen,

queen,

queen,

queen,

queen,

queen,

Mar. Ay, my lord; and fear
We have landed in ill time: the skies look
grimly,

And threaten present blusters. In my con-
science,

The heavens with that we have in hand are
And frown upon us. *[Hungry]*
Ant. Their sacred wills be done!—Go, get
aboard:

Look to thy bark: I'll not be long before
I call upon thee.

Mar. Make your best haste; and go not
Too far i' the land: 'tis like to be loud weather;
Besides, this place is famous for the creatures
Of prey that keep upon't.

Ant. Go thou away:
I'll follow instantly.

Mar. I am glad at heart
To be so rid of the business. *[Exit.]*

Ant. Come, poor babe;—
I have heard, (but not believ'd,) the spirits o'
the dead

May walk again: if such thing be, thy mother
Appear'd to me last night; for 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, *[robes]*
So fill'd, and so becoming: in pure white
Like very sanctity, she did approach *[me]*;
My cabin where I lay; thrice bow'd before
And, gasping to begin some speech, her eyes
Became two spouts: the fury spent, anon
Did this break from her: "Good Antigonus,

"Since fate, against thy better disposition,
"Hath made thy person for the thrower-out
"Of my poor babe, according to thine oath,
"Places remote enough are in Bohemia,
"There weep, and leave it crying; and, for
"Is counted lost for ever. Perdita, *[the babe]*
"I pray thee, call it; For this ungentle business,
"Put on thee by my lord, thou ne'er shall see
"Thy wife Paulina more:"—and so, with
shrills,

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 squar'd by this. I do believe
Hermione hath suffer'd death; and that
Apollo would, this being indeed the issue
Of king Polixenes, it should here be laid,
Either for life or death, upon the earth
Of its right father.—Blossom, speed thee well!

[Laying down the babe.]
There lie; and there thy character: there
these; *[Laying down a bundle.]*
Which may, if fortune please, both breed thee,
pretty, *[wretch]*
And still rest thine.—The storm begins.—Poor
That, for thy mother's fault, art thus expos'd
To loss and what may follow!—Weep I can-
not,

not,

not,

not,

not,

not,

not,

not,

But my heart bleeds; and most accurs'd am I,
To be by oath enjoin'd to this.—Farewell!
The day frowns more and more;—then art
A lullaby too rough; I never saw [like to have
The heavens so dim by day. A savage
clamour!—

Well may I get aboard!—This is the chase:
I am gone for ever. [Exit, pursued by a bear.
Enter an old Shepherd.

Shep. I would there were no age between
ten and three-and-twenty, or that youth would
sleep out the rest; for there is nothing in the
between but getting wenches with child, wrong-
ing the ancients, stealing, fighting.—Hark
you now!—Would any but those 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 anywhere I have them,
'tis by the sea-side, browsing the ivy. Good
luck, an't be thy will! what have we here?
[Taking up the child.] Mercy on's, a barge;
a very pretty barge! 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 hollowed but even now.
—Whoa, ho, ho!

Enter Clown.

Clow. Hillos, loa!

Shep. What! art so near! If thou'lt see a
thing to talk on when thou art dead and rotten,
come hither. What ailest thou, man?

Clow. 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.

Shep. Why, boy, how is it?

Clow. I would you did but see how it chafes,
how it rages, how it takes up the shore! but
that's not to the point. 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 mainmast, and anon swallowed
with yest and froth, as you'd thrust a cork into
a hog's head. And then for the land service,—
to see how the bear tore out his shoulder-bone;
how he cried to me for help, and said his name
was Antigonus, a nobleman:—but to make an
end of the ship,—to see how the sea flap-
dragoned it:—but, first, how the poor souls
roared, and the sea mocked them;—and how
the poor gentleman roared, and the bear
mocked him, both roaring louder than the sea
or weather.

Shep. Name of mercy! when was this, boy?

Clow. 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 gentle-
man,—he's at it now.

Shep. Would I had been by, to have
the old man!

Clow. I would you had been by, to have
the old man! I would you had been by, to have
the old man!

Shep. Heavy matters! heavy matters!
look thee here, boy. Now bless thy soul,
met'st with things dying, I with thee
born. Here's a sight for a squire's cold
here; take up, take up, boy! I should
let's see; it was told me, I should be
the fairies; this is some changeling—
What's within, boy?

Clow. You're a made old man, if you
your youth are forgiven you, you're a
live. Gold! all gold!

Shep. This is fairy gold, boy, and
prove so: up with it, keep it close at
home, the next way. We are lucky, boy,
to be so still, requires nothing but
let my sheep go:—come, good boy,
way home.

Clow. Go you the next way with your
ings. I'll go see if the bear be gone
gentleman, and how much he has
they are never curst, but when they
hungry: if there be any of him left, let
him.

Shep. That's a good deed. If thou
discern by that which is left of him,
is, fetch me to the sight of him.

Clow. Marry, will I; and you shall
put him in the ground.

Shep. 'Tis a lucky day, boy, and
good deeds on't.

ACT IV.

Enter Time, as Chorus.

Time. I, that please some, try all
and terror

Of good and bad; that make and
error,—

Now takes upon me, in the name of Time,
To use my wings. Impute it not to me,
To me or my swift passage, that I show
O'er sixteen years, and leave the world
untried

Of that wide gap; since it is in my power
To o'erthrow law, and in one self day
To plant and o'erwhelm custom.

The same I am, ere ancient'st order mows
Or what is now receiv'd: I witness it,
The times that brought them in; and will
To the freshest things now reigning, and
stale

The glistering of this present, as my tale
Now seems to it. Your patience this I
I turn my glass, and give my view
growing,

As you had slept between. Look on the
Th' effects of his fond jealousies to you

Act 1, 2.

That he shuts up himself, imagine me,
And what to her adheres, which follows after,
To be argument of Time. Of this allow,
I never, yet that Time himself doth say,
He wishes earnestly you never may. [Exit.

SCENE I.—Bohemia. A Room in the Palace
of Polixenes.

Enter Polixenes and Camillo.

Pol. I pray thee, good Camillo, be no more
importunate: 'tis a sickness denying thee any-
thing; a death to grant this.

Cam. It is fifteen years since I saw my coun-
try abroad, for the most part, been
in exile; I desire to lay my bones there.
I seek for me; to whose feeling sorrows I might
be some ally, or I between to think so; which
yet As thou lovest me, Camillo, wipe not
the rest of thy services by leaving me now;
I have of thee, thine own goodness
made; better not to have had thee, than
to want thee: thou, having made me
richly manage, must either stay to exe-
cute them thyself, or take away with thee
the very services thou hast done; which if I
cannot, to be more thankful to thee shall be
my end; and my profit therein, the hearing
thy voice. Of that fatal country, Sicily,
which me with the remembrance of that
king, my brother; whose loss of his most pre-
cious queen, and children, are even now to be
lamented. Say to me, when sawest
the prince Florizel, my son? Kings are
unhappy, their issue not being gracious,
as they are in losing them when they have
proved their virtues.

Cam. Sir, it is three days since I saw the
prince. What his happier affairs may be, are
unknown: but I have missingly noted,
and frequent to his princely exercises than
any he hath appeared.

Pol. I have considered so much, Camillo,
and with some care; so far, that I have eyes
and service, which look upon his re-
verendness; from whom I have this intelli-
gence:—that he is seldom from the house of a
homely shepherd; a man, they say, that

from very nothing, and beyond the imagina-
tion of his neighbours, is grown into an unspeak-
able 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; from whose
simplicity, I think it not uneasy to get the cause
of my son's resort thither. Pr'ythee, be my
present partner in this business, and lay aside
the thoughts of Sicily.

Cam. I willingly obey your command.

Pol. My best Camillo!—We must disguise
ourselves. [Exeunt.

SCENE II.—Bohemia. A Road near the
Shepherd's Cottage.

Enter Autolyus, singing.

When daffodils begin to peer,
With height! the daisy wears the dale,
Why, then comes in the sweet o' the year;
For the red blood reigns in the winter's
pale.

The white sheet bleaching on the hedge,
With height! the sweet birds, O, how they
sing!

Doth set my pugging tooth on edge;
For a quart of ale is a dish for a king.

The lark, that (firra-firra) chants,
With height! with height! the thrush and
the jay,

Are summer songs for me and my wants,
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:

[Singing.]

But shall I go morn 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 saw-shin budget,

Then my account I will may give,
And in the stocks avouch it.

My traffic is shreds; when the kite builds,
look to lesser linen. My father named me
Autolyus; who being, as I am, littered
under Mercury, was likewise a mappor-up of
unconsidered trifles. With this and drab I
purchased this caparison; and my revenue is the
silly cheat: galloway and knock are too power-
ful 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.

Clow. Let me see: Every leaven wether—
tod; every tod yields—pound and odd shilling;

fifteen hundred shorn,—what comes the wool to?

Aut. [Aside.] If the spring hold, the cock's
Clo. I cannot do't without counters.—Let me see: what am I to buy for our sheep-shearing feast? "Three pound of sugar; five pound of currants; rice"—What will this sister of mine do with rice? But my father hath made her mistress of the feast, and she lays it on. She hath made me four-and-twenty nose-gays for the shearers,—three-man songmen all, and very good ones; but they are most of them meana and bases; but one Puritan amongst them, and he sings psalms to hornpipes. I must have saffron, to colour the warden pies; yucca, dates,—none; that's out of my note: "nutmegs seven; a race or two of ginger,"—but that I may beg; "four pound of prunes, and as many of raisins of the sun."

Aut. O, that ever I was born!

[Grocelling 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 loathsomeness of them offends me more than the stripes I have received, which are mighty ones, and millions.

Clo. Alas, poor man! a million of beating may come to a great matter.

Aut. I am robbed, sir, and beaten; my money and apparel taken from me, and these detestable things put upon me.

Clo. What, by a horse-man or a foot-man?

Aut. A foot-man, sweet sir, a foot-man.

Clo. Indeed, he should be a foot-man, by the garments he hath left with thee: if this be a horse-man's coat, it hath seen very hot service. Lend me thy hand, I'll help thee; come, lend me thy hand.

[Helping him up.]

Aut. O! good sir, tenderly, O!

Clo. Alas, poor soul!

Aut. O, good sir! softly, good sir! I fear, sir, my shoulder-blade is out.

Clo. How now! canst stand!

Aut. Softly, dear sir; [Picks his pocket.] good sir, softly. You ha' done me a charitable office.

[Money for thee.]

Clo. Dost lack any money? I have a little.

Aut. No, good sweet sir; no, I beseech you, sir, I have a kinsman not past three-quarters of a mile hence, unto whom I was going; I shall there have money, or anything I want: offer me no money, I pray you, that kills my heart.

[Robbed you!]

Clo. What manner of fellow was he that

Aut. A fellow, sir, that I have known to go about with trol-my-dames: I knew him once a servant of the prince: I cannot tell, good sir, for which of his virtues it was, but he was certainly whipped out of the court.

Clo. His vices, you would say; there's no

virtue whipped out of the court; they have but abide.

Aut. Vices, I would say, sir. I have been since an apprentice; then a process-server, a bailiff; then a tinker's wife within a mile of my land and living lies; and having done many knavish professions, he settled me a rogue: some call him Autolycus.

Clo. Out upon him! Prig, for my life, he haunts wakes, fairs, and bearbaiting.

Aut. Very true, sir; he, sir, ha' done me a mischief that put me into this apparel.

Clo. Not a more cowardly rogue is there; if you had but looked him over, him, he'd have ruin.

Aut. I must confess to you, sir, I am a fighter; I am false of heart that way; that he knew, I warrant him.

Clo. How do you now?

Aut. Sweet sir, much better than I can stand and walk: I will even the way of you, and pace softly towards my home.

Clo. Shall I bring thee on the way?

Aut. No, good-faced sir; no, sweet.

Clo. Then fare thee well, I must go.

Aut. Prosper you, sweet sir!

Clo. Prosper you, sweet sir!—[Exit.] Your purse is not hot enough to your

your spice. I'll be with you at your shearing too: if I make not this clean out another, and the shearers prove me to be unroll'd, and my name put in the list of virtue.

[Sings.]

*Jog on, jog on, the footpath way,
And merrily heat the air—
A merry heart goes all the day,
Your sad tires in a minute.*

SCENE III.—Bohemian Cottage.

Enter Florizel and Perdita.

Fla. These your unusual weeds to whom do you give a life: no shepherds; but your

peering in April's front. This your shearing

is as a meeting of the petty gods, And you the queen on't.

Per. Sir, my presence

O, pardon that I name them; your presence

The gracious mark o' the land, you are

With a swain's wearing; and me, poor

Most goddess-like prank'd up; see how

In every mess have folly, and the feast

Digest it with a custom, I should

To see you so attired,—sworn, I think

To show myself a glass.

I bless the time
When my good falcon made her flight across
To this a ground.

Now, Jove afford you cause!
To see the difference forges dread; your great-

shall not be unaid'd to fear. Even now I tremble

To think, your father, by some accident,

should have this way, as you did: O, the fates!

What would he look, to see his work, so noble,

What would he say? Or

should I, in these my borrow'd haunts, behold

nothing but jollity. The gods themselves,

the shapes of beauty taken

become a bull, and bellow'd; the green Nep-

Amun, and bleated; and the fire-rob'd god,

As I seen now, a poor humble swain,

Were never for a piece of beauty rarer,

than not before mine honour, nor my lusts

more better than my faith.

O, but, sir,

your resolution cannot hold, when 'tis

as it must be, by the power of the

Which then will speak; that you must change

my life.

Thou dearest Perdita, [not

with o' the feast; or I'll be thine, my

Or not my father's; for I cannot be

Thine own, nor anything to any, if

I be not thine: to this I am most constant,

Though destiny say no. Be merry, gentle;

that you behold the while. Your guests are

coming;

Let up your countenance, as it were the day

of celebration of that nuptial, which

we two have sworn shall come.

O lady fortune,

stand you auspicious!

Enter Shepherd, with Polixenes and Camillo,

Disguised: Clown, Mopsa, Dorcas, and other

Shepherds and Shepherdesses.

See, your guests approach:

And let's be red with mirth. [Dives, upon

step. Fla, daughter! when my old wife

The day she was both pantiier, butler, cook,

both dame and servant; welcom'd all; serv'd

all;

Would sing her song, and dance her turn;

As never and o' the table, now I' the middle;

On his shoulder, and his; her face o' fire

With labour and the thing she took to

speech it,

She would to each one sip. You are retir'd,

As if you were a feasted one, and not

The hostess of the meeting: pray you, bid

These unknown friends to us welcome; for it is

A way to make us better friends, more known.

Come, quench your blushes, and present your-

self.

That which you are, mistress o' the feast; come

And bid us welcome to your sheep-shearing,

As your good flock shall prosper.

Per. [To Pol.] Sir, welcome!

It is my father's will, I should take on me

The hostess-ship o' the day:—[To Cam.]

You're welcome, sir.

Give me those flowers there, Dorcas:—revere

For you there's rosemary and rue; these keep

Seeming and savour all the winter long;

Grace and remembrance be to you both,

And welcome to our shearing!

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

season

Are our carnations, and streak'd gillyflowers,

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 piousness, 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

A gentler action to the wildest stock, [marry

And make conceive a bark of baser kind

By bud of nobler race: this is an art

Which does mend nature,—change it rather;

The art itself is nature.

[Exit]

Per. So it is.

Pol. Then make your garden rich in gilly-

And do not call them bastards.

[Flowers,

Per. I'll not put

This dill in earth to set one slip of them;

No more than, were I painted, I would wish

This youth should say, 'twere well; and only

therefore

Desire to breed by me.—Here's flowers for

Hot lavender, mints, savory, marjoram;

The marigold, that goes to bed with 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 are very wel-

Cam. I should leave grazing, were I of your

And only live by gazing.

[Flock,

Per. Out, alas!

You'd be so lean, that blasts of January

Would blow you through and through.—Now,
my fairest 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, frightened, thou let'st
From Dis's waggon! daisies, [fall
That come before the swallow dares, and take
The winds of March with beauty; violets, dim,
But sweeter than the lids of Juno's eyes,
Or Cytherea's breath; pale primroses,
That die unmarried, ere they can behold
Bright Phoebus in his strength, a malady
Most incident to maids; bold oxlips, and
The crown-imperial; lilies of all kinds,
The flower-de-luce being one! O, these I lack,
To make you garlands of; and my sweet
To strew him o'er and o'er! [friend,

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,
But quick, and in mine arms.—Come, take
your flowers:

Methinks I play as I have seen them do
In Whitsun-pastorals: sure, this robe of mine
Does change my disposition.

Flo. What you do
Still betters what is done. When you speak,
sweet,

I'd have you do it ever: when you sing,
I'd have you buy and sell so; so give 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 singular in each particular,
Crown what you are doing in the present deeds,
That all your acts are queens.

Per. O Doricles,
Your praises are too large; but that your youth,
And the true blood, which peeps fairly through
it,

Do plainly give you out an unstain'd 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 you to't.—But, come; our dance, I
Your hand, my Perdita: so turtles pair, [pray;
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.

Cant. He tells her something,

That makes her blood look out; good
The queen of curds and cream.

Clo. Come on, mistress.

Dor. Mopsa must be your mistress.

To mend her kissing with.

Mop. Now, in

Clo. Not a word, a word; we should

our manners.—

Come, strike up!

[Here a dance of Shepherds.

Pol. Pray, good shepherd, what for

Which dances with your daughter?

Shep. They call him Doricles,

himself

To have a worthy feeding; but I have

Upon his own report, and I believe it;

He looks like youth. He says he has

daughter:

I think so too; for never gar'd the moon

Upon the water, as he'll stand, and

As 'twere, my daughter's eyes; and, to

I think there is not half a kiss to be

Who loves another best.

Pol. She dances

Shep. So she does anything; then

port it,

That should be silent: if young Doricles

Do light upon her, she shall bring him

Which he not dreams of.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. O master, if you did but hear
lar at the door, you would never dance
after a tabor and pipe; no, the burglar
not move you: he sings several times
than you'll tell money; he utters them
had eaten ballads, and all men's ears
his tunes.

Clo. He could never come better: let
come in: I love a ballad but even too
it be doleful matter merrily set down,
pleasant thing indeed and sung lamely

Serv. He hath songs for man or woman
all sizes; no milliner can so fit his
with gloves: he has the prettiest
for maids; so without bawdry, which
with such delicate burdens of "dillies"

"fadings," "jump her and thump her"
where some stretch-mouthed rascal
it were, mean mischief, and break a

into the matter, he makes the maid to
"Whoop, do me no harm, good man;
him off, slights him, with "Whoop, do
harm, good man."

Pol. This is a brave fellow.

Clo. Believe me, thou talk'st of so
able-conceited fellow. Has he any
wares?

Serv. He hath ribands of all the colours
rainbow; points, more than all the
in Bohemia can learnedly handle;

they come to him by the gross; fine
disses, cumbries, lawns: why, he says

over, as they were gods or goddesses.

could think a snook were a she-angel, he so
wants to she (swoon) hand, and the work about
the square on't.

Clo. Pr'ythee, bring him in; and let him
approach singing.

My. Forwarn him, that he use no scurril-
ous words in his tunes.

Clo. You have of these pedlars, that have
more to them than you'd think, sister.

My. Ay, good brother, or go about to think.

Enter Autolycus, singing.

Loves as white as driven snow;

Uppas black as e'er was crow;

Loves as sweet as damask roses;

Mask for faces and for noses;

Bugle bracelet, necklace-amber;

Perfume for a lady's chamber;

Golden quoits and stomachers;

For my lads to give their dears;

Pins and poking-sticks of steel;

What maids lack from head to heel;

Come buy of me, come; come buy, come buy;

Buy, lads, or else your lasses cry:

Come buy.

Clo. If I were not in love with Mopsa, thou
shouldst take no money of me; but being en-
amoured as I am, it will also be the bondage of

My. I was promised them against the
last; but they come not too late now.

Dor. He hath promised you more than
that, or there be liars.

My. He hath paid you all he promised
and may be, he has paid you more; which
will shame you to give him again.

Clo. Is there no manners left among maids?
that they wear their plackets—where they
could bear their faces? Is there not milking-
time—when you are going to bed—or kiln-hole,
or whistle off these secrets, but you must be
tattling before all our guests? 'Tis well
they are whispering. Clamour your tongues,
and not a word more.

My. I have done. Come, you promised
me a lowdry lace, and a pair of sweet gloves.

Clo. Have I not told thee, how I was cozen-
ed by the way, and lost all my money?

My. And, indeed, sir, there are cozeners
everywhere; therefore it behoves men to be wary.

Clo. Fear not thou, man, thou shalt lose
nothing here.

My. I hope so, sir; for I have about me
many parcels of charge.

Clo. What hast here? ballads?

My. Pray now, buy some; I love a ballad
to put a life; for then we are sure they are
true.

Aut. Here's one to a very doleful tune. How
a weaver's wife was brought to bed of twenty
many-bags at a burden; and how she longed
to eat adders' heads, and tonds carbonadoed.

My. Is it true, think you?

Aut. Very true; and but a month old.

My. Very true; and but a month old.

Aut. Here's the midwife's name to't, one
mistress Tale-porter, and five or six honest
wives that were present. Why should I carry
lies abroad? *Mop.* Pray you now, buy it.

Clo. Come on, lay it by: and let's first see
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 fathoms above
water, and sung this ballad against the hard
hearts of maids: it was thought she was a
woman, and was turned into a cold fish, for she
would not exchange flesh with one that loved
her: the ballad is very pitiful, and as true.

Dor. Is it true, think you?

Aut. Five justices' hands at it, and witnesses
more than my pack will hold.

Clo. Lay it by too; another. [pretty one.]
Aut. This is a merry ballad, but a very
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 west-ward but she sing 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.

Aut. Get you hence, for I must go;

Where, it fits not you to know.

Dor. Whither? *Mop.* O whither?

Dor. Whither?

Mop. It becomes thy oath full well,

Thou to me thy secrets tell:

Dor. Me too, let me go thither.

Mop. Or thou go'st to the grange or mill;

Dor. If to either, thou dost ill.

Aut. Neither. *Dor.* What, neither?

Aut. Neither.

Dor. Thou hast sworn my love to be;

Mop. Thou hast sworn it more to me;

Then, whither go'st? say, whither?

Clo. We'll have this song out anon by our-
selves: my father and the gentlemen are in sad
talk, and we'll not trouble them.—Come, bring
away thy pack after me.—Wench, I'll buy
for you both.—Pedlar, let's have the first
choice.—Follow me, girls.

Aut. [Aside.] And you shall pay well for 'em.

[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 fin'st, fin'st wear-a!

Come to the pedlar;

Money's a meddler,

That doth utter all men's ware-a.

[Exit, with Dorcas and Mopsa.]

Re-enter Servant, Autolycus following.

Serv. Master, there is three carters, three shepherds, three neat-herds, threeswine-herds, that have made themselves all men of hair,—they call themselves saltiers: and they have a dance which the wenches say is a gullymawfry of gambols, because they are not in't; but they themselves are o' the mind (if it be not too rough for some, that know little but bowling) it will please plentifully.

Shep. Away! we'll none on't: here has been too much homely foolery already.—I know, sir, we weary you.

Pol. You weary those that refresh us: pray, let's see these four threes of herdsmen.

Serv. One 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 squire.

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.*]

Re-enter Servant, with Twelve Rustics habited like Satyrs. They dance, and then exeunt.

Pol. [To *Shep.*] O, father, you'll know more of that hereafter.—[*part them.*]

[*Aside.*] Is it not too far gone? 'Tis time to let's simple, and tells much. [To *Flo.*] How now, fair shepherd!

Your heart is full of something, that does take Your mind from feasting. Sooth, when I was young,

And handed love as you do, I was wont To load my she with knacks: I would have ransack'd

The pedlar's silken treasury, and have pour'd To her acceptance; you have let him go, [it And nothing mated 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: [lock'd The gifts she looks from me are pack'd and Up in my heart; which I have given already, But not deliver'd.—O, hear me breathe my life Before this ancient sir, who, it should seem, Hath sometime lov'd: I take thy hand; this hand,

As soft as dove's down, and as white as it, Or Ethiopian's tooth, or the fann'd snow That's bolted by the northern blasts twice o'er.

Pol. What follows this?—

How prettily the young swain seems to wash The hand, was fair before!—I have put you But, to your protestation; let me hear [out:—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 happy arch,

Thereof most worthy; were I the fairest That ever made eye averse; had I more

knowledge, More than was ever man's,—I would not

Without her love: for her employ I should Commend them, and condemn them,

Or to their own perdition. Fairly said.

Pol. This shows a sound affection. But, my daughter,

Say you the like to him? I cannot say.

Per. So well, nothing so well; no, nor more. By the pattern of mine own thought, I think

The purity of his. Take hands, a hand!

Shep. And, friends unknown, you shall hear to't:

I give my daughter to him, and will make Her portion equal his.

Flo. O, that might be! I'll the virtue of your daughter: and you shall have more than you can dream of.

Enough then for your wonder. [*part them.*]

Contract us 'fore these witnesses. Come, your daughter.

Shep. And, daughter, yours.

Pol. Soft, swain, awhile, before you Have you a father?

Flo. I have: but what of that?

Pol. Knows he of this?

Flo. He neither does, nor cares.

Pol. Methinks a father Is, at the nuptial of his son, a guest.

That best becomes the table. Pray you, more;

Is not your father grown incapable Of reasonable affairs? is he not staid?

With age, and altering rheum? Can he hear?

Know man from man? dispute like an ass? Lies he not bed-rid? and again, does he not

But what he did being childish? No, no, no.

Flo. He has his health, and ampler strength, Than most have of his age.

Pol. By my white beard, you offer him, if this be so, a wrong.

Something unillial: reason, my son, Should choose himself a wife; but as for

The father (all whose joy is nothing else But fair posterity) should hold some other

In such a business. I yield all this.

But, for some other reasons, my grace, which 'tis not fit you know, I hold it

My father of this business. Let him say.

Pol. He shall not.

Pol. Pr'ythee, let him.

Flo. No, he shall not.

Let him, my son: he shall not need My blessing of thy choice. [to grieve]

Come, come, he must not.—Mark your divorce, young sir!

[*Discovering himself.*]

I dare not call; thou art too base That thou affect'st a sheep-hook!—Thou old

knave, I am sorry, that, by hanging thee, I can

shorten thy life one week.—And thou, my excellent witchcraft, who, of force, must

show thy royal fool thou cop'st with,—[*know*]

I'll have thy beauty scratch'd with

bricks, and made more homely than thy state.—For thee, fond

boy, I may ever know thou dost but sigh [boy,

that thou no more shalt never see this knave, [as ever]

I would thou shalt, we'll bar thee from succe-

ding thee of our blood, no, not our kin,

for thou Dencelion off!—mark thou my

words:—[*time,*]

Follow us to the court.—Thou, churl, for this

trick, full of our displeasure, yet we free

thee from the dead blow of it.—And you, en-

ough, enough a herdsman; yea, him too,

enough thee,—if ever henceforth thou [in,

thy rural latch to his entrance open,

thy body more with thy embraces,

thy death as cruel for thee, [as ever]

Even here undone!

I am not much afraid; for once or twice

the villainous sun that shines upon his court,

has put his visage from our cottage, but

not you, no good!

Will't please you, [you,

of your own state take care: this dream of

mine, [*know*]

now awake, I'll queen it no inch farther,

than mine eyes, and weep.

Why, how now, father!

ere thou diest.

If I might die within this hour, I have liv'd To die when I desire. [*Exit.*]

Flo. Why look you so upon me? I am but sorry, not afraid; delay'd;

But nothing alter'd: what I was, I am: More straining on, for plucking back; not fol-

lowing My leash unwillingly, [*know*]

Gracious my lord,

You know your father's temper: at this time He will allow no speech,—which I do guess

You do not purpose to him;—and as hardly Will he endure your sight as yet, I fear:

Then, till the fury of his highness settle, Come not before him.

Flo. I not purpose it.

I think, Camillo!

Even he, my lord.

Per. How often have I told you 'twould be How often said, my dignity would last [thou]

But till 'twere known!

It cannot fail, but by The violation of my faith; and then,

Let nature crush the sides o' the earth together, And mar the seeds within! Lift up thy looks:

From my succession wipe me, father; I Am heir to my affection.

Cam. Be advis'd.

Flo. I am; and by my fancy; if my reason Will thereto be obedient, I have reason;

If not, my senses, better pleas'd with madness, Do bid it welcome.

Cam. This is desperate, sir.

Flo. So call it: but it does fulfil my vow, I needs must think it honest. Camillo,

Not for Bohemia, nor the pomp that may Be therat glean'd; for all the sun sees, or

The close earth wombs, or the profound seas hide

In unknown fathoms, will I break my oath To this my fair belov'd: therefore, I pray you,

As you have ever been my father's honour'd friend, [not

When he shall miss me, (as, in faith, I mean To see him any more,) cast your good counsels

Upon his passion: let myself and fortune Tag for the time to come. This you may

And so deliver,—I am put to sea [know

With her, whom here I cannot hold on shore; And, most opportune to our need, I have

A vessel rides fast by, but not prepar'd For this design. What course I mean to hold

Shall nothing benefit your knowledge, nor Concern me the reporting.

Cam. O my lord, I would your spirit were easier for advice,

Or stronger for your need.

Flo. Hark, Perdita.—[*Taking her aside.*]

[To Camillo.] I'll hear you by and by.

And that unhappy king, my master, whom I so much thirst to see.

Flo. Now, good Camillo, I am so fraught with curious business, that I leave out ceremony. *[Going.]*

Cam. Sir, I think You have heard of my poor services, if the love That I have borne your father!

Flo. Very nobly Have you deserv'd: it is my father's music, To speak your deeds; not little of his care To have them recompens'd as thought on.

Cam. Well, my lord, If you may please to think I love the king, And, through him, what's nearest to him, which is

Your gracious self, embrace but my direction, (If your more ponderous and settled project May suffer alteration,) on mine honour I'll point you where you shall have such receiving

As shall become your highness; where you Enjoy your mistress; (from the whom, I see, There's no disjunction to be made, but by, As heavens forefend! your ruin;) marry her; And (with my best endeavours in your absence) Your discontenting father strive to qualify, And bring him up to liking.

Flo. How, Camillo, May this, almost a miracle, be done? That I may call thee something more than And, after that, trust to thee. *[Man.]*

Cam. Have you thought on A place whereto you'll go?

Flo. Not any yet: But as th' unthought-on accident is guilty To what we wildly do, so we profess Ourselves to be the slaves of chance, and flies Of every wind that blows.

Cam. Then list to me! This follows,—if you will not change your purpose, But undergo this flight,—make for Sicilia; And there present yourself and your fair princess

(For so, I see, she must be) 'fore Leontes; She shall be habit'd as it becomes The partner of your bed. Methinks I see Leontes, opening his free arms, and weeping His welcomes forth; asks thee, the son, forgiveness,

As 'twere if the father's person; kisses the hands Of your fresh princess; o'er and o'er divides him *[One]* 'Twixt his unkindness and his kindness,—the He chides to hell, and bids the other grow Faster than thought, or time.

Flo. Worthy Camillo, What colour for my visitation shall I Hold up before him?

Cam. Sent by the king, your father, To greet him, and to give him comforts. Sir, The manner of your bearing towards him, with

What you, as from your father, shall Things known betwixt us three, I'll set down:

The which shall point you forth at court. What you must say; that he shall hear. But that you have your father's honour And speak his very heart.

Flo. I am bound to you. There is some say in this.

Cam. A course more Than a wild dedication of yourself To unpath'd waters, undream'd of

certain To miseries enough: no hope to help But, as you shake off one, to take another. Nothing so certain as your anchors. Do their best office, if they can but stay. Where you'll be loth to be! Besides, Prosperity's the very bond of love, Whose fresh complexion, and whose Affliction alters.

Per. One of these is true! I think affliction may subdue the flesh, But not take in the mind.

Cam. There shall not, at your father's bidding, Be born another such.

Flo. My good Camillo, She is as forward of her breeding, as She is i' the rear of our birth.

Cam. I cannot say so. She lacks instructions, for she seems To most that teach.

Per. Your pardon, sir, I'll blush you thanks.

Flo. My prattling Camillo, But O, the thorns we stand upon! Preserver of my father, now of me, The medicine of our house!—how shall We be not furnish'd like Bohemia's? Nor shall appear in Sicilia.

Cam. My lord, Fear none of this: I think you know Do all lie there; it shall be so my care To have you royally appointed, as if The scene you play were mine. For that you may know you shall not want one word.

Enter Autolyon. Aut. Ha, ha! what a fool Honesty! Trust, his sworn brother, a very simple man! I have sold all my trappings, counterfeit stone, not a riband, finger-der, brooch, table-book, ballad, glove, shoe-tie, bracelet, horn-ring, pack from fasting: they throng about me, as if my trinkets had been gold, and brought a benediction to the poor, which means I saw whose purse picture; and what I saw, to my member. My clown (who was a thing to be a reasonable man) grew with the wenches' song, that he wove his petticoats till he had both turn and

look so drew the rest of the herd to me, that were pinch'd a placket, it was senseless; 'twas as if I had Lays off, that hung in chains: no feeling, no feeling, but my sir's song, and adding the nothing of it. So that, in this festival purse; and had not the old man come with a whoo-huh against his daughter and the king's son, and scared my clowns from the end, 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

think there as you arrive, shall clear that doubt. And those that you'll procure from my Leontes,—

Shall satisfy your father.

Per. Happy be you! I speak shown fair. *[Here!—]* We'll make an instrument of this; omit nothing may give us aid.

Aut. *[Aside.]* If they have overheard me thus, why hanging.

Cam. How now, good fellow! Why shakest thou so? Fear not, man: here's no harm intended to thee.

Aut. I am a poor fellow, sir.

Cam. Why, be so still; here's nobody will hurt thee from thee; yet, for the outside of thy poverty, we must make an exchange, therefore, (thou must think, there's a necessity in't) and change garments with some gentleman: though the pennyworth on thee be the worst, yet hold thee, there's no harm in't.

Aut. I am a poor fellow, sir.—*[Aside.]* I am as well enough.

Cam. Say, pr'ythee, despatch: the gentleman is half flayed already.

Aut. Are you in earnest, sir?—*[Aside.]* I will be quick on't.

Cam. Despatch, I pr'ythee.

Aut. Indeed, I have had earnest; but I can't with conscience take it.

Cam. Unbuckle, unbuckle.—*[To and Autol.]* exchange garments. (Let my prophecy come to you!) you must retire yourself and pluck it o'er your brow; unfile your face; smooth the wrinkles; and, as you can, dislodge the truth of your own seeming; that you may not be fear eyes over you) to ship-board

that I may bear a part.

Aut. No remedy,—

Should I now meet my father, I would not call — a son.

Cam. Nay, you shall have No hat.—*[Giving it to Per.]* Come, lady, come.—Farewell, my friend.

Aut. Adieu, sir. *Flo.* O Perdita, what have we twain forgot! Pray you, a word. *[They converse apart.]*

Cam. *[Aside.]* What I do next, shall be to tell the king

Of this escape, and whither they are bound; Wherein, my hope is, I shall so prevail, To force him after: in whose company I shall review Sicilia, for whose sight I have a woman's longing.

Flo. Fortune speed us!— Thus we set on, Camillo, to the sea-side.

Cam. The swifter speed, the better. *[Exit Florizel, Perdita, and Camillo.]*

Aut. I understand the business; I hear it: to have an open ear, a quick eye, and a nimble hand, is necessary for a cut-purse; a good nose is requisite also, to smell out work for the other senses. I see, this is the time that the 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. Aside, aside—here is more matter for a hot brain: every lane's end, every shop, church, session, hanging, yields a careful man work.

Cl. 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.

Cl. Nay, but hear me. *Shep.* Go to, then.

Cl. She being none of your flesh and blood, your flesh and blood has not offended the king; and so your flesh and blood is not to be punished by him. Show those things you found about her; those secret things, all but what she has with her; this being done, let the law go whistle; I warrant you.

Shep. I will tell the king all, every word, 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.

Cl. Indeed, brother-in-law was the farthest off you could have been to him; and then your blood had been the dearer, by I know how much an ounce.

Aut. *[Aside.]* Very wisely, puppies!

Shep. Well, let us to the king: there is that in this farrel will make him scratch his beard.

Aut. *[Aside.]* I know not what impediment this complaint may be to the flight of my master.

Clo. Pray heartily be at palace.
Aut. [Aside.] Though I am not naturally honest, I am so sometimes by chance:—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 anything 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 us the lie.

Clo. Your worship had like to have given us one, if you had not taken yourself with the manner.

Shep. Are you a courtier, an't like you, sir?
Aut. Whether it like me, or no, I am a courtier. Seest thou not the air of the court in these enfoldings? hath not my gait in it the measure of the court? receives not thy nose court-odour from me? reflect I not on thy baseness court-contempt? 'Think'st thou, for that I insinuate, or toze from thee thy business, I am therefore no courtier? I am courtier, cap-a-pé; and one that will either push on, or pluck back thy business there: whereupon, I command thee to open thy affair.

Shep. My business, sir, is to the king.
Aut. What advocate hast thou to him?
Shep. I know not, an't like you.
Clo. Advocate's the court word for a pbeasant: say, you have none.

Shep. None, sir; I have no pbeasant, cock nor hen.
Aut. How bless'd are we that are not simple men!

Yet nature might have made me as these are, Therefore I'll not disdain.

Clo. This cannot be but a great courtier.
Shep. His garments are rich, but he wears them not handsomely.

Clo. He seems to be the more noble in being fantastical: a great man, I'll warrant; I know by the picking on's teeth.

Aut. The fardel there! what's i' the fardel? Wherefore that box?

Shep. Sir, there lies such secrets in that fardel and box, which none must know but the king; and which he shall know within this hour, if I may come to the speech of him.

Aut. Age, thou hast lost thy labour.
Shep. Why, sir?

Aut. The king is not at the palace; he is gone aboard a new ship to purge melancholy, and air himself: For, if thou be'st capable of things serious, thou must know, the king is full of grief.

Shep. So 'tis said, sir, about his passing till it be brought you.
Aut. If that shepherd be not now, I will trust you. Walk before toward the castle: go on the right hand: I will but have upon the hedge, and follow you.
Clo. We are blessed in this man, as I may say, even blessed.

Shep. Let's before, as he bids us: he was provided to do us good.

[Exeunt Shepherd and Clown.]
Aut. If I had a mind to be honest, I see, in my mouth, I am courted now with a golden occasion, gold, and a means to do the good that may turn back to my advancement? I will bring these two moles, these blind ones, and, and that the complaint they have to the king concerns him nothing, let him call me a fool for being so far officious; for I am proof against that title, and what shame else belongs to him will I present them: there may be matter in it.

[Exit.]

ACT V.

Scene I.—Sicilia. A Room in the Palace of Leontes.
 Enter Leontes, Cleomenes, Dion, Paulina, and others.

Aut. Sir, you have done enough, and have performed a noble-like sorrow; no fault could you make, which you have not redeemed; indeed paid more penitence than done trespass; at the last, with these forgive yourself.

Leon. Whilst I remember her and her virtues, I cannot forget the blessings in them; and so still think of you wrong I did myself; which was so much, and heinous it hath made my kingdom; and destroyed the sweetest companion, that e'er I had his hopes out of.

Paul. True, too true, my lord; I, me by one, you wedded all the world, from the all that are, took something good, would a perfect woman, she you kill'd would be unparallel'd.

Leon. I think so. Kill'd! I did so; but thou strik'st me to say I did; it is as bitter as my thought: now, you might have spoken a thousand things that would have done the time more benefit, and grac'd your kindness better.

Paul. You are one of those, who would have him wed again.

Leon. Never, Paulina; so be bless'd my spirit!

Paul. Then, good my lords, bear witness to Cleo. You tempt him over-much.

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Paul. Then, good my lords, bear witness to Cleo. You tempt him over-much.

Dion. If you would not so, You pity not the state, nor the remembrance Of his most sovereign name; consider little What dangers, by his highness' fall of issue, May drop upon his kingdom, and devour Uncertain lookers-on. What were more holy, Than to rejoice the former queen is well! What holier than,—for royalty's repair, For present comfort, and for future good,— To bless the bed of majesty again

With a sweet fellow to't?

Paul. There is none worthy, Respecting her that's gone. Besides, the gods Will have fulfill'd their secret purposes; For has not the divine Apollo said, Is't not the tenor 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. 'Tis your counsel, My lord should to the heavens be contrary, Oppose against their wills.—[To Leon.] 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 [now, Had squar'd me to thy counsel! then, even I might have look'd upon my queen's full Have taken treasure from her lips,— [eyes; And left them

Paul. More rich, for what they yielded.

Leon. Thou speak'st truth. No more such wives; therefore, no wife: one worse, And better us't, would make her sainted spirit Again possess her corse; and, on this stage, (Where we offenders now appear,) soul-ver'd, Begin, "And 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 I'd You chose her; then I'd shriek, that even your

Should rift to hear me; and the words that Should be, "Remember mine." [follow'd

Leon. Stars, stars, And all eyes else deal coals!—Fear thou no I'll have no wife, Paulina. [wife; Will you swear

Paul. Never to marry, but by my free leave!

Leon. Never, Paulina; so be bless'd my spirit!

Paul. Then, good my lords, bear witness to Cleo. You tempt him over-much.

Paul. Unless another,
As like Hermione as is her picture,
A front 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
To see her in your arms.

Leon. My true Paulina,
We shall not marry, till thou bidd'st us.

Paul. That
Shall be when your first queen's again in breath;
Never till then.

Enter a Gentleman. [rize].

Gent. One that gives out himself prince Flo-
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 fram'd, but forc'd
By need and accident. What train?

Gent. But few,
And those but mean.

Leon. His princess, say you, with him?

Gent. Ay, the most peerless piece of earth,
I think,

That e'er the sun shone bright on.

Paul. O Hermione,
As every present time doth boast itself

Above a better, gone, so must thy grave
Give way to what's seen now! Sir, you yourself
Have said and writ so, (but your writing now
Is colder than that theme,) "She had not been,
Nor was not to be equal'd;"—thus your verse
Flow'd with her beauty once: 'tis shrewdly
To say you have seen a better.

Gent. Pardon, madam:
The one I have almost forgot; (your pardon)
The other, when she has obtain'd your eye,
Will have your tongue too. This is a creature,
Would she begin a sect, might quench the
Of all professors else; make proselytes [zeal
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 embayment.—Still, 'tis
strange,

[*Exit* Cleomenes, Lords, and Gentleman.]
He thus should steal 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. P'rythee, no more;
know'st

He dies to me again when talk'd of
When I shall see this gentleman, O my
Will bring me to consider that which
Unfurnish me of reason.—They are
Re-enter Cleomenes, with Florio,

and others.

Your mother was most true to wedlock
For she did print your royal father's
Conceiving you: were I but twenty
Your father's image is so hit in you,
His very air, that I should call you
As I did him; and speak of something
By as perform'd before. Most dearly
And you, fair princess,—goddess I do
I lost a couple, that 'twixt heaven and earth
Might thus have stood, begetting wonder
You, gracious couple, do! And how
(All mine own folly) the society
Amity too, of your brave father; when
Though bearing misery, I desire my
Once more to look on him.

Flo. By his com-

Have I here touch'd Sicilia, and from
Give you all greetings, that a king, at
Can send his brother: and, but indirectly
(Which waits upon worn times) hath
His wish'd alidity, he had himself
The land and waters 'twixt your throne
Mensur'd to look upon you; when
(He bade me say so) more than all the
And those that bear them, living.

Leon. O, my lord,

(Good gentleman,) the wrongs I have
these stir

Afresh within me; and these thy offices
So rarely kind, are as interpreters
Of my behind-hand slackness.—
As is the spring to th' earth. And how
Expos'd this paragon to the fearful
(At least ungently) of the dreadful
To greet a man not worth her pains,
Th' adventure of her person!

Flo. She came from Libya.

Leon. Where the warlike
That noble honour'd lord, in fear'd and
Flo. Most royal sir, from thence; from
whose daughter

His tears proclaim'd his, parting with
(A prosperous south-wind friendly) was
cross'd,

To execute the charge my father gave
For visiting your highness: my last
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 which
Here where we are.

Leon. The bless'd gods
Purge all infection from our air, which
Do climate here! You have a holy
A graceful gentleman; against whose

as it is, I have done since
I wash the heavens, taking angry note,
As he from heaven merits it) with you, (boon,
Worthy his goodness. What might I have
At last a son and daughter now have look'd
And goodly things as you!

Leon. Enter a Lord.

Most noble sir,
That which I shall report will bear no credit,
Was not the proof so nigh. Please you, great

Paul. Bohemia greets you from himself by me;
Desires you to attach his son, who has
(The dignity and duty both cast off)
And from his father, from his hopes, and with
A shepherd's daughter.

Leon. Where's Bohemia I speak.
Here in your city; I now came from
I speak amazedly; and it becomes [him:
My marvel and my message. To your court
Wishes he was hastening, (in the chase, it
seems,

At this fair couple,) meets he on the way
The father of this seeming lady, and
Her mother, having both their country quitted
With this young prince.

Flo. Camillo has betray'd me;
Whose honour and whose honesty, till now,
Endur'd all weathers.

Leon. Lay't so to his charge:
With the king your father.

Paul. Who! Camillo?

Leon. Camillo, sir; I spoke with him; who
now

Has these poor men in question. Never saw I
Watch so quick: they kneel, they kiss the
earth;

Persons themselves as often as they speak:
Bohemus stops his ears, and threatens them
With divers deaths in death.

Flo. O my poor father!—
Our contract celebrated.

Leon. You are married?

Flo. We are not, sir, nor are we like to be;
The stars, I see, will kiss the valleys first:—
The odds for high and low's alike.

Paul. My lord,

Is this the daughter of a king?

Leon. She is,
When once she is my wife.

Flo. That once, I see, by your good
father's speed,

Will come as very slowly. I am sorry,
Most sorry, you have broken from his liking,
Where you were first in duty; and as sorry
Your choice is not so rich in worth as beauty,
That you might well enjoy her.

Paul. Dear, look up.
Though Fortune, visible an enemy,
Should chase us, with my father, power no jot
Hath she to change our loves.—Beseech you,
sir,

Remember since you ow'd no more to time
Than I do now: with thought of such affec-
tions,

Step forth mine advocate; at your request,
My father will grant precious things as trifles.

Leon. Would he do so, I'd beg your Jew
Which he counts but a trifle. [Jealous mistress,
Paul. Sir, my liege,

Your eye hath too much youth in't; not a
month [such gazes
Pere your queen died, she was more worth
Than what you look on now.

Leon. I thought of her,
Even in these looks I made.—[To Florio.]

But your petition
Is yet unanswer'd. I will to your father:
Your honour not o'erthrown by your desires,
I am bound to them and you; upon which
errand

I now go toward him; therefore, follow me,
And mark what way I make: come, good my
lord.

[*Exit* Leon.]

SCENE II.—Sicilia. Before the Palace.

Enter Autolycus and a Gentleman.

Aut. Beseech you, sir, were you present at
this relation?

1 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 amazement, we were all commanded out
of the chamber; only this, methought I heard
the shepherd say he found the child.

[*It.*
Aut. I would most gladly know the issue of
1 Gent. I make a broken delivery of the
business;—but the changes I perceived in the
king and Camillo were very notes of admira-
tion; they seem'd almost, with staring on one
another, to tear the cases of their eyes; there
was speech in their dumbness, language in
their very gesture: they look'd as they had
heard of a world ransom'd, or one destroyed:
a notable passion of wonder appear'd 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* Rogero.]
Here comes a gentleman, that happily knows
more. The news, Rogero!

2 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. [*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 call'd true, is so like an
old tale, that the verity of it is in strong sus-
picion: has the king found his heir?

3 Gent. Most true, if ever truth were preg-
nant by circumstance: that which you hear
you'll swear you see, there is such unity in the
proofs. The mantle of queen Hermione; her
jewel about the neck of it; the letter of An-

Would you not deem it breath'd and that
Did verily bear blood? [those veins
Pol. Masterly done:
The very life seems warm upon her lip.

Leon. The fixture of her eye has motion in't,
As we are mock'd with art.
Paul. I'll draw the curtain:
My lord's almost so far transported, that
He'll think anon it lives.

Leon. O sweet Paulina,
Make me to think so twenty years together!
No settled senses of the world can match
The pleasure of that madness. Let's alone.

Paul. I am sorry, sir, I have thus far stirr'd
I could afflict you farther. [you; 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
For I will kiss her. [mock me,
Paul. Good my lord, forbear:
The ruddiness upon her lip is wet;
You'll mar it, if you kiss it; stain your own
With oily painting. Shall I draw the curtain?

Leon. No, not these twenty years.
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 'tis as easy
To make her speak, as move.

Paul. It is requir'd
You do awake your faith. Then, all stand
still;

Or those that think it is unlawful business
I am about, let them depart.

Leon. Proceed:
No foot shall stir.

Paul. Music, awake her; strike!—[Music.
'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;
Bequeath to death your numbness, for from
him

Dear life redeems you.—You perceive, she
[Hermione comes down from the pedestal.
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 woo'd her; now,
in age,

Is she become the suitor.

Leon. [Embracing her.] O, show me
If this be magic, let it be an art
Lawful as eating.

Pol. She embraces him.
Cam. She hangs about his neck:
If she pertain to life, let her speak to
Pol. Ay, and make it manifest that
Or how stol'n from the dead.

Paul. That she is
Paul. Were it but told you, should be known
Like an old tale: but it appears she speaks
Though yet she speak not. Mark it
while.—

Please you to interpose, fair madam,
And pray your mother's blessing.—
Our Perdita is found.

[Presenting Perdita, who kneels to
Her. You gods, look down
And from your sacred vials pour your
Upon my daughter's head!—Till she
own,

Where hast thou been preserv'd?
how found
Thy father's court? for thou shalt know
Knowing by Paulina that the oracle
Gave hope thou wast in being.

Myself to see the issue.
Paul. There's time enough
Last thy desire, upon this push, to
Your joys with like relation.—Go, my
Your precious winners all! your exchequer
Partake to every one. I, an old tale
Will wing me to some wither'd tree
there

My mate, that's never to be found
Lament till I am lost.

Leon. O peace, Paulina!
Thou shouldst a husband take by my side
As I by thine, a wife: this is a match
And made between's by vow.

found mine;
But how, is to be question'd.—for I
As I thought, dead; and have in
many

A prayer upon her grave. I'll not
(For him, I partly know his mind)
thee

An honourable husband.—Come, Camilla,
And take her by the hand, whose worth
honesty

Is richly noted, and here justified
By us, a pair of kings.—Let's from hence
What! look upon my brother's
pardons,

That e'er I put between your holy love
My ill suspicion.—This your son-in-law
And son unto the king, (whom heaven
Is troth-plight to your daughter)

Paulina,
Lead us from hence; where we may
Each one demand, and answer to his
Perform'd in this wide gap of time,
We were dissever'd: hastily lead us
to peace.

THE LIFE AND DEATH OF KING JOHN.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

King John.
Prince Henry, his Son.
Arthur, Son of Geoffrey, late Duke of Bretagne,
and Nephew to King John.
William Marshall, Earl of Pembroke.
Guery Fitz-Peter, Earl of Essex, Chief
Justiciary of England.
William Longsword, Earl of Salisbury.
Robert Bigot, Earl of Norfolk.
Robert de Bary, Chamberlain to the King.
Philip Faulconbridge, Son of Sir Robert
Faulconbridge.
James Durney, his Half-brother.
Piers of Pontref, a Prophet.
SCENE.—Sometimes in England, and sometimes in France.

Philip, King of France.
Lewis, the Dauphin.
Archduke of Austria.
Cardinal Pandulpho, the Pope's Legate.
Melun, a French Lord.
Chatillon, Ambassador from France.
Elinor, Widow of King Henry II., and
Mother to King John.
Constance, Mother to Arthur.
Blanch, Daughter to Alphonso, King of
Castile, and Niece to King John.
Lady Faulconbridge, Mother to Robert and
Philip Faulconbridge.
Lords, Ladies, Citizens of Angiers, Sheriff,
Heralds, Officers, Soldiers, Messengers,
and Attendants.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—Northampton. A Room of State
in the Palace.

Enter King John, Queen Elinor, Pembroke,
Basilbury, and others, with Chatillon.

K. John. Now, say, Chatillon, what would
France with us?

Chat. Thus, after greeting, speaks the King
To my behaviour, to the majesty, [of France,
The borrow'd majesty of England here.

K. John. A strange beginning;—borrow'd ma-
jesty!

Chat. Silence, good mother; hear the
Arthur deceased brother, Geoffrey's son, [half
to this fair island and the territories;

to Ireland, Poitiers, Anjou, Touraine, Maine;
which ways usurpingly these several titles,
and put the same into young Arthur's hand,
my nephew and right royal sovereign. [this I
K. John. What follows, if we disallow of
Chat. The proud control of fierce and
bloody war,

K. John. Here have we war for war, and
blood for blood,
Deserv'd for controlment: so answer
Chat. Then take my king's defiance from my
the furthest limit of my embassy. [mouth,
K. John. Bear mine to him, and so depart
to peace.

Be thou as lightning in the eyes of France;
For ere thou canst report I will be there,
The thunder of my cannon shall be heard:
So, hence! Be thou the trumpet of our wrath,
And sullen presage of your own decay.—
An honourable conduct let him have:—
Pembroke, look to't.—Farewell, Chatillon.

[Exit Chatillon and Pembroke.
Elinor. 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
With very easy arguments of love; [whole,
Which now the manage of two kingdoms must
With fearful bloody issue arbitrate.

K. John. Our strong possession, and our
right for us.

Elinor. 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 the Sheriff of Northamptonshire, who
whispers Essex.

Essex. My liege, here is the strangest con-
troversy,
Come from the country to be judg'd by you,
That e'er I heard: shall I produce the men?

K. John. Let them approach.—
[Exit Sheriff.

Our abbeyes, and our priories, shall pay
This expedition's charge.

*Re-enter Sheriff, with Robert Faulconbridge
and Philip, his bastard Brother.*

What men are you?
Bast. Your faithful subject I; a gentleman
Born in Northamptonshire, and eldest son,
As I suppose, to Robert Faulconbridge;
A soldier, by the honour-giving hand
Of Cœur-de-lion knighted in the field.

K. John. What art thou?
Rob. The son and heir to that same Faulcon-
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, [father:]

That is well known; and, as I think, one
But, for the certain knowledge of that truth,
I put you o'er to heaven, and to my mother:—
Of that I doubt, as all men's children may.

Eli. Out on thee, rude man! thou dost
shame thy mother,

And wound her honour with this diffidence.

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
Doth he lay claim to thine inheritance?

Bast. I know not why, except to get the land.
But once he slander'd me with bastardy:
But wher 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 took the pains for me!)
Compare our faces, and be judge yourself.

If old Sir Robert did beget us both,
And were our father, and this son like him,—
O, old Sir Robert, father, on my knee
I give heaven thanks, I was not like to thee.

K. John. Why, what a madcap hath heaven
lent us here!

Eli. He hath a trick of Cœur-de-lion's face;
The accent of his tongue affecteth him:
Do you not read some tokens of my son
In the large composition of this man?

K. John. Mine eye hath well examined his
parts, [speak,]
And finds them perfect Richard.—Sirrah,
What doth move you to claim your brother's
land?

Bast. Because he hath a half-face, like my
With that half face would he have all my land:
A half-face'd groat five hundred pound a year!

Rob. My gracious liege, when that my father
liv'd,
Your brother did employ my father much,—
Bast. Well, sir, by this you cannot get my
land:

Your tale must be, how he employ'd my
mother.

Rob. Brother, take you my land:
my chance:
Your face hath got five hundred

Rob. And once despatch'd him to
To Germany, there, with the emperor
To treat of high affairs touching that
The advantage of his absence took me
And in the meantime sojournd at my
Where how he did prevail, I Adam to
But truth is truth: large lengths of
Between my father and my mother's
(As I have heard my father speak
When this same lusty gentleman was
Upon his death-bed he by will bequeath'd
His lands to me; and took it, on the
That this, my mother's son, was come
And if he were, he came into the count
Full fourteen weeks before the count
Then, good my liege, let me have
mine,

My father's land, as was my father's
K. John. Sirrah, your brother is
Your father's wife did after wedlock
And if she did play false, the fault was
Which fault lies on the hazards of
bands

That marry wives. Tell me, how
Who, as you say, took pains to get
Had of your father claim'd this land
In sooth, good friend, your father's
kept

This call, bred from his cow, from
In sooth, he might: then, if he
brother's,

My brother might not claim him
Being none of his, refuse him: this count
My mother's son did get your father's
Your father's heir must have your
land.

Rob. Shall, then, my father's will
To dispossess that child which is not
Bast. Of no more force to dispossess
Than was his will to get me, as I think
Eli. Whether hadst thou rather to
conbridge,

And like thy brother, to enjoy thy
Or the reputed son of Cœur-de-lion,
Lord of thy presence, and no land
Bast. Madam, an if my brother
shape,

And I had his, Sir Robert his, like his
And if my legs were two such riding
My arms such eel-skins stuff'd; my
thin,

That in mine ear I durst not stick a
Least men should say, "Look, where
farthings goes!"

And, to his shape, were he to all the
Would I might never stir from off this
I'd give it every foot to have this
I would not be Sir Rob in any case,
Eli. I like thee well: wilt thou
Bequeath thy land to him, and follow
I am a soldier, and now bound to France
Bast. Brother, take you my land:
my chance:
Your face hath got five hundred

And I have to have, however men do catch;
And I am I, bow'er I was begot.
K. John. Go, Faulconbridge: now hast thou
thy desire;
A landless knight makes thee a landed
speed
For France, for France; for it is more than
brother, adieu: good fortune come to
thou

For thou wast got I the way of honesty.
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:
God den, Sir Richard:—"God-a-mercy,
fellow,"

And I like him be George, I'll call him Peter;
For your respective, and too sociable,
his and his conversion. Now your traveller,—
And when my knightly stomach is suffic'd,
My picked man of countries:—"My dear sir,"
I shall beseech you—"That is question now;
And then comes answer like an A. B. C.
tools:—
at your best command;
at your service, sir:—"I, sweet sir, at
your question, I, sweet sir, at
your answer knows what question would,
and talking of the Alps and Apennines,
the Tyrranean, 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,
Exterior form, outward accoutrement,
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 strew the footsteps of my rising.—
But who comes in such haste, in riding robes?
What woman-post is this? hath she no husband?
That will take pains to blow a horn before her?
O me! it is my mother.—
Enter Lady Faulconbridge and James Gurney.
How now, good lady!

What brings you here to court so hastily?
Lady F. Where is that slave, thy brother?
where is he,
That holds in chase mine honour up and down?
Bast. My brother Robert! old Sir Robert's
son!

Colbrand the giant, that same mighty man?
Is it Sir Robert's son that you seek so?
Lady F. Sir Robert's son! Ay, thou un-
reverend boy,
Sir Robert's son; why scorn'st thou at Sir
He is Sir Robert's son, and so art thou. [Robert]

Bast. James Gurney, wilt thou give us leave
Gur. Good leave, good Philip. [a while]
Bast. Philip!—sparrow!—James,
There's toys abroad: anon I'll tell thee more.—
[Exit Gurney.]

Madam, I was not old Sir Robert's son;
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Upon Good-Friday, and ne'er broke his fast:
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Could he get me? Sir Robert could not do it:
We know his handy-work:—therefore, good
mother,

To whom am I beholden for these limbs?
Sir Robert never help to make this leg.
Lady F. Hast thou conspired with thy
brother too, [honour]
That for thine own gain shouldst defend mine
What means this scorn, thou most untoward
knaves? [disco-like:]

Bast. Knight, knight, good mother,—*Bast.*
What! I am dabb'd; I have it on my shoulder.
But, mother, I am not Sir Robert's son;
I have disclaim'd Sir Robert, and my land;
Legitimation, name, and all is gone. [father:]
Then, good my mother, let me know my
Some proper man, I hope: who was it, mother?

Lady F. Hast thou denied thyself a Faul-
conbridge?
Bast. As faithfully as I deny the devil.
Lady F. King Richard Cœur-de-lion was
thy father:
By long and vehement suit I was seduc'd
To make room for him in my husband's bed:—

Yd sell your face for five pence, and 'tis
done.—
I'll follow you unto the death.
Nay, I would have you go before me
father.

Bast. Our country manners give our betters
K. John. What is thy name? [begun,
that—Philip, my liege, so is my name
Philip, good old Sir Robert's wife's eldest son.
K. John. From henceforth bear his name
whose form thou bearest:
Hast thou down Philip, but arise more great;
thou art Richard, and Plantagenet.
Brother, by the mother's side, give
me your hand:

My father gave me honour, yours gave land,—
I was not begot, by night or day,
But I was got, Sir Robert was away.
The very spirit of Plantagenet!

Bast. Madam, Richard; call me so.
what though?
Something about, a little from the right,
is at the window, or else o'er the hatch;
Who dares not stir by day, must walk by
night:

And have to have, however men do catch;
And I am I, bow'er I was begot.
K. John. Go, Faulconbridge: now hast thou
thy desire;
A landless knight makes thee a landed
speed
For France, for France; for it is more than
brother, adieu: good fortune come to
thou

For thou wast got I the way of honesty.
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:
God den, Sir Richard:—"God-a-mercy,
fellow,"

And I like him be George, I'll call him Peter;
For your respective, and too sociable,
his and his conversion. Now your traveller,—
And when my knightly stomach is suffic'd,
My picked man of countries:—"My dear sir,"
I shall beseech you—"That is question now;
And then comes answer like an A. B. C.
tools:—
at your best command;
at your service, sir:—"I, sweet sir, at
your question, I, sweet sir, at
your answer knows what question would,
and talking of the Alps and Apennines,
the Tyrranean, 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,
Exterior form, outward accoutrement,
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 strew the footsteps of my rising.—
But who comes in such haste, in riding robes?
What woman-post is this? hath she no husband?
That will take pains to blow a horn before her?
O me! it is my mother.—
Enter Lady Faulconbridge and James Gurney.
How now, good lady!

What brings you here to court so hastily?
Lady F. Where is that slave, thy brother?
where is he,
That holds in chase mine honour up and down?
Bast. My brother Robert! old Sir Robert's
son!

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thy father:
By long and vehement suit I was seduc'd
To make room for him in my husband's bed:—

Heaven lay not my transgression to my charge!—

Thou art the issue of my dear offence,
Which was so strongly urg'd, past my defence.

Bast. Now, by this light, were I to get again,
Madam, I would not wish a better father.
Some sins do bear their privilege on earth,
And so doth yours; your fault was not your folly;

Needs must you lay your heart at his dispose,
Subjected tribute to commanding love,
Against whose fury and unmatched force
The aweless lion could not wage the fight,
Nor keep his princely heart from Richard's hand;

He, that perforce robs lions of their hearts,
May easily win a woman's. Ay, my mother,
With all my heart I thank thee for my father!
Who lives, and dares but say thou didst not will

When I was got, I'll send his soul to hell.
Come, lady, I will show thee to my kin;

And they shall say, when Richard me begot,
If thou hadst said him nay, it had been sin:
Who says it was, he lies; I say, 'twas not.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT II.

SCENE I.—France. Before the walls of Angiers.

Enter, on one side, the Archduke of Austria, and forces; on the other, Philip, King of France, and forces, Lewis, Constance, Arthur, and Attendants.

Lew. Before Angiers well met, brave Austria.

Arthur, that great forerunner of thy blood,
Richard, that robb'd the lion of his heart,
And fought the holy wars in Palestine,
By this brave duke came early to his grave:
And, for amends to his posterity,
At our importance hither he came,
To spread his colours, boy, in thy behalf;
And to rebuke the usurpation
Of thy unnatural uncle, English John:
Embrace him, love him, give him welcome
hither.

Arth. God shall forgive you Cœur-de-lion's
The rather that you give his offspring life,
Shadowing their right under your wings of war:
I give you welcome with a powerless hand,
But with a heart full of unstained love:
Welcome before the gates of Angiers, duke.

Lew. A noble boy! Who would not do thee right?

Aust. Upon thy cheek lay I this zealous
As seal to this indenture of my love; [*Kiss.*]
That to my home I will no more return,
Till Angiers, and the right thou hast in France,
Together with that pale, that white-fac'd shore,
Whose foot spurs back the ocean's roaring
tides,

And coops from other lands her life.
Even till that England, hedg'd
main,

That water-walled bulwark, still
And confident from foreign purpurs,
Even till that utmost corner of the
Salute thee for her king: till then,
Will I not think of home, but follow thee.

Const. O take his mother's thanks;
thanks,

Till your strong hand shall help to
strength,

To make a more requital to your love.
Aust. The peace of heaven is
lift their swords

In such a just and charitable way.
K. Phil. Well, then, to work; you
shall be bent

Against the brows of this resisting
Call for our chiefest men of discipline,
To cull the plots of best advantage;
We'll lay before this town our royal
Wade to the market-place in
blood,

But we will make it subject to the
Const. Stay for an answer to your
Lest unadvis'd you stain your
blood:

My lord Chatillon may from England
That right in peace, which here we
And then we shall repeat each day
That hot rash haste so indifferently

Enter Chatillon.
K. Phil. A wonder, lady!—lo, you
Our messenger, Chatillon, is arriv'd;
What England says, say briefly;

We coldly pause for thee; Chatillon,
Chat. Then turn your forces from
siege,

And stir them up against a mightier
England, impatient of your just
Hath put himself in arms; the
Whose leisure I have stay'd, have
To land his legions all as soon as I

His marches are expedient to this
His forces strong, his soldiers
With him along is come the mother
An Atè, stirring him to blood and
With her her niece, the lady Blanche
With them a bastard of the king's
And all th' unsettled humours of the
Rash, inconsiderate, fiery volun-
With ladies' faces, and fierce dispo-
Have sold their fortunes at their own
Bearing their blights proud

To make a hazard of new fortunes
In brief, a braver choice of death
Than now the English bottoms
Did never float upon the swelling
To do offence and scath in Christen-

[Drum.]
The interruption of their church
Cuts off more circumstance; they
To parley, or to fight; therefore,

ACT I.

THE LIFE AND DEATH OF KING JOHN.

K. Phil. How much unlook'd for is this
expedition!

John. By how much unexpected, by so much
the more awake endeavour for defence;
Let them be welcome with occasion:

John. King John, Eleanor, Blanch, the Bastard,
Pembroke, and forces.

K. John. Peace be to France, if France in
peace permit

Just and lineal entrance to our own!
I bid France, and peace ascend to
heaven!

While we, God's wrathful agent, do correct
their proud contempt that beats his peace to
heaven.

K. Phil. Peace be to England; if that war
from France to England, there to live in peace!

John. We love; and, for that England's
will

With words of our armour here we sweat.
The toll of ours should be a work of thine;
And then from loving England art so far,
that thou hast under-wrought his lawful king,
off of the sequence of posterity,
from the infant state, and done a rape
upon the maiden virtue of the crown.

John. Here upon thy brother Geoffrey's face;
these eyes, these brows, were moulded out of
his;

A little abstract doth contain that large,
which died in Geoffrey; and the hand of time
shall draw this brief into as huge a volume.

John. This his son; England was Geoffrey's right,
and this is Geoffrey's: in the name of God,
how comest 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?

John. From whom hast thou this great
commission, France,

K. Phil. From that supernal Judge, that stirs
good thoughts

And look into the blots and stains of right.
And Judas hath made me guardian to this
boy's

Whose warrant I impeach thy wrong;
by whose help I mean to chastise it.

K. Phil. Alack, thou dost usurp authority.
Lew. Excuse it! It is to beat usurping down.

Const. Who is it thou dost call usurper, France?
Let me make answer:—thy usurping

John. Insolent! thy bastard shall be
world!

Const. My bad was ever to thy son as true,
thine was to thy husband: and this boy
was in feature to his father Geoffrey.

John. And John is manners; being as like
him to water, or devil to his dam.

John. By my soul, I think

His father never was so true begot:
It cannot be, as if thou wert his mother.

Ell. There's a good mother, boy, that blest
thy father.

Const. There's a good grandam, boy, that
Aust. Peace!

Bast. Hear the orier.
Aust. What the devil art thou?

Bast. One that will play the devil, sir, with
you,

An 'a may catch you 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
That did disrobe the lion of that robe!

Bast. It lies as sightly on the back of him,
As great Alcides' shoes upon an ass:—
But, ass, I'll take that burden from your back,
Or lay on that shall make your shoulders crack.

Aust. What cracker is this same, that dares
our ears

With this abundance of superfluous breath?
K. Phil. Lewis, determine what we shall do
straight.

Lew. Women and fools, break off your con-
King John, this is the very sum of all,—
England and Ireland, Anjou, Touraine, Maine,
In right of Arthur do I claim of thee:

Wilt thou resign them, and lay down thy arms?
K. John. My life as soon—I do defy thee,
France,—

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.

Ell. 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 fig:

There's a good grandam.
Arth. Good my mother, peace!

I would that I were low laid in my grave;
I am not worth this veil that's made for me.

Ell. His mother shames him so, poor boy,
he weeps.

Const. Now, shame upon you, who're shamed,
His grandam's wrongs, and not his mother's
shames,

Draw those heaven-moving pearls from his
Which heaven shall take in nature of a dew;
Ay, with these crystal beads heaven shall be
brib'd

To do him justice, and revenge on you.
Ell. Thou monstrous slanderer of heaven
and earth!

Const. Thou monstrous injurer of heaven
Call not me slanderer; thou and thine usurp
The dominations, royalties, and rights,
Of this oppressed boy: this is thy eldest son's
Infortunate in nothing but in thee: [*See,*]
Thy sins are visited in this poor child;

The canon of the law is laid on him,
Being but the second generation
Removed from thy sin-conceiving womb,
K. John. Bedlam, have done.

Const. I have but this to say,—
That he is not only plagued for her sins,
But God hath made her sin and her the plague
On this removed issue, plagu'd for her
And with her plague, her sin; his injury
Her injury,—the leadle to her sin;
All punish'd in the person of this child,
And all for her; a plague upon her!

Eliz. Thou unadvised scold, I can produce
A will, that bars the title of thy son.

Const. Ay, who doubts that? a will! a
wicked will;

A woman's will; a canker'd grandam's will!

K. Phi. Peace, lady! pause, or be more
temperate;

It ill beseems this presence to cry aim

To these ill-tuned repetitions.—

Some trumpet summon hither to the walls

These men of Angiers: let us hear them
speak,

Whose title they admit, Arthur's or John's.

Trumpet sounds. Enter Citizens upon the
walls.

1 Cit. Who is it that hath warn'd us to the
K. Phi. 'Tis France, for England. [walls?]

K. John. England for itself:

Yon men of Angiers, and my loving subjects,—

K. Phi. You loving men of Angiers, Ar-
thur's subjects,

Our trumpet call'd you to this gentle parle.

K. John. For our advantage; therefore
hear us first.

These flags of France, that are advanced here

Before the eye and prospect of your town,

Have hither march'd to your endamagement:

The cannons have their bowels full of wrath,

And ready mounted are they, to spit forth

Their iron indignation 'gainst your walls:

All preparation for a bloody siege,

And merciless proceeding by these French,

Confront your city's eyes, your winking gates;

And, but for our approach, those sleeping

That as a waist do girdle you about, [stones,

By the compulsion of their ordnance

By this time from their fixed beds of lime

Had been disabited, and wide 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 unscratch'd your city's threaten'd
cheeks,—

Behold, the French, amaz'd, 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
spirits,

Forwearied in this action of swift
Crave harbourage within your city

K. Phi. When I have said, make
us both.

Lo, in this right hand, whose prob-
is most divinely vow'd upon the

Of him it holds, stands young Phi-
Son to the elder brother of this man

And king o'er him, and all that he
For this down-trodden equity, we

In warlike march these greens before
Being no further enemy to you

Than the constraint of hospitable
In the relief of this oppressed child

Religiously provokes. Be pleased,
To pay that duty, which you truly

To him that owes it, namely, this year
And then our arms, like to a mother's

Save in aspect, have all offence
Our cannons' malice vainly shall be

Against the invulnerable clouds of
And with a blessed and unweird re-
With unhack'd swords, and be-
bruis'd,

We will bear home that lusty blood
Which here we came to spout

town,
And leave your children, wives, and

But if you fondly pass our proffer
'Tis not the roundure of your children

Can hide you from our messengers
Though all these English, and their

Were harbour'd in their rude cir-
Then, tell us, shall your city call

In that behalf which we have chal-
Or shall we give the signal to our

And stalk in blood to our possession
1 Cit. In brief, we are the king of

subjects:
For him, and in his right, we hold

K. John. Acknowledge then the
let me in.

1 Cit. That can we not; but he
To him will we prove loyal; till

Have we ram'd up our gates
world.

K. John. Both not the crown
And if not that, I bring you with

Twice fifteen thousand hearts of
Bast. Bastards, and else.

K. John. To verify our title with
K. Phi. As many, and as well

Bast. Some bastards, too.
K. Phi. Stand in his face to count

claim.
1 Cit. Till you compound with

We for the worthiest hold the
K. John. Then God forgive the

those souls,
That to their everlasting residence

Before the dew of evening fall, shall
In dreadful trial of our kingdom's

K. Phi. Amen, Amen!—Mount, chevaliers!
[and e'er since]
St. George, that swinged the dragon,
 on his horseback at mine hostess' door,
 as in some fence!—*[To Austria.]* Sirrah,
 were I at home,
 you den, sirrah, with your lioness,
 could set an ox-head to your lion's hide,
 and make a monster of you.

Peace! no more.
Up higher to the plain; where
we'll set forth
and appoint all our regiments.
Speed, then, to take advantage of the
other hill
It shall be so;—[To Lewis.] at the
rest to stand,—God, and our
right!

SCENE II.—The Same.
Enter a French Herald, with trumpets, to the
King and Escourbons; then a Retreat.
Enter a French Herald, with trumpets, to the
King and Escourbons; then a Retreat.

Her. You men of Angiers, open wide
 your gates,
 for young Arthur, duke of Bretagne, in,
 by the hand of France, this day hath

made
 work for tears in many an English mother,
 whose son is scatter'd on the bleeding ground:
 a widow's husband grovelling lies,
 his arms embracing the discolour'd earth;
 the dancing banners of the French,
 as at hand, triumphantly display'd,
 of Bretagne, England's king, and yours.

Her. Rejoice, you men of Angiers, ring
 your bells;
 for John, your king and England's, doth
 conquer of this hot malicious day;
 and that march'd hence so silver-

bright,
 to return all gilt with Frenchmen's blood;
 to lock no plume in any English crest,
 to be removed by a staff of France;
 to do return in those same hands,
 to display them when we first march'd

forth;
 like a jolly troop of huntmen, come
 to the dying laughter of their foes:
 your gates, and give the victors way.
Heralds, from off our towers we

might behold
 first to last, the onset and retire
 of your armies; whose equality
 both eyes cannot be censured:
 both bought blood, and blows have

answered blows;
 both match'd with strength, and power con-
 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.
Enter, at one side, King John, with his power,
Elior, Blanch, and the Bastard; at the other,
King Philip, Lewis, Austria, and forces.

K. John. France, hast thou yet more blood
 to cast away?

Say, shall the current of our right run on?
 Whose passage, vex'd with thy impediment,
 Shall leave his native channel, and o'erwell
 With course disturb'd even thy confining shores;
 Unless thou let his silver water keep
 A peaceful progress to the ocean.

K. Phi. England, thou hast not sav'd one
 drop of blood,

In this hot trial, more than we of France;
 Rather, lost more: and by this hand I swear,
 That sways the earth this climate overlooks,
 Before we will lay down our just-borne arms,
 We'll put thee down, 'gainst whom these arms
 we bear,

Or add a royal number to the dead,
 Gracing the scroll, that tells of this war's loss,
 With slaughter coupled to the name of kings.

Bast. Ha, majesty! how high thy glory
 towers.

When the rich blood of kings is set on fire!
 O, now doth death line his dead chaps with
 steel;

The swords of soldiers are his teeth, his fangs;
 And now he feasts, mousing the flesh of men,
 In undetermined differences of kings.—
 Why stand these royal fronts amazed thus?
 Cry, havoc, kings! back to the stained field,
 You equal potent, fiery-kindled spirits!

Then let confusion of one part confirm
 The other's peace; till then, blows, blood, and
 death!

K. John. Whose party do the townsmen yet
 admit?
K. Phi. Speak, citizens, for England; who's
 your king?

1 Cit. The king of England, when we know
 the king.

K. Phi. Know him in us, that here hold up
 his right.

K. John. In us, that are our own great
 deputy,

And bear possession of our person here;
 Lord of our presence, Angiers, and of you.

1 Cit. A greater power than we denies all
 this;

And, till it be undoubted, we do lock
 Our former scruple in our strong-barr'd gates;
 King'd of our fears; until our fears, resolv'd,
 Be by some certain king purg'd and depos'd.

Bast. By heaven, these scroyles of Angiers
 flout you, kings,

And stand securely on their battlements,
 As in a theatre, whence they gape and point
 At your industrious scenes and acts of death.

Your royal presences be rul'd 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
Till their soul-fearing clamours have brawled
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, dis sever your united strengths,
And part your mingled colours once again;
Turn face to face, and bloody point to point;
Then, in a moment, fortune shall cull forth
Out of one side her happy minion,
To whom in favour she shall give the day,
And kiss him with a glorious victory.
How like you this wild counsel, mighty states?
Snacks it not something of the policy.

K. John. Now, by the sky that hangs above
our heads,

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 metal of a king,—
Being wrong'd, as we are, by this peevish
Turn thou the mouth of thy artillery, [town,—
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. Phil. Let it be so.—Say, where will you
assault?

K. John. We from the west will send
into this city's bosom. [destruction

Aust. I from the north.

K. Phil. Our thunder from the south,
Shall rain their drift of bullets on this town.

Bast. [Aside.] O, prudent discipline! From
north to south,

Austria and France shoot in each other's mouth:
I'll stir them to it.—Come, away, away!

1 Cit. Hear us, great kings: vouchsafe a
while to stay, [league;

And I shall show you peace, and fair-fac'd
Win you this city without stroke, or wound;

Rescue those breathing lives to die in beds,
That here come sacrifices for the field:

Persuade not, but hear me, mighty kings.

K. John. Speak on, with favour; we are
bent to hear. [Blanch,

1 Cit. That daughter there of Spain, the lady
Is near to England: look upon the years
Of Lewis the Dauphin, and that lovely maid.

If lusty love should go in quest of beauty,
Where should he find it fairer than in Blanch?

If zealous love should go in search of virtue,
Where should he find it purer than in Blanch?

If love ambitious sought a match of birth,
Whose veins bound richer blood than lady
Blanch?

Such as she is, in beauty, virtue, birth,
Is the young Dauphin every way complete;

If not complete of, say, he is not she:

And she again wants nothing,
If want it be not, that she is not

He is the half part of a blessed
Left to be finished by such a

And she a fair divided excellence,
Whose fulness of perfection lies

O, two such silver currents, whose
Do glorify the banks that bound

And two such shores to two such
one,

Two such controlling honours
To these two princes, if you may

This union shall do more than
To our fast-closed gates; for, as

With swifter spleen than powder
The mouth of passage shall we

And give you entrance, but with
The sea enraged is not half so deaf

Lions more confident, mountains
More free from motion; no, not

In mortal fury half so penetrating
As we to keep this city.

Bast. That shakes the rotten carcase of
Out of his rags! Here's a large

That spits forth death, and
Talks as familiarly of roaring lions

As maids of thirteen do of poppy
What cannoneer begot this lusty

He speaks plain cannon,—the
bounce;

He gives the bastinado with his
Our ears are cudgell'd; not a word

But bullets better than a fist of
Zounds! I was never so belump'd

Since I first call'd my brother's
Ell. Son, list to this conjugal

match;

Give with our niece a dowry
For by this knot thou shalt receive

Thy now assur'd assurance to the
That yond' green boy shall have

The bloom that promiseth a
I see a yielding in the looks of

Mark, how they whisper: and
Are capable of this ambition,

Lest zeal, now melted, by the
Of soft petitions, pity, and

Cool and congeal again to what it
1 Cit. Why answer not the

This friendly treaty of our
K. Phil. Speak England first

forward first

To speak unto this city: what
K. John. If that the Dauphin

princely son,

Can in this book of beauty read,
Her dowry shall weigh equal with

For Anjou, and fair France; and
And all that we upon this side

(Except this city won by us to
Find liable to our crown and

Shall gild her bridal bed; and
In titles, honours, and promotions

in beauty, education, blood,
And with any princess of the world.

K. Phil. What say'st thou, boy? look in the
day's face.

John. I, my lord; and in her eye I find
a wondrous miracle,

Shadow of myself form'd in her eye;
And she, that makes the shadow of your son,

And makes your son a shadow:
I never lov'd myself,

But she, that makes the shadow of your son,
I never lov'd myself.

And she, that makes the shadow of your son,
I never lov'd myself.

And she, that makes the shadow of your son,
I never lov'd myself.

And she, that makes the shadow of your son,
I never lov'd myself.

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And she, that makes the shadow of your son,
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And she, that makes the shadow of your son,
I never lov'd myself.

And she, that makes the shadow of your son,
I never lov'd myself.

K. Phil. And, by my faith, this league, that
we have made,

Will give her sadness very little cure.
Brother of England, how may we content

This widow lady? In her right we came;
Which we, God knows, have turn'd another

To our own vantage. [way,
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 so,
That we shall stop her exclamation.

Go we, as well as haste will suffer us,
To this unlook'd-for unprepared pomp.

[Exeunt all except the Bastard. The Citizens
retire from the walls.

Bast. Mad world! mad kings! mad com-
position!

John, to stop Arthur's title in the whole,
Hath willingly departed with a part;

And France, (whose armour conscience buckled
on,

Whom zeal and charity brought to the field
As God's own soldier,) rounded in the ear

With that same purpose-changer, that sly devil;
That broker, that still breaks the pate of faith;

That daily break-vow; he that wins of all,
Of kings, of beggars, old men, young men,

maids,—
Who having no external thing to lose

But the word maid, cheats the poor maid of
that;

That smooth-fac'd gentleman, tickling com-
modity,—

Commodity, the bias of the world;
The world, who of itself is peiz'd 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 determin'd aid,
From a resolv'd 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 his hand,

When his fair angels would salute my palm;
But for my hand, as unattempted yet,

Like a poor beggar, rattleth on the rich.
Well, whiles I am a beggar, I will rail;

And say,—There is no sin, but to be rich;
And being rich, my virtue then shall be,

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.—France. *The French King's Tent.**Enter Constance, Arthur, and Salisbury.*

Const. Gone to be married! gone to swear a peace! [friends]
False blood to false blood join'd. Gone to be
Shall Lewis have Blanch, and Blanch those
provinces?

It is not so; thou hast misspoke, misheard;
Be well advis'd, tell o'er thy tale again;
It cannot be; thou dost but say 'tis so:
I trust, I may not trust thee; for thy word
Is but the vain breath of a common man:
Believe me, I do not believe thee, man;
I have a king's oath to the contrary.
Thou shalt be punish'd for thus frightening me,
For I am sick, and capable of fears;
Oppress'd with wrongs, and therefore full of
fears;

A widow, husbandless, subject to fears;
A woman, naturally born to fears; [jest]
And though thou now confess thou didst but
With my ver'd spirits I cannot take a truce,
But they will quake and tremble all this day.
What dost thou mean by shaking of thy head?
Why dost thou look so sadly on my son?
What means that hand upon that breast of
thine?

Why holds thine eye that lamentable rheum,
Like a proud river peering o'er his bounds?
Be these and signs conlurers of thy words!
Then speak again; not all thy former tale,
But this one word, whether thy tale be true.

Sal. As true, as I believe you think them
false.

That give you cause to prove my saying true.
Const. O, if thou teach me to believe this
sorrow,

Teach thou this sorrow how to make me die;
And let belief and life encounter so,
As doth the fury of two desperate men,
Which in the very meeting, fall and die!—
Lewis marry Blanch? O boy, then where art
thou? [me]

France friend with England! what becomes of
Fellow, be gone; I cannot brook thy sight;
This news hath made thee a most ugly man.

Sal. What other harm have I, good lady,
done,

But spoke the harm that is by others done?
Const. Which harm within itself so heinous is,
As it makes harmful all that speak of it.

Arth. I do beseech you, madam, be content.
Const. If thou, that biddest me be content,
wert grim,

Ugly, and slanderous to thy mother's womb,
Full of unpleasing blot and sightless stains,
Lame, foolish, crooked, swart, prodigious,
Patch'd with foul moles and eye-offending
marks,

I would not care, I then would be content;
For then I should not love thee; no, nor thou

Become thy great birth, nor dost thou
But thou art fair; and at thy birth
Nature and Fortune join'd to make thee
Of Nature's gifts thou may'st with
And with the half-blown rose,
She is corrupted, chang'd, and now
She adulterates hourly with those
And with her golden hand hath
France

To tread down fair respect of law;
And made his majesty the law
France is a bawd to Fortune, and
That strumpet Fortune, that man
Tell me, thou fellow, is not France
Envenom him with words; or put
And leave those woes alone, which
Am bound to under-bear.

Sal. I may not go without you to the
Const. Thou mayst, thou shalt
go with thee:

I will instruct my sorrows to be
For grief is proud, and makes his
To me, and to the state of my
Let kings assemble; for my grief
That no supporter but the big
Can hold it up; here I and sorrow
Here is my throne, bid kings come
[She casts herself
Enter King John, King Philip,
Eliezer, Bastard, Austria, and
K. Phi. This true, fair daughter
bless'd day

Ever in France shall be kept
To solemnize this day the glorious
Stays in his course, and plays the
Turning, with splendour of his
The meagre cloddy earth to
The yearly course, that brings the
Shall never see it but a holiday.

Const. [Rising.] A wicked day,
holy day!
What hath this day deserv'd
That it in gold letters should be
Among the high tides, in the
Nay, rather turn this day out
This day of shame, oppression,
Or, if it must stand still, let with
Pray that their burdens may
Lest that their hopes prodigious
But on this day, let seamen
No bargains break, that are not
This day, all things begun
Yea, faith itself to hollow
K. Phi. By heaven, lady, you

cause
To curse the fair proceedings of
Have I not pawn'd to you my
Const. You have beguill'd me
felt,
Resembling majesty; which, being
Proves valueless; you are forewarn'd
You came in arms to spill mine
But now in arms you strengthen

the free breath of a sacred king;
not, cardinal, devise a name
aworthy, and ridiculous,
me to an answer, as the pope.
this tale; and from the mouth of
than much more,—that no Italian priest
tells us of in our dominions;
we enter heaven are supreme head,
him, that great supremacy,

Where we do reign, we will alone uphold,
Without the assistance of a mortal hand:
So tell the pope; all reverence set apart
To him, and his usurp'd authority.

K. Phi. Brother of England, you blaspheme
in this. [of Christendom]

K. John. Though you, and all the kings
Are led so grossly by this meddling 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 [foes]
Against the pope, and count his friends my
Pard. Then, by the lawful power that I
have,

Thou shalt stand curs'd and excommunicate;
And blessed shall he be that doth revolt
From his allegiance to a heretic;
And meritorious shall that hand be call'd,
Canonized, and worshipp'd as a saint,
That takes away by any secret course
Thy hateful life.

Const. O, lawful let it be
That I have room with Rome to curse awhile!
Good father cardinal, cry thou amen
To my keen curses; for, without my wrong,
There is no tongue hath power to curse him
right. [my curse]

Pand. There's law and warrant, lady, for
Const. And for mine too: when law can do
no right,

Let it be lawful that law bar no wrong:
Law cannot give my child his kingdom here;
For he that holds his kingdom holds the law:
Therefore, since law itself is perfect wrong,
How can the law forbid my tongue to curse!

Pand. Philip of France, on peril of a curse,
Let go the hand of that arch-heretic;
And raise the power of France upon his head,
Unless he do submit himself to Rome.

Eli. Look'st thou pale, France? do not let
go thy hand. [repent]

Const. Look to that, devil! lest that France
And by disjoining hands, hell lose a soul.

Aust. King Philip, listen to the cardinal.

Bast. And hang a calf's-skin on his recreant
limbs.

Aust. Well, ruffian, I must pocket up these
Because— [wrongs]

Bast. Your breeches best may carry them.
K. John. Philip, what say'st thou to the
cardinal? [dinal]

Const. What should he say, but as the car-
Lew. Bethink you, father; for the difference
is, purchase of a heavy curse from Rome,
Or the light loss of England for a friend:
Forego the easier.

Blanch. That's the curse of Rome.

Const. O Lewis, stand fast! the devil tempts
these here,

In likeness of a new untrimmed bride,

Blanch. The lady Constance speaks not from her faith,
But from her need.

Const. O, if thou grant my need,
Which only lives but by the death of faith,
That need must needs infer this principle,—
That faith would live again by death of need!
O, then, tread down my need, and faith mounts
up;

Keep my need up, and faith is trodden down.

K. John. The king is mov'd, and answers
not to this. [well!]

Const. O, be remov'd from him, and answer

Aust. Do so, king Philip; hang no more in
doubt. [sweet lout.]

East. Hang nothing but a calf's-skin, moat

K. Phi. I am perplex'd, and know not what
to say.

Pand. What canst thou say, but will perplex
thee more,

If thou stand excommunicate and curs'd?

K. Phi. Good reverend father, make my
person yours,

And tell me how you would bestow yourself.
This royal hand and mine are newly knit,
And the conjunction of our inward souls
Married in league, coupled and link'd together
With all religious strength of sacred vows;
The latest breath that gave the sound of words,
Was deep-sworn faith, peace, amity, true love,
Between our kingdoms and our royal selves;
And even before this truce, but new before,—
No longer than we well could wash our hands,
To clasp this royal bargain up of peace,—
Heaven knows, they were besmear'd and over-
stain'd [paint]

With slaughter's pencil, where revenge did
The fearful difference of incensed kings;
And shall these hands, so lately purg'd 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 unconstant children of ourselves,
As now again to snatch our palm 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, ordain, impose
Some gentle order; and then we shall be bless'd
To do your pleasure, and continue friends.

Pand. All form is for nix, order orderless,
Save what is opposite to England's love.
Therefore to arms! be champion of our church!
Or let the church, our mother, breathe her curse,
A mother's curse, on her revolting son.
France, thou may'st hold a serpent by the
A chafed lion by the mortal paw, [tongue,
A fasting tiger safer by the tooth, [hold.
Than keep in peace that hand which thou dost

K. Phi. I may disjoin my hand, but not my
faith.

Pand. So mak'st thou false thy
faith;

And, like a civil war, set'st it only
Thy tongue against thy tongue. O, first
First made to heaven, first be to
form'd;

That is, to be the champion of one
What since thou swor'st is sworn
And may not be performed by thee
For that which thou hast sworn to do
Is not amiss when it is truly done
And being not done, where done
The truth is then most done not done
The better act of purposes misdone
Is to mistake again, though misdone
Yet indirection thereby grows direct
And falsehood falsehood cures
Within the scorched veins of one
It is religion that doth make sworn
But thou hast sworn against religion
By what thou swor'st against religion
swor'st;

And mak'st an oath the surety for
Against an oath: the truth thou
To swear, swears only not to be
Else, what a mockery should it be
But thou dost swear only to keep
And most forsworn, to keep
swear.

Therefore, thy later vows, against
Is in thyself rebellion to thyself;
And better conquest never came
Than arm thy constant and thy true
Against these giddy loose engin
Upon which better part our power
If thou vouchsafest them; but, if
The peril of our courses light on thee
So heavy, as thou shalt not shake
But in despair die under their weight.

Aust. Rebellion, flat rebellion
Bast.

Will not a calf's-skin stop that
Lew. Father, to arms!

Blanch. Upon thy
Against the blood that (hath) been
What I shall our feast be kept with
men?

Shall braying trumpets, and
Clamours of hell,—be measure to
O husband, hear me!—ah, which
Is husband in my mouth—avenge
Which till this time my tongue
nounce,

Upon my knee I beg, go not to
Against mine uncle.

Const. O, upon my
Made hard with kneeling, I do
Thou virtuous Dauidin, after me
Fore-thought by heaven.

Blanch. Now shall I see thy
Be stronger with thee than the
upholds,

Const. That which upholds
His honour:—O thine honour

Hub. So well, that what you bid me undertake,
Though that my death were adjunct to my act,
By heaven, I would do it.

K. John. Do not I know thou wouldst?
Good Hubert, Hubert, Hubert, throw thine eye
On you young boy: I'll tell thee what, my friend,
He is a very serpent in my way;
And whosoever this foot of mine doth tread,
He lies before me;—dost thou understand
Thou art his keeper. [Exit]

Hub. And I'll keep him so,
That he shall not offend your majesty.

K. John. Death.

Hub. My lord?

K. John. A grave.

Hub. He shall not live.

K. John. Enough.
I could be merry now. Hubert, I love thee;
Well, I'll not say what I intend for thee;
Remember.—Madam, fare you well;
I'll send those powers o'er to your majesty.
Elk. My blessing go with thee!

K. John. For England, cousin, go;
Hubert shall be your man, attend on you
With all true duty.—On toward Calais, ho!
[Exit]

SCENE IV.—France. *The French King's Tent.*
Enter King Philip, Lewis, Pandulpho, and Attendants.

K. Phi. So, by a roaring tempest on the flood,
A whole armada of convicted sail
Is scatter'd, and disjoint'd from fellowship.

Pand. Courage and comfort! all shall yet
go well. [Exit]

K. Phi. What can go well, when we have
Are we not beaten? Is not Angiers lost?
Arthur ta'en prisoner? divers dear friends slain?
And bloody England into England gone,
O'erbearing interruption, spite of France?

Lew. What he hath won, that hath he fortified:

So hot a speed with such advice dispos'd,
Such temperate order in so fierce a cause,
Doth want example; who hath read, or heard,
Of any kindred action like to this?

K. Phi. Well could I bear that England had
this praise,

So we could find some pattern of our shame.
Look, who comes here! [Enter Constance.] a
grave unto a soul!

Holding th' eternal spirit, against her will,
In the vile prison of afflicted breath.

Const. Lo, now I now see the issue of your
pr'ythes, lady, go away with me. [peace]

K. Phi. Patience, good lady! comfort, gentle
Constance!

Const. No, I defy all counsel, all redress,
But that which ends all counsel; true redress,
Death, death:—O, amiable lovely death!
Thou odoriferous stench! sound rottenness!
Arise forth from the couch of lasting night,
Thou hate and terror to prosperity,

And I will kiss thy detestable face,
And put my eye balls in thy vaward,
And ring these fingers with thy
worms;

And stop this gap of breath with mine.
And be a carrion monster like the lion.
Come, grin on me; and I will kiss thee
And buss thee as thy wife! Mourn
O, come to me!

K. Phi. O, fair affliction,
Const. No, no, I will not, having
cry:—

O, that my tongue were in the throat
Then with a passion would I shake
And rouse from sleep that fell asleep
Which cannot bear a lady's rebuke,
Which scorns a modern invention.

Pand. Lady, you utter madness.

Const. Thou art not holy to tell me
I am not mad: this hair I tear to
My name is Constance; I was the
Young Arthur is my son, and he
I am not mad:—I would to heaven
For then 'tis like I should force me

O, if I could, what grief should I
Preach some philosophy to make me
And thou shalt be canoniz'd, canoniz'd
For, being not mad, but sensible

My reasonable part produces reason
How I may be deliver'd of these
And teaches me to kill or hang myself
If I were mad, I should forget my
Or madly think a babe of clouts
I am not mad: too well, too well I
The different plague of each disease.

K. Phi. Bind up those tresses
love I note

In the fair multitude of those hair
Where but by chance a silver drop
Even to that drop ten thousand
Do glue themselves in sociable
Like true, inseparable, faithful
Sticking together in calamity.

Const. To England, if you will
K. Phi. Bind up those tresses
I do it!

I tore them from their bonds and
"O, that these hands could so remove
As they have given these hairs the
But now, I envy at their liberty,
And will again commit them to a prison
Because my poor child is a prisoner
And, father cardinal, I have heard
That we shall see and know our
heaven.

If that be true, I shall see my boy
For, since the birth of Cain, the first
To him that did but yesterday
There was not such a gracious
But now will canker sorrow out
And chase the native beauty from
And he will look as hollow as
As dim and meagre as an ague's

face.
And I shall see him with a prophetic spirit;
I mean to speak
each dust, each straw, each little
of the path which shall directly lead
to England's throne; and therefore
Arthur; and it cannot be,
in that infant's
John should entertain an hour,
with one quiet breath of rest.
with an unruly hand,
he should maintain'd as gain'd;
that stands upon a slippery place,
of no life hold to stay him up:

K. Phi. Yes, that I will; and I will
I do it!

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"O, that these hands could so remove
As they have given these hairs the
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And will again commit them to a prison
Because my poor child is a prisoner
And, father cardinal, I have heard
That we shall see and know our
heaven.

If that be true, I shall see my boy
For, since the birth of Cain, the first
To him that did but yesterday
There was not such a gracious
But now will canker sorrow out
And chase the native beauty from
And he will look as hollow as
As dim and meagre as an ague's

face.
And I shall see him with a prophetic spirit;
I mean to speak
each dust, each straw, each little
of the path which shall directly lead
to England's throne; and therefore
Arthur; and it cannot be,
in that infant's
John should entertain an hour,
with one quiet breath of rest.
with an unruly hand,
he should maintain'd as gain'd;
that stands upon a slippery place,
of no life hold to stay him up:

K. Phi. Yes, that I will; and I will
I do it!

I tore them from their bonds and
"O, that these hands could so remove
As they have given these hairs the
But now, I envy at their liberty,
And will again commit them to a prison
Because my poor child is a prisoner
And, father cardinal, I have heard
That we shall see and know our
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of no life hold to stay him up:

And, rising so again,
I shall meet him in the court of heaven
And behold him: therefore never, never
Pard. You hold too tedious a respect of grief.
Const. He talks to me, that never had a son.
K. Phi. You are as fond of grief, as of your
child.

Const. Grief fills the room up of my absent
child;

Like his bed, walks up and down with me,
Sits on his pillow, upstays at my window,
Steals out his vacant garments with him; for;
Now, have I reason to be fond of grief?

K. Phi. Had you such a less as I,
I would give better comfort than you do.—
And not keep this form upon my head.

Const. There is such disorder in my wit,
I say, my Arthur, my fair son!
I say my joy, my food, my all the world!
I say my comfort, and my sorrows' cure!

K. Phi. I fear some outrage, and I'll follow
her. [Exit]

Lew. There's nothing in this world can make
me joy:

As tedious as a twice told tale,
Tears out his heart of a drowsy man; [Exit]

Pand. Before the curing of a strong disease,
It is the instant of repair and health,
A doctor's departure most of all show evil.

Lew. All days of glory, joy, and happiness.
If you had won it, certainly you had.
When Fortune means to men most
good,

She looks upon them with a threatening eye.
How strange to think how much King John hath
lost you prize'd that Arthur is his prisoner!

Const. As heartily as he is glad he hath him.
Your mind is all as youthful as your
blood.

Lew. I hear me speak with a prophetic spirit;
I mean to speak
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of the path which shall directly lead
to England's throne; and therefore
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Const. As heartily as he is glad he hath him.
Your mind is all as youthful as your
blood.

That John may stand, then Arthur needs must
fall;

So be it, for it cannot be but so,
Lew. But what shall I gain by young Arthur's
fall?

Pand. You, in the right of lady Blanch, your
May then make all the claim that Arthur did.

Lew. And lose it, life and all, as Arthur did.

Pand. How green you are, and fresh in this
old world!

John lays you plots; the times conspire with
For he that sleeps his safety in true blood,
Shall find but bloody safety, and untrue.

This act, so evilly born, shall cool the hearts
Of all his people, and freeze up their zeal,
That none so small advantage shall step forth
To check his reign, but they will cherish it;

No natural exhalation in the sky,
No scope of nature, no distemper'd day,
No common wind, no custom'd event,
But they will pluck away his natural cause,

And call them meteors, prodigies, and signs,
Abortives, presages, and tongues of heaven,
Plainly denouncing vengeance upon John.

Lew. May be, he will not touch young
Arthur's life,

But hold himself safe in his imprisonment.

Pand. O, sir, when he shall hear of your
approach,

If that young Arthur be not gone already,
Even at that news he dies; and then the hearts
Of all his people shall revolt from him,

And kiss the lips of unacquainted change;
And pick strong matter of revolt and wrath
Out of the bloody fingers' ends of John.

Methinks I see this hurly all on foot:
And, O, what better matter breeds for you
Than I have nam'd!—The bastard Faulcon-
bridge

Is now in England ransacking the church,
Offending charity: if but a dozen French
Were there in arms, they would be as a call
To train ten thousand English to their side;

Or, as a little snow, tumbled about,
Anon becomes a mountain. O noble Dauphin,
Go with me to the king: 'tis wonderful
What may be wrought out of their discontent,

Now that their souls are topfull of offence:
For England go:—I will whet on the king.

Lew. Strong reasons make strange actions:
let us go:

If you say ay, the king will not say no.
[Exit]

ACT IV.
SCENE I.—Northampton. A Room in the
Castle.

Enter Hubert and two Attendants.

Hub. Heat me these irons hot; and look
thou stand
Within the arras: when I strike my foot
Upon the bosom of the ground, rush forth,

That John may stand, then Arthur needs must
fall;

So be it, for it cannot be but so,
Lew. But what shall I gain by young Arthur's
fall?

Pand. You, in the right of lady Blanch, your
May then make all the claim that Arthur did.

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Anon becomes a mountain. O noble Dauphin,
Go with me to the king: 'tis wonderful
What may be wrought out of their discontent,

Now that their souls are topfull of offence:
For England go:—I will whet on the king.

Lew. Strong reasons make strange actions:
let us go:

If you say ay, the king will not say no.
[Exit]

And bind the boy, which you shall find with me,
Fast to the chair: be heedful; hence, and watch.

1 Attend. I hope your warrant will bear out
the deed.

Hub. Uncleanly scruples I fear not you: look
to 't.— [*Exeunt Attendants.*]
Young lad, come forth; I have to say with you.

Enter Arthur.

Arth. Good morrow, Hubert.

Hub. Good morrow, little prince.

Arth. As little prince (having so great a title
To be more prince) as may be.—You are sad.

Hub. Indeed, I have been merrier.

Arth. Mercy on me!
Methinks nobody should be sad but I:

Yet, I remember, when I was in France,
Young gentlemen would be as sad as night,
Only for wantonness. By my christendom,
So I were out of prison, and kept sheep,
I should be as merry as the day is long;
And so I would be here, but that I doubt
My uncle practises more harm to me:

He is afraid of me, and I of him:
Is it my fault that I was Geoffrey's son?

No, indeed, it's 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 prate

He will awake my mercy, which lies dead:
Therefore I will be sudden, and despatch.

Arth. Are you sick, Hubert? you look pale
to-day.

In sooth, I would you were a little sick,
That I might sit all night, and watch with you:
I warrant, I love you more than you do me.

Hub. [*Aside.*] His words do take possession
of my bosom.—

Read here, young Arthur. [*Showing a paper.*
[*Aside.*]] How now, foolish rheum!

Turning spiteous torture out of door!
I must be brief, lest resolution drop

Out at mine eyes in tender womanish tears.—
Can you not read it? Is it not fair writ?

Arth. Too fairly, Hubert, for so foul effect:
Must you with hot irons burn out both mine

Hub. Young boy, I must. [*eyes?*]

Arth. And will you?

Hub. And I will.

Arth. Have you the heart? When your
head did but ache,

I knit my handkerchief 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,

Saying, "What lack you?" and, "Where lies
your grief?"

Or, "What good love may I perform for you?"

Many a poor man's son would have lain 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 pleas'd that you may see me
Why, then you must.—Will you
eyes?

These eyes that never did, nor need
So much as frown on you!

Hub. I have seen
And with hot irons must I burn

Arth. Ah, no, no, but in this
The iron of itself, though heat

Approaching near these eyes,
And quench this fiery indignation,

Even in the matter of mine innocence.
Nay, after that, consume away in

But for containing fire to harm mine
Are you more stubborn-hard than

And if an angel should have come to me
An told me Hubert should put

I would not have believed him.—
Hub. [*Stamps.*] Come forth.

Re-enter Attendants, with cords.
Do as I bid you do.

Arth. O! save me, Hubert,
Even with the fierce looks of the

Hub. Give me the iron, I say, and
here.

Arth. Alas! what need you have
I will not struggle, I will stand

For heaven's sake, Hubert, let me
bound!

Nay, hear me, Hubert!—Drive these
And I will sit as quiet as a lamb;

I will not stir, nor wince, nor speak;
Nor look upon the iron angrily:

Thrust but these men away, and let me
Whatever torment you do put me to

Hub. Go, stand within; let me
him.

1 Attend. I am best pleas'd to see
a deed.

Arth. Alas! I then have shed
friends:

He hath a stern look, but a gentle
Let him come back, that his companion

Give life to yours.

Hub. Come, boy, prepare
Arth. Is there no remedy?

Hub. None, but to have
Arth. O heaven!—that there

mote in yours,
A grain, a dust, a quail, a wanderer

Any annoyance in that precious
Then, feeling what small things are

Your vile intent must needs seem
Hub. Is this your promise?—your

tongue.
Arth. Hubert, the utterance

Must needs want pleading for a
Let me not hold my tongue;—

Hubert!

Or, Hubert, if you will, cut out
So I may keep mine eyes: O, spare

Though to no use but still to leave
Lo! by my troth, the instrument

And would not harm me.

I can heat it, boy.

With grief, the fire is dead

For comfort, to be us'd

Extremes: see also yourself;

Is no malice in this burning coal;

Heaven hath blown his spirit out,

But with my breath I can revive it, boy.

And if you do, you will but make it

Blush.

With shame of your proceedings,

Like a dog that is compell'd to fight,

At his master that doth tarre him on.

Things that you should use to do me wrong,

Merely, which fierce fire, and iron, extends,

Of note for mercy-lacking uses.

Well, see to live; I will not touch

These eyes

For all the treasure that thine uncle owes:

Sworn, and I did purpose, boy,

In this same very iron to burn them out.

O, now you look like Hubert! I all this

Was disguised.

Peace! no more. Adieu.

Uncle must not know but you are dead;

On these dogged spies with false reports:

Hubert for the wealth of all the world

Will not offend these.

O heaven!—I thank you, Hubert.

Silence! no more: go closely in with

me;

Which danger do I undergo for thee. *[Exit.*

Scene II.—Northampton. A Room of

State in the Palace.

King John, crowned; Pembroke, Salis-

bury, and other Lords. The King takes his

seat.

John. Here once again we sit, once again

crown'd,

look'd upon, I hope, with cheerful eyes.

Pem. This once again, but that your high-

ness pleas'd,

once superfluous: you were crown'd

that high royalty was ne'er pluck'd off;

the titles of men ne'er stained with revolt;

your expectation troubled not the land,

which you long'd for change, or better state.

Sal. Therefore, to be possess'd with double

you must a title that was rich before, [pomp,

you must refine gold, to paint the lily,

to throw a perfume on the violet,

to melt the ice, or add another hue

to the rainbow, or with taper-light

to adorn the beauteous eye of heaven to garnish,

and ridiculous excess.

Pem. But that your royal pleasure must be

act is as an ancient tale now told; [done,

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 workmen strive to do better

than well,

They do confound their skill in covetousness:

And, oftentimes, excusing of a fault

Doth make the fault the worse by the excuse:

As patches, set upon a little breach,

Discredit more in hiding of the fault,

Than did the fault before it was so patch'd.

Sal. To this effect, before you were new-

crown'd, *[highness]*

We breath'd our counsel: but it pleas'd your

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 possess'd you with, and think them

strong;

And more, more strong, (when lesser is my

fear,)

I shall induce 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 re-

straint

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 exercise?

That the time's enemies may not have this

To grace occasions, let it be our suit,

That you have bid us ask his liberty;

Which for our goods we do no further ask,

That whereupon our weal, on you depending,

Counts it your weal he have his liberty.

K. John. Let it be so: I do commit his youth

To your direction.—

Enter Hubert.

Hubert, what news have you?

[Speaks apart with him.]

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 doth come and
Between his purpose and his conscience, [go
Like heralds 'twixt two dreadful battles set:
His passion is so ripe, it needs must break.

Pem. And when it breaks, I fear will issue
thence

The foul corruption of a sweet child's death.

K. John. We cannot hold mortality's strong
hand:—

Good lords, although my will to give is living,
The suit which you demand is gone and dead:
He tells us, Arthur is deceased to-night.

Sal. Indeed, we fear'd his sickness was past
cure. [He was,

Pem. Indeed, we heard how near his death
Before the child himself felt he was sick:

This must be answer'd, either here, or hence.

K. John. Why do you bend such solemn
brows on me?

Think you I bear the shears of destiny?
Have I commandment on the pulse of life?

Sal. It is apparent foul-play; and 'tis shame,
That greatness should so grossly offer it:—
So thrive it in your game! and so, farewell.

Pem. Stay yet, lord Salisbury; I'll go with
thee.

And find the inheritance of this poor child,
His little kingdom of a forced grave. [Isle,

That blood which ow'd the breadth of all this
Three foot of it doth hold:—bad world the
while!

[Out
This must not be thus borne: this will break
To all our sorrows, and ere long, I doubt,

[Exit Lord.

K. John. They burn in indignation, I re-
pent:

There is no sure foundation set on blood,
No certain life achiev'd 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 not without a storm:
Pour down thy weather:—how goes all in
France?

Mess. From France to England.—Never such
For any foreign preparation [a power

Was levied in the body of a land.

The copy of your speed is learn'd by them;
For, when you should be told they do prepare,
The tidings come that they are all arriv'd.

K. John. O, where hath our intelligence
been drunk? [care,

Where hath it slept? Where is my mother's
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 speech,
Occasion!

O, make a league with me, my liege,
My discontented peers!—What?

How wildly, then, walks my reason
Under whose conduct came these things?

France

That thou for truth giv'st out as
Mess. Under the Dauphin.

K. John. Thou hast
With these ill tidings.—

Enter the Bastard, and Pate.

Now, what say
To your proceedings? do not seek to
My head with more ill news, for I

Bast. But if you be afraid to hear,
Then let the worst, unboard, fall on
K. John. Bear with me, cousin,

amaz'd

Under the tide: but now I breathe
Aloft the flood; and can give answer
To any tongue, speak it of what I

Bast. How I have sped among the
men,

The sums I have collected shall
But as I travel'd hither through
I find the people strangely faint

Possess'd with rumours, full of
Not knowing what they fear, but
And here's a prophet, that I have
From forth the streets of Poitiers

found

With many hundreds treading on
To whom he sung, in rude
rhymes,

That, ere the next Ascension-day,
Your highness should deliver up
K. John. Thou idle dreamer,

didst thou so?

Peter. Foreknowing that the
out so.

K. John. Hubert, away with
prison him:

And on that day at noon, when
I shall yield up my crown, let him
Deliver him to safety; and return
For I must use thee.—

[Exit Hubert.

Hear'st thou the news arriv'd?

Bast. The French, my lord, are
Besides, I met lord Bigot, and lord
(With eyes as red as new-ankled
Of Arthur, who, they say, is kill'd
On your suggestion.

K. John. Gentle friend,
And thrust thyself into their company
I have a way to win their loves and seal
Bring them before me.

Bast. I will seal
K. John. Nay, but make haste to
foot before.

Quoted, and sign'd, to do a deed of shame,
This murder had not come into my mind:

But, taking note of thy abhor'd aspect,
Finding thee fit for bloody villainy,
Apt, liable to be employ'd in danger,
I faintly broke with thee of Arthur's death;

And thou, to be endeared to a king,
Makest it no conscience to destroy a prince.

Hub. My lord,— [or made a pause,
K. John. Hadst thou but shook thy head,
When I spake darkly what I purpos'd,
Or turn'd an eye of doubt upon my face,
As bid me tell my tale in express words,
Deep shame had struck me dumb, made me
break off, [in me:

And those thy tears might have wrought fears
But thou didst understand me by my signs,
And didst in signs again parley with sin;
Yes, without stop, didst let thy heart consent,
And consequently thy rude hand to act
The deed, which both our tongues held vile to
name.—

Out of my sight, and never see me more!
My nobles leave me; and my state is 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. Arise you against your other enemies,
I'll make a peace between your soul and you.
Young Arthur is alive: this hand of mine
Is yet a maiden and an innocent hand,
Not painted with the crimson spots of blood,
Within this bosom never enter'd yet
The dreadful motion of a murderous thought;
And you have slander'd nature in my form,
Which, howsoever rude exteriorly,
Is yet the cover of a fairer mind
Than to be butcher of an innocent child.

K. John. Doth Arthur live? O, haste thee
to the peers,

Throw this report on their incens'd 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
Presented thee more hideous than thou art.
O, answer not; but to my closet bring
The angry lords, with all expedient haste;
I conjure thee but slowly; run more fast.

[Exit.

SCENE III.—Northampton. Before the
Castle.

Enter Arthur, on the walls.

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 Edmund's-Bury :

It is our safety, and we must embrace
This gentle offer of the perilous time.

Pem. Who brought that letter from the cardinal ?

Sal. The count Melun, a noble lord of France ;

Whose private with me of the Dauphin's love,
Is much more general than these lines import.

Big. To-morrow morning let us meet him, then.

Sal. Or rather, then set forward ; for 'twill
Two long days' journey, lords, or e'er 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 disposess'd himself of
We will not line his thin bestained cloak [us :
With our pure honours, nor attend the foot
That leaves the print of blood where'er it walks.
Return, and tell him so : we know the worst.

Bast. Whate'er you think, good words, I think, were best.

[reason now.
Sal. Our griefs, and not our manners,

Bast. But there is little reason in your grief ;
Therefore, 'twere reason you had manners now.

Pem. Sir, sir, impatience hath his privilege.

Bast. 'Tis true ; to hurt his master, no man else.

Sal. This is the prison :—what is he has here ?

[Seeing Arthur.

Pem. O death, made proud with pure and princely beauty !

The earth had not a hole to hide this deed.

Sal. Murder, as hating what himself hath
Doth lay it open to urge on revenge. [done,

Big. Or, when he deem'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 see ! could thought, without this object,

Form such another ? This is the very top,
The height, the crest, or crest unto the crest,

Of murder's arm : this is the bloodiest shame,
The wildest savagery, the vilest stroke,

That ever wall-ey'd wrath, or staring rage,
Presented to the tears of soft remorse.

Pem. All murders past do stand excus'd in
And this, so sole and so unmatched, [this ;

Shall give a holiness, a purity,
To the yet unbegotten sin of times ;

And prove a deadly bloodshed
Exemplary by this heinous spot.

Bast. It is a damned and a bloody
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 it be
It is the shameful work of Hubert.

The practice, and the purpose of the deed
From whose obedience I forsook my lord.

Kneeling before this ruin of a man,
And breathing to his breathless eyes.

The incense of a vow, a holy vow,
Never to taste the pleasures of a crown.

Never to be infected with delight,
Nor conversant with ease and idleness.

Till I have set a glory to this deed,
By giving it the worship of a vow.

Pem. Big. Our souls religiously
[Enter Hubert.

Hub. Lords, I am hot with love
Arthur doth live ; the king hath pardoned.

Sal. O, he is bold, and bold
death :—

Avaunt, thou hateful villain, yet thou
Hub. I am no villain.

Sal. [Drawing his sword.] Most
Bast. Your sword is bright, and bright

again.
Sal. Not till I sheath it in a murderer's

Hub. Stand back, lord Salisbury,
I say :

By heaven, I think my sword's
Hub. I would not have you, lord, for

Nor tempt the danger of my sword
Lest I, by marking of your rage,

Your worth, your greatness, and
Big. Out, duncannon ! duncannon !

nobleman !
Hub. Not for my life ; but yet

My innocent life against an emperor's
Sal. Thou art a murderer.

Hub. Do not
Yet, I am none : whose tongue

false,
Not truly speaks ; who speaks not

Pem. Cut him to pieces.
Bast. Keep the peace.

Sal. Stand by, or I shall gild
bridge.

Bast. Thou wert better gall the
If thou but frown on me, or stir the

Or teach thy hasty spleen to do
I'll strike thee dead. Put up thy sword.

Or I'll so maul you and your tongue
That you shall think the devil's

hell.
Big. What wilt thou do, murderer ?

Second a villain and a murderer
Hub. Lord Bigot, I am none.

Big. Who kill'st ?
Hub. 'Tis not an hour since I

I honour'd him, I lov'd him ; and
My date of life out for his sweet

ACT V.

SCENE I.—Northampton. A Room in the Palace.

*Enter King John, Pandulpho with the crown, and Attendants.**K. John.* Thus have I yielded up into your The circle of my glory. [Hand*Pand.* *[Giving John the crown.]* Take again From this my hand, as holding of the pope, Your sovereign greatness and authority.*K. John.* Now keep your holy word: go meet the French;

And from his holiness use all your power To stop their marches, 'fore we are inflam'd. Our discontented counties do revolt;

Our people quarrel with obedience; Swearing allegiance, and the love of soul,

To stranger blood, to foreign royalty. This inundation of mistemper'd humour

Rests by you only to be qualified: Then pause not; for the present time's so sick,

That present medicine must be minister'd, Or overthrow incurable ensues. [Exit up,*Pand.* It was my breath that blew this tem- 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. [Exit,*K. John.* Is this Ascension-day? Did not the prophet Say, that before Ascension-day at noon,

My crown I should give off? Even so I have: I did suppose it should be on constraint;

But, heaven be thank'd, it is but voluntary. *Enter the Bastard.**Bast.* All Kent hath yielded; nothing there holds out,

But Dover castle: London hath receiv'd, Like a kind host, the Dauphin and his powers;

Your nobles will not hear you, but are gone To offer service to your enemy;

And wild amazement hurries up and down The little number of your doubtful friends.

K. John. Would not my lords return to me again,After they heard young Arthur was alive? *Bast.* They found him dead, and cast into

the streets; An empty casket, where the jewel of life

By some damn'd hand was robb'd and ta'en away. [Exit.*K. John.* The villain Hubert told me he did *Bast.* So, on my soul, he did, for aught heknew. [Exit.] But wherefore do you droop? why look you

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:

oul. Trust not those cunning waters of his
ad he, long trad'd in it, makes it seem
the rivers of remorse and innocence.
way with me, all you whose souls abhor
the stench of a slaughter-house;
I am stifled with this smell of sin.
Away toward Bury, to the Dauphin
them!

There, tell the king, he may enquire
as out.
East. There's a good world!—Knew you of
this fair work?

and the infinite and boundless reach
of mercy, if thou didst this deed of death,
thou damn'd, Hubert.

Do but hear me, sir:—
I'll tell thee what;

black—nay, nothing is so
black;

There is not yet so ugly a fiend of hell
as thou wast, if thou didst kill this child.

Upon my soul,—
If thou didst but consent

to that cruel act, do but despair;
that spider twisted from her womb

will serve to strangle thee; a rash will be a
boon

to have thee on; or wouldst thou drown thy-
self?

and a little water in a spoon,
it shall be as all the ocean;

to slide such a villain up.—
I suspect thee very grievously.

thou art in act, consent, or sin of thought,
of this stealing that sweet breath

was embounded in this beauteous clay,
I'll want pains enough to torture me!

Go, hear him in thine arms.—
I smother, methinks; and lose my way

in the thorns and dangers of this world.—
I may doat thou take all England up!

to this morsel of dead royalty,
the right, the truth of all this realm

to be heard; and England now is left
to show and scramble, and to part by the teeth

for the bare-pick'd bone of majesty
doed war bristle his angry crest,

in the gentle eyes of peace:
his powers from home, and discontents at

home,
in one line; and vast confusion waits,

with a raven on a sick-fallen beast,
the frequent decay of wretched pomp,

to follow me with speed: I'll to the king:
and business are brief in hand,

and heaven itself doth frown upon the land.

[Exit.

Are wreck'd three nights ago on Goodwin sands. [now:]

This news was brought to Richard but even The French fight coldly, and retire themselves.

K. John. Ah me! this tyrant fever burns me up,

And will not let me welcome this good news. Set on toward Swinstead: to my litter straight; Weakness possesseth me, and I am faint.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.—*Near St. Edmund's-Bury.*

Another Part of the Field.

Enter Salisbury, Pembroke, Bigot, and others.

Sal. I did not think the king so stor'd with friends.

Pem. Up once again; put spirit in the If they miscarry, we miscarry too. [French:]

Sal. That misbegotten devil, Faulconbridge, In spite of spite, alone upholds the day.

Pem. They say, king John sore sick hath left the field.

Enter Melun, wounded, and led by Soldiers.

Mel. Lead me to the revolts of England here.

Sal. When we were happy we had other

Pem. It is the count Melun. [names.]

Sal. Wounded to death.

Mel. Fly, noble English, you are bought and Unthread the rude eye of rebellion, [sold:] And welcome home again discarded faith.

Seek out king John, and fall before his feet;

For if the French be lords of this loud day,

He means to recompense the pains you take,

By cutting off your heads: thus hath he sworn,

And I with him, and many more with me,

Upon the altar at St. Edmund's-Bury;

Even on that altar, where we swore to you

Dear amity and everlasting love.

Sal. May this be possible? may this be true?

Mel. Have I not hideous death within my Retaining but a quantity of life, [view]

Which bleeds away, even as a form of wax

Resolveth from his figure 'gainst the fire?

What in the world should make me now de-

Since I must lose the use of all deceit? [cease]

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

In peace, and part this body and

With contemplation and devout

Sal. We do believe thee:—and

But I do love the favour and the

Of this most fair occasion, by the

We will untread the steps of danger

And, like a bated and retired

Leaving our rankness and irregular

Stoop low within those bounds

And calmly run on in obedience

Even to our ocean, to our great

My arm shall give thee help

For I do see the cruel pangs of death

Right in thine eye.—Away, on

flight,

And happy newness, that intend

[*Exeunt, leading Melun.*]

SCENE V.—*Near St. Edmund's-Bury.*

French Camp.

Enter Lewis and his

Lew. The sun of heaven, with

loath to set,

But stay'd, and made the western

When the English measur'd

own ground,

In faint retire. O, bravely came

When with a volley of our need

After such bloody toil, we had

And wound our tottering colours

Last in the field, and almost

[*Enter a Messenger.*]

Mess. Where is my prince, the

Lew. Here:—

Mess. The count Melun is

English lords,

By his persuasion, are again

And your supply, which you

Are cast away, and sunk, on

Lew. Ah, foul shrewd news!—

very heart!

I did not think to be so sad

As this hath made me.—Who

King John did fly an hour or two

The stumbling night did part

powers?

Mess. Whoever spoke it, it is

Lew. Well; keep good

care to-night:

The day shall not be up so soon

To try the fair adventure of

SCENE VI.—*An open Place in the*

head of Swinstead Abbey.

Enter the Bastard and Hubert.

Hub. Who's there? speak,

quickly, or I shoot.

Bast. A friend.—What art thou?

Hub. Of the

Bast. Whither dost thou go?

Hub. What's that to thee?

Of thine affairs, as well as thou

H. Hubert, I think!

Thou hast a perfect thought:
Upon all hazards, well believe
My friend, that knowest my tongue
As thou!

Who thou wilt; an if thou please,
Mayest befriend me so much as to think
In one way of the Plantagenets.

Unkind remembrance! thou, and eye-
less night,
Do me shame:—brave soldier, pardon
My accent breaking from thy tongue
To scape the true acquaintance of mine

ear.
Come, come; sans compliment, what
ad you out.

Why, here walk I, in the black brow
of night.

Brief, then; and what's the news?
O, my sweet air, news fitting to the

night,
fearful, comfortless, and horrible.

Show me the very wound of this ill
no woman, I'll not swoon at it.

The king, I fear, is poison'd by a monk:
I am almost speechless; and broke out

quaint you with this evil, that you might
better arm you to the sudden time,

If you had at leisure known of this,
How did he take it? who did taste to

him?
A monk, I tell you; a resolv'd villain,
Whom suddenly burst out: the king

speaks, and, peradventure, may recover.
Whom didst thou leave to tend his

majesty?
Why, know you not? the lords are

these request prince Henry in their company;
they are all about his majesty.

Withhold thine indignation, mighty
Heaven,

Impute us not to bear above our power!—
I, Hubert, half my power this night,

these late, are taken by the tide,
Lincoln washes have devour'd them;

well mounted, hardly have escap'd.
I, before I conduct me to the king;

he will be dead ere I come.

[*Exit.*]

Enter VII.—*The Orchard of Swinstead*
Abbey.

Prince Henry, Salisbury, and Bigot.
H. It is too late: the life of all his

blood
is corruptibly; and his pure brain
suppose the soul's frail dwelling-

house)
by the idle comments that it makes,
Enter Pembroke.

His highness yet doth speak; and
holds belief,

being brought into the open air,

It would allay the burning quality

Of that fell poison which assailth him.

P. Hen. Let him be brought into the
orchard here.— [*Exit Bigot.*]

Doth he still rage?

Pem. He is more patient

Than when you left him; even now he sung.

P. Hen. O, vanity of sickness! Heres ex-
tremes

In their continuance will not feel themselves.
Death, having prey'd upon the outward parts,

Leaves them insensible; 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, [*should sing.*]
Confound themselves. 'Tis strange that death

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 comfort, prince; for you
To set a form upon that indigest, [*are born*]

Which he hath left so shapeless and so rude.
Re-enter Bigot, and Attendants who bring in

King John in a chair.
K. John. Ay, marry, now my soul hath

elbow-room;

It would not out at windows, nor at doors.

There is so hot a summer in my bosom,

That all my bowels crumble up to dust:

I am a scribbled form, drawn with a pen

Upon a parchment; and against this fire

Do I shrink up.

P. Hen. How fares your majesty?

K. John. Poison'd,—ill-fare;—dead, for-
sook, cast off;

And none of you will bid the winter come,

To thrust his icy fingers in my maw;

Nor let my kingdom's rivers take their course

Through my burn'd bosom; nor entreat the

north

To make his bleak winds kiss my parch'd 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

That might relieve you! [*my tears,*]

K. John. The salt in them is hot.—

Within me is a hell; and there the poison

Is, as a fiend, confin'd to tyrannize

On unreprieveable condemn'd blood.

Enter the Bastard.

Bast. O, I am scalded 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

Are turn'd to one thread, one little hair: [sail,

My heart hath one poor string to stay it by,

Which holds but till thy news be utter'd;

And then all this thou seest is but a clod,
And module of confounded royalty.

Bast. The Dauphin is preparing hitherward,
Where, heaven he knows, how we shall answer
him;

For, in a night, the best part of my power,
As I upon advantage did remove,
Were in the washes, all unwarily,
Devoured by the unexpected flood.

[*The King dies.*]

Sal. You breathe these dead news in us
dead an ear.— [thus.

My liege! my lord!—But now a king,—now

P. Hen. Even so must I run on, and even
so stop. [stay,

What surety of the world, what hope, what
When this was now a king, and now is clay?

Bast. Art thou gone so? I do but stay
To do the office for thee of revenge, [behind
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, [mended faiths;

Where be your powers? Show now your
And instantly return with me again,
To push destruction, and perpetual shame,
Out of the weak door of our fainting land.
Straight let us seek, or straight we shall be
sought;

The Dauphin rages at our very heels. [as we :

Sal. It seems you know not, then, so much
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
Ourselves well sinewed to our defence.

Sal. Nay, it is in a manner done already.
For many carriages he hath despatched
To the sea-side, and put his cause and power
To the disposing of the cardinal:

With whom yourself, myself, and others
If you think meet, this afternoon will part
To consummate this business happily.

Bast. Let it be so: and you, my
prince,

With other princes that may best be sped
Shall wait upon your father's funeral.

P. Hen. At Worcester must his body
inter'd;

For so he will'd it. [Thither shall it, then.

Bast. And happily may your sweet self put
The lineal state and glory of the land
To whom, with all submission, on my knees
I do bequeath my faithful services,
And true subjection everlastingly.

Sal. And the like tender of our love we
To rest without a spot for evermore.

P. Hen. I have a kind soul that would
you thanks,

And knows not how to do it, but with love
Bast. O, let us pay the time but need not
Since it hath been beforehand with our prayers
This England never did, nor never shall
Lie at the proud foot of a conqueror.
But when it first did help to wound it
Now these, her princes, are come home
Come the three corners of the world in arms
And we shall shock them: nought shall us
us rue,
If England to itself do rest but true.

THE LIFE AND DEATH OF KING RICHARD II.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

King Richard the Second.
 Edmund of Langley, Duke of York.
 John of Gaunt, Duke of Lancaster.
 Henry Bolingbroke, Duke of Hereford, Son to John of Gaunt: afterwards King Henry IV.
 Duke of Anmerle, Son to the Duke of York.
 Thomas Mowbray, Duke of Norfolk.
 Duke of Surrey.
 Earl of Salisbury.
 Earl of Berkley.
 Bishop of Bath.
 Bishop of Ely.
 Bishop of Exeter.
 Bishop of Hereford.
 Bishop of London.
 Bishop of Norwich.
 Bishop of Worcester.
 Bishop of York.
 Earl of Northumberland.
 Henry Percy, his Son.

Lord Ross.
 Lord Willoughby.
 Lord Fitzwater.
 Bishop of Carlisle.
 Abbot of Westminster.
 The Lord Marshal.
 Sir Pierce of Exton.
 Sir Stephen Scroop.
 Captain of a Band of Welshmen.

Queen to King Richard.
 Duchess of Gloster.
 Duchess of York.
 Lady attending on the Queen.

Lords, Herald, Officers, Soldiers, Gardeners, Keeper, Messenger, Groom, and other Attendants.

SCENE, — Dispersedly in England and Wales.

ACT I.

SCENE I. — London. A Room in the Palace.
 Enter King Richard, attended; John of Gaunt, and other Nobles.

K. Rich. Old John of Gaunt, time-honour'd Lancaster,
 Hast thou, according to thy oath and band,
 Brought hither Henry Hereford thy bold son,
 Here to make good the boisterous late appeal,
 Which then our leisure would not let us hear,
 Against the Duke of Norfolk, Thomas Mowbray?

John. I have, my liege.
 K. Rich. Tell me, moreover, hast thou sounded him,
 As a good subject should,
 In the appeal the duke on ancient malice:
 Some known ground of treachery in him?
 As near as I could sift him on that argument,
 No apparent danger seen in him,
 K. Rich. Then call them to our presence;
 Face to face,
 And frowning brow to brow, ourselves will hear
 The accuser, and th' accused, freely speak:—
 [Recount some Attendants.]
 How stomach'd are they both, and full of ire,
 In rage as the sea, hasty as fire.

Re-enter Attendants, with Bolingbroke and Norfolk.

Boling. Many years of happy days befall
 My gracious sovereign, my most loving liege!
 Norf. Each day still better other's happiness;
 Until the heavens, envying earth's good hap,
 Add an immortal title to your crown!

K. Rich. We thank you both; yet one but flatters us,
 As well appeareth by the cause you come;
 Namely, to appealeach 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
 In the devotion of a subject's love, [speech])
 Tendering the precious safety of my prince,
 And free from other misbegotten hate,
 Come I appellant to this princely presence.—
 Now, Thomas Mowbray, do I turn to thee,
 And mark my greeting well; for what I speak,
 My body shall make good upon this earth,
 Or my divine soul answer it in heaven.
 Thou art a traitor and a miscreant,
 Too good to be so, and too bad to live,
 Since the more fair and crystal is the sky,
 The uglier seem the clouds that in it fly.
 Once more, the more to aggravate the note,
 With a foul traitor's name stuff I thy throat,
 And wish, (so please my sovereign,) ere I move,
 What my tongue speaks, my right drawn sword may prove.

Nor. Let not my cold words here accuse my
Tis not the trial of a woman's war, [zeal]
The bitter clamour of two eager tongues,
Can arbitrate this cause betwixt us twain :
The blood is hot that must be cool'd for this.
Yet can I not of such tame patience boast,
As to be hush'd, and nought at all to say : [me]
First, the fair reverence of your highness curbs
From giving reins and spurs to my free speech :
Which else would post, until it had return'd
These terms of treason doubled down his throat.
Setting aside his high blood's royalty,
And let him be no kinsman to my liege,
I do defy him, and I spit at him ;
Call him a slanderous coward, and a villain ;
Which to maintain, I would allow him odds ;
And meet him, were I tied to run a-foot
Even to the frozen ridges of the Alps,
Or any other ground inhabitable,
Wherever Englishman durst set his foot.
Meantime, let this defend my loyalty,—
By all my hopes, most falsely doth he lie.

Boling. Pale trembling coward, there I
throw my gage,
Disclaiming here the kindred of the king ;
And lay aside my high blood's royalty, [cept]
Which fear, not reverence, makes thee to ex-
If guilty dread have left thee so much strength
As to take up mine honour's pawn, then stoop :
By that and all the rites of knighthood else,
Will I make good against thee, arm to arm,
What I have spoken, or thou canst devise.

Nor. I take it up ; and by that sword I
swear, [shoulder]
Which gently laid my knighthood on my
I'll answer thee in any fair degree,
Or chivalrous design of knightly trial :
And when I mount, alive may I not fight,
If I be traitor, or unjustly fight !

K. Rich. What doth our cousin lay to
Mowbray's charge ?

It must be great, that can inherit us
So much as of a thought of ill in him.

Boling. Look, what I speak, my life shall
prove it true :— [nobles]

That Mowbray hath receiv'd eight thousand
In name of lendings for your highness' soldiers,
The which he hath detain'd for lewd employ-
ments,

Like a false traitor and injurious villain.
Besides, I say, and will in battle prove,—
Or here, or elsewhere, to the farthest verge
That ever was survey'd by English eye,—
That all the treasons, for these eighteen years
Complotted and contriv'd in this land,
Fetch from false Mowbray their first head and
spring.

Farther, I say,—and farther will maintain
Upon his bad life to make all this good,—
That he did plot the duke of Gloucester's death ;
Suggest his soon-believing adversaries,
And consequently, like a traitor coward,
Sluic'd out his innocent soul through streams
of blood ;

Which blood, like sacrificial dew,
Even from the tongueless caverns of the earth,
To me for justice and rough chastity,
And, by the glorious worth of my own cause,
This arm shall do it, or this life shall pay the
scars !

Thomas of Norfolk, what say'st thou
to this ?
Nor. O, let my sovereign turn away
And bid his ears a little while be deaf,
Till I have told this slander of his blood,
How God, and good men, hate a traitor
and coward !

Were he my brother, nay, my kinsman,
(As he is but my father's brother's son,
Now, by my sceptre's awe, I make him true)
Such neighbour nearness to my spirit
Should nothing privilege him, nor let
The unstooping firmness of my spirit
Be his subject, Mowbray, so I will
Free speech and fearless, I to thee
Nor. Then, Bolingbroke, as thou
heart,

Through the false passage of thy
Three parts of that receipt I had in
Disbur'd I duly to his highness,
The other part reserv'd I by command
For that my sovereign liege was to use
Upon remainder of a dear account,
Since last I went to France to defend
Now swallow down that lie.—
death,—

I slew him not ; but, to mine own
Neglected my sworn duty in that point,
For you, my noble lord of Lancaster,
The honourable father to my son,
Once did I lay an ambush for your grace,
A trespass that doth vex my conscience,
But, ere I last received the sacrament,
I did confess it ; and exactly
Your grace's pardon, and I hope
This is my fault ; as for the rest,
It issues from the rancour of a villain,
A recreant and most degenerate traitor,
Which in myself I boldly will defend,
And interchangeably hurl down
Upon this overweening traitor's head
To prove myself a loyal gentleman,
Even in the best blood chamber'd
In haste whereof, most heartily
Your highness to assign our trial
K. Rich. Wrath kindled gentle
Let's purge this choler without
This we prescribe, though no physician
Deep malice makes too deep incision,
Forget, forgive ; conclude, and be
Our doctors say this is no mortal
Good uncle, let this end where it
We'll calm the duke of Norfolk,
Gaunt. To be a make-pewee
my age :—
Throw down, my son, the Duke of
gage.

Which blood, like sacrificial dew,
Even from the tongueless caverns of the earth,
To me for justice and rough chastity,
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This arm shall do it, or this life shall pay the
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Good uncle, let this end where it
We'll calm the duke of Norfolk,
Gaunt. To be a make-pewee
my age :—
Throw down, my son, the Duke of
gage.

S. Rich. And, Norfolk, throw down his
glove.

When, Harry ! when !
K. Rich. Norfolk, throw down ; we bid ;
they are no boot.

Myself I throw, dread sovereign, at
thy foot.

Thou shalt command, but not my shame :
I am thy duty's slave ; but my fair name
Thou shalt not stain.

Thou shalt not stain, but thou shalt not leave
thy honour, impeach'd, and bailed here ;
To the soul with slander's venom'd
darts.

Which no balm can cure, but his heart
must bleed.

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Which no balm can cure, but his heart
must bleed.

Put we our quarrel to the will of heaven ;
Who, when he sees the hours ripe on earth,
Will raise hot vengeance on offenders' heads.

Duch. Finds brotherhood in thee no sharper
spur !

Hath love in thy old blood no living fire ?
Edward's seven sons, whereof thyself art one,
Were as seven phials 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 phial full of Edward's sacred blood,
One flourishing branch of his most royal root,
Is crack'd, and all the precious liquor spilt ;
Is hack'd down, and his summer leaves all
faded,

By envy's hand, and murder's bloody axe.
Ah, Gaunt, his blood was thine ! that bed, that
womb,

That melle, that self-mould, that fashion'd
Made him a man ; and though thou liv'st and
breath'st,

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 show'st the naked pathway to thy life,
Teaching stern murder how to butcher thee :
That which in mean men we entitle 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 sub-
His deputy anointed in his sight, [stitute]
Hath caus'd his death : the which, if wrong-
fully,

Let heaven revenge ; for I may never lift
An angry arm against his minister.

Duch. Where then, alas ! may I complain
myself ? [defence]

Gaunt. To God, the widow's champion and
Duch. Why then, I will. Farewell, old
Gaunt.

Thou go'st to Coventry, there to behold
Our cousin Hereford and fell Mowbray fight :
O, sit my husband's wrongs on Hereford's spear,
That it may enter butcher Mowbray's breast !
Or if misfortune misse the first career,
Be Mowbray's sin so heavy in his bosom,
That they may break his foaming courser's
back,

And throw the rider headlong in the lists,
A cruel recreant to my cousin Hereford !
Farewell, old Gaunt : thy sometimes brother's
wife

With her companion grief must end her life,
Gaunt. Sister, farewell ! I must to Coventry ;
As much good stay with thee, as go with me !
Duch. Yet one word more,—Grief boundeth
where it falls

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Thou show'st the naked pathway to thy life,
Teaching stern murder how to butcher thee :
That which in mean men we entitle patience,
Is pale cold cowardice in noble breasts.

Not with the empty hollowness, but weight;
I take my leave before I have begun;
For sorrow ends not when it seemeth done.
Commend me to my 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—O, what?
With all good speed at Plashy visit me.
Alack! and what shall good old York there see,
But empty lodgings and unfurnish'd walls,
Unpeopled offices, untrodden stones?
And what hear there for welcome, but my
groans!

Therefore commend me; let him not come
there,

To seek out sorrow that dwells every where.
Desolate, desolate, will I hence, and die;
The last leave of thee takes my weeping eye.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.—Gosford Green, near Coventry.
Lists set out, and a Throne. Heralds, &c., attending.

Enter the Lord Marshal and Aumerle.

Mar. My lord Aumerle, is Harry Hereford
arm'd?

Aum. Yea, at all points; and longs to enter.

Mar. The duke of Norfolk, sprightly and
bold,
Stays but the summons of the appellant's
Aum. Why, then, the champions are pre-
par'd, and stay

For nothing but his majesty's approach.

Flourish of Trumpets. Enter King Richard, who takes his seat on his throne; Gaunt, Busby, Bagot, Green, and others, who take their places. A Trumpet is sounded, and answered by another Trumpet within. Then enter Norfolk, in armour, preceded by a Herald.

K. Rich. Marshal, demand of yonder cham-
The cause of his arrival here in arms:—
Ask him his name; and orderly proceed
To swear him in the justice of his cause.

Mar. In God's name and the king's, say
who thou art,
And why thou com'st thus knightly clad in
arms;
Against what man thou com'st, and what thy
quarrel:

Speak truly, on thy knighthood and thine oath;
And so defend thee heaven and thy valour!

Nor. My name is Thomas Mowbray, duke
of Norfolk,

Who hither come engaged by my oath,
(Which God defend a knight should violate!)
Both to defend my loyalty and truth
To God, my king, and his 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!

[*He takes his seat.*]

Trumpet sounds. Enter Bolingbroke, our, preceded by a Herald.

K. Rich. Marshal, ask yonder
arms,

Both who he is, and why he com'st;
Thus plated in habiliments of war;
And formally, according to our law,
Dispose him in the justice of his cause.

Mar. What is thy name?
com'st thou hither,
Before king Richard in his royal list,
Against whom comest thou?
quarrel?

Speak like a true knight, so defend thou
Boling. Harry of Hereford, Lancaster,
Derby,

Am I; who ready here do stand
To prove, by God's grace, and my knightly
In lists, on Thomas Mowbray, duke of
That he's a traitor, foul and dangerous
To God of heaven, king Richard,
And, as I truly fight, defend me heaven!

Mar. On pain of death, pronounce
Or daring hardy, as to touch the
Except the marshal, and such others
Appointed to direct these fair
Boling. Lord Marshal, let me know
reign's hand,

And bow my knee before his majesty;
For Mowbray and myself are ill
That vow a long and weary journey
Then let us take a ceremonious leave
And loving farewell of our sovereign

Mar. The appellant in all due
highness,
And craves to kiss your hand, and

K. Rich. (*Descends from his throne.*)
will descend, and fold him in
Cousin of Hereford, as thy cause is
So be thy fortune in this royal list;
Farewell, my blood; which if to day
Lament we may, but not revenge

Boling. O, let no noble eye
For me, if I be gored with Mowbray's
As confident as is the falcon's flight
Against a bird, do I with Mowbray
My loving lord, I take my leave of
Of you, my noble cousin, lord Derby,
Not sick, although I have to do with
But lusty, young, and cheerily
Lo, as at English feasts, so I repeat
The dearest last, to make the end
O thou, the earthly author of my life,
Whose youthful spirit, in me renews
Doth with a two-fold vigour fit me
To reach at victory above my father's
Add proof unto mine armour with
And with thy blessings steel my face
That it may enter Mowbray's breast;
And furnish new the name of John
Even in the lusty favour of his face.

Mar. The appellant in all due
highness,
And craves to kiss your hand, and

K. Rich. (*Descends from his throne.*)
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Add proof unto mine armour with
And with thy blessings steel my face
That it may enter Mowbray's breast;
And furnish new the name of John
Even in the lusty favour of his face.

And let thy blows, doubly redoubled,
all like smiting thunder on the casque
of my adverse pernicious enemy:
Upon thy youthful blood, be valliant and
live.

Mar. Mine innocency, and Saint George
to thrive

Mar. (*Aloud.*) However God, or fortune,
cast my lot,
Dear face or die, true to king Richard's
loyal just, and upright gentleman. [*Throne,*
and of his chains with a freer heart.

His golden neckroll'd enfranchisement,
More than my dancing soul doth celebrate
The heat of battle with mine adversary.—
Now from my mouth the wish of happy years:
As you and as I found, as to just,
To fight. Truth hath a quiet breast.

K. Rich. Farewell, my lord; securely I spy
Yours with valour couched in thine eye.—
Over the trial, marshal, and begin.

[*The King and the Lords return to their seats.*]

Mar. Harry of Hereford, Lancaster, and
Derby,
Boling. (*Aloud.*) Strong as a tower in hope,
I cry, Amen.

Mar. (*To an Officer.*) Go bear this lance to
Thomas, duke of Norfolk.

Mar. Harry of Hereford, Lancaster, and
Derby,
Boling. (*Aloud.*) Strong as a tower in hope,
I cry, Amen.

Mar. (*To an Officer.*) Go bear this lance to
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Mar. Harry of Hereford, Lancaster, and
Derby,
Boling. (*Aloud.*) Strong as a tower in hope,
I cry, Amen.

Mar. (*To an Officer.*) Go bear this lance to
Thomas, duke of Norfolk.

Mar. Harry of Hereford, Lancaster, and
Derby,
Boling. (*Aloud.*) Strong as a tower in hope,
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Mar. Harry of Hereford, Lancaster, and
Derby,
Boling. (*Aloud.*) Strong as a tower in hope,
I cry, Amen.

Of civil wounds plough'd up with neighbours'
swords;

And for we think the eagle-wing'd pride
Of sky-aspiring and ambitious thoughts,
With rival-bating envy, set you on [*cradle*
To wake our peace, which in our country's
Draws the sweet infant breath of gentle sleep;
Which so round up with boisterous untun'd
drums,

With harsh resounding trumpets' dreadful
And grating shock of wrathful iron arms,
Might from our quiet confines fright fair peace,
And make us wade even in our kindred's
blood;

Therefore, we banish you our territories:—
You, cousin Hereford, upon pain of life,
Till twice five summers have enrich'd our
Shall not regret our fair dominions, [*fields,*
But tread the stranger paths of banishment.

Boling. Your will be done: this must my
comfort be,—
That sun that warms you here shall shine on
And those his golden beams, to you here lent,
Shall point on me, and gild my banishment.

K. Rich. Norfolk, for this 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 against thee, upon pain of life.

Nor. A heavy sentence, my most sovereign
liege,
And all unlook'd for from your highness'
A dearer merit, not so deep a main
As to be cast forth in the common air,
Have I deserved at your highness' hands.
The language I have learn'd these forty years,
My native English, now I must forego,
And now my tongue's use is to me no more,
Than an unstringed 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 have engal'd my tongue,
Doubly portcullis'd with my teeth and lips;
And dull, unfeeling, barren ignorance
Is made my gaoler to attend on me.
I am too old to learn upon a nurse,
Too far in years to be a pupil now:
What is thy sentence, then, but speechless
death,

K. Rich. It boots thee not to be compas-
sionate:
After our sentence plaining comes too late.
Nor. Then, thus I turn me from my coun-
try's light,
To dwell in solemn shades of endless night.

[*Rebining.*]
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,

Which robs my tongue from breathing native
K. Rich. It boots thee not to be compas-
sionate:
After our sentence plaining comes too late.

Nor. Then, thus I turn me from my coun-
try's light,
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try's light,
To dwell in solemn shades of endless night.

[*Rebining.*]
K. Rich. Return again, and take an oath
with thee.

Lay on our royal sword your banish'd hands;
Swear by the duty that you owe to God,

(Our part therein we banish with yourselves.)
To keep the oath that we administer :—
You never shall (so help you truth and God !)
Embrace each other's love in banishment ;
Nor never look upon each other's face ;
Nor never write, regret, nor reconcile
This lowering tempest of your home-bred hate ;
Nor never by advised purpose meet
To plot, contrive, or conspire any ill
Against us, our state, our subjects, or our land.

Boling. I swear.

Nor. And I, to keep all this.

Boling. Norfolk, so far, as to mine enemy :—
By this time, had the king permitted us,
One of our souls had wander'd in the air,
Banish'd this frail sepulchre of our flesh,
As now our flesh is banish'd from this land :
Confess thy treasons, ere thou fly the realm ;
Since thou hast far to go, bear not along
The clogging burden of a guilty soul. [traitor.]

Nor. No, Bolingbroke : if ever I were
My name be blotted from the book of life,
And I from heaven banish'd, as from hence !
But what thou art, God, thou, and I do know ;
And all too soon, I fear, the king shall rue.—
Farewell, my liege.—Now no way um I stray :
Save back to England, all the world's my way.

[Exit.]

K. Rich. Uncle, even in the glasses of thine
I see thy griev'd heart : thy sad aspect [eyes
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 winters, and four wanton springs,
End in a word : such is the breath of kings.

Gaunt. I thank my liege, that in regard
He shortens four years of my son's exile : [me
But little vantage shall I reap thereby ;
For, ere the six years that he hath to spend,
Can change their moons and bring their times
about.

My oil-dried lamp and time-bewasted light
Shall be extinct with age and endless night ;
My inch of taper will be burnt and done,
And blindfold death not let me see my son.

K. Rich. Why, uncle, thou hast many years
to live.

Gaunt. But not a minute, king, that thou
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 word is current with him for my death,
But, dead, thy kingdom cannot buy my breath.

K. Rich. Thy son is banish'd upon good
advice,

Whereto thy tongue a party verdict gave :
Why at our justice seem'st thou, then, to lower ?

Gaunt. Things sweet to taste prove in
digestion sour

You urg'd me as a judge ; but I have
You would have bid me argue like a
O, had it been a stranger, not my child,
To smooth his fault I should have
A partial slander sought I to avoid,
And in the sentence my own life I
Alas, I look'd when some of you
I was too strict, to make mine own
But you gave leave to my unwilling
Against my will, to do myself the wrong.

K. Rich. Cousin, farewell ; and, as
him so :

Six years we banish him, and he shall
[To Boling.] Account King Richard's

Aum. Cousin, farewell : what purpose
not know,

From where you do remain, let part
[To Boling.] My lord, no leave take I

As far as land will let me, by your
[To Boling.] O ! to what purpose do

thy words,
That thou return'st no greeting to the

Boling. I have too few to take my
you,

When the tongue's office should be
To breathe the abundant dolor of the

Gaunt. Thy grief is but thy pleasure's
time.

Boling. Joy absent, grief is present
Gaunt. What is six winters' exile

quickly gone.
Boling. To men in joy ; but grief

Gaunt. Call it a travel, that thou
pleasure.

Boling. My heart will sigh when I
Which finds it an enforced pilgrimage

Gaunt. The sullen passage of thy years
Esteem a foil, wherein thou art to set

The precious jewel of thy home-coming
Boling. Nay, rather, every to-day

Will but remember me, what a deal of
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
But that I was a journeyman to grief

Gaunt. All places that the eye
Are to a wise man ports and happy

Teach thy necessity to reason thus :
There is no virtue like necessity.

Think not the king did banish thee,
But thou the king : we doth the king

Where it perceives it is but faintly
Go, say I sent thee forth to purchase

And not, the king exil'd thee ; nor
Devouring pestilence hangs in our air

And thou art flying to a fresher climate
Look, what thy soul holds dear, not

To lie that way thou go'st, not
Suppose the singing birds musicians

The grass whereon thou tread'st the
strew'd ;

The flowers, fair ladies ; and thy steps
Than a delightful measure, or a dance

And let the tribute of his supple knee,

For such a sorry hath less power to bite
Than that which mock'd at it, and sets it light.

O, who can hold a fire in his hand,
To dry the hungry edge of appetite,

My own imagination of a feast ?
My bow bent in December snow,

My blanket under the summer's heat !
O, that the apprehension of the good,

Should out the greater feeling to the worse :
Then when it bites, but lanceth not the sore,

Come, come, my son, I'll bring thee
on thy way :

Thou shalt not stay, I would not stay.
Sweet soil, adieu ;

My mother, and my nurse, that bears me yet !
I wander, boast of this I can,—

Though banish'd, yet a true-born Englishman.

[Exit.]

SCENE IV.—The Court.

Enter King Richard, Bagot, and Green ;
Aumerle following.

K. Rich. We did observe.—Cousin Aumerle,
How far brought you high Hereford on his

way ? [him so,
I brought high Hereford, if you call

to the next highway, and there I left him.
K. Rich. And say, what store of parting

tears were shed ? [tear wind,
Faith, none for me ; except the north-

wind then blew bitterly against our faces,
Against the sleeping chequers, and so by chance

K. Rich. What said our cousin when you
parted with him ?

Aum. Farewell : and for my heart disdained
that my tongue

should so profane the word, that taught me
to counterfeit oppression of such grief, [grave.

That words seem'd buried in my sorrow's
Marry, would the word "farewell" have

lengthen'd hours,
And added years to his short banishment,

That I should have had a volume of farewells ;
For, since it would not, he had none of me.

K. Rich. He is our cousin, cousin ; but 'tis
doubt,

When thou shalt call him home from banish-
ment,

Whether our kinsman come to see his friends,
Or, as it may be, to see his friends,

Or, as it may be, to see his friends,
Or, as it may be, to see his friends,

Or, as it may be, to see his friends,
Or, as it may be, to see his friends,

Or, as it may be, to see his friends,
Or, as it may be, to see his friends,

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Or, as it may be, to see his friends,

Or, as it may be, to see his friends,
Or, as it may be, to see his friends,

Or, as it may be, to see his friends,
Or, as it may be, to see his friends,

Or, as it may be, to see his friends,
Or, as it may be, to see his friends,

With—"Thanks, my countrymen, my loving
friends ;"

As were our England in reversion his,
And be our subjects' next degree in hope.

Green. Well, he is gone ; and with him go
these thoughts.

[And.—
Now for the rebels which stand out in ire—
Expedient manage must be made, my liege,

Ere farther leisure yield them farther means,
For their advantage, and your highness' loss.

K. Rich. 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 enforc'd to farm our royal realm ;
The revenues whereof shall furnish us

For our affairs in hand. If that come short,
Our substitutes at home shall have blank

charters ; [are rich,
Whereto, when they shall know what men
They shall subscribe them for large sums of

gold,
And send them after to supply our wants ;
For we will make for Ireland presently.

Enter Bushy.
Bushy, what news ? [my lord,

Bushy. Old John of Gaunt is grievous sick,
Suddenly taken ; and hath sent post-haste,
To entreat your majesty to visit him.

K. Rich. Where lies he ?
Bushy. At Ely-house. [mind,

K. Rich. Now, put it, God, in his physician's
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. [Exit.]

ACT II.

SCENE I.—London. An Apartment in Ely-house.

Gaunt on a couch ; the Duke of York, and
others, standing by him.

Gaunt. Will the king come, that I may
breathe my last

In wholesome counsel to his unstaid youth ?
York. Vex not yourself, nor strive not with

your breath ;
For all in vain comes counsel to his ear.

Gaunt. O, but they say, the tongues of
dying men

Enforce attention like deep harmony :
Where words are scarce, they are seldom spent

in vain : [in pain.
For they breathe truth that breathe their words

He that no more must say, is listen'd more,
Than they whom youth and ease have taught

to glaze : [before :
More are men's ends mark'd, than their lives

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 prizes of his state: then, there are found
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 be it new, there's no respect how vile,)
That is not quickly buzz'd into his ears?
Then all too late comes counsel to be heard,
Where will doth mutiny with wit's regard.
Direct not him, whose way himself will choose:
'Tis breath thou lack'st, and that breath wilt
thou lose.

Gaunt. Methinks I am a prophet new inspir'd,
And thus, expiring, do foretell of him:—
His rash fierce blaze of riot cannot last;
For violent fires soon burn out themselves;
Small showers last long, but sudden storms are
short;

He tires betimes, that spurs too fast betimes;
With eager feeding food doth choke the feeder:
Light vanity, insatiate cormorant,
Consuming means, soon preys upon itself.
Th' a royal throne of kings, this scepter'd isle,
This earth of majesty, this seat of Mars,
This other Eden, demi-paradise;
This fortress, built by nature for herself,
Against infection, and the hand of war;
This happy breed of men, this little world;
This precious stone set in the silver sea,
Which serves it in the office of a wall,
Or as a moat defensive to a house,
Against the envy of less happier lands;
This blessed plot, this earth, this realm, this
England,

This nurse, this teeming womb of royal kings,
Fear'd by their breed, and famous by their birth,
Renowned for their deeds as far from home
(For Christian service and true chivalry)
As is the sepulchre, in stubborn Jewry,
Of the world's ransom, blessed Mary's Son;
This land of such dear souls, this dear dear
land,

Dear for her reputation through the world,
Is now leas'd out, (I die pronouncing it,)
I see to a tenement, or pelting farm:
England, bound in with the triumphant sea,
Whose rocky shore beats back the envious
sides

Of wat'ry Neptune, is now bound in with shame,
With inky blots, and rotten parchment bonds:
That England, that was wont to conquer others,
Hath made a shameful conquest of itself.
Ah, would the scandal vanish with my life,
How happy then were my ensuing death!

Enter King Richard and Queen.
Bushy, Green, Bagot, Ross, and others.
York. The king is come: deal
his youth;

For young hot colts, being rag'd, do
more.

Queen. How fares our noble
K. Rich. What comfort, now
with aged Gaunt?

Gaunt. O, how that name laments
position!

Old Gaunt, indeed; and Gaunt is dead:
Within me grief hath kept a tedious
And who abstains from meat, that
For sleeping England long time have
Watching breeds leanness, leanness
gaunt:

The pleasure that some fathers feel
Is my strict fast,—I mean, my abstinence
And therein fasting, hast thou made me
Gaunt am I for the grave, Gaunt am I
Whose hollow womb inherits nothing
their names!

K. Rich. Can sick men play so
their names?
Gaunt. No, misery makes sport
Since thou dost seek to kill my son,
I mock my name, great king, to name
K. Rich. Should dying men flatter
that live!

Gaunt. No, no, men living flatter
K. Rich. Thou, now a-dying
flatter'st me.

Gaunt. O, no! thou diest, thou
sicker be.

K. Rich. I am in health, I breathe
Gaunt. Now, He that made me
see thee ill;

Ill in myself to see, and in these days
Thy death-bed is no lesser than thy life:
Wherein thou liest in reputation
And thou, too careless patient to be woe,
Committ'st thy anointed body to the
Of those physicians that first wound thee
A thousand flatterers sit within thy
Whose compass is no bigger than thy
And yet, incaged in so small a room,
The waste is no whit lesser than thy
O, had thy grandsire, with a prophetic
Seen how his son's son should destroy
From forth thy reach he would have
shame,

Deposing thee before thou were
Which art possess'd now to dispose of
Why, cousin, wert thou regent of
It were a shame to let this land be
But for thy world enjoying but the
Is it not more than shame to know
Landlord of England art thou now,
Thy state of law is bond slave to the
And—

K. Rich. And then a lunatic lean
Presuming on an aged's privilege,
Dar'st with thy frozen admonition
Make pale our cheek, chasing the red
from

from his native residence,
By my son's right royal majesty,
Of whom not brother to great Edward's son,
I come that runs so roundly in thy head,
And run thy head from thy unweary'd
shoulders.

Queen. O, spare me not, my brother Ed-
ward's son;
That I was his father Edward's son;—
I am dead already, like the peacock,
Whom I have out, and drunkenly carous'd;
In my other cloister, plain well-meaning soul,
I have been belied in heaven 'mongst happy
souls!

A precedent and witness good, (I bleed:
With the present sickness that I have;
I have no sickness but like crooked age,
I have a too-long wither'd flower.
I have shame, but die not shame with
this.)

—O, my liege!
Pardon me, if you please; if not, I, please'd
Not to be pardon'd, am content withal.
Seek you to seize, and gripe into your hands,
The royalties and rights of banish'd Hereford?
Is not Gaunt dead? and doth not Hereford live?
Was not Gaunt just? and is not Barry 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
His charters and his customary rights; [Time
Let not to-morrow, then, ensue to-day;
Be not thyself; for how art thou a king,
But by fair sequence and succession?
Now, afore God, (God forbid, I say true!)
If you do wrongfully seize Hereford's rights,
Call in the letters-patents that he hath
By his attorney-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, (straight:
To see this business. To-morrow next
We will for Ireland; and 'tis time, I trow:
And we create, in absence of myself,
Our uncle York lord governor of England;
For he is just, and always lov'd as well.—
Come on, our queen: to-morrow must we part;
Be merry, for our time of stay is short.

Flourish. *Exeunt* King, Queen, Bushy,
Aumerle, Green, and Bagot.
North. Well, lords, the duke of Lancaster is
dead.
Ross. And living too; for now his son is duke.

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dead.
Ross. And living too; for now his son is duke.

Will. 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!
Will. Tends that thou'lt 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;
 Hereft and galled of his patrimony.

North. Now, afore God, 'tis shame such
 wrongs are borne

In him, a royal prince, and many more
 Of noble blood in this declining land.
 The king is not himself, but basely led
 By flatterers; and what they will inform,
 Merely in hate, 'gainst any of us all,
 That will the king severely prosecute
 'Gainst us, our lives, our children, and our heirs.

Ross. The commons hath he pill'd with
 grievous taxes, [fin'd
 And quite lost their hearts: the nobles hath he
 For ancient quarrels, and quite lost their hearts.

Will. And daily new exactions are devis'd,
 As blanks, benevolences, and I wot not what.
 But what, o' God's name, doth become of this?

North. Wars have not wasted it, for warr'd
 he hath not,

But basely yielded upon compromise
 That which his ancestors achiev'd with blows.
 More hath he spent in peace, than they in wars.

Ross. The earl of Wiltshire hath the realm
 in farm. [broken man.

Will. The king's gown bankrupt, like a
North. Reproach and dissolution hangeth
 over him.

Ross. He hath not money for these Irish wars,
 His burdensome taxations notwithstanding,
 But by the robbing of the banish'd duke.

North. His noble kinsman:—most degene-
 rate 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
 And unavoids the danger now, [suffer;
 For suffering so the causes of our wreck.

North. Not so: even through the hollow
 eyes of death,
 I see life peering; but I dare not say
 How near the tidings of our comfort is.

Will. Nay, let us share thy thoughts, as
 thou dost ours. [land:

Ross. Be confident to speak, Northumber-
 We three are but thyself; and, speaking so,
 Thy words are but as thoughts; therefore, be
 bold. [Blanc, a bay

North. Then thus:—I have from Port le

In Brittany, receiv'd intelligence
 That Harry duke of Hereford, [land:
 That late broke from the duke of
 His brother, archbishop late of
 Sir Thomas Erpingham, Sir John
 Sir John Norbery, Sir Robert
 Francis Quaint,—

All these well furnish'd by the
 Bretagne,

With eight tall ships, three thousand
 Are making hither with all due
 And shortly mean to touch our north
 Perhaps they had ere this, but that
 The first departing of the king [land:
 If, then, we shall shake off our
 Imp out our drooping country's
 Redeem from broking pawn the

crown,
 Wipe off the dust that hides our
 And make high majesty look like
 Away with me in post to Har-
 But if you faint, as fearing to
 Stay and be secret, and myself

Ross. To horse, to horse! and
 them that fear.
Will. Hold out my horse, and
 be there.

SCENE II.—London. An Apartment
 Palace.

Enter Queen, Bushy, and Ross.
Bushy. Madam, your majesty
 sad:

You promis'd, when you parted with
 To lay aside life-harming business
 And entertain a cheerful disposition.

Queen. To please the king,
 I cannot do it; yet I know no reason

Why I should welcome such a word
 Save bidding farewell to so sweet
 As my sweet Richard: yet, anon,
 Some unborn sorrow, ripe in fortune,
 Is coming towards me; and my heart
 With nothing trembles: at severest
 grieves,

More than with parting from my lord.

Bushy. Each substance of a
 twenty shadows,

Which show like grief itself, but
 For sorrow's eye, glazed with blood,
 Divides one thing entire to many.

Like perspectives, which rightly
 Show nothing but confusion: yet
 Distinguish form: so your sweet lord
 Looking awry upon your lord's
 Find shapes of grief, more than
 wail;

Which, look'd on as it is, [land:
 shadows

Of what it is not. Then, thence
 More than your lord's departure,
 more's not seen;

Or if it be, 'tis with false sorrow's
 Which for things true weeps things

Bagot. And that's the war'ring commons:
for their love

Lies in their purses; and whose empties them,
By so much fills their hearts with deadly hate.

Bushy. Wherein the king stands generally
condemn'd.

Bagot. If judgment lie in them, then so do we,
Because we ever have been near the king.

Green. Well, I'll for refuge straight to Bristol
castle:

The earl of Wiltshire is already there.

Bushy. Thither will I with you; for little
office

Will the hateful commons 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 thrives to beat back
Bolingbroke, [takes

Green. Alas, poor duke! the task he under-
Is numbering sands, and drinking oceans dry:
Where one on his side fights, thousands will fly.
Farewell at once; for once, for all, and ever.

Bushy. Well, we may meet again.

Bagot. I fear me, never. [Exeunt.

SCENE III.—*The Wilds in Glostershire.*

*Enter Bolingbroke and Northumberland, with
forces.*

Boling. How far is it, my lord, to Berkley
North. Believe me, noble lord, [now]

I am a stranger here in Glostershire:

These high wild hills, and rough uneven ways,
Draw out our miles, and make them wearisome;

But yet your fair discourse hath been as sugar,
Making the hard way sweet and delectable.

But I bethink me, what a weary way
From Ravenspur to Cotswold will be found

In Ross and Willoughby, wanting your com-
pany,

Which, I protest, hath very much beguil'd
The tediousness and process of my travel:

But theirs is sweeten'd with the hope to have
The present benefit which I possess;

And hope to joy is little less in joy,
Than hope enjoy'd: by this the weary lords

Shall make their way seem short; as mine hath
done

By sight of what I have, your noble company.

Boling. Of much less value is my company,
Than your good words.—[*Enter Henry Percy.*]

But who comes here?

North. It is my son, young Harry Percy,
Sent from my brother Worcester, whenceso-
ever.—

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?

Percy. No, my good lord; he hath forsok
the court,

Broken his staff of office, and discharg'd
The household of the king.

North. What was his
He was not so resolv'd, when last we
Together.

Percy. Because your lordship was
But he, my lord, is gone to Ravenspur.

To offer service to the duke of Hereford,
And sent me over by Berkley, to the duke.

What power the duke of York had in
Then, with direction to repair to the duke.

North. Have you forgot the duke of
ford, boy?

Percy. No, my good lord; for I
Which ne'er I did remember: to my

I never in my life did look on him.

North. Then learn to know him
is the duke.

Percy. My gracious lord, I thank
Such as it is, being tender, raw, and

Which elder days shall ripen, and
To more approved service and duty.

Boling. I thank thee, gentle Percy.
I count myself in nothing else so happy

As in a soul remembering my good lord,
And, as my fortune ripens with the

It shall be still thy true love's record.
My heart this covenant makes, my

seals it.

North. How far is it to Berkley?

Keeps good old York there, with
war?

Percy. There stands the castle, by
Mann'd with three hundred men.

And in it are the lords of York, Ber-
None else of name and noble estimation.

Enter Ross and Willoughby.
North. Here come the lords of

Willoughby,
Bloody with spurring, fiery-red with

Boling. Welcome, my lords. I
love pursues

A banish'd traitor: all my treasury
Is yet but unfelt thanks, which, more

Shall be your love and labour's reward.
Ross. Your presence makes us

noble lord.

Will. And far surmounts our
Boling. Evermore thanks, the

the poor;

Which, till my infant fortune comes
Stands for my bounty.—But who comes?

Enter Berkley.
North. It is my lord of Berkley, my

Berk. My lord of Hereford, my

to you.

Boling. My lord, my answer is
And I am come to seek that name in

And I must find that title in your
Before I make reply to ought you say.

Berk. Mistake me not, my lord,
meaning,

To raise one tittle of your honour and

My lord, I come, (what lord you will,)
 Most gracious regent of this land,
 Of York, to know what pricks you on
 Advantage of the absent time, [arms
 Let our native peace with self-borne
 I shall not need transport my words
 In his grace in person.— [by you ;

Enter York, attended.
 My noble uncle !
 Show me thy humble heart, and not
 Thy deceitful and false,
 My gracious uncle !—
 But, but !

No grace, nor uncle me no uncle :
 Your uncle ; and that word—grace,
 In this mouth, is but profane.
 Whence banish'd and forbidden legs
 And to touch a dust of England's
 And !

More why ; why have they dar'd to
 Miles upon her peaceful bosom,
 Her pale-fac'd villages with war,
 Nation of despised arms !
 Because the anointed king is hence !
 O, how the king is left behind,
 O, how the king is left behind,
 O, how the king is left behind,

My lord, the lord of such hot youth,
 Brave Gaunt, thy father, and myself,
 The Black Prince, that young Mars of
 France,

With the ranks of many thousand
 How quickly should this arm of mine,
 Later correction to thy fault ! [fault ;
 My gracious uncle, let me know my
 Condition stands it, and wherein ?
 Even in condition of the worst de-

rebellion, and detested treason :
 A banish'd man ; and here art come
 To expiration of thy time,
 To see the king thy sovereign,
 O, how the king is left behind,
 O, how the king is left behind,

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rebellion, and detested treason :
 A banish'd man ; and here art come
 To expiration of thy time,
 To see the king thy sovereign,
 O, how the king is left behind,
 O, how the king is left behind,

My lord, the lord of such hot youth,
 Brave Gaunt, thy father, and myself,
 The Black Prince, that young Mars of
 France,

What would you have me do ? I am a subject,
 And challenge law : attorneys are denied me ;
 And therefore personally I lay my claim
 To my inheritance of free descent.

North. The noble duke hath been too much
 abus'd.

Ross. It stands your grace upon to do him
 Willo. Base men by his endowments are
 made great.

York. My lords of England, let me tell you
 I have had feeling of my cousin's wrongs,
 And labour'd all I could to do him right ;
 But in this kind to come, in braving arms,
 Be his own carver, and cut out his way,
 To find out right with wrong,—it may not be ;
 And you, that do abet him in this kind,
 Cherish rebellion, and are rebels all. [coming in

North. The noble duke hath sworn his
 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
 I cannot mend it, I must needs confess, [arms ;
 Because my power is weak, and all ill left ;
 But if I could, by Him that gave me life,
 I would attach you all, and make you stoop
 Unto the sovereign mercy of the king ;
 But since I cannot, be it known to you,
 I do remain as neuter. So, fare you well ;—
 Unless you please to enter in the castle,
 And there repose you for this night.

Boling. An offer, uncle, that we will accept ;
 But we must win your grace to go with us
 To Bristol Castle ; which, they say, is held
 By Bushy, Bagot, and their complices,
 The caterpillars of the commonwealth,
 Which I have sworn to weed and pluck away.

York. It may be, I will go with you ;—but
 yet I'll pause ;

For I am loth to break our country's laws.
 Nor friends nor foes to me welcome you are.
 Things past redress are now with me past cure.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—A Camp in Wales.

Enter Salisbury and a Captain.

Cap. My lord of Salisbury, we have stay'd
 ten days,

And hardly kept our countrymen together,
 And yet we hear no tidings from the king ;
 Therefore, we will disperse ourselves ; farewell.

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 stay.

The bay-trees in our country are all wither'd,
 And meteors fright the fixed stars of heaven ;
 The pale-fac'd moon looks bloody on the earth,
 And lean-look'd prophets whisper fearful
 change ;

[*Reap,—*
 Rich men look sad, and ruffians dance and
 The one in fear to lose what they enjoy,
 The other to enjoy by rage and war ;

These signs forerun the death or fall of kings.—
Farewell: our countrymen are gone and fled,
As well assur'd Richard, their king, is dead.

[*Exit.*]
Sal. Ah, Richard, with the eyes of heavy
I see thy glory, like a shooting star, [mind,
Fall to the base earth from the firmament!
Thy sun sets weeping in the lowly west,
Witnessing storms to come, woe, and unrest:
Thy friends are fled, to wait upon thy foes;
And crossly to thy good all fortune goes.

[*Exit.*]

ACT III.

SCENE I.—Bolingbroke's Camp at Bristol.

*Enter Bolingbroke, York, Northumberland,
Percy, Willoughby, Ross: Officers behind,
with Bushy and Green, prisoners.*

Boling. Bring forth these men.—
Bushy, and Green, I will not vex your souls,
(Since presently your souls must part your
bodies.)

With too much urging your pernicious lives;
For 'twere no charity: yet, to wash your blood
From off my hands, here, in the view of men,
I will unfold some causes of your deaths.

You have misled a prince, a royal king,
A happy gentleman in blood and lineaments,
By you unhappied and disfigur'd 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 you did make him misinterpret me,—
Have stoop'd my neck under your injuries,
And sigh'd my English breath in foreign clouds,
Eating the bitter bread of banishment;
Whilst you have fed upon my signories,
Dispark'd my parks, and fell'd my forest woods,
From mine own windows torn my household
coat,

Raz'd out my impress, leaving me no sign,
Save men's opinions and my living blood,
To show the world I am a gentleman.
This and much more, much more than twice
all this,

Condemns you to the death.—See them
deliver'd over

To execution and the hand of death.

Bushy. More welcome is the stroke of death
to me, [well,
Than Bolingbroke to England. Lords, fare-

Green. My comfort is, that heaven will take
our souls,
And plague injustice with the pains of hell.

Boling. My lord Northumberland, see them
despatch'd. [*Exeunt Northumberland
and others, with Bushy and Green.*]

Uncle, you say the queen is alive:
For God's sake, fairly let her be set free.
Tell her I send to her my kind commends,
Take special care my greetings be convey'd.

York. A gentleman of mine I have receiv'd
With letters of your love to her at Bristol.

Boling. Thanks, gentle uncle.

away.
To fight with Glendower and his company
Awhile to work, and, after, holidays.

SCENE II.—The Coast of Wales.
in view.

Flourish: Drums and Trumpets.
Richard, the Bishop of Carlisle,
and Soldiers.

K. Rich. Barkloughly Castle set
at hand!

Arm. Yea, my lord. How long have you
After your late tossing on the ocean?

K. Rich. Needs must I like it well
for joy,

To stand upon my kingdom once again,
Dear earth, I do salute thee with my hand,

Though rebels wound thee with their bloody
hoofs:

As a long-parted mother with her tears
Plays fondly with her tears and smiles
meeting;

So, weeping, smiling, greet I thee, my
And do thee favour with my royal hand.

Feed not thy sovereign's foe, my lord,
Nor with thy sweets comfort his raven;

But let thy spiders, that suck up thy
And heavy-gaited toads, lie in their
Doing annoyance to the treacherous
Which with usurping steps do trample
Yield stinging nettles to mine eyes;
And when they from thy bosom pull them,
Guard it, I pray thee, with a jealous hand.

Whose double tongue may with his murmur
Throw death upon thy sovereign's ear.

Mock not my senseless conjuration;
This earth shall have a feeling, and the
Prove arm'd soldiers, ere her native
Shall falter under foul rebellion's arms.

Bishop. Fear not, my lord: that I
made you king,

Hath power to keep you king, in
The means that heaven yields must be
And not neglected; else, if heaven
And we will not, heaven's offer we
The proffer'd means of succour and
Arm. He means, my lord, that I
remits;

Whilst Bolingbroke, through our
Grows strong and great in soldiers
friends.

K. Rich. Discomfortable comes
That when the searching eye of heaven
Behind the globe, and lights the
Then thieves and robbers range abroad
In murders and in outrage, boldly
But when, from under this terrible

Make dust our paper, and with rainy eyes
Write sorrow on the bosom of the earth.
Let's choose executors, and talk of wills;
And yet not so,—for what can we bequeath,
Save our deposed bodies to the ground?
Our lands, our lives, and all are Bolingbroke's,
And nothing can we call our own but death,
And that small model of the barren earth,
Which serves as paste and cover to our bones.
For God's sake, let us sit upon the ground,
And tell sad stories of the death of kings:
—How some have been 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 breach, a little scone,
To monarchize, be fear'd, and kill with looks;
Infusing him with self and vain conceit,
As if this flesh, which walls about our life,
Were brass impregnable; and humour'd thus,
Comes at the last, and with a little pin
Bores through his castle-wall, and—farewell,
king!

Cover your heads, and mock not flesh and
With solemn reverence; throw away respect,
Tradition, form, and ceremonious duty;
For you have but mistook me all this while:
I live with bread like you, feel want,
Taste grief, need friends:—subjected thus,
How can you say to me—I am a king?

Bishop. My lord, wise men ne'er sit and wail
their woes,
But presently prevent the ways to wail.
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 light:
And fight and die is death destroying death;
Where fearing dying, pays death servile breath.

Aum. My father hath a power; enquire of
And learn to make a body of a limb.

K. Rich. Thou chid'st me well.—Proud
Bolingbroke, I come

To change blows with thee for our day of
Thisague-fit of fear is over-blown; [dismal]
An easy task it is, to win our own.—[power]
Say, Scroop, where lies our uncle with his
Speak sweetly, man, although thy looks be
sour.

Scroop. Men judge by the complexion of
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
Upon his party.

K. Rich. Thou hast said
[To Aumerle.] Bestrew thy
dust lead me forth

Of that sweet way I was in to deposed
What say you now? What counsel
By heavens, I'll hate him everlastingly
That bids me be of comfort to my enemy.

Go to Flint Castle: there I'll put me
A king, woe's slave, shall kingly
That power I have, discharge; and
To ear the land that hath some hope

For I have none: let no man speak
To alter this, for counsel is but vain.

Aum. My liege, one word.
K. Rich. He does me wrong
That wounds me with the flattery
tongue.

Discharge my followers: let them
From Richard's sight to Bolingbroke

Scene III.—Wales. Before Flint Castle.
Enter, with drum and colours, the
and forces; York, Northumberland,
others.

Boling. So that by this intelligence
The Welshmen are dispers'd; and so
Is gone to meet the king, who lately
With some few private friends upon the
North. The news is very fair and
lord:

Richard, not far from hence, hath had
York. It would besoon the land
berland

To say, King Richard:—black the
When such a sacred king should
North. Your grace mistakes not my
Left I his title out.

York. The time hath
Would you have been so brief with
would

Have been so brief with you, to show
For taking so the head, your
length.

Boling. Mistake not, uncle, further
York. Take not, good cousin, further
you should,

Let you mistake: the heavens be
Boling. I know it, uncle: and
myself

Against their will.—But who comes
Enter Percy.

Welcomes, Harry: what, will not
yield?

Percy. The castle royally is man
Against thy entrance.

Why, it contains no king! Yes, no
Percy.

It doth contain a king; king Richard
Within the limits of your time and
And with him are the lord Aumerle,
bury,

Scroop; besides a clergyman
of reverence, who, I cannot learn,
York. O, believe it is the Bishop of Carlisle.

Boling. [To North.] Noble lord,
the rule of that ancient castle;
the trumpet send the breath of
the wind ears, and thus deliver:—[parle
Bolingbroke

And both his knees doth kiss king Richard's
And that most royal person; hither come
And that, my banishment repeal'd,
And with raptur'd again, he freely granted:

To use the advantage of my power,
And by the summer's dust with showers of
men

from the wounds of slaughter'd English-
which, how far off from the mind of Bol-
ingbroke

the green lap of fair king Richard's land,
duty tenderly shall show.

As much, while here we march
the grassy carpet of this plain.—

*North, advances to the Castle, with
a trumpet.* [drum,
march without the noise of threatening
from the castle's totter'd battlements
fair appointments may be well perus'd.
And Richard and myself should meet
the water, when their thundering shock
the air, I'll be the yielding water:
as he is, while on the earth I rain
on the earth, and not on him.
with me, and mark king Richard how he
looks.

*York, and answered by another
trumpet within. Flourish. Enter on the
stage King Richard, the Bishop of Carlisle,
Aumerle, Scroop, and Salisbury.*

King Richard doth himself appear,
And that the blushing discontented sun
can be perceived the anxious clouds are bent
his glory, and to stain the track
the way passage to the accident.

Yet looks he like a king: behold, his
as is the eagle's, lightens forth
his arm should stain so fair a show!

Back. [To North.] We are arm'd; and
you have we stood
the fearful bending of thy knee,
and how dare thy joints forget
their duty to our presence?

—show us the hand of God
that has directed us from our stewardship;
we know no hand of blood and bone
grasp the sacred handle of our sceptre,

Unless he do profane, steal, or usurp. [done,
And though you think that all, as you have
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 threat the glory of my precious crown.

Tell Bolingbroke, (for yond methinks he is,)
That every stride he makes upon my land
Is dangerous treason: he is come to ope
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
To scarlet indignation, and bedew
Her pastures' grass with faithful English
blood.

North. The King of heaven forbid, our lord
Should so with civil and uncivil arms
Be rush'd upon! Thy thrice-noble cousin,
Harry Bolingbroke, doth humbly kiss thy
hand;

And by the honourable tomb he swears,
That stands upon your royal grandsire's bones;
And by the royalties of both your bloods,
Currents that spring from one most gracious
head;

And by the buried hand of warlike Gaunt;
And by the untold and honour of himself,
Comprising all that may be sworn or said,—
His coming hither hath no further scope,
Than for his lineal royalties, and to beg
Enfranchisement immediate on his knees:
Which on thy royal party granted once,
His glittering arms he will commend to rust,
His barbed steeds to stables, and his heart
To faithful service of your majesty.

This swears he, as he is a prince, is just;
And, as I am a gentleman, I credit him.

K. Rich. Northumberland, say,—thou the
king returns:

His noble cousin is right welcome hither;
And all the number of his fair demands
Shall be accomplish'd without contradiction:
With all the gracious utterance thou hast,
Speak to his gentle hearing kind commends.—
[To Aumerle.] We do debate ourselves, cousin,
do we not,

To look so poorly, and to speak so fair?
Shall we call back Northumberland, and send
Defiance to the traitor, and so die?

Aum. No, good my lord; let's fight with
gentle words.

Till time lend friends, and friends their helpful
K. Rich. O God! O God! that e'er this
tongue of mine,

That laid the sentence of dread banishment
On yond' proud man, should take it off again
With words of sooth!—O, that I were as great
As is my grief, or lesser than my name!

Or that I could forget what I have been,
Or not remember what I must be now!
Swell'st thou, proud heart! I'll give thee
scope to beat, [Ina.
Since foes have scope to beat both thee and
Aum. Northumberland comes back from
Bolingbroke. [Must he submit?

K. Rich. What must the king do now?
The king shall do it: must he be depos'd?
The king shall be contented: must he lose
The name of king? o' God's name, let it go:
I'll give my jewels for a set of beads,
My gorgeous palace for a hermitage,
My gay apparel for an alms-man's gown,
My figur'd 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, [feet
Some way of common trade, where subjects'
May hourly trample on their sovereign's head;
For on my heart they tread, now whilst I live;
And, buried once, why not upon my head?
Aumerle, thou weep'st; my tender-hearted
cousin!—

We'll make foul weather with despised tears;
Our sighs and they shall lodge the summer
corn,
And make a dearth in this revolting land.
Or shall we play the wantons with our woes,
And make some pretty match with shedding
tears?

As thus;—to drop them still upon one place,
Till they have fretted us a pair of graves [lies
Within the earth; and, therein laid,—There
Two kinemen digg'd their graves with weep-
ing eyes.

Would not this ill do well?—Well, well, I see
I talk but idly, and you mock 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't please you to come
down?

K. Rich. Down, down, I come; like glistening
Phaeton,

Wanting the manage of unruly jades.

[*North. retires again to Boling.*
In the base court! Base court, where kings
grow base,

To come at traitors' calls, and do them grace.
In the base court! Come down! Down,
court! down, king!

For night-owls shriek, where mounting larks
should sing.

[*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.

K. Rich. Fair cousin, you
To make the base earth proud with you.

Me rather had my heart might yield
Than my unpleasant eye see your light.

Up, cousin, up; your heart is up,
Thus high at least, [Touching his knee
although your knee be low, I care not.

Boling. My gracious lord, I care not
K. Rich. Your own is yours, and all.

Boling. So far be mine, my most
As my true service shall deserve you.

K. Rich. Well you deserve
to have,

That know the strong'st and sure'st
Uncle, give me your hand: my
eyes;

Tears show their love, but what
Cousin, I am too young to be your
Though you are old enough to be my
What you will have, I'll give, and
For do we must, what force will have
Set on towards London:—cousin!

Boling. Yea, my good lord.
K. Rich. Then I must
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—Langley. The Duke
Gardener.

Enter the Queen and two Ladies.
Queen. What sport shall we do
this garden,

To drive away the heavy thought
1 Lady. Madam, we'll play at
Queen. 'Twill make me think
full of rubs,

And that my fortune runs against
1 Lady. Madam, we'll dance.
Queen. My legs can keep no
When my poor heart no more
grief:

Therefore, no dancing, girl: come
1 Lady. Madam, we'll tell tales.
Queen. Of sorrow.

1 Lady. Of either, madam.
Queen. Of woe.

For if of joy, being altogether
It doth remember me the more
Or if of grief, being altogether
It adds more sorrow to my woe.

For what I have, I need not to
And what I want, it boots not to
1 Lady. Madam, I'll sing.
Queen. 'Tis well that thou
But thou shouldst please me better
thou weep.

1 Lady. I could weep, madam.
Queen. And I could sing, madam.
do me good,

And never borrow any tear of thee.—
Why dost thou say king Richard is depos'd?
Dar'st thou, thou little better thing that earth,
Divine his downfall! Say, where, when, and
how, [wretch,
Cam'st thou by these ill tidings? speak, thou
Gard. Pardon me, madam: little joy have I
To breathe these news; yet what I say is true.
King Richard, he is in the mighty hold
Of Bolingbroke: their fortunes both are
weigh'd:

In your lord's scale is nothing but himself,
And some few vanities that make him light;
But in the balance of great Bolingbroke,
Besides himself, are all the English peers,
And with that odds he weighs king Richard
down.

Post you to London, and you'll find it so;
I speak no more than every one doth know.
Queen. Nimble 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?
Gardener, for telling me these news of woe,
I would the plants thou graft'st may never
grow. [Exeunt Queen and Ladies.

Gard. Poor queen! so that thy state might
be no worse,
I would my skill were subject to thy curse.—
Here did she fall a tear; here, in this place,
I'll set a bank of rue, sour herb of grace.
Rue, even for ruth, here shortly shall be seen,
In the remembrance of a weeping queen. [Exeunt.

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—London. Westminster Hall.
The Lords spiritual on the right side of the
Throne: the Lords temporal on the left;
the Commons below. Enter Bolingbroke,
Aumerle, Surrey, Northumberland, Percy,
Fitzwater, another Lord, the Bishop of
Carlisle, the Abbot of Westminster, and
Attendants. Officers behind with Bagot.

Boling. Call forth Bagot.
Now, Bagot, freely speak thy mind;
What thou dost know of noble Gloucester's death,
Who wrought it with the king, and who per-
form'd.

The bloody office of his timeless end. [Aumerle,
Bagot. Then set before my face the lord
Boling. Cousin, stand forth, and look upon
that man. [Drawing tongue

Bagot. My lord Aumerle, I know your
Seems to unsay what once it hath deliver'd.
In that dead time when Gloucester's death was
plotted,

Hold thy peace!—
I would myself met with the fall of leaf:
I would his broad-spreading leaves did
hold him up, by Bolingbroke;
What are they dead?

They are; and Bolingbroke
O! what pity
[land,
[land, we at time of year
over-prond with sap and blood,
much riches it confound itself:
to great and growing men,
that bearing boughs may live:
of all hours hath borne the crown,
[shall be depos'd?

What, think you, then, the king
he will be: Jitters came last night
of the good duke of York's,
[I am press'd to death through
[Coming forward.
[Admiring tongue

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I heard you say,—"Is not my arm of length,
That reacheth from the resifful English court
As far as Calais, to my uncle's head?"

Amongst much other talk, that very time,
I heard you say, that you had rather refuse
The offer of a hundred thousand crowns,
Than Bolingbroke's return to England;
Adding withal, how blest this land would be
In this your cousin's death.

Aum. Princes, and noble lords,
What answer shall I make to this base man?
Shall I so much dishonour my fair stars,
On equal terms to give him chastisement?
Either I must, or have mine honour sold
With the attander of his slanderous lips.
There is my gage, the manual seal of death,
That marks thee out for hell: I say, thou liest,
And will maintain what thou hast said is false
In thy heart-blood, though being all too base
To stain the temper of my knightly sword.

Boling. Bagot, forbear; thou shalt not take
it up.

Aum. Excepting one, I would he were the
In all this presence, that hath mov'd me so.

Fitz. If that thy valour stand on sympathies,
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 spak'st it,
That thou wert cause of noble Gloster's death.
If thou deny'st it twenty times, thou liest;
And I will turn thy falsehood to thy heart,
Where it was forged, with my rapier's point.

Aum. Thou dar'st not, coward, live to see
that day.

Fitz. Now, by my soul, I would it were this
Aum. Fitzwater, thou art damn'd to hell for
this.

Percy. Aumerle, thou liest; his honour is as
In this appeal, as thou art all unjust; [true
And, that thou art so, there I throw my gage,
To prove it on thee to th' extremest point
Of mortal breathing; seize it if thou dar'st.

Aum. And if I do not, may my hands rot off,
And never brandish more revengeful steel
Over the glittering helmet of my foe!

Lord. It ask the earth to the like, forsworn Aumerle:
And spur thee on with full as many lies [merle:
As may be holla'd in thy treacherous ear
From sun to sun: there is my honour's pawn;
Engage it to the trial, if thou dar'st. [at all:

Aum. Who sets me else? by heaven, I'll throw
I have a thousand spirits in one breast,
To answer twenty thousand such as you.

Surrey. My lord Fitzwater, I do remember
The very time Aumerle and you did talk. [well

Fitz. 'Tis very true; you were in presence
And you can witness with me this is true. [then;

Surrey. As false, by heaven, as heaven itself

Fitz. Surrey, thou liest. [is true,

Surrey. Dishonourable boy!
That lie shall lie so heavy on my sword,
That it shall render vengeance and revenge,
Till thou, the He-giver, and that lie, do lie

in earth as quiet as thy name
In proof whereof, there is my gage
Engage it to the trial, if thou dar'st.

Fitz. How fondly dost thou say
If I dare eat, or drink, or breathe
I dare meet Surrey in a wilderness
And spit upon him, whilst I scorn
And lies, and lies: there is my gage
To tie thee to my strong correction
As I intend to thrive in this new age
Aumerle is guilty of my true age
Besides, I heard the banish'd duke
That thou, Aumerle, didst send to
To execute the noble duke as traitor

Aum. Some honest Christian
a gage.

That Norfolk lies, here do I throw
If he may be repeal'd to try his

Boling. These differences shall be
Till Norfolk be repeal'd: repeal him

And, though mine enemy, restore him
To all his lands and signiors

return'd,
Against Aumerle we will enforce

Bishop. That honourable day
Many a time hath banish'd York
For Jesu Christ in glorious Christ
Streaming the ensign of the Cross

Against black pagans, Turks, and
And, toll'd with works of war, to

To Italy; and there, at Venice,
His body to that pleasant country

And his pure soul unto his country
Under whose colours he had fought

Boling. Why, bishop, is Norfolk
Bishop. As surely as I live, my

Boling. Sweet peace conduct him
to the bosom

Of good old Abraham!—Tears
Your differences shall all rest

Till we assign you to your day
Enter York, attended

Fork. Great duke of Lancaster
thee

From plume pluck'd Richard; who
Adopts thee heir, and his high

To the possession of thy royal
Ascend his throne, descending mine

And long live Henry, of that name
Boling. In God's name, I'll

throne.

Bishop. Marry, God forbid!
Worst in this royal presence

Yet best beacending me to speak
Would God, that any in this noble

Were enough notable to be upright
Of noble Richard! then, true

Learn him forbearance from so
What subject can give sentence

And who sits here that is not Richard
Thieves are not judg'd but they

Although apparent guilt be seen
And shall the figure of God's

His captain, steward, deputy

planted many years,
by subject and inferior breath,
to himself not present! O, forbend it, God,
in a Christian climate, souls refin'd
show so heinous, black, obscene a deed!
to subjects, and a subject speaks,
up by God, thus boldly for his king.
of Hereford here, whom you call king,
a traitor to proud Hereford's king;
you crown him, let me prophesy,—
of England shall manure the ground,
shall grow for this foul act;
to sleep with Turks and infidels,
in this seat of peace tumultuous wars
with kin, and kind with kind con-
fused, horror, fear, and kind confu-
sion, here inhabit, and this land be call'd
of Golgotha, and dead men's skulls.
of you rear this house against this house,
the wofullest division prove,
to tell upon this cursed earth.
to resist it—let it not be so,
child, child's children, cry against you—
Well have you argu'd, sir; and, for
treason you arrest you here.—
of Westminster, be it your charge
keep him safely till his day of trial.—(suit)
I please you, lords, to grant the commons'
Fetch hither Richard, that in com-
mon view

surrender; so we shall proceed
I will be his conduct. [Exit.
Lords, you that here are under our
oaths, your oaths for your days of answer.
Little are we beholden to your
help, look'd for at your helping hands. [Love,
York, with King Richard, and Officers
bearing the Crown, &c.
Alack, why am I sent for to a king,
I have shook off the regal thoughts
I might d' I hardly yet have learn'd
to flatter, bow, and bend my knee:
I leave awhile to tutor me
in submission. Yet I well remember
of these men: were they not mine?
I sometime cry, All hail! to me!
I did to Christ: but he, in twelve,
truth in all, but one; I, in twelve
thousand, none.
Will no man say, Amen?
priest and clerk? well then, Amen.
the king! although I be not he;
Amen, if heaven do think him me.—
To do that office of mine own good-will
third majesty did make thee offer;
of the state and crown
Bolingbroke.
Give me the crown;—Here, cousin,
the crown;
on this side my hand; on that

Now is this golden crown like a deep well,
That owes two buckets, filling one another;
The emptier ever dancing in the air,
The other down, unseen, and full of water:
That bucket down, and full of tears, am I,
Drinking my griefs, whilst you mount up on
high.

[Resign.
Boling. I thought you had been willing to
K. Rich. My crown, I am; but still my
griefs are mine:

You may my glories and my state depose,
But not my griefs; still am I king of those.

Boling. Part of your cares you give me with
your crown.

K. Rich. Your cares set up, do not pluck my
cares down.

My care is, loss of care, by old care done;
Your care is, gain of care, by new care won.
The cares I give, I have, though given away;
They 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 he;]

Therefore no, no, for I resign to thee.

Now mark me, how I will undo myself;—

I give this heavy weight from off my head,

And this unwieldy sceptre from my hand,

The pride of kingly sway from out my heart;

With mine own tears I wash away my balm,

With mine own hands I give away my crown,

With mine own tongue deny my sacred state,

With mine own breath release all duties:

All pomp and majesty I do forswear; [oaths:]

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 unbroke are made to thee!

Make me, that nothing have, with nothing

griev'd, [achiev'd]

And thou with all pleas'd, that hast all

Long mayst thou live in Richard's seat to sit,

And soon lie Richard in an earthy pit!

God save King Henry, unking'd Richard says,

And send him many years of sunshine days!

What more remains? [you read]

North. [Offering a paper.] No more, but that

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 worthily depos'd.

K. Rich. Must I do so? and must I ravel out

My weav'd up follies? Gentle Northumber,

If thy offences were upon record, [And]

Would it not shame thee, in so fair a troop,

To read a lecture of them? If thou wouldst,

There shouldst thou find one heinous article,—

Containing the deposing of a king,

And cracking the strong warrant of an oath,—

Mark'd with a blot, damn'd in the book of

heaven,—

Nay, all of you, that stand and look upon me,

Whilst that my wretchedness doth bait my-

self,—

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, despatch; read o'er these articles. [not see]

K. Rich. Mine eyes are full of tears, I can-
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 undeck the pompous body of a king;
Made glory base; and sovereignty a slave;
Proud majesty a subject; state a peasant.

North. My lord, — [sullied man]

K. Rich. No lord of thine, thou haught, in-
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,]
Good king, — great king, — (and yet not greatly)
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 look-
ing-glass. [Exit an Attendant.]

North. Read o'er this paper, while the glass
doth come. [come to hell.]

K. Rich. Fiend! thou torment'st me ere I

Boling. Urge it no more, my lord Northum-
berland. [fied.]

North. The commons will not then be satis-
fied. *K. Rich.* They shall be satisfied: I'll read
When I do see the very book indeed [enough,
Where all my sins are writ, and that's — myself.

Re-enter Attendant, with a glass.
Give me that 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
Like to my followers in prosperity, [glass,
Thou dost beguile me! Was this face the face,

That every day under his household roof
Did keep ten thousand men? Was this the face,

That like the sun did make beholders wink?
Was this the face, that fac'd so many follies,

And was at last outfac'd by Bolingbroke?
A brittle glory shineth in this face:

As brittle as the glory is the face;
[Dashes the glass against the ground.]

For there it is, crack'd in a hundred shivers.
Mark, silent king, the moral of this sport, —

How soon my sorrow hath destroy'd my face.
Boling. The shadow of your sorrow hath

The shadow of your face. [destroy'd]

K. Rich. Say that again. Say that again.
The shadow of my sorrow! Ha! let's see: —

'Tis very true, my grief lies all within;
And these external manners of lament
Are merely shadows to the unseen pain
That swells with silence in the tortured soul;
There lies the substance; and I thank you,
king,

For thy great bounty, that not only
Me cause to wail, but teach me how to wail;
How to lament the cause. I'll bear with
And then be gone and trouble you no more.
Shall I obtain it?

Boling. Name it, fair cousin!

K. Rich. Fair cousin! I am proud
For when I was a king, my state was such
Were then but subjects; being now a king,
I have a king here to my father's throne.

Being so great, I have no need to be
[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 may
[Boling.] Go, some of you; convey him to the
Tower.

K. Rich. O, good! Convey me to the
That rise thus numbly by a traitor's hand.

[Exit K. Richard, some Lords, and some of the
Tower.]

Boling. On Wednesday next we will
set down

Our coronation: lords, prepare
[Exit all except the Archbishop, the Bishop of Ely, and the Abbot.]

Abbot. A woful pageant have we
held.

Bishop. The woe to come is such
Shall feel this day as sharp to them as
[Exit all.]

Aum. You holy clergyman, in this
To rid the realm of this pernicious
[Exit all.]

Abbot. Before I freely speak my
You shall not only take the man, but also
To bury mine intents, but also to
Whatever I shall happen to do.

I see your brows are full of sorrow,
Your hearts of sorrow, and your eyes
Come home with me to supper.

A plot, shall show us all a merry
[Exit all.]

ACT V.

SCENE I.—London. A Street near the Tower.

Enter Queen and Attendants.

Queen. This way the king will go
To Julius Caesar's monument, to see
To whose flint bosom my condemned
Is doom'd a prisoner by proud Bolingbroke.

Here let us rest, if this rebellion
Have any resting for her true king.

*Enter King Richard and some of the
But soft, but see, or rather do not see,
My fair rose wither: yet look up!*

And I may dissolve to dew,
 And then, the model where old Troy did stand,
 Thou map of honour, thou king Richard's
 tomb,
 And not king Richard; thou most beauteous
 Why should hard-favour'd grief be lodg'd in
 thee?
 When triumph is become an ale-house guest?
 K. Rich. Join not with grief, fair woman,
 do not so,
 to make my end too sudden; learn, good soul,
 from which a wail'd, the truth of what we are
 as but this: I am sworn brother, sweet,
 to keep a league till death. [France,
 And cluster thee in some religious house:
 thy holy lives must win a new world's crown,
 while our profane hours here have stricken
 down.
 What, is my Richard both in shape
 and weaken'd? Hath Bolingbroke
 broke
 thy intellect? hath he been in thy
 heart, dying, thrusteth forth his paw, [rage
 to rend the earth, if nothing else, with
 his power'd; and wilt thou, pupil-like,
 take thy correction mildly, kiss the rod,
 and bow on rage with base humility,
 K. Rich. A king of beasts, indeed; if aught
 has been still a happy king of men. [But beasts,
 some time queen, prepare thee hence for
 France;
 I am dead; and that even here thou
 from my death-bed, my last living leave,
 remember tedious nights sit by the fire
 of good old folks, and let them tell thee tales
 of me thou bid good night, to quit their grief,
 and the lamentable tale of me,
 and the hearers weeping to their beds:
 why, the senseless brands will sympathize
 in thy accent of thy moving tongue,
 in compassion weep the fire out;
 and will mourn in ashes, some coal-black,
 the deposing of a rightful king.
 Enter Northumberland, attended.
 North. My lord, the mind of Bolingbroke
 is chang'd;
 he went to Pomfret, not unto the Tower.—
 Madam, there is order taken for you;
 that I may strive to kill it with a groan.
 K. Rich. We make woe wanton with this
 fond delay:
 Once more, adieu; the rest let sorrow say.
 [Exeunt.
 SCENE II.—London. A Room in the Duke
 of York's Palace.
 Enter York and his Duchess.
 Duck. 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.

Being ne'er so little urg'd, another way
 To pluck him headlong from the usurp'd
 throne.

The love of wicked friends converts to fear;
 That fear to hate; and hate turns one, or both,
 To worthy danger and deserved death.

North. My guilt be on my head, and there
 an end. [with.

Take leave, and part; for you must part forth—
 K. Rich. Doubly divorce'd!—Bad men, ye
 violate

A twofold marriage; 'twixt my crown and me,
 And then, betwixt me and my married wife.
 Let me unkill the oath 'twixt thee and me;
 And yet not so, for with a kiss 'twas made.

Part us, Northumberland: I towards the
 north, [clime;

Where shivering cold and sickness pines the
 My wife to France; from whence, set forth in
 pomp,

She came adorned hither like sweet May,
 Sent back like Halloween, 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. [with me.

Queen. Bantish us both, and send the king
 North. That were some love, but little
 policy. [go.

Queen. Then whither he goes, thither let me
 K. Rich. So two, together weeping, make
 one woe.

Weep thou for me in France, I for thee here;
 Better far off, than near, be ne'er the near.

Go, count thy way with sighs, I mine with
 groans. [groans.

Queen. So longest way shall have the longest
 K. Rich. Twice for one step I'll groan, the
 way being short,

And piece the way out with a heavy heart.
 Come, come, in wooing sorrow let's be brief;

Since, wedding it, there is such length in grief:
 One kiss shall stop our mouths, and dumbly
 part;

Thus give I mine, and thus take I thy heart.
 [They kiss.

Queen. Give me mine own again; 'twere no
 good part,

To take on me to keep and kill thy heart.
 [They kiss again.

So, now I have mine own again, be gone,
 That I may strive to kill it with a groan.

K. Rich. We make woe wanton with this
 fond delay:

Once more, adieu; the rest let sorrow say.
 [Exeunt.

SCENE II.—London. A Room in the Duke
 of York's Palace.

Enter York and his Duchess.

Duck. 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, [head.
 Threw dust and rubbish on king Richard's
York. Then, as I said, the duke, great Bol-
 Mounted upon a hot and fiery steed, [ingbroke,
 Which his aspiring rider seemed to know,
 With slow but stately pace kept on his course,
 While all tongues cried—"God save thee,
 Bolingbroke!" [spake,

You would have thought the very windows
 So many greedy looks of young and old
 Through casements darted their desiring eyes
 Upon his visage; and that all the walls
 With painted imagery had said at once,—
 "Jesu preserve thee! welcome, Bolingbroke!"
 Whilst he, from one side to the other turning,
 Bare-headed, lower than his proud steed's
 neck, [men :
 Bespake them thus,—"I thank you, country-
 And thus still doing, thus he pass'd along.

Duch. Alas, poor Richard! where rides he
 the whilst?

York. As in a theatre, the eyes of men,
 After a well-grac'd actor leaves the stage,
 Are idly bent on him that enters next,
 Thinking his prattle to be tedious; [eyes
 Even so, or with much more contempt, men's
 Did scowl on Richard; no man cried, God
 save him;

No joyful tongue gave him his welcome home;
 But dust was thrown upon his sacred head;
 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 [melted,

The hearts of men, they must perforce have
 And barbarism itself have pitied him.
 But heaven hath a hand in these events, [tents.
 To whose high will we bound our calm con-
 To Bolingbroke are we sworn subjects now,
 Whose state and honour I for aye allow.

Enter Aumerle.

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.

Duch. Welcome, my son; who are the
 violets now, [spring?

That strew the green lap of the new-come
Aum. Madam, I know not, nor I greatly
 care not;

God knows I had as lief be none, as one.
York. Well, bear you well in this new spring
 of time,

Lest you be cropp'd before you come to prime.
 What news from Oxford? hold those justs and
 triumphs?

Aum. For aught I know, my lord, they do.
York. You will be there, I know.

Aum. If God prevent it not, I will.
York. What seal is that, that I see
 thy bosom?

Yea, look'st thou pale? let me see the
Aum. My lord, 'tis nothing.

York. No matter, then, what
 I will be satisfied; let me see the

Aum. I do beseech your grace
 It is a matter of small consequence,
 Which for some reasons I would

seen.

York. Which for some reasons
 I fear, I fear,—

Duch. What should you
 'Tis nothing but some bond for a

For gay apparel 'gainst the triumph
York. Bound to himself? what does

a bond
 That he is bound to? Wife, thou art

Boy, let me see the writing.
Aum. I do beseech you, pardon me

York. I will be satisfied; let me see the
 [Snatches at

Treason! foul treason!—villain
Duch. What is the matter, my lord?

York. Ho! who is within there?
 [Enter a

God for his mercy, what treason
Duch. Why, what is it, my lord?

York. Give me my boots, I say;
 Now, by mine honour, by my

I will approach the villain.
Duch. What?

York. Peace, foolish woman.
Duch. I will not peace.—What

Aum. Good mother, be content
 Than my poor life must answer

Duch. Thy life
York. Bring me my boots: I will

king.
Re-enter Servant with boots.

Duch. Strike him, Aumerle—
 thou art amaz'd.—

[To Servant.] Hence, villain! come
 come in my sight.

York. Give me my boots, I say;
Duch. Why, York, what wilt thou

Wilt thou not hide the trespass of the
 Have we more sons? or are we like

Is not my teeming date drunk up with
 And wilt thou pluck my fair son

And rob me of a happy mother's comfort
 Is he not like thee? is he not like

York. Thou fond mad woman
 Wilt thou conceal this dark conspiracy

A dozen of them here have taken
 And interchangeably set down their

To kill the king at Oxford.
Duch. He shall

We'll keep him here: then, what
York. Awe—

Fond woman! were he twenty times
 I would approach him.

Scene 3.

York. Hadst thou groan'd for him,
As I have done, thou'dst be more pitiful.
[*Exit.*]

York. That I have been disloyal to thy bed,
And that he is a bastard, not thy son; [mind :
He is as like thee as a man may be,
Not like to me, nor any of my kin,
And yet I love him.

York. Make way, nursery woman ! [Exit.
After, Aumerle] Mount thee upon
his horse ;

And beg thy pardon ere he do accuse thee.
[*York.* He long behind ; though I be old,
I must not but to ride as fast as York ;
And never will I rise up from the ground,
Till Bolingbroke have pardon'd thee. Away ;
[*Exit.*]

Scene III.—Windsor. A Room in the
Castle.

*Bolingbroke as King ; Percy, and
other Lords.*

Boling. Can no man tell of my unthrifty
son ?
He full three months since I did see him
I saw him hang over us, 'tis he. [last :
I would to God, my lords, he might be found :
Where at London, amongst the taverns there ;
Or there, they say, he daily doth frequent,
With unrestrained loose companions,—
How much, they say, as stand in narrow lanes,
To beat our watch, and rob our passengers ;
Or take us, young, wanton, and effeminate boy,
On the point of honour to support
a crew.

Percy. My lord, some two days since I saw
him told him of these 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
would anhorse the lustiest challenger.

Boling. As desperate as desperate ; yet,
through both
some sparkles of a better hope,
that elder days may happily bring forth.
who comes here !

Enter Aumerle, hastily.
Where is the king ?
What means our cousin, that he
[stares and looks
at Percy and looks
at Bolingbroke as desperate ; yet,
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some sparkles of a better hope,
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some sparkles of a better hope,
that elder days may happily bring forth.
who comes here !

Boling. Intended, or committed, was this
If on the first, how heinous e'er it be, [fault ?
To win thy after-love I pardon thee. [the key,
Aum. Then give me leave that I may turn
That no man enter till my tale be done.

Boling. Have thy desire.

[Aumerle locks the door.

York. [Within.] My liege, beware ; look to
thyself ;

Thou hast a traitor in thy presence there.

Boling. [Drawing.] Villain, I'll make thee
safe. [no cause to fear.

Aum. Stay thy revengeful hand ; thou hast
York. [Within.] Open the door, secure,
foolhardy king :

Shall I, for love, speak treason to thy face ?
Open the door, or I will break it open.

[Bolingbroke unlocks the door ; and
afterwards relocks it.

Enter York.

Boling. What is the matter, uncle ? speak ;
Recover breath ; tell us how near is danger,
That we may arm us to encounter it.

York. Peruse this writing here, and thou
shalt know

The treason that my haste forbids me show.

Aum. Remember, as thou read'st, thy pro-
mise past :

I do repent me ; read not my name there ;
My heart is not confederate 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, begets his penitence ;
Forget to pity him, lest thy pity prove
A serpent that will sting thee to the heart.

Boling. O heinous, strong, and bold con-
O loyal father of a treacherous son ! [spiracy !
Thou sheer, immaculate, and silver fountain,
From whence this stream through muddy pas-
sages

Hath held his current, and defil'd himself !
Thy overflow of good converts to bad ;
And thy abundant goodness shall excuse
This deadly blot in thy digressing son.

York. So shall my virtue be his vice's bawd ;
And he shall spend mine honour with his
shame,

As thriftless sons their scraping fathers' gold.
Mine honour lives when his dishonour dies,
Or my shame'd 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-voic'd suppliant makes
this eager cry ?

Duch. [Within.] A woman, and thine aunt,
great king ; 'tis I.

Speak with me, pity me, open the door :
A beggar begs, that never begg'd before.

Boling. Our scene is alter'd from a serious
thing. [King.]

And now chang'd to "The Beggar and the

My dangerous cousin, let your mother in :
I know she's come to pray for your foul sin.

[Aumerle unlocks the door.]

York. If thou do pardon, whosoever pray,
More sins, for this forgiveness, prosper may.
This fester'd joint cut off, the rest rests sound ;
This, let alone, will all the rest confound.

Enter Duchess.

Duch. O king, believe not this hard-hearted
Love, loving not itself, none other can. [man !

York. Thou frantic woman, what dost thou
make here ?

Shall thy old dugs once more a traitor rear ?

Duch. Sweet York, be patient.—[Kneels.]

Hear me, gentle liege.

Boling. Rise up, good aunt.

Duch. Not yet, I thee beseech.

For ever will I walk upon my knees,
And never see day that the happy sees,
Till thou give joy : until thou bid me joy,
By pardoning Rutland, my transgressing boy.

Aunt. [Kneels.] Unto my mother's prayers,
I bend my knee.

York. [Kneels.] Against them both my true
joints bended be.

Ill mayst thou thrive, if thou grant any grace !

Duch. Pleads he in earnest ? look upon his
face ;

His eyes do drop no tears, his prayers are in
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 gladsly 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 prayers ought to have.

Boling. Good aunt, stand up.

Duch. Nay, do not say—"stand up ;"
But, "pardon" first, and afterwards, "stand
up."

As 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*.

Duch. Dost thou teach pardon pardon to
destroy ?

Ah ! my sour husband, my hard-hearted lord,
That sett'st the word itself against the word !
Speak pardon as 'tis current in our land,
The chopping French we do not understand.
Thine eye begins to speak, set thy tongue there :
Or in thy piteous heart plant thou thine ear ;
That hearing how our plaints and prayers do
pierce,

Pity may move thee pardon to rehearse.

Boling. Good aunt, stand up.

Duch.

Pardon is all the suit I have in this
world.

Boling. I pardon him, as God shall
pardon me.

Duch. O happy vantage of a king !
Yet am I sick for fear : speak it
twice.

Twice saying pardon doth not pardon
But makes one pardon twice.

Boling.

I pardon him.

Duch.

A god on earth that
But for our trusty brother
and the abbot.

With all the rest of that comfort
Destruction straight shall dog them
Good uncle, help to order several
To Oxford, or where'er these traitors
They shall not live within this world.

But I will have them, if I once know
Uncle, farewell : and cousin too, and
Your mother well hath pray'd, and I

Duch. Come, my old son :—I just
then now.

SCENE IV.—Another Room in the
Castle.

Enter Sir Pierce of Exton and a
servant.

Exton. Didst thou not mark the
words he spake ?

"Have I no friend will rid me of this
foul sin ?"

Was it not so ?

Serv. Those were his very
words.

Exton. "Have I no friend ?" quoth
he, spake it twice,

And urg'd it twice together ; did he
say it ?

Serv. He did.

Exton. And speaking it, he wish'd
As who should say,—I would thou
man

That would divorce this terror from
Meaning the king at Pomfret.

I am the king's friend, and will rid
him of this man.

SCENE V.—Pomfret. The Dungeon.

Enter King Richard.

K. Rich. I have been studying
compare

This prison, where I live, unto the
world.

And, for because the world is paper
And here is not a creature but my
I cannot do it ;—yet I'll batten
My brain I'll prove the female to my
My soul, the father : and these two
A generation of still-breeding thoughts
And these same thoughts people
world ;

In humours, like the people of the
For no thought is contented. The
As thoughts of things divine,—are
With scruples, and do set the Word
Against the Word :

As thus,—"Come, little ones :"
"It is as hard to come, as for a camel
To thread the postern of a needle's eye."

...tending to ambition, they do plot
...wonders: how these vain weak nails
...passage through the flinty ribs
...this hard world, my ragged prison walls;
...they cannot, die in their own pride.
...leading to content, flatter themselves
...they are not the first of fortune's slaves,
...shall not be the last: like silly beggars,
...sitting in the stocks, refuge their shame,
...may have, and others must sit there;
...in this thought they find a kind of ease,
...such as have before endur'd the like.
...play I, in one person, many people,
...some contented: sometimes am I king:
...as I am: then, crushing penury
...me I was better when a king:
...am I king'd again: and, by and by,
...that I am unking'd by Bolingbroke,
...straight am nothing:—but what'er I am,
...any man, that but man is,
...nothing shall be pleas'd, till he be eas'd
...nothing. —[Music.] Music do I

...keep time:—how sour sweet music is,
...time is broke, and no proportion kept!
...in the music of men's lives.
...have I the daintiness of ear
...broke in a disorder'd string;
...for the concord of my state and time,
...not an ear to hear my true time broke.
...time, and now doth time waste me;
...now hath time made me his numbering
...clock: [jar]
...thoughts are minutes; and, with sighs, they
...watches on unto mine eyes, the outward
...my finger, like a dial's point, [watch,
...still, in cleansing them from tears.
...or, the sounds that tell what hour it is,
...clamorous groans, that strike upon my
...heart, [groans,
...is the ball; so sighs, and tears, and
...minutes, times, and hours:—but my time
...poising on in Bolingbroke's proud joy,
...I stand fooling here, his Jack o' the

...clock.
...music made me: let it sound no more;
...though it have help madmen to their wits,
...it seems, it will make wise men mad.
...blowing on his heart that gives it me!
...is a sign of love; and love to Richard
...a strange brooch in this all-hating world.
Enter Groom.
Groom. Hall, royal prince!

Thanks, noble peer;
...of us is ten groats too dear.
...art thou! and how com'st thou hither,
...no man ever comes, but that sad dog
...I was a poor groom of thy stable,
...I was a poor groom of thy stable,
...thou wert king; who, travelling towards
...much ado, at length have gotten leave

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,
How went he under him? [gentle friend],

Groom. So proudly, as if he disdain'd the
ground. [his back]

K. Rich. So proud that Bolingbroke was on
That jade hath eat bread from my royal hand;
This hand hath made him proud with chapping
him.

Would he not stumble? Would he not fall
down, [neck]

(Since pride must have a fall,) and break the
Of that proud man that did usurp his back?

Forgiveness, horse! why do I rail on thee,
Since thou, created to be aw'd by man,
Wast born to bear? I was not made a horse;

And yet I bear a burden like an ass,
Spur-gall'd, and tir'd, by jauncing Bolingbroke.

Enter Keeper, with a dish.
Keeper. [To the Groom.] Fellow, give place;
here is no longer stay. [away]

K. Rich. If thou love me, 'tis time thou wert
Groom. What my tongue dares not, that my
heart shall say. [Exit.]

Keeper. My lord, will't please you to fall to?

K. Rich. Taste of it first, as thou art wont
to do. [Exton, who]

Keeper. My lord, I dare not: Sir Pierce of
Lately came from the king, commands the
contrary. [and thee!]

K. Rich. The devil take Henry of Lancaster,
Patience is stale, and I am weary of it.

[Strikes the Keeper.]

Keeper. Help, help, help!

Enter Sir Pierce of Exton, and Servants,
armed.

K. Rich. How now! what means death in
this rude assault?

Villain, thine own hand yields thy death's
instrument.

[Snatching a weapon and killing one.]

Go thou, and fill another room in hell.

[He kills another; then Exton strikes
him down.]

That hand shall burn in never-quenching fire,
That staggers thus my person.—Exton, thy
fierce hand

Hath with the king's blood stain'd the king's
own land.

Mount, mount, my soul! thy seat is up on high;
Whilst my gross flesh sinks downward, here to
die. [Dies.]

Exton. As full of valour, as of royal blood;
Both have I spilt; O, would the deed were good!

For now the devil, that told me I did well,
Says that this deed is chronicled in hell.

This dead king to the living king I'll bear,
Take hence the rest, and give them burial here.

[Exeunt.]

SCENE VI.—Windsor. *A Room in the Castle.*
Flourish. Enter Bolingbroke, as King, York,
Lords and Attendants.

Boling. Kind uncle York, the latest news
 we hear
 Is, that the rebels have consum'd with fire
 Our town of Cicester, in Glostershire;
 But whether they be ta'en, or slain, we hear not.

Enter Northumberland.
 Welcome, my lord, what is the news?
North. First, to thy sacred state wish I all
 happiness.

The next news is,—I have to London sent
 The heads of Salisbury, Spencer, Blunt, and
 The manner of their taking may appear [Kent:
 At large discours'd in this paper here.

[*Presenting a paper.*
Boling. We thank thee, gentle Percy, for
 thy pains;

And to thy worth will add right worthy gains.
Enter Fitzwater.

Fitz. My lord, I have from Oxford sent to
 London

The heads of Brocas, and Sir Bennet Seely,
 Two of the dangerous consorted traitors,
 That sought at Oxford thy dire overthrow.

Boling. Thy pains, Fitzwater, shall not be
 forgot;

Right noble is thy merit, well I wot.

Enter Percy, with the Bishop of Carlisle.

Percy. The grand conspirator, abbot of
 Westminster,

With clog of conscience and sour melancholy,
 Hath yielded up his body to the grave;

But here is Carlisle living, to abide
 Thy kingly doom and sentence of his pride.

Boling. Carlisle, this is your doom:
 Choose out some secret place, some
 room,

More than thou hast, and with it joy thy
 So, as thou liv'st in peace, die free from
 For though mine enemy thou hast been,

High sparks of honour in thee have I seen.
Enter Extton, with Attendants bearing a

Extton. Great king, within this court
 sent

Thy buried fear: herein all breathless
 The mightiest of thy greatest enemies
 Richard of Bordeaux, by me hither brought.

Boling. Extton, I thank thee not;
 hast wrought

A deed of slander, with thy fatal hand,
 Upon my head, and all this famous land.

Extton. From your own mouth, my lord,
 I this deed.

Boling. They love not poison that do
 need,

Nor do I thee: though I did wish him
 I hate the murderer, love him murderer.

The guilt of conscience take thou for thy part,
 But neither my good word, nor princely

With Cain go wander through the
 night

And never show thy head by day nor
 Lords, I protest, my soul is full of woe.

That blood should sprinkle me to make
 grow:

Come, mourn with me for that I do
 And put on sullen black, incontinent;

I'll make a voyage to the Holy Land,
 To wash this blood off from my guilty hand.

March sadly after; grace my mourning
 In weeping after this untimely blot.

THE FIRST PART OF KING HENRY IV.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Henry the Fourth.
 Prince of Wales, } Sons to the King.
 John of Lancaster, }
 Ralph Neville, Earl of Westmoreland.
 Walter Blunt.
 Percy, Earl of Worcester.
 Percy, Earl of Northumberland.
 Percy, surnamed Hotspur, his Son.
 Mortimer, Earl of March.
 Archbishop of York.
 Glendower, Earl of Douglas.
 Richard Vernon.
 John Falstaff.

Sir Michael, a Friend of the Archbishop of
 Poins. York.
 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 the Boar's Head
 Tavern, in Eastcheap.
 Lords, Officers, Sheriff, Vintner, Chamberlain,
 Drawers, Carriers, Travellers, and Attendants.

SCENE,—England.

ACT I.

Scene 1.—London. A Room in the Palace.
 King Henry, Westmoreland, Sir Walter
 Blunt, and others.

Hen. So shaken as we are, so wan with
 time, for frightened peace to part, [care,
 the short-winded accents of new broils
 to commene'd in strands afar remote.
 more the thirty entrance of this soil
 dash her ill with her own children's
 blood;
 more shall trenching war channel her fields,
 and her flow'rs with the armed hoofs
 of the paces: those opposed eyes,
 like the meteors of a troubled heaven,
 full of one nature, of one substance bred,
 how they meet in the intestine shock
 and furious close of civil butchery,
 how in mutual well-beseeming ranks,
 acquaintances, kindred, and allies:
 in the eye of war, like an ill-sheathed knife,
 how they cut his master. Therefore,
 as to the sepulchre of Christ, [friends,
 soldiers now, under whose blessed cross
 we are impressed and engag'd to fight,
 with a power of English shall we levy;
 whose arms were moulded in their mother's
 womb,
 whose these pagans, in those holy fields,
 fourteen hundred years ago, were
 advantage on the bitter cross. [nail'd
 our purpose is a twelvemonth old,
 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. [tion,
West. My liege, this haste was hot in ques-
 And many limits of the charge set down
 But yesternight: when, all athwart, there came
 A post from Wales laden 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
 A thousand of his people butchered; [taken,
 Upon whose dead corpse there was such mis-
 Such beastly, shameless transformation, [use,
 By those Welshwomen done, as may not be
 Without much shame re-told or spoken of.
K. Hen. It seems, then, that the tidings of
 this broil
 Brake off our business for the Holy Land.
West. This, match'd with other like, my
 gracious lord;
 For more uneven and unwelcome news
 Came from the north, and thus it did import:
 On Holy-rood day, the gallant Hotspur there,
 Young Harry Percy, and brave Archibald,
 That ever-valiant and approv'd 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. [ous friend,
K. Hen. Here is a dear and true-industri-
 Sir Walter Blunt, new lighted from his horse,

Stain'd with the variation of each soil
Betwixt that Holmedon and this seat of ours;
And he hath brought us smooth and welcome
The earl of Douglas is discomfited: [news.
Ten thousand bold Scots, two and twenty

knights,
Balk'd in their own blood did Sir Walter see
On Holmedon's plains: of prisoners, Hot-
Mordake earl of Fife and eldest son [spur look
To beaten Douglas; and the earls of Athol,
Of Murray, Angus, and Menteith:
And is not this an honourable spoil?
A gallant prize! ha, cousin, is it not?

West. In faith,
It is a conquest for a prince to boast of.

K. Hen. Yea, there thou mak'st me sad,
and mak'st me sin

In envy that my lord Northumberland
Should be the father of so blest a son:
A son who is the theme of honour's tongue;
Amongst a grove, the very straightest plant;
Who is sweet Fortune's minion, and her pride:
Whilst I, by looking on the praise of him,
See riot and dishonour stain the brow
Of my young Harry. O that it could be prov'd,
That some night-tripping fairy had exchang'd
In cradle-clothes our children where they lay,
And call'd mine Percy, his Plantagenet!
Then would I have his Harry, and he mine.
But let him from my thoughts.—What think
you, coz,

Of this young Percy's pride? the prisoners,
Which he in this adventure hath surpris'd,
To his own use he keeps; and sends me word,
I shall have none but Mordake earl of Fife.

West. This is his uncle's teaching, this is
Malevolent to you in all aspects; [Worcester,
Which makes him prune himself, and bristle up
The crest of youth against your dignity. [this;

K. Hen. But I have sent for him to answer
And for this cause a while we must neglect
Our holy purpose to Jerusalem,
Cousin, on Wednesday next our council we
Will hold at Windsor: so inform the lords:
But come yourself with speed to us again;
For more is to be said, and to be done,
Than out of anger can be utter'd.

West. I will, my liege, [Exit.

SCENE II.—London. Another Room in the
Palace.

Enter Prince Henry and Falstaff.

Fal. Now, Hal, what time of day is it, lad?
P. Hen. Thou art so fat-witted, with drink-
ing 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? un-
less hours were cups of sack, and minutes
capons, and clocks the tongues of bawds, and
dials the signs of leaping-houses, and the
blessed sun himself a fair hot wench in flame-
colour'd taffeta: I see no reason why thou

shouldst be so superfluous to demand
of the day.

Fal. Indeed, you come near me
for we that take purses, go by the
seven stars, and not by the
"that wandering knight so far"
pr'ythee, sweet wag, when thou art
God save thy grace, (majesty, I do
for grace thou wilt have none.)

P. Hen. What! none?

Fal. No, by my troth; not so much
serve to be prologue to an eye as to a

P. Hen. Well, how then?

Fal. Marry, then, sweet wag, when
art king, let not us, that are
night's body, be called blowes of
beauty: let us be Diana's forefathers,
of the shade, minions of the moon;
men say, we be men of good
being governed, as the sea is, by
chaste mistress the moon, under
tannance we steal.

P. Hen. Thou sayest well, and
well, too; for the fortune of us that
moon's men, doth ebb and flow like
being governed, as the sea is, by
As for proof, now: a purse of gold
solutely snatch'd on Monday
dissolutely spent on Tuesday
with swearing—"lay by!" and
crying—"bring in!" now in as low
the foot of the ladder, and by and by
a flow as the ridge of the gallows.

Fal. By the Lord, then, sayest thou
And is not my hostess of the tavern
sweet wench?

P. Hen. As the honey of Hybla is
of the castle. And is not a bad
sweet robe of durance?

Fal. How now, how now, now
in my quips, and thy quiddities? what
have I to do with a buff jerkin?

P. Hen. Why, what a pox have I
my hostess of the tavern?

Fal. Well, thou hast call'd her
ing many a time and oft.

P. Hen. Did I ever call for thee
part?

Fal. No; I'll give thee thy due
paid all there.

P. Hen. Yes, and elsewhere, as
coin would stretch; and where
I have used my credit.

Fal. Yea, and so used it, that
here apparent that thou art heir
but, I pr'ythee, sweet wag, when
gallows standing in England
king? and resolution thus forbidding
the rusty curb of old father
Do not thou, when thou art king,
P. Hen. No; thou shalt.

Fal. Shall I? O rare! By the
a brave judge.

Alc. Thou judgest false already: I
thou shalt have the hanging of the
well, Hal, well; and in some sort it
with my humour, as well as waiting in
I can tell you.

Hen. For obtaining of suits?
Yes, for obtaining of suits, whereof the
can hath no lean wardrobe. 'Sblood, I
melancholy as a gib cat, or a lugged

Hen. Or an old lion, or a lover's lute.
Alc. Yes, or the drone of a Lincolnshire
lute.

Hen. What sayest thou to a hare, or the
of Moor-ditch?

Alc. Thou hast the most unsavoury similes,
indeed, the most comparative,
—sweet young prince,—but, Hal,

thou trouble me no more with vanity.
to God, thou and I knew where a
of good names were to be bought.

I had of the council rated me the other
in the street about you, sir; but I marked
not; and yet he talked very wisely; but
did him not; and yet he talked wisely,
the street too.

Hen. Thou didst well; for wisdom cries
in the streets, and no man regards it.
Alc. O, thou hast damnable iteration, and
able to corrupt a saint. Thou hast

harm upon me, Hal,—God forgive
for it! Before I knew thee, Hal, I knew
thee; and now am I, if a man should

truly, little better than one of the wicked.
give over this life, and I will give it
to the Lord, as I do not, I am a villain;
I am damned for never a king's son in

the world.
Alc. Where shall we take a purse to-
morrow?

Hen. Where thou wilt, lad, I'll make one;
I'll call me villain, and buffe me.

Alc. I am a good amendment of life in
from praying to purse-taking.

Hen. Why, Hal, 'tis my vocation, Hal! 'tis
for a man to labour in his vocation.

Alc.—Now shall we know if Gadshill have
what hole in hell were not enough for
that is the most omnipotent villain that
can "stand I" to a true man.

Hen. Good morrow, Ned.
Alc. Good morrow, sweet Hal. What
of our Rammer?

Hen. What says Sir John
about thy soul, that thou soldst him
a Friday last, for a cup of Madeira and
a silver bowl?

Alc. Sir John stands to his word,—the
all have his bargain; for he was never
a breaker of proverbs,—he will give the

Poins. Then art thou damned for keeping
thy word with the devil.

P. Hen. Else he had been damned for
cozening 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 trailers riding to London
with fat purses: I have visors 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, wilt thou make one? [my faith.

P. Hen. Who, I rob? I a thief? not I, by

Fal. There's neither honesty, manhood, nor
good fellowship in thee, nor thou comest not
of the blood royal, if thou darest not stand for
ten shillings. [unheeds]

P. Hen. Well, then, once in my days I'll be a

Fal. Why, that's well said. [home.

P. Hen. Well, come what will, I'll tarry at

Fal. By the Lord, I'll be a traitor, then,
when thou art king.

P. Hen. I care not.

Poins. Sir John, I pr'ythee, leave the prince
and me alone: I will lay him down such rea-
sons for this adventure, that he shall go.

Fal. Well, mayst thou have the spirit of
persuasion, and him the ears of profiting, that
what thou speakest 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 countenance.
Farewell: you shall find me in Eastcheap.

P. Hen. Farewell, thou latter spring! Fare-
well, All-hallow summer!

[Exit Falstaff.]

Poins. Now, my good sweet honey lord,
ride with us to-morrow: I have a jest to ex-
ecute, 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 from my shoulders.

P. Hen. But how shall we part with them
in setting forth?

Poins. Why, we will set forth before or
after them, and appoint them a place of meet-
ing, wherein it is at our pleasure to fall; and
then will they adventure upon the exploit
themselves; which they shall have no sooner
achieved, but we'll set upon them.

P. Hen. Ay, but 'tis 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 visors we will

change, after we leave them; and, sirrah, I have cases of buckram for the pounce, to immask our noted outward garments. [for us.]

P. Hen. 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 lies that this same fat rogue will tell us, when we meet at supper: how thirty, at least, he fought with; what wards, what blows, what extremities he endured; and in the reproach of this lies the jest.

P. Hen. 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.]

P. Hen. I know you all, and will a while uphold

The unyok'd humour of your idleness; Yet heretofore I imitate the sun, Who doth permit the base contagious clouds To smother up his beauty from the world, That, when he please again to be himself, Being wanted, he may be more wonder'd at, By breaking through the 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; But when they seldom come, they wish'd for And nothing pleaseth but rare accidents. [come, 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. Another Room in the Palace.

Enter King Henry, Northumberland, Worcester, Hotspur, Sir Walter Blunt, and others.

K. Hen. My blood hath been too cold and Unapt to stir at these indignities, [temperate, 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 And therefore lost that title of respect, [down, Which the proud soul ne'er pays but to the proud. [deserves]

Wor. Our house, my sovereign liege, little The scourge of greatness to be used on it; And that same greatness, too, which our own Have help to make so poorly. [hands]

North. My lord,—

K. Hen. Worcester, get thee gone, for I do

Danger and disobedience in this. O, sir, your presence is too bad and And majesty might never yet have been The moody frontier of a servant's eye. You have good leave to leave me now. Your use and counsel, we shall see. [Exit.]

[To North.] You were about to speak. Yes, my lord.

North. Those prisoners in your highest maudled,

Which Harry Percy here, at Holmby, Were, as he says, not with us. As is deliver'd to your majesty. Either envy, therefore, or misgiving, Is guilty of this fault, and not my liege.

Hot. My liege, I did deny on point. But I remember, when the next day, When I was dry with rage and stress, Breathless and faint, leaning upon me, Came there a certain lord, neat, trim, Fresh as a bridegroom; and in his hand

reap'd, Show'd like a stubble-land of harvest. He was perfum'd like a milliner, And 'twixt his finger and his thumb, A pouncet-box, which ever and anon He gave his nose, and took't away.

Who, therewith angry, when it fell, Took it in snuff; and still he said, And as the soldiers bore dead taunts, He call'd them untaught knaves, vile To bring a slovenly unhandsome

betwixt the wind and his nobility. With many holiday and lady terms, He question'd me; among the rest, My prisoners in your majesty's name. I then, all smarting with my wound, To be so pester'd with a popinjay, Out of my grief and my impatient

Answer'd neglectingly, I know not, He should, or he should not. [Exit.]

To see him shine so brisk, and cough, And talk so like a waiting gentlewoman, Of guns, and drums, and wounds, [the mark!—

And telling me, the sovereign of the land, Was permaceti for an inward cure, And that it was great pity, so it was, That villainous salt-petre should be blown Out of the bowels of the harmless land,

Which many a good tall fellow had So cowardly; and but for these vile, This bald unjointed chat of his, [I said, I answer'd indirectly, as I said, And I beseech you, let not Holmby, Come current for an accusation, betwixt my love and your highness.]

Blunt. The circumstance considered, Whatever Harry Percy then did say, To such a person, and in such a place, At such a time, with all the rest

of my country, and never more. I am sure, or any way impeach him. Why, yet he doth deny his prisoners, and his promise and exception, as, at our own charge, shall ransom

the foolish Mortimer; And those that he did lead to light, the great rascal, damn'd Glendower, the earl of March, shall our married. Shall our coffers, then, be made to redeem a traitor home?

And when I urg'd the ransom once again, Of my wife's brother, then his cheek look'd pale, And on my face he turn'd an eye of death, Trembling even at the name of Mortimer.

Wor. I cannot blame him: was he not proclaim'd By Richard, that dead is, the next of blood?

North. He was; I heard the proclamation: And then it was when the unhappy king [Whose wrongs in us God pardon!] did set Upon his Irish expedition; [North From whence he, intercepted, did return To be depos'd, and shortly murder'd.]

Wor. And for whose death, we in the world's wide mouth Live scandaliz'd, and foully spoken of. [then

Hot. But, soft, I pray you; did king Richard 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, [starv'd, That wish'd him on the barren mountains 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 farther spoken, That you are fooled, discarded, and shook off By him, for whom these shames ye underwent? No; yet time serves, wherein you may redeem Your banish'd honour, and restore yourselves Into the good thoughts of the world again; Revenge the jeering and disdain'd contempt Of this proud king, who studies day and night To answer all the debt he owes to you,

your departure with your son.— [Mortimer] I will after straight, and I'll the devil come and roar for them, and I'll be with hazard of my head. What I drink with choler I stay, and [pause a while;

Re-enter Worcester. Speak, Mortimer! 'Zounds! I will speak of him; and let my soul Want mercy, if I do not join with him: Yes, on his part, I'll empty all these veins, And shed my dear blood drop by drop: But I will lift the down-bred Mortimer [dust, As high 't' the air as this unthankful king, As this ingrate and canker'd Bolingbroke.

North. [To Wor.] Brother, the king hath made your nephew mad. *Wor.* Who struck this heat up after I was gone? *Hot.* He will, forsooth, have all my prisoners; And when I urg'd the ransom once again Of my wife's brother, then his cheek look'd pale, And on my face he turn'd an eye of death, Trembling even at the name of Mortimer. *Wor.* I cannot blame him: was he not proclaim'd By Richard, that dead is, the next of blood? *North.* He was; I heard the proclamation: And then it was when the unhappy king [Whose wrongs in us God pardon!] did set Upon his Irish expedition; [North From whence he, intercepted, did return To be depos'd, and shortly murder'd.] *Wor.* And for whose death, we in the world's wide mouth Live scandaliz'd, and foully spoken of. [then

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 discontent
I'll read you matter deep and dangerous;
As full of peril and adventurous spirit,
As to o'er-walk a current, roaring loud,
On the unsteadfast footing of a spear.

Hot. If he fall in, good night;—or sink 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-fac'd moon;

Or dive into the bottom of the deep,
Where fathom-line could never touch the ground,

And pluck up drowned honour by the locks,
So he that doth redeem her thence might wear
Without co-rival all her dignities:
But out upon this half-fac'd fellowship!

Wor. He apprehends a world of figures here,
But not the form of what he should attend.—
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 heaven, 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;
Forbade 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 mis-
chance,

I'd have him poison'd with a pot of ale.

Wor. Farewell, kinsman: I will talk to you,
When you are better temper'd to attend.

North. Why, what a wasp-tongue and im-
patient fool

Art thou to break into this woman's mood,
Tying thine ear to no tongue but thine own!

Hot. Why, look you, I am
scour'd with rods,
Nettled, and stung with pismires,
Of this vile politician, Bolingbroke.
In Richard's time,—what do you
A plague upon't—it is in (Hou-
'Twas where the mad-cap duke his
His uncle York;—where I first
Unto this king of smiles, this Boling-
When you and he came back from France.
North. At Berkley castle.

Hot. You say true:—
Why, what a candy deal of courtesy
This fawning greyhound then did
Look,—"when his infant fortune
And,—"gentle Harry Percy,"—
certain."

O, the devil take such cozeners!

Good uncle, tell your tale; for I have not.

Wor. Nay, if you have not, we'll stay your leisure.

Hot. I have done.

Wor. Then once more to your prisoners.
Deliver them up without their ransom,
And make the Douglas' son your ally
For powers in Scotland; which,

reasons,
Which I shall send you written, shall
Will easily be granted.—[To North.]

lord,
Your son in Scotland being thus
Shall secretly into the bosom creep
Of that same noble prelate, well known
The Archbishop.

Hot. Of York, is it not I
Wor. True; who bears hard
His brother's death at Bristol, the

I speak not this in estimation,
As what I think might be, but what
Is ruminated, plotted, and set down.
And only stays but to behold the
Of that occasion that shall bring it on.

Hot. I smell it.

Upon my life, it will do wondrous
North. Before the game's abroad,
let's slip.

Hot. Why, it cannot choose but
And then the power of Scotland, and
To join with Mortimer, ha!

Wor. And

Hot. In faith, it is exceedingly
Wor. And 'tis no little reason
To save our heads by raising of a

For, bear ourselves as even as we
The king will always think him
And think we think ourselves

Till he hath found a time to pay
And see already how he doth begin
To make us strangers to his looks

Hot. He does, he does: well

on him.
Wor. Cousin, farewell:—No
Than I by letters shall direct

Act 3.

When time is ripe, (which will be suddenly,) I'll steal to Glendower and lord Mortimer; were you and Douglas, and our powers at all well fashion'd, shall happily meet, (once, near our fortunes in our own strong arms, which now we hold at much uncertainty.)
York. Farewell, good brother: we shall thrive, I trust.
Hot. Uncle, adieu:—O, let the hours be full of blows, and groans applaud our sport!
[Exit.

ACT II.

SCENE I.—Rochester. An Inn-Yard.

Enter a Carrier, with a lantern in his hand.
Car. Hail! ho! Can't be not four by the clock, I'll be hanged: Charles' wain is over the way chimney, and yet our horse not pack'd.—
What, ostler!

[Within.] Anon, anon.

Car. I pr'ythee, Tom, beat Cut's saddle, and a few books in the point; the poor jade is weary in the withers out of all ceam.

Enter another Carrier.

Car. Pows and beans are as dank here as a dog, and that in the next way to give poor the bats: this house is turned upside down, since Robin ostler died.

Car. Poor fellow! never joyed since the day of o'le rose; it was the death of him.

Car. I think this be the most villainous house in all London road for fleas: I am stung like a toad.

Car. Take a touch! by the mass, there is more a king in Christendom could be better bit than I have been since the first cock.

Car. Why, they will allow us ne'er a jorner, and then we leak in your chimney; and our chamber-lie breeds fleas like a loach.

Car. What, ostler! come away and be pack'd; some away.

Car. I have a gammon of bacon, and two pieces of ginger, to be delivered as far as Charles' cross.

Car. Odsbody! the turkeys in my panner are well served.—What, ostler!—A plague on thee! hadst thou never an eye in thy head!

Car. Canst not hear? An 'twere not as good a deed to break the pate of thee, I am a villain.—Come and be hanged:—hast no more to that!

Enter Gadshill.

Gad. Good morrow, carriers. What's that I think it be two o'clock. [O'clock!]

Car. I pr'ythee, lend me thy lantern, to see my gelding in the stable.

Car. Nay, soft, I pray ye: I know a trick of you of that, I faith.

Car. I pr'ythee, lend me three.

Car. Ay, when I canst tell!—Lend me the money, quotha!—narry, I'll see thee hanged.

Gads. Sirrah carrier, what time do you mean to come to London?

Car. Time enough to go to bed with a candle, I warrant thee.—Come, neighbour Mugs, we'll call up the gentlemen: they will along with company, for they have great charge.

[Exit carriers.]

Gads. What, ho! chamberlaine.

Cham. [Within.] At hand, quoth pick-purse.

Gads. That's even as fair as—at hand, quoth the chamberlaine; for thou variest no more from picking of purses, than giving direction doth from labouring; thou layest the plot how.

Enter Chamberlain.

Cham. Good morrow, master Gadshill. It holds current, that I told you yesternight: there's a franklin in the wild of Kent hath brought three hundred marks with him in gold: I heard him tell it to one of his company, last night at supper; a kind of auditor; one that hath abundance of charge too, God knows what. They are up already, and call for eggs and butter: they will away presently.

Gads. Sirrah, if they meet not with saint Nicholas' clerks, I'll give thee this neck.

Cham. No, I'll none of it: I pr'ythee, keep that for the hangman; for I know thou worship'st saint Nicholas as truly as a man of falsehood may.

Gads. What talkest thou to me of the hangman? If I hang, I'll make a fat pair of gallows; for if I hang, old sir John hangs with me, and thou knowest he's no starveling. Tut! there are other Trojans that thou dreamest not of, the which, for sport sake, are content to do the profession some grace; that would, if matters should be looked into, for their own credit sake, make all whole. I am joined with no foot land-rakers, no long-staff, sixpenny strikers, none of these mad, mustachio, purple-hued malt-worms; but with nobility and tranquillity, burgomasters and great oneyers, such as can hold in; such as will strike sooner than speak, and speak sooner than drink, and drink sooner than pray: and yet I lie; for they pray continually to their saint, the commonwealth; or, rather, not pray to her, but prey on her, for they ride up and down on her, and make her their boots.

Cham. What! the commonwealth their boots? will she hold out water in foul way?

Gads. She will, she will; justice hath liquored her. We steal as in a castle, cock-sure; we have the receipt of fern-seed, we walk invisible.

Cham. Nay, by my faith, I think you are more beholden 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 knave. *[Exit.]*

SCENE II.—The Road by Gadshill.

Enter Prince Henry and Poin; Bardolph and Peto, at some distance.

Poin. Come, shelter, shelter: I have removed Falstaff's horse, and he frets like a gummied velvet.

P. Hen. Stand close. *[They retire.]*

Enter Falstaff.

Fal. Poin! Poin, and be hanged! Poin! P. Hen. *[Coming forward.]* Peace, ye fat-kidneyed rascal! What a bawling dost thou keep!

Fal. Where's Poin, Hal?

P. Hen. He is walked up to the top of the hill: I'll go seek him.

[Pretends to seek Poin, and retires.]

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 squire farther afoot, I shall break my wind. Well, I doubt not but to die a fair death for all this, if I scape hanging for killing that rogue. I have forsworn his company hourly any time this two-and-twenty years, and yet I am bewitched with the rogue's company. If the rascal have not given me medicines to make me love him, I'll be hanged; it could not be else; I have drunk medicines.—Poin!

—Hal!—a plague upon you both!—Bardolph!—Peto! I'll starve, ere I'll rob a foot farther. An 'twere not as good a deed as drink, to turn true man, and leave these rogues, I am the veriest varlet that ever chewed with a tooth. Eight yards of uneven ground is threescore and ten miles afoot with me; and the stony-hearted villains know it well enough: a plague upon't, when thieves cannot be true one to another! *[They whistle.]* Whew!—A plague upon you all! Give me my horse, you rogues; give me my horse, and be hanged.

P. Hen. *[Coming forward.]* Peace, ye fat-guts! lie down; lay thine ear close to the ground, and list if thou canst hear the tread of travellers.

Fal. Have you any levers to lift me up again, being down? 'Sblood! I'll not bear mine own flesh so far afoot again, for all the coin in thy father's exchequer. What a plague mean ye to coil me thus?

P. Hen. Thou liest; thou art not coiled, thou art unclothed.

Fal. I prythee, good prince Hal, help me to my horse, good king's son.

P. Hen. Out, you rogue! shall I be your Fal. Go, hang thyself in thine own hair-apprant garters! If I be taken, 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 Gadshill.

Gads. Stand.

Fal. So I do, against my will.

Poin. O, 'tis our setter: I know him.

[Enter Bardolph.]

Bard. What news?

Gads. Case ye, case ye; on your visors: there's money of the king's.

down the hill; 'tis going to the king's chequer.

Fal. You lie, you rogue; 'tis going to the king's tavern.

Gads. There's enough to make much.

Fal. To be hanged.

P. Hen. Sirs, you four shall find me in the narrow lane; Ned Poin and I will be lower: if they 'scape from your hands, then they light on us.

Peto. How many be there of them?

Gads. Some eight, or ten.

Fal. Zounds! will they not rob you?

P. Hen. What, a coward, Sir John?

Fal. Indeed, I am not John of Gales.

P. Hen. Well, we leave that to the

Poin. Sirrah Jack, thy horse stands in the hedge: when thou need'st him, thou shalt find him. Farewell, and stand close.

Fal. Now cannot I strike him, if I will.

be hanged.

P. Hen. *[Aside to Poin.]* Ned, we are our disguises!

Poin. Here, hard by: stand close.

[Exit P. Hen.]

Fal. Now my masters, happy meeting!

dole, say I: every man to his business.

Enter Travellers.

1 Trav. Come, neighbour: the

lead our horses down the hill; we'll

a while, and ease our legs.

Fal. Gads, do, stand!

Travellers. Jesu bless us!

Fal. Strike; down with them; cut

knives! young men must live. You

jurors, are ye? We'll jure ye, if

with them; fleece them.

Travellers. O! we are undone, both

ours, for ever.

Fal. Hang ye, gorballed knaves!

undone? No, ye fat chuffs; I know

store were here! On, lawyers, on! I

knives! young men must live. You

jurors, are ye? We'll jure ye, if

with them; fleece them.

Travellers. O! we are undone, both

ours, for ever.

Fal. Hang ye, gorballed knaves!

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knives! young men must live. You

jurors, are ye? We'll jure ye, if

with them; fleece them.

Travellers. O! we are undone, both

ours, for ever.

Enter Falstaff, Gadshill, Bardolph, and Peto.

Fal. Come, my masters, let us share, and

let us have before day. An the prince and

my string: there's no more valour in that

P. Hen. Your money!

Poin. Villains!

us are sharing, the Prince and Poin

us and set upon them. Gadshill,

Falstaff, and Peto run away; and

us, leaving the booty behind,

us. Got with much ease. Now merrily

us are scatter'd, and possum'd with

us, that they dare not meet each other;

us, good Ned. Falstaff swears to death,

us the lean earth as he walk along:

us not for laughing, I should pity him.

us. How the rogue roars!

[Exit.]

III.—Warkworth. A Room in the

Castle.

Enter Holenur, reading a letter.

us for mine own part, my lord, I could

us contended to be there, in respect of the

us your house."—He could be con-

us he is not, then! In respect of

us our house:—he shows in this,

us Let me see some more. "The purpose

us is dangerous."—Why, that's

us but I tell you, my lord fool, out of

us the danger, we pluck this flower, safety,

us purpose you undertake, is dangerous;

us we have raised, uncertain; the

us self untried; and your whole plot too

us Say you so, say you so! I say unto

us you are a shallow, cowardly hind,

us What a lack-brain is this! By

us our plot is a good plot as ever was

us our friends true and constant: a good

us plot, very good friends. What a

us our friends true and constant. What a

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us our friends true and constant. What a

moving such a dish of skinned 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

For what offence have I this fortnight been

A banish'd woman from my Harry's bed?

Tell me, sweet lord, what is't that takes from thee

Thy stomach, pleasure, and thy golden sleep!

Why dost thou bend thine eyes upon the earth,

And start so often when thou sit'st alone?

Why hast thou lost the fresh blood in thy cheeks;

And given my treasures, and my rights of thee,

To thick-ey'd musing and cur'd melancholy?

In thy faint slumbers, 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 amies and retires, of trenches, tents,

Of palisades, frontiers, parapets,

Of basilisks, of cannon, culverin,

Of prisoners' ransom, and of soldiers slain,

And all the currents of a heady fight.

Thy spirit within thee hath been so at war,

And thus hath so bestir'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 haste. O, what portents

are these?

Some heavy business hath my lord in hand,

And I must know it, else he loves me not.

Hol. What, ho! *[Enter Servant.]* Is Gil-

lams with the packet gone?

Serv. He is, my lord, an hour ago.

Hol. Hath Butler brought those horses

from the sheriff?

Serv. One horse, my lord, he brought even

Hol. What horse? a roan, a crop-ear, is it

Serv. It is, my lord.

Hol. That roan shall be my throne.

Well, I will back him straight: O, *experience!*—

Bid Butler lead him forth into the park.

[Exit Servant.]

Lady. But hear you, my lord.

Hol. What say'st thou, my lady?

Lady. What is it carries you away?

Hol. Why, my horse,

My love,—my horse.

Lady. Out, you mad-headed ape!

A weasel hath not such a deal of spleen,

As you are toss'd with. In faith,

I'll know your business, Harry, that I will.

I fear my brother Mortimer doth stir

About his title, and hath sent for you

To line his enterprise: but if you go,—

Hot. So far afoot, I shall be weary, love.

Lady. Come, come, you paraquito, answer Directly unto this question that I ask:— [me] In faith, I'll break thy little finger, Harry, An if thou wilt not tell me all things true.

Hot. Away, Away, you trisler!—Love?—I love thee not, I care not for thee, Kate; this is no world To play with mummings, and to tilt with lips: We must have bloody noses and crack'd crowns, And pass them current too.—Gods me, my What say'st thou, Kate? what wouldst thou have with me? [indeed]

Lady. Do you not love me? do you not, 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 on horseback, I will swear I love thee infinitely. But hark you, Kate; I must not have you henceforth question me Whither I go, nor reason whereabouts; Whither I must, I must; and, to conclude, This evening must I leave you, gentle Kate. I know you wise; but yet no farther wise Than Harry Percy's wife; constant you are; But yet a woman; and for secrecy, No lady closer; for I well believe Thou wilt not utter what thou dost not know; And so far will I trust thee, gentle Kate.

Lady. How! so far! [Kate]

Hot. Not an inch farther. But, hark you, Whither I go, thither shall you go too; To-day will I set forth, to-morrow you,— Will this content you, Kate?

Lady. It must, of force. [Exit]

SCENE IV.—Eastcheap. A Room in the Bear's Head Tavern.

Enter Prince Henry.

P. Hen. Ned, pr'ythee, come out of that fat room, and lend me thy hand to laugh a little.

Enter Poins.

Poins. Where hast been, Hal?

P. Hen. 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 leash of drawers; and can call them all by their Christian names, as—Tom, Dick, and Francis. They take it already upon their salvation, that though I be but Prince of Wales, yet I am the king of courtesy; and tell me daily I am no proud Jack, like Falstaff; but a Corinthian, 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, dying scarlet; and when you breathe in your watering, they cry, "Hem!" and bid you play it off.—To conclude, I am so good a proficient in one quarter of an hour, that I can drink with

any tinker in his own language. I tell thee, Ned, thou hast lost me; that thou wert not with me in the But, sweet Ned,—to sweeten what I give thee this pennyworth of clapped even now into my hand by skinker, one that never stake other his life, than—"Eight shillings and and—"You are welcome," with tion,—"*Anon, anon, sir!*" *Surely a bastard in the Half-moon;*" to drive away the time till I r'ythee, do thou stand in some of I question my puny drawer to gave me the sugar; and do thou calling—"Francis!" that his be nothing but, "*anon.*" Stop show thee a precedent.

Poins. [Going.] Francis!

P. Hen. Thou art perfect.

Poins. [Going.] Francis!

Enter Francis.

Fran. Anon, anon, sir.—Look the Poinegrinate, Ralph.

P. Hen. Come hither, Francis.

Fran. My lord.

P. Hen. How long hast thou to my

Fran. Forsooth, five years, and

Poins. [Within.] Francis!

Fran. Anon, anon, sir.

P. Hen. Five years! by's lady, for the clinking of powder. But, thou be so vallant as to play the thy indenture, and show it a half and run from it!

Fran. O Lord, sir, I'll be sworn books in England I could find to

Poins. [Within.] Francis!

Fran. Anon, anon, sir.

P. Hen. How old art thou, Francis?

Fran. Let me see,—about

I shall be—

Poins. [Within.] Francis!

Fran. Anon, anon, sir.—Pray you, my lord.

P. Hen. Nay, but hark you, the sugar thou gavest me—'twas

was't not?

Fran. O Lord, sir, I would it

P. Hen. I will give thee five pound: ask me when thou wilt, and

Poins. [Within.] Francis!

Fran. Anon, anon.

P. Hen. Anon, Francis! No, to-morrow, Francis; or, Francis, or, indeed, Francis, when thou

Fran. My lord!

P. Hen. Wilt thou rob this

crystal-button, notepated, stocking, caldais-garter, smooth

ish-ponch—

Fran. O Lord, sir, who do you

P. Hen. Why then, your

your only drink; for, look you,

doublet will sully; in Barbary, a man come to so much.

What, sir?
[Within.] Francis!
Away, you rogue! Dost thou not know they both call him? Francis stands amazed, not knowing which way to go.

Enter Vintner.
What, standest thou still, and hearest a calling? Look to the guests within.

My lord, old sir John, with half a dozen more, are at the door; shall I let them in?

Let them alone a while, and then let them in. [Exit Vintner.] Poin.

Enter Poin.
Anon, anon, sir.

Alas, Sirrah, Falstaff and the rest of the guests are at the door; shall we be merry?

As merry as crickets, my lad. But ye, what cunning match have you made with the jest of the drawer? come, what's the

jest of the drawer? come, what's the jest of the drawer? come, what's the jest of the drawer?

I am now of all humours, that have known themselves humours, since the old days when Adam to the pupil age of this world twelve o'clock at midnight. [Francis enters, with wine.] What's o'clock,

What's o'clock, sir. [Exit.] That ever this fellow should have words than a parrot, and yet the son of a

His industry is—up-stairs and down-stairs; he that kills me some six or seven times at a breakfast, washes his hands,

to his wife. "Pie upon this quiet life!" "O my sweet Harry," says she, "how many hast thou killed to-day?" "Give me a drench," says he; and answers,

"fourteen" an hour after,—"a trifle, a trifle," says he; and answers,

"I prythee call in Falstaff: I'll play with that damned brawn shall play damme with his wife. "Rivo!" says the drunkard, call in Falstaff.

Falstaff, Gadshill, Bardolph, and Peto; followed by Francis, with wine.

Welcome, Jack: where hast thou been? A plague of all cowards, I say, and a

plague of all cowards, I say, and a plague of all cowards, I say, and a plague of all cowards, I say, and a

plague of all cowards, I say, and a plague of all cowards, I say, and a plague of all cowards, I say, and a

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plague of all cowards, I say, and a plague of all cowards, I say, and a plague of all cowards, I say, and a

villainous man: yet a coward is worse than a cup of sack with lime in it,—a villainous coward.—Oo 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 unchanged 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. [you?]

P. Hen. How now, wool-suck! what matter?

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 Wales!

P. Hen. Why, you whoreson round man, what's the matter?

Fal. Are you not a coward? answer me to that: and Poin.

Poin. 'Zounds! ye fat paunch, an ye call me coward, I'll stab thee.

Fal. I call thee coward! I'll see thee damned ere I call thee coward: but I would give a thousand pound I could run as fast as thou canst. You are straight enough in the shoulders, you care not who sees your back: call you that backing of your friends? A plague upon such backing! give me them that will face me. Give me a cup of sack:—I am a rogue, if I drunk to-day.

P. Hen. O villain! thy lips are scarce wiped since thou drunkest last.

Fal. All's one for that. [He drinks.] A plague of all cowards, still say I.

P. Hen. What's the matter?

Fal. What's the matter! here be four of us have ta'en a thousand pound this day morning.

P. Hen. Where is it, Jack? where is it?

Fal. Where is it! taken from us it is; a hundred upon poor four of us.

P. Hen. What, a hundred, man?

Fal. I am a rogue, if I were not at half-sword with a dozen of them two hours together. I have 'scap'd by miracle. I am eight times thrust through the doublet, four through the hose; my buckler cut through and through; my sword hacked like a hand-saw,—*ecce signum*! I never dealt better since I was a man: all would not do. A plague of all cowards! Let them speak: if they speak more or less than truth, they are villains, and the sons of

P. Hen. Speak, sirs; how was it? [darkness.] Gads. We four set upon some dozen,—

Fal. Sixteen, at least, my lord. Gads. And bound them.

Peto. No, no, they were not bound. Fal. You rogue, they were bound, every man of them; or I am a Jew else, an Hebrew Jew.

Gads. As we were sharing, some six or seven fresh men set upon us,—

Fal. And unbound the rest, and then come in the other.

P. Hen. What, fought ye with them all?

Fal. All! I know not what ye call all; but if I fought not with fifty of them, I am a bunch of radish: if there were not two or three and fifty upon poor old Jack, then am I no two-legged creature.

P. Hen. Pray God, you have not murdered some of them.

Fal. Nay, that's past praying for: I have peppered two of them; two, I am sure, I have paid; two rogues in buckram suits. I tell thee what, Hal, if I tell thee a lie, spit in my face, call me horse. Thou knowest my old ward; here I lay, and thus I bore my point. Four rogues in buckram let drive at me,—

P. Hen. What, four! thou saidst but two even now.

Fal. Four, Hal; I told thee four.

Poins. Ay, ay, he said four.

Fal. These four came all a-front, and mainly thrust at me. I made me no more ado, but took all their seven points in my target, thus.

P. Hen. Seven! why, there were but four

Fal. In buckram. [even now.]

Poins. Ay, four, in buckram suits, [else,

Fal. Seven, by these hilts, or I am a villain

P. Hen. Pr'ythee, let him alone; we shall have more anon.

Fal. Dost thou hear me, Hal?

P. Hen. Ay, and mark thee too, Jack.

Fal. Do so, for it is worth the listening to. These nine in buckram, that I told thee of,—

P. Hen. So, two more already.

Fal. Their points being broken,—

Poins. Down fell their hose.

Fal. Began to give me ground: but I followed me close, came in, foot and hand; and with a thought, seven of the eleven I paid.

P. Hen. O monstrous! eleven buckram men grown out of two.

Fal. But, as the devil would have it, three misbegotten 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.

P. Hen. These lies are like the father that begets them,—gross as a mountain, open, palpable. Why, thou clay-brained guts, thou knotty-pated fool, thou whoreson, obscene, greasy tallow-keech,—

Fal. What, art thou mad? art thou mad? is not the truth the truth?

P. Hen. 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?

Poins. Come, your reason, Jack,—your reason.

Fal. What, upon compulsion? No; were I at the strappado, or all the racks in the world, I would not tell you on compulsion. Give you a reason on compulsion! if reasons were as plenty as blackberries, I would give no man a reason upon compulsion, I.

P. Hen. I'll be no longer gully of this sanguine coward, this bed-sitting horse-back-breaker, this huge hill of dried meat's tongue, bull's pizzle, and fish,—O for breath to utter what's left!

Fal. Away, you starveling, you dried meat's tongue, bull's pizzle, and fish,—you tailor's yard, you sheath, you you vile standing luck,—

P. Hen. Well, breathe awhile, and let it again: and when thou hast tired these base comparisons, hear me speak but this.

Poins. Mark, Jack.

P. Hen. We two saw you four and you bound them, and were masters of wealth.—Mark now, how a plan taken you down.—Then did we two set on you and, with a word, out-faced you for prize, and have it; yea, and can show here in the house;—and, Falstaff, your guts away as nimbly, with a terity, and roared for mercy, and roared, as ever I heard bull-calf. art thou, to back thy sword as thou art then say, it was in fight! what device, what starting-hole, couldst thou find out, to hide thee from this apparent shame?

Poins. Come, let's hear, Jack! what hast thou now?

Fal. By the Lord, I knew ye, as well that made ye. Why, hear ye, my was it for me to kill the heir-apparent? I turn upon the true prince? I knowest I am as valiant as Hercules; ware instinct; the lion will not touch a prince. Instinct is a great matter; a coward on instinct. I shall think of myself and thee, during my life; and thou for a true prince. Lord, lads, I am glad you have the [To the Hostess within.] Hostess, doors!—watch to-night, pray Gallants, lads, boys, hearts of gold, of good fellowship come to you! we be merry! shall we have a play?

P. Hen. Content;—and the argument be, thy running away.

Fal. Ah, no more of that, Hal. Enter Hostess.

Host. My lord the prince.

P. Hen. How now, my lady the what sayest thou to me?

Host. Marry, my lord, there is a of the court at door would speak with

P. Hen. Give him as much as will a royal man, and send him back

Fal. What manner of man is he?

Host. An old man.

Fal. What doth gravity out of midnight? Shall I give him his

P. Hen. Pr'ythee, do, Jack.

Fal. Faith, and I'll send him packing.

P. Hen. Now, sirs:—by'r lady, you fought
—could you, Peto?—so did you, Bardolph:
you will not touch the true prince; no,—die!
P. Hen. Faith, I can when I saw others run.
P. Hen. Faith, tell me now in earnest,—
—some Peto's sword so hacked?

P. Hen. Why, he hacked it with his dagger;
and he would swear truth out of England,
and would make you believe it was done in
—and persuaded us to do the like.
P. Hen. Yes, and to tickle our noses with
—our garments with it, and to swear it
—the blood of true men. I did that I did
—this seven year before,—I blush to hear his
—devices.

P. Hen. O villain! thou stolest a cup of sack
—seven years ago, and wert taken with the
—and ever since thou hast blushed ex-
—Thou hadst fire and sword on thy
—and yet thou ranst away: what instinct
—thou for it?

P. Hen. My lord, do you see these meteors?
—you behind these exhalations?

P. Hen. I do.
P. Hen. What think you they portend?

P. Hen. Hot livers and cold purses,
—Choler, my lord, if rightly taken.

P. Hen. No, if rightly taken, balder.—Here
—Peto's! How now, my sweet creature
—thou art!

P. Hen. How long is't ago, Jack, since
—thou wert mine own knee?

P. Hen. My own knee! when I was about thy
—thou wert mine own eagle's talon in the
—I could have crept into any alderman's
—a plague of sighing and grief! it
—me up like a bladder.—There's vil-

P. Hen.—there was Sir John Bracy
—your father; you must to the court in the
—That same mad fellow of the north,

P. Hen.—and he of Wales, that gave Amalunio
—and made Lucifer cuckold, and
—the devil his true liegeman upon the
—a Welsh hook,—what a plague call

P. Hen. O Glendower.—[you him?—
—Owen, Owen,—the same; and his son—
—Mortimer; and old Northumberland;

P. Hen.—that sprightly Scot of Scots, Douglas, that
—he sprang up a hill perpendicular,—

P. Hen. He that rides at high speed, and
—his pistol kills a sparrow dying.

P. Hen. You have hit it.
P. Hen. So did he never the sparrow.

P. Hen. Well, that rascal hath good mettle in
—he will not run.

P. Hen. Why, what a rascal art thou, then,
—him so far running?

P. Hen. O horseback, ye cuckoo! but, afoot,
—not lodge a foot.

P. Hen. Yes, Jack, upon instinct.
—I grant ye, upon instinct.—Well, he is
—and one Mordake, and a thousand

blue-caps more: Worcester is stolen away to-
night; thy father's beard is turned white with
the news: you may buy land now as cheap as
stinking mackerel.

P. Hen. Why then, it is like, if there come
a hot June, and this civil buffeting hold, we
shall buy maidenheads as they buy hob-nails,
by the hundreds.

Fal. By the mass, lad, thou sayest true; it
is like, we shall have good trading that way.—
But tell me, Hal, art thou not horribly afraid?
thou being heir-apparent, could the world pick
these 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? [thy instinct.

P. Hen. Not a whit, I' faith; I lack some of
Fal. Well, thou wilt be horribly chid to-
morrow, when thou comest to thy father: if
thou love me, practise an answer.

P. Hen. 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.

P. Hen. Thy state is taken for a joint-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 mine eyes look red,
that it may be thought I have wept; for I must
speak in passion, and I will do it in King
Cambyses' vein.

P. Hen. Well, here is my leg. [nobility.
Fal. And here is my speech.—Stand aside,

Host. O Jesu! This is excellent sport, I' faith!
Fal. Weep not, sweet queen; for trickling
tears are vain. [tenance]

Host. O, the father! how he holds his coun-
Fal. For God's sake, lords, convey my trist-
ful queen;

For tears do stop the flood-gates of her eyes.

Host. O rare! he doth it as like one of these
harlotry players as ever I see!

Fal. Peace, good pint-pot! peace, good
tickle-brain!—Harry, I do not only marvel
where thou spendest thy time, but also how
thou art accompanied: for though the cano-
mole, the more 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 nicher, and eat black-
berries? 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

Glend. Come, here's the map: shall we divide our right,

According to our three-fold order ta'en?

Mort. The archdeacon hath divided it into three limits, very equally:—England, from Trent and Severa 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,)

To-morrow, cousin Percy, you, and I, And my good lord of Worcester, will set forth To meet your father and the Scottish power, As is appointed us, at Shrewsbury. My father Glendower is not ready yet, [days:—] Nor shall we need his help these fourteen [To Glend.] Within that space you may have drawn together

Your tenants, friends, and neighbouring gentlemen.

Glend. A shorter time shall send me to you, And in my conduct shall your ladies come; From whom you now must steal, and take no leave;

For there will be a world of water shed, Upon the parting of your wives and you.

Hot. Methinks my moiety, north from Burton here,

In quantity equals not one of yours: See how this river comes me cranking in, And cuts me from the best of all my land A huge half-moon, a monstrous cantle out. I'll have the current in this place dam'd up; And here the smug and silver Trent shall run In a new channel, fair and evenly:

It shall not wind with such a deep indent, To rob me of so rich a bottom here. [it doth.]

Glend. Not wind? it shall, it must; you see, *Mort.* Yes, but mark how he bears his course, and runs me up

With like advantage on the other side; Gelding the opposed continent as much, As on the other side it takes from you. [here.]

Wor. Yea, but a little charge will trench him 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 will 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.

Hot. Let me not understand you, then; Speak it in Welsh.

Glend. I can speak English, lord, as well as For I was train'd up in the English court; Where, being but young, I framed to the harp Many an English ditty, lovely well, And gave the tongue a helpful ornament,— A virtue that was never seen in you.

Hot. Marry, and I'm glad of it; heart:

I had rather be a kitten, and cry mew Than one of these same noisome ballads.

I had rather hear a braggart chatter Or a dry wheel grate on the axle-tree

And that would set my teeth on edge, Nothing so much as minding poetry.

'Tis like the fore'd gait of a shuffling

Glend. Come, you shall have

Hot. I'll give thrice as much land to a

deserving friend; But in the way of bargain, mark you me;

I'll cavil on the ninth part of a hair.

Are the indentures drawn? I shall run

Glend. The moon shines fair; away by night;

I'll haste the writer, and withal, Break with your wives of your disputation.

I am afraid my daughter will run mad, So much she doteth on her Mortimer.

Mort. Pie, cousin Percy! how you

father!

Hot. I cannot choose: sometimes I

With telling me of the moidwarp and Of the dreamer Merlin and his prophecies

And of a dragon and a sinless damsel, A clip-wing'd griffin and a ramping cub

A couching lion and a ramping cub And such a deal of skimbleshanks and such

As puts me from my faith, I tell you, He held me, last night, at least one hour

In reckoning up the several devils that That were his lackeys; I cried, "Well, go to,"

and "Well, go to," O, he said, But mark'd him not a word.

As a tired horse, a rattling wheel, Worse than a smoky house:—I had

With cheese and garlick in a window Than feed on cates, and have him tell

Than feed on cates, and have him tell In any summer-house in Christendom

Mort. In faith, he is a worthy gentleman, Exceedingly well read, and well

In strange concealments; valiant as a lion, And wondrous affable, and as homely

As mines of India. Shall I tell you, As mines of India. Shall I tell you,

He holds your temper in a high respect, And curbs himself even of his nature

When you do cross his humour:—I warrant you, that man is not alive

Might so have tempted him as you have done Without the taste of danger and repentance

But do not use it oft, let me entreat you. *Wor.* In faith, my lord, you are

blame; And since your coming hither, To put him quite beside his patience

You must needs learn, lord, to conceal your Though sometimes it show greatness

blood, (And that's the dearest grace it recks of Yet oftentimes it doth present bare

Defect of manners, want of government

laughness, opinion, and disdain: the heart of which, haunting a nobleman,

and leaves behind a stain the beauty of all parts besides,

besides them of commendation. *Hot.* Well, I am school'd: good manners

to your speed! *Glend.* I leave.

to come our wives, and let us take our *Hot.* Glendower, with Lady Mortimer and

Lady Percy. *Hot.* This is the deadly spite that angers

me:—I can speak no English, I no Welsh.

Glend. My daughter weeps; she will not part with you;

she is a soldier too, she'll to the wars. *Hot.* Good father, tell her that she and

her sent Percy *Glend.* I follow in your conduct speedily.

Glendower speaks to Lady Mortimer in Welsh, and she answers him in the same.

Hot. She's desperate here; a peevish self-will'd harlotry, one

no persuasion can do good upon. *Hot.* She speaks to Mortimer in Welsh.

Hot. I understand thy looks; that pretty Welsh

that thou pon't down from these swelling heavens, two perfect in; and, but for shame,

some a parley would I answer thee, *Hot.* I understand thy kisses, and thou mine,

and a feeling disputation: I will never be a truant, love,

have learn'd thy language; for thy tongue is as sweet as ditties highly penn'd,

as a queen in a summer's bower, Welsh as sweet as ditties highly penn'd,

as a queen in a summer's bower, *Hot.* Nay, if you melt, then will she run

as a queen in a summer's bower, *Hot.* Nay, if you melt, then will she run

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as a queen in a summer's bower, *Hot.* Nay, if you melt, then will she run

Lady P. Go, ye giddy goose.

[Glendower speaks some Welsh words, and music is heard.] [Welsh:]

Hot. Now I perceive the devil understands And 'tis no marvel he is so humorous.

By'r lady, he's a good musician. [musical.] *Lady P.* Then should you be nothing but

For you are altogether governed by humour. Lie still, ye thief, and hear the lady sing

in Welsh. [howl in Irish.] *Hot.* I had rather hear Lady, my brach

Lady P. Wouldst thou have thy head *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.

[Lady M. sings a Welsh song.] *Hot.* Come, Kate, I'll have your song too.

Lady P. Not mine, in good sooth. *Hot.* Not yours, in good sooth! 'Heart!

you swear like a comfit-maker's wife! "Not you, in good sooth;" and, "As true as I live;" and, "As God shall mend me;" and, "As

sure as day:" And giv'st such sarcenet surety for thy oaths, As if thou never walk'dst further than Emsbury.

Swear me, Kate, like a lady as thou art, A good mouth-filling oath; and leave "In

sooth," And such protest of pepper-gingerbread, To velvet guards, and Sunday-citizens.

Come, sing. *Lady P.* I will not sing.

Hot. 'Tis the next way to turn tailor, or be red-breast teacher. An the indentures be drawn, I'll away within these two hours; and so, come in when ye will. [Exit.]

Glend. Come, come, lord Mortimer; you are as slow

as hot lord Percy is on fire to go. By this our book is drawn; we will but seal,

And then to horse immediately. *Mort.* With all my heart. [Exeunt.]

SCENE II.—London. A Room in the Palace.

Enter King Henry, Prince Henry, and Lords. *K. Hen.* Lords, give us leave; the Prince of

Wales and I [near at hand,] Must have some private conference: but be 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 scourge for me; But thou dost, in thy passages of life,

Make me believe that thou art only mark'd For the hot vengeance and the rod of heaven,

To punish my mistreadings. Tell me else, Could such inordinate and low desires,

Such poor, such bare, such lewd, such mean
Each barren pleasure, rude society, [attempts,
As thou art match'd withal and graced to,
Accompany the greatness of thy blood,
And hold their level with thy princely heart?

P. Hen. So please your majesty, I would I
Quit all offences with as clear excuse, [could
As well as, I am doubtless, I can purge
Myself of many I am charg'd withal:
Yet such extenuation let me beg,

As, in reproof of many tales devis'd, — [hear,
Which oft the ear of greatness needs must
By smiling pick-thanks and base newsmongers,
I may, for some things true, wherein my youth
Hath faultily wander'd and irregular,
Find pardon on my true submission.

K. Hen. God pardon thee! — yet let me
wonder, Harry,

At thy affections, which do hold a wing
Quite from the flight of all thy ancestors.
Thy place in council thou hast rudely lost;
Which by thy younger brother is supplied;

And art almost an alien to the hearts
Of all the court, and princes of my blood:
The hope and expectation of thy time
Is ruin'd; and the soul of every man
Prophecically does forethink thy fall.

Had I so lavish of my presence been,
So common-hackney'd in the eyes of men,
So stale and cheap to vulgar company, —
Opinion, that did help me to the crown,
Had still kept loyal to possession,
And left me in reputation, 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; [the:
That men would tell their children, "This is
Others would say, "Where? which is
Boltonbrooke?"

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 crown'd 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 sleeping king, he ambled up and down
With shallow jesters and rash bawling wits,
Soon kindled, and soon burn'd; carded his
Mingled his royalty with carping fools; [state;
Had his great name profaned with their scorns;
And gave his countenance, against his name,
To laugh at glib boys, and stand the push
Of every headless vain comparative;
Grew a companion to the common streets,
Ensoof'd himself to popularity;

That, being daily swallow'd by men's eyes,
They surfeited with honey, and began [little
To loathe the taste of sweetness, whereof a
More than a little is by much too much.

So, when he had occasion to be seen,
He was but as the cuckoo in the field;
Heard, not regarded; — seen, but
As, sick and blunted with common
Afford no extraordinary gaze,
Such as is bent on sun-like majesty,
When it shines seldom in admiring eyes;
But rather drows'd, and sleep'd the while
down,

Slept in his face, and render'd not
As cloudy men use to their adversity;
Being with his presence gladdened, and
And in that very line, Harry, [died,
For thou hast lost thy princely privilege
With vile participation; not as you
But is a weary of thy common
Save mine, which hath deard to
Which now doth that I would not
Make blind itself with foolish tears,
P. Hen. I shall hereafter my

K. Hen. For all the world
As thou art to this hour, was Richard
When I from France sat foot at [the:
And even as I was then, is Percy
Now, by my sceptre, and my crown;
He hath more worthy interest to
Than thou, the shadow of a man;
For, of no right, nor colour like
He doth fill fields with barres in
Turns head against the flower of
And, being no more in debt to
Leads ancient lords and reverend
To bloody battles, and to bristling
What never-dying honour hath
Against renowned Douglas; who
Whose hot incursions, and great
Holds from all soldiers chief
And military title capital,
Through all the kingdoms that
Thrice hath this Hotspur, Mar
This infant warrior, in his entan
Discomfited great Douglas; and
Enlarg'd him, and made a friend
To fill the mouth of deep danger
And shake the peace and safety of
And what say you to this? Percy

land,
The archbishop's grace of York
Capitulate against us, and are op
But wherefore do I tell thee of
Why, Harry, do I tell thee of
Which art my near'st and dearest
Thou that art like enough, — [the:
fear,
Base inclination, and the start of
To fight against me under Percy's
To dog his heels, and courtier's
To show how much thou art de
P. Hen. Do not think so; you
it so;
And God forgive them, that
Your majesty's good thoughts
I will redeem all this on Percy's

and that suddenly, while I am in some lodging;
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 pepper-corn, 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 can-
not live long.

Fal. Why, there is it: — come, sing me a
bawdy song; make me merry. I was as vir-
tuously given as a gentleman need to be; vir-
tuous 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 reasonable compass, sir John.

Fal. Do thou amend thy face, and I'll amend
my life: thou art our admiral, thou bearest
the lantern in the 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 *memento mori*: I never see thy face,
but I think upon hell-fire, and Dives that liv'd
in purple; for there he is in his robes, burn-
ing, burning. If thou wert any way given to
virtue, I would swear by thy face; my oath
should be, "By this fire, that's God's angel;"
but thou art altogether given over; and wert
indeed, but for the light in thy face, the son of
utter darkness. When thou wast up Gadshill
the night to catch my horse, if I did not think
thou hadst been an *ignis fatuus*, or a ball of
wild-fire, there's no purchase in money. O,
thou art a perpetual triumph, an everlasting
bonfire-light! Thou hast saved me a thousand
marks in links and torches, walking with thee
in the night betwixt tavern and tavern; but the
sack that thou hast drank me, would have
bought me lights as good, cheap, at the dearest
chandler's in Europe. I have maintained that
salamander of yours with fire any time this two
and thirty years; God reward me for it!

Bard. Shblood, I would my face were in
your belly!

Fal. So should I be sure to be heart-burned.
Enter Hostess.

— How now, dame Partlet the hen! have you
enquired 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 enquired, so
has my husband, man by man, boy by boy,
servant by servant: the tilth of a hair was
never lost in my house before.

Fal. You lie, hostess; Bardolph was shaven,
and lost many a hair; and I'll be sworn my

and that suddenly, while I am in some lodging;
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 pepper-corn, a brewer's horse; the
inside of a church! Company, villainous
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and thirty years; God reward me for it!

Bard. Shblood, I would my face were in
your belly!

Fal. So should I be sure to be heart-burned.
Enter Hostess.

pocket was picked. Go to, you are woman.
So.

Host. Who, I? No; I defy thee; I was never called so in my own house before.

Fal. Go to; I know you well enough.

Host. No, sir John; you do not know me, sir John: I know you, sir John; you owe me money, sir John; and now you pick a quarrel to beguile me of it; I bought you a dozen of shirts to your back.

Fal. Dowlas, filthy dowlas: I have given them away to bakers' wives, and they have made bolters of them.

Host. Now, as I am true woman, holland of eight shillings an ell. You owe money here besides, sir John, for your diet, and ty-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 younker of me? shall I not take mine ease in mine inn, but I shall have my pocket picked? I have lost a sealing 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 Jack, a sneak-cup: 'Shood, an he were here, I would cudgel him like a dog, if he would say so.

Enter Prince Henry and Poins, marching.

Falstaff meets the Prince, playing on his truncheon like a fife.

Fal. How now, lad! is the wind in that door, I' faith! must we all march?

Bard. Yea, two and two, Newgate-fashion.

Host. My lord, I pray you, hear me.

P. Hen. What sayest thou, mistress Quickly? How does thy husband? I love him well; he is an honest man.

Host. Good my lord, hear me.

Fal. Pr'ythee, let her alone, and list to me.

P. Hen. 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.

P. Hen. What didst thou lose, Jack?

Fal. Wilt thou believe me, Hal? three or four bonds of forty pound a-piece, and a sealing of my grandfather's.

P. Hen. A trifle, some eight-penny matter.

Host. So I told him, my lord; and I said I heard your grace say so: and, my lord, he speaks most vilely of you, like a foul-mouthed man as he is; and said, he would cudgel you.

P. Hen. 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 a drawn fox; and for womanhood, Marston may be the deputy's wife as to thee. Go, you thing, go.

Host. Say, what thing? what thing? *Fal.* What thing? why, a beast. God on.

Host. I am no thing to thee; I would thou shouldst know it; I am a man's wife; and, setting thy knavehood, thou art a knave to call me so.

Fal. Setting thy womanhood, thou art a beast to say otherwise.

Host. Say, what beast, thou knave?

Fal. What beast? why, an ass.

P. Hen. An ass, sir John?

Fal. Why? she's neither a man nor a woman; she's a beast.

Host. Thou art an unjust man; thou or any man knows where thou knave thou!

P. Hen. Thou sayest true, but slanderers thee most grossly.

Host. So he doth you, my lord; this other day, you ought him a pound.

P. Hen. Sirrah! do I owe you a pound?

Fal. A thousand pound, Hal! thy love is worth a million; Marston thy love.

Host. Nay, my lord, he called you 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.

P. Hen. I say, 'tis copper; I say, as good as thy word now!

Fal. Why, Hal, thou knowest me, but man, I dare: but as thou art, thee, as I fear the roaring of the lion.

P. Hen. And why not, as the lion?

Fal. The king himself is to be feared; dost thou think, I'll fear thy father? nay, an I do, I'll give thee a girlie break.

P. Hen. O, if it should, how would I fall about thy knees! But, sir,

room for faith, truth, or honesty, of thine,—it is all filled up with

trifles. Charge an honest woman with thy pocket! Why, thou wast a

poor fellow, if there were any more of bawdy-houses, and one poor

of sugar-candy to make thee a

if thy pocket were enriched with

injuries but these, I am a villain; I will stand to it; you will not

Art thou not ashamed?

Fal. Dost thou hear, Hal? I am the state of innocence, Adam

should poor Jack Falstaff do, and

villainy! Thou seest, I have been

and therefore more frailty. You then, you picked my pocket? It appears so by the story.

Hostess, I forgive thee: go make ready for love thy husband, look to thy service, cherish thy guests: thou shalt find me to any honest reason: thou seest, I am honest. Still! Nay, prythee, be gone. Now, lad, to the news at the robbery, lad,—how is that?

Hot. O, my sweet beef, I must still be angel to thee: the money is paid back.

Hot. O, I do not like that paying back; 'tis labour.

Hot. I am good friends with my father, and do anything.

Hot. He no the exchequer the first thing do, my lord.

Hot. I have procured thee, Jack, a charge of foot.

Hot. I would it had been of horse. Where and one that can steal well? O for a thief, of the age of two and twenty, or three.

Hot. I am heinously unprovided. I should be thanked for these rebels, they come but the virtuous: I laud them, I praise them.

Hot. My lord! [Lancaster, brother John; and this to my lord of Westmoreland.]

Hot. Go hear this letter to lord John of Westmoreland.

Hot. To horse, to horse; for thou and I thirty miles to ride yet ere dinner time.

Hot. [Exit Poin.]

Hot. I meet me to-morrow in the Temple-Hall at noon: I shall then know thy charge; and there I will order for their furniture.

Hot. And Percy stands on high; and they, or we, must lower lie. [Exit.]

Hot. Brave words! brave world!—Hostess, my breakfast; come:—

Hot. I should wish this tavern were my drum! [Exit.]

ACT IV.

Hot. The Rebel Camp near Shrewsbury.

Hot. Well said, my noble Scot: if speaking truth

Hot. One age were not thought flattery, a soldier of this season's stamp

Hot. I cannot current through the world, a soldier of another; but a braver place

Hot. Let me to my word; approve me, lord. Thou art the king's honour:

Hot. Thou art the king's honour: so potent breathes upon the ground, will he hear him,

Hot. Do so, and 'tis well.—

Enter a Messenger, with letters.

Hot. What letters hast thou there?—[To Douglas.]

Hot. 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's grievously sick.

Hot. 'Zounds! how has he the leisure to be in such a jangling time? Who leads his power?

Hot. Under whose government come they along?

Mess. His letters bear his mind, not I, my lord.

Hot. I prythee, tell me, doth he keep his mess?

Hot. He did, my lord, four days ere I set forth:

And at the time of my departure thence, He was much fear'd by his physicians.

Hot. 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.

Hot. Sick now! droop now! this sickness doth infect

The very life-blood of our enterprise;

'Tis catching hither, even to our camp.

Hot. 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 remov'd, but on his own.

Hot. Yet doth he give us bold advertisement,

That with our small conjunction we should on,

To see how fortune is dispos'd to us;

For, as he writes, there is no quailing now,

Because the king is certainly possess'd

Of all our purposes. What say you to it?

Hot. Your father's sickness is a main to us.

Hot. A perilous gash, a very limb lopp'd off:—

And yet, in faith, 'tis not; his present want

Seems more than we shall find it:—were it good,

To set the exact wealth of all our states

All at one cast; to set so rich a main

On the nice hazard of one doubtful hour!

Hot. It were not good; for therein should we read

The very bottom and the soul of hope,

The very list, the very utmost bound

Of all our fortunes.

Doug. Faith, and so we should;

Where now remains a sweet reversion:

We may boldly spend upon the hope

Of what is to come in:

A comfort of retirement lives in this.

Hot. A rendezvous, a home to fly unto,

If that the devil and mischance look big

Upon the maidenhead of our affairs.

Hot. But yet, I would your father had been here.

The quality and hair of our attempt

Brooks no division: it will be thought

By some, that know not why he is away,

That wisdom, loyalty, and more dislike
Of our proceedings, kept the earl from hence:
And think, how such an apprehension
May turn the tide of fearful faction,
And breed a kind of question in our cause;
For, well you know, we of the offering side
Must keep aloof from strict arbitrement,
And stop all sight-holes, every loop from
whence

The eye of reason may pry in upon us:
This absence of your father's, draws a curtain,
That shows the ignorant a kind of fear
Before not dreamt of.

Hot. You strain too far.
I, rather, of his absence make this use:—
It lends a lustre, and more great opinion,
A larger dare to our great enterprise,
Than if the earl were here; for men must think,
If we, without his help, can make a head
To push against the kingdom, with his help,
We shall overturn it topey-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 wel-
come, lord. [strong]
The earl of Westmoreland, seven thousand
Is marching hitherwards; with him, prince
Hot. No harm: what more? [John]

Ver. And further, I have learn'd,
The king himself in person is set forth,
Or hitherwards intended speedily,
With strong and mighty preparation. [son]
Hot. His shall be welcome too. Where is his
The nimble-footed mad-cap prince of Wales,
And his comrades, that daff'd the world aside,
And bid it pass?

Ver. All furnish'd, all in arms,
All plum'd like estridges, (that with the wind
Bated, like eagles having lately bath'd;) [son]
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 cuisses on his thighs, gallantly arm'd,
Rise from the ground like feather'd Mercury,
And vaulted with such ease into his seat,
As if an angel dropp'd down from the clouds,
To turn and wind a fiery Pegasus,
And witch the world with noble horsemanship.

Hot. No more, no more; worse than the sun
in March. [come]
This praise doth nourish agues. Let them
Come like sacrifices in their trim,
And to the fire-ey'd maid of smoky war,
All hot and bleeding, will we offer them:
The mailed Mars shall on his altar sit,
Up to the ears in blood. I am on fire,
To hear this rich reprisal is so nigh,

And yet not ours.—Come, let me
Who is to hear me, like a thunder
Against the bosom of the prince of
Harry to Harry shall, but how to
Meet, and ne'er part, till our day
O that Glendower were come!

Ver. I learn'd in Worcester, as I rode
He cannot draw his power thence
Doug. That's the worst tidings
of yet.

Hot. Ay, by my faith, that
Hot. What may the king's
Ver. To thirty thousand.
Hot.

My father and Glendower being
The powers of us may serve us
Come, let us take a muster
Doomsday is near; die all, die
Doug. Talk not of dying; I am
Of death, or death's hand, for
year.

SCENE II.—A public Road near
Enter Falstaff and Bardolph.

Fal. Bardolph, get thee before
I'll me a bottle of sack; our soldiers
through; we'll to Sutton-Copland
Bard. Will you give me money?

Fal. Lay out, lay out.
Bard. This bottle makes an
Fal. As if it do, take it for
If it make twenty, take them all
the coinage. Bid my lieutenant
at the town's end.

Bard. I will, captain: farewell.
Fal. If I be not ashamed of my
am a roused gurnet. I have got, in
press damnably. I have got, in
hundred and fifty soldiers, these
odd pounds. I press me none but
holders, yeomen's sons; such as had
truncked bachelors, such as had
twice on the hams; such a company
slaves, as had as lief bear a caliver
such as fear the report of a caliver
a struck fowl, or a hurt wild-duck;
me none but such toasts and butlers
in their bellies no bigger than pin-
they have bought out their service
my whole charge consists of com-
lieutenants, gentlemen of com-
ragged as Lazarus in the palmer's
the glutton's dogs licked his
as, indeed, were never soldiers
unjust serving men, younger
brothers, revolted tapsters, and
fallen; the cankers of a calm
peace; ten times more (than
than an old-faced ancient's and
fill up the rooms of them
out their services, that you would
had a hundred and fifty
lately come from swine-keeping

and hucks. A mad fellow met me on
the way, and told me I had unloaded all the
shells, and pressed the dead bodies. No eye
there, such scorpions. I'll not march
thirty miles march wide betwixt the legs,
if they had given on; for, indeed, I had the
of them out of prison. There's but a
about a half in all my company; and the
over the shoulders laced together, and
selves; and the shirt, to say the truth,
from my host at St. Alban's, or the red-
they'll and linen enough on every hedge.
P. Hen. Henry and Westmoreland.

Doug. How now, blown Jack! how now,
What! Hal! How now, mad wag!
I'll not dust thou in Warwickshire!—My
lord of Westmoreland, I cry you mercy:
Could your honour had already been at
Westmoreland.

Fal. With, Sir John, 'tis more than time
I were there, and you too; but my powers
are already. The king, I can tell you,
is not far off; we must away all night.
But, never fear me: I am as vigilant
as a cat in cream.

Fal. I think, to steal cream, indeed; for
the devil, whose fellows are these that come
to steal cream.
Fal. Alas, Hal, mine.

Fal. I did never see such pitiful rascals.
powder, food for powder; they'll fill a pit
as well as better: tush, man, mortal men,
no men.

Fal. Ay, but, Sir John, methinks they are
a little poor and bare; too beggarly.
Fal. A little for their poverty, I know not
more they had that; and for their bareness, I
know, they never learned that of me.

Fal. No, I'll be sworn; unless your call
anchors on the ribs, bare. But, sirrah,
What is already in the field?
Fal. He is, Sir John: I fear we shall stay
the latter end of a fray, and the beginning
of a fast.

Fal. Well, and a keen guest. [Exit.
SCENE III.—The Rebel Camp near Shrews-
bury.

*Enter Hotspur, Worcester, Douglas, and
Vernon.*
Hot. We'll fight with him to-night.

Doug. You give him, then, advantage.
Hot. Why say you so? I looks he not for
so do we.

Doug. It may not be.
Not a whit.
His is certain, ours is doubtful.

Wor. Good cousin, be advis'd; stir not to-
night. Do not, my lord. [night]
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,)
I well-respected honour bid me on,
I hold as little counsel with weak fear,
As you, my lord, or any Scot that lives:—
Let it be seen to-morrow in the battle,
Which of us fears.

Doug. Yes, or to-night.
Ver. Content.
Hot. To-night, say I.
Ver. Come, come, it may not be.

I wonder much,
Being men of such great leading as you are,
That you foresee not what impediments
Drag back our expedition: certain horse
Of my cousin Vernon's are not yet come up:
Your uncle Worcester's horse came but to-day;
And now their pride and mettle is asleep,
Their courage with hard labour tame and dull,
That not a horse is half the half of himself.

Hot. So are the horses of the enemy
In general, journey-bated, and brought low;
The better part of ours are full of rest. [ours]
Wor. The number of the king exceedseth
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
You were of our determination! [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
So long as out of limit and true rule, [stand so]
You stand against anointed majesty! [know]
But, to my charge.—The king hath sent to
The nature of your griefs; and whereupon
You conjure from the breast of civil peace
Such bold hostility, teaching his duteous land
Audacious cruelty. If that the king
Have any way your good deserts forgot,—
Which he confesseth to be manifold,— [speed]
He bids you name your griefs; and with all
You shall have your desires with interest,
And pardon absolute for yourself, and these,
Herein mislead by your suggestion. [the king]

Hot. The king is kind; and well we know,
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 unmined outlaw sneaking home,
My father gave him welcome to the shore;
And when he heard him swear, and vow to
He came but to be duke of Lancaster, [God]

To sue his livery and beg his peace,
With tears of innocence and terms of zeal,—
My father, in kind heart and pity mov'd,
Swore him assistance, and perform'd it too.
Now, when the lords and barons of the realm
Perceiv'd Northumberland did lean to him,
The more and less came in with cap and knee;
Met him in boroughs, cities, villages,
Attended him on bridges, stood in lanes,
Laid gifts before him, proffer'd him their oaths,
Gave him their heirs as pages; follow'd him,
Even at the heels, in golden multitudes.
He presently,—as greatness knows itself,—
Steps me a little higher than his vow
Made to my father, while his blood was poor,
Upon the naked shore at Ravenspur;
And now, forsooth, takes on him to reform
Some certain edicts, and some strait decrees,
That lie too heavy on the commonwealth;
Cries out upon abuses, seems to weep
Over his country's wrongs; and by this face,
This seeming brow of justice, did he win
The hearts of all that he did angle for:
Proceeded farther; cut me off the heads
Of all the favourites, that the absent king
In deputation left behind him here,
When he was personal in the Irish war.

Blunt. Tut! I came not to hear this.

Hot. Then, to the point.
In short time after, he depos'd the king;
Soon after that, depriv'd him of his life;
And, in the neck of that, task'd the whole state:
To make that worse, suffer'd his kinsman
March

(Who is, if every owner were well plac'd,
Indeed his king) to be engag'd in Wales,
There without ransom to lie forfeited;
Disgrac'd me in my happy victories;
Sought to entrap me by intelligence;
Raked my 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 empawn'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
Hot. And, may be, so we shall. [and love.
Blunt. Pray God you do!

[*Exeunt.*
SCENE IV.—York. A Room in the Arch-
bishop's House.

Enter the Archbishop of York and Sir Michael.

Arch. Hie, good sir Michael; bear this
scalded brief

With winged haste to the last point
This to my cousin Scroop; and after
To whom they are directed. If you
How much they do import, you know.

Sir M. My good lord,
I guess their tenor.

Arch. Like enough. Like enough,
To-morrow, good sir Michael, it is
Wherein the fortune of ten thousand
Must bide the touch; for, at the last,
As I am truly given to understand,
The king, with mighty and good
Meets with lord Harry: and

Michael.
What with the sickness of North-
(Whose power was in the first place
And what with Owen Glendower
thence,

(Who with them was a rated man
And comes not in, o'er-rul'd by them
I fear the power of Percy is too
To wage an instant trial with the
Sir M. Why, my good lord, what
There is Douglas, and lord

Arch. No, Mortimer is not there.

Sir M. But there is Mortimer.

Harry Percy.
And there's my lord of Worcester,

Of gallant warriors, noble gentlemen.

Arch. And so there is: but they are
hath drawn

The special head of all the land
The prince of Wales, lord John of
The noble Westmoreland, and many
And many more cornivals, and dukes
Of estimation and command in the
Sir M. Doubt not, my lord, they
well oppos'd.

Arch. I hope no less, yet would
And, to prevent the worst, sir Michael,
For, if lord Percy thrive not, ere
Dismiss his power, he means to
For he hath heard of our conference
And 'tis but wisdom to make
him:

Therefore, make haste. I must go
To other friends; and so farewell.

ACT V.

SCENE I.—The King's Camp near
bury.

Enter King Henry, Prince Harry
of Lancaster, Sir Walter Blunt,
John Falstaff.

K. Hen. How bloodily the sun
Above yond' bosky hill! the day
At his distemperance.

P. Hen. The sun
Doth play the trumpet to his part,
And by his hollow whistling in the
Foretells a tempest, and a bloody

Scene I.

THE FIRST PART OF KING HENRY IV.

K. Hen. Then, with the losers let it sym-
phonize,
No action can seem foul to those that win.

Enter Worcester and Vernon.
Wor. My lord of Worcester! 'tis not well,
I should meet upon such terms
As this doth offer. You have deceived our trust,
And made us shift our easy robes of peace,
For such an old limbs in ungentle steel:
And say you to it? will you again unknit
The shroud that of all-aborred war?
Will you bid give a fair and natural light;
A shower of fear, and a portent
Of mischief to the unborn times?

Vern. Hear me, my liege.

For mine own part, I could be well content
To share the tag-and of my life
With quiet hours; for, I do protest
I have not sought the day of this dislike.

K. Hen. You have not sought it! how comes
it then?

Vern. Rebellion lay in his way, and he found
it. Peace, chawet, peace!

K. Hen. It pleased your majesty to turn your
back from myself and all our house;

Vern. I must remember you, my lord,
To you my staff of office did I break

K. Hen. And posted day and night
To seek you on the way, and kiss your hand,

Vern. And in account,
I was myself, my brother, and his son, [dare
the dangers of the time: you swore to us,
that you did swear that oath at Doncaster,
to do nothing purpose 'gainst the state;
and you did swear that oath at Doncaster,
to do nothing purpose 'gainst the state;
and you did swear that oath at Doncaster,
to do nothing purpose 'gainst the state;

K. Hen. But, in short space,
such a flood of greatness fell on you,—
with our help, what with the absent king,
and the contrivances of a wanton time,
and the contrivances of a wanton time,
and the contrivances of a wanton time,

Vern. And the contrivances of a wanton time,
and the contrivances of a wanton time,
and the contrivances of a wanton time,

K. Hen. And the contrivances of a wanton time,
and the contrivances of a wanton time,
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K. Hen. And the contrivances of a wanton time,
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and the contrivances of a wanton time,

Vern. And the contrivances of a wanton time,
and the contrivances of a wanton time,
and the contrivances of a wanton time,

K. Hen. And the contrivances of a wanton time,
and the contrivances of a wanton time,
and the contrivances of a wanton time,

Whereby we stand opposed by such means
As you yourself have for'd against yourself,
By unkind usage, dangerous countenance,
And violation of all faith and troth
Sworn to us in your younger enterprise.

K. Hen. These things, indeed, you have
articulated,

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 discontents,
Which gape, and rub the elbow, at the news
Of hurlyburly innovation:

And never yet did insurrection want
Such water-colours to impart his cause:
Nor moody beggars, starving for a time
Of pell-mell havoc and confusion.

P. Hen. In both our armies, there is many
a soul

Shall pay full dearly for this encounter,
If once they join in trial. Tell your nephew,
The prince of Wales doth join with all the
world

In praise of Henry Percy: by my hopes,
This present enterprise set off his head.

K. Hen. I do not think a braver gentleman,
More active-valiant, or more valiant young,
More daring, or more bold, is now alive
To grace this latter age with noble deeds.

For my part, I may speak it to my shame,
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 will, to save the blood on either side,
Try fortune with him in a single fight.

K. Hen. And, prince of Wales, so dare we
venture thee;

Albeit considerations infinite
Do make against it.—No, good Worcester, no,
We love our people well; even those we love
That are misled upon your cousin's part;

And, will they take the offer of our grace,
Both he, and they, and you, yea, every man
Shall be my friend again, and I'll be his:
So tell your cousin, and bring me word
What he will do: but if he will not yield,
Rebuke and 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.*
P. Hen. It will not be accepted, on my life:
The Douglas and the Hotspur both together
Are confident against the world in arms.

K. Hen. Hence, therefore, every leader to
his charge;

For, on their answer, will we set on them;
And God befriend us, as our cause is just!

[*Exeunt King, Blunt, and Prince John.*
Fal. Hal, if thou see me down in the battle,
and bestride me, so; 'tis a point of friendship.

P. Hen. Nothing but a colossus can do

P. Hen. By heaven, thou hast deceiv'd me, Lancaster;

I did not think thee lord of such a spirit:
Before, I lov'd thee as a brother, John;

But now, I do respect thee as my soul. [point.]

K. Hen. I saw him hold lord Percy at the
With lustier maintenance than I did look for
Of such an ungrown warrior.

P. Hen. O, this boy
Lends mettle to us all! [Exit.]

Alarums. Enter Douglas.
Doug. Another king! they grow like
Hydra's heads:

I am the Douglas, fatal to all those [thou],
That wear those colours on them:—what art
That counterfeit'st the person of a king?

K. Hen. The king himself; who, Douglas,
grieves at heart,

So many of his shadows thou hast met,
And not the very king. I have two boys

Seek Percy, and thyself, about the field:
But, seeing thou fall'st on me so luckily,
I will assay thee: so, defend thyself.

Doug. I fear thou art another counterfeit;
And yet, in faith, thou bear'st thee like a king:
But mine I am sure thou art, whoe'er thou be,
And thus I win thee.

[They fight. The King being in danger,
re-enter P. Henry.]

P. Hen. Hold up thy head, vile Scot, or
thou art like

Never to hold it up again! the spirits [arms:
Of valiant Shirley, Stafford, Blunt, are in my
It is the Prince of Wales that threatens thee;
Who never promiseth, but he means to pay.—

[They fight. Douglas flies.]
Cheerly, my lord: how fares your grace?—
Sir Nicholas Gawsey hath for succour sent,
And so hath Clifton: I'll to Clifton straight.

K. Hen. Stay, and breathe a while:—
Thou hast redeem'd thy lost opinion; [life,
And show'd thou mak'st some tender of my
In this fair rescue thou hast brought to me.

P. Hen. O God, they did me too much
injury,

That ever said I hearken'd for your death.
If it were so, I might have let alone
The insulting hand of Douglas over you;
Which would have been as speedy in your end,
As all the poisonous potions in the world,
And sav'd the treacherous labour of your son.

K. Hen. Make up to Clifton: I'll to Sir
Nicholas Gawsey. [Exit.]

Enter Hotspur.
Hot. If I mistake not, thou art Harry
Monmouth.

P. Hen. Thou speak'st as if I would deny
my name.

Hot. My name is Harry Percy.

P. Hen. Why, then, I see
A very valiant rebel of that name. [Percy,
I am the Prince of Wales; and think not,
To share with me in glory any more:
Two stars keep not their motion in one sphere;

Nor can one England brook a double
Of Harry Percy, and the Prince of Wales.

Hot. Nor shall it, Harry; for the
coats
To end the one of us; and would I
Thy name in arms were now as great
As mine.

P. Hen. I'll make it greater, were it
thine;
And all the budding honours on
I'll crop, to make a garland for thy
head.

Hot. I can no longer brook thy
presence.

Enter Falstaff.
Fal. Well said, Hal! to it, to it!
You shall find no boy's play here.

Re-enter Douglas as he fights with
Fal. Well said, Hal! to it, to it!
You shall find no boy's play here.

Hot. O, Harry, thou hast rob'd me
I better brook the loss of battle than
Than those proud titles thou hast won.
They wound my thoughts more than
sword my flesh:—

But thought's the slave of life, and life,
And time, that takes survey of all that's
Must have a stop. O, I could
But that the earthy and cold hand
Lies on my tongue:—no, Percy, thou
And food for—

P. Hen. For worms, brave Percy,
well, great heart!

Ill-wear'd ambition, how much
When that this body did contain a
A kingdom for it was too scant a
But now, two paces of the vilest
Is room enough:—this earth, that
Bears not alive so stout a gentleman,
If thou wert sensible of courtesy,
I should not make so dear a show of thee.
But let my favours hide thy manhood,
And, even in thy behalf, I'll thank thee
For doing these fair rites of tenderness.
Adieu, and take thy praise with thee to
Thy ignominious sleep with thee in the
But not remember'd in thy epitaph!

[He sees Falstaff on the
What, old acquaintance! could you
flesh
Keep in a little life! Poor Jack,
I could have better spar'd a better
O, I should have a heavy miss of thee.
If I were much in love with reality,
Death hath not struck so fat a deer.
Though many dearer, in this blood,
Embowell'd will I see thee by and by.
Till then, in blood by noble Percy's
bowel me to-day, I'll give you leave
me, and eat me too, to-morrow
'twas time to counterfeit, or that
Scot had paid me scot and not
feit? I lie, I am no counterfeit;
be a counterfeit; for he is but the

of steel, who hath not the life of a man; but to
a to be no counterfeit, but the true and
of a counterfeiter in the which better
part I have saved my life. 'Zounds! I am
not by my faith, I am afraid he would prove
the better counterfeit. Therefore I'll make
myself not be rise, as well as I? Nothing
more, sirrah, [stabbing him,] with a new
sword.

Hot. Come, brother John; full bravely
thou dost thyself.

P. Hen. But soft! I whom have we here?
Thou art not tell me this fat man was dead?

Hot. I did; I saw him dead, breathless,
and bleeding

upon our eyesight? I pray thee,
do not what thou seem'st.

P. Hen. So, that's certain; I am not a double
face. There is Percy: [Throwing the body
down,] let him kill the next Percy himself.

Hot. To be either earl or duke, I can assure
you.

P. Hen. Why, Percy I killed myself, and
thou art dead.

Hot. Didst thou?—Lord, Lord, how this
world is given to lying!—I grant you I was
killed, and out of breath, and so was he; but
I rose both at an instant, and fought a long
time by Shrewsbury clock. If I may be be-
liev'd, let them that should reward
me upon their own heads. I'll
fight; if the man were alive, and would
fight, I would make him eat a piece
of me.

P. Hen. This is the strangest tale that e'er
I heard.

Hot. This is the strangest fellow, brother
John.

P. Hen. Give your luggage nobly on your back:
I'll follow, as they say, for reward.
I'll grow less; for I'll purge,

and leave sack, and live cleanly, as a noble-
man should do.

[Exit, bearing off the body.]

SCENE V.—Another Part of the Field.
The trumpets sound. Enter King Henry,
Prince Henry, Prince John, Westmore-
land, and others, with Worcester and
Vernon, prisoners.

K. Hen. Thus ever did rebellion find rebuke.
Ill-spirited Worcester! did we not send grace,
Pardon, and terms of love to all of you?
And wouldst thou turn our offers contrary?
Misuse the tenor of thy kinsman's trust?
Threes 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. [me to;
Wor. What I have done, my safety urg'd
And I embrace this fortune patiently,
Since not to be avoided it falls on me.

K. Hen. Bear Worcester to the death, and
Vernon too:
Other offenders we will pause upon.

[Exeunt Worcester and Vernon, guarded.]
How goes the field? [he saw
P. Hen. The noble Scot, lord Douglas, when
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 bruis'd,
That the pursuers took him. At my tent
The Douglas is; and I beseech your grace,
I may dispose of him.

K. Hen. With all my heart.

P. Hen. Then, brother John of Lancaster,
This honourable bounty shall belong: [to you
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.

P. John. I thank your grace for this high
courtesy,
Which I shall give away immediately.

K. Hen. Then this remains,—that we divide
our power.—
You, son John, and my cousin Westmoreland,
Towards York shall bend you, with your
dearest speed. [Scroop,
To meet Northumberland, and the prelate
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 fairly is done,
Let us not leave till all our own be won.

[Exeunt.]

THE SECOND PART OF KING HENRY IV.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

King Henry the Fourth.
 Henry, Prince of Wales;
afterwards K. Henry V.
 Thomas, Duke of Clarence,
 Prince John of Lancaster,
 Prince Humphrey of Gloster,
 Earl of Warwick,
 Earl of Westmoreland,
 Earl of Surrey,
 Gower, Harcourt,
 Sir William Gascoigne, Lord Chief Justice of
 the King's Bench.
 A Gentleman, attending on the Chief Justice.
 Earl of Northumberland,
 Scroop, Archbishop of York,
 Lord Mowbray,
 Lord Hastings,
 Lord Bardolph,
 Sir John Coleville,

His Sons.

Of the King's party.

Enemies to
the King.

Travers and Morton, Retainers of
 Sir John Falstaff.
 His Page.
 Bardolph.
 Pistol.
 Poins.
 Peto.
 Shallow and Silence, Country Justice.
 Davy, Servant to Shallow.
 Mouldy, Shallow, Wart, Feeble, and
 Fang and Snare, Sheriff's Officers.
 Rumour.
 A Porter. A Dancer, Speaker of the
 Lady Northumberland.
 Lady Percy.
 Hostess Quickly.
 Doll Tear-sheet.
 Lords and Attendants; Officers,
 Messenger, Drawers, Beadles, Gravel.

SCENE,—England.

INDUCTION.

Warkworth. Before Northumberland's Castle.

Enter Rumour, painted full of tongues.

Rum. Open your ears; for which of you will
stop [speaks]

The vent of hearing, when loud Rumour
 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 prepar'd defence?
 Whilst the big year, swollen with some other
 grief, [war,—

Is thought with child by this stern tyrant
 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, [troops,
 Hath beaten down young Hotspur and his

Quenching the flame of bold rebellion
 Even with the rebels' blood. But what
 To speak so true at first? my office
 To noise abroad, that Harry Monmouth
 Under the wrath of noble Hotspur
 And that the king before the low
 Stoop'd his anointed head as low
 This have I rumour'd through the people
 Between the royal field of Shrewsbury
 And this worm-eaten hold of ragged stone
 Where Hotspur's father, old Northumberland
 Lies crafty-sick: the posts come
 And not a man of them brings other news
 Than they have learn'd of me: from
 tongues
 They bring smooth comforts false,
 true wrongs.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—The Same.

Enter Lord Bardolph; Porter above.
 L. Bard. Who keeps the gate?
 Where is the earl?
 Port. What shall I say you are?
 L. Bard. Tell him I am
 That the lord Bardolph doth attend
 Port. His lordship is walk'd
 orchard:

to your honour, knock but at the gate,
and he himself will answer.

Here comes the earl.

[*Exit Porter above.*]

Enter Northumberland.
South. What news, lord Bardolph? every
minute now

should be the father of some stratagem.
The times are wild: contention, like a horse
Full of high feeding, madly hath broke loose,
and bears down all before him.

North. Have you certain news from Shrewsbury.
South. Good, as God will!

South. As good as heart can wish:
The king is almost wounded to the death;
And, in the fortune of my lord your son,

Harry slain outright; and both the
[*John.* By the hand of Douglas: young prince
and Westmoreland, and Stafford, fled the
field;

John. Harry Monmouth's brawn, the hulk sir
[*John.* As you say to your son: O, such a day,
I never saw so follow'd, and so fairly won,
As this day's fortune!

South. How is this deriv'd?
Le *Bard.* I came you from Shrewsbury?
I spoke with one, my lord, that
came from thence;

South. A gentleman well bred, and of good name,
That freely render'd me these news for true.

South. Here comes my servant, Travers,
whom I sent

South. My lord, I over-rode him on the
road; he is breath'd with no certainties [way;
more than Le *Bard.* may retail from me.

Enter Travers.
South. Now, Travers, what good tidings
comes with you?

Travers. My lord, Sir John Umfreville turn'd me
back with joyful tidings; and, being better hors'd,
I came me.

South. After him came spurring hard
a gentleman, almost ferspent with speed,
and stopp'd by me to breathe his bloodied
sweat;

South. And the way to Chester; and of him
I demand, what news from Shrewsbury:

Travers. He told me that rebellion had had luck,
and that young Harry Percy's spur was cold.

South. But he gave his aide horse the head,
and, leaning forward, struck his armed heels
to the panting sides of his poor jade

Travers. To the rowel-head; and, starting so,
he was in running to devour the way,
leaving no longer question.

South. Ha!—Again;
Le *Bard.* young Harry Percy's spur was cold?
That rebellion

South. My lord, I'll tell you what;
your son have not the day,

Upon mine honour, for a sicken point
I'll give my barony: never talk of it.

North. Why should the gentleman, that rode
Give, then, such instances of loss? [By Travers,
Le *Bard.* Who, he?

He was some hilding fellow, that had stolen
The horse he rode on; and, upon my life,
Spoke at a venture.—Look, here comes more
news.

Enter Morton.

North. Yea, this man's brow, like to a title-
Foretells the nature of a tragic volume: [leat,
So looks the strand, whereon th' imperious
Hath left a witness'd usurpation. [Morton
Say, Morton, didst thou come from Shrews-
bury?

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 woo-begone,
Drew Priam's curtain in the dead of night,
And would have told him, half his Troy was
burn'd,

But Priam found the fire, ere he his tongue,
And I my Percy's death, ere thou report'st it.
This thou wouldst say,—Your son did thus,

and thus; [Douglas;
Your brother, thus; so fought the noble
Stopping my greedy ear with their bold deeds:

But in the end, to stop mine ear indeed,
Thou hast a sigh to blow away this praise,
Ending with—brother, son, and all are dead.

Mor. Douglas is living, and your brother,
But, for my lord your son,— [yet;

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 chanced. Yet speak,
Tell thou thy earl his divination lies, [Morton;
And I will take it as a sweet disgrace,

And make thee rich for doing me such wrong.

Mor. You are too great to be by me gain-
said:

Your spirit is too true, your fears too certain.

North. Yet, for all this, say not that Percy's
I see a strange confession in thine eye: [dead.—
Thou shak'st thy head, and hold'st it fear, or
To speak a truth. If he be slain, say so; [sin,
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 knolling a departed friend.

Le Bard. I cannot think, my lord, your son
is dead.

Mor. I am sorry I should force you to believe
That which I would to heaven I had not seen;

But these mine eyes saw him in bloody state,
Rendering faint quittance, wearied and out-
breath'd,

To Harry Monmouth; whose swift wrath beat
The never-daunted Percy to the earth, [down
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 fire and heat away
From the best-temper'd courage in his troops;
For from his metal was his party steel'd;
Which once in him abated, all the rest
Turn'd on themselves, like dull and heavy lead:
And as the thing that's heavy in itself,
Upon enforcement flies with greatest speed,
So did our men, heavy in Hotspur's loss, [fear,
Lead to this weight such lightness with their
That arrows fled not swifter toward their aim,
Than did our soldiers, aiming at their safety,
Fly from the field. Then was that noble

Worcester

Too soon taken prisoner; and that furious Scot,
The bloody Douglas, whose well-labouring
sword

Had thrice times slain th' appearance of the king,
'Can veil his stomach, and did grace the shame
Of those that turn'd their backs; and in his
flight,

Stumbling in fear, was took. The sum of all
Is, that the king hath won; and hath sent out
A speedy power to encounter you, my lord,
Under the conduct of young Lancaster,
And Westmoreland. This is the news at full.

North. For this I shall have time enough to
mourn.

In poison there is physic; and these news,
Having been well, that would have made me
sick,

Being sick, have in some measure made me
And as the wretch, whose fever-weakn'd joints,
Like stringless hinges, buckle under life,
Impatient of his fit, breaks like a fire
Out of his keeper's arms; even so my limbs,
Weaken'd with grief, being now enrag'd with
grief,

Are thrice themselves. Hence, therefore, thou
nice crutch!

A scaly gauntlet now, with joints of steel,
Must glove this hand: and hence, thou sickly
quoif!

Thou art a guard too wanton for the head,
Which princes, flesh'd with conquest, aim to hit.
Now bind my brows with Iron; and approach
The ragged st hour that time and spite dare
bring,

To frown upon th' enrag'd Northumberland!
Let heaven kiss earth! now let not nature's hand
Keep the wild flood confin'd! let order die!
And let this world no longer be a stage,
To feed contention in a lingering act;
But let one spirit of the first-born Cain
Reign in all bosoms, that, each heart being set
On bloody courses, the rude scene may end,
And darkness be the burier of the dead!

Tra. This strained passion doth you
my lord,

L. Bard. Sweet earl, divorce

Mor. The lives of all your loving

Lean on your health; the which, (I pray

To stormy passion, must perforce

You cast the event of war, my noble

And sunn'd the account of chance,

said,—

Let us make head. It was your

That, in the dole of blows, your son

You knew he walk'd o'er perils, on

More likely to fall in, than to get

You were advis'd his flesh was

Of wounds and scars, and that

Would lift him where most trade

rang'd;

Yet did you say,—Go forth; and

Though strongly apprehended, could

The stiff-born action: what hath

Or what hath this bold enterprise

More than that being which was

L. Bard. We all, that are

loss,

Knew that we ventur'd on such

That if we wrought out life, 'twas

And yet we ventur'd, for the gain

Chold the respect of likely

And since we are o'eract, venture

Come, we will all put forth; badly,

Mor. 'Tis more than time: said,

noble lord,

I hear for certain, and do speak

The gentle archbishop of York

With well-appointed powers: he

Who with a double surety binds

My lord your son had only but

That shadows, and the show of

For that same word, rebellion

The action of their bodies from

And they did fight with question

As men drink poisons; that their

Seem'd on our side; but, for their

souls,

This word, rebellion, it had from

As fish are in a pond. But now

Turns insurrection to religion;

Suppos'd sincere and holy in his

He's follow'd both with body and

And doth enlarge his rising with

Of fair king Richard, scrap'd from

stones;

Derives from heaven his quarrel, and

Tells them, he doth bestride a

Gasping for life under great

And more, and less, do flock to

North. I knew of this before; but

truth,

This present grief had wip'd it

Go in with me; and counsel every

The aptest way for safety, and

Get posts and letters, and make

speed;

Never so few, and never yet

SCENE II.—London. A Street.

Enter Sir John 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 drank it, he might have more diseases than he

Fal. Men of all sorts take a pride to gird at me; the brain of this foolish-compounded fellow, he is not able to invent anything that

will do me harm; more than I invent, or is to be feared that wit is in other men, I do

believe all her litter but one. If the doctor should put thee into my service for any other

purpose, Thou whoreson mandrake, thou shalt be to be worn in my cap, than to wait

at my heels. I was never manned with an ass for silver, but I will set you neither in

your back again to your master, for a jewel,—your jewel, the prince your master, whose

hand is not yet fledged. I will sooner have a crown in the palm of my hand, than he

shall get one on his cheek; and yet he will not know it when it will, it is not a hair amiss

to have it may keep it still as a face-royal, for a face-royal never earn sixpence out of it; and

since his father was a bachelor. He may have his own grace, but he is almost out of

countenance about the satin for my short cloak, and my slippers!

Page. He said, sir, you should procure him assurance than Bardolph: he would not

take his bond and yours; he liked not the security.

Fal. Let him be damned, like the glutton! his tongue be hotter!—A whoreson Achitophel! a rascally yea-forsooth knave! to bear

gallantry to hand, and then stand upon his heels!—The whoreson smooth-pates do now

nothing but high shoes, and bunches of feathers at their girdles; and if a man is thorough

good upon security. I had as lief they would take me in my mouth, as offer to stop it

with twenty yards of satin, as I am now. I lookt he should have sent me a light, and he sends me security. Well, I

may sleep in security; for he hath the horn through it; and the lightness of his wife

shall have his own lantern to light him. —Nay, Bardolph!

Fal. I bought him in Paul's, and he'll buy me a horse in Smithfield: an I could get me but a wife in the stews, I were manned, horsed, and wived.

Enter the Lord Chief Justice and an Attendant.

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?

Allen. Falstaff, an't please your worship.

Ch. Just. He that was in question for the robbery!

Allen. He, my lord; but he hath since done good service at Shrewsbury; and, as I hear, is now going with some charge to the lord John of Lancaster.

Ch. Just. What, to York? Call him back again.

Allen. 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.

Allen.—Sir John,—

Fal. What! a young knave, and begging!

Is there not wars? is there not employment?

doth not the king lack subjects? do not the

rebels 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.

Allen. You mistake me, sir.

Fal. Why, sir, did I say you were an honest

man? setting my knighthood and my soldiery

aside, I had lied in my throat, if I had said so.

Allen. I pray you, sir, then set your knight-

hood and your soldiery 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 gett'st

any leave of me, hang me; if thou takest leave,

thou wert better be hanged. You hunt-counter,

hence! avaunt!

Allen. Sir, my lord would speak with you.

Ch. Just. Sir John Falstaff, a word with you.

Fal. My good lord! Give your lordship

good time of day. I am glad to see your

lordship abroad: I heard say, your lordship

was sick: I hope, your lordship goes abroad

by advice. Your lordship, though not clean

past your youth, hath yet some smack of age

in you, some relish of the saltiness of time; and

I most humbly beseech your lordship to have

a reverend 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 whorson apoplexy.

Ch. Just. Well, heaven 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 whorson tingling.

Ch. Just. What tell you me of it? be it as it is.

Fal. It hath its original from much grief, from study, and perturbation of the brain: I have read the cause of his effects in Galen: it is a kind of deafness.

Ch. Just. I think you are fallen into the disease; for you hear not what I say to you.

Fal. Very well, my lord, very well: rather, an't please you, it is the disease of not listening, the malady of 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 be your patient to follow your prescriptions, the wise may make some dram of a scruple, or, indeed, a scruple itself.

Ch. Just. I sent for you, when there were matters against you for your life, to come speak with me.

Fal. As I was then advised by my learned counsel in the laws of this land-service, I did not come.

Ch. Just. Well, the truth is, sir John, you live in great infamy.

Fal. He that buckles him in my belt cannot live in loss.

Ch. Just. Your means are very slender, and your waste is great.

Fal. I would it were otherwise; I would my means were greater, and my waist slenderer.

Ch. Just. You have misled the youthful prince.

Fal. The young prince hath misled me: I am the fellow with the great belly, and he my dog.

Ch. Just. Well, I am loth to gull a new-healed wound: your day's service at Shrewsbury hath a little gilded over your night's exploit on Gadshill: you may thank the unquiet time for your quiet o'erposting 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 lock in your face but should have his effect of youth.

Fal. His effect of gravity, grey, and wrinkles.

Ch. Just. You follow the young man's way, and down, like his ill angel.

Fal. Not so, my lord; your light; but I hope he that looks upon me without weighing: and in respects, I grant, I cannot go, I have no Virtue is of so little regard in these times, that true valour is turned into a pregnancy is made a tapster, and quick wit wasted in giving ready answers to other gifts appertinent to men, as of this age shapes them, are all gooseberry. You, that are young, have the capacities of us that are old, and sure the heat of our livers will burn out of your galls: and we that are in the prime of our youth, I must confess, are weary of it.

Ch. Just. Do you set down your scroll of youth, that are within with all the characters of age? a yellow a moist eye? a dry hand? a yellow white beard? a decreasing leg? a broken belly? Is not your voice broken? Is not your chin double? your wit short? your chin double? your wit every part about you blasted with age, and will you yet call yourself young? No, sir John!

Fal. My lord, I was born about twelve o'clock in the afternoon, with a white face, something a round belly, and have lost it with hollaing, and am now a lean theme. To approve my youth to you, the truth is, I am only old in name and understanding; and he that will give me for a thousand marks, let him take the money, and have at him. I have the ear that the prince gave you, like a rude prince, and you took it like a sly lord. I have checked the young lion repents; marry, not in sackcloth, but in new silk and old gold.

Ch. Just. Well, Heaven send you a better companion!

Fal. Heaven send the companion of the prince! I cannot rid my hands of him.

Ch. Just. Well, the king hath made you and prince Harry: I hear, you are lord John of Lancaster against the

and the earl of Northumberland.

Fal. Yes; I thank your grace for it. But look you, pray, all you are in a hot day; for, by the Lord, I mean shirts out with me, and I mean extra-ordinarily: if it be a hot day, brandish anything but my battle.

might never spit white again.

dangerous action can peep out but I am thrust upon it: well, I cannot but it was always yet the trick of a nation, if they have a good thing

you women. If you will needs say I am an
old man, you should give me rest. I would
as it is; I were better to be eaten to
with rust, than to be secured to nothing
with perpetual motion.

Just. Well, be honest, be honest; and
bless your expedition.

Just. Will your lordship lend me a thousand
to furnish me forth?

Just. Not a penny, not a penny; you
are impatient to bear crosses. Fare you

Just. I commend me to my cousin Westmore-
land's Chief Justice and Attendant.

Just. If I do, fillip me with a three-man
staff. A man can no more separate age and

experience than he can part young limbs and
gout; but the gout galls the one, and the

pinches the other; and so both the degrees
of my cruces.—Boy!

Boy. What money is in my purse?

Boy. Seven groats and two-pence.

Just. I can get no remedy against this con-
fusion of the purse: borrowing only lingers

the disease it out, but the disease is incurable.

Just. I have this letter to my lord of Lancaster;
and this to the earl of West-

moreland; and this to old mistress Ursula,
the first I have weekly sworn to marry since I

lost it: you know where to find me. *[Exit*
Just.] A box of this gout! or, a gout of this

for the one, or the other, plays the rogue
my great too. It is no matter if I do

have the wars for my colour, and my
shall seem the more reasonable. A

will make use of anything: I will
use it to commodity.

III.—*York.* A Room in the Arch-
bishop's Palace.

Archbishop of York, Lord Hastings,
Howbray, and Bardolph.

Arch. Thus have you heard our cause, and
known our means;

Howbray. I pray you all,
plainly your opinions of our hopes:

Lord Marshal. What say you to it?
I will allow the occasion of our

means:
I would be better satisfied,

in our means, we should advance our-
selves

with forehead bold and big enough
the power and puissance of the king.

Howbray. Our present musters grow upon the
the

and twenty thousand men of choice;
our supplies live largely in the hope

Northumberland, whose bosom burns
as incensed fire of injuries.

Lord. The question, then, lord Hast-
ings, stands thus;

Whether our present five-and-twenty thousand
May hold up head without Northumberland.

Hast. With him, we may.

L. Bard. Ay, 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-fac'd as this,
Conjecture, expectation, and surmise

Of aids incertain, should not be admitted.

Arch. 'Tis very true, lord Bardolph; for,
indeed,

It was young Hotspur's case at Shrewsbury.

L. Bard. It was, my lord; who lin'd him-
self with hope,

Eating the air on promise of supply,
Flattering himself with project of a power

Much smaller than the smallest of his thoughts:
And so, with great imagination,

Proper to madmen, led his powers to death,
And, winking, leap'd into destruction. *[Exit*
Hast.] But, by your leave, it never yet did

To lay down likelihoods, and forms of hope.

L. Bard. Yes, if this present quality of war,
Indeed the instant action, a cause on foot,

Lives so in hope, as in an early spring
We see the appearing buds; which, to prove fruit,

Hope gives not so much warrant, as despair,
That 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 outweighs ability,
What do we then, but draw away the model

In fewer offices, or, at least, desist
To build at all? Much more, in this great work,

(Which is, almost, to pluck a kingdom down,
And set another up,) should we survey

The plot of situation, and the model;
Consent upon a sure foundation;

Question surveyors; know our own estate,
How able such a work to undergo,

To weigh against his opposites: 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 charlish winter's tyranny.

Hast. Grant, that our hopes (yet likely of
fair birth)

Should be still-born, and that we now pos-
The utmost man of expectation; *[Scaud*

I think we are a body strong enough,
Even as we are, to equal with the king.

L. Bard. What! is the king but five-and-
twenty thousand? *[Bardolph.]*

Hast. To us, no more; nay, not so much, lord
For his divisions, as the times do brawl,

Are in three heads: one power against the
French,

And one against Glendower; perforce, a third
Must take up us: so is the unfirm king
In three divided; and his coffers sound
With hollow poverty and emptiness.

Arch. That he should draw his several
strengths together,
And come against us in full puissance,
Need not be dreaded.

Host. If he should do so, [Welsh]
He leaves his back unarm'd, the French and
Baying him at the heels: never fear that.

L. Bard. Who, is it like, should lead his
forces hither?

Host. The duke of Lancaster, and West-
moreland; [Monmouth];

Against the Welsh, himself, and Harry
But who is substituted 'gainst the French,
I have no certain notice.

Arch. Let us on,
And publish the occasion of our arms.
The commonwealth is sick of their own choice;
Their over-greedy love hath surfeited:
A imputation gildy and unsure

Hath he that buildeth on the vulgar heart.
O thou fond many! with what loud applause
Didst thou beat heaven with blessing Boling-
broke,

Before he was what thou wouldst have him be!
And being now trimm'd in thine own desires,
Thou, beastly feeder, art so full of him,
That thou provok'st thyself to cast him up.
So, so, thou common dog, didst thou disgorge
Thy glutton bosom of the royal Richard;
And now thou wouldst eat thy dead vomit up,
And howl'st to find it. What trust is in these
times? [die]

They that, when Richard liv'd, would have him
Are now become enamour'd on his grave:
Thou, that throw'st dust upon his goodly head,
When through proud London he came sigh-
ing on,

After th' admired heels of Bolingbroke,
Cry'st now, "O earth, yield us that king again,
And take thou this!" O, thoughts of men
accurs't! [worst]

Past, and to come, seem best; things present,
March. Shall we go draw our numbers, and
set on?

Host. We are time's subjects, and time
bids be gone. [Exeunt.]

ACT II.

SCENE I.—London. A Street.

*Enter Hostess; Fang, and his Boy, with her;
and Snare following.*

Host. Master Fang, have you entered the
Fang. It is entered. [action]

Host. Where's your yeoman? Is it a lusty
yeoman? will he stand to't?

Fang. Sirrah, where's Snare?

Host. O Lord, ay! good master Snare.

Snare. Here, here.

Fang. Snare, we must arrest Sir John
Host. Yes, 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
stabbed me in mine own house, and he
beastly; in good faith, he can cut
foin like any devil; he will spare no
woman, nor child.

Fang. If I can close with him,
for his thrust.

Host. No, nor I neither: I'll be
elbow.

Fang. An I but fist him smother
but within my vice.

Host. I am undone by his vice;
you, he's an infinite thing upon me.

Snare. Let him not escape. He
ter Snare, let him not escape. He
tually to Pie-corner, [saving your
to buy a saddle; and he's invited to
the Lubbar's head, in Lambert street.

Host. Smooth's the silkman: I pay
exion is entered, and my case is open
to the world, let him be brought
answer. A hundred mark is a horse

poor lona woman to bear; and have
and borne, and borne; and have
off and rubbed off, and rubbed off.

day to that day, that it is a
thought on. There is a woman
dealing; unless a woman should
ass, and a beast, to bear every
[Enter Sir John Falstaff, Page, and

Yonder he comes; and that
nose knave, Bardolph, with him.

offices, do your offices, master
ter Snare; do me, do me, do me

Fal. How now! whose
what's the matter?

Fang. Sir John, I arrest you
of mistress Quickly.

Fal. Away, varlets!—Draw, and
me off the villain's head; throw

the channel.

Host. Throw me in the channel!
thee in the channel. Wilt thou
thou bastardly rogue!—Murder

thou honey-suckle villain! O, wilt
officers, and the king's? O, wilt
rogue! thou art a honey-suckle, a

and a woman-queller.

Fal. Keep them off, Bardolph.

Fang. A rescue! a rescue!

Host. Good people, bring a
Thou wot, wot thou! thou wot,

do, do, thou rogue! do, thou
Fal. Away, you scullion! you
you sustainer! I'll tickle your

Enter the Lord Chief Justice, and

Ch. Just. What is the matter?
peace here, ho!

Host. Good my lord, be good to me! I
much you, stand to me!

Ch. Just. How now, sir John! what, are
you bawling here?

Host. This is my place, your time, and
business!

Ch. Just.—Have been well on your way to
[upon him]

Host. O, my most worshipful lord, an't
your grace, I am a poor widow of East-

Ch. Just. And he is arrested at my suit.

Host. For what sum?

Ch. Just. It is more than for some, my lord; it
is all I have.

Host. He hath eaten me out
of bone and bone; he hath put all my sub-

stance into that fat belly of his;—but I will
fight like the mare.

Ch. Just. I think I am as like to ride the mare,
as you are to come to ground to get up.

Host. How comes this, sir John? Fie!
that sea of good temper would endure this

of exclamation! Are you not
to enforce a poor widow to so rough

to come by her own?

Ch. Just. What is the gross sum that I owe thee?

Host. Marry, if thou wert an honest man,
and the money too, Thou didst swear

upon a parcel-gilt goblet, sitting in my
chamber, at the round table, by a sea-

son's prince Wednesday in Whitsun week,
that thou shouldst pay me, as I was washing thy

head for liking his
sing-song of Windsor; thou

swear'st to marry me, and make me my lady

of the house. Canst thou deny it? Did not
the butcher's wife, come in

and call me gossip Quickly! coming in
with a mess of vinegar; telling us, she

had a good dish of prawns; whereby thou
didst hearten to eat some; whereby I told thee,

that I was all for a green wound! And didst
swear to be no more so familiarly with

people; saying, that ere long they
should call me madam! And didst thou not

fetch these thirty shillings?

Host. And bid me fetch these thirty shillings?

Ch. Just. And bid me fetch these thirty shillings?

Host. And bid me fetch these thirty shillings?

Ch. Just. And bid me fetch these thirty shillings?

Host. And bid me fetch these thirty shillings?

Ch. Just. And bid me fetch these thirty shillings?

Host. And bid me fetch these thirty shillings?

Ch. Just. And bid me fetch these thirty shillings?

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Ch. Just. And bid me fetch these thirty shillings?

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Ch. Just. And bid me fetch these thirty shillings?

Host. And bid me fetch these thirty shillings?

Ch. Just. And bid me fetch these thirty shillings?

Host. And bid me fetch these thirty shillings?

Ch. Just. And bid me fetch these thirty shillings?

made her serve your uses both in purse and
person.

Host. Yes, in troth, my lord.

Ch. Just. Prythee, peace. Pay her the
debt you owe her, and unpay the villainy you
have done with her: the one you may do with
sterling money, and the other with current
repentances.

Fal. My lord, I will not undergo this sneap
without reply. You call honourable boldness,
impudent sauciness: if a man will make
court'sy, and say nothing, he is virtuous. No,
my lord, my humble duty remember'd, I will
not be your sutor: 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 re-
putation, and satisfy the poor woman.

Fal. Come thither, hostess.

[Taking her aside.]
Enter Gower.

Ch. Just. Now, master Gower,—what news?

Gow. The king, my lord, and Harry Prince
of Wales

Are near at hand: the rest the paper tells.

[Gives a letter.]

Fal. As I am a gentleman,—

Host. Nay, you said so before.

Fal. As I am a gentleman: come, no more
words of it.

Host. By this heavenly ground I tread on, I
must be fain to pawn both my plate, and the
tapestry of my dining-chambers.

Fal. Glasses, glasses, is the only drinking;
and for thy walls,—a pretty slight drollery, or
the story of the Prodigal, or the German hunt-
ing in water-work, is worth a thousand of these
bed-hangings, and these fly-bitten tapestries.

Let it be ten pound, if thou canst. Come, an
if it were not for thy humours, there is not a
better wench in England. Go, wash thy face,
and draw thy action. Come, thou must not
be in this humour with me; dost not know
me? Come, come, I know thou wast set on
to this.

Host. Pray thee, sir John, let it be but
twenty nobles: I faith, I am loth to pawn my
plate, in good earnest, la.

Fal. Let it alone; I'll make other shift:
you'll be a fool still.

Host. Well, you shall have it, though I pawn
my gown. I hope, you'll come to supper.

Fal. Will I live!—[To Bardolph.] Go,
with her, with her; hook on, hook on.

Host. Will you have Doll Tear-sheet meet
you at supper?

Fal. No more words; let's have her.

[Exeunt Hostess, Bardolph, Officers, and Boy.]

Ch. Just. I have heard better news.

Fal. What's the news, my good lord?

Ch. Just. Where lay the king last night?

Gow. At Basingstoke, my lord.

Pal. I hope, my lord, all's well: what is the news, my lord?

Ch. Just. Come all his forces back? [Horse,
Gow. 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 letters of me presently; come, go along with me, good master Gower.

Paul. My lord.

Ch. Just. What's the matter?

Fal. Master Gower, shall I entreat you with me to dinner?

Now, 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.

P. Hen. Trust me, I am exceeding weary.

Poins. Is it come to that? I had thought weariness durst not have attached one of so high blood.

P. Hen. Faith, it does me; though it discolours the complexion of my greatness to acknowledge it. Doth it not show vilely in me to desire small beer?

Poins. Why, a prince should not be so loosely studied, as to remember so weak a composition.

P. Hen. 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 not how many pair of silk stockings thou hast viz. these, and those that were thy peach colour'd ones? or to bear the inventory of thy shirts; as, one for superfluity, and one other for use?—but that the tennis-court-keeper knows better than I; for it is a low ebb of linen with thee, when thou keepest not racke there; as thou hast not done a great while because the rest of thy low-countries have mad a shift to eat up thy holland: and God knows whether those that bawl out the ruins of thy linen, shall merit his kingdom: but the mid wives say, the children are not in fault; where upon the world increases, and kindreds are mightily strengthened.

Pains. How ill it follows, how
laboured so hard, you should be
Tell me, how many good young
do so, their fathers being so and
this time is?

P. Hen. Shall I tell thee one?

P. Hen. It shall serve another
higher breeding than thine.

Polins. Go to; I stand the
thing that you will tell.

P. Hen. Marry, I tell thee
that I should be sad, now my
albeit I could tell to thee, (as to
me, for fault of a better, to call
could be sad, and sad indeed thou

P. Hen. By this hand, then

far in the devil's book, as the
for obduracy and persistency; let
the man. But I tell thee, my son,
inwardly, that my father is a scoundrel
ing such vile company as thou art
reason taken from me all ostentation

Points. The reason V_{max} should

P. Hen. What wouldst thou
I should weep?

Points. I would think then
hypocrite.

P. Hen. It would be every
and thou art a blessed fellow, to
man thinks: never a man's
world keeps the road-way better
every man would think me a hy
And what acettes your most wond
to think so?

Poins. Why, because you are
and so much engrafted to Falstaff.

P. Men. And to thee, *and you*

Points. By this light, I can hear it with mine own ears; that they can say of me is, that I am a proper brother, and that I am a proper hands; and those two things cannot help. By the mass, I can hear it with mine own ears.

P. Hen. And the boy that
he had him from me Christian
the fat villain have not transfo-

Enter Bardolph
Bard. God save your grace!

P. Hen. And yours, more

Bard. [To the Page.]
 105. you hateful fool, must you

wherefore blush you now
man at arms are you become
matter to get a pottle of madder

Page. He called me out
through a red lattice, and I came
part of his face from the window
spied his eyes; and methought
two holes in the ale-wife's new
peeped through.

P. Hen. Hath not the boy profited?
Hen. Away, you whoreson upright rabbit,
 [away]

P. Hen. Away, you rascally Althea's dream,
 Instruct us, boy; what dream, boy?
Page. Harry, my lord, Althea dreamed she
 delivered of a firebrand; and therefore I
 am her dream.

P. Hen. A crown's worth of good interpret-
 —there it is, boy. [Gives him money.
Page. O, that this good blossom could be
 from cankers!—Well, there is sixpence
 for thee.

Hen. As you do not make him be hanged
 for you, the gallows shall have wrong.

P. Hen. And how doth my master, Bar-

Hen. Well, my lord. He heard of your
 coming to town: there's a letter for

Page. Delivered with good respect. And
 doth the martlemas, your master I
 think, in bodily health, sir.

Page. Harry, the immortal part needs a
 physician; but that moves not him: though
 sick, it does not.

P. Hen. I do allow this wen to be as familiar
 as my dog; and he holds his place;
 look you how he writes.

Page. [Reads.] "John Falstaff, knight,"—
 I must know that, as oft as he has
 come to name himself: even like those that
 write to the king; for they never prick their
 names, but they say, "There is some of the
 blood spilt."

P. Hen. "How comes that?"
 that takes upon him not to conceive.
 answer is as ready as a borrower's cap,

P. Hen. May they be kin to us, or they
 will be kin to the king. But to the letter:—
 [Reads.] "Sir John Falstaff, knight,
 nearest his father, Harry
 of Wales, greeting."—Why, this is a
 peace!

P. Hen. Peace!
 [Reads.] "I will imitate the hon-
 our of the Romans in brevity:—sure he means
 in breath, short-winded."—"I commend
 thee, and I leave thee."

P. Hen. I commend thee, and I leave thee.
 I commend thee, and I leave thee.
 I commend thee, and I leave thee.

P. Hen. I commend thee, and I leave thee.
 I commend thee, and I leave thee.
 I commend thee, and I leave thee.

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 I commend thee, and I leave thee.

P. Hen. I commend thee, and I leave thee.
 I commend thee, and I leave thee.
 I commend thee, and I leave thee.

P. Hen. I commend thee, and I leave thee.
 I commend thee, and I leave thee.
 I commend thee, and I leave thee.

P. Hen. 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.

P. Hen. Where sups he? doth the old bear
 feed in the old frank?

Bard. At the old place, my lord; in East-

P. Hen. What company?
Page. Ephesians, my lord; of the old church.

P. Hen. Sup any women with him?

Page. None, my lord, but old mistress
 Quickly, and mistress Doll Tear-sheet.

P. Hen. What pagan may that be?

Page. A proper gentlewoman, sir, and a
 kinswoman of my master's.

P. Hen. Even such kin as the parish heifers
 are to the town bull. Shall we steal upon
 them, Ned, at supper?

Page. I am your shadow, my lord; I'll
 follow you.

P. Hen. Sirrah, you boy,—and Bardolph,
 —no word to your master that I am yet come
 to town; there's for your silence. [Gives money.

Bard. I have no tongue, sir.

Page. And for mine, sir, I will govern it.

P. Hen. Fare ye well; go. [Exit Bardolph and Page.]—This Doll Tear-sheet
 should be some road.

Poins. I warrant you, as common as the
 way between Saint Alban's and London.

P. Hen. How might we see Falstaff bestow
 himself to-night in his true colours, and not
 ourselves be seen?

Poins. Put on two leathern jerkins and
 aprons, and wait upon him at his table as
 drawers.

P. Hen. From a god to a bull? a heavy
 descension! it was Jove's case. From a prince
 to a prentice! a low transmutation! that shall
 be mine; for in everything the purpose must
 weigh with the folly. Follow me, Ned.

[Exit.

SCENE III.—Warkworth. Before the Castle.

Enter Northumberland, Lady Northumber-
 land, and Lady Percy.

North. I pray thee, loving wife, and gentle
 daughter,

Give even way unto my rough affairs:
 Put not you on the visage of the times,

And be, like them, to Percy troublesome.

Lady N. I have given over, I will speak no
 more:

Do what you will; your wisdom be your guide.

North. Alas, sweet wife, my honour is at
 pawn;

And, but my going, nothing can redeem it.

Lady P. O, yet for God's sake, go not to
 these wars!

[Word.]
 The time was, father, that you broke your
 When you were more endear'd to it than now;
 When your own Percy, when my heart's-dear
 Harry,

[Father
 Threw many a northward look, to see his
 Bring up his powers; but he did long in vain.

[Word.]

[Word.]

[Word.]

[Word.]

[Word.]

[Word.]

[Word.]

[Word.]

[Word.]

[Word.]

[Word.]

[Word.]

[Word.]

[Word.]

[Word.]

[Word.]

[Word.]

[Word.]

[Word.]

[Word.]

[Word.]

[Word.]

[Word.]

[Word.]

[Word.]

[Word.]

[Word.]

Who then persuaded you to stay at home?
There were two honours lost; yours, and your son's.

For yours,—may heavenly glory brighten it!
For his,—it stuck upon him, as the sun
In the grey vault of heaven; and, by his light,
Did all the chivalry of England move
To do brave acts: he was, indeed, the glass
Wherein the noble youth did dress themselves:
He had no legs, that practis'd not his gait;
And speaking thick, which nature made his
Became the accents of the valiant; [blemysh,
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 affections of delight,
In military rules, humours of blood,
He was the mark and glass, copy and book,
That fashion'd others. And him,—O wond-
rous him!

O miracle of men!—him did you leave,
(Second to none, unseconded by you,)
To look upon the hideous god of war
In disadvantage; to abide a field,
Where nothing but the sound of Hotspur's
name

Did seem defensible:—so you left him.
Never, O never, do his ghost the wrong,
To hold your honour more precise and nice
With others, than with him! let them alone:
The marshal, and the archbishop, are strong;
Had my sweet Harry had but half their num-
bers,

To-day might I, hanging on Hotspur's neck,
Have talk'd of Moumouth's grave.

North. Beshrew your heart,
Fair daughter, you do draw my spirits from me,
With new lamenting ancient oversights.
But I must go, and meet with danger there;
Or it will seek me in another place,
And find me worse provided.

Lady N. O, fly to Scotland,
Till that the nobles, and the armed commons,
Have of their puissance made a little taste.

Lady P. If they get ground and vantage of
the king,

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 remembrances with mine eyes,
That it may grow and sprout as high as heaven,
For recordation to my noble husband.

North. Come, come, go in with me. 'Tis
with my mind,

As with the tide swell'd up unto its 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. A Room in the
Head Tavern, in Eastcheap.

Enter two Drawers.

1 Draw. What the devil hast thou
there? apple-Johns? thou know'st I
cannot endure an apple-John.

2 Draw. Mass, thou say'st true. I
once set a dish of apple-Johns before
told him there were five more in the
putting off his hat, said, "I would I
leave of these six dry, round, and
knights." It angered him to the last
hath forgot that.

1 Draw. Why then, never, and
down: and see if thou canst find out
noise; mistress Tear-sheet would
some music. Despatch—the room is
supped is too hot; they'll come in
soon.

2 Draw. Sirrah, here will be the
master Poin's anon; and they will
of our jerkins and aprons, and so on.
not know of it: Bardolph hath heard
of it.

1 Draw. By the mass, here will be
it will be an excellent stratagem.

2 Draw. I'll see, if I can find out
the cause.

Enter Hostess and Doll Tear-sheet.

Host. I' faith, sweetheart, make no
you are in an excellent good temperance;
pulsidge heats as extraordinarily as
desire; and your colour, I warrant you,
red as any rose; but, i' faith, you have
too much canaries; and that's a
searching wine, and it perfumes the
one can say,—What's this? How do you
feel?

Doll. Better than I was,—humbly.

Host. Why, that's well said; a word
worth gold.—Look, here comes an
excellent fellow.

Enter Falstaff.

Fal. [Singing.] "When I was in
court"—Empty the jorden.—[*And I*
—[Singing.] "And was a worthy
now, mistress Doll!"

Host. Sick of a calm; yea, good!

Fal. So is all her sect; as they
a calm, they are sick.

Doll. You muddy rascal, is that all
fort you give me!

Fal. You make fat rascals, misters!

Doll. I make them! gluttonous and
make them; I make them not.

Fal. If the cook help to make them,
you help to make the diseases, Doll.
of you, Doll, we catch of you; and
poor virtue, grant that.

Doll. Ay, marry,—our chains, and

Fal. "Your brooches, pearls, and
—for to serve bravely, is to make
you know: to come off the breach
bravely, and to surgery bravely, is
ture upon the charged chamber
bravely."

Doll. Hang yourself, you muddy
yourself!

But, by my troth, this is the old fashion; I never meet, but you fall to some dish of two dry toasts; you cannot one bear with another's confumities. What the good hostess must bear, and that must be you: as the weaker vessel, as they say, the weaker vessel.

Can a weak empty vessel bear such a full hoeshead? there's a whole merchant's store of Bordeaux stuff in him; you have a bulk better stufled in the hold.—I'll be friends with thee, Jack: thou art gone to the wars; and whether I shall ever see thee again, or no, there is nobody cares.

Re-enter 1 Drawer.
Dear, Sir, ancient Pistol's below, and would speak with you.

Hang him, swaggering rascal! let him come hither: it is the foul-mouth'd st rogue.

Host. If he swaggers, let him not come here: by my faith: I must live amongst my neighbours; I'll no swaggerers: I am in good luck and love with the very best:—but the devil comes no swaggerers here: I have lived all this while, to have swaggering about the door, I pray you.

Host. Dear hostess, hostess!—

Host. Pray you, pacify yourself, sir John: there comes no swaggerers here.

Host. Tilly-fally, sir John, never tell me: your ancient swaggers comes not in my doors.

Host. I say; and, as he said to me,—it was no more than Wednesday last,—“Neighbour Quickly,” says he;—master Dumb, our

“receive those that are civil: for,” says he, “you are in an ill name;”—now, he

“I can tell whereupon; “for,” says he, “there are an honest woman, and well thought

“of,” says he, “no swaggering companions.”

“There comes none here:—you would bless

“me to hear what he said:—no, I’ll no swag-

“ger. He’s no swaggerer, hostess; a tame

“puppy greyhound; you may stroke him as gently

“as a Barbary hen, if her feathers turn back in

“show of resistance.—Call him up, drawer.

Host. Choler, call you him? I will bar no man my house, nor no cheater; but I

“will not have swaggering; by my troth, I am the

“best of you:—when one says—swaggerer, masters,

“I shake; look you, I warrant you.

Host. Do it you, in very truth, do I, an

“Enter Pistol, Bardolph, and Page.
Pistol. God save you, sir John!
Pistol. Welcome, ancient Pistol. Here, Pistol,

I charge you with a cup of sack: do you discharge upon mine hostess.

Pistol. I will discharge upon her, sir John, with two bullets. [offend her.]

Fal. She is pistol-proof, sir; you shall hardly

Host. Come, I’ll drink no proofs, nor no bullets; I’ll drink no more than will do me good, for no man’s pleasure, I. [charge you.]

Pistol. Then to you, mistress Dorothy; I will

Dol. Charge me! I scorn you, scurvy companion. What! you poor, base, rascally, cheating, lack-linen mate! Away, you mouldy rogue, away! I am meet for your master.

Pistol. 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 claps, as you play the

“saucey cuttle with me. Away! you bottle-nose

“rascal! you basket-hilt stale juggler, you!—

“Since when, I pray you, sir?—What, with two

“points on your shoulder? much!

Pistol. I will murder your ruff for this.

Fal. No more, Pistol; I would not have you go off here: discharge yourself of our company, Pistol.

Host. No, good captain Pistol; not here, sweet captain.

Dol. Captain! thou abominable damned

“cheater, art thou not ashamed to be called

“captain. An captains were of my mind, they

“would trancheon you out, for taking their

“names upon you before you have earned them.

“You a captain! you slave, for what? for tear-

“ing a poor whore’s ruff in a bawdy-house!—

“He a captain! Hang him, rogue! He lives

“upon mouldy stewed prunes and dried cakes.

“A captain! these villains will make the world

“captain as odious as the word occupy; which

“was an excellent good word before it was il-

“sorted: therefore captains had need look to it.

Bard. Pray thee, go down, good ancient.

Fal. Hark thee hither, mistress Doll.

Pistol. Not I; I tell thee what, corporal Bar-

dolph,—I could tear her:—I’ll be revenged on

Page. Pray thee, go down. [her.]

Pistol. I’ll see her damned first:—to Pluto’s

damned lake, by this hand, to the infernal

deep, with Erebus and tortures vile also. Hold

hook and line, say I. Down, down, dogs!

down fators! Have we not Hiren here!

Host. Good captain Feesle, be quite; it is

very late, I’ faith; I beseech you now, aggra-

vate your choler.

Pistol. These be good humours, indeed!

Shall pack-horses,

And hollow-pamper’d jades of Asia,

Which cannot go but thirty miles a day,

Compare with Cossars, and with Cannibals,

And Trojan Greeks? nay, rather damn them

King Carberus; and let the welkin roar, [with

Shall we fall foul for toys? [bitter words.]

Host. By my troth, captain, these are very

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. On 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 Calip. Come, give's some sack.

Si fortuna me tormenta, il sperato me con-
Fear we broadsides! no, let the fiend give fire! Give me some sack; and, sweetheart, lie thou there.

Come we to full points here, and are et cetera
Fal. Pistol, I would be quiet.

Pist. Sweet knight, I kiss thy nail. What! we have seen the seven stars.

Dol. For God's sake, thrust him down stairs: I cannot endure such a fustian rascal.

Pist. Thrust him down stairs! know we not Galloway nags?

Fal. Quoit him down, Bardolph, like a shove-groat shilling: nay, an he do nothing but speak nothing, he shall be nothing here.

Bard. Come, get you down stairs.

Pist. What! shall we have incision! shall we imbrue:—
Then death rock me asleep, abridge my doleful days!

Why then, let grievous, ghastly, gaping
Untwine the sisters three! Come, Atropos, I say!

Host. Here's goodly stuff toward!

Fal. Give me my rapier, boy.

Dol. I pray thee, Jack, I pray thee, do not.

Fal. Get you down stairs.

Host. Here's a goodly tumult! I'll forswear keeping house, afore I'll be in these terrors and frights. So; murder, I warrant now.—Alas, alas! put up your naked weapons; put up your naked weapons.

Re-enter Bardolph and Pistol.

Dol. I pray thee, Jack, be quiet; the rascal is gone. Ah, you whoreson little valiant villain, you!

Host. Are you not hurt i' the groin? methought he made a shrewd thrust at your belly.

Re-enter Bardolph.

Fal. Have you turned him out of doors?

Bard. Yes, sir, the rascal's drunk: you have hurt him, sir, in the shoulder.

Fal. A rascal! to brave me!

Dol. Ah, you sweet little rogue, you! Alas, poor ape! how thou sweat'st! Come, let me wipe thy face:—come on, you whoreson chops:—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!

Fal. A rascally slave! I will toss the rogue in a blanket.

Dol. Do, an thou darest for thy heart: if thou dost, I'll canvass thee between a pair of sheets.

Enter Music.

Page. The music is come, sir.

Fal. Let them play;—play, my knee, Doll.—A rascal brings me a rogue tied from me like quicksilver.

Dol. I' faith, and thou follow'st a church. Thou whoreson little fellow, how bear'st thou, when wilt thou be o' days, and joining o' nights, and patch up thine old body for heaven?

Enter behind, Prince Henry and Poins, disguised as Drunken.

Fal. Peace, good Doll! I do not see death's head; do not bid me see.

Dol. Sirrah, what humour is the?

Fal. A good shallow you, Poins, would have made a good partner, have chipped broad well.

Dol. They say, Poins has a good wit.

Fal. He a good wit! hang him! his wit is as thick as Tewkesbury marrow.

Dol. Why does the prince love him?

Fal. Because their legs are both of one size; and he plays at quoits with the boys; and jumps upon a conger and funnel; and rides the ends for flap dragons; and rides the

with the boys; and jumps upon a conger and funnel; and rides the ends for flap dragons; and rides the

and wears with a good grace; and boots very smooth, like unto the leg; and breeds no bate with telling stories: and such other gambled

has, that show a weak mind and a prince himself is such another; of a hair will turn the scales

avoidrups.

P. Hen. Would not this over have his ears cut off?

Poins. Let's beat him before he

P. Hen. Look, whether the

Poins. Is it not strange, that

so many years outlive performance?

Fal. Kiss me, Doll.

P. Hen. Saturn and Venus this

Poins. And, look, whether the

his man, be not lipping to his

tables, his note-book, his counsel

Fal. Thou dost give me flat

Dol. Nay, truly, I kiss thee

constant heart.

Fal. I am old, I am old.

Dol. I love thee better than

scurvy young boy of them all.

Fal. What stuff wilt have a

shall receive money on Thursday

have a cap to-morrow. A merry

it grows late; we'll to-bed.

me when I am gone.

Dol. By my troth, thou'lt see me

and thou say'st so: prove that

Host. And welcome till thy return:—well, hearken
Fal. Some sack, Francis!

P. Hen. *Point.* [Advancing.] Anon, anon,
Fal. He is a bastard son of the king's!—And

P. Hen. Why, thou globe of sinful conti-
Fal. nence, what a life dost thou lead!

Fal. A better than thou; I am a gentleman;
P. Hen. Very true, sir; and I come to draw

Fal. thee out by the ears.
P. Hen. O, the Lord preserve thy good grace!

Fal. I will welcome thee to London. Now, the
P. Hen. thou comest from Wales?

Fal. Thou whereupon mad compound of
P. Hen. chastity,—by this light flesh and corrupt blood,

Fal. thou art welcome.
P. Hen. [Leaning his hand upon Doll.]

Fal. How, you fat fool! I scorn you.
P. Hen. My lord, he will drive you out of

Fal. your house, and turn all to a merriment, if
P. Hen. you take not the heat.

Fal. You whoseon candle-mine, you,
P. Hen. they did you speak of me even now, be-

Fal. lieve this honest, virtuous, civil gentleman!
P. Hen. Blessing on your good heart! and so

Fal. away by my troth.
P. Hen. Didst thou hear me?

Fal. Yes; and you knew me, as you did
P. Hen. when you ran away by Gadshill: you knew I

Fal. was at your back, and spoke it on purpose to
P. Hen. vex your patience.

Fal. No, no, no; not so; I did not think
P. Hen. you wast within hearing.

Fal. I shall drive you, then, to confess
P. Hen. the whole abuse: and then I know how to

Fal. abuse you.
P. Hen. No abuse, Hal, on mine honour; no

Fal. at your back, and bread-chipper, and I know
P. Hen. what!

Fal. No abuse!
P. Hen. No abuse, Ned, in the world; honest

Fal. men, you see, I dispraised him before the
P. Hen. king;—in which doing, I have done the

Fal. worst of a careful friend, and a true subject,
P. Hen. and thy father is to give me thanks for it. No

Fal. abuse, Hal;—none, Ned, none;—no, 'faith,
P. Hen. none.

Fal. See now, whether pure fear, and
P. Hen. spite cowardice, doth not make thee wrong

Fal. the virtuous gentleman to close with us?
P. Hen. Is he of the wicked? Is this hostess here of

Fal. the wicked? Or is thy boy of the wicked?
P. Hen. The wicked Bardolph, whose zeal burns in his

Fal. heart, of the wicked!
P. Hen. Answer, thou dead elm, answer.

Fal. The dead hath prick'd upon Bardolph
P. Hen. his name; and his face is Lucifer's privy-
Fal. chamber, where he doth nothing but roast malt-

Fal. stow. For the boy,—there is a good angel
P. Hen. about him; but the devil outbids him too.

P. Hen. For the women?

Fal. For one of them,—she is in hell already,
 and burns, poor soul! 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 quit for that. Marry, there is another
 indictment upon thee, for suffering flesh to be
 eaten in thy house, contrary to the law; for
 the which, I think, thou wilt howl.

Host. All victuallers do so; what's a joint
 of mutton or two in a whole lamb?

P. Hen. You, gentlewoman,—

Dol. What says your grace?

Fal. His grace says that which his flesh
 rebels against. [Knocking heard.]

Host. Who knocks so loud at door!—Look
 to the door there, Francis.

Enter Peto.

P. Hen. Peto, how now! what news?

Peto. The king your father is at Westminster;
 And there are twenty weak and wearied posts
 Come from the north; and as I came along,
 I met and overtook a dozen captains,
 Bare-headed, sweating, knocking at the taverns,
 And asking every one for Sir John Falstaff.

P. Hen. By heaven, Poins, I feel me much
 So idly to profane the precious time; [to blame,
 When tempest of commotion, like the south,
 Borne with black vapour, doth begin to melt,
 And drop upon our bare unarmed heads.

Give me my sword, and cloak.—Falstaff, good
 night. [Exit Prince Henry, Poins,
 Peto, and Bardolph.]

Fal. Now comes in the sweetest morsel of
 the night, and we must hence, and leave it un-
 picked. [Knocking heard.] More knocking
 at the door!

Re-enter Bardolph.

How now! what's the matter?

Bard. You must away to court, sir, pre-
 sently; a dozen captains stay at door for you.

Fal. [To the Page.] Pay the musicians,
 sirrah.—Farewell, hostess;—farewell, Doll.
 You see, my good wenches, how men of merit
 are sought after: the undeserver may sleep,
 when the man of action is called on. Farewell,
 good wenches: if I be not sent away post, I
 will see you again ere I go.

Dol. I cannot speak;—if my heart be not
 ready to burst,—well, sweet Jack, have a care

Fal. Farewell, farewell. [Of thyself.]
 [Exit Falstaff and Bardolph.]

Host. Well, fare thee well: I have known
 thee these twenty-nine years, come peacock-
 time; but an honest, and true-hearted man,
 —well, fare thee well.

Bard. [Within.] Mistress Tear-sheet!

Host. What's the matter?

Bard. [Within.] Did mistress Tear-sheet
 come to my master.

Host. O, run, Doll, run; run, good Doll.
 [Exit.]

ACT III.

SCENE I.—Westminster. A Room in the Palace.

Enter King Henry in his night-gown, with a Page.

K. Hen. Go, call the earls of Surrey and of Warwick; Bat, ere they come, bid them o'er-read these 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 steep my senses in forgetfulness?

Why rather, sleep, liest thou in smoky cribs, Upon uneasy pallets stretching thee, [slumber, And hush'd with buzzing night-flies to thy Than in the perfumed chambers of the great, Under the canopies of costly state, And lull'd with sounds of sweetest melody? O, thou dull god! why liest thou with the vile, In loathsome beds, and leav'st 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 In cradle of the rude imperious surge, [brains And in the visitation of the winds, Who take the ruffian billows by the top, Curling their monstrous heads, and hanging them

With deaf'ning clamours 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! *K. Hen.* Is it good morrow, lords?

War. 'Tis one o'clock, and past. [my lords. *K. Hen.* Why then, good morrow to you all, Have you read o'er the letters that I sent you?

War. We have, my liege, [our kingdom. *K. Hen.* Then you perceive, the body of 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 restor'd, With good advice, and little medicine;

My lord Northumberland will soon be cou'd!

K. Hen. 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 often And changes fill the cup of alteration With divers liquors! O, if this were true, The happiest youth, viewing his progress through,

What perils past, what crosses to come, Would shut the book, and, all his days, 'Tis not ten years gone, Since Richard and Northumberland

Did feast together; and in two years' time Were they at wars: it is but a short space, This Percy was the man nearest my person, Who like a brother toild in my affairs, And laid his love and life under my yoke, Yea, for my sake, even to the eyes of the world, Gave him defiance. But which of us

(You, cousin Nevil, as I may remember) When Richard, with his eye trained, Then check'd and rated by Northumberland, Did speak these words, now prove my words?

Northumberland. Then, father, My cousin Bolingbroke accused me, and Though then, God knows, I had no fault, But that necessity so bow'd the state, That I and greatness were compell'd to part, "The time shall come," thus did he say, "The time will come, that foul

head, Shall break into corruption;"—so will And the division of our unity.

War. There is a history in all wars, Figuring the nature of the times that come. The which observ'd, a man may give With a near aim, of the main chance, As yet not come to life; which in the And weak beginnings lie intreatment, Such things become the hatch and seed, And, by the necessary form of this, King Richard might create a peevish That great Northumberland, then

World, of that seed, grow to a peevishness, Which should not find a ground to root, Unless on you.

K. Hen. Are these things, then, then let us meet them like necessity, And that same word even now cries out to us, The Bishop and Northumberland, Are fifty thousand strong.

War. It cannot be, Rumour doth double, like the voice, The numbers of the fear'd.—Please you To go to bed. Upon my soul, my lord, The powers that you already have, Shall bring this prize in very easy To comfort you the more, a certain instance that Glendower's Your majesty hath been this fortnight, And these unseason'd hours, passing Unto your sickness.

K. Hen. I will take your

advice, and will take your

advice, and will take your

advice, and will take your

advice, and will take your

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advice, and will take your

these these inward wars once out of hand, We would, dear lords, unto the Holy Land.

[Alarum.

SCENE II.—Court before Justice Shallow's House in Gloucestershire.

Shallow, Wart, Feeble, Bull-calf, and Servants, behind.

Shal. Come on, come on, come on, sir; give your hand, sir, give me your hand, sir; an

And how doth my cousin Shallow?

And how doth my cousin, your bed-

And your fairest daughter, and mine,

Alas, a black ouzel, cousin Shallow!

William is become a good scholar:

Indeed, sir, to my cost.

He must, then, to the Inns of court

that they will talk of mad Shallow yet,

By the mass, I was called anything;

There was I, and little John

Francis Pickbone, and Will Squeale

man; you had not four such swinge-

and the best of them all at com-

and page to Thomas Mowbray,

of Norfolk.

That same sir John, cousin, that comes

when he was a crack not thus high; and

every day did I fight with one Samp-

and days that I have spent! and to see

many of mine old acquaintances are

We shall all follow, cousin.

Certain, 'tis certain; very sure, very

all shall die.—How a good yoke of

of Stamford fair?

Both is certain.—Is old Double of

Dead, sir?

Dead!—See, see!—he drew a good

of carry loved him well, and betted

money on his head. Dead! he would

you a forehead shaft a fourteen and

fourteen and a half, that it would have done a

man's heart good to see.—How a score of

owes now!

Sil. Thereafter as they be: a score of good

owes may be worth ten pounds.

Shal. And is old Double dead?

Enter Bardolph, and one with him.

Sil. Here come two of Sir John Falstaff's

men, as I think.

Bard. Good morrow, honest gentlemen. I

beseech you, which is Justice Shallow?

Shal. I am Robert Shallow, sir; a poor

esquire of this county, and one of the king's

justices of the peace: what is your good

pleasure with me?

Bard. My captain, sir, commends him to

you: my captain, Sir John Falstaff,—a tall

gentleman, by heaven, and a most gallant

leader.

Shal. He greets me well, sir. I knew him

a good backword man. How doth the good

knight? may I ask how my lady his wife

doth?

Bard. Sir, pardon; a soldier is better ac-

commodated 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 accommoda-

very good; a good phrase.

Bard. Pardon me, sir; I have heard the

word. Phrase, call you it? By this good day,

I know not the phrase; but I will maintain

the word with my sword to be a soldier-like

word, and a word of exceeding good com-

mand, by heaven. Accommodated; that is,

when a man is, as they say, accommodated;

or, when a man is,—being,—whereby,—he

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 look well, and bear

your years very well: welcome, good sir

John.

Fal. I am glad to see you well, good mas-

ter Robert Shallow:—Master Sure-card, as I

think.

Shal. No, sir John; it is my cousin Silence,

in commission with me.

Fal. Good master Silence, it well befits you

should be of the peace.

Sil. Your good worship is welcome.

Fal. Pie! this is hot weather.—Gentlemen,

have you provided me here half a dozen suf-

ficient men?

Shal. Marry, have we, sir. Will you sit?

Fal. Let me see them, I beseech you.

Shal. Where's the roll? where's the roll?

where's the roll?—Let me see, let me see, let

me see. 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. [*Advancing.*] Here, an't please you.

Shal. What think you, sir John? a good limbed fellow; young, strong, and of good

Fal. Is thy name Mouldy? [*friends.*]

Moul. Yea, an't please you.

Fal. 'Tis the more time thou wert used.

Shal. 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. [*To Shallow.*] Prick him.

Moul. I was pricked well enough before, an you could have left me alone: my old dame will be undone now, for one to do her husbandry, and her drudgery: you need not to have pricked me; there are other men fitter to go out than I.

Fal. Go to; 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. [*Advancing.*] Here, sir.

Fal. Shadow, whose son art thou?

Shad. My mother's son, sir.

Fal. Thy mother's son! like enough; and thy father's shadow: so the son of the female is the shadow of the male: it is often so, indeed; but not of the father's substance.

Shal. Do you like him, sir John?

Fal. Shadow will serve for summer,—prick him; for we have a number of shadows to fill up the muster-book.

Shal. Thomas Wart! *Fal.* Where's he?

Wart. [*Advancing.*] Here, sir.

Fal. Is thy name Wart? *Wart.* Yea, sir.

Fal. Thou art a very ragged wart.

Shal. Shall I prick him, sir John?

Fal. It were superfluous; for his apparel is built upon his back, and the whole frame stands upon pins: prick him no more.

Shal. Ha, ha, ha!—you can do it, sir; you can do it: I commend you well.—Francis Feeble!

Fee. [*Advancing.*] Here, sir.

Fal. What trade art thou, Feeble?

Fee. A woman's tailor, sir.

Shal. Shall I prick him, sir?

Fal. You may; but if he had been a man's tailor, he would have pricked you.—Wilt thou make as many holes in an enemy's battle, as thou hast done in a woman's petticoat?

Fee. I will do my good will, sir; you can have no more.

Fal. Well said, good woman's tailor! well said, courageous Feeble! Thou wilt be as valiant as the wrathful dove, or most magnanimous mouse.—Prick the woman's tailor well, master Shallow; deep, master Shallow.

Fee. I would Wart might have

Fal. I would thou wert a man

thou mightest mend him, and

go. I cannot put him to a

that is the leader of so many

that suffice, most forcible Feeble

Fee. It shall suffice, sir.

Fal. I am bound to thee, reverend

—Who is next?

Shal. Peter Bull-calf of the great

Fal. Yea, marry, let us see Bull-calf

Bull. [*Advancing.*] Here, sir.

Fal. 'Fore God, a likely fellow!

prick me Bull-calf till he roar

Bull. O Lord! good my lord

Fal. What, dost thou roar

pricked?

Bull. O Lord, sir! I am a diseased

Fal. What disease hast thou?

Bull. A whoreson cold, sir,—

—which I caught with ringing

affairs upon his coronation day,

Fal. Come, thou shalt go to the

gown; we will have away thy

take such order, that thy friends

thee.—Is here all?

Shal. Here is two more called

number; you must have but four

and so, I pray you, go in with

Fal. Come, I will go drink with

cannot tarry dinner.

I am glad to

my troth, master Shallow.

Shal. O, sir John, do you remember

we lay all night in the window

George's fields?

Fal. No more of that, good master

no more of that.

Shal. Ha, it was a merry night

Jane Night-work alive!

Fal. She lives, master Shallow.

Shal. She never could away with

Fal. Never, never; she would

she could not abide master Shallow.

Shal. By the mass, I could

heart. She was then a bonny

hold her own well?

Fal. Old, old, master Shallow.

Shal. Nay, she must be old; she

choose but be old; certain she's old.

Robin Night-work by old Night-work

came to Clement's-lan.

Sil. That's fifty-five year ago.

Shal. Ha, cousin Silence, that

seen that that this knight and I

Ha, sir John, said I well?

Fal. We have heard the children

Shal. That we have, that we have

have; in faith, sir John, we have

word was, "Hem, boys!"—

dinner; come, let's to dinner.

we have seen!—Come, come.

[*Exeunt Falstaff, Shallow,*

Bull. Good master corpora

stand my friend, and here is four

French crowns for you. In very
 or, I had as lief be hanged, sir, as go;
 for mine own part, sir, I do not care;
 rather, because I am unwilling, and, for
 own part, have a desire to stay with my
 or, also, sir, I did not care, for mine own
 much.

Go to; stand aside.
 And, good master corporal captain,
 to my old dame's sake, stand my friend; she
 nobody to do anything about her, when
 you; and she is old, and cannot help
 you; you shall have forty, sir.
 Go to; stand aside.

By my troth, I care not; a man can die
 once;—we owe God a death: I'll ne'er
 be less blind;—an't be my destiny, so;
 net, so; no man's too good to serve
 once; and let it go which way it will, he
 at this year is quit for the next.

Well said; thou art a good fellow,
 Master Falstaff, Shallow, and Silence.

Come, sir, which men shall I have?
 Four, of which you please.

[To Fal.] Sir, a word with you.—
 I have three pound to free
 and Bull-calf.

[Aside to Bard.] Go to; well.
 Come, sir John, which four will you

Do you choose for me.

Slack, then, — Mouldy, Bull-calf,
 and Shadow.

Mouldy, and Bull-calf; for you,
 stay at home till you are past service;

and for your part, Bull-calf, grow till you
 into it:—I will none of you.

Sir John, sir John, do not yourself
 they are your likeliest men, and I

have you served with the best.
 Will you tell me, master Shallow, how

a man? Care I for the limb, the
 the stature, bulk, and big assemblance

Give me the spirit, master Shallow.
 Wart;—you see what a ragged

ance it is; he shall charge you, and
 you, with the motion of a pewterer's

come off, and on, swifter than he
 shoots on the brewer's bucket. And this

half-faced fellow, Shadow—give me this
 he presents no mark to the enemy; the

may with as great aim level at the edge
 of a knife. And, for a retreat,—how

will this Battle, the woman's tailor,
 of? Give me the spare men, and spare

the most ones.—Put me a caliver into
 hand, Bardolph.

Wart, Wart, Wart; thus, thus,
 Fal. Come, manage me your caliver. So:

very well;—go to;—very good:—exceeding
 good;—give me always a little, lean, old,

very, 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 Mille-and
 Green, (when I lay at Clement's-inn,) I was
 then sir Dagonet in Arthur's show,—there was
 a little quiver fellow, and he would manage
 you his piece thus; and he would about, and
 about, and come you in, and come you in.
 "Rah, tah, tah," would he say; "Bounce,"
 would he say; and away again would he go,
 and again would he come:—I shall never see
 such a fellow.

Fal. These fellows will do well, master
 Shallow.—Farewell, 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, heaven bless you, and
 prosper your affairs, and send us peace! As
 you return, visit my house; let our old
 acquaintance be renewed: peradventure, I will
 with you to the court.

Fal. I would you would, master Shallow.

Shal. Go to; I have spoke at a word. Fare
 you well.

Fal. Fare you well, gentle gentlemen.—

[Exeunt Shallow and Silence.] On, Bardolph;

lead the men away. [Exeunt Bardolph, Re-

cruits, &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 Tarnbull-street; and every

third word a lie, duer paid to the hearer than

the Turk's tribute. I do remember him at

Clement's-inn, like a man made after supper of

a cheese-paring: when he was naked, he was,

for all the world, like a forked radish, with a

head fantastically carved upon it with a knife:

he was so forlorn, that his dimensions to any

thick sight were invisible: he was the very

genius of famine; yet lecherous as a monkey,

and the whores called him—mandrake. He

came ever in the rear-ward of the fashion; and

sung those tunes to the oversentenced huswives

that he heard the carmen whistle, and swore—

they were his fancies, or his good-nights. And

now is this Vice's dagger become a squire; and

talks as familiarly of John of Gaunt, as if he

had been sworn brother to him; and I'll be

sworn he never saw him but once in the Til-

tyard; and then he burst his head, for crowding

among the marsh's men. I saw it, and told

John of Gaunt he had his own name; for you

might have truss'd him, and all his apparel, into

an eel-skin; the case of a treble hautboy was

a mansion for him, a court; and now hath he

land and beeves. Well, I will be acquainted

with him, if I return; and it shall go hard, but

I will make him a philosopher's two stones to

me: if the young dace be a bait for the old pike, I see no reason, in the law of nature, but I may snap at him. Let time shape, and there an end. [Exit.]

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—A Forest in Yorkshire.

Enter the Archbishop of York, Mowbray, Hastings, and others.

Arch. What is this forest call'd?

Hast. 'Tis Gaultree forest, an't shall please your grace. [covers forth]

Arch. Here stand, my lords; and send dis- to know the numbers of our enemies.

Hast. We have sent forth already.

Arch. 'Tis well done.

My friends and brethren in these great affairs, I must acquaint you, that I have receiv'd New-dated letters from Northumberland; Their cold intent, tenor, 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 retir'd, to ripe his growing fortunes, To Scotland; and concludes in hearty prayers, That your attempts may overlive the hazard And fearful meeting of their opposite.

Mowb. Thus do the hopes we have in him And dash themselves to pieces. [touch ground, Enter a Messenger.]

Hast. Now, what news?

Mess. West of this forest, scarcely off a mile, In goodly form comes on the enemy; [number And, by the ground they hide, I judge their Upon, or near, the rate of thirty thousand.

Mowb. The just proportion that we gave them out.

Let us sway on, and face them in the field.

Enter Westmoreland.

Arch. What well-appointed leader fronts us here?

Mowb. 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,

What doth concern your coming. [in 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 abject routs, Led on by bloody youth, guarded with rags,

And countenanc'd 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 arch- bishop,—

Whose see is by a civil peace maintain'd;

Whose beard the silver hand of time touch'd;

Whose learning and good letters have

Whose white investments figure like

The dove and very blessed spirit of peace,

Wherefore do you so ill translate

Out of the speech of peace, that should

grace,

Into the harsh and hoarsefrown'd tongue,

Turning your books to graves, your

Blood,

Your pens to lances, and your tongues

To a loud trumpet, and a peal of

Arch. Wherefore do I this trans-

tion stands.

Briefly to this end:—we are all

And, with our surfeiting, and waste,

Have brought ourselves into a

And we must bleed for it: of which

Our late king, Richard, being

But, my most noble lord of West-

I take not on me here as a

Nor do I, as an enemy to peace,

Troop in the throngs of military

But, rather, show a while like

To diet rank minds, sick of

And purge th' obstructions, which

Our very veins of life. Hear me

I have in equal balance

What wrongs our arms may do,

we suffer,

And find our griefs heavier than

We see which way the stream of

And are enforc'd from our

By the rough torrent of occa-

And have the summary of all our

When time shall serve, to show in

Which, long ere this, we offer'd

And might by no suit gain our

When we are wrong'd, and would

griefs,

We are denied access unto his

Even by those men that most

wrong.

The dangers of the days but newly

(Whose memory is written on the

With yet appearing blood,) and

Of every minute's instance, (press-

Have put us in these ill-be-

Not to break peace, or any

But to establish here a

Concurring both in name and

West. Whenever yet was your

Wherein have you been

What peer hath been

That you should seal this

Of forg'd rebellion with a

And consecrate commotion's

Arch. My brother general,

To brother born a household

I make my quarrel in

West. There is no need of any

Or if there were, it not

Mowb. Why not to him, in

And let the bruises of the days before;
Offer the condition of these times
To a leavy and unequal land.

O, my good lord Mowbray,
You shall say indeed, it is the time,
To let the king, or in the present time,
From your part, it not appears to me,
You should have an inch of any ground
To the duke of Norfolk's signories,
And what things, in honour, had my

father lost,
To let him be reviv'd and breath'd in me?
And that lov'd him, as the state stood
In that performance, compell'd to banish him:
That Harry Bolingbroke and he,—
The mounted, and both roused in their seats,
Their flashing counters darning of the spar,
And slaves in charge, their beavers
Of eye of fire sparkling through sights of
The loud trumpet blowing them to-
gether,—

When there was nothing could
Have stay'd
The line did throw his warden down,
Where he lay upon the staff he threw;
And judgment and by dint of sword,
Was miscarried under Bolingbroke.

You speak, lord Mowbray, now you
And that I should be reputed then
Among the most valiant gentlemen:
I have seen whom fortune would then
Your father had been victor there,
And borne it out of Coventry:
The country, in a general voice, [Joys
And all their prayers and
And grace'd, indeed, more than the

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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 wills, our hearts should be as good:
Say you not, then, our offer is compell'd.

Mowb. Well, by my will, we shall admit no

parley.
West. That argues but the shame of your
A rotten case abides no handling. [offence:
Hast. Hath the prince John a full commis-
In very ample virtue of his father, [sion,
To hear, and absolutely to determine
Of what conditions we shall stand upon?

West. That is intended in the general's
I muse you make so slight a question. [name:
Arch. Then take, my lord of Westmoreland,
This schedule,

For this contains our general grievances.
Each several article herein redress'd,
All members of our cause, both here and hence,
That are insinew'd to this action,
Acquitted by a true substantial form,
And present execution of our wills
To us and to our purposes consign'd;
We come within our awful banks again,
And knit our powers to the arm of peace.

West. This will I show the general. Please
you, lords,
In sight of both our battles we may meet;
And either end in peace, which God so frame!
Or to the place of difference call the swords
Which must decide it.

Arch. My lord, we will do so.
[Exit West.]
Mowb. There is a thing within my bosom
tells me,
That no conditions of our pence can stand.

Hast. Fear you not that: if we can make
our peace
Upon such large terms, and so absolute,
As our conditions shall consist upon, [tains.
Our peace shall stand as firm as rocky moun-
Mowb. Ay, but our valuation shall be such,
That every slight and false-derived cause,
Yea, every idle, nice, and wanton reason,
Shall to the king taste of this action;
That, were our royal faiths martyrs in love,
We shall be winnow'd with so rough a wind,
That even our corn shall seem as light as chaff,
And good from bad find no partition. [is weary
Arch. No, no, my lord. Note this,—the king
Of dainty and such picking grievances?
For he hath found, to end one doubt by death,
Revives two greater in the lairs of life;
And therefore will he wipe his tables clean,
And keep no tell-tale to his memory,
That may repeat and history his loss
To new remembrance: for full well he knows,
He cannot so precisely weed this land,
As his misdeeds 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 eurg'd him on to offer strokes,
As he is striking, holds his infant up,
And hangs resolv'd correction in the arm
That was uprear'd to execution.

Hast. Besides, the king hath wasted all his
On late offenders, that he now doth lack [rods]
The very instruments of chastisement:
So that his power, like to a fangless lion,
May offer, but not hold.

Arch. 'Tis very true:
And therefore beassur'd, my good lord marshal,
If we do now make our atonement well,
Our peace will, like a broken limb united,
Grow stronger for the breaking.

Mowb. Be it so.
Here is return'd my lord of Westmoreland.

Re-enter Westmoreland.

West. The prince is here at hand: pleneeth
your lordship, [armies]
To meet his grace just distance 'twixt our
Mowb. Your grace of York, in God's name
then, set forward.

Arch. Before, and greet his grace:—my
lord, we come. [Exeunt.]

SCENE II.—Another Part of the Forest.

*Enter, from one side, Mowbray, the Arch-
bishop Hastings, and others: from the
other side, Prince John of Lancaster, West-
moreland, Officers, and Attendants.*

P. John. You are well encounter'd here,
my cousin Mowbray:

Good day to you, gentle lord archbishop;
And so to you, lord Hastings,—and to all.
My lord of York, it better show'd with you,
When that your flock, assembled by the bell,
Encircled you to hear with reverence
Your exposition on the holy text,
Than now to see you here an iron man,
Cheering a rout of rebels with your drum,
Turning the word to sword, and life to death.

Arch. That man, that sits within a monarch's heart,
And ripens in the sunshine of his favour,
Would he abuse the countenance of the king,
Alack, what mischief might be 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, th' imagin'd 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 taken 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 misorder'd doth, in course
Crowd us and crush us to this narrow
To hold our safety up. I seek you
The parcels and particulars of our
(The which hath been with some
the court.)
Whereon this Hydra son of war
Whose dangerous eyes may well
asleep,
With grant of our most just and
And true obedience, of this matter
Stoop tamely to the foot of me
Mowb. If not, we ready are
To the last man.
Hast. And though we
We have supplies to second our
If they miscarry, theirs shall second
And so success of mischief shall be
And heir from heir shall hold the
Whiles England shall have government.

P. John. You are too shallow,
much too shallow.

To sound the bottom of the after
West. Pleneeth your grace, to
directly,

How far forth you do like their
P. John. I like them all, and do
And swear, here, by the bones of
My father's purposes have been
And some about him have too
Wrested his meaning and authority
My lord, these griefs shall be
Upon my soul, they shall. If not
you,

Discharge your powers unto the
As we will ours: and here, before
Let's drink together friendly, and
That all their eyes may bear witness
Of our restored love and unity.

Arch. I take your princely word,
P. John. I give it you, and will
my word:

And thereupon I drink unto your
Hast. [To an Officer] Go, call
liver to the army

This news of peace: let them know
I know it will well please them.

Arch. To you, my noble lord of
land.

West. I pledge your grace:
I have bestow'd to brew this
You would drink freely; but you
Shall show itself more openly
Arch. I do not doubt you.

West.
Health to my lord and gentle cousin,
Mowb. You wish me death in
season,

For I am, on the sudden, somewhat
Arch. Against ill chances
merry;

But heaviness foreruns the good
merry;

But heaviness foreruns the good
merry;

But heaviness foreruns the good
merry;

But heaviness foreruns the good
merry;

But heaviness foreruns the good
merry;

But heaviness foreruns the good
merry;

But heaviness foreruns the good
merry;

But heaviness foreruns the good
merry;

But heaviness foreruns the good
merry;

But heaviness foreruns the good
merry;

But heaviness foreruns the good
merry;

But heaviness foreruns the good
merry;

Therefore be merry, coz; since
golden sorrow
to say that,—Some good thing comes
to-morrow.

Arch. Believe me, I am passing light in
heart.

To much the worse, if your own rule
be true.

West. The word of peace is render'd i
[Shouts within.]
How they shout!

Arch. How they shout!

West. This had been cheerful, after victory,
A peace is of the nature of a conquest;
When with parties nobly are subdu'd,
The party lesser.

Arch. Go, my lord,
and my army be discharged too.—
[Exit Westmoreland.]

West. My lord, so please you, let our trains
be so, that we may peruse the men
that have rep'd withal.

Arch. Go, good lord Hastings;
we they be diana's'd, let them march by.
[Exit Hastings.]

West. I trust, lords, we shall lie to-night
together.—
Re-enter Westmoreland.

West. Therefore stands our army still?
The leaders, having charge from you
to go off until they hear you speak.

Arch. They know their duties.
Re-enter Hastings.

Hast. My lord, our army is dispers'd already:
if the soldiers anyok'd, they take their
march.

West. North, south; or, like a school
take up
various toward his home, and sporting.

Arch. Good tidings, my lord Hastings; for
the which
about thee, traitor, of high treason:—
you, lord archbishop,—and you, lord
Mowbray,—
that reason I attach you both.
Is this proceeding just and honour-
able?

West. Will you thus break your faith?
I pawn'd thee none;
you did complain; which, by mine
oath, with a most Christian care,
I would look to taste the due
punishment, and such acts as yours.
I thought, and foolishly sent hence.—
your demands, pursue the scatter'd stray;
and not we, hath safely fought to-
ward these traitors to the block of death,
and yielder up of breath.
[Exeunt.]

SCENE III.—Another Part of the Forest.

*Alarums; Recursions. Enter Falstaff and
Coleville, meeting.*

Fal. What's your name, sir? of what con-
dition are you, and of what place, I pray?

Cole. I am a knight, sir; and my name is
Coleville of the dale.

Fal. Well then, Coleville is your name, a
knight is your degree, and your place, the
dale; Coleville shall still be your name, a
traitor your degree, and the dungeon your
place,—a place deep enough; so shall you be
still Coleville of the dale.

Col. Are not you Sir John Falstaff?

Fal. As good a man as he, sir, whose 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: there-
fore, raise up fear and trembling, and do
observance to my mercy.

Col. I think you are Sir John Falstaff; and
in that thought yield me.

Fal. I have a whole school of tongues in
this belly of mine; and not a tongue of them
all speaks any other word but my name. An
I had but a belly of any indifference, 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, Westmore-
land, and others.* [Now:—

P. John. The heat is past; follow no farther
Call in the powers, good cousin Westmore-
land.— [Exit West.]

Fal. Now, Falstaff, where have you been all this
while?

When everything 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 extreme 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 Cole-
ville of the dale, a most furious knight, and
valorous enemy. But what of that? he saw
me, and yielded; that I may justly say with
the hook-nosed fellow of Rome,—“I came,
saw, and overcame.”

P. John. It was more of his courtesy than
your deserving.

Fal. I know not: here he is, and here I
yield him: and I beseech your grace, let it be
booked with the rest of this day's deeds; or,
by the Lord, I will have it in a particular
ballad else, with mine own picture on the top
of it, Coleville kissing my foot: to the which
course if I be enforced, if you do not all show

like gilt two-pences to me, and I, in the clear sky of fame, o'ershine you as much as the full moon doth the cinders of the element, which show like pins' heads to her, believe not the word of the noble: therefore let me have right, and let desert mount.

P. John. Thine's too heavy to mount.

Fal. Let it shine then.

P. John. Thine's too thick to shine.

Fal. Let it do something, my good lord, that may do me good, and call it what you

P. John. Is thy name Coleville? [will.]

Cole. It is, my lord.

P. John. A famous rebel art thou, Coleville.

Fal. And a famous true subject took him.

Cole. I am, my lord, but as my betters are, That led me hither: had they been rul'd by me, You should have won them dearer than you have.

Fal. I know not how they sold themselves, but thou, like a kind fellow, gavest thyself away gratis; and I thank thee for thee.

Re-enter Westmoreland.

P. John. Have you left pursuit?

West. Retreat is made, and execution stay'd.

P. John. Send Coleville, with his confederate, to present execution:— [ates, Blunt, lead him hence; and see you guard him sure. [Exit Coleville, guarded.]

And now despatch 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 hear,—to comfort him; And we with sober speed will follow you.

Fal. My lord, I beseech you, give me leave to go through Glostershire; and, when you come to court, stand my good lord, pray, in your good report. [condition,]

P. John. Fare you well, Falstaff: I, in my Shall better speak of you than you deserve. [Exit,]

Fal. I would you had but the wit: 'twere better than your dukedom.—Good faith, this same young sober-blooded boy doth not love me; nor a man cannot make him laugh;—but that's no marvel, he drinks no wine. There's never any of these demure boys come to any proof; for thin drink doth so over-cool their blood, and making many fish-meals, that they fall into a kind of male green-sickness; and then, when they marry, they get wenches: they are generally fools and cowards;—which some of us should be too, but for inflammation. A good sherris-sack hath a two-fold operation in it. It ascends me into the brain; dries me there all the foolish, and dull, and crudy vapours which environ it; makes it apprehensive, quick, forgetive, full of nimble, fiery, and delectable shapes; which deliver'd o'er to the voice, (the tongue,) which is the birth, becomes excellent wit. The second property of your excellent sherris is,—the warming of the blood; which, before cold and settled,

left the liver white and pale, is now badge of pusillanimity and cowardice; sherris warms it, and makes it flow inward to the parts extreme: it gives colour to the face, which, as a beacon, gives notice to the rest of this little kingdom, and then the vital commonwealths, and petty spirits, muster me all to the heart, who, great and full of courage, retinue, doth any deed of courage; valour comes of sherris. So this weapon is nothing without sherris; it is a-work; and learning, a new conquest kept by a devil, till sack comes and sets it in act and use. Hereof prince Harry is valiant; for the did naturally inherit of his father like lean, sterile, and bare bodied, husbanded, and filled, with the deavour of drinking good, and fertile sherris, that he is become valiant. If I had a thousand human principle I would march to be,—to forswear thin potations, and themselves to sack. [Enter sherris now, Rardolph?]

Bard. The army is discharged. *Fal.* Let them go. I'll have shire; and there will I visit Shallow, asquire; I have been ing between my finger and my thumb shortly will I seal with him.

SCENE IV.—Westminster Palace.

Enter King Henry, Clarence, Humphrey, Warwick, and others.

K. Hen. Now, lords, if God doth, successful end.

To this debate that bleedeth at our We will our youth lead on to blood And draw no swords but what are Our navy is address'd, our power Our substitutes in absence well And everything lies level to our Only, we want a little personal And pause us, till these rebels, Come underneath the yoke of crown War. Both which, we doubt not, Shall soon enjoy.

K. Hen. Humphrey, my son, Where is the prince your brother?

P. Humph. I think he's gone to lord, at Windsor.

K. Hen. And how accompanied?

P. Humph. I do not know.

K. Hen. Is not his brother Clarence, with him?

P. Humph. No, my good lord.

Cla. What would my lord say?

K. Hen. Nothing but well to of Clarence.

How chance thou art not with the

The seasons change their manners, as the year
Had found some months asleep, and leap'd
them over.

Cla. The river hath thrice flow'd, no ebb
And the old folk, time's doting chroudes,
Say, it did so, a little time before
That our great grandaie, Edward, sick'd and
died.

War. Speak lower, princes, for the king
P. Humph. This apoplexy will, certain, be
his end.

K. Hen. I pray you take me up, and bear me
Into some other chamber: softly, pray.

*[They place the King on a bed in an
inner part of the room.]*

Let there be no noise made, my gentle friends;
Unless some dull and favourable hand
Will whisper music to my weary spirit.

War. Call for the music in the other room.

K. Hen. Set me the crown upon my pillow
here.

Cla. His eye is hollow, and he changes
War. Less noise, less noise!

Enter Prince Henry.

P. Hen. Who saw the duke of Clarence?

Cla. I am here, brother, full of heaviness.

P. Hen. How now! rain within doors, and
How doth the king?

P. Humph. Exceeding ill.

P. Hen. Heard he the good news yet?

Tell it him.

P. Humph. He alter'd much upon the hear-

P. Hen. If he be sick with joy, he will re-

Without physic.

War. Not so much noise, my lords:—sweet
prince, speak low:

The king your father is dispos'd to sleep.

Cla. Let us withdraw into the other room.

War. Will't please your grace to go along
with us?

P. Hen. No; I will sit and watch here by
[Exeunt all except Prince Henry.]

Why doth the crown lie there upon his pillow,
Being so troublesome a bedfellow?

O polish'd perturbation! golden care!

That keep'st the ports of slumber open wide

To many a watchful night!—Sleep with it now!

Yet not so sound, and half so deeply sweet,

As he whose brow with homely biggin bound,

Snores out the watch of night. O majesty!

When thou dost pinch thy beaver, thou dost sit

Like a rich armour worn in heat of day,

That scalds with safety. By his gates of breath

There lies a downy feather, which stirs not:

Did he suspire, that light and weightless down

Perforce must move. My gracious lord! my

father!

This sleep is sound indeed; this is a sleep

That from this golden rigol hath divorc'd

So many English kings. Thy due from me

Is tears and heavy sorrows of the blood,

Which nature, love, and filial tenderness,

Shall, O dear father, pay thee plenteously;

My due from thee is this imperial crown,

Which, as immediate from thy
Derives itself to me.

Which heaven shall guard:
world's whole strength

Into one giant arm, it shall not

This lineal honour from me;

Will I to mine leave, as 'tis left

K. Hen. *[Waking.]* War-

Clarence!

Re-enter Warwick and

Cla.

War. What would your

fares your grace?

K. Hen. Why did you leave

my lords?

Cla. We left the prince, my

my liege,

Who undertook to sit and watch

K. Hen. The Prince of War-

He is not here.

War. This door is open; he

P. Humph. He came not thro'

ber where we stay'd.

K. Hen. Where is the crown?

from my pillow?

War. When we withdrew, my

K. Hen. The prince hath

go, seek him out.

Is he so hasty, that he doth cry

My sleep my death?

Find him, my lord of War-

hither.

This part of his conjoins with

And helps to end me.—See,

How quickly nature falls into

When gold becomes her object

For this the foolish over-careful

Have broke their sleep with

brains with care,

Their bones with industry;

For this they have engross'd

The cunck'd heaps of strange

For this they have been thought

Their sons with arts, and

When, like the bee, tolling from

The virtuous sweets,

Our thighs packed with war,

We bring it to the hive: and

Are murder'd for our pains.

Yield his engrossments to the

Re-enter Warwick

Now, where is he that will

Till his friend sickness hath

War. My lord, I found the

next room,

Washing with kindly tears

With such a deep demer-

That tyranny, which never

Would, by beholding him,

knife

With gentle eye-drops.

K. Hen. But wherefore did

I, where he comes.—

Reindeer Prince Henry.

Come hither to me, Harry.—
The chamber, leave us here alone.
I want all except K. Henry.

He. I never thought to hear you speak

Thou art not firm enough, since griefs are green;

And all thy friends, which thou must make thy friends,

Have but their stings and teeth newly ta'en out;

By whose fell working I was first advanc'd,

And by whose power I well might lodge a fear

To be again displac'd: which to avoid,

I cut them off; and had a purpose now

To lead out many to the Holy Land,

Lest rest, and lying still, might make them look

Too near unto my state. Therefore, my Harry,

Be it thy course to busy giddy minds

With foreign quarrels; that action, hence

borne out,

May waste the memory of the former days.

More would I, but my lungs are wasted so,

That strength of speech is utterly denied me.

How I came by the crown, O God, forgive!

And grant it may with thee in true peace live!

P. Hen. 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 Prince John of Lancaster, Warwick, Lords, and others.

K. Hen. Look, look, here comes my John

of Lancaster.

P. John. Health, peace, and happiness to

my royal father!

K. Hen. Thou bring'st me happiness and

peace, son John;

But health, alack, with youthful wings is flown

From this bare wither'd trunk; upon thy sight,

My worldly business makes a period.

Where is my lord of Warwick?

P. Hen. My lord of Warwick!

K. Hen. Doth any name particular belong

Unto the lodging where I first did swoon?

War. 'Tis call'd Jerusalem, my noble lord.

P. Hen. Land be to God!—even there my

life must end.

It hath been prophesied to me many years,

I should not die but in Jerusalem;

Which vainly I suppos'd the Holy Land:—

But bear me to that chamber; there I'll lie;

In that Jerusalem shall Harry die. *[Exeunt.]*

ACT V.

SCENE I.—Gloucestershire. A Hall in 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

Shallow,

Shal. I will not excuse you; you shall not

be excus'd; excus'd shall not be admitted;

there is no excuse shall serve; you shall not

be excus'd.—Why, Davy!

Enter Davy.

Davy. Here, sir.

Shal. Davy, Davy, Davy, Davy,

see, Davy; let me see, Davy, Davy,

yea, marry, William cook,

hither.—Sir John, you shall not

be served: and again, sir,

the headland with wheat,

Shal. With red wheat,

William cook:—are there no more

Davy. Yes, sir.—Here is, sir,

note for shoeing, and ploughing

Shal. Let it be cast, and

you shall not be excus'd.

Davy. Now, sir, a new

must needs be had:—and, sir,

stop any of William's wages, at

lost the other day at Hincley

Shal. He shall answer it.

Davy. A couple of short-legged

of mutton, and any pretty little

tell William cook.

Davy. Doth the man of war

Shal. Yes, Davy. I will

friend if the court is better

purse. Use his men well, Davy,

arrant knaves, and will back

Davy. No worse than they

sir; for they have marvellous

Shal. Well conceited, Davy,

business, Davy.

Davy. I beseech you, sir,

William Visor of Wincot

Perkes of the hill.

Shal. There are many

against that Visor: that

knave, on my knowledge,

Davy. I grant your

knave, sir; but yet, God

knave should have some

friend's request. An honest

to speak for himself, when

have served your worship

years; and if I cannot

quarter bear out a knave

man, I have but a very

worship. The knave is

sir; therefore, I beseech

him be countenanced.

Shal. Go to; I say, he

Look about, Davy.

are you, sir John?

with your boots.—Give me

Bardolph.

Bard. I am glad to see

Shal. I thank thee with

master Bardolph:—[To

come, my tall fellow.—

Fal. I'll follow you,

Shallow. *[Exit Shallow.]*

our horses. *[Exeunt*

I were sawed into

four dozen of such

shallow. It is a wonderful thing, to see the considerable coherence of his men's spirits. They, by observing him, do bear themselves like foolish justices; he, by conversing with them, is turned into a justice-like man: their spirits are so married in conjunction with the participation of society, that they seek together in consent, like so many wild geese. If I had a suit to master Shallow, I would humour his men with the notion of being near their master; if to any, I would curry with master Shallow, and so man could better command his servant's carriage, is caught, as men take of their company. I will devise matter out of this Shallow, to keep prince Harry in continual laughter the wearing out of his questions, (which is four terms, or two years,) and he shall laugh without interval. O, it is much, that a lie with a slight fellow that never had the ache in his back, O, you shall see him laugh, till [Within.] Sir John!

[Enter] Sir John! I come, master Shallow; I come, [Exit.]

[Enter] Westminister. An Apartment in the Palace.

[Enter] Warwick and the Lord Chief Justice, the Lord Chief Justice, my lord chief justices! How now, my lord chief justices!

[Enter] Just. How doth the king? Exceeding well; his cares are now all ended. He's walk'd the way of nature; for his purposes he lives no more. I would his majesty had call'd me with him; that I truly did his life, I left me open to all injuries.

[Enter] Just. Indeed, I think the young king loves me. I know he doth not; and do arm myself, become the condition of the time; I cannot look more hideously upon me than I have drawn it in my fantasy.

[Enter] Prince John, Prince Humphrey, Prince John, Westmoreland, and others. Here come the heavy issues of dead Harry.

[Enter] Harry. That foolish Harry had the temper of the worst of these three gentlemen! I strike call to spirits of vile sort! O God! I fear, all will be over-

[Enter] Just. Good morrow, cousin Warwick. Good morrow, cousin. We meet like men that had forgot

War. We do remember; but our argument is all too heavy to admit much talk.

[Enter] P. John. Well, peace be with him that hath made us heavy! [Heavier.]

[Enter] Ch. Just. Peace be with us, lest we be P. Humph. O, good my lord, you have lost a friend, indeed:

And I dare swear you borrow not that face Of seeming sorrow; it is sure your own.

[Enter] P. John. Though no man be assur'd what grace to find,

You stand in coldest expectation: I am the sorrier; would 'twere otherwise.

[Enter] Ch. Well, you must now speak Sir John Falstaff fair;

Which swims against your stream of quality.

[Enter] Ch. Just. Sweet princes, what I did, I did in honour,

Led by the impartial conduct of my soul; And never shall you see that I will beg

A ragged and forestall'd remission. If truth and upright innocence 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 V. Ch. Just. Good morrow, and God save your majesty!

[Enter] King. This new and gorgeous garment, Sits not so easy on me as you think. [Majesty, Brothers, you mix your sadness with some fear: This is the English, not the Turkish court; Not Amurath an Amurath succeeds,

But Harry Harry. Yet be sad, good brothers, For, to speak truth, 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 assur'd, 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.

[Enter] P. John, &c. We hope no other from your majesty.

[Enter] King. You all look strangely on me:—[To the Chief Justice,] and you most:

You are, I think, assur'd I love you not.

[Enter] Ch. Just. I am assur'd, if I be measur'd rightly,

Your majesty hath no just cause to hate me.

[Enter] 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 [Easy!] The immediate heir of England! Was this May this be wash'd in Lethe, and forgotten?

[Enter] 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,
 Whiles 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 garland,
 To have a son set your decrees at nought;
 To pluck down justice from your awful bench;
 To trip the course of law, and blunt the sword
 That guards the peace and safety of your
 person:

Nay, more; to spurn at your most royal image,
 And mock your workings in a second body.
 Question your royal thoughts, make the case
 yours;

Be now the father, and propose a son;
 Hear your own dignity so much profan'd,
 See your most dreadful laws so loosely slighted,
 Behold yourself so by a son disdain'd:
 And then imagine me taking your part,
 And, in your power, soft silencing your son:
 After this cold consideration, sentence me;
 And, as you are a king, speak in your state,
 What I have done that misbecame my place,
 My person, or my liege's sovereignty.

King. You are right, justice, and you weigh
 this well:

Therefore still bear the balance, and the sword:
 And I do wish your honours may increase,
 Till you do live to see a son of mine
 Offend you, and obey you, as I did.

So shall I live to speak my father's words:—

"Happy am I, that have a man so bold,
 That dares do justice on my proper son;
 And not less happy, having such a son,
 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 unstain'd sword that you have used to
 bear;

With this remembrance,—that you use the
 With the like bold, just, and impartial spirit,
 As you have done against me. There is my
 You shall be as a father to my youth: [hand.
 My voice shall sound as you do prompt mine
 And I will stoop and humble my intents [ear;
 To your well-practis'd wise directions.—
 And, princes all, believe me, I beseech you;—
 My father has 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
 Hath proudly flow'd in vanity till now:
 Now doth it turn, and ebb back to the sea,
 Where it shall mingle with the state of floods,
 And flow henceforth in formal majesty.
 Now call we our high court of parliament,

And let us choose such limbs of state
 That the great body of our state
 In equal rank with the best-govern'd
 That war or peace, or both at once
 As things acquainted and familiar
 In which you, father [To the
 Justice.] shall have form
 Our coronation done, we will
 As I before remember'd, all our
 And (God consigning to my good
 No prince nor peer shall have
 God shorten Harry's happy life

SCENE III.—Glostershire.
 Shallow's house.

Enter Falstaff, Shallow, Bardolph,
 the Page, and Davy.

Shal. Nay, you shall see me
 where, in an hour, we will eat
 pippin of my own grafting, with
 caraways, and so forth:—come,
 —and then to bed.

Fal. Fore God, you have
 dwelling, and a rich.

Shal. Barren, barren, barren,
 beggars all, sir John:—marry,
 spread, Davy; spread, Davy!

Fal. This Davy serves you
 he is your serving-man, and your

Shal. A good varlet, a good
 good varlet, sir John.—By the
 drunk too much sack at supper
 varlet. Now sit down, now sit down,
 cousin.

Sil. Ah, sirrah! quotha,—

Do nothing but eat, and make
 And praise heaven for the
 When flesh is cheap and
 And lusty lads roam here and
 So merrily.

And ever among so merry
 Fal. There's a merry heart!

Silence, I'll give you a health for
 Shal. Give master Bardolph
 Davy.

Davy. [To Bardolph, and
 side-table.] Sweet sir, sit; I'll
 anon; most sweet sir, sit.—
 master page, sit. Proface!
 in meat, we'll have in drink;
 bear;—the heart's all.

Shal. Be merry, master Bardolph;
 little soldier there, be merry.

Sil. [Singing.]

Be merry, be merry, my
 For women are shrews, and
 'Tis merry in hall when

And welcome merry

Be merry, be merry, my

Fal. I did not think
 been a man of this mettle.

Sil. Who, I? I have been merry

Re-enter Davy.

There is a dish of leather-coats for
[Selling them before Bardolph.]

Your worship!—[To Bardolph.] I'll
sell you straight. [To Shallow.] A cup

[Singing.]
A cup of wine, that's brisk and fine,
And drink unto the leman-mine;

And a merry heart lives long-a,
Well said, master Silence.

And we shall be merry;—now comes in
the revel of the night.
Health and long life to you, master

[Singing.]
I'll the cup, and let it come;
I'll pledge you a mile to the bottom.

Honest Bardolph, welcome: if thou
say anything, and wilt not call, bestrew

me.—Welcome, my little tiny thief;
welcome, indeed, too.—I'll drink to
Bardolph, and to all the cavaleroes

of London.
I hope to see London once ere I die.
As I might see you there, Davy,—

—as I will you not, master Bardolph?
—Yea, sir, in a pottle-pot.

I thank thee;—the knave will stick
to me, I can assure thee that: he will not
leave me.

And I'll stick by him, sir.
Why, there spoke a king. Lack
luff, be merry. [Knocking heard.] Look

who knocks! [Exit Davy.]
[To Silence, who drinks a bumper.]
Now you have done me right.

Do me right,
And dub me knight:
Samings.

Why, then, say an old man
knows what.

Re-enter Davy.
An't please your worship, there's one
come from the court with news.

[Pistol.] How now, Pistol!
[Davy.] What says you, sir John!

Not the ill wind which blows no man
good. Sweet knight, thou art now one of
the best men in the realm.

My lady, I think he be, but Goodman
Baron, I'll be sworn.

Not to thy teeth, most recreant coward base!—
I am thy Pistol, and thy friend,
and better shal I ride to thee;

And tidings do I bring, and lucky joys,
And golden times, and happy news of price.

Fal. I prythee now, deliver them like a man
of this world. [Base!]
Pist. A fount for the world, and worldlings
I speak of Africa, and golden joys. [News!]

Fal. O base Assyrian knight, what is thy
Let king Cophetua know the truth thereof.
Sil. [Singing.]
And Robin Hood, Scarlet, and John.

Pist. Shall dunghill curs confront the
And shall good news be baffled? [Hellcon!]
Then, Pistol, lay thy head in Furies' lap.
Shal. Honest gentleman, I know not your
breeding.

Pist. Why, then, lament therefore.
Shal. Give me pardon:—If, sir, you come
with news from the court, I take it there is but
two ways,—either to utter them, or to conceal
them. I am, sir, under the king, in some
authority.

Pist. Under which king, Bezonian? speak,
Shal. Under king Harry. [Or die.]
Pist. Harry the fourth? or fifth?
Shal. Harry the fourth.

Pist. A fount for thine office!—
Sir John, thy tender lambkin now is king:
Harry the fifth's the man. I speak the truth:
When Pistol lies, do this; and fig me, like
The bragging Spaniard.

Fal. What! is the old king dead? [Just,
Pist. As nail in door: the things I speak are
Fal. Away, Bardolph! saddle my horse.—
Master Robert Shallow, choose what office
thou wilt in the land, 'tis thine.—Pistol, I will
double-charge thee with dignities.

Bard. O joyful day!—I would not take a
knighthood for my fortune.
Pist. What, I do bring good news?
Fal. Carry master Silence to bed.—Master
Shallow, my lord Shallow, be what thou wilt;
I am fortune's steward. Get on thy boots:
we'll ride all night.—O sweet Pistol!—Away,
Bardolph!—[Exit Bard.] Come, Pistol, utter
more to me; and, withal, devise something to
do thyself good. Boot, boot, master Shallow:
I know the young king is sick for me. Let us
take any man's horses; the laws of England
are at my commandment. Happy are they
which have been my friends; and woe unto
my lord chief justice!

Pist. Let vultures vile seize on his lungs
also!
"Where is the life that late I led?" say they:
Why, here it is;—Welcome these pleasant
days! [Exit.

SCENE IV.—London. A Street.
*Enter Beadles, dragging in Hostess Quickly
and Doll Tear-sheet.*
Host. No, thou arrant knave; I would to
God I might die, that I might have thee
hanged; thou hast drawn my shoulder out of
joint.

1 *Bard.* The constables have delivered her over to me; and she shall have whipping-cheer enough, I warrant her: there hath been a man or two lately killed about her.

Dol. Nut-hook, nut-hook, you lie. Come on; I'll tell thee what, thou damned tripe-visaged rascal, an the child I now go with do miscarry, thou hadst better thou hadst struck thy mother, thou paper-faced villain.

Host. O the Lord, that sir John would come! he would make this a bloody day to somebody. But I pray God the fruit of her womb miscarry.

1 *Bard.* If it do, you shall have a dozen of cushions again; you have but eleven now. Come, I charge you both go with me; for the man is dead, that you and Pistol beat among you.

Dol. I'll tell thee what, thou thin man in a censer, I will have you as soundly swung for this, you blue-bottle rogue! you filthy famished correctioner! if you be not swung, I'll forswear half-kirtles. [*Exeunt.*]

1 *Bard.* Come, come, you she knight-errant, *Host.* O, that right should thus overcome might! Well, of sufferance comes ease.

Dol. Come, you rogue, come; bring me to justice.

Host. Ay, come, you starved blood-hound!

Dol. Goodman death! goodman bones.

Host. Thou atomy, thou!

Dol. Come, you thin thing! come, you rascal!

1 *Bard.* Very well. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V.—A public Place near Westminster Abbey.

Enter two Grooms, strewing rushes.
1 *Groom.* More rushes, more rushes.
2 *Groom.* The trumpets have sounded twice.
1 *Groom.* It will be two o'clock ere they come to the coronation: despatch, despatch. [*Exeunt Grooms.*]

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 he comes by; and do but mark the countenance he will give me.

Pistol. God bless thy lungs, good knight!

Fal. Come here, Pistol; stand behind me.

[*To Shallow.*] O, if I had had time to have made new liveries, I would have bestowed the thousand pound I borrowed of you. But 'tis no matter; this poor show doth better; this doth infer the zeal I had to see him.

Shal. It doth so.

Fal. It shows my 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 most certain.

Fal. But to stand stained with sweat, sweating with desire to soo him; that nothing else, putting all affairs else to one side, as if there were nothing else to be done, see him.

Pistol. 'Tis *semper idem*, for always is 'Tis all in every part.

Shal. 'Tis so, indeed.

Pistol. My knight, I will induce him And make thee rage.

Thy Doll, and Helen of thy noble hand,

Is in base durance, and contagious hand,

Haul'd thither

By most mechanical and dirty hands,

Rouse up revenge from elbow deep,

Allecto's snake,

For Doll is in; Pistol speaks tonight

Fal. I will deliver her.

[*Shouts within and trumpet clangor sounds.*]

Enter the King and his train, the Justice among them.

Fal. God save thy grace, my lord!

Pistol. The heavens thee guard, my lord!

Fal. God save thee, my sweet lord!

King. My lord chief justice, how do you?

Ch. Just. Have you your wife?

Fal. My king! my Jove! I speak to my heart!

King. I know thee not, old man!

How ill white hairs become a fool!

I have long dream'd of such a kind.

So surfeit-swell'd, so old, and so past cure.

But, being awake, I do despise my state.

Make less thy body hence, and more thy gape.

Leave gormandizing; know, the king is come.

For thee thrice wider than for other men.

Reply not to me with a fool-borne head.

Presume not that I am the thing I was.

For God doth know, so shall the king.

That I have turn'd away my former life.

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 I am.

The tutor and the feeder of my folly.

Till then, I banish thee, on pain of my displeasure.

As I have done the rest of my misdoings.

Not to come near our person by law.

For competence of life I will allow you.

That lack of means enforce you not to beg.

And, as we hear you do reform your manners,

We will, according to your change of

qualities,

*Give you advancement.—[*To Ch. Just.*]*

To see perform'd the tenor of our words.

Set on.

Fal. Master Shallow, I love you as a

pond.

Whose music, to my thinking, pleas'd the king.

Come, will you hence? [*Exeunt.*]

EPILOGUE—Spoken by a Dancer.

First, my fear; then, my court'sy; last, my speech.

My fear is, your displeasure; my court'sy, my duty; and my speech, to beg your pardons.

If you look for a good speech now, you undo me: for what I have to say, is of mine own making; and what indeed I should say,

will, I doubt, prove mine own marring.

But to the purpose, and so to the venture.—Be it known to you, (as it is very well,) I was lately here in the end of a displeasing play, to pray your patience for it, and to promise you a better.

I did mean, indeed, to pay you with this: which, if, like an ill venture, it come unluckily home, I break, and you, my gentle creditors, lose.

Here, I promised you, I would be, and here I commit my body to your mercies; bate me some, and I will pay you some; and, as most debtors do, promise you infinitely.

If my tongue cannot entreat you to acquit me, will you command me to use my legs? and yet that were but light payment,—to dance out of your debt.

But a good conscience will make any possible satisfaction, and so will I.

All the gentlemen here have forgiven me: if the gentlemen will not, then the gentlemen do not agree with the gentlemen, which was never seen before in such an assembly.

One word more, I beseech you.

If you be not too much cloyed with fat meat, our humble author will continue the story, with sir John in it, and make you merry with fair Katharine of France: where, for anything I know, Falstaff shall die of a sweat, unless already he be killed with your hard opinions; for Oldcastle died a martyr, and this is not the man.

My tongue is weary; when my legs are too, I will bid you good night: and so kneel down before you:—but, indeed, to pray for the queen.

THE LIFE OF KING HENRY V.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

King Henry the Fifth.
 Duke of Gloster, } *Brothers to the King.*
 Duke of Bedford, }
 Duke of Exeter, *Uncle to the King.*
 Duke of York, *Cousin to the King.*
 Earls of Salisbury, Westmoreland, and War-
 Archbishop of Canterbury. [wick.
 Bishop of Ely.
 Earl of Cambridge, } *Conspirators.*
 Lord Scroop, }
 Sir Thomas Grey, }
 Sir Thomas Erpingham, Gower, Fluellen,
 Macmorris, Jamy, *Officers in King Henry's*
Army.
 Bates, Court, Williams, } *Soldiers in the*
 Pistol, Nym, Bardolph, } *Same.*

Boy, *Servant to them.* A Herald.
 Charles the Sixth, *King of France.*
 Lewis, *the Dauphin.*
 Dukes of Burgundy, Orleans, and
 The Constable of France.
 Rambures, and Grandpre, *French Lords.*
 Montjoy, *a French Herald.*
 Governor of Harfleur.
 Ambassadors to England.
 Isabel, *Queen of France.*
 Katharine, *Daughter of Charles.*
 Alice, *a lady attending on the Queen.*
 Hostess of the Boar's Head Tavern.
 Lords, Ladies, Officers, Soldiers,
 Messengers, and Attendants.

SCENE, — In England and in France.

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,
 Leash'd in like hounds, should famine, sword,
 and fire,

Crouch for employment. But pardon, gentles
 The flat unraised spirit that hath dar'd, [all,

On this unworthy scaffold, to bring forth
 So great an object : can this cockpit hold

The vasty fields of France ? or may we cram
 Within this wooden O the very casques

That did affright the air at Agincourt ?
 O, pardon ! since a crooked figure may

Attest in little place a million ;
 And let us, ciphers to this great account,

On your imaginary forces work ;
 Suppose, within the girdle of these walls

Are now confined two mighty monarchies,
 Whose high upreared 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 ; [them

Think, when we talk of horses, that you see
 Printing their proud hoofs i' the receiving earth ;

For 'tis your thoughts that now must deck our
 kings, [times,

Jarry them here and there ; jumping o'er
 Turning th' accomplishment of many years

Into an hour-glass : for the which supply,

Admit me chorus to this history ;
 Who, prologue-like, your humble ears
 pray,
 Gently to hear, kindly to judge.

ACT I.

SCENE I. — London. An Antechamber
 the King's Palace.

Enter the Archbishop of Canterbury.
 Bishop of Ely.

Cant. My lord, I'll tell you, —
 is urg'd,

Which in th' eleventh year of the
 Was like, and had indeed against

But that the scuffling and unquiet
 Did push it out of further question.

Ely. But how, my lord, shall we
Cant. It must be thought on

against us,
 We lose the better half of our realm

For all the temporal lands, who
 By testament have given to the church

Would they strip from us ; being
 As much as would maintain,

honour,
 Full fifteen earls, and fifteen hundred

Six thousand and two hundred
 And, to relief of lazars, and weak

Of indigent faint souls, past cure,
 A hundred alms-houses, right

And to the coffers of the king
 A thousand pounds by the year

Ely. This would drink deep

Cant. 'Twould drink the cup and all,
But what prevention? [*REGARD.*]
The king is full of grace, and fair
And a true lover of the holy church.
The course of his youth promis'd it
Heath no sooner left his father's body,
Than that his wilderness, mortified in him,
To do too; yea, at that very moment,
He fell the offending Adam out of him,
His body as a paradise,
To grow and contain celestial spirits.
Thus such a sudden scholar made;
With such a heady currence scouring faults;
With such a Hydra-headed wilfulness
To do his duty, and all at once,

We are blessed in the change.
Hear him but reason in divinity,
And desire the king were made a pre-
late; his advice of commonwealth affairs,
It hath been all-in-all his study:
And battle render'd you in music:
To any cause of policy,
As his garter: that, when he speaks,
His charter'd libertine, is still,
And his sweet and honey'd sentences;
The art and practick part of life
Is a wonder, how his grace should glean
Up with riots, banquets, sports;
Yet noted in him any study,
Any sequesteration
From haunts and popularity. [*NETTLE,*
The strawberry grows underneath the
And berries thrive and ripen best,
Under the shade of a great tree;
So eke the prince obscur'd his contemplation
Under the veil of wildness; which, no doubt,
Yet cropp'd in his faculty,
It must be so; for miracles are ceas'd;
And we must needs admit the means,
By which they are perfected.

But, my good lord,
For illustration of this bill
By the commons? Doth his majesty
To it, or no?

He seems indifferent;
Swaying more upon our part,
Considering the exhibitors against us;
He made an offer to his majesty,—
Of spiritual convocation,
To be held now in hand,
To give open'd to his grace at large,
In France,—to give a greater sum

Than ever at one time the clergy yet
Did to his predecessors part withal. [*LORD.*]

Ely. How did this offer seem receiv'd, my
Cant. With good acceptance of his majesty;
Save, that there was not time enough to hear
(As, I perceiv'd, his grace would fain have done)
The severals, and unhidden passages,
Of his true titles to some certain dukedom,
And, generally, to the crown and seat of France,
Deriv'd from Edward, his great-grandfather.

Ely. What was the impediment that broke
this off? [*INSTANT.*]

Cant. The French ambassador upon that
Crav'd audience; and the hour, I think, is
come,

To give him hearing: is it four o'clock?

Ely. It is.

Cant. Then go we in, to know his embassy;
Which I could, with a ready guess, declare,
Before the Frenchman speak a word of it.

Ely. I'll wait upon you; and I long to
hear it. [*EXEUNT.*]

SCENE II.—London. A Room of State in the
Palace.

*Enter King Henry, Gloucester, Bedford, Exeter,
Warwick, Westmoreland, and Attendants.*

K. Hen. Where is my gracious lord of Can-
terbury? Not here in presence. [*TERBURY.*]

K. Hen. Send for him, good uncle.

West. Shall we call in the ambassador, my
liege? [*RESOLV'D.*]

K. Hen. Not yet, my cousin; we would be
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.*

Cant. God, and his angels, guard your sacred
And make you long become it! [*THRONE.*]

K. Hen. Sure, we thank you,
My learned lord, we pray you to proceed,
And justly and religiously unfold, [*FRANCE.*]
Why the law Salique, that they have in
Or should, or should not, bar us in our claim:
And God forbid, my dear and faithful lord,
That you should fashion, wrest, or bow your
reading,

Or nicely charge your understanding soul
With opening titles miscreate, whose right
Suits not in native colours with the truth;
For God doth know how many, now in health,
Shall drop their blood in approbation
Of what your reverence shall incite us to;
Therefore, take heed how you impawn our
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
Are every one a woe, a sore complaint, [*DROPS.*]
'Gainst him whose wrongs give edge unto the
swords

That make such waste in brief mortality.
Under this conjuration, speak, my lord;
And we will hear, note, and believe in heart,
That what you speak is in your conscience
As pure as sin with baptism. [wash'd,

Cont. Then hear me, gracious sov'reign
and you peers,

That owe yourselves, your lives, and services,
To this imperial throne.—There is no bar
To make against your highness' claim to
France, [mond,—

But this, which they produce from Phara-
In terram Salicam mulieres ne succedant,

"No woman shall succeed in Salique land:"

Which Salique land the French unjustly glose
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 Sala and of Elbe;

Where Charles the great, having subdu'd the
Saxons,

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:

Nor did the French possess the Salique land

Until four hundred one and twenty years

After defunction of king Pharamond,

Idly suppos'd the founder of this law;

Who died within the year of our redemption.

Four hundred twenty-six; and Charles the
great

Subdu'd the Saxons, and did seat the French
Beyond the river Sala, in the year

Eight hundred five. Besides, their writers say,
King Pepin, which depos'd Childerick,

Did, as heir general, being descended [Clothair,
Of Blithild, which was daughter to king

Make claim and title to the crown of France.

Hugh Capet also,—who usurp'd the crown
Of Charles the duke of Lorain, sole heir male

Of the true line and stock of Charles the great,—

To find his title with some show of truth,

(Though in pure truth, it was corrupt and
naught,)

Convey'd himself as heir to the lady Lingare,
Daughter to Charlemain, who was the son

To Lewis the emperor, and Lewis the son
Of Charles the great. Also king Lewis the

Who was sole heir to the usurper Capet, [tenthly,
Could not keep quiet in his conscience,

Wearing the crown of France, till satisfied
The fair queen Isabel, his grandmother,

Was lineal of the lady Ermengure, [Lorain:
Daughter to Charles the foresaid duke of

By the which marriage, the line of Charles the
Was re-united to the crown of France. [great
So that, as clear as is the summer's sun,

King Pepin's title, and Hugh Capet's

King Lewis his satisfaction, all up

To hold in right and title of the crown

So do the kings of France unto this

Howbeit they would hold up the crown

To bar your highness claiming from

And rather choose to hide their crowns

Than amply to embarr their crowns

Usurp'd from you and your peers

K. Hen. May I with right
make this claim!

Cont. The sin upon my head,

For in the Book of Numbers is it said

When the son dies, let the daughter

Descend unto the daughter.

Stand for your own; twisting your

Look back into your mighty ancestors

Go, my dread lord, to your great

tomb,

From whom you claim; invade the

And your great uncle's, Edward's

prince,

Who on the French ground did

Making defeat on the full power of

Whiles his most mighty father was

Stood smiling to behold his trusty

Forage in blood of French nobility

O noble English, that could enter

With half their forces the full power

And let another half stand laughing

All out of work, and cold for a

Ely. Awake remembrance of the

And with your puissant arm renew

You are their heir; you sit upon

The blood and courage, that renew

Runs in your veins: and my blood

Is in the very May-morn of his youth

Ripe for exploits and mighty

Eze. Your brother kings and

the earth

Do all expect that you should

As did the former kings of your

West. They know your power

and means and might

So hath your highness; never king

Had nobles richer, and more loyal

Whose hearts have left their

England,

And lie pavilion'd in the fields of

Cont. O, let their bodies follow

hego,

With blood, and sword, and fire

In aid whereof, we of the quicken

Will raise your highness such a

As never did the clergy at our

Bring in to any of your

K. Hen. We must not only

the French,

But lay down our proportions to

Against the Scot, who will make

With all advantages.

Cont. They of those marches

Shall be a wall sufficient to defend

Our inland from the pissing

K. Hen. We do not mean the coursing
 match only,
 but fear the main intentment of the Scot,
 who hath been still a giddy neighbour to us;
 you shall read, that my great grandfather
 went with his forces into France,
 to bathe the Scot on his unfurnish'd kingdom
 pouring, like the tide into a breach,
 with ample and brim fullness of his force;
 winning the gleaned land with hot essays,
 that England, being empty of defence,
 had shock and trembled at th' ill neighbour-
 hood.
 [Heath.] She hath been then more fear'd than
 fear her but exempl'd by herself:—
 where all her chivalry hath been in France,
 hath herself not only well defended,
 but taken, and impounded as a stray,
 to King Edward's fame with prisoner kings,
 and made her chronicle as rich with praise,
 as the east and bottom of the sea
 with sunken wreck and sunless treasures.
 [Heath.] But there's a saying, very old and
 true,—
That you will France win, [true,—
if that you will Scotland first begin:—
 the eagle England being in prey,
 the weasel Scot
 will suck the mouse in absence of the cat,
 and have more than she can eat.
 It follows, then, the cat must stay at
 home, for a crush'd necessity; [home.
 that the armed hand doth fight abroad,
 the unarmed head defends itself at home;
 government, though high, and low, and
 lower,
 doth keep in one consent,
 and move in a full and natural close,
 Therefore doth heaven divide
 the state of man in divers functions,
 whose endeavours in continual motion;
 some fix'd, as an aim or butt,
 others that, by a rule in nature, teach
 us to order to a peopled kingdom.
 Some like magistrates, correct at home,
 some like merchants, venture trade abroad;
 some like soldiers, armed in their stings,
 to win upon the summer's velvet buds;
 some like pillage they with merry march bring
 home the royal of their emperor: [home
 some in his majesty, surveys
 the masons building roofs of gold;
 some like artificers kneading up the honey;
 some like poor mechanics crowding in
 their petty borders at his narrow gate;
 some like justices, with his surly hum,

Deliv'ring o'er to executors pale
 The lazy yawning drone. I this infer,—
 That many things, having full reference
 To one consent, may work contrariously;
 As many arrows, loosed several ways, [town;
 Fly to one mark; as many ways meet in one
 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
 Divide your happy England into four; [liege.
 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. [Exit an Attendant.
 Now are we well resolv'd; and, by God's help,
 And yours, the noble sinews of our power,
 France being ours, we'll send it to our awe,
 Or break it all to pieces; or there we'll sit,
 Ruling in large and ample empery, [doms,
 O'er France, and all her almost kingly dake-
 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
 month,
 Not worshipp'd with a waxen epitaph.

Enter Ambassadors of France.
 Now are we well prepar'd to know the pleasure
 Of our fair cousin Dauphin; for we hear
 Your greeting is from him, not from the king.
1 Amb. May't please your majesty to give
 us leave

Freely to render what we have in charge;
 Or shall we sparingly show you far off
 The Dauphin's meaning and our embassy?

K. Hen. We are no tyrant, but a Christian
 king;

Unto whose grace our passion is as subject,
 As are our wretches fetter'd in our prisons;
 Therefore with frank and with uncurbed plain-
 Tell us the Dauphin's mind. [ness

1 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. [master

In answer of which claim, the prince our
 Says, that you savour too much of your youth;
 And bids you be advis'd, there's nought in
 France

That can be with a nimble galliard won;
 You cannot revel into dukedoms there.
 He therefore sends you, meetest for your spirit,
 This ton 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!
Ecc. 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 chases. And we understand him well,
How he comes o'er us with our wilder days,
Not measuring what use we made of them.
We never valu'd this poor seat of England;
And therefore, living hence, did give ourself
To barbarous licence; as we ever common,
That men are merriest when they are from

home.
But tell the Dauphin, I will keep my state;
Be like a king, and show my sail of greatness,
When I do rouse me in my throne of France;
For that I have laid by my majesty,
And plodded like a man for working days;
But I will rise there with so full a glory,
That I will dazzle all the eyes of France,
Yea, strike the Dauphin blind to look on us,
And tell the pleasant prince, this mock of his
Hath turn'd his balls to gun-stones; and his

soul
Shall stand sore-charged for the wasteful
vengeance
That shall fly with them: for many a thousand
Shall this his mock mock out of their dear
husbands;
Mock mothers from their sons, mock castles
down;

And some are yet unborn,
That shall have cause to curse the Dauphin's
But this lies all within the will of God, [scorn.
To whom I do appeal; and in whose name,
Tell you the Dauphin, I am coming on,
To vengeance 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 sayour but of shallow wit,
When thousands weep, more than did laugh
at it.—

Convey them with safe conduct.—Fare you
well. [Exeunt Ambassadors.

Ecc. This was a merry message. [at it.

K. Hen. We hope to make the sender blush
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 preparations 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 look to his
That this fair action may on foot be

ACT II.

Enter Chorus.

Chor. Now all the youth of Europe
And silken dalliance in the wardrobe
Now thrive the armourers, and

thought
Reigns solely in the breast of every man
They sell the pasture now to buy
Following the mirror of all Christian kings
With winged heels, as English Mercuries
For now sits Expectation in the air
And hides a sword, from hilts and sheaths,
With crowns imperial, crowns, and
Promis'd to Harry, and his followers
The French, advis'd by good intelligence
Of this most dreadful preparation,
Shake in their fear; and with pale
Seek to divert the English purpose
O England!—model to thy inward heart,
Like little body with a mighty heart,
What might'st thou do, that hast

these do,
Were all thy children kind and noble
But see thy fault! France hath in thee
A nest of hollow bosoms, which
With treacherous crowns; and

rupted men,—
One, Richard earl of Cambridge, and
Henry lord Scrop of Masham; and
Sir Thomas Grey, knight, of Northampton.

land.—
Have, for the gift of France, (O poll!
Confirm'd conspiracy with foreign powers
And by their hands this grace of France
(If hell and treason hold their promise)
Ere he take ship for France, and

ampton.
Linger your patience on; and will
Th' abuse of distance, while we
The sum is paid; the traitors are
The king is set from London; and
Is now transported, gentles, to

ton.—
There is the playhouse now, they
And thence to France shall we convey
And bring you back, charming the
To give you gentle pass; for, if we
We'll not offend one stomach with
But, till the king come forth, and
Unto Southampton do we shift our

SCENE I.—London. Enter

Enter Nym and Bardolph.

Bard. Well met, corporal Nym.
Nym. Good morrow, lieutenant.
Bard. What, are ancient friends yet?

For my part, I care not; I say little;
I shall be as it may. I dare not fight;
I will wink, and hold out mine iron: it is
one; but what though! it will toast
word will; and there's an end.
I will bestow a breakfast to make you
brothers; let it be so, good corporal Nym.

Nym. I will live so long as I may,
I will do as I may; and when I cannot
do it, I will do it in the humour of it.
I am certain, corporal, that he is
and to Nell Quickly; and, certainly, she
you wrong; for you were troth-plight to

Nym. I cannot tell:—things must be as
may; men may sleep, and they may have
say, knives have edges. It must be as
though patience be a tired mare, yet
with plod. There must be conclusions.
I cannot tell.

Enter Pistol and Hostess.

Pistol. Here comes ancient Pistol, and his
good corporal, be patient here. How
host Pistol!

Host. These like, call'st thou me host?
To the hand, I swear, I scorn the term;
Nym, by my troth, not long; for we

and beard a dozen or fourteen
messals, but it will be thought we keep
straight. [Nym draws his
Now we shall see wilful adultery and
committed. Good lieutenant,—good
offer nothing here.

Pistol. For thee, Iceland dog! thou
of our of Iceland!

Nym. Good corporal Nym, show thy valour,
as your sword.
Will you shog off? I would have you

[Seething his sword.
In thy most marvellous face;
in thy teeth, and in thy throat,
to my lawful lungs, yea, in thy maw,

is worse, within thy nasty mouth!
I have a humour to knock you
take, and Pistol's cock is up,
shog off will follow.

Nym. I am not Barbason; you cannot con-
quently well. If you grow foul with me,
I will scour you with my rapier, as I
in fair terms: if you would walk off, I
say; and that's the humour of it.

Pistol. O braggart vile, and damned furious
wight!
The grava doth gape, and dotting death is
Therefore exhale. [Pistol and Nym drive.
Bard. Hear me, hear me what I say:—he
that strikes the first stroke, I'll run him up to
the hilts, as I am a soldier. [Drums.
Pistol. An oath of mickle might; and fury
shall abate.
Give me thy list, thy fore-foot to me give:
Thy spirits are most tall.
Nym. I will cut thy throat, one time or
other, in fair terms; that is the humour of it.
Pistol. Coupe le gorge!
That is the word.—I thee defy again.
O hound of Crete, think'st thou my spouse to
No; to the spital go. [Get!
And from the powdering tub of infamy
Fetch forth the lazar kite of Cressid's kind,
Doit Tear-sheet she by name, and her spouse:
I have, and I will hold, the *quondam* Quickly
For the only she; and—*pacea*, there's enough.
Go to.

Enter the Boy.

Boy. Mine host Pistol, you must come to
my master,—and you, hostess:—he is very
sick, and would to bed.—Good Bardolph, put
thy face between his sheets, and do the office
of a warming-pan. Faith, he's very ill.

Bard. Away, you rogue!

Host. By my troth, he'll yield the crow a
pudding one of these days; the king has killed
his heart.—Good husband, come home pre-
sently. [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?

Pistol. Let floods o'erswell, and floods for
food bowl on!

Nym. You'll pay me the eight shillings I
won of you at betting!

Pistol. Base is the slave that pays.

Nym. That now I will have: that's the
humour of it. [Home.

Pistol. As manhood shall compound: push
Bard. By this sword, he that makes the
first thrust, I'll kill him: by this sword, I will.

Pistol. Sword is an oath, and oaths must
have their course.

Bard. Corporal Nym, as thou wilt be
friends, be friends: as thou wilt not, why,
then, be enemies with me too. Frythee, put
up.

Nym. I shall have my eight shillings, I won
of you at betting!

Pistol. A noble shalt thou have, and present
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 suttler be
Unto the camp, and profits will accrue.
Give me thy hand.

Nym. I shall have my noble!

Boy, bristle thy courage up; for Falstaff he is
And we must yearn therefore. [dead,

Bard. 'Would I were with him, wheresome-
e'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,
as it had been any christom child; 'a parted
even just between twelve and one, even at the
turning o' the tide; for after I saw him fumble
with the sheets, and play with flowers, and
smile upon his fingers' ends, I knew there
was but one way; for his nose was as sharp
as a pen, and 'a babbled of green fields.
'How now, sir John!' quoth I: 'what,
man! be of good cheer.' So 'a cried out—
'God, 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 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.

Boy. Yes, that 'a did; and said, they were
devils incarnate.

Host. 'A could never abide carnation; 'twas
a colour he never liked.

Boy. 'A said once, the devil would have him
about women.

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?

Bard. Well, the fuel is gone that maintain'd
that fire: that's all the riches I got in his service.

Nym. Shall we shog! the king will be gone
from Southampton. [thy lips.

Pist. Come, let's away.—My love, give me
look to my chattels, and my moveables:

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:
Therefore, *cave* 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 is but unwholesome food,
they say.

Pist. Touch her soft mouth, and march.

Bard. [Kissing her.] Farewell, hostess.

Nym. I cannot kiss, that is the humour of
it; but, adieu. [I thee command.

Pist. Let housewifery appear: keep close,

Host. Farewell; adieu. [Exeunt.

SCENE IV.—France. A Room in
King's Palace.

Flourish. Enter the French King,
the Dauphin, the Duke of Burgundy,
Constable, and others.

Fr. King. Thus come the English
power upon us;

And more than carefully it is requir'd
To answer royally in our defence.

Therefore the dukes of Berry, and
Of Brabant, and of Orleans, shall stay

And you, prince Dauphin,—with me
despatch,

To line and new repair our towns,
With men of courage, and with

ant;

For England his approaches make
As waters to the sucking of a snail.

It fits us, then, to be as provident
As fear may teach us, out of late

Lest by the fatal and neglected
Upon our fields.

Dau. My most redoubt

It is most meet we arm us; glass
For peace itself should not so dull

(Though war, nor no known question,
question.)

But that defence, musters, provisions,
Should be maintain'd, as

As were a war in expectation.

Therefore, I say, 'tis meet we all
To view the sick and feeble parts

And let us do it with no show of
No, with no more, than if we be

Were busied with a Whitsun snow.

For, my good Hege, she is so dilly
Her sceptre so fantastically borne

By a vain, giddy, shallow, humour
That fear attends her not.

Con. O peace, peace,
You are too much mistaken in the

Question your grace the late answer
With what great state he heard the

How well supplied with nobles
How modest in exception, and

How terrible in constant resolution
And you shall find, his vanities

Were but the outside of the flower
Covering discretion with a coat of

As gardeners do with ordure
That shall first spring, and be

Dau. Well, 'tis not so, my love,
stable;

But though we think it so, it is
In cases of defence, 'tis best to

The enemy more mighty than
So the proportions of defence

Which, of a weak and negligent
Doth, like a miser, spoil his

A little cloth.

Fr. King. Think we king Henry
And, princes, look you strongly

him,

And he hath been flesh'd upon us;
And he is bred out of that bloody strain,
Which haunted us in our familiar paths:
Which our too much memorable shame,
In the Crecy battle fatally was struck,
And all our princes captiv'd by the hand
Of that black name, Edward, black Prince of

Wales;
Which that his mountain sire,—on mountain
[standing,
In the air, crown'd with the golden sun,—
To his heroic seed, and am'd to see him,
Through the work of nature, and deface
The patterns that by God, and by French

fathers,
And twenty years been made. This is a stem
Of that victorious stock; and let us fear
The native brightness and fate of him.
Enter a Messenger.

*From Harry king of
England.*
Great ambassadors from Harry king of

England
admittance to your majesty.
Fr. King. We'll give them present audience.
Go, and bring them.

[*Exeunt Mess., and certain Lords.*
Fr. King. This chase is hotly follow'd, friends.
Turn head, and stop pursuit; for
forward dogs
seem to threaten

their mouths, when what they
see before them. Good my sovereign,
in the English short; and let them know
of what a monarchy you are the head:

Love, my hope, is not so vile a sin
as this-glancing.
Enter Lords, with Exeter, and twin.

Fr. King. From him; and thus he greets your
majesty.
From our brother England?

From him; and thus he greets your
majesty.
Will you, in the name of God Almighty,

you divest yourself, and lay apart
all your glories, that by gift of heaven,
of nature and of nations, 'long
and to his heirs; namely, the crown,

and all wide-stretched honours that pertain,
to the crown of France. That you may know,
to the crown of France, That you may know,
to the crown of France, That you may know,

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to the crown of France, That you may know,

to the crown of France, That you may know,
to the crown of France, That you may know,
to the crown of France, That you may know,

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 betroth'd lovers,
That shall be swallow'd in this controversy.
This is his claim, his threat'ning, 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
farther;

To-morrow shall you hear our full intent
Back to our brother England.

Dau. For the Dauphin,
I stand here for him: what to him from
England?

[*contempt.*
Exc. Scorn and defiance; slight regard,
And anything 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 wombby vaultages of France
Shall chide your trespass, and return your
In second accent of his ordinance. [*mock*

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. [*for it,*
Exc. He'll make your Paris Louvre shake
Were it the mistress court of mighty Europe;

And, be assur'd, you'll find a difference
(As we, his subjects, have in wonder found)
Between the promise of his greener days,
And these he masters now: now he weighs
time,

Even to the utmost grain: that you shall read
In your own losses, if he stay in France.

Fr. King. To-morrow shall you know our
mind at full. [*our king*

Exc. Despatch us with all speed, lest that
Come here himself to question our delay;
For he is footed in this land already.

Fr. King. You shall be soon despatch'd
with fair conditions:

A night is but small breath, and little pause,
To answer matters of this consequence.

[*Flourish. Exeunt.*

ACT III.

Enter Chorus.

Chor. Thus with imagin'd wing our swift
scene flies,

In motion of no less celerity [*seen*

Than that of thought. Suppose that you have
The well-appointed king at Hampton pier

Embark his royalty; and his brave fleet
With silken streamers the young Phoebus
fanning;

Play with your lances; and in them behold
Upon the heppen tackle ship-boys climbing;
Hear the shrill whistle, which doth order give
To sounds confus'd; behold the threaten'd sails,
Borne with th' invisible and creeping wind,
Draw the huge bottoms through the furrow'd
sea,

Breasting the lofty surge: O do but think
You stand upon the rivage, and behold
A city on th' inconstant billows dancing;
For so appears this fleet majestic, [follow]
Holding due course to Harfleur. Follow,
Grapple your minds to sterneage of this navy;
And leave your England, as dead midnight
still,
Guarded with grandsires, babies, and old
Either past, or not arriv'd to, pith and puis-
sance;

For who is he, whose chin is but enrich'd
With one appearing hair, that will not follow
Those cull'd and choice-drawn cavaliers to
France? [siege]

Work, work your thoughts, and therein see a
Behold the ordinance on their carriages,
With fatal mouths gaping on girded Harfleur.
Suppose the ambassador from the French
comes back;

Tells Harry that the king doth offer him
Katharine his daughter; and with her, to
dowry,

Some petty and unprofitable dukedoms.
The offer likes not; and the nimble gunner
With lustock now the devilish cannon touches.

[Alarum; and chambers go off.
And down goes all before them. Still be kind,
And eke out our performance with your mind.
[Exit.

SCENE I.—France. Before Harfleur.

Alarums. 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'er-
As fearfully, as doth a galled rock [whelm it,
O'erhang and jutty his confounded base,
Swill'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, ye noblest English,
Whose blood is fet from fathers of war-proof!

Fathers, that, like so many Acs,
Have in these parts from mortality
And sheath'd their swords for
ment.

Dishonour not your mothers; now
That those whom you call'd fathers
Be copy now to men of greater blood;
And teach them how to war!—And ye
yeomen,

Whose limbs were made in England,
The mettle of your pasture; let it
That you are worth your breeding;
doubt not;

For there is none of you so mean as
That hath not noble lustre in your eyes;
I see you stand like greyhounds in the
Straining upon the start. The game
Follow your spirit; and, upon this
Cry—God for Harry! England's
George!

[*Exeunt. Alarum, and drums.*

SCENE II.—The Scots.

Forces pass over; then enter York, Pistol, and Boy.

York. On, on, on, on, on to the
the breach!

Nym. Pray thee, corporal, stay;
are too hot; and for mine own part,
not a case of lives; the humour of
that is the very plain-song of it.

Pistol. The plain-song is most
humours do abound:
Knocks go and come: God's race
And sword and shield

In bloody field,
Doth win immortal fame.
Boy. Would I were in an alehouse
don! I would give all my money
Pistol. And I:

If wishes would prevail with
My purpose should not fail
But thither would I hie.

Boy. As duly, but not as truly.
As bird doth sing on boughs.
Enter Fluellen.

Flu. Up to the breach, you
you cullions. [Driving the
Pistol. Be merciful, great duke
mould!

Abate thy rage, abate thy manly
Abate thy rage, great duke!
Good hawcock, bats thy race!

Nym. These be good humours,
honour wins but humours.
[*Exeunt Nym, Pistol, and Boy.*

Flu. Followed by Fluellen,
Boy. As young as I am, I am
these three swashers. I am
three; but all they three, though
serve me, could not be a man
indeed, three such antics do not
man. For Bardolph,—he is white-
red-faced; by the means whereof

For Pistol, he hath a kill-
ing, and a quiet sword; by the means
whereof, a breake words, and keeps whole
of few words are the best men; and
there is no more to say his prayers, lest 'a
be thought a coward; but his few bad
words broke any man's head but his own,
that was against a post when he was
alone. They will steal anything, and call it
theft. Bardolph stole a lute-case, bore it
to France, and sold it for three halfpence.
And in Calais they stole a fire-shovel:
I saw that piece of service, the men would
have sold it for three halfpence.
They would have me as familiar
as their pockets, as their gloves or their
shoes; which makes much against my
cause, if I should take from another's
up of wrongs. I must leave them, and
seek some better service: their villainy goes
against us weak stomach, and therefore I
quit it up.

Fluellen. Fluellen, Gower following.
You, Captain Fluellen, you must come
to the mines: the duke of Gloucester
will speak with you.

Flu. To the mines! tell you the duke, it is
too good to come to the mines: for, look
you, the mines is not according to the disci-
pline of the war; the conveniencies of it is not
according to the duke, look you, is dig-
ging, I think, 'a will plow up all, if
it is not better directions.

Flu. The duke of Gloucester, to whom the
order of the siege is given, is altogether
an Irishman, I faith.

Flu. It is captain Macmorris, is it not?
I think it be.

Flu. By Cheesha, he is an ass, as in the 'orld:
he is not so much in his beard: he has no
directions in the two disciplines of the
war, look you, of the Roman disciplines, than
of the peppy-Jags.

Enter Macmorris and Jamy.
Here 'a comes; and the Scots captain,
Jamy, with him.

Flu. Captain Jamy is a marvellous valorous
man, that is certain; and of great ex-
perience; and his knowledge in the ancient
disciplines, by Cheesha, he will maintain his
disciplines as well as any military man in the
world.

Flu. I say, gad day, captain Fluellen.
God-dou to your worship, good captain
Jamy. How now, captain Macmorris! have

you quit the mines? have the pioneers given
us 'er?

Mac. By Christ, is, tish ill done: the work
ish give over, the trumpet sound the retreat.
By my hand, I swear, and my father's soul,
the work is ill done; it is give over: I would
have blowed up the town, so Christ save me,
is, in an hour: O, tish ill done, tish ill done; by
my hand, tish ill done!

Flu. Captain Macmorris, I peseech you
now, will you vouchsafe me, look you, a few
disputations with you, as partly touching or
concerning the disciplines of the war, the
Roman wars, in the way of argument, look you,
and friendly communication; partly, to satisfy
my opinion, and partly, for the satisfaction,
look you, of my mind, as touching the direc-
tion of the military discipline: that is the
point.

Jamy. It shall be very gud, gud feith, gud
captains bath: and I shall quit you with gud
leve, as I may pick occasion; that shall I,
marry.

Mac. It is no time to discourse, so Christ
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 beleaguert,
and the trumpet calls us to the breach; and we
talk, and by Christ, do nothing: 'tis shame
for us all; so God sa' me, 'tis shame to stand
still; it is shame, by my hand: and there is
threats to be cut, and works to be done; and
there is nothing done, so Christ sa' me, la.

Jamy. By the mess, are these eyes of mine
take themselves to slumber, all do gud ser-
vice, or all liege 't the grand for it; ay, or go
to death; and ails pay it as valorously as I
may, that sal I surely do, that is the bress
and the long. Marry, I wad full fain heard some
question 'tween you tway.

Flu. Captain Macmorris, I think, look you,
under your correction, there is not many of
your nation—

Mac. Of my nation! What ish my nation?
What ish my nation? Who talks of my nation,
ish a villain, and a bastard, and a knave, and
a rascal.

Flu. Look you, if you take the matter
otherwise than is meant, captain Macmorris,
peradventure, I shall think you do not use me
with that affability as in discretion you ought
to use me, look you; being as good a man as
yourself, both in the disciplines of wars, and
in the derivation of my birth, and in other
particularities.

Mac. I do not know you so good a man as
myself: so Christ save me, I will cut off your
head.

Gow. Gentlemen both, you will mistake each
Jamy. Au! that's a foul fault. [other].
[A parley sounded.]

Gow. The town sounds a parley.
Flu. Captain Macmorris, when there is more
better opportunity to be required, look you, I

will be so bold as to tell you, I know the disciplines of wars; and there is an end.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.—*France. Before the Gates of Harfleur.*

The Governor and some Citizens on the walls; the English forces below. Enter King Henry and his train.

K. Hen. How yet resolves the governor of the town?

This is the latest parle we will admit: Therefore, to our best mercy give yourselves; Or, like to men proud of destruction, Defy us to our worst: for, as I am a soldier, (A name that, in my thoughts, becomes me if I begin the battery once again, [*best.*]) I will not leave the half-achieved Harfleur, Till in her ashes she lie buried.

The gates of mercy shall be all shut up; And the flesh'd soldier, rough and hard of In liberty of bloody hand shall range [*heart,* With conscience wide as hell; mowing like grass [*infants.*]

Your fresh fair virgins, and your flowering 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 If your pure maidens fall into the hand [*cause,* Of hot and forcing violation?

What rain can hold licentious wickedness, When down the hill he holds his fierce career? We may as bootless spend our vain command Upon the enraged soldiers in their spoil,

As send precepts to the Leviathan [*Harfleur,* To come ashore. Therefore, you men of Take pity of your town, and of your people,

Whiles yet my soldiers are in my command; Whiles yet the cool and temperate wind of grace

O'erblows the filthy and contagious clouds Of heady murder, spoil, and villainy.

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, [*tars;* And their most reverend heads dash'd to the Your naked infants spitted upon pikes, [*walls;* Whiles the mad mothers with their howls con-

tinu'd Do break the clouds, as did the wives of Jewry At Herod's bloody-hunting slaughtermen.

What say you? will you yield, and this avoid? Or, guilty in defence, be thus destroy'd?

Gov. Our expectation hath this day an end: The Dauphin, whom of succour we entreated, Betrays 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 are defensible.

K. Hen. Open your gates.—Come, uncle

Go you and enter Harfleur: then And fortify it strongly 'gainst the Use mercy to them all. For as the winter coming on, and sickness Upon our soldiers,—we will rather To-night in Harfleur will we be To-morrow for the march are we [*Flourish.* The King, &c.,

SCENE IV.—*Rouen. A Room in the Palace.*

Enter Katharine and Alice.

Kath. Alice, tu es en robe de chambre; parles bien le langage.

Alice. Un peu, madame.

Kath. Je te prie, m'enseigner à parler. Comment appelle-t-on la main en Anglois?

Alice. La main? elle est appelée la main.

Kath. De hand. Et les doigts?

Alice. Les doigts! ma sœur, les doigts; mais je ne sçais pas comment appeler les doigts.

Kath. La main, de hand; les doigts, de fingers. Je pense que je suis en France, j'ai gagné deux mots d'Anglois.

Alice. Comment appelez-vous les ongles?

Kath. Les ongles! nous les appelons les ongles.

Alice. De nails. Les ongles, de nails.

Kath. De nails. Les ongles, de nails.

Alice. O'est bien dit, madame.

Kath. O'est bien dit, madame.

Alice. O'est bien dit, madame.

Kath. Dites moi en Anglois, bon Anglois.

Alice. De arm, madame.

Kath. Et le coude.

Alice. De elbow.

Kath. De elbow. Je n'en ai pas besoin de tous les mots que vous m'avez dits à présent.

Alice. Il est trop difficile.

Kath. Récusez moi, Alice.

Alice. De hand, de finger, de nails, de elbow.

Kath. O Seigneur Dieu! je n'en ai pas besoin.

Alice. Comment appelez-vous le cou?

Kath. De neck, madame.

Alice. De neck. Et le menton?

Kath. De chin.

Alice. De chin.

Kath. De chin. Le col, de neck.

Alice. Oui. Sans votre honneur, vous prononcez les mots anglais natifs d'Angleterre.

Kath. Je ne doute point d'être gracie de Dieu, et en peu de temps.

Alice. N'avez-vous pas déjà appris à parler?

Kath. Non, je retournerai à l'école.

Alice. De hand, de finger, de nails, de elbow.

Kath. De hand, de finger, de nails, de elbow.

Alice. Sans votre honneur, de hand, de finger, de nails, de elbow.

Kath. Ainsi dis je: de hand, de finger, de nails, de elbow.

Alice. Comment appelez-vous le pied?

Kath. De foot, madame.

Charles De-la-bret, high constable of France;
You dukes of Orleans, Bourbon, and of Berry,
Alençon, Brabant, Bar, and Burgundy;
Jaques Chatillon, Rambures, Vaudemont,
Beaumont, Grandpré, Roussil, and Fauconberg,
Foix, Lestrale, Bonciquant, and Charolois;
High dukes, great princes, barons, lords, and
knights, [shames.
For your great seats, now quit you of great
Bar Harry England, that sweeps through our
land. [fleur:
With pennons painted in the blood of Har-
Rush on his host, as doth the melted snow
Upon the valleys, whose low vassal sent
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.
Daw. Not so, I do beseech your majesty.
Fr. King. Be patient; for you shall remain
with us.—
Now forth, lord constable, and princes all,
And quickly bring us word of England's fall.
[Exeunt.

Charles De-la-bret, high constable of France;
You dukes of Orleans, Bourbon, and of Berry,
Alençon, Brabant, Bar, and Burgundy;
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And quickly bring us word of England's fall.
[Exeunt.

SCENE VI.—The English Camp in Picardy.
Enter Gower and Fluellen.

Gow. Hail 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
utmost power; he is not (God be praised and
pleased!) any hurt in the world; but keeps the
pride most valiantly, with excellent discipline.
There is an ancient 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 ancient Pistol.

Gow. I know him not.

Enter Pistol.

Flu. Here is the man. [yours:
Pist. Captain, I thee beseech to do me fa-
The duke of Exeter doth love thee well.

Flu. Here is the man. [yours:
Pist. Captain, I thee beseech to do me fa-
The duke of Exeter doth love thee well.

Flu. Ay, I praise God; and I have merited some love at his hands. [of heart,

Pist. Bardolph, a soldier, firm and sound
And of buxom valour, hath, by cruel fate,
And giddy Fortune's furious sickle wheel,
That godless blind,
That stands upon the rolling restless stone,—

Flu. By your patience, ancient Pistol—
Fortune is painted blind, with a muffler afore
her eyes, to signify to you that Fortune is
blind; and she is painted also with a wheel,
to signify to you, which is the moral of it,
that she is turning, and inconstant, and
mutability, and variation: and her foot, look
you, is fixed upon a spherical stone, which
rolls, and rolls, and rolls:—in good truth, the
poet makes a most excellent description of it:
Fortune is an excellent moral. [on him]

Pist. Fortune is Bardolph's foe, and frowns
For he hath stol'n a pax, and hanged must 'a
A damned death!

[be,
Let gallows gnaw for dog; let man go free,
And let not hemp his windpipe suffocate:
But Exeter hath given the doom of death
For pax of little price. [voice]

Therefore, go speak,—the duke will hear thy
And let not Bardolph's vital thread be cut
With edge of penny cord, and vile reproach:
Speak, captain, for his life, and I will thee
requite. [your meaning]

Flu. Ancient Pistol, I do partly understand
Pist. Why then, rejoice therefore.

Flu. Certainly, ancient, it is not a thing to
rejoice at; for if, look you, he were my brother,
I would desire the duke to use his good pleasure,
and put him to executions; for disciplines
ought to be used.

Pist. Die and be damn'd! and figo for thy
Flu. It is well. [friendship!]

Pist. The fig of Spain! [Exit.]

Flu. Very good.
Gow. Why, this is an arrant counterfeit
rascal; I remember him now; a bawd, a cut-
purse.

Flu. I'll assure you, 'a utter'd as brave 'ords
at the bridge, as you shall see in a summer's
day. But it is very well; what he has spoke
to me, that is well, I warrant you, when time
is serve.

Gow. Why, 'tis a gull, a fool, a rogue, that
now and then goes to the wars, to grace him-
self, at his return into London, under the form
of a soldier. And such fellows are perfect in
the great commanders' names: and they will
learn you by rote where services were done;—
at such and such a sence, at such a breach,
at such a convey; who came off bravely, who
was shot, who disgraced, what terms the
enemy stood on; and thus they trick up with
new-timed oaths, and what a beard of the
general's cut, and a horrid suit of the camp,
will do among foaming lotties, and ale-washed
wits, is wonderful to be thought on. But you

must learn to know such slanders, or
or else you may be marvelously misled.

Flu. I tell you what, captain, I do
perceive, he is not the man that
gladly make show to the 'ord he
a hole in his coat, I will tell him
[Dram heard.] Hark you, the king
and I must speak with him from the
Enter King Henry, Gloster, and

Flu. Got pleas your majesty!
K. Hen. How now, Fluential?

from the bridge?

Flu. Ay, so please your majesty,
of Exeter hath very gallantly main-
pridge: the French is gone off, look
there is gallant and most just
marry, th' adversary was have
the bridge; but he is master of the
the duke of Exeter is master of the
can tell your majesty, the duke is a

K. Hen. What men have you lost?

Flu. The perdition of th' army
been very great, reasonable great;
my part, I think the duke hath
man, but one that is like to be
robbing a church, one Bardolph;
majesty know the man; his face is
and whelks, and knolls, and
and his lips plows at his nose, and
coal of fire, sometimes plies, and
red; but his nose is executed, and
out.

K. Hen. We would have all our
so cut off:—and we give express
in our marches through the country,
nothing compelled from the village
taken but paid for, none of the
brutal or abused in dishonour
when lenity and cruelty play for
the gentle gamester is the sweetest
Tucket sounds. Enter Montjoy

Mont. You know me by my hat,
K. Hen. Well, then, I know

shall I know of thee!

Mont. My master's mind.

K. Hen. Unfold it.

Mont. Thus says my king:—
Harry of England, Though we
we did but sleep; advantage is
dier than rashness. Tell him, we
rebuked him at Harfleur, but that
not good to bruise an injury till
time:—now we speak upon our
voice is imperial: England shall
folly, see his weakness, and
ferance. Bid him, therefore, com-
ransom: which must proportion to
have borne, the subjects we have
grace we have digested; which I
re-answer, his pettiness would
For our losses, his exchequer is
the effusion of our blood, the
kingdom too faint a number;
disgrace, his own person, cancelled

a weak and worthless satisfaction. To
add defiance: and tell him, for conclu-
sion, he hath betrayed his followers, whose
damnation is pronounced. So far my king
and master: so much my office.

K. Hen. What is thy name? I know thy
Montjoy.

K. Hen. Thou dost thy office fairly. Turn
back,

and tell thy king,—I do not seek him now;
I would be willing to march on to Calais
without impeachment: for, to say the sooth,
though 'tis no wisdom to confess so much
to so many of craft and vantage,

we are with sickness much enfeebled;
and those few I have,
and so better than so many French;
when they were in health, I tell thee,

upon one pair of English legs [God,
I do brag thus:—this your air of France
shows that vice in me; I must repent.

Mont. Tell thy master, here I am;
I am in this frail and worthless trunk;
I am but a weak and sickly guard:
but before, tell him we will come on,
France himself, and such another
in our way. There's for thy labour.

Mont. My master well advise himself:
we may lose, we will; if we be hinder'd,
I shall your tawny ground with your red
blood.

K. Hen. And so, Montjoy, fare you well.
I would not seek an answer in but this:
we are, we say, as we are;
we are your master.

Mont. I shall deliver so. Thanks to your
majesty.

K. Hen. I hope they will not come upon us now.
We are in God's hand, brother,
not in theirs.

Mont. We are in God's hand, brother,
not in theirs.

K. Hen. We are in God's hand, brother,
not in theirs.

Mont. We are in God's hand, brother,
not in theirs.

K. Hen. We are in God's hand, brother,
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Mont. We are in God's hand, brother,
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Mont. We are in God's hand, brother,
not in theirs.

K. Hen. We are in God's hand, brother,
not in theirs.

Mont. We are in God's hand, brother,
not in theirs.

K. Hen. We are in God's hand, brother,
not in theirs.

Dau. What a long night is this!—I will not
change my horse with any that treads but on
four pasterns. *Ca, lui!* He bounds from the
earth, as if his entrails were hairs: *le cheval
volant*, the Pegasus, *qui a les narines 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 Persia: he is pure air and fire; and
the dull elements of earth and water never ap-
pear 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 palfrays; his neigh
is like the bidding of a monarch, and his coun-
tenance enforces homage.

Orl. No more, cousin.

Dau. Nay, the man hath no wit, that can-
not, from the rising of the lark to the lodging
of the lamb, vary deserved praise on my pal-
frey: it is a theme as thence as the sea; turn
the sands into eloquent tongues, and my horse
is argument for them all; 'tis a subject for a
sovereign to reason on, and for a sovereign's
sovereign to ride on; and for the world
(familiar to us, and unknown) to lay apart their
particular functions, and wonder at him. I
once writ a sonnet in his praise, and began
thus: "*Wonder of nature*,"—

Orl. I have heard a sonnet begin so to one's
Dau. Then did they imitate that which I
composed to my courser; for my horse is my
mistress.

Orl. Your mistress bears well. [mistress.]

Dau. Me well; which is the prescript praise
and perfection of a good and particular mis-
tress.

Con. Nay, for methought yesterday your
mistress shrewdly shook your back.

Dau. So, perhaps, did yours.

Con. Mine was not bridled.

Dau. O, then, belike, she was old and
gentle; and you rode, like a kern of Ireland,
your French hose off, and in your straight
trowsers. [ship.]

Con. You have good judgment in horseman-
ship. Be warned by me, then: they that
ride so, and ride not wisely, fall into foul boggs:
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 her own hair.

Con. I could make as true a boast as that,
if I had a sow to my mistress.

Dau. *Le chien est reloué à son propre
vomissement, et la truie lavée en boursiers:*
thou makest use of anything.

Con. Yet do I not use my horse for my mis-
tress: or any such proverb, so little kin to the
purpose.

Ram. My lord constable, the armour that I saw in your tent to-night,—are those stars, or stars upon it?

Con. Stars, my lord.

Dau. Some of them will fall to-morrow, I hope.

Con. And yet my sky shall not want. [hope.]

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. [Twenty prisoners.]

Ram. Who will go to hazard with me?

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.

Orl. By the white hand of my lady, he's a gallant prince. [out the oath.]

Con. Swear by her foot, that she may tread

Orl. He is, simply, the most active gentleman of France. [doing.]

Con. Doing his activity: and he will still be

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. [in him.]

Orl. He needs not; it is no hidden virtue

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 bate.

Orl. Ill-will never said well.

Con. I will cap that proverb with—There is flattery in friendship. [devil his due.]

Orl. And I will take up that with—Give the

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.

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 day.

Orl. What a wretched and

is this king of England, to move

brain'd followers so far out of his

Con. If the English had any

they would run away.

Orl. That they lack; for if

any intellectual armour, they could

such heavy head-pieces.

Ram. That island of England

valiant creatures; their

matchable courage.

Orl. Foolish curs, that run

mouth of a Russian bear, and

crushed like rotten apples! You

say, that's a valiant flea, that

breakfast on the lip of a lion.

Con. Just, just; and the

with the mastiffs in rotations

coming on, leaving their wife

and then give them great

iron and steel, they will eat like

fight like devils.

Orl. Ay, but these English are

Con. Then shall we find

have only stomachs to eat, and

Now is it time to arm: come, shall

Orl. It is now two o'clock: let

—by ten,

We shall have each a hundred

ACT IV.

Enter Chorus.

Chor. Now entertain

When creeping murmur and

Fills the wide vessel of the universe

From camp to camp, through

The hum of either army

That the fix'd sentinels almost

The secret whispers of each other

Fire answers fire; and through

Each battle sees the other's

Stood threatens stood, in

neighs

Piercing the night's dull

The armourers, accomplishing

With busy hammers closing

Give dreadful note of preparation

The country cocks do crow, the

And the third hour of drowsy

Proud of their numbers, and

The confident and over

Do the low-rated English

And chide the cripple tardy

Who, like a foul and ugly

So tediously away. The

English,

Like sacrifices, by their

Sit patiently, and duly

The morning's danger; and

leaving last lean cheeks, and war-worn

smooth them into the gazing moon

ghosts. O, now, who will

from watch to watch, from tent to

—Praise and glory on his head!

—And visits all his host;

—His brothers, friends, and country-

—In royal face there is no note

—In his army bath enrouded him;

—He is the very and all watch'd night;

—His countenance and sweet

—His face, pluming and pale before,

—His countenance comfort from his looks:

—He is the very and all watch'd night;

—His countenance and sweet

—His face, pluming and pale before,

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—His countenance and sweet

—His face, pluming and pale before,

—His countenance comfort from his looks:

—He is the very and all watch'd night;

—His countenance and sweet

—His face, pluming and pale before,

—His countenance comfort from his looks:

—He is the very and all watch'd night;

—His countenance and sweet

—His face, pluming and pale before,

—His countenance comfort from his looks:

Do my good morrow to them; and, anon,

Desire them all to my pavilion.

Glo. We shall, my liege.

[*Exit Gloster and Bedford.*]

Erp. Shall I attend your grace?

K. Hen. No, my good knight;

Go with my brothers to my lords of England;

I and my bosom must debate a while,

And then I would no other company.

Erp. The Lord in heaven bless thee, noble

Harry! [speak'st cheerfully.]

K. Hen. God-a-mercy, old heart! thou

Hater Pistol.

Pist. Qui va là? *K. Hen.* A friend.

Pist. Discuss unto me; art thou officer?

Or art thou base, common, and popular?

K. Hen. I am a gentleman of a company.

Pist. Traill'st thou the puissant pike?

K. Hen. Even so. What are you?

Pist. As good a gentleman as the emperor.

K. Hen. Then you are a better than the king.

Pist. The king's a baycock, and a heart of

A lad of life, an imp of fame; [Gold,

Of parents good, of fist most valiant!

I kiss his dirty shoe, and from my heart-strings

I love the lovely bully.—What's thy name?

K. Hen. Harry le Roy. [Cornish crew?]

Pist. Le Roy? a Cornish name; art thou of

K. Hen. No, I am a Welshman.

Pist. Know'st thou Fluellen?

K. Hen. Yes.

Pist. Tell him, I'll knock his look about his

Upon Saint David's day. [note.]

K. Hen. Do not you wear your dagger in

your cap that day, lest he knock that about

Pist. Art thou his friend? [yours.]

K. Hen. And his kinsman too.

Pist. The flu for thee, then!

K. Hen. I thank you: God be with you!

Pist. My name is Pistol called. [Exit.]

K. Hen. It sorts well with your fierceness.

[*Retires.*]

Enter Fluellen and Gower, severally.

Gow. Captain Fluellen!

Flu. So! in the name of Cheshu Christ,

speak lower. It is the greatest admiration

in the universal world, when the true and ancient

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 fiddle taddle, or

pibble pabble, in Pompey's camp; I warrant

you, you should 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. [Him all night.]

Gow. Why, the enemy is loud; you heard

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 con-

Gow. I will speak lower. [science now?]

Flu. I pray you, and beseech you, that you

will. [*Exit Gower and Fluellen.*]

Enter Gloucester.

Glo. My liege!

K. Hen. My brother Gloucester's voice!—Ay;
I know thy errand, I will go with thee.—
The day, my friends, and all things stay for me.

[Exeunt.]

SCENE II.—The French Camp.

Enter Dauphin, Orleans, Rambures, and others.

Orl. The sun doth gild our armour; up,
my lords!

Dau. *Montez à cheval!*—My horse! valet!

Orl. O brave spirit! [Jacquay! ha!]

Dau. *Via!—les caux et la terre,*

Orl. *Rien puis l'air et le feu,*

Dau. *Ciel!* cousin Orleans.

Enter Constable.

Now, my lord constable!

Con. Hark how our steeds for present service neigh!

Dau. Mount them, and make incision in

That their hot blood may spin in English eyes,

And dont them with superfluous courage, ha!

Ram. What, will you have them weep our

horses' blood?

How shall we, then, behold their natural tears?

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. The English are embattled, you

French peers.

Con. To horse, you gallant princes! straight

Do but behold you poor and starv'd band,

And your fair show shall suck away their souls,

Leaving them but the shales and husks of men.

There is not work enough for all our hands;

Scarce blood enough in all their sickly veins,

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

on them,

The vapour of our valour will o'erturn them.

'Tis positive 'gainst all exceptions, lords,

That our superfluous lackeys, and our pea-

Who in unnecessary action swarm [saute,—

About our squares of battle,—were enow

To purge this field of such a biding foe;

Though we, upon this mountain's basis by,

Took stand for idle speculation:

But that our honours must not. What's to

a very little little let us do, [say!]

And all is done. Then, let the trumpets sound

The tucket-sonance, and the note to mount:

For our approach shall so much dare the field,

That England shall couch down in fear, and

yield.

Enter Grandpré.

Grand. Why do you stay so long, my lords

of France?

You island carions, desperate of their bones,

Ill-favour'dly become the morning field:

Their ragged curtains poorly are let loose,

And our air shakes them passing scornfully;

Big Mars seems bankrupt in their beggar'd

host,

And faintly through a rusty heaver peeps:

The horsemen sit like fixed candles

With torch staves in their hand

poor jades

Lob down their heads, dropping their

The gum down-roping from their

eyes,

And in their pale-dull mouths the

Lies foul with chaw'd grass, all

And their executors, the knavish

Fly o'er them, all impatient for

Description cannot suit itself in

To demonstrate the life of each

In life so lifeless as it shows itself

Con. They have said their prayers

stay for death.

Dau. Shall we go send them

And give their fasting horses prov-

And after fight with them?

Con. I stay but for my guard; on

I will the banner from a trumpet

And use it for my haste. Come, come,

The sun is high, and we outwear

SCENE III.—The English Camp.

Enter the English Host: Gloucester,

Exeter, Salisbury, and West-

Glo. Where is the king?

Bed. The king himself is rode to

West. Of fighting men they have a

score thousand.

Ese. There's five to one; heads

are fresh.

Sal. God's arm strike with us!

God be wi' you, princes all; I'll to

If we no more meet till we meet in

Then, joyfully,—my noble lord of

My dear lord Gloucester,—and my

Exeter,—

And my kind kinsman,—warriors

Bed. Farewell, good Salisbury!

Bed. Farewell, kind lord, fight

And yet I do thee wrong, to mind

For thou art fram'd of the firm

Bed. He is as full of valour, as

Princely in both.

West. O that we saw him

Enter King Henry.

But one ten thousand of those would

That do no work to-day!

K. Hen. What's he that

My cousin Westmoreland?—No,

If we are mark'd to die, we are

To do our country loss; and if to

The fewer men, the greater share

God's will! I pray thee, wish us

By Jove, I am not covetous for

Nor care I who doth lead upon my

It yearns me not if men my

Such outward things dwell not in

But, if it be a sin to covet hono-

I am the most offending soul alive

With, my son, wish not a man from Eng-

land!

Con. I would not lose so great an

honour,

as thou more, methinks, would share from

me; I hope I have. O, do not wish one

proclaim it, Westmoreland, through

in which hath no stomach to this fight,

to depart; his passport shall be made,

and he shall convey put into his purse:

he shall not die in that man's company,

that day is call'd—the feast of Crispian:

that outlives this day, and comes safe home,

will cross him when this day is nam'd,

and so outlives this day, and sees old age,

and so to-morrow is St. Crispian:

that day is call'd—the feast of Crispian:

that outlives this day, and comes safe home,

will cross him when this day is nam'd,

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that day is call'd—the feast of Crispian:

that outlives this day, and comes safe home,

will cross him when this day is nam'd,

and so outlives this day, and sees old age,

and so to-morrow is St. Crispian:

Thou needs must be englutted. Besides, in

merry,

The Constable desires thee thou wilt mind

Thy followers of repentance; that their souls

May make a peaceful and a sweet retire

From out these fields, where, wretches, their

Must lie and fester.

K. Hen. Who hath sent thee now?

Mont. The Constable of France.

K. Hen. I pray thee, bear my former answer

Bid them achieve me, and then sell my bones.

Good God! why should they mock poor

fellows thus?

The man that once did sell the lion's skin

While the beast liv'd, was kill'd with hunting

A many of our bodies shall, no doubt, [him.

Find native graves; upon the which, I trust,

Shall witness live in brass of this day's work:

And those that leave their valiant bones in

France,

Dying like men, though buried in your dung-

They shall be fam'd; for there the sun shall

greet them,

And draw their honours reeking up to heaven;

Leaving their earthly parts to choke your clime,

The smell whereof shall breed a plague in

France.

Mark, then, abounding valour 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 gift 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 worn us into slovenry:

But, by the mass, our hearts are 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

labour;

Come thou no more for ransom, gentle herald:

They shall have none, I swear, but these my

points:

Which, if they have as I will leave 'em them,

Shall yield them little, tell the Constable.

Mont. I shall, king Harry: and so, fare

thee well:

Thou never shalt hear herald any more. [Exit.

K. Hen. I fear thou'lt once more come

again for ransom.

Enter the Duke of York.

York. My lord, most humbly on my knee I

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.*

Alarums: Excursions. Enter French Soldier, Pistol, and Boy.

Pist. Yield, cur.

Fr. Sol. *Je pense que vous êtes le gentil-homme de bonne qualité.*

Pist. Quality call you me! Construe me! art thou a gentleman?

What is thy name? discuss.

Fr. Sol. *O seigneur Dieu!* [man:—

Pist. O! signieur Dew should be a gentle-Perpend my words, O signieur Dew, and mark;—

O signieur Dew, thou diest on point of fox, Except, O signieur, thou do give to me Egregious ransom.

Fr. Sol. *O, prenez misericorde! ayez pitié de moi!* [mois;

Pist. Moi shall not serve; I will have forty Or I will fetch thy rim out at thy throat, In drops of crimson blood.

Fr. Sol. *Est il impossible d'échapper tu.*

Pist. Brass, cur! [force de ton bras? Thou damned and luxurious mountain goat, Offer'st me brass?

Fr. Sol. *O pardonnez moi!* [mois?

Pist. Say'st thou me so? Is that a ton of Come hither, boy: ask me this slave in French What is his name.

Boy. *Ecoutez: comment êtes vous appelé?*

Fr. Sol. *Monsieur le Fer.*

Boy. He says his name is master Fer.

Pist. Master Fer! I'll for him, and firke him, and ferret him:—discuss the same in French unto him.

Boy. I do not know the French for fer, and ferret, and firke.

Pist. Bid him prepare; for I will cut his *Fr. Sol.* *Que dit-il, monsieur?* [throat.

Boy. Il me commande de vous dire que vous faites vous prêt; car ce soldat icy est disposé tout à celle heure de couper votre gorge.

Pist. Oui, couper gorge, par ma foi, pesant, Unless thou give me crowns, brave crowns; Or mangled shalt thou be by this my sword.

Fr. Sol. *O, je vous supplie pour l'amour de Dieu, me pardonner! Je suis le gentil-homme de bonne maison: gardez ma vie, et je vous donnerai deux cents sous.*

Pist. What are his words?

Boy. He prays you to save his life: he is a gentleman of a good house; and, for his ransom, he will give you two hundred crowns.

Pist. Tell him,—my fury shall abate, and I The crowns will take.

Fr. Sol. *Petit monsieur, que dit-il?*

Boy. Encore qu'il est contre son jurement de pardonner aucun prisonnier; néanmoins, pour les sous que vous l'avez promis, il est content de vous donner la liberté, le franchissement.

Fr. Sol. Sur mes genoux, je vous donne mille remerciemens; et je m'estime heureux que je suis tombé entre les mains d'un chevalier, je

pense, la plus brave, vaillant, et digne seigneur d'Angleterre.

Pist. Expound unto me, boy.

Boy. He gives you, upon the thousand thanks; and he esteems happy that he hath fallen into the hands of one (as he thinks) the most brave and thrice-worthy signieur of England.

Pist. As I suck blood, I will follow me, cur.

Boy. *Suivrez vous le grand capitaine?* [French Soldier.] I did never know a voice issue from so empty a heart, saying is true.—The empty and greatest sound. Bardolph and I have times more valour than this roaring old play, that every one may play with a wooden dagger; and they hanged; and so would this be, if anything adventurously. I must lackeys, with the luggage of our French might have a good piece knew of it; for there is none to boys.

SCENE V.—*Another Part of the Field.*

Alarums. Enter Dauphin, Orleans, Constable, Ramburc, and others.

Con. O diable!

Orl. O seigneur! *Le jour est perdu.*

Dau. *Mort de ma vie!* all is Reproach and everlasting shame Sit mocking in our plumage.—

Con. Do not run away.

Con. Why, all our men are gone.

Dau. O perdurable shame to ourselves.

Be these the wretches that we prize? *Orl.* Is this the king we prize?

Con. Shame, and eternal shame! Let's die in honour: once more!

And he that will not follow Bour.

Let him go hence, and with his sword Like a base pander, hold the door.

Whilst by a slave, no gentler than His fairest daughter is contamin'd.

Con. Disorder, that hath spoilt us, Let us, in heaps, go offer up our lives.

Orl. We are enough, yet living To smother up the English in our blood.

If any order might be thought of.

Bour. The devil take order! Let life be short, else shame will follow.

SCENE VI.—*Another Part of the Field.*

Alarums. Enter King Henry, Exeter, and others.

K. Hen. Well have we done, our countrymen:

But all's not done; yet keep the field.

The duke of York commends him to your majesty.

[this hour
down; thrice up again, and fighting;
in which array, brave soldier, doth he
the plain; and by his bloody side,
fellow to his honour-owing wounds,
Suffolk also lies.

to him, where in gore he lay insteep'd,
bloody did yawn upon his face;
—“Perry, dear cousin Suffolk!

shall thine keep company to heaven;
in this glorious and well-foughten field,
words I came, and cheer'd him up:

with me in the face, rought me his hand,
with a feeble gripe, says,—“Dear my
not my service to my sovereign.” [lord,
threw his wounded arm, and kiss'd his lips;

arrang'd to death, with blood he seal'd
ment of noble-ending love,
sweeter from me, which I would have
had not so much of man in me, [stopp'd;

all my mother came into mine eyes,
gave me up to tears.
I blame you not;
I must perforce compound

with this, I must perforce compound
with these eyes, or they will issue too.—
[Alarm.
what new alarm is this?—
French have reinforc'd their scatter'd
every soldier kill his prisoners; [men:—
the word through.

[Exeunt.
VII.—Another Part of the Field.
Enter Fluellen and Gower.
Kill the boys and the luggage! 'tis
against the law of arms: 'tis as
a piece of knavery, mark you now, as can
of is your conscience, now, is it not?

Disceat, there's not a boy left alive;
the cowardly rascals, that run from the
have done this slaughter: besides, they
threw and carried away all that was
of his feat; wherefore the king, most
of his throat: O, 'tis a gallant king!

What was born at Monmouth, cap-
Alexander the pig was born?
Why, I pray you, is not pig, great?

or the great, or the mighty, or the
the magnificent, are all one reckon-
I think Alexander the Great was born
his father was called Philip of

as I take it.

Flu. I think it is in Macedon, where Alex-
ander is born. 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 Mon-
mouth: it is called Wye at Monmouth; but it
is out of my prains what is the name of the
other river; but 'tis all one, 'tis alike as my
fingers is to my fingers, and there is salmons
in both. If you mark Alexander's life well,
Harry of Monmouth's life is come after it in-
different well; for there is figures in all things.
Alexander, (God knows, and you know,) in his
rages, and his furies, and his wraths, 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
angers, look you, kill his best friend, Clytus.

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
comparisons of it: as Alexander killed his
friend Clytus, being in his ales and his cups;
so also Harry Monmouth, being in his right
wits and his good judgments, turned away the
fat knight with the great pelly-doulet: he was
full of jests, and gipes, and knaveries, and
mocks; I have forgot his name.

Gow. Sir John Falstaff.

Flu. That is he:—I'll tell you, there is goot
men born at Monmouth.

Gow. Here comes his majesty.

Alarm. Enter King Henry, with a part of
the English forces; Warwick, Gloster,
Exeter, and others. [France

K. Hen. I was not angry since I came to
Until this instant.—Take a trumpet, herald;
Ride thou unto the horsemen on you 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 skirr away, as swift as stones
Enforc'd 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.

Exc. Here comes the herald of the French,
my liege. [to be

Glo. His eyes are humbler than they us'd
K. Hen. How now, what means this,
herald? know'st thou not, [ransom!

That I have find these bones of mine for
Com'st thou again for ransom?

Mont. No, great king,
I come to thee for charitable licence,

That we may wander o'er this bloody field,
To seek our dead, and then to bury them;
To sort our nobles from our common men;
For many of our princes (woe the while!)

Lie drown'd and soak'd in mercenary blood;
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 arm'd heels at their dead
masters.

Killing them twice. O, give us leave, great
king,

To view the field in safety, and dispose
Of their dead bodies.

K. Hen. I tell thee truly, herald,
I know not if the day be ours, or no;
For yet a many of your horsemen peer
And gallop o'er the field.

Mont. The day is yours. [strength, for it]

K. Hen. Praised be God, and not our
What is this castle call'd, that stands hard by?

Mont. They call it Agincourt. [court,

K. Hen. Then call we this the field of Agin-
Fought on the day of Crispin Crispianus.

Flu. Your grandfather of famous memory,
an't please your majesty, and your great-
uncle Edward the plack prince of Wales, as I
have read in the chronicles, fought a most
prave battell here in France.

K. Hen. They did, Fluellen.

Flu. Your majesty says very true: if your
majesties is remembered of it, the Welshmen
did goot service in a garden where leeks did
grow, wearing leeks in their Monmouth caps;
which, your majesty knows, to this hour is an
honourable padge of the service; and I do
believe, your majesty takes no scorn to wear
the leek upon Saint Tavy's day.

K. Hen. I wear it for a memorabilia honour;
For I am Welsh, you know, good countryman.

Flu. All the water in Wye cannot wash
your majesty's Welsh blood out of your pody,
I can tell you that: Got pless it, and preserve
it, as long as it pleases his grace, and his
majesty too!

K. Hen. Thanks, good my countryman.

Flu. By Cheshu, I am your majesty's
countryman, I care not who know it; I will
confess it to all the 'orld: I need not be
ashamed of your majesty, praised be God, so
long as your majesty is an honest man.

K. Hen. God keep me so!—Our heralds go
with him:

Bring me just notice of the numbers dead
On both our parts.—Call yonder fellow hither.

[Points to Williams. *Exeunt Montjoy
and others.*

Exc. Soldier, you must come to the king.

K. Hen. Soldier, why wear'st thou that
glove in thy cap?

Will. An't please your majesty, 'tis the
gaze of one that I should fight withal, if he be

K. Hen. An Englishman? [alive.

Will. An't please your majesty, a rascal
that swaggered with me last night; who, if 'a
live, and ever dare to challenge this glove, I
have sworn to take him a box o' the ear: or,
if I can see my glove in his cap, (which he

swore, as he was a soldier, he would
alive,) I will strike it out soundly.

K. Hen. What think you, as you
is it fit this soldier keep his oath?

Flu. He is a craven and in my conscience
please your majesty, in my conscience

K. Hen. It may be his enemy
of great sort, quite from the answer

Flu. Though he be as good as
the devil is, as Lucifer and Bel

it is necessary, look your grace, that
his vow and his oath: if he be

you now, his reputation is as
and a Jack-sauce, as ever his place

upon God's ground and his ac-
science, la.

K. Hen. Then keep thy vow, thou
thou meet'st the fellow.

Will. So I will, my liege, as I
K. Hen. Who servest thou now?

Will. Under captain Gower, my
Flu. Gower is a goot captain.

knowledge and literature in the
K. Hen. Call him hither to me.

Will. I will, my liege.

K. Hen. Here, Fluellen, I want
favour for me, and stick it in thy

Alençon and myself were down to
plucked this glove from his helm.

challenge this, he is a friend to
an enemy to our person; if thou

such, apprehend him, an thou dost
Flu. Your grace does me as
as can be desired in the hearts of

I would fain see the man, that
legs, that shall find himself

glove, that is all; but I would fain
and please God of his grace, that I

K. Hen. Knowest thou Gower?

Flu. He is my dear friend, as I

K. Hen. Pray thee, go seek
him to my tent.

Flu. I will fetch him.

K. Hen. My lord of Warwick's
brother Gloster,

Follow Fluellen closely at the back.

The glove, which I have given him, a box o'

May haply purchase him a box o'

It is the soldier's: I, by his hand,

Wear it myself. Follow, good

If that the soldier strike him, he will

By his blunt bearing, he will

Some sudden mischief may arise

For I do know Fluellen valiant

And, touch'd with choler, not

And quickly will return an injury

Follow, and see there be no

Go you with me, uncle of Exeter.

SCENE VIII.—Before King Henry's tent.

Enter Gower and Williams.

Will. I warrant it is to kill

Enter Fluellen.

Flu. God's will and his pleasure

you now, come apace to the king:
more good toward you, peradventure,
in your knowledge to dream of.

How now, sir! know you this glove? [a glove.]
Know the glove! I know, the glove is
his; and thus I challenge it.

[Strikes him.]

an arrant traitor, as my's in
lomb, or in France, or in England.

Do you think I'll be forsworn?

Stand away, captain Gower; I will
see his payment into gloves, I warrant
I am no traitor.

That's a lie in thy throat.—I charge
his majesty's name, apprehend him: he
is the duke Alençon's.

Enter Warwick and Gloucester. [matter?]

How now, how now! what's this
my lord of Warwick, here is, praised
for K! a most contagious treason comes
look you, as you shall desire in a
my lord's day.—Here is his majesty.

Enter King Henry and Exeter.

My liege, here is what's the matter?

My liege, here is a villain and a traitor,
your grace, has struck the glove
out of his majesty is take out of the helmet

My liege, this was my glove; here is
the fellow of it; and he that I gave it to in
promised to wear it in his cap: I pro-
mised him, if he did: I met this man
my glove in his cap, and I have been as
my word.

your majesty hear now, (saying your
handhood,) what an arrant, rascally,
lousy knave it is: I hope your
majesty will bear me testimony, and witness,
that this is the glove of
that your majesty is give me, in your
own

Give me thy glove, soldier: look,
here is the fellow of it.

Indeed, thou promisedst to strike;

and hast given me most bitter terms.

Alas, your majesty, let his neck
be cut, if there is any martial law in the
[faction?]

How canst thou make me satis-
faction? All offences, my liege, come from
me; never came any from mine that
I know your majesty.

It was myself thou didst abuse.

Your majesty came not like yourself:

appeared to me but as a common man;

and what your highness suffered under
me, I beseech you, take it for your
penalty, and not mine: for had you been
you for, I made no offence; there-
fore, your highness, pardon me.

Here, uncle Exeter, fill this glove
with crowns,

And give it to this fellow.—Keep it, fellow;
And wear it for an honour in thy cap,
Till I do challenge it.—Give him the crowns:—
And, captain, you must needs be friends with
him.

Fla. By this day and this light, the fellow
has mettle enough in his pelly.—Hold, there
is twelve pence for you, and I pray you to
serve God, and keep you out of prawns, and
prabbles, and quarrels, and dissensions; and,
I warrant you, it is the petter for you.

Will. I will none of your money.

Fla. It is with a good will; I can tell you,
it will serve you to mend your shoes; come,
wherefore should you be so pashful? your
shoes is not so goot: 'tis a good silling, I
warrant you, or I will change it.

Enter an English Herald.

K. Hen. Now, herald; are the dead
number'd?

Her. Here is the number of the slaughter'd
French. [Delivers a paper.]

K. Hen. What prisoners of good sort
are taken, uncle? [the king;]

Exe. Charles duke of Orleans, nephew to
John duke of Bourbon, and lord Bouciquart;
Of other lords and barons, knights and esquires,
Full fifteen hundred, besides common men.

K. Hen. This note doth tell me of ten thou-
sand French [number,

That in the field lie slain: of princes, in this
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, [knights;

Five hundred were but yesterday dubb'd
So that, in these ten thousand they have lost,
There are but sixteen hundred mercenaries;
The rest are princes, barons, lords, knights,
And gentlemen of blood and quality. [squires,
The names of those their nobles that lie dead,—
Charles De-la-bret, high constable of France;
Jaques of Chatillon, admiral of France;
The master of the cross-bows, lord Rambures;
Great-master of France, the brave Sir Gui-
chard Dauphin;

John duke of Alençon; Antony duke of Bra-
bant,
The brother to the duke of Burgundy;
And Edward duke of Bar: of lusty earls,
Grandpré, and Roussil, Fauconberg, and Poix,
Beaumont, and Marle, Vandemont, and Lex-
Here was a royal fellowship of death!—[strale.
Where is the number of our English dead?

[Herald presents another paper.]
Edward the duke of York, the earl of Suffolk,
Sir Richard Kelly, Davy Gam, esquire:
None else of name: and of all other men,
But five and twenty.—O God, thy arm was
And not to us, but to thy arm alone, [there;
Ascribe we all!—When, without stratagem,
But in plain shock and even play of battle,
Was ever known so great and little loss,

On one part and on the other!—Take it, God,
For it is none but thine!

Acc. 'Tis wonderful!

K. Hen. Come, go we in procession to the
village:

And be it death proclaimed through our host,
To boast of this, or take the praise from God,
Which is his only.

Flu. Is it not lawful, an please your
majesty, to tell how many is killed?

K. Hen. Yes, captain; but with this ac-
count God fought for us. [Knowledge,]

Flu. Yes, my conscience, he did us great
good.

K. Hen. Do we all holy rites: [Gout,
Let there be sung *Non nobis*, and *Te Deum*;
The deal with charity enclosed in clay:
We'll then to Calais; and to England then;
Where ne'er from France arriv'd more happy
men.

ACT V.

Enter Chorus.

Chor. Vouchsafe to those that have not read
the story,

That I may prompt them: and of such as have,
I humbly pray them to admit the excuse
Of time, of numbers, and due course of things,
Which cannot in their huge and proper life
Be here presented. Now we bear the king
Toward Calais; grant him there; there seen,
Heave him away upon your winged thoughts
Athwart the sea. Behold, the English beach
Pales in the flood with men, with wives, and
boys,

Whose shouts and claps out-voice the deep-
Which, like a mighty whiffleur fore the king,
Seems to prepare his way: so let him land,
And solemnly see him set on to London.
So swift a pace hath thought, that even now
You may imagine him upon Blackheath;
Where that his lords desire him to have borne
His bruised helmet and his bended sword,
Before him, through the city: he forbids it,
Being free from vainness and self-glorious
Giving full trophy, signal, and ostent, [pride;
Quite from himself to God. But now behold,
In the quick forge and working-house of
thought,

How London doth pour out her citizens!
The mayor, and all his brethren, in best sort,
—Like to the senators of th' antique Rome,
With the plebeians swarming at their heels,—
Go forth, and fetch their conquering Caesar in:
As, by a lower but loving likelihood,
Were now the general of our gracious empress
(As in good time he may) from Ireland coming,
Bringing rebellion broached on his sword,
How many would the peaceful city quit,
To welcome him! much more, and much more
cause,

Did they this Harry. Now in London place
(As yet the lamentation of the French [him];

Invites the king of England's day;
The emperor's coming in behalf of France;
To order peace between them; and
All the occurrences, whatever they be,
Till Harry's back-return again to France:
There must we bring him; and, as
play'd

The interim, by remembering you,
Then brook abridgment; and, as
advance,
After your thoughts, straight let us
France.

*SCENE I.—France. An English
Guard. Enter Fluellen and Gower.*

Gow. Nay, that's right; but you
your look to-day? Saint Day's day,
There is occasions and causes
wherefore in all things: I will tell
friend, captain Gower:—the reason
beggarly, lousy, praggish, know-
which you and yourself, and all the
to be no better than a fellow, look-
of no merits,—he is come to me,
me pread and salt yesterday, and
bid me eat my look: it was in a
I could not breed no contention
but I will be so bold as to wear
till I see him once again, and then
him a little piece of my desire.

Gow. Why, here he comes, and
Enter Pistol.

Flu. 'Tis no matter for his
his turkey-cocks.

Got pless you, ancient Pistol!
Got pless you!

Pist. Ha! art thou Back-
To have me fold up Parca's fold
Hence! I am qualmish at the sea.

Flu. I pesech you heartily,
knave, at my desires, and my re-
petitions, to eat, look you, this
look you, you do not love it, me-
tions, and your appetites, and you
does not agree with it, I would
eat it.

Pist. Not for Cadwallader and
Flu. [Strikes him.] There is
you.

Will you be so good, scold knave,
Pist. Base Trajan, thou shalt
Flu. You may very true, scold
Got's will is: I will desire you
meantime, and eat your victuals
him again.] come, there is a
called me yesterday, mountain
will make you to-day a square
I pray you, fall to: if you can
you can eat a look.

Gow. Enough, captain: you
Flu. I say, I will put his
of my look, or I will put his
—Pite, I pray you: it is good
wound, and your bloody corncomb.

Most I hate!
You certainly, and out of doubt, and
question too, and ambiguities.
By this look, I will most horribly re-
eat, and eat, I swear—
I pray you: will you have some
to your look! there is not enough
to eat.

Quot the cudgel; then dost see I eat.
Look you do you, scold knave, heart-
say, my you, throw none away: the
cudgel for your broken corncomb. When
conscious to see looks hereafter, I pray
at 'em; that is all.

Pist. Good.
I, looks is good;—hold you, there is a
eat your pate.

Pist. Me a great!
eat, truly and in truth, you shall take
me another look in my pocket, which
I take thy great in earnest of revenge.

I owe you anything, I will pay you
you shall be a woodmonger, and
of me but cudgels. God be wi'
keep you, and heal your pate. [Exit.
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me another look in my pocket, which
I take thy great in earnest of revenge.

To our most fair and princely cousin Katharine;
And, as a branch and member of this royalty,
By whom this great assembly is contriv'd,
We do salute you, duke of Burgundy; [fall.
And, princes French, and peers, health to you
Fr. King. Right joyous are we to behold
your face,

Most worthy brother England; fairly met:
So are you, princes English, every one. [hand,
Q. Isa. So happy be the issue, brother Eng-
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
The fatal balls of murthering basilisks: [beat,
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
Bur. My duty to you both, on equal love,
Great kings of France and England! That
have labour'd, [pleasures,
With all my wits, my pains, and strong an-
To bring your most imperial majesties
Unto this bar and royal interview, [ness,
Your mightiness on both parts best can wit-
Since, then, my office hath so far prevail'd,
That face to face, and royal eye to eye,
You have congregated, 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, plenty, 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
chas'd,

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-pleached,
Like prisoners wildly overgrown with hair,
Put forth disorder'd twigs: her fallow lean,
The darnel, hemlock, and rank fumitory,
Doth root upon, while that the coulter rusts,
That should deracinate such savagery:
The even mould, that erst brought sweetly forth
The freckled cowslip, burnet, and green clover,
Wanting the scythe, all uncorrected, rank,
Conceives by idleness, and nothing teems
But hateful docks, rough thistles, kecksies,
Losing both beauty and utility. [darks,
And as our vineyards, fallows, 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, diffus'd attire,

And everything that seems unnatural,
Which to reduce into 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.

K. Hen. If, duke of Burgundy, you would
the peace,

Whose want gives growth to the imperfections
Which you have cited, you must buy that peace
With full accord to all our just demands;
Whose tenors and particular effects
You have, enschedul'd briefly, in your hands.

Bur. The king hath heard them; to the
There is no answer made. [Which as yet,

K. Hen. Well then, the peace,
Which you before so urg'd, lies in his answer.

Pr. King. I have but with a cursory eye
O'er-glanc'd the articles: pleaseth your grace
To appoint some of your council presently
To sit with us once more, with better heed
To re-survey them, we will suddenly
Pass our accept, and peremptory answer.

K. Hen. Brother, we shall.—Go, uncle
Exeter,—

And brother Clarence,—and you, brother Glos-
Warwick,—and Huntingdon,—go with the
Aud take with you free power to ratify, [King;
Augment, or alter, as your wisdoms best
Shall see advantageous for our dignity,
Anything in, or out of, our demands; [sister,
And we'll consign thereto. Will you, fair
Go with the princes, or stay here with us?

Q. Isa. Our gracious brother, I will go with
them.

Hardly a woman's voice may do some good,
When articles, too nicely urg'd, be stood on.

K. Hen. Yet leave our cousin Katharine
here with us:

She is our capital demand, compris'd
Within the fore-rank of our articles.

Q. Isa. She hath good leave. [Alice.
[*Exeunt all except K. Henry, Kath., and*

K. Hen. Fair Katharine, and most fair!
Will you vouchsafe to teach a soldier terms

Such as will enter at a lady's ear,
And plead his love-suit to her gentle heart?

Kath. Your majesty shall mock at me; I
cannot speak your English.

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. [Anges?

Kath. Que dit-il? que je suis semblable à les
Anges. Oui, vraiment, sauf votre grace,
ainsi dit-il.

K. Hen. I said so, dear Katharine; and I
must not blush to affirm it.

Kath. O bon Dieu! les langues des hommes
sont pleines de tromperies.

K. Hen. What save the tongues
of men are full of deceits?

Alice. Oui, dit de tromperies.

K. Hen. The princess is the best
woman. I faith, Kate, my

thy understanding; I am sure
speak no better English; for

thou wouldst find me such a
thou wouldst think I had said

my crown. I know no more
love, but directly to say—I love

you urge me further than I can
faith? I wear out my soul

answer; I faith, do, and so do
bargain: how say you, Kate?

Kath. Sans votre honneur, le
K. Hen. Merry, if you will

verses, or to dance for your
you would me: for the one

words nor measure; and for the
no strength in measure, yet a

sure in strength. If I could
leap-frog, or by vaulting over

my armour on my back, I should
of bragging be it spoken, I should

into a wife. Or if I might
or bound my horse for her favour

on like a butcher, and all the
never off. But before God, I

look greenly, nor peep out eye
I have no cannons in post

right oaths, which I never
never break for nothing, Kate.

fellow of this temper, that will
worth sun-burning, that will

glass for love of anything, I
thine eye be thy cook. I am

soldier: If thou canst love me
if not, to say to thee that I love

but for thy love, by the Lord
three too. And while thou

take a fellow of plain and
hath not the gift to woo in
these fellows of infinite tongue

themselves into ladies' favours,
reason themselves out of

a speaker is but a prater; a raver;
A good leg will fall; a good

stoop; a black beard will grow
hairs will grow bald; a fair

full eye will wax hollow; but
Kate, is the sun and the moon;

sun, and not the moon, nor
and never changes, but keeps

take me, take a soldier; take
king; and what sayest thou?

my fair, and fairly.

Kath. Is it possible that I
enemy of France?

K. Hen. No; it is I that
should love the enemy of France.

you should love the friend of
I love France so well, that I will

and Kate, when France is mine and I
your years in France and you are

I cannot tell vat is dat. [mine.
K. Hen. Kate! I will tell thee in

which I am sure will hang upon my
thou a new married wife about her hus-

band, hardly to be shook off.—*Quand*
vous serez de France, et quand vous avez

vous de moi, (let me see, what then I
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fright them. But, in faith, Kate, the elder I
wax, the better I shall appear: my comfort is,
that old age, that ill layer-up of beauty, can do
no more spoil upon my face: thou hast me, if
thou hast me, at the worst; and thou shalt
wear me, if thou wear me, better and better:—
and therefore tell me, most fair Katharine,
will you have me? Put off your maiden blushes;
avouch the thoughts of your heart with the
looks of an empress; take me by the hand,
and say—Harry of England, I am thine:—
which word thou shalt no sooner bless mine ear
withal, but I will tell thee aloud—England is
thine, Ireland is thine, France is thine, and
Henry Plantagenet is thine; who, though I
speak it before his face, if he be not fellow with
the best king, thou shalt find the best king of
good fellows. Come, your answer in broken
music, for thy voice is music, and thy English
broken; therefore, queen of all, Katharine,
break thy mind to me in broken English, wilt
thou have me? [She.]

Kath. Dat is as it shall please de roi mon
K. Hen. Nay, it will please him well, Kate;
it shall please him, Kate.

Kath. Don it shall also content me.

K. Hen. Upon that I kiss your hand, and I
call you my queen.

Kath. Laissez, mon seigneur, laissez, laissez:
ma foi, je ne veux point que vous abaissiez
votre grandeur, en baissant la main d'une votre
indigne serviteur: excusez moi, je vous sup-
plie, mon très puissant seigneur.

K. Hen. Then I will kiss your lips, Kate.

Kath. Les dames, et demoiselles, pour être
baissées devant leur nocce, il n'est pas en coutume
de France. [She.]

K. Hen. Madam my interpreter, what says
Alice. Dat is not de fashion pour les
ladies of France,—I cannot tell what is baiser.

K. Hen. To kiss. [In English.]

Alice. Your majesty entendre better que moi.

K. Hen. It is not a fashion for the maids in
France to kiss before they are married, would
Alice. Oui, vraiment. [She say]

K. Hen. O Kate, nice customs court'sy to
great kings. Dear Kate, you and I cannot be
confined within the weak list of a country's
fashion: we are the makers of manners, Kate;
and the liberty that follows our places stops
the mouths of all find-faults, as I will do yours,
for upholding the nice fashion of your country
in denying me a kiss: therefore, patiently, and
yielding. [Kissing her.] You have witch-
craft in your lips, 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 King and Queen, Burgundy, Bed-
ford, Gloster, Exeter, Warwick, Westmore-
land, and other French and English Lords.*

Bur. God save your majesty! My royal
Teach you our princess English! [cousin,

K. Hen. My father, I am glad to see you.

King. I am glad to see you, my son.

Queen. I am glad to see you, my daughter.

Burgundy. I am glad to see you, my lord.

Bedford. I am glad to see you, my lord.

Gloster. I am glad to see you, my lord.

Exeter. I am glad to see you, my lord.

Warwick. I am glad to see you, my lord.

Westmoreland. I am glad to see you, my lord.

Other Lords. I am glad to see you, my lord.

K. Hen. I am glad to see you, my father.

King. I am glad to see you, my son.

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Burgundy. I am glad to see you, my lord.

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Westmoreland. I am glad to see you, my lord.

Other Lords. I am glad to see you, my lord.

K. Hen. I am glad to see you, my father.

King. I am glad to see you, my son.

Queen. I am glad to see you, my daughter.

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 conjure up 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 conjure in her, you must make a circle; if conjure up love in her in his true likeness, he must appear naked, and blind. Can you blame her, then, being a maid yet rosed 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 consign 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. Then, 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 perspective, 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 will. [of reason.]

Fr. King. We have consented to all terms.

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 propos'd natures.

Esee. Only, he hath not yet subscribed this: Where your majesty demands, that the king of France, having any occasion to write for matter of grant, shall name your highness in this form, and with this addition, in French,—*Notre très cher fils Henry roi d'Angleterre, heretier de France*; and thus in Latin,—*Pre-*

clarissimus filius noster Henricus rex Anglorum et heres Francie.

Fr. King. Nor this I have not denied,

But your request shall make me do so.

K. Hen. I pray you, then, an alliance,

Let that one article rank with the

And, thereupon, give me your daughter.

Fr. King. Take her, tale son; but blood raise up

Issue to me; that the contumacious

Of France and England, whom

look pale

With envy of each other's happiness

May cease their hatred; and

Plant neighbourhood and Christian

In their sweet bosoms, that

His bleeding sword 'twixt

All. Amen!

K. Hen. Now, welcome, Kate

me witness all,

That here I kiss her as my sovereign

Q. Isa. God, the best maker of

Combine your hearts in one, your

As man and wife, being two, are

So bethere 'twixt your kingdoms

That never may ill office, or fall

Which troubles oft the bed of

Thrust in between the paction of

doms,

To make divorce of their

That English may as French,

men,

Receive each other! God speak

All. Amen!

K. Hen. Prepare we for our

My lord of Burgundy, we'll take

And all the peers', for surety of

Then shall I swear to Kate, and

And may our oaths well keep

be!

Enter Chorus.

Thus far, with rough and all

Our bending author hath

In little room confining

Mangling by starts the full

Small time, but, in that small

This star of England:

sword;

By which the world's best

And of it left his son

Henry the sixth, in infant

Of France and England,

Whose state so many had

That they lost France,

land bleed:

Which oft our stage hath

In your fair minds let this

THE FIRST PART OF KING HENRY VI.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Henry the Sixth.
 Gloucester, Uncle to the King, and Protector.
 Bedford, Uncle to the King, and Regent of France.
 Beaufort, Duke of Exeter, Great Uncle to the King.
 Beaufort, Great Uncle to the King; Bishop of Winchester, and afterwards Duke.
 Somerset, Earl of Somerset, afterwards Duke.
 Plantagenet, Eldest Son of Richard, Earl of Cambridge; afterwards Duke of York.
 Warwick, Salisbury, and Suffolk.
 Talbot, afterwards Earl of Shrewsbury.
 Mortimer, Earl of March.
 A Keeper, and a Lawyer.
 John Fastolf. Sir William Lucy. Sir William Glousdale. Sir Thomas Gar-

Woodville, Lieutenant of the Tower; Mayor of London. A Lawyer.
 Vernon, of the White Rose, or York Faction.
 Basset, of the Red Rose, or Lancaster Faction.
 Charles, Dauphin, and afterwards King of France.
 Reignier, Duke of Anjou, and titular King of Naples.
 Dukes of Burgundy and Alençon. Bastard of Orleans.
 Governor of Paris. Master-Gunner of Orleans, and his Son.
 General of the French Forces in Bourdeaux.
 A French Sergeant. A Porter. An old Shepherd, Father to Joan la Pucelle.
 Margaret, Daughter to Reignier; afterwards married to King Henry.
 Countess of Auvergne.
 Joan la Pucelle, commonly called Joan of Arc.
 Mortimer's Keepers.
 Fiends appearing to La Pucelle, Lords, Heralds, Officers, Soldiers, Messengers, and Attendants.

SCENE, — Partly in England, and partly in France.

ACT I.

SCENE I. — Westminster Abbey.
 March. The corpse of King Henry the Sixth is discovered, lying in state; attended by the Duke of Bedford, Gloucester, and the Earl of Warwick, the Bishop of Winchester, Heralds, &c.
 Hail be the heavens with black, yield up your sleeping change of times and states, with your crystal tresses in the sky, that they may scourge the bad revolting stars, for they consented unto Henry's death! Henry the fifth, too famous to live long! I ne'er lost a king of so much worth. England ne'er had a king until his time. He had, deserving to command: His sword did blind men with his beams; His words did spread wider than a dragon's wings; His smiling eyes, replete with wrathful fire, in his own hand drove back his enemies; And day sun fierce bent against their shields: Should I say? his deeds exceed all that I lift up his hand, but conquered.

Exe. We mourn in black: why mourn we not in blood?
 Henry is dead, and never shall revive.
 Upon a wooden coffin we attend;
 And death's dishonourable victory
 We with our stately presence glorify,
 Like captives bound to a triumphant car.
 What! shall we curse the planets of mishap,
 That plotted thus our glory's overthrow?
 Or shall we think the subtle-witted French
 Conjurers and sorcerers, that, afraid of him,
 By magic verses have contriv'd his end? (Kings.)
 Win. He was a king, bless'd of the King of
 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.
 Glo. The church! where is it? Had not
 churchmen pray'd,
 His thread of life had not so soon decay'd:
 None do you like but an effeminate prince,
 Whom, like a school-boy, you may over-awe.
 Win. Gloucester, whate'er we like, thou art
 protector,
 And lookest to command the prince, and realm.
 Thy wife is proud; she holdeth thee in awe,
 More than God or religious churchmen may.

Glo. Name not religion, for thou lov'st the flesh,
And ne'er throughout the year to church thou
Except it be to pray against thy foes. [Go'st,
Bed. Cease, cease these jars, and rest your
minds in peace!

Let's to the altar:—Heralds, wait on us:—
Instead of gold we'll offer up our arms;
Since arms avail not, now that Henry's dead.—
Posterity, await for wretched years, [suck,
When at their mothers' moist eyes babes shall
Our isle be made a nourish of salt tears,
And none but women left to wail the dead.—
Henry the fifth! thy ghost I invoke;
Prosper this realm, keep it from civil broils!
Combat with adverse planets in the heavens!
A far more glorious star thy soul will make,
Than Julius Caesar, or bright—

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. My honourable lords, health to you all!
Sad tidings bring I to you out of France,
Of loss, of slaughter, and discomfiture:
Guicune, Champagne, Rheims, Orleans,
Paris, Gaysons, Poitiers, are all quite lost.

Bed. What say'st thou, man, before dead
Henry's corpse!
Speak softly; or the loss of those great towns
Will make him burst his lead, and rise from
death.

Glo. Is Paris lost? is Rouen yielded up?
If Henry were recall'd to life again,
These news would cause him once more yield
the ghost. [was us'd]

Ecc. How were they lost? what treachery
Mess. No treachery; but want of men and
Among the soldiers this is muttered, [money.
That here you maintain several factions;
And, whilst a field should be despatch'd and
You are disputing of your generals: [fought,
One would have lingering wars, with little cost;
Another would fly swift, but wanteth wings;
A third man thinks, without expense at all,
By guileful fair words peace may be obtain'd.
Awake, awake, English nobility!
Let not sloth dim your honours, new-begot:
Cropp'd are the flower-de-luces in your arms;
Of England's coat one half is cut away.

Ecc. Were our tears wanting to this funeral,
These tidings would call forth her flowing tides.

Bed. No they concern; regent I am of France.
Give me my steel'd coat! I'll fight for France.
A way with these disgraceful wailing robes!
Wounds will I lend the French, instead of eyes,
To weep their intermissive miseries.

Enter a second Messenger.

2 Mess. Lords, view these letters, full of
bad mischance,
France is revolted from the English quite,
Except some petty towns of no import:
The Dauphin, Charles, is crowned king in
Rheims;

The bastard of Orleans with him is join'd;
Reignier, duke of Anjou, doth take his part;
The duke of Alençon fleeth to his side.

Ecc. The Dauphin crown'd king
to him!

O, whether shall we fly from this
Glo. We will not fly, but to our
throats:—

Bedford. If thou be slack, [in
Bed. Gloster, why doubt'st thou of
wardness?

An army have I muster'd in my
Wherewith already France is won.

3 Mess. My gracious lords, to
lamentations,
Wherewith you now bewail

hears, I must inform you of a dismal
Betwixt the stout lord Talbot and

Win. What! wherein Talbot
is't so!

3 Mess. O, no; wherein lost
o'erthrown:

The circumstance I'll tell you
The tenth of August last, the day
Retiring from the siege of Orleans,

Having full scarce six thousand men,
By three-and-twenty thousand

Was round encompassed and
No leisure had he to arm his
He wanted pikes to set before him,
Instead whereof, sharp stakes, and

hedges,
They pitched in the ground round
To keep the horsemen off from

More than three hours the fight
Where valiant Talbot, alone
Enacted wonders with his sword,

Hundreds he sent to hell, and
stand him;

Here, there, and everywhere,
The French exclaim'd, the day
His soldiers, spying his undaunted

A Talbot! A Talbot! cried out
And rush'd into the bowels of the
Here had the conquest fully

If Sir John Fastolf had not put
He, being in the vaward, [the
With purpose to relieve and

Cowardly fled, not having
Hence grew the general wrong
Enclosed were they with the

A base Walloon, to win the
Thrust Talbot with a spear
Whom all France, with their

strength,
Durst not presume to look on
Bed. Is Talbot slain? then

For living idly here in pomp
Whilst such a worthy leader
Unto his dastard foemen he

3 Mess. O no, he lives; but
And lord Scallan with him, and
ford:

Most of the rest slaughtered

No reason there is none but I shall
[thence;
The Dauphin headlong from his

even shall be the ransom of my friend:
my masters; to my task will I;
in France forthwith I am to make,

on great Saint George's feast withal:
and soldiers with me I will take,
heavily deeds shall make all Europe

take. So you had need; for Orleans is
[besieg'd;
The army is grown weak and faint:
of Salisbury craveth supply,

only keeps his men from mutiny,
they, so few, watch such a multitude,
remember, lords, your oaths to

your sworn,
to quell the Dauphin utterly,
in obedience to your yoke.

do remember it; and here take my
my preparation.

the tower, with all the haste I can,
[Exit.
by artillery and munition;
I will proclaim young Henry king.

to Elham will I, where the young
[Exit.
shall his special governor;
his safety there I'll best devise.

each hath his place and function to
[Exit.
to do;

not; for no nothing remains,
I will not be Jack-out-of-office:
from Elham I intend to steal,

most chosen stern of public weal. [Exit,
[Exit.
[Exit.
[Exit.

to—France. Before Orleans,
[Exit.
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to—France. Before Orleans,
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to—France. Before Orleans,
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[Exit.

Him I forgive my death, that killeth me,
When he sees me go back one foot, or y,

Alaric. Excursions; afterwards a
Re-enter Charles, Alençon, Reignier,
and others.

Char. Who ever saw the like? what men
have I!— [Have fled,
Dogs! cowards! dastards!—I would ne'er
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. [cords

Alen. Froissart, a countryman of ours, re-
England all Olivers and Rowlands bred,
During the time Edward the third did reign.

More truly now may this be verified;
For none but Samsons, and Goliasses,
It sendeth forth to skirmish. One to ten!

Leunraw-bon'd rascals! who would e'er suppose
They had such courage and audacity!

Char. Let's leave this town; for they are
hare-brain'd slaves, [leager:
And hunger will enforce them to be more
Of old I know them; rather with their teeth

The walls they'll tear down, than forsake the
siege. [device,
Reig. I think, by some odd gimmals, or
Their arms are set like clocks, still to strike on

Else ne'er could they hold out so as they do,
By my consent, we'll e'en let them alone.

Alen. Be it so.
Enter the Bastard of Orleans.

Bast. Where's the prince Dauphin? I have
news for him. [us-
Char. Bastard of Orleans, thrice welcome to
Bast. Methinks your looks are sad, your
cheer appall'd:

Hath the late overthrow wrought this offence?
Be not dismay'd, for succour is at hand;
A holy maid hither with me I bring,

Which, by a vision sent to her from heaven,
Ordained is to raise this tedious siege.
And drive the English forth the bounds of
The spirit of deep prophecy she hath, [France.

Exceeding the nine sibyls of old Rome:
What's past and what's to come she can
descry.

Speak, shall I call her in? Believe my words,
For they are certain and unfallible.

Char. Go, call her in. [Exit Bastard.] But
first, to try her skill,

Reignier, stand thou as Dauphin in my place;
Question her proudly; let thy looks be stern:
By this means shall we sound what skill she

hath. [Retires.
Re-enter the Bastard of Orleans, with La
Pucelle.

Reig. Fair maid, is't thou wilt do these
wondrous feats? [beguile me!

Puc. Reignier, is't thou that thinkest to
Where is the Dauphin?—Come, come from
behind;

I know thee well, though never seen before,
Be not amaz'd, there's nothing hid from me:
In private will I talk with thee apart.—[while]
Stand back, you lords, and give us leave a
dash.

Reig. She takes upon her bravely at first
dash.
Puc. Dauphin, I am by birth a shepherd's
My wit untrain'd in any kind of art.
Heaven and our Lady gracious hath it pleas'd
To shine on my contemptible estate:
Lo, whilst I waited on my tender lambs,
And to sun's parching heat display'd my
cheeks,

God's mother 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 promis'd, and assur'd success:
In complete glory she reveal'd herself;
And, whereas I was black and swart before,
With those clear rays which she infus'd 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 dar'st,
And thou shalt find that I exceed my sex.
Resolve on this: thou shalt be fortunate,
If thou receive me for thy warlike mate.

Char. Thou hast astonish'd me with thy
high terms:

Only this proof I'll of thy valour make,—
In single combat thou shalt buckle with me;
And if thou vanquishest, thy words are true;
Otherwise, I renounce all confidence. [sword,
Puc. I am prepar'd: here is my keen-edg'd
Deed'd with five flower-de-luces on each side;
The which at Touraine, in Saint Katharine's
churchyard,

Out of a great deal of old iron I chose forth.
Char. Then come, O' God's name; I fear no
woman. [man]

Puc. And, while I live, I'll ne'er fly from a
[They fight, and La Pucelle overcomes.

Char. Stay, stay thy hands! thou art an
Amazon,

And fightest with the sword of Deborah.
Puc. Christ's mother helps me, else I were
too weak. [help me]

Char. Whose'er helps thee, 'tis thou that must
Impatiently I burn with thy desire;
My heart and hands thou hast at once subdu'd.
Excellent Pucelle, if thy name be so,
Let me thy servant, and not sovereign, be:
'Tis the French Dauphin saith to thee thus.

Puc. I must not yield to any rites of love,
For my profession's sacred, from above:
When I have eluded all thy foes from hence,
Then will I think upon a recompense.

Char. Mean time look gracious on thy pro-
strate thrall.

Reig. My lord, methinks, is very long in talk.
Alen. Doubtless he shrives this woman to
her smock;

Else ne'er could he so long protract his speech.

Reig. Shall we disturb him
no mean?

Alen. He may mean more than
men do know:

These women are shrewd tongue-
Reig. My lord, where are you?

Shall we give over Orleans, or
Puc. Why, no, I say, distrust me not.

Fight till the last gasp; I will
Char. What she says, I'll

fight it out.
Puc. Assign'd am I to battle

This night the siege assaill'd
Expect Saint Martin's answer:

Since I have entered into the world
Glory is like a circle in the water

Which never ceaseth to enlarge
Till by broad spreading it disperse

With Henry's death the English
Dispersed are the glories it bequeath

Now am I like that proud building
Which Caesar and his fortune rear'd

Thou with an eagle art inspir'd
Helen, the mother of great Troy

Nor yet St. Philip's daughter
Bright star of Venice, fall'st thou down

How may I reverently worship
Alen. Leave off delays, and

siege.
Reig. Woman, do what thou wilt

our honours;
Drive them from Orleans, and

Char. Presently we'll try:
about it:

No prophet will I trust, if she
SCENE III.—London.

Enter at the gates the Duke of
his serving-men, in

Glo. I am come to survey
day:

Since Henry's death, I fear, there
Where be these warders, that

Open the gates; 'tis Gloster's
1 Ward. [Within.] Who's there?

so imperiously?
1 Serv. It is the noble Duke of

2 Ward. [Within.] Who's there?
may not be let in

1 Serv. Villains, answer ye
1 Ward. [Within.] The Duke

so we answer him:
We do not otherwise than we

Glo. Who would you? or what
but mine?

There's none protector of the realm
Break up the gates, I'll be your

Shall I be flouted thus by dunder?
[Gloster's men rush at the

Wood. [Within.] What would
traitors have we here!

the lieutenant, is it you whose voice I hear?
the gates; here's Gloster that would

1 Ward. [Within.] Have patience, noble
of Winchester forbids:

and thou, nor none of thine, shall be let in.
1 Ward. [Within.] Woodville, prize him

1 Ward. [Within.] Woodville, prize him
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1 Ward. [Within.] Woodville, prize him
1 Ward. [Within.] Woodville, prize him

Win. Here's Gloster too, a foe to citizens;
One that still motions war, and never peace;

O'ercharging your free purses with large fines;
That seeks to overthrow religion,

Because he is protector of the realm; [Tower,
And would have armour, here, out of the

To crown himself king, and suppress the prince.
Glo. I will not answer thee with words, but

blows. [Here they skirmish again.]
May. Nought rests for me, in this tumultu-

But to make open proclamation:—[ous strife,
Come, officer: as loud as e'er thou canst.

Off. [Reads.]
"All manner of men, assembled here in arms

this day, against God's peace and the
king's, we charge and command you, in

his highness' name, to repair to your several
dwelling-places; and not to wear, handle,

or use, any sword, weapon, or dagger,
henceforward, upon pain of death."

Glo. Cardinal, I'll be no breaker of the law:
But we shall meet, and break our minds at

large. [The sure:]
Win. Gloster, we'll meet, to thy dear cost,

Thy heart-blood I will have for this day's work.
May. I'll call for clubs, if you will not

away:—
This cardinal's more haughty than the devil.

Glo. Mayor, farewell: thou dost but what
thou mayst.

Win. Abominable Gloster! guard thy head;
For I intend to have it, ere long.

[Exeunt, severally, Gloster and Win-
chester, with their serving-men.

May. See the coast clear'd, and then we will
depart.—[Door]

Good God! these nobles should such stomachs
I myself fight not once in forty year. [Exeunt.

SCENE IV.—France. Before Orleans.
Enter, on the walls, the Master-Gunner and

his Son.
M. Gun. Sirrah, thou know'st how Orleans

is besieg'd,
And how the English have the suburbs won.

Son. Father, I know; and oft have shot at
them.

Howe'er, unfortunate, I miss'd my aim.
M. Gun. But now thou shalt not. Be thou

ru'd by me:
Chief master-gunner am I of this town;

Something I must do to procure me grace.
The prince's espials have inform'd me

How the English, in the suburbs close en-
trench'd,

Went, through a secret grate of iron bars
In yonder tower to overpeer the city;

And thence discover how, with most advantage,
They may vex us with shot, or with assault.

To intercept this inconvenience,
A piece of ordnance 'gainst it I have plac'd;

And fully even these three days have I watch'd,
If I could see them. Now do thou watch,

For I can stay no longer.

If thou spy'st any, run and bring me word;
And thou shalt find me at the governor's.

Son. Father, I warrant you; take you no
care;

I'll never trouble you, if I may spy them.
*Enter, in an upper chamber of a tower, the
Lords Salisbury and Talbot, Sir William
Glansdale, Sir Thomas Gargrave, and
others.*

Sol. Talbot, my life, my joy, again return'd!
How wert thou handled, being prisoner?
Or by what means got'st thou to be releas'd?
Discourse, I pray thee, on this turret's top.

Tal. The duke of Bedford had a prisoner,
Called the brave lord Ponton de Santralles;
For him I was exchang'd and ransom'd.
But with a baser man of arms by far,
Once, in contempt, they would have barter'd
me,

Which I, disdainful, scorn'd; and craved
Rather than I would be so vile-esteem'd.
In fine, redeem'd I was as I desir'd.
But, O, the treacherous Fastolf wounds my
Whom with my bare fists I would execute,
If I now had him brought into my power.

Sol. Yet tell'st thou not how thou wert
entertain'd.

Tal. With scoffs, and scorns, and contumelies.
In open market-place produced they me,
To be a public spectacle to all:
Here, said they, is the terror of the French,
The scare-crow 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 suppos'd I could rend bars of steel,
And spurn in pieces posts of adamant:
Wherefore a guard of chosen shot I had,
That walk'd about me every minute-while;
And if I did but stir out of my bed,
Ready they were to shoot me to the heart.

Sol. I grieve to hear what torments you en-
But we will be reveng'd sufficiently. *[Durd,*
Now it is supper-time in Orleans:
Here, through this grate, I can count every one,
And view the Frenchmen how they fortify:
Let us look in; the sight will much delight thee.
Sir Thomas Gargrave, and Sir William Glans-
Let me have your express opinions, *[dale,*
Where is best place to make our battery next.

Gar. I think, at the north gate; for there
stand lords.

Glan. And I, here, at the bulwark of the
Tal. For aught I see, this city must be fam-
Or with light skirmishes enfeebled.

*[Shot from the town. Salisbury and
Sir Tho. Gargrave fall.]*

Sol. O Lord, have mercy on
sinners!

Gar. O Lord, have mercy on me,
What chance is this, that I should
cross'd us?

Tal. What chance is this, that I should
cross'd us?—
Speak, Salisbury; at least, if thou
How far'st thou, mirror of all honour,
One of thy eyes, and thy chief
off!

Accurs'd tower! accurs'd fatal house!
That hath contriv'd this woful chance!
In thirteen battles Salisbury conquer'd;
Henry the fifth he first train'd to the wars;
Whilst any trumpet did sound, or drum
His sword did not leave striking;
Yet liv'st thou, Salisbury! though thou
doth fail,

One eye thou hast, to look to heaven;
The sun with one eye vieweth all the
Heaven, be thou gracious to none
If Salisbury wants mercy at thy hand;
Bear hence his body; I will help him
Sir Thomas Gargrave, how thou art
Speak unto Talbot; nay, look up to
Salisbury, cheer thy spirit with his
Thou shalt not die, whilst—
He beckons with his hand, and
As who should say, "Woe'st thou
gone,

Remember to avenge me on the French;
Plantagenet, I will; and like thee
Play on the lute, beholding the
Wretched shall France be only in
[Thunder heard; afterwards
What stir is this! What tumult
Whence cometh this alarm, and
Enter a Messenger.

Mess. My lord, my lord, the French
gather'd head:
The Dauphin, with one Joan la Pucelle,
A holy prophetic, now risen up,
Is come with a great power to relieve
the town.

Tal. Hear, hear, how dying
groan!
It irks his heart he cannot be reveng'd;
Frenchmen, I'll be a Salisbury;
Pucelle or puzzle, dolphin or dolphin;
Your hearts I'll stamp out with my
heels,
And make a quagmire of your
Convey me Salisbury into his tent,
And then we'll try what these
men dare.

*[Exit, bearing
Scene V.—Orleans. Before the
Alarm. Skirmishings. Enter
suing the Dauphin; and
exit: then enter La Pucelle,
fishmen before her, and
Then re-enter Talbot.*

Tal. Where is my strength, my
my force!

French troops retire, I cannot stay them;
I am dead in armour chaunceth them.
Enter La Pucelle.

How comes she?—
I'll have a bout with thee;
Will I draw on thee, thou art a witch,
Whom I give thy soul to him thou
lovest.

Puc. Come, come, 'tis only I that must dis-
cuss thee.
[They fight.]
Will you suffer hell so to pre-
vail?

Tal. I'll burst with straining of my
shoulders crack my arms asunder,
Will I smite this high-minded strumpet.
*Talbot, farewell; thy hour is not yet
come.*

Orleans forthwith.
If thou canst; I scorn thy strength.
Salisbury to make his testament;
I'll be a cure, as many more shall be.
Pucelle enters the town with Soldiers.
My thoughts are whirled like a potter's
wheel;

What where I am, nor what I do:
I fear, not force, like Hannibal,
To lock our troops, and conquers as she
doth with smoke, and doves with noise,
From their lives and houses driven away.
Will you for our fierceness, English dogs;
Whence cometh this alarm, and
Enter a Messenger.

Mess. My lord, my lord, the French
gather'd head:
The Dauphin, with one Joan la Pucelle,
A holy prophetic, now risen up,
Is come with a great power to relieve
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suing the Dauphin; and
exit: then enter La Pucelle,
fishmen before her, and
Then re-enter Talbot.*

Tal. Where is my strength, my
my force!

Thy promises are like Adonis' gardens,
That one day bloom'd, and fruitful were the
next.

France, triumph in thy glorious prophetic!—
Recover'd is the town of Orleans:
More blessed hap did ne'er befall our state.

Reig. Why ring not out the bells through-
out the town?

Dauphin, command the citizens make bonfires,
And feast and banquet in the open streets,
To celebrate the joy that God hath given us.

Alen. All France will be replete with mirth
and joy.

When they shall hear how we have play'd the
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 of Memphis, ever was:

In memory of her, when she is dead,
Her ashes, in an urn more precious
Than the rich jewel'd coffin of Darius,
Transported shall be at high festivals
Before the kings and queens of France.
No longer on Saint Dennis will we cry,
But Joan la Pucelle shall be France's saint.

Come in, and let us banquet royally,
After this golden day of victory.
[Flourish. Exit.]

ACT II.

SCENE I.—Orleans.

*Enter to the Gates a French Sergeant and two
Sentinels.*

Serg. Sirs, take your places, and be vigilant.
If any noise, or soldier, you perceive,
Near to the walls, by some apparent sign
Let us have knowledge at the court of guard.

1 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 redoubt'd Bur-
gundy,—

By whose approach the regions of Artois,
Walloon, and Picardy, are friends to us,—
This happy night the Frenchmen are secure,
Having all day carous'd and banqueted:

Embrace we, then, this opportunity,
As sitting best to quittance their deceit,
Contriv'd by art and baleful sorcery.

Bed. Coward of France!—how much he
wrong's 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
Tal. A maid, they say. [pure]

Bur. 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 you corner.

Bur. And I to this.

Tal. And here will Talbot mount, or make
his grave.

Now, Salisbury, for thee, and for the right
Of English Henry, shall this night appear
How much in duty I am bound to both.

[The English scale the walls, crying, "St.
George! A Talbot!" and all enter the
town.]

I Sent. Arm, arm! the enemy doth make
The French leap over the walls in their shirts.

*Enter, several ways, Bastard of Orleans,
Alençon, and Reignier, half ready, and
half unready.*

Alen. How now, my lords! what, all un-
ready so?

Bast. Unready! ay, and glad we 'scap'd so
well.

Reign. 'Twas time, I trow, to wake and leave
Hearing alarms at our chamber doors.

Alen. Of all exploits, since first I follow'd
Ne'er heard I of a warlike enterprise [arms,
More venturesome or desperate than this.

Bast. I think this Talbot be a fiend of hell.

Reign. If not of hell, the heavens, sure, favour
him.

Alen. Here cometh Charles: I marvel how
Enter Charles and La Pucelle.

Bast. Tut! holy Joan was his defensive guard.

Char. Is this thy cunning, thou deceitful
Diest thou at first, to flatter us withal, [dame]
Make us partakers of a little gain,
That now our loss might be ten times so much?

Puc. Wherefore is Charles impatient with
his friend?

At all times will you have my power alike?
Sleeping or waking, must I still prevail,
Or will you blame and lay the fault on me?
Improv'd soldiers! had your watch been
good,

This sudden mischief never could have fallen.

Char. Duke of Alençon, this was your
default,

That, being captain of the watch to-night,
Did look no better to that weighty charge.

Alen. Had all your quarters been
As that whereof I had the command,
We had not been thus shamefully
Defeat.

Bast. Mine was secure.

Reign. And so was mine.

Char. And, for myself, most just
night,

Within her quarter, and mine own
I was employ'd in passing to and fro
About relieving of the sentinels:

Then how, or which way, should they
Puc. Question, my lords, no further
case,

How, or which way? 'tis sure they
But weakly guarded, where the
made.

And now there rests no other shift
To gather our soldiers, scatter'd
And lay new platforms to surround
Alençon.

Enter an English Soldier.
"A Talbot! a Talbot!"

Sold. I'll be so bold to take what
The cry of Talbot serves me for a
For I have loaden me with many
Using no other weapon but his sword.

Scene II.—Orléans. Within the town.

Enter Talbot, Bedford, Burgundy, and others.

Bed. The day begins to break,
Whose pitchy mantle over-veils the
Here sound retreat, and cease our
pursuit.

Tal. Bring forth the body of
And here advance it in the market
The middle centre of this curdled
Now have I paid my vow unto the
For every drop of blood was drawn
There hath at least five Frenchmen
And that hereafter ages may
What ruin happen'd in revenge
Within their chiefest temple [the
A tomb, wherein his corpse shall
Upon the which, that every one
Shall be engrav'd the sack of Orléans.

The treacherous manner of his death
And what a terror he had been to
But, lords, in all our bloody
I muse we met not with the
His new-come champion, virtuous
Nor any of his false confederates.

Bed. 'Tis thought, lord
Rous'd on the sudden from their
They did, amongst the troops
Leap o'er the walls for refuge
For smoke and dusky vapours
And sure I fear'd the Dauphin
When arm in arm they both
running.

Like to a pair of loving turtles
That could not live asunder, did
embrace.

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When arm in arm they both
running.

Like to a pair of loving turtles
That could not live asunder, did
embrace.

And these things are set in order here,
And follow them with all the power we have.

Enter a Messenger.
All hail, my lords! Which of this
pincely train

Is the warlike Talbot, for his acts
much applauded through the realm of
France?

Tal. Here is the Talbot: who would speak
[with him?]

The virtuous lady, countess of Au-
vergne, admiring thy renown, [vergne,
and her poor wattle where she lies, [safe
glory fills the world with loud report.
Is it even so? Nay, then, I see our
lady's grave to be encounter'd with.

Tal. Trust me, my lord, despite her gentle suit,
I will not prevail with all their oratory, [of men
her admission told her I return great thanks,
and your honours hear me company! [will;
I have heard it said, unhidden guests
will then, alone, [since there's no
other, captain, [Whisperer.] You per-
ceive my mind.

I do, my lord, and mean accordingly.

Scene III.—Auvergne. Court of the Castle.

Enter the Countess and her Porter.

Count. Porter, remember what I gave in
charge;

And you have done so, bring the keys
[to me.]

Porter. Madam, I will.

Count. The plot is laid: if all things fall
as I have said, the honour of this exploit, [out right,
the achievements of no less account: [ears,
for their counsels of these rare reports.

Enter Messenger and Talbot.

Count. Madam, according as your ladyship
commanded,

So is lord Talbot come.

Count. And he is welcome. What! is this
the man?

Tal. Is this the scourge of France?
[the man?]

Count. So much fear'd abroad,
[the man?]

Tal. So much fear'd abroad,
[the man?]

Count. So much fear'd abroad,
[the man?]

Tal. So much fear'd abroad,
[the man?]

Count. So much fear'd abroad,
[the man?]

Tal. So much fear'd abroad,
[the man?]

Count. So much fear'd abroad,
[the man?]

Tal. So much fear'd abroad,
[the man?]

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[the man?]

Tal. So much fear'd abroad,
[the man?]

Count. So much fear'd abroad,
[the man?]

Tal. So much fear'd abroad,
[the man?]

Count. So much fear'd abroad,
[the man?]

Tal. So much fear'd abroad,
[the man?]

Count. So much fear'd abroad,
[the man?]

Tal. So much fear'd abroad,
[the man?]

Count. So much fear'd abroad,
[the man?]

Tal. So much fear'd abroad,
[the man?]

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[the man?]

Tal. So much fear'd abroad,
[the man?]

Count. So much fear'd abroad,
[the man?]

Tal. So much fear'd abroad,
[the man?]

Count. So much fear'd abroad,
[the man?]

Tal. Madam, I have been bold to trouble
But since your ladyship is not at leisure, [you:
I'll sort some other time to visit you.

Count. What means he now?—Go ask
him, whether he goes.

Count. Stay, my lord Talbot; for my lady
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 thy shadow hath been thrall 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 captivate.

Tal. Ha, ha, ha! [shall turn to moan.

Count. Laughest thou, wretch? thy mirth
To think that you have aught but Talbot's

Whereon to practise your severity. [shadow,
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 deceiv'd, 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 it.

Count. This is a riddling merchant for the
He will be here, and yet he is not here: [notice;
How can these contrarieties agree?

Tal. That will I show you presently.

*He winds a horn. Drums heard: then a peal
of ordinance. The gates being forced, enter
Soldiers.*

How say you, madam! are you now persuaded,
That Talbot is but shadow of himself? [strength,
These are his substance, sinews, arms, and
With which he yoketh your 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 fame hath brail'd;

And more than may be gather'd by thy shape.
Let my presumption not provoke thy wrath;

For I am sorry, that with reverence
I did not entertain thee as thou art, [construe
Tal. Be not dismay'd, fair lady; nor mis-
take the mind of Talbot, as you did mistake
The outward composition of his body.

What you have done hath not offended me:
No other satisfaction do I crave,

But only (with your patience) that we may
Taste of your wine, and see what cates you
have;

For soldiers' stomachs always serve them well.

Count. With all my heart; and think me honoured
To feast so great a warrior in my house.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.—London. The Temple Garden.
Enter the Earls of Somerset, Suffolk, and Warwick; Richard Plantagenet, Vernon, and another Lawyer.

Plan. Great lords and gentlemen, what means this silence?

Dure no man answer in a case of truth? [loud;
Suf. Within the temple hall we were too
The garden here is more convenient. [truth;

Plan. Then say at once, if I maintain'd the
Or else was wrangling Somerset in the error?

Suf. Faith, I have been a truant in the law,
And never yet could frame my will to it;
And, therefore, frame the law unto my will.

Som. Judge you, my lord of Warwick, then,
between us. [higher pitch;

War. Between two hawks, which flies the
Between two dogs, which hath the deeper
mouth; [temper;

Between two blades, which bears the better
Between two horses, which doth bear him
best; [eye;—

Between two girls, which hath the merriest
I have, perhaps, some shallow spirit of judg-
ment:

But in these nice sharp quillets of the law,
Good faith, I am no wiser than a daw. [ance:

Plan. Tut, tut! here is a mannerly forbear-
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, [eye.
That it will glimmer through a blind man's

Plan. Since you are tongue-tied, and so
loth 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 briar pluck a white rose 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
Of base insinuating flattery, [colour
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 ob-
If I have fewest, I subscribe in silence. [jected:

Plan. And I. [the case,
Ver. Then, for the truth and plainness of

I pluck this pale and maiden rose
Giving my verdict on the white rose

Som. Prick not your finger as you
Lest, bleeding, you do paint the

And fall on my side so, against your
Ver. If I, my lord, for my opinion

Opinion shall be surgeon to my hand,
And keep me on the side where still

Som. Well, well, come on: who
Law. [To Somerset.] Unless my

my books be false,
The argument you held, was wrong

In sign whereof, I pluck a white
Plan. Now, Somerset, where is your

ment?
Som. Here, in my scabbard;

Shall dye your white rose in a bloody
Plan. Meantime, your cheeks do

our roses;
For pale they look with fear, as with

The truth on our side. No, Plantagenet.

Som. 'Tis not for fear, but anger, that I
Blush for pure shame to counterple

And yet thy tongue will not come out
Plan. Hath not thy rose a colour?

Som. Hath not thy rose a colour?
Plan. Ay, sharp and piercing, in

his truth;
Whiles thy consuming cancer

Som. Well, I'll find friends to
bleeding roses,

That shall maintain what I have said
Where false Plantagenet dare not

Plan. Now, by this maiden's
hand,

I scorn thee and thy fashion, never
Suf. Turn not thy scorn to me

Plan. Proud Poole, I will, and
him and thee.

Suf. I'll turn my part thereof
Som. Away, away, good William

Poole!

We grace the yeoman, by counten-
War. Now, by God's will,

him, Somerset;
His grandfather was Lionel, Duke

Third son to the third Edward,
land.

Spring crestless yeomen from the plow
Plan. He bears him on the plow

Or durst not, for his craven heart
Som. By him that made my

my words
On any plot of ground in Christen-

Was not thy father, Richard, a
bridge,

For treason executed in our late
And, by his treason, stand'st not

Corrupted, and exempt from any
His trespass yet lives guilty in the

And, till thou be restor'd, thou art
Plan. My father was attached, and

Condemn'd to die for treason, but

And that I'll prove on better men than
Somerzet,
growing time once ripen'd to my will.
You are my parker Poole, and you yourself,
made you in my book of memory,
I charge you for this apprehension:
To it will, and say you are well warn'd.
Ay, 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.

And, by my soul, this pale and angry
[rose,
evidence of my blood-drinking hate,
set for ever, and my faction, wear,
with me to my grave,
to the height of my degree.
Go forward, and be choked with thy
ambition!

And farewell, until I meet thee next. [Exit.
Have with thee, Poole. — Farewell,
ambitious Richard. [Exit.

How I am brav'd, and must performe
[your house,

And this blot, that they object against
me, will be out in the next parliament,
And I shall be not then created York;
I shall live to be accounted Warwick.
In signal of my love to thee,
I'll upon thy party wear this rose:

And here I prophesy,—this brawl to-day,
set upon this faction, in the Temple garden,
between the red rose and the white,
shall end, between the red rose and the white,
God master Vernon, I am bound
to you,

And on my behalf would pluck a flower.
In your behalf still will I wear the
And so will I. [same.

Thank, gentle sir.
Let us four to dinner: I dare say
I shall drink blood another day.

[Exit.

—London. A Room in the Tower.
Mortimer, brought in a chair by two
Keepers.

Kind keepers of my weak decaying
body, bid Mortimer here rest himself. [age,

like a man now halld from the rack,
my limbs with long imprisonment;

Gray locks, long pursuivants of death,
in an age of care,

the end of Edmund Mortimer. [spent,
like lamps whose wasting oil is
drawing to their extent: [grief;

children, overborne with burdening
arms, like to a wither'd vine
shows his sapless branches to the ground:

these feet, whose strengthless stay is
to support this lump of clay, [numb,
with desire to get a grave,

As witting I no other comfort have.
But tell me, keeper, will my nephew come?

I Keep. Richard Plantagenet, my lord, will
come:

We sent unto the Temple, to his chamber;
And answer was return'd, that he will come.
Nor, 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 sequestration have I had;
And even since then hath Richard been ob-
scur'd,
Depriv'd of honour and inheritance.
But now, the arbitrator of despair,
Just death, kind umpire of men's miseries,
With sweet enlargement doth dismiss me
hence:
I would his troubles likewise were expir'd,
That so he might recover what was lost.

Enter Richard Plantagenet.
I Keep. My lord, your loving nephew now
is come. [he comes]

Mor. Richard Plantagenet, my friend? is
Plan. Ay, noble uncle, thus ignobly us'd,
Your nephew, late despis'd Richard, comes.

Mor. Direct mine arms I may embrace his
And in his bosom spend my latter gasp: [neck,
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, [spis'd]

Why didst thou say—of late thou wert de-
Plan. First, lean thine aged back against
mine arm;
And, in that ease, I'll tell thee my disease.
This day, in argument upon a case, [me;
Some words there grew 'twixt Somerzet and
Among which terms he us'd a lavish tongue,
And did upbraid me with my father's death:
Which obloquy set bars before my tongue,
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. That cause, fair nephew, that im-
prison'd me,
And hath detain'd me all my flow'ring youth,
Within a loathsome dungeon, there to pine,
Was curs'd instrument of his decease.

Plan. Discover more at large what cause
that was;
For I am ignorant, and cannot guess. [soft,
Mor. I will, if that my fading breath per-
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 Percies of the north,
Finding his usurpation most unjust,
Endeavour'd my advancement to the throne:
The reason mov'd these warlike lords to this,

Waa—for that (young king Richard thus re-
 leaving no heir begotten of his body) [mov'd,
 I was the next by birth and parentage ;
 For by my mother I deriv'd 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 rightful heir,
 I lost my liberty, and they their lives.
 Long after this, when Henry the fifth,
 Succeeding his father Bolingbroke, did reign,
 Thy father, earl of Cambridge, then deriv'd
 From famous Edmund Langley, duke of York,
 Marrying my sister, that thy mother was,
 Again, in pity of my hard distress,
 Levied an army, weening to redeem
 And have install'd me in the diadem ;
 But, as the rest, so fell that noble earl,
 And was beheaded. Thus the Mortimers,
 In whom the title rested, were suppressed.

Plan. Of which, my lord, your honour is
 the last.

Mor. True ; and thou seest that I no issue
 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
 Waa nothing less than bloody tyranny.

Mor. With silence, nephew, be thou politic :
 Strong fix'd is the house of Lancaster,
 And, like a mountain, not to be remov'd.
 But now thy uncle is removing hence ;
 As princes do their courts, when they are cloy'd
 With long continuance in a settled place.

Plan. O uncle, would some part of my
 young years

Might but redeem the passage of your age !

Mor. Thou dost, then, wrong me,—as the
 slaughterer doth,

Which giveth many wounds, when one will
 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 !

Plan. And peace, no war, befall thy part-
 ing 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 Keepers, bearing out the body of
 Mortimer.*]

Here dies the dusky torch of Mortimer,
 Chok'd with ambition of the meaner sort :
 And, for those wrongs, those bitter injuries,
 Which Somerset hath offer'd to my house,
 I doubt not but with honour to redress ;

And therefore haste I to the parliament
 Either to be restored to my blood
 Or make my ill th' advantage of it.

ACT III

SCENE I.—London. The Parliament.

Flourish. Enter King Henry, Earl of

Warwick, Somerset, and

Bishop of Winchester, Rad-

genet, and others. *Gloster*

a bill ; Winchester snatches

Win. Com'st thou with deep

lines,

With written pamphlets studiously

Humphrey of Gloster ? If thou can

Or ought intend'st to lay unto my

Do it without invention, suddenly

As I, with sudden and extempor

Purpose to answer what thou can

Glo. Presumptuous priest ! thou

mands my patience,

Or thou shouldst find thou hast

Think not, although in writing I

The manner of thy vile outrageous

That therefore I have forg'd, or ad

Verbatim to rehearse the method

No, prelate ; such is thy audac

ness,

Thy lewd, pestiferous, and discor

As very infants prattle of thy

Thou art a most pernicious

Forward by nature, enemy to

Lascivious, wanton, more than

A man of thy profession and

And for thy treachery, what's more

In that thou laid'st a trap to take

As well at London Bridge, as at

Beside, I fear me, if thy thought

The king, thy sov'reign, is not

From envious malice of thy sweet

Win. Gloster, I do defy thee

vouchsafe

To give me hearing what I shall

If I were covetous, ambitious, or

As he will have me, how am I

Or how haps it, I seek not to

Or raise myself, but keep my

And for dissension, who prefer

More than I do,—except I be

No, my good lords, it is not

It is not that that hath incen

It is, because no one should

No one but he should be about

And that engenders thunder in

And makes him roar these accu

But he shall know, I am as

Glo.

Thou bastard of my grandfather

Win. Ay, lordly sir ; for what

But one imperious in another's

Glo. Am I not protector, su

And am not I a prelate of the church?
 Yes, as an outlaw in a castle keeps,
 And with it to patronage his theft.
 O, my reverent cloister!

Thou art reverent
 In thy spiritual function, not thy life.
 Home shall remedy this.

My lord, it were your duty to forbear.
 Hoam thither then.
 Methinks my lord should be religious,
 To leave the office that belongs to such.

He thanks his lordship should be
 A prelate so to plead. [Humbler;
 Yes, when his holy state is touch'd so

State holy, or unallow'd, what of
 The grace protector to the king? [that I
 Plantagenet, I see, must

hold his tongue. [should;
 I so said, "Speak, sirrah, when you
 have bold verdict enter talk with lords!"

Uncles of Gloster, and of Win-

chester, watchmen of our English weal,
 If prayers might prevail,
 Your hearts in love and amity.

And a scandal is it to our crown,
 To see such noble peers as ye should jar!

My lords, my tender years can tell,
 How much a viperous worm,
 Hath eaten the bowels of the commonwealth.—

Down with the tawny
 Scoundrel's this! [coats!]
 An uproar, I dare warrant,

Through malice of the bishop's men.
 Enter the Mayor of London, attended.

O, my good lords, and virtuous Henry,
 The city of London, pity us!

And the duke of Gloster's men,
 Whom late to carry any weapon,
 Their pockets full of pebble-stones,

Throwing themselves in contrary parts,
 And so bet at one another's pate, [out:
 They have their giddy brains knock'd

down in every street,
 For fear, compell'd to shut our shops,
 And Winchester, the serving-men of Gloster

and Winchester, with bloody pates,
 We charge you, on allegiance to
 peace.—

your slaughter hands, and keep the
 peace. Gloster, mitigate this strife.
 Nay, if we be

stones, we'll fall to it with our teeth.
 [Skirmish again,
 My lord, we know your grace to be

Do what ye dare, we are as resolute.
 [Skirmish again,
 My lord, we know your grace to be

Do what ye dare, we are as resolute.
 [Skirmish again,
 My lord, we know your grace to be

Do what ye dare, we are as resolute.
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 My lord, we know your grace to be

Do what ye dare, we are as resolute.
 [Skirmish again,
 My lord, we know your grace to be

Do what ye dare, we are as resolute.
 [Skirmish again,
 My lord, we know your grace to be

Inferior to none but to his majesty:

And, ere that we will suffer such a prince,
 So kind a father of the commonweal,
 To be disgraced by an inkhorn mate,
 We, and our wives, and children, all will fight,
 And have our bodies slaughter'd by thy foes.

1 Serv. Ay, and the very parings of our nails
 Shall pitch a field, when we are dead.

[Skirmish again.
 Glo. Stay, stay, I say!

And, if you love me, as you say you do,
 Let me persuade you to forbear a while. [soul!

K. Hen. O, how this discord doth afflict my
 Can you, my lord of Winchester, behold

My sighs and tears, and will not once relent?
 Who should be pitiful, if you be not?

Or who should study to prefer a peace,
 If holy churchmen take delight in broils?

War. Yield, my lord protector;—yield,
 Winchester;—

Except you mean, with obstinate repulse,
 To slay your sov'reign and destroy the realm.

You see what mischief, and what murder too,
 Hath been enacted through your enmity;

Then, be at peace, except ye thirst for blood.
 Win. He shall submit, or I will never yield.

Glo. Compassion on the king commands me
 stoop:

Or I would see his heart out, ere the priest
 Should ever get the privilege of me. [shakes

War. Behold, my lord of Winchester, the
 Hath banish'd moody discontented fury,

As by his smother'd brows it doth appear:
 Why look you still so stern, and tragical?

Glo. Here, Winchester, I offer thee my
 hand.

K. Hen. Fie, uncle Beaufort! I have heard
 you preach,

That malice was a great and grievous sin;
 And will not you maintain the thing you teach,

But prove a chief offender in the same?
 War. Sweet king!—the bishop hath a

kindly girl,—
 For shame, my lord of Winchester, relent!

What, shall a child instruct you what to do?
 Win. Well, duke of Gloster, I will yield to

thee:
 Love for thy love, and hand for hand I give.

Glo. [Aside.] Ay; but, I fear me, with a
 hollow heart.

See here, my friends, and loving countrymen;
 This token serveth for a flag of truce,

Betwixt ourselves, and all our followers:
 So help me God, as I dissemble not! [fit not!

Win. [Aside.] So help me God, as I intend
 K. Hen. O loving uncle, kind duke of Glo-

ster, how joyful am I made by this contract! [ter,
 Away, my masters! trouble us no more;

But join in friendship, as your lords have done.
 1 Serv. Content: I'll to the surgeon's.

2 Serv. And so will I.
 3 Serv. And I will see what physic the

tavern affords.
 [Exit Mayor, serving-men, &c.]

War. Accept this scroll, most gracious sovereign,
Which in the right of Richard Plantagenet
We do exhibit to your majesty.

Glo. Well urg'd, my lord of Warwick:—
for, sweet prince,
As if your grace mark every circumstance,
You have great reason to do Richard right;
Especially for those occasions
At Eltham place I told your majesty.

K. Hen. And those occasions, uncle, were
of force
Therefore, my loving lords, our pleasure is,
That Richard be restored to his blood.

War. Let Richard be restored to his blood;
So shall his father's wrongs be recompens'd.

Win. As will the rest, so willeth Winchester.

K. Hen. If Richard will be true, not that
But all the whole inheritance I give, [alone,
That doth belong unto the house of York,
From whence you spring by lineal descent.

Plan. Thy humble servant vows obedience,
And humble service, till this point of death.

K. Hen. Stoop, then, and set your knee
against my foot;

And, in requerdon of that duty done,
I girt thee with the valliant sword of York:
Rise, Richard, like a true Plantagenet,
And rise created princely duke of York.

Plan. And so thrive Richard as thy foes
may fall!

And as my duty springs, so perish they
That grudge one thought against your majesty!

Alb. Welcome, high prince, the mighty
duke of York!

Som. [Aside.] Perish, base prince, ignoble
duke of York!

Glo. Now will it best avail your majesty,
To cross the seas, and to be crown'd in France.
The presence of a king engenders love
Amongst his subjects, and his loyal friends,
As it disanimates his enemies.

K. Hen. When Gloster says the word, king
Henry goes;

For friendly counsel cuts off many foes.
Glo. Your ships already are in readiness.

[Flourish. *Exeunt all except Exeter.*

Exe. Ay, we may march in England or in
Not seeing what is likely to ensue: [France,

This late dissension, grown betwixt the peers,
Burns under feigned ashes of forg'd love,

And will at last break out into a flame:
As fester'd members rot but by degrees,

Till bones, and flesh, and sinews fall away,
So will this base and envious discord breed.

And now I fear that fatal prophecy,
Which, in the time of Henry, nam'd the fifth,

Was in the mouth of every sucking babe,—
That Henry born at Monmouth, should win

all;
And Henry born at Windsor, should lose all:
Which is so plain, that Exeter doth wish

His days may finish ere the hapless time.

[Exit.]

SCENE II.—France. *Before Rouen.*

Enter La Pucelle, disguised, and
dressed like countrymen, with
their backs.

Puc. These are the city gates, the
Rouen,

Through which our policy must needs
Take heed, be wary how you place your
Talk like the vulgar sort of market
That come to gather money for their
If we have entrance, (as I hope we
And that we find the slothful watch
I'll by a sign give notice to our
That Charles the Dauphin takes

I Sold. Our sacks shall be a
the city,

And we be lords and rulers over
Therefore we'll knock.

Guard. [Within.] *Qui est là?*
Puc. *Paysons, paysons pour le pain.*

Poor market-folks, that come to
Guard. [Opening the gates.]
the market-bell is ring-

Puc. Now, Rouen, I'll shake thee
to the ground.

[La Pucelle, &c.,
Enter Charles, the Bastard of Orleans,
son, and forces

Char. Saint Denis bless this
agen!

And once again we'll sleep secure in
Dast. Here enter'd Pucelle,

Now she is there, how will she speed?
Where is the best and safest passage?

Alen. By thrusting out a torch
tower;

Which, once discern'd, shows the
ing is,—

No way to that, for weakness
enter'd.

Enter La Pucelle on a battlefield,
out a torch burning.

Puc. Behold, this is the happy
torch,

That joineth Rouen unto her country
But burning fatal to the Talbot's

Bast. See, noble Charles, the
The burning torch in yonder tower

Char. Now shine it like a comet
A prophet to the fall of all our foes

Alen. Defer no time, delays have
Enter, and cry "The Dauphin!"

And then do execution on the wretches
[They march.]

Alarum. Enter from the town
English Soldiers.

Tal. France, thou shalt rue this
with thy tears,

If Talbot but survive thy treachery
Pucelle, that witch, that damnable

Hath wrought this hellish mischief
That hardly we escap'd the pride of

[Pucelle, &c.,
Pucelle, that witch, that damnable
Hath wrought this hellish mischief
That hardly we escap'd the pride of

Alarum: Excursions. Enter, from the town, Talbot, brought in sick in a chair, with Burgundy, and the English forces. Then, enter on the walls, La Pucelle, Charles, the Bastard of Orleans, Alençon, and others.
La Pucelle. Good morrow, gallants! Want ye corn for bread?
Talbot. The duke of Burgundy will fast, before he'll buy again at such a rate:
Charles. Full of darnel; do you like the taste?
Alençon. Doof on, vile fiend and shameless courtisan!
Talbot. And are long to choke thee with thine own, and make thee curse the harvest of that corn.
Charles. Your grace may starve, perhaps, before that time.
Talbot. O let no words, but deeds, revenge this treason!
Alençon. What will you do, good grey-beard?
Talbot. Run a tilt at death within a chair!
Charles. Full fiend of France, and hag of all despite,
Talbot. I'll pass it with thy lustful paramours!
Charles. I'll have a bout with you again,
Talbot. Let Talbot perish with this shame,
Charles. Are you so hot, sir? Yet, Pucelle, hold thy peace;
Talbot. Talbot do but thunder, rain will follow.
Alençon. Talbot and the rest consult together.
Charles. The parliament! who shall be the speaker?
Alençon. Dure ye come forth, and meet us in the field!
Charles. Unlike your lordship takes us, then, for fools,
Talbot. I speak not to that railing Heate,
Charles. Like Alençon, and the rest;
Alençon. Signior, no.
Talbot. Hang! — base muleteers of transient foot-boys do they keep the walls,
Charles. Away, captains! let's get us from the walls;
Talbot. Means no goodness, by his looks. —
Charles. You, my lord! we came but to tell you we are here.
Alençon. La Pucelle, &c., from the walls.
Charles. And there will we be too, ere it be long.
Talbot. Burgundy, by honour of thy house,
Charles. To get the town again, or die; [France,]
Alençon. As were as English Henry lives,
Charles. In this late-betrayed town
Talbot. I swear to get the town or die. [yows.
Charles. My vows are equal partners with thy place,
Talbot. But ere we go, regard this dying

The valiant duke of Bedford. — Come, my lord, We will bestow you in some better place, Fitter for sickness, and for crazy age.

Bed. Lord Talbot, do not so dishonour me: Here will I sit before the walls of Rouen, And will be partner of your weal or woe.

Bur. Courageous Bedford, let us now persuade you. [I read,

Bed. Not to be gone from hence; for once 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 Burgundy, Talbot, and forces, leaving Bedford, and others.*

Alarum: Excursions; in one of which enter Sir John Fastolf and a Captain.

Cap. Whither away, Sir John Fastolf, 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.

Cap. Cowardly knight! ill fortune follow thee! [Exit.

Retreat: Excursions. Re-enter from the town, La Pucelle, Alençon, Charles, &c., and exeunt, flying. [pleas,

Bed. Now, quiet soul, depart when Heaven For I have seen our enemies' overthrow, What is the trust or strength of foolish man? They, that of late were daring with their scoofs, Are glad and fain by flight to save themselves.

[*Dies, and is carried off in his chair.*
Alarum. Re-enter Talbot, Burgundy, and others.

Tal. Lost, and recover'd in a day again! This is a double honour, Burgundy: Yet heavens have glory for this victory!

Bur. Warlike and martial Talbot, Burgundy Enshrines thee in his heart; and there erects Thy noble deeds, as valour's monument.

Tal. Thanks, gentle duke. But where is Pucelle now?

I think her old familiar is asleep. [His gleaks? Now where's the Bastard's braves, and Charles What, all a-mort? Rouen hangs her head for That such a valiant company are fled. [grief, 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 Hen with his nobles lies.

Bur. What wills lord Talbot, pleaseth Burgundy.

Tal. But yet, before we go, let's not forget

The noble duke of Bedford, late deceas'd,
But see his execrable fullfill'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 so recovered:
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 be but rul'd.

Char. We have been guided by thee hitherto,
And of thy cunning had no diffidence:
One sudden foil shall never breed distrust.

Bast. Search out thy wit for secret policies,
And we will make thee famous through the world.

Alen. We'll set thy status in some holy
And have thee reverence'd 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. [That,

Char. Ay, marry, sweeting, if we could do
France were no place for Henry's warriors;
Nor should that nation boast it so with us,
But be extirpated 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 wish'd end.

[Drums heard.
Hark! by the sound of drum you may perceive
Their powers are marching unto Paris-wal.

An English march. Enter, and pass over,
Talbot and his forces.

There goes the Talbot, with his colours spread,
And all the troops of English after him.

A French march. Enter the Duke of Burgundy and his 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.

[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

Bur. What say'st thou, Charles! for I am marching hence.

Char. Speak, Pucelle, and enchant him with thy words.

Puc. Brave Burgundy, undoubted hope of
Stay, let thy humble handmaid speak to thee.

Bur. Speak on; but be not so
Puc. Look on thy country, France,

And see the cities and the towns that
By wasting ruin of the cruel foe

As looks the mother on her lowly
When death doth close his tender eyes

See, see, the pining malady of France
Behold the wounds, the most

wounds,
Which thou thyself hast given

O, turn thy edged sword another way
Strike those that hurt, and hurt not us

help!
One drop of blood, drawn from my

Should grieve thee more than any
foreign gore:

Return thee, therefore, with a dove
And wash away thy country's stain

Bur. Either she hath bewitch'd my
Or nature makes me suddenly relent

Puc. Besides, all French and
claims on thee,

Doubting thy birth and lawful
Whom join'st thou with, but with a

nation,
That will not trust thee but for proof

When Talbot hath set footing on
And fashion'd thee that instrument

Who then but English Henry will
And thou be thrust out, like a foreigner

Call we to mind,—and mark his face
Was not the duke of Orleans' face

And was he not in England prisoner
But when they heard he was alive

They set him free, without all hire
In spite of Burgundy and all his

See, then, thou fight'st against thy
men,

And join'st with them who will be thy
Come, come, return; return, thou

lord;
Charles, and the rest, will take thee

Bur. I am vanquish'd; I am
words of hers

Have batter'd me like roaring waves
And made me almost yield upon my knees

Forgive me, country, and sweet
And, lords, accept this hearty kiss

My forces and my power of men
So, farewell, Talbot; I'll no longer

Puc. Done like a Frenchman
turn again!

Char. Welcome, brave duke!
makes us fresh.

Bast. And doth begot new
breasts.

Alen. Pucelle hath bravely
in this,

And doth deserve a coronet of
Char. Now let us on, my lords,

powers;
And seek how we may preclude

ACT IV.—Paris. A Room in the Palace.
Enter King Henry, Gloster, Exeter, York,

Verona, Basset, &c. To them Talbot,
and some of his Officers.

Tal. My gracious prince, and honourable
council,

Since your arrival in this realm,
I have my duty to my sovereign:

your obedience fifty tortoiseshell
scales, and seven walled towns of

strength,
and five hundred prisoners of esteem,—

with automatic loyalty of heart,
to the glory of his conquest got,

to my God, and next unto your grace,
I am, in this the lord Talbot, uncle

Gloster.

King. So long been resident in France!

Alen. Welcome, brave captain and vic-
torious lord!

I was young, (as yet I am not old,)
remember how my father said,

since we were resolved of your truth,
I have your service, and your toil in war;

how have you fasted our reward,
I should not with so much as thanks,

all now, we never saw your face:
stand up; and, for these good

deeds,
you create you earl of Shrewsbury;

in your commendation take your place.

[Flourish. Enter King Henry, Glo.,
Tal., and Nobles.

Now, sir, to you, that were so hot at
seeing of these colours that I wear

in your noble lord of York,—[See,
and maintain the former words thou

said'st:]
Yes, sir, as well as you dare patronage

my lord, the duke of Somerset.

Why, what is he? as good a man as
I.

King. He is not so; in witness, take you
this.

Alen. Villain, thou know'st the law of arms
as such.

who draws a sword, 'tis present death,
the blow should breach thy dearest

throat.

into his majesty, and crave
that thou shalt see, I'll meet thee to thy cost.

Well, incontinent, I'll be there as soon
as you;

they meet you sooner than you would.

[Exeunt.]

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—Paris. A Room of State.

Enter King Henry, Gloster, Exeter, York,
Suffolk, Somerset, Winchester, Warwick,

Talbot, the Governor of Paris, and others.

Glo. Lord bishop, set the crown upon his
head.

Win. God save king Henry, of that name
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

Malicious practices against his state:
This shall ye do, so help you righteous God!

[Exeunt Gov. and his train.
Enter Sir John Fastolfe.

Fast. My gracious sovereign, as I rode from
To haste unto your coronation,

A letter was deliver'd to my hands,
Writ to your grace from the duke of Burgundy.

Tal. Shame to the duke of Burgundy and
thee!

I vow'd, base knight, when I did meet thee
next,

To tear the garter from thy craven's leg,
[Plucking it off.

(Which I have done,) because unworthily
Thou wast installed in that high degree.

Pardon me, princely Henry, and the rest:
This dastard, at the battle of Patay,

When but in all I was six thousand strong,
And that the French were almost ten to one,

Before we met, or that a stroke was given,
Like to a trusty squire, did run away:

In which assault we lost twelve hundred men;
Myself, and divers gentlemen beside,

Were there surpris'd, and taken prisoners.
Then judge, great lords, if I have done amiss;

Or whether that such cowards ought to wear
This ornament of knighthood, yes, or no!

Glo. To say the truth, this fact was infamous,
And ill becoming any common man.

Much more a knight, a captain, and a leader.
Tal. When first this order was ordain'd,

my lords,
Knights of the garter were of noble birth.

Valiant and virtuous, full of haughty courage,
Such as were grown to credit by the wars;

Not fearing death, nor shrinking for distress,
But always resolute in most extremes.

He, then, that is not furnish'd in this sort,
Doth but usurp the sacred name of knight,

Profaning this most honourable order;
And should (if I were worthy to be judge)

Be quite degraded, like a hedge-born swain
That doth presume to boast of gentle blood.

K. Hen. Stain to thy countrymen! thou
hear'st thy doom:

Be packing, therefore, thou that wast a knight;
Henceforth we banish thee on pain of death.

[Exit Fastolfe.]

And now, my loyal protector, view the letter
Sent from our uncle duke of Burgundy.

Glo. [Viewing the superscription.] What
means his grace, that he hath changed
his style?

No more, but plain and bluntly,—"To the
Rath he forgot he is his sovereign!" [King!]
Or doth this charlish superscription
Pretend some alteration in good will?

What's here? [Reads.] "I have, upon especial
cause,—

Mord with compassion of my country's woe,
Together with the pitiful complaints
Of such as your oppression feeds upon,—

Forsook your pernicious faction, [France,
And join'd with Charles, the rightful king of
O, monstrous treachery! Can this be so,—

That in alliance, amity, and oaths, [Glo!]
There should be found such false dissembling

K. Hen. What! doth my uncle Burgundy
revolt? [foe.

Glo. He doth, my lord; and is become your
K. Hen. Is that the worst this letter doth
contain? [writes,

Glo. It is the worst, and all, my lord, he
K. Hen. Why then, lord Talbot, there, shall
talk with him,

And give him chastisement for this abuse:—
How say you, my lord? are you not content?

Tal. Content, my liege! Yes, but that I am
prevented, [ploy'd,

I should have beg'd I might have been em-
K. Hen. Then gather strength, and march
unto him straight:

Let him perceive how ill we brook his treason,
And what offence it is to flout his friends.

Tal. I go, my lord; in heart desiring still
You may behold confusion of your foes.

[Exit.

Enter Vernon and Bassett.
Vern. Grant me the combat, gracious sove-
reign! [too!

Bas. And me, my lord, grant me the combat
York. This is my servant; hear him, noble
prince! [him!

Som. And this is mine: sweet Henry, favour
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? [me wrong.

Vern. With him, my lord; for he hath done
Bas. And I with him; for he hath done me
wrong. [both complain!

K. Hen. What is that wrong whereof you
First let me know, and then I'll answer you.

Bas. Crossing the sea from England into
France,

This fellow, here, with envious carping tongue,
Upbraid me about the rose I wear;

Saying, the sanguine colour of the leaves
Did represent my master's blushing cheeks,
When stubbornly he did repugn the truth
About a certain question in the law,

Argu'd betwixt the duke of York and
With other vile and ignominious
In confutation of which rude ap-
And in defence of my lord's words
I crave the benefit of law of arms.

Vern. And that is my petition,
For though he seem, with forged
To set a gloss upon his bold intent,
Yet know, my lord, I was provoked
And he first took exceptions at the
Pronouncing, that the paleness of his
Bewray'd the faintness of my master's
York. Will not this malice, Somerset,
left?

Som. Your private grudge, my lord,
will out,
Though ne'er so cunningly you mask
K. Hen. Good Lord, what mad
brain-sick me,

When, for so slight and frivolous
Such factious emulations shall arise
Good cousins both, of York and
Quiet yourselves, I pray, and be
York. Let this discussion first
fight,

And then your highness shall compare
Som. The quarrel toucheth none
Betwixt ourselves let us decide it,
York. There is my pledge,
Somerset.

Vern. Nay, let it rest where it
Bas. Confirm it so, mine honour
Glo. Confirm it so! Confound
strife!

And perish ye, with your audacious
Presumptuous vassals, are you not
With this immodest clamorous
To trouble and disturb the king and
And you, my lords,—methinks you
To bear with their perverse objections
Much less to take occasion from
To raise a mutiny betwixt yourselves
Let me persuade you take a better
Ecc. It grieves his highness
lords, be friends.

K. Hen. Come hither, you
combatants:
Henceforth I charge you, as
Quite to forget this quarrel and
And you, my lords, remember
In France, amongst a fickle
If they perceive division in our
And that within ourselves we
How will their grudging stomachs
To wilful disobedience, and rebel
Beside, what infamy will there
When foreign princes shall be
That for a toy, a thing of no
King Henry's peers, and chief
Destroy'd themselves, and lost
France!

O, think upon the conquest of
My tender years; and let us not
That for a trifle, that was bought

at so dear a price, if I wear this rose,
I say we should therefore be suspicious
of us to Somerset, than York:
I will they may upbraid me with my crown,
Your discretion, the king of Scots is crown'd.
I am able to instruct or teach:
Therefore, as we hither came in peace,
of York, we institute your grace
and my lord of Somerset, unite
your subjects, sons of your progenitors,
and together, and digest
my lord protector, and the rest,
some respite, will return to Calais; [long
to England; where I hope ere
presented, by your victories, [front.
Alençon, and that traitorous
York, Suffolk, and Bassett.
My lord of York, I promise you, the
thought, did play the orator.
And so he did; but yet I like it not,
he wears the badge of Somerset.
[York] that was but his fancy, blame
his not;
presume, sweet prince, be thought no
as if I wish he did,—But let it rest;
[York] must now be managed.
[York] Wall didst thou, Richard, to suppress
thy voice;
the passions of thy heart burst out,
we should have seen decipher'd there
ambitious spite, more furious raging
I can be imagin'd or suppos'd.
[York] no simple man that sees
[York] discord of nobility
[York] considering of each other in the court,
[York] handling of their favourites,
[York] it doth presage some ill event.
[York] when sceptres are in children's
[York] hands;
[York] when envy breeds unkind division:
[York] the ruin, there begins confusion.
[Exit.

II.—France. Before Bourdeaux.
Enter Talbot, with his forces.
Go to the gates of Bourdeaux, trum-
pet your general unto the wall. [Peter
[York] sends a party. Enter on the walls,
[York] of the French Forces, and others.
[York] Talbot, captains, call you forth,
[York] in arms to Harry King of England;
[York] 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, quant'ring steel, and climbing
Who, in a moment, even with the earth [fire;
Shall lay your stately and air-braving towers,
If you forsake the offer of their love.

Glo. 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 strong enough to issue out and fight:
If thou retire, the Dauphin, well appointed,
Stand 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 taken the sacra-
ment,
To rive their dangerous artillery
Upon no Christian soul but English Talbot.
Lo, there thou stand'st, a breathing valiant
Of an invincible unconquer'd spirit! [man,
This is the latest glory of thy praise,
That I, thy enemy, 'dus 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 colour'd,
Shall see thee wither'd, bloody, pale, and dead.
[Drum afar off.

Mark! hark! the Dauphin's drum, a warning
bell,
Sings heavy music to thy timorous soul:
And mine shall ring thy dire departure out.
[Exit General, &c., from the walls.

Tal. He fables not; I hear the enemy:
Out, some light horsemen, and perseu their
O, negligent and heedless discipline! [wings.
How are we park'd, and bounded in a pale,
A little herd of England's timorous deer,
Maz'd with a yelping kennel of French curs!
If we be English deer, be, then, in blood:
Not rascal-like, to fall down with a pluck,
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
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Prosper our colours in this dangerous fight!
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SCENE III.—Plains in Gascony.
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Lo, there thou stand'st, a breathing valiant
Of an invincible unconquer'd spirit! [man,
This is the latest glory of thy praise,
That I, thy enemy, 'dus 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 colour'd,
Shall see thee wither'd, bloody, pale, and dead.
[Drum afar off.

Mark! hark! the Dauphin's drum, a warning
bell,
Sings heavy music to thy timorous soul:
And mine shall ring thy dire departure out.
[Exit General, &c., from the walls.

Tal. He fables not; I hear the enemy:
Out, some light horsemen, and perseu their
O, negligent and heedless discipline! [wings.
How are we park'd, and bounded in a pale,
A little herd of England's timorous deer,
Maz'd with a yelping kennel of French curs!
If we be English deer, be, then, in blood:
Not rascal-like, to fall down with a pluck,
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.— [right,
God and Saint George, Talbot and England's
Prosper our colours in this dangerous fight!
[Exit.

SCENE III.—Plains in Gascony.
Enter York, with forces; to him a Messenger.

York. Are not the speedy scouts return'd
again,
That dogg'd the mighty army of the Dauphin?

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, quant'ring steel, and climbing
Who, in a moment, even with the earth [fire;
Shall lay your stately and air-braving towers,
If you forsake the offer of their love.

Mess. They are return'd, my lord; and give it out,
That he is march'd to Bourdeaux with his power,
To fight with Talbot: as he march'd along,
By your espials were discovered [led;
Two mightier troops than that the Dauphin
Which join'd with him, and made their march
for Bourdeaux.

York. A plague upon that villain Somerset,
That thus delays my promised supply
Of horsemen, that were levied for this siege!
Renowned Talbot doth expect my aid;
And I am louted by a traitor villain,
And cannot help the noble chevalier:
God comfort him in this necessity!
If he miscarry, farewell wars in France.

Enter Sir William Lucy.

Lucy. Thou princely leader of our English strength,

Never so needful on the earth of France,
Spur to the rescue of the noble Talbot,
Who now is girdled with a waist of iron,
And hemm'd about with grim destruction.
To Bourdeaux, warlike duke! To Bourdeaux,
York! [honour.

Else, farewell Talbot, France, and England's
York. O God, that Somerset,—who in proud heart

Doth stop my cornets,—were in Talbot's place!
So should we save a valiant gentleman,
By forfeiting a traitor and a coward.
Mad ire, and wrathful fury, make me weep
That thus we die, while remiss traitors sleep.

Lucy. O, send some succour to the distress'd lord.

York. He dies, we lose; I break my warlike
We mourn, France smiles; we lose, they daily
All 'long of this vile traitor Somerset. [get;

Lucy. Then God take mercy on brave Talbot's soul!

And on his son, young John; whom two hours since

I met in travel toward his 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 I cannot aid the man.—
Maine, Blois, Poitiers, and Tours, are won away.

'Long all of Somerset and his delay. [Exit.

Lucy. Thus, while the vulture of sedition
Feeds in the bosom of such great commanders,
Sleeping neglect doth betray to loss
The conquest of our scare-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 of France

Enter Somerset, with his forces; and Talbot's with him.

Som. It is too late; I cannot send this
This expedition was by York and I
Too rashly plotted; all our general
Might with a sail of the very town
Be buckled with: the over-aching
Hath sullied all his gloss of former
By this unheeded, desperate, wild
York set him on to fight, and dares
That, Talbot dead, great York might
name.

Off. Here is Sir William Lucy, who
Set from our o'ermatch'd forces [exit.

Enter Sir William Lucy.
Som. How now, sir William? what
you sent.

Lucy. Whither, my lord? from
sold lord Talbot;

Who, ring'd about with bold adventure,
Cries out for noble York and Somerset
To heat assailing death from his war
And whiles the honourable captain
Drops bloody sweat from his war-worn
And, in advantage ling'ring, looks
You, his false hopes, the trust of
honour.

Keep off aloof with worthless command
Let not your private discord keep us
The levied succours that should land
While he, renowned noble gentleman,
Yields up his life unto a world of
Orleans the bastard, Charles, and
Alençon, Reigner, compass him
And Talbot perisheth by your default.

Som. York set him on, York
sent him aid.

Lucy. And York as fast upon your
claims;

Swearing that you withhold his love
Collected for this expedition.

Som. York lies; he might have
the horse.

I owe him little duty, and less love
And take foul scorn to fawn on him.

Lucy. The fraud of England, and
of France,

Hath now entrapp'd the noble Talbot
Never to England shall he bear his
But dies, betray'd to fortune by your

Som. Come, go; I will despatch
men straight:

Within six hours they will be at
Lucy. Too late comes rescue; he
or slain:

For fly he could not, if he would have
And fly would Talbot never, though

Som. If he be dead, brave Talbot
adieu!

Lucy. His fame lives in the world
in you.

THE FIRST PART OF KING HENRY VI.

English Camp near Bour-
neau.

and John his Son.

Talbot! I did send for
 legions of war, [the
 might be in thee reviv'd,
 weak unable limbs,
 to his drooping chair,
 and ill-boding stars!—
 unto a feast of death,
 added danger: [horse;
 I mount on my swiftest
 now thou shalt escape
 me, daily not, begone.
 Talbot? and am I your

If you love my mother,
Mourable name,
And a slave of me!
Is not Talbot's blood,
A noble Talbot stood.
My death, if I be slain,
I will ne'er return again.
So will we both be sure to die.
Y, we both are sure to die.
Stay; and, father, do

Your regard should be ;
no loss is known in me.
French can little boast ;
if you all hopes are lost.
In honour you have won ;
no exploit have done :
every one will swear ;
say it was for fear.

ever I will stay,
 drink and run away.
 beg mortality,
 serv'd with infamy.

mother's hopes lie in one
[womb,
an I'll shame my mother's
wing, I command thee go,
ill, but not to fly the foe,
ther may be sav'd in thee,
him but will be shame in
lose it.

that renown, nor canst not
 renowned name: shall
 [that stain.
 charge shall clear thee from
 witness for me, being slain.
 out, then both fly.

followers here, to fight,
 nited with such shame.
 O youth be guilty of such

er'd from your side,
yourself in twain divide:
I will, the like do I;
my father die.

Take my leave of thee, fair
for this afternoon. (son,

Come, side by side together live and die;
And soul with soul from France to heaven fly.

SCENE VI.—*A Field of Battle.*

Alarm: Excursions, wherein Talbot's Son is hemmed about, and Talbot rescues him.

Tal. Saint George and victory! fight,
soldiers, fight;

The regent bath 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 rescu'd thee from death.
John. O, twice my father! twice am I thy

The life thou gav'st me first was lost and done,
Till with thy warlike sword, despite of fate,
To my determin'd time thou gav'st 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-fac'd victory. Then leaden age,
Quick'en'd with youthful spleen and warlike
Rage.

Beat down Alençon, Orleans, Burgundy,
And from the pride of Gallia rescu'd thee.
The ireful 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 — “ Continued here,

Bespoke him thus,—“Contaminated, base,
And misbegotten blood I spill of thine,
Mean and right poor, for that pure blood of
mineThou art!”

Which thou didst force from Talbot, my brave
Here, purposing the Bastard to destroy,
Came in strong rescue. Speak, thy father's

Art thou not weary, John? How dost thou
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 short'ning of my life one day :

In thee thy mother dies, our household's name,
My death's revenge, thy youth, and England's
fame :

All these, and more, we hazard by thy stay;
All these are sav'd, if thou wilt fly away.
John. The sword of Orleans hath not made
me smart; [heart:

These words of yours draw life-blood from my
On that advantage, bought with such a shame,
(To save a paltry life, and slay bright fame,) *My*
Before young Talbot from old Talbot fly.

The coward horse, that bears me, full 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,
 As 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
 Thou Icarus; thy life to me is sweet: [Crete,
 If thou wilt fight, fight by thy father's side;
 And, commendable prov'd, let's die in pride.

[Exeunt.

SCENE VII.—*Another part of the Field.*

Alarm: Excursions. Enter Talbot, wounded,
 supported by a Servant.

Tal. Where is my other life!—mine own
 is gone:— [John:—
 O, where's young Talbot! where is valiant
 Triumphant death, smear'd with captivity,
 Young Talbot's valour makes me smile at
 thee.—

When he perceiv'd me shrink, and on my knee,
 His bloody sword he brandish'd over me,
 And, like a hungry lion, did commence
 Rough deeds of rage, and stern impatience;
 But when my angry guardant stood alone,
 Tendering my ruin, and assail'd of none,
 Dizzy-ey'd fury, and great rage of heart,
 Suddenly made him from my side to start
 Into the clust'ring battle of the French;
 And in that sea of blood my boy did trench
 His overmounting spirit; and there died
 My Icarus, my blossom, in his pride.

Enter Soldiers, bearing the body of John Talbot.

Serv. O, my dear lord, lo, where your son is
 borne! [here to scorn,

Tal. Thou anticl, death, which laugh'st at us
 anon, from thy insulting tyranny,
 Coupled in bonds of perpetuity,
 Two Talbots, winged through the lither sky,
 In thy despite, shall 'scape mortality.— [death,
 O thou, whose wounds become hard-favour'd
 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, [to-day.—

Had death been French, then death had died
 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.

Alarm. Excursions. Soldiers and Servant, leaving
 the two bodies. Enter Charles, Alençon,
 Burgundy, the Bastard of Orleans, La
 Pucelle, and forces. [rescue in,

Char. Had York and Somerset brought
 We should have found a bloody day of this.

Bast. How the young whelp of Talbot's,
 raging wood, [blood!
 Did dash his puny sword in Frenchmen's
 Puc. Once I encounter'd him, and thus I
 said,

"Thou maiden youth, be vanquish'd by a
 maid."

But, with a proud majestic h
 He answer'd thus,—"Poore Talbot
 To be the pillage of a gilot wench,
 So, rushing in the bowels of the
 He left me proudly, as unworthy knight

Bur. Doubtless, he would have made a
 knight:

See, where he lies inhaled in the arms
 Of the most bloody nurner of his days

Bast. Hew them to pieces, back the
 asunder,

Whose life was England's glory.
 Char. O, no, forbear! for that which

During the life, let us not wrong it
 Enter Sir William Lucy, attended by

Herald proceeding.
 Lucy. Herald, conduct me to the place

To know who hath obtain'd the
 day.

Char. On what submissive meane
 Lucy. Submission, Dauphin! the

French word;
 We English warriors wot not what it

I come to know what prisoners thou
 And to survey the bodies of the dead

Char. For prisoners ask'st thou
 But tell me whom thou seek'st

Lucy. Where is the great Alençon
 Valiant lord Talbot, earl of Shrewsbury

Created, for his rare success in arms
 Great earl of Washford, Waterbury

Valence;
 Lord Talbot of Goodrig and Urchfield

Lord Strange of Blackmere, lord of
 Alton,

Lord Cromwell of Wingfield, lord of
 The thrice victorious lord of Paulson

Knight of the noble order of Saint
 Worthy Saint Michael, and the golden

Great mareschal to Henry the sixth
 Of all his wars within the realm of France

Puc. Here is a silly stately style
 The Turk, that two and fifty kingdoms

Writes not so tedious a style as this
 Him, that thou magnificient with all thy

Stinking, and fly-blown, lies here at
 Lucy. Is Talbot slain,—the French

only scourge,
 Your kingdom's terror and black shadow

O, were mine eyeballs into lallets
 That I, in rage, might shoot them at you

O, that I could but call these dead
 It were enough to fright the realm of France

Were but his picture left among you
 It would amaze the proudest of you

Give me their bodies, that I may
 hence,

And give them burial as becoms the
 Puc. I think this upstart is old Talbot

He speaks with such a proud
 spirit.

For God's sake, let him have
 They would but stink, and putrefy

Char. Go, take their bodies hence

I'll bear them hence:
 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.
K. Hen. [To the Amb.] 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, in shipp'd,
 Commit them to the fortune of the sea.
 [Exeunt King Henry and train: Gloster,
 Exeter, and Ambassadors.]

ACT V.

Sc. I.—London. A Room in the Palace.
Enter King Henry, Gloster, and Exeter.

Hen. Have you perus'd the letters from
 the pope,
 the earl of Armagnac?
Ex. Yes, my lord; and their intent is

to have a godly peace concluded of,
 the realms of England and of France.
Hen. How doth your grace affect their

motion?
Ex. Well, my good lord; and as the only
 way of union of our Christian blood,
 to establish quietness on every side.

Hen. Ay, marry, uncle; for I always
 have both innocent and unnatural, [thought
 of such humanity and bloody strife
 to reign among professors of one faith.

Ex. Beside, my lord, the sooner to affect
 this knot of amity,
 of Armagnac,—near knit to Charles,
 of great authority in France,—

his only daughter to your grace
 marriage, with a large and sumptuous
 dowry.
Hen. Marriage, uncle! alas, my years are

that is my study and my books,
 and the ambassador with a paramour.
 I will have their answers every one:

we are well content with any choice,
 to God's glory, and my country's weal.
Ex. Legate, and two Ambassadors, with
 Cardinal Beaufort, and

appointed accordingly. [Enter install'd,
 aside.] What, is my lord of Winches-
 ter into a cardinal's degree?

the fifth did sometime prophesy,—
 that he come to be a cardinal,
 with his cap co-equal with the crown."

Hen. My lords ambassadors, your several
 opinions consider'd, and debated on, [suits
 of peace are both good and reasonable;
 therefore are we certainly resolv'd

to conditions of a friendly peace;
 and for the lord of Winchester, we mean
 to transport presently to France.
 And for the proffer of my lord, your

grace 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.

K. Hen. [To the Amb.] 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, in shipp'd,
 Commit them to the fortune of the sea.

[Exeunt King Henry and train: Gloster,
 Exeter, and Ambassadors.]

Win. Stay, my lord legate: you shall first
 The sum of money, which I promised [receive
 Should be deliver'd to his holiness
 For clothing me in these grave ornaments.

Leg. I will attend upon your lordship's leisure.

Win. Now, Winchester will not submit, I
 Or be inferior to this proud peer. [Enter
 Humphrey of Gloster, 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 knees,
 Or sack this country with a mutiny. [Exit.]

SCENE II.—France. Plains in Angjou.
Enter Charles, Burgundy, Alençon, La Pucelle,
and forces, marching.

Char. These news, my lord, may cheer our
 drooping spirits:

'Tis said, the stout Parisians do revolt,
 And turn again unto the warlike French.

Alen. Then, march to Paris, royal Charles
 of France,
 And keep not back your powers in dalliance.

Puc. Peace be amongst them, if they turn
 Else, ruin combat with their palaces! [To us:]
Enter a Messenger.

Mess. Success unto our valiant general,
 And happiness to his accomplices.

Char. What tidings send our scouts! I
 prythee, speak.

Mess. The English army, that divided was
 Into two parties, is now conjoin'd in one,
 And means to give you battle presently.

Char. Somewhat too sudden, sirs, the warn-
 But we will presently provide for them. [Enter:]

Bur. I trust the ghost of Talbot is not there:
 Now he is gone, my lord, you need not fear.

Puc. Of all base passions, fear is most
 accurs'd:

Command the conquest, Charles, it shall be
 Let Henry fret, and all the world repine.

Char. Then on, my lords; and France be
 fortunate! [Exeunt.]

SCENE III.—France. Before Angiers.
Alarum: Excursions. Enter La Pucelle,

Puc. The regent conquers, and the French-
 men fly.

Now help, ye charming spells and periapts;
 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
Of your accustomed diligence to me, [poco]
Now, ye familiar spirits, that are call'd
Out of the powerful regions under earth,
Help me this once, that France may get the

field. [*They walk about, 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 you will grant my suit.

[*They shake their heads.*

Cannot my body, nor blood-sacrifice,
Entreat you to your wonted furtherance?
Then take my soul; my body, soul, and all,
Before that England give the French the foil.

[*They depart.*

See, they forsake me: now the time is come,
That France must veil her lofty-plum'd 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.*

Alarum. Enter French and English fighting:
La Pucelle and York fight hand to hand:
La Pucelle is taken. The French fly.

York. Damsel of France, I think I have you
fast:

Unchain your spirits now with spelling charms,
And try if they can gain your liberty.—
A goodly prize, fit for the devil's grace!
See how the ugly witch doth bend her brows,
As if, with Circe, she would change my shape.

Puc. Chang'd 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 thee!

And may ye both be suddenly surpris'd
By bloody hands, in sleeping on your beds!

York. Fell banning hag, enchantress, hold
thy tongue!

[*while.*

Puc. I prythee, give me leave to curse a
York. Curse, miscreant, when thou comest
to the stake.

[*Exeunt.*

*Alarum. Enter Suffolk, leading in Lady
Margaret.*

Suf. Be what thou wilt, thou art my prisoner.

[*Gazes on her.*

O fairest beauty, do not fear, nor fly,
For I will touch thee but with reverent hands.
I kiss these fingers [*Kissing her hand*] for
eternal peace:

And lay them gently on thy tender side.

What art thou I say, that I may honour thee.

Mar. Margaret my name, and daughter
to a king,

The king of Naples; whose'er thou art,

Suf. An earl I am, and Suffolk;

Be not offended, nature's miracle,

Thou art allotted to be taken by me.

So doth the swan her downy cygnets rear,

Keeping them prisoners underneath her wing.

Yet if this servile usage once offend,

Go, and be free again, as Suffolk's wife.

[*She turns away.*

O stay!—I have no power to let her go.

My hand would free her, but my heart forbids.

As plays the sun upon the glassy stream,

Twinkling another counterfeited beam.

So seems this gorgeous beauty to mine eye.

Fain would I woo her, yet I dare not.

I'll call for pen and ink, and write my love.

Fig, De-la-Poole! disable not thyself.

Hast not a tongue? is she not human?

Wilt thou be daunted at a woman's look?

Ay, beauty's princely majesty is such.

Confounds the tongue, and makes a fool of wit.

Mar. Say, earl of Suffolk,—if thy love

What ransom must I pay before I go?

For, I perceive, I am thy prisoner.

Suf. [*Aside.*] How canst thou doubt

to deny thy suit,

Before thou make a trial of her love?

Mar. Why speak'st thou not? what dost thou

must I pay?

Suf. [*Aside.*] She's beautiful, and

She is a woman, therefore to be wooed.

Mar. Wilt thou accept of ransom?

Suf. [*Aside.*] Fond man! ransom

thou hast a wife;

Then, how can Margaret be thy prisoner?

Mar. I were best to leave him, for he

not hear.

Suf. [*Aside.*] There all is made

lies a cooling earl.

Mar. He talks at random: smother

Suf. [*Aside.*] And yet a dissembler

be had.

Mar. And yet I would that I

Suf. [*Aside.*] I'll win this Lady

For whom?

Why, for my king: tush, that's

Mar. [*Overhearing him.*] He talks

it is some carpenter.

Suf. [*Aside.*] Yet so my father

And peace established between them.

But there remains a scruple in my mind.

For though her father be the Duke of

Duke of Anjou and Maine, yet is he

And our nobility will scorn the match.

Mar. Hear ye, captain,—are ye

leisure?

Suf. [*Aside.*] It shall be so, if

Henry is youthful, and will quickly

Madam, I have a secret to reveal.

Mar. [*Aside.*] What though I be

he seems a knight,

And will not any way dishonour me.

Lady, vouchsafe to listen what I say.
[Aside.] Perhaps I shall be rescu'd
 by the French;
 then I need not crave his courtesy.

Sweet madam, give me hearing in a cause—

[Aside.] Tush, women have been
 captivates ere now.

Lady, wherefore talk you so?

I cry you mercy, 'tis but *quid pro quo*.

Say, gentle princess, would you not

exchange *larry*, to be made a queen?

To be a queen in bondage is more

a slave in base servility; [vile
 should be free.

And so shall you,
 England's royal king be free. [me]

Why, what concerns his freedom unto

I'll undertake to make thee Henry's

golden sceptre in thy hand, [queen;

precious crown upon thy head,

and condescend to be my—

What?
 His love.

I am unworthy to be Henry's wife.

No, gentle madam; I unworthy am

to be a dame to be his wife,

no portion in the choice myself.

ay you, madam,—are you so content?

As if my father please, I am content.

Then call our captains and our colours

—[*Troops come forward.*]

at your father's castle walls

to give a hurley, to confer with him.

Enter Reigner, on the walls.

See, Reigner, see thy daughter pri-

ce. To whom?

To me.

Suffolk, what remedy?

Soldier, and unapt to weep,

rejoice on fortune's tickleness.

Yes, there is remedy enough, my lord:

for thy honour, give consent)

father shall be wedded to my king;

with pain have woo'd and won there—

may have woo'd and won there—

may have woo'd and won there—

may have woo'd and won there—

may have woo'd and won there—

may have woo'd and won there—

may have woo'd and won there—

may have woo'd and won there—

may have woo'd and won there—

may have woo'd and won there—

may have woo'd and won there—

may have woo'd and won there—

may have woo'd and won there—

may have woo'd and won there—

Reig. Since thou dost deign to woo her
 little worth

To be the princely bride of such a lord,

Upon condition I may quietly

Enjoy mine own, the county Maine, and Anjou,

Free from oppression or the stroke of war,

My daughter shall be Henry's if he please.

Suf. That is her ransom,—I deliver her;

And those two counties, I will undertake,

Your grace shall well and quietly enjoy.

Reig. And I again, in Henry's royal name,

As deputy unto that gracious king,

Give thee her hand, for sign of plighted faith.

Suf. Reigner of France, I give thee kingly

Because this is in traffic of a king:— [thanks,

[Aside.] And yet, methinks, I could be well

content

To be mine own attorney in this case.—

[*To Reig.*] I'll over, then, to England with

this news,

And make this marriage to be solemniz'd.

So, farewell, Reigner: set this diamond safe

In golden palaces, as it becomes.

Reig. I do embrace thee, as I would embrace

The Christian prince, King Henry, were he hers.

Mar. Farewell, my lord: good wishes,

praise, and prayers,

Shall Suffolk ever have of Margaret. [*Going.*]

Suf. Farewell, sweet madam: but hark you,

Margaret,—

No princely commendations to my king!

Mar. Such commendations as become a

A virgin, and his servant, say to him. [mild,

Suf. Words sweetly plac'd, and modestly

directed.

But, madam, I must trouble you again,—

No loving token to his majesty? [heart,

Mar. Yes, my good lord, a pure unspotted

Never yet taint with love, I send the king.

Suf. And this withal. [*Kisses her.*]

Mar. That for thyself: I will not so presume,

To send such peevish tokens to a king.

[*Exeunt Reigner and Margaret.*]

Suf. O, wert thou for myself!—But, Suffolk,

stay;

Thou mayest not wander in that labyrinth;

There Minotaurs, and deadly treasons, lurk.

Solicit Henry with her wondrous praise:

Bethink thee on her virtues that surmount

Mad natural graces that extinguish art;

Repeat their semblance often on the seas,

That, when thou com'st to kneel at Henry's

feet,

Thou mayest bereave him of his wits with

wonder. [*Exit.*]

SCENE IV.—Camp of the Duke of York, in

Anjou. Enter York, Warwick, and others.

York. Bring forth that sorceress, condemn'd

to burn.

Enter La Pucelle, guarded; and a Shepherd.

Shep. Ah, Joan, this kills thy father's heart

outright!

Have I sought every country far and near,

And, now it is my chance to find thee out,
Must I behold thy timeless cruel death! [thrice]
Ah, Joan, sweet daughter Joan, I'll die with
Puc. Decrepit miser! base ignoble wretch!
I am descended of a gentler blood:
Thou art no father, nor no friend, of mine.

Shep. Out, out!—My lords, an please you,
'tis not so;
I did beget her, all the parish knows;
Her mother liveth yet, can testify
She was the first-fruit of my bachelorship.

War. Graceless! wilt thou deny thy
parentage? [beon]

York. This argues what her kind of life hath
Wicked and vile; and so her death concludes.

Shep. Fie, Joan, that thou wilt be no
obstacle!

God knows, thou art a collop of my flesh;
And for thy sake have I shed many a tear:
Deny me not, I pray thee, gentle Joan.

Puc. Peasant, avaunt!—You have suborn'd
this man,

Of purpose to obscure my noble birth.

Shep. 'Tis true, I gave a noble to the priest,
The morn that I was wedded to her mother,
Kneel down and take my blessing, good my
girl. [time]

Wilt thou not stoop? Now curs'd be the
Of thy nativity! I would the milk [breast]
Thy mother gave thee, when thou suck'dst her
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, curs'd drab!
O, burn her, burn her! hanging is too good.

[Exit.
York. Take her away; for she hath liv'd too
To fill the world with vicious qualities. [long]

Puc. First, let me tell you whom you have
condemn'd;

Not me begotten of a shepherd swain,
But issu'd from the progeny of kings;
Virtuous, and holy; chosen from above,
By inspiration of celestial grace,
To work exceeding miracles on earth.
I never had to do with wicked spirits;
But you,—that are polluted with your lusts,
Stain'd with the guiltless blood of innocents,
Corrupt and tainted with a thousand vices,—
Because you want the grace that others have,
You judge it straight a thing impossible
To compass wonders, but by help of devils.
No; misconceived Joan of Arc hath been
A virgin from her tender infancy,
Chaste and immaculate in very thought;
Whose maiden blood, thus rigorously effus'd,
Will cry for vengeance at the gates of heaven.

York. Ay, ay;—away with her to execution!
War. And hark ye, sirs; because she is a
Spare for no fagots, let there be enow: [maid,
Place barrels of pitch upon the fatal stake,
That so her torture may be shortened.

Puc. Will nothing turn your unrelenting
Then, Joan, discover thine infirmity, [hearts!]

That warranteth by law to be thy
I am with child, ye bloody homicide!
Murder not, then, the fruit within me!
Although ye hale me to a violent death,
York. Now, heaven forbid! the
with child!

War. The greatest miracle that
Is all your strict preciseness come to
York. She and the Dauphin
juggling:

I did imagine what would be her
War. Well, go to; we will have
Especially since Charles must follow.

Puc. You are deceiv'd; my child
It was Alençon that enjoy'd my love.

York. Alençon! that notorious
It dies, an if it had a thousand lives.

Puc. O, give me leave, I have done
'Twas neither Charles, nor yet

nam'd,
But Reiguler, king of Naples, that!

War. A married man! that's im-
possible.

York. Why, here's a girl! I think
There were so many, whom she made

War. It's sign she hath been lying
York. And yet, forsooth, she is a

Strumpet, thy words condemn thy
Use no entreaty, for it is in vain.

Puc. Then lead me hence;—
leave my curse,

May never glorious sun redden his face
Upon the country where you make

But darkness and the gloomy shades
Environ you, till mischief and despair

Drive you to break your necks, or
selves!

York. Break thou in pieces, and
Thou foul accus'd minister of hell!

Enter Cardinal Beaufort, Alençon.
Car. Lord regent, I do greet you

With letters of commission from
For know, my lords, the states of France

Mov'd with remembrance of these outrageous
Have earnestly implor'd a general

Between our nation and the Dauphin,
And here at hand the Dauphin, and

Approacheth to confer about some
York. Is all our travail turn'd to

After the slaughter of so many peers
So many captains, gentlemen, and

That in this quarrel have been over-
And sold their bodies for their

benefit,
Shall we at last conclude offensive

Have we not lost most part of all
By treason, falsehood, and by treachery

Our great progenitors had conquer'd
O, Warwick, Warwick! I foresee

The utter loss of all the realm of France
War. Be patient, York: if we

peace,
It shall be with such strict and

As little shall the Frenchmen gain

Charles, attended: Alençon, the Bastard of Orleans, Burgundy, and others.
Char. Hence, lords of England, it is thus agreed,
And peaceful truce shall be proclaim'd in

France,
And none to be inform'd by yourselves
Of the conditions of that league must be.
John. Speak, Winchester; for boiling choler

Shakes
The hollow passage of my prison'd voice,
Of these our baleful enemies. [Thus:

In regard king Henry gives consent,
And your compassion, and of lenity,
And your country of distressful war,

Charles, upon condition thou wilt swear
To pay him tribute, and submit thyself,
Thou shalt be plac'd as viceroy under him,
And still enjoy thy regal dignity.

John. Must he be, then, as shadow of him—
Al yet, in substance and authority. [self:]
But privilege of a private man?
Charles. 'Tis known already that I am possess'd

Of more than half the Gallian territories,
And therein reverence'd for their lawful king:
Will I for lucre of the rest unvanquish'd,
Be so much from that prerogative,

As to be call'd but viceroy of the whole?
John. I have, than, coveting for more,
And from possibility of all.
Charles. Assaulting Charles! hast thou by secret

Intervention to obtain a league, [means]
Now the matter grows to compromise,
And thou aloof upon comparison?
John. Proceeding from our king,

And out of any challenge of desert,
Will plague thee with incessant wars.
Charles. My lord, you do not well in obstinacy
To be in the course of this contract:

John. It be neglected, ten to one,
Will not find like opportunity.
Charles. [Aside to Charles:] To say the
truth, it is your policy

To have your subjects from such massacre,
And ruthless slaughters, as are daily seen
Proceeding in hostility;
And therefore take this compact of a truce,

Which you break it when your pleasure
Condition stand?
John. How say'st thou, Charles? shall our
Country be still; only reserv'd, you claim no

Interest
Then swear allegiance to his majesty;
And art knight, never to disobey
Rebellious to the crown of England,—

John. nor thy nobles, to the crown of Eng-
land.
[Charles, &c., give tokens of fealty.

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. A Room in the Palace.
Enter King Henry, in conference with Suffolk;
Gloster and Exeter following.

K. Hen. Your wondrous rare description,
 noble earl,

Of beauteous Margaret hath astonish'd me:
Her virtues, grac'd with external gifts,
Do breed love's settled passions in my heart;
And like as rigour of tempestuous gusts
Provokes the mightiest hulk against the tide,
So am I driven, by breath of her renown,
Either to suffer shipwreck, or arrive
Where I may have fruition of her love.

Suf. Tush, my good lord,—this superficial
 Is but a preface of her worthy praise; [tale
 The chief perfections of that lovely dame
 (Had I sufficient skill to utter them)

Would make a volume of enticing lines,
Able to ravish any dull conceit:
And, which is more, she is not so divine,
So full replete with choice of all delights,

But, with as humble lowliness of mind,
She is content to be at your command,—
Command, I mean, of virtuous chaste intents,
To love and honour Henry as her lord.

K. Hen. And otherwise will Henry ne'er
 presume.

Therefore, my lord protector, give consent,
That Margaret may be England's royal queen.

Glo. 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.

Glo. Why, what, I pray, is Margaret more
 than that?

Her father is no better than an earl,
Although in glorious titles he excel.

Suf. Yes, my good lord, her father is a king,
 The king of Naples and Jerusalem;
 And of such great authority in France,
 As his alliance will confirm our peace,
 And keep the Frenchmen in allegiance.

Glo. And so the earl of Armagnac may do,
 Because he is near kinsman unto Charles.

Exe. Beside, his wealth doth warrant liberal
 dower;

Where Reigimer sooner will receive, than give.
Suf. A dower, my lords! disgrace not so
 your king,

That he should be so abject, base, and poor,
To choose for wealth, and not for perfect love,
Henry is able to enrich his queen,

And not to seek a queen to make him rich :
 So worthless peasants bargain for their wives,
 As market-men for oxen, sheep, or horse.
 Marriage is a matter of more worth,
 Than to be dealt in by attorneyship ;
 Not whom we will, but whom his grace affects,
 Must be companion of his nuptial bed :
 And therefore, lords, since he affects her most,
 It most of all these reasons bindeth us,
 In our opinions she should be preferr'd.
 For what is wedlock forc'd, but a hell,
 An age of discord and continual strife ?
 Whereas the contrary bringeth bliss,
 And is a pattern of celestial peace.
 Whom should we match with Henry, being a
 king,

But Margaret, that is daughter to a king ?
 Her peerless feature, join'd with her birth,
 Approves her fit for none but for a king :
 Her valiant courage and undaunted spirit
 (More than in women commonly is seen)
 Will answer our hope in issue of a king,
 For Henry, son unto a conqueror,
 Is likely to beget more conquerors,
 If with a lady of so high resolve,
 As is fair Margaret, he be link'd in love.
 Then yield, my lords ; and here conclude with
 me

That Margaret shall be queen, and none but
 she,

K. Hen. Whether it be through force of your
 report,

My noble lord of Suffolk, or for that

My tender youth was never yet attain'd
 With any passion of inflaming love,
 I cannot tell ; but this I am assur'd,
 I feel such sharp dissension in my breast,
 Such fierce alarms both of hope and fear,
 As I am sick with working of my thoughts.
 Take, therefore, shipping ; post, my lord,
 France ;

Agree to any covenants, and procure
 That lady Margaret do vouchsafe to come
 To cross the seas to England, and be crown'd
 King Henry's faithful and anointed queen.
 For your expenses and sufficient charge,
 Among the people gather up a tenth.
 Be gone, I say ; for, till you do return,
 I rest perplex'd with a thousand cares.
 And you, good uncle, banish all offence,
 If you do censure me by what you were
 Not what you are, I know it will exceed
 This sudden execution of my will.
 And so, conduct me where, from hence
 I may revolve and ruminate my grief.

Glo. Ay, grief, I fear me, both at this
 last. [*Exeunt Gloster and Suffolk.*]

Suf. Thus Suffolk hath prevail'd ; and
 he goes,

As did the youthful Paris once to Greece,
 With hope to find the like event in love.
 But prosper better than the Trojan did,
 Margaret shall now be queen, and rule the land.
 But I will rule both her, the king, and me.

THE SECOND PART OF KING HENRY VI.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Henry the Sixth.
 Duke of Gloster, his Uncle.
 Beaufort, Bishop of Winchester,
 Great Uncle to the King.
 Plantagenet, Duke of York.
 and Richard, his Sons.
 Somerset,
 of Suffolk,
 of Buckingham,
 of Clifford, his Son,
 of Salisbury,
 of Warwick, } of the King's
 } Party.
 Sales, Governor of the Tower. Lord
 Sir Humphrey Stafford, and Wil-
 liam Stafford, his Brother. Sir John
 Blount, Master, and Master's Mate.
 Captain, Master, and Master's Mate.

Two Gentlemen, prisoners with Suffolk. Vaux.
 Herald.
 Hume and Southwell, Priests. [him.
 Bolingbroke, a Conjurer. A Spirit raised by
 Thomas Horner, an Armourer. Peter, his
 Man.
 Clerk of Chatham. Mayor of St. Albans.
 Simpcox, an Impostor. Two Murderers.
 Jack Cade, a Rebel.
 George, John, Dick, Smith, the Weaver,
 Michael, &c., Cade's Followers.
 Alexander Iden, a Kentish Gentleman.
 Margaret, Queen to King Henry.
 Eleanor, Duchess of Gloster.
 Margery Jourdain, a Witch. Wife to Simpcox.
 Lords, Ladies, and Attendants; Herald, Peti-
 tioners, Aldermen, a Beadle, Sheriff, and
 Officers; Citizens, Prentices, Falconers,
 Guards, Soldiers, Messengers, &c.

SCENE.—In various parts of England.

ACT I.

London. A Room of State in the
 Palace.
 Enter King Henry, Duke of Gloster,
 Salisbury, Warwick, and Cardinal
 Beaufort; on the other, Queen Margaret,
 York, Somerset, Buck-
 ington, and others following.
 As by your high imperial majesty
 charge at my depart for France,
 I have committed to your excellence,
 my famous Margaret for your grace;
 the famous ancient city, Tours,
 the city of Orleans, Calaber, Bretagne, and
 twelve barons, and twenty rever-
 end bishops, and was espous'd:
 I have now, upon my bended knee,
 of England and her lordly peers,
 my title in the queen [substance
 most gracious hands, that are the
 great shadow I did represent;
 that ever marquess gave,
 that queen that ever king receiv'd.
 Suffolk, arise.—Welcome, queen
 Margaret:
 I have no kinder sign of love,
 this kind kiss.—O Lord, that lends me

Lend me a heart replete with thankfulness!
 For thou hast given me, in this beauteous face,
 A world of earthly blessings to my soul,
 If sympathy of love unite our thoughts.

Q. Mar. Great king of England, and my
 gracious lord,
 The mutual conference that my mind hath had,
 By day, by night, waking and in my dreams,
 In courtly company or at my beads,
 With you, mine alder-liest sovereign,
 Makes me the bolder to salute my king
 With ruder terms, such as my wit affords,
 And over-joy of heart doth minister.

K. Hen. 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!

Q. Mar. We thank you all. [Flourish.
 Suf. My lord protector, so it please your
 grace,

Here are the articles of contracted peace,
 Between our sovereign, and the French king
 Charles,

For eighteen months concluded by consent.
 Glo. [Reads.] "Imprimis, It is agreed be-

between the French king, Charles, and William de-la-Poole marquess of Suffolk, ambassador for Henry king of England,—that the said Henry shall espouse the lady Margaret, daughter unto Reigner 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—

K. Hen. Uncle, how now!

Glo. Pardon me, gracious lord; Some sudden qualm hath struck me at the heart,

And dimm'd mine eyes, that I can read no
K. Hen. Uncle of Winchester, I pray, read on.

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

K. Hen. They please us well.—Lord marquess, kneel down:

We here create thee the first duke of Suffolk, And girt thee with the sword.—Cousin of York, We here discharge your grace from being regent

[months] I' the parts of France, till term of eighteen Be full expir'd.—Thanks, uncle Winchester, Gloster, York, Buckingham, Somerset, Salisbury, and Warwick;

We thank you all for this great favour done, In entertainment to my princely queen. Come, let us in; and with all speed provide To see her coronation be perform'd.

[Exeunt King, Queen, and Suffolk.]
Glo. Brave peers of England, pillars of the state,

To you duke Humphrey must unload his [grief] Your grief, the common grief of all the land. What! did my brother Henry spend his youth, His valour, coin, and people, in the wars? Did he so often lodge in open field, In winter's cold, and summer's parching heat, To conquer France, his true inheritance? And did my brother Bedford toil his wits, To keep by policy what Henry got? Have you yourselves, Somerset, Buckingham, Brave York, Salisbury, and victorious War-

wick, Receiv'd deep scars in France and Normandy? Or hath mine uncle Beaufort and myself, With all the learned council of the realm, Studied so long, sat in the council-house

Early and late, debating to and fro How France and Frenchemen might be kept And hath his highness in his infancy [in awe] Been crown'd in Paris, in despite of foes? And shall these labours, and these honours, die?

Shall Henry's conquest, Bedford's vigilance, Your deeds of war, and all our counsel, die? O peers of England, shameful is this league!

Fatal this marriage! cancelling Blotting your names from books of fame Razing the characters of your virtue Defacing monuments of conquest Undoing all, as all had never been!

Car. Nephew, what means this discourse,

This peroration with such dramatics?

For France, 'tis ours; and we will keep it.

Glo. Ay, uncle, we will keep it. But now it is impossible we should Suffolk, the new-made duke of Anjou Hath given the duchies of Anjou and

Unto the poor king Reigner, whom Agrees not with the looseness of his

Sal. Now, by the death of Henry for all,

These counties were the keys of France. But wherefore weeps Warwick?

War. For grief that they are lost.

For, were there hope to conquer France, My sword should shed hot blood.

Car. Tis true, but we have no tears.

Anjou and Maine! myself did win those provinces these arms of France:

And are the cities, that I got with sword, Deliver'd up again with peaceful words?

York. For Suffolk's duke, may I say That dims the honour of this war?

France should have torn and rent his heart,

Before I would have yielded to the king I never read but England's king.

Large sums of gold, and dowry of wives;

And our king Henry gives away his crown To match with her that brings him France.

Glo. A proper jest, and never true. That Suffolk should demand a dowry

For costs and charges in transportation? She should have stay'd in France.

Before—

Car. My lord of Gloster, now 'tis It was the pleasure of my lord of York.

Glo. My lord of Winchester, I mind;

'Tis not my speeches that you do mind. But 'tis my presence that doth offend.

Rancour will out; proud malice will I see thy fury: if I longer stay,

We shall begin our ancient broils. Loadings, farewell; and say, when I prophesied France will be lost.

Car. So, there goes our prophet. 'Tis known to you he is a false prophet.

Nay, more, an enemy unto you and me. And no great friend, I fear me.

Consider, lords, he is the next of kin. And heir-apparent to the English crown.

Had Henry got an empire by his

of the smiling kingdoms of the west,
 reason he should be displeas'd at it.
 to the lords; let not his smoothing words
 pierce your hearts; be wise, and circum-

spect.
 Though the common people favour him,
 Humphrey, the good duke of
 Gloucester,
 [voice—
 "Maintain your royal excellence!"
 "And preserve the good duke Hum-

phrey,"
 his hands, for all this flattering gloss,
 will be found a dangerous protector.
 Why should he, then, protect our
 sovereign,
 of age to govern of himself?—
 of Somerset, join you with me,
 together with the duke of Suffolk,
 quickly hold duke Humphrey from his

eyes.
 This weighty business will not brook
 delay.
 To the duke of Suffolk presently. [Exit.
 Thomas of Buckingham, though Hum-

phrey's pride
 of his place be grief to us,
 his haughty cardinal;
 his more intolerable
 all the princes in the land beside:

He must be displac'd, he'll be protector.
 Or thou, or I, Somerset, will be pro-

tect.
 Duke Humphrey, or the cardinal.
 [Re-enter Buckingham and Somerset.
 Pido went before, ambition follows

him.
 these do labour for their own preferment,
 it us to labour for the realm.
 saw but Humphrey, duke of Gloster,

like a noble gentleman.
 I seen the haughty cardinal,—
 like a soldier, than a man o' the church,
 proud, as he were lord of all,—

like a ruffian, and demean himself
 of the ruler of a common-weal.
 my son, the comfort of my age!
 my wife, thy plainness, and thy house-

keeping.
 and the greatest favour of the commons,
 the hope but good duke Humphrey:—
 giving them to civil discipline;

like exploits done in the heart of France,
 him wert regent for our sovereign.
 made these fear'd and honour'd of the

people:—
 together, for the public good,
 we can, to bridle and suppress
 of Suffolk and the cardinal,
 Somerset's and Buckingham's ambition;
 as we may, cherish duke Humphrey's

deeds,
 they do tend the profit of the land.

War. So God help Warwick, as he *lives*
 And common profit of his country. [The land,
 York. And so says York, for he hath greatest
 cause. [unto the main.

Sal. Then let's make haste away, and look
 War. Unto the main! O father, Maine is
 lost; [did win,
 That Maine, which by main force Warwick
 And would have kept, so long as breath did
 last! [Maine,

Main chance, father, you meant; but I meant
 Which I will win from France, or else be slain.

[Exeunt Warwick and Salisbury
 York. Anjou and Maine are given to the
 Paris is lost; the state of Normandy [French;
 Stands on a tickle point, now they are gone:
 Suffolk concluded on the articles; [pleas'd,
 The peers agreed; and Henry was well
 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 courtesans,
 Still revelling, like lords, till all be gone;
 Whileas the silly owner of the goods [lands,
 Weeps over them, and wrings his hapless
 And shakes his head, and trembling stands
 aloof,

While all is shar'd, and all is borne away,
 Ready to starve, and dare not touch his own:
 So York must sit, and fret, and bite his tongue,
 While his own lands are bargain'd for, and
 sold. [Ireland

Methinks the realms of England, France, and
 Bear that proportion to my flesh and blood,
 As did the fatal brand Althea burn'd,
 Unto the prince's heart of Calydon.
 Anjou and Maine, both given unto the French!
 Cold news for me; for I had hope of France,
 Even as I have of fertile England's soil.

A day will come, when York shall claim his
 own;
 And therefore I will take the Nevils' parts,
 And make a show of love to proud duke
 Humphrey,

And, when I spy advantage, claim the crown,
 For that's the golden mark I seek to hit:
 Nor shall proud Lancaster usurp my right,
 Nor hold the sceptre in his childish fist,
 Nor wear the diadem upon his head,
 Whose church-like humours fit not for a crown.
 Then, York, be still a while, till time do serve:
 Watch thou and wake, when others be asleep,
 To pry into the secrets of the state;
 Till Henry, surfeiting in joys of love,
 With his new bride and England's dear-
 bought queen,

And Humphrey with the peers be fall'n at jars:
 Then will I raise aloft the milk-white rose,
 With whose sweet smell the air shall be per-
 fum'd;
 And in my standard bear the arms of York,

To grapple with the house of Lancaster;
And, force perforce, I'll make him yield the
crown,
Whose bookish rule hath pull'd fair England
down. [Exit.]

SCENE II.—London. A Room in the Duke
of Gloster's House.

Enter Gloster and his Duchess.

Duch. Why droops my lord, like over-
ripen'd corn
Hanging the head at Ceres' plenteous load?
Why doth the great duke Humphrey knit his
brows,
As frowning at the favours of the world?
Why are thine eyes fix'd to the sullen earth,
Gazing on that which seems to dim thy sight?
What seest thou there? King Henry's diadem,
Enchased with all the honours of the world?
If so, gaze on, and grovel on thy face,
Until thy head be circled with the same.
Put forth thy hand, reach at the glorious
gold:—

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

Glo. O Nell, sweet Nell, if thou dost love
thy lord,

Banish the canker of ambitious thoughts!
And may that thought, when I imagine ill
Against my king and nephew, virtuous Henry,
Be my last breathing in this mortal world!
My troublous dream this night doth make me
and. [I'll requite it]

Duch. What dream'd my lord? tell me, and
With sweet rehearsal of my morning's dream.

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

Was broke in twain; by whom, I have forgot,
But, as I think, it was by the cardinal;
And on the pieces of the broken wand
Were plac'd the heads of Edmund duke of
Somerset,

And William De-la-Poole, first duke of Suffolk.
This was my dream; what it doth bode, God
knows. [mont]

Duch. Tith! this was nothing but an argu-
That he that breaks a stick of Gloster'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. [me]

Where Henry, and dame Margaret, kneel'd to
And on my head did set the diadem. [right:]

Glo. Nay, Eleanor, then must I chide out-
Presumptuous dame, ill-nurtur'd Eleanor!
Art thou not second woman in the realm,
And the protector's wife, belov'd of him?
Hast thou not worldly pleasure at command,
Above the reach or compass of thy thought?

And wilt thou still be hampering
To tumble down thy husband, and
From top of honour to disgrace's
Away from me, and let me loose!

Duch. What, what, my lord! I am
choleric
With Eleanor, for telling but her
Next time I'll keep my dreams
And not be check'd.

Glo. Nay, be not angry, I am
Enter a Messenger.

Mess. My lord protector, 'tis
pleasure

You do prepare to ride unto St. Albans,
Whereas the king and queen do move.

Glo. I go.—Come, Nell; thou
with us!

Duch. Yes, my good lord, I'll
[Exit Gloster and Duchess]

Follow I must; I cannot go before
While Gloster bears this base

Were I a man, a duke, and next
I would remove these tedious stum-
And smooth my way upon their

And, being a woman, I will not
To play my part in Fortune's

Where are you there, sir John?
We are alone; here's none but the

Enter Hume.

Hume. Jesus preserve your royal

Duch. What say'st thou? I am
but grace.

Hume. But, by the grace of
Hume's advice,

Your grace's title shall be multiplied
Duch. What say'st thou, master?

as yet confer'd
With Margery Jourdain, the countess

With Roger Bolingbroke, the countess
To will they undertake to do me

Hume. This they have promised
your highness

A spirit rais'd from depth of under
That shall make answer to such

As by your grace shall be proposed
Duch. It is enough; I'll think

questions:
When from St. Albans we do ride

We'll see these things effected in
Here, Hume, take this reward

man,
With thy confederates in this

Hume. Hume must make
duchess' gold;

Marry, and shall. But how
Seal up your lips, and give no word

The business asketh silent secrecy.
Dame Eleanor gives gold to bribe

Gold cannot come amiss, were it
Yet have I gold flies from another

I dare not say, from the rich cardinal
And from the great and powerful

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

knowing dame Eleanor's aspiring
 ambition, resolved me to undermine the duchess,
 and thus these conjurations in her brain.
 I say—A crafty knave does need no
 words; Suffolk and the cardinal's broker.
 If you take not heed, you shall go
 down then both a pair of crafty knaves.
 It stands; and thus, I fear, at last,
 your knavery will be the duchess' wreck,
 for attainment will be Humphrey's fall:
 how it will, I shall have gold for all.

[Exit.]

SCENE III.—London. A Room in the
 Palace.

Enter Peter and other Petitioners.

My masters, let's stand close: my
 protector will come this way by and by,
 and then we may deliver our supplications in
 his ear.

Marry, the lord protect him, for he's
 a good man! I pray, God bless him!

Enter Suffolk and Queen Margaret.
 Here 'a comes, methinks, and the
 duke with him. I'll be the first, sure.

Come back, fool! this is the duke of
 Suffolk, and not my lord protector.

How now, fellow! wouldst anything

I pray, my lord, pardon me; I took
 my lord protector.

Q. Mar. [Glancing at the superscriptions.]
 In my lord protector's name are your supplica-

tions to his lordship! Let me see them: what

the duke's name is, can't please your grace,
 but I'll keep my house, and lands, my

lordship, and all, from me.

—What's yours?—What's here! [Reads.]
 Against the duke of Suffolk, for enclosing

the commons of Melford.—How now, sir

Alas, sir, I am but a poor petitioner
 of this township.

Presenting his petition.] Against my
 lord Thomas Horner, for saying that the

duke of York was rightful heir to the crown.

Q. Mar. What say'st thou? Did the duke
 say he was rightful heir to the crown?

That my master was? No, forsooth:
 he said that he was; and that the king

was his master.

Who is there! [Enter Servants.]—
 Tell the fellow in, and send for his master

to be present presently:—we'll hear more
 of this matter before the king.

Exit Servants with Peter.
 Q. Mar. And as for you, that love to be
 protected

Under the wings of our protector's grace,
 Begin your suits anew, and sue to him.

[Tears the petitions.]

Away, base cullions!—Suffolk, let them go.

All. Come, let's be gone.

[Recount Petitioners.]

Q. Mar. My lord of Suffolk, say, is this this
 guise,

Is this the fashion of 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 Gloster's governance?

Am I a queen in title and in style,

And must be made a subject to a duke?

I tell thee, Poole, when in the city Tours

Thou ran'st a tilt in honour of my love,

And stol'st away the ladies' hearts of France,

I thought king Henry had resembled thee

In courage, courtship, and proportion:

But all his mind is bent to holiness,

To number Ave-Maries on his beads:

His champions are the prophets and apostles;

His weapons, holy saws of sacred writ;

His study is his tilt-yard, and his loves

Are brazen images of canoniz'd saints.

I would the college of the cardinals [Rome,

Would choose him pope, and carry him to

And set the triple crown upon his head:

That were a state fit for his holiness.

Suf. Madam, be patient: as I was caused

Your highness came to England, so will I

In England work your grace's full content.

Q. Mar. Beside the haughty protector, have

we Beaufort, [ingham,

The imperious churchman; Somerset, Buck-

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 Nevills:

Salisbury and Warwick are no simple peers.

Q. Mar. Not all these lords do vex me half

so much,

As that proud dame, the lord protector's wife.

She sweeps it through the court with troops of

ladies, [wife:

More like an empress than duke Humphrey's

Strangers in court do take her for the queen

She bears a duke's reverends on her back,

And in her heart she scorns our poverty:

Shall I not live to be avenged on her?

Contempts base-born callet as she is,

She vaunted 'mongst her minions 'other day

The very train of her worst wearing gown

Was better worth than all my father's lands,

Till Suffolk gave two dukedoms for his daughter.

Suf. Madam, myself have lim'd a bush for

And plac'd a quire of such enticing birds,

That she will light to listen to the lays,

And never mount to trouble you again.

So, let her rest: and, madam, list to me;

For I am bold to counsel you in this.

Although we fancy not the cardinal,
Yet must we join with him and with the lords,
Till we have brought duke Humphrey in dis-
grace.

As for the duke of York, this late complaint
Will make but little for his benefit.

So, one by one, we'll weed them all at last,
And you yourself shall steer the happy helm.

Enter King Henry, York, and Somerset;
Duke and Duchess of Gloster, Cardinal
Beaufort, Buckingham, Salisbury, and
Warwick. [not which;

K. Hen. For my part, noble lords, I care
Or Somerset, or York, all's one to me.

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

Then let him be deeny'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, yet
Dispute not that; York is the worthier. [or no,

Car. Ambitious Warwick, let thy betters
speak. [field.

War. The cardinal's not my better in the
Buck. All in this presence are thy betters,
Warwick.

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

Suf. Peace, son! and show some reason,
Buckingham,

Why Somerset should be preferr'd in this.

Q. Mar. Because the king, forsooth, will
have it so.

Glo. Madam, the king is old enough himself
To give his censure: these are no women's
matters.

Q. Mar. If he be old enough, what needs
To be protector of his excellences? [your grace

Glo. Madam, I am protector of the realm;
And, at his pleasure, will resign my place.

Suf. Resign it, then, and leave thine inso-
lence.

Since thou wert king, (as who is king but thou?)
The commonwealth hath daily run to wreck;
The Dauphin hath prevail'd beyond the seas;
And all the peers and nobles of the realm
Have been as bondmen to thy sov'reignty.

Car. The commons hast thou rack'd; the
clergy's bags

Are lank and lean with thy extortions.

Som. Thy sumptuous buildings, and thy
wife's attire,

Have cost a mass of public treasury.

Buck. Thy cruelty in execution

Upon offenders, hath exceeded law,

And left thee to the merrcy of the law.

Q. Mar. Thy sale of offices and towns in
France,

If they were known, as the suspect is great,
Would make thee quickly hop without thy
head.

[*Exit Gloster.* *The Queen drops her fan.*
Give me my fan: what, minion! can you not!

[*Giving the Duchess a box on the ear.*
I cry you mercy, madam, was it you!

Duch. Was't it you, I'll weep for
woman!

Could I come near your beauty yet
I'd set my ten commandments to

K. Hen. Sweet aunt, be quiet,
her will.

Duch. Against her will! Good
She'll hamper thee, and dandle thee
Though in this place most wretched
breeches,

She shall not strike dame Eleanor

Buck. Lord cardinal, I will follow
And listen after Humphrey, how he
She's tickled now; her fume can
She'll gallop far enough to her death.

[*Exit Duke.*
Re-enter Gloster.

Glo. Now, lords, my choleric being
With walking once about the quarter

I come to talk of commonwealth's
As for your spiteful false objections,

Prove them, and I lie open to the law;
But God in mercy so deal with my

As I in duty love my king and country
But, to the matter that we have in hand

I say, my sov'reign, York is unworthy
To be your regent in the realm of France.

Suf. Before we make election, pray
To show some reason, of no little moment

That York is most unworthy of any
York. I'll tell thee, Suffolk, what

unmeet:

First, for I cannot flatter thee in private
Next, if I be appointed for the place

My lord of Somerset will keep me
Without discharge, money, or reward

Till France be won into the Dauphin's
Last time I gave attendance on him

Till Paris was besieged, famish'd, and
War. That can I witness; and

Did never traitor in the land commit
Suf. Peace, headstrong Warwick!

War. Image of pride, why shouldst thou
my peace?

*Enter Servants of Suffolk, bringing in
and Peter.*

Suf. Because here is a man worthy
Pray God the duke of York excuse me

York. Doth any one accuse
traitor!

K. Hen. What mean'st thou, Suffolk?

Suf. Please it your majesty, there is
That doth accuse his master of high treason

His words were these,—that Richard
York,

Was rightful heir unto the English crown
And that your majesty was a usurper

K. Hen. Say, man, ward those words
Hor. An't shall please your majesty

said nor thought any such matter
witness, I am falsely accused by the

Per. [Holding up his hands.] By my
bouch, my lords, he did speak these words

one night, as we were scouring my
York's armour.

York. Base duncill villain and mechanical,
I have thy head for this thy traitor's speech.—
I have all the rigour of the law.

Alas, my lord, hang me, if ever I spake
My accuser is my prentice; and
I did correct him for his fault the other
day; I have good witness of this;
I have all the rigour of the law.
Uncle, what shall we say to this in

This doom, my lord, if I may judge.
Somerset he regent o'er the French,
And let these have a day appointed them
To dole combat in convenient place,
To dole witness of his servant's malice:
To dole law, and this duke Humphrey's

Then be it so. My lord of Somers-
et, make your grace lord regent o'er the
French.
I humbly thank your royal majesty.

Alas, my lord, I cannot fight; for God's
sake, my grace! the spite of man prevaileth
I never be able to fight a blow; O Lord,
[hang'd.]
Away with them to prison; and

we shall be the last of the next month.—
[Exit.]
Somerset, we'll see thee sent away.

IV.—London. The Duke of Gloster's
Garden.
Margery Jourdain, Hume, Southwell,
and Bolingbroke.

Come, my masters, the duchess, I
expect performance of your promises.
Master Hume, we are therefore
witnesses will her ladyship behold and hear
[courage.]
Ay, what else I fear you not her

I have heard her reported to be a
woman of invincible spirit; but it shall be
seen whether we be busy below; and so, I pray
Mother Jourdain, and leave us.—[Exit
Mother Jourdain, and let us to our work,
and presently Hume.

Well said, my masters; and welcome
to the ear: the sooner the better.
[All.]
Patience, good lady; wizards know
their times.

One 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 bandogs
howl, [graves,—
And spirits walk, and ghosts break up their
That time best fits the work we have in hand.
Madam, sit you, and fear not: whom we raise,
We will make fast within a hallow'd verge.

[Here they perform the ceremonies
appertaining, and make the Circle;
Bolingbroke or Southwell reads, Con-
juro te, &c. It thunders and lightens
terribly; then the Spirit riseth.]

Spir. 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. [and done!]

Spir. Ask what thou wilt:—that I had said
Boling. [Reads from a paper.] "First, of
the king: what shall of him become?"

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

[As the Spirit speaks, Southwell writes
the answers.]

Boling. [Reads.] "What fate awaits the
duke of Suffolk?"

Spir. By water shall he die, and take his end.

Boling. [Reads.] "What shall befall the
duke of Somerset?"

Spir. Let him shun castles;
Safer shall he be upon the sandy plains,
Than where castles mounted stand.

Have done, for more I hardly can endure.

Boling. Descend to darkness, and the burn-
False fiend, avoid! [Ing lake!]

Thunder and lightning. Spirit descends.

Enter York and Buckingham, hastily, with
their Guards, and others.

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

Beldame, I think we watch'd you at an inch.—
What, madam, are you there! the king and
commonweal

Are deeply indebted for this piece of pains:
My lord protector will, I doubt it not,

See you well guardon'd for these good deserts.

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

Injurious duke, that threat'st where is no cause.

Buck. True, madam, none at all: what call
you this? [Showing her the papers.]

Away with them! let them be clapp'd up close,
And kept asunder.—You, madam, shall with
Stafford, take her to thee.— [us.—

[Exit Duchess, above,
We'll see your trinkets here all forthcoming,—
All, away!]

[Exit Southwell, Bolingbroke, &c.,
guarded.] [watch'd her well:]

York. Lord Buckingham, methinks you
A pretty plot well chosen to build upon!

Now, pray, my lord, let's see the devil's writ.

What have we here?

[*Reveals.*] "The duke yet lives that Henry shall depose;

But him outlive, and die a violent death."

Well, this is just,

Aio ie, Aacida, 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 St. Albans;
With him, the husband of this lovely lady:

Thither go these news, as fast as horse can carry them;

A sorry breakfast for my lord protector.

Buck. Your grace shall give me leave, my lord of York,

To be the post, in hope of his reward.

York. At your pleasure, my good lord.—
Who's within there, ho!

Enter a Servant.

Invite my lords of Salisbury, and Warwick,
To sup with me to-morrow night.—Away!

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT II.

SCENE I.—St. Albans.

Enter King Henry, Queen Margaret, Gloster, Cardinal, and Suffolk, with Falconers, hollaring.

Q. Mar. 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.

K. Hen. But what a point, my lord, your falcon made,

And what a pitch she flew above the rest!—
To see how God in all his creatures works!

Yea, man and birds are fain of climbing high.

Suf. No marvel, an it like your majesty,
My lord protector's hawks do tower so well;

They know their master loves to be aloft,
And bears his thoughts above his falcon's pitch.

Glo. My lord, 'tis but a base ignoble mind,
That mounts no higher than a bird can soar.

Car. I thought as much: he'd be above the clouds.

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

Were it not good your grace could fly to heaven?

K. Hen. The treasury of everlasting joy!

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

Beat on a crown, the treasure of thy heart;

Pernicious protector, dangerous!

That smooth'st it so with king and

Glo. What, cardinal, is your

grown peremptory!

Tantene animis celestibus ira!

Churchmen so hot! good uncle,

With such holiness can you do it?

Suf. No malice, sir; no more than

So good a quarrel, and so bad a

Glo. As who, my lord?

Suf. Why, as you

An't like your lordly lord-protector

Glo. Why, Suffolk, England know

Q. Mar. And thy ambition, Gloucester

K. Hen.

Good queen, and whet not on the

pears;

For blessed are the peacemakers on

Car. Let me be blessed for the

make,

Against this proud protector with

Glo. [*Aside to Car.*] Faith, lord

would 'twere come to that!

Car. [*Aside to Glo.*] Marry, where

Glo. [*Aside to Car.*] Make up

numbers for the matter;

In thine own person answer thy

Car. [*Aside to Glo.*] Ay, where

not peep: an if thou dar'st,

This evening on the east side of the

K. Hen. How now, my lords!

Car. Believe me, come

Had not your man put up the

denly,

We had had more sport.—[*Aside*]

Come with thy two-hand sword

Glo. True, uncle. [*Least side of*]

Car. Are you advis'd?—[*Aside to*]

Glo. [*Aside to Car.*] Cardinal,

you,

K. Hen. Why, how now, uncle

Glo. Talking of hawking; no

lord.—[*I'll shew you*]

[*Aside to Car.*] Now, by God's

For this, or all my fence shall

Car. [*Aside to Glo.*] Notice

Protector, see to't well, protect

K. Hen. The winds grow high;

stomachs, lords.

How irksome is this music to my

When such strings jar, what hope

I pray, my lords, let me compound

Enter One, crying, "A miracle!"

Glo. What means this noise!

Fellow, what miracle dost thou

One. A miracle! a miracle!

Suf. Come to the king, and tell

One. Forsooth, a blind man at

shrine,

Within this half-hour, hath receiv'd

A man that us'er saw in his life

K. Hen. Now, God be prais'd,

living souls

Gives light in darkness, comfort to

Enter Buckingham.

K. Hen. What tidings with our cousin Buckingham?

Buck. Such as my heart doth tremble to unfold.

A sort of naughty persons, lowly bent,—
Under the countenance and confederacy
Of lady Eleanor, the protector's wife,
The ringleader and head of all this rout,—
Have practis'd 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 Glo.] And so, my lord protector, by this means,

Your lady is forthcoming yet at London. [Edge:]
This news, I think, hath turn'd your weapon's
'Tis like, my lord, you will not keep your hour.

Glo. Ambitious churchman, leave to afflict my heart:

Sorrow and grief have vanquish'd all my
And, vanquish'd as I am, I yield to thee,
Or to the meanest groom.

K. Hen. O God, what mischiefs work the
Heaping confusion on their own heads thereby!

Q. Mar. Gloster, see here the tainture of thy nest;

And look thyself be faultless, thou wert best.

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

How I have lov'd my king, and commonweal;

And, for my wife, I know not how it stands;

Sorry I am to hear what I have heard:

Noble she is; but if she have forgot
Honour and virtue, and convers'd with such
As, like to pitch, defile nobility,
I banish her my bed and company,
And give her, as a prey, to law and shame,
That hath dishonour'd Gloster's honest name.

K. Hen. Well, for this night, we will repose us here:

To-morrow toward London back again,
To look into this business thoroughly,

And call these foul offenders to their answers;
And poise the cause in justice' equal scales,
Whose beam stands sure, whose rightful cause prevails.

[*Flourish. Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—London. The Duke of York's Garden.

Enter York, Salisbury, and Warwick.

York. Now, my good lords of Salisbury and Warwick,

Our simple supper ended, give me leave,
In this close walk, to satisfy myself,

In craving your opinion of my title,
Which is infallible, to England's crown.

Sal. My lord, I long to hear it at full.

War. Sweet York, begin: and if thy claim be good,

The Nevils are thy subjects to command.

York. Then thus:—
Edward the third, my lord, had seven sons;

The first, Edward the black prince, who was
Wales;

The second, William of Hatfield, who was
Lionel, duke of Clarence; next to him

Was John of Gaunt, the duke of Lancaster;

The fifth was Edmund Langley, who was
The sixth was Thomas of Woodstock;

Gloster;

William of Windsor was the seventh son,
Edward, the black prince, that was

father;

And left behind him Richard, his only son,
Who, after Edward the third's death, was

as king;

Till Henry Bolingbroke, duke of Lancaster,
The eldest son and heir of John of Gaunt,

Crown'd by the name of Henry the fourth;
Seiz'd on the realm, depos'd the king,

Seiz'd his poor queen to France, from whence
she came,

And him to Pomfret,—where, as all men say,
Harmless Richard was murder'd.

War. Father, the duke has told me
Thus got the house of Lancaster the crown;

York. Which now they hold by right;

For Richard, the first son's heir, had
The issue of the next son's heir;

Sal. But William of Hatfield, who was
an heir.

York. The third son, duke of Clarence,
(from whose line

I claim the crown,) had issue—
Who married Edmund Mortimer's

March;

Edmund had issue—Roger, earl of March;
Roger had issue—Edmund, duke of York;

Sal. This Edmund, in the reign of
broke,

As I have read, laid claim unto the crown;
And but for Owen Glendower, who was

Who kept him in captivity till his death,
But, to the rest.

York. His eldest sister, who was
My mother, being heir unto the crown,

Married Richard, earl of Cambridge,
who was son

To Edmund Langley, Edward the first's
By her I claim the kingdom; she was

To Roger, earl of March; who married
Of Edmund Mortimer; who married

Sole daughter unto Lionel, duke of Clarence;
So, if the issue of the elder son

Succeed before the younger, I am
War. What plain proceeding is this?

Henry doth claim the crown for
The fourth son; York claims it for

Till Lionel's issue fails, his should
It fails not yet, but flourishes in thee;

And in thy sons, fair slips of such a
Then, father Salisbury, kneel we to

in the private plot, he was the first,
And sought to take our rightful sovereign

from us, to give him the crown.

Long live our sovereign Richard,
England's king!

York. We thank you, lords. But I am not
of the crown; and that my sword be stain'd

With the blood of the house of Lancaster;
I will not suddenly be perform'd,

As I do, in these dangerous days,
At the duke of Suffolk's insolence,

At the duke of Gloucester's ambition,
At the duke of York's pride, at Somerset's ambition,

At the duke of Lancaster's ambition,
At the duke of York's pride, at Somerset's ambition,

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Protector be; and God shall be my hope,
My stay, my guide, and lantern to my feet;

And go in peace, Humphrey; no less belov'd,
Than when thou wert protector to thy king.

Q. Mar. I see no reason why a king of years
Should be to be protected like a child.

God and king Henry govern England's helm!
Give up your staff, sir, and the king his realm.

Glo. My staff!—here, noble Henry, is my
As willingly do I the same resign, [staff:]

As e'er thy father Henry made it mine;
And even as willingly at thy feet I leave it,

As others would ambitiously receive it. [Gave,
Farewell, good king; when I am dead and

May honourable peace attend thy throne. [Exit.

Q. Mar. Why, now is Henry king, and
Margaret queen; [self]

And Humphrey, duke of Gloucester, scarce him-
That bears so shrewd a man; two pulls at

once,—
His lady banish'd, and a limb lopp'd off;

This staff of honour raught, there let it stand,
Where it best fits to be, in Henry's hand.

Sig. Thus droops this lofty pine, and hangs
his sprays;

Thus Eleanor's pride dies in her youngest days.
York. Lords, let him go. Please it your

majesty,
This is the day appointed for the combat;

And ready are the appellant and defendant,
The armourer and his man, to enter the lists,

So please your highness to behold the fight.

Q. Mar. Ay, good my lord; for purposely
therefore

Left I the court, to see this quarrel tried.

K. Hen. O God's name, see the lists and all
things fit:

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

York. I never saw a fellow worse bested,
Or more afraid to fight, than is the appellant,

The servant of this armourer, my lords.

*Enter, on one side, Horner, and his Neigh-
bours, drinking to him so much that he is*

*drunk; and he enters hearing his staff
with a sand-bag fastened to it; a drum*

*before him; on the other side, Peter, with
a drum and a similar staff; accompanied*

by Prentices drinking to him.

1 Neigh. Here, neighbour Horner, I drink
to you in a cup of sack; and fear not, neigh-
bour, you shall do well enough.

2 Neigh. And here, neighbour, here's a cup
of charneo.

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

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

1 Prent. Here, Peter, I drink to thee; and
be not afraid.

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

Peter. I thank you all: drink, and pray for

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

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

Peter. Peter, forsooth.

Sal. Peter! what more?

Peter. Thump.

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

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

York. Despatch:—this knave's tongue begins to double.

Sound, trumpets, alarum to the combatants.

[*Alarum. They fight, and Peter strikes down his Master.*]

Hor. Hold, Peter, hold! I confess, I confess treason. [Dies.]

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

Peter. O God, have I overcome mine enemies in this presence? O Peter, thou hast prevailed in right! [our sight;]

K. Hen. Go, take hence that traitor from 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.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.—London. A Street.

Enter Gloster and Servants, in mourning cloaks.

Glo. Thus sometimes hath the brightest day a cloud;

And after summer evermore succeeds
Barren winter, with his wrathful nipping cold:
So cares and joys abound, as seasons fleet.—
Sir, what's o'clock?

Serv. Ten, my lord.

Glo. Ten is the hour that was appointed me
To watch the coming of my punish'd duchess:
Uneath may she endure the flinty streets,
To tread them with her tender-feeling feet.
Sweet Nell, ill can thy noble mind abrook
The abject people, gazing on thy face,
With envious looks still 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
My tear-stain'd eyes to see her move.
*Enter the Duchess of Gloster, in a
sheet, with papers pinned upon
her feet bare, and a taper
her hand; Sir John Stanley,
and Officers.*

Serv. So please your grace, well
from the sheriff.

Glo. No, stir not, for your lives
Duch. Come you, my lord, to see
shame?

Now thou dost penance too. Look
See how the giddy multitude do point,
And nod their heads, and throw their
Ah, Gloster, hide thee from their
And, in thy closet pent up, rue my
And ban thine enemies, both mine and
Glo. Be patient, gentle Nell!

grief.

Duch. Ah, Gloster, teach me
For, whilst I think I am thy married
And thou a prince, protector of the
Methinks I should not thus be led
Maid'd up in shame, with papers on
And follow'd with a rabble, that
To see my tears, and hear my tears
The ruthless flint doth cut my tender
And when I start, the envious people
And bid me be advised how I tread
Ah, Humphrey! can I bear this
yoke?

Trow'st thou, that e'er I'll look
Or count them happy that enjoy
No; dark shall be my light, and
To think upon my pomp, shall be
Sometime I'll say, I am duke
wife;

And he a prince, and ruler of the
Yet so he rul'd, and such a prince
As he stood by, whilst I, his forlorn
Was made a wonder and a punishment
To every idle rascal follower.

But be thou mild, and blush
Nor stir at nothing, till the axe of
Hang over thee, as, sure, it shortly
For Suffolk,—he that can do all
With her that hateth thee, and
And York, and impious Beaufort,
priest,

Have all lim'd bushes to betray
And, fly thou how thou canst, leave
these:

But fear not thou, until thy foot
Nor never seek prevention of thy

Glo. Ah, Nell, forbear! thou
I must offend before I be attain'd
And had I twenty times so many
And each of them had twenty
All these could not procure me
So long as I am loyal, true, and
Wouldst have me rescue thee from
proach?

Why, yet thy scandal were not

ACT III.

SCENE I.—The Abbey at Bury.

Sennet. Enter to the Parliament, King Henry, Queen Margaret, Cardinal Beaufort, Suffolk, York, Buckingham, and others.

K. Hen. I muse my lord of Gloster is not come:

'Tis not his wont to be the hindmost man, Whate'er occasion keeps him from us now.

Q. Mar. Can you not see? or will you not observe

The strangeness of his alter'd countenance? With what a majesty he bears himself; How insolent of late he is become, [self] How proud, how peremptory, and unlike him— We know the time since he was mild and affable;

And, if we did but glance a far-off look, Immediately he was upon his knee, That all the court admir'd him for submission; But meet him now, and, be it in the morn, When every one will give the time of day, He knits his brow, and shows an angry eye, And passes by with stiff unbowed knee, Disdaining duty that to us belongs.

Small curs are not regarded when they grin; But great men tremble when the lion roars: And Humphrey is no little man in England. First, note, that he is near you in descent, And, should you fall, he is the next will mount. Me seemeth, then, it is no policy,—

Respecting what a rancorous mind he bears, And his advantage following your decease,— That he should come about your royal person, Or be admitted to your highness' council.

By flattery hath he won the commons' hearts; And when he please to make commotion, 'Tis to be fear'd they all will follow him.

Now 'tis the spring, and weeds are shallow-rooted; [garden]

Suffer them now, and they'll o'ergrow the 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 found, 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 Reprove my allegation, if you can, [York,—

Or else conclude my words effectual. [duke;]

Suf. Well hath your highness seen into this And had I first been put to speak my mind,

I think I should have told your grace's tale. The duchess, by his subornation,

Upon my life, began her devilish practices; Or if he were not privy to those faults,

Yet, by reputing of his high descent,— As, next the king, he was successive heir,

And such high vaunts of his nobility,— Did instigate the bedlam brain-sick duchess,

By wicked means to frame our sovereign's fall,

It is danger for the breach of law.
My greatest help is quiet, gentle Nell;
I pray thee, sort thy heart to patience;
A few days' wonder will be quickly worn.

Enter a Herald.
I summon your grace to his majesty's parliament, holden at Bury the first of this month.

Q. Mar. And my consent ne'er ask'd herein [before!]

My Nell, I take my leave:—and, mastersheriff, [Exit Herald.]

Let not her penance exceed the king's commission.

Q. Mar. Art please your grace, here my commission stays;

And Sir John Stanley is appointed now to take her with him to the Isle of Man.

Q. Mar. Must you, sir John, protect my lady here?

Q. Mar. So am I given in charge, may't please you.

Q. Mar. Entreat her not the worse, in that I pray

you use her well; the world may laugh again, And I may live to do you kindness, if you do it her.

Q. Mar. What, gone, my lord, and bid me not farewell!

Q. Mar. With mine my tears, I cannot stay to speak. [Exit Gloster and Servants.]

Q. Mar. Art thou gone too? All comfort go with thee!

Q. Mar. I am alone with me: my joy is—death, at whose name I oft have been afraid,

Which I wished this world's eternity. I pray thee, go, and take me hence;

And convey me where thou art commanded. Madam, that is to the Isle of

Man:—

Q. Mar. To be us'd according to your state.

Q. Mar. That's bad enough, for I am but a reproach,

And shall I, then, be us'd reproachfully!

Q. Mar. Like to a duchess, and duke Humphrey's lady;

According to that state you shall be us'd.

Q. Mar. Though thou hast been conduct of my [shame!]

conduct, it is my office; and, madam, pardon me.

Q. Mar. Ay, farewell; thy office is discharged.

Q. Mar. Madam, your penance done, throw off this sheet,

And we will attire you for our journey. My shame will not be shifted with my sheet;

And I will hang upon my richest robes, And show myself, attire me how I can.

Q. Mar. I long to see my prison. [Exit.]

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; Gloster is a man
Uncounted 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 petty faults to faults
unknown,
Which time will bring to light in smooth duke
Humphrey.

K. Hen. My lords, at once:—the care you
have of us, [foot,
To mow down thorns that would annoy our
la worthy praise; but shall I speak my con-
Our kinsman Gloster is as innocent [science?
From meaning treason to our royal person,
As is the sucking lamb, or harmless dove:
The duke is virtuous, mild, and too well given,
To dream on evil, or to work my downfall.

Q. Mar. Ah, what's more dangerous than
this fond alliance!

Seems he a dove? his feathers are but borrow'd,
For he's disposed as the hateful raven:
Is he a lamb? his skin is surely lent him,
For he's inclined as is the rav'nous wolf.
Who cannot steal a shape, that means deceit?
Take heed, my lord; the welfare of us all
Hangs on the cutting short that fraudulent man.

Enter Somerset.

Som. All health unto my gracious sovereign!
K. Hen. Welcome, lord Somerset. What
news from France?

Som. That all your interest in those terri-
les utterly bereft you; all is lost. [tories

K. Hen. Cold news, lord Somerset; but
God's will be done!

York. [Aside.] Cold news for me; for I
had hope of France,

As firmly as I hope for fertile England.
Thus are my blossoms blasted in the bud,
And caterpillars eat my leaves away;
But I will remedy this gear ere long,
Or sell my title for a glorious grave.

Enter Gloster.

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

Suf. Nay, Gloster, know, that thou art
come too soon,

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

Glo. Well, Suffolk, yet thou shalt not see
me blush,

Nor change my countenance for this arrest:
A heart unspotted is not easily daunted.
The purest spring is not so free from mud,
As I am clear from treason to my sovereign:
Who can accuse me? wherein am I guilty?

York. 'Tis thought, my lord, that you
bribes of France,
And, being protector, stay'd the soldiers
By means whereof his highness
France.

Glo. Is it but thought so? Will
that think it!

I never robb'd the soldiers of their pay,
Nor ever had one penny bribe from France.
So help me God, as I have watch'd the
Ay, night by night,—in studying
England!

That doth that e'er I wrested from the king
Or any grant I boarded to my army
Be brought against me at my trial?
No; many a pound of mine own pocket
Because I would not tax the needy commons
Have I disbursed to the garrisons,
And never ask'd for restitution.

Car. It serves you well, my lord,
Glo. I say no more than truth,
God!

York. In your protectorship you did
Strange tortures for offenders, never
That England was defaul'd by treason.

Glo. Why, 'tis well known that
was protector,

Pity was all the fault that was in me!
For I should melt at an offender's tears,
And lowly words were ransom for the felon.
Unless it were a bloody murderer,
Or foul felonious thief that steal'd from me,
I never gave them condign punishment.
Murder, indeed, that bloody sin, I thought
Above the felon, or what trespass else.

Suf. My lord, these faults are deep,
answer'd:

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

K. Hen. My lord of Gloster,
hope,

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

Glo. Ah, gracious lord, these days
Virtue is chok'd with foul ambition,
And charity chas'd hence by rancorous hate.
Foul subornation is predominant,
And equity exil'd your highness' court.
I know their complot is to have my life;
And, if my death might make this tyrant
And prove the period of their tyranny,
I would expend it with all willing heart.
But mine is made the prologue to their
For thousands more, that yet are plotting,
Will not conclude their plotted treason
Beaufort's red sparkling eyes flash forth
malice,

And Suffolk's cloudy brow his stormy
Sharp Buckingham unburdens with
The envious load that lies upon his back,
And dogged York, that reaches at the crown,

overcoming arm I have pluck'd back,
 My sense doth level at my life:
 O you, my sovereign lady, with the rest,
 Have laid disgraces on my head,
 And with your best endeavour have stirr'd up
 My heart to be mine enemy:
 All of you have laid your heads together,
 And all to notice of your conventicles;
 And all to make away my guiltless life.
 I will not want false witness to condemn me,
 Nor need of treasons to augment my guilt;
 And ancient proverb will be well effected,—
 For, my liege, his railing is intolerable:
 (I hope that care to keep your royal person
 From treason's secret knife, and traitor's rage,
 And the offender granted scope of speech,
 Will make them cool in zeal unto your grace.)
 But he not twit our sov'reign lady
 With base, [conch'd,
 With unbecoming words, though clerdy
 In his bad suborn'd some to swear
 Oaths, But I can give the loser leave to
 Chide. [indeed;—
 For truer spoke, than meant: I lose,
 And all such losers may have leave to speak.
 He'll wrest the sense, and hold us
 Here all day:—
 Lord cardinal, he is your prisoner.
 Sir, take away the duke, and guard
 His sure. [scruteli,
 Ah, thus king Henry throws away his
 And his legs be firm to bear his body!
 Now is the shepherd beaten from thy side,
 And wolves are gnawing who shall gnaw thee
 Next.
 Ah, that my fear were false! ah, that it were!
 O good king Henry, thy decay I fear.
 [Essent Attendants with Gloster.
 My lords, what to your wisdoms
 Becometh best,
 I'll undo, as if myself were here.
 Mar. What, will your highness leave the
 Parliament? [with grief,
 Mar. As, Margaret, my heart is drown'd
 In round begin to flow within mine eyes;
 What's more engirt with misery;
 What's more miserable than discontent?
 Humphrey, in thy face I see
 Honour, truth, and loyalty!
 O good Humphrey, is the hour to come,
 When I shall find thee false, or fear'd thy faith.
 O, how I long to see thee now, to see thy estate,
 And these great lords, and Margaret our
 Queen,
 And that subversion of thy harmless life!
 O, how I long to see thee now, to see thy estate,
 And these great lords, and Margaret our
 Queen,
 And that subversion of thy harmless life!
 O, how I long to see thee now, to see thy estate,
 And these great lords, and Margaret our
 Queen,

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,
 And can do nought but wail her darling's loss;
 Even so myself bewails good Gloster's case,
 With sad unhelpful tears; and with dimm'd eyes
 Look after him, and cannot do him good,—
 So mighty are his vowed enemies.
 His fortunes I will weep; and, 'twixt each groan,
 Say—"Who's a traitor, Gloster he is none."
 [Exit.

Q. Mar. Free lords, cold snow melts with
 the sun's hot beams:

Henry my lord is cold in great affairs,
 Too full of foolish pity: and Gloster's show
 Beguiles him, as the mournful crocodile
 With sorrow snares relenting passengers;
 Or as the snake, roll'd in a flowing bank,
 With shining cinquefo'd slough, doth sting a
 That for the beauty thinks it excellent. [child,
 Believe me, lords, were none more wise than I,
 (And yet herein I judge mine own wit good,)
 'Tis Gloster should be quickly rid the world,
 To rid us from the fear we have of him.

Car. That he should die is worthy policy;
 But yet we want a colour for his death:
 'Tis meet he be condemn'd by course of law.

Suf. But, in my mind, that were no policy:
 The king will labour still to save his life,
 The commons haply rise to save his life;
 And yet we have but trivial argument,
 More than mistrust, that shows him worthy
 Death.

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

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

York. 'Tis York that hath more reason for
 his death.— [Suffolk,—

But, my lord cardinal, and you, my lord of
 Say as you think, and speak it from your
 souls,—

Were't not all one an empty eagle were set
 To guard the chicken from a hungry kite,
 As place duke Humphrey for the king's pro-
 tector? [of death.

Q. Mar. So the poor chicken should be sure

Suf. Madam, 'tis true: and were't not
 madness, then,

To make the fox surveyor of the fold!
 Who being accus'd a crafty murderer,
 His guilt should be but idly posted over,
 Because his purpose is not executed.
 No; let him die, in that he is a fox,
 By nature prov'd an enemy to the flock,
 Before his chaps be stain'd with crimson
 blood,—

As Humphrey, prov'd by reasons, to my liege.
 And do not stand on quilllets how to slay him:
 Be it by gins, by snares, by subtilty,
 Sleeping or waking, 'tis no matter how,
 So he be dead; for that is good deceit
 Which mates him first, that first intends deceit.

Q. Mar. Thrice noble Suffolk, 'tis resolutely spoke, [done;]

Suf. Not resolute, except so much were
For things are often spoke, and seldom meant:
But, that my heart accordeth with my tongue,—
Seeing the deed is meritorious,
And to preserve my sovereign from his foe,—
Say but the word, and I will be his priest.

Car. But I would have him dead, my lord
of Suffolk,

Ere you can take due orders for a priest:
Say you consent, and censure well the deed,
And I'll provide his executioner,—
I tender so the safety of my legs. [doing.]

Suf. Here is my hand; the deed is worthy
Q. Mar. And so say I. [it.]

York. And I: and now we three have spoke
It skills not greatly who impugns our doom.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. Great lords, from Ireland am I come
To signify that rebels there are up, [again,
And put the Englishmen unto the sword:
Send succours, lords, and stop the rage betime,
Before the wound do grow incurable;
For, being green, there is great hope of help.

Car. A breach that craves a quick expedient
stop:

What counsel give you in this weighty cause?
York. That Somerset be sent as regent
thither:

"Tis meet, that lucky ruler be employ'd;
Witness the fortune he hath had in France.

Som. If York, with all his far-fet policy,
Had been the regent there instead of me,

He never would have stay'd in France so long.
York. No, not to lose it all, as thou hast
done:

I rather would have lost my life betimes,
Than bring a burden of dishonour home,

By staying there so long, till all were lost,
Show me one scar character'd on thy skin:

Men's flesh preserv'd so whole do seldom win.
Q. Mar. Nay then, this spark will prove a
raging fire,

If wind and fuel be brought to feed it with:
No more, good York;—sweet Somerset, be
still: [where]

Thy fortune, York, hadst thou been regent
Might happily have prov'd far worse than his.

York. What, worse than naught? nay then,
a shame take all.

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

Car. My lord of York, try what your for-
tune is.

The uncivil kernes of Ireland are in arms,
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 Irishman?
York. I will, my lord, so please his majesty.

Suf. Why, our authority is his consent,
And what we do establish, he confirms:

Then, noble York, take thou this task in hand.

York. I am content; provide me
lords,

Whiles I take order for mine own affairs.
Suf. A charge, lord York, hast thou
perform'd.

But now return we to the false de-
ceitful phrey.

Car. No more of him: for I will
him.

That henceforth he shall trouble us
And so break off; the day is almost
Lord Suffolk, you and I must talk of this.

York. My lord of Suffolk, within
At Bristol I expect my soldiers:

For there I'll ship them all for Ireland.
Suf. I'll see it truly done, my lord.

York. Now, York, or never, does
ful thoughts,

And change misdeeds to resolutions:
Be that thou hop'st to be; or what thou
Resign to death,—it is not worth the
Let pale-fac'd fear keep with the
And find no harbour in a royal heart:
Faster than spring-time showers come
on thought;

And not a thought but thinks on death:
My brain, more busy than the labours
Weaves tedious snares to trap mine
Well, nobles, well, 'tis policy done,
To send me packing with a host of
I fear me, you but warm the stars
Who, cherish'd in your breasts, will
hearts.

'Twas men I lack'd, and you will give
I take it kindly; yet, be well assur'd,
You put sharp weapons in a madman's
Whiles I in Ireland nourish a mighty
I will stir up in England some black
Shall blow ten thousand souls to
hell;

And this fell tempest shall not cease
Until the golden circuit on my head,
Like to the golden sun's transparent orb,
Do calm the fury of this mad, mad
And, for a minister of my intent,
I have seduc'd a headstrong Kentish
John Cade of Ashford.

To make commotion, as full well he
Under the title of John Mortimer,
In Ireland have I seen this stubborn
Oppose himself against a troop of
And fought so long, till that his
darts

Were almost like a sharp-quill'd pen,
And, in the end being reason'd, I have
him caper upright, like a wild Mare,
Shaking the bloody darts, as he did
Full often, like a shag-hair'd enny,
Hath he conversed with the enemy,
And, undiscover'd, come to me again,
And given me notice of their villanous
This devil here shall be my substitute,
For that John Mortimer, which new

York, in speech, he doth resemble:
He that should precede the commons' mind,
To be taken, rack'd, and tortur'd,
And make him say I mov'd him to those arms,
As that he thrive, (as 'tis great like he will),
From Ireland come I with my
deceit,

And reap the harvest which that rascal sow'd;
The harvest being dead, as he shall be,
The harvest will be a part, the next for me. [Exit.]

York. My lord of Suffolk, within
At Bristol I expect my soldiers:

For there I'll ship them all for Ireland.
Suf. I'll see it truly done, my lord.

York. Now, York, or never, does
ful thoughts,

And change misdeeds to resolutions:
Be that thou hop'st to be; or what thou
Resign to death,—it is not worth the
Let pale-fac'd fear keep with the
And find no harbour in a royal heart:
Faster than spring-time showers come
on thought;

And not a thought but thinks on death:
My brain, more busy than the labours
Weaves tedious snares to trap mine
Well, nobles, well, 'tis policy done,
To send me packing with a host of
I fear me, you but warm the stars
Who, cherish'd in your breasts, will
hearts.

'Twas men I lack'd, and you will give
I take it kindly; yet, be well assur'd,
You put sharp weapons in a madman's
Whiles I in Ireland nourish a mighty
I will stir up in England some black
Shall blow ten thousand souls to
hell;

And this fell tempest shall not cease
Until the golden circuit on my head,
Like to the golden sun's transparent orb,
Do calm the fury of this mad, mad
And, for a minister of my intent,
I have seduc'd a headstrong Kentish
John Cade of Ashford.

To make commotion, as full well he
Under the title of John Mortimer,
In Ireland have I seen this stubborn
Oppose himself against a troop of
And fought so long, till that his
darts

Were almost like a sharp-quill'd pen,
And, in the end being reason'd, I have
him caper upright, like a wild Mare,
Shaking the bloody darts, as he did
Full often, like a shag-hair'd enny,
Hath he conversed with the enemy,
And, undiscover'd, come to me again,
And given me notice of their villanous
This devil here shall be my substitute,
For that John Mortimer, which new

York, in speech, he doth resemble:
He that should precede the commons' mind,
To be taken, rack'd, and tortur'd,
And make him say I mov'd him to those arms,
As that he thrive, (as 'tis great like he will),
From Ireland come I with my
deceit,

And reap the harvest which that rascal sow'd;
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Q. Mar. Run, go, help, help!—O Henry,
open thine eyes!

Suf. He doth revive again:—Madam, be
K. Hen. O heavenly God! [patient.]

Q. Mar. How fares my gracious lord?
Suf. Comfort, my sovereign! gracious
Henry, comfort! [comfort me!]

K. Hen. What! doth my lord of Suffolk
Come he right now to sing a raven's note,
Whose dismal tune bereft my vital powers;
And thinks he, that the chirping of a wren,
By crying comfort from a hollow breast,
Can chase away the first-conceiv'd sound?

Hide not thy poison with such sugar'd words;
Lay not thy hands on me; forbear, I say;
Their touch affrights me as a serpent's sting;
Thou baleful messenger, out of my sight!

Upon thy eyeballs murderous tyranny
Sits in grim majesty, to fright the world.
Look not upon me, for thine eyes are wound-
Yet do not go away:—come, basileus, [sing:—
And kill the innocent gazer with thy sight;
For in the shade of death I shall find joy,—
In life, but double death, now Gloucester's dead.

Q. Mar. Why do you rate my lord of Sul-
folk thus?

Although the duke was enemy to him,
Yet he, most Christian-like, laments his death;
And for myself,—foe as he was to me,—
Might liquid tears, or heart-offending groans,
Or blood-consuming sighs, recall his life,
I would be blind with weeping, sick with
groans,

Look pale as primrose with blood-drinking
And all to have the noble duke alive. [sighs,
What know I how the world may deem of me?
For it is known we were but hollow friends:
It may be judg'd 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: ah me, unhappy!
To be a queen, and crown'd with infamy!

K. Hen. Ah, woe is me for Gloucester, wretched
man! [he is.]

Q. Mar. Be won for me, more wretched than
What! dost thou turn away, and hide thy face?
I am no loathsome leper; look on me.

What, art thou, like the adder, waxen deaf?
Be poisonous too, and kill thy forlorn queen.
Is all thy comfort shut in Gloucester's tomb?

Why, then, dame Margaret was never thy joy:
Erect his statue then, and worship it,
And make my image but an alchouse sign.

Was I for this high wreck'd upon the sea,
And twice by awkward wind from England's
bank

Drove back again unto my native clime?
What boded this, but well-forewarning wind
Did seem to say,—Seek not a scorpion's nest,
Nor set no footing on this unkind shore?

What did I then, but curs'd the gentle gusts,
And he that loos'd them from their brazen
caves;

And bid them blow towards England's blessed shore,

Or turn our stern upon a dreadful rock!

Yet Æolus would not be a murderer,

But left that hateful office unto thee:

The pretty vaulting sea refus'd to drown me;

Knowing that thou wouldst have me drown'd

on shore,

[kindness:]

With tears as salt as sea, through thy un-

The splitting rocks cower'd in the sinking

sands,

[sides:]

And would not dash me with their ragged

Because thy flinty heart, more hard than they,

Might in thy palace perish Margaret.

As far as I could ken thy chalky cliffs,

When from thy shore the tempest beat us back,

I stood upon the hatches in the storm;

And when the dusky sky began to rob

My earnest-gaping sight of thy land's view,

I took a costly jewel from my neck,—

A heart it was, bound in with diamonds,—

And threw it towards thy land; the sea

receiv'd it:

And so I wish'd thy body might my heart:

And even with this I lost fair England's view,

And bid mine eyes be packing with my heart,

And call'd them blind and dusky spectacles,

For losing ken of Albion's wish'd coast.

How often have I tempted Suffolk's tongue

(The agent of thy foul inconstancy)

To sit and witch me, as Ascanius did,

When he to madding Dido would unfold

His father's acts, commenc'd in burning Troy?

Am I not witch'd like her? or thou not false

like him?

Ah me, I can no more! Die, Margaret,

For Henry weeps that thou dost live so long.

Noise within. Enter Warwick and Salisbury.

The Commons press to the door.

War. It is reported, mighty sovereign,

That good duke Humphrey trait'rously is

murder'd

By Suffolk and the cardinal Beaufort's means.

The commons, like an angry hive of bees

That want their leader, scatter up and down,

And care not who they sting in his revenge.

Myself have calm'd their spleenful mutiny,

Until they hear the order of his death.

K. Hen. That he is dead, good Warwick,

'tis too true;

But how he died, God knows, not Henry:

Enter his chamber, view his breathless corse,

And comment then upon his sudden death.

War. That shall I do, my liege.—Stay,

Salisbury,

With the rude multitude, till I return.

[Warwick goes into an inner chamber;

Salisbury retires.]

K. Hen. O Thou that judgest all things, stay

my thoughts,—

My thoughts, that labour to persuade my soul

Some violent hands were laid on Humphrey's

life!

If my suspect be false, forgive me, God;

For judgment only doth belong to

Fain would I go to chafe his pale lips

With twenty thousand kisses, and

Upon his face an ocean of salt tears

To tell my love unto his dead soul

And with my fingers feel his hand

But all in vain are these mean endeavours

And to survey his dead and earthy

What were it but to make my

[The doors of the inner chamber

open, and Gloster is discovered

bed: Warwick and others enter

War. Come hither, gracious

this body.

K. Hen. That is to see how

For with his soul fled all my world

For seeing him, I see my life in

War. As surely as my soul

With that dread King, that took my

Him

To free us from His Father's wrath

I do believe that violent hands were

Upon the life of this thrice-cursed

Suf. A dreadful oath, sworn with

tongue!

What instance gives lord Warwick

War. See how the blood is

Oft have I seen a timely-parted

Of ashy semblance, meagre, pale,

less,

Being all descended to the labour

Who, in the conflict that it holds

Attracts the same for aidance

enemy;

Which with the heart there

To blush and beautify the cheek

But see, his face is black, and full

His eyeballs farther out than when

Staring full ghastly like a stricken

His hair uprear'd, his nostrils

struggling;

His hands abroad display'd,

And tug'd for life, and was by

du'd:

Look on the sheets, his hair, your

His well-proportion'd beard

rugged,

Like to the summer's corn by tempest

It cannot be but he was murder'd

The least of all these signs were

Suf. Why, Warwick, who

duke to death?

Myself and Beaufort find him in

And we, I hope, sir, are no murderers

War. But both of you were

Humphrey's foes;

And you, forsooth, had the good

'Tis like you would not forest him

And 'tis well seen he found an

Q. Mar. Then you, belike,

noblemen

As guilty of duke Humphrey's

War. Who finds the

bleeding fresh,

but by a butcher with an axe,
I will suspect 'twas he that made the
laughter?

How the partridge in the puttock's nest,
may imagine how the bird was dead,
though the kite soar with unbloodied beak?
How suspicious in this tragedy.

Where's the butcher, Suffolk?
Where's your knife? [talons]
I wear no knife to slaughter sleeping
men;
There's a vengeful sword, rusted with ease,
that shall be scour'd in his rancorous heart,
that slanders me with murder's crimson
tongue:
If thou dar'st, proud lord of Warwick—
[Re-enter Cardinal, Som., and others.]
What dares not Warwick, if false
Suffolk dares him?
Mat. He dares not calm his contumacious spirit,
to be an arrogant controller, [times.]
Suffolk dare him twenty thousand
Madam, be still,—with reverence may
every word you speak in his behalf [I say;
I say,] blunt-witted lord, ignoble in de-
measure!

Every lady wrong'd her lord so much,
that she took into her blameful bed
a stem anterior'd churl, and noble stock
to graft with crab-tree slip; whose fruit
thou art,
the scum of the Nevilles' noisome race.
But that the guilt of murder bucklers
should rob the deathsmen of his fee,
that they thereby of ten thousand shames,
that my sovereign's presence makes me
bold,
I should beg pardon for thy passed speech,
that it was thy mother that thou meant'st,
that thou thyself wast born in bastardy;
all this fearful homage done,
to thee thy hire, and send thy soul to hell,
Thou shalt be waking while I shed thy
blood,
In his presence thou dar'st go with me.
Away even now, or I will drag thee
hence:
though thou art, I'll cope with thee,
to some service to duke Humphrey's
ghost. [Re-enter Suffolk and Warwick.]
What stronger breastplate than a
heart untainted!
He arm'd that hath his quarrel just;
he is not asked, though lock'd up in steel,
for conscience with injustice is corrupted.
Mat. What noise is this?

[A noise within.]

Re-enter Suffolk and Warwick, with their
weapons drawn.K. Hen. Why, how now, lords! your
wrathful weapons drawnHere in our presence! dare you be so bold?
Why, what tumultuous clamour have we here!Suf. The traitorous Warwick, with the men
Set all upon me, mighty sovereign. [of Bury,
Enter Salisbury.]Sal. Sirs, stand
Apart; the king shall know your mind.—[me,
Dread lord, the commons send you word by
Unless false Suffolk straight be done to death,
Or banished fair England's territories, [palace,
They will by violence tear him from your
And torture him with grievous lingering death.
They say, by him the good duke Humphrey
died; [death;
They say, in him they fear your highness'
And mere instinct of love and loyalty,—
Free from a stubborn opposite intent,
As being thought to contradict your liking,—
Makes them thus forward in his banishment.
They say, in care of your most royal person.
That if your highness should intend to sleep,
And charge that no man should disturb your
rest,In pain of your dislike, or pain of death;
Yet, notwithstanding such a strait edict,
Were there a serpent seen, with forked tongue,
That slyly glided towards your majesty,
It were but necessary you were waked;
Lest, being suffer'd in that harmful slumber,
The mortal worm might make the sleep
eternal:And therefore do they cry, though you forbid,
That they will guard you, wh'er you will or no,
From such fell serpents as false Suffolk is;
With whose envenom'd 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! [thinks,
Suf. 'Tis like the commons, rude unpolish'd
Could send such message to their sovereign;
But you, my lord, were glad to be employ'd,
To show how quaint an orator you are:
But all the honour Salisbury hath won,
Is, that he was the lord ambassador,
Sent from a sort of tinkers to the king.Commons. [Within.] An answer from the
king, or we will all break in!K. Hen. 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.

[Exit Salisbury.]

Q. Mar. O Henry, let me plead for gentle Suffolk!

K. Hen. 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.—

[*To Suffolk.*] If after three days' space thou here be'st found,

On any ground that I am ruler of, The world shall not be ransom for thy life.— Come, Warwick, come, good Warwick, go with me;

I have great matters to impart to thee.

[*Exeunt K. Henry, Warwick, Lords, &c.*]

Q. Mar. Mischance and sorrow go along with you!

Heart's discontent and sour affliction Be playfellows to keep you company! There's two of you; the devil make a third! And threefold vengeance tend upon your steps!

Suf. Cease, gentle queen, these execrations, And let thy Suffolk take his heavy leave.

Q. Mar. He, coward woman, and soft-hearted wretch!

Hast thou not spirit to curse thine enemies?

Suf. A plague upon them! Wherefore should I curse them? [groan]

Would curses kill, as doth the mandrake's I would invent as bitter-searching terms, As curst, as harsh, as horrible to hear, Deliver'd strongly through my fix'd teeth, With full as many signs of deadly hate, As lean-fac'd Envy in her loathsome cave: My tongue should stumble in mine earnest words;

Mine eyes should sparkle like the beaten flint; My hair be fix'd on end, as one distract; Ay, every joint should seem to curse and ban: And even now my burden'd heart would break, Should I not curse them. Poison be their drink!

[*taste*] Gall, worse than gall, the daintiest that they Their sweetest shade, a grove of cypress trees! Their chiefest prospect, murdering basilisks! Their softest touch, as smart as lizards' stings! Their music, frightful as the serpent's hiss, And hoding screech-owls make the concert All the foul terrors in dark-seated hall— [full]

Q. Mar. Enough, sweet Suffolk; thou torment'st thyself;

And these dread curses,—like the sun 'gainst Or like an overcharg'd gun,—recoil, [glass] And turn the force of them upon thyself.

Suf. You bade me ban, and will you bid me leave?

Now, by the ground that I am banish'd from, Well could I curse away a winter's night, Though standing naked on a mountain top, Where biting cold would never let grass grow, And think it but a minute spent in sport.

Q. Mar. O, let me entreat thee, cease! Give me thy hand,

That I may dew it with my morning tears: Nor let the rain of heaven wet this cheek: To wash away my woful memento: O, could this kiss be printed in thy heart!

That thou mightst think upon the seal,

Through whom a thousand sighs are sent: So, get thee gone, that I may leave this seal: 'Tis but surmis'd whilst thou art absent: As one that surfeits, thinking on a feast, I will repeat thee, or, be well assur'd, Adventure to be banish'd myself: And banish'd I am, if but from thee: Go; speak not to me; even now bid me: O, go not yet!—Even thus two hands

demand Embrace, and kiss, and take ten thousand Leath' a hundred times to part thee: Yet now farewell; and farewell to my tears!

Suf. Thus is poor Suffolk wish'd,—

Once by the king, and three times by me: 'Tis not the land I care for, wert thou dead: A wilderness is populous enough: So Suffolk had thy heavenly company: For where thou art, there is the world: With every several pleasure in the world: And where thou art not, desolation: I can no more:—Live thou to joy thyself: Myself to joy in nought, but that thou liv'st.

[*Exit Suf.*]

Q. Mar. Whither goes Vaux, as he looks news, I pry thee?

Vaux. To signify unto his majesty That cardinal Beaufort is at point of death: For suddenly a grievous sickness took him: That makes him gasp, and stare, and stare at this air, Blaspheming God, and cursing men: Sometime he talks as if Duke Humphrey's ghost

Were by his side; sometime he scolds, And whispers to his pillow, as to himself: The secrets of his overcharg'd soul: And I am sent to tell his majesty That even now he cries aloud for Duke Humphrey.

Q. Mar. Go tell this heavy news to the king.

Ah me! what is this world! when thus these!

But wherefore grieve I at an hour's sorrow? Omitting Suffolk's exile, my soul's sorrow: Why only, Suffolk, mourn I not for thee? And with the southern clouds

tenra,— Theirs for the earth's increase, theirs for the king: Now get thee hence: the king's

is coming;

If thou be found by me, thou art not dead: *Suf.* If I depart from thee, I am not dead: And in thy sight to die, what were I? But like a pleasant slumber in the night: Here could I breathe my soul into

mild and gentle as the cradle-babe,
 lying with mother's dug between its lips :
 away from thy sight, I should be raging mad,
 and cry out for thee to close up mine eyes,
 as I have then with thy lips to stop my mouth ;
 I should then either turn my flying soul,
 or I should breathe it so into thy body,
 that then it liv'd in sweet Elysium.
 I die by thee, were but to die in jest ;
 I die by thee, were torture more than
 death :

Q. Now, befall what may befall I
 A. Away I though parting be a fret-
 and sorrow.

applied to a deathful wound. [thee]
 O France, sweet Suffolk; let me hear from
 whosoever thou art in this world's globe,
 I have an Iris that shall find thee out.
 I go.
 O dear

And take my heart with thee.
 A jewel, lock'd into the wofull'st cask
 That ever did contain a thing of worth.
 As a splitted bark, so sunder we:
 In every fall I to death.

This way for me.
[Exeunt, severally.]
Cardinal Beaufort's
Redchamber.

How fares my lord? speak. Beau-

to purchase such another island,
will let me live, and feel no pain.
Ah, what a sign it is of evil life,
death's approach is seen so terrible !
Beaufort, it is thy sovereign speaks

...bring me unto my trial when you will.

more men live, wher they will or no!—
I will confess

more, I will confess.—
I will then show me where he is :
I will give a thousand pound to look upon him.—
I will then show me where he is :
I will give a thousand pound to look upon him.—

ACT IV.

SCUNE I.—Kent. *The Sea-shore near Dover.*

Firing heard at Sea. Then enter from a boat, a Captain, a Muster, & Master's-Mate, Walter Whitmore, and others; with them Suffolk, and other Gentlemen, prisoners.

Cap. The gaudy, blabbing, and remorseful
Is crept into the bosom of the sea; [lay
And now loud-howling wolves arouse the jades
That drag the fragile melancholy night;
Who, with their drowy, slow, and flapping
wings, [jaws

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

A cunning man did calculate my birth,
And told me that by water I should die;
Yet let not this make thee be bloody-minded;
Thy name is—*Gaultier*, being rightly sounded.

Whit. *Gaultier*, or *Walter*, which it is, I care not;

Never yet did base dishonour blur our name,
But with our sword we wip'd away the blot;
Therefore, when merchant-like I sell revenge,
Broke be my sword, my arms torn and defac'd,
And I proclaim'd a coward through the world!

[*Lays hold on Suffolk.*]

Suf. Stay, Whitmore; for thy prisoner is a prince,

The duke of Suffolk, William De-la-Poole.

Whit. The duke of Suffolk muffled up in rags!

Suf. Ay, but these rags are no part of the Jove sometime went disguis'd, and why not I?

Cap. But Jove was never slain, as thou shalt be.

Suf. Obscure and lowly swain, king Henry's The honourable blood of Lancaster, [blood, Must not be shed by such a jaded groom.

Hast thou not kiss'd thy hand, and held my stirrup?

Bare-headed plodded by my foot-cloth mule,
And thought thee happy when I shook my head?

How often hast thou waited at my cup,
Fed from my trencher, kneel'd down at the board,

When I have feasted with queen Margaret?
Remember it, and let it make thee crest-fall'n;

Ay, and allay this thy abortive pride:
How in our volding lobby hast thou stood,

And duly waited for my coming forth?
This hand of mine hath writ in thy behalf,

And therefore shall it clann thy riotous tongue.

Whit. Speak, captain, shall I stab the forlorn swain?

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

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

Cap. Convey him hence, and on our long-Strike off his head.

Suf. Thou dar'st not for thy own.

Cap. Yes, Poole.

Suf. Poole!

Cap. Poole! Sir Poole! 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; [phrey's death,

And thou, that smil'dst at good duke Hum-
Against the senseless winds shall grin in vain,

Who, in contempt, shall hiss at thee again;
And wouldst 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 aid
By devilish policy art thou grown

And, like ambitious Sylla, overgrown
With goblets of thy mother's blood;

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

Disdain to call us lord; and Peard
Hath slain their governors, surprised

And sent the ragged soldiers wandering
The princely Warwick, and the Nevils

Whose dreadful swords were never
As hating thee, are rising up in arms

And now the house of York,—flourish
crown,

By shameful murder of a guiltless king,
And lofty proud encroaching tyranny,

Burns with revenging fire; whose
colours

Advance our half-faced sun, striving
Under the which is write *Ivych's*

The commons here in Kent are up in arms
And to conclude, reproach and

Is crept into the palace of our king,
And all by thee.—Away! convey him

Suf. O that I were a god, to do
thunder

Upon these paltry, servile, abject
Small things make base men proud

villain here,
Being captain of a pinnace, threatened

Than Barchus the strong Illyrian
Drones suck not eagles' blood, but

It is impossible that I should die
By such a lowly vassal as thyself.

Thy words move rage, and not remorse;
I go of message from the queen to thee

I charge thee, wait me safely cross the river.

Cap. *Walter*,—

Whit. Come, Suffolk, I must wait
thy death.

Suf. *Pene gelatus timor occupat* me,
thou I fear.

Whit. Thou shalt have cause to fear
I leave thee.

What, are ye daunted now? I now will
I Gent. My gracious lord, suffer

speak him fair.

Suf. Suffolk's imperial tongue to
Us'd to command, untaught to

favour.

Far be it we should honour such as thou
With humble suit:—no, rather let me

Stoop to the block, than these knees
any,

Save to the God of heaven, and to my
And sooner dance upon a bloody pole

Than stand uncover'd to the vulgar
True nobility is exempt from fear

More can I bear than thou dare
Cap. Hail him away, and let him

more.

Suf. Come, soldiers, show what
That this my death may never be forgot

Great men oft die by vile barbarians!

rough murder and banditto slave
And a sweet Tully; Brutus' bastard hand

And Julius Caesar; savage islanders
The great; and Suffolk dies by pirates.

Suf. *Whit.* *and others.*

And as for these whose ransom we
have set,

Let some one of them depart:—
Except all but first Gentleman.

There let his head and lifeless body lie,
All the queen, his mistress, bury it.

Whit. O barbarous and bloody spectacle!
Why will I bear unto the king:

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Cade. My father was a Mortimer,—
Dick. [*Aside.*] He was an honest man, and a good bricklayer.

Cade. My mother a Plantagenet,—
Dick. [*Aside.*] I knew her well; she was a

midwife.

Cade. My wife descended of the Ladies,—
Dick. [*Aside.*] She was, indeed, a pedlar's

daughter, and sold heavy laces.

Smith. [*Aside.*] But now of late, not able
to travel with her furred pack, she washes

bucks here at home.

Cade. Therefore am I of an honourable
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.

Smith. [*Aside.*] 'A must needs; for beggary
is valiant.

Cade. I am able to endure much.

Dick. [*Aside.*] No question of that; for I
have seen him whipped 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 fire, being burnt 't the hand

for stealing of sheep.

Cade. Be brave, then; for your captain is
brave, and vows reformation. There shall be

in England seven half-penny loaves sold for a
penny: the three-hooped pot shall have ten

hoops; and I will make it felony to drink
small beer: all the realm shall be in common;

and in Cheapside shall my palfrey 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 in-

nocent lamb should be made parchment? that
purchment, 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 in the Clerk of Chatham.

Smith. The clerk of Chatham: he can write
and read, and cast account.

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

Cade. Nay then, he is a conjurer.

Dick. Nay, he can make obligations, and

write court-hand.

Cade. I am sorry for't: the man is a proper

man, of mine honour; unless I find him guilty, he shall not die.—Come hither, sirrah, I must examine thee: what is thy name?

Clerk. Emmanuel.

Dick: They use to write it on the top of letters.—"I 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.

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

[*Exeunt some with the Clerk.*]

Enter Michael.

Mich. Where's our general?

Code. Here I am, thou particular fellow.

Mich. Fly, fly, fly! Sir Humphrey Stafford and his brother are hard by, with the king's forces.

Cade. Stand, villain, stand, or I'll fell thee down. He shall be encountered with a man as good as himself; he is but a knight, is 'a?

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 William his Brother, with drum and forces.

Staf. Rebelious hinds, the filth and scum
of Kent, [down ;
Mark'd for the gallows, lay your weapons
Home to your cottages, forsake this groom :
The king is merciful, if you revolt. [to blood :

W. Staf. But angry, wrathful, and inclin'd
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,
O'er whom, in time to come, I hope to reign;
For I am rightful heir unto the crown.

Staf. Villain, thy father was a pl

W. Scaf. And what of that? *Hearl of March.*

Code Mary: this:—Edmond Mortimer.

Staf. Ay, sir. [he not]

W. Staf. That's false. [*'tis true:*
Carle. Ay, there's the question; but I say,
The elder of them, being put to nurse.

All. Ay, marry, will we, [Exit

W. Staf. Jack Cade, the duke's
Cade. [Aside.] He lies, for I have

self.—Go to, sirrah: tell the
that, for his father's sake, Henry

those time boys went to

French crowns, I am content
but I'll be protector over him.

Dick. And furthermore, will you

Say's head, for selling the *discovery*
Code. And good reason; for time

land maimed, and fain to go
that my puissance holds it up.

I tell you that that lord Rayn-
commonwealth, and made it a

more than that, he can speak

Staf. O, gross and miserable creature!

Cade, Nay, answer, if you can,
men are our enemies; go to, then!

Ms.—can be that speaks with

Alt. No, no; and therefore well

head, ...

W. Staf. Well, seeing how

prevail,
Assail them with the army of the King

Staf. Herald, away; and

Proclaim them traitors that
That those which fly before the battle

to come to London, where we will have
the sword borne before us.

If we mean to thrive and do good,
break open the jails, and let out the prisoners.
Fear not that, I warrant thee. Come,
march towards London.

[*Exeunt.*]

IV.—London. A Room in the Palace.

King Henry, reading a supplication;
the Duke of Buckingham and Lord Say
with him; at a distance, Queen Margaret,
mourning over Suffolk's head.

Q. Mar. O! have I heard that grief softens
the mind,
that makes it fearful and degenerate;

that therefore on revenge, and cease to weep,
who can cease to weep, and look on this?

How may his head lie on my throbbing breast;
the body that I should embrace?

What answer makes your grace to
my supplication?

How! I'll send some holy bishop to en-
deavour to win him by the sword! And I myself,

shall then bloody war shall cut them short,
they with Jack Cade their general:—

How! Ah, barbarous villains! hath this
lovely face

like a wandering planet, over me,
should it not enforce them to relent,

and be unworthy to behold the same?

How! Lord Say, Jack Cade hath sworn
to have thy head.

How! Ah, but I hope your highness shall have
him, how now, madam!

[*His.*]
Lamenting and mourning for Suffolk's
death!

How! love, if that I had been dead, [*Ans.*]
I should not have mourned so much for
him. No, my love; I should not mourn,
but die for thee.

Enter a Messenger.
How! Now now! what news? why
standest thou in such haste?

[*Lord 1.*]
The rebels are in Southwark; fly, my
lord, for the Duke of Clarence's house;

from the duke of Clarence's house;
your grace murder openly.

How! Is a ragged multitude
of peasants, rude and merciless:

they have slain Stafford and his brother's death
has broken their heart and courage to proceed:

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of peasants, rude and merciless:

they have slain Stafford and his brother's death
has broken their heart and courage to proceed:

K. Hen. 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 a second Messenger.
2 Mess. Jack Cade hath gotten London-
bridge; the citizens

Fly and forsake their houses:

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

Buck. Then linger not, my lord; away, take
K. Hen. Come, Margaret; God, our hope,
will succour us. [*Recess'd.*]

Q. Mar. My hope is gone, now Suffolk is
K. Hen. [To Lord Say.] Farewell, my lord:
trust not the Kentish rebels. [*Tray'd.*]

Buck. Trust nobody, for fear you be be-
Sey. The trust I have is in mine innocence,
And therefore am I bold and resolute. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V.—London. The Tower.
Enter Lord Scales and others, on the walls.

Then enter certain Citizens, below.
Scales. How now! is Jack Cade slain?

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

Scales. Such aid as I can spare, you shall
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 Gough:
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 his followers. He
strikes his staff on London-stone.

Cade. Now is Mortimer lord of this city.
And here, sitting upon London-stone, I charge
and command, that, of the city's cost, the piss-
ing-conduit run nothing but claret wine this
first year of our reign. And now, hencefor-
ward, it shall be treason for any that calls me
other than lord Mortimer.

Enter a Soldier, running.
Sold. Jack Cade! Jack Cade!

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

Smith. If this fellow be wise, he'll never
call you Jack Cade more: I think he hath a
very fair warning.

Dick. My lord, there's an army gathered
together in Smithfield.

Cade. Come then, let's go fight with them;

but first, go and set London-bridge on fire; and, if you can, burn down the Tower too. Come, let's away.

[Exeunt.]

SCENE VII.—London. Smithfield.

Alarum. Enter, on one side, Cade and his company; on the other, Citizens, and the King's forces, headed by Matthew Gough. They fight; the Citizens are routed, and Matthew Gough is slain.

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

Dick. I have a suit unto your lordship.

Cade. Be it a lordship, thou shalt have it for that word. [Come out of your mouth.]

Dick. Only, that the laws of England may *John.* [Aside.] Mass, 'twill be sore law, then; for he was thrust in the mouth with a spear, and 'tis not whole yet.

Smith. [Aside.] Nay, John, it will be stinking law; for his breath stinks with eating toasted cheese.

Cade. I have thought upon it, it shall be so. Away, burn all the records of the realm; my mouth shall be the parliament of England.

John. [Aside.] Then we are like to have biting statutes, unless his teeth be pulled out.

Cade. And henceforward all things shall be in common.

Enter a Messenger.

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 Boyis, with the Lord Say.

Cade. Well, he shall be behended for it ten times.—Ah, thou say, thou serge, nay, thou buckram lord! now art thou within point-blank of our jurisdiction regal. What canst thou answer to my majesty, for giving up of Normandy unto monsieur Basimeen, the dauphin of France? Be it known unto thee by these presence, even the presence of lord Mortimer, that I am the besom that must sweep the court clean of such filth as thou art. Thou hast most traitorously corrupted the youth of the realm in erecting a grammar-school: and whereas, before, our fore-fathers 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 on a footcloth, dost thou not?

Say. What of that?

Cade. Marry, thou oughtest not to have horse wear a cloak, when honest men then go in their hose and doublet.

Dick. And work in their shirt and hose, for example, that am a bullock.

Say. You men of Kent,—

Dick. What say you of Kent?

Say. Nothing but this,—

Cade. Away with him, away with him, speaks Latin.

Say. Hear me but speak, and I will show Kent, in the commentaries Caesar made, is term'd the civil'st place of all the world.

Sweet is the country, because full of peace. The people liberal, valiant, active, and free.

Which makes me hope you are not yet sold not Maine, I lost not Normandy.

Yet, to recover them, would I always have Justice with favour have I always Prayers and tears have mov'd me never.

When have I aught exacted at you? But to maintain the king, the realm, and large gifts have I bestow'd on to you.

Because my book prefer'd me to you, And seeing ignorance is the cause of Knowledge the wing wherewith we fly to heaven.

Unless you be possess'd with devils, you cannot but forbear to murder me.

This tongue hath parley'd unto you for your behoof,—

Cade. Tat! when struck'st thou me?

Say. Great men have reaching arms, have I struck

Those that I never saw, and struck I never saw.

Geo. O monstrous coward! what's behind folks?

Say. These cheeks are pale for will make 'em red again.

Cade. Give him a box o' the ear, will make 'em red again.

Say. Long sitting, to determine Hath made me full of sickness and

Cade. Ye shall have a hempen halibut and the help of hatchet.

Dick. Why dost thou quiver, man?

Say. The palay, and not fear, man.

Cade. Nay, he nods at us, as if he will stand steadier on a pole, or

say, I'll be even with you: I'll send him away, and behead him.

Say. Tell me, wherein have I

Have I affected wealth, or honour? Are my chests fill'd up with extortion?

Is my apparel sumptuous to behold? Whom have I injur'd, that ye have

These hands are free from guilting shedding.

This breast from harbouring foul O, let me live.

Cade. [Aside.] I feel remorse for his words; but I'll bridle it: he it be but for pleading so well

with him! he has a familiar under his
arm; he speaks not o' God's name, Go,
away, I say, and strike off his head;
and then break into his son-in-law's
and bring them both upon two poles
It shall be done.

[*hither.*
Ah, countrymen! If when you make
your prayers,
should be so obdurate as yourselves,
I would it were with your departed souls!

Therefore yet relent, and save my life.
Away with him! and do as I command

[*Exeunt some, with Lord Say.*
A proud peer in the realm shall not wear
on his shoulders, unless he pay me
there shall not a maid be married,
shall pay to me her maidenhead, ere
I leave it: men shall hold of me *in capite*;
I charge and command, that their wives
as heart can wish, or tongue can tell.

My lord, when shall we go to Cheap-
and take up commodities upon our bills!
Slavery, presently. *All.* O, brave!
Rebels, with the heads of Lord Say
and his Son-in-law.

But is not this braver? Let them
another, for they loved well when
they were alive. Now part them again, lest
all about the giving up of some more
in France. Soldiers, defer the spoil of
until night; for with these borne be-
hind instead of maces, will we ride through
the streets; and at every corner have them
away!

[*Exeunt.*
SCENE VIII.—Southwark.

Enter Cade, and all his Rabblement.
Fish Street! down St. Magnus'

and knock down! throw them
down!—[*A parley sounded, then a re-*

What noise is this I hear? Dare any
dare to sound retreat or parley, when I
am here?

[*Enter Buckingham, and Old Clifford, with
forces.*

Are there they be that dare, and will
defy thee.

Alas, we come ambassadors from the
king, to pronounce whom thou hast misled;

and pronounce free pardon to them all,
and go home in peace.

What say ye, countrymen? will ye
take me to mercy, whilst 'tis offer'd you;

or will I lead you to your deaths? [don,
the king, and will embrace his par-

son's cap, and say God save his majesty!
and honours not his father,

that made all France to quake,
his weapon at us, and pass by.

God save the king! God save the king!
What, Buckingham, and Clifford, are
you here? And you, base peasants, do ye

believe him? will you needs be hanged with
your pardons about your necks? Hath my
sword therefore broke through London Gates,
that you should leave me at the White Hart
in Southwark? I thought ye would never
have given out these arms, till you had re-
covered 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 burdens, take your houses over
your heads, ravish your wives and daughters
before your faces: for me, I will make shift
for one; and so, God's curse light upon you all.

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

Cliff. 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,

[*quibbel,*
The fearful French, whom you late van-
quish'd, should make a start o'er seas, and vanquish
Methinks already in this civil broil,

[*you?*
I see them lording it in London streets,
Crying—"Villagio!" unto all they meet.
Better ten thousand base-born Cades miscarry,
Than you should stoop unto a Frenchman's
mercy.

[*lost;*
To France, to France, and get what you have
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. [*Aside.*] Was ever feather so lightly
blown to and fro, as this multitude? the name
of Henry the fifth hales them to a hundred
mischiefs, and makes them leave me desolate.
I see them lay their heads together, to surprise
me: my sword make way for me, for here is
no staying. In despite of the devils and hell,
have through the very midst of you! and
heavens and honour be witness, that no want
of resolution in me, but only my followers'
base and ignominious treasons, makes me be-
take me to my heels.

[*Exit.*
Buck. What, is he fled? go some, and fol-
low 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.

Trumpet sounded. Enter King Henry, Queen
Margaret, and Somerset, on the terrace
of the Castle.

K. Hen. 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!
[*Cade surprises'd.*]

K. Hen. Why, Buckingham, is the traitor Or is he but retir'd to make him strong?

Enter, below, a number of Cade's followers, with halberts about their necks.

Cliff. He's fled, my lord, and all his powers do yield;

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

K. Hen. Then, heaven, set ope thy everlasting gates,

To entertain my vows of thanks and praise!
Soldiers, this day have you redeem'd your lives,

And show'd how well you love your prince
Continue still in this so good a mind,

And Henry, though he be unfortunate,
Assure yourselves, will never be unkind;

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 Kernes,

Is marching hitherward in proud array;
And still proclaimeth, as he comes along,

His arms are only to remove from thee [traitor].
The duke of Somerset, whom he terms a

K. Hen. Thus stands my state, 'twixt Cade
and York distress'd;

Like to a ship, that, having 'scap'd a tempest,
Is straightway calm'd, and boarded with a

pirate:
But now is Cade driven back, his men dis-

pers'd;
And now is York in arms to second him.

I pray thee, Buckingham, go and meet him;
And ask him what's the reason of these arms;

Tell him, I'll send duke Edmund to the Tower;
And, Somerset, we will commit thee thither,

Until his army be dismiss'd from him.
Som. My lord,

I'll yield myself to prison willingly,
Or unto death, to do my country good.

K. Hen. 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 you good.

K. Hen. Come, wife, let's in, and learn to govern better;

For yet many England curse my wretched reign.
[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE X.—Kent. *Iden's Garden.*

Enter Cade.

Cade. Fie on ambition! I sit on my throne
have a sword, and yet am ready to

These five days have I hid me in the
and durst not peep out, for all the

laid for me; but now I am so hungry
I might have a lease of my life for

years, I could stay no longer. When
a brick wall have I climbed into the

to see if I can eat grass, or pick a
while, which is not akin to my

stomach this hot weather. And I
word "sallet" was born to do me

many a time, but for a sallet, my
had been cleit with a brown bill, and

time, when I have been dry, and
marching, it hath served me well;

quart-pot to drink in; and now the
"sallet" must serve me to lead me

Enter Iden, with Servants carrying
Iden. Lord, who would live thus

the court,
And may enjoy such quiet walks as this

This small inheritance, my father left
Contenteth me, and worth a man's

I seek not to wax great by others' woe;
Or gather wealth, I care not with what

Sufficieth that I have maintain'd my
And sends the poor well pleased

Cade. [Aside.] Here's the lord
come to seize me for a stray, for

fee-simple without leave. Ah, villain,
will betray me, and get a thousand

the king by carrying my head to him;
make thee eat iron like an ostrich, and

my sword like a great pin, ere thou
Iden. Why, rude companion,

thou be,
I know thee not; why, then, should

Is't not enough, to break into my
And, like a thief, to come to rob me?

Climbing my walls in spite of me,
But thou wilt brave me with these

Cade. Brave thee! ay, by the
that ever was broached, and heard

Look on me well: I have eat no
five days; yet, come thou and

and if I do not leave you all as dead
nail, I pray God I may never eat

Iden. Nay, it shall never be
England stands,

That Alexander Iden, an esquire of
Took odds to combat a poor farmer

Oppose thy steadfast-gazing eyes to
See if thou canst out-face me with

Set limb to limb, and thou art for
Thy hand is but a finger to my

Thy leg a stick, compared with this
My foot shall fight with all the

hast;
And if mine arm be heaved in the

Thy grave is digg'd already in the
[*Exeunt.*]

to more words, whose greatness answers
[*Iden.*]

By my sword report what speech forbears.
upon that ever I heard. Steel, if thou

on his side or out not the burly-boned
to chains of steel ere thou sleep in thy

I beseech Jove ere thou kneest in thy
[*Iden.*]

to be turned to hobnails. [They fight;
O, I am slain! Famine, and

my half slain me: let ten thousand
I have lost, and I'll defy them all.

parten; and be henceforth a burying-
word to all that do dwell in this house, because

we conspired soul of Cade is fled.
[*Iden.*]

Let Cade that I have slain, that
traitor!

I will follow thee for this thy deed,
I shall thee o'er my tomb when I am dead:

thou shalt wear it as a herald's coat,
I shall have the honour that thy master got.

Iden. Fearwell; and be proud of thy
[*Iden.*]

Tell Kent from me, she hath lost her
and exhort all the world to be

for I, that never feared any, am
How much thou wrong'st me, heaven

is my judge.
[*Bare thee!*]

Thrust thy body in with my sword,
I might thrust thy soul to hell.

will I drag thee headlong by the heels
which shall be thy grave,

thrust out of thy most ungracious head;
I will bear in triumph to the king,

my trunk for crows to feed upon.
[*Iden.*]

With servants, dragging out the body.

ACT V.

Fields between Dartford and Blackheath.

York's Camp on one side: on the other,
Somerset's his forces at some distance.

York. From Ireland thus comes York, to
[*Iden.*]

the crown from feeble Henry's head:
[*Iden.*]

blow; hurn, bonfires, clear and
[*Iden.*]

great England's lawful king.
[*Iden.*]

great majestas! who would not buy thee
[*Iden.*]

that know not how to rule;
[*Iden.*]

was made to handle nought but
[*Iden.*]

five due action to my words,
[*Iden.*]

a sword, or sceptre, balance it:
[*Iden.*]

shall I have.—Have I a soul,—
[*Iden.*]

I'll toss the flower-de-luce of France.

Enter Buckingham.

[*Aside.*] Whom have we here? Buckingham,
to disturb me? [*Iden.*]

The king hath sent him, sure: I must dis-
Buck. York, if thou meanest well, I greet

thee well.
York. Humphrey of Buckingham, I accept

thy greeting,
Art thou a messenger, or come of pleasure?

Buck. A messenger from Henry, our dread
liege,

To know the reason of these arms in peace;
Or why thou,—being a subject as I am,—

Against thy oath and true allegiance sworn,
Shouldst raise so great a power without his

leave,
Or dare to bring thy force so near the court.

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

O, I could hew up rocks, and fling with flint,
I am so angry at these abject terms;

And now, like Ajax Telamonius,
On sheep or oxen could I spend my fury!

I am far better born than is the king;
More like a king, more kingly in my thoughts,

But I must make fair weather yet a while,
Till Henry be more weak, and I more strong.

[*Aloud.*] Buckingham, I pray thee 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 your
But if thy arms be to no other end, [part:]

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 St. George's field,

You shall have pay, and everything 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: [have,
Lands, goods, horse, armour, anything I

Is his to use, so Somerset may die. [sion:]
Buck. York, I comment this kind submis-

We twain will go into his highness' tent.
Enter King Henry, attended.

K. Hen. Buckingham, doth York intend no
harm to us,

That thus he marcheth with this arm in arm?
York. In all submission and humility,

York doth present himself unto your highness.
K. Hen. Then what intend these forces

thou dost bring?
York. To heave the traitor Somerset from

hence;
And fight against that monstrous rebel, Cade

Who since I heard to be discredited,

Enter Idem, with Cade's head.

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

K. Hen. The head of Cade!—Great God,
how just art thou!—
O, let me view his visage, being dead,
That living wrought me such exceeding
trouble.

Tell me, my friend, art thou the man that slew
him?

Idem. I was, an't like your majesty.

K. Hen. How art thou call'd? and what is
thy degree?

Idem. Alexander Idem, that's my name;

A poor esquire of Kent, that loves his king.

Buck. So please it you, my lord, 'twere not
amiss

He were created knight for his good service.

K. Hen. Idem, kneel down. [He kneels.]
Rise up a knight.

We give thee for reward a thousand marks;

And will, that thou henceforth attend on us.

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

K. Hen. See, Buckingham! Somerset comes
with the queen:

Go, bid her hide him quickly from the duke.

Enter Queen Margaret and Somerset.
Q. Mar. For thousand Yorks he shall not
hide his head,

But boldly stand, and front him to his face.

York. How now! is Somerset at liberty?

Then, York, unloose thy long-imprison'd
thoughts,

And let thy tongue be equal with thy heart.

Shall I endure the sight of Somerset?

False king! why hast thou broken faith with
knowing how hardly I can brook abuse? [me,
King did I call thee? no, thou art not king;

Not fit to govern and rule multitudes,
Which dar'st not, no, nor canst not rule a
traitor.

That head of thine doth not become a crown;

Thy hand is made to grasp a palmer's staff,
And not to grace an awful princely sceptre.

That gold must round engirt these brows of
mine;

Whose smile and frown, like to Achilles' spear,
Is able with the change to kill and cure.

Here is a hand to hold a sceptre up,
And with the same to act controlling laws.

Give place: by heaven, thou shalt rule no more
O'er him whom heaven created for thy ruler.

Som. O monstrous traitor!—I arrest thee,
York,

Of capital treason 'gainst the king and crown:
Obey, audacious traitor; kneel for grace.

York. Would'st have me kneel? first let me
ask of thee,

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

[Exit an Attendant.

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

Q. Mar. Call hither Clifford! I bid
To say, if that the bastard boys of
Shall be the surety for their traitor

York. O, blood-bespotted Neapolitan,
Outcast of Naples, England's blood,

The sons of York, thy betters to thee,
Shall be their father's bail; and thou
That for my surety wilt refuse the

Enter Edward and Richard Plantagenet.
forces at one side: at the other
also, Old Clifford and his Son

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

Q. Mar. And here comes Clifford
Clif. [Kneeling.] Health and
to my lord the king!

York. I thank thee, Clifford: news
news with thee?

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

Clif. This is my king, York, Edward
take,

But thou mistak'st me much: I
To Bedlam with him! is the man
K. Hen. Ay, Clifford; a Bedlam

cliff. He is a traitor; let him to the
And chop away that factious pate
Q. Mar. He is arrested, but will
His sons, he says, shall give their

him.
York. Will you not, sons?

Edw. Ay, noble father, if our
Rich. And if words will not
weapons shall.

Clif. Why, what a brood of traitors
York. Look in a glass, and call thyself
I am thy king, and thou a false heir!

Call hither to the stake my two
That with the very shaking of their
They may astonish these fell lords,
Bid Salisbury, and Warwick, come
Drums. Enter Warwick and Salisbury.

Clif. Are these thy bears? will
bears to death,

And manacle the bear-ward in their
If thou dar'st bring them to the stake

Rich. Oft have I seen a hot
Run back and bite, because he was
Who, being suffer'd with the bear-ward,
Hath clapp'd his tail between his

cried:
And such a piece of service will you
If you oppose yourselves to make
wick.

Clif. Hence, heap of wrath, foul
As crooked in thy manners as thy

York. Nay, we shall heat you thoroughly
Take heed, lest by your heat you burn
yourself.

Edw. Why, Warwick, hath thy knee
forgot to bow?

Cliff. Why, shame to thy silver hair,
and misleader of thy brain-sick son!—
Will thou on thy death-bed play the

And ask for sorrow with thy spectacles?—
O, where is loyalty?

Will thou find a harbour in the earth?—
O, where is honourable age with blood?

Are thou old, and want'st experience?
O, where dost abuse it, if thou hast it?

My lord, I have consider'd with myself
of this most renowned duke;

How my conscience do repulse his grace
From his seat to England's royal seat.

Hast thou not sworn allegiance
unto me?

For such an oath!
O, how canst thou dispense with heaven

For such an oath?—O, where is loyalty?
Will thou find a harbour in the earth?

Are thou old, and want'st experience?
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of this most renowned duke;

How my conscience do repulse his grace
From his seat to England's royal seat.

Hast thou not sworn allegiance
unto me?

Rich. Fie! charity, for shame! speak not
in spite,

For you shall sup with Jesu Christ to-night.

Y. Clif. Foul stigmatical, that's more than
thou canst tell.

Rich. If not in heaven, you'll surely sup in
hell. [Exeunt severally.]

SCENE II.—St. Albans.

Alarums: Excursions. Enter Warwick.

War. Clifford of Cumberland, 'tis Warwick
calls!

And if thou dost not hide thee from the bear,
Now,—when the angry trumpet sounds alarm,
And dead men's cries do fill the empty air,—
Clifford, I say, come forth and fight with me!

Proud northern lord, Clifford of Cumberland,
Warwick is house with calling thee to arms.

Enter York.
How now, my noble lord! what, all a-foot?

York. The deadly-handed Clifford slew my
steed;

But match to match I have encounter'd him,
And made a prey for carrion kites and crows
Even of the bonny beast he lov'd so well.

Enter Old Clifford.
War. Of one or both of us the time is come.

York. Hold, Warwick, seek thee out some
other chase,

For I myself must hunt this deer to death.

War. Then, nobly, York; 'tis for a crown
thou fight'st.

As I intend, Clifford, to thrive to-day,
It grieves my soul to leave thee unassail'd.

Clif. What seest thou in me, York? why
dost thou pause?

York. With thy brave bearing should I be
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 in-
Clif. La fin couronne les œuvres. [stantly.]

[They fight, and Clifford falls and dies.]
York. Thus war hath given thee peace, for
thou art still.

Peace with his soul, heaven, if it be thy will!

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 coals of vengeance!—Let no soldier fly:
He that is truly dedicate to war,
Hath no self-love; nor he, that loves himself,

Hath not essentially, but by circumstance,
The name of valour.— [Seeing his father.

O, let the vile world end,
And the premised flames of the last day
Knit heaven and earth 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 ruffian battle?—Even at this sight,
My heart is turn'd to stone: and while 'tis
mine,

It shall be stony. York not our old men
spares;

No more will I their babes: tears virginal
Shall be to me even as the dew to fire;
And beauty, that the tyrant oft reclaims,
Shall to my flaming wrath be oil and flax.
Henceforth I will not have to do with pity:
Meet I an infant of the house of York,
Into as many gobbets will I cut it,
As wild Medea young Absyrtus did:
In cruelty will I seek out my fame.

Come, thou new ruin of old Clifford's house:
[Taking up the body.

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.

Enter Richard Plantagenet and Somerset,
fighting; Somerset is killed.

Rich. So, lie thou there;—
For underneath an alehouse' paltry sign,
The Castle in St. Albans, Somerset
Hath made the wizard famous in his death.
Sword, hold thy temper; heart, be wrathful
still:

Priests pray for enemies, but princes kill.

[Exit.
Alarums: Excursions. Enter King Henry,
Queen Margaret, and others, retreating.

Q. Mar. Away, my lord! you are slow; for
shame, away!

K. Hen. Can we outrun the heavens? good
Margaret, stay. [nor fight, nor fly:

Q. Mar. What are you made of? you'll
Now is it manhood, wisdom, and defence,
To give the enemy way; and to secure us
By what we can, which can no more but fly.

[Alarum afar off.
If you be ta'en, we then should see the bottom
Of all our fortunes: but if we haply 'scape,
(As well we may, if not through your neglect,)
We shall to London get: where you are lov'd;

And where this breach, now in our
May readily be stopp'd.

Re-enter Young Clifford.
Y. Clif. But that my heart's on fire,
chief set,

I would speak blasphemy ere bid you fly
But fly you must; uncurable disease
Reigns in the hearts of all our prelates
Away, for your relief! and we will live
To see their day, and then our fortune
Away, my lord, away!

SCENE III.—Field near St. Albans.
Alarum; Retreat. Flourish.
York, Richard Plantagenet,
Soldiers, with drum and colours.

York. Of Salisbury, who can report
That winter lion, who in rage for
Ag'd contusions and all brush of
And, like a gallant in the brow of
Repairs him with occasion! this
Is not itself, nor have we won one
If Salisbury be lost.

Rich. My noble father,
Three times to-day I help him to
Three times hestrid him, thrice I
Persuaded him from any further
But still, where danger was, still
And like rich hangings in a homely
So was his will in his old feeble
But, noble as he is, look where he
Enter Salisbury.

Sal. Now, by my sword, well
fought to-day;
By the mass, so did we all.—I
God knows how long it is I have
And it hath pleas'd him, that
to-day

You have defended me from imminent
Well, lords, we have not got that
have:

'Tis not enough our foes are this the
Being opposites of such repairing.

York. I know our safety is to
For, as I hear, the king is fled to
To call a present court of parliament
Let us pursue him, ere the writ
What says lord Warwick? shall we
them?

War. After them! nay, before
Now, by my hand, lords, 'twas a p
St. Albans battle, won by famous
Shall be eterniz'd in all ages to come
Sound, drums and trumpets—sur
And more such days as these to us

THE THIRD PART OF KING HENRY VI.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

King Henry the Sixth.		Sir John Mortimer, } <i>Uncles to the Duke of</i>
Edward, Prince of Wales, his Son.		Sir Hugh Mortimer, } <i>York.</i>
Lewis XI., King of France.		Henry, Earl of Richmond, a Youth.
Duke of Somerset,		Lord Rivers, Brother to Lady Grey.
Duke of Exeter,		Sir William Stanley.
Earl of Oxford,		Sir John Montgomery.
Earl of Northumberland,		Sir John Somerville.
Earl of Westmoreland,		Tutor to Rutland.
Lord Clifford,		Mayor of York.
Edward Plantagenet, Duke of York.		Lieutenant of the Tower.
Edward, Earl of March, after-		A Nobleman. Two Keepers. A Hunts-
wards King Edward IV.,		man.
Richard, Earl of Rutland,		A Son that has killed his Father.
Edward, afterwards Duke of Clar-	his Sons.	A Father that has killed his Son.
ence,		
Richard, afterwards Duke of Glos-		
ter,		Queen Margaret.
Earl of Norfolk,		Lady Grey, afterwards Queen to Edward
Marquess of Montague,		IV.
Earl of Warwick,		Bona, Sister to the French Queen.
Earl of Pembroke,		
Lord Hastings,		Soldiers, and other Attendants on King Henry
Lord Stafford,		and King Edward, Messengers, Watch-
		men, &c.

During part of the Third Act, in France; during the rest of the Play, in England

ACT I.

Scene I.—London. The Parliament-House.

Some Soldiers of York's party break in. Then, enter the Duke of York, Edward, Richard, Norfolk, Montague, Warwick, and others, with white roses in their hats.

War. I wonder how the king escap'd our hands.

York. While we pursued the horsemen of the north,

He stole away, and left his men;

His warlike ears could never brook retreat,

He clomb up the drooping army; and himself,

Lord Clifford, and lord Stafford, all a-breast,

Along our main battle's front, and, breaking

Mont. And, brother, here's the earl of Wiltshire's blood, [To York, showing his.]

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.]

sons. York. Richard hath best deserv'd of all my But, is your grace dead, my lord of Somerset?

Norfolk. Such hope have all the line of John of Gaunt!

Rich. Thus do I hope to shake king Henry's War. And so do I, victorious prince of Before I see thee seated in that throne [York.]

Which now the house of Lancaster usurps, I vow by heaven these eyes shall never close.

This is the palace of the fearful king, And this the regal seat: possess it, York;

For this is thine, and not king Henry's heirs'. York. Assist me, then, sweet Warwick, and I will;

For hither we have broken in by force.

Norfolk. We'll all assist you, he that flies shall die.

York. Thanks, gentle Norfolk:—stay by me, my lords;—

And, soldiers, stay, and lodge by me this night.

War. And when the king comes, offer him no violence,
Unless he seek to thrust you out by force.

[*They retire.*]

York. The queen, this day, here holds her parliament,
But little thinks we shall be of her council:
By words or blows here let us win our right.

Rich. Arm'd as we are, let's stay within this house.

War. The bloody parliament shall this be
Unless Plantagenet, duke of York, be king,
And bashful Henry depos'd, 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:—

[*crown.* Resolve thee, Richard; claim the English throne,
[*War. leads York to the throne, who seats himself.*]

Flourish. Enter King Henry, Clifford, Northumberland, Westmoreland, Exeter, and others, with red roses in their hats.

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 thine, lord Clifford; and you both have your'd revenge

On him, his sons, his favourites, and his friends.

North. If I be not, heavens be reveng'd on me!

Clif. The hope thereof makes Clifford West. What, shall we suffer this? let's pluck him down:

My heart for anger burns; I cannot brook it.

K. Hen. Be patient, gentle earl of Westmoreland.

Clif. Patience is for poltroons, such as he:
He durst not sit there, had your father liv'd.
My gracious lord, here in the parliament

Let us assail the family of York.

North. Well hast thou spoken, cousin: be

K. Hen. Ah, know you not the city favours them,

And they have troops of soldiers at their back?

Exe. But when the duke is slain, they'll quickly fly.

K. Hen. Far be the thought of this from To make a shambles of the parliament house!

Cousin of Exeter, frowns, words, and threats,
Shall be the war that Henry means to use.

[*They advance to the Duke.*]
Thou factious duke of York, descend my throne,

And kneel for grace and mercy at my feet:
I am thy sovereign.

York. I am thine.

Exe. For shame, come down: he is duke of York.

York. 'Twas my inheritance, as the

Exe. Thy father was a traitor to the

War. Exeter, thou art a traitor to the

In following this usurping Henry.

Clif. Whom should he follow but

War. True, Clifford; and that a

duke of York.

K. Hen. And shall I stand, and

my throne?

York. It must and shall be so: I

self,

War. Be duke of Lancaster: let

West. He is both king and duke of

ter;

And that the lord of Westmoreland

War. And Warwick shall disprove

forget

That we are those which chas'd you

And slew your fathers, and with colour

March'd through the city to the palace

North. Yes, Warwick, I remember

grief;

And, by his soul, thou and thy house

West. Plantagenet, of thee, and

sons,

Thy kinsmen, and thy friends, I'll

Than drops of blood were in my

Clif. Urge it no more; I'll

words,

I send thee, Warwick, such a

As shall revenge his death before

War. Poor Clifford! how I

worthless threats!

York. Will you we show our

If not, our swords shall plead it in

K. Hen. What title hast thou, traitor,

crown?

Thy father was, as thou art, duke of

Thy grandfather, Roger Mortimer,

I am the son of Henry the fifth,

Who made the Dauphin and the

steep,

And seiz'd upon their towns and

War. Talk not of France, with

lost it all.

K. Hen. The lord protector lost it

When I was crown'd, I was but

old.

Rich. You are old enough now,

Father, tear the crown from the

Edw. Sweet father, do so; and

lead.

Ment. [To York.] Good brother,

love'st and honour'st at arms,

Let's fight it out, and not stand

Rich. Sound drums and trumpets

York. Sons, peace!

K. Hen. Peace thou! and give

leave to speak.

War. Plantagenet shall speak first: hear him, lords!

And be you silent and attentive too,
For that interrupts him shall not live.

Hen. Think'st thou, that I will leave my singly throne,

to my grandsire and my father sat?
I shall war unpeople this my realm;

And their colours,—often borne in France,
Now in England, to our heart's great sorrow,—

on my winding-sheet. Why faint you,
And prove it, Henry, and thou shalt

know. Henry the fourth by conquest got the crown.

War. 'Twas by rebellion against his king.
Hen. [Aside.] I know not what to say:
my title's weak.

Clif. Tell me, may not a king adopt an heir?
Hen. An if he may, then am I lawful

in the view of many lords, [king;
and the crown to Henry the fourth,
their my father was, and I am his.

Clif. 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, 'twere prejudicial to his crown?
Hen. No; for he could not so resign his

crown,
that the next heir should succeed and reign.
Hen. Art thou against us, duke of Exeter?

Hen. 'Tis the right, and therefore pardon [answer not?
me. My conscience tells me he is lawful

king. Hen. [Aside.] All will revolt from me,
and turn to him.

War. Plantagenet, for all the claim thou
setst that Henry shall be so depos'd.

Hen. Depos'd he shall be in despite of all.
North. Thou art deceiv'd: 'tis not thy

southern power
Norfolk, Suffolk, nor of Kent,—
which makes thee thus presumptuous and

proud,—
that the duke up in despite of me,
King Henry, be thy title right or wrong,

and Clifford vows to fight in thy defence:
I shall kneel to him that slew my father!

Hen. O Clifford, how thy words revive
my heart!

War. Henry of Lancaster, resign thy
crown.—

Hen. 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 o'er the chair of state, where now he sits,
Write up his title with usurping blood.

[He stamps, and the Soldiers show themselves.] [one word:—

K. Hen. My lord of Warwick, hear me but
Let me for this my lifetime reign as king.

York. Confirm the crown to me, and to mine
heirs,

And thou shalt reign in quiet while thou liv'st.
K. Hen. I am content: Richard Plantagenet,

Enjoy the kingdom after my decease.
Clif. What wrong is this unto the prince

your son! [himself!
War. What good is this to England, and
West. Base, fearful, and despairing Henry!

Clif. How hast thou injur'd 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 bands, for this unmanly deed!

Clif. In dreadful war mayst thou be over-
come;

Or live in peace, abandon'd, and despis'd!
[Exit Northumberland, Clifford,
and Westmoreland.]

War. Turn this way, Henry, and regard
them not.

Ecc. They seek revenge, and therefore will
K. Hen. Ah, Exeter! [not yield.]

War. Why should you sigh, my lord?
K. Hen. Not for myself, lord Warwick,

but my son,
Whom I unnaturally shall disinheret.

But, be it as it may; I here entail [ever:—
The crown to thee, and to thine heirs for
Conditionally, that here thou take an oath

To cease this civil war, and, whilst I live,
To honour me as thy king and sovereign,

And neither by treason, nor hostility,
To seek to put me down, and reign thyself.

York. This oath I willingly take, and will
perform. [Coming from the throne.

War. Long live king Henry! Plantagenet,
embrace him.

K. Hen. And long live thou, and these thy
forward sons!

York. Now York and Lancaster are recon-
cil'd. [kiss.]

Ecc. Accurs'd be he that seeks to make them
[Sennet. The Lords come forward.]

York. Farewell, my gracious lord; I'll to
my castle.

War. And I'll keep London with my soldiers.
Nor. And I to Norfolk with my followers.

Mont. And I unto the sea, from whence I
came. [Exit York, and his Sons,
Warwick, Norfolk, Montague,
Soldiers, and Attendants.]

K. Hen. And I, with grief and sorrow, to the court.

Enter Queen Margaret and the Prince of Wales.

Exc. Here comes the queen, whose looks bewray her anger:

I'll steal away. *[Going.]*

K. Hen. Exeter, so will I. *[Going.]*

Q. Mar. Nay, go not from me; I will follow thee. *[Stay.]*

K. Hen. Be patient, gentle queen, and I will.

Q. Mar. Who can be patient in such extremes?

Ah, wretched man! Would I had died a maid, And never seen thee, never borne thee son, Seeing thou hast prov'd so unnatural a father! Hath he deserv'd to lose his birthright thus? Hadst thou but lov'd him half so well as I, Or felt that pain which I did for him once, Or nourish'd him, as I did with my blood,— Thou wouldst have left thy dearest blood there,

Rather than have made that savage duke thine And disinherited thine only son. *[Their.]*

Prince. Father, you cannot disinherit me: If you be king, why should not I succeed?

K. Hen. Pardon me, Margaret; pardon me, sweet son;

The earl of Warwick, and the duke, enforce'd me. *[Will be forc'd.]*

Q. Mar. Enforce'd thee! art thou king, and I shame to hear thee speak. Ah, timorous wretch!

Thou hast undone thyself, thy son, and me; And given unto the house of York such head, As thou shalt reign but by their sufferance. To entail him and his heirs unto the crown, What is it, but to make thy sepulchre, And creep into it far before thy time?

Warwick is chancellor, and the lord of Calais; Stern Faulconbridge commands the narrow seas:

The duke is made protector of the realm; And yet shalt thou be safe! such safety finds The trembling lamb, environ'd with wolves.

Had I been there, which am a silly woman, The soldiers should have toss'd me on their pikes,

Before I would have granted to that act. But thou prefer'st thy life before thine honour:

And seeing thou dost, I here divorce myself, Both from thy table, Henry, and thy bed,

Until that act of parliament be repeal'd, Whereby my son is disinherited. *[Colours, The northern lords that have sworn to thy 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 alter them.]*

K. Hen. Stay, gentle Margaret, and hear me speak.

Q. Mar. Thou hast spoke too much already: get thee gone.

K. Hen. Gentle son Edward, thou shalt not a thing it is to wear a crown; all that poets feign of bliss and joy, shall be no longer thine: I cannot rest.

Q. Mar. Ay, to be murder'd by thy hand, the while thou say'st that I wear, be dy'd the blood of Henry's heart.

Prince. When I return with victory, thou shalt to London presently, *[die.]*

Q. Mar. Come, son, away! I will linger thus.

[Exit Queen Margaret and the Prince.]

K. Hen. Poor queen! how love she to her son,

Hath made her break out into tears, Reveng'd may she be on that hateful Whose haughty spirit, winged with pride,

Will cost my crown, and, like an eagle, Tire on the flesh of me, and of my son.

The loss of those three lords forebode heart:

I'll write unto them, and entreat them to come, cousin, you shall be the need.

Exc. And I, I hope, shall reconcile them.

SCENE II.—A Room in Sandal Church, Wakefield, in Yorkshire.

Enter Edward, Richard, and Mont.

Rich. Brother, though I be your uncle, me leave.

Edw. No, I can better play the uncle to Mont. But I have reasons forcible.

Enter York.

York. Why, how now, sons, and at a strife!

What is your quarrel? how born it?

Edw. No quarrel, but a slight conceit.

York. About what?

Rich. About that which concerns the crown of England, father, which is dead.

York. Mine, boy! not till king is dead.

Rich. Your right depends not on his death.

Edw. Now you are heir, therefore now:

By giving the house of Lancaster, it will outrun you, father, in the end.

York. I took an oath that he should not.

Edw. But, for a kingdom, any oath is broken:

I would break a thousand oaths to have the crown.

Rich. No; God forbid your grace should be forsworn.

York. I shall be, if I claim by oath to have the crown.

Rich. I'll prove the contrary, if you will me speak.

York. Thou canst not, son; it is his oath.

Rich. An oath is of no moment, before a true and lawful marriage.

That hath authority over him that Henry had none, but did usurp the crown.

Then, seeing 'twas he that made you pose, Your oath, my lord, is vain and idle. Therefore, to arms. And, father, to arms.

Enter Clifford and Soldiers.

Clif. Chaplain, away: thy priesthood savas thy life.

As for the brat of this accursed duke, Whose father slew my father, he shall die.

Tut. And I, my lord, will bear him company. *[Puny.]*

Clif. Soldiers, away with him.

Tut. Ah, Clifford, murder not this innocent child.

Lest thou be hated both of God and man! *[Exit, forced off by Soldiers.]*

Clif. How now! is he dead already? Or is it fear?

That makes him close his eyes?—I'll open him. So looks the pent-up lion o'er the wretch.

That trembles under his devouring paws; And so he walks, insulting o'er his prey,

And so he comes, to rend his limbs asunder.— Ah, gentle Clifford, kill me with thy sword,

And not with such a cruel threatening look! Sweet Clifford, hear me speak before I die!

I am too mean a subject for thy wrath: Be thou reveng'd on men, and let me live.

Clif. In vain thou speak'st, poor boy; my father's blood.

Hath stopp'd the passage where thy words should enter. *[Again:]*

Rut. Then let my father's blood open it. He is a man, and, Clifford, cope with him.

Clif. Had I thy brethren here, their lives and thine.

Were not revenge sufficient for me: No; if I 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. *[Slay me!]*

Rut. But 'twas ere I was born.

Thou hast one son, for his sake pity me; Lest in revenge thereof,—with 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. Disfaciant, laudis summa sit tibi tuum! *[Dies.]*

Clif. Plantagenet! I come, Plantagenet! And this thy son's blood cleaving to my blade,

Shall rust upon my weapon, till thy blood, Congeal'd with this, do make me wipe off both. *[Exit.]*

SCENE IV.—*Another part of the Plains.*
Alarum. Enter York.

York. The army of the queen hath got the field:

My uncles both are slain in rescuing me;
 And all my followers to the eager foe
 Turn back, and fly, like ships before the wind,
 Or lambs pursu'd by hunger-starv'd wolves.
 My sons,—God knows what hath bechanced
 them, [selves

But this I know,—they have demean'd them-
 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 Faulchion, painted to the hilt
 In blood of those that had encounter'd him:
 And when the hardest warriors did retire,
 Richard cried,—“*Charge! and give no foot
 of ground!*”

And cried,—“*A crown, or else a glorious tomb/
 A sceptre, or an earthly sepulchre!*”

With this, we charg'd again: but, out, alas!
 We bodg'd again: as I have seen a swan
 With bootless labour swim against the tide,
 And spend her strength with over-matching
 waves. [A short alarum within.

Ah, hark! the fatal followers do pursue;
 And I am faint, and cannot fly their fury:
 And were I strong, I would not shun their
 fury.

The sands are number'd that make up my life;
 Here must I stay, and here my life must end.
*Enter Queen Margaret, Clifford, Northumber-
 land, and Soldiers.*

Come, bloody Clifford,—rough Northumber-
 land,—

I dare your quenchless fury to more rage:
 I am your butt, and I abide your shot. [Ret.

North. Yield to our mercy, proud Plantage-
 Cliff. Ay, to such mercy as his ruthless arm,
 With downright payment, shew'd unto my
 father.

Now Phaeton hath tumbled from his car,
 And made an evening at the noontide prick.

York. My ashes, as the phoenix, may bring
 A bird that will revenge upon you all: [North
 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! [Further;

Cliff. So cowards fight when they can fly no
 So doves do peck the falcon's piercing talons;
 So desperate thieves, all hopeless of their lives,
 Breathe out invectives 'gainst the officers.

York. O Clifford, but bethink thee once
 again,

And in thy thought o'er-run my former time;
 And, if thou canst for blushing, view this face,
 And bite thy tongue, that slanders him with
 cowardice, [this.

Whose frown hath made thee faint and fly ere

Cliff. I will not bandy with the
 word,
 But buckle with thee blows, twice

Q. Mar. Hold, valiant Clifford!
 thousand causes
 I would prolong a while the battle
 Wrath makes him deaf: speak
 umberland.

North. Hold, Clifford: do not
 To prick thy finger, though to
 heart:

What valour were it, when a cur
 For one to thrust his hand between
 When he might smite him with his
 It is war's prize to take all vanities
 And ten to one is no impeachment
 [They lay hands on York, who

Cliff. Ay, ay, so strives the weak
 the gin.

North. So doth the coney strangle
 net. [York is taken.

York. So triumph thieves upon
 quer'd booty;

So true men yield, with valour
 North. What would your grace
 unto him now?

Q. Mar. Brave warriors, Clifford
 umberland,

Come, make him stand upon the
 here,

That rought at mountains with out-
 Yet parted but the shadow with his
 What! was it you that would be
 king?

Was't you that revell'd in our park
 And made a preschment of your
 Where are your mess of sons to back
 The wanton Edward, and the husy

And where's that valiant crook-bow
 Dicky your boy, that with his grace
 Was wont to cheer his dad in man-
 Or, with the rest, where is your

land?
 Look, York: I stain'd this napkin

blood

That valiant Clifford, with his rapier
 Made issue from the bosom of the
 And if thine eyes can water for his
 I give thee this to dry thy cheeks

Alas, poor York! but that I hate
 I should lament thy miserable state

I prythee, grieve, to make me merry
 What, hath thy fiery heart so

entrails,
 That not a tear can fall for sorrow?

Why art thou patient, man! thou art
 mad;

And I, to make thee mad, do mock
 Stamp, rave, and fret, that I may

dance.
 Thou wouldst be fce'd, I see, to

sport:
 York cannot speak, unless he were a

YORK!—and, lords, bow low to him.

[Putting a paper crown on his head.]

My merry, etc., now looks he like a king!

And this is he that took king Henry's chair;

And low is it that great Plantagenet

sway'd so soon, and broke his solemn oath?

I think me, you should not be king

if our king Henry had shook hands with

death.

And will you pale your head in Henry's glory,

and rob his temple of the diadem,

in his life, against your holy oath?

With the crown; and, with the crown, his

head?

What we breathe, take time to do him

due. That is my office, for my father's sake.

Q. Mar. Nay, stay; let's hear the orisons

he makes.

Yor. She-wolf of France, but worse than

lives of France,

has tongue more poisons than the adder's

ill-breeding is it in thy sex

trump, like an Amazonian trull,

to bear woes whom fortune captivates!

That thy face is, visor-like, unchanging,

independent with use of evil deeds,

away, proud queen, to make thee

flush!

But whence thou can'st, of whom

not ashamed.

Yor. He bears the type of king of Naples,

the Sicils, and Jerusalem;

as wealthy as an English yeoman.

That poor monarch taught thee to insult!

And not, nor it boots thee not, proud

the adage must be verified,

queen;—

only that doth oft make women proud;

and he knows, thy share thereof is small:

contrary doth make them most admir'd;

and that makes thee wonder'd at:

and thereof makes them seem divine;

and that makes thee abominable:

and that makes thee good,

as opposite to every good,

the Antipodes are unto us,

the south to the septentrion.

And thou, wrapp'd in a woman's hide!

couldst thou drain the life-blood of the

father wipe his eyes withal, [child,

yet he seen to bear a woman's face?

And he soft, mild, pitiful, and flexible;

And he, obdurate, flinty, rough, remorse-

less!

And thou me rage! why, now thou hast

thy wish:

And thou have me weep? why, now thou hast

thy will:

And thou wind blows up incessant showers,

and thou the rage allays, the rain begins.

And thou mine are my sweet Rutland's obsequies;

And every drop cries vengeance for his death,
Against thee, fell Clifford, and thee, false
Frenchwoman.

North. Beshrew me, but his passions move
That hardly can I check my eyes from tears.

Yor. 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:

[Giving back the handkerchief.]

And if thou tell'st the heavy story right,
Upon my soul, the hearers will shed tears;

Yea, even my foes will shed fast-falling tears,
And say,—“Alas, it was a piteous deed!”—

There, take the crown, and, with the crown,
my curse:

And, in thy need, such comfort come to thee,
As now I reap at thy too cruel hand!—

Hard-hearted Clifford, take me from the world;
My soul to heaven, my blood upon your heads!

North. Had he been slaughter-man to all
my kin,

I should not, for my life, but weep with him,
To see how inly sorrow gripes his soul.

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.

Q. Mar. And here's to right our gentle-
hearted king.

Yor. 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.

Drums. Enter Edward and Richard, with
their forces, marching.

Edw. I wonder how our princely father
'scap'd,

Or whether he be 'scap'd 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 'scap'd, 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 resolv'd
Where our right valiant father is become.
I saw him in the battle range about;
And watch'd him how he singled Clifford forth.
Methought he bore him in the thickest troop,
As doth a lion in a herd of neat;
Or as a bear, encompass'd round with dogs,
Who having pinch'd a few, and made them cry,
The rest stand all aloof, and bark at him.
So far'd our father with his enemies;
So fled his enemies my warlike father:
Methinks, 'tis prize enough to be his son.
See how the morning opens her golden gates,
And takes her farewell of the glorious sun!
How well resembles it the prime of youth,
Trimm'd like a youngker, prancing to his love!

Edw. Dazzle mine eyes, or do I see three
suns? [sees suns]

Rich. Three glorious suns, each one a per-
son, 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 lump, one light, one sun.
In this the heaven figures some event.

Edw. 'Tis wondrous strange, the like yet
never heard of.

I think it cites us, brother, to the field;
That we, the sons of brave Plantagenet,
Each one already blazing by our meeds,
Should, notwithstanding, join our lights to-
gether,

And overshine the earth, as this the world.
Whate'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, speak no more! for I have heard
too much. [all.]

Rich. Say how he died, for I will bear it.
Mess. Environ'd he was with many foes;

And stood against them, as the hope of Troy
Against the Greeks that would have enter'd
Troy.

But Hercules himself must yield to odds;
And many strokes, though with a little axe,
Hew down and fell the hardest timber'd oak.

By many hands your father was subdu'd;
But only slaughter'd by the ireful arm
Of murthering Clifford, and the queen,
Who crown'd the gracious duke in high de-
spite; [wept,

Laugh'd in his face; and when with grief he
The ruthless queen gave him, to dry his cheeks,
A napkin steeped in the harmless blood

Of sweet young Rutland, by ruth-
lessly slain;

And after many scorn, many foul to-
ken, They took his head, and on the gates
They set the same; and there it doth
lie.

The saddest spectacle that e'er I saw
of York, our prey

Edw. Sweet duke of York, our prey
upon,
Now thou art gone, we have no staff
O Clifford, boast'rous Clifford! thou
The flower of Europe for his chivalry,
And treacherously hast thou vanquish'd
For hand to hand he would have

thrice!
Now my soul's palace is become a
Ah, would she break from hence, the
body

Might in the ground be clos'd up in
For never henceforth shall I joy more
Never, O never, shall I see more joy

Rich. I cannot weep, for all my
moisture

Scarcely serves to quench my burning
Nor can my tongue unload my heavy
burden;

For self-same wind, that I should speak
Is kindling coals that fire all my
And burn me up with flames, that cannot
quench.

To weep is to make less the depth of
Tears, then, for babes; blows and
me!

Richard, I bear thy name; I'll venture
Or die renown'd by attempting it.

Edw. His name that valiant duke
with thee;

His dukedom and his chair with me
Rich. Nay, if thou be that prince
bird,

Show thy descent by gazing 'gainst the
For chair and dukedom, throne and
say;

Either that is thine, or else thou wert
March. Enter Warwick and
with forces.

War. How now, fair lords!
what news abroad?

Rich. Great lord of Warwick, if you
Our baleful news, and at each word
ance,

Stab poniards in our flesh till all were
The world would add more anguish
wounds.

O valiant lord, the duke of York is slain
Edw. O Warwick, Warwick! that I
genet,

Which held thee dearly as his soul's re-
tion,

Is by the stern lord Clifford done to death
War. Ten days ago I drown'd
in tears;

And now, to add more measure to your
I come to tell you things sith then
After the bloody fray at Wakefield

your brave father breath'd his latest
 gasp;
 As swiftly as the posts could run,
 He brought me of your loss, and his depart.
 I, London, keeper of the king,
 Gather'd my soldiers, gather'd flocks of friends,
 As very well appointed, as I thought,
 Towards St. Albans to intercept the
 king in my behalf along; I queen,
 By my scouts I was advis'd
 That he was coming with a full intent
 To make our late decree in parliament, [son.
 King Henry's oath, and your succe-
 ssful tale to make, — we at St. Albans met,
 And both sides fiercely
 fought;

Whether 'twas the coldness of the king,
 Or he'd full gently on his warlike queen,
 Or he'd the soldiers of their heated spleen;
 Or whether 'twas some report of her success;
 Or more than common fear of Clifford's rigour,
 Or leaders to his captives — blood and
 death,
 I cannot judge: but, to conclude with truth,
 Our weapons like to lightning came and went;
 Our soldiers — like the night-owl's lazy flight,
 Or like a lazy thresher with a flail, —
 Lay'd them up with justice of our cause,
 Of promise of high pay, and great rewards:

And in vain; they had no heart to fight,
 No, in them, no hope to win the day;
 We led; the king unto the queen;
 George your brother, Norfolk, and myself,
 In haste, are come to join with you;
 On the marches here, we heard you were
 Another head to fight again.
 Where is the duke of Norfolk, gentle
 Warwick?

When came George from Burgundy to
 [England?
 War. Some six miles off the duke is with
 the soldiers;
 For your brother, he was lately sent
 By your kind aunt, duchess of Burgundy,
 Out of soldiers to this needful war.

War. Was odds, belike, when valiant
 Warwick fled;
 I heard his praises in pursuit,
 Till now, his scandal of retire.

War. Nor now my scandal, Richard, dost
 thou hear?
 Thou shalt know, this strong right hand
 [of mine
 Brought the diadem from saint Henry's head,
 And the awful sceptre from his fist,
 As famous, and as bold in war,
 As I am for mildness, peace, and prayer.

War. I know it well, lord Warwick;
 Blame me not:
 I bear thy glories makes me speak.
 In this troublous time, what's to be done?
 We go throw away our coats of steel,
 And wrap our bodies in black mourning gowns,
 And ring our Ave-Maries with our beads;
 And we on the helmets of our foes

Tell our devotion with revengeful arms!
 If for the last, say — Ay, and to it, lords.

War. Why, therefore Warwick came to
 seek you out;

And therefore comes my brother Montague.
 Attend me, lords. The proud insulting queen,
 With Clifford and the haught Northumberland,
 And of their feather many 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 Welshmen canst procure,
 Will but amount to five and twenty thousand;
 Why, *Via!* to London will we march again;
 And once again bestride our foaming steeds,
 And once again cry — Charge upon our foes!
 But never once again turn back and fly.

Rich. Ay, now methinks I hear great War-
 wick speak:

Ne'er may he live to see a sunshine day,
 That cries — Retire, if Warwick bid him stay.

Edw. Lord Warwick, on thy shoulder will
 I lean: [hour!]

And when thou fail'st, (as God forbid the
 Must Edward fall, which peril heaven forbids!)

War. No longer earl of March, but duke
 of York;

The next degree is, England's royal throne;
 For king of England shalt thou be proclaim'd
 In every borough as we pass along;
 And he that throws not up his cap for joy,
 Shall for the fault make forfeit of his head.

King Edward, — valiant Richard, — Mon-
 tague, —

Stay we no longer, dreaming of renown,
 But sound the trumpets, and about our task.

Rich. Then, Clifford, were thy heart as hard
 as steel,

(As thou hast shown it flinty by thy deeds,)
 I come to pierce it, — or to give thee mine.

Edw. Then strike up, drums! — God and
 Saint George for us!

Enter a Messenger.

War. How now! what news! [by me,
 Mess. The duke of Norfolk sends you word
 The queen is coming with a puissant host;
 And craves your company for speedy counsel.

War. Why then it sorts, brave warriors;
 let's away. [Exeunt.

SCENE II. — Before York.

Flourish. Enter King Henry, Queen Mar-
 garet, the Prince of Wales, Clifford, and
 Northumberland, with forces.

Q. Mar. Welcome, my lord, to this brave
 town of York.

Yonder's the head of that arch enemy,

That sought to be encompass'd with your crown:

Doth not the object cheer your heart, my lord?

K. Hen. Ay, as the rocks cheer them that fear their wreck:—

To see this sight, it irks my very soul.

Withhold revenge, dear God! 'tis not my fault, Nor wittingly have I infring'd my vow.

Clif. My gracious liege, this too much lenity And harmful pity must be laid aside.

To whom do lions cast their gentle looks? Not to the beast that would usurp their den.

Whose hand is that the forest bear doth lick? Not his that spoils her young before her face.

Who 'scapes the lurking serpent's mortal sting? Not he that sets his foot upon her back.

The smallest worm will turn, being trodden on; And doves will peck in safeguard of their brood.

Ambitious York did level at thy crown, Thou smiling, while he knit his angry brows:

He, but a duke, would have his son a king, And raise his issue like a loving sire;

Thou, being a king, bless'd with a goodly son, Didst yield consent to disinheret him,

Which argu'd 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 us'd with fearful Make war with him that climb'd unto their nest,

Offering their own lives in their young's de- For shame, my liege, make them your prey:

Were it not pity that this goodly boy (cedent! Should lose his birthright by his father's fault,

And long hereafter say unto his child,— "What my great-grandfather and grandsire

My careless father fondly gave away?" [got, Ah, what a shame were this! Look on the boy;

And let his manly face, which promiseth Successful fortune, steel thy melting heart

To hold thine own, and leave thine own with him.

K. Hen. Full well hath Clifford play'd the Inferring arguments of mighty force. [orator, But, Clifford, tell me, didst thou never hear

That things ill got had ever bad success? And happy always was it for that son,

Unsheath your sword, and dash him down, Edward, kneel down.

K. Hen. Edward Plantagenet, And learn this lesson,—Draw thy sword right.

Prince. My gracious father, by your I'll draw it as apparent to the crown,

And in that quarrel use it to the death.

Clif. Why, that is spoken like a child.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. Royal commanders, be advised: For with a band of thirty thousand

Comes Warwick, backing of the duke's; And in the towns, as they do now, he

Proclaims him king, and many he hath Darraign your battle, for they are

Clif. I would your highness would the field:

The queen hath best success where she

Q. Mar. Ay, good my lord, and our fortune.

K. Hen. Why, that's my fortune.

North. Be it with resolution, then.

Prince. My royal father, show them lords,

And hearten those that fight in your Unsheath your sword, good

"Saint George!"

March. Enter Edward, George, Warwick, Norfolk, Montague, and

Edw. Now, perjur'd Henry I will for grace,

And set thy diadem upon my head, Or bide the mortal fortune of the

Q. Mar. Go, rate thy unloving sulking boy!

Becomes it thee to be thus bold in Before thy sovereign, and thy

Edw. I am his king, and he should I was adopted heir by his consent:

Since when, his oath is broken: for You, that are king, though he do

Was not your valour, Clifford, drove me thence.

North. No, nor your manhood, that durst

Edw. Northumberland, I hold thee rever-

ation of the party; for scarce I can refrain

from slaying thee, that cruel child-killer.

Clif. I slow thy father,—call'st thou him a

Edw. Ay, like a dastard, and a treacherous

coward, that did kill our tender brother Rutland;

And now I'll make thee curse the dead.

Clif. Have done with words, my lords,

and hear me speak.

Edw. Duly thou, then, or else hold close

thy lips. I pry thee, give no limits to my

language, and privileg'd to speak. [tongue: I'll

show thee the wound that bred this

word:—

That made us all, I am resolv'd,

Clifford's manhood lies upon his tongue.

Clif. Henry, shall I have my right, or

war, if thou deny, their blood upon thy

head:

York to justice puts his armour on.

Edw. If that be right, which Warwick

says is right,

Even then that sunshine brew'd a shower for

him, [France, That wash'd his father's fortunes forth of

And heap'd isolation on his crown at home.

For what hath broach'd this tumult, but thy

pride?

Hadst thou been meek, our little still had slept;

And we, in pity of the gentle king, Had slipp'd our claim until another age.

Geo. But when we saw our sunshine made

thy spring,

And that thy summer bred us no increase,

We set the axe to thy usurping root: [selves, And though the edge hath something hit our-

Yet, know thou, since we have begun to strike,

We'll never leave, till we have hewn thee down,

Or bath'd thy growing with our heated bloods.

Edw. And in this resolution I defy thee;

Not willing any longer conference,

Since thou deny'st the gentle king to speak.—

Sound trumpets!—let our bloody colours

And either victory, or else a grave. [wave!—

Q. Mar. Stay, Edward.

Edw. No, wrangling woman, we'll no longer

These words will cost ten thousand lives to-day.

[Exit.

SCENE III.—A Field of Battle between Towton and Saxton, in Yorkshire.

Alarums: Excursions. Enter Warwick.

War. Forspent with toil, as runners with a

I lay me down a little while to breathe; [races, For strokes receiv'd, and many blows repaid,

Have rob'd my strong-knit sinews of their

strength,

And, spite of spite, needs must I rest a while.

Enter Edward, running.

Edw. Smile, gentle heaven! or strike, un-

gentle death!

[clouded, For this world frowns, and Edward's sun is

War. How now, my lord! what hap? what

hope of good?

Enter George. [despair; *Geo.* Our hap is lost, our hope but and

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 with-

drawn thyself?

Thy brother's blood the thirsty earth hath

drunk,

Broach'd with the steely point of Clifford's

lance;

And, in the very pangs of death, he cried,

Like to a dismal clangor heard from far,

"Warwick, revenge! brother, revenge my

death!"

So, underneath the belly of their steeds,

That stain'd their fetlocks in his smoking

blood,

The noble gentleman gave up the ghost.

War. Then let the earth be drunken with our blood :

I'll kill my horse, because I will not fly.
Why stand we like soft-hearted women here,
Wailing our losses, whiles the foe doth rage ;
And look upon, as if the tragedy
Were play'd in jest by counterfeiting actors !
Here on my knee I vow to God above,
I'll never pause again, never stand still,
Till either death hath clos'd 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 Thou
setter up and plucker down of kings !
Beseeching thee, if with thy will it stands
That to my foes this body must be prey,
Yet that thy brazen gates of heaven may ope,
And give sweet passage to my sinful soul !
Now, lords, take leave until we meet again,
Where'er it be, in heaven or in earth.

Rich. Brother, give me thy hand ;—and, gentle Warwick,

Let me embrace thee in my weary arms :
I, that did never weep, now melt with woe,
That winter should cut off our spring-time so.

War. Away, away ! Once more, sweet lords, farewell.

Geo. Yet let us all together to our troops,
And give them leave to fly that will not stay ;
And call them pillars that will stand to us ;
And, if we thrive, promise them such rewards
As victors wear at the Olympian games :
This may plant courage in their quailing breasts ;

For yet is hope of life, and victory.
Foreslow no longer ; make we hence amain.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.—*Another part of the Field.*

Excursions. Enter Richard and Clifford.

Rich. Now, Clifford, I have singled thee alone ;

Suppose this arm is for the duke of York,
And this for Rutland ; both bound to revenge,
Wert thou environ'd with a brazen wall.

Clif. 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
To execute the like upon thyself ; [Brother,
And so, have at thee.

[*They fight. Warwick enters ; Clifford flies.*]

Rich. Nay, Warwick, single out some other chase ;

For I myself will hunt this wolf to death.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V.—*Another part of the Field.*

Alarum. Enter King, Gloucester, and others.

K. Hen. This battle fares like to the

king's war.

When dying clouds contend with

What time the shepherd, blowing of

Can neither call it perfect day, nor

Now sways it this way, like a mighty

For'd by the tide to combat with the

Now sways it that way, like the self

For'd to retire by fury of the wind

Sometime the flood prevails, and

Now one the better, then another

Both tugging to be victors, breast to

Yet neither conqueror nor conquer'd

So is the equal pole of this fall war

Here on this molehill will I sit me

To whom God will, there be the victors

For Margaret my queen, and Clifford

Have chid me from the battle ; sweet

They prosper best of all when I am

Would I were dead ! if God's good will

For what is in this world but grief and

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

Thereby to see the minutes how they

How many make the hour full complete

How many days bring about the year

How many years a mortal man may live

When this is known, then to divide the

So many hours must I tend my rest

So many hours must I take my rest

So many hours must I sport myself

So many hours must I sweat with

So many days my ewes have been with

So many weeks ere the poor fools will

So many years ere I shall shear the

So minutes, hours, days, months, and

Pass'd over to the end they were cre

Would bring white hairs unto a quick

Ab, what a life were this ! how

lovely !

Gives not the hawthorn bush a sweet

To shepherds, looking on their silly

Than doth a rich embroider'd canopy

To kings, that fear their subjects' tr

O, yes, it doth ; a thousand-fold, it

And to conclude,—the shepherd's

curds,

His cold thin drink out of his leather

His wonted sleep under a fresh tree

All which secure and sweetly he enjoy

Is far beyond a prince's delicacies

His viands sparkling in a golden bowl

His body couched in a curious bed

When care, mistrust, and treason walk

Alarum. Enter a Son that has been

Father, with the dead body

Son. Ill blows the wind that blows

This man whom hand to hand I slew

They never, then, had sprung like summer flies;

I, and ten thousand in this luckless realm,
Had left no mourning widows for our death;
And thou this day hadst kept thy chair in peace.

For what doth cherish weeds but gentle air?
And what makes robbers bold but too much lenity?— [wounds;

Bootless are plaints, and cureless are my
No way to fly, nor strength to hold out flight:
The foe is merciless, and will not pity;
For at their hands I have deserved no pity;
The air hath got into my deadly wounds,
And much effuse of blood doth make me faint.— [rest;

Come, York and Richard, Warwick and the
I stab'd your fathers' bosoms, split my breast,
[He faints.

Alarm and Retreat. Enter Edward, George,
Richard, Montague, Warwick, and Soldiers.
Edw. Now breathe we, lords: good fortune bids us pause, [looks.—

And smooth the frowns of war with peaceful
Some troops pursue the bloody-minded queen,
That led calm Henry, though he were a king,
As doth a sail, fill'd with a fretting gust,
Command an argosy to stem the waves,
But think you, lords, that Clifford fled with them?

War. No, 'tis impossible he should escape;
For though before his face I speak the words,
Your brother Richard mark'd him for the grave:

And wheresoe'er he is, he's surely dead.
[Clifford groans and dies.

Edw. Whose soul is that which takes her
heavy leave? [departing.

Rich. A deadly groan, like life and death's
Edw. See who it is: and, now the battle's ended,

If friend or foe, let him be gently us'd.
Rich. Revoke that doom of mercy, for 'tis Clifford;

Who not contented that he lopp'd the branch
In hewing Rutland when his leaves put forth,
But set his murl'ring knife unto the root
From whence that tender spray did sweetly spring,—

I mean, our princely father, duke of York.

War. From off the gates of York fetch
down the head,
Your father's head, which Clifford plac'd there.

Instead whereof, let this supply the room:
Measure for measure must be answered.

Edw. Bring forth that fatal screech-owl to
our house,

That nothing sung but death to us and ours:
Now death shall stop his dismal threatening sound,

And his ill-boding tongue no more shall speak.
[Soldiers bring the body forward.

War. I think his understanding is bereft.—

Speak, Clifford, dost thou know who
to thee?—

Dark cloudy death o'er shades his face,
And he nor sees, nor hears us, nor

Rich. O, would he did! and he
he doth:

'Tis but his policy to counterfeit,
Because he would avoid such bitter
Which in the time of death he gave

Geo. If so thou think'st, vox tuam
words.

Rich. Clifford, ask mercy, and
Edw. Clifford, repent in blood.

War. Clifford, devise excuses for
Geo. While we devise tell coward

faults.

Rich. Thou didst love York, and
Edw. Thou patied'st Rutland

thine.

Geo. Where's captain Marston?
War. They mock thee, Clifford:

thou wast wopt.

Rich. What, not an oath?—
world goes hard,

When Clifford cannot spare his
I know by that, he's dead; and

If this right hand would buy two
That I in all despite might rail at

This hand should chop it off; and
issuing blood

Stille the villain, whose unshrunk
York and young Rutland could not

War. Ay, but he's dead: off with
traitor's head,

And rear it in the place your father
And now to London with triumph

There to be crown'd England's king,
From whence shall Warwick call

France,
And ask the lady Bona for thy queen

So shalt thou sinew both these kingdoms
And, having France thy friend, thou

dread
The scatter'd foe that hopes to rise

For though they cannot greatly
Yet look to have th' m' bat, to

First, will I see the coronation;
And then to Brittany I'll cross the sea

To effect this marriage, so it please
Edw. Even as thou wilt, and

let it be;

For on thy shoulder do I build my
And never will I undertake the

Wherein thy counsel and command
Richard, I will create thee duke of

And George, of Clarence: Warwick
self,

Shall do and undo, as him please
Rich. Let me be duke of Gloucester

of Gloucester,
For Gloucester's dukedom is too much

War. Tut! that's a foolish brag;
Richard, be duke of Gloucester. No

To see these honours in possession.

ACT III.

Scene I.—A Chase in the North of England.
Hunters Keepers, with cross-bows in their hands.

Keep. Under this thick-grown brake we'll
shoot ourselves; [come;
through this brake anon the deer will
bring the principal of all the deer. [shoot.
Keep. I'll stay above the hill, so both may
cross-bow That cannot be; the noise of thy
cross-bow will scare the herd, and so my shoot is lost.
stand we both, and aim we at the best;
for the time shall not seem tedious,
till then what befell me on a day,
I'll tell thee here comes a man; let's stay till he
be past.

Henry, disguised, with a prayer-book.
Hen. From Scotland am I stol'n, even
of pure love,
to meet mine own land with my wishful sight.
Harry, Harry, 'tis no land of thine;
thy place is fill'd, thy sceptre wrung from thee,
thy realm would'st off wherewith thou wast
possessed:

Keepers. Who will call thee Caesar now,
who will anointers press to speak for right,
who will a man comes for redress of thee;
can I help them, and not myself?
Keep. Ay, here's a deer whose skin's a
keeper's fee;

Hen. Let me embrace these sour adver-
saries;
you men say it is the wisest course.
Keep. Why linger we? let us lay hands
upon him.

Hen. Forbear a while; we'll hear a little
of your queen and son are gone to
France for aid; [wick
as I hear, the great commanding War-
wick gone, to crave the French king's

aid for Edward; if this news be true,
Warwick and son, your labour is but lost;
this is a subtle orator, [words.
a prince soon won with moving
count, then, Margaret may win him;
she's a woman to be pitied much:

she will make a battery in his breast;
she will pierce into a marble heart;
she will be mild whiles she doth mourn,
and then will be tainted with remorse,
and see her plights, her brinish tears.

on his left side, craving aid for Henry;
on his right, asking a wife for Edward.
And says—her Henry is depos'd;
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. [soul,

O Margaret, thus 'twill be; and thou, poor
Art then forsaken, as thou wast't forlorn!
2 Keep. Say, what art thou, that talk'st of
kings and queens?

K. Hen. More than I seem, and less than I
was born to:
A man at least, for less I should not be;
And men may talk of kings, and why not I!

2 Keep. Ay, but thou talk'st as if thou wert
a king. [that's enough.
K. Hen. Why, so I am, in mind; and
2 Keep. But, if thou be a king, where is thy
crown? [my head;

K. Hen. My crown is in my heart, not on
Not deck'd with diamonds and Indian stones,
Nor to be seen: my crown is call'd content,
A crown it is, that seldom kings enjoy.

2 Keep. Well, if you be a king crown'd with
content,
Your crown content, and you, must be con-
tented

To go along with us; for, as we think,
You are the king, king Edward hath depos'd:
And we his subjects, sworn in all allegiance,
Will apprehend you as his enemy.

K. Hen. But did you never swear, and
break an oath? [not now.

2 Keep. No, never such an oath; nor will
K. Hen. Where did you dwell when I was
king of England?

2 Keep. Here in this country, where we now
remain.

K. Hen. I was anointed king at nine months
old;

My father and my grandfather were kings;
And you were sworn true subjects unto me:
And tell me, then, have you not broke your
oaths?

1 Keep. No; [oaths?
For we were subjects but while you were king.

K. Hen. Why, am I dead? do I not breathe
a man?

Ah, simple men, you know not what you swear.
Look, as I blow this feather from my face,
And as the air blows it to me again,
Obeying with my wind when I do blow,
And yielding to another when it blows,
Commanded always by the greater gust;
Such is the lightness of you common men.
But do not break your oaths; for of that sin
My mild entreaty shall not make you guilty.
Go where you will, the king shall be com-
manded;

And be you kings, command, and I'll obey.
1 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.

1. Keep. We charge you, in God's name, and To go with us unto the officers. [In the king's,

K. Hen. In God's name, lead; your king's name be obey'd: [Fora;

And what God will, that let your king per- And what he will, I humbly yield unto.

[Exeunt.

SCENE II.—London. A Room in the Palace.

Enter King Edward, Gloster, Clarence, and Lady Grey.

K. Edw. Brother of Gloster, at St. Albans field [slain,

This lady's husband, Sir John Grey, was His lands then seiz'd on by the conqueror:

Her suit is now, to repossess those lands; Which we in justice cannot well deny,

Because in quarrel of the house of York The worthy gentleman did lose his life.

Glo. Your highness shall do well to grant It were dishonour to deny it her. [her suit;

K. Edw. It were no less: but yet I'll make a pause.

Glo. [Aside to Clar.] Yea: is it so? I see, the lady hath a thing to grant

Before the king will grant her humble suit.

Clar. [Aside to Glo.] He knows the game: how true he keeps the wind!

Glo. [Aside to Clar.] Silence! [suit;

K. Edw. Widow, we will consider of your And come some other time to know our mind.

L. Grey. Right gracious lord, I cannot brook delay: [now;

May it please your highness to resolve me And what your pleasure is, shall satisfy me.

Glo. [Aside.] 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.] I fear her not, unless she chance to fall. [vantages.

Glo. [Aside.] God forbid that, for he'll take *K. Edw.* How many children hast thou, widow? tell me.

Clar. [Aside.] I think, he means to beg a child of her.

Glo. [Aside.] Nay, whip me, then; he'll rather give her two.

L. Grey. Three, my most gracious lord.

Glo. [Aside.] You shall have four, if you'll be rul'd by him.

K. Edw. 'Twere pity, they should lose their father's lands.

L. Grey. Be pitiful, dread lord, and grant it then.

K. Edw. Lords, give us leave: I'll try this widow's wit.

Glo. Ay, good leave have you; for you will have leave.

[Retiring with Clarence.

Till youth take leave, and leave you to the scratch.

K. Edw. Now, tell me, how love your children?

L. Grey. Ay, full as dearly as I love you.

K. Edw. And would you not do them good?

L. Grey. To do them good, I would do them harm.

K. Edw. Then get your husband to do them good.

L. Grey. Therefore I came unto you.

K. Edw. I'll tell you how these things be got.

L. Grey. So shall you bind me to your highness' service.

K. Edw. What service will they give me?

L. Grey. What you command, that I will give them.

K. Edw. But you will take exception to me to do.

L. Grey. No, gracious lord, except I do it.

K. Edw. Ay, but thou canst do more.

L. Grey. Why then, I will do more grace commands.

Glo. [Aside.] He plies her hard; rain wears the marble.

Clar. [Aside.] As red as fire is her wax must melt.

L. Grey. Why stops my lord? I hear my task!

K. Edw. An easy task: 'tis but to be a subject.

L. Grey. That's soon performed, my lord.

K. Edw. Why then, thy husband freely give thee.

L. Grey. I take my leave with a sad thanks.

Glo. [Aside.] The match is made; it with a court'sy.

K. Edw. But stay thee; 'tis the love I mean.

L. Grey. The fruits of love I mean, loving liege.

K. Edw. Ay, but, I fear me, I shall get!

L. Grey. My love till death, my thanks, my prayers; and with that love which virtue begs, and virtue grants.

K. Edw. No, by my troth, I shall not have such love.

L. Grey. Why, then you were thought you did.

K. Edw. But now you partly say my mind.

L. Grey. My mind will never give your highness aims at, if I aim at you.

K. Edw. To tell thee plain, I love thee with thee.

L. Grey. To tell you plain, I love thee with thee.

K. Edw. Why then, thou shalt have thy husband's lands.

L. Grey. Why then, mine husband's lands.

For by that loss I will not purchase

E. Hen. Thence thou wrought'st thy child- then mightily.

L. Grey. Herein your highness wrongs both then and me.

E. Hen. I do not with the sadness of my suit: I do not with the sadness of my suit:

E. Hen. Ay, if thou wilt say ay, or no.

L. Grey. Then, my lord, my suit is at request.

E. Hen. Then, my lord, my suit is at request.

L. Grey. Then, my lord, my suit is at request.

E. Hen. Then, my lord, my suit is at request.

L. Grey. Then, my lord, my suit is at request.

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E. Hen. Then, my lord, my suit is at request.

L. Grey. Then, my lord, my suit is at request.

E. Hen. Then, my lord, my suit is at request.

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E. Hen. Then, my lord, my suit is at request.

L. Grey. Then, my lord, my suit is at request.

E. Hen. Then, my lord, my suit is at request.

K. Edw. See that he is convey'd unto the Tower:

And go ye, brothers, to the man that took him, To question of his apprehension.—

Widow, go you along:—Jords, use her honour- ably.

[Exeunt King Edward, Lady Grey, Clarence, and Noblemen.

Glo. Ay, Edward will use women honour- ably.— [ull,

'Would he were wasted, marrow, bones, and 'That from his loins no hopeful branch may spring,

To cross me from the golden time I look for! And yet, between my soul's desire and me,

(The lastful Edward's title buried,) Is Clarence, Henry, and his son young Edward,

And all the unlook'd-for issue of their bodies, To take their rooms, ere I can place myself;

A cold premeditation for my purpose! Why then, I do but dream 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 I chide the means that keep me from it; And so I say I'll cut the causes off,

Flattering me with impossibilities. [much, My eye's too quick, my heart o'erween's too.

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, [looks, And deck my body in gay ornaments, [looks,

And deck my body in gay ornaments, [looks, And deck my body in gay ornaments, [looks,

And deck my body in gay ornaments, [looks, And deck my body in gay ornaments, [looks,

And deck my body in gay ornaments, [looks, And deck my body in gay ornaments, [looks,

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And deck my body in gay ornaments, [looks, And deck my body in gay ornaments, [looks,

And deck my body in gay ornaments, [looks, And deck my body in gay ornaments, [looks,

And deck my body in gay ornaments, [looks, And deck my body in gay ornaments, [looks,

That rents the thorns, and is rent with the thorns,

Seeking a way, and straying from the way ;
Not knowing how to find the open air,
But toiling desperately to find it out,—
Torment myself to catch the English crown ;
And from that torment I will free myself,
Or hew my way out with a bloody axe.
Why, I can smile, and murder while I smile ;
And cry, content, to that which grieves my heart ;

And wet my cheeks with artificial tears,
And frame my face to all occasions.
I'll drown more sailors than the mermaid shall ;
I'll slay more gazers than the basilisk ;
I'll play the orator as well as Nestor ;
Deceive more slyly than Ulysses could ;
And, like a Sinon, take another Troy ;
I can add colours to the chameleon ;
Change shapes with Proteus, for advantages ;
And set the murd'rous Machiavel to school.
Can I do this, and cannot get a crown ?
Tut ! were it further off, I'll pluck it down.

[Exit.]

SCENE III.—France. A Room in the Palace.

Flourish. Enter Lewis, the French King, and Lady Bona, attended : the King takes his state. Then enter Queen Margaret, Prince Edward, and the Earl of Oxford.

K. Lew. [Rising.] Fair queen of England, worthy Margaret,
Sit down with us : it ill befits thy state
And birth, that thou shouldst stand, while
Lewis doth sit.

Q. Mar. No, mighty king of France : now
Margaret

Must strike her sail, and learn awhile to serve,
Where kings command. I was, I must confess,
Great Albion's queen in former golden days :
But now mischance hath trod my title down,
And with dishonour laid me on the ground ;
Where I must take like seat unto my fortune,
And to my humble seat conform myself.

K. Lew. Why, say, fair queen, whence
springs this deep despair ?

Q. Mar. From such a cause as fills mine
eyes with tears, [caves.]

And stops my tongue, while heart is drown'd in
K. Lew. What'er it be, be thou still like
thyself,

And sit thee by our side : [Seats her by him.]
yield not thy neck

To fortune's yoke, but let thy dauntless mind
Still ride in triumph over all mischance.
Be plain, queen Margaret, and tell thy grief ;
It shall be eas'd, if France can yield relief.

Q. Mar. Those gracious words revive my
drooping thoughts,
And give my tongue-laid 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 forc'd to live in Scotland, a forlorn ;

While proud ambitious Edward, dethroned,
Usurps the regal title, and the seat
Of England's true-anointed lawful king.
This is the cause, that I, poor Margaret,
With this my son, prince Edward, have
Am come to crave thy just aid and help.
And if thou fail us, all our hope is lost.
Scotland hath will to help, but cannot ;
Our people and our peers are both our foes.
Our treasure seiz'd, our soldiers put to flight,
And, as thou seest, ourselves in deep distress.

K. Lew. Renowned queen, with
calm the storm,

While we bethink a means to break
Q. Mar. The more we stay, the
grows our foe,

K. Lew. The more I stay, the
succour thee.

Q. Mar. O, but impatience waiteth
And see where comes the brother of our king.

Enter Warwick, attended.

K. Lew. What's his, approacheth
our presence ?

Q. Mar. Our earl of Warwick,
greatest friend.

K. Lew. Welcome, brave Warwick !
Brings thee to France ?

Q. Mar. Ay, now begins a second
rise :

For this is he that moves both wind and
War. From worthy Edward, King of
My lord and sovereign, and thy vowed
I come, in kindness and unfeigned love.

First, to do greetings to thy royal
And then, to crave a league of amity.

And lastly, to confirm that amity
With nuptial knot, if thou vouchsafe
That virtuous lady Bona, thy fair sister,
To England's king in lawful marriage.

Q. Mar. If that go forward, thy
is done.

War. [To Bona.] And, gracious
our king's behalf,

I am commanded, with your leave
Humbly to kiss your hand, and with you
To tell the passion of my sovereign's love.

Where fame, late entering at his side,
Hath plac'd thy beauty's image, and thy
Q. Mar. King Lewis, and lady Bona,
me speak,

Before you answer Warwick. His desire
Springs not from Edward's well-meaning
love,

But from deceit, bred by necessity.
For how can tyrants safely govern
Unless abroad they purchase great aid ?

To prove him tyrant this reason may be
That Henry liveth still ; but were he dead,
Yet here prince Edward stands, that is
son.

Look therefore, Lewis, that by this
and marriage

Thou draw not on thy danger and distress.

though usurpers away the rule a while,
The heavens are just, and time suppresseth
The injurious Margaret! [wrongs.]

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 these our Henry lineally descends.

War. Oxford, how haps it, in this smooth
discourse,
Thou dost not how Henry the sixth hath lost
at that which Henry the fifth had gotten?
Oxf. These peers of France should smile

at that.
For the rest, you tell a pedigree
Of three score and two years; a silly time
To make prescription for a kingdom's worth.

Oxf. Why, Warwick, canst thou speak
against thy liege,
And not obeyest thirty and six years,

And not bewray thy treason with a blush?
War. Can Oxford, that did ever fence the

right,
Once buckler falsehood with a pedigree?
Oxf. I leave Henry, and call Edward

king.
Oxf. Call him my king, by whose injurious
and elder brother, the lord Aubrey Vere, [doom]

was done to death? and more than so, my
father,
Was in the downfall of his mellow'd years,

Whom nature brought him to the door of death?
Oxf. Warwick, no; while life upholds this arm,
I will uphold the house of Lancaster.

War. And I the house of York.
Oxf. Queen Margaret, prince Edward,

and Oxford,
At our request, to stand aside.

Oxf. I use further conference with Warwick.
Oxf. Mar. Heaven grant, that Warwick's

words bewitch him not!
Oxf. Now, Prince Edward and Oxford.

Oxf. Now, Warwick, tell me, even upon
thy conscience,
Wouldst thou with him that were not lawful chosen.

War. Thereon I pawn my credit and mine
honour.

Oxf. Mar. But is he gracious in the people's
eyes?
Oxf. The more, that Henry was unfortunate.

Oxf. Mar. Then further, all dissembling set
aside,
Did he for truth the measure of his love

show our sister Bonn.
Oxf. Mar. Such it seems,
As my bosom a monarch like himself.

Oxf. Mar. I have often heard him say, and swear,
That 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 Bonn quit his pain.

K. Lew. Now, sister, let us hear your firm
resolve. [mine:]

Bonn. Your grant, or your denial, shall be
[To War.] Yet I confess, that often ere this day,
When I have heard your king's desert re-

counted,
Mine ear hath tempted judgment to desire.

K. Lew. Then, Warwick, thus,—our sister
shall be Edward's;

And now forthwith shall articles be drawn
Touching the jointure that your king must

make, [pois'd.]—
Which with her dowry shall be counter-
Draw near, queen Margaret, and be a witness,

That Bonn shall be wife to the English king.
Prince. To Edward, but not to the English

king. [device]
Q. Mar. Deceitful Warwick! it was thy
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 releas'd.

From giving aid which late I promised.
Yet shall you have all kindness at my hand,

That your estate requires, and mine can yield.
War. Henry now lives in Scotland, at his

case,
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

Warwick, peace;
Proud setter-up and puller-down of kings!

I will not hence, till, with my talk and tears,
Both full of truth, I make king Lewis behold!

Thy sly conveyance, and thy lord's false love;
For both of you are birds of self-same feather.

[A horn sounded within.]
K. Lew. Warwick, this is some post to us,

or thee.
Enter a Messenger.

Mess. My lord ambassador, these letters
are for you,

Sent from your brother, marquis Montague:—
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 nettled:
I hope all's for the best.

K. Lew. Warwick, what are thy news! and yours, fair queen!

Q. Mar. Mine, such as fill my heart with unhop'd joys, [content.

War. Mine, full of sorrow and heart's-disk.

K. Lew. What! has your king married the lady Grey?

And now, to soothe your forgery and his, send me a paper to persuade me patience!

Is this th' alliance that he seeks with France? Dare he presume to scorn us in this manner?

Q. Mar. I told your majesty as much before: [honesty.

This proveth Edward's love, and Warwick's War. King Lewis, I here protest, in sight of heaven,

And by the hope I have of heavenly bliss, That I am clear from this misdeed of Edward's;

Ne more my king, for he dishonours me; But most himself, if he could see his shame.

Did I forget, that by the house of York My father came untimely to his death?

Did I let pass the abuse done to my niece? Did I impale him with the regal crown?

Did I put Henry from his native right? And am I guerdon'd at the last with shame?

Shame on himself! for my desert is honour: And, to repair my honour, lost for him,

I here renounce him, and return to Henry: My noble queen, let former grudges pass,

And henceforth I am thy true servitor: I will revenge his wrong to lady Bona,

And replant Henry in his former state.

Q. Mar. Warwick, these words have turn'd my hate to love;

And I forgive and quite forget old faults, And joy that thou becom'st king Henry's friend. [feign'd friend,

War. So much his friend, ay, his un- 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 reveng'd,

But by thy help to this distressed queen?

Q. Mar. Renowned prince, how shall poor Henry live,

Unless thou rescue him from foul despair?

Bona. My quarrel and this English queen's are one. [yours.

War. And mine, fair lady Bona, joins with *K. Lew.* And mine with hers, and thine,

and Margaret's. Therefore, at last, I firmly am resolv'd

You shall have aid. *Q. Mar.* Let me give humble thanks for all at once.

K. Lew. Then, England's interest in post,

And tell false Edward, thy supposed That Lewis of France is sending over

To revel it with him and his new bride. Thou seest what's past! go far

withal. *Bona.* Tell him, in hope he'll

I'll wear the willow garland for his sake. *Q. Mar.* Tell him, my mourning

And I am ready to put armour on. *War.* Tell him from me, that he

me wrong: And therefore I'll uncrown him, ere

There's thy reward: he gone. [But, War,

K. Lew. Thou and Oxford, with five thousand

Shall cross the seas, and bid false battle;

And, as occasion serves, this noble And prince shall follow with a fresh

Yet, ere thou go, but answer me one What pledge have we of thy firm loyalty?

War. This shall assure my constant That if our queen and this young prince

I'll join mine eldest daughter, and my To him forthwith in holy wedlock

Q. Mar. Yes, I agree, and thank your motion.

Son Edward, she is fair and virtuous. Therefore delay not, give thy hand

And, with thy hand, thy faith prove. That only Warwick's daughter shall

Prince. Yes, I accept her, for she serves it;

And here, to pledge my vow, I give [He gives his hand to

K. Lew. Why stay we now! Thou shall be levied,

And thou, lord Bonbon, our high Shall waft them over with our royal

I long, till Edward fall by war's true For mocking marriage with a dame

[Escort all except *War.* I came from Edward as an

But I return his sworn and mortal Matter of marriage was the charge

But dreadful war shall answer his Had he none else to make a stale

Then none but I shall turn his I was the chief that rais'd him down

And I'll be chief to bring him down Not that I pity Henry's misery,

But seek revenge on Edward's mockery

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—London. A Room in Gloster, Clarence, Somerset,

and others. *Glo.* Now tell me, brother Clarence,

think you

of the new marriage with the lady Grey?
 Alas, you know, 'tis far from hence to
 France;

How could he stay till Warwick made return?
 My lords, forbear this talk; here
 comes the king.

And his well-chosen bride. [think.
 I mind to tell him plainly what I
 think. Enter King Edward, attended;
 the king, and others.

Now, brother Clarence, how like
 you our choice;

As well as Lewis of France, or the
 end of Warwick; [ment,

And they'll take no offence at our abuse.
 Suppose they take offence without

cause, [Edward,
 we are but Lewis and Warwick: I am
 the king and Warwick's, and must have my

will. [four king:
 And you shall have your will, because
 the king's marriage seldom proveth well.

Yea, brother Richard, are you
 the king's I
 forbid, that I should wish them

world. [I were pity,
 And you both join'd together: ay, and
 the king's, setting your scorn and your mis-

like aside,
 will you some reason why the lady Grey
 should not become my wife, and England's

queen. [queen:
 Truly what you think.
 Then this is mine opinion, that king

your enemy, for mocking him [Lewis
 the king's marriage of the lady Bona.
 the king and Warwick, doing what you gave

in charge,
 dishonour'd by this new marriage.
 the king. What if both Lewis and Warwick

be appeas'd
 by reversion as I can devise?
 the king. Yet, to have join'd with France in

such alliance, [monwealth
 will more have strengthen'd this our com-
 the king's marriage, than any home-bred

foreign storms,
 the king. Why, knows not Montague, that of
 the king's marriage, is safe, if true within itself? [itself

the king. But the safer, when 'tis back'd with
 the king's marriage, [France:
 the king. 'Tis better using France, than trusting

the king's marriage, to be back'd with God, and with the seas,
 the king's marriage, and in our hands only defend ourselves;
 the king's marriage, For this one speech lord Hastings

the king's marriage, well deserves
 the king's marriage, the heir of the lord Hungerford.

the king's marriage, the heir of the lord Hungerford.

the king's marriage, the heir of the lord Hungerford.

the king's marriage, the heir of the lord Hungerford.

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the king's marriage, 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.
 Glo. And yet methinks your grace hath not
 done well,

To give the heir and daughter of lord Scalus
 Unto the brother of your loving bride;
 She better would have fitted me, or Clarence:

But in your bride you bury brotherhood.
 Clar. Or else you would not have bestow'd
 the heir

Of the lord Bonville on your new wife's son,
 And leave your brothers to go speed elsewhere.

K. Edw. Alas, poor Clarence! is it for a
 wife [thee.
 That thou art discontent? I will provide

Clar. In choosing for yourself, you show'd
 your judgment,
 Which being shallow, you shall give me leave

To play the broker in mine own behalf;
 And to that end I shortly mind to leave you.

K. Edw. Leave me, or tarry, Edward will
 be king,
 And not be tied unto his brother's will.

Q. Eliz. My lords, before it pleased his
 To raise my state to title of a queen, [majesty
 Do me but right, and you must all confess

That I was not ignoble of descent;
 And meaner that myself have had like fortune.

But as this title honours me and mine,
 So your dislikes, to whom I would be pleasing,
 Do cloud my joys with danger and with sorrow.

K. Edw. My love, forbear to fawn upon
 their frowns;

What danger, or what sorrow can befall thee,
 So long as Edward is thy constant friend,
 And their true sovereign, whom they must

obey!
 Nay, whom they shall obey, and love thee too,
 Unless they seek for hatred at my hands;

Which if they do, yet will I keep thee safe,
 And they shall feel the vengeance of my wrath.

Glo. [Aside.] I hear, yet say not much, but
 think the more.

Enter a Messenger.
 K. Edw. Now, messenger, what letters or
 From France? [what news

Mess. My sovereign liege, no letters; and
 few words;

But such as I, without your special pardon,
 Dare not relate.

K. Edw. Go to, we pardon thee: therefore,
 in brief, [thence.
 Tell me their words as near as thou canst guess

What answer makes king Lewis unto our
 letters!

Mess. At my depart these were his very
 words:

"Go tell false Edward, thy supposed king,
 That Lewis of France is sending over muskers,
 To revel it with him and his new bride."

K. Edw. Is Lewis so brave? belike he thinks
 me Henry.

But what said lady Bona to my marriage?

Mess. These were her words, utter'd with mild disdain: [shortly,
"Tell him, in hope he'll prove a widower
I'll wear the willow garland for his sake."

K. Edw. I blame not her, she could say little less; [sweetly
She had the wrong. But what said Henry's
For I have heard, that she was there in place.

Mess. "Tell him," quoth she, "my mourning weeds are done,
And I am ready to put armour on." [Amazon.

K. Edw. Belike she minds to play the But what said Warwick to these injuries?

Mess. He, more incens'd against your majesty [words:
Than all the rest, discharged me with these

"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?

Mess. Ay, gracious sovereign; they are so link'd in friendship, [wick's daughter.

That young prince Edward marries War-
Clar. Belike the elder; Clarence will have the younger.

Now, brother king, farewell, and sit you fast,
For I will hence to Warwick's other daughter;
That, though I want a kingdom, yet in marriage
I may not prove inferior to yourself. [riage
You, that love me and Warwick, follow me.

[Exit Clarence, and Somerset follows.
Glo. [Aside.] Not I.

My thoughts aim at a further matter; I
Shall not for love of Edward, but the crown.

K. Edw. Clarence and Somerset both gone to Warwick!

Yet am I arm'd against the worst can happen;
And haste is needful in this desperate case.
Pembroke and Stafford, you in our behalf
Go levy men, and make prepare for war:
They are already, or quickly will be landed:
Myself in person will straight follow you.

[Exit Pembroke and Stafford.
But ere I go, Hastings and Montague,
Resolve my doubt. You twain, of all the rest,
Are near to Warwick by blood, and by alliance:

Tell me if you love Warwick more than me?
If it be so, then both depart to him:
I rather wish you foes, than hollow friends:
But if you mind to hold your true obedience,
Give me assurance with some friendly vow,
That I may never have you in suspect.

Mont. So God help Montague as he proves true! [cause]

Hast. And Hastings as he favours Edward's
K. Edw. Now, brother Richard, will you stand by us! [you]

Glo. Ay, in despite of all that shall withstand

K. Edw. Why, so! then am I victorious.

Now therefore let us hence; and let us
Till we meet Warwick with his forces.

SCENE II.—A Plain in Warwickshire.
Enter Warwick and Oxford, with other forces.

War. Trust me, my lord, all but well;

The common people by numbers well;
Enter Clarence and Somerset.

But see where Somerset and Clarence
Speak suddenly, my lords,—are we not

Clar. Fear not that, my lord.

War. Then, gentle Clarence, welcome
And welcome Somerset; I hold it

To rest mistrustful where a noble
Hath pawn'd an open hand in

Else might I think that Clarence
brother,

Were but a feign'd friend to our
But welcome, sweet Clarence; rather

shall be thine.

And now what rests, but in night
Thy brother being carelessly encamp'd

His soldiers lurking in the towns
And but attended by a simple guard

We may surprise and take him
Our scouts have found the Diamond

That as Ulysses, and stout Diomed
With sleight and manhood stole the

tents,
And brought from thence the Palladium

So we, well cover'd with the night
mantle,

At unawares may beat down Edward
And seize himself; I say not, Edward

For I intend but only to surprise
You, that will follow me to this advantage

Applaud the name of Henry with
[They all cry]

Why, then, let's on our way in
For Warwick and his friends,

George!

SCENE III.—Edward's Camp near
Enter certain Watchmen to guard the

1 Watch. Come on, my masters,
take his stand;

The king, by this, is set him down
2 Watch. What, will he not to bed?

1 Watch. Why, no; for he has
solemn vow

Never to lie and take his natural rest
Till Warwick or himself be quite

2 Watch. To-morrow, then,
be the day,

3 Watch. But say, I pray,
is that,

That with the king here resteth

1. *War.* 'Tis the lord Hastings, the king's
 2. *War.* O, is it so? But why commands
 3. *War.* 'Tis the more honour, because
 4. *War.* Ay, but give me worship and
 5. *War.* O, better than a dangerous honour.

6. *War.* Warwick knew in what estate he stands,
 7. *War.* Unless our halberds did shut up
 8. *War.* Ay, wherefore else guard we his
 9. *War.* Warwick, Clarence, Oxford, Somerset,
 10. *War.* and forces.

11. *War.* This is his tent; and see, where
 12. *War.* stand my masters: honour now, or never!

13. *War.* Now me, and Edward shall be ours.
 14. *War.* Who goes there?

15. *War.* Stay, or thou diest.
 16. *War.* And the rest cry all—"Warwick!

17. *War.* Warwick!" and set upon the guard; who
 18. *War.* crying—"Arm! Arm!" Warwick,

19. *War.* and the rest, following them.
 20. *War.* And trumpets sounding, re-

21. *War.* ward Warwick, and the rest, bringing the
 22. *War.* king out in his gown, sitting in a chair.

23. *War.* And Hastings fly.
 24. *War.* What are they that fly there?

25. *War.* Here's the duke.
 26. *War.* The duke! why, Warwick, when

27. *War.* I parted last,
 28. *War.* Ay, but the case is alter'd:

29. *War.* I degraded me in my embassy,
 30. *War.* and now you duke of York.

31. *War.* How should you govern any kingdom,
 32. *War.* how not how to use ambassadors;

33. *War.* how to be contented with one wife;
 34. *War.* how to use your brothers brotherly;

35. *War.* how to study for the people's welfare;
 36. *War.* how to shroud yourself from enemies!

37. *War.* Yes, brother of Clarence, art thou
 38. *War.* here too?

39. *War.* Then, I see that Edward needs must
 40. *War.* Warwick, in despite of all mischance,

41. *War.* and all thy complices,
 42. *War.* and will always bear himself as king;

43. *War.* Fortune's malice overthrow my state,
 44. *War.* and exceeds the compass of her wheel.

45. *War.* Then, for his mind, be Edward Eng-
 46. *War.* land's king:

47. *War.* [Takes off his crown.
 48. *War.* Now shall we wear the English crown,

49. *War.* and the true king indeed; then but the
 50. *War.* shadow.

51. *War.* I, Somerset, at my request,
 52. *War.* will forthwith duke Edward be convey'd

53. *War.* to his brother, archbishop of York. [Follows,
 54. *War.* and I have fought with Pembroke and his

55. *War.* I'll follow you, and tell what answer
 56. *War.* Lewis, and the lady Bona, send to him:

57. *War.* Now, for a while farewell, good duke of York.
 58. *War.* K. Edw. What fates impose, that men must

59. *War.* needs abide;
 60. *War.* It boots not to resist both wind and tide.

61. *War.* [Exit, led out; Somerset with him.
 62. *War.* Oxf. What now remains, my lords, for us to

63. *War.* But march to London with our soldiers! [Edw.,
 64. *War.* War. Ay, that's the first thing that we have

65. *War.* to do;
 66. *War.* To free king Henry from imprisonment,

67. *War.* And see him seated in the regal throne.
 68. *War.* [Exeunt.

SCENE IV.—London. A Room in the Palace.

Enter Queen Elizabeth and Rivers.

Riv. Madam, what makes you in this sudden change?

Q. Eliz. Why, brother Rivers, are you yet to learn,

What late misfortune is befallen king Edward?

Riv. What, loss of some pitch'd battle against Warwick?

Q. Eliz. No, but the loss of his own royal person.

Riv. Then, is my sovereign slain?

Q. Eliz. Ay, almost slain, for he is taken prisoner;

Either betray'd by falsehood of his guard,
 Or by his foe surpris'd at unawares:

And, as I farther have to understand,
 Is now committed to the bishop of York,

Fell Warwick's brother, and by that our foe.
 Riv. These news, I must confess, are full of

grief;
 Yet, gracious madam, hear it as you may:

Warwick may lose, that now hath won the day,
 Q. Eliz. Till then, fair hope must hinder

life's decay.
 And I the rather wean me from despair,

For love of Edward's offspring in my womb:
 This is it that makes me bridle passion,

And bear with mildness my misfortune's cross;
 Ay, ay, for this I draw in many a tear,

And stop the rising of blood-sucking sighs,
 Lest with my sighs or tears I blast or drown

King Edward's fruit, true heir to the English crown.
 Riv. But, madam, where is Warwick then

become?
 Q. Eliz. I am inform'd that he comes to-

wards London,
 To set the crown once more on Henry's head:

Guess thou the rest; king Edward's friends
 must down.

But, to prevent the tyrant's violence,
 (For trust not him that hath once broken faith,)

I'll hence forthwith unto the sanctuary,
 To save at least the heir of Edward's right:

There shall I rest secure from force and fraud.
 Come, therefore, let us fly while we may fly:

If Warwick take us, we are sure to die.
 [Exeunt.

SCENE V.—A Park near Middleham Castle in Yorkshire.

Enter Gloster, Hastings, Sir William Stanley, and others.

Glo. Now, my lord Hastings, and Sir William Stanley, leave off to wonder why I drew you hither, into this chiefest thicket of the park. Thus stands the case: you know, our king, my brother,

is prisoner to the bishop here, at whose hands he hath good usage and great liberty; and often, but attended with weak guard, comes hunting this way to disport himself. I have advertis'd him my 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 to set him free from his captivity. [men, Enter King Edward and a Huntsman.]

Hunt. This way, my lord; for this way lies the game.

K. Edw. Nay, this way, man: see where the huntsmen stand. [rest, Now, brother of Gloster, lord Hastings, and the Stand you thus close, to steal the bishop's deer?]

Glo. Brother, the time and case requireth haste:

Your horse stands ready at the park corner.

K. Edw. But whether shall we then?

Hunt. To Lynn, my lord; and ship from thence to Flanders.

Glo. Well guess'd, believe me; for that was my meaning. [ness, K. Edw. Stanley, I will require thy forward-]

Glo. But wherefore stay we? 'tis no time to talk. [thou go along?]

K. Edw. Huntsman, what say'st thou? wilt Hunt. Better do so, than tarry and be hang'd. [ado, Glo. Come then, away; let's have no more]

K. Edw. Bishop, farewell: shield thee from Warwick's frown;

And pray that I may repossess the crown. [Exeunt.]

SCENE VI.—A Room in the Tower.

Enter King Henry, Clarence, Warwick, Somerset, Young Richmond, Oxford, Montague, Lieutenant of the Tower, and Attendants.

K. Hen. Master Lieutenant, now that God and friends

Have shaken Edward from the regal seat, And turn'd my captive state to liberty,

My fear to hope, my sorrows unto joys, At our enlargement what are thy due fees?

Lieut. Subjects may challenge nothing of their sovereigns;

But if a 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 thee for that it made my imprisonment. Ay, such a pleasure as engaged him. Conceive, when, after many moody thoughts, At last, by notes of household love, They quite forget their loss of life. But, Warwick, after God, thou say'st And chiefly therefore I thank God, He was the author, thou the instrument. Therefore, that I may conquer fortune, By living low, where fortune cannot find me; And that the people of this blessed land May not be punish'd with my downfall, Warwick, although my head still be, I here resign my government to thee. For thou art fortunate in all thy doings.

War. Your grace hath still been virtuous;

And now may seem as wise as victors, By spying and avoiding fortune's snare.

For few men rightly temper with the world. Yet in this one thing let me blame you: For choosing me when Clarence is dead.

Clar. No, Warwick, thou art wrong. To whom the heavens, in thy nation's

Adjudg'd an olive branch, and peace, As likely to be blest in peace, and so.

And therefore I yield thee my brother's

War. And I choose Clarence only

Clar. That he consents, if Warwick

For on thy fortune I repose myself.

War. Why then, though both be

We'll yoke together, like a double

To Henry's body, and supply his place.

I mean, in bearing weight of government.

While he enjoys the honour, and the

And, Clarence, now then, it is our

Forthwith that Edward be

And all his lands and goods be

Clar. What else? and that

War. Ay, therein Clarence shall

K. Hen. But, with the first of all

Let me entreat, (for I command not)

That Margaret your queen, and

Edward,

Be sent for, to return from France

For, till I see them here, by doing

My joy of liberty is half eclips'd.

Clar. It shall be done, my

K. Hen. My lord of Somerset, what youth

My liege, it is young Henry, earl of

Richmond.

K. Hen. Come hither, England's hope:

But (till to his head.) If secret powers

Be full of peaceful majesty;

And to wear a crown,

And himself

War. What news, my friend? [brother,

That Edward is escaped from your

Unsaucy news! but how made he

How he was convey'd by Richard duke of

Gloster,

And the bishop's huntsman rescu'd him;

My brother was too careless of his

For my sake that may betide.

War. King Henry, War, Clar., Lieut.,

My lord, I like not of this flight of

That we shall have more wars before't be long.

My heart with hope of this young

That may tell him, in these conflicts

Lord Oxford, to prevent the worst,

Which we'll send him hence to Brittany,

For if Edward repossess the crown,

Let Richmond with the rest shall

Therefore, let's about it speedily.

[Exeunt.]

SCENE VII.—Before York.

Enter King Edward, Gloster, Hastings, and

Forces.

K. Edw. Now, brother Richard, lord Hast-

For fortune maketh us amends,

That once more I shall interchange

For Henry's regal crown.

Which we pass'd, and now repay'd the seas,

Which then remain, we being thus arriv'd

From Ravenspurgh haven before the gates of

York.

Glo. The gates made fast!—Brother, I like

not this;

For many men that stumble at the threshold,

Are well foretold that danger lurks within.

K. Edw. Tush, man! abodeiments must

not now fright us.

By fair or foul means we must enter in,

For hither will our friends repair to us.

Hast. My liege, I'll knock once more to

summon them.

Enter, on the walls, the Mayor of York and

Aldermen.

May. My lords, we were forewarn'd of your

And shut the gates for safety of ourselves;

For now we owe allegiance unto Henry.

Edw. But, master mayor, if Henry be

your king,

Yet Edward, at the least, is duke of York.

May. True, my good lord, I know you for

no less. [my dukedom, K. Edw. Why, and I challenge nothing but

As being well content with that alone.

Glo. [Aside.] But when the fox hath once

got in his nose,

He'll soon find means to make the body follow.

Hast. Why, master mayor, why stand you

in a doubt?

Open the gates; we are king Henry's friends.

May. Ay, say you so, the gates shall then

be open'd. [Exit, with Aldermen, above, Glo. A wise stout captain, and soon

persuaded. [all were well, Hast. The good old man would fain that

So 'twere not long of him; but being enter'd,

I doubt not, I, but we shall soon persuade

Both him and all his brothers unto reason.

Re-enter the Mayor and Aldermen, below, K. Edw. So, master mayor, those gates

must not be shut,

But in the night, or in the time of war.

What! fear not, man, but yield me up the keys,

[Takes his keys, For Edward will defend the town and thee,

And all those friends that deign to follow me.

Drum. Enter Montgomery and forces,

marching.

Glo. Brother, this is Sir John Montgomery,

Our trusty friend, unless I be deceiv'd.

K. Edw. Welcome, sir John; but why come

you in arms?

Mont. To help king Edward in his time of

As every loyal subject ought to go. [storm, K. Edw. Thanks, good Montgomery; but

we now forget

Our title to the crown, and only claim

Our dukedom, till God please to send the rest.

Mont. Then fare you well, for I will hence

again:

I came to serve a king, and not a duke.

Drummer, strike up, and let us march away.

[A march begun, K. Edw. Nay, stay, sir John, a while; and

we'll debate,

By what safe means the crown may be recover'd.]

Have sold their lives unto the house of York;
And thou shalt be the third, if this sword hold.
Enter Clarence, with forces, drum, and colours.

War. And lo, where George of Clarence
sweeps along,
Of force enough to bid his brother battle;
With whom an upright zeal to right prevails,
More than the nature of a brother's love!
Come, Clarence, come; thou wilt, if Warwick
call.

Clar. Father of Warwick, know you what
[*Taking the red rose out of his hat.*]
Look here, I throw my infamy at thee:
I will not ruinate my father's house,
Who gave his blood to lime the stones together,
And set up Lancaster. Why, trow'st thou,
Warwick,

That Clarence is so harsh, so blunt, unnatural,
To bend the fatal instruments of war
Against his brother, and his lawful king?
Perhaps thou wilt object my holy oath:
To keep that oath, were more impiety
Than Jephtha'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, proud-hearted Warwick, I defy thee,
And to my brother turn my blushing cheeks.
Pardon me, Edward, I will make amends;
And, Richard, do not frown upon my faults,
For I will henceforth be no more unconstant.

K. Edw. Now welcome more, and ten times
more belov'd,
Than if thou never hadst deserv'd our hate.

Glo. Welcome, good Clarence; this is
brother-like. [Just!]

War. O passing traitor, perjur'd, and un-
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 dar'st.

K. Edw. Yes, Warwick, Edward dares, and
leads the way:

Lords, to the field; Saint George, and victory!

[*March. Exit.*]

SCENE II.—A Field of Battle near Barnet.

Alarums and Excursions. *Enter King Ed-
ward, bringing in Warwick, wounded.*

K. Edw. So, lie thou there: die thou, and
die our fear;

For Warwick was a bug that fear'd us all.
Now, Montague, sit fast; I seek for thee,
That Warwick's bones may keep thine com-
pany. [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
shows,

That I must yield my body to the
And, by my fall, the conquest to
Thus yields the cedar to the axe,
Whose arms gave shelter to the pine;
Under whose shade the rambling ivy
Whose top-branch overpeer'd a dove's
tree,
And kept low shrubs from winter's
These eyes, that now are dimm'd with
black veil,

Have been as piercing as the mid-day
To search the secret treasons of the
The wrinkles in my brows, now fill'd
Were likeli'd oft to kingly sepulchres,
For who liv'd king, but I could die
And who durst smile when Warwick
brow?

Lo, now my glory smear'd in dust and
My parks, my walks, my manors
Even now forsake me; and, of all my
is nothing left me, but my body's
Why, what is pomp, rule, reign, and
dust?

And, live we how we can, yet die we
[*Enter Oxford and Somers.*]

Som. Ah, Warwick, Warwick, how
as we are,

We might recover all our loss again,
The queen from France hath brought
sant power;

Even now we heard the news:—
War. Why, then, I would not
Montague,

If thou be there, sweet brother, take
And with thy lips keep in my soul
Thou lov'st me not; for, brother, if
Thy tears would wash this cold
blood,

That glues my lips, and will not let me
Come quickly, Montague, or I am
[*Exit.*]

Som. Ah, Warwick! Montague
his last;

And to the latest gasp, cried out for
And said—"Commend me to my
brother."

And more he would have said; and
Which sounded like a cannon to
That might not be distinguish'd; but
I well might hear, deliver'd with a
"O farewell, Warwick!"

War. Sweet rest his soul!
Fly, lords, and save yourselves; for
You all farewell, to meet in heaven.

Oxf. Away, away, to meet the
power.

[*Exit.*]

SCENE III.—Another part of the
Flourish. *Enter King Edward, with
with Clarence, Gloster, and the
K. Edw.* Thus far our fortune
upward course,

we are grac'd with wreaths of victory.
In the midst of this bright-shining day,
A black, suspicious, threatening cloud,
Will encounter with our glorious sun,
To stain his careless western bed:
O lords, those powers that the queen
Hath rais'd in Gallia, have arriv'd our coast,
And we hear, march on to fight with us.
A little gale will soon disperse that
cloud,
And show it to the source from whence it came:
Very beams will dry those vapours up;
The very cloud engenders not a storm.
The queen is valu'd thirty thousand
strong,
Somerset, with Oxford, fled to her:
We have time to breathe, be well assur'd,
The less will be fall as strong as ours.
We are advertis'd by our loving
friends
[bury:]
To hold their course toward Tewkes-
bury now the best at Barnet field,
As straight, for willingness rides way;
Our strength will be ang-
ry county as we go along. [mented
up the drum; cry Courage! and away.
[Flourish. Exeunt.

SCENE IV.—Plains near Tewkesbury.
[Enter Queen Margaret, Princes
Edward, Somerset, Oxford, and Soldiers.
Great lords, wise men ne'er sit and
watch their loss,
They seek how to redress their harms.
Though the mast be now blown over-
board,
And our sailors swallow'd in the flood;
Our pilot still is't meet that he
Have the helm, and, like a fearful lad,
Give more strength to that which hath
too much;
In his mean, the ship splits on the rock,
Industry and courage might have sav'd?
Alas! ah, what a fault were this!
Which was our anchor; what of that?
Which was our top-mast; what of him?
Which friends the tackles; what of
them?
[Enter Oxford here, another anchor I
Somerset, another goodly mast! [ling!
Which of France our shrouds and tack-
les unskillful, why not Ned and I
Should the skilful pilot's charge!
Not from the helm, to sit and weep;
On our course, though the rough wind
[wreck.
And rocks that threaten us with
Edward but a ruthless sea!
But a quicksand of deceit!
But a ragged fatal rock!
The enemies to our poor bark.

Say, you can swim; alas, 'tis but awhile:
Tread on the sand; why, there you quickly
sink:

Bestride the rock; the tide will wash you off,
Or else you finish, that's a threefold death.
This speak I, lords, to let you understand,
In case some one of you would fly from us,
That there's no hop'd-for mercy with the
brothers,

More than with ruthless waves, with sands,
and rocks.

Why, courage, then! what cannot be avoided,
'Twere childish weakness to lament, or fear.

Prince. Methinks a woman of this valiant
spirit

Should, if a coward heard her speak these
Infuse his breast with magnanimity, [words,
And make him, naked, foil a man at arms.
I speak not this, as doubting any here;

For, did I but suspect a fearful man,
He should have leave to go away betimes;
Lest, in our need, he might infect another,
And make him of like spirit to himself.

If any such be here, as God forbid!
Let him depart before we need his help.

Oxf. Women and children of so high a
courage!

And warriors faint! why, 'twere perpetual
shame.— [father

O brave young prince! thy famous grand-
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.

Prince. And take his thanks, that yet hath
nothing else.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. Prepare you, lords, for Edward is at
Ready to fight; therefore be resolute. [hand,

Oxf. I thought no less: it is his policy
To haste thus fast, to find us unprovided.

Som. But he's deceiv'd; we are in readiness.

Q. Mar. This cheers my heart, to see you
forwardness. [not budg.

Oxf. Here pitch our battle; hence we will
March. Enter, at a distance, King Edward,
Clarence, Gloster, and forces.

K. Edw. Brave followers, yonder stands the
thorny wood, [strength,

Which, by the heavens' assistance, and your
Must by the roots be hewn up yet ere night.

I need not add more fuel to your fire,
For well I wot ye blaze to burn them out:

Give signal to the fight, and to it, lords.

Q. Mar. Lords, knights, and gentlemen,
what I should say,

My tears gainsay; for every word I speak,
Ye see, I drink the water of mine eyes.

Therefore, no more but this: Henry, your
sovereign,

Is prisoner to the foe; his state usurp'd,
His realm a slaughter-house, his subjects slain,
His statutes cancell'd, and his treasure spent;
And yonder is the wolf that makes this spoil.
You fight in justice; then, in God's name,
Be valiant, and give signal to the fight. [Lords,
[Exeunt both armies.

SCENE V.—Another part of the Same.

Alarums; Excursions; and afterwards a retreat. Then enter King Edward, Clarence, Gloster, and forces; with Queen Margaret, Oxford, and Somerset prisoners.

K. Edw. Now, here a period of tumultuous broils.
Away with Oxford to Hammes' castle straight;
For Somerset, off with his guilty head.
Go, bear them hence; I will not hear them speak. [words.

Off. For my part, I'll not trouble thee with
Som. Nor I, but stoop with patience to my fortune.

[Exeunt Oxford and Somerset, guarded.
Q. Mar. So part we sadly in this troublous
To meet with joy in sweet Jerusalem. [world,
K. Edw. In proclamation made, that who
finds Edward

Shall have a high reward, and be his life?
Glo. It is; and lo, where youthful Edward comes.

Enter Soldiers, with Prince Edward.
K. Edw. Bring forth the gallant, let us hear him speak.

What, can so young a thorn begin to prick?
Edward, what satisfaction canst thou make,
For bearing arms, for stirring up my subjects,
And all the trouble thou hast turn'd me to?

Prince. Speak like a subject, proud ambitious York!
Suppose, that I am now my father's mouth;
Resign thy chair, and where I stand kneel thou,
Whilst I propose the self-same words to thee,
Which, traitor, thou wouldst have me answer to. [resolv'd]

Q. Mar. Ah, that thy father had been so
Glo. That you might still have worn the petticoat, [caster.

And ne'er have stol'n the breech from Lan-
Prince. Let Aëop fable in a winter's night;
His curish riddles sort not with this place.

Glo. By heaven, brat, I'll plague you for that word. [to men.

Q. Mar. Ay, thou wast born to be a plague
Glo. For God's sake, take away this captive scold.

Prince. Nay, take away this scolding crook-
back rather.

K. Edw. Peace, wilful boy, or I will charm
your tongue.

Clar. Untutor'd lad, thou art too malapert.
Prince. I know my duty; you are all un-
dutiful;

Lascivious Edward, and thou perjurd George,
And thou misshapen Dick, I tell ye all,

I am your better, traitors as ye are,
And thou usurp'st my father's right.
K. Edw. Take that, the wrong
ruler here.

Glo. Sprawl'st thou! take that, the wrong
agony.

Clar. And there's for twitting
perjury.

Q. Mar. O, kill me too!
Glo. Marry, and shall. [When
K. Edw. Hold, Richard, hold, hold,
done too much.

Glo. Why should she live, to fill
with words?

K. Edw. What, doth she swoon
for her recovery?

Glo. Clarence, excuse me to
brother;

I'll hence to London on a serious
Ere ye come thence, be sure to hear
Clar. What? what?

Glo. The Tower! the Tower!
Q. Mar. O, Ned, sweet Ned! my
mother, boy!

Canst thou not speak?—O traitor,
They that stabb'd Caesar shed no
Did not offend, nor were not wrong'd.

If this foul deed were by, to equal
He was a man; this, in respect,
And men ne'er spend their fury on
What's worse than murderer, that I

No, no, my heart will burst, and I
And I will speak, that so my heart
Butchers and villains! bloody

How sweet a plant have you untimely
You have no children, butchers!
The thought of them would have
But if you ever chance to have
Look in his youth to have him
As, deathsmen! you have rid the

prince!
K. Edw. Away with her!
hence perforce.

Q. Mar. Nay, never bear
spatch me here;
Here sheath thy sword, I'll

What, wilt thou not?—then,
thou.

Clar. By heaven, I will
Q. Mar. Good Clarence, do
ence, do thou do it.

Clar. Didst thou not hear me
not do it?

Q. Mar. Ay, but thou
'Twas sin before, but now 'tis
What, wilt thou not? Where
butcher,

Hard-favour'd Richard! Richard!
Thou art not here: murder
Petitioners for blood thou art!

K. Edw. Away, I say; I
her hence.

Q. Mar. So come to you and
this prince! [Exit,

Where's Richard gone? [guess,
To London, all in post; and, as I
see, a bloody supper in the Tower.
He's sudden, if a thing comes in
his head.
[sort
we hence; discharge the common
pay and thanks, and let's away to
London,
our gentle queen how well she fares;
I hope, she hath a son for me.

VI.—London. A Room in the Tower.
Henry is discovered sitting with a book
in his hand, the Lieutenant attending.
Cloister.

Good day, my lord. What, at your
look so hard?
Ay, my good lord:—my lord, I
to better, good was little better;
thunder and good devil were alike, [lord.
both preposterous; therefore, not good
to err, leave us to ourselves: we must
[Exit Lieutenant.

So flies the reckless shepherd from
the fold:
the harmless sheep doth yield his fleece,
at his throat unto the butcher's knife.
Of death hath Roscius now to act?
Fiction always haunts the guilty
soul:

I doth hear each bush an officer.
The bird that hath been limed in
a bush,
adding wings misdotheth every bush;
at the hollow snare to one sweet bird,
the fatal object in my eye,
my poor young was lim'd, was caught,
and kill'd:

Why, what a peevish fool was that of
his son the office of a fowl;
for, lo! his wings, the fool was drown'd.
Dadalus; my poor boy, I fear us;
thine, that denied our course;
that ear'd the wings of my sweet boy,
Edward; and thyself, the sea,
me with thy weapon, not with words!
can better brook thy dagger's point,
in my ears that tragic history. [life!
Think'st thou I am an executioner?

A persecutor, I am sure, thou art:
thou art an executioner.
son I kill'd for his presumption.
Hadst thou been kill'd, when first
thou didst presume,
thou hadst liv'd to kill a son of mine.

I prophesy,—that many a thousand,
from my old man's sigh, and many a
so orphan's water-standing eye,—

Men for their sons', wives for their husbands'
fate,
And orphans for their parents' timeless death,—
Shall rue the hour that ever thou wast born.
The owl shriek'd at thy birth, an evil sign;
The night-crow cried, aboding luckless time;
Dogs howl'd, and hideous tempest shook down
trees!

The raven rook'd her on the chimney's top,
And chattering pies in dismal discords sung.
Thy mother felt more than a mother's pain,
And yet brought forth less than a mother's
hope;
To wit, an indigested and deformed lump,
Not like the fruit of such a goodly tree. [born,
Teeth hadst thou in thy head when thou wast
To signify, thou cam'st to bite the world:
And, if the rest be true which I have heard,
Thou cam'st—

Glo. I'll hear no more;—Die, prophet, in
thy speech! [Stabs him.
For this, amongst the rest, was I ordain'd.
H. Hen. Ay, and for much more slaughter
after this.
O, God forgive my sins, and pardon thee!

Glo. What, will the aspiring blood of Lan-
caster [mounted.
Sink in the ground? I thought it would have
See how my sword weeps for the poor king's
death!
O, may such purple tears be always shed
From those that wish the downfall of our
If any spark of life be yet remaining, [house!
Down, down to hell; and say I sent thee
thither. [Stabs him again.
I, that have neither pity, love, nor fear.
Indeed, 'tis true, that Henry told me of;
For I have often heard my mother say,
I came into the world with my legs forward;
Had I not reason, think ye, to make haste,
And seek their ruin that usurp'd our right?
The midwife wonder'd; and the women cried,
"O, Jesus bless us, he is born with teeth!"
And so I was; which plainly signified
That I should snarl, and bite, and play the dog.
Then, since the heavens have shap'd 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
But I will sort a pitchy day for thee; [light;
For I will buz abroad such prophecies,
That Edward shall be fearful of his life;
And then, to purge his fear, I'll be thy death.
King Henry, and the prince his son, are gone;
Clarence, thy turn is next, and then the rest;
Counting myself but bad, till I be best.
I'll throw thy body in another room;
And triumph, Henry, in thy day of doom.

[Exit.

SCENE VII.—London. *A Room in the Palace.*

King Edward is discovered sitting on his throne; Queen Elizabeth with the infant Prince, Clarence, Gloster, Hastings, and others near him.

K. Edw. Once more we sit in England's royal throne,
Re-purchas'd with the blood of enemies.
What valiant foemen, like to autumn's corn,
Have we mow'd down, in tops of all their pride?
Three dukes of Somerset, threefold renown'd
For hardy and undoubted champions:
Two Cliffords, as the father and the son;
And two Northumberlands, two braver men
Ne'er spur'd their coursers at the trumpet's sound;
With them, the two brave bears, Warwick
and Montague,
That in their chains fetter'd the kingly lion,
And made the forest tremble when they roar'd.
Thus have we swept suspicion from our seat,
And made our footstool of security.
Come hither, Bess, and let me kiss my boy;
Young Ned, for thee, thine uncles and myself
Have in our armours watch'd the winter's night;
Went all a-foot in summer's scalding heat,
That thou might'st repossess the crown in peace;
And of our labours thou shalt reap the gain.
Glo. [Aside.] I'll blast his harvest, if your head were laid;
For yet I am not look'd on in the world.
This shoulder was ordain'd so thick, to heave;

And heave it shall some weight, or back:

Work thou the way, and thou shalt work
K. Edw. Clarence, and Gloster, lovely queen;

And kiss your princely nephew, brother
Clar. The duty that I owe unto majesty,

I seal upon the lips of this sweet tale.
K. Edw. Thanks, noble Clarence, brother, thanks.

Glo. And, that I love the tree from which thou sprang'st,
Witness the loving kiss I give the fruit.

[Aside.] To say the truth, so Judas kiss'd Master,

And cried—all hail! when as he wrought harm.

K. Edw. Now am I scolded at delights.

Having my country's peace, and my
Clar. What will your grace have 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 wait on her to France.

And now what rests, but that we should
time

With stately triumphs, mirthful shows,
Such as befit the pleasure of the court.

Sound, drums and trumpets!—farewell, annoy!

For here, I hope, begins our lasting joy.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

King Edward the Fourth.
 Edward, Prince of Wales,
 afterwards King Edward V.
 Richard, Duke of York,
 George, Duke of Clarence,
 Richard, Duke of Gloucester,
 afterwards King Richard III.,
 the young Son of Clarence.
 Henry, Earl of Richmond; afterwards King Henry VII.
 Cardinal Beuchier, Archbishop of Canterbury.
 Thomas Rotherham, Archbishop of York.
 John Morton, Bishop of Ely.
 John de Buckingham.
 John de Norfolk; Earl of Surrey, his Son.
 John Rivers, Brother to King Edward's Queen;
 Margaret of Dorset, and Lord Grey, her
 Earl of Oxford. Lord Hastings.

Lord Stanley. Lord Lovel.
Sir Thomas Vaughan. Sir Richard Ratcliff.
Sir William Catesby. Sir James Tyrrel.
Sir James Blount. Sir Walter Herbert.
Sir Robert Brakenbury, *Lieutenant of the Tower.* [Priest.
Christopher Urswick, *a Priest.* Another
Lord Mayor of London. Sheriff of Wiltshire.
Elizabeth, *Queen of King Edward IV.*
Margaret, *Widow of King Henry VI.*
Duchess of York, *Mother to King Edward IV., Clarence, and Gloster.*
Lady Anne, *Widow of Edward, Prince of Wales, Son to King Henry VI.; afterwards married to the Duke of Gloster.*
Lady Margaret Plantagenet, *a young Daughter of Clarence.*
Lords, *and other Attendants; two Gentlemen, a Pursuivant, Scrivener, Citizens, Murderers, Messengers, Ghosts, Soldiers, &c.*

SCENE,—England.

ACT I.

ACT I.
SCENE I.—London. *A Street.*

Enter Gloucester.
 O! Now is the winter of our discontent
 A glorious summer by this sun of York;
 And all the clouds, that lower'd upon our
 house,
 The deep bosom of the ocean buried.
 Now are our brows bound with victorious
 wreaths;
 Our broken arms hung up for monuments;
 Our stern alarms changed to merry meetings,
 Our dreadful marches to delightful measures.
 'Twas thus our long'd war hath smooth'd his wrinkled
 front;
 And now — instead of mounting barb'd steeds,
 To fright the souls of fearful adversaries, —
 He capers nimbly in a lady's chamber,
 To the lascivious pleasing of a lute.
 But, that I am not shap'd for sportive tricks,
 And made to court an amorous looking-glass;
 That I am rudely stamp'd, and want love's
 majesty,
 To countenance a wanton ambling nymph;
 That I am curtail'd of this fair proportion,
 That I am brief of feature by dissembling nature,
 That I am short of breath by this short time
 And that so lamely and unfashionable,

That dogs bark at me, as I halt by them :—
Why I, in this weak piping time of peace,
Have no delight to pass away the time,
Unless to see my shadow in the sun,
And descant on mine own deformity :
And therefore, since I cannot prove a lover,
To entertain these fair well-spoken days,
I am determin'd to prove a villain,
And hate the idle pleasures of these days.
Plots have I laid, inductions dangerous,
By drunken prophecies, libels, and dreams,
To set my brother Clarence and the king
In deadly hate the one against the other :
And, if king Edward be as true and just,
As I am subtle, false, and treacherous,
This day should Clarence closely be mew'd up,
About a prophecy, which says, that G
Of Edward's heirs the murderer shall be.
Dive, thoughts, down to my soul: here
Clarence comes.

Enter Clarence, guarded, and Brakenbury.
 Brother, good day: what means this armed
 That waits upon your grace? [guard,

Clar. His majesty,
Tendering my person's safety, hath appointed
This conduct to convey me to the Tower.

Glo. Upon what cause ?

Clar. Because my name is George.
Glo. Alack, my lord, that fault is none of
yours :

He should, for that, commit your godfathers.
O, belike his majesty hath some intent
That you should be new christen'd in the
Tower.

But what's the matter, Clarence? may I know?

Clar. Yea, Richard, when I know; for I
As yet I do not; but, as I can learn, [protest
He hearkens after prophecies and dreams;
And from the cross-row plucks the letter G,
And says a wizard told him, that by G
His issue disinherited should be;
And, for my name of George begins with G,
It follows in his thought that I am he.
These, as I learn, and such like toys as these,
Have mov'd his highness to commit me now.

Glo. Why, this it is, when men are rul'd by
women:

'Tis not the king that sends you to the Tower;
My lady Grey, his wife, Clarence, 'tis she
That tempers him to this extremity.

Was it not she, and that good man of worship,
Antony Woodville, her brother there, [Tower,
That made him send lord Hastings to the
From whence this present day he is deliver'd?
We are not safe, Clarence; we are not safe.

Clar. By heaven, I think there is no man
secure,

But the queen's kindred, and night-walking
That trudge betwixt the king and mistress
Shore.

Heard you not, what a humble suppliant
Lord Hastings was to her for his delivery?

Glo. Humbly complaining to her deity
Got my lord chamberlain his liberty.
I'll tell you what, I think it is our way,
If we will keep in favour with the king,
To be her men, and wear her livery:
The jealous o'er-worn widow and herself,
Since that our brother dubb'd them gentle-
women,

Are mighty gossips in our monarchy. [me:

Brak. I beseech your graces both to pardon
His majesty hath straitly given in charge
That no man shall have private conference,
Of what degree soever, with your brother.

Glo. Even so, an please your worship,
Brakenbury,

You may partake of anything we say:
We speak no treason, man;—we say the king
Is wise and virtuous; and his noble queen
Well struck in years, fair, and not jealous;—
We say that Shore's wife hath a pretty foot,
A cherry lip, a bonny eye, a passing pleasing
tongue; [folks:

And that the queen's kindred are made gentle-
How say you, sir? can you deny all this?

Brak. With this, my lord, myself have
naught to do.

Glo. Naught to do with mistress Shore? I
tell thee, fellow,

He that doth naught with her, excepting one,
Were best to do it secretly, alone.

Brak. What one, my lord? [betray me?

Glo. Her husband, knave: wouldst thou

Brak. I beseech your grace to pardon
and withal,

Forbear your conference with the noble
Clar. We know thy charge, Brakenbury,
and will obey.

Glo. We are the queen's attendants,
Brother, farewell: I will unto the king.
And whatsoever you will employ me in,
Were it to call king Edward's widow,
I will perform it to enfranchise you.
Meantime, this deep disgrace in brotherhood
Touches me deeper than you can imagine.

Clar. I know it pleaseth neither of you

Glo. Well, your imprisonment shall
I will deliver you, or else lie for you.
Meantime, have patience.

Clar. I must perforce:

[Exeunt Clarence, Brakenbury, and
Glo. Go, tread the path that leads to
ne'er return,

Simple, plain Clarence! I do love thee
That I will shortly send thy soul to heaven,
If heaven will take the present at our hands.
But who comes here? the new delivered?

Enter Hastings.

Hast. Good time of day unto my lord!

Glo. As much unto my good lord!
Well are you welcome to this open air.
How hath your lordship brook'd imprisonment?

Hast. With patience, noble lord, as I
must:

But I shall live, my lord, to give thanks
That were the cause of my imprisonment.

Glo. No doubt, no doubt; and so shall
Clarence too;

For they that were your enemies are his
And have prevail'd as much on him, as on me.

Hast. More pity, that the eagle should
mew'd,

While kites and buzzards prey at liberty.
Glo. What news abroad?

Hast. No news so bad abroad,
The king is sickly, weak, and near his end,
And his physicians fear him mightily.

Glo. Now, by St. Paul, this news
O, he hath kept an evil diet long.

And over-much consumed his royal
'Tis very grievous to be thought upon.

What, is he in his bed?

Hast. He is.
Glo. Go you before, and I will follow.

He cannot live, I hope, and must needs
Till George be pack'd with postmen
heaven.

I'll in, to urge his hatred more to Clarence,
With lies well steel'd with weighty reasons.

And, if I fail not in my deep intent,
Clarence hath not another day to live.

Which done, God takes king Edward's
And leave the world for me to live.

For then I'll marry Warwick's daughter.

But 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:
Which will I; not all so much for love,
As for another secret close intent,
To marry her, which I must reach unto.
But yet I run before my horse to market:
Gentlemen still breathe; Edward still lives and
reigns:
When they are gone, then must I count my
gains.

Scene II.—London. Another Street.
Enter the corpse of King Henry the Sixth,
laid in an open coffin; Gentlemen bearing
hobblers to guard it; and Lady Anne, as
mourner.

Anne. Set down, set down your honourable
load,—
Your honour may be shrouded in a hearse,—
Whilst I a while obsequiously lament
The icy-cold figure of a holy king!
The walls of the house of Lancaster!
A bloodless remnant of that royal blood!
How lawful that I invoke thy ghost,
To witness the lamentations of poor Anne,
Wife to thy Edward, to thy slaughter'd son,
Murder'd by the self-same hand that made
these wounds!

How in these windows, that let forth thy life,
How in the helpless balm of my poor eyes:
How in the hand that made these holes!
How in the heart, that had the heart to do it!
How in the blood, that let this blood from
hence!

How dreadful hap betide that hated wretch,
That makes us wratched by the death of thee,
That I can wish to adders, spiders, toads,
If ever he have child, abortive be it,
And untimely brought to light,
To meet the hopeful mother at the view;
That he be heir to his unhappiness!
How have wife, let her be made
Miserable by the death of him,
That I am made by my young lord, and thee!
How now toward Chertsey with your holy
load,

How from Paul's to be interred there;
How still, as you are weary of the weight,
How you, whilst I lament King Henry's corpse,
The bearers take up the corpse and advance.
Enter Gloucester.

Glouc. Stay, you that bear the corpse, and set
it down.
Anne. What black magician conjures up
this fiend,
That doth devoted clugitable deeds!
Glouc. Villains, set down the corpse; or, by
Saint Paul,
I'll make a corpse of him that disobeys!

I Gent. My lord, stand back, and let the
coffin pass. [command]

Glo. Unmanner'd dog! stand thou, when I
Advance thy halberd higher than my breast,
Or, by Saint Paul, I'll strike thee to my foot,
And spurn upon thee, beggar, for thy boldness.
[The bearers set down the coffin.]

Anne. What, do you tremble? are you all
afraid?

Alas, I blame you not; for you are mortal,
And mortal eyes cannot endure the devil.
Avaunt, thou dreadful minister of hell!

Thou hadst but power over his mortal body,
His soul thou canst not have; therefore, begone.

Glo. Sweet saint, for charity, be not so cruel.
Anne. Foul devil, for God's sake hence, and
trouble us not!

For thou hast made the happy earth thy hell,
Fill'd it with cursing cries, and deep exclaims.

If thou delight to view thy heinous deeds,
Behold this pattern of thy butcheries.

O, gentlemen, see, see! dead Henry's wounds
Open their congel'd mouths, and bleed afresh!

Blush, blush, thou lump of foul deformity;
For 'tis thy presence that exhales this blood
From cold and empty veins, where no blood
Thy deed, inhuman and unnatural, [dwells];
Provokes this deluge most unnatural.

O God, which this blood mad'st, revenge his
death!

O earth, which this blood drink'st, revenge his
death!

Either, heaven, with lightning strike the murder-
er dead;

Or, earth, gape open wide, and eat him quick,
As thou dost swallow up this good king's blood,
Which his hell-govern'd arm hath butchered!

Glo. Lady, you know no rules of charity,
Which renders good for bad, blessings for
curses.

nor man:
Anne. Villain, thou know'st no law of God
No beast so fierce but knows some touch of
pity.

[beast.
Glo. But I know none, and therefore am no
Anne. O wonderful! when devils tell the
truth!

[angry.
Glo. More wonderful, when angels are so
Vouchsafe, divine perfection of a woman,
Of these supposed crimes, to give me leave,
By circumstance, but to acquit myself. [man,
Anne. Vouchsafe, diffus'd infection of a
For these known evils, but to give me leave,
By circumstance, to curse thy cursed self.

Glo. Fairer than tongue can name thee, let
me have
Some patient leisure to excuse myself.

Anne. Foulter than heart can think thee,
thou canst make
No excuse current, but to hang thyself.

Glo. By such despair, I should accuse myself.
Anne. And by despairing, shalt thou stand
excus'd;

For doing worthy vengeance on thyself,
That didst unworthy slaughter upon others.

Glo. Say that I slew them not!

Anne. Then say they were not slain :
But dead they are, and, devilish slave, by thee.
Glo. I did not kill your husband.

Anne. Why, then he is alive.
Glo. Nay, he is dead; and slain by Edward's hand.

Anne. In thy foul throat thou liest : queen
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.

That laid their guilt upon my guiltless shoulders.
Anne. Thou wast provoked by thy bloody mind,

That never dreamt on aught but butcheries :
Didst thou not kill this king ?

Glo. I grant ye.
Anne. Dost grant me, hedge-hog ! then,
God grant me too,

Thou mayst be damned for that wicked deed !
O, he was gentle, mild, and virtuous.

Glo. The sinner for the King of heaven, that
hath him.

Anne. He is in heaven, where thou shalt
Glo. Let him thank me, that help'd to send him thither ;

For he was sinner for that place than earth.
Anne. And thou unfit for any place but hell.

Glo. Yes, one place else, if you will hear me
Anne. Some dungeon.

Glo. Your bed-chamber.
Anne. Ill rest beside the chamber where
thou liest !

Glo. So will it, madam, till I lie with you.
Anne. I hope so.

Glo. I know so.—But, gentle lady Anne,
To leave this keen encounter of our wits,
And fall somewhat into a slower method,
Is not the cause of the timeless deaths
Of these Plantagenets, Henry and Edward,
As blameful as the executioner ?

Anne. Thou wast the cause, and most
accurs'd effect.

Glo. Your beauty was the cause of that
Your beauty, that did haunt me in my sleep,
To undertake the death of all the world,
So might I live one hour in your sweet bosom.

Anne. If I thought that, I tell thee, homicide,
These nails should rend that beauty from my
Glo. These eyes could not endure that
beauty's wreck ;

You should not blemish it, if I stood by :
As all the world is cheered by the sun,
So I by that ; it is my day, my life.

Anne. Black night o'ershades thy day, and
death thy life !

Glo. Curse not thyself, fair creature ; thou
Anne. I would I were, to be reveng'd on thee.

Glo. It is a quarrel most unnatural,
To be reveng'd on him that loveth thee,

Anne. It is a quarrel just and reasonable,
To be reveng'd on him that kill'd 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 me.
Glo. He lives that loves thee better than himself.

Anne. Name him.
Glo. Plantagenet.

Anne. Why, that was my husband.
Glo. The self-same name, but one of another name.

Anne. Where is he ?
Glo. Here. [She spits at him.]

Thou spit at me !
Anne. Would it were mortal poison, that
sake !

Glo. Never came poison from a lady's mouth.
Anne. Never hung poison on a lady's tongue.

Out of my sight ! thou dost infect mine eyes.
Glo. Thine eyes, sweet lady, have mine eyes.

Anne. Would they were basilisks to kill thee.
Glo. I would they were, that I might kill thee.

For now they kill me with a living death.
Those eyes of thine from mine have drawn
salt tears,

Sham'd their aspects with store of salt tears,
These eyes, which never shed remembrance
No, when my father York and Edward
To hear the piteous moan that Richard
When black-faced Clifford shook his head at him :

Nor when thy wardlike father, like a eagle,
Told the sad story of my father's death,
And twenty times made pause, to weep,
That all the standers-by had wet their cheeks
Like trees bedash'd with rain ; in that
time,

My manly eyes did scorn an humble tear,
And what these sorrows could not weep,
exhale,

Thy beauty hath, and made them bleed.
I never su'd to friend, nor enemy ;
My tongue could never learn sweet flattery,
But, now thy beauty is propos'd my foe,
My proud heart sues, and prompts me
to speak.

Teach not thy lip such scorn : for it was
For kissing, lady, not for such contempt.
Which if thy revengeful heart cannot forgive,
Lo, here I lend thee this sharp-pointed sword,
And let the soul forth that adorns this body,
I lay it open to the deadly stroke,
And humbly beg the death upon my neck.

[He lays his breast open.]
Nay, do not pause ; for I did kill him
But 'twas thy beauty that provoked me.

Nay, now despatch ; 'twas I that kill'd
young Edward.

[She again offers to kill him.]
Nay, do not pause ; for I did kill him
But 'twas thy beauty that provoked me.

Nay, now despatch ; 'twas I that kill'd
young Edward.

[She again offers to kill him.]
Nay, do not pause ; for I did kill him
But 'twas thy beauty that provoked me.

Nay, now despatch ; 'twas I that kill'd
young Edward.

But was thy heavenly face that set me on.
[She lets fall the sword.]
Up the sword again, or take up me.

Anne. Arise, dissembler : though I wish thy
death, I will not be thy executioner.

Glo. Then bid me kill myself, and I will do it.
Anne. I have already.

That was in thy rage ;
The sword, which for thy love, did kill thy love,
To kill thy death, shall thou be accessory.

Glo. I would I knew thy heart.
Anne. I fear'd in my tongue.

Glo. Then never man was true.
Anne. Well, well, put up your sword.

Glo. Say then, my peace is made.
Anne. But shall thou know hereafter.

Glo. All men, I hope, live so.
Anne. To take, is not to give.

[She puts on the ring.]
Look, how my ring encompasseth thy
finger.

As thy breast encloseth my poor heart ;
For both of them, for both of them are thine.
If the poor devoted servant may
have one favour at thy gracious hand,

Anne. What is it ?
Glo. That it may please you leave these sad
and presently repair to Crosby-place ;

After I have solemnly inter'd,
In some monastery, this noble king,
And set his grave with my repentant tears,
Which all expedient duty see you ;

For my unknown reasons, I beseech you,
Grant me this boon.

Anne. With all my heart ; and much it joys
To see you are become so penitent.

Glo. And Berkeley, go along with me.
Anne. Bid me farewell.

Glo. This more than you deserve ;
Thus I have said farewell already.

Respect Lady Anne, Treasel, and Berkeley.
The Sir, take up the corpse.

Toward Chertsey, noble lord !
To White-Friars ; there attend my
coming.

[Exit the rest, with the corpse.]
I have her in this humour won'd I
have her ; but I will not keep her long.

That kill'd her husband, and his
father.

She has in her heart's extremest hate ;
Meaning witness of her hatred by ;
Thou, her conscience, and these bars
against me,

And I no friends to back my suit withal,
But the plain devil, and dissembling looks,
And yet to win her ! all the world to nothing !
Ha !

Hath she forgot already that brave prince, [since,
Edward, her lord, whom I, some three months
Stab'd in my angry mood at Tewkesbury ?

A sweeter and a lovelier gentleman,
Fram'd in the prodigality of nature, [royal,
Young, valiant, wise, and, no doubt, right
The spacious world cannot again afford :

And will she yet abase her eyes on me,
That crop'd the golden prime of this sweet
And made her widow to a woful bed ? [prince,
On me, whose all not equals Edward's moiety ?

On me, that halt, and am misshapen thus ?
My dukedom to a beggarly denier,
I do mistake my person all this while :

Upon my life, she finds, although I cannot,
Myself to be a marvellous proper man,
I'll be at charges for a looking-glass ;
And entertain a score or two of tailors,
To study fashions to adorn my body :

Since I am crept in favour with myself,
I will maintain it with some little cost,
But, first, I'll turn you fellow in his grave ;
And then return lamenting to my love.

Shine out, fair sun, till I have bought a glass,
That I may see my shadow as I pass.

[Exit.]

SCENE III.—London. A Room in the Palace.
Enter Queen Elizabeth, Rivers, and Grey.

Riv. Have patience, madam ; there's no
doubt, his majesty
Will soon recover his accustomed health.

Grey. In that you brook it ill, it makes 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 be-
tide on me ?

Grey. No other harm, but loss of such a lord.
Q. Eliz. The loss of such a lord includes all
harms.

Grey. The heavens have bless'd you with a
goodly son,
To be your comfort when he is gone.

Q. Eliz. Ah, he is young ; and his minority
Is put into the trust of Richard Gloster,
A man that loves not me, nor none of you.

Riv. Is it concluded he shall be protector ?
Q. Eliz. It is determin'd, not concluded yet ;
But so it must be, if the king miscarry.

Enter Buckingham and Stanley.
Grey. Here come the lords of Buckingham
and Stanley.

Buck. Good time of day unto your royal
State. God make your majesty joyful as you
have been !

[Lord of Stanley,
Q. Eliz. The countess Richmond, good my
To your good prayer will scarcely say amen.
Yet, Stanley, notwithstanding she's your wife,
And loves not me, be you, good lord, assur'd,
I hate not you for her proud arrogance,

Stan. I do beseech you, either not believe
The envious slanders of her false accusers;
Or, if she be accus'd on true report,
Bear with her weakness, which, I think, pro-
ceeds [malice].

From wayward sickness, and no grounded
Q. Eliz. Saw you the king to-day, my lord
of Stanley?

Stan. But now, the duke of Buckingham,
Are come from visiting his majesty. [and I,
Q. Eliz. What likelihood of his amendment,
lords?]

Buck. Madam, good hope; his grace speaks
Q. Eliz. God grant him health! did you
confer with him? [atonement]

Buck. Ay, madam: he desires to make
Between the duke of Gloster and your bro-
thers,

And between them and my lord chamberlain;
And sent to warn them to his royal presence.

Q. Eliz. Would all were well!—But that
will never be:

I fear our happiness is at the height.
Enter Gloster, Hastings, and Dorset.

Glo. 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 Paul, they love his grace but lightly,
That fill his ears with such dissentious
rumours.

Because I cannot flatter, and speak fair, [eog.
Smile in men's faces, smooth, deceiver, and
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 abus'd

By sly, insinuating Jacks! [your grace?]
Grey. To whom in all this presence speaks
Glo. To thee, that hast nor honesty, nor
grace.

When have I injur'd thee? when done thee
Or thee?—or thee?—or any of your faction?
A plague upon you all! His royal grace,
(Whom God preserve better than you would
wish!)

Cannot be quiet scarce a breathing-while,
But you trouble him with lewd com-
plaints. [matter.]

Q. Eliz. Brother of Gloster, you mistake the
The king, on his own royal disposition,
And not provok'd by any sutor else;

Aiming, belike, at your interior hatred,
That in your outward action shows itself
Against my children, brothers, and myself,
Makes him to send; that thereby he may gather
The ground of your ill-will, and so remove it.

Glo. I cannot tell:—the world is grown so
bad,

That wrens make prey where eagles dare not
Since every Jack became a gentleman,
There's many a gentle person made a Jack.

Q. Eliz. Come, come, we know your mean-
ing, brother Gloster;

You envy my advancement, and my
God grant, we never may have need of
Glo. Meantime, God grants that I
need of you:

Our brother is imprison'd by your means;
Myself disgrac'd, and the nobility
Held in contempt; while grant [monarchy]
Are daily given, to ennoble those, were
That scarce, some two days since, were
Q. Eliz. By Him that rais'd me to this
ful height

From that contented hap which I enjoy'd
I never did incense his jealousy
Against the duke of Clarence; but have
An earnest advocate to plead for him
My lord, you do me shameful injury
Falsely to draw me in these vile speeches

Glo. You may deny that you were
means
Of my lord Hastings' late imprisonment.

Riv. She may, my lord; for—
Glo. She may, lord Rivers;—but
knows not so!

She may do more, sir, than denying that
She may help you to many her treasons
And then deny her aiding hand therein
And lay those honours on your big words
What may she not? She may,—
may she,—

Riv. What, marry, may she!
Glo. What, marry, may she! marry
A bachelor, a handsome stripping too
I wis, your grandam had a worse son-in-law
Q. Eliz. My lord of Gloster, your
long borne

Your blunt upbraidings, and your injuries
By heaven, I will acquit his majesty
Of those gross tattle that of I have
I had rather been a country servant
Than a great queen, with this soundless
To be so baited, scorn'd, and stom'd
Small joy have I in being England's queen
Enter Queen Margaret, behind.

Q. Mar. [Apert.] And Jesus
small, God, I beseech him
Thy honour, state, and seat, is due to me
Glo. What! threat you me with
the king?

Tell him, and spare not: look what
I will avouch in presence of the king
I dare adventure to be sent to the Tower
'Tis time to speak, my palms are quail'd
Q. Mar. [Apert.] Out, devil! I
them too well!

Thou kill'st my husband Henry in
And Edward, my poor son, at the Tower
Glo. Ere you were queen, ay, or
band king,

I was a pack-horse in his great
A venter-out of his proud
A liberal rewarder of his friends:
To royalize his blood, I spilt mine
Q. Mar. Ay, and much better
his, or thine.

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his, or thine.

And with thy scorn draw'st rivers from his eyes;
And then, to dry them, gav'st the duke a clout
Steep'd in the faultless blood of pretty Rut-
land:—

His curses, then from bitterness of soul
Denounc'd against thee, are all fallen upon
thee; [death.]

And God, not we, hath plagu'd thy bloody
Q. Eliz. So just is God, to right the inno-
cent. [heavens.]

Hast. O, 'twas the foulest deed to slay that
And the most merciless, that e'er was heard of!

Riv. Tyrants themselves wept when it was
reported.

Dors. No man but prophesied revenge for it.
Buck. Northumberland, then present, wept
to see it. [I came.]

Q. Mar. What, were you snarling all, before
Ready to catch each other by the throat,
And turn you all your hatred now on me?

Did York's dread curse prevail so much with
heaven,

That Henry's death, my lovely Edward's death,
Their kingdom's loss, my world's banishment,
Should all but answer for that peevish trait?

Can curses pierce the clouds, and enter
heaven!— [heavens.]

Why, then, give way, dull clouds, to my quick
Thought not by war, by surfeit die your king,
As ours by murder, to make him a king!

Edward, thy son, that now is Prince of Wales,
For Edward, my son, that was Prince of Wales,
Die in his youth by like untimely violence!

Thyself a queen, for me that was a queen,
Ouldest 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 lengthen'd hours of grief,
Die neither mother, wife, nor England's queen!
Rivers, and Dorset, you were standers by,—
And so wast thou, lord Hastings,—when my
son [him]

Was stab'd with bloody daggers: God, I pray
That none of you may live his natural age,
But by some unlook'd accident cut off!

Glo. Have done thy charm, thou hateful
with'd hag!

Q. Mar. And leave out thee! stay, dog, for
thou shalt hear me.

If heaven have any grievous plague in store,
Exceeding those that I can wish upon thee,
O, let them keep it till thy sins be ripe,
And then hurl down their indignation
On thee, the trouble of the poor world's peace!

The worm of conscience still beguile thy soul!
Thy friends suspect for traitors while thou liv'st,
And take deep traitors for thy dearest friends!

No sleep close up that deadly eye of thine,
Unless it be while some tormenting dream
Affrights thee with a hell of ugly devils!

Thou elvish-mark'd, abortive, rooting hog,
Thou that wast seal'd in thy nativity

And with thy scorn draw'st rivers from his eyes;
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Thou elvish-mark'd, abortive, rooting hog,
Thou that wast seal'd in thy nativity

The slave of nature, and the son of hell!
Thou slander of thy mother's heavy womb!
Thou loathed issue of thy father's loins!
Thou rag of honour, thou detested—

Glo. Margaret.

Q. Mar. Richard!

Glo.

Ha!

Q. Mar. I call thee not.

Glo. I cry thee mercy, then; for I did think,
That thou hadst call'd me all these bitter
names.

Q. Mar. Why, so I did; but look'd for no
O, let me make the period to my curse.

Glo. 'Tis done by me, and ends in—Mar-
garet.

Q. Eliz. Thus have you breath'd your curse

Q. Mar. Poor painted queen, vain flourish
of my fortune!

Why strew'st thou sugar on that bottled spider,
Whose deadly web ensnareth thee about?
Fool, fool! thou whet'st a knife to kill thyself.
The day will come, that thou shalt wish for me
To help thee curse this poisonous bunch-back'd
toad.

Hast. False-boding woman, end thy frantic
Lest to thy harm thou move our patience.

Q. Mar. Foul shame upon you! you have
all mov'd mine.

Riv. Were you well serv'd, you would be

Q. Mar. To serve me well, you all should
do me duty,

Teach me to be your queen, and you my sub-
O, serve me well, and teach yourselves that duty.

Dor. Dispute not with her, she is lunatic.

Q. Mar. Peace, master marquess, you are
malapert:

Your fire-new stamp of honour is scarce cur'd
O, that your young nobility could judge
What 'twere to lose it, and be miserable!

They that stand high have many blasts to
shake them;

And if they fall, they dash themselves to pieces.

Glo. Good counsel, marry: learn it, learn
it, marquess.

Dor. It touches you, my lord, as much as me.

Glo. Ay, and much more: but I was born
so high,

Our airy bulldeth in the cedar's top,
And dallies with the wind, and scorns the sun.

Q. Mar. And turns the sun to shade;—
alas! alas!

Witness my son, now in the shade of death!
Whose bright out-shining beams thy cloudy
Hath in eternal darkness folded up.

Your airy bulldeth in our airy's nest:
O God! that seest it, do not suffer it;

As it was won with blood, lost be it so!

Buck. Peace, peace, for shame, if not for
charity.

Q. Mar. Urge neither charity nor shame
Uncharitably with me have you dealt,
And shamefully my hopes by you are butcher'd.

My charity is outrage, life my shame,—
And in that shame still live my sorrow's rage!

Buck. Have done, have done.

Q. Mar. O princely Buckingham, I
In sign of league and amity with thee!

Now fair befall thee, and thy noble house!

Thy garments are not spotted with our curse,
Nor thou within the compass of my curse.

Buck. Nor no one here; for curses never
The lips of those that breathe them out.

Q. Mar. I will not think but they
the sky,

And there awake God's gentle-sleeping
O Buckingham, take heed of your doings!

Look, when he fawns, he bites; and when he
bites

His venom tooth will rankle to the death;
Have not to do with him, beware of him!

Sin, death, and hell, have set their
And all their ministers attend on him.

Glo. What doth she say, my lord?

Buck. Nothing that I respect, my lord.

Q. Mar. What, dost thou scorn me
gentle counsel?

And soothe the devil that I warn thee of,
O, but remember this another day.

When he shall spit thy very heart with
And say, poor Margaret was a prophetess.

Live each of you the subject to his law,
And he to yours, and all of you to him.

Hast. My hair doth stand on end
her curses.

Riv. And so doth mine; I must be
Glo. I cannot blame her: by

mother,
She hath had too much wrong; and I
My part thereof, that I have done to her.

Q. Eliz. I never did her any, to my
ledge.

Glo. Yet you have all the while
I was too hot to do somebody good.

That is too cold in thinking of it now.
Marry, as for Clarence, he is well repaid.

He is frank'd up to fattening for his
God pardon them that are the cause of this.

Riv. A virtuous and a Christian
clusion,

To pray for them that have done wrong,
Glo. [Aside.] So do I ever, being

vis'd;

For had I curs'd now, I had curs'd
Enter Catesby.

Cate. Madam, his majesty doth
you,—

And for your grace,—and you, my lord,
Q. Eliz. Catesby, I come.—

go with me!

Riv. We wait upon your grace.

Glo. I do the wrong, and first begin
The secret mischiefs that I set abroad.

I lay unto the grievous charge of others
Clarence,—whom I, indeed, have

I do beweepe to many simple galls!

Sanely, to Stanley, Hastings, Buckingham;
 And tell them 'tis the queen and her allies,
 That stir the king against the duke my brother.
 Now, they believe it; and withal what me
 To be reveng'd on Rivers, Vaughan, Grey:
 And then I sigh; and, with a piece of scripture,
 Tell them that God bids us do good for evil:
 And thus I clothe my naked villainy
 With odd old ends stol'n forth of holy writ;
 And even a saint, when most I play the devil.

Enter two Murderers.
 But soft! here come my executioners.

Are you now going to despatch this thing?
 I think we are, my lord; and come to
 have the warrant,

That may be admitted where he is.
 Well thought upon; I have it here

about me; [Gives the warrant.
 Now you have done, repair to Crosby-place.

And be sudden in the execution;
 Clarence is well-spoken, and perhaps
 may move your hearts to pity, if you mark

him. [Stand to prate;
 There are no good doers: be assur'd

We go to use our hands, and not our tongues.
 Your eyes drop mill-stones, when fools'

eyes fall tears:
 You, lords, about your business straight;
 I go to despatch.

My lord,
 We will, my noble lord.

[Exit.
 Act IV.—London. A Room in the Tower.

Enter Clarence and Brakenbury.
 Brak. Why looks your grace so heavily to-

day?
 O, I have pass'd a miserable night,

Full of fearful dreams, of ugly sights,
 As if I am a Christian faithful man,

Should not spend another such a night,
 To live to buy a world of happy days;

What was your dream, my lord? I
 may you, tell me. [The Tower,

Methought that I had broken from
 my embark'd to cross to Burgundy;

And to my company, my brother Gloucester:
 And my cabin tempted me to walk

up a thousand heavy times, [England,
 The wars of York and Lancaster,

And the piddly footings of the hatches,
 Methought that Gloucester stumbled; and, in

that thought to stay him, over-
 coming billows of the main. [drown'd]

Methought what pain it was to
 see a thousand fearful wrecks;

A thousand men that fishes gnaw'd upon;
 Wedges of gold, great anchors, heaps of pearl,
 Inestimable stones, unvalu'd jewels,
 All scatter'd in the bottom of the sea: [holes
 Some lay in dead men's skulls: and in those
 Where eyes did once inhabit, there were crept
 (As 'twere in scorn of eyes) reflecting gems,
 That woo'd the slimy bottom of the deep,
 And mock'd the dead bones that lay scatter'd
 by. [death,

Brak. Had you such leisure in the time of
 To gaze upon those secrets of the deep? [strive

Clar. Methought I had; and often did I
 To yield the ghost: but still the envious flood

Stopt in my soul, and would not let it forth
 To find the empty, vast, and wandering air;
 But smother'd it within my panting bulk,
 Which almost burst to belch it in the sea.

Brak. Awak'd you not with this sore agony?
 Clar. No, no, my dream was lengthen'd
 after life;

O, then began the tempest to my soul!
 I pass'd, methought, the melancholy flood,

With that 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 War-

wick;
 Who cried aloud, "What scourge for perjury
 Can this dark monarchy afford false Claren-

ce?"
 And so he vanish'd: then came wandering by
 A shadow like an angel, with bright hair

Dabbled in blood; and he stat'd out aloud,
 "Clarence is come,—false, fleeting, perjur'd
 Clarence,—

That stab'd me in the field by Tewkesbury;—
 Seize on him, Furies! take him to your tor-

ments!"
 With that, methought, a legion of foul fiends

Environ'd me, and howl'd in mine ears
 Such hideous cries, that, with the very noise,
 I trembling wak'd, and, for a season after,

Could not believe but that I was in hell,
 Such terrible impression made my dream.

Brak. No marvel, lord, though it affrighted
 you;

I am afraid, methinks, to hear you tell it.
 Clar. O Brakenbury, I have done these

things,
 That now give evidence against my soul,
 For Edward's sake; and see how he requites

me! [these,
 O God! if my deep prayers cannot appease
 But thou wilt be aveng'd on my misdeeds,

Yet execute thy wrath on me alone: [dren I
 O, spare my guiltless wife and my poor child—
 I pray thee, gentle keeper, stay by me;

My soul is heavy, and I fain would sleep.
 Brak. I will, my lord: God give your grace
 good rest.— [Clarence sleeps.

Sorrow breaks seasons and reposing hours,
 Makes the night morning, and the noon-tide
 night.

Princes have but their titles for their glories,
An outward honour for an inward toll;
And, for unfelt imaginations,
They often feel a world of restless cares:
So that, between their titles, and low name,
There's nothing differs but the outward fame.

Enter the two Murderers.

1 *Murd.* Ho! who's here?

Brak. What would'st thou, fellow? and how cam'st thou hither?

1 *Murd.* I would speak with Clarence, and I came hither on my legs.

Brak. What, so brief?

2 *Murd.* 'Tis better, sir, than to be tedious.—
Let him see our commission; and talk no more.

[A paper is delivered to Brakenbury, who reads it.]

Brak. I am, in this, commanded to deliver
The noble duke of Clarence to your hands:
I will not reason what is meant hereby,
Because I will be guiltless of the meaning.
There lies the duke asleep, and there the keys:
I'll to the king; and signify to him
That thus I have resign'd to you my charge.

1 *Murd.* You may, sir; 'tis a point of wisdom:
Fare you well. *[Exit Brakenbury.]*

2 *Murd.* What, shall we stab him as he sleeps?
[When he wakes.]

1 *Murd.* No; he'll say 'twas done cowardly.

2 *Murd.* When he wakes! why, fool, he shall never wake until the great judgment-day.
[Him sleeping.]

1 *Murd.* Why, then he'll say, we stabbed

2 *Murd.* The urging of that word "judgment," hath bred a kind of remorse in me.

1 *Murd.* What, art thou afraid?

2 *Murd.* Not to kill him, having a warrant for it; but to be damn'd for killing him, from the which no warrant can defend me.

1 *Murd.* I thought thou hadst been resolute.

2 *Murd.* So I am, to let him live.

1 *Murd.* I'll back to the duke of Gloster, and tell him so.

2 *Murd.* Nay, I pr'ythee, stay a little; I hope my holy humour will change; it was wont to hold me but while one tells twenty.

1 *Murd.* How dost thou feel thyself now?

2 *Murd.* Faith, some certain dregs of conscience are yet within me.

1 *Murd.* Remember our reward, when the deed's done. *[Reward.]*

2 *Murd.* Zounds! he dies: I had forgot the

1 *Murd.* Where's thy conscience now?

2 *Murd.* In the duke of Gloster's purse.

1 *Murd.* So when he opens his purse to give us our reward, thy conscience flies out.

2 *Murd.* 'Tis no matter; let it go; there's few or none will entertain it.

1 *Murd.* What if it come to thee again?

2 *Murd.* I'll not meddle with it, it is a dangerous thing, it makes a man a coward: a man cannot steal, but it accuseth him; a man cannot swear, but it checks him; a man cannot

not lie with his neighbour's wife, but it accuses him: 'tis a blushing shame-faced creature, mutinies in a man's bosom; it kills the obstacles: it made me once restore a golden ring, that by chance I found; it keeps a man that keeps it: it is turned out of all mansions and cities for a dangerous thing; it kills a man, that means to live well, and to trust to himself, and live without it.

1 *Murd.* Zounds! it is even now at my elbow, perswading me not to kill the duke.

2 *Murd.* Take the devil in thy hand, believe him not: he would insinuate but to make thee sigh.

1 *Murd.* I am strong-learn'd, he shall prevail with me.

2 *Murd.* Spoke like a tall fellow, who respects his reputation. Come, shall we to work?

1 *Murd.* Take him on the costard of the hilts of thy sword, and then throw him

2 *Murd.* O, excellent device! and a malmsey-butt in the next room.

1 *Murd.* Soft! he wakes.

2 *Murd.* Strike!

1 *Murd.* No, we'll reason with him.

Clar. Where art thou, keeper? I have a cup of wine.

1 *Murd.* You shall have wine enough, *Clar.* In God's name, what art thou?

1 *Murd.* A man, as you are.

Clar. But not, as I am, royal.

1 *Murd.* Nor you, as we are, loyal.

Clar. Thy voice is thunder, but thine eyes are humble.

1 *Murd.* My voice is now the thunder, looks mine own.

Clar. How darkly, and how dimly! Your eyes do menace me: why look you so?

Who sent you hither? Where come you?

Both Murd. To, to, to—

Clar. To murder me!

Both Murd. Ay, ay.

Clar. You scarcely have the heart to do it, and therefore cannot have the brains to do it.

Wherein, my friends, have I offended you? 1 *Murd.* Offended us you have not, but

king.

Clar. I shall be reconcil'd to him, and

2 *Murd.* Never, my lord; therefore, to die.

Clar. Are you drawn forth against me? To slay the innocent? What is my crime?

Where is the evidence that doth condemn me? What lawful quest have given you power

Unto the frowning judgel or the cruel king? The bitter sentence of poor Clarence's law

Before I be convict by course of law, To threaten me with death is more than I

I charge you, as you hope to come to heaven, By Christ's dear blood shed for our sins,

That you depart, and lay no hand upon me. The deed you undertake is dangerous.

Murd. What we will do, we do upon command.
Murd. And he, that hath commanded, is our king.

Clar. Promiscuous vessel! the great King of kings in the table of his law commanded, that thou shalt do no murder; will you, then, break his edict, and fulfil a man's?

Murd. For he holds vengeance in his hand, to smite upon their heads that break his law.

Clar. And that same vengeance doth he bestow on thee, for murder too:

Murd. Who shall receive the sacrament, to fight in the house of Lancaster. [God, that break that vow; and, with thy treacher-

Clar. Alas! for whose sake did I that ill deed!

Murd. Whom thou wast sworn to cherish and defend.

Clar. How canst thou urge God's dread-ful law to us, when thou hast broke it in such dear degree?

Murd. Alas! for my brother, for his sake!

Clar. How canst thou urge God's dread-ful law to us, when thou hast broke it in such dear degree?

Murd. Whom thou wast sworn to cherish and defend.

Clar. How canst thou urge God's dread-ful law to us, when thou hast broke it in such dear degree?

Murd. Whom thou wast sworn to cherish and defend.

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Murd. Whom thou wast sworn to cherish and defend.

Clar. How canst thou urge God's dread-ful law to us, when thou hast broke it in such dear degree?

Murd. Whom thou wast sworn to cherish and defend.

Clar. It cannot be; for he bewept my fortune,

And hugg'd me in his arms, and swore, with That he would labour my delivery. [sobs,

1 Murd. Why, so he doth, when he delivers you [heaven.

From this earth's thralldom to the joys of

2 Murd. Make peace with God, for you must die, my lord. [souls,

Clar. Have you that holy feeling in your To counsel me to make my peace with God,

And are you yet to your own souls so blind, That you will war with God by murdering me?

O, sirs, consider, they that set you on To do this deed, will hate you for the deed.

2 Murd. What shall we do?

Clar. Relent, and save your souls.

1 Murd. Relent! 'tis cowardly, and woman-ish. [devilish.—

Clar. Not to relent, is beastly, savage, Which of you, if you were a prince's son,

Being pent from liberty, as I am now, If two such murderers as yourselves came to you,

Would not entreat for life?—

My friend, I spy some pity in thy looks;

O, if thine eye be not a flatterer;

Come thou on my side, and entreat for me, As you would beg, were you in my distress.

A begging prince what beggar pities not!

2 Murd. Look behind you, my lord.

1 Murd. [Stabs him.] Take that, and that: if all this will not do,

I'll drown you in the malmsy-butt within. [Exit with the body.

2 Murd. A bloody deed, and desperately despatch'd!

How fain, like Pilate, would I wash my hands Of this most grievous guilty murder done!

Re-enter first Murderer.

1 Murd. How now! what mean'st thou, that thou help'st me not?

By heaven, the duke shall know how slack you have been. [his brother!

2 Murd. I would he knew that I had sav'd Take thou the fee, and tell him what I say;

For I repent me that the duke is slain. [Exit.

1 Murd. So do not I: go, coward as thou Well, I'll go hide the body in some hole, [art,

Till that the duke give order for his burial;

And when I leave my mood, I will away;

For this will out, and then I must not stay. [Exit.

ACT II.

SCENE I.—London. A Room in the Palace.

Enter King Edward, (led in sick,) Queen Elizabeth, Dorset, Rivers, Hastings, Buckingham, Grey, and others.

K. Edw. Why, so;—now have I done a good day's work:—

You peers, continue this united league;

I every day expect an embassy

From my Redeemer to redeem me hence;
And more in peace my soul shall part to heaven,
Since I have made my friends at peace on earth.
Rivers and Hastings, take each other's hands;
Dissemble not your hatred, swear your love.

Riv. By heaven, my soul is purg'd from
grudging hate;

And with my hand I seal my true heart's love.

Hast. So thrive I, as I truly swear the like!

K. Edw. Take heed, you dally not before
your king;

Lest he, that is the supreme King of kings,
Confound your hidden falsehood, and award
Either of you to be the other's end.

Hast. So prosper I, as I swear perfect love!

Riv. And I, as I love Hastings with my
heart!

K. Edw. Madam, yourself are not except
Nor you, son Dorset, — Buckingham, not
you;

You have been factious one against the other.
Wife, love lord Hastings, let him kiss your
And what you do, do it unfeignedly. [Hand;

Q. Eliz. There, Hastings; I will never more
remember

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 inviolable.

Hast. And so swear I. [Embraces Dorset.

K. Edw. Now, princely Buckingham, seal
thou this league

With thy embracements to my wife's allies,
And make me happy in your unity.

Buck. [To the Queen.] Whenever Bucking-
ham doth turn his hate

Upon your grace, but with all dutious love,
Doth cherish you and yours, God punish me
With hate in those where I expect most love!
When I have most need to employ a friend,
And most assur'd that he is a friend,
Deep, hollow, treacherous, and full of guile,
Be he unto me! — This do I beg of heaven,
When I am cold in love to you or yours.

[Embracing Rivers, &c.

K. Edw. A pleasing cordial, princely Buck-
ingham,

Is this thy vow unto my sickly heart.
There wanteth now our brother Gloster here,
To make the blessed period of this peace.

Buck. And, in good time, here comes the
noble duke.

Enter Gloster.

Glo. Good-morrow to my sov'reign king and
queen;
And princely peers, a happy time of day!

K. Edw. Happy, indeed, as we have spent
the day.

Gloster, we have done deeds of charity;
Made peace of enmity, fair love of hate,
Between these swelling wrong-incens'd peers.

Glo. A blessed labour, my most sov'reign
Among this princely heap, if any here, [lord.

By false intelligence, or wrong

Hold me a foe;

If I unwittingly, or in my rage,
Have aught committed that is hardly

By any in this presence, I desire
To reconcile me to his friendly

'Tis death to me to be at enmity;
I hate it, and desire all good men's love.

First, madam, I entreat true peace of you,
Which I will purchase with my dukedom

Of you, my noble cousin Buckingham;
If ever any grudge were lodg'd between us

Of you, and you, lord Rivers, and of the
Of you, and you, lord Rivers, and of the

That all without desert have cover'd
Of you, lord Woodville, and lord Rivers

Dukes, earls, lords, gentlemen; indeed,
I do not know that Englishman alive

With whom my soul is any jot at odds
More than the infant that is born to-day

I thank my God for my humanity.
Q. Eliz. A holiday shall this be

I would to God all strife were
pounded.

My sov'reign lord, I do beseech your
To take our brother Clarence to your

Glo. Why, madam, have I odds of you
To be so flouted in this royal presence?

Who knows not that the gentle duke is
You do him injury to scorn his

K. Edw. Who knows not he is a
knows he is?

Q. Eliz. All-seeing heaven, what a
Buck. Look I so pale, lord Dorset

rest?

Dor. Ay, my good lord; and no
But his red colour hath forsook his

K. Edw. Is Clarence dead?

Glo. But he, poor man, by your
And that a winged Mercury did

Some tardy cripple bore him hence,
That came too lag to see him turn'd.

God grant that some, less noble and
Nearer in bloody thoughts, and not

Deserve not worse than wretched
And yet go current from suspicion.

Enter Stanley.

Stan. A haen, my sov'reign, for my
done!

K. Edw. I pry thee, peace; my soul
Stan. I will not rise, unless you

hear me.

K. Edw. Then say at once, what
Stan. The forfeit, sov'reign, of my

Who slew to-day a riotous gentleman
Lately attendant on the duke of

K. Edw. Have I a tongue to
brother's death,

And shall that tongue give pardon
My brother kill'd no man, his fault was

And yet his punishment was bitter
Who said to me for him? who, in my

Kneel'd at my feet, and bad me be

who spoke of love?
 He told me how the poor soul did forsake
 The mighty Warwick, and did fight for me!
 Who told me, in the field at Tewkesbury,
 How Edward had me down, he rescu'd me,
 And said, "Dear brother, live, and be a king!"
 He told me, when we both lay in the field,
 Almost to death, how he did lap me
 In his garments, and did give himself,
 All naked, to the numb-cold night?
 This from my remembrance brutish wrath
 Fully pluck'd, and not a man of you
 Had so much grace to put it in my mind.
 When your carters, or your waiting-vassals,
 Have done a drunken slaughter, and defac'd
 The precious image of our dear Redeemer,
 You straight are on your knees for pardon;
 And I, unjustly too, must grant it you:—
 For my brother not a man would speak,—
 My brothers, speak unto myself
 My poor soul. The proudest of you all
 Have been beholden to him in his life;
 And some of you would once beg for his life.
 I fear, thy justice will take hold
 On me, and you, and mine, and yours, for this.
 Hastings, help me to my closet.
 [Exit Clarence.]

[Enter King, Queen, Hastings,
 Rivers, Dorset, and Grey.]
 This is the fruit of rashness! Mark'd
 You not,
 That the guilty kindred of the queen
 Did urge it still unto the king: [death]
 I fear, thy justice will take hold
 On me, and you, and mine, and yours, for this.
 Hastings, help me to my closet.
 [Exit Clarence.]

SCENE II.—*The Same.*
 The Duchess of York, with a Son and
 Daughter of Clarence.
 Good grandam, tell us, is our father
 Dead?

No, boy.
 Why do you weep so oft, and beat
 Your forehead?
 Why do you look on us, and shake
 Your head?
 We are all as orphans, wretches, castaways,
 Since our noble father be alive!

Sly pretty cousins, you mistake me
 For the sickness of the king. [both,
 To lose him, not your father's death;
 Then, you conclude, my grandam, he
 Is dead.]

My uncle is to blame for this:
 He will revenge it: whom I will importune
 With prayers all to that effect.
 And so will I.

[Love you well:
 The king doth
 Love, children, peace! the king doth
 And shallow innocents, [death,
 Cannot guess who caus'd your father's

Son. Grandam, we can; for my good uncle
 Gloster

Told me, the king, provok'd to it by the queen,
 Devis'd impeachments to imprison him:
 And when my uncle told me so, he wept,
 And pitied me, and kindly kiss'd my cheek;
 Bade me rely on him, as on my father,
 And he would love me dearly as his child.

Duch. Ah, that deceit should steal such
 gentle shape,
 And with a virtuous visor hide deep vices!
 He is my son; ay, and therein my shame;
 Yet from my hugs he drew not this deceit.

Son. Think you my uncle did dissemble,
 Duch. Ay, boy. [Grandam?]

Son. I cannot think it.—Hark: what noise
 is this?

Enter Queen Elizabeth, distractedly; Rivers
 and Dorset following her.

Q. Eliz. Ah, 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. [patience?]

Duch. What means this scene of rude im-

Q. Eliz. To make an act of tragic violence.
 Edward, my lord, thy son, our king, is dead.
 Why grow the branches when the root is gone?
 Why wither not the leaves that want their sap?
 If you will live, lament; if die, be brief.
 That our swift-winged souls may catch the
 Or, like obedient subjects, follow him [king's];
 To his new kingdom of perpetual rest.

Duch. Ah, so much interest have I in thy
 As I had title in thy noble husband! [sorrow,
 I have bewept a worthy husband's death,
 And liv'd with looking on his images:
 But now two mirrors of his princely semblance
 Are crack'd in pieces by malignant death,
 And I for comfort have but one false glass,
 That grieves me when I see my shame in him.
 Thou art a widow; yet thou art a mother,
 And hast the comfort of thy children left:
 But death hath snatch'd my husband from
 mine arms, [hands,—

And pluck'd two crutches from my feeble
 Clarence and Edward. O, what cause have I,
 (Thine being but a moiety of my own),
 To overgo thy woes, and drown thy cries?

Son. Ah, aunt, you wept not for our father's
 death;

How can we aid you with our kindred tears?
 Daugh. Our fatherless distress was left
 unmean'd;

Your widow-dolour likewise be unwept!

Q. Eliz. Give me no help in lamentation;
 I am not barren to bring forth complaints:
 All springs reduce their currents to mine eyes,
 That I, being govern'd by the wat'ry moon,
 May send forth plenteous tears to drown the
 world!

Ah, for my husband, for my dear lord, Edward!

Chil. Ah, for our father, for our dear lord
 Clarence!

Duch. Alas, for both, both mine, Edward and Clarence!

Q. Eliz. What stay had I but Edward? and he's gone.

Chil. What stay had we but Clarence? *Duch.* What stays had I but they? and they are gone.

Q. Eliz. Was never widow had so dear a child. Were never orphans had so dear a loss.

Duch. Was never mother had so dear a loss.

Alas, I am the mother of these griefs! Their woes are parcel'd, mine are general.

She for an Edward weeps, and so do I; I for a Clarence weep, and so do I;

These babes for Clarence weep, and so do I; I for an Edward weep, and so do they:—

Alas, you three, on me, threefold distress'd,

Pour all your tears, I am your sorrow's nurse, And I will pamper it with lamentation.

Dor. Comfort, dear mother: God is much displeas'd

That you take with unthankfulness his doing: In common worldly things, 'tis call'd ungrateful,

With dull unwillingness to repay a debt, Which with a bounteous hand was kindly lent;

Much more to be thus opposite with heaven, For it requires the royal debt it lent you.

Riv. Madam, bethink you, like a careful mother,

Of the young prince your son: send straight Let him be crown'd; in him your comfort lives:

Drawn desperate sorrow in dead Edward's grave,

And plant your joys in living Edward's throne.

Under Gloster, Buckingham, Stanley, Hastings, Rabeliff, and others.

Glo. Sister, have comfort: all of us have cause

To wail the dimming of our shining star; But none can cure their harms by wailing them.

Madam, my mother, I do cry you mercy; I did not see your grace:—humbly on my knee

I crave your blessing. *[In thy breast,*

Duch. God bless thee; and put meekness Love, charity, obedience, and true duty!

Glo. Amen; and make me die a good old man!

[Aside.] That is the butt-end of a mother's marvel that her grace did leave it out.

Back. You cloudy princes, and heart-sorrowing peers,

That bear this heavy mutual 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-swollen hearts, But lately splinter'd, knit, and join'd together,

Must gently be preserv'd, cherish'd, and kept: Ne scometh good, that, with some little train,

Forthwith from Ludlow the young prince be set Hither to London, to be crown'd our king.

Riv. Why, with some little train, my lord of Buckingham!

Back. Marry, my lord, lent, by a multitude,

The new-heal'd wound of malice should bleed out;

Which would be so much the more griev'd By how much the estate is grown and ungovern'd:

Where every horse bears his command, And may direct his course as he please;

As well the fear of barn, as fear of law, In my opinion, ought to be prevent;

Glo. I hope the king made peace with you, And the compact is firm and true in you.

Riv. And so in me; and so, I think, in you. Yet, since it is but green, it should be kept

To no apparent likelihood of breach, Which haply by much company might

Therefore I say with noble Buckingham, That it is meet so few should look on it.

Hast. And so say I. *Glo.* Then be it so; and go we to the king.

Who they shall be that straight shall follow.

Ludlow. Madam, and you my mother, will you

To give your censures in this business? *[Exeunt all except Buckingham and*

Duch. My lord, whoever journey prince,

For God's sake, let not us two stay at home. For, by the way, I'll sort occasion

As index to the story we late told, to show To part the queen's proud ambition

Glo. My other self, my counsellor, My oracle, my prophet!—My dear

I, as a child, will go by thy direction Towards Ludlow then, for well I know

behind.

SCENE III.—London.

Enter two Citizens, neighbours.

1 Cit. Good morrow, neighbour!

2 Cit. I promise you, I search'd for you.

Hear you the news abroad?

1 Cit. Yes; that the Duke of York

2 Cit. Ill news, by'r lady!

the better:

I fear, I fear, 'twill prove a deadly

3 Cit. Neighbours, God speed!

1 Cit. Give you good

3 Cit. Doth the news hold of

Edward's death?

2 Cit. Ay, sir, it is too true; the

3 Cit. Then, masters, look to it

world.

1 Cit. No, no; by God's grace,

3 Cit. Woe to that land that

a child!

2 Cit. In him there is a hope of

That, in his nouch, cometh under

And, in his full and ripen'd ear,

No doubt, shall there, and all

well.

1 Cit. So stood the state, when

Was crown'd at Paris late at his

2 Cit. Good the state so? no, no, good

friends, God wot;

For that this land was famously enrich'd

With politic grave counsel; then the king

And various uncles to protect his grace.

1 Cit. Why, so hath this, both by his father

and mother.

2 Cit. But it were they all came by his

father, there were none at all;

For now, who shall be nearest,

Will look as all too near, if God prevent not.

1 Cit. But of danger is the duke of Gloster!

And the queen's sons and brothers haught and

proud:

For they to be rul'd, and not to rule,

Shall land might solace as before.

2 Cit. Come, come, we fear the worst; all

will be well.

1 Cit. When clouds are seen, wise men put

their sun sets, who doth not look for

night!

For storms make men expect a dearth.

2 Cit. I say so; but, if God sort it so,

more than we deserve, or I expect.

1 Cit. Truly, the hearts of men are full of

the least occasion almost with a man.

2 Cit. Before the days of change, still is it so:

For men's minds mistrust

danger; as, by proof, we see

water swell before a hoist rous storm.

1 Cit. I'll fall to God. Whither away?

2 Cit. Marry, we were sent for to the

palace.

1 Cit. And so was I; I'll bear you company.

[Exeunt.]

SCENE IV.—London. A Room in 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 Stony

Stratford;

2 York. At Northampton they do rest to-night:

Arch. Of next day, they will be here.

2 York. I long with all my heart to see the

queen.

Arch. Is much grown since last I saw him.

2 York. But I hear, no; they say my son

of York

as usual occasion him in his growth.

Arch. Ay, mother, but I would not have it so.

2 York. My young cousin! it is good

to grow.

Arch. Grandam, one night, as we did sit at

supper,

the Rivers told how I did grow

by my mother: "Ay," quoth my uncle

Richard,

"I would not grow so fast,

as west flowers are slow, and weeds

make haste."

2 York. Good faith, 'good faith, the saying

is true.

Arch. In him that did object the same to thee:

He was the wretched'st thing when he was

So long a-growing, and so leisurely, (young,

That, if his rule were true, he should be

gracious.

Arch. And so, no doubt, he is, my gracious

Duch. I hope he is; but yet let mothers

doubt.

Remember'd,

York. Now, by my troth, if I had been

I could have given my uncle's grace a flout,

To touch his growth nearer than he touch'd

mine.

[Let me hear it.]

Duch. How, my young York? I pry thee,

York. Marry, they say my uncle grew so fast,

That he could gnaw a crust at two hours old:

'Twas full two years ere I could get a tooth.

Grandam, this would have been a biting jest.

Duch. I pry thee, pretty York, who told

York. Grandam, his nurse.

[Thee this!]

Duch. His nurse! why, she was dead ere

thou wast born.

[Told me.]

York. If 'twere not she, I cannot tell who

Q. Eliz. A parlous boy!—go to, you are

too shrewd.

Arch. Good madam, be not angry with the

Q. Eliz. Pitchers have ears.

[Child.]

Enter a Messenger.

Arch. Here comes a messenger.

What news!

Mess. Such news, my lord, as grieves me to

Q. Eliz. How doth the prince?

[Report.]

Mess. Well, madam, and in health.

Duch. What is thy news?

[To Pomfret.]

Mess. Lord Rivers and lord Grey are sent

With them Sir Thomas Vaughan, prisoners.

Duch. Who hath committed them?

Mess. The mighty dukes

Gloster and Buckingham.

Arch. For what offence?

Mess. The sum of all I can, I have disclos'd:

Why or for what the nobles were committed,

Is all unknown to me, my gracious lord.

Q. Eliz. Ah me, I see the ruin of my house.

The tiger now hath seiz'd the gentle hind;

Insulting tyranny begins to jut

Upon the innocent and awless throne;

Welcome, destruction, blood, and massacre!

I see, as in a map, the end of all.

[Days.]

Duch. Accurs'd and unquiet wrangling

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 tost,

For me to joy, and weep, their gain and loss:

And being seated, and domestic broils

Clean over-blown, themselves, the conquerors,

Make war upon themselves; brother to brother,

Blood to blood, self against self: O, pre-

posterous

And frantic outrage, and thy damm'd spleen;

Or let me die, to look on death no more!

Q. Eliz. Come, come, my boy; we will to

Madam, farewell.

[Sanctuary.]

Duch. Stay, I will go with you.

Q. Eliz. You have no cause.

Arch. [To the Queen.] My gracious lady, go:
And thither bear your treasure and your goods.
For my part, I'll resign unto your grace
The seal I keep: and so betide to me,
As well I tender you, and all of yours!
Come, I'll conduct you to the sanctuary.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT III.

SCENE I.—London. A Street.

The trumpets sound. Enter the Prince of Wales, Gloster, Buckingham, Catesby, Cardinal Beaufort, and others.

Buck. Welcome, sweet prince, to London,
to your chamber. [sovereign;]

Glo. Welcome, dear cousin, my thoughts
The weary way hath made you melancholy.

Prince. No, uncle; but our crosses on the
way

Have made it tedious, wearisome, and heavy:
I want more uncles here to welcome me.

Glo. Sweet prince, the untainted virtue of
your years

Hath not yet divid'd into the world's deceit:
No more can you distinguish of a man, [knows,

Than of his outward show; which, God he
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. [to greet you.

Glo. My lord, the mayor of London comes
Enter the Lord Mayor, and his train.

May. God bless your grace with health and
happy days!

Prince. I thank you, good my lord;—and
thank you all.— [*Exeunt Mayor, &c.*]

I thought my mother, and my brother York,
Would long ere this have met us on the way:

Fie, what a slug is Hastings, that he comes not
To tell us whether they will come or no!

Enter Hastings.

Buck. And in good time here comes the
sweating lord. [mother come!]

Prince. Welcome, my lord; what, will our
not I, [York,

The queen your mother, and your brother
Have taken sanctuary: the tender prince

Would fain have come with me to meet your
grace,

But by his mother was perforce withheld.

Buck. Why, what an indirect and peevish
course

Is this of hers!—Lord cardinal, will your
Persuade the queen to send the duke of York

Unto his princely brother presently?

If she deny, lord Hastings, go with him,
And from her jealous arms pluck him perforce.

Card. My lord of Buckingham, it is
oratory

Can from his mother win the duke of York.

Anon expect him here; but if she be
To mild entreaties, God in heaven forbid!

We should infringe the holy privilege
Of blessed sanctuary: not for all that

Would I be guilty of so great a sin.

Buck. You are too senseless, platitudinous,
Too ceremonious and traditional:

Weigh it but with the goodness of this
You break not sanctuary in seeking him.

The benefit thereof is always granted
To those whose dealings have desert

place,
And those who have the wit to choose

This prince hath neither claim'd it
serv'd it;

And therefore, in mine opinion, cannot have
Then, taking him from thence that

there,
You break no privilege nor charter there

Of have I heard of sanctuary men;
But sanctuary children, ne'er till now.

Card. My lord, you shall observe my
for once.

Come on, lord Hastings, will you go with
Hast. I go, my lord.

Prince. Good lords, make all the
haste you may.

[*Exeunt Cardinal and Hastings.*]

Say, uncle Gloster, if our brother comes
Where shall we sojourn till our coronation?

Glo. Where it seems best unto your
self.

If I may counsel you, some day or two
Your highness shall repose you at the

Then where you please, and shall be
most fit

For your best health and recreation.

Prince. I do not like the Tower.

Did Julius Caesar build that place, my
Buck. He did, my gracious lord,

place;
Which, since, succeeding ages have

Prince. Is it upon record, or else
Successively from age to age, he built

Buck. Upon record, my gracious lord.

Prince. But say, my lord, it were
ter'd,

Methinks the truth should live from
As 'twere retail'd to all posterity.

Even to the general all-ending day.

Glo. [Aside.] So wise so young
do ne'er live long.

Prince. What say you, uncle?

Glo. I say, without character, [to
[Aside.] Thus, like the formal Vice,

I moralize two meanings in one word.

Prince. That Julius Caesar was
man;

With what his valour did enrich his
His wit set down to make his valour

Death makes no conquest of this copy.

live in false, though not in life.—
 What, my gracious lord?

As if I live until I be a man,
 or an ancient right in France again,
 as I liv'd a king.

Short summers lightly have a
 forward spring.
 Enter York, Hastings, and the Cardinal.
 Now, in good time, here comes the
 duke of York.

Richard of York! how fares our
 loving brother?

Well, my dread lord; so must I call
 you.

Ay, brother, to our grief, as it is
 yours.

He died that might have kept that title,
 by his death hath lost much majesty.

How fares our cousin, noble lord of
 York?

I thank you, gentle uncle. O, my
 lord, that idle weeds are fast in growth:

My brother hath outgrown me far.
 He hath, my lord.

And therefore is he idle?
 O, my fair cousin, I must not say so.

Then he is more beholden to you
 than I.

He may command me as my sovereign;
 you have power in me as in a kinsman.

I pray you, uncle, give me this dagger.
 My dagger, little cousin? with all my
 heart.

A beggar, brother?
 Of my kind uncle, that I know will

give me a toy, which is no grief to give.
 A greater gift than that I'll give my
 cousin.

A greater gift! O, that's the sword
 Ay, gentle cousin, were it light enough.

O, then, I see, you'll part but with
 light gifts?

Lighter things you'll say a beggar, nay.
 How it is too weighty for your grace to

weigh it lightly, were it heavier.
 What, would you have my weapon,
 little lord?

I would, that I might thank you, as
 you call me.

How?
 My lord of York will still be cross
 in talk:

Your grace knows how to bear with
 me; to bear me, not to bear

me; that I am little, like an ape,
 that you should bear me on your
 shoulders.

[With his reasons.]
 With what a sharp-provided
 tongue, and aptly taunts himself:

and so young, is wonderful.

Glo. My lord, will't please you pass along?
 Myself and my good cousin Buckingham
 Will to your mother, to entreat of her
 To meet you at the Tower, and welcome you.

York. What, will you go unto the Tower,
 my lord?

[It so.]
 Prince. My lord protector needs will have
 York. I shall not sleep in quiet at the Tower.

Glo. Why, what would you fear?
 York. Marry, my uncle Clarence' angry
 ghost:

My grandam told me he was murder'd there.
 Prince. I fear no uncles dead.

Glo. Nor none that live, I hope. [Fear.]
 Prince. An if they live, I hope, I need not
 But come, my lord; and, with a heavy heart,
 Thinking on them, go I unto the Tower.

[Sennet. Enter Prince, York, Hastings,
 Cardinal, and Attendants.]
 Buck. Think you, my lord, this little prating
 Was not incensed by his subtle mother [York]
 To taunt and scorn you thus opprobriously?

Glo. No doubt, no doubt: O, 'tis a parlous
 Bold, quick, ingenious, forward, capable boy:
 He's all the mother's, from the top to toe.

Buck. Well, let them rest.
 Come hither, Catesby; thou art sworn
 As deeply to effect what we intend,
 As closely to conceal what we impart:
 Thou know'st our reasons urg'd upon the way;
 What think'st thou? is it not an easy matter
 To make William lord Hastings of our mind,
 For the instalment of this noble duke
 In the seat royal of this famous isle?

Cate. He for his father's sake so loves the
 prince,

[him.]
 That he will not be won to aught against
 Buck. What think'st thou, then, of Stanley?

will not he?

Cate. He will do in all as Hastings doth.

Buck. Well then, no more but this: go
 gentle Catesby,

[Hastings.]
 And, as it were far off, sound thou lord
 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 tell him all our reasons:
 If he be leaden, icy, cold, unwilling,
 Be thou so too; and so break off the talk,
 And give us notice of his inclination:
 For we to-morrow hold divided councils,
 Wherein thyself shalt highly be employ'd.

Glo. Commend me to lord William: tell
 him, Catesby,

His ancient knot of dangerous adversaries
 To-morrow are let blood at Pomfret castle;
 And bid my lord, for joy of this good news,
 Give mistress Shore one gentle kiss the more.

Buck. Good Catesby, go, effect this business
 soundly.

[I can.]
 Cate. My good lords both, with all the heed
 Glo. Shall we hear from you, Catesby, ere
 Gate. You shall, my lord.

[We sleep]

Glo. At Crosby-place, there you shall find us both. [*Exit Catesby.*]
Buck. Now, my lord, what shall we do, if we perceive Lord Hastings will not yield to our complots?
Glo. Chop off his head;—something we will do:—
 And, look, when I am king, claim thou of me The earldom of Hereford, and all the moveables
 Whereof the king, my brother, was possess'd.
Buck. I'll claim that promise at your grace's hand. [*Kindness.*]
Glo. And look to have it yielded with all Come, let us sup betimes, that afterwards We may digest our complots in some form. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—Before Lord Hastings' House.
 Enter a Messenger.

Mess. [*Knocking.*] My lord! my lord!—
Hast. [*Within.*] Who knocks?
Mess. One from the lord Stanley.
Hast. [*Within.*] What is't o'clock?
Mess. Upon the stroke of four.
Enter Hastings.
Hast. Cannot my lord Stanley sleep these tedious nights?
Mess. So it appears by that I have to say. First, he commends him to your noble self.
Hast. What then?
Mess. Then certifies your lordship, that this He dreamt the bear had razed off his helm: Besides, he says there are two councils held; And that may be determin'd at the one, Which may make you and him to rue at th' other.
 Therefore he sends to know your lordship's pleasure,—
 If you will presently take horse with him, And with all speed post with him towards the north,
 To shun the danger that his soul divines.
Hast. Go, fellow, go, return unto thy lord; Bid him not fear the separated councils: His honour and myself are at the one, And at the other is my good friend Catesby; Where nothing can proceed that toucheth us, Whereof I shall not have intelligence. Tell him his fears are shallow, without instance: And for his dreams, I wonder he's so simple To trust the mockery of unquiet slumbers; To fly the bear, before the bear pursues, Were to incense the bear 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 bear will use us kindly.
Mess. I'll go, my lord, and tell him what you say. [*Exit.*]
Enter Catesby.
Cate. Many good morrows to my noble lord!

Hast. Good morrow, Catesby; I am early stirring.
 What news, what news, in this our world?
Cate. It is a reeling world, indeed, my lord. And I believe will never stand upright. Till Richard wear the garland of the roses.
Hast. How! wear the garland of the roses? mean the crown?
Cate. Ay, my good lord.
Hast. I'll have this crown of mine should mean the crown;
 Before I'll see the crown so foul misplaced. But canst thou guess that he doth aim at it?
Cate. Ay, on my life; and hopes to have it forward.
 Upon his party for the gain thereof. And thereupon he sends you this good news. That this same very day your enemy, The kindred of the queen, must die of his own news.
Hast. Indeed, I am no mourner for news, Because they have been still my adversary. But, that I'll give my voice on Richard. To bar my master's heirs in true descent. God knows, I will not do it, to the death.
Cate. God keep your lordship in such a sound mind!
Hast. But I shall laugh at this a while. That they which brought me in my adversity I live to look upon their tragedy. Well, Catesby, ere a fortnight make me I'll send some packing that yet think me a lord.
Cate. 'Tis a vile thing to die, my lord.
 When men are unprepar'd, and look for life.
Hast. O monstrous, monstrous! I shall fall it out.
 With Rivers, Vaughan, Grey; and so I shall. With some men else, who think themselves safe.
 As thou and I; who, as thou know'st, are To princely Richard and to Burkingham.
Cate. The princes both make high of you,—
 [*Aside.*] For they account his head as precious as mine.
Hast. I know they do, and I have seen 'em serv'd it.
Enter Stanley.
 Come on, come on; where is your brother? Fear you the bear, and go so unprovided?
Stan. My lord, good morrow;—good morrow, Catesby:—
 You may jest on, but by the holy rod, I do not like these several counsels.
Hast. My lord, I hold my life as dear as you do yours;
 And never, in my days, I do pretend Was it so precious to me as 'tis now. Think you, but that I know our state is I would be so triumphant as I am!
Stan. The lords at Pomfret, when they were from London,
 Were jocund, and suppos'd their lives were And they, indeed, had no cause to be so.

3, 4. *How yet, you see, how soon the day o'ercrest,
The golden stab of rancour I mislaid;
God, I say, I prove a needless coward!
What shall we toward the Tower! the day is spent.*

North. Come, come, have with you.—Wot you what, my lord?
South. They, for their truth, might better wear their heads,
Than some that have accus'd them wear their hats.
Enter a Pursuivant.
North. Go on before; I'll talk with this good fellow.
South. How now, sirrah! how goes the world with thee?

North. The better, that your lordship please to ask.
South. I tell thee, man, 'tis better with me [to ask].
[we meet:]
North. When thou met'st me last, where now was I going prisoner to the Tower,
At the suggestion of the queen's allies;
And now, I tell thee, (keep it to thyself,) I am in better state than ere I was. [content!]

South. God hold it, to your honour's good! There, drink that dram of merriment, fellow.
North. I thank your honour.
Enter a Priest.
South. Well met, my lord; I am glad to see your honour.

North. I thank thee, good sir John, with all my heart.
South. Your debt for your last exercise; I'll pay the next Sabbath, and I will content you.
Enter Buckingham.
North. What, talking with a priest, lord chamberlain?

South. Friends at Pomfret, they do need the honour hath no surviving work in hand.
North. Good faith, and when I met this holy man, you talk of came into my mind.
South. I do, my lord; but long I cannot stay to return before your lordship thence.

North. Nay, like enough, for I stay dinner there.
South. [Aside.] And supper too, although [thou know'st it not].
North. I'll wait upon your lordship.
[Exit South.]

Scene III.—Pomfret. Before the Castle.
Enter Ratcliff, with a Guard, conducting Grey, and Vaughan, to execution.
North. Sir Richard Ratcliff, let me tell thee I shall thou behold a subject die for duty, and for loyalty. [of you!]
Grey. God bless the prince from all the pack of you are of damned blood-suckers.

Vaughan. You live that shall cry woe for this hereafter.

Ratcliff. Despatch; the limit of your lives is out.
North. O Pomfret, Pomfret! O thou bloody fatal and ominous to noble peers! [prison,]
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 fallen upon our heads,

When she exclaim'd on Hastings, you, and I,
For standing by when Richard stabb'd her son.
North. Then curs'd she Richard, then curs'd she Buckingham,
Then curs'd she Hastings: O, remember, God,
To bear her prayer 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 spill'd!

Ratcliff. Make haste; the hour of death is expiate.
North. Come, Grey,—come, Vaughan, let us farewell, until we meet again in heaven.
[Exit South.]

Scene IV.—London. A Room in the Tower.
Buckingham, Stanley, Hastings, the Bishop of Ely, Ratcliff, Lovel, and others, sitting at a table: Officers of the Council attending.

Hast. Now, noble peers, the cause why we is to determine of the coronation: [are met]
In God's name, speak, when is the royal day?
Buck. Are all things ready for that royal time?
Stanley. They are; 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 noble duke?
Ely. Your grace, we think, should soonest know his mind. [hearts,]
Buck. We know each other's faces; for our He knows no more of mine, than I of yours;
Nor I of his, my lord, 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: [time;]
But you, my honourable lords, may name the
And in the duke's behalf I'll give my voice,
Which, I presume, he'll take in gentle part.
Ely. In happy time, here comes the duke himself.

Enter Gloster.
Glo. My noble lords and cousins, all, good morrow.
I have been long a sleeper; but, I trust,
My absence doth neglect no great design,
Which by my presence might have been concluded.
Buck. Had you not come upon your cue, my lord.

William lord Hastings had pronounc'd your part,

I mean, your voice, for crowning of the king.
Glo. Than my lord Hastings no man might be bolder;

His lordship knows me well, and loves me well.
My lord of Ely, 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.

Glo. Cousin of Buckingham, a word with you.

Catesby hath sound'd Hastings in our business,
And finds the teaty gentleman so hot,
That he will lose his head, ere give consent
His master's child, as worshipfully he terms it,
Shall lose the royalty of England's throne.

Buck. Withdraw yourself a while, I'll go with you.

Enter Gloucester and Buckingham.
Stan. We have not yet set down this day of triumph.

To-morrow, in my judgment, is too sudden;
For I myself am not so well provided
As else I would be, were the day prolong'd.

Re-enter Bishop of Ely.
Ely. Where is my lord, the duke of Gloucester?
I have sent for these strawberries.

Hast. His grace looks cheerfully and smooth this morning;

There's some conceit or other likes him well,
When that he bids good morrow with such spirit.

I think there's never a man in Christendom
Can lesser hide his hate or love than he;
For by his face straight shall you know his heart.

Stan. What of his heart perceived you in his
By any likelihood he show'd to-day?

Hast. Marry, that with no man here he is
offended;

For, were he, he had shown it in his looks.
Re-enter Gloucester and Buckingham.

Glo. I pray you all, tell me what they deserve,

That do conspire my death with devilish plots
Of damned witchcraft, and that have prevail'd
Upon my body with their hellish charms?

Hast. The tender love I bear your grace,
my lord,

Makes me most forward in this princely pre-
To doom th' offenders: whose'er they be,
I say, my lord, they have deserved death.

Glo. Then be your eyes the witness of their
evil:

Look how I am bewitch'd; behold mine arm
Is like a blasted sapling wither'd up; [wiltch,
And this is Edward's wife, that monstrous
Consort with that harlot trumpet Shore,
That by their witchcraft thus have mark'd me.

Hast. If they have done this deed, my noble
lord,—

Glo. If thou protector of this damned

Talk'st thou to me of traitor?

Off with his head!—now, by Saint Paul,
I will not dine until I see the execution.

Lovel and Ratcliff, look that it be done.
The rest, that love me, rise, and follow me.

[*Exeunt Council, with Gloucester and Hastings.*]
Hast. Woe, woe, for England! and woe
for me:

For I, too fond, might have prevent'd this
Stanley did dream the bear did rage;
And I did scorn it, and disdain'd to fly.

Three times to-day my foot hath
stumbled.

And started when he look'd upon the
Stanley did dream the bear did rage;
And I did scorn it, and disdain'd to fly.

I now repeat I told the parliament,
As too triumphing, how mine enemies
To-day at Pomfret bloodily were butcher'd.

And I myself secure in grace and favour.
O Margaret, Margaret, now thy beauty
Is lighted on poor Hastings' wretched face.

Rat. Come, come, despatch; the duke
be at dinner:

Make a short shift; he longs to see you.
Hast. O momentary peace of mortal
Which we more hunt for than the good!

Who builds his hope in air of your great
Lives like a drunken miller on a mast,
Ready, with every nod, to tumble down
Into the fatal bowels of the deep.

Lov. Come, come, despatch; the duke
Hast. O bloody Richard! time to draw up
I prophesy the fearfullest time to draw up
That ever wretched age hath look'd upon.

Come, lead me to the block; bear him
They smile at me, who shortly shall
be smother'd.

SCENE V.—London. The Tower.
*Enter Gloucester and Buckingham, in
armour, marvellous discomfited.*

Glo. Come, cousin, canst thou
change thy colour,

Murder thy breath in middle of a word,
And then again begin, and stop again,
As if thou wert distraught, and mad with grief?

Buck. Tut, I can counterfeit the
tragedian;

Speak and look back, and pry on over
Tremble and start at wagging of a straw,
Intending deep espiesion: ghastly looks
Are at my service, like enforced smiles.

And both are ready in their offices.
At any time, to grace my stratagems.
But what, is Catesby gone?

Glo. He is; and, see, he brings the
Enter the Lord Mayor and Catesby.

Buck. Lord Mayor,—
Glo. Look to the drawbridge there!

Buck. Catesby, o'erlook the walls.
Buck. Lord mayor, the reason

Look back, defend thee,—here are
enemies.

God and our innocence defend and
Lovel and Ratcliff, with Hastings' heart,
And Lovel, they are friends, Ratcliff
and Lovel.

Now here is the head of that ignoble traitor,
The dangerous and unsuspected Hastings.

So dear I lov'd the man, that I must
weep.

Look him for the plainest harmless creature,
That would upon the earth a Christian;
And his conversation with Shore's wife,—
The history of all her secret thoughts: [virtue,
Which he dash'd his vice with show of

his apparent open guilt omitted,—
In his conversation with Shore's wife,—
From all attainder of suspect.

Lov. Well, well, he was the covert's shel-
ter'd traitor.

Can you imagine, or almost believe,
That he should by great preservation
Be so to tell it, the subtle traitor
Who had plotted, in the council-house,
To murder me, and my good lord of Gloucester?

Glo. Had he done so?
What, think you we are Turks or
Infidels?

That we would, against the form of law,
Execute rashly in the villain's death,
The extreme peril of the case,
The safety of England and our persons' safety,
As to this execution?

Lov. Not, fair befall you! he deserv'd his
death.

Your good graces both have well pro-
vided for better at his hands,
To once tell in with mistress Shore.

Yet had we not determin'd he should
die, your lordship came to see his end; [die,
And the loving haste of these our friends,
Against our meaning, hath pro-
ceeded.

My lord, we would have had you
speak, and timorously confess
the purpose of his treasons;

And you might well have signified the same
to the citizens, who haply may
be so in him, and wail his death.

But my good lord, your grace's word
shall serve.

As I had seen, and heard him speak:
I do not doubt, right noble princes both,
Of your just proceedings in this case.

And that end we wish'd your lord-
ship here,
To witness the compass of the carping world.

But since you come too late of our
business, what you hear we did intend:
My good lord mayor, we bid farewell.

Exit Lord Mayor.
Now after, after, cousin Buckingham.

Enter the Lord Mayor and Catesby.
Buck. Lord mayor, the reason

Why the mayor towards Guildhall hies him in all
post:

There, at your meetest vantage of the time,
Infer the bastardy of Edward's children:
Tell them how Edward put to death a citizen,
Only for saying—he would make his son
Heir to the crown; meaning, indeed, his house,
Which, by the sign thereof, was termed so.

Moreover, urge his hateful luxury,
And bestial appetite in change of lust; [wives,
Which stretch'd unto their servants, daughters,
Even where his raging eye, or savage heart,
Without control list'd to make his prey.

Nay, for a need, thus far come near my
person:—
Tell them, when that my mother went with
Of that insatiate Edward, noble York, [child
My princely father, then had wars in France;
And, by true 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:
Yet touch this sparingly, as 'twere far off;
Because, my lord, you know my mother lives.

Buck. Doubt not, my lord, I'll play the orator,
As if the golden fee, for which I plead,
Were for myself: and so, my lord, adieu.
Glo. If you thrive well, bring them to
Baynard's castle;

Where you shall find me well accompanied,
With reverend fathers, and well-learned
bishops.

Buck. I go; and towards three or four o'clock,
Look for the news that the Guildhall affords.

Exit.
Glo. Go, Lovel, with all speed to Dr. Shaw,—
[To Catesby.] Give thou to Master Penker;—bid them
both
Meet me within this hour at Baynard's castle.
[*Exeunt Lovel and Catesby.*]
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 person
Have any time recourse unto the princes. [*Exit.*]

SCENE VI.—London. A Street.

Enter a Scrivener.

Scriv. Here is the indictment of the good
lord Hastings:

Which in a set hand fairly is engross'd,
That it may be to-day read o'er in Paul's:

And mark how well the sequel hangs together:
Eleven hours I have spent to write it over,
For yesternight by Catesby was it sent me;

The precedent was full as long a doing;
And yet within these five hours Hastings liv'd,
Untainted, unacquainted, free, at liberty.

Here's a good world the while! Who is so
gross,
That cannot see this palpable device?

Yet who so bold, but says he sees it not?
Bad is the world; and all will come to nought,
When such ill dealing must be seen in thought.

[*Exit.*]

SCENE VII.—London. *The Court of Baynard's Castle.*

Enter Gloster and Buckingham, meeting.

Glo. How now, how now! what say the citizens?

Buck. Now by the holy mother of our Lord, The citizens are mum, say not a word.

Glo. 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 inforcement of the city wives;
His tyranny for trifles; his own bastardy,—
As being got, your father then in France,
And his resemblance, being not like the duke:
Withal I did infer your lineaments,—
Being the right idea of your father,
Both in your form and nobleness of mind;
Laid open all your victories in Scotland,
Your discipline in war, wisdom in peace,
Your bounty, virtue, fair humility;
Indeed, left nothing fitting for your purpose
Untouch'd or slightly handled, in discourse:
And when my oratory drew toward end,
I bade them that did love their country's good,
Cry—"God save Richard, England's royal

Glo. And did they so? [*king!*"]

Buck. No, so God help me, they spake not a word:

But, like dumb statues, or breathing stones,
Star'd each on other, and look'd deadly pale.
Which when I saw, I reprehended them;
And ask'd the mayor what meant this wilful silence:

His answer was,—the people were not us'd
To be spoken to, but by the recorder.
Then he was urg'd to tell my tale again,—
"Thus saith the duke, thus hath the duke
inferred!"

But nothing spoke in warrant from himself.
When he had done, some followers of mine
own,

At lower end of the hall, hurl'd up their caps,
And some ten voices cried, "God save king
Richard!"

And thus I took the vantage of those few,—
"Thanks, gentle citizens and friends," quoth
"This general applause, and cheerful shout, [I;
Argues your wisdom, and your love to
Richard:"

And even here brake off, and came away.

Glo. What tongueless blocks were they!
would they not speak?

Will not the mayor, then, and his brethren,
come? [*some fear;*]

Buck. The mayor is here at hand. Intend
Be not you spoke with, but by mighty suit:
And look you get a prayer-book in your hand,
And stand between two churchmen, good my
lord;

For on that ground I'll make a holy descent;

And be not easily won to our request;
Play the maid's part, still answer
take it.

Glo. I go; and if you plead as well as
As I can say nay to thee for myself.
No doubt we'll bring it to a happy issue.

Buck. Go, go, up to the house;
mayor knocks.

*Enter the Lord Mayor, Aldermen,
Citizens.*

Welcome, my lord: I dance attendance
I think the duke will not be spoke with.

Enter, from the Castle, Catesby.
Now, Catesby, what says your lord's
request?

Cate. He doth entreat your grace
To visit him to-morrow or next day;
He is within, with two right reverend
Divinely bent to meditation;
And in no worldly suit would he be mov'd.

To draw him from his holy exercise.
Buck. Return, good Catesby, to the duke.
Tell him, myself, the mayor and aldermen
In deep designs, in matter of great
No less importing than our general good,
Are come to have some conference

Cate. I'll signify so much unto his
prince

Buck. Ah, ha, my lord, this prince
He is not lolling on a lewd day-bed;
But on his knees at meditation;

Not dallying with a brace of courtiers,
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 prince
Take on his grace the sovereignty thereof.

But, sure, I fear, we shall not win him.

May. Marry, God defend his grace,
say us may!

Buck. I fear he will. Here Catesby
Re-enter Catesby.

Now, Catesby, what says his grace?

Cate. He wonders to what end you
assembled

Such troops of citizens to come to him.
His grace not being warn'd thereof.

He fears, my lord, you mean to woo him.
Buck. Sorry I am my noble countess
Suspect me, that I mean no good to him.
By heaven, we come to him in person,
And so once more return, and bid him
welcome.

When holy and devout religious men
Are at their beads, 'tis much to see
So sweet is zealous contemplation.

*Enter Gloster, in a gallery above,
Bishops. Catesby returns.*

May. See, where his grace stands
two clergymen!

Buck. Two props of virtue for a
To stay him from the fall of vanity!

And see, a book of prayer in his hand!

Cate. Call them again, sweet prince, accept their suit:
If you deny them, all the land will rue it.
Glo. Will you enforce me to a world of cares?
Call them again. [Exit Catesby.]

I am not made of stone,
But penetrable to your kind entreaties,
Albeit against my conscience and my soul.
Re-enter Buckingham and Catesby; the Mayor, &c.

Cousin of Buckingham,—and sage, grave men,
Since you will buckle fortune on my back,
To bear her burden, wher 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 acquaint 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 of this.

May. God bless your grace! we see it, and will say it.

Glo. In saying so, you shall but say the truth.
Buck. Then I salute you with this royal title,—

Long live king Richard, England's worthy
All. Amen. [King.]

Buck. To-morrow may it please you to be crown'd?

Glo. Even when you please, for you will have it so.

Buck. To-morrow, then, we will attend your grace:

And so, most joyfully, we take our leave.
Glo. [To the Bishops.] Come, let us to our holy work again.

Farewell, my cousin;—farewell, gentle friends.
[Exit.]

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 wand'ring to the Tower,
On pure heart's love, to greet the tender prince.
Daughter, well met.

Anne. God give your graces both a happy and a joyful time of day!

Q. Eliz. As much to you, good sister! whither away?

Anne. No farther than the Tower; and, as upon the like devotion as yourselves, [I guess,] To gratulate the gentle prince there.

Q. Eliz. Kind sister, thanks: we'll enter all together:—

Enter Brakenbury.
And, in good time, here the lieutenant Master Lieutenant, pray you, by your leave, How doth the prince, and my young son York?

Brak. Right well, dear madam. By I may not suffer you to visit them; The king hath strictly charged [I mean] that I

Q. Eliz. The king! who's that?

Brak. I mean the lord protector.

Q. Eliz. The Lord protect him from a kingly title!

Hath he set bounds between this his mother and them?

Duch. I am their father's mother; I am their mother: I am in law, in blood, in love, their mother.

Anne. Their aunt I am in law, in blood, in love, their mother.

Then bring me to their sights; I'll see them And take thy office from thee, on my word.

Brak. No, madam, no, I may not leave you. I am bound by oath, and therefore

Enter Stanley.
Stan. Let me but meet you here, And I'll salute your grace of York with

And reverend looker-on of two fair daughters [To the Duchess of Gloucester.] Come, you must straight to Westminster.

There to be crown'd Richard's royal wife.

Q. Eliz. Ah, cut my lace asunder! That my pent heart may have some vent.

Or else I swoon with this dead-killing news!

Anne. Desperate tidings! O, my news!

Dor. Be of good cheer: methinks I see thee gone.

Q. Eliz. O Dorset, speak not to me of death and destruction; do thou at the Tower.

Thy mother's name is ominous to children; If thou wilt outstrip death, go cross the sea.

And live with Richmond from the Tower.

Go, his thee, his thee from this place; Lest thou increase the number of the dead.

And make me die the thrall of a curse.

Nor mother, wife, nor England's daughter, Nor mother, wife, nor England's daughter.

Stan. Full of wise care is this young madam.

[To Dor.] Take all the swift advantage; You shall have letters from me to my lord.

In your behalf, to meet you on the way. Be not ta'en tardy by unwise delay.

Duch. O ill-dispersing wind of news! O my accursed womb, the bed of death!

A cockatrice hath thou hatch'd to the world, Whose uninvok'd eye is murderous.

Stan. Come, madam, come; I'll be your servant.

Anne. And I with all unwillingness. O, would to God that this inclusive robe

Of golden metal, that must round my body, Were red-hot steel, to sear me to the heart.

let me be with deadly venom;
And, ere men can say—God save the queen!

Q. Eliz. Go, go, poor soul, I envy not thy death. No! why?—When he, that is my husband now,

As I follow'd Henry's corpse;
I saw the blood was wash'd from his hands.

I wash'd from my other angel husband,
That dead saint which then I weeping follow'd.

I look'd on Richard's face,
As my wish,—“Be thou,” quoth I,

“Be thou, so young, so old a widow!”
When thou wast set, let sorrow haunt thy

“Be thou, so young, so old a widow!”
When thou wast set, let sorrow haunt thy

“Be thou, so young, so old a widow!”
When thou wast set, let sorrow haunt thy

“Be thou, so young, so old a widow!”
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“Be thou, so young, so old a widow!”
When thou wast set, let sorrow haunt thy

And thy assistance, is king Richard sent:
But shall we wear these glories for a day?

Or shall they last, and we rejoice in them?

Buck. Still live they, and for ever let them last!

K. Rich. Ah, Buckingham, now do I play
To try if thou be current gold indeed:

Young Edward lives; think now what I would
Buck. Say on, my loving lord. [Speak.]

K. Rich. Why, Buckingham, I say, I would be king.

Buck. Why, so you are, my three-renewed
K. Rich. Ha! am I king? 'Tis so; but Edward lives.

Buck. True, noble prince.

K. Rich. O bitter consequence,
That Edward still should live! “True, noble prince!”

Consist, thou wast not wont to be so dull;
Shall I be plain? I wish the bastards dead;

And I would have it suddenly perform'd.
What say'st thou now? I speak suddenly, be brief.

Buck. Your grace may do your pleasure.

K. Rich. Tut, tut! thou art all ice, thy kindness freezes;

Say, have I thy consent that they shall die?

Buck. Give me some little breath, some pause, dear lord.

Before I positively speak in this:
I will resolve you herein presently. [Exit.]

Cats. [Aside to another.] The king is angry; see, he gnaws his lip.

K. Rich. [Descends from his throne.] I will converse with iron-witted fools.

And unresponsive boys: none are for me,
That look into me with considerate eyes:

High-reaching Buckingham grows circum-
Boy! [Exit.]

Page. My lord? [Knocking gold]

K. Rich. Know'st thou not any, whom I will tempt unto a close exploit of death?

Page. I know a discontented gentleman,
Whose humble means match not his haughty

Gold were as good as twenty orators, [spirit:]
And will, no doubt, tempt him to anything.

K. Rich. What is his name?

Page. His name, my lord, is Tyrrel.

K. Rich. I partly know the man; go, call him hither, boy. [Exit Page.]

The deep-revolving witty Buckingham
No more shall be the neighbour to my counsels:

Hath he so long held out with me untried,
And stops he now for breath?—well, be it so.

Enter Stanley.
How now, lord Stanley! what's the news?

Stan. Know, my loving lord,
The marquis Dorset, as I hear, is fled

To Richmond, in the parts where he abides.

K. Rich. Come hither, Catesby: rumour it abroad,
That Anne, my wife, is very grievous sick;

I will take order for her keeping close;
Inquire me out some mean poor gentleman,

Whom I will marry straight to Clarence's daughter;

The boy is foolish, and I fear not him. [out]
Look, how thou dream'st!—I say again, give
That Anne my queen is sick, and like to die:
About it; for it stands me much upon,
To stop all hopes whose growth may damage me.

I must be married to my brother's daughter,
Or else my kingdom stands on brittle glass:
Murder her brothers, and then marry her!
Uncertain way of gain! But I am in
So far in blood, that sin will pluck on sin:
Tear-falling pity dwells not in this eye.—
Re-enter Page, with Tyrrel.

Is thy name Tyrrel?

Tyr. James Tyrrel, and your most obedient
K. Rich. Art thou, indeed? [subject.]

Tyr. Prove me, my gracious lord.
K. Rich. Dar'st thou resolve to kill a friend
of mine?

Tyr. Please you; but I had rather kill two
K. Rich. Why, then thou hast it: two deep
enemies,

Foes to my rest, and my sweet sleep's disturber:
Are they that I would have thee deal upon:
Tyrrel, I mean those bastards in the Tower.

Tyr. Let me have open means to come to them,

And soon I'll rid you from the fear of them.
K. Rich. Thou sing'st sweet music. Hark,
come hither, Tyrrel:

Go, by this token.—Rise, and lend thine ear:
[*Whispers.*]

There is no more but so:—say it is done,
And I will love thee, and prefer thee for it.

Tyr. I will despatch it straight. [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 rest. Dorset is dead
to Richmond.

Buck. I hear the news, my lord.
K. Rich. Stanley, he is your wife's son:—
well, look to it.

Buck. My lord, I claim the gift, my due by
For which your honour and your faith is
pawn'd:

The earldom of Hereford, and the moveables,
Which you have promised I shall possess.

K. Rich. Stanley, look to your wife: if she
convey

Letters to Richmond, you shall answer it.
Buck. What says your highness to my just
request?

K. Rich. I do remember me.—Henry the
Did prophesy that Richmond should be king.
When Richmond was a little peevish boy.

A king!—perhaps—
Buck. My lord,— [at that time]

K. Rich. How chance the prophet could not
Have told me, I being by, that I should kill
him?

Buck. My lord, your promise for the earl-

K. Rich. Richmond!—When last I saw
Exeter,

The mayor in courtesy show'd me his son,
And call'd it—Rougemont: at which
I started.

Because a bard of Ireland told me once
I should not live long after I saw dishonour'd.

Buck. My lord,—
K. Rich. Ay, what's o'clock?

Buck. I am thus hold to just your
Of what you promis'd me.

K. Rich. Well, but what's o'clock?
Buck. Upon the stroke of twelve.

K. Rich. Well, let it strike.
Buck. Why let it strike?

K. Rich. Because that, like a thief,
keep'st the stroke

Between thy begging and my murther:
I am not in the giving vein today.

Buck. Why, then resolve me what thou
will, or no.

K. Rich. Thou troublest me: I know
[*Exeunt King Richard and Buckingham.*]

Buck. And is it thus? repays he me
service

With such contempt? made I him
O, let me think on Hastings, and the
To Brecknock, while my fearful heart

SCENE III.—The Tower. *Enter Tyrrel.*

Tyr. The tyrannous and bloody one's dead.
The most arch deed of piteous massacre

That ever yet this land was guilty of,
Dighton and Forrest, whom I did not know

To do this piece of ruthless butchery,
Albeit they were flesh'd villains, bloody

Melting with tenderness and cold
Wept like to children in their death.

"O thus," quoth Dighton, "ay, thus
tubes,"

"Thus, thus," quoth Forrest, "a gentle
Within their alabaster innocent arms

Their lips were four red roses on a green
Which in their summer beauty

A book of prayers on their pillow lay,
Which once," quoth Forrest, "I did not know

my mind:—
Buck. Q, the devil!—there told on,

When Dighton thus told on,—"the most
The most replenished sweet work of God

Thou, from the prime creation, art the best
Hence both are gone with conscious

remorse:
They could not speak; and so I left them
To bear this tidings to the bloody king

And here he comes.—
Enter King Richard.

K. Rich. Kind Tyrrel, am I happy
news?

Tyr. It to have done the thing you charge

your majesties, be happy then,
[*Whispers.*]

But didst thou see them dead?
I did, my lord.

And buried, gentle Tyrrel?
The chaplain of the Tower hath buried

them:
To say the truth, I do not know.

Come to me, Tyrrel, soon, at after
supper,

thou shalt tell the process of their death.
I think how I may do thee good,

inheritor of thy desire.
I humbly take my leave. [Exit.]

The son of Clarence have I pent
[*Marriage:*]

meanly have I match'd in
Edward sleep in Abraham's bosom,

my wife hath bid the world good
night.

I know the Bretagne Richmond aims
Elizabeth, my brother's daughter,

that fast, looks proudly on the crown,
a jolly thriving wooer.

Enter Catesby.
My lord!

Good news or bad, that thou
say'st is so bluntly!

Richmond;
Morton is fled to

Windsor,
back'd with the hardy

York, fly with Richmond troubles me
near,

and his rash-levied strength.
I have heard that fearful commenting

servitor to dull delay;
is impatient and snail-paced beggary:

expedition be my wing,
and herald for a king!

my counsel is my shield;
the brief, when traitors brave the field.

[*Exeunt.*]
*SCENE IV.—Before the Palace.
Enter Queen Margaret.*

So, now prosperity begins to mellow,
On the rotten mouth of death.

The condors slily have I lurk'd,
The waiting of mine enemies.

in France; hoping the consequence
as later, black, and tragical.

these, wretched Margaret: who
here

Elizabeth and the Duchess of
York.

Alas, my poor princes! ah, my
flowers, new-appearing sweets!

your souls fly in the air,
and in doom perpetual,

me with your airy wings,
your mother's lamentation!

Q. Mar. Hover about her; say, that right
for right

Hath dimm'd your infant morn to aged night.
Duch. So many miseries have craz'd my

voice, [mute.]
That my woe-wearied tongue is still and

Edward Plantagenet, why art thou dead?
Q. Mar. [Apert.] Plantagenet doth gull

Plantagenet,
Edward for Edward pays a dying debt.

Q. Eliz. Wilt thou, O God! fly from such
gentle lambs,

And throw them in the entrails of the wolf?
When didst thou sleep, when such a deed was

done? [sweet son.]
Q. Mar. When holy Harry died, and my

Duch. Dead life, blind sight, poor mortal
living ghost, [life usurp'd,

Woe's scene, world's shame, grave's due by
Brief abstract and record of tedious days,

Rest thy unrest on England's lawful earth.
[*Sitting down.*]

Unlawfully made drunk with innocent blood!
Q. Eliz. Ah, that thou wouldst as soon

afford a grave,
As thou canst yield a melancholy seat; [here,

Then would I hide my bones, not rest them
Ah, who hath any cause to mourn but we?

[*Sitting down by her.*]
Q. Mar. If ancient sorrow be most reverent,

Give mine the benefit of seniority,
And let my griefs frown on the upper hand.

If sorrow can admit society,
[*Sitting down with them.*]

Tell o'er your woes again by viewing mine:
I had an Edward, till a Richard kill'd him;

I had a husband, till a Richard kill'd him;
Thou hadst an Edward, till a Richard kill'd

him;
Thou hadst a Richard, till a Richard kill'd him.

Duch. I had a Richard too, and thou didst
kill him;

I had a Rutland too, thou help'st to kill him.
Q. Mar. Thou hadst a Clarence too, and

Richard kill'd him.
From forth the kennel of thy womb hath crept

A hell-hound, that doth hunt us all to death:
That dog, that had his teeth before his eyes,

To worry lambs, and lap their gentle blood;
To worry lambs, and lap their gentle blood;

That foul defacer of God's handy-work;
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 paw-fellow with others' morn!

Duch. O Harry's wife, triumph not in my
woes!

God witness with me, I have wept for thine.
Q. Mar. Bear with me; I am hungry for

vengeance,
And now I cloy me with beholding it.
Thy Edward he is dead, that kill'd my Edward;

Thy other Edward dead, to quit my Edward;
Young York he is but boot, because both thy
Match not the high perfection of my loss.
Thy Clarence he is dead, that stabb'd my
Edward;

And the beholders of this tragic play, [Grey,
Th' adulterate Hastings, Rivers, Vaughan,
Untimely smother'd in their dusky graves.
Richard yet lives, hell's black intelligence;
Only reserv'd 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 from hence,
Cancel his bond of life, dear God, I pray,
That I may live to say, the dog is dead!

Q. Eliz. O, thou didst prophesy the time
would come,
That I should wish for thee to help me curse
That bottled spider, that foul bunch-back'd
toad! [of my fortune;"]

Q. Mar. I call'd thee then, "vain flourish
I call'd thee then, "poor shadow, painted
queen;"

The presentation of but what I was,
The flattering index of a direful pageant;
One heav'd a-high, to be hurl'd down below;
A mother only mock'd with two fair babes;
A dream of what thou wast; a garish flag,
To be the aim of every dangerous shot;
A sign of dignity, a breath, a bubble;
A queen in jest, only to fill the scene.

Where is thy husband now? where be thy
brothers? [joy?]

Where be thy two sons? wherein dost thou
Who sues, and kneels, and says—God save
the queen!

Where be the bending peers that flatter'd thee?
Where be the thronging troops that follow'd
thee?

Decline all this, and see what now thou art:
For happy wife, a most distressed widow;
For joyful mother, one that wails the name;
For one being su'd to, one that humbly sues;
For queen, a very caitiff crown'd with care;
For one that scorn'd at me, now scorn'd of me;
For one being fear'd of all, now fearing one;
For one commanding all, obey'd of none.

Thus hath the course of justice wheel'd about,
And left thee but a very prey to time; [wert,
Having no more but thought of what thou
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 burden'd
yoke;

From which, even here, I slip my wearied
And leave the burden of it all on thee. [neck,
Farewell, York's wife, and queen of sad mis-
chance:— [France,

These English woes shall make me smile in
Q. Eliz. O thou, well skill'd in curses, stay
awhile,

And teach me how to curse mine enemies.

Q. Mar. Forbear to sleep the
fast day;
Compare dead happiness with living
Think that thy babes were false
And he that slew them foul traitor
Bettering thy loss makes the bad worse
Revolving this will teach thee how to
Q. Eliz. My words are dull;
them with thine!

Q. Mar. Thy woes will make thee
and pierce like mine.
Duch. Why should calamity befall thee?
Q. Eliz. Windy attorneys to
Airy successors of intestate joys.
Poor breathing orators of miseries!
Let them have scope: though what
Help nothing else, yet do they ease
Duch. If so, then be not tongue-
with me,
And in the breath of bitter words be
My damnd son, that thy two
smother'd.

I hear his drum:—he copious in
Enter King Richard, and his train.
K. Rich. Who intercepts me in
tion?

Duch. O, she that might have
(By strangling thee in her accursed
From all the slaughters, wretch,
done!

Q. Eliz. Hid'st thou that torch
Where should be branded, if that
right,

The slaughter of the prince that
And the dire death of my poor
brothers?

Tell me, thou villain-slave, where
Duch. Thou toad, thou toad, where
brother Clarence?

And little Ned Plantagenet, his son?
Q. Eliz. Where is the gentle Rivers?
Duch. Where is kind Hastings?

K. Rich. A flourish, trumpet
alarum, drums!

Let not the heavens hear these tale-bearers
Rail on the Lord's anointed: [Flourish
Either be patient, and untreat me
Or with the clamorous report of war
Thus will I drown your exclamations.

Duch. Art thou my son?
K. Rich. Ay; I thank God, my son.

Duch. Then patiently hear my
K. Rich. Madam, I have a fearful
condition,

That cannot brook the accent of ex-
Duch. O, let me speak!
K. Rich. Do, then; but be brief.

Duch. I will be mild and gentle in
K. Rich. And brief, good mother,
in haste.

Duch. Art thou so hasty? I have
then,
God knows in torment and in agony

And come I not at last to comfort
[it well,
So, by the holy road, thou know'st
must on earth to make the earth my
burden was thy birth to me; [heir,
and wayward was thy infancy;
days frightful, desperate, wild, and
furious;
[venturous:
of manhood daring, bold, and
courageous, proud, subtle, sly, and
ambitious;
[brutal:
but yet more harmful; kind in
comfortable hour canst thou name,
[Faith, none, but Humphrey
that call'd your grace
that once forth of my company.
[disgracious in your eye,
much on, and not offend you, madam.
[the drum!

I pray thee, hear me speak.
You speak too bitterly.

Hear me a word;
I pray thee, hear me speak.

Never speak to thee again.
[ordnance,
thou wilt die, by God's just

thou turn a conqueror;
and extreme age shall perish,
look upon thy face again.

take with thee my most heavy curse;
the day of battle, fire thee more
the complete armour that thou

on the adverse party fight;
the little souls of Edward's children
the spirits of thine enemies,

from them success and victory.
art, bloody will be thy end;
thy life, and doth thy death

Through far more cause, yet much
spirit to curse
me; I say amen to her.

Stay, madam; I must speak a
word with you.
I have no more sons of the royal

to slaughter: for my daughters,
[queens;
praying monks, not weeping
level not to hit their lives.

You have a daughter call'd
and fair, royal and gracionsa.
and must she die for this? O, let

her manners, stain her beauty;
as false to Edward's bed;
her the veil of infamy:

she was not Edward's daughter,
Wrong not her birth, she is of
[so.
To save her life, I'll say she is not

her life is safest only in her birth.

Q. Eliz. And only in that safety died her
brothers. [opposite.

K. Rich. Lo, at their births good stars were
Q. Eliz. No, to their lives bad friends were
contrary.

K. Rich. All unavoids is the doom of
destiny. [destiny.

Q. Eliz. True, when avoided grace makes
My babes were destin'd to a fairer death,
If grace had bless'd thee with a fairer life.

K. Rich. You speak as if that I had slain my
cousins. [cozen'd

Q. Eliz. Cousins, indeed; and by their uncle
Of comfort, kingdom, kindred, freedom, life,
Whose hands soever lanc'd their tender hearts,

Thy head, all indirectly, gave direction;
No doubt the murder's knife was dull and
blunt,

Till it was whetted on thy stone-hard heart,
To revel in the entrails of my lambs.

But that still use of grief makes wild grief tame,
My tongue should to thy ears not name my
boys,

Till that my nails were anchor'd in thine eyes;
And I, in such a desperate bay of death,
Like a poor bark, of sails and tackling rest,

Rush all to pieces on thy rocky bosom.
K. Rich. Madam, so thrive I in my enter-
And dangerous success of bloody wars, [prize,
As I intend more good to you and yours,
Than ever you or yours by me were harm'd!

Q. Eliz. What good is cover'd with the
face of heaven,
To be discover'd, that can do me good!

K. Rich. Th' advancement of your children,
gentle lady. [their heads!

Q. Eliz. Up to some scaffold, there to lose
K. Rich. No, to the dignity and height of
honour,

The high imperial type of this earth's glory.
Q. Eliz. Flatter my sorrow with report of it,
Tell me what state, what dignity, what honour,
Canst thou demise to any child of mine!

K. Rich. Even all I have; ay, and myself
and all,
Will I withal endow a child of thine;
So in the Lethe of thy angry soul [wronge,
Thou drown the sad remembrance of those
Which thou supposest I have done to thee.

Q. Eliz. Be brief, lest that the process of
thy kindness
Last longer telling than thy kindness' date.

K. Rich. Then know, that from my soul I
love thy daughter. [with her soul.

Q. Eliz. My daughter's mother thinks it
K. Rich. What do you think?

Q. Eliz. That thou dost love my daughter
from thy soul: [brothers;
So, from thy soul's love, didst thou love her
And, from my heart's love, I do thank thee
for it. [meaning:

K. Rich. Be not too hasty to confound my
I mean, that with my soul I love thy daughter,
And do intend to make her queen of England.

Q. Eliz. Well then, who dost thou mean shall be her king?

K. Rich. Even he that makes her queen: who

Q. Eliz. What, thou? [else should be?]

K. Rich. I, even I: what think you of it,

Q. Eliz. How canst thou woo her? [madam?]

K. Rich. That I would learn of you,

As one being best acquainted with her humour.

Q. Eliz. And wilt thou learn of me?

K. Rich. Madam, with all my heart.

Q. Eliz. Send to her, by the man that slew

her brothers,

A pair of bleeding hearts; thereon engrave

Edward and York; then haply will she weep:

Therefore present to her,—as sometime Mar-

garet

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 wipe her weeping eyes withal.

If this inducement move her not to love,

Send her a letter of thy noble deeds;

Tell her thou mad'st away her uncle Clarence,

Her uncle Rivers; ay, and, for her sake,

Mad'st quick conveyance with her good aunt

Anne.

K. Rich. You mock me, madam; this is not

To win your daughter. [the way]

Q. Eliz. There is no other way;

Unless thou couldst put on some other shape,

And not be Richard that hath done all this.

K. Rich. Say, that I did all this for love of

her! [choose but hate thee,

Q. Eliz. Nay, then indeed, she cannot

Having bought love with such a bloody spoil.

K. Rich. Look, what is done cannot be now

amended:

Men shall deal unadvisedly sometimes,

Which after-hours give leisure to repent.

If I did take the kingdom from your sons,

To make 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 as children but one step below,

Even of your mettle, of your very blood;

Of all one pain,—save for a night of groans

Endur'd of her, for whom you bid like sorrow.

Your children were vexation to your youth;

But mine shall be a comfort to your age.

The loss you have is but a son being king,

And by that loss, your daughter is made queen.

I cannot make you what amends I would,

Therefore accept such kindness as I can.

Dorset, your son, that with a fearful soul

Leads discontented steps in foreign soil,

This fair alliance quickly shall call home

To high promotions and great dignity:

The king that calls your beauteous daughter

Familiarly shall call thy Dorset brother; [wife,

Again shall you be mother to a king,

And all the ruins of distressful times

Repair'd with double riches of content.

What! we have many goodly days to live.

The liquid drops of tears that you have shed

Shall come again, transform'd to mirth.

Advantaging their loan with interest.

Of ten times double gain of happiness.

Go then, my mother, to thy daughter;

Make bold her bashful years with joy.

Prepare her ears to hear a wooer's tale.

Put in her tender heart the aspiring flame

Of golden sov'reignty; acquaint her

With the sweet silent hours of marriage.

And when this arm of mine hath embrac'd

The petty rebel, dull-brain'd Buckingham,

Bound with triumphant garlands will I

And lead thy daughter to a consecrated

To whom I will retail my conquest.

And she shall be sole victress, Caesar's

Q. Eliz. What were I best to do?

father's brother

Would be her lord? Or shall I not?

Or, he that slew her brothers and

Under what title shall I woo for her?

That God, the law, my honour, my

Can make seem pleasing to her?

K. Rich. Infer fair England's

alliance.

Q. Eliz. Which she shall purchase

K. Rich. Tell her, the king, that

mand, entreats.

Q. Eliz. That at her hands, which

K. Rich. Say, she shall be a

queen.

Q. Eliz. To wait the title, as

K. Rich. Say, I will love her

Q. Eliz. But how long shall I

last?

K. Rich. Sweetly in love

Q. Eliz. But how long fairly

life last?

K. Rich. As long as heaven

lengthens it.

Q. Eliz. As long as hell and

of it.

K. Rich. Say, I, her sov'reign,

Q. Eliz. But she, your subject,

sov'reignty.

K. Rich. Be eloquent in my behalf.

Q. Eliz. An honest tale speed

plainly told.

K. Rich. Then, plainly to her

Q. Eliz. Plain, and not humbly

a style.

K. Rich. Your reasons are too

Q. Eliz. O, no, my reasons

and dead;

Too deep and dead, poor lack-

K. Rich. Harp not on that string

that is past.

Q. Eliz. Harp on it still, shall

K. Rich. Now, by my crown,

and my crown,—dishonour

Q. Eliz. Profan'd, dishonour

K. Rich. I swear.—

By nothing; for this is no oath:
 I have profan'd, hath lost his holy hon-
 our, blam'd, pawn'd his knightly
 virtue, nam'd, disgrac'd his kingly glory.
 Now, by something that thou hast not
 sworn, by something that thou hast not
 sworn, by the world,— [wrong'd.
 'Tis full of thy foul wrongs.
 My father's death,—
 Thy life hath that dishonour'd.
 Than, by myself,—
 'Thyself is self-misus'd.
 Why, then, by God,—
 God's wrong is most of all.
 Hadst fear'd to break an oath by him,
 the king my husband made,
 Hadst fear'd to break an oath by him,
 nor my brothers slain:
 what metal, circling now thy head,
 the tender temples of my child;
 with the princes had been breathing
 now, too tender bed fellows for dust,
 thou faith hath made a prey for worms.
 Hadst thou swear by now?
 The time to come,
 That thou hast wrong'd in the
 time past;
 have many tears to wash
 time, for time past wrong'd by thee.
 Thou live, whose parents thou hast
 wrong'd,
 to wait it in their age;
 Thou live, whose children thou hast
 wrong'd,
 to wait it with their age.
 By time to come; for that thou hast
 wrong'd, by times ill-us'd o'erpast.
 As I intend to prosper and repent,
 in my dangerous attempt
 I myself confound!
 To mine ear no happy hours!
 I am not thy light, nor, night, thy
 shadow; if, with pure heart's love,
 devotion, holy thoughts,
 thy beautiful princely daughter!
 follows to myself and thee,
 and many a Christian soul,
 to be avoided, but by this;
 to be avoided, but by this.
 dear mother, (I must call you so,)
 of my love to her:
 I will be, not what I have been;
 works, but what I will deserve:
 and state of times,
 and shall I be tempted of the devil
 [good.
 Ar, if the devil tempt thee to do
 shall I forget myself, to be myself?

K. Rich. Ay, if your self's remembrance
 wrong yourself.

Q. Eliz. Yet thou didst kill my children.

K. Rich. But in your daughter's womb I
 bury them:

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? [dead.

K. Rich. And be a happy mother by the

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. [Kissing her. Exit

Queen Elizabeth.

Relenting fool, and shallow, changing woman!

Enter Ratcliff; Catesby following.

How now! what news?

Rat. Most mighty sovereign, on the western
 Rideth a puissant navy; to the shore [coast
 Throng many doubtful hollow-hearted friends,
 Unarm'd, and unresolv'd to beat them back:
 'Tis thought that Richmond is their admiral;
 And there they hull, expecting but the aid
 Of Buckingham to welcome them ashore.

K. Rich. Some light-foot friend post to the
 duke of Norfolk:—

Ratcliff, thyself,—or Catesby; where is he?

Cate. Here, my good lord.

K. Rich. Catesby, fly to the duke.

Cate. I will, my lord, with all convenient
 haste. [Salisbury:

K. Rich. Ratcliff, come hither: post to
 When thou com'st thither,—[To Catesby.]

Dull, unminifol villain, [duke?

Why stay'st thou here, and go'st not to the
Cate. First, mighty liege, tell me your high-
 ness' pleasure.

What from your grace I shall deliver to him.

K. Rich. O, true, good Catesby;—bid him
 levy straight

The greatest strength and power he can make,
 And meet me suddenly at Salisbury.

Cate. I go. [Exit.

Rat. What, may it please you, shall I do at
 Salisbury? [before I go?

K. Rich. Why, what wouldst thou do there?

Rat. Your highness told me I should post
 before.

Enter Stanley.

K. Rich. My mind is chang'd.—Stanley,
 what news with you?

Stan. None good, my liege, to please you
 with the hearing;

Nor none so bad, but well may be reported.

K. Rich. Heyday, a riddle! neither good
 nor bad!

What need'st thou run so many miles about,
 When thou may'st tell thy tale the nearest way?
 Once more, what news?

Stan. Richmond is on the seas.

K. Rich. There let him sink, and be the
 seas on him!

White-liver'd runagate, what doth he there!

Stan. I know not, mighty sov'reign, but by
K. Rich. Well, as you guess? [guess.]

Stan. Stir'd up by Dorset, Buckingham,
 and Morton, [crown.]

Ha makes for England, here to claim the

K. Rich. Is the chair empty? is the sword
 unsway'd?

Is the king dead? the empire unpossess'd?

What heir of York is there alive, but we?

And who is England's king, but great York's
 heir?

Then, tell me, what makes he upon the seas?

Stan. Unless for that, my liege, I cannot
 guess. [your liege,

K. Rich. Unless for that he comes to be
 You cannot guess wherefore the Welshman
 comes.

Thou wilt revolt, and fly to him, I fear.

Stan. No, mighty liege; therefore, mistrust
 me not. [him back?

K. Rich. Where is thy power, then, to beat
 Where be thy tenants and thy followers?

Are they not now upon the western shore,
 Safe-conducting the rebels from their ships?

Stan. No, my good lord, my friends are in
 the north. [in the north,

K. Rich. Cold friends to me: what do they
 When they should serve their sov'reign in the
 west? [mighty king:

Stan. They have not been commanded,
 Pleaseth your majesty to give me leave,
 I'll muster up my friends, and meet your grace,
 Where and what time your majesty shall
 please.

K. Rich. Ay, ay, thou wouldst be gone to
 But I'll not trust thee. [join with Richmond:

Stan. Most mighty sovereign,
 You have no cause to hold my friendship
 I never was, nor never will be false. [doubtful:

K. Rich. Go, then, and muster men. But
 leave behind

Your son, George Stanley: look your heart be
 Or else his head's assurance is but frail. [firm,

Stan. So deal with him, as I prove true to
 you. [Exit.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. My gracious sovereign, now in Devon-
 As I by friends am well advertised, [shire,
 Sir Edward Courtney, and the haughty pre-
 Bishop of Exeter, his elder brother, [late,
 With many more confederates are in arms.

Enter a second Messenger.

2 Mess. In Kent, my liege, the Guildfords
 are in arms;

And every hour more competitors [strong.
 Flock to the rebels, and their power grows

Enter a third Messenger.

3 Mess. My lord, the army of great Buck-
 ingham—

K. Rich. Out on ye, owls! nothing but songs
 of death! [He strikes him.

There, take thou that, till thou bring better
 news. [majesty

3 Mess. The news I have to tell your

Is, that by sudden floods and fall of
 Buckingham's army is dispers'd and
 And he himself wander'd away alone.
 No man knows whither. [I cry that

K. Rich. There is my purse, to cure that
 Hath any well advised friend promise

Reward to him that brings the traitor
 3 *Mess.* Such proclamation hath

my lord.

Enter a fourth Messenger.

4 Mess. Sir Thomas Lovel, who
 guess Dorset,

'Tis said, my liege, in Yorkshires
 But this good comfort bring I to

ness,—

The Bretagne navy is dispers'd by
 Richmond, in Dorsetshire, and so

Unto the shore, to ask those on the
 If they were his assistants, yea, or no

Who answer'd him, they came from
 Upon his party: he, mistrusting

Hois'd sail, and made his course
 Bretagne. [are ap

K. Rich. March on, march on,
 If not to fight with foreign enemies

Yet to beat down these rebels here
 Enter Cateys.

Cate. My liege, the duke of
 taken,

That is the best news: that the
 Is with a mighty power landed at

Is colder news, but yet they move
K. Rich. Away towards Salisbury

we reason here,
 A royal battle might be won and

Some one take order Bucking
 To Salisbury;—the rest march on

SCENE V.—A Room in Lord Stanley's

Enter Stanley and Sir Christopher

Stan. Sir Christopher, tell me
 from me:—

That, in the sty of this most bloody
 My son George Stanley is frank

If I revolt, off goes young George's
 The fear of that holds off my

So, get thee gone: commend me to
 Withal, say that the queen hath

sent

He should espouse Elizabeth her
 But, tell me, where is princely

Chris. At Pembroke or at
 in Wales.

Stan. What men of name resort
Chris. Sir Walter Herbert,

soldier:

Sir Gilbert Talbot, Sir William
 Oxford, redoubt'd Pembroke, Sir

And Rice ap Thomas, with a valiant
 And many other of great name

And towards London do they
 If by the way they be not fought

Well, his than to thy lord; I kiss his
My father will resolve him of my mind. [hand :
[Exit.

ACT V.

Salisbury. An open Place.
Enter the Sheriff and Guard, with Bucking-
ham, led to execution.

Will not king Richard let me speak
with him?
No, my good lord; therefore be
patient.

Hatings and Edward's children,
King Henry, and thy fair son Edward,
and all that have miscarried
through the clouds behold this present
day, fellows, is it not?
It is, my lord.

body's dooms-day.
Why, then, All-Souls' day is my
night, which, taking Edward's time,
to his children, or his wife's allies;

the day, wherein I wish'd to fall
the false faith of him whom most I trusted;
the determin'd respite of my wrongs:

high All-Seer, which I dallied with,
turn'd my feign'd prayer on my head,
and given in earnest what I begg'd in jest.

both he force the swords of wicked men
to turn their own points on their masters'
[neck,—
When he, "quoth she, "shall split thy heart
and arrows,

Margaret was a prophetess."—
Margaret, she, convey me to the block of shame:
I have both but wrong, and blame the due of
[Exit.

Scene II.—A Plain near Tewworth.
Enter with drums and colours, Richmond,
Oxford, Sir James Blunt, Sir Walter Her-
bert, and others, with forces, marching.

Fellows in arms, and my most
loving friends,
And underneath the yoke of tyranny,
And here receive we from our father Stanley
words of fair comfort and encouragement.

bloody, and usurping hour,
I'll lay'd your summer fields, and fruitful
[his trough
your warm blood like wash, and makes
even in the centre of this Isle,
to the town of Leicester, as we learn :

thither is but one day's march.

In God's name, cheerly on, courageous friends,
To reap the harvest of perpetual peace
By this one bloody trial of sharp war, [swords,
Oxf. Every man's conscience is a thousand
To fight against that bloody homicide.

Herb. I doubt not but his friends will turn
to us. [friends for fear,
Blunt. He hath no friends but what are
Which in his dearest need will fly from him.

Richm. All for our vantage. Then, in
God's name, march : [wings;
True hope is swift, and flies with swallow's
Kings it makes gods, and meaner creatures
kings. [Exit.

SCENE III.—Bosworth Field.

Enter King Richard and forces; the Duke of
Norfolk, Earl of Surrey, and others.
K. Rich. Here pitch our tent, even here
in Bosworth field.—

My lord of Surrey, why look you so sad?
Surr. My heart is ten times lighter than my
K. Rich. My lord of Norfolk,— [looks.
Nor. Here, most gracious liege.

K. Rich. Norfolk, we must have knocks;
ha! must we not? [ing lord.
Nor. We must both give and take, my lov-
K. Rich. Up with my tent! here will I lie
to-night;

[Soldiers begin to set up the King's tent.
But where to-morrow?—Well, all's one for
that.—

Who hath descried the number of the traitors?
Nor. Six or seven thousand is their utmost
power. [account :
K. Rich. Why, our battalia trebles that

Besides, the king's name is a tower of strength,
Which they upon the adverse faction want.
Up with the tent!—Come, noble gentlemen,
Let us survey the vantage of the ground ;—
Call for some men of sound direction :

Let's lack no discipline, make no delay ;
For, lords, to-morrow is a busy day. [Exit.

Enter, on the other side of the field, Richmond,
Sir William Brandon, Oxford, and other
Lords. Some of the Soldiers pitch Rich-
mond's tent.

Richm. The weary sun hath made a golden
And, by the bright track of his fiery car, [set,
Gives token of a goodly day to-morrow.
Sir William Brandon, you shall bear my
standard.—

Give me some ink and paper in my tent :
I'll draw the form and model of our battle,
Limit each leader to his several charge,
And part in just proportion our small power.

My lord of Oxford,—you, Sir William Bran-
don,—
And you, Sir Walter Herbert,—stay with me.
The earl of Pembroke keeps his regiment :

Good captain Blunt, bear my good night to
And by the second hour in the morning [him,
Desire the earl to see me in my tent :

Yet one thing more, good captain, do for me;
Where is lord Stanley quarter'd, do you know?

Blunt. Unless I have mistak'n his colours
much,

(Which, well I am assur'd, I have not done,)
His regiment lies half a mile at least
South from the mighty power of the king.

Richm. If without peril it be possible,
Sweet Blunt, make some good means to speak
with him,

And give him from me this most needful note.

Blunt. Upon my life, my lord, I'll undertake
And so, God give you quiet rest to-night! [it;

Richm. Good night, good captain Blunt.
Come, gentlemen,

Let us consult upon to-morrow's business:
In to my tent, the air is raw and cold.

[They withdraw into the tent.

*Enter, to his tent, King Richard, Norfolk,
Ratcliff, and Catesby.*

K. Rich. What is't o'clock?

Cate. It's supper time, my lord;
It's nine o'clock.

K. Rich. I will not sup to-night,—
Give me some ink and paper.

What, is my beaver easier than it was?
And all my armour laid into my tent?

Cate. It is, my liege; and all things are in
readiness. [charge;

K. Rich. Good Norfolk, hie thee to thy
Use careful watch, choose trusty sentinels.

Nor. I go, my lord.

K. Rich. Stir with the lark to-morrow,
gentle Norfolk.

Nor. I warrant you, my lord. [Exit.

K. Rich. Ratcliff!

Rat. My lord?

K. Rich. Send out a pursuivant at arms
To Stanley's regiment; bid him bring his
power

Before sun-rising, lest his son George fall
Into the blind cave of eternal night.

Fill me a bowl of wine.—Give me a watch.—

Saddle white Surrey for the field to-morrow.—

Look that my staves be sound, and not too
Ratcliff,— [heavy.

Rat. My lord?

K. Rich. Saw'st thou the melancholy lord
Northumberland?

Rat. Thomas the earl of Surrey, and him-
self, [troop

Much about cock-shut time, from troop to
Went through the army, cheering up the
soldiers. [bowl of wine;

K. Rich. So, I am satisfied. Give me a
I have not that alacrity of spirit,

Nor cheer of mind, that I was wont to have.

Set it down.—Is ink and paper ready?

Rat. It is, my lord.

K. Rich. Bid my guard watch; leave me.

Ratcliff, about the mid of night, come to my

And help to arm me.—Leave me, I say. [tent,

[King Richard retires into his tent.

Exeunt Ratcliff and Catesby.

*Richmond's tent opens, and discover himself
his Officers, &c.*

Enter Stanley.

Stan. Fortune and victory sit on thy
Richm. All comfort that the dark night

Be to thy person, noble father-in-law!
Tell me, how fares our loving mother?

Stan. I, by attorney, bless thee,
Who prays continually for Richmond.

So much for that.—The silent hours
And flaky darkness breaks within the tent.

In brief, for so the season bids us be,
Prepare thy battle early in the morning.

And put thy fortune to the arbitrament
Of bloody strokes, and mortal staining.

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.

Best, being seen, thy brother, tender love,
Be executed in his father's sight.

Farewell: the leisure and the fearful hour,
Cuts off the ceremonious vows of love,

And ample interchange of sweet discourse,
Which so long sunder'd friends should meet

upon:
God give us leisure for these rites of love!

Once more, adieu:—be vallant, and
Richm. Good lords, conduct him to his

regiment;
I'll strive, with troubled thoughts, to

Lest laden slumber peise me down to sleep.
When I should mount with wings of love.

Once more, good night, kind lords, and
men. [Exeunt Lords, &c.,

O Thou, whose captain I account myself,
Look on my forces with a gracious eye.

Put in their hands thy blessing from above,
That they may crush down with a happy

Th' usurping helmets of our adversaries,
Make us thy ministers of chastisement.

That we may praise thee in thy victory,
To thee I do commend my watchful eyes.

Ere I let fall the windows of mine eyes,
Sleeping and waking, O, defend me!

*The Ghost of Prince Edward, son to Henry
Sixth, rises between the two tents.*

Ghost. [To King R.] Let me sit between
soul to-morrow!

Think how thou stab'st me in my back
At Tewkesbury: despair, therefore,

Be cheerful, Richmond; for the day
souls

Of butcher'd princes fight in thy behalf,
King Henry's issue, Richmond, against thee.

The Ghost of King Henry the Sixth rises.
Ghost. [To King R.] When I was

my anointed body
By thee was punched full of deadly

Think on the Tower, and me: despair,
Harry the sixth bids thee despair,

[To Richmond.] Virtuous and lofty
conqueror!

They had prophesied thou shouldst be king,
 And comfort thee in thy sleep: live, and
 flourish!

The Ghost of Clarence rises.
 [To King R.] Let me sit heavy on
 thy soul to-morrow!
 That was wash'd to death with felse wine,
 Tomorrow, by thy guile betray'd to death!
 And all thy edgeless sword: despair, and die!
 [To Richmond.] Thou offspring of the house
 of Lancaster,
 The wretched heirs of York do pray for thee:
 Good angels guard thy battle! Live, and
 flourish!

The Ghosts of Rivers, Grey, and Vaughan, rise.
 [To King R.] Let me sit heavy
 on thy soul to-morrow,
 That died at Pomfret! Despair, and die!
 [To King R.] Think upon
 Grey, and let thy soul despair.
 [To King R.] Think upon
 Vaughan, and with guilty fear
 think our wrongs in Richard's bosom
 Will conquer him!—Awake, and win the day!

The Ghost of Hastings rises.
 [To King R.] Bloody and guilty,
 And in a bloody battle ead thy days! [die!—
 Thou on lord Hastings! and despair, and
 [To Richmond.] Quiet, untroubled soul,
 awake, awake!
 And, fight, and conquer, for fair England's sake.

The Ghosts of the two young Princes rise.
 [To Richmond.] Dream on thy cousins smother'd in
 the Tower:
 And be led within thy bosom, Richard,
 And weigh thee down to ruin, shame, and death!
 Thy unhappy souls bid thee despair, and die!—
 In joy;
 Good angels guard thee from the boar's annoy!
 Live, and beget a happy race of kings!

The Ghost of Queen Anne rises.
 [To Richmond.] Thou quiet soul, sleep thou
 a quiet sleep;
 Thy adversary's wife doth pray for thee.

The Ghost of Buckingham rises.
 [To King R.] The first was I that
 help'd thee to the crown;
 The last was I that felt thy tyranny:
 To 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!— [Lead thee aid:
 [To Richmond.] I died for hope, ere I could
 But cheer thy heart, and be thou not dismay'd:
 God and good angels fight on Richmond's side;
 And Richard falls in height of all his pride.

[The Ghosts vanish. King Richard starts out of his dream.]
K. Rich. Give me another horse,—bind up
 my wounds,—
 Have mercy, Jesu!—Soft! I did but dream.—
 O coward conscience, how dost thou afflict
 me!— [night.
 The lights burn blue.—It is now dead mid-
 Gold fearful drops stand on my trembling flesh.
 What do I fear? myself? there's none else by.
 Richard loves Richard; that is, I am I.
 Is there a murderer here? No;—yes, I am:
 Then fly,—what! from myself! Great reason:
 Why?—
 Lest I revenge. What? Myself upon myself?
 Alack, I love myself. Wherefore? for any good
 That I myself have done unto myself?
 O, no: alas, I rather hate myself
 For hateful deeds committed by myself.
 I am a villain: yet I lie, I am not.
 Fool, of thyself speak well:—fool, do not flatter.
 My conscience hath a thousand several tongues,
 And every tongue brings in a several tale,
 And every tale condemns me for a villain.
 Perjury, perjury, in the high'st degree;
 Murder, stern murder, in the first degree;
 All several sins, all us'd in each degree,
 Throng to the bar, crying all,—Guilty! guilty!
 I shall despair.—There is no creature loves me;
 And if I die, no soul will pity me:—
 Nay, wherefore should they? Since that I
 Find in myself no pity to myself. [myself
 Methought the souls of all that I had murder'd
 Came to my tent; and every one did threat
 To-morrow's vengeance on the head of Richard.

Enter Ratcliff.
Rat. My lord,—
K. Rich. Who's there? [village cock
Rat. Ratcliff, my lord; 'tis I. The early
 hath twice done salutation to the morn;
 Your friends are up, and buckle on their
 armour. [ful dream!—
K. Rich. O Ratcliff, I have dream'd a fear-
 What thinkest thou,—will our friends prove all
Rat. No doubt, my lord. [true!
K. Rich. O Ratcliff, I fear, I fear,—
Rat. Nay, good my lord, be not afraid of
 shadows. [night
K. Rich. By the apostle Paul, shadows to-
 Have struck more terror to the soul of Richard,
 Than can the substance of ten thousand
 soldiers,
 Arm'd in proof, and led by shallow Richmond,
 It is not yet near day. Come, go with me;
 Under our tents I'll play the cove-dropper,
 To hear if any mean to shrink from me.

[Exeunt King Richard and Ratcliff.]

Richmond wakes. Enter Oxford and others.

Lords. Good morrow, Richmond!

Richm. Cry mercy, lords, and watchful gentlemen,

That you have been a tardy sluggard here.

Lords. How have you slept, my lord?

Richm. The sweetest sleep, the fairest-boding dreams

That ever enter'd in a drowsy head,

Have I since your departure had, my lords.

Methought your souls, whose bodies Richard murder'd,

Came to my tent, and cried, "On! victory!"

I promise you, my heart is very jocund

In the remembrance of so fair a dream.

How far into the morning is it, lords?

Lords. Upon the stroke of four.

Richm. Why, then 'tis time to arm, and give direction.

[*He advances to the troops.*]

More than I have said, loving countrymen,

The leisure and enforcement of the time

Forbids to dwell on: yet remember this,—

God and our good cause fight upon our side;

The prayers of holy saints and wrong'd souls,
like high-rear'd bulwarks, stand before our faces;

Richard except, those whom we fight against.

Had rather have us win, than him they follow:

For what is he they follow? truly, gentlemen,

A bloody tyrant and a homicide;

One rais'd in blood, and one in blood estab-

One that made means to come by what he hath,
And slaughter'd those that were the means to help him;

A base foul stone, made precious by the foil

Of England's chair, where he is falsely set;

One that hath ever been God's enemy.

Then, if you fight against God's enemy,

God will, in justice, ward you as his soldiers;

If you do sweat to put a tyrant down,

You sleep in peace, the tyrant being slain;

If you do fight against your country's foes,

Your country's fat shall pay your pains the hire;

If you do fight in safeguard of your wives,

Your wives shall welcome home the conquerors;

If you do free your children from the sword,

Your children's children quit it in your age.

Then, in the name of God and all these rights,

Advance your standards, draw your willing swords.

For me, the ransom of my bold attempt

Shall be this cold corpse on the earth's cold face;

But if I thrive, the gain of my attempt

The least of you shall share his part thereof.

Sound drums and trumpets, boldly and cheerfully;

God and Saint George! Richmond and victory!

[*Exeunt.*]

Re-enter King Richard, Bateliff, Attendants, and forces.

K. Rich. What said Northumberland as touching Richmond?

Rat. That he was never train'd up in arms,

K. Rich. He said the truth: and what

Surrey then?

Rat. He said'd, and said, the better

K. Rich. He was 't the right; and what

deed, it is.

Tell the clock there.—Give me a clock

Who saw the sun to-day?

Rat.

K. Rich. Then he disdains to shew

the book,

He should have brav'd the east an hour

A black day will it be to somebody—

Rat. My lord,

K. Rich. The sun will not be seen

The sky doth frown and lower upon our

I would these dewy tears were from the

Not shine to-day! Why, what is that

More than to Richmond? for the sun

heaven

That frowns on me, looks sally upon

Enter Norfolk.

Nor. Arm, arm, my lord, the foe

the field.

K. Rich. Come, bustle, bustle:—

my horse;—

Call up lord Stanley, bid him bring his

I will lead forth my soldiers to the

And thus my battle shall be ordered:—

My foreward shall be drawn out all

Consisting equally of horse and foot;

Our archers shall be placed in the

John duke of Norfolk, Thomas earl of

Shall have the leading of this foot and

They thus directed, we will follow

In the main battle; whose puisance

Shall be well winged with our elated

This, and Saint George to boot!

think'st thou, Norfolk?

Nor. A good direction, warlike

This found I on my tent this morning

K. Rich. "Jackey of Norfolk, be not

For Dickon thy master is bought and

A thing devised by the enemy.

Go, gentlemen, every man unto his

Let not our babbling dreams affright

Conscience is but a word that cowardly

Devis'd at first to keep the strong in

Our strong arms be our conscience,

our law.

March on, join bravely, let us to't

If not to heaven, then hand in hand

What shall I say more than I have

Remember whom you are to cope with

A sort of vagabonds, rascals, and

A scum of Bretagne, and base

Whom their o'er-cloy'd country

To desperate ventures and assur'd

You sleeping safe, they bring you

You having lands, and bless'd with

wives,

They would restrain the one, distrust

And who doth lead them, but a

Long kept in Bretagne at our mother's

And such cold as over shoes in snow?
 And such cold as over shoes in snow?
 And such cold as over shoes in snow?
 And such cold as over shoes in snow?

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Alarums. Enter from opposite sides King Richard and Richmond, and exeunt fighting. Retreat and flourish. Then re-enter Richmond, Stanley bearing the crown, and divers other Lords, and forces.

Richm. God and your arms be prais'd,
 victorious friends;

The day is ours, the bloody dog is dead.

Stan. Courageous Richmond, well hast thou
 acquit thee!

Lo, here, this long-usurp'd royalty,
 From the dead temples of this bloody wretch
 Have I pluck'd off, to grace thy brows withal;
 Wear it, enjoy it, and make much of it.

Richm. Great God of heaven, say amen
 to all!

But, tell me, is young George Stanley living?

Stan. He is, my lord, and safe in Leicester
 town;

Whither, if you please, we may withdraw us.

Richm. What men of name are slain on
 either side?

Stan. John duke of Norfolk, Walter lord
 Sir Robert Brakenbury, and Sir William
 Brandon.

Richm. Inter their bodies as becomes their
 Proclaim a pardon to the soldiers fled,

That in submission will return to us:

And then, as we have ta'en the sacrament,

We will unite the white rose and the red:—

Smile, heaven, upon this fair conjunction,

That long hath frown'd upon their enmity!—

What traitor hears me, and says not amen?

England hath long been mad, and scarr'd
 herself;

The brother blindly shed the brother's blood,

The father rashly slaughter'd his own son,

The son, compell'd, been butcher to the sire:

All this divided York and Lancaster,

Divided in their dire division.

O, now, let Richmond and Elizabeth,

The true successors of each royal house,

By God's fair ordinance conjoin together!

And let their heirs (God, if they will be so)

Enrich the time to come with smooth-fac'd
 peace,

With smiling plenty, and fair prosperous
 days!

Abate the edge of traitors, gracious Lord,

That would reduce these bloody days again,

And make poor England weep in streams of
 blood!

Let them not live to taste this land's increase,

That would with treason wound this fair land's
 peace!

Now civil wounds are stopp'd, peace lives

That she may long live here, God say amen!

[Exeunt.]

[Exeunt.]

[Exeunt.]

[Exeunt.]

[Exeunt.]

[Exeunt.]

[Exeunt.]

[Exeunt.]

[Exeunt.]

[Exeunt.]

[Exeunt.]

[Exeunt.]

[Exeunt.]

[Exeunt.]

[Exeunt.]

[Exeunt.]

[Exeunt.]

[Exeunt.]

[Exeunt.]

THE LIFE OF KING HENRY VIII.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

King Henry the Eighth.
 Cardinal Wolsey.
 Cardinal Campeius.
 Capucius, Ambassador from the Emperor,
Charles V.
 Cranmer, Archbishop of Canterbury.
 Duke of Norfolk. Duke of Suffolk.
 Duke of Buckingham. Earl of Surrey.
 Lord Chancellor. Lord Chamberlain.
 Gardiner, Bishop of Winchester.
 Bishop of Lincoln. Lord Abergavenny.
 Lord Sands.
 Sir Thomas Lovell. Sir Henry Guildford.
 Sir Anthony Denny. Sir Nicholas Vaux.
 Secretaries to Wolsey.
 Cromwell, Servant to Wolsey.
 Griffith, Gentleman-Usher to Queen Katharine.

Three other Gentlemen. Garter King of Arms.
 Doctor Butts, Physician to the King.
 Surveyor to the Duke of Buckingham.
 Brandon, and a Sergeant-at-Arms.
 Door-keeper of the Council Chamber.
 and his Man.
 Page to Gardiner. A Crier.
 Queen Katharine, Wife to King Henry.
 afterwards divorced.
 Anne Bullen, her Maid of Honour.
 wards Queen.
 An Old Lady, Friend to Anne Bullen.
 Patience, Woman to Queen Katharine.
 Several Lords and Ladies in the French Court.
 Women attending upon the Queen.
 which appear to her: Scribes, Clerks,
 Guards, and other Attendants.

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

PROLOGUE.

I come no more to make you laugh: things
 now,

That bear a weighty and a serious brow,
 Sad, high, and working, full of state and woe,
 Such noble scenes as draw the eye to flow,
 We now present. Those that can pity, here
 May, if they think it well, let fall a tear;
 The subject will deserve it. Such as give
 Their money out of hope they may believe,
 May here find truth too. Those that come to see
 Only a show or two, and so agree
 The play may pass, if they be still and willing,
 I'll undertake may see away their shilling
 Richly in two short hours. Only they
 That come to hear a merry, bawdy play,
 A noise of targets, or to see a fellow
 In a long 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, besides forfeiting
 Our own brains, and the opinion that we bring,
 (To make that only true we now intend.)
 Will leave us never an understanding friend.
 Therefore, for goodness' sake, and as you are
 known

The first and happiest hearers of the town,
 Be sad, as we would make ye: think ye see
 The very persons of our noble story,
 As they were living; think you see them great,
 And follow'd with the general throng and sweat
 Of thousand friends; then, in a moment, see

How soon this mightiness meets misery!
 And if you can be merry then, I'll say
 A man may weep upon his wedding day.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—London. An Ante-chamber
 the Palace.

Enter, on one side, the Duke of Norfolk,
 the other, the Duke of Buckingham,
 Lord Abergavenny.

Buck. Good morrow, and well met,
 have you done.

Since last we saw in France!
 Nor.

Healthful; and ever since a fresh adieu
 Of what I saw there.

Buck. An untimely

Stay'd me a prisoner in my chamber,
 Those sons of glory, those two lights of France,
 Met in the vale of Aiden.

Nor. Twixt Guyenne and

I was then present, saw them salute
 back;

Beheld them, when they lighted,
 In their embracement, as they grow together

Which had they, what four thousand
 Such a compounded one?

Buck. All the world

I was my chamber's prisoner. Then you

Nor.

The view of earthly glory: men might say,
All this time, pomp was single; but now
married

To me above itself. Each following day
Because the next day's master, till the last
Made former wonders its: to-day the French
all diaphanous, all in gold, like heathen gods;
came down the English; and to-morrow they
Made Britain, India: every man that stood
Shew'd like a mine. Their dwarfish pages were
as cherubins, all gilt: the madams, too,
Not used to toil, did almost sweat to bear
the pride upon them, that their very labour
was to them as a paluting: now this mask
was cruel incomparable; and the ensuing
night

Made it a fool, and beggar. The two kings,
In lute, were now best, now worst,
As presence did present them; him in eye,
and him in praise; and, being present both,
I was said they saw but one; and no discerners
That wag his tongue in censure. When these
[challeng'd
as they phrase them] by their heralds
and noble spirits to arms, they did perform
beyond thought's compass; that former fab-
ulous story,
Being now been possible enough, got credit,
that was believ'd.

O, you go far.
As I belong to worship, and affect
the honour honesty, the tract of every thing
would by a good discourser lose some life,
Which action's self was tongue to.

All was royal;
The disposing of it nought rebell'd;
Each gave each thing view; the office did
eminently his full function. Who did guide?
I mean, who set the body and the limbs
to the great sport together?

As you guess:
That promises no element

I pray you, who, my lord?
This was ordered by the good
discretion
Of the right reverend cardinal of York.

The devil speed him! no man's pie
is freed
From his ambitious finger. What had he
to do in these fierce vanities? I wonder
That such a keech can with his very bulk
take up the rays of the benedictal sun,
And keep it from the earth.

Surely, sir,
He's in him stuff that puts him to these ends;
And being not propp'd by ancestry, whose
Charles successors their way; nor call'd upon
the high feats done to the crown; neither
allied
To eminent assistants; but, spider-like,
Out of his self-drawing web, he gives us note,
That 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
Pierce into that; but I can see his pride [eye
Peep through each part of him: whence has
he that?

If not from hell, the devil is a niggard;
Or has given all before, and he begins
A new hell in himself.

Buck. Why the devil,
Upon this French going-out, took he upon him,
Without the privy o' the king, to appoint
Who should attend on him? He makes up
the file

Of all the gentry; for the most part such
To whom as great a charge as little honour
He meant to lay upon: and his own letter,
(The honourable board of council out,)
Must fetch him in the papers.

Aber. I do know
Kinsmen of mine, three at the least, that have
By this so sicken'd their estates, that never
They shall abound as formerly.

Buck. O, many
Have broke their backs with laying manors on
them

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
The cost that did conclude it. [values

Buck. Every man
After the hideous storm that follow'd, was
A thing inspir'd: and, not consulting, broke
Into a general prophecy,—That this tempest,
Dashing the garment of this peace, aboded
The sudden breach on't.

Nor. Which is budded out;
For France hath flaw'd the league, and hath
attach'd
Our merchants' goods at Bordeaux.

Aber. Is it therefore
The ambassador is silenc'd!

Nor. Marry, is't.
Aber. A proper title of a peace; and pur-
At a superfluous rate! [chast'd

Buck. Why, all this business
Our reverend cardinal carried.

Nor. 'Like it your grace,
The state takes notice of the private difference
Betwixt you and the cardinal. I advise you,
(And take it from a heart that wishes towards
you

Honour and plenteous safety,) that you read
The cardinal's malice and his potency
Together; to consider further, that
What his high hatred would affect, wants not
A minister in his power. You know his nature,
That he's revengeful; and I know his sword
Hath a sharp edge: it's long, and't may be
said,
It reaches far; and where 'twill not extend.

Thither he darts it. Bosom up my counsel,
You'll find it wholesome. Lo where comes
that rock

That I advise your shunning.

Enter Cardinal Wolsey, (the Purse borne before him,) certain of the Guard, and two Secretaries with papers. The Cardinal in his passage fixeth his eye on Buckingham, and Buckingham on him, both full of disdain.

Wol. The duke of Buckingham's surveyor,
Where's his examination? *(To him.)*

1 Secr. Here, so please you.

Wol. Is he in person ready?

1 Secr. Ay, please your grace.

Wol. Well, we shall then know more; and
Shall lessen this big look. *(Buckingham)*

(Exeunt Wolsey, and train.)

Buck. This butcher's cur is venom-mouth'd,
and I

(best) Have not the power to muzzle him; therefore
Not wake him in his slumber. A beggar's
Out-worths a noble's blood. *(book)*

Nor. What, are you chaf'd?

Ask God for temperance; that's the appliance
Which your disease requires. *(only)*

Buck. I read in his looks

Matter against me; and his eye revil'd
Me, as his abject object: at this instant

He bores me with some trick: he's gone t' the
I'll follow, and out-stare him. *(king;)*

Nor. Stay, my lord,

And let your reason with your choler question
What 'tis you go about: to climb steep hills,
Requires slow pace at first: anger is like
A full-hot horse, who being allow'd his way,
Self-mettle tires him. Not a man in England
Can advise me like you: be to yourself,
As you would to your friend.

Buck. I'll to the king;
And from a mouth of honour quite ery down
This Ipswich fellow's insolence; or proclaim
There's difference in no persons.

Nor. Be advis'd;

Heat not a furnace for your foe so hot
That it do singe yourself: we may outrun,
By violent swiftness, that which we run at,
And lose by over-running. Know you not,
The fire that mounts the liquor till it run o'er,
In seeming to augment it wastes it? Be advis'd:
I say again, there is no English soul
More stronger to direct you than yourself;
If with the sap of reason you would quench,
Or but allay, the fire of passion.

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 founts in July, when
We see each grain of gravel, I do know
To be corrupt and treasonous.

Nor. Say not, treasonous.

Buck. To the king I'll say't; and
vouch as strong

As shore of rock. *Attend.* This lord
Or wolf, or both, (for he is equal to man)
As he is subtle, and as prone to mischief
As able to perform't; his mind and tongue
Infecting one another, yea, reciprocal
Only to show his pomp as well in Treason
As here at home, suggests the king to
To this last costly treaty, the interview
That swallow'd so much treasure, and
Did break t' the rinsing. *Faith, and*

Nor. *(To him.)*

Buck. Pray, give me favour, sir.

(ning cardinal)
The articles o' the combination drawn
As himself pleas'd; and they were read
As he cried, "Thus let it be;" to an

end,

As give a crutch to the dead; but
Has done this, and 'tis well; for every
sey,

Who cannot err, he did it. Now this
(Which, as I take it, is a kind of parody
To the old damn, treason)—Charles the
Under pretence to see the queen his
(For 'twas indeed his colour, but he was
To whisper Wolsey,) here made a
His fears were, that the interview
England and France might, through

amity,

Breed him some prejudice; for he
Peep'd harns that meant him: he
Deals with our cardinal; and, as I
Which I do well; for, I am sure, he
Paid ere he promis'd; whereby his
granted

Ere it was ask'd;—but when the
And pay'd with gold, the emperor
sir'd,

That he would please to alter the
And break the foresaid peace. *Let the*

know

(As soon he shall by me) that thus he
Does buy and sell his honour as he pleases
And for his own advantage. *I am*

Nor. *(To him.)*

To hear this of him; and could wish to
Something mistaken in't. *No, not a*

Buck. *(To him.)*

I do pronounce him in that very shape
He shall appear in proof.

Enter Brandon; a Sergeant-at-Arms

him.

Bran. Your office, sergeant; *execute*

Serg.

My lord the duke of Buckingham, *and*
Of Hereford, Stafford, and Northampton
Arrest thee of high treason, in the name
Of our most sovereign king. *To you, my*

Buck. *(To him.)*

The net has fall'n upon me; I shall
Under device and practice. *I am*

Bran. *(To him.)*

Take you taken from liberty, to look on
 Your business present: 'tis his highness' plea-
 sure to shut to the Tower.

It will help me nothing
 Innocence; for that dye is on
 [will of heaven
 makes my whitest part black. The
 in this and all things!—I obey.—
 Nay, be must bear you company.—
 [To Abern.] The king
 shall to the Tower, till you know
 he determines farther.

As the duke said,
 Here is a warrant from
 to attach lord Montacute; and the
 bodies
 of the duke's confessor, John de la Car,
 and Gilbert Peck, his chancellor,—

So, so;
 No more, I
 [hope.
 O, Michael Hopkins!
 He.
 My surveyor is false; the o'er great
 [already:
 show'd him gold: my life is spann'd
 the shadow of poor Buckingham,
 figure even this instant cloud puts on,
 by darkening my clear sun.—My lord, fare-
 well.

SCENE II.—The Council Chamber.
 Enter King Henry, Cardinal Wolsey,
 the Lords of the Council, Sir Thomas
 Lovell, Officers, Attendants. The King
 sits leaning on the Cardinal's shoulder.
 K. Hen. My life itself, and the best heart
 of it,
 would you for this great care: I stood i' the
 fullcharg'd confederacy, and give thanks
 you that chok'd it.—Let be call'd before us
 that gentleman of Buckingham's: in person
 I'll ease him his confessions justify;
 point by point the treasons of his master
 shall again relate.

The King takes his state. The Lords of
 the Council take their several places.
 The Cardinal places himself under the
 King's feet, on his right side.
 Enter the Queen, ushered by the Dukes of
 Norfolk and Suffolk: she kneels. The
 King rises from his state, takes her up,
 and placeth her by him. [a suitor.
 Q. Kath. Nay, we must longer kneel: I am
 K. Hen. Arise, and take place by us:—half
 your suit
 next came to us; you have half our power:
 the other moiety, ere you ask, is given;
 we eat 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.

K. Hen. 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 com-
 missions [heart
 Sent down among them, which hath flaw'd the
 Of all their loyalties:—wherein, although,
 My good lord cardinal, they vent reproaches
 Most bitterly on you, as putter-on
 Of these exactions, yet the king our master,
 (Whose honour heaven shield from soil!) even
 he escapes not

Language unmannerly; yea, such which breaks
 The sides of loyalty, and almost appears
 In loud rebellion.

Nor. Not almost appears,
 It doth appear; for, upon these taxations,
 The clothiers all, not able to maintain
 The many to them longing, have put off
 The spinsters, carders, fullers, weavers, who,
 Unfit for other life, compell'd by hunger
 And lack of other means, in desperate manner
 Daring the event to the teeth, are all in uproar,
 And danger serves among them.

K. Hen. Taxation!
 Wherein? and what taxation?—My lord car-
 dinal,
 You that are blam'd for it alike with us,
 Know you of this taxation?

Wol. Please you, sir,
 I know but of a single part, in aught
 Pertains to the state; and front but in that file
 Where others tell steps with me.

Q. Kath. No, my lord,
 You know no more than others; but you frame
 Things that are known alike; which are not
 wholesome [must
 To those which would not know them, and yet
 Perforce be their acquaintance. These exac-
 tions, [are
 Whereof my sov'reign would have note, they
 Most pestilent to the hearing; and, to bear
 them,

The back is sacrifice to the load. They say
 They are devis'd by you: or else you suffer
 Too hard an exclamation.

K. Hen. Still exaction!
 The nature of it! In what kind, let's know,
 Is this exaction?

Q. Kath. I am much too venturesome
 Interrupting of your patience; but am bolden'd
 Under your promis'd pardon. The subject's
 grief [from each
 Comes through commissions, which compel
 The sixth part of his substance, to be levied
 Without delay; and the pretence for this
 Is nam'd, your wars in France: this makes
 bold mouths:
 Tongues spit their duties out, and cold hearts
 Allegiance in them; their curses now [freeze

Live where their prayers did; and it's come to
This tractable obedience is a slave [pass,
To each incensed will. I would your highness
Would give it quick consideration, for
There is no pruner business.

K. Hen. By my life,
This is against our pleasure.

Vol. And for me,
I have no further gone in this, than by
A single voice; and that not pass'd me but
By learn'd approbation of the judges. If I am
Traduc'd by ignorant tongues, which neither
My faculties nor person, yet will be [know
The chronicles of my doing,—let me say,
'Tis but the fate of place, and the rough bralce
That virtue must go through. We must not
Our necessary actions, in the fear [stint
To cope malicious censurers; which ever,
As ravenous fishes, do a vessel follow
That is new-trimm'd, but benefit no further
Than vainly longing. What we oft do best,
By sick interpreters, once weak ones, is
Not ours, or not allow'd; what worst, as oft,
Hitting a grosser quality, is cried up
For our best act. If we shall stand still,
In fear our motion will be mock'd or carp'd at,
We should take root here where we sit, or sit
State statues only.

K. Hen. Things done well,
And with a care, exempt themselves from fear;
Things done without example, in their issue
Are to be fear'd. Have you a precedent
Of this commission? I believe, not any.
We must not rend our subjects from our laws,
And stick them in our will. Sixth part of each
A trembling contribution! Why, we take
From every tree, lop, bark, and part o' the
timber; [hack'd,
And, though we leave it with a root, thus
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.

Vol. [To the Secretary.] A word with you.
Let there be letters writ to every shire,
Of the king's grace and pardon. The griev'd
commons

Hardly conceive of me; let it be nois'd,
That through our intercession this revokement
And pardon comes; I shall anon advise you
Further in the proceeding. [Exit Secretary.

Enter Surveyor.

Q. Kath. I am sorry that the duke of Buck-
ingham

Is run in your displeasure.

K. Hen. It grieves many:
The gentleman is learn'd, and a most rare
speaker;

To nature none more bound; his training such,
That he may furnish and instruct great teach-
ers,

And never seek for aid out of himself. Yet
When these so noble benefits shall prove [see,

Not well dispos'd, the mind grew
rupt,
They turn to vicious forms, ten times
Than ever they were fair. This nature
pleas,

Who was enroll'd 'mongst wonders,
Almost with ravish'd listening, could hear
His hour of speech a minute; he, my brother,
Hath into monstrous habits put the good
That once were his, and is become as I
As if besmear'd in hell. Sit by us; hear

(This was his gentleman in trust) of his
Things to strike honour and.—Did you see
The fore-recited practices; whereof
We cannot feel too little, hear too much.

Vol. Stand forth, and with bold
late what you,
Most like a careful subject, have collected
Out of the duke of Buckingham.

K. Hen. First, it was usual with him, that
It would infect his speech, that if he
Should without issue die, he'd carry
To make the sceptre his; these very words
I've heard him utter to his son-in-law,
Lord Abergarny; to whom by oath he
Revenge upon the cardinal.

Vol. Please your highness
This dangerous conception in this point
Not friended by his wish, to your liking
His will is most malignant; and it
Beyond you, to your friends.

Q. Kath. My learn'd lord
Deliver all with charity.

K. Hen. How grounded he his title to the crown
Upon our fall? to this point hast thou
At any time speak aught?

Surv. He was brother
By a vain prophecy of Michael Hopkin.

K. Hen. What was that Hopkin?

Surv. Sir, a Cheshire
His confessor; who fed him every
With words of sovereignty.

K. Hen. How know'st thou that?

Surv. Not long before your highness
to France,

The duke being at the Rose, with in the
Saint Lawrence Poultny, did of me
What was the speech among the lords?

Concerning the French journey: I say
Men fear'd the French would prove
To the king's danger. Presently the
Said 'twas the fear, indeed; and

doubted

'Twould prove the verity of certain words
Spoke by a holy monk; "that if he

"Hath sent to me, wishing me to go
John de la Cor, my chaplain, a Frenchman

To hear from him a matter of some weight
Whom after, under the confession, I

He solemnly had sworn, that, what he
My chaplain to no creature living,

to me, should utter, with demure confidence
his heart, *Neither the king, nor*
(*Call you the duke,*) shall prosper: bid him
To own the love o' the commonalty; the duke
shall govern England."

If I know you well,
You were the duke's surveyor, and lost your
office
On the complaint o' the tenants: take good
You charge not in your spleen a noble person,
And spoil your nobler soul: I say, take heed;
I heartily beseech you.

Let him on.

On my soul, I'll speak but truth.
I bid my lord the duke, by the devil's illusions
The monk might be deceiv'd; and that 'twas
dangerous for him

To calculate on this so far, until *[He'd,*
I saw him some design, which, being be-
liev'd, much like to do: he answer'd, "Tush!
It 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
might have gone off.

Ha! what, so rank! Ah, ha! I
know mischief in this man: canst thou say
I can, my liege.

Proceed.
Being at Greenwich,
About Sir William Blomer,—

I remember
That your highness had reprovd the duke
About Sir William Blomer,—

The duke retain'd him his.—But on; what
I remember
Of such a time:—being my sworn servant,
I once I
heard, "If" quoth he, "I for this had been
committed,
To the Tower, I thought,—I would have
port my father meant to act upon *[play'd*
To worship Richard; who, being at Salisbury,
these suit to come in his presence; which if
granted,
he must resemble of his duty, would
and his knife into him."

Now, madam, may his highness live
This man out of prison?

There's something more would
out of thee! what say'st!

After "the duke his father," with "the
he stretch'd him, and, with one hand on his
dagger,
spread on's breast, mounting his eyes,
discharge a horrible oath; whose tenor
were he evil us'd, he would out go
the other, by as much as a performance
in an absolute purpose.

There's his period,
He is attach'd;
Call him to present trial: if he may
perjury 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.—A Room in the Palace.

Enter the Lord Chamberlain and Lord Sands.
Cham. Is't possible the spells of France
should juggle

Men into such strange mysteries?
Sands. New customs,
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; *[directly*

For when thy hold 'em, you would swear
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 them pace before, the spavin
Or springhalt reign'd among them.

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?
Lov. Faith, my lord,
I hear of none, but the new proclamation
That's clapp'd upon the court-gate.

Cham. What is't for?
Lov. The reformation of our travel'd gal-
lants, *[tailors.*

That fill the courts with quarrels, talk, and
Cham. I am glad 'tis there: now I would
pray our monsieurs
To think an English courtier may be wise,
And never see the Louvre.

Lov. They must either
(For so run the conditions) leave those rem-
nants

Of fool and feather, that they got in France,
With all their honourable points of ignorance
Pertaining thereunto, (as fights and fireworks;
Abusing better men than they can be,
Out of a foreign wisdom;) renouncing clean
The faith they have in tennis, and tall stock-
ings, *[travel,*

Short blister'd breeches, and those types of
And understand again like honest men; *[it,*
Or pack to their old playfellows: there, I take
They may, *cum privilegio*, wear away *[at,*
The lag end of their lowliness, and be laugh'd
Sands. 'Tis time to give them physic, their
Are grown so catching. *[diseases*

Cham. What a loss our ladies
Will have of these trim vanities!

Lov. Ay, marry,
There will be woe indeed, lords: the sly
whorizons
Have got a speeding trick to lay down ladies;
A French song, and a fiddle, has no fellow.

Sands. The devil fiddle them ! I am glad they're going :

(For, sure, there's no converting of them ;) 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, hy'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 ?

Lon. To the cardinal's : Your lordship is a guest too.

Cham. O, 'tis true : This night he makes a supper, and a great one, To many lords and ladies ; there will be

The beauty of this kingdom, I'll assure you.

Lon. That churchman bears a bounteous mind indeed,

A hand as fruitful as the land that feeds us ; His dews fall everywhere.

Cham. No doubt he's noble ; He had a black mouth that said other of him.

Sands. He may, my lord, he has where-withal : in him,

Sparing would show a worse sin than ill doc-Men of his way should be most liberal ; [trine : 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 We shall be late else ; which I would not be,

For I was spoke to, with Sir Henry Guildford, This night to be comptrollers.

Sands. I am your lordship's.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.—*The Presence-Chamber in York-Place.*

Hautboys. A small table under state for the Cardinal, a longer table for the guests.

Enter, on one side, Anne Bullen, and divers Lords, Ladies, and Gentlewomen, as guests ; on the other, enter Sir Henry Guildford.

Guild. Ladies, a general welcome from his Salutes ye all ; this night he dedicates [grace To fair content and you : none here, he hopes, In all this noble bevy, has brought with her

One care abroad ; he would have all as merry, As, first, good company, good wine, good

welcome, [tardy : Can make good people. O, my lord, you're

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 come I think would better please them : by my

They are a sweet society of fair ones

Lon. O that your lordship were not To one or two of these !

Sands. They should find easy penance,

Lon. As easy as a down-bed would it.

Cham. Sweet ladies, will it please you Place you that side ; I'll take the other

this : His grace is entering—Nay, you must Two women plac'd together make

weather :—My lord Sands, you are one will keep the

Pray, sit between these ladies.

Sands. And thank your lordship.—By your sweet ladies :

[*Sits himself between Anne Bullen and another Lady.*]

If I chance to talk a little wild, forgive me I had it from my father.

Anne. Was he most

Sands. O, very mad, exclaiming love too :

But he would bite none ; just as I do He would kiss you twenty with a

Cham. Well said, my So, now you are fairly seated.—Gentle-

The penance lies on you, if these fair Pass away frowning.

Sands. For my little

Let me alone.

Hautboys. Enter Cardinal Wolsey, and takes his state.

Wol. You're welcome, my fair guests noble lady,

Orgentleman, that is not freely merry Is not my friend. This, to comfort

And to you all, good health.

Sands. Your grace is Let me have such a bowl may hold my

And save me so much talking.

Wol. My lord, I am beholden to you : cheer your

Ladies, you are not merry :—gentle- Whose fault is this ?

Sands. The red wine first In their fair cheeks, my lord ; then, Talk us to silence.

Anne. You are a merry

My lord Sands.

Sands. Yes, if I make my Here's to your ladyship ; and

For 'tis to such a thing.

Anne. You cannot

Sands. I told your grace, they were anon. [Drum and fife in the chambers.]

Wol.

Cham. Look out there, some of you.

Wol. [Exit a Servant.]
What warlike voice,
And to what end, is this?—Nay, ladies, fear
For all the laws of war you're privileg'd. [not;
Re-enter Servant.
Cham. How now, what is't?

A noble troop of strangers;
And how seem; they've left their barge, and
From foreign princes.

Good lord chamberlain,
French tongue; you can speak the
[them
And pray, receive them nobly, and conduct
their presence, where this heaven of beauty
shall shine at full upon them.—Some attend

[Exit Chamberlain, attended.]
All arise, and tables removed.
You have now a broken banquet; but we'll
mend it.

A good digestion to you all: and, once more,
I give a welcome on ye;—welcome all.

*Enter the King, and twelve others,
at Maskers, habited like shepherds, with
silen torch-bearers; ushered by the Lord
Chamberlain. They pass directly before the
Cardinal, and gracefully salute him.*

Cham. Because they speak no English, thus
they pray'd

To tell your grace,—That, having heard by
Of this so noble and so fair assembly. [same
They might to meet here, they could do no less,
Of the great respect they bear to beauty,
And leave their flocks; and, under your fair
conduct,

Have leave to view these ladies, and entreat
to have of revels with them.

Say, lord chamberlain,
which I pay them [pleasures.
Ladies chosen for the dance. The
King chooses Anne Bullen.

The fairest hand I ever touch'd.
[Music, Dance.

K. Hen. The fairest hand I ever touch'd.
[Music, Dance.

Wol. Your grace!

Pray tell them thus much from me;
That should be one amongst them, by his

name, worthy this place than myself; to whom,
I'll not know him, with my love and duty

I would surrender it.

I will, my lord.
[Goes to the Maskers, and returns.

Such a one, they all confess,
grace
[Exit, and he will take it.

Wol.

Let me see, then.—

[Comes from his state.

By all your good leaves, gentlemen;—here I'll
My royal choice, [make

K. Hen. [Unmasking.] You have found
him, cardinal:

You hold a fair assembly; you do well, lord;
You are a churchman, or, I'll tell you, cardinal,
I should judge you now unhappily.

Wol. I am glad
Your grace is grown so pleasant.

K. Hen. My lord chamberlain,
Pr'ythee, come hither: what fair lady's that?

Cham. An't please your grace, Sir Thomas
Bullen's daughter, [women.

The viscount Rochford, one of her highness'
K. Hen. By heaven, she is a dainty one!—
Sweetheart,

I were unmannerly to take you out,
And not to kiss you.—A health, gentlemen!

Let it go round.
Wol. Sir Thomas Lovell, is the banquet
I' the privy chamber? [ready

Lov. Yes, my lord.
Wol. Your grace,

I fear, with dancing is a little heated.
K. Hen. I fear, too much.

Wol. There's fresher air, my lord,
In the next chamber. [sweet partner,

K. Hen. Lead in your ladies, every one:—
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 them once again; and then let's dream
Who's best in favour.—Let the music knock it.

[Exit with trumpets,

ACT II.

SCENE I.—London. A Street.

Enter two Gentlemen, meeting.

1 Gent. Whither away so fast?
2 Gent. O.—God save you!

E'en to the hall, to hear what shall become
Of the great duke of Buckingham.

1 Gent. I'll save you
That labour, sir. All's now done, but the
Of bringing back the prisoner. [ceremony

2 Gent. Were you there?
1 Gent. Yes, indeed, was I.

2 Gent. Pray, speak what has happened.
1 Gent. You may guess quickly what.

2 Gent. Is he found guilty?
1 Gent. Yes, truly is he, and condemn'd
2 Gent. I am sorry for't. [upon it.

1 Gent. So are a number more.
2 Gent. But, pray, how pass'd it? [duke

1 Gent. I'll tell you in a little. The great
Came to the bar; where, to his accusations
He pleaded still not guilty, and alleg'd
Many sharp reasons to defend the law.

The king's attorney, on the contrary,
Urg'd on the examinations, proofs, confessions
Of divers witnesses; which the duke desir'd
To have brought, *viva 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.

2 *Gent.* That was he
That fed him with his prophecies?

1 *Gent.* The same.
All these accus'd him strongly; which he fain
Would have flung from him, but, indeed, he
Could not;

And so his peers, upon this evidence,
Have found him guilty of high treason. Much
He spoke, and learnedly, for life; but all
Was either pitied in him, or forgotten. [self]

2 *Gent.* After all this, how did he bear him-

1 *Gent.* When he was brought again to the
bar, to hear

His knell ring out, his judgment, he was stirr'd
With such an agony, he sweat extremely,
And something spoke in choler, ill, and hasty:
But he fell to himself again, and sweetly
In all the rest show'd a most noble patience.

2 *Gent.* I do not think he fears death.

1 *Gent.* Sure, he does not,
He never was so womanish; the cause
He may a little grieve at.

2 *Gent.* Certainly
This cardinal is the end of this.

1 *Gent.* 'Tis likely
By all conjectures: first, Kildare's attainder,
Then deputy of Ireland; who remov'd,
Earl Surrey was sent thither, and in haste too,
Lest he should help his father.

2 *Gent.* That trick of state
Was a deep envious one.

1 *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.

2 *Gent.* All the commons
Hate him perniciously, and o' my conscience,
Wish him ten fathoms deep: this duke as much
They love and dote on; call him bounteous
The mirror of all courtesy. [Buckingham,

1 *Gent.* Stay there, sir,
And see the noble ruin'd man you speak of.

Enter Buckingham from his arraignment;
tipstaves before him; the axe with the edge
towards him; halberds on each side; with
him Sir Thomas Lovell, Sir Nicholas Vaux,
Sir William Sands, and common people.

2 *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 thencego home and lose me.
I have this day receiv'd a traitor's judgment,
And by that name must die; yet, heaven bear
witness,

And if I have a conscience let it sink me,

Even as the axe falls, if I be not faultless!
The law I bear no malice for my death.
It has done, upon the premises, but I
But those that sought it I could wish to
Christians:

Be what they will, I heartily forgive them;
Yet let them look they glory not in
Nor build their evils on the graves of
men;

For then my guiltless blood must cry
them.

For further life in this world I ne'er have
Nor will I sue, although the king
More than I dare make faults.

lov'd me,
And dare be bold to weep for Buck-
His noble friends and fellows, whom I
Is only bitter to him, only dying,
Go with me, like good angels, to my seat.

And, as the long divorce of steel files on
Make of your prayers one sweet sacrifice
And lift my soul to heaven.—*Lead him*

name.

Lon. I do beseech your grace, for
If ever any malice in your heart

Were hid against me, now to forgive me
Buck. Sir Thomas Lovell, I forgive all

As I would be forgiven: I forgive all
There cannot be those numberless injuries
'Gainst me, that I cannot take grace.

No black envy shall mark my grave;
Command me to his grace;

And, if he speak of Buckingham, I
him

You met him half in heaven: my
Yet are the king's; and, till my soul

Shall cry for blessings on him, I may
Longer than I have time to tell his
Ever belov'd and loving may his rule

And when old time shall lead him to his
Goodness and he fill up one monument

Lee. To the water side I must come
grace;

Then give my charge up to Sir Nicholas
Who undertakes you to your end.

Vaux. The duke is coming; see the large
And fit it with such furniture as will

The greatness of his person.
Buck.

Let it alone; my state now will but
When I came hither, I was lord high

And duke of Buckingham; now, I am
Bokun:

Yet I am richer than my base account
That never knew what truth meant, I

And with that blood will make them
groan for't.

My noble father, Henry of Buck-
Who first rais'd head against our king

Flying for succour to his servant's hand
Being distress'd, was by that wretch

And without trial fell: God's peace be
Henry the seventh succeeding, truly

And merely to revenge him on the emperor,
For not bestowing on him, at his asking,
The archbishopric of Toledo, this is purpos'd,
2 *Gent.* I think you have hit the mark: but
is't not cruel
That she should feel the smart of this? The
Will have his will, and she must fall.
1 *Gent.* 'Tis woful,
We are too open here to argue this;
Let's think in private more. [Exit.

SCENE II.—An Ante-chamber in the Palace.
Enter the Lord Chamberlain, reading letter.

Cham. "My lord,—The horses your lord-
ship sent for, with all the care I had, I have
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 com-
mission and main power, took them 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 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 bro-
ther's wife, Has crept too near his conscience. [The wife,
Suf. No, his conscience
Has crept too near another lady.

Nor. 'Tis so:
This is the cardinal's doing, the king cardinal:
That blind priest, like the eldest son of fortune,
Turns what he list. The king will know him
one day. [Exit else.

Suf. Pray God he do! he'll never know him.
Nor. How holily he works in all his business!
And with what zeal! for, now he has crack'd
the league

Between us and the emperor, the queen's
great nephew: [scatters
He dives into the king's soul, and there
Dangers, doubts, wringing of the conscience,
Fears, and despair, 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 her lustre:
Of her, that loves him with that excellence
That angels love good men with: even of her,
That, when the greatest stroke of fortune falls,
Will bless the king: and is not this coura-
geous?

Cham. Heaven keep me from such counsel!
'Tis most true, [speaks them,
These news are everywhere; every tongue
And every true heart weeps for't: all that dare

And merely to revenge him on the emperor,
For not bestowing on him, at his asking,
The archbishopric of Toledo, this is purpos'd,
2 *Gent.* I think you have hit the mark: but
is't not cruel
That she should feel the smart of this? The
Will have his will, and she must fall.
1 *Gent.* 'Tis woful,
We are too open here to argue this;
Let's think in private more. [Exit.

SCENE II.—An Ante-chamber in the Palace.
Enter the Lord Chamberlain, reading letter.

Cham. "My lord,—The horses your lord-
ship sent for, with all the care I had, I have
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 com-
mission and main power, took them 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 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 bro-
ther's wife, Has crept too near his conscience. [The wife,
Suf. No, his conscience
Has crept too near another lady.

Nor. 'Tis so:
This is the cardinal's doing, the king cardinal:
That blind priest, like the eldest son of fortune,
Turns what he list. The king will know him
one day. [Exit else.

Suf. Pray God he do! he'll never know him.
Nor. How holily he works in all his business!
And with what zeal! for, now he has crack'd
the league

Between us and the emperor, the queen's
great nephew: [scatters
He dives into the king's soul, and there
Dangers, doubts, wringing of the conscience,
Fears, and despair, 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 her lustre:
Of her, that loves him with that excellence
That angels love good men with: even of her,
That, when the greatest stroke of fortune falls,
Will bless the king: and is not this coura-
geous?

Cham. Heaven keep me from such counsel!
'Tis most true, [speaks them,
These news are everywhere; every tongue
And every true heart weeps for't: all that dare

And merely to revenge him on the emperor,
For not bestowing on him, at his asking,
The archbishopric of Toledo, this is purpos'd,
2 *Gent.* I think you have hit the mark: but
is't not cruel
That she should feel the smart of this? The
Will have his will, and she must fall.
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ther's wife, Has crept too near his conscience. [The wife,
Suf. No, his conscience
Has crept too near another lady.

Look into these affairs, see this main end,—
The French king's sister. Heaven will one
day open

The king's eyes, that so long have slept upon
This bold bad man.

Suf. And free us from his slavery.

Nor. We had need pray,
And heartily, for our deliverance;
Or this imperious man will work us all
From princes into pages: all men's honours
Lie like one lump before him, to be fashion'd
Into what pitch he please.

Suf. For me, my lords,
I love him not, nor fear him; there's my creed:
As I am made without him, so I'll stand,
If the king please; his curses and his blessings
Touch me alike, they're breath I not believe in.
I knew him and I know him; so I leave him
To him that made him proud, the pope.

Nor. Let's in;
And with some other business put the king
From these sad thoughts, that work too much
upon him:

My lord, you'll bear us company?

Cham. Excuse me;
The king hath sent me elsewhere: besides,
You'll find a most unfit time to disturb him:
Health to your lordships.

Nor. Thanks, my good lord chamberlain.

Norfolk draws the curtain. The King is discovered sitting, and reading pensively.

Suf. How sad he looks! sure, he is much
K. Hen. Who is there, ha? [afflicted.

Nor. Pray God he be not angry.

K. Hen. Who's there, I say? How dare you
thrust yourselves

Into my private meditations?

Who am I, ha? [seizes

Nor. A gracious king that pardons all of
Malice no'er meant: our breach of duty this
Is business of estate; in which we come [way
To know your royal pleasure.

K. Hen. Ye are too bold:
Go to; I'll make ye know your times of
business:

Is this an hour for temporal affairs, ha?—

Enter Wolsey and Campeius.

Who's there? my good lord cardinal!—O, my
Wolsey,

The quiet of my wounded conscience;
Thou art a cure fit for a king.—[To Campeius.]

You're welcome,
Most learned reverend sir, into our kingdom:
Use us, and it.—[To Wolsey.] My good lord,
I be not found a talker. [have great care

Wol. Sir, you cannot.

I would your grace would give us but an hour
Of private conference.

K. Hen. [To Norfolk and Suffolk.] We are
busy; go.

Nor. [Aside to Suf.] This priest has no pride
in him.

Suf. [Aside to Nor.] Not to speak of;

I would not be so sick though for his joy:
But this cannot continue.

Nor. [Aside to Suf.] If it do,
I'll venture one have-it him.

Suf. [Aside to Nor.] I another
[Exit Norfolk and Suffolk.]

Wol. Your grace has given a precious
wisdom,

Above all princes, in committing freely
Your scruple to the voice of Clarendon!

Who can be angry now? what envy reacheth
The Spaniard, tied by blood and favour to

Must now confess, if they have any credit,
The trial just and noble. All the clerks,
I mean the learned ones, in Christian lands

Have their free voices: Rome, the voice of
judgment,

Invited by your noble self, hath sent
One general tongue unto us, this good and

This just and learned priest, cardinal Campeius:
Whom once more I present unto your grace.

K. Hen. And once more in mine arms
him welcome,

And thank the holy conclave for their love:
They have sent me such a man I would not

wish'd for.

Cam. Your grace must needs deserve
strangers' loves,

You are so noble. To your highness I
tender my commission; by whose virtue

[The court of Rome commanding] you
lord

Cardinal of York, are join'd with me
In the impartial judging of this business.

K. Hen. Two equal men. The queen's
be acquainted

Forthwith for what you come.—When
Wol. I know your majesty has

lov'd her

So dear in heart, not to deny her that
A woman of less place might ask by law.

Scholars, allow'd freely to argue for her.
K. Hen. Ay, and the best, also shall

and my favour

To him that does best: God forbid else
dinal,

Pr'ythee, call Gardiner to me, my new
I find him a fit follow.

Re-enter Wolsey, with Gardiner.

Wol. [Aside.] Give me your hand:
joy and favour to you;

You are the king's now.

Gard. [Aside.] But to be commanded
For ever by your grace, cardinal

K. Hen. Come hither, [They converse with

Cam. My lord of York, was not our
In this man's place before him?

Wol. Yes, my lord.

Cam. Was he not held a learned man?

Wol. Yes, my lord.

Cam. Believe me, there's an ill
Even of yourself, lord cardinal.

Wol. How?

They will not stick to say, you envied
him?

And since he would rise, he was so virtuous,
that a foreign man still; which so griev'd

him, Heaven's peace be with him!

Wol. A Christian care enough: for living
menures

He would needs be virtuous: that good
follow,

I command him, follows my appointment:
I will have none so near also. Learn this,

As he not to be grip'd by meaner persons.
I'll deliver this with modesty to the

most convenient place that I can think of,
[Exit Gardiner.]

There ye shall meet about this weighty busi-
ness.

My lord, see it furnish'd. O my lord,
I do not grieve an able man to leave

his service:—
But, conscience, con-

science, con-

science, con-

science, con-

science, con-

science, con-

science, con-

science, con-

science, con-

science, con-

science, con-

science, con-

science, con-

science, con-

science, con-

science, con-

science, con-

science, con-

science, con-

science, con-

science, con-

science, con-

science, con-

science, con-

science, con-

science, con-

And venture maidenhead for't; and so would
For all this spice of your hypocrisy: [you,

You, that have so fair parts of woman on you,
Have too a woman's heart; which ever yet

Affected eminence, wealth, sovereignty:
Which, to say sooth, are blessings; and which

[Savings 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
Old L. 'Tis strange: a three-pence bow'd

would hire me,
Old as I am, to queen it: but, I pray you,

What think you of a duchess? have you limbs
To bear that load of title?

Anne. No, in truth.

Old L. Then you are weakly made: pluck
off a little;

I would not be a young count in your way,
For more than blushing comes to: if your back

Cannot vouchsafe this burden, 'tis too weak
Ever to get a boy.

Anne. How you do talk!
I swear again, I would not be a queen

For all the world.

Old L. In faith, for little England
You'd venture an emballing: I myself

Would for Carnarvonshire, although there
'long'd!

No more to the crown but that.—Lo, who
Enter the Lord Chamberlain.

Cham. Good morning, ladies. What were't
worth to know

The secret of your conference?

Anne. My good lord,
Not your demand; it values not your asking;

Our mistress' sorrows we were pitying.

Cham. It was a gentle business, and become
The action of good women: there is hope [ing

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
Perceive I speak sincerely, and high note's

Taken of your many virtues, the king's majesty
Commands his good opinion of you to you, and

Does purpose honour to you no less flowing
Than marchioness of Pembroke; to which

title
A thousand pound a-year, annual support,
Out of his grace he adds.

Anne. I do not know

What kind of my obedience I should tender;
More than my all is nothing: nor my prayers

Are not words duly hallow'd, nor my wishes
More worth than empty vanities: yet prayers

and wishes
Are all I can return. Beseech your lordship,
Vouchsafe to speak my thanks and my obedi-

ence

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
perus'd her well;
Beauty and honour in her are so mingled,
That they have caught the king: and who
knows yet,
But from this lady may proceed a gem
To lighten all this isle!—[*To her.*] I'll to the
And say, I spoke with you. [King,
Anne. My honour'd lord.

[*Exit Lord Chamberlain.*]

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, (fie, fie, fie upon
This compell'd fortune!) have your mouth
Before you open it. [Sil'd up,

Anne. This is strange to me.
Old L. How tastes it? is it bitter? forty
pence, no.

There was a lady once, ('tis an old story,)
That would not be a queen, that would she not,
For all the mud in Egypt:—have you heard it?
Anne. Come, you are pleasant.

Old L. With your theme, I could
O'er-mount the lark. The marchioness of
Pembroke!

A thousand pounds a year, for pure respect!
No other obligation! By my life,
That promises more 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, cornets, and cornets. Enter two
Vergers, with short silver wands; next them,
two Scribes, in the habit of doctors; after
them, the Archbishop of Canterbury,
alone; after him, the Bishops of Lincoln,
Ely, Rochester, and Saint Asaph; next
them, at some small distance, follows a
Gentleman bearing the Purse, with the
Great Seal, and a Cardinal's hat; then
two Priests, bearing each a silver cross;
then a Gentleman-Usher bare-headed,
accompanied with a Sergeant-at-Arms,
bearing a silver mace; then two Gentlemen,
bearing two great silver pillars; after*

*them, side by side, the two
Wolsey and Campden; two
with the sword and mace. The
King and Queen, and their
King takes place under the cloth;
the two Cardinals sit under
The Queen takes place of
from the King. The Bishop
selves on each side the couch,
of a consistory; below them,
The Lords sit next the Bishop
and the rest of the Attendants
convenient order about the
Wol. Whilst our commission from*

Let silence be commanded. [What's
K. Hen. It hath already publicly been read,
And on all sides th' authority allow'd;
You may, then, spare that time.

Wol. Scribe. Say, Henry king of England,
into the court.

Crier. Henry king of England,
K. Hen. Here. [Come into the
Scribe. Say, Katharine queen of England,
Crier. Katharine queen of England,

[The Queen makes no answer, rises
her chair, goes about the court,
the King, and kneels at his feet
speaks.

Q. Kath. Sir, I desire you do me
And to bestow your pity on me; for I
I am a most poor woman, and a stranger
Born out of your dominions; having
No judge indifferent, nor no more
Of equal friendship and proceeding.
In what have I offended you? what
Hath my behaviour given to your
That thus you should proceed to put
And take your good grace from me?
witness,

I have been to you a true and humble
At all times to your will conformable;
Ever in fear to kindle your dislike,
Yes, subject to your countenance, since
As I saw it inclin'd. When was the
I ever contradicted your desire,
Or made it not mine too? Or which
Have I not strove to love, although I
He were mine enemy? what friend
That had to him deriv'd your anger,
Continue in my liking? nay, gave notice
He was from thence discharged. Say,
mind

That I have been your wife, in this
Upward of twenty years, and have
With many children by you; if, in the
And process of this time, you can
And prove it too, against mine honour
My bond to wedlock, or my love and
Against your sacred person, in God's
Turn me away; and let the foul'st
Shut door upon me, and so give me up
To the sharpest kind of justice. Please

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
of the wisest prince that there had reign'd by

many
a year before: it is not to be question'd
that they had gather'd a wise council to them
of every realm, that did debate this business,
who deem'd our marriage lawful: wherefore

I humbly
beseech you, sir, to spare me, till I may
be by my friends in Spain advis'd; whose
counsel
I will inquire: if not, if the name of God,
your pleasure be fulfill'd!

You have here, lady,
(these reverend fathers; men
of singular integrity and learning,
the elect o' the land, who are assembled
to plead your cause: it shall be therefore

without loss
that longer you desire the court; as well
for your own quiet, as to rectify
that is unsettled in the king.

His grace
will at this royal session do proceed;
that, without delay, their arguments
be now produc'd and heard.

Lord cardinal,
Your pleasure, madam? Sir,
I am about to weep; but, thinking that
we are a queen, (or long have dream'd so),
I'll turn to sparks of fire.

Be patient yet.
I will, when you are humble;
or that will punish me. I do believe,
that I am mine enemy: and make my challenge
you shall not be my judge: for it is you
have blown this coal betwixt my lord and

me.—
Which God's dew quench!—Therefore I say
stirly abhor, yea, from my soul [again,
you for my judge; whom, yet once
more,

I hold my most malicious foe, and think not
at all a friend to truth.

I do profess
I speak not like yourself; who ever yet
were clad to charity, and display'd the effects
of disposition gentle, and of wisdom
in a woman's power. Madam, you
do me wrong:
I have no spleen against you; nor injustice
to you, or any: how far I have proceeded,
how far farther shall, is warranted
by a commission from the consistory,—

Yea, the whole consistory of Rome. You
charge me

That I have blown this coal: I do deny it:
The king is present: if it be known to him
That I gain say my deed, how may he wound,
And worthily, my falsehood! you, 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 shall speak in, I do beseech
You, gracious madam, to unthink your speak-
And to say so no more. [ing,

Q. Kath. My lord, my lord,
I am a simple woman, much too weak
To oppose your cunning. You're meek and
humble-mouth'd; [ing,

You sign your place and calling, in full seem-
With meekness and humility; but your heart
Is cramm'd with arrogance, spleen, and pride.
You have, by fortune and his highness' favour,
Gone slightly o'er low steps, and now are
mounted [words,

Where powers are your retainers; and your
Domestics to you, serve your will as't please
Yourself pronounce their office. I must tell
you,

You tender more your person's honour than
Your high profession spiritual: that again
I do refuse you for my judge; and here,
Before you all, appeal unto the pope.
To bring my whole cause fore his holiness,
And to be judg'd by him.

[She courtesies to the King, and offers to
depart.

Cam. The queen is obstinate,
Stubborn to justice, apt to accuse it, and
Disdainful to be tried by't: 'tis not well.
She's going away.

K. Hen. Call her again. Into the court,
Crier. Katharine queen of England, come
Grif. Madam, you are called back.

Q. Kath. What need you note it? pray you,
keep your way: [help!
When you are call'd, return.—Now, the Lord
They vex me past my patience!—Pray you,
I will not tarry; no, nor ever more [pass on:
Upon this business my appearance make
In any of their courts.

[Exit Queen, Griffith, and her other
Attendants.

K. Hen. Go thy ways, Kate:
That man if the world who shall report he has
A better wife, let him in nought be trusted,
For speaking false in that: thou art, alone,
(If thy rare qualities, sweet gentleness,
Thy meekness saint-like, wife-like govern-
ment,—

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.

Pol. Most gracious sir,
In humblest manner I require your highness,
That it shall please you to declare, in hearing
Of all these ears, (for where I am robb'd and
bound,

There must I be unloos'd; although not there
At once, and fully satisfied,) whether ever I
Did broach this business to your highness; or
Laid any scruple in your way, which might
Induce you to the question on't? or ever
Have to you,—but with thanks to God for such
A royal lady,—spake one the least word that
Be to the prejudices of her present state, [might
Or touch of her good person?

K. Hen. My lord cardinal,
I do excuse you; yea, upon mine honour,
I free you from't. You are not to be taught
That you have many enemies, that know not
Why they are so, but, like to village curs,
Bark when their fellows do; by some of these
The queen is put in anger. You're excus'd:
But will you be more justified? you ever
Have wish'd the sleeping of this business;
never

[oft,
Desir'd it to be stirr'd; but oft have hinder'd,
The passages made toward it:—on my honour,
I speak my good lord cardinal to this point,
And thus far clear him. Now, what mov'd
me to't,

I will be bold with time, and your attention:—
Then mark th' inducement. Thus it came;—
give heed to't:—

My conscience first receiv'd a tenderness,
Scruple, and prick, on certain speeches utter'd
By the bishop of Bayonne, then French am-
bassador;

Who had been hither sent on the debating
A marriage 'twixt the duke of Orleans and
Our daughter Mary: i' the progress of this
Ere a determinate resolution, he [business,
(I mean, the bishop) did require a respite:
Wherein he might the king his lord advertise
Whether our daughter were legitimate,
Respecting this our marriage with the dowager,
Sometime our brother's wife. This respite
shook

The bosom of my conscience, enter'd me,
Yea, with a splitting power, and made to
tremble

[way,
The region of my breast; which forc'd such
That many maz'd considerations did throng,
And press'd in with this caution. First, me-
thought

I stood not in the smile of Heaven; who had
Commanded nature, that my lady's womb,
If it conceiv'd a male child by me, should
Do no more offices of life to't, than
To be grave does to the dead; for her male issue
Or died where they were made, or shortly after
This world had air'd them: hence I took a
thought,

This was a judgment on me; that my kingdom,

Well worthy the best heir o' the world,
should not

Be gladdened in't by me: then follows, that
I weigh'd the danger which my realm might
By this my issue's fall; and that gave to
Many a groaning throat. Thus having
The wild sea of my conscience, I did then
Toward this remedy, whereupon we are
Now present here together; that's to say,
I meant to rectify my conscience,—which
I then did feel full sick, and yet not well;
By all the reverend fathers of the law,
And doctors learn'd:—first I began to pray
With you, my lord of Lincoln; you remember
How under my oppression I did seek,
When I first mov'd you,

Lin. Very well, and long. I have spoke long:—
K. Hen. I have spoke long:—
How far you satisfied me. [Goes out.]

Lin. So please your highness,
The question did at first so stagger me,
Bearing a state of mighty moment to't,
And consequence of dread,—that I could
The daring at counsel that I had to do,
And did entreat your highness to this point,
Which you are running here.

K. Hen. Then I mov'd
My lord of Canterbury, and got your leave
To make this present summons:—
I left no reverend person in this court;
But by particular consent proceeded
Under your hands and seals: therefore
For no dislike i' the world against the
Of the good queen, but the sharp forward
Of my alleged reasons, drive this forward
Prove but our marriage lawful, by my law,
And kingly dignity, we are contented
To wear our mortal state to come with
Katharine our queen, before the world.
That's paragon'd o' the world.

Cam. So please your highness,
The queen being absent, tis a new hindrance
That we adjourn this court till further
Meanwhile must be an earnest motion
Made to the queen, to call back her grace
She intends unto his holiness.

K. Hen. [Aside.] I may
These cardinals trifle with me: I doubt
This dilatory sloth and tricks of Rome
My learn'd and well-belov'd servants
Pr'ythee, return! with thy approach,
My comfort comes along.—Break up the
I say, set on.

[Exit, in manner as they were going.]

ACT III.

SCENE I.—London. Palace at Whitehall.

A Room in the Queen's Apartments.

The Queen, and some of her women, with

Q. Kath. Take thy lute, wench; it
grows sad with troubles;
Sing, and disperse them, if thou canst.

SONG.

Uphens with his lute made trees,
And the mountain-tops that freeze,
Saw themselves, when he did sing
To his music, plants and flowers
In spring; as sun and showers
There had made a lasting spring
Everything that heard him play,
Even the billows of the sea,
Droop their heads, and then lay by.
In sweet music is such art,
Killing care and grief of heart,
Full asleep, or hearing, die.

Enter a Gentleman.
Kath. How now!

Cardinal. An't please your grace, the two great
cardinals

Kath. Would they speak with me!
Cardinal. They will'd me say so, madam.

Kath. Pray their graces
[Exit Gent.] What can be
[favour]

Kath. A poor weak woman, fallen from
their business
[favour]

Kath. I don't like their coming, now I think on't.
[favour]

Kath. I should be good men; their affairs as
[favour]

Kath. I should be good men; their affairs as
[favour]

Kath. I should be good men; their affairs as
[favour]

Kath. I should be good men; their affairs as
[favour]

Kath. I should be good men; their affairs as
[favour]

Kath. I should be good men; their affairs as
[favour]

Kath. I should be good men; their affairs as
[favour]

Kath. I should be good men; their affairs as
[favour]

Kath. I should be good men; their affairs as
[favour]

Kath. I should be good men; their affairs as
[favour]

Kath. I should be good men; their affairs as
[favour]

Kath. I should be good men; their affairs as
[favour]

Kath. I should be good men; their affairs as
[favour]

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[favour]

The willing'st sin I ever yet committed
May be absolv'd in English.

Wol. Noble lady.

I am sorry my integrity should breed
(And service to his majesty and you)
So deep suspicion, where all faith was meant.
We come not by the way of accusation,
To taint that honour every good tongue
Nor to betray you any way to sorrow; [blessed,
You have too much, good lady; but to know
How you stand minded in the weighty differ-
ence

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 cen-
sure

Both of his truth and him, (which was too
Offers, as I do, in sign of peace, [far],—
His service and his counsel.

Q. Kath. [Aside.] To betray me.

My lords, I thank you both for your good
wills:

Ye speak like honest men: (pray God, ye
prove so!)

But how to make ye suddenly an answer,
In such a point of weight, so near mine honour,
(More near my life, I fear,) with my weak wit,
And to such men of gravity and learning,

In truth, I know not. I was set at work
Among my maids; full little, God knows,
looking

Either for such men, or such business.
For her sake that I have been, (for I feel
The last fit of my greatness,) good your graces,
Let me have time and counsel for my cause:

Alas, I am a woman, friendless, hopeless!

Wol. Madam, you wrong the king's love
with these fears:

Your hopes and friends are infinite.

Q. Kath. In England

But little for my profit: can you think, lords,
That any Englishman dare give me counsel?
Or be a known friend, 'gainst his highness'

pleasure, [ast,]

(Though he be grown so desperate to be hon-
And live a subject? Nay, forsooth, my friends,
They that must weigh out my afflictions,
They that my trust must go 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: 'twill be much
Both for your honour better, and your cause;

For if the trial of the law o'ertake you,
You'll part away disgrac'd.

Wol. He tells you rightly.

Q. Kath. Ye tell me what ye wish for both,
—my ruin:

Is this your Christian counsel? out upon ye!
Heaven is above all yet; there sits a Judge
That no king can corrupt.

Cam. Your rage mistakes us.

Q. Kath. The more shame for ye! holy men
I thought ye,

Upon my soul, two reverend cardinal virtues;
But cardinal sins, and hollow hearts, I fear ye;
Mend them, for shame, my lords. Is this your
comfort?

The cordial that ye bring a wretched lady?
A woman lost among ye, laugh'd at, scorn'd?
I will not wish ye half my miseries;
I have more charity: but say, I warn'd ye;
Take heed, for heaven's sake, take heed, lest
at once

The burden of my sorrows fall upon ye.

Vol. 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 ye have
(If ye have any justice, any pity;

If ye be anything but churchmen's habits)
Put my sick cause into his hands that hates me?

Alas, he 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
Make me a curse like this. [studies

Cam. Your fears are worse.

Q. Kath. Have I liv'd thus long—(let me
speak myself, [one]

Since virtue finds no friends,)—a wife, a true
A woman (I dare say without vain-glory)

Never yet branded with suspicion?
Have I with all my full affections

Still met the king? lov'd him next heaven?
obey'd him?

Been, out of fondness, superstitious to him?
Almost forgot my prayers to content him?

And am I thus rewarded? 'tis not well, lords.
Bring me a constant woman to her husband,

One that ne'er dream'd a joy beyond his
pleasure;

And to that woman, when she has done most,
Yet will I add an honour,—a great patience.

Vol. Madam, you wander from the good
we aim at. [so gullible]

Q. Kath. My lord, I dare not make myself
To give up willingly that noble title

Your master wed me to: nothing but death
Shall e'er divorce my dignities.

Vol. Pray, hear me.

Q. Kath. Would I had never trod this
English earth,

Or felt the flatteries that grow upon it!
Ye have angels' faces, but heaven knows your
hearts.

What will become of me now, wretched lady?
I am the most unhappy woman living.

[To her women.] Alas, poor wretches,
are now your fortunes!

Shipwreck'd upon a kingdom, where no
No friends, no hope; no kindred woe!

Almost no grave allow'd me:—like the
That once was mistress of the field and

I'll hang my head and perish. If your
I will.

Could but be brought to know our
honest,

You'd feel more comfort: why should
Upon what cause, wrong you? alas, you

The way of our profession is against
We are to cure such sorrows, not to sow

For goodness' sake, consider what you do!
How you may hurt yourself, ay, utterly

Grow from the king's acquaintance,
The hearts of princes kiss obedience,

So much they love it; but to stubborn
They swell, and grow as terrible as

I know you have a gentle, noble temper,
A soul as even as a calm: pray,

Those we profess, peace-makers,
servants.

Cam. Madam, you'll find it so. Ye
With these weak women's fears: a wretched

As yours was put into you, ever cast
Such doubts, as false coin, from it. The

loves you;
Beware you lose it not: for us, if you

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,
pray, forgive me,

If I have us'd myself unmannerly;
You know I am a woman, lacking wit

To make a seemly answer to such
Pray, do my service to his majesty:

He has my heart yet; and shall have my
While I shall have my life. Come, my

fathers,
Bestow your counsels on me: she now

That little thought, when she sat from
She should have bought her dignity

SCENE II.—Ante-chamber to the King's
ment.

Enter the Duke of Norfolk, the Duke of
folk, the Earl of Surrey, and the

Chamberlain.

Nor. If you will now unite in
plaints,

And force them with a constancy, the
Cannot stand under them: if you will

The offer of this time, I cannot promise
But that you shall sustain more new

With these you bear already. I am
Sur.

To meet the least occasion that may
Remembrance of my father-in-law, the

He reveng'd on him. Which of the
Sig.

Have unconcern'd gone by him, or

neglected? when did he regard
himself in any person,

My lords, you speak your pleasures:
that we can do to him, (though now the time
way in us,) I much fear. If you cannot
the access to the king, never attempt
anything on him; for he hath a witchcraft
over the king in his tongue.

O, fear him not;
the king hath found
himself against him, that for ever mars
of his language. No, he's settled,
and will come off, in his displeasure.

Sir,
I could be glad to hear such news as this
every hour.

Believe it, this is true:
the divorce his contrary proceedings
all unfolded; wherein he appears,
I would wish mine enemy.

How came

Most strangely.

O, how, how?

The cardinal's letter to the pope mis-

carried.

read, to the eye o' the king: wherein was

the cardinal did entreat his holiness

to take place, "I do," quoth he, "perceive

the king is tangled in affection to

the queen's lady Anne Bullen."

Has the king this?

Believe it.

Will this work?

The king in this perceives him, how

he hedges his own way. But in this point

of his tricks founder, and he brings his physic

to his patient's death: the king already

had married the fair lady.

May you be happy in your wish, my

lord, I promise you have it.

Now, all my joy

My amen to't!

All men's!

There's order given for her coronation:

this is yet but young, and may be left

to some ears unrecounted.—But, my lords,

and and feature: I persuade me, from her

shall fall some blessing to this land, which

shall be memoriz'd.

But, will the king

this letter of the cardinal's?

Lord forbid!

Marry, amen!

No, no:

there be more wasps that buzz about his nose,

Will make this sting the sooner, Cardinal
Campellus

Is stolen 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.

Now, God incense him,

And let him cry ha! louder!

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.

This same Cranmer's

A worthy fellow, and hath ta'en much pain

In the king's business.

He has; and we shall see him

For it an archbishop.

So I hear.

'Tis so.

The cardinal.

Enter Wolsey and Cromwell.

Observe, observe, he's moody.

The packet, Cromwell, gave it you

the king?

To his own hand in his bedchamber.

Look'd he o' the inside of the paper?

Presently

He did unseal them: and the first he view'd,

He did it with a serious mind; a heed

Was in his countenance. You he bade

Attend him here this morning.

Is he ready

To come abroad?

I think, by this he is.

Leave me awhile.—[Exit Cromwell.]

It shall be to the duchess of Alençon,

The French king's sister; he shall marry her.—

Anne Bullen! No; I'll no Anne Bullens for

him:

There's more in't than fair visage.—Bullen!

No, we'll no Bullens.—Speedily I wish

To hear from Rome.—The marchioness of

Nor. He's discontented. [Pembroke!]

May be, he hears the king

Does what his anger to him.

Sharp enough,

Lord, for thy justice!

The late queen's gentlewoman, a

knight's daughter, [queen!]

To be her mistress' mistress! the queen's

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 Latheran; and not wholesome to

Our cause, that she should lie i' the bosom of

Our hard-ru'd king. Again, there is sprung up

A heretic, an arch one, Cranmer; one
Hath crawl'd into the favour of the king,
And is his oracle.

Nor. He is vex'd at something.
Suf. I would 'twere something that would
The master-cord of's heart! [fret the string,
Suf. The king, the king!

Enter the King, reading a schedule; and
Lovell.

K. Hen. What piles of wealth hath he accu-
mulated

To his own portion! and what expense by the
hour [of thrift,

Seems to flow from him! How, if the name
Does he rake this together!—Now, my lords,
Saw you the cardinal?

Nor. [Advancing.] My lord, we have
Stood here observing him: some strange com-
motion

Is in his brain: he bites his lip, and starts;
Stops on a sudden, looks upon the ground,
Then lays his finger on his temple; straight
Springs out into fast gait; then stops again,
Strikes his breast hard; and anon he casts
His eye against the moon: in most strange
We have seen him set himself. [postures

K. Hen. It may well be;
There is a mutiny in's mind. This morning
Papers of state he sent me to peruse,
As I requir'd: and wot you what I found
There, on my conscience, put unwittingly!
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 outspeaks
Possession of a subject.

Nor. It's heaven's will:
Some spirit put this paper in the packet,
To bless your eye withal.

K. Hen. If we did think
His contemplation were above the earth,
And fix'd on spiritual object, he should still
Dwell in his musings: but I am afraid
His thinkings are below the moon, not worth
His serious considering.

[He takes his seat, and whispers Lovell,
who goes to Wolsey.

Wol. Heaven forgive me!
Ever God bless your highness.

K. Hen. Good my lord,
You are full of heavenly stuff, and bear the
inventory

Of your best graces in your mind; the which
You were now running o'er: you have scarce
time

To steal from spiritual leisure a brief span,
To keep your earthly audit: sure, in that
I deem you an ill husband, and am glad
To have you therein my companion.

Wol. Sir,
For holy offices I have a time; a time
To think upon the part of business which
I bear in the state; and nature does require

Her times of preservation, which pro-
I, her frail son, amongst my business
Must give my tendance to.

K. Hen. You have
Wol. And ever may your highness
together,

As I will lend you cause, my doing well
With my well saying! [Tis well said,
K. Hen. Tis well said,
And 'tis a kind of good deed to say well,
And yet words are no deeds.

Wol. My lord,
He said he did; and with his deed
His word upon you. Since I had
I have kept you next my heart; now
Employ'd you where high profits

home,
But pard' my present having, to loose
My bounties upon you.

Wol. What should this mean?
Sur. [Aside to the others.] The king
crease this business!

K. Hen. Have I not
The prime man of the state! I port

me
If what I now pronounce you have
And, if you may confess it, say what
If you are bound to us, or no. What
Wol. My sovereign, I confess, your
graces,

Show'd on me daily, have been
My studied purposes requite; while
Beyond all man's endeavour—my desire
Have ever come too short of my desire
Yet fill'd with my abilities: mine own
Have been mine so, that evermore they
To the good of your most sacred
The profit of the state. For your
Heap'd upon me, poor undeserving,
Can nothing render but allegiance
My prayers to heaven for you; my love
Which ever has and ever shall be
Till death, that winter, kill it.

K. Hen. A loyal and obedient subject is
Therein illustrated: the honour of
Does pay the act of it: as, if the con-
The foulness is the punishment
That as my hand has open'd bounty
My heart dropp'd love, my power

our more
On you than any; so your hand and
Your brain, and every function of your
Should, notwithstanding that you
As 'twere in love's particular, be more
To me, your friend, than any.

Wol. That for your highness' good I ever
More than mine own; that am
will be,
Though all the world should crack
Abound, as thick as thought could
and

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To me, your friend, than any.

Wol. That for your highness' good I ever
More than mine own; that am
will be,
Though all the world should crack
Abound, as thick as thought could
and

Wol. To form more horrid; yet my duty,
I, her frail son, amongst my business
Must give my tendance to.

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Wol. That for your highness' good I ever
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will be,
Though all the world should crack
Abound, as thick as thought could
and

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-patents;—now, who'll take
Sur. The king, that gave it. [It
Wol. It must be himself, then.

Sur. Thou art a proud traitor, priest.
Wol. Proud lord, thou hast:

Within these forty hours Surrey durst better
Have burnt that tongue than said so.

Sur. Thy ambition,
Thou scarlet sin, robb'd this bawling land
Of noble Buckingham, my father-in-law:
The heads of all thy brother cardinals
(With thee and all thy best parts bound to-
gether)

Weigh'd not a hair of his. Plague of your
You sent me deputy for Ireland; [policy!
Far from his succour, from the king, from all
That might have mercy on the fault thou
gav'st him;

Whilst your great goodness, out of holy pity,
Absolv'd him with an axe.

Wol. This, and all else
This talking lord can lay upon my credit,
I answer is most false. The duke by law
Found his deserts: how innocent I was.

From any private malice in his end,
His nobles jury and foul cause can witness.
If I lov'd many words, lord, I should tell you,
You have as little honesty as honour;

That, in the way of loyalty and truth
Toward the king, my ever royal master,
Dare mate a sounder man than Surrey can be,
And all that love his follies.

Sur. By my soul,
Your long coat, priest, protects you; thou
shouldst feel

My sword if the life-blood of thee else.—My
Can ye endure to hear this arrogance! [lords
And from this fellow! If we live thus tamely
To be thus fad'd by a piece of scarlet,
Farewell nobility; let his grace go forward,
And dare us with his cap, like larks.

Wol. All goodness
Is poison to thy stomach.

Sur. Yes, that goodness
Of gleaming all the land's wealth into one,
Into your own hands, cardinal, by extortion;
The goodness of your intercepted packets,
You writ to the pope, against the king: your
goodness,

Since you provoke me, shall be most notorious.
My lord of Norfolk,—as you are truly noble,
As you respect the common good, the state
Of our despis'd nobility, our issues,
Who, if he live, will scarce be gentlemen,
Produce the grand sum of his sins, the articles

Wol. I have a time; a time
To think upon the part of business which
I bear in the state; and nature does require

Her times of preservation, which pro-
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Wol. That for your highness' good I ever
More than mine own; that am
will be,
Though all the world should crack
Abound, as thick as thought could
and

Collected from his life:—I'll startle you
Worse than the sacking bell, when the brown
Lay kissing in your arms, lord cardinal. [wrench
Wol. How much, methinks, I could despise
this man,

But that I am bound in charity against it.

Nor. Those articles, my lord, are in the
king's hand:

But, thus much, they are foul ones.

Wol. So much fairer
And spotless shall mine innocence arise,
When the king knows my truth.

Sur. This cannot save you.
I thank my memory, I yet remember
Some of these articles; and cry they shall.
Now, if you can blush, and cry guilty, cardinal,
You'll show a little honesty.

Wol. Speak on, sir;
I dare your worst objections; if I blush,
It is to see a nobleman want manners.

Sur. I had rather want those than my head.—
Have at you!

First, that, without the king's assent or know-
You wrought to be a legate; by which power
You main'd the jurisdiction of all bishops.

Nor. Then, that in all you writ to Rome, or
To foreign princes, *Ego et Rex meus* [else
Was still inscrib'd; in which you brought the
To be your servant. [king

Suf. Then, that, without the knowledge
Either of king or council, when you went
Ambassador to the emperor, you made bold
To carry into Flanders the great seal.

Sur. Item, you sent a large commission
To Gregory de Cassalis, to conclude,
Without the king's will or the state's allowance,
A league between his highness and Ferrara.

Suf. That, out of mere ambition, you have
caus'd

Your holy hat to be stamp'd on the king's coin.

Sur. Then, that you have sent innumerable
substance, [science,

[By what means got, I leave to your own con-
To furnish Rome, and to prepare the ways
You have for dignities; to the mere undoing
Of all the kingdom. Many more there are;
Which, since they are of you, and odious,
I will not taint my mouth with.

Cham. O my lord,
Press not a falling man too far; 'tis virtue:
His faults lie open to the laws; let them.
Not you, correct him. My heart weeps to see
So little of his great self. [him

Sur. I forgive him.
Suf. Lord cardinal, the king's further plea-
sure is,

Because all those things you have done of late,
By your power legatine, within this kingdom,
Fall into the compass of a *premunire*.—
That therefore such a writ be sued against you;
To forfeit all your goods, lands, tenelements,
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
tations

How to live better. For your table
About the giving back the great seal
The king shall know it, and, no more,
thank you.

So fare you well, my little good lord,
(*Exeunt all save Wol.*)

Wol. So, farewell to the Duke
bear me.

Farewell, a long farewell, to all my
This is the state of man: to-day he
The tender leaves of hope; to-morrow

And bears his blushing honours
The third day comes a frost; a killing frost
And,—when he thinks, good day! and
surely

His greatness is a ripening.—Who
And then he falls, as I do. I have
Like little wanton boys that swim on bladders,
This many summers in a sea of glory,
But far beyond my depth: my high-
At length broke under me; and now
Weary and old with service, to the vilest
Of a rude stream, that must for ever
Vain pomp and glory of this world,
I feel my heart new open'd. O, how
Is that poor man that hangs on
favours:

There is, betwixt that smile we would
That sweet aspect of princes, and their
More pangs and fears than wars or
And, when he falls, he falls like lightning
Never to hope again.—

Enter Cromwell, *anxious*.
Why, how now, Wol?

Crom. I have no power to speak.

Wol. At my misfortunes? can thy spirit
A great man should decline? [Cromwell
I am fallen indeed. How does your
Wol.

Never so truly happy, my good lord,
I know myself now; and I feel with
A peace above all earthly dignities.
A still and quiet conscience. The
cur'd me,

I humbly thank his grace; and
These ruin'd pillars, out of pity, have
A load would sink a navy, too much
O, 'tis a burden, Cromwell, 'tis a
Too heavy for a man that hopes for
Crom. I am glad your grace has
right use of it.

Wol. I hope I have: I am able
(Out of a fortitude of soul I feel.)
To endure more miseries, and greater
Than my weak-hearted enemies dare
What news abroad?

Crom. The heaviest and the best
Is your displeasure with the king.
Wol.

The next is, that Sir Thomas More
counselor in your place. [is chosen

That's somewhat sudden: May he continue
in his highness' favour, and do justice
To his conscience; that his
blessings,
He has run his course and sleeps in
a tomb of orphans' tears wept on
[them.

That Cromwell is return'd with wel-
come.

Wol. That's news indeed!

Last, that the lady Anne,
was view'd in secrecy long married,
in a chapel; and the voice is now
about her coronation.

There was the weight that pull'd me
down. O Cromwell,

That one woman I have lost for ever:
shall ever usher forth mine honours,
my smiles. Go, get thee from me,
Cromwell;

A poor fallen man, unworthy now
My lord and master: seek the king;
I pray, may never set! I have told
[thee;

And how true thou art: he will advance
my noble nature, I not let
[well,

My noble nature, I not let
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[well,

Love thyself last: cherish those hearts that
hate thee:

Corruption wins not more than honesty.
Still in thy right hand carry gentle peace, [not;
To silence envious tongues. Be just, and fear
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,—pr'ythee, lead me in:

There take an inventory of all I have,
To the last penny; 'tis the king's: my robe,
And my integrity to heaven, is all
I dare now call mine own. O Cromwell,
Cromwell!

Had I but serv'd my God with half the zeal
I serv'd my king, he would not in mine age
Have left me naked to mine enemies.

Crom. Good sir, have patience.
Wol. So I have. Farewell
The hopes of court! my hopes in heaven do
dwell. [Exeunt.

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—A Street in Westminster.

Enter two Gentlemen, meeting.

1 Gent. You are well met once again.

2 Gent. So are you. [and behold

1 Gent. You come to take your stand here,
The lady Anne pass from her coronation?

2 Gent. 'Tis all my business. At our last
encounter.

The duke of Buckingham came from his trial.

1 Gent. 'Tis very true: but that time offer'd
This, general joy. [sorrow,

2 Gent. 'Tis well: the citizens, [minds;
I am sure, have shown at full their royal
As, let them have their rights, they are ever
forward

In celebration of this day with shows,
Pageants, and sights of honour.

1 Gent. Never greater;
Nor, I'll assure you, better taken, sir.

2 Gent. May I be bold to ask what that con-
That paper in your hand? [tains,

1 Gent. Yes, 'tis the list
Of those that claim their offices this day,
By custom of the coronation.

The duke of Suffolk is the first, and claims
To be high steward; next, the duke of Norfolk,
He to be earl-marshal: you may read the rest.

2 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 Kath-
arine,

The princess dowager? how goes her business?

1 Gent. That I can tell you too. The arch-
bishop

Of Canterbury, accompanied with other
Learned and reverend fathers of his order,
Held a late court at Dunstable, six miles off

From Amphill, where the princess lay; to which [not:]

She was often cited by them, but appear'd And, to be short, for not appearance, and The king's late scruple, by the main assent Of all these learned men she was divorc'd, And the late marriage made of none effect: Since which she was removed to Kimbolton, Where she remains now, sick.

2 Gent. Alas, good lady!—

[Trumpets.]

The trumpets sound: stand close, the queen is coming.

The Order of the Procession.

A lively flourish of trumpets; then, enter

1. Two Judges. [before him,
2. Lord Chancellor, with the purse and mace
3. Choristers, singing. [Music.]

4. Mayor of London, bearing the mace. Then Garter, in his coat of arms, and on his head a gilt copper crown.

5. Marquess Dorset, bearing a sceptre of gold, on his head a demi-coronet of gold. With him, the Earl of Surrey, bearing the rod of silver with the dove, crowned with an earl's coronet. Collars of SS.

6. Duke of Suffolk, in his robe of estate, his coronet on his head, bearing a long white wand, as high-steward. With him, the Duke of Norfolk, with the rod of marshalship, a coronet on his head. Collars of SS.

7. A canopy borne by four of the Cinque-ports; under it, the Queen in her robe; in her hair, richly adorned with pearl, crowned. On each side of her, the Bishops of London and Winchester.

8. The old Duchess of Norfolk, in a coronal of gold, wrought with flowers, bearing the Queen's train.

9. Certain Ladies or Countesses, with plain circlets of gold without flowers.

2 Gent. A royal train, believe me.—These I Who's that that bears the sceptre? [know:—
1 Gent. Marquess Dorset:

And that the earl of Surrey, with the rod.

2 Gent. A bold brave gentleman. That The duke of Suffolk? [should be

1 Gent. 'Tis the same; high-steward.

2 Gent. And that my lord of Norfolk?

1 Gent. Yes. [bless thee]

2 Gent. [Looking on the Queen.] Heaven Thou hast the sweetest face I ever look'd on.— Sir, as I have a soul, she is an angel:

Our king has all the Indies in his arms, And more and richer, when he strains that lady: I cannot blame his conscience.

1 Gent. They that bear The cloth of honour over her, are four barons Of the Cinque-ports. [all, are near her

2 Gent. Those men are happy; and so are I take it, she that carries up the train

Is that old noble lady, duchess of Norfolk.

1 Gent. It is; and all the rest are countesses.

2 Gent. Their coronets say so. [Enter
And sometimes falling ones. No more

1 Gent.

[Exit Procession, with a flourish
of trumpets.]

Enter a third Gentleman.

God save you, sir! Where have you been broiling?

3 Gent. Among the crowd of the where a finger

Could not be wedg'd in more: I am With the mere rankness of their joy

2 Gent. You saw the ceremony?

3 Gent. That I did.

1 Gent. How was it?

3 Gent. Well worth the seeing.

2 Gent. Good sir, speak it to us.

3 Gent. As well as I am able.

Of lords and ladies, having brought To a prepar'd place in the choir.

A distance from her; while her grace To rest a while, some half an hour

In a rich chair of state, opposing The beauty of her person to the people

Believe me, sir, she is the goodliest That ever lay by man: which when

Had the full view of, such a noise As the shrouds make at sea in a storm

As loud, and to as many tunes: hap (Doublets, I think) drew up; and

faces

Been loose, this day they had been I never saw before. Great-bellied

That had not half a week to go, In the old time of war, would shake

And make them reel before them. living

Could say, "This is my wife," there So strangely in one place.

2 Gent. But, what follow'd?

3 Gent. At length her grace rose

Came to the altar; where she knelt saint-like,

Cast her fair eyes to heaven, and devoutly.

Then rose again, and bow'd her to the When by the archbishop of Canterbury

She had all the royal makings of a As holy oil, Edward Confessor's crown

The rod, and bird of peace, and emblems

Laid nobly on her: which performed With all the choicest music of the

Together sung Te Deum. So she And with the same full state pass'd

To York-place, where the feast is 1 Gent.

You must no more call it York past;

For, since the cardinal fell, that title 'Tis now the king's, and call'd a Whore

3 Gent.

But 'tis so lately alter'd, that the old Is fresh about me.

What two reverend bishops
That went on each side of the
[Winchester,
Stokesly and Gardiner; the one of
London, the other of the king's secretary.]

He of Winchester
A great good lover of the archbishop's,
Cranmer.

All the land knows that;
Yet there's no great breach; when
[him.]

Who may that be, I pray you?
Thomas Cromwell;

much esteem with the king, and
[truly]

Thomas Cromwell;
already, of the jewel-house,
He will deserve more.

Yes, without all doubt,
Men, ye shall go my way, which
to the court, and there ye shall be my
guests!

I can command. As I walk thither,
You command us, sir.

Exit.
SCENE II.—Kimbolton.

Katharine, Dowager, sick; led between
Griffith and Patience.

How does your grace?
O Griffith, sick to death;

like laden branches, bow to the
[chair:—

to leave their burden. Reach a
[me,

great child of honour, cardinal
[Wolsey,

madam; but I think your grace,
the pain you suffer'd, gave no ear to't.

Well, the voice goes, madam;
the stout earl Northumberland

and brought him forward
sorely tainted) to his answer,

At last, with easy roads, he came to
the abbey; where the reverend

gave these words,—“O father
broken with the storms of state,

his weary bones among ye;
a little earth for charity!”

where eagerly his sickness

Pursu'd him still; and, three nights after this,
About the hour of eight, (which he himself
Foretold should be his last,) full of repentance,
Continual meditations, tears, and sorrows,
He gave his honours to the world again,
His blessed part to heaven, and slept in peace.

Kath. So may he rest; his faults lie gently
on him!

Yet thus far, Griffith, give me leave to speak
And yet with charity:—He was a man [him,

Of an unbounded stomach, ever ranking
Himself with princes; one, that, by suggestion,
Tied all the kingdom: sinuous was fair play,

His own opinion was his law: i' the presence
He would say untruths; and be ever double,
Both in his words and meaning. He was

But where he meant to ruin, pitiful: [never,
His promises were, as he then was, mighty;
But his performance, as he is now, nothing.

Of his own body he was ill, and gave
The clergy ill example.

Grif. Noble madam,
Men's evil manners live in brass; their virtues
We write in water. May it please your high-
ness

To hear me speak his good now?
Kath. Yes, good Griffith,
I were malicious else.

Grif. This cardinal,
Though from a humble stock, undoubtedly
Was fashion'd to much honour from his cradle.

He was a scholar, and a ripe and good one;
Exceeding wise, fair-spoken, and persuading:
Lofty and sour to them that lov'd him not;

But, to those men that sought him, sweet as
summer.

And though he were unsatisfied in getting,
(Which was a sin,) yet in bestowing, madam,
He was most princely: ever witness for him
Those twins of learning, that he rais'd in you,

Ipswich, and Oxford! one of which fell with
him,

Unwilling to outlive the good that did it;
The other, though unfinish'd, yet so famous,
So excellent in art, and still so rising,

That Christendom shall ever speak his virtue.
His overthrow heap'd happiness upon him.

For then, and not till then, he felt himself,
And found the blessedness of being little!
And, to add greater honours to his age [God.

Than man could give him, he died fearing
Kath. After my death I wish no other herald,
No other speaker of my living actions,

To keep mine honour from corruption,
But such an honest chronicler as Griffith,
Whom I most hated living, thou hast made

With thy religious truth and modesty. [me,
Now in his ashes honour: peace be with him!
Patience, be near me still; and set me lower;

I have not long to trouble thee.—Good Griffith,
Cause the musicians play me that and note
I nam'd my knell, whilst I sit meditating
On that celestial harmony I go to.

[Sad and solemn music.]

Grif. She is asleep: good wench, let's sit down quiet.

For fear we wake her: softly, gentle Patience. *The Vision.* Enter, solemnly tripping one after another, six Personages, clad in white robes, wearing on their heads garlands of bays, and golden visards on their faces; branches of bays, or palm, in their hands. They first conge unto her, then dance; and, at certain changes, the first two hold a spare garland over her head: at which, the other four make reverent court stes: then, the two that held the garland deliver the same to the other next two, who observe the same order in their changes, and holding the garland over her head; which done, they deliver the same garland to the last two, who likewise observe the same order: at which, (as it were by inspiration,) she makes in her sleep signs of rejoicing, and holdeth up her hands to heaven: and so in their dancing they vanish, carrying the garland with them. *The music continues.*

Kath. Spirits of peace, where are ye? Are ye all gone,

And leave me here in wretchedness behind ye? *Grif.* Madam, we are here.

Kath. It is not you I call for: Saw ye none enter, since I slept?

Grif. None, madam.

Kath. No! Saw you not, even now, a blessed troop

Invite me to a banquet; whose bright faces Cast thousand beams upon me, like the sun?

They promis'd me eternal happiness; And brought me garlands, Griffith, which I am not worthy yet to wear: I shall, [feel assuredly.]

Grif. I am most joyful, madam, such good Possess your fancy.

Kath. Bid the music leave, They are harsh and heavy to me.

[*Music ceases.* Do you note

How much her grace is alter'd on the sudden? How long her face is drawn! How pale she And of an earthy cold! Mark her eyes! [looks,]

Grif. She is going, wench: pray, pray,

Pat. Heaven comfort her!

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. An't like your grace,—

Kath. You are a saucy fellow: Deserve we no more reverence?

Grif. You are to blame, Knowing she will not lose her wonted great-To use so rude behaviour: go to, kneel, [mess,]

Mess. I humbly do entreat your highness' pardon;

My haste made me unmannerly. There is staying

A gentleman, sent from the king, to see you.

Kath. Admit him entrance, Griffith: but Let me ne'er see again. [this fellow

[*Exeunt Griffith and Messenger.*

Re-enter Griffith, with Cap.

You should be lord ambassador

emperor,

My royal nephew, and your name

Cap. Madam, the same, your grace

Kath. The times and titles now are also

With me, since first you know me

What is your pleasure with me?

Cap. First, mine own service to your grace

The king's request that I would visit

Who grieves much for your weakness

Sends you his princely commendations

And heartily entreats you take good

Kath. O my good lord, that courtesy

'Tis like a pardon after execution

me;

But now I am past all comfort

How does his highness?

Cap. Madam, he is

Kath. So may he ever do! and ever

When I shall dwell with woman, and

name

Banish'd the kingdom!—*Patience*

I can't you write, yet sent away!

Pat. [*Grieving if it be*

Kath. Sir, I most humbly pray

This to my lord the king.

Cap. Most willing

Kath. In which I have commended

goodness

The model of our chaste love,

daughter!

The dews of heaven fall thick do

her!

Beseeching him to give her

(She is young, and of a noble

I hope, she will deserve well) and

To love her for her mother's sake,

him,

Heaven knows how dearly.

Is, that his noble grace would

Upon my wretched woman, that

Have follow'd both my fortune

Of which there is not one, I dare

(And now I should not lie,) but

For virtue and true beauty

For honesty and decent carriage

A right good husband, let him

And, sure, those men are happy

have them.

The last is, for my men—they

But poverty could never draw

me!

That they may have their

And something over to remember

If heaven had pleas'd to have

And able means, we had not

These are the whole contents

my lord,

that you love the dearest in this world,
and that poor people's friend, and urge the
this last right.

[*King* By heaven, I will,
I thank you, honest lord. Remember

the long trouble now is passing

the world: I tell him, in death I bless'd

—*Griffith, farewell.*—*Farewell,*

not leave me yet: I must to bed;

women.—When I am dead, good

with honour: strew me over

know flowers, that all the world may

chaste wife to my grave: embalm me,

me forth: although unqueen'd, yet

daughter to a king, inter me. [like

—*Exeunt, leading Katharine.*

ACT V.

—*London. A Gallery in the Palace.*

Gardiner, Bishop of Winchester, a Page

and a lord before him; met by Sir Thomas

—*One o'clock, boy, it's not!*

It hath struck.

delights: times to repair our nature

these times.—Good hour of night,

Come you from the king, my lord?

I did, sir Thomas; and left him at

the Duke of Suffolk.

—*I must to him too,*

not yet, Sir Thomas Lovell. What's

the matter?

you are in haste: an if there be

of your late business: affairs, that

my spirits do) at midnight, have

—*My lord, I love you;*

—*My lord, I love you;*

—*My lord, I love you;*

—*My lord, I love you;*

—*My lord, I love you;*

—*My lord, I love you;*

—*My lord, I love you;*

—*My lord, I love you;*

—*My lord, I love you;*

She's a good creature, and, sweet lady, does
Deserve our better wishes.

Gar. But, sir, sir,—

Hear me, sir Thomas: you're a gentleman
Of mine own way: I know you wise, religious;

And, let me tell you, it will ne'er be well,—
'Twill not, Sir Thomas Lovell, take't of me,—

Till Cranmer, Cromwell, her two hands, and
Sleep in their graves.

Loe. Now, sir, you speak of two
The most remark'd i' the kingdom. As for

Cromwell,—

Beside that of the jewel-house, he's made minister
O' the rolls, and the king's secretary; further,

stands in the gap and trade of more prefer-
With which the time will load him. The arch-

bishop

Is the king's hand and tongue; and who dare
One syllable against him?

Gar. Yes, yes, sir Thomas,
There are that dare; and I myself have

ventur'd

To speak my mind of him: and indeed this
Sir, (I may tell it you,) I think I have [day,

incens'd the lords o' the council, that he is,
(For so I know he is, they know he is,)

A most arch-heretic, a pestilence [mor'd,

That does infect the land: with which they
Have broken with the king; who hath so far

Given ear to our complaint, (of his great grace
And princely care, foreseeing those fell mis-

chiefs

Our reasons laid before him, hath commanded
To-morrow morning to the council-board

He be convicted. 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.

Loe. Many good nights, my lord: I rest
your servant.

[*Exeunt Gardiner and Page.*

As Lovell is going out, enter the King and
the Duke of Suffolk.

K. Hen. Charles, I will play no more to-
night;

My mind's not on't; you are too hard for me.

Suf. Sir, I did never win of you before.

K. Hen. But little, Charles;

Nor shall not, when my fancy's on my play.—
Now, Lovell, from the queen what is the news?

Loe. I could not personally deliver to her
What you commanded me, but by her woman

I sent your message: who return'd her thanks
In the greatest humbleness, and desir'd your

Most heartily to pray for her. [highness]

K. Hen. What say'st thou, ha!

To pray for her? what is she crying out?

Loe. So said her woman; and that her
Almost each pang a death. [sufferance made]

K. Hen. Alas, good lady!

Suf. God safely quit her of her burden, and
With gentle travail, to the gladdening of
Your highness with an heir!

K. Hen. 'Tis midnight, Charles; Pr'ythee, 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.

Sig. I wish your highness A quiet night; and my good mistress will Remember in my prayers.

K. Hen. Charles, good night.
[*Exit Suffolk.*]

Enter Sir Anthony Denny.

Well, sir, what follows?

Den. Sir, I have brought my lord the arch-
As you commanded me. [bishop]

K. Hen. Ha! Canterbury?

Den. Ay, my good lord.

K. Hen. 'Tis true: where is he, Denny?

Den. He attends your highness' pleasure.

K. Hen. Bring him to us.
[*Exit Denny.*]

Lov. [*Aside.*] This is about that which the I am happily come hither. [bishop spake:
Re-enter Denny, with Cranmer.]

K. Hen. Avoid the gallery.
[*Lovell seems to stay.*]

Ha!—I have said,—Begone.

What!—[*Exit Lovell and Denny.*]

Cran. [*Aside.*] I am fearful:—wherefore frowns he thus?

'Tis his aspect of terror. All's not well.

K. Hen. How now, my lord! You do de-
Wherefore I sent for you. [sire to know]

Cran. [*Kneeling.*] It is my duty
To attend your highness' pleasure.

K. Hen. Pray you, arise,
My good and gracious lord of Canterbury.
Come, you and I must walk a turn together;
I have news to tell you: come, come, give me
your hand.

Ah, my good lord, I grieve at what I speak,
And am right sorry to repeat what follows:
I have, and most unwillingly, of late
Heard many grievous, I do say, my lord,
Grievous complaints of you; which, being
consider'd,

Have mov'd us and our council, that you shall
This morning come before us; where, I know,
You cannot with such freedom purge yourself,
But that, till further trial in those charges
Which will require your answer, you must take
Your patience to you, and be well contented
To make your house our Tower; you a brother
It fits we thus proceed, or else no witness [of us,
Would come against you.

Cran. I humbly thank your highness;
And am right glad to catch this good occasion
Most thoroughly to be winnow'd, where my
And corn shall fly asunder: for, I know, [shall
There's none stands under more calumnious
Than I myself, poor man. [tongues]

K. Hen. Stand up, good Canterbury:
Thy truth, and thy integrity, is rooted [up:
In us, thy friend. Give me thy hand, stand
Pr'ythee, let's walk. Now, by my holy-dame,

What manner of man are you?
look'd

You would have given me your pains
I should have taken some pains to
gether

Yourself and your accusers;
Without indurance, further. Most

Cran. The good I stand on is my truth and
If they shall fail, I, with mine enemies
Will triumph o'er my person; while
Being of those virtues vacant. I have
What can be said against me.

K. Hen. How your state stands if the world,
whole world?

Your enemies are many, and not
practices

Must bear the same proportion;
The justice and the truth o' the

carries
The due o' the verdict with it: as
Might corrupt minds procure know

To swear against you? such things
done.

You are potently oppos'd; and with
Of as great size. When you of better

I mean in perjured witness, than
Whose minister you are. Go to

Upon this naughty earth? Go to
You take a precipice for no leap of
And woo your own destruction.

Cran. God and
Protect mine innocence, or I fall
The trap is laid for me!

K. Hen. Be of good cheer
They shall no more prevail, than
Keep comfort to you; and this

You do appear before them: What
chance,

In charging you with matters, to
The best persuasions to the contrary

Fail not to use, and with what
The occasion shall instruct you: I

Will render you no remedy, this
Deliver them, and your appeal to
There make before them.—*Lovell*

man weeps!
He's honest, on mine honour

I swear, he is true-hearted; and
None better in my kingdom.—*Old L.*

And do as I have bid you.—*Enter*
He has strangled
His language in his tears.

Enter Old Lady.
Gent. [*Within.*] Come back: *Old L.*

Old L. I'll not come back: *Enter*
I bring
Will make my boldness manners

Fly o'er thy royal head, and shade
Under their blessed wings! *Now, by*

K. Hen. I guess thy message. *Is the queen*
Say, ay: and of a boy.

Ay, ay, my liege;
 Now and ever bless her!—'Tis a girl,
 Your visitation, and to be
 Wed with this stranger: 'tis as like you
 As I am to cherry.

Lovell, —

Re-enter Lovell.

Re. Give her a hundred marks. I'll to
 the queen. [Exit.
 L. A hundred marks! by this light, I'll
 have more, or scold it out of him.
 For this, this girl was like to him!
 Have more, or else away't; and now,
 'Tis not, I'll put it to the issue.

[Exit.

II.—The Lobby before the Council
 Chamber.

Cranmer; Servants, Door-keeper, &c.,
 attending.

I hope I am not too late; and yet
 the gentleman, [me
 sent me to me from the council, pray'd
 great haste.—All fast! what means
 this?—Hail!

—Sure, you know me!
 Yes, my lord;
 I cannot help you. Cran. Why?
 Your grace must wait till you be
 call'd for.

Enter Doctor Butts.

So.
 [Aside.] This is a piece of malice.

the way so happily: the king
 understand it presently. [Exit.
 [Aside.] 'Tis Butts,

physician: as he past along,
 he cast his eyes upon me!
 he sound not my disgrace! For

of purpose laid by some that hate me,
 from their hearts! I never sought their
 [make me
 at door, a fellow-counsellor,
 boys, groom, and lackeys. But their

mine honour: they would shame to
 [make me
 boys, groom, and lackeys. But their
 [make me
 boys, groom, and lackeys. But their

and I attend with patience.
 [make me
 boys, groom, and lackeys. But their
 [make me
 boys, groom, and lackeys. But their

What's that, Butts!
 I think your highness saw this many
 [make me
 boys, groom, and lackeys. But their
 [make me
 boys, groom, and lackeys. But their

There, my lord,
 promotion of his grace of Canterbury;
 [make me
 boys, groom, and lackeys. But their
 [make me
 boys, groom, and lackeys. But their

What's that, Butts!
 I think your highness saw this many
 [make me
 boys, groom, and lackeys. But their
 [make me
 boys, groom, and lackeys. But their

There, my lord,
 promotion of his grace of Canterbury;
 [make me
 boys, groom, and lackeys. But their
 [make me
 boys, groom, and lackeys. But their

What's that, Butts!
 I think your highness saw this many
 [make me
 boys, groom, and lackeys. But their
 [make me
 boys, groom, and lackeys. But their

K. Hen. Ha! 'Tis he, indeed:
 Is this the honour they do one another!

'Tis well there's one above them yet. I had
 thought,

They had parted so much honesty among them,
 (At least, good manners,) as not thus to suffer
 A man of his place, and so near our favour,
 To dance attendance on their lordships'

pleasures,
 And at the door too, like a post with packets.

By holy Mary, Butts, there's knavery:
 Let them alone, and draw the curtain close:
 We shall hear more anon. [Exit above.

The Council Chamber.

Enter the Lord Chancellor, the Duke of Suffolk, the Duke of Norfolk, Earl of Surrey,

Lord Chamberlain, Gardiner, and Cromwell. The Chancellor places himself at the

upper end of the table on the left hand; a

seat being left void above him, as for the

Archbishop of Canterbury. The rest seat

themselves in order on each side. Cromwell

at the lower end as secretary.

Chan. Speak to the business, master secre-

Why are we met in council? [ary;
 Crom. Please your honour,

The chief cause concerns his grace of Canter-

Gar. Has he had knowledge of it? [bury,
 Crom. Yes.

Nor. Who waits there?

D. Keep. Without, my noble lords!

Gar. Yes.

D. Keep. My lord archbishop;

And has done half an hour, to know your

Chan. Let him come in. [pleasures.

D. Keep. Your grace may enter now.

[Cranmer approaches the Council-table.

Chan. My good lord archbishop, I am 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, [teach us,
 And want of wisdom, you, that best should
 Have misdeem'd yourself, and not a little,
 Toward the king first, then his laws, in filling
 The whole realm, by your teaching and your
 chaplains,
 (For so we are informed,) with new opinions,
 Divers and dangerous; which are heresies,
 And, not reform'd, may prove pernicious.

Gar. Which reformation must be sudden
 too, [horses
 My noble lords; for those that tame wild
 Pace them not in their hands to make them
 gentle,
 But stop their mouths with stubborn bits, and
 spur them,
 Till they obey the manage. If we suffer
 (Out of our easiness and childish pity
 To one man's honour) this contagious sickness,
 Farewell all physic: and what follows then!
 Commotions, uproars, with a general taint

Of the whole state: as, of late days, our neighbours,

The upper Germany, can clearly witness,
Yet freshly pittied in our memories. [progress]

Cran. My good lords, hitherto in all the
Both of my life and office, I have labour'd,
And with no little study, that my teaching,
And the strong course of my authority,
Might go one way, and safely; and the end
Was ever, to do well: nor is there living
(I speak it with a single heart, my lords)

A man that more detests, more stirs against,
Both in his private conscience and his place,
Defacers of a public peace, than I do.

Pray heaven, the king may never find a heart
With less allegiance in it! Men, that make
Envy and crooked malice nourishment,
Dare bite the best. I do beseech your lordships,
That, in this case of justice, my accusers,
Be what they will, may stand forth face to face,
And freely urge against me.

Suf. Nay, my lord,
That cannot be: you are a counsellor,
And, by that virtue, no man dare accuse you.

Gar. My lord, because we have business of
more moment, [pleasure,

We will be short with you. 'Tis his highness'
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.

Cran. Ah, my good lord of Winchester, I
thank you; [pass,

You are always my good friend; if your will
I shall both find your lordship judge and juror,
You are so merciful: I see your end,
'Tis my undoing: love and meekness, lord,
Become a churchman better than ambition:
Win straying souls with modesty again,
Cast none away. That I shall clear myself,
Lay all the weight ye can upon my patience,
I make as little doubt, as you do conscience,
In doing daily wrongs. I could say more,
But reverence to your calling makes me
modest.

Gar. My lord, my lord, you are a sectary;
That's the plain truth: your painted gloss dis-
covers, [ness.

To men that understand you, words and weak-

Crom. My lord of Winchester, you are a
little, [noble,

By your good favour, too sharp; men so
However faulty, yet should find respect
For what they have been: 'tis a cruelty
To lead a falling man.

Gar. Good master secretary,
I cry your honour mercy; you may, worst
Of all this table, say so.

Crom. Why, my lord?

Gar. Do not I know you for a favourer
Of this new sect? ye are not sound.

Crom. Not sound?

Gar. Not sound, I say.

Crom. Would you were half so true
Men's prayers then would seek you, and
fears.

Gar. I shall remember this bold lea-

Crom. Remember your bold life too. This is his

Chan. Forbear, for shame, my lords. I have

Gar. *Crom.*

Chan. Then thus for you, my

etands agreed,

I take it, by all voices, that forthwith

You be convey'd to the Tower a prisoner

There to remain, till the king's further

Be known unto us: are you all agreed?

All. We are.

Cran. Is there no other way?

But I must needs to the Tower, my lords?

Gar. Would you expect? you are strangely

some,

Let some o' the guard be ready

Enter Guard.

Cran. Must I go like a traitor thither?

Gar. And see him safe i' the Tower.

Cran. I have a little yet to say. Stay, good

By virtue of that ring, I take my leave

Out of the gripes of cruel men, and

To a most noble judge, the king my

Chan. This is the king's ring. 'Tis an

Suf. 'Tis the right ring, by heaven

ye all,

When we first put this dangerous

rolling,

'Twould fall upon ourselves.

Nor. Do you think, my

The king will suffer but the little

Of this man to be vex'd?

Chan. 'Tis now too

How much more is his life in value

Would I were fairly out o' it. My mind

Crom. In seeking tales and informations

Against this man, (whose honesty

And his disciples only envy at.

Ye blew the fire that burns ye. Now

Enter the King, frowning on them

his seat.

Gar. Dread sov'reign, how much

bound to heaven

In daily thanks, that gave us such

Not only good and wise, but most

One that, in all obedience, and, to

The chief aim of his honour; and, to

That holy duty, out of dear respect

His royal self in judgment comes to

The cause betwixt her and this great

K. Hen. You were ever good

commendations,

Winchester. But know, I come not
so thin and base to hide offences.
You cannot reach; you play the spaniel,
bark with wagging of your tongue to
win me:

What's'er thou tak'st me for, I'm sure
I had a cruel nature and a bloody.

[Enter.] Good man, sit down. Now
let me see the proudest
that's most, but wag his finger at thee:
that's holy, he had better starve,
and once think this place becomes thee

May it please your grace,— [not]
thought, I had had men of some under-
standing

of my council; but I find none.
In direction, lords, to let this man,
and man, (how of you deserve that title,)

man, wait like a lousy footboy
before door, and one as great as you are?
What a shame was this? Did my com-

mission
as far forget yourselves? I gave ye
a groom: there's some of ye, I see,
of malice than integrity,

for him to the utmost, had ye mean;
ye shall never have while I live.

Thus far,
I dread so'vel reign, may it like your grace
my tongue excuse all. What was pur-

pose his imprisonment, was rather
to faith in men) meant for his trial,
for pardon to the world, than malice,

in me.
Well, well, my lords, respect him;
and use him well, he's worthy of it.

say thus much for him, if a prince
beholden to a subject, I
love and service, so to him.

no more ado, but all embrace him:
for shame, my lords!—My lord of
Canterbury,

which you must not deny me:
a fair young maid that yet wants
a father,

be godfather, and answer for her.
The greatest monarch now alive may
honour: how may I deserve it,

and humble subject to you?
Come, come, my lord, you'd spare
your spoons:

have two noble partners with you;
of Norfolk, and lady marquess
of Pembroke;

please you?—
my lord of Winchester, I charge
and love this man. [you]

With a true heart
I do it.

Can. And let heaven
Witness, how dear I hold this confirmation.

K. Hen. Good man, those joyful tears show
thy true heart:

The common voice, I see, is verified
Of thee, which says thus, "*Do my lord of
Canterbury*

A shrewd turn, and he is your friend for ever."
Come, lords, we trifle time away: I long
To have this young one made a Christian.

As I have made ye one, lords, one remain;
So I grow stronger, you more honour gain.

[Exeunt.]

SCENE III.—The Palace-Yard.

Noise and tumult within. Enter Porter and
his Man.

Port. You'll leave your noise, anon, ye
rascals; do you take the court for Paris-garden?
ye rude slaves, leave your gaping.

[Within.] Good master porter, I belong to
the larder.

Port. Belong to the gallows, and be hanged,
you rogue! Is this a place to roar in?—Fetch
me a dozen crab-tree staves, and strong ones:

these are but switches to 'em.—I'll scratch
your heads: you must be seeing christenings?
Do you look for ale and cakes here, you rude
rascals?

[possible]

Man. Pray, sir, be patient: 'tis as much im-
(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 Paul's, as stir 'em.

Port. How got they in, and be hang'd!
Man. Alas, I know not; how gets the tide
As much as one sound cudgel of four foot [in]
(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
Collbrand,

[any]

To mow them down before me: but if I spar'd
That had a head to hit, either young or old,
He or she, cuckold or cuckold-maker,

Let me ne'er hope to see a chine again;
And that I would not for a cow, God save her!

[Within.] Do you hear, master porter?
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 them
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 forni-
cation is at door! On my Christian consci-
ence, this one christening will beget a thou-
sand; 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's nose: all that stand about him are under the line, they need no other penance. That fire-drake did I hit three times on the head, and three times was his nose discharged against me: he stands there, like a mortar-piece, to blow us. There was a haberdasher's wife of small wit near him, that railed upon me till her pinked porringer fell off her head, for kindling such a combustion in the state. I miss'd 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 of the Strand, where she was quartered. They fell on; made good my place: at length they came to the broom-staff with me; I defied 'em still: when suddenly a file of boys behind 'em, loose shot, delivered such a shower of pebbles, that I was fain to draw mine honour in, and let 'em win the work. The devil was amongst 'em, I think, surely.

Port. These are the youths that thunder at a playhouse, and fight for bitten apples; that no audience, but the Tribulation of Tower-hill, or the Limbs of Limehouse, their dear brothers, are able to endure. I have some of them in *Lambo Patrum*, and these they are like to dance these three days; besides the running banquet of two beads, that is to come.

Enter the Lord Chamberlain.

Cham. Mercy o' me, what a multitude are
here! [coming.]

They grow still too; from all parts they are
As if we kept a fair here! Where are these
porters, hand fellows:

his own vine, what he plants; and sing
songs of peace to all his neighbours:
he truly known; and those about her
shall read the perfect ways of honour,
and by those claim their greatness, not by
blood.

shall this peace sleep with her; but as
when
of wonder dies, the maiden phoenix,
new create another heir
in admiration as herself;

shall she leave her blessedness to one,
heaven shall call her from this cloud of
darkness.)

from the sacred ashes of her honour,
like rise, as great in fame as she was,
stand fix'd: peace, plenty, love, truth,
terror,

more the servants to this chosen infant,
then be his, and like a vine grow to him:
over the bright sun of heaven shall shine,
honour and the greatness of his name

and make new nations: he shall
like a mountain cedar, reach his branches
about him:—our children's
children
this, and bless heaven.

Thou speakest wonders.
Thou shalt be, to the happiness of

England,
princess; many days shall see her,
no day without a deed to crown it.
I had known no more! but she must

die,
saints must have her, yet a

A most unspotted lily shall she pass
To the ground, and all the world shall mourn

K. Hen. O lord archbishop, [her.

Thou hast made me now a man! never, before
This happy child, did I get anything:

This oracle of comfort has so pleas'd me,

That when I am in heaven I shall desire

To see what this child does, and praise my

Maker.

I thank ye all.—To you, my good lord mayor,

And your good brethren, I am much beholden;

I have receiv'd much honour by your presence,

And ye shall find me thankful. Lead the

way, lords; [thank ye;

Ye must all see the queen, and she must

She will be sick else. This day, no man think

He has business at his house; for all shall stay:

This little one shall make it holiday. [Recount.

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've frighted with our trumpets; so, 'tis clear,

They'll say 'tis naught: others, to hear the city

Abus'd extremely, and to cry,—"That's

witty!"

Which we have not done neither: that, I fear,

All the expected good we're like to hear

For this play at this time, is only in

The merciful construction of good women;

For such a one we shoud them: if they smile,

And say 'twill do, I know, within a while

All the best men are ours; for 'tis ill hap,

If they hold, when their ladies bid them clasp.

TROILUS AND CRESSIDA.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Priam, *King of Troy.*

Hector,

Troilus,

Paris,

Deiphobus,

Helenna,

Æneas,

Antenor,

Calchas, *a Trojan Priest, taking part with the**Greeks.*Pandarus, *Uncle to Cressida.*Margarelon, *a Bastard Son of Priam.*Agamemnon, *the Grecian General.*Menelaus, *his Brother.*

Achilles,

Ajax,

Ulysses,

Nestor,

Diomedes,

Patroclus,

Thersites, *a deformed and scurrilous*Alexander, *Servant to Cressida.*Troilus, *Servant to Paris; Servant*Helen, *Wife to Menelaus.*Andromache, *Wife to Hector.*Cassandra, *Daughter to Priam; a good*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 chaf'd,
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 im-
The ravish'd Helen, Menelaus' queen,
With wanton Paris sleeps; and that's the
To Tenedos they come; [quarrel.And the deep-drawing barks do there disgorge
Their war-like fraughtage: now on Dardan plainsThe fresh and yet unbruised Greeks do pitch
Their brave pavilions: Priam's six-gated city,
Dardan, and Tymbria, Ilios, Chetas, Trojan,
And Antenorides, with massy staples,
And responsive 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 vauit 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 pleasure
Now good, or bad, 'tis but the chance.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—Troy. Before Priam's Palace.

*Enter Troilus armed, and Pandarus.*Tro. Call here my varlet; I'll answer
Why should I war without the walls of Troy?
That find such cruel battle here within
Each Trojan that is master of his house,
Let him to field; Troilus, alas, hath
Pan. Will this gear ne'er be mended?Tro. The Greeks are strong, and will
their strength,Fierce to their skill, and to their
But I am weaker than a woman's tooth,
Tamer than sleep, fonder than ignorance,
Less valiant than the virgin in the night,
And skillless as unpractis'd infancy.Pan. Well, I have told you enough
for my part, I'll not meddle nor say
further. He that will have a cake of
wheat, must tarry the grinding.

Tro. Have I not tarried?

Pan. Ay, the grinding; but you want

Tro. Have I not tarried?

Pan. Ay, the bolting; but you want

Tro. Still have I tarried.

Pan. Ay, to the leavening; the know-
ing in the word "hereafter," the know-
making of the cake, the heating of the
and the baking; nay, you must stay
ing too, or you may chance to burn your

stay behind her father; let her to
and so I'll tell her the next time I

Oyes. Good, and what of him?

δημόσιο Κεντρική Βιβλιοθήκη Θεσσαλονίκης

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 sauced with discretion:
there is no man hath a virtue that he hath not
a glimpse of; nor any man an attain, but he
carries some stain of it: he is melancholy with-
out cause, and merry against the hair; he hath
the joints of everything; but everything 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 dis-
dain and shame whereof hath ever since kept
Hector fasting and waking.

Cres. Who comes here?

Enter Pandarus.

Alex. Madam, your uncle, Pandarus.

Cres. Hector's a gallant man.

Alex. As may be in the world, lady.

Pan. What's that? what's that?

Cres. Good morrow, uncle Pandarus.

Pan. Good morrow, cousin Cressid: What
do you talk of? — Good morrow, Alexander. —
How do you, cousin? When were you at
Ilium?

Cres. This morning, uncle.

Pan. What were you talking of when I saw
was Hector armed and gone, ere ye came to
Ilium? Helen was not up, was she? [up.]

Cres. Hector was gone; but Helen was not.

Pan. E'en so: Hector was stirring early.

Cres. That were we talking of, and of his

Pan. Was he angry? [anger.]

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 be-
hind him; let them take heed of Troilus, I can
tell them that too.

Cres. What, is he angry too?

Pan. Who, Troilus? Troilus is the better
man of the two.

Cres. O Jupiter! there's no comparison.

Pan. What, not between Troilus and Hec-
tor? Do you know a man if you see him?

Cres. Ay, if I ever saw him before, and knew

Pan. Well, I say Troilus is Troilus. [him.]

Cres. Then you say as I say; for, I am sure,
he is not Hector. [degrees.]

Pan. No, nor Hector is not Troilus, in some

Cres. 'Tis just to each of them; he is himself.

Pan. Himself! Alas, poor Troilus! I would

Cres. So he is. [he were.]

Pan. Condition, I had gone bare-foot to
India.

Cres. He is not Hector.

Pan. Himself! no, he's not himself; —
'a were himself! Well, the gods are
time must friend, or end: well, Troilus
— I would my heart were in her cell —
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
tell me another tale, when the other
Hector shall not have his wit this year.

Cres. He shall not need it, if he have

Pan. Nor his qualities; —

Cres. No matter.

Pan. Nor his beauty.

Cres. 'Twould not become him, if he
better.

Pan. You have no judgment, niece; —
herself swore th' other day, that Troilus
brown favour, (for so 'tis, I must needs
brown neither, —

Cres. No, but brown.

Pan. Faith, to say truth, brown and
brown.

Cres. To say the truth, true and not

Pan. She prais'd his complexion already.

Cres. Why, Paris hath colour some-
what better.

Pan. So he has.

Cres. Then, Troilus should have to
if she praised him above, his complexion
higher than his; he having colour
and the other higher, is too slender
for a good complexion. I had as lief
golden tongue had commended Troilus
copper nose.

Pan. I swear to you, I think Troilus
him better than Paris.

Cres. Then she's a merry Greek.

Pan. Nay, I am sure she does
to him th' other day into the
window, — and, you know, he has
three or four hairs on his chin, —

Cres. Indeed, a tapster's scutcheon
soon bring his particulars therein.

Pan. Why, he is very young; and
he, within three pound, lift as much
brother Hector.

Cres. Is he so young a man, and
lifter?

Pan. But, to prove to you that he
him, — she came, and puts me her
to his cloven chin, —

Cres. Juno have mercy! how could
his smiling becomes him better than

Pan. Why, you know, 'tis almost
in all Phrygia.

Cres. O, he smiles valiantly.

Pan. Does he not?

Cres. O yes, an 'twere a cloud in
Pan. Why, go to, then; — but I

you that Helen loves Troilus, —

Cres. Troilus will stand to the
you'll prove it so.

Troilus! why, he esteems her no more
than an addle egg.

If you love an addle egg as well as
I do, you would eat chickens
with it.

I cannot choose but laugh, to think
he had his chin;—indeed, she has a
white hand, I must needs confess,—

Without the rack. [hair on his chin.
And she takes upon her to spy a white
hair, poor chin! many a wart is richer.

But there was such laughing!—queen
laughed, that her eyes ran o'er,—
With mill-stones.

And Cassandra laughed,—
But there was more temperate fire
in the jet of her eyes: did her eyes run
And Hector laughed. [o'er too!

At what was all this laughing?
Helen, at the white hair that Helen
Troilus' chin.

As't had been a green hair, I should
have laughed too.

They laughed not so much at the
pretty answer.

What was his answer?
Cressida, "Here's but one and fifty
white hairs, and one of them is white."

That's her question.
That's true; make no question of
one and fifty hairs," quoth he, "and
that white hair is my father, and
the rest are his sons." "Jupiter!" quoth
he, "The forked one," quoth he;
and give it him." But there
was no chafed, and all the rest so
that it passed.

So let it now; for it has been a great
thing, cousin, I told you a thing yes-
terday.

Cress. So I do.
To be sworn, 'tis true; he will weep
over a man born in April.

And I'll spring up in his tears, an
dread against May.

[A retreat sounded.
Hark! they are coming from the field:
stand up here, and see them, as they
pass.]

Good niece, do: sweet
Cress. At your pleasure.

Here, here, here's an excellent place;
you may see most bravely: I'll tell you
their names, as they pass by; but
stand above the rest.

Stand not so loud.

Antenor passes.
That's Antenor: is not that a brave
man of the flowers of Troy, I can
mark Troilus; you shall see anon.

Antenor passes.
That's Antenor: he has a shrewd wit,

I can tell you; and he's a man good enough:
he's one o' the soundest judgments in Troy,
whosoever, and a proper man of person.—
When comes Troilus?—I'll show you Troilus
anon: if he see me, you shall see him nod at
me.

Cress. Will he give you the nod?
Pan. You shall see.

Cress. If he do, the rich shall have more.
Hector passes.

Pan. That's Hector, that, that, look you,
that; there's a fellow!—Go thy way, Hector!
—There's a brave man, niece!—O brave Hector!
—Look how he looks! there's a counten-
ance! Is't not a brave man?

Cress. O, a brave man!
Pan. Is't not? It does a man's heart good:
—look you what hacks are on his helmet!
look you yonder, do you see? look you there;
there's no jesting; there's laying on, take't off
who will, as they say; there be hacks!

Cress. Be those with swords?
Paris passes.

Pan. Swords? anything, he cares not; an
the devil come to him, it's all one: by god's
lid, it does one's heart good.—Yonder comes
Paris, yonder comes Paris: look ye yonder,
niece: is't not a gallant man too, is't not?
—Why, this is brave now.—Who said he came
hurt home to-day? he's not hurt: why, this will
do Helen's heart good now, ha! Would I could
see Troilus now!—You shall see Troilus anon.

Cress. Who's that?
Helenus passes.

Pan. That's Helenus:—I marvel where
Troilus is:—that's Helenus:—I think he went
not forth to-day:—that's Helenus.

Cress. Can Helenus fight, uncle?
Pan. Helenus? no;—yes, he'll fight indif-
ferent well.—I marvel where Troilus is.—
Hark! do you not hear the people cry, Troilus?
—Helenus is a priest.

Cress. 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!

Cress. Peace, for shame, peace!
Pan. Mark him; note him:—O brave
Troilus!—look well upon him, niece; look
you how his sword is bloodied, and his helmet
more hacked than Hector's; and how he
looks, and how he goes!—O admirable youth!
he ne'er saw three and twenty. Go thy way,
Troilus, go thy way; had I a sister were a
grace, or a daughter a goddess, he should
take his choice. O admirable man! Paris!—
Paris is dirt to him; and, I warrant, Helen,
to change, would give an eye to boot.

Cress. Here comes more.
Forces pass.

Pan. Asses, fools, dolts! chaff and bran,
chaff and bran! porridge after meat! I could
live and die i' the eyes of Troilus. Ne'er look,
ne'er look; the eagles are gone; crows and

daws, crows and daws! I had rather be such a man as Troilus, than Agamemnon and all Greece.

Cres. There is among the Greeks Achilles; a better man than Troilus.

Pan. Achilles! a drayman, a porter, a very camel.

Cres. Well, well.

Pan. Well, well!—Why, have you any discretion? have you any eyes? Do you know what a man is? Is not birth, beauty, good shape, discourse, manhood, learning, gentleness, virtue, youth, liberality, and such like, the spice and salt that season a man?

Cres. Ay, a minced man; and then to be baked with no date in the pie,—for then the man's date's out.

Pan. You are such a woman! one knows not at what ward you lie.

Cres. Upon my back, to defend my belly; upon my wit, to defend my wiles; upon my secrecy, to defend mine honesty; my mask, to defend my beauty; and you, to defend all these; and at all these wards I lie, at a thousand watches.

Pan. Say one of your watches.

Cres. Nay, I'll watch you for that; and that's one of the chiefest of them too: if I cannot ward what I would not have hit, I can watch you for telling how I took the blow; unless it swell past hiding, and then it's past watching.

Pan. You are such another!

Enter Troilus' Boy.

Boy. Sir, my lord would instantly speak with you.

Pan. Where? [you.]

Boy. At your own house; there he unarms.

Pan. Good boy, tell him I come. [him.]

[Exit Boy.]

I doubt he be hurt.—Fare ye well, good niece.

Cres. Adieu, uncle.

Pan. I'll be with you, niece, by and by.

Cres. To bring, uncle,—

Pan. Ay, a token from Troilus.

Cres. By the same token,—you are a bawd.

[Exit Pandarus.]

Words, vows, gifts, tears, and love's full sacrifice offers in another's enterprise: [fice,

But more in Troilus thousandfold I see,

Than in the glass of Pandar's praise may be;

Yet hold I off. Women are angels, wooing:

Things won are done; joy's soul lies in the doing:

That she below'd knows nought, that knows not this,—

Men prize the thing ungain'd more than it is:

That she was never yet, that ever knew

Love got so sweet as when desire did sue:

Therefore this maxim out of love I teach,—

Achievement is command; ungain'd, beseech:

Then, though my heart's content firm love doth bear,

Nothing of that shall from mine eyes appear.

[Exit.]

SCENE III.—The Grecian Camp.
Agamemnon's Tent.

Sennet. Enter Agamemnon, Nestor, Menelaus, and others.

Agam. Princes,

What grief hath set the jannet on
The ample proposition, that hope makes
In all designs begun on earth below,
Fails in the promisd largeness: such
disasters

Grow in the veins of actions highest

As knots, by the conflux of meeting

Infect the sound pine, and draw the

Tortive and errant from his course

Nor, princes, is it matter now to us

That we come short of our supposed

That, after seven years' siege, yet stand

stand;

Sith every action that hath gone before

Whereof we have record, trial did draw

Bias and thwart, not answering the

And that unbolled figure of the thought

That gave't surmised shape. Woe

princes,

Do you with cheeks abash'd behold our

And call them shames, which are

nought else

But the protractive trials of great Love

To find persistive constancy in men

The fineness of which metal is not found

In fortune's love; for then, the

coward,

The wise and fool, the artist and un-

The hard and soft, seem all abash'd

But, in the wind and tempest of her

Distinction with a broad and pow'ful

Puffing at all, winnows the light away

And what hath mass, or matter, by

Lies rich in virtue, and unmingled

Nest. With due observance of the

Great Agamemnon, Nestor shall speak

Thy latest words. In the reproval of

Lies the true proof of men: the sea

smooth,

How many shallow bauble boats drive

Upon her patient breast, making their

With those of nobler bulk!

But let the ruffian Boreas once come

The gentle Thetis, and anon, tides

The strong-ribb'd bark through

tains cut,

Bounding between the two moist shores

Like Perseus' horse: where's the

boat,

Whose weak untimber'd sides but

Co-rival'd greatness! either to

Or made a toast for Neptune.

Doth valour's show, and valour's

In storms of fortune: for, in

brightness,

The herd hath more annoyance by the

Than by the tiger; but when the

wind

like the knot of knotted oaks,
 shed under shade, why, then, the
 thing of courage,
 with rage, with rage doth sympathize,
 with an accent tun'd in self-same key,
 to sliding fortune.

Agamemnon, —
 great commander, nerve and bone of

of our numbers, soul and only spirit,
 the temper and the minds of all
 about up, — hear what Ulysses speaks,
 the applause and approbation

Ulysses. — [To Agam.] most mighty for thy

peace and sway, —
 And thou most reverend for thy

steadfast-out life, —
 to both your speeches, — which were such

and the hand of Greece

and up high in brass; and such again

able Nestor, hatch'd in silver, [tree

with a hand of air, strong as the axle-

heaven rides, knit all the Greekish

[both, —
 Ulysses'd tongue, — yet let it please

Ulysses. — and wise, — to hear Ulysses

[less expect
 Speak, prince of Ithaca; and be't of

other needless, of importless burden,

thy lips, than we are confident,

Thersites opens his mastick jaws,

and hear music, wit, and oracle.

Troy, yet upon his basis, had been

great Hector's sword had lack'd a

these halcyons. [master,

of rule hath been neglected:

how many Grecian tents do stand

upon this plain, so many hollow fac-

the general is not like the hive,

the foragers shall all repair, [arded,

is expected? Degree being viz-

what shows as fairly in the mask.

themselves, the planets, and this

green, priority, and place, [centre,

course, proportion, season, form,

in all line of order:

is the glorious planet, Sol,

the other; whose mercurial eye

all aspects of planets evil,

like the commandment of a king,

to good and bad; but when the

to disorder wander, [planets,

and what portents! what

The enterprise is sick. How could communi-
 ties,

Degrees in schools, and brotherhoods in cities,
 Peaceful commerce from dividable shores,

The primogenitive and due of birth,
 Prerogative of age, crowns, sceptres, laurels,

But by degree, stand in authentic place?
 Take but degree away, untune that string,

And, hark, what discord follows! each thing
 meets

In mere oppugnancy: the bounded waters
 Should lift their bosoms higher than the shores,

And make a sop of all this solid globe:
 Strength should be lord of imbecility,

And the rude son should strike his father dead:
 Force should be right; or rather, right and

wrong

(Between whose endless jar justice resides)
 Should lose their names, and so should justice

Then everything includes itself in power, [too.
 Power into will, will into appetite;

And appetite, a universal wolf,
 So doubly seconded with will and power,

Must make perforce a universal prey,
 And, last, eat up himself. Great Agamemnon,

This chaos, when degree is suffocate,
 Follows the choking.

And this neglect of degree it is,
 That by a pace goes backward, with a purpose

It hath to climb. The general's disdain'd
 By him one step below; he, by the next;

That next, by him beneath: so every step,
 Exemplified by the first pace that is sick

Of his superior, grows to an envious fever
 Of pale and bloodless emulation:

And 'tis this fever that keeps Troy on foot,
 Not her own minews. To end a tale of length,

Troy in our weakness stands, not in her
 strength. [cover'd

Nest. Most wisely hath Ulysses here dis-
 The fever whereof all our power is sick.

Agam. The nature of the sickness found,
 What is the remedy? [Ulysses,

Ulyss. The great Achilles, whom opinion
 crowns

The sinew and the forehead of our host,
 Having his ear full of his airy fame,

Grows dainty of his worth, and in his tent
 Lies mocking our designs: with him, Patro-

Upon a lazy bed, the livelong day [Juno,

Breaks scurril jests;
 And with ridiculous and awkward action,

(Which, slanderer, he imitation calls,)
 He pageants us. Sometime, great Agamem-

Thy topless deputation he puts on; [non,

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 scaffold-

age, —
 Such to-be-pitied and o'er-wrested seeming

He acts thy greatness in: and when he speaks,
 'Tis like a chime a mending; with terms un-

squard,

Which, from the tongue of roaring Typhon
dropp'd,

Would seem hyperboles. At this fusty stuff,
The large Achilles, on his press'd bed lolling,
From his deep chest laughs out a loud ap-
plause;

Cries, "*Excellent! 'tis Agamemnon just.*
Now play me Nestor; hem, and stroke thy
As he, being 'drest to some oration." [beard,
That's done;—as near as the extremest ends
Of parallels; as like as Vulcan and his wife:

Yet good Achilles still cries, "*Excellent!*
'Tis Nestor right. Now play him me, Patro-
Arming to answer in a night alarm." [claus,
And then, forsooth, the faint defects of age
Must be the scene of mirth; to cough and spit;
And, with a palay-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 abilities, gifts, natures, shapes,
Severals and generals of grace exact,
Achievements, plots, orders, preventions,
Excitements to the field, or speech for truce,
Success or loss, what is or is not, serves
As stuff for these two to make paradoxes.

Nest. And in the imitation of these twain
(Whom, as Ulysses says, opinion crowns
With an imperial voice) many are infect.
Ajax is grown self-will'd; and bears his head
In such a rein, in full as proud a place
As broad Achilles; keeps his tent like him;
Makes factious feasts; rails on our state of war,
Boils as an oracle; and sets Thersites
(A slave whose gall coins slanders like a mint)
To match us in comparison 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;
Foretell prescience, and esteem no act
But that of hand: the still and mental parts,—
That do contrive how many hands shall strike,
When fitness calls them on; and know, by
measure

Of their observant toil, the enemies' weight,—
Why, this hath not a finger's dignity:
They call this bed-work, mappery, closet-war;
So that the ram that batters down the wall,
For the great awing and rudeness of his poise,
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 Thetis' sons. [A tucket sounds.

Agam. What trumpet! look, Menelaus,
Men. From Troy.

Agam. What would you fore our tent?
Ane. Is this

Great Agamemnon's tent, I pray you!

Agam.

Ane. May one, that is a herald and
Do a fair message to his kingly ear?

Agam. With surety stronger than
Fore all the Greekish heads, and general.

Call Agamemnon head and general.

Ane. Fair leave, and large security.
A stranger to those most imperial looks,
Know them from eyes of other mortals!

Agam.

Ane. Ay;
I ask, that I might waken reverence,
And bid the cheek be ready with a blush

Modest as morning when she coldly eyes
The youthful Phoebus:

Which is that god in office, guiding
Which is the high and mighty Agamemnon?

Agam. This Trojan scorus us, as the
Are ceremonious courtiers.

Ane. Courtiers are free, as I have
arm'd,

As bending angels; that's their time to
But when they would seem soldiers, they

galls,
Good arms, strong joints, true event,

Nothing so full of heart. But peace,
Peace, Trojan; lay thy finger on the lip

The worthiness of praise distains his
If that the praised himself bring

forth:
But what the replying enemy commends

That breath same blows; that praise
pure, transcends.

Agam. Sir, you of Troy, call son
Ane. Ay, Greek, that is my name.

Agam. What's your affair, I pray?

Ane. Sir, pardon; 'tis for Agamemnon's
ears.

Agam. He hears nought privately.

Ane. Nor I from Troy come not to
I bring a trumpet to awake his ear;

To set his sense on the attentive
And then to speak.

Agam. Speak frankly as thou
It is not Agamemnon's sleeping hours

That thou shalt know, Trojan, he is awake
He tells thee so himself.

Ane. Trumpet, how
Send thy brass voice through all the
tents;

And every Greek of mettle, let him know
What Troy means fairly shall be known.

We have, great Agamemnon, here in
A prince call'd Hector,—Priam is his name

Who in this dull and long continued
Is rusty grown: he bade me take a word

And to this purpose speak.—[King
lords]

If there be one among the file of
That holds his honour higher than his
That seeks his praise more than his

peril;
That knows his valour, and knows

his mistress more than in confes-
sion
vows to her own lips he loves,
her beauty and her worth
—to him this challenge.
to view of Trojans and of Greeks,
make it good,—or do his best to do it,—
a lady, wiser, fairer, truer,
Greek did compass in his arms;
will to-morrow with his trumpet call,
between your tents and walls of Troy,
a Grecian that is true in love:
Hector shall honour him;
he'll say in Troy, when he retires,
our dainties are sun-burn'd, and not

of a lance. Even so much.
This shall be told our lovers, lord
of them have soul in such a kind,
from all at home: but we are soldiers;
that soldier a mere recreant prove,
hath not, or is not in love!
or hath, or means to be,
tell him of Nestor; if none else, I am he.
Hector's grandaie suck'd: he is old
man that hath one spark of fire,
his love, tell him from me,—
my entrance put this wither'd brawn;
him, will tell him that my lady
more than his grandam, and as chaste
in the world: his youth in flood,
the truth with my three drops of

Now heavens forbid such scarcity of
Amen.
Fair lord Aeneas, let me touch your
fashion shall I lead you, sir.
shall have word of this intent;
each lord of Greece, from tent to tent;
shall feast with us before you go,
the welcome of a noble foe.

Except all except Ulysses and Nestor,
Hector!
What says Ulysses?
I have a young conception in my
time to bring it to some shape.
What is't?
Ulysses. This 'tis:
ages rive hard knots: the seeded
to this maturity blown up [pride,
Achilles, must or now be cropp'd,
breed a nursery of like evil,
us all.

Well, and how? [sends,
He challenge that the gallant Hector
is spread in general name,
the purpose only to Achilles. [substance
the purpose is perspicuous even as
grouns little characters sum up:

And, in the publication, make no strain,
But that Achilles, were his brain as barren
As banks of Libya, (though, Apollo knows,
'Tis dry enough,) will with great speed of
judgment,

Ay, with celerity, find Hector's purpose
Pointing on him. [you]

Ulyss. And wake him to the answer, think
Nest. Yes, 'tis most meet: whom may you
else oppose,

That can from Hector bring those honours off,
If not Achilles? Though't be a sportful com-
Yet in the trial much opinion dwells; [bat,
For here the Trojans taste our dear'st repute
With their fin'st palate; and trust to me,
Our imputation shall be addly pois'd [Ulysses,
In this wild action; for the success,
Although particular, shall give a scattering
Of good or bad unto the general;
And in such indexes, although small pricks
To their subsequent volumes, there is seen
The baby figure of the giant mass
Of things to come at large. It is suppos'd,
He, that meets Hector, issues from our choice;
And choice, being mutual act of all our souls,
Makes merit her election; and doth boll,
As 'twere from forth us all, a man distill'd
Out of our virtues; who miscarrying,
What heart receives from hence the conquer-
ing part,

To steel a strong opinion to themselves!
Which entertain'd, limbs are his instruments,
In no less working, than are swords and bows
Directive by the limbs.

Ulyss. Give pardon to my speech;—
Therefore 'tis meet Achilles meet not Hector.
Let us, like merchants, show our foulest wares,
And think, perchance, they'll sell; if not,
The lustre of the better shall exceed,
By showing the worse first. Do not consent
That ever Hector and Achilles meet;
For both our honour and our shame, in this,
Are dogg'd with two strange followers.

Nest. I see them not with my old eyes:
what are they? [Hector,

Ulyss. What glory our Achilles shares from
Were he not proud, we all should share with
But he already is too insolent; [him:
And we were better parch in Afric sun,
Than in the pride and salt scorn of his eyes,
Should he 'scape Hector fair: if he were foil'd,
Why, then we did our main opinion crush
In taint of our best man. No, make a lottery;
And, by device, let blockish Ajax draw
The sort to fight with Hector: among our-
Give him allowance for the better man; [selves,
For that will physic the great Myrmidon
Who broils in loud applause, and make him
fall

His crest, that prouder than blue Iris bends.
If the dull brainless Ajax come safe off,
We'll dress him up in voices: if he fail,
Yet go we under our opinion still
That we have better men. But, hit or miss,

Our project's life this shape of sense assumes,—
Ajax employ'd plucks down Achilles' plumes.

Nest. Now, Ulysses, I begin to relish thy
And I will give a taste of it forthwith [advice];
To Agamemnon: go we to him straight.

Two curs shall tame each other: pride alone
Must tarre the mastiffs on, as 'twere their bone.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*Another part of the Grecian Camp.*

Enter Ajax and Thersites.

Ajax. Thersites,—

Ther. Agamemnon,—how if he had boils?
full, all over, generally?

Ajax. Thersites,—

Ther. And those boils did run?—Say so,—
did not the general run then? were not that a

Ajax. Dog,—

[*Botchy core!*]

Ther. Then would come some matter from
him; I see none now.

Ajax. Thou bitch-wolf's son, canst thou not
hear? Feel, then.

[*Strikes him.*]

Ther. The plague of Greece upon thee,
thou mongrel beef-witted lord!

Ajax. Speak, then, thou vineyard's leaven,
speak: I will beat thee into handsomeness.

Ther. I shall sooner rail thee into wit and
holiness: but, I think, thy horse will sooner
con an oration, than thou learn a prayer with-
out 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 strikest me thus?

Ajax. The proclamation,—

Ther. Thou art proclaimed a fool, I think.

Ajax. Do not, porcupine, do not: my
fingers itch.

Ther. I would thou didst itch from head to
foot, and I had the scratching of thee; I
would make thee the loathsome scab of
Greece. When thou art forth in the incursions,
thou strikest as slow as another.

Ajax. I say, the proclamation,—

Ther. Thou grumblest and raillest 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. Cobloaf!

Ther. He would pun thee into shivers with
his fist, as a sailor breaks a biscuit.

Ajax. You whoreson cur! [*Beating him.*]

Ther. Do, do.

Ajax. Thou stool for a witch!

Ther. Ay, do, do; thou sodden-witted lord!
thou hast no more brain than I have in mine
elbows; an asinine may tutor thee: thou
scurvy valiant ass! thou art here but to thrash
Trojans: and thou art bought and sold among

those of any wit, like a Barbarian;
thou use to beat me, I will begin to
and tell what thou art by inches,
of no bowels, thou!

Ajax. You dog.

Ajax. You cur!

Ther. Mars him idiot! do, rudeness
camel; do, do.

Enter Achilles and Patroclus.

Achil. Why, how now, Ajax!

Ther. You this!

How now, Thersites! what's the matter
Ther. You see him there, do you?

Achil. Ay; what's the matter?

Ther. Nay, look upon him.

Achil. So I do: what's the matter?

Ther. Nay, but regard him well.

Achil. Well! why, I do so.

Ther. But yet you look not well upon
for, whosoever you take him to be, he is a

Achil. I know that, fool.

Ther. Ay, but that fool knows not
Ajax. Therefore I beat thee.

Ther. Lo, lo, lo, lo, what madman
he utters! his evasions have more than he

have bobbed his brain more than he
my bones: I will buy nine sparrows
penny, and his *pia mater* is not worth
ninth part of a sparrow.

Ajax, who wears his wit in his belly,
guts in his head, I'll tell you what I say.

Achil. What?

Ther. I say, this

[*Ajax offers to strike him.*]

Achil. Nay, good Ajax.

Ther. Has not so much wit,—

Achil. Nay, I must hold you.

Ther. As will stop the eye of Hector
for whom he comes to fight.

Achil. Peace, fool!

Ther. I would have peace and order
but the fool will not: he there; that he

you, there.

Ajax. O thou damned cur! I shall—

Achil. Will you set your wit to a

Ther. No, I warrant you; for a

Patr. Good words, Thersites.

Achil. What's the quarrel?

Ajax. I bade the vile owl go
tenor of the proclamation, and he

Ther. I serve thee not.

Ajax. Well, go to, go to.

Ther. I serve here voluntary.

Achil. Your last service was
'twas not voluntary, no man is

tary: Ajax was here the voluntary

under an impress.

Ther. Even so;—a great deal of
too, lies in your sinews, or else they

Hector shall have a great catch, if he

out either of your brains: 'a was

crack a fusty nut with no kernel.

Achil. What, with me too, Ther?

Ther. There's Ulysses and his

whose wit was mouldy ere your

on their toes,—yoke you like draught
and make you plough up the war.

What, what? [Ajax to!]
Yes, good sooth: to, Achilles! to,
I shall cut out your tongue.

That no matter; I shall speak as
thou, afterwards.

No more words, Thersites; peace!
I will hold my peace when Achilles'
shall me, shall I?

There's for you, Patroclus,
I will see you hanged, like clotpolls,

some any more to your tents; I will
there is wit stirring, and leave the
of fools.

A good riddance. [all our host:—
Hector, by the fifth hour of the sun,
with a trumpet, 'twixt our tents and Troy,

now morning call some knight to arms,
grow a stomach; and such a one, that
[well.

I know not what; 'tis trash. Fare-
well. Who shall answer him?

I know not, it is put to lottery;
[otherwise,
O, meaning you.—I will go learn
more of it.

[Exit.
—Troy, A Room in Priam's Palace.
Hector, Troilus, Paris, and
Helenus.

After so many hours, lives, speeches
spent,
Helen again says Nestor from the Greeks:

Helen, and all damage else,—
of time, travail, expense,
friends, and what else dear that is
consum'd

in this cormorant war,—
struck off?—Hector, what say you
[than I,

though no man lesser fears the Greeks
than I, soothly my particular, yet, dread

no lady of more softer bowels,
ready to suck in the sense of fear,
ready to cry out—"Who knows what
honour is: the wound of peace is surety,
but modest doubt is call'd
the name of the worst. Let Helen go:
the first sword was drawn about this
[dishes,
soul, 'mongst many thousand
as dear as Helen; I mean, of ours:
we lost so many teeth of ours,
that thing not ours, nor worth to us,
the name, the value of one ten;
it is in that reason which denies
of her up?

Fie, fie, my brother!
the worth and honour of a king,

So great as our dread father, in a scale
Of common ounces? will you with counters
The past-proportion of his infinite? [sum
And buckle in a waist most fathomless,
With spans and inches so diminutive
As fears and reasons? No, for godly shame!

Hec. No marvel, though you bite so sharp
at reasons
You are so empty of them. Should not our
father

Bear the great sway of his affairs with reasons,
Because your speech hath none that tells him
so? [brother priest;

Tro. You are for dreams and slumbers,
You fur your gloves with reason. Here are
your reasons:

You know an enemy intends you harm;
You know a sword employ'd is perilous,
And reason flies the object of all harm:
Who marvels, then, when Helenus beholds
A Grecian and his sword, if he do set
The very wings of reason to his heels,
And fly like chidden Mercury from Jove,
Or like a star dis-orb'd? Nay, if we talk of
reason, [honour
Let's shut our gates, and sleep: manhood and
Should have hare hearts, would they but fat
their thoughts

With this cramm'd reason: reason and respect
Make livers pale, and lustihood deject.

Hec. Brother, she is not worth what she
The holding. [doth cost

Tro. What is aught, but as 'tis valued?
Hec. But valued wells not in particular will;
It holds his estimate and dignity,
As well wherein 'tis precious of itself,
As in the prizer: 'tis mad idolatry
To make the service greater than the god;
And the will dotes, that is attributive
To what infection itself affects,
Without some image of th' affected merit.

Tro. I take to-day a wife, and my election
Is led on in the conduct of my will;
My will ensindled by mine eyes and ears,
Two traded pilots 'twixt the dangerous shores
Of will and judgment: how may I avoid,
Although my will distaste what it elects,
The wife I chose? there can be no evasion
To blench from this, and to stand firm by
honour:

We turn not back the silks upon the merchant,
When we have soil'd them; nor the remainder
viands

We do not throw in unrespective sieve,
Because we now are full. It was thought
meet, [Greeks:
Paris should do some vengeance on the
Your breath of full consent belied his sails;
The seas and winds (old wranglers) took a
truce, [desir'd;
And did him service: he touch'd the ports
And, for an old aunt, whom the Greeks held
captive, [freshness
He brought a Grecian queen, whose youth and

Wrinkles Apollo's, and makes stale the morning.
[*Exit.*]

Why keep we her? the Grecians keep our
Is she worth keeping? why, she is a pearl,
Whose price hath launch'd above a thousand
ships,

And turn'd crown'd kings to merchants.
If you'll avouch 'twas wisdom Paris went,
(As you must needs, for you all cried—"Go,
go.")

If you'll confess he brought home noble prize,
(As you must needs, for you all clapp'd your
hands,

And cry'd—"Inestimable!" why do you now
The issue of your proper wisdoms rate,
And do a deed that fortune never did,
Beggard the estimation which you priz'd
Richer than sea and land? O, theft most base,
That we have stol'n what we do fear to keep!
But, thief, unworthy 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?

Tro. 'Tis our mad sister, I do know her

Cas. [Within] Cry, Trojans! [voice.]

Hec. It is Cassandra.

Enter Cassandra, raving.

Cas. Cry, Trojans, cry! lend me ten thousand eyes,

And I will fill them with prophetic tears.

Hec. Peace, sister, peace! [*Exit.*]

Cas. Virgins and boys, mid-age and wrinkled
Soft infancy, that nothing canst but cry,
Add to my clamours! let us pay betimes
A moiety of that mass of moan to come.
Cry, Trojans, cry! practise your eyes with
tears!

Troy must not be, nor goodly Ilion stand;
Our fire-brand brother, Paris, burns us all.
Cry, Trojans, cry! a Helen, and a woe:
Cry, cry! Troy burns, or else let Helen go.

[*Exit.*]

Hec. Now, youthful Troilus, do not these
Of divination in our sister work [high 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?

Tro. Why, brother Hector,

We may not think the justness of each act
Such and no other than event doth form it;
Nor once deject the courage of our minds,
Because Cassandra's mad: her brain-sick
raptures

Cannot distaste the goodness of a quarrel,
Which hath our several honours all engag'd
To make it gracious. For my private part,
I am no more touch'd than all Priam's sons:
And Jove forbid there should be done amongst
us

Such things as might offend the weakest spleen
To fight for, and maintain!

Par. Else might the world convince of levity

As well my undertakings as your courage.
But, I attest the gods, your full consent
Gave wings to my propulsion, and out of
All fears attending on so dire a project
For what, alas! can these my single words
What propugnation is in one man's voice
To stand the push and enmity of these?
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 said,
Nor faint in the pursuit.

Pri. Paris, you speak
Like one besotted on your sweet delusion.
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 reward

The pleasure such a beauty brings with it.

But I would have the soil of her fair eyes

Wip'd off, in honourable keeping here.

What treason were it to the ratsuck'd state

Disgrace to your great worths, and then

Now to deliver her possession up.

On terms of base compulsion! Can I be

That so degenerate a strain in your

Should once set footing in your blood?

There's not the meanest spirit on our side

Without a heart to dare, or sword to draw

When Helen is defended; nor none so true

Whose life were ill bestow'd, or death to shun

Where Helen is the subject; then, I pray

Well may we fight for her, whom, if we lose,

well,

The world's large spaces cannot parallel.

Hec. Paris, and Troilus, you both

said well;

And on the cause and question now in hand

Have glaz'd,—but superficially; not so

Unlike young men, whom Aristotle

Unfit to hear moral philosophy;

The reasons you allege do more conduct

To the hot passion of distemper'd blood

Than to make up a free determination

'Twixt right and wrong; for passion

Have ears more deaf than adders to the truth

Of any true decision. Nature craves

All dues be render'd to their owners;

What nearer debt in all humanity

Than wife is to the husband? If this you

Of nature be corrupted through affection

And that great minds, of partial inducements

To their benumb'd wills, resist the same

There is a law in each well-order'd nature

To curb those raging appetites that are

Most disobedient and refractory.

If Helen, then, be wife to Sparta's king,

As it is known she is,—these moral laws

Of nature, and of nations, speak aloud

To have her back return'd: this is to wrong

In doing wrong extenuates not wrong.

But makes it much more heavy.

Tro. My opinion

Is this, in way of truth: yet, notwithstanding

My spritely brethren, I propend to go.

to keep Helen still;
 that hath no mean dependance
 on point and several dignities.
 Why, there you touch'd the life of our
 glory that we more affected,
 performance of our heaving spleens,
 not wish a drop of Trojan blood
 in her defence. But, worthy
 of honour and renown;
 to valiant and magnanimous deeds;
 present courage may beat down our
 in time to come, canonize us:
 come, brave Hector would not lose
 advantage of a promis'd glory,
 upon the forehead of this action,
 this world's revenge.

I am yours,
 offering of great Priamus.—
 meeting challenge sent amongst
 and furious toables of the Greeks,
 amazement to their drowsy spirits,
 strength'n their great general slept,
 resolution in the army crept:
 Priamus, will wake him. [Exeunt.

III.—The Grecian Camp. Before
 Achilles' Tent.

Enter Thersites.
 How now, Thersites! what, lost in
 wrath of thy fury! Shall the elephant
 it thus! he beats me, and I rail at
 worthy satisfaction! Would it were
 that I could beat him, whilst he
 me, 'till I learn to conjure and
 this, but I'll see some issue of my spite-
 retributions. Then, there's Achilles,—a
 If Troy be not taken till these
 come it, the walls will stand till they
 themselves. O thou great thunder-
 of Olympus, forget that thou art Jove,
 of gods; and, Mercury, lose all the
 craft of thy caduceus; if ye take
 little less-than-little wit from
 they have! which short-armed ignor-
 knows is so abundant scarce, it will
 convention deliver a fly from a spider,
 drawing their many irons and cutting
 After this, the vengeance on the
 rather, the bone-ache! for
 is the curse dependant on
 war for a placket. I have said my
 and devil envy, say Amen.—What,
 thou Achilles!

Enter Patroclus.
 Why's there? Thersites! Good Ther-
 sit, I could have remembered a gilt
 not, thou wouldst not have slipped out
 contemplation; but it is no matter;
 upon thyself! The common curse of
 folly and ignorance, be thine in

great revenue! heaven bless thee from a tutor,
 and discipline come not near thee! Let thy
 blood be thy direction till thy death! then, if
 she that lays thee out, says thou art a fair
 corpse, I'll be sworn and sworn upon't, she
 never shrouded any but lazars. Amen.—
 Where's Achilles? [prayer!

Patr. What, art thou devout? wast thou in
 Ther. Ay; the heavens hear me!

Enter Achilles.
 Achil. Who's therē?

Patr. Thersites, my lord.

Achil. Where, where?—Art thou come?
 Why, my cheese, my digestion, why hast thou
 not served thyself in to my table so many
 meals? Come, what's Agamemnon?

Ther. Thy commander, Achilles:—then,
 tell me, Patroclus, what's Achilles?

Patr. Thy lord, Thersites:—then tell me, I
 pray thee, what's thyself?

Ther. Thy knower, Patroclus: then tell
 me, Patroclus, what art thou?

Patr. Thou mayst tell, that knowest.

Achil. O, tell, tell.

Ther. I'll decline the whole question. Aga-
 memnon commands Achilles; Achilles is my
 lord; I am Patroclus' knower; and Patroclus

Patr. You rascal! [is a fool.

Ther. Peace, fool! I have not done.

Achil. He is a privileged man,—Proceed,
 Thersites.

Ther. Agamemnon is a fool; Achilles is a
 fool; Thersites is a fool; and, as aforesaid,
 Patroclus is a fool.

Achil. Derive this; come.

Ther. Agamemnon is a fool to offer to com-
 mand Achilles; Achilles is a fool to be com-
 manded of Agamemnon; Thersites is a fool to
 serve such a fool; and Patroclus is a fool po-
 sitive.

Patr. Why am I a fool?

Ther. Make that demand of the prover. It
 suffices me thou art. Look you, who comes
 here?

Enter Agamemnon, Ulysses, Nestor, Dio-
 medes, and Ajax.

Achil. Patroclus, I'll speak with nobody.—
 Come in with me, Thersites. [Exit.

Ther. Here is such patchery, such juggling,
 and such knavery! all the argument is a cuck-
 old and a whore; a good quarrel to draw
 emulous factions and bleed to death upon.
 Now, the dry serpigio on the subject! and war
 and lechery confound all! [Exit.

Agam. Where is Achilles?

Patr. Within his tent; but ill-dispos'd, my
 lord. [here.

Agam. Let it be known to him that we are
 He shent our messengers; and we lay by
 Our appertainments, visiting of him;
 Let him be told so; lest perchance he think
 We dare not move the question of our place,
 Or know not what we are.

Patr. I shall say so to him. [Exit.

Ulyss. We saw him at the opening of his tent:
He is not sick.

Ajax. Yes, lion-sick, sick of proud heart:
you may call it melancholy, if you will favour
the man; but, by my head, 'tis pride: but
why, why? let him show us a cause. A word,
my lord.

[*Taking Agamemnon aside.*]

Nest. What moves Ajax thus to bay at him?

Ulyss. Achilles hath inveigled his fool from
Nest. Who? Thersites?

Ulyss. He.

Nest. Then will Ajax lack matter, if he have

Ulyss. No; you see, he is his argument
that has his argument.—Achilles.

Nest. All the better; their faction is more
our wish than their faction: but it was a strong
composure a fool could disamite.

Ulyss. The amity that wisdom knits not,
folly may easily untie.—Here comes Patroclus.

Nest. No Achilles with him.

Ulyss. The elephant hath joints, but none
for courtesy: his legs are legs for necessity,
not for flexure.

Re-enter Patroclus.

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 outly our apprehensions.
Much attribute he hath; and much the reason
Why we ascribe it to him: yet all his virtues,—
Not virtuously on his own part beheld,—
Do in our eyes begin to lose their gloss;
Yea, like fair fruit in an unwholesome dish,
Are like to rot untasted. Go and tell him,
We come to speak with him: and you shall not
If you do say we think him over-proud (sin,
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 lures, his ebbs, his flows, as if
The passage and whole carriage of this action
Rode on his tide. Go tell him this: and add,
That if he overhold his price so much,
We'll none of him; but let him, like an engine
Not portable, lie under this report,—
Bring action hither, this cannot go to war:
A stirring dwarf we do allowance give
Before a sleeping giant:—tell him so.

Patr. I shall; and bring his answer pre-
sently.

Agam. In second voice we'll not be satisfied;
We come to speak with him.—Ulysses, enter
you.

Ajax. What is he more than another?

Agam. No more than what he thinks
Ajax. Is he so much? Do you

he thinks himself a better man than I

Agam. No question.

Ajax. Will you subscribe his name

Agam. No, noble Ajax; you are

as valiant, as wise, no less noble, more

gentle, and altogether more tractable

Ajax. Why should a man be proud?

doth pride grow? I know not what

Agam. Your mind is the clearest

your virtues the fairer. He that

up himself: pride in his own

trumpet, his own chronicle; and

praises itself but in the deed, devours

in the praise.

Ajax. I do hate a proud man, as I

engendering of toads.

Nest. [*Aside.*] Yet he loves his

Re-enter Ulysses.

Ulyss. Achilles will not to the field

Agam. What's his excuse?

Ulyss. He doth rely

But carries on the stream of his despair

Without observance or respect of any

In will peculiar and in self-admiration

Agam. Why will he not, upon my

quest,

Untent his person, and share the air

Ulyss. Things small as nothing, for

sake only,

He makes important: possessed by

greatness;

And speaks not to himself, but with

That quarrels at self-breath: much

Holds in his blood such swollen

course,

That, 'twixt his mental and his action

Kingdom'd Achilles in commotion

And batters down himself: what else

He is so plagu'd proud, that the death

Cry—"No recovery."

Agam. Let Ajax go

Dear lord, go you and meet him in his

'Tis said, he holds you well; and

At your request, a little from him

Ulyss. O Agamemnon, let it out

We'll consecrate the steps that Ajax

When they go from Achilles: and

lord,

That bastes his arrogance with his

And never suffers matter of the world

Enter his thoughts,—save such as

And ruminate himself,—shall

shipp'd

Of that we hold an idol more than

No, this thrice-worthy and right

Must not so stale his palm, nobly

Nor, by my will, asubjugate his

As amply titled as Achilles is,

By going to Achilles:

That were to enlard his fat already

And add more coals to Cancer when

With entertaining great Hyperion

go to him! Jupiter forbid:
 [Aside.] O, this is well; he rubs the
 [Aside.] And how his silence drinks
 up this applause.
 If I go to him, with my armed fist I'll
 smite over the face.
 O, no, you shall not go.
 An' a be proud with me, I'll please
 you: let me go to him.
 Not for the worth that hangs upon

A paltry, insolent fellow!
 [Aside.] How he describes himself!
 Can he not be sociable?
 [Aside.] The raven chides blackness.
 I'll let his humours blood.
 [Aside.] He will be the physician,
 As all men were o' my mind.

[Aside.] Wit would be out of fashion.
 A should not bear it so, 'a should
 be that: shall pride carry it?
 [Aside.] An't would, you'd carry half.
 [Aside.] 'A would have ten shares.
 I will knead him, I will make him

[Aside.] He's not yet through warm;
 him with praises. Pour in, pour in; his
 will dry.
 [To Agam.] My lord, you feed too
 on this dilute.
 Our noble general, do not do so.
 You must prepare to fight without

Why, 'tis this naming of him does
 him harm.
 A man—but 'tis before his face;

Wherefore should you so?
 Know the whole world, he is as
 a whorson dog, that shall palter thus
 Would he were a Trojan!
 What a vice were it in Ajax now,—
 If he were proud,—

Or covetous of praise,—
 Ay, or surly borne,—
 Or strange, or self-affected!
 Thank the heavens, lord, thou art of

Or sweet composure;
 [suck:]
 him that got thee, her that gave thee
 labor, and thy parts of nature
 and discipline'd thy arms to fight,

And divide eternity in twain,
 And bid half: and, for thy vigour,
 Give Milo his addition yield

Alex. I will not praise thy wisdom,
 like a bourn, a pale, a shore, confines
 and dilated parts: here's Nestor,
 by the antiquary times, [ter,—
 he is, he cannot but be wise;—
 Nestor, father Nestor, were your days

As green as Ajax, and your brain so temper'd,
 You should not have the eminence of him,
 But be as Ajax.

Ajax. Shall I call you father?

Ulyss. Ay, my good son.

Dio. Be rul'd by him, lord Ajax.

Ulyss. There is no tarrying here; the hart
 Achilles

Keeps thicket. Please it our great general
 To call together all his state of war:
 Fresh kings are come to Troy: to-morrow,
 We must with all our main of power stand fast:
 And here's a lord,—come knights from east to
 west,

And cull their flower, Ajax shall cope the best.
 Agam. Go we to council. Let Achilles sleep:
 Light boats sail swift, though greater hulks
 draw deep. [Exeunt.]

ACT III.

SCENE I.—Troy. A Room in Priam's Palace.

Enter Pandarus and a Servant.

Pan. Friend, you,—pray you, a word: do
 not you follow the young lord Paris?

Serv. Ay, sir, when he goes before me.

Pan. You depend upon him, I mean?

Serv. Sir, I do depend upon the lord.

Pan. You depend upon a noble gentleman;
 I must needs praise him.

Serv. The lord be praised!

Pan. You know me, do you not?

Serv. Faith, sir, superficially.

Pan. Friend, know me better; I am the
 lord Pandarus.

Serv. I hope I shall know your honour better.

Pan. I do desire it.

Serv. You are in the state of grace.

Pan. Grace! not so, friend: honour and
 lordship are my titles.—[Music within.] What
 music is this?

Serv. I do but partly know, sir: it is music

Pan. Know you the musicians? [in parts.]

Serv. Wholly, sir.

Pan. Who play they to?

Serv. To the hearers, sir.

Pan. At whose pleasure, friend?

Serv. At mine, sir, and theirs that love music.

Pan. Command, I mean, friend.

Serv. Who shall I command, sir?

Pan. Friend, we understand not one another:
 I am too courtly, and thou art too cunning.
 At whose request do these men play?

Serv. That's to't, indeed, sir: marry, sir,
 at the request of Paris, my lord, who is 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 complimentary assault upon him, for my business aethes.

Sorr. Sudden business! there's a stewed phrase, indeed!

Enter Paris and Helen, attended.

Pan. Fair be to you, my lord, and to all this fair company! fair desires, in all fair measures, 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. [in fits.]

Par. Well said, my lord! Well, you say so.

Pan. I have business to my lord, dear queen.—My lord, will you vouchsafe me a word?

Helen. Nay, this shall not hedge us out: we'll hear you sing, certainly.

Pan. Well, sweet queen, you are pleasant with me. But, marry, thus, my lord,—My dear lord, and most esteemed friend, your brother Troilus— [lord,—

Helen. My lord Pandarus; honey-sweet

Pan. Go to, sweet queen, go to:—commends himself most affectionately to you,—

Helen. You shall not bob us out of our melody: if you do, our melancholy upon your head!

Pan. Sweet queen, sweet queen; that's a sweet queen, I faith. [sour offence.]

Helen. And to make a sweet lady sad is a

Pan. Nay, that shall not serve your turn; that shall it not, in truth, la. Nay, I care not for such words; no, no.—And, my lord, he desires you, that if the king call for him at supper, you will make his excuse.

Helen. My lord Pandarus,—

Pan. What says my sweet queen,—my very sweet queen!

Par. What exploit's in hand? where sups he to-night? *Helen.* Nay, but my lord,—

Pan. What says my sweet queen?—My cousin will fall out with you. You must not know where he sups. [sida.]

Par. I'll lay my life, with my disposer Crea-

Pan. No, no, no such matter; you are wide; come, your disposer is sick.

Par. Well, I'll make excuse.

Pan. Ay, good my lord. Why should you say Cressida? no, your poor disposer's sick.

Par. I spy.

Pan. You spy! what do you spy?—Come, give me an instrument.—Now, sweet queen.

Helen. Why, this is kindly done.

Pan. My niece is horribly in love with a thing you have, sweet queen.

Helen. She shall have it, my lord, if I can not my lord Paris.

Pan. He! no, she'll none of him; they are twain.

Helen. Falling in, after falling out, they are twain.

Pan. Come, come, I'll hear no more.

Helen. I'll sing you a song now.

Helen. Ay, ay, prythee now.

Helen. Sweet lord, thou hast a fine forehead.

Pan. Ay, you may, you may.

Helen. Let thy song be love.

Pan. O Cupid, Cupid, Cupid,

Par. Love! ay, that it shall, I love.

Par. Ay, good now, love, love, love.

Pan. In good troth, it begins so.

[Sings.]

Love, love, nothing but love, still and true.

For, oh! love's bono

Shouts back and down:

The shaft confounds

Not that it wounds,

But tickles still the sore.

These lovers cry—Oh! oh! they die!

Yet that which seems the worst

Doth turn oh! oh! to ha! ha! ha!

So dying love lives still:

Oh! oh! a while, but ha! ha! ha!

Oh! oh! groans out for ha! ha! ha!

Heigh-ho!

Helen. In love, I faith, to the very death.

Par. He eats nothing but doves, love

that breeds hot blood, and hot blood

hot thoughts, and hot thoughts beget

and hot deeds is love.

Pan. Is this the generation of love?

blood, hot thoughts, and hot deeds?

they are vipers: is love a-beld to-day?

—Sweet lord, who's a-beld to-day?

Par. Hector, Deiphobus, Helenus,

and all the gallantry of Troy: I will

have armed to-day, but my brother

have it so. How chance my brother

went not?

Helen. He hangs the lip at some

you know all, lord Pandarus.

Pan. Not I, honey-sweet queen,—

hear how they sped to-day.—You'll

your brother's excuse!

Pan. Farewell, sweet queen.

Helen. Commend me to your niece.

Pan. I will, sweet queen.

[Exit.]

Par. They're come from field.

Prism's hall, Sweet Helen,

To greet the warriors. Sweet Helen,

To help unarm our Hector: for

buckles,

With these your white enchantment

Shall more obey than to the steel

Or force of Greekish sinews; you shall

Than all the island kings,—

Hector.

Helen. 'Twill make us proud

Yea, what he shall receive of us

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 woo'd, they are constant, being won: they are hurs, I can tell you; they'll stick where they are thrown.

Cres. Boldness comes to me now, and brings me heart:

Prince Troilus, I have lov'd you night and day For many weary months.

Tro. Why was my Cressid, then, so hard to win? [my lord,

Cres. Hard to seem won; but I was won, 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 [fools!

Too headstrong for their mother:—see, we Why have I blabb'd? who shall be true to us, When we are so unsecret to ourselves?— But, though I lov'd you well, I woo'd you not; And yet, good faith, I wish'd myself a man, Or that the 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

Pan. Pretty, I' faith. [thence.

Cres. My lord, I do beseech you, pardon me; 'Twas not my purpose, thus to beg a kiss: I am ashamed;—O heavens! what have I done!—

For this time will I take my leave, my lord.

Tro. Your leave, sweet Cressid!

Pan. Leave! an you take leave till to-morrow morning,—

Cres. Pray you, content you.

Tro. What offends you, lady?

Cres. Sir, mine own company.

Tro. You cannot shun Yourself.

Cres. Let me go and try:

I have a kind of self resides with you; But an unkind self, that itself will leave, To be another's fool. I would be gone:

Where is my wit! I know not what I speak.

Tro. Well know they what they speak, that speak so wisely. [than love;

Cres. Perchance, my lord, I show more craft And fell so roundly to a large confession, To angle for your thoughts; but you are wise; Or else you love not; for to be wise, and love, Exceeds man's might; that dwells with gods above. [woman,

Tro. O, that I thought it could be in a (As, if it can, I will presume in you,) To feed for aye her lamp and flames of love; To keep her constancy in plight and youth,

Outliving beauty's outward, with a soul That doth renew swifter than blood in veins. Or, that persuasion could not draw from you That my integrity and truth to you Might be affronted with the match and love Of such a winnow'd purity in love. How were I then uplifted! but, alas! I am as true as truth's simplicity, And simpler than the infancy of truth.

Cres. In that I'll war with you.

Tro. When right with right wars who shall win right!

True swains in love shall, in the world's esteem, Approve their truths by Troilus: whose rhymes,

Full of protest, of oath, and big conceits, Want smiles, truth tir'd with jests. 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 heavens, Yet, after all comparisons of truth, As truth's authentic author, to be wish'd, As true as Troilus shall grow up the world, And sanctify the numbers.

Cres. If I be false, or swerve a hair from truth,

When time is old, and hath forgot the truth, When waterdrops have worn the stones,

Tro. And blind oblivion swallow'd smiles up,

And mighty states characterless are grown, To dusty nothing; yet let memory,

From false to false, among false mounds, Upbraid my falsehood! when they hear,

As air, as water, wind, or sandy earth, As fox to lamb, as wolf to hatter's coat,

Pard to the hind, or steed to the horse, Yea, let them say, to stick the heart,

As false as Cressid.

Pan. Go to, a bargain made; and

it; I'll be the witness. Here I hold you here, my cousin's. If ever you prove

to another, since I have taken you to

bring you together, let all pitiful gods

be called to the world's end, and after

call them all—Pandara; let all women

be Troiluses, all false women Cressids,

all brokers-between Pandars I say, Amen.

Tro. Amen.

Pan. Amen. Whereupon I will

a chamber and a bed; which both

shall not speak of your pretty encounter

it to death: away!

And Cupid grant all tongues tied to the

Bed, chamber, Pandar to provide the

SCENE III.—The Grecian Camp.

Enter Agamemnon, Ulysses, Diomedes,

Ajax, Menelaus, and Calcas.

Cal. Now, princes, for the service

done you,

Th' advantage of the time prompts

for recompense. Appear it to your
[Jove
through the night I bear in things, to
a traitor's name; expos'd myself,
and possess'd conveniences,
fortunes; sequestering from me
[Edition,
acquaintance, custom, and con-
fession, and most familiar to my nature;
to do you service, am become
into the world, strange, unacquainted:
though you, as in way of taste,
now a little benefit,
these many register'd in promise,
you say, live to come in my behalf,
What wouldst thou of us, Trojan?
[Antenor,
he has a Trojan prisoner, call'd
you (often have you thanks therefore)
I have in right great exchange,
[Troil. I still denied: but this An-
such a wroth in their affairs, [Antenor,
negotiations all must slack,
his manage; and they will almost
a piece of blood, a son of Priam,
of him: let him be sent, great
[Antenor
shall buy my daughter; and her pra-
ise crick off all service I have done,
I am pleas'd.

Let Diomedes bear him,
as Cressid hither: Calchas shall
requests of us.—Good Diomed, [have
you fairly for this interchange:
word if Hector will to-morrow
in his challenge: Ajax is ready.
I shall I undertake; and 'tis a
I am proud to bear.
[Antenor
Diomedes and Calchas.
Achilles and Patroclus, before their tent.
Achilles stands in the entrance of his
tent:—

Our general to pass strangely by him,
I have forgot; and, princes all,
I have forgot and loose regard upon him:
Tis like he'll question me,
I have decision eyes are bent, why turn'd
between your strangeness and his pride,
I have will shall have desire to drink:
I have good: pride hath no other glass
I have self, but pride; for supple knees
I have and are the proud man's fees.
We'll execute your purpose, and put
I have strangeness as we pass along:— [on
I have lead; and either greet him not,
I have distastefully, which shall shake him
I have look'd on. I will lead the way.
I have What, comes the general to speak
I have my mind, I'll fight no more 'gainst

Agam. What says Achilles? would he aught
with us? [General

Nest. Would you, my lord, aught with the
Achil. No. Nest. Nothing, my lord.

Agam. The better.

[Exeunt Agamemnon and Nestor.

Achil. Good day, good day.

Men. How do you? how do you? [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? [used to bend,

Patr. They pass by strangely; they were
To send their smiles before them to Achilles;

To come as humbly, as they used to creep

To holy alters.

Achil. What, am I poor of late?

'Tis certain, greatness, once fallen out with
fortune, [is,

Must fall out with men too: what the declin'd
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, [ours
Hath any honour; but honour for those hon-

That are without him, as place, riches, and

Prizes of accident as oft as merit: [favour,

Which when they fall, as being slippery standers,
The love that lean'd on them as slippery too,

Do one pluck down another, and together
Die in the fall. But 'tis not so with me:

Fortune and I are friends: I do enjoy
At ample point all that I did possess, [find out

Save these men's looks; who do, methinks,
Something not worth in me such rich beholding

As they have often given. Here is Ulysses:

I'll interrupt his reading.—

How now, Ulysses!

Ulyss. Now, great Thetis' son!

Achil. What are you reading?

Ulyss. A strange fellow here

Writes me, That man, how dearly ever parted,
How much in having, or without or in,

Cannot make boast to have that which he hath,
Nor feels not what he owes, but by reflection;

As when his virtues shining upon others
Heat them, and they report that heat again

To the first giver.

Achil. This is not strange, Ulysses!

The beauty that is borne here, in the face,
The bearer knows not, but commends itself

To others' eyes: nor doth the eye itself
(That most pure spirit of sense) behold itself,

Not going from itself; but eye to eye oppos'd
Salutes each other with each other's form:

For speculation turns not to itself,
Till it hath travell'd, and is mirror'd there

Where it may see itself. This is not strange

Ulyss. I do not strain at the position, [at all.

It is familiar, but at the author's drift;

Who, in his circumstances, expressly proves

That no man is the lord of anything [ing]
 (Though in and of him there be much consist-
 Till he communicate his parts to others ;
 Nor doth he of himself know them for aught
 Till he behold them form'd in the applause
 Where they are extended ; which, like an arch,
 reverberates

The voice again ; or, like a gate of steel
 Fronting the sun, receives and renders back
 His figure and his heat. I was much rapt in
 And apprehended here immediately [this ;
 The unknown Ajax.

Heavens, what a man is there ! a very horse ;
 That has his knows not what. Nature, what
 things there are,

Most abject in regard, and dear in use !
 What things, again, most dear in the esteem,
 And poor in worth ! Now shall we see to-
 morrow,— [him,—

An act that very chance doth throw upon
 Ajax renown'd. O heavens, what some men
 While some men leave to do ! [do,
 How some men creep in skittish Fortune's hall,
 Whiles others play the idiots in her eyes !
 How one man eats into another's pride,
 While pride is fasting in his wantonness !
 To see these Grecian lords !—why, even already
 They clap the lubber Ajax on the shoulder,
 As if his foot were on brave Hector's breast,
 And great Troy shrieking. [me,

Achil. I do believe it ; for they pass'd by
 As misers do by beggars, neither gave to me
 Good word or look. What, are my deeds
 forgot !

Ulyss. Time hath, my lord, a wallet at his
 Wherein he puts alms for oblivion, [back,
 A great-sized monster of ingratitude :
 Those scraps are good deeds past ; which are
 devour'd

As fast as they are made, forgot as soon
 As done : perseverance, dear my lord, [hang
 Keeps honour bright : to have done, is to
 Quite out of fashion, like a rusty mail [way ;
 In monumental mockery. Take the instant
 For honour travels in a strait so narrow,
 Where one but goes abreast : keep, then, the
 For emulation hath a thousand sons, [path ;
 That one by one pursue : if you give way,
 Or hedge aside from the direct forthright,
 Like to an enter'd tide, they all rush by,
 And leave you hindmost ;—

Or, like a gallant horse fallen in first rank,
 Lie there for pavement to the abject rear,
 O'er-run and trampled on : then, what they
 do in present, [yours ;

Though less than yours in past, must o'er-top
 For time is like a fashionable host, [hand ;
 That slightly shakes his parting guest by the
 And with his arms out-stretch'd, as he would fly,
 Grasp in the corner : welcome ever smiles,
 And farewell goes out sighing. O, let not
 Remuneration for the thing it was, [virtue seek
 For beauty, wit,
 High birth, vigour of bone, desert in service,

Love, friendship, clarity, are subjects to
 To envious and calumniating time.
 One touch of nature makes the whole
 That all, with one consent, praise

gawds,
 Though they are made and monied of
 And give to dust, that is a little gift,
 More land than gift o'er-dusted.
 The present eye praises the present object
 Then, marvel not, thou great and good
 man,

That all the Greeks begin to worship thee
 Since things in motion sooner catch the eye
 Than what that not stirs. The cry went
 And still it might ; and yet it may
 If thou wouldst not entomb thyself alive
 And cease thy reputation in thy tomb
 Whose glorious deeds, but in thy name
 late,

Made emulous missions 'mongst
 And drove great Mars to faction.
 Achil.

I have strong reasons.
 Ulyss. But 'gainst your
 The reasons are more potent and deep
 'Tis known, Achilles, that you are a son
 With one of Priam's daughters. [his father

Achil. Ulyss. Is that a wonder !
 The providence that's in a watchful
 Knows almost every grain of dust
 Finds bottom in th' uncomprehending
 Keeps place with thought, and all about
 the gods,

Does thoughts unveil in their dumb
 There is a mystery (with whom relation
 Durst never meddle) in the soul of man
 Which hath an operation more divine
 Than breath or pen can give expression to
 All the commerce that you have had
 As perfectly is ours, as yours, my lord
 And better would it fit Achilles' mood
 To throw down Hector, than Polyxene
 But it must grieve young Pyrrhus
 When fame shall in our island sound
 And all the Greekish girls shall tell
 " Great Hector's sister did Achilles love
 But our great Ajax bravely beat down
 Farewell, my lord : I see your love
 The fool slides o'er the ice that you
 break.

Patr. To this effect, Achilles, has
 you :

A woman impudent and mannish
 Is not more loath'd than an effeminate
 In time of action. I stand confounded
 They think, my little stomach to the work
 And your great love to me, restrains
 Sweet, rouse yourself ; and the next day
 Cupid

Shall from your neck unloose his bow
 And, like a dew-drop from the flower
 Be shook to air.

Achil. Shall Ajax fight with me ?

And perhaps receive much honour
 I see my reputation is at stake;
 I'll shew myself bravely.

O, then, beware;
 To do what is necessary [selves:
 I'll be an eagle, subtly taints
 When we sit idly in the sun. [elus:
 Good! Therites hither, sweet Patro-
 clus the foot to Ajax, and desire him
 the Trojan lords, after the combat,
 here unarm'd: I have a woman's
 that I am sick withal, [longing,
 great Hector in his weeds of peace;
 with him, and to behold his visage,
 may full of view. A labour sav'd!
 Enter Therites.

Enter Therites.
 What!
 I'll go up and down the field ask-
 ing for himself.
 He must fight singly to-morrow with
 and is so prophetically proud of a
 calling, that he raves in saying
 How can that be? [nothing.
 Why, he stalks up and down like a
 stride, and a stand: ruminates,
 that hath no arithmetic but her
 to set down her reckoning: bites his lip
 in this head, as who should say there
 is that it lies as coldly in him as fire in a
 will not show without knocking.
 undone for ever; for if Hector
 this week! the combat, he'll break it
 in glory. He knows not me;
 Good-morrow, Ajax;" and he re-
 mends, Agamemnon, "What think
 the man, that takes me for the general?
 a very land-fish, languageless, a
 a plague of opinion! a man may
 for both sides, like a leather jerkin.
 There must be my ambassador to
 him. If why, he'll answer nobody:
 he not answering: speaking is far
 he wears his tongue in his arms. I
 when his pronoun: let Patroclus make
 to me, you shall see the pageant of

to him, Patroclus: tell him, I
 desire the valiant Ajax to invite the
 Hector to come unarm'd to my
 to procure safe conduct for his per-
 sonal honour, and most illustrious,
 army, Agamemnon, &c. Do this.
 I'll bless great Ajax!
 I'll come from the worthy Achilles,—
 Who most humbly desires you to
 to his tent,—

Ther. H'm!

Patr. And to procure safe conduct from

Ther. Agamemnon! [Agamemnon.

Patr. Ay, my lord. Ther. Ha!

Patr. What say you to't?

Ther. God be wi' you, with all my heart.

Patr. Your answer, sir.

Ther. If to-morrow be a fair day, by eleven
 o'clock it will go one way or other: howsoever,
 he shall pay for me ere he has me.

Patr. Your answer, sir.

Ther. Fare you well, with all my heart.

Achil. Why, but he is not in this tune, is he?

Ther. No, but he's out o' tune thus. What
 music will be in him when Hector has knocked
 out his brains, I know not; but, I am sure,
 none,—unless the fiddler Apollo get his sinews
 to make catlings on.

Achil. Come, thou shalt bear a letter to him
 straight.

Ther. Let me bear another to his horse;
 for that's the more capable creature.

Achil. My mind is troubled, like a fountain
 And I myself see not the bottom of it. [stirr'd;
 [Exeunt Achilles 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 ignorance. [Exit.

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—Troy. A Street.

Enter, on one side, Aeneas, and Servant with
 a torch; on the other, Paris, Deiphobus,
 Antenor, Diomedes, and others, with torches.

Par. See, ho! who is that there?

Dei. It is the lord Aeneas.

Aene. Is the prince there in person?

Had I so good occasion to lie long, [business
 As you, prince Paris, nothing but heavenly
 Should rob my bed-mate of my company.

Dio. That's my mind too.—Good morrow,
 lord Aeneas.

Par. A valiant Greek, Aeneas, take his hand;
 Witness the process of your speech, wherein
 You told how Diomed, a whole week by days,
 Did haunt you in the field.

Aene. Health to you, valiant sir,
 During all question of the gentle truce;
 But when I meet you arm'd, as black defiance
 As heart can think, or courage execute.

Dio. The one and other Diomed embraces.
 Our bloods are now in calm; and, so long,
 health;

But when contention and occasion meet,
 By Jove, I'll play the hunter for thy life,
 With all my force, pursuit, and policy.

Aene. And thou shalt hunt a lion, that will
 dy [ness,
 With his face backward.—In human gentle-
 Welcome to Troy! now, by Anchises' life,
 Welcome, indeed! By Venus' hand I swear,

No man alive can love, in such a sort,
The thing he means to kill, more excellently.

Dio. We sympathize:—Jove, let *Aeneas* live,
If to my sword his fate be not the glory,
A thousand complete courses of the sun!
But, in mine emulous honour, let him die,
With every joint a wound, and that to-morrow!

Aene. We know each other well. [worse.]

Dio. We do; and long to know each other

Par. This is the most despicable gentle greet-
ing,

The noblest hateful love, that e'er I heard of.—
What business, lord, so early? [I know not.]

Aene. I was sent for to the king; but why,

Par. His purpose meets you: 'twas to bring
this Greek

To Calchas' house; and there to render him,
For the enforced Antenor, the fair Cressid:
Let's have your company; or, if you please,
Haste there before us: I constantly do think
(Or, rather, call my thought a certain knowledge)
My brother Troilus lodges there to-night:

Rouse him, and give him note of our approach,
With the whole quality wherefore: I fear
We shall be much unwelcome.

Aene. That I assure you:
Troilus had rather Troy were borne to Greece,
Than Cressid borne from Troy.

Par. There is no help;
The bitter disposition of the time

Will have it so. On, lord; we'll follow you.

Aene. Good morrow, all. [Exit with Servant.]

Par. And tell me, noble Diomed; 'faith,
tell me true,

Even in the soul of sound good-fellowship,—
Who, in your thoughts, merits fair Helen best,
Myself or Menelaus?

Dio. Both alike:

He merits well to have her, that doth seek her
(Not making any scruple of her sojourn)

With such a hell of pain and world of charge;
And you as well to keep her that defend her
(Not palating the taste of her dishonour)

With such a costly loss of wealth and friends:
He, like a puling cuckold, would drink up
The lees and dregs of a flat tamed piece;

You, like a lecher, out of whorish loins
Are pleas'd to breed out your inheritors:

Both merits pois'd, each weighs nor less nor
But he as he, the heavier for a whore. [more:]

Par. You are too bitter to your country-
woman. [Paris:]

Dio. She's bitter to her country: hear me,
For every false drop in her bawdy veins,
Of Grecian's life hath sunk; for every scruple
Of her contaminated carrion weight, [speak]

A Trojan hath been slain: since she could
She hath not given so many good words breath,
As for her Greeks and Trojans suffer'd death.

Par. Fair Diomed, you do as chapmen do,
Dispraise the thing that you desire to buy:
But we in silence hold this virtue well,—
We'll not commend what we intend to sell.

Here lies our way. [Exit.]

SCENE II.—Troy. A Court before the
of Pandarus.

Enter Troilus and Cressida.

Tro. Dear, trouble not yourself: the
is cold.

Cres. Then, sweet my lord, I'll call
He shall unbolt the gates. [Trouble not yourself]

Tro. To bed, to bed: sleep kill these pangs
And give us soft attachment to the night.

As infants' empty of all thought!

Cres. Good morrow, to bed.

Tro. Pr'ythee now, to bed.

Cres. Are you weary?

Tro. O Cressida! but that the day
Walk'd by the lark, hathrousd these pangs

And dreaming night will hide our
longer,

I would not from thee.

Cres. Night hath been
Troy. Beshrew the witch! with
wights she stays

As tediously as hell; but flies the
love,

With wings more momentary—
thought.

You will catch cold, and cause me
Prythee, now

Cres. You men will never tarry.—
O foolish Cressid!—I might have told you

And then you would have tarried
there's one up.

Par. [Within.] What, are all the
open here?

Tro. It is your uncle.

Enter Pandarus.

Cres. A pestilence on him! now
mocking:

I shall have such a life!

Par. How now, how now! how now!
heads!—Here, you maid! where's your
Cressid?

Cres. Go hang yourself, you naughty
ing uncle!

You bring me to do, and then you
Par. To do what? to do what?

say what!—what have I brought you
Cres. Come, come, beshrew you

you'll ne'er be good,
Nor suffer others.

Par. Ha, ha! Alas, poor wretch!
capocchia!—hast not slept to-night?

not, a naughty man, let it sleep!
take him!

Cres. Did not I tell you?—
knock'd o' the head!

Who's that at door? good uncle,
My lord, come you again into my

You smile, and mock me, as I
naughtily.

Tro. Ha, ha!

Cres. Come, you are deceiv'd,
no such thing.—

...they knock.—Pray you, come

not for half Troy have you seen here.

[*Enter Troilus and Cressida.*]
[*Going to the door.*] Who's there?

What's the matter? will you beat down the door now? what's the matter?

Enter Aeneas.
Good morrow, lord, good morrow.

Who's there? my lord Aeneas! By

what I know you not: what news with

you?

Is not prince Troilus here?

Here! what should he do here?

Come, he is here, my lord; do not

ask: it doth import him much to speak

to me.

Is he here, say you? 'tis more than I

could have sworn:—for my own part, I came

to see him.

What should he do here?

Why!—say, then:—come, come,

do him wrong ere you're ware: you'll

be true to him, to be false to him: do not

deny him, but yet go fetch him hither:

he is going out, *enter Troilus.*

Now! what's the matter?

My lord, I scarce have leisure to

say you,

but so rash: there is at hand

my brother, and Delphobus,

Diomed, and our Antenor

is here; and for him, forthwith,

let him sacrifice, within this hour,

and give up to Diomedes' hand

his person.

Is it so concluded?

By Paris, and the general state of

Troy:

his hand, and ready to effect it.

How my achievements mock me!

My chance; and, my lord Aeneas,

you did not find me here.

Cres. Good uncle, I beseech you, on my

knees I beseech you, what's the matter?

Pan. Thou must be gone, wench, thou must

be gone; thou art changed for Antenor: thou

must to thy father, and be gone from Troilus,

'twill be his death; 'twill be his bane: he can-

not bear it.

Cres. O you immortal gods!—I will not go.

Pan. Thou must.

Cres. I will not, uncle: I have forgot my

father;

I know no touch of consanguinity;

No kin, no love, no blood, no soul so near me,

As the sweet Troilus.—O you gods divine!

Make Cressid's name the very crown of false-

hood,

If ever she leave Troilus! Time, force, and

death,

Do to this body what extremes you can;

But the strong base and building of my love

Is as the very centre of the earth,

Drawing all things to it.—I'll go in and weep,—

Pan. Do, do. [*praised cheeks;*]

Cres. Tear my bright hair, and scratch my

Crack my clear voice with sobs, and break my

heart.

With sounding Troilus. I will not go from

Troy. [*Exit.*]

SCENE III.—Troy. *Before Pandarus' House.*

Enter Paris, Troilus, Aeneas, Deiphobus,

Antenor, and Diomedes.

Par. It is great morning; and the hour pre-

fix'd

Of her delivery to this valiant Greek

Comes fast upon:—good my brother Troilus,

Tell you the lady what she is to do,

And haste her to the purpose.

Tro. Walk into her house;

I'll bring her to the Grecian presently;

And to his hand when I deliver her,

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.—A Room in Pandarus' House.

Enter Pandarus and Cressida.

Pan. Be moderate, be moderate.

Cres. Why tell you me of moderation?

The grief is fine, full, perfect, that I taste,

And no less in a sense as strong as that

Which causeth it: how can I moderate it?

If I could temporize with my affection,

Or brew it to a weak and colder palate,

The like allayment could I give my grief:

My love admits no qualifying dross;

No more my grief, in such a precious loss.

Enter Troilus.

Pan. Here, here, here he comes, sweet duck!

Cres. [*Embracing him.*] O Troilus! Troilus!

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, lamba!

Tro. Cressid, I love thee in so strain'd a purity,
That the bless'd gods,—as angry with my fancy,
More bright in zeal than the devotion which
Cold lips blow to their deities,—take thee from me.

Cres. Have the gods envy?

Pan. Ay, ay, ay, ay; 'tis too plain a case.

Cres. And is it true that I must go from Troy?

Tro. A hateful truth.

Cres. What, and from Troilus too?

Tro. From Troy and Troilus.

Cres. Is it possible?

Tro. And suddenly; where injury of chance
Put back leave-taking, justles roughly by
All time of pause, rudely beguiles our lips
Of all rejoindure, forcibly prevents
Our lock'd embraces, strangles our dear
vows

Even in the birth of our own labouring breath:
We two, that with so many thousand sighs
Did buy each other, must poorly sell ourselves
With the rude brevity and discharge of one.
Injurious time, now, with a robber's haste,
Crams his rich thievery up, he knows not how:
As many farewells as be stars in heaven,
With distinct breath and consign'd kisses
He fumbles up into a loose adieu: [them,
And scants us with a single famish'd kiss,
Distasted with the salt of broken tears.

Anc. [Within.] My lord, is the lady ready?

Tro. Hark! you are call'd: some say, the
Genius so

Cries, "Come!" to him that instantly must
die.—

Bid them have patience; she shall come anon.

Pan. Where are my tears? rain, to lay this
wind, or my heart will be blown up by the
root. [Exit.]

Cres. I must, then, to the Grecians?

Tro. No remedy.

Cres. A woful Cressid 'mougat the merry
Greeks!

When shall we see again?

Tro. Hear me, my love: be thou but true
of heart,—

Cres. I true! how now! what wicked deem
is this?

Tro. Nay, we must use expostulation kindly,
For it is parting from us:
I speak not "be thou true," as fearing thee;

For I will throw my glove to death
That there's no maculation in thy heart.
But, "be thou true," say I, to (what?)
My sequent protestation; be thou true
And I will see thee.

Cres. O, you shall be expos'd, my lord,
dangers

As infinite as imminent! but I'll be true
Tro. And I'll grow friend with thee
Wear this sleeve.

Cres. And you this glove, when I shall
you?

Tro. I will corrupt the Grecians
To give thee nightly visitation.
But yet, be true.

Cres. O heavens! I love!

Tro. Hear why I speak it, love:
The Grecian youths are full of quality;
They're loving, well compos'd, with
nature flowing,

And swelling o'er with arts and eloquence
How novelty may move, and parts with
Alas, a kind of godly jealousy
(Which, I beseech you, call a virtuous
Makes me afear'd.

Cres. O heavens! you have
Tro. Die I a villain, then!

In this I do not call your faith to question
So mainly as my merit: I cannot see
Nor heed the high lavell, nor sweeten
Nor play at subtle games: fair virtue
To which the Grecians are most prone
pregnant:

But I can tell, that in each grace of them
There lurks a still and dumb-discourteous
That tempts most cunningly: but I
tempted.

Cres. Do you think I will?

Tro. No.

But something may be done, that we
And sometimes we are devil to ourselves
When we will tempt the frailty of our own
Presuming on their changeful passions.

Anc. [Within.] Nay, good my lord,
Tro. Come, kiss; and let me
Par. [Within.] Brother Troilus!

Tro. Good brother, come!

And bring Aeneas, and you be true!

Cres. My lord, will you be true?

Tro. Who, I? alas, it is my vice,
While others fish with craft for greediness,
I with great truth catch mere simplicity.
Whilst some with cunning gild their villainies
crowns,

With truth and plainness I do wear
Fear not my truth: the moral of my life
Is—plain and true:—there's all the
Enter Aeneas, Paris, Antenor,
and Diomedes.

Welcome, Sir Diomed! Here is the
Which for Antenor we deliver you
At the port, lord, I'll give her to the
And by the way possess thee what she
Entreat her fair; and, by my soul, I'll

stand at mercy of my sword,
and thy life shall be as safe
as mine in them.

Fair lady Cressid,
you save this thanks this prince
express:
in your eye, heaven in your cheek,
your fair usage; and to Diomed
shall be mistress, and command him
wholly.

Diomed, thou dost not use me court-
tongue;
the zeal of my petition to thee,
I tell thee, lord of Greece,
is far high-sounding o'er thy praises,
not worthy to be call'd her servant.
Use her well, even for my charge:
the dreadful Pluto, if thou dost not,
shall tear the great bulk Achilles by thy guard,
thy throat.

O, be not mov'd, prince Troilus:
I'm privileg'd by my place and message,
I'm speaker free; when I am hence,
I'll come to my last; and know you, lord,
I do on charge: to her own worth
be priz'd; but that you say—Be't so,
it is in my spirit and honour.—No.
Come to the port.—I'll tell thee,
Diomed, I shall oft make thee to hide thy
face.

Give me your hand: and, as we walk,
I'll show you our needful talk.
[*Exeunt Troil., Cress., and Diom.*]

Trumpet heard.
Mark! Hector's trumpet.

How have we spent this morning!
How must I think me tardy and remiss,
to ride before him to the field.

'Tis Troilus' fault: come, come, to
ride with him.
Let us make ready straight.

Yes, with a bridegroom's fresh
dexterity,
to tend on Hector's heels:

of our Troy doth this day lie
at stake, and single chivalry.

[*Exeunt.*]
The Grecian Camp. *Lists set out.*
Here, armed, Agamemnon, Achilles,
Menelaus, Ulysses, Nestor, and

others art thou in appointment fresh
and fair.

Here art thou in appointment fresh
and fair.

Here art thou in appointment fresh
and fair.

Here art thou in appointment fresh
and fair.

Here art thou in appointment fresh
and fair.

Here art thou in appointment fresh
and fair.

Here art thou in appointment fresh
and fair.

Here art thou in appointment fresh
and fair.

Here art thou in appointment fresh
and fair.

Come, stretch thy chest, and let thy eyes spout
blood;

Thou blow'st for Hector. [*Trumpet sounds.*
Ulyss. No trumpet answers.

Achil. 'Tis but early days.
Agam. Is not yon Diomed, with Calchas'
daughter?

Ulyss. 'Tis he, I ken the manner of his
gait;

He rises on the toe: that spirit of his
in aspiration lifts him from the earth.

Enter Diomedes, with Cressida.
Agam. Is this the lady Cressid?

Diom. Even she.
Agam. Most dearly welcome to the Greeks,
sweet lady.

Nest. Our general doth salute you with a
kiss.

Ulyss. Yet is the kindness but particular;
'Twere better she were kiss'd in general.

Nest. And very courtly counsel; I'll begin.
So much for Nestor.

Achil. I'll take that winter from your lips,
fair lady;

Achilles bids you welcome.
Men. I had good argument for kissing once,
Patr. But that's no argument for kissing
now;

For thus popp'd Paris in his hardiment,
And parted thus you and your argument.

Ulyss. O, deadly gall, and theme of all our
scorns!

For which we lose our heads, to gild his horns.
Patr. The first was Menelaus' kiss;—this,
mine;

Patroclus kisses you.
Men. O, this is trim!

Patr. Paris, and I, kiss evermore for him.
Men. I'll have my kiss, sir.—Lady, by your
leave.

Cres. In kissing, do you render or receive?
Patr. Both take and give.

Cres. I'll make my match to live,
The kiss you take is better than you give;

Therefore no kiss.
Men. I'll give you boot, I'll give you three
for one.

Cres. You're an odd man; give even, or give
none.

Men. An odd man, lady! every man is odd.
Cres. No, Paris is not; for, you know, 'tis
true,

That you are odd, and he is even with you.
Men. You fillip me o' the head.

Cres. No, I'll be sworn.
Ulyss. It were no match, your nail against
his horn:—

May I, sweet lady, beg a kiss of you?
Cres. You may.

Ulyss. I do desire it.
Cres. Why, beg, then.

Ulyss. Why, then, for Venus' sake, give
me a kiss,

When Helen is a maid again, and his.

Cres. I am your debtor, claim it when 'tis due, [you.]

Ulyss. Never's my day, and then a kiss of *Dio.* Lady, a word:—I'll bring you to your father, [Leads out Cressida.]

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 encounterers, so glib of tongue, That give a coasting 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 gume.

[Trumpet heard.]

All. The Trojans' trumpet.

Agam. Yonder comes the troop. Enter Hector, armed; Æneas, Troilus, and other Trojans, with Attendants.

Æne. Hail, all you state of Greece! what shall be done

To him that victory commands! Or do you purpose

A victor shall be known! will you, the knights Shall to the edge of all extremity Pursue each other; or shall be divided By any voice or order of the field? Hector bade ask.

Agam. Which way would Hector have it?

Æne. He cares not; he'll obey conditions.

Achil. 'Tis done like Hector; but securely done,

A little proudly, and great deal misprising The knight oppos'd.

Æne. If not Achilles, sir.

What is your name?

Achil. If not Achilles, nothing.

Æne. Therefore Achilles; but, whate'er, know this;—

In the extremity of great and little, Valour and pride excel themselves in Hector; The one almost as infinite as all, The other blank as nothing. Weigh him well, And that which looks like pride is courtesy. This Ajax is half made of Hector's blood: In love whereof, half Hector stays at home; Half heart, half hand, half Hector comes to seek [Greek.]

This blended knight, half Trojan and half *Achil.* A maiden battle, then?—O, I perceive you.

Re-enter Diomedes.

Agam. Here is sir Diomed; go, gentle knight,

Stand by our Ajax: as you and lord Æneas Consent upon the order of their fight, So be it; either to the uttermost, Or else a breath: the combatants being kin, Half stints their strife before their strokes begin.

[Ajax and Hector enter the lists.]

Ulyss. They are oppos'd already. *Agam.* What Trojan is that state that looks so heavy?

Ulyss. The youngest son of Prius, a knight;

Not yet mature, yet matchless; firm of mind, Speaking in deeds, and deedless in his words; Not soon provok'd, nor, being provok'd, calm'd:

His heart and hand both open, and both true For what he has he gives, what shows;

Yet gives he not till judgment shows bounty,

Nor dignifies an impair thought with his bounty. Mainly as Hector, but more dangerous;

For Hector, in his blaze of wrath, looks plain To tender objects; but he, in heat of battle, Is more vindictive than jealous love.

They call him Troilus; and so Menelaus, A second hope, as fairly built as Hector, Thus says Æneas; one that knows the world Even to his inches, and, with private hand, Did in great Ilium thus translate his name.

[Alarum. Hector and Ajax.]

Agam. They are in action.

Nest. Now, Ajax, hold thine own!

Tro. Hector, thou art awake thee!

Agam. His blows are well disposed.

Ajax!

Dio. You must no more.

Æne. Princes, enough, as yet.

Ajax. I am not warm yet; let us in.

Dio. As Hector pleases.

Hect. Why, then will I fight.

Thou art, great lord, my father's son, A cousin-german to great Prius's son, The obligation of our blood forbids

A gory emulation 'twixt us twain:

Were thy commixtion Greek and Trojan,

That thou couldst say—*This know I do*

all,

And this is Trojan; the sire of this

All Greek, and this all Trojan; yet

blood

Runs on the dexter cheek, and this

Bounds in my father's: "by Jove's name,

Thou shouldst not bear from me a drop

member

Wherein my sword had not imprinted

Of our rank feud: but the just gods

That any drop thou borrow'dst

mother,

My sacred aunt, should by my mortal

Be drain'd! Let me embrace thee, Ajax,

By him that thunders, thou hast lov'd me

Hector would have them fall upon me

Cousin, all honour to thee!

Ajax. I thank thee.

Thou art too gentle and too free a soul

I came to kill thee, cousin, and hear thee

A great addition earn'd in thy death.

Hect. Not Neoptolomus so mildly

weight great Fame with her loud'st
 ("Act 1") could promise to him-
 self of aided honour torn from Hector.
 There is expectation here from both
 sides,
 and you will do.

We'll answer it;

embracement:—Ajax, farewell,
 (I might in entreaties find success,
 I have the chance,) I would desire
 to our Grecian tents.
 Agamemnon's wish; and great

to see unarm'd the valiant Hector,
 call my brother Troilus to
 this loving interview [me:
 to our home.—Give me thy hand, my

at with thee, and see your knights,
 Great Agamemnon comes to meet us
 the worthiest of them tell me, name

his name;
 Achilles, mine own searching eyes
 him by his large and portly size.
 Worth of arms! as welcome as to

be rid of such an enemy;
 so welcome: understand more clear,
 and what's to come, is strew'd
 in the ruin of oblivion:

the instant moment, faith and troth,
 away from all hollow bias-drawing,
 with most divine integrity,
 of very heart, great Hector, wel-

I thank thee, most imperious Aga-
 memnon.
 (To Troilus.) My well-fam'd lord of
 thy, as loss to you.

let me confirm my princely brother's
 the;
 of warlike brothers, welcome hither.
 When must we answer?

O you, my lord? by Mars his gaunt-
 the noble Menelaus.
 that I affect the untraded oath;

When wife swears still by Venus'
 O you, but bade me not commend her
 name her not now, sir; she's a deadly

O person; I offend.
 have, thou gallant Trojan, seen
 time of,
 for destiny, make cruel way
 of Greekish youth; and I have

As hot as Perseus, spur thy Phrygian steed,
 Despising many forfeits and subduements,
 When thou hast hung thy advanced sword
 i' th' air,
 Not letting it decline on the declin'd,
 That I have said to some my standers-by,
 "Lo, Jupiter is yonder, dealing life!"
 And I have seen thee pause, and take thy
 breath, [thou in,
 When that a ring of Greeks have hemm'd
 Like an Olympian wrestling: this have I seen;
 But this thy countenance, still lock'd in steel,
 I never saw till now. I knew thy grandsire,
 And once fought with him: he was a soldier
 good;

But, by great Mars, the captain of us all,
 Never like thee: let an old man embrace thee;
 And, worthy warrior, welcome to our tents.
Anc. 'Tis the old Nestor.
Hect. Let me embrace thee, good old chro-
 nicle, [time:—
 That hast so long walk'd hand in hand with
 Most reverend Nestor, I am glad to clasp thee.
Nest. I would my arms could match thee in
 contention,
 As they contend with thee in courtesy.
Hect. I would they could.
Nest. Ha!
 By this white beard, I'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.
 Ah, sir, there's many a Greek and Trojan
 dead,
 Since first I saw yourself and Diomed
 In Ilium, on your Greekish embassy.
Ulyss. Sir, I foretold you then what would
 ensue:
 My prophecy is but half his journey yet;
 For yonder walls, that pertly front your town,
 You towers, whose wanton tops do buss the
 Must kiss their own feet. [clouds,
Hect. I must not believe you:
 There they stand yet, and modestly I think,
 The fall of every Phrygian stone will cost
 A drop of Grecian blood: the end crowns all;
 And that old common arbitrator, time,
 Will one day end it.
Ulyss. So to him we leave it.
 Most gentle and most valiant Hector, wel-
 come:
 After the general, I beseech you next
 To feast with me, and see me at my tent.
Achil. I shall forestall thee, lord Ulysses,
 thou!—
 Now, Hector, I have fed mine eyes on thee;
 I have with exact view perus'd thee, Hector,
 And quoted joint by joint.
Hect. Is this Achilles?
Achil. I am Achilles,

Hect. Stand fair, I pray thee: let me look on thee.

Achil. Behold thy fill.

Hect. Nay, I have done already.

Achil. Thou art too brief: I will the second time,

As I would buy thee, view thee limb by limb.

Hect. O, like a book of sport, thou'lt read me o'er;

But there's more in me than thou understand'st. Why dost thou so oppress me with thine eye?

Achil. Tell me, you heavens, in which part of his body [or there?]

Shall I destroy him? whether there, or there, That I may give the local wound a name,

And make distinct the very breach whereout Hector's great spirit flew: answer me, heavens!

Hect. It would discredit the bless'd gods, To answer such a question: stand again:

Think'st thou to catch my life so pleasantly, As to prenominate in nice conjecture

Where thou wilt hit me dead?

Achil. I tell thee, yea.

Hect. Wert thou an oracle to tell me so, I'd not believe thee. Henceforth guard thee well;

For I'll not kill thee there, nor there, nor But, by the forge that stithied Mars his helm,

I'll kill thee everywhere, 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.

Hect. I pray you, let us see you in the field: We have had pelting wars, since you refus'd

The Grecians' cause.

Achil. Dost thou entreat me, Hector? To-morrow do I meet thee, fell as death;

To-night, all friends.

Hect. Thy hand upon that match.

Agam. First, all you peers of Greece, go to my tent;

There in the full convive you: afterwards, As Hector's leisure and your bounties shall

Concur together, severally entreat him. Beat loud the tabourines, let the trumpets blow,

That this great soldier may his welcome know. [Exeunt all except Troilus and Ulysses.]

Tro. My lord Ulysses, tell me, I beseech you,

In what place of the field doth Calchas keep?

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 so much

After we part from Agamemnon's tent To bring me thither?

Ulyss. You shall command me. As gentle tell me, of what honour you

That waits her absence?

Tro. O, sir, to such as householders are

A mock is due. Will you walk on? She was belov'd, she lov'd; she is, she

But, still, sweet love is fool for folly.

ACT V.

SCENE I.—The Grecian Camp.

Achilles' Tent.

Enter Achilles and Patroclus.

Achil. I'll heat his blood with wine to-night.

Which with my scimitar I'll cut to pieces. Patroclus, let us feast him to the death.

Patr. Here comes Thersites.

Enter Thersites.

Achil. How now, thou son of a whore?

Thou crusty batch of nature, what's the matter?

Ther. Why, thou picture of a fool, seemest, and idol of idiot-venerations,

a letter for thee.

Achil. From whence, braggart?

Ther. Why, thou full dish of hell, from the tent of the great Hector.

Patr. The surgeon's box, or the soldier's?

Patr. Well said, adversity! these tricks!

Ther. Pr'ythee, be silent, but by thy talk: thou art thought to be a male varlet.

Patr. Male varlet, you mean a whore.

Ther. Why, his masculine name, the rotten diseases of the soul,

gripping, ruptures, cold palsies, the back, lethargies, cold palsies,

dirty-rotten livers, wheezing lungs, full of imposthume, sciaticas, and

palm, incurable bone-achings, and fee-simple of the tetter, take and

such preposterous discoveries!

Patr. Why, thou damnable fellow, thou, what meanest thou to curse me?

Ther. Do I curse thee?

Patr. Why, no, you raincoat whoremonger indistinguishable from a

Ther. No! why art thou, thou idle immaterial skinn of a

green sarconet flap for a sword, a prodigal's purse, thou! Ah, world is pestered with such natives of nature!

Patr. Out, gall!

Ther. Finch egg!

My sweet Patroclus, I am thwarted
My great purpose in to-morrow's battle.
From her daughter, my fair love ;
and gaging me to keep
breake ; fall fame ; I will not break it :
your vow lies here, this I'll obey.
Therites, help to trim my tent ;
it is banquetting all must be spent. —

[Exit Achilles and Patroclus.]
With too much blood and too little
two may run mad ; but if with too
and too little blood, they do, I'll
of madmen. Here's Agamemnon,
but he has not so much brain as ear-
the goodly transformation of Jupiter
his brother, the bull,—the primitive
and oblique memorial of cuckolds ; a
coming-horn in a chain, hanging at
his leg,—to what form, but that he
will be larded with malice, and malice
with wit, turn him to ? To an ass,
soling ; he is both ass and ox : to an
soling ; he is both ox and ass. To
a mule, a cat, a fitchew, a toad, a
puttock, or a herring without
I would not care ; but to be Menelaus,
and conspire against destiny. Ask me
I would be, if I were not Therites,
to be the louse of a lazar, so I
Menelaus. — Hay-day ! spirits and

Hector, Troilus, Ajax, Agamemnon,
Nestor, Menelaus, and Diomedes,
We go wrong, we go wrong.
No, yonder 'tis ;
I trouble you.

Here comes himself to guide you.
Enter Achilles.
Welcome, brave Hector ; welcome,
[good night.]
So now, fair prince of Troy, I bid
the guard to tend on you.
Thanks, and good night, to the
general.
Good night, my lord.
Good night, sweet lord Menelaus.
Sweet draught ; sweet, quotha ! sweet
server.
Good night, and welcome, both at
to those
larry.
Good night.

[Exit Agamemnon and Menelaus.]
Old Nestor tarries ; and you too,
your company an hour or two.

Dio. I cannot, lord ; I have important
business,
The tide whereof is now. — Good night, great
Hector.

Hect. Give me your hand.
Ulyss. [Aside to Troilus.] Follow his torch ;
he goes

To Calchas' tent : I'll keep you company.
Tro. Sweet sir, you honour me.

Hect. And so, good night.
[Exit Diomedes ; Ulysses and Troilus
following.]

Achil. Come, come, enter my tent.
[Exit Achilles, Hector, Ajax, and Nestor.]

Ther. That same Diomed's a false-hearted
rogue, a most unjust knave ; I will no more
trust him when he leers, than I will a serpent
when he hisses : he will spend his mouth, and
promise, like Brabblers the hound ; but when
he performs, astronomers foretell it ; it is pro-
digious, there will come some change ; the
sun borrows of the moon, when Diomed keeps
his word. I will rather leave to see Hector,
than not to dog him : they say, he keeps a
Trojan drab, and uses the traitor Calchas'
tent : I'll after. Nothing but lechery ! all
incontinent varlets. [Exit.]

SCENE II.—The Grecian Camp. Before
Calchas' Tent.

Enter Diomedes.

Dio. What, are you up here ! ho ! speak.

Cal. [Within.] Who calls ?

Dio. Diomed. — Calchas, I think. Where's
your daughter ?

Cal. [Within.] She comes to you.

Enter Troilus and Ulysses, at a distance ;
after them Therites, who remains apart.

Ulyss. Stand where the torch may not dis-
cover us.

Enter Cressida.

Tro. Cressid comes forth to him !

Dio. How now, my charge ?

Cres. Now, my sweet guardian ! — Hark, a
word with you. [Whispers.]

Tro. Yea, so familiar !

Ulyss. She will sing any man at first sight.

Ther. And any man may sing her, if he can
take her cliff ; she's noted.

Dio. Will you remember !

Cres. Remember ! yes.

Dio. Nay, but do, then ; and let your mind
be coupled with your words.

Tro. What should she remember !

Ulyss. List.

Cres. Sweet honey Greek, tempt me no
more to folly.

Ther. Roguery !

Dio. Nay, then, —

Cres. I'll tell you what, —

Dio. Pho, pho ! come, tell a pin : you are
forsworn.

Cres. In faith, I cannot : what would you
have me do !

...leads, must err: O, then conclude
...by eyes, are full of turpitude.
[Exit.
...proof of strength she could not
...said, "My mind is now turn'd
...All's done, my lord.

It is.
Why stay we, then?
To make a recordation to my soul
...that here was spoke.
...how these two did co-act,
...there is a credence in my heart,
...so obstinately strong,
...invert the attest of eyes and ears;
...these organs had deceptions functions,
...only to calumniate,
...and here!

I cannot conjure, Trojan.
She was not, sure.

Most sure she was.
Why, my negation hath no taste of
...mine, my lord: Cressid was here
...not be believ'd for womanhood!
...and mothers: do not give advantage
...on critics, apt, without a theme,
...to square the general sex
...rule: rather think this not Cressid.
...What hath she done, prince, that can
...our mothers!
...Nothing at all, unless that this were

Will be swagger himself out on's own
...This she! no, this is Diomed's Cressida.
...I have a soul, this is not she;
...could vow, if vows be sanctimony,
...may be the gods' delight,
...rule in unity itself,
...O madness of discourse,
...sets up with and against itself!
...[rebellion] where reason can revolt
...retort: this is, and is not, Cressid!
...my soul there doth conduce a fight
...more wider than the sky and earth;
...the spacious breadth of this division
...to choose for a point as subtle
...O nature's broken woof, to enter.
...O nature's strong as Pluto's gates;
...O nature's tied with the bonds of heaven:
...O nature's strong as heaven itself;
...of heaven are slipp'd, dissolv'd, and

...another knot, five-finger-tied,
...of her faith, orts of her love,
...scrap, the bits, and greasy
...faith, are bound to Diomed.

Ulyss. May worthy Troilus be half attach'd
With that which here his passion doth express!
Tro. Ay, Greek; and that shall be divulged
well.

In characters as red as Mars his heart
Inflamed with Venus: never did young man
fancy

With so eternal and so fix'd a soul.
Hark, Greek: as much as I do Cressid love,
So much by weight hate I her Diomed:
That sleeve is mine, that he'll bear on his helm;
Were it a casque compos'd by Vulcan's skill,
My sword should bite it; not the dreadful spout,
Which shipmen do the hurricano call,
Constring'd in mass by the almighty sun,
Shall dizzy with more clamour Neptune's ear
In his descent, than shall my prompted sword
Falling on Diomed.

Ther. He'll tickle it for his concupy.
Tro. O Cressid! O false Cressid! false,
false, false!

Let all untruths stand by thy stained name,
And they'll seem glorious.

Ulyss. O, contain yourself;
Your passion draws ears hither.

Enter Aeneas.
Anc. I have been seeking you this hour, my
lord:

Hector, by this, is arming him in Troy;
Ajax, your guard, stays to conduct you home.

Tro. Have with you, prince.—My courteous
lord, adieu.—

Farewell, revolted fair!—and, Diomed,
Stand fast, and wear a castle on thy head!

Ulyss. I'll bring you to the gates.
Tro. Accept distracted thanks.

[*Exeunt Troilus, Aeneas, and Ulysses.*]

Ther. Would I could meet that rogue
Diomed! I would croak like a raven; I would
bode, I would bode. Patroclus would give me
anything for the intelligence of this whore: the
parrot will not do more for an almond, than he
for a commodious drab. Lechery, lechery;
still, wars and lechery; nothing else holds
fashion: a burning devil take them!

[*Exit.*]

SCENE III.—Troy. Before Priam's Palace.

Enter Hector and Andromache.

And. When was my lord so much ungently
temper'd,

To stop his ears against admonishment?
Unarm, unarm, and do not fight to-day.

Hec. You train me to offend you; get you
in:

By all the everlasting gods, I'll go.

And. My dreams will, sure, prove ominous to
the day.

Hec. No more, I say.

Enter Cassandra.

Cas. Where is my brother Hector?

And. Here, sister: arm'd, and bloody in
intent.

Consort with me in loud and dear petition,

Pursue we him on knees; for I have dream'd
Of bloody turbulence, and this whole night
Hath nothing been but shapes and forms of
slaughter.

Cas. O, 'tis true.

Hect. Ho! bid my trumpet sound!

Cas. No notes of sally, for the heavens,
sweet brother,

Hect. Begone, I say: the gods have heard
me swear.

Cas. The gods are deaf to hot and peevish
vows:

They are polluted offerings, more abhorr'd
Than spotted livers in the sacrifice.

And. O, be persuaded: do not count it holy
To hurt by being just: it is as lawful,
For we would give much, to use violent thefts,
And rob in the behalf of charity.

Cas. It is the purpose that makes strong
the vow;

But vows to every purpose must not hold:
Unarm, sweet Hector.

Hect. Hold you still, I say;
Mine honour keeps the weather of my fate:
Life every man holds dear; but the brave man
Holds honour far more precious-dear than
life.—

Enter Troilus.

How now, young man! mean'st thou to fight
to-day!

And. Cassandra, call my father to persuade.

[Exit Cassandra.]

Hect. No, 'faith, young Troilus; dost thy
harness, youth;

I am to-day i' the vein of chivalry:
Let grow thy sinews till their knots be strong,
And tempt not yet the brushes of the war.

Unarm thee, go; and doubt thou not, brave
boy,

I'll stand to-day for thee, and me, and Troy.

Tro. Brother, you have a vice of mercy in

Which better fits a lion than a man. *[You.]*

Hect. What vice is that, good Troilus? chide

me for it.

Tro. When many times the captive Gre-
cians fall.

Even in the fan and wind of your fair sword,
You bid them rise, and live.

Hect. O, 'tis fair play.

Tro. Fool's play, by heaven, Hector!

Hect. How now! how now!

Tro. For the love of all the gods,
Let's leave the hermit pity with our mothers;
And when we have our armours buckled on,
The venom'd vengeance ride upon our swords;
Spur them to ruthless work, rein them from ruth.

Hect. Pie, savage, fie!

Tro. Hector, then 'tis wars.

Hect. Troilus, I would not have you fight
to-day

Tro. Who should withhold me!

Not fate, obedience, nor the hand of Mars
Beckoning with fiery truncheon my retire;

Not Priamus and Heubia on knees,

Their eyes o'ergall'd with remorse of soul,
Nor you, my brother, with your tears
drawn,

Oppos'd to hinder me, should stop my
But by my ruin.

Re-enter Cassandra, with Priam.

Cas. Lay hold upon him, Priam, hold

fast:

He is thy crutch; now if thou lose thy
Thou on him leaning, and all Troy on

Fall all together.

Pri. Come, Hector, come, come,

Thy wife hath dream'd; thy mother's

visions;

Cassandra doth foresee; and I myself
Am like a prophet audaciously surging.

To tell thee that this day is ominous:
Therefore, come back.

Hect. And I do stand engaged to many Grecians

Even in the faith of valour, to appear
This morning to them.

Pri. Ay, but thou shalt not

Hect. I must not break my faith.

You know me dutiful; therefore, dear

Let me not shame respect; but give me

To take that course by your consent

Which you do here forbid me, royal

Cas. O Priam, yield not to him!

And. Do not, do not!

Hect. Andromache, I am offended

Upon the love you bear me, get you in

Tro. This foolish, drowning, sup-

girl

Makes all these bodements.

Cas. O farewell, dear

Look, how thou dost look, how

turns pale!

Look, how thy wounds do bleed

vents!

Hark, how Troy roars! how Hector

out!

How poor Andromache shrills

forth!

Behold, distraction, frenzy, and

Like witless antics, one another

And all cry—Hector! Hector!

Hector!

Tro. Away! Away!

Cas. Farewell.—Yet, soft!—Hector!

my leave:

Thou dost thyself and all our Troy

Hect. You are amaz'd, my liege

claim:

Go in, and cheer the town: we'll

fight;

Do deeds worth praise, and tell you

night.

Pri. Farewell: the gods with

about thee!

[Exeunt severally Priam and

Alarums.]

Engaging and redeeming of himself,
With such a careless force, and forceless care,
As if that luck, in very spite of cunning,
Bade him win all.

Enter Ajax.

Ajax. Troilus, thou coward Troilus! [*Exit.*
Dio. Ay, there, there.
Nest. So, so, we draw together.

Enter Achilles.

Achil. Where is this Hector?
Come, come, thou boy-queller, show thy face;
Know what it is to meet Achilles angry.
Hector! where's Hector? I will none but
Hector. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI.—*Another Part of the Plains.*

Enter Ajax.

Ajax. Troilus, thou coward Troilus, show
thy head!

Enter Diomedes.

Dio. Troilus, I say! where's Troilus?

Ajax. What wouldst thou?

Ajax. I would correct him.
Ajax. Were I the general, thou shouldst
have my office,
Ere that correction.—Troilus, I say! what,
Troilus!

Enter Troilus.

Tro. O traitor Diomed!—Turn thy false
face, thou traitor,
And pay thy life thou ow'st me for my horse!

Dio. Ha! art thou there? *Diomed.*

Ajax. I'll fight with him alone: stand,

Dio. He is my prize; I will not look upon.

Tro. Come both, you coggng Greeks;
have at you both! [*Exeunt, fighting.*

Enter Hector.

Hect. Yes, Troilus! O, well fought, my
youngest brother!

Enter Achilles.

Achil. Now I do 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 befriend thee now,
But thou anon shalt hear of me again;
Till when, go seek thy fortune. [*Exit.*

Hect. Fare thee well:—

I would have been much more a fresher man,
Had I expected thee.—How now, my brother!

Re-enter Troilus.

Tro. Ajax hath ta'en Æneas: shall it be?
No, by the flame of yonder glorious heaven,
He shall not carry him: I'll be taken too,
Or bring him off:—Fate, hear me what I say!
I reck not though I end my life to-day. [*Exit.*

Enter one in sumptuous armour.

Hect. Stand, stand, thou Greek; thou art a
goodly mark:—

No! wilt thou not?—I like thy armour well;
I'll frush it, and unlock the rivets all,

But I'll be master of it:—with thee I'll
abide!

Why then, fly on, I'll hunt thee for my
prey!

SCENE VII.—*Another Part of the Plains.*

Enter Achilles, with Myrmidons.

Achil. Come here about me, you
midons;

Mark what I say. Attend me where I
strike not a stroke, but keep your
breath:

And when I have the bloody Hector
Empale him with your weapons round about,
In fellest manner execute your arms.

Follow me, sirs, and my proceedings
It is decreed—Hector the great must die.

SCENE VIII.—*The Same.*

*Enter Menelaus and Paris, fighting with
Thersites.*

Ther. The cuckold and the cuckold
are at it. Now, bull! now, dog!
Paris, 'loo! now, my double-headed
'loo, Paris, 'loo!—The bull has the
'ware horns, ho!

[*Exeunt Paris and Menelaus.*

Enter Margaret.

Mar. Turn, slave, and fight.

Ther. What art thou?

Mar. A bastard son of Priam's.

Ther. I am a bastard too; I love
I am a bastard begot, bastard
bastard in mind, bastard in valour,
thing illegitimate. One hear will
another, and wherefore should one
Take heed, the quarrel's most ominous
if the son of a whore fight for a
tempts judgment: farewell, bastard!

Mar. The devil take thee, coward!

SCENE IX.—*Another Part of the Plains.*

Enter Hector.

Hect. Most putrified core, so full
Thy goodly armour thus hath cost thee
Now is my day's work done; I'll
breath;

Rest, sword; thou hast thy fill of
death.

[*Put off his helmet, and hangs it
behind him.*

Enter Achilles and Myrmidons.

Achil. Look, Hector, how the son
set;

How ugly night comes breathing
Ever with the veil and darkness of the
To close the day up, Hector's life is
Hect. I am unarm'd; forego the
Greek.

Achil. Strike, fellows, strike
man I seek.

So, lion, fall thou next! now, Troy
Hercules thy heart, thy sinews, and thy

And cry you all amain,
Hath the mighty Hector slain."

[A retreat sounded.]

And retire upon our Grecian part.

The Trojan trumpets sound the like,

My lord,

The dragon wing of night o'er-

spreads the earth,

And soldier-like, the armies separates.

Half-suppl'd sword, that frankly would

have led,

And with this dainty hit, thus goes to bed.—

[Sheathes his sword.]

Let Titan rise as early as he dare,

I'll through and through you!—And, thou

great-sized coward,

No space of earth shall sunder our two hates:

I'll haunt thee like a wicked conscience still,

That mouldeth goblins swift as frenzy's

thoughts.

Strike a free march to Troy!—with comfort go:

Hope of revenge shall hide our inward woe.

[Exeunt Aeneas and Trojans.]

As Troilus is going out, enter, from the other

side, Pandarus.

Pan. But hear you, hear you! [shame]

Tro. Hence, broker lackey! ignomy and

Pursue thy life, and live aye with thy name!

[Exit.]

Pan. A goodly medicine for my aching

bones!—O world! world! world! thus is the

poor agent despised! O traitors and bawds,

how earnestly are you set a' work, and how ill

requited! Why should our endeavour be so

loved, and the performance so loathed? what

verse for it? what instance for it?—Let me

see:—

[Full merrily the humble-bee doth sing,

Till he hath lost his honey and his sting;

And being once subdu'd in armed tail,

Sweet honey and sweet notes together fail.

Good traders in the flesh, set this in your

painted cloths.

As many as be here of pander's hall,

Your eyes, half out, weep out at Pandar's fall,

Or, if you cannot weep, yet give some groans,

Though not for me, yet for your aching bones.

Brethren and sisters of the hold-door trade,

Some two months hence my will shall here be

made:

It should be now, but that my fear is this,

Some galled goose of Winchester would hiss;

Till then I'll sweat, and seek about for eases;

And at that time bequeath you my diseases.

[Exit.]

But dare all imminence, that gods and men

Address their dangers in. Hector is gone!

Who shall tell Priam so, or Hecuba?

Let him that will a screech-owl aye be call'd,

Go in to Troy, and say there—Hector's dead;

There is a word will Priam turn to stone;

Make wells and Niobes of the maids and wives,

Cold statues of the youth; and, in a word,

Scare Troy out of itself. But, march, away;

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Stay yet:—you vile abominable tents,

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TIMON OF ATHENS.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Timon, a noble Athenian.

Lucius, Lucullus, Sempronius, } Lords, and flatterers of Timon.

Ventidius, one of Timon's false friends.

Apemantus, a churlish Philosopher.

Alcibiades, an Athenian General.

Flavius, Steward to Timon.

Flaminius, Lucilius, Servilius, } Servants to Timon.

Capitis, Philotus, } Servants to Timon's Creditors.

Titus,

Lucius,

Hortensius,

Servants of

Isidore,

Cupid and Maskers.

Three Strangers.

A Fool.

Poet, Painter, Jeweller, and Merchant.

Phrynia,

Timandra,

Lords, Senators, Officers, Soldiers,

and Attendants.

SCENE.—Athens, and the Woods adjoining.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—Athens. A Hall in Timon's House.

Enter Poet, Painter, Jeweller, Merchant, and others, at several doors.

Poet. Good day, sir.

Pain. I am glad you're well.

Poet. I have not seen you long: how goes the world?

Pain. It wears, sir, as it grows.

Poet. Ay, that's well known:

But what particular rarity? what strange, Which manifold record not matches? See, Magic of bounty! all these spirits thy power Hath conjur'd to attend. I know the merchant.

Pain. I know them both; the other's a

Mer. O, 'tis a worthy lord. [Jeweller.

Jew. Nay, that's most fix'd.

Mer. A most incomparable man; breath'd, as it were,

To an untirable and continue goodness:

He passes.

Jew. I have a jewel here—

Mer. O, pray, let's see't; for the lord Timon, sir? [that—

Jew. If he will touch the estimate: but, for

Poet. [Reciting to himself.] "When we for recompense have prais'd the vile,

It stains the glory in that happy verse

Which aptly sings the good." [form.

Mer. [Looking at the jewel.] 'Tis a good

Jew. And rich: here is a water, look ye.

Pain. You are wrapt, sir, in some work, To the great lord. [some dedication

Poet. A thing slipp'd idly from me.

Our poesy is as a gum, which oozes

From whence 'tis nourish'd: the fire i' the flint

Shows not, till it be struck; our poesy

Provokes itself, and, like the current,

Each bound it chafes. What have you

Pain. A picture, sir. When some

book forth?

Poet. Upon the heels of my prose

Let's see your piece. 'Tis a good piece.

Pain. So 'tis: this comes off well

Poet. Indifferent. Admirable: How

Poet. Speaks his own standing! what a

power

This eye shoots forth! how big

Moves in this lip! to the dumb

One might interpret.

Pain. It is a pretty mocking of

Here is a touch; is't good?

Poet. I'll say

It tutors nature: artificial strife

Lives in these touches, livelier than

Enter certain Senators, who follow

Pain. How this lord is follow'd!

Poet. The senators of Athens

Pain. Look, more!

Poet. You see this confidence

I have, in this rough work, shap'd

Whom this beneath world doth

hug

With amplest entertainment: my

Halts not particularly, but moves

In a wide sea of war: no lovell'd

Infests one comma in the course

But flies an eagle flight, bold, and

Leaving no tract behind.

Pain. How shall I understand you?

Poet. I will unbolt to you.

how all conditions, how all minds
Will of glib and slippery creatures, as
And answer quality) tender down
Services to lord Timon: his large for-
[flatterer]
And gracious nature hanging,
And properties to his love and tend-
[flatterer]
Of hearts; yea, from the glass-fac'd
[flatterer]
That few things loves better
Than to adore himself: even he drops down
Before him, and returns in peace
And in Timon's nod.

I saw them speak together.
[flatterer]
I have upon a high and pleasant
[flatterer]
Fortune to be thron'd: the base o'
[flatterer]
With all deserts, all kind of natures,
[flatterer]
On the bosom of this sphere
[flatterer]
State their states: amongst them all,
[flatterer]
You are on this sovereign lady fix'd,
[flatterer]
A personage of lord Timon's frame,
[flatterer]
Fortune with her ivory hand waxes to
[flatterer]
Present grace to present slaves and
[flatterer]
His rivals.

'Tis conceiv'd to scope.
[flatterer]
This Fortune, and this hill, me-
[flatterer]
Than beckon'd from the rest below,
[flatterer]
His head against the steepy mount
[flatterer]
His happiness, would be well ex-
[flatterer]
Nay, sir, but hear me on:
[flatterer]
Were his fellows but of late,
[flatterer]
Than his value, on the moment
[flatterer]
His strides, his lobbies fill with tend-
[flatterer]
Official whisperings in his ear, [ance
[flatterer]
Even his stirrup, and through him
[flatterer]
The free air.

Ay, marry, what of these?
[flatterer]
When Fortune, in her shift and change
[flatterer]
Down her late belov'd, all his depend-
[flatterer]
Pour'd after him to the mountain's
[flatterer]
On their knees and hands, let him slip
[flatterer]
Accompanying his declining foot.
[flatterer]
A common:
[flatterer]
Moral paintings I can show,
[flatterer]
Which demonstrate these quick blows of
[flatterer]
Fortune's
[flatterer]
More powerfully than words. Yet you do
[flatterer]
Lord Timon, that mean eyes have
[flatterer]
Above the head.

Enter Timon, attended;
[flatterer]
Imprison'd is he, say you?
[flatterer]
Ay, my good lord: five talents is
[flatterer]
The most short, his creditors most strait:
[flatterer]
A considerable letter he desires

To those have shut him up; which, failing,
Periods his comfort.

Tim. Noble Ventidius! Well;
I am not of that feather, to shake off
My friend when he must need me. I do know
A gentleman that well deserves a help, [him
Which he shall have: I'll pay the debt, and
free him.

Ven. Ser. Your lordship ever binds him.

Tim. Commend me to him: I will send him
ransom;

And, being enfranchis'd, bid him come to me:

'Tis not enough to help the feeble up,

But to support him after. Fare you well.

Ven. Ser. 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 nam'd Lucilius.

Tim. I have so: what of him?

Old Ath. Most noble Timon, call the man
before thee.

Tim. Attends he here, or no?—Lucilius!

Luc. Here, at your lordship's service.

Old Ath. This fellow here, lord Timon,
this thy creature,

By night frequents my house. I am a man
That from my first have been inclin'd to thrift;

And my estate deserves an heir more rais'd,
Than one which holds a trencher.

Tim. Well: what 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 pry'thee, 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

I call the gods to witness, I will choose

Mine heir from forth the beggars of the world,

And dispossess her all.

Tim. How shall she be endow'd,

If she be mated with an equal husband?

Old Ath. Three talents on the present; in

future, all. [une long]

Tim. This gentleman of mine hath serv'd

To build his fortune I will strain a little,

For 'tis a bond in men. Give him thy

daughter;

What you bestow, in him I'll counterpoise,
And make him weigh with her.

Old Ath. Most noble lord,
Pawn me to this your honour, she is his.

Tim. My hand to thee; mine honour on
my promise.

Luc. Humbly I thank your lordship; never
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
Go not away.—What have you there, my
friend?

Pain. A piece of painting, which I do
Your lordship to accept.

Tim. Painting is welcome.
The painting is almost the natural man;
For since dishonour traffics with man's nature,
He is but outside: these 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 you!

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! dispraise?

Tim. A mere satiety of commendations.
If I should pay you for't as 'tis extolled,
It would unclaw me quite.

Jew. My lord, 'tis rated
As those which sell would give: but you well
know,

Things of like value, differing in the owners,
Are prized by their masters: believe 't, dear
You mend the jewel by the wearing it.

Tim. Well mock'd.
Mer. No, my good lord; he speaks the
common tongue,

Which all men speak with him.

Tim. Look, who comes here: will you be
Enter Apemantus.

Jew. We'll bear, with your lordship.

Mer. He'll spare none.

Jew. Good morrow to thee, gentle Apem-
antus!

Apem. 'Till I be gentle, stay thou for thy
good morrow;

When thou art Timon's dog, and these knaves
Tim. Why dost thou call them knaves?
thou know'st them not.

Apem. Are they not Athenians?

Tim. Yes.

Apem. Then I repent not.

Jew. You know me, Apemantus! (thy name.

Apem. Thou know'st I do; I call'd thee by
Tim. Thou art proud, Apemantus.

Apem. Of nothing so much, as that I am
not like Timon.

Tim. Whither art going?

Apem. To knock out an honest Athenian's

Tim. That's a deed thou'lt do for me.

Apem. Right, if doing nothing be a deed.

Tim. How likest thou this picture?

Apem. The best, for the image of a

Tim. Wrought he not well that

Apem. He wrought better that

painter; and yet he's but a filthy piece of

Pain. You're a dog.

Apem. Thy mother's of my

what's she, if I be a dog?

Tim. Will dine with me, Apemantus?

Apem. No: I eat not lords.

Tim. An thou shouldst, thou'dst

Apem. O, they eat lords; so they

great bellies.

Tim. That's a lascivious apprehension.

Apem. So thou apprehendest it: and

thy labour.

Tim. How dost thou like this

Apem. Not so well as plain dealing.

will not cost a man a dole.

Tim. What dost thou think 'tis worth?

Apem. Not worth my thinking.

Poet. How now, philosopher?

Apem. Thou liest.

Apem. Yes.

Apem. Art not a poet?

Apem. Then, thou liest: look in

work, where thou hast forg'd him a

Poet. That's not forg'd, he is so.

Apem. Yes, he is worthy of thee;

pay thee for thy labour: he that

flattered is worthy o' the flatterer.

that I were a lord!

Tim. What wouldst do then, Apemantus?

Apem. Even as Apemantus does: and

a lord with my heart.

Tim. What, thyself?

Tim. Wherefore?

Apem. That I had no envy yet to

lord.—Art not thou a merchant?

Mer. Ay, Apemantus.

Apem. Traffic confound thee, if thou

Mer. If traffic do it, the gods do it.

Apem. Traffic's thy god; and thy

found thee!

Trumpet sounds. Enter a Servant.

Tim. What trumpet's that?

Ser. 'Tis Alcibiades, and some

All of companionship.

Tim. Pray entertain them; give them

to us.—[*Exeunt some*]

You must needs dine with me—

hence,

Till I have thank'd you: when shall

Show me this piece.—I am joyful of your

Enter Alcibiades, with his company.

Most welcome, sir!

Apem. So, so, there!

Aches contract and starve your supplies

That there should be small love

sweet knaves.

And all this courtesy! The

Into baboon and monkey.

you have sav'd my longing, and
on your sight.

[I feed
Right welcome, sir!
we'll share a bounteous time
of pleasures. Pray you, let us in.

[*Exeunt all except Apemantus.*
Enter two Lords.
What time o' day is't, Apemantus?

Time to be honest.
That time serves still. [omitt'at it.
No more accus'd thou, that still
thou art going to lord Timon's

ay, to see meat fill knives, and
face thee well, face thee well.
Thou art a fool to bid me farewell

Why, Apemantus?
Shouldst have kept one to thyself,
to give thee none.

Hang thyself!
No, I will do nothing at thy bidding:
I'll requests to thy friend.

Away, unpeaceable dog, or I'll
hang thyself!

I will fly, like a dog, the heels of an
opposite to humanity.

[*Exit.*
Come,
lord Timon's bounty? he outgoes
all kindness.

He pours it out; Plutus, the god
of gold, no need, but he repays
the giver a return exceeding

The noblest mind he carries,
Long may he live in fortunes! Shall
I keep you company.

[*Exeunt.*
II.—*Athena. In Timon's House.*
playing loud music. A great ban-

quet, then enter Timon, Alcibiades, Lords,
senators, Ventidius and Attendants.

Timon comes, dropping after all, Apemantus
discontentedly.

Most honoured Timon,
plac'd the gods to remember my
all his long peace.

[father's age,
and has left me rich:
I am bound
to grateful virtue I am bound

I do return those talents,
with thanks and service, from whose
liberty.

O, by no means,
you mistake my love:
I'm freely ever; and there's none
he gives, if he receives: [dare

others play at that game, we must not
play with them; faults that are rich are fair.

A noble spirit,
[*They all stand ceremoniously looking
on Timon.*

Tim.
Nay, my lords,
Ceremony was but devis'd at first,
To set a gloss on faint deeds, hollow welcomes,
Recanting goodness, sorry ere 'tis shown;
But where there is true friendship, there needs
none.

Pray, sit; more welcome are ye to my fortunes,
Than my fortunes to me. [*They sit.*
1 Lord. My lord, we always have confess'd it.
Apem. Ho, ho, confess'd it! hang'd it, have
you not?

Tim. O, Apemantus,—you are welcome.
Apem. No, you shall not make me welcome:
I come to have thee thrust me out of doors.

Tim. Fie, thou'rt a churl; you have got a
humour there
Does not become a man; 'tis much to blame.—
They say, my lords, *ira furor brevis est*;
But yond' man is ever angry.
Go, let him have a table by himself;
For he does neither affect company,
Nor is he fit for't, indeed.

Apem. Let me stay at thine apparel, Timon:
I come to observe; I give thee warning on't.
Tim. I take no heed of thee; thou art an
Athenian; therefore, welcome: I myself would
have no power; pr'ythee, let my meat make
thee silent.

Apem. I scorn thy meat; 'twould choke
me, for I should ne'er flatter thee. O you
gods, what a number of men eat Timon, and
he sees them not! It grieves me, to see so
many dip their meat in one man's blood; and
all the madness is, he cheers them up too.
I wonder men dare trust themselves with men:
Methinks they should invite them without
knives;

Good for their meat, and safer for their lives.
There's much example for't; the fellow, that
sits next him now, parts bread with him, and
pledges the breath of him in a divided draught,
is the readiest man to kill him: it has been
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.

[go round.
Tim. My lord, in heart; and let the health
2 Lord. Let it flow this way, my good lord.
Apem. Flow this way! A brave fellow!
he keeps his tides well. Those healths will
make thee and thy state look ill, Timon.

Honest water, which ne'er left man i' the mire:
Here's that, which is too weak to be a slaver;
This and my food are equals: there's no odds:
Feasts are too proud to give thanks to the gods,
Apemantus's Grace.

Immortal gods, I crave no self;
I pray for no man but myself:
Grant I may never prove so fond,
To trust man on his oath or bond;
Or a harlot, for her weeping;
Or a dog, that seems a sleeping;

*Or a keeper with my freedom ;
Or my friends, if I should need 'em.
Amen. So fall to't :
Rich men sin, and I eat root.*

[Eats and drinks.]

Much good dich thy good heart, Apemantus !
Tim. Captain Alcibiades, your heart's in the field now. *[Lord.]*

Alcib. My heart is ever at your service, my

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.

Apem. 'Would all those flatterers were thine enemies then, that then thou mightst kill 'em, and bid me to 'em.

1 Lord. Might we but have that happiness, my lord, that you would once use our hearts, whereby we might express some part of our zeals, we should think ourselves for ever perfect.

Tim. O, no doubt, my good friends ; but the gods themselves have provided that I shall have much help from you : how had you been my friends else ? why have you that charitable title from thousands, did not you chiefly belong to my heart ? I have told more of you to myself, than you can with modesty speak in your own behalf ; and thus far I confirm you. O you gods, think I, what need we have any friends, if we should ne'er have need of them ? they were the most needless creatures living, should we ne'er have use for them ; and would most resemble sweet instruments hung up in cases, that keep their sounds to themselves. Why, I have often wished myself poorer, that I might come nearer to you. We are born to do benefits : and what better or properer 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 it can be born ! Mine eyes cannot hold out water, methinks : to forget their faults, I drink to you.

Apem. Thou weepest to make them drink, Timon. *[eyes.]*

2 Lord. Joy had the like conception in our And, at that instant, like a babe sprung up.

Apem. Ho, ho ! I laugh to think that babe a retard. *[me much.]*

3 Lord. I promise you, my lord, you mov'd Apem. Much ! *[Tucket sounded.]*

Tim. What means that trumpet ?—

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 :—
all

That of his bounties taste !—*[The first]*
Acknowledge thee their patron ; and
freely

To gratulate thy plenteous bosom : the
Taste, touch, smell, pleas'd from thy store
They only now come but to feast thine eyes

Tim. They are welcome all ! let them
kind admittance :—*Music, make them*
come.

1 Lord. You see, my lord, how auspicious
belov'd.

Music. Re-enter Cupid, with a mask
as Amazons, with lutes in their hands,
dancing and playing.

Apem. Hey-day ! what a sweep of
comes this way !

They dance ! they are mad women.
Like madness is the glory of this life,
As this pomp shows to a little oil and rose
We make ourselves fools to drink them
And spend our flatteries, to drink them
Upon whose age we void it up again.

With poisonous spite and envy.
Who lives, that's not depraved or depraved
Who dies, that bears not one spurn to
Of their friend's gift !

I should fear, those that dance below
Would one day stamp upon me ! it is
done ;

Men shut their doors against a selling
The Lords rise from table, with masks
of Timon ; and, to show their
singles out an Amazon, and all
with women, a lofty strain or deep
haulboys, and cease.

Tim. You have done our pleasure
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 have
And entertain'd me with mine own shadow
I am to thank you for it.

1 Lady. My lord, you take no care
Apem. 'Faith, for the worst is done
would not hold taking, I don't me.

Tim. Ladies, there is an idle haughtiness
Attends you : please you to dismount,

All Ladies. Most thankfully, my lord
[Exeunt Ladies.]

Tim. Flavius. *[Flav.]* My lord,
Tim. The little casket brings me word
Flav. Yes, my lord. *[Aside.]* More
yet !

There is no crossing him in his humour
Else I should tell him,—well, I will
When all's spent, he'd be cross'd
'Tis pity bounty had not eyes to
That man might ne'er be wretched
mind.

1 Lord. Where be our men !
Serv. Here, my lord, in readiness

Lord. Our horses.
Tim. O, my friends,
 one word to say to you:—look you,
 my good lord,
 I must entreat you, honour me so much,
 to advance this jewel; accept it and wear
 it by lost.
Lord. I am so far already in your gifts,—
 so are we all.
Enter a Servant.
Tim. My lord, there are certain nobles of
 Athens newly alighted, and come to visit
 us. They are fairly welcome.

Lord. I beseech your honour,
 me a word; it does concern you
 to hear these:
Tim. why, then, another time I'll
 be provided to show them
 my entertainment.

Lord. I scarce know how.
Enter a second Servant.
Tim. May it please your honour, lord
 Lucius, the free love, hath presented to you
 a white horse, trapp'd in silver.
 I shall accept them fairly: let the
 entertainment be.

Enter a third Servant.
Tim. How now! what news?
 My man, lord Lucullus, entreats your
 honour to-morrow to hunt with him; and
 your honour two brace of greyhounds.
 I'll hunt with him; and let them be
 without fair reward.

Lord. What will this come to?
 I'll out of an empty coffer.
 I'll know his purse; or yield me this,
 what a beggar his heart is,
 in power to make his wishes good:
 he speaks is all in debt, he owes
 a word: he is so kind, that he now
 forgets; his land's put to their
 use.

Lord. I were gently put out of office,
 I were forc'd out!
 he that has no friend to feed,
 as do his enemies exceed.
Exit.

Tim. You do yourselves
 wrong, you hate too much of your own
 merit, a trifle of our love.
 With more than common thanks I
 will receive it.
Lord. O, he's the very soul of bounty!
 now I remember, my lord, you
 wrote the other day of a bay courser
 to me: it is yours, because you lik'd it.
Tim. O, beseech you, pardon me, my
 lord, in that.

Tim. You may take my word, my lord; I
 know, no man
 Can justly praise, but what he does affect:
 I weigh my friend's affection with my own;
 I'll tell you true. I'll call to you.

All Lords. None so welcome.
Tim. I take all, and your several visitations,
 So kind to heart, 'tis not enough to give;
 Methinks, I could deal kingdoms to my friends,
 And ne'er be weary. Alcibiades,
 Thou art a soldier, therefore seldom rich;
 It comes in charity to thee; for all thy living
 Is 'mongst the dead; and all the lands thou
 Lie in a pitch'd field.

Alcib. Ay, defil'd land, my lord.
1 Lord. We are so virtuously bound,—
Tim. And so
 Am I to you.

2 Lord. So infinitely endear'd,—
Tim. All to you.—Lights, more lights!
1 Lord. The best of happiness,
 Honour, and fortunes, keep with you, lord
Tim. Ready for his friends. [Timon!]
 [Exit Alcibiades, Lords, &c.]

Apem. What a coil's here!
 Serving out 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: [legs]
 Methinks false hearts should never have sound
 Thus honest fools lay out their wealth on
 court'sies.

Tim. Now, Apemantus, if thou wert not
 I would be good to thee. [snellen]
Apem. No, I'll nothing: for if I should be
 brib'd too, there would be none left to rail
 upon thee; and then thou wouldst sin the
 faster. Thou giv'st so long, Timon, I fear
 me, thou wilt give away thyself in paper
 shortly: what need these feasts, pomps, and
 vain glories?

Tim. Nay, as 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
 O, that men's ears should be [thee]
 To counsel deaf, but not to flattery! [Exit.]

ACT II.

SCENE I.—Athens. A Room in a Senator's
 House.

Enter a Senator, with papers in his hand.

Sen. And late, five thousand: to Varro and
 to Isidore [sum]
 He owes nine thousand; besides my former
 Which makes it five-and-twenty.—Still in
 motion
 Of raging waste! It cannot hold; it will not.
 If I want gold, steal but a beggar's dog,
 And give it Timon, why, the dog coins gold:

If I would sell my horse, and buy twenty more
Better than he, why, give my horse to Timon,
Ask nothing, give it him, it foals me, straight
And able horses: no porter at his gate;
But rather one that smiles, and still invites
All that pass by. It cannot hold: no reason
Can found 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;

Importune him for my moneys; be not ceas'd
With slight denial; nor then silenc'd, 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 suit my credit: I love and honour him;
But must not break my back to heal his finger:
Immediate are my needs; and my relief
Must not be toss'd and turn'd to me in words,
But find supply immediate. Get you gone.
Put on a most importunate aspect,
A visage of demand; for, I do fear,
When every feather sticks in his own wing,
Lord Timon will be left a naked gull,
Which flashes now a phoenix. Get you gone.

Caph. I go, sir.

Sen. Ay, go, sir, take the bonds along with
And have the dates in compt. [you,

Caph. I will, sir.

Sen. Go. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—Athens. A Hall in Timon's
House.

Enter Flavius, with many bills in his hand.

Flav. No care, no stop! no 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
fool:

I must be round with him, now he comes from
Fie, fie, fie, fie! [hunting.

*Enter Caphis, and the Servants of Isidore and
Varro.*

Caph. Good even, Varro: what,
You come for money?

Var. Serv. Is't not your business too?

Caph. It is: and yours too, Isidore?

Isid. Serv. It is so.

Caph. Would we were all discharg'd!

Var. Serv. I fear it.

Caph. Here comes the lord!

Enter Timon, Alcibiades, and Lords, &c.

Tim. So soon as dinner's done we'll forth
again,

My Alcibiades.—With me? what 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
To the succession of new days this month.

My master is awak'd by great occasion
To call upon his own; and humbly prays

That with your other noble parts you'll
In giving him his right.

Tim. Mine house

I prythee, but repair to me next morning.

Caph. Nay, good my lord,—

Tim. Contain thyself, good my lord,—

Var. Serv. One Varro's servant, my lord,—

Isid. Serv. From Isidore

He humbly prays your speedy payment.

Caph. If you did know, my lord, my master

wants,—

Var. Serv. 'Twas due on fortnight's day.

Isid. Serv. Your steward paid me

And I am sent expressly to your lordship.

Tim. Give me breath.

I do beseech you, good my lords, keep me
I'll wait upon you instantly.

[*Exeunt Alcibiades and*

Flavius. Come hither: you

[*To Flavius.*]

How goes the world, that I am

counter'd

With clamorous demands of date-bills

And the detention of long-since due

Against my honour?

Flav. Please you

The time is unagreeable to this business.

Your importunity ceases till after

That I may make his lordship understand

Wherefore you are not paid.

Tim. Do so, my

See them well entertain'd.

Flav. Pray, draw

Caph. Stay, stay, here comes

Apemantus: let's have some sport

Var. Serv. Hang him, he'll abuse

Isid. Serv. A plague upon him, he'll

Var. Serv. How dost, fool?

Apem. Dost dialogue with thy shadow?

Var. Serv. I speak not to thee.

Apem. No, 'tis to thyself.

Apem. No, 'tis to thyself. [To the

Isid. Serv. [To Var. Serv.] There's

Apem. No, thou stand'st single, thou

Caph. Where's the fool now?

Apem. He last asked the question

rogues, and usurers' men! I have

gold and want!

All Serv. What are we, Apemantus?

Apem. Answer.

All Serv. Why?

Apem. That you ask me what you

do not know yourselves.

Fool. How do you, gentleman?

This night englutted! Who is not Timon's?
What heart, head, sword, force, means, but is
lord Timon's!

Great Timon, noble, worthy, royal Timon!
Ah, when the means are gone that buy this
praise,

The breath is gone whereof this praise is made:
Feast-won, fast-lost; one cloud of winter
These flies are couch'd. [showers,

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 con-
science lack,

To think I shall lack friends? Secure thy heart;
If I would broach the vessels of my love,
And try the argument of hearts by borrowing,
Men, and men's fortunes, could I frankly use,
As I can bid thee speak.

Flav. Assurance bless your thoughts!

Tim. And, in some sort, these wants of
mine are crown'd,

That I account them blessings; for by these
Shall I try friends: you shall perceive how you
Mistake my fortunes; I am wealthy in my
friends.

Within there! Flaminius! Servilius!

Enter Flaminius, Servilius, and other Servants.

Serv. My lord, my lord,—

Tim. I will despatch you severally: you, to
lord Lucius; to lord Lucullus you; I hunted
with his honour to-day; you, to Sempronius:
commend me to their loves; and, I am proud,
say, that my occasions have found time to use
them toward a supply of money: let the re-
quest be fifty talents.

Flam. As you have said, my lord. [h'm!]

Flav. [Aside.] Lord Lucius, and Lucullus?

Tim. Go you, sir, to the senators, [have
(Of whom, even to the state's best health, I
Deserv'd this hearing,) bid them send o' the
A thousand talents to me. [instant

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,— [not—

But yet they could have wish'd—they know
Something hath been amiss—a noble nature
May catch a wrench—would all were well—
'tis pity;—

And so, intending other serious matters,
After distasteful looks, and these hard frac-
tions,

With certain half-caps, and cold-moving
They froze me into silence. [nods,

Tim. You gods, reward them!
Pr'ythee, man, look cheerly. These old fellows

Have their ingratitude in them here. [they
Their blood is call'd, the cold, it seldom
'Tis lack of kindly warmth they are not
And nature, as it grows again toward
Is fashion'd for the journey, dull and heavy
[To a Serv.] Go to Ventidius.—[To Serv.]

Pr'ythee, be not sad,
Thou art true and honest; ingenuously I say
No blame belongs to thee.—[To Serv.]

tidius lately
Buried his father; by whose death, he was
Into a great estate: when he was found
Imprison'd, and in scarcity of friends
I clear'd him with five talents; great he was
Bid him suppose some good necessity
Touches his friend, which craves to

member'd
With those five talents.—[To Flav.]

had, give it these fellows.
To whom 'tis instant due. Near

That Timon's fortunes 'mong his friends
sink.

Flav. I would I could not think it;
thought is bounty's foe;

Being free itself, it thinks all others
sink.

ACT III.

SCENE I.—Athens.—A Room in Lucius's
House.

Flaminius waiting. Enter a Servant with a letter.

Serv. I have told my lord at your
coming down to you.

Flam. I thank you, sir.

Enter Lucullus.
Serv. Here's my lord.

Lucul. [Aside.] One of lord Timon's
a gift, I warrant. Why, this little
dremant of a silver basin and sweet
Flaminius, honest Flaminius, you are
spectively welcome, sir. Fill me some

[Exit Servant.] And how does that
able, complete, free-hearted good
Athens, thy very bountiful good

Flam. His health is well, sir.

Lucul. I am right glad that his
well, sir; and what hast thou there

cloak, pretty Flaminius?

Flam. Faith, nothing but an empty
sir; which, in my lord's behalf, I can
treat your honour to supply; which
great and instant occasion to use
bath sent to your lordship to present
thing doubting your present assistance

Lucul. La, la, la, la, nothing
says he? alas, good lord! a noble
'tis, if he would not keep an empty
Many a time and often I have dined
and told him on't; and come again
to him, of purpose to have him
and yet he would embrace no counsel
warning by my coming. Every man

honour is his: I have told him on't, and he'll get him from it.

Enter Servant with wine.
 Flamineus, I have noted thee always to these.

Your lordship speaks your pleasure. I have observed thee always for a prompt spirit, give thee thy due, and know what belongs to reason; and the time well, if the time use thee and parts in thee.—[To the Servant.]
 Flamineus, I have noted thee always to these.

[Exit Servant.] Draw Flamineus. Thy lord's a gentleman: but thou art wise; and thou art well enough, although thou sayest that this is no time to lend thyself upon bare friendship, with Flamineus's three solidaries for thee: I'll take at me, and say, thou saw'st me these well. [Much differ, if possible the world should so alive that liv'd! Fly, damn'd base-deal worships thee.]

[Throws back the money.]
 Ha! now I see thou art a fool, and say these add to the number that coin be thy damnation.

Thou art such a faint and milky heart, in less than two nights! O you gods! Master's passion. This slave Flamineus has my lord's meat in him: and it thrive, and turn to nutriment, and turn to poison! I'll work upon't! [of nature that sick to death, let not that part be paid for, be of any power to prolong his hour!]

[Exit.]
 Athens. A public Place.

Enter Lucius, with three Stangers.
 Lucius, the lord Timon? he is my very friend, and an honourable gentleman.

We know him for no less, though he is a stranger to him. But I can tell you, my lord, and which I hear from Flamineus: now lord Timon's happy and past, and his estate shrinks [want for money.]

Do not believe it; he cannot but believe you this, my lord, that, one of his men was with the lord to borrow so many talents; nay, Flamineus for't, and show'd what ne-cessity he had, and yet was denied.

I tell you, denied, my lord. That's a strange case was that! now, Flamineus, I am ashamed on't. Denied Flamineus! there was very little

honour showed in't. For my own part, I must needs confess, I have received some small kindnesses from him, as money, plate, jewels, and such like trifles, nothing comparing to his: yet, had he mistook him, and sent to me, I should ne'er have denied his occasion so many talents.

Enter Servilius.

Servil. See, my good hap, yonder's my lord; I have sweat to see his honour. My honoured lord,—

[To Lucius.]

Luc. Servilius! you are kindly met, sir. Fare thee well: commend me to thy honourable virtuous lord, my very exquisite friend.

Servil. May it please your honour, my lord hath sent—

Luc. Ha! what has he sent? I am so much endeared to that lord, he's ever sending: how shall I thank him, thinkest thou? And what has he sent now?

Servil. He has only sent his present occasion now, my lord; requesting your lordship to supply his instant use with so many talents.

Luc. I know his lordship is but merry with me; He cannot want fifty-five hundred talents.

Servil. But in the mean time he wants less, if his occasion were not virtuous, [my lord. I should not urge it half so faithfully.]

Luc. Dost thou speak seriously, Servilius?

Servil. Upon my soul, 'tis true, sir.

Luc. What a wicked beast was I, to dis-furnish myself against such a good time, when I might have shown myself honourable! how unluckily it happened, that I should purchase the day before for a little part and undo a great deal of honour!—Servilius, now, before the gods, I am not able to do't, the more beast, I say:—I was sending to use lord Timon myself, these gentlemen can witness; but I would not, for the wealth of Athens, I had done it now. Commend me bountifully to his good lordship; and I hope his honour will conceive the fairest of me, because I have no power to be kind:—and tell him this from me, I count it one of my greatest afflictions, say, that I cannot pleasure such an honourable gentleman. Good Servilius, will you befriend me so far, as to use mine own words to him?

Servil. Yes, sir, I shall.

Luc. I'll look you out a good turn, Servi-lius.—

[Exit Servilius.]

True, as you said, Timon is shrunk indeed; And he that's once denied will hardly speed.

[Exit.]

1 Stran. Do you observe this, Hostilius?

2 Stran. Ay, too well.

1 Stran. Why, this is the world's soul; and just of the same piece Is every flatterer's spirit. Who can call him His friend that dips in the same dish! for, in My knowing, Timon was been this lord's father, And kept his credit with his purse; Supported his estate; nay, Timon's money

Has paid his men their wages: he ne'er drinks,
But Timon's silver treads upon his lip;
And yet (O, see the monstrousness of man
When he looks out in an ungrateful shape!)
He does deny him, in respect of his,
What charitable men afford to beggars.

3 *Stran.* Religion groans at it.

1 *Stran.* For mine own part,
I never tasted Timon in my life,
Nor came any of his bounties over me,
To mark me for his friend; yet, I protest,
For his right noble mind, illustrious virtue,
And honourable carriage,
Had his necessity made use of me,
I would have put my wealth into donation,
And the best half should have return'd to him,
So much I love his heart: but, I perceive,
Men must learn now with pity to dispense;
For policy sits above conscience. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.—Athens. A Room in Sempronius's House.

Enter Sempronius and a Servant of Timon's.

Sem. Must he needs trouble me in't,—h'm!
'bove all others?

He might have tried lord Lucius, or Lucullus;
And now Ventidius is wealthy too,
Whom he redeem'd from prison: all these
Owe their estates unto him.

Serv. My lord,
They have all been touch'd and found base
For they have all denied him. [*metal:*]

Sem. How! have they denied him?
Have Ventidius and Lucullus denied him?
And does he send to me? Thren! h'm!
It shows but little love or judgment in him.
Must I be his last refuge? His friends, like
physicians,

Thrice give him over? must I take the cure
He has much disgrac'd me in't; I am angry
at him, [*sense for't.*]

That might have known my place: I see no
But his occasions might have woo'd me first;
For, in my conscience, I was the first man
That e'er receiv'd gift from him:

And does he think so backwardly of me now,
That I'll requite it last? No; so it may prove
An argument of laughter to the rest,
And I amongst the lords be thought a fool.
I had rather than the worth of thrice the sum,
H'd 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. [*Exit.*]

Serv. Excellent! Your lordship's a goodly
villain. The devil knew not what he did, when he
made man politic, he cross'd 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
coppies 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; and all
Save the gods only: now his friends
Doors, that were ne'er acquainted
wards

Many a bounteous year, must be expell'd
Now to guard sure their master,
And this is all a liberal course allow;
Who cannot keep his wealth must
house.

SCENE IV.—Athens. A Hall in Timon's House.

*Enter two Servants of Varro, and the
of Lucius, meeting Titus, Hortensius,
other Servants of Timon's creditors,
ing his coming out.*

1 *Var. Serv.* Well met; good-morrow,
and Hortensius.

Tit. The like to you, kind Varro,
Hor.

What, do we meet together! Ay, and
Luc. Serv.

One business does command us all;
Is money.

Tit. So is theirs, and ours.
Enter Philotas.

Luc. Serv. And, sir Philotas, Good day,
Phi.

Luc. Serv. Welcome, good brother,
What do you think the hour?

Phi. So much? Is not my lord
Luc. Serv.

Phi. I wonder on't; he was new
at seven.

Luc. Serv. Ay, but the day is
You must consider, that a practical

Is like the sun's; but not, like his, re-
I fear, 'tis deepest winter in his

purse;
That is, one may reach deep enough

Find little.
Phi. I am of your fear for the

Tit. I'll show you how t' observe
Your lord sends now for money.

Hor. Most true.
Tit. And he wears jewels now

For which I wait for money.
Hor. It is against my heart.

Luc. Serv. Mark, how strange
Timon in this should pay more than

And e'en as if your lord should wear
And send for money for 'em.

Hor. I'm weary of this charge,
I know my lord hath spent of Timon's

And now ingratitude makes it
stealth.

1 *Var. Serv.* Yes, mine's (How
crowns: What's yours?)

Luc. Serv. Five thousand, mine
1 *Var. Serv.* 'Tis much deep

from by the sum,

confidence was above mine ;
 he had equalled.
Enter Flaminius.
One of lord Timon's men.
Flaminius. Sir, a word ; pray,
 be ready to come forth ?
 He, indeed, he is not. [so much.
 He attend his lordship ; pray, signify
 I need not tell him that ; he knows
 too diligent. [*Exit Flaminius.*
Flav. Ha ! is not that his steward
 away in a cloud ; call him, call him.
 By your leave, sir,—
 What do you ask of me, my friend ?
 We wait for certain money here, sir.
 Ay,
 as certain as your waiting,
 I prefer'd you not your suras and
 take masters eat of my lord's meat ?
 I could smile and fawn upon his
 our maws. [ous maws.
 I turn the interest into their glutton-
 yourselves but wrong to stir me up ;
 my lord and I have made an end :
 more to reckon, he to spend.
 Ay, but this answer will not serve.
 If 'twill not serve,
 as you ; for you serve knaves.
 [*Exit.*
Serv. How ! what does his cashier'd
 matter ?
Serv. No matter what ; he's poor,
 revenge enough. Who can speak
 that he that has no house to put his
 I such may rail against great buildings.
Enter Servilius.
Servilius. Now we shall know
 if I might beseech you, gentlemen,
 for some other hour, I should derive
 ; for, take 't of my soul, my lord
 has forsook him ; he's much out of
 keeps his chamber. [are not sick ;
 Many do keep their chambers,
 as far beyond his health,
 he should the sooner pay his debts,
 a clear way to the gods.
 Good gods !
 cannot take this for answer, sir.
 [*Flav.*] Servilius, help ! my lord !
 in a rage ; Flaminius following.
 What are my doors oppos'd against
 I am ever free, and must my house
 be snowy, my gaol !
 which I have feasted, does it now,
 show me an iron heart ?

Luc. 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.
Phi. All our bills.
Tim. Knock me down with 'em, cleave me
Luc. Serv. Alas, my lord,— [to the girl.
Tim. Cut my heart in sums.
Tit. Mine, fifty talents.
Tim. Tell out my blood.
Luc. Serv. Five thousand crowns, my lord.
Tim. Five thousand drops pays that.

What yours ?—and yours !
 1 *Var. Serv.* My lord,—
 2 *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 mad-
 man owes 'em. [*Re-ent.*

Re-enter Timon and Flavius.
Tim. They have e'en put my breath from
 Creditors !—devils ! [me, the 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 :
 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 pro-
 vide. [*Re-ent.*

SCENE V.—Athens. The Senate House.
The Senate sitting.

1 *Sen.* My lord, you have my voice to it ;
 the fault's bloody ; 'tis necessary he should die.
 Nothing emboldens sin so much as mercy.

2 *Sen.* Most true ; the law shall bruise him.
Enter Alcibiades, attended.

Alcib. Honour, health, and compassion to
 the senate !

1 *Sen.* Now, captain.
Alcib. I am a 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 heed, do plunge into 't.
 He is a man, setting his fate aside,
 Of comely virtues :
 Nor did he soil the fact with cowardice,
 (An honour in him which buys out his fault ;)
 But, with a noble fury, and fair spirit,

Seeing his reputation touch'd to death,
He did oppose his foe :

And with such sober and unnoted passion
He did behave his anger, ere 'twas spent,
As if he had but prov'd an argument.

1 Sen. You undergo too strict a paradox,
Striving to make an ugly deed look fair :
Your words have took such pains, as if they

labour'd [quarrelling
To bring manslaughter into form, and set

Upon the head of valour ; which, indeed,
Is valour misbegot, and came into the world

When sects and factions were newly born :
He's truly vallant, that can wisely suffer

The worst that man can breathe, and make
his wrongs [carelessly ;

His outsize, to wear them like his raiment,
And ne'er prefer his injuries to his heart,

To bring it into danger,
If wrongs be evils, and enforce us kill,

What folly 'tis to hazard life for ill !
Alcib. My lord, —

1 Sen. You cannot make gross sins look
To revenge is no valour, but to bear. [clear :

Alcib. My lords, then, under favour, pardon
If I speak like a captain. — [me,

Why do fond men expose themselves to battle,
And not endure all threats ? sleep upon 't,

And let the foes quietly cut their throats,
Without repugnancy ? if there be

Such valour in the bearing, what make we
Abroad ? why then, women are more valiant,

That stay at home, if bearing carry it ; [felon,
And the wss more captain than the lion ; the

Loaden with Irons, wiser than the judge,
If wisdom be in suffering. O my lords,

As you are great, be pitifully good :
Who cannot condemn rashness in cold blood ?

To kill, I grant, is sin's extremest gust ;
But, in defence, by mercy, 'tis most just.

To be in anger, is impiety ;
But who is man, that is not angry ?

Weigh but the crime with this,
2 Sen. You breathe in vain.

Alcib. In vain ! his service done
At Lacedæmon, and Byzantium,

Were a sufficient briber for his life.
1 Sen. What's that ? [service,

Alcib. I say, my lords, he has done fair
And slain in fight many of your enemies :

How full of valour did he bear himself
In the last conflict, and made plenteous

wounds ! [them,
2 Sen. He has made too much plenty with
He's a sworn rioter : he has a sin, that often

Drowns him, and takes his valour prisoner :
If there were no foes, that were enough

To overcome him : in that beastly fury
He has been known to commit outrages

And cherish factions : 'tis infer'd to us,
His days are foul, and his drink dangerous.

1 Sen. He dies.
Alcib. Hard fate ! he might have died in

My lords, if not for any parts in him, [war,

(Though his right arm might purchase
time,

And be in debt to none,) yet, more in men,
Take my deserts to his, and join them

And, for I know your reverend ages love
Security, I'll pawn my victories, all

My honour to you, upon his good nature,
If by this crime he owes the law his life

Why, let the war receive 't in valour,
For law is strict, and war is nothing more

1 Sen. We are for law, he dies ;
more,

On height of our displeasure :
He forfeits his own blood that spills

Alcib. Must it be so ? it must not be so !
I do beseech you, know me.

2 Sen. How !
Alcib. Call me to your remembrance

3 Sen.
Alcib. I cannot think but you

forgot me ;
It could not else be, I should prove

To see, and he denied such common
My wounds ache at you.

1 Sen. Do you dare
'Tis in few words, but spacious to read

We banish thee for ever. Banish me !
Alcib.

Banish your dotage ; banish usury ! [banish
That makes the senate ugly.

1 Sen. If, after two days' absence, [banish
Attend our weightier judgment

swell our spirit,
He shall be executed presently.

Alcib. Now the gods keep you old
that you may live

Only in bone, that none may look on
I am worse than mad : I have kept

foes,
While they have told their money, I will

Their coin upon large interest, I will
Rich only in large hurts. All those

Is this the balsam, that the warring
Pours into captains' wounds ? [banish

It comes not ill ; I hate not to be hurt
It is a cause worthy my spleen and

That I may strike at Athens. I'll
My discontented troops, and lay the

'Tis honour with most hands to be
Soldiers should brook as little wrong

SCENE VI.—Athens. A Banquet
Timon's House.

Music. Tables set out : Servants
Enter divers Lords, at several

1 Lord. The good time of day to you
2 Lord. I also wish it to you

honourable lord did but try in this
1 Lord. Upon that were my

when we encountered : I hope it is
with him as he made it seem in the

several friends.

It should not be, by the persuasion
I should think so: he hath sent me
nothing, which many my near
old urge me to put off; but he hath
beyond them, and I must needs

In like manner was I in debt to my
kindness, but he would not hear
I am sorry, when he sent to bor-
row my provision was out,
that my grief too, as I
am sick of that grief too, as I
have all things go.

Every man here's so. What would
you of you?
A thousand places.
A thousand pieces!
What of you?

He sent to me, sir.—Here he comes.
Timon and Attendants.

With all my heart, gentlemen both:
[your lordship.]
[The swallow follows not summer
than we your lordship.]

Nor more willingly leaves
summer-birds are men.—Gentle-
man will not recompense this long
summer with the music a while, if
you so harshly of the trumpet's sound;
I hope it remains not unkindly
lordship, that I returned you an
answer.

My noble lord,—
My good friend, what cheer?
[The banquet brought in.]
My most honourable lord, I am
in shame, that when your lordship
sent to me, I was so unfortunate

not on't, sir.
[fore,—
if you had sent but two hours be-
fore, bring in all together.
All covered dishes!
Royal cheer, I warrant you.
I thought not that, if money and the
gold it.

How do you? What's the news?
Alcibiades is banished: hear you of
it? I am so; I am sure of it.
[it?]
How I how!

I pray you, upon what?
I'll tell you more anon. Here's a
worthy friend, will you draw near?
[The banquet brought in.]
How do you? What's the news?
Alcibiades is banished: hear you of
it? I am so; I am sure of it.
[it?]
How I how!

I pray you, upon what?
I'll tell you more anon. Here's a
worthy friend, will you draw near?
[The banquet brought in.]
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Alcibiades is banished: hear you of
it? I am so; I am sure of it.
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it? I am so; I am sure of it.
[it?]
How I how!

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I'll tell you more anon. Here's a
worthy friend, will you draw near?
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Alcibiades is banished: hear you of
it? I am so; I am sure of it.
[it?]
How I how!

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I'll tell you more anon. Here's a
worthy friend, will you draw near?
[The banquet brought in.]
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Alcibiades is banished: hear you of
it? I am so; I am sure of it.
[it?]
How I how!

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I'll tell you more anon. Here's a
worthy friend, will you draw near?
[The banquet brought in.]
How do you? What's the news?
Alcibiades is banished: hear you of
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[it?]
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I'll tell you more anon. Here's a
worthy friend, will you draw near?
[The banquet brought in.]
How do you? What's the news?
Alcibiades is banished: hear you of
it? I am so; I am sure of it.
[it?]
How I how!

I pray you, upon what?
I'll tell you more anon. Here's a
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it? I am so; I am sure of it.
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I'll tell you more anon. Here's a
worthy friend, will you draw near?
[The banquet brought in.]
How do you? What's the news?
Alcibiades is banished: hear you of
it? I am so; I am sure of it.
[it?]
How I how!

as he would to the lip of his mistress: your
diet shall be in all places alike. Make not a
city feast of it, to let the meat cool ere we can
agree upon the first place: sit, sit. The gods
require our thanks.—

You great benefactors, sprinkle our society
with thankfulness. For your own gifts, make
yourselves praised: but reserve still to give,
lest your deities be despised. Lend to each man
enough, that one need not lend to another: for,
were your godheads to borrow of men, men
would forsake the gods. Make the meat be
beloved, more than the man that gives it. Let
no assembly of twenty be without a score of
villains: if there sit twelve women at the
table, let a dozen of them be—as they are. The
rest of your fees, O gods,—the senators of
Athens, together with the common tag of people,
—what is amiss in them, you gods, make suit-
able for destruction. For these my present
friends, as they are to me nothing, so in no-
thing bless them, and to nothing are they
welcome.

Uncover, dogs, and lap. [The dishes un-
covered are full of warm water.]

Some speak. What does his lordship mean?
Some other. I know not.

Tim. May you a better feast never behold,
You knot of mouth-friends! smoke, and luke-
warm water

Is your perfection. This is Timon's last;
Who, stuck and spangled you with flatteries,
Washes it off, and sprinkles in your faces
[Throwing water in their faces.]

Your reeking villainy. Live loath'd, and long,
Most smiling, smooth, detested parasites,
Courteous destroyers, affable wolves, meek
bears, [flies,

You fools of fortune, trencher-friends, time's
Cap and knee slaves, vapours, and minute-
jacks!

Of man, and beast, the infinite malady
Crust you quite o'er.—What, dost thou go?
Soft, take thy physic first,—thou too,—and
thou;— [Throws the dishes at them
and drives them out.]

Stay, I will lend thee money, borrow none,—
What, all in motion? Henceforth be no feast,
Whereat a villain's not a welcome guest. [He
Burn, house! sink, Athens! henceforth hated
Of Timon, man and all humanity! [Exit.]

Re-enter the Lords.

1 Lord. How now, my lords! [mon's fury?]
2 Lord. Know you the quality of lord Ti-
3 Lord. Pish! I did you see my cap?
4 Lord. I have lost my gown.
1 Lord. He's but a mad lord, and nought
but humour sways him. He gave me a jewel
the other day, and now he has bent it out of
my hat:—did you see my jewel?

3 Lord. Did you see my cap?
2 Lord. Here 'tis.
4 Lord. Here lies my gown.
1 Lord. Let's make no stay.

2 Lord. Lord Timon's mad.
 3 Lord. I feel't upon my bones.
 4 Lord. One day he gives us diamonds,
 next day stones. [Exeunt.]

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—Without the Walls of Athens.

Enter Timon.

Tim. Let me look back upon thee, O thou wall,
 That girdest in those wolves, div'd in the earth,
 And fence not Athens! matrons, turn incontinent!
 Obedience fall in children! slaves and fools,
 Pluck the grave wrinkled senate from the bench,
 And minister in their steads! to general filth
 Convert o' the instant, green virginity,—[fast;
 Do't in your parents' eyes! bankrupts, hold
 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 lin'd 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
 Your potent and infectious fevers heap [men,
 On Athens, ripe for stroke! thou cold scismatic,
 Gripple our senators, that their limbs may halt
 As lamely as their manners! lust and liberty
 Creep in the minds and marrows of our youth,
 That 'gainst the stream of virtue they may
 strive,

And drown themselves in riot! itches, blains,
 Sow all the Athenian bosoms; and their crop
 Be general leprosy! breath infect breath,
 That their society, as their friendship, may
 Be merely poison! Nothing I'll bear from thee,
 But nakedness, thou detestable town!
 Take thou that too, with multiplying bans!
 Timon will to the woods; where he shall find
 The unkindest beast more kinder than man-
 kind. [all]

The gods confound (hear me, you good gods
 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.]

SCENE II.—Athens. A Room in Timon's House.

Enter Flavius, with two or three Servants.

1 Serv. Here you, master steward, where's
 our master?
 Are we undone? cast off? nothing remaining?

Flav. Alack, my fellows, what shall
 to you?

Let me be recorded by the righteous
 I am as poor as you.

1 Serv. So noble a master fallen! All good men
 One friend to take his fortune by the hair,
 And go along with him!

2 Serv. As we do turn out
 From our companion thrown into the street,
 So his familiars to his buried form
 Slink all away; leave their sides some room
 Like empty purses pick'd; and his poor
 A dedicated beggar to the air,
 With his disease of all-shunn'd poverty,
 Walks, like contempt, alone—[Exit.]
 fellows.

Enter other Servants.

Flav. All broken implements of a
 house.

3 Serv. Yet do our hearts wear
 livery:

That see I by our faces; we are fellows
 Serving alike in sorrow: look'd as our
 And we, poor mates, stand on the edge
 Hearing the surges threat: we must
 Into this sea of air.

Flav. Good fellows all,
 The latest of my wealth I'll share
 Wherever we shall meet, for Timon's sake
 Let's yet be fellows; let's shake our
 and say,

As 'twere a knell unto our masters' hearts,
 "We have seen better days."

[Giving them
 Let each take
 Nay, put out all your hands,
 more:

Thus part we rich in sorrow, part
 [They embrace, and part
 O, the fierce wretchedness that glory
 Who would not wish to be from wealth
 Since riches point to misery and
 Who 'ld be so mock'd with glory!
 But in a dream of friendship
 To have his pomp, and all what
 pounds,

But only painted, like his varnish'd
 Poor honest lord, brought low by
 heart,
 Undone by goodness! Strange, un-
 When man's worst sin is, he does
 good!

Who then dares to be half so kind
 For bounty, that makes gods, also
 men.

My dearest lord,—bless'd, to be meet
 Rich, only to be wretched,—thy great
 Are made thy chief afflictions. Alas,
 He's flung in rage from this ingratitude
 Of monstrous friends;
 Nor has he with him to supply his
 Or that which can command it;
 I'll follow, and enquire him out;

Give me his mind with my best will;
I have gold, I'll be his steward still.

[Exit.

III.—The Woods. Before Timon's Cave.

Enter Timon, with a spade.

O blessed breeding sun, draw from
The earth's womb; below thy sister's orb
The air! Twinn'd brothers of one

generation, residence, and birth,
Divulant,—touch them with several
kisses;

Thou scorn'st the lesser: not nature,
All sorts lay siege, can bear great
tempt of nature. [fortune,

Thou longer, and deny't that lord:
Thou shalt bear contempt hereditary,
Thou native honour.

Thou art the brother's sides,
Thou art the brother's lean. Who dares,
That makes him lean.

Thou art the brother's sides,
Thou art the brother's lean. Who dares,
That makes him lean.

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That makes him lean.

When gouty keepers of thee cannot stand;—
Nay, stay thou out for earnest.

[Reserving some gold,
Enter Alcibiades, with drum and staff, in war-
like manner; Phrynia and Timandra.

Alcib. What art thou there?
Speak. [gnaw thy heart,

Tim. A beast, as thou art. The causer
For showing me again the eyes of man!

Alcib. What is thy name? Is man so hate-
That art thyself a man? [fol to thee,

Tim. I am *misanthropos*, and hate mankind.
For thy part, I do wish thou wert a dog,
That I might love thee something.

Alcib. I know thee well,
But in thy fortunes am unlearn'd and strange.

Tim. I know thee too; and more, than that
I know thee.

I not desire to know. Follow thy drum;
With man's blood paint the ground, gules,
gules:

Religious canons, civil laws are cruel; [thine
Then what should war be? This fell whore of
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 re-
To thine own lips again. [turns

Alcib. How came the noble Timon to this
change? [to give:

Tim. As the moon does, by wanting light
But then, renew I could not, like the moon;
There were no suns to borrow of.

Alcib. Noble Timon,
What friendship may I do thee?

Tim. None, but to
Maintain my opinion.

Alcib. What is it, Timon?
Tim. Promise me friendship, but perform
none: if thou wilt not promise, the gods
plague thee, for thou art a man! if thou dost
perform, confound thee, for thou art a man!

Alcib. I have heard in some sort of thy
miseries. [parity.

Tim. Thou saw'st them, when I had pros-
Alcib. I see them now; then was a blessed
time.

Tim. As thine is now, held with a brace of
harlots.

Timon. Is this the Athenian minion, whom
Vice'd so regardfully? [the world

Tim. Art thou Timandra?
Timandra. Yes. [that use thee:

Tim. Be a whore still! they love thee not,
Give them diseases, leaving with thee their lust.
Make use of thy salt hours: season the slaves
For tubs, and baths; bring down rose-cheek'd
To the tub-fast and the diet. [youth

Timandra. 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
griev'd,
How curs'd Athens, mindless of thy worth,
Forgetting thy great deeds, when neighbour
states, [them,—

But for thy sword and fortune, trod upon
Tim. I pr'ythee, beat thy drum, and get
these gone. [Timon.

Alcib. I am thy friend, and pity thee, dear
Tim. How dost thou pity him, whom thou
I had rather be alone. [lost trouble?

Alcib. 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-vic'd city hang his poison

In the sick air: let not thy sword skip one;

Let it not honour'd age for his white beard,—

He is a usurer: strike me the counterfeit

It is her habit only that is honest, [matron,—

Herself's a bawd: let not the virgin's cheek

Make soft thy trenchant sword; for those

milk-paps, [eyes,

That through the window-bars bore at men's

Are not within the leaf of pity writ, [the babe,

But set them down horrible traitors: spare not

Whose dimpled smiles from fools exhaust

their mercy:

Think it a bastard, whom the oracle [cut,

Hath doubtfully pronounc'd thy throat shall

And mince it sans remorse: swear against

objects;

Put armour on thine ears, and on thine eyes,

Whose proof, nor yells of mothers, maids, nor

babes,

Nor sight of priests in holy vestments bleeding,

Shall pierce a jot. There's gold to pay thy

soldiers:

Make large confusion; and, thy fury spent,

Confounded be thyself! Speak not, be gone.

Alcib. Hast thou gold yet? I'll take the

Not all thy counsel. [gold thou giv'st me,

Tim. Dost thou, or dost thou not, heaven's

curse upon thee!

Phr. & Timon. Give us some gold, good

Timon: hast thou more?

Tim. Enough to make a whore forswear

her trade, [sluts,

And to make whores, a bawd. Hold up, you

Your aprons mountant: you are not oath-

able,—

Although, I know, you'll swear, terribly swear,

Into strong shudders, and to heavenly agues,

The immortal gods that hear you, —

oath,

I'll trust to your conditions: be whom

And he whose pious breath would to

you,

Be strong in whore, allure him, lure him

Let your close fire predominate his

And be no turncoats: yet may your

months,

Be quite contrary: and thatch your

With burdens of the dead —

hang'd,

No matter: — wear them, betray your

Paint till a horse may mire upon your

A box of wrinkles!

Phr. & Timon. Well, more cold

Believe't, that we'll do anything for

Tim. Consumptions now

In hollow bones of man; strike

shins, Crack the

And mar men's spurring.

voice,

That he may never more false little

Nor sound his quillets shrilly: hear

That scolds against the quality of

And not believes himself: down with

Down with it flat: take the bridge

Of him, that, his particular to force,

Smells from the general west: strike

pate ruffians bald;

And let the unscar'd braggarts of the

Derive some pain from you: plague

That your activity may defeat and

The source of all erection. — There's

Do you damn others, and let this

And ditches grave you all!

Phr. & Timon. More commend

money, bounteous Timon

Tim. More whore, more mischief

have given you earnest.

Alcib. Strike up the drum towards

Farewell, Timon:

If I thrive well, I'll visit thee again.

Tim. If I hope well, I'll never see thee

Alcib. I never did thee harm.

Tim. Yes, thou spok'st well of me

Alcib. Call't thou that?

Tim. Men daily find it. Get thee

And take thy beagles with thee.

Alcib. We but

Strike! [Drum beats, Enter Alcib.

Phrynia, and Timon.

Tim. That nature being sick of

kindness,

Should yet be hungry! Common

Whose womb unmeasurable, and

breast,

Teems, and feeds all; whose self

Whereof thy proud child, arrant

puff'd,

Engenders the black toad and adder

The gilded newt and eyeless venom

With all the abhorred births below

Timon's quickening fire doth
who all thy human sons doth hate,
thy plenteous bosom, one poor

fertile and conception womb,
more bring out ingrateful man!
with tigers, dragons, wolves, and

new monsters, whom thy upward
the married mansion all above [face
ment!—O, a root,—dear thanks!—
the marrow, vines and plough-torn

ingrateful man, with liquorish
wha
visions, greases his pure mind,
all consideration slips!

Enter Apemantus.
Plague! plague!
I am directed hither: men report,
affect my manners, and doat use

the dog; [a dog;
they, because thou dost not keep
would imitate. Consumption catch

this is in thee a nature but infected;
melancholy, sprung [place
of fortune. Why this spade? this

habit? and these looks of care?
yet wear silk, drink wine, lie soft,
shouldst perfumes; and have forgot

Timon was. Shame not these woods,
on the cunning of a carper.
which has undone thee: hinger thy knee,

very breath, whom thou'lt observe,
they cap; praise his most vicious strain,
excellent: thou was told thus;

thine ears, like tapsters that bid
and all approachers: 'tis most just
thy reason: hadst thou wealth again,
could have't. Do not assume my

Were I like thee, I'd throw away
[like thyself;
thou hast cast away thyself, being

long, now a fool. What, think'st
thou art, thy boisterous chamberlain,
thy shirt on warm? Will these moss'd

thou'd the eagle, page thy heels,
when thou point'st out? Will the
brook,
thou, candle thy morning taste,
n'er night's surfeit? call the

natures live in all the spite
heaven: whose bare unhoused
the elements expos'd, [trunks,
nature, bid them flatter thee;

A fool of thee: depart.

Apem. I love thee better now than e'er I did.

Tim. I hate thee worse.

Apem.

Why?

Tim. Thou flatter'st misery.

Apem. I flatter not; but say thou art a craft.

Tim. Why dost thou seek me out?

Apem.

To vex thee.

Tim. Always a villain's office, or a fool's.

Dost please thyself in't?

Apem.

Ay.

Tim. What! a knave too?

Apem. If thou didst put this sour-cold
habit on

To castigate thy pride, 'twere well; but thou

Dost it enforcedly; thou'dst courtier be again,

Wert thou not beggar. Willing misery

Outlives uncertain pomp, is crown'd before:

The one is filling still, never complete; [less,

The other, at high wish: best state, content-

Hath a distracted and most wretched being,

Worse than the worst, content.

Thou shouldst desire to die, being miserable.

Tim. Not by his breath that is more miser-
able.

Thou art a slave, whom Fortune's tender arm

With favour never clasp'd; but bred a dog.

Hadst thou, like us, from our first swail, pre-
ceeded

The sweet degrees that this brief world affords

To such as may the passive drugs of it

Freely command, thou wouldst have plung'd
thyself

In general riot; melted down thy youth

In different beds of lust; and never learn'd

The icy precepts of respect, but follow'd

The sugar'd game before thee. But myself,

Who had the world as my confectionary;

The mouths, the tongues, the eyes, and hearts
of men

At duty, more than I could frame employment;

That numberless upon me stuck, as leaves

Do on the oak, have with one winter's brush

Fell from their boughs, and left me open, bare

For every storm that blows;—I, to bear this,

That never knew but better, is some burden;

Thy nature did commence in sufferance, time

Hath made thee hard in't. Why shouldst

thou hate men? [given]

They never flatter'd thee: what hast thou

If thou wilt curse, thy father, that poor rag,

Must be thy subject; who, in spite, put stuff

To some she beggar, and compounded thee

Poor rogue hereditary. Hence! be gone!

If thou hadst not been born the worst of men,

Thou hadst been a knave and flatterer.

Apem.

Art thou proud yet?

Tim.

Ay, that I am not thee.

Apem.

I, that I was

No prodigal.

Tim.

I, that I am one now:

Were all the wealth I have shut up in thee,

I'd give thee leave to hang it. Get thee gone.

That the whole life of Athens were in this!

Thus would I eat it.

[Eating a root.

Apem. Here; I will mend thy feast.
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 if not, I would it were. [botch'd;
Apem. What wouldst thou have to Athens?
Tim. Those 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 ly'st o' nights, Timon?
Tim. Under that's above me.
 Where feed'st thou o' days, Apemantus?
Apem. Where my stomach finds meat: or, rather, where I eat it.
Tim. Would poison were obedient, and knew my mind!
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.
Tim. On what I hate, I feed not. [eat it.
Apem. Dost hate a medlar?
Tim. Ay, though it look like thee.
Apem. An thou hadst hated meddlers sooner, thou shouldst have loved thyself better now. What man didst thou ever know unthrift, that was beloved after his means?
Tim. Who, without those means thou talkest of, didst thou ever know beloved?
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
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 to attain to. If thou wert the lion, the fox would beguile thee: if thou wert the lamb, the fox would eat thee: if thou wert the fox, the lion would suspect thee, when, peradventure, thou wert accused by the ass: if thou wert the ass, thy dulness would torment thee; and still thou livedst but as a breakfast to the wolf: if thou wert the wolf, thy greediness would afflict thee, and oft thou shouldst hazard thy life for thy dinner: wert thou the unicorn, pride and wrath would confound thee, and make thine own self the conquest of thy fury:

wert thou a bear, thou wouldst be killed by the horse: wert thou a horse, thou wouldst be seized by the leopard: wert thou a leopard, thou wouldst be slain by the lion, and thou wert german to the lion, and thy kindred were jurors on thy life: thy safety were remotion, and thy defence, subject to a beast: and what a beast wert thou already, that seemst not thy loss in reputation.
Apem. If thou couldst please me with saying to me, thou mightst have hit upon the commonwealth of Athens is the forest of beasts.
Tim. How has the ass broke the way thou art out of the city?
Apem. Yonder comes a post, and a plague of company light upon thee: fear to catch it, and give way: what not what else to do, I'll see thou art not.
Tim. When there is nothing living, thou shalt be welcome. I lead rather a beggar's dog, than Apemantus.
Apem. Thou art the cap of all the cities.
Tim. Would thou wert clear enough upon!
Apem. A plague on thee, thou art a plague.
Tim. All villains, that do stand by thee, pure.
Apem. There is no leprosy but in thee.
Tim. If I name thee, I'll beat thee, but I should infect my tongue.
Apem. I would my tongue would infect thee off!
Tim. Away, thou issue of a man! Choler does kill me, that thou wert here to swoon to see thee.
Apem. Would thou wert here to see me.
Tim. Thou tedious rogue! I am sorry I have a stone by thee.
Apem. Beast!
Tim. Slave!
Apem. Rogue, rogue!
Tim. I am sick of this false world, and But even the mere necessities upon me. Then, Timon, presently prepare thy Lie where the light foam of the sea Thy grave-stone daily, make thine That death in me at other lives.
 O thou sweet king-killer, and dear Twixt natural son and sire! thou villain Of Hymen's purest bed! thou villain Thou ever young, fresh, lovely, woeful, Whose blush doth thaw the snowy That lies on Dian's lap! thou villain That soldier's close impossibilities And mak'st them kiss! that every To every purpose! O thou touch of Think, thy slave man rebels; and by thy

confounding odds, that beasts
the world in empires!

Would 'twere so:
I'll say, thou'st gold:
throng'd to shortly.

Throng'd to! Ay.
My back, I pr'ythee.

Live, and love thy misery!
Long live so, and so die!

[Exit Apemantus.
I am quit.
like men?—Eat, Timon, and
on them.

Enter Thieves.
Where should he have this gold?

your fragment, some slender ort of
the mere want of gold, and
of his friends, drove him into
only.

sure, be both a mass of trea-
not for, he will supply us easily; if
we reserve it, how shall's get it?

time; for he hears it not about
I want this he?
[him, 'tis hid.

his description.
He; I know him.
Save these, Timon,
how, thieves?

Soldiers, not thieves.
and women's sons.

We are not thieves, but men that
do want.

and you want? Behold, the earth
will break forth a hundred springs;
hear me, the briars scarlet lips;

some housewife, nature, on each bush
will moss before you. Want? why

We would live on grass, on berries,
and birds, and fishes.

water, on the beasts themselves, the
only and fishes;

and men. Yet thanks I must you con-
fess'd; that you work

professions. Rascal thieves, [grape,
Go, suck the subtle blood of the
over scathe your blood to froth,

hanging: trust not the physician;
you are poison, and he slays
you; rob: take wealth and lives

do, since you protest to do't,
example you with thievery:
Go, suck the subtle blood of the

the moon's an arrant thief,
the sun are the matches from the sun:
a thief, whose liquid surge resolves

The moon into salt tears; the earth's a thief,
That feeds and breeds by a composture stolen
From general excrement: each thing's a thief:
The laws, your curb and whip, in their rough

power
Have uncheck'd theft. Love not yourselves;
away!

Rob one another. There's more gold: cut
throats;

All that you meet are thieves. To Athens go,
Break open shops; nothing can you steal,
But thieves do lose it. Steal not less, for this
I give you; and gold confound you howsoever!
Amen.

3 Thief. He has almost charmed me from
my profession, by persuading me to it.

1 Thief. 'Tis in the malice of mankind, that
he thus advises us; not to have us thrive in
our mystery. [give over my trade.

2 Thief. I'll believe him as an enemy, and

1 Thief. Let us first see peace in Athens:
there is no time so miserable, but a man may
be true. [Exit Thieves.

Enter Flavius.

Flav. O you gods!

Is you despised and ruinous man my lord?
Full of decay and failing? O monument,
And wonder of good deeds evilly bestow'd!

What an alteration of honour
Has desperate want made!

What viler thing upon the earth, than friends
Who can bring noblest minds to basest ends!

How rarely does it meet with this time's guise,
When man was wish'd to love his enemies!

Grant I may ever love, and rather woo [do]
Those that would mischief me, than those that
He has caught me in his eye: I will present
My honest grief unto him; and, as my lord,
Still serve him with my life.—My dearest
master!

Timon comes forward from his cave.

Tim. Away! what art thou?

Flav. Have you forgot me, sir?

Tim. Why dost ask that? I have forgot all
men; [forgot thee.

Then, if thou grant'st thou'rt a man, I have
Flav. An honest poor servant of yours.

Tim. Then I know thee not:

I never had an honest man about me, I;

All I kept were knaves, to serve in meat to
Flav. The gods are witness, [villains.

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-

ing: [with weeping]

Strange times, that weep with laughing, not

Flav. I beg of you to know me, good my

lord,

To accept my grief, and, whilst this poor wealth

To entertain me as your steward still. [lasts,

Tim. Had I a steward
So true, so just, and now so comfortable?
It almost turns my dangerous nature mild.
Let me behold thy face.—Surely, this man
Was born of woman.—
Forgive my general and exceptless rashness,
You perpetual-sober gods! I do proclaim
One honest man,—mistake me not,—but one;
No more, I pray,—and he's a steward.—
How fain would I have hated all mankind!
And thou redeem'st thyself: but all, save thee,
I fell with curaces.
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 usuring kindness; and, as rich men
Expecting in return twenty for one? [deal gifts,

Flav. No, my most worthy master; in
whose breast
Doubt and suspect, alas, are plac'd too late;
You should have fear'd false times, when you
did feast:

Suspect still comes when an estate is least.
That which I show, heaven knows, is merely
Duty and zeal to your unmatched mind, [love,
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 [wealth
For this one wish, that you had power and
To requite me, by making rich yourself. [man,

Tim. Look thee, 'tis so! Thou singly honest
Here, take: the gods, out of my misery,
Have sent thee treasure. Go, live rich and
happy;

But thus condition'd: thou shalt build from
Hate all, curse all: show charity to none;
But let the famish'd flesh slide from the bone,
Ere thou relieve the beggar: give to dogs
What thou deny'st to men; let prisons swal-

low 'em, [blasted woods,
Debts wither 'em to nothing: be men like
And many diseases lick up their false bloods!
And so, farewell, and thrive.

Flav. O, let me stay,
And comfort you, my master.

Tim. If thou hat'st
Curses, stay not; fly, whilst thou'rt bless'd 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 observing
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?—
the rumour held for true, that he had
gold!

Pain. Certain; Alcibiades reports it.
Timon and Timandra had gold of him, and
were enriched poor straggling soldiers with
great quantity. 'Tis said, he gave more
steward a mighty sum.

Poet. Then this breaking of his heart
but a try for his friends.

Pain. Nothing else: you shall see him
palm in Athens again, and flourish with
highest. Therefore 'tis not unlikely that
our loves to him, in this suppos'd state,
his: it will show honestly in us, and
likely to lead our purposes with him,
travell for, if it be a just and true report
goes of his having.

Poet. What have you now to promise
him at this time but of an
tion; only, I will promise him an
piece.

Poet. I must serve him so too: tell him
an intent that's coming towards him.

Pain. Good as the best. Promise him
very air o' the time: it opens the eyes
pectation: performance is ever the death
his net; and, but in the plainer and
kind of people, the dead of a man's
out of use. To promise is most easy,
fashionable: performance is a great
testament, which argues a great
his judgment that makes it.

Enter Timon, from his cave.

Tim. [Aside.] Excellent workman!
canst not paint a man so bad as I am?

Poet. I am thinking what I shall say
provided for him: it must be a person
himself: a satire against the actions of
perity, with a discovery of the infirmities
that follow youth and opulency.

Tim. Must thou needs stand for a
thine own work! Do so, I have
faults in other men! Do so, I have

Poet. Nay, let's seek him:
Then do we sin against our own nature.

Pain. True;
When we may profit meet and come to

Pain. True;
When the day serves, before black
Find what thou want'st by day and
Come.

Tim. [Aside.] I'll meet you at the
What a god's gold!

That he is worshipp'd in a baser temple
Than where swine feed!

'Tis thou that rigg'st the bark, and
Settlest admir'd reverence in a slave:
To thee be worship! and thy saints be
Be crown'd with plagues, that thou shalt
Fit I meet them.

Poet. Hail, worthy Timon!
Pain. Our late noble master.

Tim. Have I once liv'd to see two
men!

of your open bounty tasted,
 you were retir'd, your friends fall'n off,
 the class nature—O abhorred spirits!
 the ships of heaven are large enough—
 you, like nobleness gave life and
 whole being! I am rapt, and cannot
 some bulk of this ingratitude
 out of words.

[Better:
 let it go naked, men may see't the
 are honest, by being what you are,
 from back even and known.

He and myself
 in the great shower of your gifts,
 only felt it.

Ay, you are honest men.
 We are come hither to offer you our
 most honest men! [requite you?]

Why, how shall I
 not roots, and drink cold water? no.
 What we can do, we'll do, to do you
 [that I have gold;

you have heard
 you have; speak truth; you are
 men. [fore
 said, my noble lord: but there-
 my friend, nor I. [counterfeit
 honest men! Thou draw'st a
 all Athens: thou art, indeed, the best;
 counterfeit at most lively.

So, so, my lord.
 you so, sir, as I say. And, for thy
 [to the Poet] [smooth,
 some swell with stuff so fine and
 seem natural in thine art.—
 of this, my honest-natur'd friends,
 say you have a little fault:
 is not monstrous in you; neither
 much pains to mend, [wish I
 known to us. Beseech your honour

You'll take it ill.
 Doubt it not, worthy lord.
 There's never a one of you but trusts
 wholly deceives you. [a knave,
 Do we, my lord? see him
 and you hear him cog, see him
 patchery, love him, feed him,
 your honour; yet remain assur'd,
 I know none such, my lord.

Nor I.
 Nor I. I love you well; I'll give
 villains from your companies;
 or stab them, drown them in a
 by some course, and come
 gold enough.

Both. Name them, my lord, let's know them.
 Tim. You that way, and you this,—but two
 in company:
 Each man apart, all single and alone,
 Yet an arch-villain keeps him company.
 [To the Pain.] If, where thou art, two villains
 shall not be,
 Come not near him. [To the Poet.] If thou
 wouldst not reside
 But where one villain is, then him abandon.
 Hence! pack! there's gold, ye came for gold,
 ye slaves:
 [To the Pain.] You have done work for me,
 there's payment: hence!
 [To the Poet.] You are an alchemist, make
 Out, rascal dogs! [gold of that.
 [Exit, beating them and driving them out.
 Enter Flavius and two Senators.

Flav. It is in vain that you would speak
 with Timon;
 For he is set so only to himself,
 That nothing but himself, which looks like
 is friendly with him. [man,
 1 Sen. Bring us to his cave:
 It is our part, and promise to the Athenians,
 To speak with Timon.

2 Sen. At all times alike
 Men are not still the same: 'twas time and
 grief [hand,
 That fram'd him thus: time, with his fairer
 Offering the fortunes of his former days,
 The former man may make him. Bring us to
 And chance it as it may. [him,
 Flav. Here is his cave.—
 Peace and content be here! Lord Timon!
 Timon! [ians,
 Look out, and speak to friends: the Athen-
 By two of their most reverend senate, greet
 Speak to them, noble Timon. [thee:

Enter Timon, from his cave.
 Tim. Thou sun, that comfort'st, burn!
 Speak, and be hang'd:
 For each true word, a blister! and each false
 Be as a cant'ring to the root o' the tongue,
 Consuming it with speaking!

1 Sen. Worthy Timon,—
 Tim. Of none but such as you, and you of
 Timon. [Timon.
 2 Sen. The senators of Athens greet thee,
 Tim. I thank them, and would send them
 back the plague,
 Could I but catch it for them.

1 Sen. O, forget
 What we are sorry for ourselves in thee.
 The senators, with one consent of love,
 Entreat thee back to Athens; who have thought
 On special dignities, which vacant lie
 For thy best use and wearing.

2 Sen. They confess,
 Toward thee, forgetfulness too general, gross;
 Which now the public body, which doth seldom
 Play the recanter, feeling in itself
 A lack of Timon's aid, hath sense withal
 Of its own fail, restraining aid to Timon;

And send forth us, to make their sorrow'd
 render,
 Together with a recompense more fruitful
 Than their offence can weigh down by the dram;
 Ay, even such heaps and sums of love and
 wealth, [theirs,
 As shall to these block out what wrongs were
 And write in thee the figures of their love,
 Ever to read them thine.

Tim. You witch me in it;
 Surprise me to the very brink of tears:
 Lend me a fool's heart, and a woman's eyes,
 And I'll bewep these comforts, worthy senators.

1 Sen. Therefore, so please thee to return
 with us,
 And of our Athens (thine and ours) to take
 The captainship, thou shalt be met with thanks,
 Allow'd with absolute power, and thy good
 name

Live with authority: so soon we shall drive
 Of Alcibiades the approaches wild; [back
 Who, like a bear too savage, doth root up
 His country's peace.

2 Sen. And shakes his threat'ning sword
 Against the walls of Athens.

1 Sen. Therefore, Timon,—
Tim. Well, sir, I will; therefore, I will, sir;
 If Alcibiades kill my countrymen, [thus—
 Let Alcibiades know this of Timon, [Athens,
 That Timon cares not. But if he sack fair
 And take our goodly aged men by the beards,
 Giving our holy virgins to the stain
 Of contumelious, beastly, mad-brain'd war;
 Then let him know, and tell him Timon speaks
 In pity of our aged and our youth, [it,
 I cannot choose but tell him, that I care not,
 And let him take't at worst; for their knives
 care not,

While you have throats to answer: for myself,
 There's not a whistle in the unruly camp,
 But I do prize it at my love, before [you
 The reverend'st throat in Athens. So I leave
 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
 Be Alcibiades your plague, you his, [still;
 And last so long enough!

1 Sen. We speak in vain.
Tim. But yet I love my country; and am
 One that rejoices in the common wrack, [not
 As common bruit doth put it.

1 Sen. That's well spoke.
Tim. Commend me to my loving country-
 men,—

1 Sen. These words become your lips as
 they pass through them.

2 Sen. And enter in our ears like great
 In their applauding gates, [triumphers

Tim. Commend me to them;

And tell them, that, to ease them of their
 Their fears of hostile strokes, their
 losses,

Their pangs of love, with other incident
 That nature's fragile vessel doth sustain
 In life's uncertain voyage, I will recover
 ness do them,—

I'll teach them to prevent wild Alcibiades
2 Sen. I like this well; he will recover

Tim. I have a tree, which grows
 close,

That mine own use invites me to cut
 And shortly must I fell it; tell my
 Tell Athens, in the sequence of days,
 From high to low throughout, that
 To stop affliction, let him take his leave
 Come hither, ere my tree hath felt the
 And hang himself: I pray you, do my

Flav. Trouble him no further;
 still shall find him.

Tim. Come not to me again;
 Timon hath made his everlasting home
 Upon the beach'd verge of the salt sea,
 Which once a day with his embow'd
 The turbulent surge shall cover: Timon
 And let my grave-stone be your oracle
 Lips, let sour words go by, and how
 What is amiss, plague and infection
 Graves only be men's works, and let
 gain!

Sun, hide thy beams! Timon hath
 reign.

1 Sen. His discontents are
 coupled to nature.

2 Sen. Our hope in him is dead,
 And strain what other means we have
 In our dear peril.

1 Sen. It requires well took.

SCENE II.—The Walls of Athens
Enter two Senators and a Messenger

1 Sen. Thou hast painfully discours'd
 As full as they report? I have heard

Mess. Besides, his expedition promises
 Present approach.

2 Sen. We stand much amazed,
Mess. I met a courier, one of
 friend;

Whom, though in general part
 Yet our old love made a particular
 And made us speak like friends: he
 From Alcibiades to Timon's cave,
 With letters of entreaty, which
 His fellowship i' the cause against
 In part for his sake mov'd.

1 Sen. Enter Senators from Timon,
2 Sen. No talk of Timon, we
 expect.

The enemies' drum is heard, and
 Doth choke the air with dust;

Ours is the fall, I fear; our

Timon—The Woods, Timon's Cave,
and a Tombstone seen,
by a Soldier, seeking Timon.

By all description this should be the
[is this?]
Who hath outstretch'd his
[man?]
And this his grave. What's on

the character I'll take with wax:
I'll have in every figure skill,
I'll have Athens he's set down by this,
The mark of his ambition is. [Exit.]

Before the Walls of Athens.
Enter Alcibiades and forces.
And to this coward and lascivious
town approach.

[A parley sounded.]
Senators on the Walls.
We have gone on, and fill'd the time
In useless measure, making your wills
To justice; till now, myself, and such
As this shadow of your power,
With our travers'd arms, and

rainily: now the time is flush,
The narrow, in the bearer strong,
"No more," now breathless
In your great chairs of ease;
And violence shall break his wind
And hoard flight.

Noble, and young,
Griefs were but a mere conceit,
Power, or we had cause of fear,
To give thy rages balm,
Our magnitudes with loves
Quantity.

So did we woo
To our city's love,
And by promis'd means:
All mankind, nor all deserve
Stroke of war.

These walls of ours
By their hands from whom
We have your griefs; nor are they
Great towers, trophies, and schools
To fall in them.

Nor are they living
Motives that you first went out:
They wanted cunning, in excess,
To their hearts. March, noble lord,
With thy banners spread:

And a tithed death,
Longer for that food,
[Leaves] take thou the destin'd
Of the spotted die, [tenth];
Putted.

1 *Sen.* All have not offended;
For those that were, it is not square to take,
On those that are, revenges: crimes, like lands,
Are not inherited. Then, dear countryman,
Bring in thy ranks, but leave without thy rage:
Spare thy Athenian cradle, and those kin,
Which, in the bluster of thy wrath, must fall
With those that have offended: like a sheep-
herd,

Approach the fold, and call th' infected forth,
But kill not all together.

2 *Sen.* What thou wilt,
Thou rather shalt enforce it with thy smile,
Than hew to't with thy sword.

1 *Sen.* Set but thy foot
Against our rampir'd gates, and they shall open;
So thou wilt send thy gentle heart before,
To say thou'lt enter friendly.

2 *Sen.* Throw thy glove,
Or any token of thine honour else,
That thou wilt use the wars as thy redress,
And not as our confusion, all thy powers
Shall make their harbour in our town, till we
Have seal'd thy full desire.

Alcib. Then there's my glove;
Descend, and open your uncharged ports:
Those enemies of Timon's, and mine own,
Whom you yourselves shall set out for reproof,
Fall, and no more; and,—to atone your fears
With my more noble meaning,—not a man
Shall pass his quarter, or offend the stream
Of regular justice in your city's bounds,
But shall be render'd to your public laws
At heaviest answer.

Both. 'Tis most nobly spoken.
Alcib. Descend, and keep your words.

[The Senators descend, and open the gates.]
Enter a Soldier.

Sold. My noble general, Timon is dead;
Entomb'd upon the very hem o' the sea;
And on his grave-stone this insculpture, which
With wax I brought away, whose soft impres-
Interprets for my poor ignorance. [Exit.]

Alcib. [Reads.] "Here lies a wretched corpse,
Of wretched soul bereft:

Seek not my name: a plague consume you
Wicked catiffs left!" [Exit.]

Here lie I, Timon: who, alive, all living men
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'st our brain's flow, and those our drop-
lets which

From niggard nature fall, yet rich conceit [aye]
Taught thee to make vast Neptune weep for
On thy low grave, on faults forgiven. Dead
Is noble Timon: of whose memory

Hereafter more.—Bring me into your city,
And I will use the olive with my sword;
Make war breed peace; make peace stint war;
make each

Prescribe to other, as each other's leech.
Let our drums strike. [Exeunt.]

THE TRAGEDY OF CORIOLANUS.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Caius Marcius Coriolanus, a noble Roman.
 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.
 Tullus Aufidius, *General of the Volscians.*
 Lieutenant to Aufidius.
 Conspirators with Aufidius.

A Citizen of Antium.
 Two Volscian Guards.
 Volumnia, *Mother to Coriolanus.*
 Virgilia, *Wife to Coriolanus.*
 Valeria, *Friend to Virgilia.*
 Gentlewoman, *attending on Virgilia.*
 Roman and Volscian Senators,
 — Adiles, Lictors, Soldiers, Citizens,
 sengers, Servants to Aufidius,
 Attendants.

SCENE, — *Partly in Rome; and partly in the territories of the Volscians and Antium.*

ACT I.

SCENE I.—Rome. A Street.

Enter a Company of mutinous Citizens, with staves, clubs, and other weapons.

1 *Cit.* Before we proceed any further, hear
All. Speak, speak. [me speak.]

1 *Cit.* You are all resolved rather to die than
All. Resolved, resolved. [to famish?]

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

All. We know't, we know't.

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

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

2 *Cit.* One word, good citizens.

1 *Cit.* We are accounted poor citizens; the
 patricians good. What authority surfeits on,
 would relieve us: if they would yield us but
 the superfluity, while it were wholesome, we
 might guess they relieved us humanely; but
 they think we are too dear: the leanness that
 afflicts us, the object of our misery, is as an
 inventory to particularise their abundance;
 our sufferance is a gain to them. Let us re-
 venge this with our pikes, ere we become rakes:
 for the gods know I speak this in hunger for
 bread, not in thirst for revenge.

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

1 *Cit.* Against him first: he's a very dog to

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

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

2 *Cit.* Nay, but speak not maliciously.

1 *Cit.* I say unto you, what he hath done

famously, he did it to that end: the
 conscientious men can be content to say
 for his country, he did it to please his
 and to be partly proud; which he
 the altitude of his virtue.

2 *Cit.* What he cannot help to do
 you account a vice in him. You
 way say he is covetous.

1 *Cit.* If I must not, I need not
 of accusations; he hath faults, with
 to tire in repetition. [Shouts within.]
 shouts are these! The other side
 is risen: why stay we prating here?

All. Come, come.

1 *Cit.* Soft! who comes here?

Enter Menenius Agrippa.

2 *Cit.* Worthy Menenius Agrippa,

hath always loved the people.

1 *Cit.* He's one honest enough

the rest were so!

Men. What work's, my country

hand! Where go you? The matter

With bats and clubs! The matter

1 *Cit.* Our business is not angry

senate; they have had inkling the

what we intend to do, which new

'em in deeds. They say poor

strong breaths: they shall know

strong arms too.

Men. Why, masters, my good

Will you undo yourselves?

1 *Cit.* We cannot, sir, we are

Men. I tell you, friends, most

Have the patricians of you.

Your suffering in this dearth, you

Strike at the heaven with your

them

Against the Roman state; whose

The way it takes, cracking the

strong link asunder, than can ever
be your impediment. For the dearth,
not the patricians, make it; and
those to them, not arms, must help.
transported by calamity [Alack,
where more attends you; and you

of the state, who care for you like
you curse them as enemies. [fathers,
Care for us!—True, indeed! They
care for us yet.—Suffer us to famish,
store-houses crammed with grain;
for usury, to support usurers; re-
frain any wholesome act established
rich; and provide more piercing
to chain up and restrain the
of the wars eat us not up, they will;
all this love they bear us.
father you must

yourself wondrous malicious,
and of folly. I shall tell you
I know it may be, you have heard it;
it serves my purpose, I will venture
a little more.
Well, I'll hear it, sir: yet you must
to rob off our disgrace with a tale:
please you, deliver. [members
There was a time, when all the body's
must the belly; thus accus'd it:—
like a gulf it did remain
of the body, idle and unactive,
feeding the vizard, never bearing
with the rest; where the other

and learn, devise, instruct, walk, feel,
actively participate, did minister
to appetite and affection common
body. The belly answered,—
Well, sir, what answer made the
[smile]
I shall tell you.—With a kind of
it came from the lungs, but even
you, I may make the belly smile [thus
[smile] if tauntingly replied [parts
contented members, the mutinous
no receipt; even so most fitly
our senators, for that
such as you.

Your belly's answer? What,
crowded head, the vigilant eye,
your heart, the arm our soldier,
the leg, the tongue our trumpeter,
instruments and petty helps
of fabric, if that they—

What then?—
This fellow speaks!—What then?
[restrain'd,
Well, what then?
former agents, if they did com-
the belly answer?

I will tell you;

If you'll bestow a small (of what you have
little)

Patience a while, you'll hear the belly's answer.
1 Cit. You're long about it.

Men. Notes me this, good friend;
Your most grave belly was deliberate,
Not rash like his accusers, and thus answer'd.
"True is it, my incorporate friends," quoth
"That I receive the general food at first, [he,
Which you do live upon: and fit it is;
Because I am the store-house, and the shop
Of the whole body: but, if you do remember,
I send it through the rivers of your blood,
Even to the court, the heart, to the seat o' the
brain;

And, through the cranks and offices of man,
The strongest nerves, and small inferior veins,
From me receive that natural competency
Whereby they live: and though that all at once,
You, my good friends," this says the belly,

1 Cit. Ay, sir; well, well. [mark me;—

Men. "Though all at once cannot
See what I do deliver out to each,
Yet I can make my audit up, that all
From me do back receive the flour of all,
And leave me but the bran." What say you to't?

1 Cit. It was an answer: how apply you
this? [belly,

Men. The senators of Rome are this good
And you the mutinous members: for, examine
Their counsels and their cares; digest things
rightly

Touching the weal o' the common; you shall
No public benefit which you receive, [And,
But it proceeds or comes from them to you,
And no way from yourselves.—What do you
You, the great toe of this assembly?—[Unlink?

1 Cit. I the great toe? Why the great toe?

Men. For that, being one o' the lowest,
basest, poorest, [most:
Of this most wise rebellion, thou go'st fore-
Thou rascal, that are worst in blood to run,
Lead'st first to win some vantage.—

But make you ready your stiff bats and clubs:
Rome and her rats are at the point of battle;
The one side must have bale.—

Enter Caius Marcius.

Hail, noble Marcius!

Mar. Thanks.—What's the matter, you
dissentions rogues,
That, rubbing the poor itch of your opinion,
Make yourselves scabs?

1 Cit. We have ever your good word.

Mar. He that will give good words to thee,
will flatter

Beneath abhorring.—What would you have,
you curs,

That like nor peace, nor war? the one af-
frights you, [you,
The other makes you proud. He that trusts to
Where he should find you lions, finds you
hares;

Where foxes, geese: you are no surer, no,
Than is the coal of fire upon the ice,

Or halloo in the sun. Your virtue is,
To make him worthy whose offence subdues
him, [greatness,
And curse that justice did it. Who deserves
Deserves your hate; and your affections are
A sick man's appetite, who desires most that
Which would increase his evil. He that depends
Upon your favours, swims with fins of lead,
And hews down oaks with rushes. Hang ye!
Trust ye?

With every minute you do change a mind;
And call him noble that was now your hate,
Him vile that was your garland. What's the
matter,

That in these several places of the city
You cry against the noble senate, who,
Under the gods, keep you in awe, which else
Would feed on one another?—What's their
seeking?

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

Mar. Hang 'em! They say!
They'll sit by the fire, and presume to know
What's done i' the Capitol; who's like to rise,
Who thrives, and who declines; side factions,
and give out

Conjectural marriages; making parties strong,
And feebling such as stand not in their liking
Below their cobbled shoes. They say there's
grain enough!

Would the nobility lay aside their ruth,
And let us use my sword, I'd make a quarry
With thousands of these quarter'd slaves, as
As I could pick my lance. [high

Men. Nay, these are almost thoroughly
persuaded;

For though abundantly they lack discretion,
Yet are they passing cowardly. But, I be-
What says the other troop? [seech you,

Mar. They are dissolv'd; hang 'em!
They said, they were a-hungry; sigh'd forth
proverbs, [eat,
That hunger broke stone walls, that dogs must
That meat was made for mouths, that the
gods sent not

Corn for the rich men only;—with these shreds
They vented their complainings; which being
answer'd,

And a petition granted them, a strange one,
(To break the heart of generosity,
And make bold power look pale,) they threw
their caps

As they would hang them on the horns o' the
Shouting their emulation. [moon,

Men. What is granted them?
Mar. Five tribunes, to defend their vulgar
wisdoms,

Of their own choice: one's Junius Brutus,
Sicinius Velutus, and I know not.—'Sdeath!
The rabble should have first unroof'd the city,
Ere so prevail'd with me: it will in time
Win upon power, and throw forth greater
For insurrection's arguing. [themes

Men. This is strange.

Mar. Go, get you home, you ragged
[Enter a Messenger, hastily.

Mess. Whose? [Caesar's?]

Mar. Here: what's the
[Enter a Messenger, hastily.]

Mess. The news is, sir, the
[Enter a Messenger, hastily.]

Mar. I am glad on't: than we
[Enter a Messenger, hastily.]

Our musty superfluity.—*Sen.* our
[Enter a Messenger, hastily.]

Enter Cominius, Titus Lartius, and
Senators; Junius Brutus and Sicinius

1 Sen. Marc'us, 'tis true that you
[Enter a Messenger, hastily.]

The Volscians are in arms. They have a
[Enter a Messenger, hastily.]

Mar. Tullius Aufidius, that will put you to
[Enter a Messenger, hastily.]

I sin in envying his nobility;
And were I anything but what I am,
I would wish me only he.

Com. You have fought for
[Enter a Messenger, hastily.]

Mar. Were half to half the world
[Enter a Messenger, hastily.]

Upon my party, I'd revolt, to make
[Enter a Messenger, hastily.]

Only my wars with him; he is a lion
[Enter a Messenger, hastily.]

That I am proud to hunt.
[Enter a Messenger, hastily.]

1 Sen. Then, worthy
[Enter a Messenger, hastily.]

Attend upon Cominius to these wars
[Enter a Messenger, hastily.]

Com. It is your former promise.
[Enter a Messenger, hastily.]

Mar. And I am constant.—Titus Lartius,
[Enter a Messenger, hastily.]

Shalt see me once more strike at Volscians
[Enter a Messenger, hastily.]

What, art thou still? stand at our
[Enter a Messenger, hastily.]

Tit. No, Caesar's
[Enter a Messenger, hastily.]

I'll lean upon one crutch, and
[Enter a Messenger, hastily.]

Ere stay behind this business.
[Enter a Messenger, hastily.]

Men. Your company to the Capitol
[Enter a Messenger, hastily.]

1 Sen. I know,
[Enter a Messenger, hastily.]

Our greatest friends attend us.
[Enter a Messenger, hastily.]

Tit. Follow, Cominius; we must follow
[Enter a Messenger, hastily.]

Right worthy you priority.
[Enter a Messenger, hastily.]

Com. [To the Citizens.]
[Enter a Messenger, hastily.]

1 Sen. [To the Citizens.]
[Enter a Messenger, hastily.]

Mar. Nay, let them
[Enter a Messenger, hastily.]

The Volscians have much corn, take
[Enter a Messenger, hastily.]

thither,
[Enter a Messenger, hastily.]

To gnaw their garners.—Wardship
[Enter a Messenger, hastily.]

Your valour puts well forth; your
[Enter a Messenger, hastily.]

[Exeunt Senators, Cominius,
and Men.]

Sic. Was ever man so proud
[Enter a Messenger, hastily.]

Bru. He has no equal.
[Enter a Messenger, hastily.]

Sic. When we were chosen tribunes
[Enter a Messenger, hastily.]

people,—
[Enter a Messenger, hastily.]

Bru. Mark'd you his lip, and eye?
[Enter a Messenger, hastily.]

Sic. Nay, but
[Enter a Messenger, hastily.]

Bru. Being mov'd, he will not
[Enter a Messenger, hastily.]

Sic. Bemoan the modest moon.
[Enter a Messenger, hastily.]

Bru. The present wars devour
[Enter a Messenger, hastily.]

Too proud to be so valiant.
[Enter a Messenger, hastily.]

Sic. Each
[Enter a Messenger, hastily.]

Tickled with good success,
[Enter a Messenger, hastily.]

shadow
[Enter a Messenger, hastily.]

Which he treads on at noon; but
[Enter a Messenger, hastily.]

can brook to be commanded

Fame, at the which he aims,
already he is well grac'd, cannot
be told, nor more attain'd, than by
the first: for what miscurries
the general's fault, though he perform
the most of a man; and giddy censure
cry out of Marcius, "O, if he
were the bushiness!"

Besides, if things go well,
that so sticks on Marcius, shall
rob Cominius.

Come;
Cominius' honours are to Marcius,
Marcius earn'd them not; and all his
honours shall be honours, though, indeed,
his merit not.

Let's hence and hear
despatch is made; and in what
his singularity, he goes [Fashion,
present action.

Let's along. [Exeunt.
II.—Corioli. The Senate-House.
Aulidius and certain Senators.
Your opinion is, Aulidius,
of Rome are enter'd in our counsels,
how we proceed.

Is it not yours?
I have been thought on in this state,
and brought to bodily act ere Rome
sentence? 'Tis not four days gone
and thence; these are the words; I
utter here; yes, here it is:—[think
[Reads.

press'd a power, but it is not
for war, or west; the dearth is great;
and it is rumour'd,
Marcius, your old enemy,
whose name hated than of you,
Marcius, a most valiant Roman,
is sent on this preparation
of war: most likely, 'tis for you:

Our army's in the field:
yet made doubt but Rome was
[ready
Nor did you think it folly
your great pretences veil'd, till when
they show themselves; which in
[covery,
brought to Rome. By the dis-
honour'd in our aim; which was,
many towns, ere, almost, Rome
we were about.

Noble Aulidius,
hile you to your bands:
down before us, for the remove
of our army; but, I think, you'll find
prepared for us.

Ang. O, doubt not that;
I speak from certainties. Nay, more,
Some parcels of their power are forth already
And only hitherward. I leave your honours.
If we and Caius Marcius chance to meet,
'Tis sworn between us, we shall ever strike
Till one can do no more.

All. The gods assist you!
Auf. And keep your honours safe!
1 Sen. Farewell.
2 Sen. Farewell.
All. Farewell. [Exeunt.

SCENE III.—Rome. A Room in Marcius'
House.

Enter Volumnia and Virgilia: they sit down
on two low stools, and sew.

Vol. I pray you, daughter, sing; or express
yourself in a more comfortable sort: if my son
were my husband, I would freelier rejoice in
absence wherein he won honour, than in the
embracements of his bed, where he would
show most love. When yet he was but tender-
bodied, and the only son of my womb; when
youth with comeliness plucked all gaze his
way; when, for a day of king's entreaties, a
mother should not sell him an hour from her
beholding; I,—considering how honour would
become such a person; that it was no better
than picture-like to hang by the wall, if re-
nown made it not stir,—was pleased to let him
seek danger where he was like to find fame.
To a cruel war I sent him; from whence he
returned, his brows bound with oak. I tell
thee, daughter,—I sprang not more in joy at
first hearing he was a man-child, than now in
first seeing he had proved himself a man.

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

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

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

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

Vol. Indeed, you shall not. [Myself.
Methinks I hear hither your husband's drum;
See him pluck Aulidius down by the hair;
As children from a bear, the Volscies shunning
him;
Methinks I see him stamp thus, and call thus,—
"Come on, you cowards! you were got in fear,
Though you were born in Rome!" his bloody
brow
[goes;
With his mail'd hand then wiping, forth he
Like to a harvest-man, that's task'd to mow
Or all, or lose his hire.

Vir. His bloody brow! O Jupiter, no blood!

Vol. Away, you fool! it more becomes a man,
Than gilt his trophy; the breasts of Hecuba,
When she did suckle Hector, look'd not lovelier
[blood
Than Hector's forehead, when it spit forth
At Grecian swords' contending.—Tell Valeria,
We are fit to bid her welcome. [*Exit Gent.*
Vir. Heavens bless my lord from fell Aufidius!

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

Re-enter Gentlewoman, with Valeria and her Usher.

Val. My ladies both, good day to you.

Vol. Sweet madam.

Vir. I am glad to see your ladyship.

Val. How do you both? you are manifest house-keepers. What are you sewing here? A fine spot, in good faith.—How does your little son?

Vir. I thank your ladyship; well, good

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

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: he has such a confirmed countenance. I saw him run after a gilded butterfly; and when he caught it, he let it go again; and after it again: and over and over he comes, and up again; caught it again: or whether his full enraged him, or how 'twas, he did so set his teeth, and tear it; O, I warrant, how he mummok'd it!

Vol. One of his father's moods.

Val. Indeed, he, 'tis a noble child.

Vir. A crack, madam.

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

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

Val. Not out of doors! [doors.

Val. She shall, she shall.

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

Val. Fie, you confine yourself most unreasonably; come, you must go visit the good lady that lies in.

Vir. I will wish her speedy strength, and visit her with my prayers; but I cannot go thither.

Vol. Why, I pray you? [loye.

Vir. 'Tis not to save labour, nor that I want

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, he, go with me; you excellent news of your husband.

Vir. O, good madam, there you go to

Val. Verily, I do not jest with you; I came news from him last night.

Vir. Indeed, madam?

Val. In earnest, it's true: I thought I should speak it. Thus it is:—The Volscian army forth; against whom our general is gone, with one part of our power; your lord, and Titus Lartius, down before their city Corioli; they doubt prevailing, and to make it true. This is true, on mine honour; and go with us.

Vir. Give me excuse, good madam; obey you in everything hereafter.

Val. Let her alone, lady; as she will will but disease our better mirth.

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

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

Val. Well, then, farewell.

SCENE IV.—*Before Corioli.*

Enter, with drum and colours, Marcius, Lartius, Officers, and Soldiers.

Lartius, Officers, and Soldiers.

Mar. Yonder comes news;—

Lart. My horse to yours, no.

Mar.

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

Mar. For half a hundred years.—*Senators*

Mar. How far off lie these armies?

Mess. Within this mile.

Mar. Then shall we hear their

Mar. Now, Mars, I pr'ythee, make us good

Mar. That we with smoking swords

Mar. To help our fielded friends!

Mar. A parley sounded.

Mar. Tullus Aufidius, is he within your

1 Sen. No, nor a man that

Mar. That's lesser than a little.

Mar. Are bringing forth our youth;

Mar. Rather than they shall pound us

Mar. Which yet seem shut, we have

Mar. rushes;

Mar. They'll open of themselves.

Aufidius; list, what work he makes
On your cloven army.

O, they are at it!
[fight] Let's be our instruction.—

Volscian enter, and pass over the stage.
They fear us not, but issue forth their

your shields before your hearts, and
more proof than shields.—Ad-

we have Titus!
[fight] I'll take him for a Volscian,

and count Romans and Volscians,
The Romans are beaten back to

Re-enter Marcian.
All the contagion of the south light

you herd of—Boils and
that you may be abhor'd

and one infect another
You souls of geese,
how have you

that apes would beat! Pluto and
backs red, and faces pale

and aged fear! Mend, and charge
I'll leave the foe,
look to't: come

fast, we'll beat them to their
trenches follow'd. [wives,
The Volscians and Romans

the fight is renewed. The
Volscians enter the gates, and Marcian

are open:—now prove good
Fortune widens them,
mark me, and do the like.

Marcian enters the gates; is shut in.
Poor hardiness! not I.

Nor L
To the pot, I warrant him.

[Alarum continues.]
What is become of Marcian?

Slain, sir, doubtless.
The fliers at the very heels,

he enters: who, upon the sudden,
all the city.

O noble fellow!
outdares his senseless sword,

stands up! Thou art
entire, as big as thou art,

Thou wast a soldier

Even to Cato's wish, not fierce and terrible
Only in strokes; but, with thy grim looks, and
The thunder-like percussion of thy sounds,
Thou mad'st thine enemies shake, as if the
Were feverous, and did tremble. [world

Re-enter Marcian, bleeding, assaulted by the
enemy.
Look, sir!

O, 'tis Marcian!
Let's fetch him off, or make remain alike.

[They fight, and all enter the city.]

SCENE V.—Within Corioli. A Street.
Enter certain Romans, with spoils.

1 Rom. This will I carry to Rome.
2 Rom. And I this. [silver,
3 Rom. A murrain on't! I took this for

[Alarum continues still afar off.]
Enter Marcian and Titus Lartius, with a
trumpet.

Mar. See here these movers, that do prize
their hours [spoons,
At a crack'd drachm! Cushions, leaden

irons of a doit, doublets that hangmen would
Bury with those that wore them, these base

slaves, [with them!—
Ere yet the fight be done, pack up!—down
And hark, what noise the general makes!—To

him!
There is the man of my soul's hate, Aufidius,
Piercing our Romans: then, valiant Titus,

take
Convenient numbers to make good the city;
Whilst I, with those that have the spirit, will

To help Cominius. [haste
Lart. Worthy sir, thou bleed'st;
Thy exercise hath been too violent

For a second course of fight.
Mar. Sir, praise me not;
My work hath yet not warm'd me: fare you

The blood I drop is rather physical [well:
Than dangerous to me: to Aufidius thus
I will appear, and fight.

Lart. Now the fair goddess, Fortune,
Fall deep in love with thee; and her great
charms

Misguide thy opposers' swords! Bold gentle-
man,
Prosperity be thy page!

Mar. Thy friend no less
Than those she places highest! So, farewell.
Lart. Thou worthiest Marcian!—

[Exit Marcian.]
Go, sound thy trumpet in the market-place;
Call thither all the officers of the town,
Where they shall know our mind: away!

[Exit.]

SCENE VI.—Near the Camp of Cominius.
Enter Cominius and forces, retreating.

Com. Breathe you, my friends: well fought:
we are come off
Like Romans, neither foolish in our stands,
Nor cowardly in retire: believe me, sir,

We shall be charg'd again. Whiles we have struck, [heard
By interluna and conveying gusts we have
The charges of our friends. Ye Roman gods,
Lead their successes as we wish our own,
That both our powers, with smiling fronts
encountering,

May give you thankful sacrifice!—

Enter a Messenger.

Thy news?

Mess. The citizens of Corioli have issu'd,
And given to Lartius and to Marcia's battle:
I saw our party to their trenches driven,
And then I came away.

Com. Though thou speak'st truth,
Methinks thou speak'st not well. How long

Mess. Above an hour, my lord. [is't since?

Com. 'Tis not a mile; briefly we heard their drums:

How couldst thou in a mile confound an hour,
And bring thy news so late?

Mess. Spies of the Volscies
Held me in chase, that I was forc'd to wheel
Three or four miles about; else had I, sir,
Half an hour since brought my report.

Com. Who's yonder,
That does appear as he were slay'd? O gods!
He has the stamp of Marcia; and I have
Before-time seen him thus.

Mar. [Within.] Come I too late?

Com. The shepherd knows not thunder from
a labor,
More than I know the sound of Marcia's
From every manner man. [tongue

Enter Marcia.

Mar. Come I too late?

Com. Ay, if you come not in the blood of
others,

But mantled in your own.

Mar. O, let me clip you
In arms as sound as when I woo'd; in heart
As merry as when our nuptial day was done,
And tapers burn'd to bedward!

Com. Flower of warriors,
How is't with Titus Lartius?

Mar. As with a man busied about decrees:
Condemning some to death, and some to exile;
Ransoming him, or pitying, threat'ning the
other;

Holding Corioli in the name of Rome,
Even like a fawning greyhound in the leash,
To let him slip at will.

Com. Where is that slave
Which told me they had beat you to your
Where is he? Call him hither. [trenches?

Mar. Let him alone;
He did inform the truth; but for our gentle-
men, [them!]

The common file, (A plague!—Tribunes for
The mouse ne'er shunn'd the cat, as they did
From rascals worse than they. [budge

Com. But how prevail'd you?

Mar. Will the time serve to tell? I do not
think.

Where is the enemy? Are you loath
If not, why cease you till you are at the

Com. Marcia, we have as much purpose

And did retire, to win our purpose. [know]

Mar. How lies their battle? know

which side

They have plac'd their men of trust?

Com. As I guess, Marcia

Their hands i' the vaward are the Antioch

Of their best trust; o'er them Antioch

Their very heart of hope. I do bemoan

Mar. By all the battles wherein we have

By the blood we have shed together

vows

We have made to endure friends,

Set me against Antioch and his soldiers,

And that you not delay the present

Filling the air with sworis advanced

We prove this very hour.

Com. Though I could

You were conducted to a gentle bed

And balm applied to you, yet dare I

Deny your asking: take your choice

That best can aid your action.

Mar. That most are willing.—If any such

(As it were sin to doubt) that love the

ing

Wherein you see me smear'd; if any

Lesser his person than an ill report

If any think, brave death outweighs pain

And that his country's dearer than himself

Let him, alone, or so many so minded

Wave thus, to express his disposition

And follow Marcia.

[They all shout, and wave their swords,

him up in their arms, and cast up

caps.

O, me alone! Make you a sword of

If these shows be not outward, which

But is four Volscies? None of you

Able to bear against the great Antioch

A shield as hard as his. A certain sword

Though thanks to all, must I submit

the rest

Shall bear the business in some other

As cause will be obey'd. Please you

And four shall quickly draw out my

Which men are best inclin'd.

Com. March on, my

Make good this ostentation, and you

Divide in all with us.

SCENE VII.—The Gates of Corioli

Titus Lartius, having set a guard upon

going with drum and trumpet

Cominius and Caius Marcius

a Lieutenant, a party of Soldiers

Scout.

Lart. So let the ports be guarded

your duties.

As I have set them down. If I do

Those centuries to our aid; the rest

holding; if we lose the field,
Keep the town.

Fear not our care, sir.
Keep your gates upon

house, and shut your gates upon
us. Come; to the Roman camp con-

[*Exeunt.*]
VIII.—*A Field of Battle between the*

Roman and the Volscian Camps.
Enter from opposite sides Marcius

and Aufidius.
I'll fight with none but thee; for I

am a promise-breaker. [do hate thee
We hate alike:

thy face and envy. Fix thy foot.
The first bulger die the other's

doom him after! [slave,
If I fly, Marcius,

like a hare.
Within these three hours, Tullus,

ought in your Corioli walls,
what work I pleas'd; 'tis not my

you seek me mask'd; for thy re-
power to the highest. [venge,

Wert thou the Hector,
the whelp of your bragg'd progeny,

couldst not escape me here.—
[*They fight, and certain Volscies come*

to the aid of Aufidius.
not not valiant, you have sham'd me

seconds.
and fighting, driven in by Marcius.

IX.—*The Roman Camp.*
A Retreat sounded. Flourish.

from one side, Cominius and
from the other side, Marcius,

his arm in a scarf, and other
I should tell thee o'er this thy day's

[it,
believe thy deeds: but I'll report

shall mingle tears with smiles;
patricians shall attend, and shrug,

admirers; where ladies shall be
quak'd, hear more; where the

the fasty plebeians, hate thine
against their hearts, "We thank

such a soldier!" [the gods,
you to a morsel of this feast,

and before.
Lartius with his powder, from the

per suit.
O general, -

the caparison:
Pray now, no more: my mother,

to extol her blood.

When she does praise me, grieves me. I have
done [done]

As you have done,—that's what I can; in
As you have been,—that's for my country;

He that has but effected his good will,
Hath overtaken mine act.

Com. You shall not be
The grave of your deserving; Rome must know

The value of her own: 'twere a concealment
Worse than a theft, no less than a traduce-

ment,
To hide your doings; and to silence that,

Which, to the spire and top of praises vouch'd,
Would seem but modest: therefore, I beseech

(In sign of what you are, not to reward you,
What you have done,) before our army hear

me.
Mar. I have some wounds upon me, and

To hear themselves remember'd. [they start
Com. Should they not,

Well might they fester 'gainst ingratitude,
And tent themselves with death. Of all the

horses, [of all
(Whereof we have taken good, and good store,)

The treasure, in this field achiev'd and city,
We render you the tenth; to be taken forth,

At the common distribution, at
Your only choice.

Mar. I thank you, general;
But cannot make my heart consent to take

A bribe to pay my sword: I do refuse it;
And stand upon my common part with those

That have beheld the doing.
[A long flourish. They all cry "Marcius!

Marcius!" cast up their caps and lances:
Cominius and Lartius stand bare.

Mar. May these same instruments, which
you profane, [shall

Never sound more: when drums and trumpets
In the field prove flatterers, let courts and

Made all of false-fac'd soothing: [cities be
When steel grows soft as the parasite's silk,

Let him be made an overture for the wars!
No more, I say! For that I have not wash'd

My nose that bled, or foil'd some debile wretch,
Which, without note, here's many else have

You shout me forth [done,
In acclamations hyperbolic;
As if I lov'd my little should be dieted

In praises sauc'd with lies.
Com. Too modest are you!

More cruel to your good report, than grateful
To us that give you truly: by your patience,

If 'gainst yourself you be incens'd, we'll put
you [manacles,

(Like one that means his proper harm) in
Then reason safely with you.—Therefore, be it

known,
As to us, to all the world, that Caius Marcius

Wear this war's garland: in token of the
which,

My noble steed, known to the camp, I give him,
With all his trim belonging; and from this

time,

For what he did before Corioli, call him,
With all the applause and clamour of the host,
CAIUS MARCIUS CORIOLANUS.—
Bear the addition nobly ever!

[*Flourish. Trumpets sound, and drums.*
All. Caius Marcius Coriolanus!

Cor. I will go wash;
And when my face is fair, you shall perceive
Whether I blush, or no: howbeit, I thank
you:—

I mean to stride your steed; and at all times,
To undercrest your good addition
To the fairness of my power.

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

Lart. I shall, my lord.
Cor. The gods begin to mock me. I, that
now

Refus'd most princely gifts, am bound to beg
Of my lord general.

Com. Take it; 'tis yours. What is't?
Cor. I sometime lay here in Corioli

At a poor man's house; he 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 tir'd.—
Have we no wine here?

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

SCENE X.—The Camp of the Volsces.

*A Flourish. Cornets. Enter Tullus Aufidius,
bloody, with two or three Soldiers.*

Auf. The town is ta'en!
I Sol. 'Twill be deliver'd back on good

Auf. Condition!— [*condition!*

I would I were a Roman; for I cannot,
Being a Volsc, be that I am.—Condition!

What good condition can a treaty find
I' the part that is at mercy? Five times,

Marcius, [*beat me;*
I have fought with thee; so often hast thou
And wouldst do so, I think, should we

encounter

As often as we eat.—By the elements,
If e'er again I meet him beard to beard,

He's mine, or I am his: mine emulation
Hath not that honour in't it had; for where

I thought to crush him in an equal force,
(True sword to sword,) I'll potch at him some

Or wrath or craft may get him. [*way,*
I Sol. He's the devil.

Auf. Bolder, though not so valiant,
valour's poison'd

With only suffering stain by him; for he
Shall fly out of itself; nor face nor cap.

Being naked, sick; nor face nor cap.

The prayers of priests nor times of season
Embarquements all of fury, shall lift up

Their rotten privilege and custom 'gainst
My hate to Marcius; where I find him, I

At home, upon my brother's guard, would I
Against the hospitable canon, would I

Wash my fierce hand in's heart. O Rome,
the city;

Learn how 'tis held; and what they are
Be hostages for Rome.

I Sol. Will not you go?

Auf. I am attended at the express
pray you,

(Tis south the city mill,) bring me
How the world goes, that to the loss of

I may spur on my journey. I shall, sir.

I Sol.

ACT II.

SCENE I.—Rome. *A public Place.*

Enter Menenius, Sicinius, and others.

Men. The augurer tells me we shall
Bru. Good or bad?

Men. Not according to the prayer of
people, for they love not Marcius.

Sic. Nature teaches beasts to know their friends.
Men. Pray you, who does the wolf love?

Sic. The lamb.
Men. Ay, to devour him; as the

plebeians would the noble Marcius.

Bru. He's a lamb, indeed, that does
Men. He's a bear, indeed, that does

lamb. You two are old men; tell me
thing that I shall ask you.

Both Trib. Well, sir.

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

Bru. He's poor in no one fault, but
Sic. Especially in pride.

Bru. And topping all others in the
Men. This is strange now; do you

know how you are censured here in the
mean of us of the right-hand file?

Both Trib. Why, how are we censured?

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

Both Trib. Well, well, sir, well.

Men. Why, 'tis no great matter; for a
little thief of occasion will rob you of a

deal of patience; give your displeasure
reins, and be angry at your pleasure to ride

least, if you take it as a pleasure to ride
so. You blame Marcius for being proud.

Bru. We do it not alone, sir.

Men. I know you can do very little
for your helps are many, or else your

wondrous single; your abilities
 will like, for doing much alone.
 O that you could turn your
 as the napes of your necks, and
 an interior survey of your good
 that you could!

What then, sir?

Why, then you should discover a
 summing, proud, violent, testy
 (alas fools) as any in Rome. [too
 Menenius, you are known well enough
 I am known to be a humorous pa-
 one that loves a cup of hot wine,
 drop of allaying Tiber in't; said to
 imperfect in favouring the first
 heavy and tunder-like upon too trivial
 one that converses more with the but-
 night, than with the forehead of

What I think I utter, and spend
 as my breath. Meeting two such
 as you are, (I cannot call you Ly-

menius, I make a crooked face at it.
 your worship have delivered the
 when I find the ass in compound
 major part of your syllables: and
 I am content to bear with those

that are reverend grave men, yet they
 that tell you you have good faces.
 This is in the map of my microcosm,
 that I am known well enough too?

Can your lissom conspectivities
 of this character, if I be known well
 enough.

Enough, sir, come, we know you well
 You know neither me, yourselves, nor
 You are ambitious for poor knaves'

you wear out a good whole-
 some in hearing a cause between an
 and a fasset-seller; and then re-
 controversy of three-pence to a

of audience. When you are hear-
 between party and party, if you
 be pinched with the colic, you make
 clamours; set up the bloody flag

of audience; and, in roaring for a
 to dismiss the controversy bleeding,
 laughed by your hearing: all the
 made in their cause is, calling both
 knaves. You are a pair of strange

knave, come, you are well understood
 a better glaze for the table than a
 brother in the Capitol.

Very jests must become mockers,
 to counter such ridiculous subjects
 When you speak best unto the

is not worth the wagging of your
 your heels deserve not so hon-
 as to stuff a botcher's cushion,
 mounted in an ass's pack-saddle.

in saying, Marc'us is proud;
 estimation, is worth all your
 since Deucalion; though perad-

venture some of the best of 'em were hereditary
 hangmen. Good den to your worships: more
 of your conversation would infect my brain,
 being the herdsmen of the beastly plebeians:
 I will be bold to take my leave of you.

[Brutus and Sicinius retire.

Enter Volun'ia, Virgilia, and Valeria, &c.
 How now, my as fair as noble ladies, (and the
 moon, were she earthly, no nobler,) whither
 do you follow your eyes so fast?

Vol. Honourable Menenius, my boy Mar-
 cius approaches: for the love of Juno, let's go.

Men. Ha! Marc'us coming home!

Vol. Ay, worthy Menenius; and with most
 prosperous approbation.

Men. Take my cap, Jupiter, and I thank
 thee.—Hoo! Marc'us coming home!

Vol. Vir. Nay, 'tis true.

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

Men. I will make my very house reel to-
 night:—a letter for me!

[saw it.

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

Men. A letter for me! It gives me an estate
 of seven years' health; in which time I will
 make a lip at the physician: the most sovereign
 prescription in Galen is but empiricute, and,
 to this preservative, of no better report than a
 horse-drench.—Is he not wounded? he was
 wont to come home wounded,

Vir. O, no, no, no. [fort.

Vol. O, he is wounded, I thank the gods

Men. So do I too, if it be not too much:—
 brings a victory in his pocket!—The wounds
 become him.

Vol. On's brows: Menenius, he comes the
 third time home with the oaken garland.

Men. Has he disciplined Aufidius soundly?

Vol. Titus Lartius writes,—they fought
 together, but Aufidius got off.

Men. And 'twas time for him too, I'll war-
 rant him that: an he had stay'd by him, I
 would not have been so fidius'd for all the
 chests in Corioli, and the gold that's in them.
 Is the senate possessed of this?

Vol. Good ladies, let's go.—Yes, yes, yes;
 the senate has letters from the general, wherein
 he gives my son the whole name of the war:
 he hath in this action outdone his former deeds
 doubly. [of him.

Vol. In troth, there's wondrous things spoke

Men. Wondrous! ay, I warrant you, and
 not without his true purchasing.

Vir. The gods grant them true!

Vol. True! pow, wow.

Men. True! I'll be sworn they are true.—
 Where is he wounded?—[To the Tribunes,
 who come forward.] God save your good wor-
 ships! Marc'us is coming home: he has more
 cause to be proud.—[To Vol.] Where is he
 wounded?

Vol. I' the shoulder, and i' the left arm:
 there will be large cicatrices to show the

people, when he shall stand for his place. He received in the repulse of Tarquin seven hurts i' the body.

Men. One i' the neck, and two i' the thigh, —there's nine that I know.

Vol. He had, before this last expedition, twenty-five wounds upon him.

Men. Now, it's twenty-seven: every gash was an enemy's grave. [*A shout and flourish.*] Hark! the trumpets.

Vol. These are the ushers of Marcius: before him

He carries noise, and behind him he leaves Death, that dark spirit, in's nery arm doth lie; Which, being advanc'd, declines, and then men die.

A sennet. Trumpets sound. Enter Cominius and Titus Lartius; between them Coriolanus, crowned with an oak leaf garland; with Captains, Soldiers, and a Herald.

Her. Know, Rome, that all alone Marcius did fight

Within Corioli gates: where he hath won, With fame, a name to Caius Marcius; these In honour follows, Coriolanus:—

Welcome to Rome, renowned Coriolanus!

Al. Welcome to Rome, renowned Coriolanus!

Cor. No more of this, it does offend my Pray now, no more.

Com. Look, sir, your mother!

Cor. O, you have, I know, petition'd all the gods

For my prosperity!

Vol. Nay, my good soldier, up; My gentle Marcius, worthy Caius, and By deed-achieving honour newly nam'd,

What is it? Coriolanus must I call thee?

But O, thy wife!

Cor. My gracious silence, hail!

Wouldst thou have laugh'd had I come coffin'd home,

That weep'st to see me triumph! Ah, my dear, Such eyes the widows in Corioli wear,

And mothers that lack sons.

Men. Now, the gods crown thee!

Cor. And live you yet?—[*To Valeria.*] O my sweet lady, pardon.

Vol. I know not where to turn:—O, welcome home;

And welcome, general;—and you are welcome

Men. A hundred thousand welcomes: I could weep,

And I could laugh; I am light, and heavy:

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, Be grafted to your relish. Yet, welcome,

We call a nettle but a nettle, and [warriors; The faults of fools but folly.

Com. Ever right,

Cor. Menenius, ever, ever.

Her. Give way there, and go on!

Cor. [*To his Wife and Mother.*]

hand,—and yours:

Ere in our own house I do shade my face

The good patricians must be visited;

From whom I have receiv'd not only love

But with them change of honours.

Vol.

To see inherited my very wishes,

And the buildings of my fancy; only

There's one thing wanting, which I do

Our Rome will cast upon thee.

Cor.

I had rather be their servant in their

Than away with them in theirs.

Com. On, to the Capitol!

[*Flourish. Coriolanus, Cominius, Titus Lartius, and the Tribunes, with the Soldiers, follow.*]

Bru. All tongues speak of him, and

blear'd sights

Are spectacled to see him: your

Into a rapture lets her baby cry

While she chats him: the kitchen maids

Her richest lockram 'bout her neck;

Clamb'ring the walls to eye him: still

Are smother'd up, lends him

With variable complexions; all agree

In earnestness to see him: sold shows

Do press among the popular throng,

To win a vulgar station: our val'd

Commit the war of white and damask

Their nicely-gawdied cheeks, to the

spoils

Of Phœbus' burning kisses: such a

As if that whatsoever god who leads

Were silly crept into his human power

And gave him graceful posture.

Sic.

I warrant him consul.

Bru.

Then our chief

During his power, go sleep.

Sic. He cannot temperately

honours

From where he should begin, and end

Lose those he hath won

Bru.

In that there's

Sic. Doubt not, the common

we stand,

But they, upon their ancient malice

Forget, with the least cause, the

honours

Which that he'll give them, make

As he is proud to do't.

Bru.

I heard the

Were he to stand for consul, now

Appear i' the market-place, nor on

The napless vesture of humility:

Nor, showing (as the manner is)

To the people, beg their stinking

Sic.

Bru. It was his word,

Sic. O, he would

rather

by the will of the gentry to him,
the pleasure of the nobles.

I wish no better
have him hold that purpose, and to put
[it

'Tis most like he will.
[It shall be to him, then, as our good
construction.

So it must fall out
our authorities. For an end,
suggest the people, in what hatred

all hath held them; that to's power he
[and

shall themmales, silenc'd their pleaders,
their freedoms: holding them,
action and capacity,

nor will, nor fitness for the world,
in the war; who have their pro-
[and

bearing burdens, and sore blows
[and

line when his soaring insolence
and the people, (which time shall not
put upon't: and that's as easy [want,

those on sleep) will be his fire
their dry stubble; and their blaze
[and

After a Messenger.
What's the matter?
What are sent for to the Capitol. 'Tis

men shall be consul: I have seen
men throng to see him, and the

matrons flung gloves,
maids their scarfs and handker-

as he pass'd: the nobles bended
statue; and the commons made
thunder with their caps and

are the like.
Let's to the Capitol;
with us ears and eyes for the time,
for the event.

Have with you.
[Exeunt.

Scene II.—Rome. The Capitol.
Two Officers to lay cushions.

come, they are almost here.
stand for consulships?

Yes, they say; but 'tis thought of
Coriolanus will carry it.

That's a brave fellow; but he's ven-
erous, and loves not the common

With there have been many great
battered the people, who ne'er
and there be many that they have
know not wherefore; so that if
they know not why, they hate upon
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 careless-
ness, lets them plainly see't.

1 Off. If he did not care whether he had
their love or no, he wou'd indifferently twist
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 displea-
sure of the people, is as bad as that which he
dislikes, to flatter them for their love.

2 Off. He hath deserved worthily of his
country; and his ascent is not by such easy
degrees as those, who, having been supple and
courteous to the people, honneted, 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.

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

A sennet. Enter with Lictors before them,
Cominius the Consul, Menenius, Corio-
lanus, many other Senators, Sicinius,
and Brutus. The Senators take their
places; the Tribunes take theirs also by
themselves.

Men. Having determin'd of the Volscies,
And to send for Titus Lartius, it remains,
As the main point of this our after-meeting,
To gratify his noble service, that hath thus
Stood for his country: therefore, please you,
Most reverend and grave elders, to desire
The present consul, and last general
In our well-found successes, to report
A little of that worthy work perform'd
By Caius Marcius Coriolanus; whom
We meet here, both to thank, and to remember
With honours like himself.

1 Sen. Speak, good Cominius:
Leave nothing out for length, and make us
think

Rather our state's defective for requital,
Than we to stretch it out. Masters o' the
people,

We do request your kindest ears; and, after,
Your loving motion toward the common body,
To yield what passes here.

Sic. We are contented
Upon a pleasing treaty; and have hearts
Inclinable to honour and advance
The theme of our assembly.

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

Men. That's off, that's off:

I would you rather had been silent. Please you
To hear Cominius speak?

Bru.

Most willingly :

But yet my caution was more pertinent,
Than the rebuke you give it.

Men.

He loves your people :

But tie him not to be their bedfellow.—

Worthy Cominius, speak.—

[*Coriolanus rises, and offers to go away.*

Nay, keep your place.

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

Cor.

Your honours' pardon :

I had rather have my wounds to heal again,
Than hear say how I got them.

Bru.

Sir, I hope

My words dis-bench'd you not.

Cor.

No, sir : yet oft,

When blows have made me stay, I fled from
words.

You woot'd not, therefore hurt not : but, your
I love them as they weigh.

Men.

Pray now, sit down.

Cor. I had rather have one scratch my head
i' the sun,

When the alarm were struck, than idly sit.
To hear my nothings monster'd.

Men.

Masters of the people,

Your multiplying spawn how can he flatter,
(That's thousand to one good one,) when you
now see,

He had rather venture all his limbs for honour,
Than one of his ears to hear it!—Proceed,

Cominius.

[*Coriolanus*

Com. I shall lack voice : the deeds of
Should not be utter'd feebly.—It is held,

That valour is the chiefest virtue, and

Most dignifies the haver : if it be,

The man I speak of cannot in the world

Be singly counterpois'd. At sixteen years,

When Tarquin made a head for Rome, he
fought

Beyond the mark of others : our then dictator,
Whom with all praise I point at, saw him fight,

When with his Amazonian chin he drove

The bristled lips before him : he bestrid

An o'er-press'd Roman, and i' the consul's
view

Slew three opposers : Tarquin's self he met,
And struck him on his knee : in that day's feats,

When he might act the woman in the scene,
He prov'd best man i' the field ; and for his
meed

Was brow-bound with the oak. His pupil age
Man-enter'd thus, he waxed like a sen ;

And, in the brunt of seventeen battles since,
He lurch'd all swords of the garland. For this

Before and in Corioli, let me say, [last,
I cannot speak him home : he stopp'd the fliers ;

And, by his rare example, made the coward
Turn terror into sport : as weeds before

A vessel under sail, so men obey'd [stamp,
And fell below his stem : his sword, (death's

Where it did mark, it took : from face to foot

He was a thing of blood, whose every vein

Was tim'd with dying cries : alone he

The mortal gate of the city, which he

With shunless destiny ; additions came

And with a sudden reinforcement stream'd

Corioli like a planet : now all's his ;

When, by and by, the din of war 'gan

His ready sense ; then straight he

Re-quicken'd what in flesh was fatigued ;

And to the battle came he ; where he

Run reeking o'er the lives of men, so it

'Twere a perpetual spoil ; and till we

Both field and city ours, he never

To ease his breast with panting.

Men. He cannot but with measure

Which we devise him.

Com. Our spoils he

And look'd upon things precious, as he

The common muck o' the world ; he

Than misery itself would give ; he

His deeds with doing them ; and he

To spend the time, to end it.

Men. He's right

Let him be called for.

1 Sen. He doth appear.

Off. He doth appear.

Men. The senate, Coriolanus, are

To make thee consul.

Cor. I do owe them

My life and services.

Men. It then remains

That you do speak to the people.

Cor. I do

Let me o'erleap that custom ; for I

Put on the gown, stand naked, and

them,

For my wounds' sake, to give their

That I may pass this doing.

Sic. Sir, the

Must have their voices, neither will

One jot of ceremony.

Men. Put them not

Pray you, go fit you to the custom ;

Take to you, as your predecessors

Your honour with your form.

Cor. It is

That I shall blush in acting, and

Be taken from the people.

Bru. Mark you

Cor. [Aside to Sic.] Thus I

To brag unto them,—thus I

thus ;—

Show them the unaching scars which

As if I had receiv'd them for the

Of their breath only !—

Men. Do not stand

We recommend to you, tribunes of

Our purpose to them ;—and to our

Wish we all joy and honour.

Sen. To Coriolanus come all joy

Flourish. [Flourish]

Bru. You see how he friends

people.

May they perceive his intent! He will require them,
and will content what he requested
to be us them to give.

Come, we'll inform them
proceedings here: on the market-place,
they do attend us.

Exeunt.
SCENE III.—Rome. The Forum.

Enter several Citizens.

Once, if he do require our voices, we
must not deny him.

We may, sir, if we will.

We have power in ourselves to do it,
and to make us his wounds, and tell us his
power that we have no power to do;
we are to put our tongues into those
and speak for them: so, if he tell us
of them, we must also tell him our
acceptance of them. Ingratitude is
and for the multitude to be in-
were to make a monster of the multi-
of the which, we, being members,
bring ourselves to be monstrous mem-

And to make us no better thought of,
he will serve; for once, when we stood
in the corn, he himself stuck not to call
us a many-headed multitude.

We have been called so of many;
some surnam'd some brown, some
so diversely coloured: and truly, I
all our wits were to issue out of one
they would fly east, west, north, south;
to all the points of one direct way should be
to all the points of the compass.

Think you so? Which way do you
think it would fly?
Ay, your wit will not so soon out as
mine will, 'tis strongly wedged up in
my head; but if it were at liberty, 'twould,
Why that way? [sure, southward.
To lose itself in a fog; where being
lost, it would return for conscience' sake, to
seek for a wife.

You are never without your tricks:
you may.

You all resolved to give your
voices? I say, if he would incline to
that, there was never a worthier man.

Coriolanus and Menenius.
We are not to stay all
to come by him where he stands,
by twos, and by threes. He's to
be requested by particulars; wherein
of us has a single honour, in giving
our voices with our own tongues:
I'll follow me, and I'll direct you how
to go by him.

Content.

[Exeunt.]

Men. O, sir, you are not right; have you not
The worthiest men have done't? *[Known]*

Cor. What must I say?—
"I pray, sir,"—Plague upon't! I cannot bring
My tongue to such a pace:—"Look, sir; my
wounds;—

I got them in my country's service, when
Some certain of your brethren roar'd, and ran
From the noise of our own drums."

Men. O me, the gods!
You must not speak of that: you must desire
To think upon you. *[them]*

Cor. Think upon me! Hang 'em!
I would they would forget me, like the virtues
Which our divines lose by them.

Men. You'll mar all:
I'll leave you: pray you, speak to them, I pray
in wholesome manner. *[you,*

Cor. Bid them wash their faces,
And keep their teeth clean.—*[Exit Menenius.]*
So, here comes a brace.

Enter two Citizens.

You know the cause, sir, of my standing here!

1 *Cit.* We do, sir; tell us what hath brought
Cor. Mine own desert. *[you to't.]*

2 *Cit.* Your own desert?

Cor. Ay, not mine own desire.

1 *Cit.* How! not your own desire!

Cor. No, sir, 'twas never my desire yet to
trouble the poor with begging.

1 *Cit.* You must think, if we give you any-
thing, we hope to gain by you.

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

1 *Cit.* The price is, to ask it kindly.

Cor. Kindly, sir? I pray, let me ha't: I
have wounds to show you, which shall be
yours in private.—Your good voice, sir; what
say you?

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

Cor. A match, sir.—There is in all two
worthy voices begged.—I have your alms:

1 *Cit.* But this is something odd. *[adieu.]*

2 *Cit.* An 'twere to give again,—but 'tis no
matter. *[Exeunt the two Citizens.]*

Enter two other Citizens.

Cor. Pray you now, if it may stand with the
tune of your voices that I may be consul, I
have here the customary gown.

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

Cor. Your enigma?

3 *Cit.* You have been a scourge to her
enemies, you have been a rod to her friends;
you have not, indeed, loved the common
people.

Cor. You should account me the more vir-
tuous, that I have not been common in my
love. I will, sir, flatter my sworn brother, the
people, to earn a dearer estimation of them;
'tis a condition they account gentle: and since
the wisdom of their choice is rather to have my
hat than my heart, I will practise the insinuat-
ing nod, and be off to them most counterfeitedly;

that is, sir, I will counterfeit the bewitchment of some popular man, and give it bountifully to the desirers. Therefore, beseech you, I may be consul.

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

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

Cor. I will not seal your knowledge with showing them. I will make much of your voices, and so trouble you no 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.
Why in this woolvish toge should I stand here,
To beg of Hob and Dick, that do appear,
Their needless vouchers? Custom calls me

to't:—
What custom wills, in all things should we
The dust on antique time would lie unswept,
And mountainous error be too highly heap'd
For truth to o'er-peer. Rather than fool it so,
Let the high office and the honour go
To one that would do thus.—I am half
through;

The one part suffer'd, the other will I do.
Here come more voices.—

Enter three other Citizens.
Your voices; for your voices I have fought;
Watch'd for your voices; for your voices bear
Of wounds two dozen odd; battles thrice six
I have seen and heard of; for your voices,
Have done many things, some less, some more;
Your voices: indeed I would be consul.

5 *Cit.* He has done nobly, and cannot go
without any honest man's voice.

8 *Cit.* Therefore let him be consul: the
gods give him joy, and make him good friend
All. Amen, amen.— [to the people!]
God save thee, noble consul!

[*Exeunt Citizens.*]
Cor. Worthy voices!

Re-enter Menenius, with Brutus and Sicinius.
Men. You have stood your limitation; and
the tribunes

Endue you with the people's voice: remains
That, in the official marks invested, you
Anon do meet the senate.

Cor. Is this done? [charg'd;
Sic. The custom of request you have dis-
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. [myself again,

Cor. That I'll straight do; and, knowing
Repair to the senate-house. [along]

Men. I'll keep you company.—Will you
Bru. We stay here for the people.

Sic. Fare you well.
[*Exeunt Coriol. and Menen.*]

He has it now; and by his looks, methinks
'Tis warm at his heart.

Bru. With a proud heart he
His humble weeds. Will you dismiss
people?

Re-enter Citizens.
Sic. How now, my masters! have you

1 *Cit.* He has our voices, sir.

Bru. We pray the gods he may do us
love.

2 *Cit.* Amen, sir. To my poor
He mock'd us when he begg'd our voices.

3 *Cit.* He scolded us downright.

1 *Cit.* No, 'tis his kind of speech, he

2 *Cit.* Not one amongst us, save
but says

He used us scornfully: he should have
us

His marks of merit, wounds receiv'd

Sic. Why, so he did, I am sure.

All. No, no; no more.

3 *Cit.* He said he had wounds,
could show in private;

And with his hat, thus waving it in
"I would be consul," says he, "myself"

But by your voices, will not so permit
Your voices therefore: "when we grow"

Here was, "I thank you for your
thank you,—

Your most sweet voices:—now you
your voices,

I have no further with you."—Was
mockery?

Sic. Why either were you ignorant
Or, seeing it, of such childish trivial

To yield your voices?

Bru. Could you not have told him
As you were lesson'd?—When he bid

But was a petty servant to the state

He was your enemy; ever spoke
Your liberties, and the charters that

P' the body of the weal; and now
A place of potency, and sway of the

If he should still malignantly remain
Fast foe to the plebeil, your voices

Be curses to yourselves! You should
That, as his worthy deeds did claim

Than what he stood for, so his grace
Would think upon you for your

Translate his malice towards you into
Standing your friendly lord.

Sic. That to
As you were fore-advic'd, had

spirit,
And tried his inclination: from his

Either his gracious promise, which you
As cause had call'd you up, have

Or else it would have gall'd his
Which easily endures not artifice

Tying him to aught; so, putting
You should have taken the advantage

And pass'd him unselected. *Bru.*

Will you in free contempt, [think
 that did need your loves; and do you
 contempt shall not be bruising to you,
 to have power to crush? Why, had
 your bodies
 among you? or had you tongues to
 the rectorship of judgment? [cry
 Have you,
 denied the asker? and now again,
 that did not ask, but mock, bestow
 for tongues?
 He's not confirm'd; we may deny
 And will deny him:
 five hundred voices of that sound.
 Ay, twice five hundred, and their
 words to piece 'em. [friends,
 you hence instantly; and tell those
 who chose a consul that will from them
 make them of no more voice
 that are as often beat for barking,
 as apt to do so.

Let them assemble;
 his judgment, all revoke
 election: enforce his pride,
 old hate unto you: besides, forget not
 contempt he wore the humble weed;
 with he scorn'd you: but your loves,
 upon his services, took from you
 union of his present portance,
 gibingly, ungravelly, he did
 moderate hate he bears you.
 Lay
 on us, your tribunes; that we labour'd,
 sentiment between,) but that you must
 election on him.

Say, you chose him
 our commandment, than as guided
 true affections; and that, your
 with what you rather must do,
 you should, made you against the
 consul: lay the fault on us.
 spare us not. Say, we read lee-

contin'd: and what stock he
 [came
 o' the Marcians; from whence
 Marcius, Numa's daughter's son,
 great Hostilius, here was king;
 house Publius and Quintus were,
 had water brought by conduits
 nobly named so,
 was his great ancestor.

One thus descended,
 aside well in his person wrought
 high in place, we did commend
 remembrances: but you have found,
 present bearing with his past,

That he's your fix'd 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. To the Capitol,
 Come, we'll be there before the stream o' the
 people;
 And this shall seem, as partly 'tis, their own,
 Which we have goaded onward. [Exeunt.

ACT III.

SCENE I.—Rome. A Street.

Cornets. Enter Coriolanus, Menenius, Comi-
 nius, Titus Lartius, Senators, and Patricians.

Cor. Tullus Aufidius, then, had made new
 head?

Lart. He had, my lord; and that it was,
 Our swifter composition. [which caus'd

Cor. So then, the Volscies stand but as at
 first;

Ready, when time shall prompt them, to make
 Upon us again. [road

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 Volscies, for they had so vilely
 Yielded the town: he is retir'd to Antium.

Cor. Spoke he of me?

Lart. He did, my lord.

Cor. How! what?

Lart. How often he had met you, sword to
 sword;

That of all things upon the earth he hated
 Your person most; that he would pawn his
 To hopeless restitution, so he might [fortunes
 Be call'd your vanquisher.

Cor. At Antium lives he?

Lart. At Antium.

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

Enter Sicinius and Brutus.
 Behold! these are the tribunes of the people,
 The tongues o' the common mouth: I do de-
 spise them,
 For they do prank them in authority,
 Against all noble sufferance.

Sic. I pass no further.
Cor. Ha! what is that?
Bru. It will be dangerous to go on: no further.
Cor. What makes this change? [i]ther.
Men. The matter?
Com. Hath he not pass'd the nobles, and the
Bru. Cominius, no. [i]commons?
Cor. Have I had children's voices?
1 Sen. Tribunes, give way; he shall to the
 market-place.
Bru. The people are incens'd against him.
Sic. Stop,
 Or all will fall in broil.
Cor. Are these your herd?—
 Must these have voices, that can yield them
 now, [i]are your offices?
 And straight disclaim their tongues?—What
 You being their mouths, why rule you not their
 Have you not set them on? [i]teeth?
Men. Be calm, be calm.
Cor. It is a purpos'd thing, and grows by
 To curb the will of the nobility: [i]plot,
 Suffer't, and live with such as cannot rule,
 Nor ever will be rul'd.
Bru. Call't not a plot:
 The people cry, you mock'd them; and of late,
 When corn was given them gratis, you repin'd;
 Scandal'd the suppliants for the people, call'd
 them
 Time-plensers, flatterers, foes to nobleness.
Cor. Why, this was known before.
Bru. Not to them all.
Cor. Have you inform'd them sithence?
Bru. How! I inform them!
Cor. You are like to do such business.
Bru. Not unlike,
 Each way, to better yours.
Cor. Why, then, should I be consul? By yon
 clouds,
 Let me deserve so ill as you, and make me
 Your fellow tribune.
Sic. You show too much of that
 For which the people stir: if you will pass
 To where you are bound, you must inquire
 your way,
 Which you are out of, with a gentler spirit;
 Or never be so noble as a consul,
 Nor yoke with him for tribune.
Men. Let's be calm.
Com. The people are abus'd; set on. This
 paltering
 Becomes not Rome; nor has Coriolanus
 Deserv'd this so dishonour'd rub, laid falsely
 'T' the plain way of his merit.
Cor. Tell me of corn!
 This was my speech, and I will speak't again,—
Men. Not now, not now.
1 Sen. Not in this heat, sir, now.
Cor. Now, as I live, I will. My noble friends,
 I crave their pardons:
 For the mutable, rank-scented many, let them
 Regard me as I do not flatter, and
 Therein behold themselves: I say again,
 In soothing them, we nourish 'gainst our senate

The cockle of rebellion, insolence,
 Which we ourselves have plough'd
 and scatter'd.
 By mingling them with us, the honour'd
 Who lack not virtue, no, nor power,
 Which they have given to buggars.
Men. Well, no more words, we beseech you.
1 Sen. No more words, we beseech you.
Cor. As for my country I have shed my blood
 Not fearing outward force, so shall my
 Coin words till they decay, against
 meazels,
 Which we disdain should tetter us, yet
 The very way to catch them.
Bru. You speak o' the
 As if you were a god to punish, not
 A man of their infirmity.
Sic. 'Twere well
 We let the people know't.
Men. What, what? [i]the
Cor. Choler!
 Were I as patient as the midnight sleep,
 By Jove, 'twould be my mind!
Sic. It is a
 That shall remain a poison where it is,
 Not poison any further.
Cor. Shall remain
 Hear you this Triton of the minnows?
 His absolute "shall!" 'Twas from the
Com. 'Twas from the
Cor. O good, but most unwise patricians!
 You grave, but reckless senators, have
 Given Hydra here to choose an officer,
 That with his peremptory "shall,"
 The horn and noise o' the monster,
 spirit
 To say he'll turn your current in a ditch,
 And make your channel his! If he should
 Then veil your ignorance; if you are
 Your dangerous lenity. If you are
 Be not as common fools; if you are
 Let them have cushions by you
 plebeians,
 If they be senators: and they are no
 When, both your voices blended,
 taste
 Most palates theirs. They choose the
 trate;
 And such a one as he, who puts his
 His popular "shall," against a grave
 Than ever frown'd in Greece.
 self,
 It makes the consuls base! and not
 To know, when two authorities are
 Neither supreme, how soon contending
 May enter 'twixt the gap of both,
 The one by the other.
Com. Well,—on to the matter.
Cor. Whoever gave that counsel,
 The corn o' the store-house gratis,
 Sometime in Greece,
Men. Well, well, no more words.

though there the people had more
power,
nurish'd disobedience, fed
of the state.

Why, shall the people give
thus, their voice?

I'll give my reasons,
than their voices. They know

recompense, resting well assur'd
did service for't: being press'd to

the naval of the state was touch'd,
not thread the gates: this kind of

corn gratis: being i' the war,
and revolts, wherein they

spoke not for them: the accusa-
have often made against the senate,

donation. Well, what then?
bosom multiplied digest

courtesy? Let deeds express
to be their words:—"We did re-

greater poll, and in true fear
our demands."—Thus we debase

of our souls, and make the rabble
fears; which will in time break

of the senate, and bring in the crows
the eagles.

Come, enough.
with over-measure.

No, take more:
be sworn by, both divine and

and withal!—This double wor-
does disdain with cause, the

at all reason: where gentry, title,
dada, but by the yea and no

travancance,—it must omit
lies, and give way the while

slightness: purpose so barr'd, it
done to purpose. Therefore, be-

will be less fearful than discreet;
the fundamental part of state,

you doubt the change on't: that
before a long, and wish [prefer

only with a dangerous physic
of death without it,—at once

of his tongue; let them not lick
which is their poison: your dis-

judgment, and bereaves the state
city which should become it;

the power to do the good it would
which doth control it.

He has said enough.

Sic. He has spoken like a traitor, and shall
As traitors do. [answer

Cor. Thou wretch! despite o'erwhelm
thee!— [tribunes!

What should the people do with these bald
On whom depending, their obedience fails

To the greater bench: in a rebellion, [law,
When what's not meet, but what must be, was

Then were they chosen: in a better hour,
Let what is meet, be said, it must be meet,

And throw their power i' the dust.
Bru. Manifest treason!

Sic. This is a consul? no.
Bru. The Aediles, ho!—Let him be appre-

hended. [whose name, myself
Sic. Go, call the people; [Exit Brutus] in

Attach thee as a traitorous innovator,
A foe to the public weal: obey, I charge thee,

And follow to thine answer.
Cor. Hence, old goat!

Sen. and Pat. We'll surely him.
Com. Aged sir, hands off.

Cor. Hence, rotten thing! or I shall shake
Out of thy garments. [thy bones

Sic. Help, ye citizens!
Re-enter Brutus, with the Aediles and a rabble

of Citizens.
Men. On both sides more respect.

Sic. Here's he that would
Take from you all your power.

Bru. Seize him, Aediles!
Citizens. Down with him! down with him!

2 Sen. Weapons, weapons, weapons!
[They all bustle about Coriolanus.

Tribunes, patricians, citizens!—what ho!
Sicinius, Brutus, Coriolanus, citizens!

Citizens. Peace, peace, peace! stay, hold,
peace! [breath;

Men. What is about to be?—I am out of
Confusion's near; I cannot speak.—You, tri-
bunes

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 a point to lose your liberties;

Marcus would have all from you; Marcus,
Whom late you have nam'd for consul.

Men. Fie, fie, fie!
This is the way to kindle, not to quench.

1 Sen. To unbuild the city, and to lay all flat.
Sic. What is the city, but the people?

Citizens. True,
The people are the city.

Bru. By the consent of all, we were estab-
The people's magistrates. [sh'd

Citizens. You so remain.
Men. And so are like to do.

Com. That is the way to lay the city flat;
To bring the roof to the foundation,

And bury all, which yet distinctly ranges,
In heaps and piles of ruin.

Sic. This deserves death.

Bru. Or let us stand to our authority,
Or let us lose it.—We do here pronounce,
Upon the part o' the people, in whose power
We are elected theirs, Marcius is worthy
Of present death.

Sic. Therefore lay hold of him;
Bear him to the rock Tarpeian, and from thence
Into destruction cast him.

Bru. *Ediles, seize him!*
Citizens, Yield, Marcius, yield!

Men. Hear me one word;
Beseech you, tribunes, hear me but a word.

Ed. Peace, peace! [*friends,*
Men. Be that you seem, truly your country's
And temperately proceed to what you would
Thus violently redress.

Bru. Sir, those cold ways,
That seem like prudent helps, are very poison-
ous

Where the disease is violent.—Lay hands upon
And bear him to the rock. [*him,*

Cor. [*Drawing his sword.*] No, I'll die here.
There's some among you have beheld me
fighting: [*seen me,*

Come, try upon yourselves what you have
Men. Down with that sword!—Tribunes,
withdraw a while.

Bru. Lay hands upon him.
Men. Help Marcius, help.

You that be noble; help him, young and old!
Citizens. Down with him! down with him!

[*In this mutiny, the Tribunes, the Ediles,
and the people are beaten in.*

Men. Go, get you to your house; be gone,
All will be naught else. [*away!*

2 Sen. Get you gone.
Cor. Stand fast;

We have as many friends as enemies.
Men. Shall it be put to that?

1 Sen. The gods forbid!
I prythee, noble friend, home to thy house;

Leave us to cure this cause.
Men. For 'tis a sore upon us,
You cannot yourself be gone, beseech you.

Com. Come, sir, along with us.
Cor. I would they were barbarians, (as they
are, [*they are not,*

Though in Rome litter'd,) not Romans, (as
Though call'd 'the porch o' the Capitol!)

Men. Begone!
Put not your worthy rage into your tongue;

One time will owe another.
Cor. On fair ground,
I could beat forty of them.

Men. I could myself
Take up a brace of the best of them; yea, the
two tribunes.

Com. But now 'tis odds beyond arithmetic;
And 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 us'd to bear.

Men. Pray you, be gone!

I'll try whether my old wit be in my
With those that have but little; for
With cloth of any colour.

Com. [*Exeunt Coriolanus, Cominius,*
1 Pat. This man has mark'd me
Men. His nature is too noble for
He would not flatter Neptune for his power,
Or Jove's power to thunder.

his mouth:
What his breast forges, that his
And, being angry, does forget the
He heard the name of death. I'd

Here's goodly work!
2 Pat. I would they were in
Men. I would they were in
the vengeance,

Could he not speak them fair!
Re-enter Brutus and Sicinius.

Sic. That would depopulate the city,
Be every man himself!

Men. You would
Sic. He shall be thrown down the
rock

With rigorous hands: he hath
And therefore law shall score him
Than the severity of the public power,
Which he so sets at naught.

1 Cit. The noble tribunes are the people's
And we their hands.

Citizens. He shall, sure on't.
Men. Sir, sir,—

Sic. Peace!
Men. Do not cry havoc, where
With modest warrant.

Sic. Sir, how comes it
Have help to make this rescue?

Men. As I do know the consul's worthiness,
So can I name his faults.

Sic. The consul Coriolanus.
Men. No, no, no, no, no, no,
Citizens. No, no, no, no, no, no,
Men. If, by the tribunes' leave,
I may be heard, I would crave a
The which shall turn you to no
Than so much loss of time.

Sic. For we are peremptory to dispatch
This viperous traitor: to send him
Were but one danger; and to stay him
Our certain death: therefore it is

He dies to-night.
Men. Now the good
That our renowned Rome, who
Towards her deserved children,
In Jove's own book, like an
Should now eat up her own
Sic. He's a disease that must be
Men. O, he's a limb, that
Mortal, to cut it off; to cure it

he done to Rome that's worthy
The blood he hath lost,
is more than that he
country: he dropp'd it for his
to the end o' the world.

Men. This is clean kam.
When he did love his
country,

The service of the foot,
is not then respected

We'll hear no more.—
pluck him thence;
belong of catching nature,

One word more, one word.
when it shall find
to his heels. Proceed by pro-
val Rome with Romans.

If 'twere so,—
had a taste of his obedience!
ourselves resisted?

Consider this:—he has been bred i'
would draw a sword, and is ill school'd
without distinction. Give me leave,
and undertake to bring him
to his utmost peril.

Noble tribunes,
the other course
and the end of it

Noble Menenius,
as the people's officer.—
Go not home.

We'll at-
bring not Marcius, we'll proceed
I'll bring him to you.—
Let me desire your com-
must will follow.

Pray you, let's to him.
[*Exeunt.*

Enter Coriolanus' House.
let them
pull all about mine ears;
the wheel, or at wild horses' heels;
the hills on the Tarpeian rock,
a precipitation might down stretch

Below the beam of sight; yet will I still
Be thus to them.

1 Pat. You do the nobler.
Cor. I muse my mother
Does not approve me further, who was wont
To call them woollen vassals; things created
To buy and sell with grouts; 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 are,

With striving less to be so: lesser had been
The thwarting of your dispositions, if
You had not show'd them how you were dis-
Ere they lack'd power to cross you. [*pos'd,*

Cor. Let them hang.
Vol. Ay, and burn too.

Enter Menenius and Senators.
Men. Come, come, you have been too rough,
something too rough;

You must return and mend it
1 Sen. There's no remedy;
Unless, by not so doing, our good city
Cleave in the midst, and perish.

Vol. Pray, be counsel'd;
I have a heart as little apt as yours,
But yet a brain that leads my use of anger
To better vantage.

Men. Well said, noble woman!
Before he should thus stoop to the herd, but
that

The violent fit o' the time craves it as physic
For the whole state, I would put mine armour
Which I can scarcely bear. [*you,*

Cor. What must I do?
Men. Return to the tribunes.

Cor. Well, what then? what then?
Men. Repent what you have spoke.

Cor. For them?—I cannot do it to the gods;
Must I, then, do't to them?

Vol. You are too absolute;
Though therein you can never be too noble,
But when extremities speak, I have heard
you say,

Honour and policy, like unsever'd friends,
I the war do grow together: grant that, and
tell me,

In peace what each of them by th' other lose,
That they combine not there.

Cor. Tush, tush!
Men. A good demand.

Vol. If it be honour in your wars to seem

The same you are not, (which, for your best ends,

You adopt your policy,) how is it less or worse, That it shall hold companionship in peace With honour, as in war; since that to both it stands in like request?

Cor. Why force you this?

Vol. Because that now it lies you on to speak To the people; not by your own instruction, Nor by the matter which your heart prompts you,

But with such words that are but rotes in Your tongue, though but bastards, and syl- Of no allowance to your bosom's truth. [Iable, Now, this no more dishonours you at all, Than to take in a town with gentle words, Which else would put you to your fortune, and The hazard of much blood.

I would dissemble with my nature, where, My fortunes and my friends at stake, requir'd I should do so in honour: I am in this, Your wife, your son, these senators, the nobles; And you will rather show our general louts How you can frown, than spend a fawn upon them,

For the inheritance of their loves, and safe- Of what that want might ruin. [guard

Men. Noble lady!—

Come, go with us; speak fair: you may salve Not what is dangerous present, but the loss [so, Of what is past.

Vol. I pr'ythee now, my son, Go to them, with this bonnet in thy hand; And thus far having stretch'd it, [here be with them,] [business

Thy knee bussing the stones, (for in such Action is eloquence, and the eyes of the ignorant

More learn'd than the ears,) waving thy head, Which often, thus, correcting thy stout heart, Now humble as the ripest mulberry That will not hold the handling: or say to them, [broils,

Thou art their soldier, and, being bred in Hast not the soft way, which, thou dost con- Were fit for thee to use, as they to claim, [fess, In asking their good loves; but thou wilt frame

Thyself, forsooth, hereafter theirs, so far As thou hast power and person.

Men. This but done, Even as she speaks, why, their hearts were yours;

For they have pardons, being ask'd, as free As words to little purpose.

Vol. Pr'ythee now, Go, and be ruled: although I know thou hadst Follow thine enemy in a fiery gulf, [rather Than flatter him in a bower. Here is Cominius.

Enter Cominius.

Com. I have been i' the market-place; and, sir, 'tis fit

You make strong party, or defend yourself By calmness or by absence: all's in anger.

Men. Only fair speech
Com. I think 'twill
Can thereto frame his spirit. He must,

Vol. Pr'ythee now, say you will, and go

Cor. Must I go show them my
sconce?

Must I, with my base tongue, give
A lie, that it must bear? Well, I

Yet, were there but this single plot
This mould of Marcius, they to

grind it,
And throw't against the wind.—You

You have put me now to such a
I shall discharge to the life.

Com. Come, come, we'll go

Vol. I pr'ythee now, sweet
hast said,

My praises made thee first a soldier
To have my praise for this, perform
Thou hast not done before.

Cor. Will, I

Away, my disposition, and power
Some harlot's spirit! My throat

turn'd,
Which quired with my drum, like

Small as a eunuch, or the virgin
That babies lulls asleep! The

Tent in my cheeks; and school
take up

The glasses of my sight! A loss
Make motion through my lip; and

knees,
Who bow'd but in my stirrup,

That hath receiv'd an alms!—I will
Lest I surcease to honour mine

And, by my body's action, teach
A most inherent baseness.

Vol. At thy

To beg of thee, it is my more
Than thou of them. Come all to

Thy mother rather feel thy pride,
Thy dangerous stoutness; for I

With as big heart as thou. Do not
Thy valiantness was mine, thou

But owe thy pride thyself. *Pro*

Cor. Mother, I am going to the market-
Chide me no more. I'll

loves,
Cog their hearts from them. Look

Of all the trades in Rome. I'll
Commend me to my wife. I'll

Or never trust to what my tongue
I' the way of flattery further. *Do you*

Vol. *Com.* Away! the tribunes do
arm yourself

To answer mildly; for they are
With accusations, as I hear, that

Than are upon you yet.

Cor. The world is, mildly
Let them accuse me by invention
Will answer in mine honour

Well, mildly be it, then; mildly.
Ay, but mildly.
[*Exeunt.*]

Scene III.—Rome. The Forum.
Enter Sicinius and Brutus.
In this point charge him home, that
he affect
power: if he evade us there,
time with his envy to the people;
that the spell got on the Antiates
is distributed.—

Enter an Ædile.
He's coming.
What, will he come?

How accompanied!
With old Menenius, and those senators
always favour'd him.

Have you a catalogue
of the voices that we have procur'd,
by the poll?

I have; 'tis ready.
Have you collected them by tribes?

I have.
I shall inform the people hither:
they hear me say, "It shall be so,
right and strength to the commons," be

[them,
for fine, or banishment, then let
me cry "Fine,"—if death, cry
"Death," the truth o' the cause.

I shall inform them.
And when such time they have begun
to cry,

not cease, but with a din confus'd
the present execution
we chance to sentence.

Very well.
Make them be strong, and ready for
what shall hap to give't them. [this hint,
Go about it.

[*Exit Ædile.*
Call me straight: he hath been us'd
to anger, and to have his worth
in decision: being once chaf'd, he cannot
again to temperance; then he speaks
to break his neck; and that is there, which
will, here he comes.

[looks
Coriolanus, Menenius, Cominius,
Senators, and Patricians.

Calmly, I do beseech you.
As an ostler, that for the poorest
from

the knife by the volume.—The
in safety, and the chairs of justice
with worthy men! plant love among
our large temples with the shows of
our streets with war!

A noble wish.
[peace,
Amen, amen.

Re-enter Ædile, with Citizens.

Sic. Draw near, ye people.

Æd. List to your tribunes; audience;

peace, I say!

Cor. First, hear me speak.

Both. Tri. Well, say.—Peace, ho!

Cor. Shall I be charg'd no further than this

Must all determine here? [present]

Sic. I do demand,

If you submit you to the people's voices,

Allow their officers, and are content

To suffer lawful censure for such faults

As shall be prov'd upon you?

Cor. I am content.

Men. Lo, citizens, he says he is content:

The warlike service he has done, consider;

Think upon the wounds his body bears, which

Like graves i' the holy churchyard. [show

Cor. Scratches with briars,

Scars to move laughter only.

Men. Consider further,

That when he speaks not like a citizen,

You find him like a soldier: do not take

His rougher accents for malicious sounds,

But, as I say, such as become a soldier,

Rather than envy you.

Com. Well, well, no more.

Cor. What is the matter,

That being pass'd for consul with full voice,

I am so dishonour'd, that the very hour

You take it off again?

Sic. Answer to us.

Cor. Say, then: 'tis true, I ought so.

Sic. We charge you, that you have con-

triv'd to take

From Rome all season'd office, and to wind

Yourself into a power tyrannical;

For which you are a traitor to the people.

Cor. How! Traitor!

Men. Nay, temperately; your promise.

Cor. The fires i' the lowest hell fold in the

people!

Call me their traitor!—Thou injurious tribune!

Within thine eyes sat twenty thousand deaths,

In thy hands clutch'd as many millions, in

Thy lying tongue both numbers, I would say,

Thou liest, unto thee, with a voice as free

As I do pray the gods.

Sic. Mark you this, people!

Citizens. To the rock! to the rock with him!

Sic. Peace!

We need not put new matter to his charge:

What you have seen him do, and heard him

speak,

Beating your officers, cursing yourselves,

Opposing laws with strokes, and here defying

Those whose great power must try him; even

So criminal, and in such capital kind, [this,

Deserves the extreme death.

Bru. But since he hath

Serv'd well for Rome,—

Cor. What do you prate of service!

Bru. I talk of that, that know it.

Cor. You!

Men. Is this
The promise that you made your mother?

Com. Know,
I pray you,—

Cor. I'll know no further:
Let them pronounce the steep Tarpeian death,
Vagabond exile, flogging, pent to linger
But with a grain a day, I would not buy
Their merry at the price of one fair word;
Nor check my courage for what they can give,
To have't with saying, good morrow.

Sic. For that he has
(As much as in him lies) from time to time
Envied against the people, seeking means
To pluck away their power; as now at last
Given hostile strokes, and that not in the
presence

Of dreaded justice, but on the ministers
That do distribute it; in the name of the
people,

And in the power of 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: if the people's name,
I say, it shall be so.

Citizens. It shall be so, it shall be so; let
He's banish'd, and it shall be so. [him away]

Com. Hear me, my masters, and my common
friends,—

Sic. He's sentenc'd; 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
banish'd,

As enemy to the people and his country:
It shall be so.

Citizens. It shall be so, it shall be so.
Cor. You common cry of curs! whose breath
I hate

As reek of the rotten fens, whose loves I prize
As the dead carcasses of unburied men
That do corrupt my air, I banish you;
And here remain with your uncertainty!
Let every feeble rumour shake your hearts!
Your enemies, with nodding of their plumes,
Fan you into despair! Have the power still
To banish your defenders; till at length
Your ignorance, (which finds not, till it feels,)
Making but 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.]

Ed. The people's enemy is gone.
Citizens. Our enemy is banish'd!
Hoo! hoo!

[*Shouting and throwing up dust.*
Sic. Go, see him out at gates, and
him,

As he hath follow'd you, with all due
Give him deserv'd vexation. Let's
Attend us through the city.

Citizens. Come, come, let's see him
at gates; come!

The gods preserve our noble tribunes!

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—Rome. Before a Gate of the City.
Enter Coriolanus, Volumentius,

nus, Cominius, and several young men.

Cor. Come, leave your tears; a
well:—the beast

With many heads butts me
Where is your ancient courage?

To say, extremity was the trial of
That common chance common

bear;
That, when the sea was calm, all

Show'd masterful in the

blows,
When most struck home, belonging

A noble cunning: you were used to
With precepts, that would make

The heart that can't thum.
Vir. O heavens! O heavens!

Cor. Nay, I'll not
Vol. Now the red pestilence

trades in Rome,
And occupations perish.

Cor. What? I shall be lov'd when I am lack'd.
Resume that spirit, when you were

If you had been the wife of Hercules,
Six of his labours you'd have done.

Your husband so much sweat—
Drop not; adieu.—Farewell, my

mother:
I'll do well yet.—Then old and young

Thy tears are saltier than a young
And venomous to thine eyes.

general,
I have seen thee storn, and thou hast

Heart-hardening spectacles,
women,

'Tis fond to wall inevitable
As 'tis to laugh at them.—My

My hazards still have been your
Believe't not lightly, (though I

Like to a lonely dragon, that
Makes fear'd and talk'd of

your son
Will or exceed the common, or

With cautious baits and practices

Vol.

Will thou go? Take good Cominius
while I determine on some course,
I'll follow thee a month, devise with
the gods!

O the gods!
[us,]
thou shalt rest, that thou mayst hear of
thy repeal, we shall not send
a single man;
which doth ever cool
the needer.

Fare ye well:
and thou art too
curfite, to go rove with one
sweet wife, my dearest mother, and
of noble touch; when I am forth,
I pray you, come,
I remain above the ground, you shall
from me still; and never of me aught
is like me formerly.

That's worthy
Come, let's not weep.
old arms and legs, by the good
[gods,
Give me thy hand:
[Exeunt.

Rome. A Street near the Gate.
Sicinius, Brutus, and an Ædile.
I no further.
are vor'd, who, we see, have aided
Now we have shown our power;
it was doing.

Bid them home:
their enemy is gone, and they
their ancient strength.
Dismiss them home.
[Exit Ædile.
his mother.

Let's not meet her. Why?
They say, she's mad.
they have ta'en note of us: keep on
your way;
you're well met: the hoarded plague
Peace, peace; be not so loud.
[o' the gods
I could for weeping, you should
shall hear some.—[To Brutus.]
[To Sicin.] You shall stay too: I
would I had the power
to my husband.

Are you mankind?

Vol. Ay, fool; is that a shame?—note but
this fool. [ship]

Was not a man my father? Hadst thou fox-
To banish him that struck more blows for
Than thou hast spoken words? [Rome]

Sic. O blessed heavens!
Vol. More noble blows than ever thou wise
words; [yet go:—

And for Rome's good.—I'll tell thee what;
Nay, but thou shalt stay too:—I would my son
Were in Arabia, and thy tribe before him,
His good sword in his hand.

Sic. What then?
Vol. What then?
He'd make an end of thy posterity.

Vol. Bastards and all.—
Good man, the wounds that he does bear for
Men. Come, come, peace. [Rome]

Sic. I would he had continu'd to his country,
As he began; and not unkut himself,
The noble knot he made.

Bru. I would he had.
Vol. I would he had! 'Twas you incens'd
the rabble;—

Cats, that can judge as fitly of his worth,
As I can of those mysteries, which heaven
Will not have earth to know.

Bru. Pray, let us go.
Vol. Now, pray, sir, get you gone:
You have done a brave deed. Ere you go,
hear this;

As far as doth the Capitol exceed
The meanest house in Rome, so far my son,
(This lady's husband here, this, do you see,)
Whom you have banish'd, does exceed you all.

Bru. Well, well, we'll leave you!
Sic. Why stay we to be baited
With one that wants her wits?

Vol. Take my prayers with you.—
[Exeunt Tribunes.

I would the gods had nothing else to do,
But to confirm my curses! Could I meet them
But once a day, it would unclog my heart
Of what lies heavy to't.

Men. You have told them home;
And, by my troth, you have cause. You'll sup
with me!

Vol. Anger's my meat; I sup upon myself,
And so shall starve with feeding.—Come, let's
go,

Leave this faint piling, 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 Volsc, meeting.

Rom. I know you well, sir, and you know
me: your name, I think, is Adrian.

Vol. It is so, sir: truly, I have forgot you.
Rom. I am a Roman; and my services are,
as you are, against them: know you me yet?

Vol. Nicanor? No.

Rom. The same, sir.

Vol. You had more heard, when I last saw you; but your favour is well appeared by your tongue. What's the news in Rome? I have a note from the Volscian state, to find you out there: you have well saved me a day's journey.

Rom. There hath been in Rome strange insurrection: the people against the senators, patricians, and nobles.

Vol. Hath been? Is it ended, then? Our state thinks not so: they are in a most warlike preparation, and hope to come upon them in the heat of their division.

Rom. The main blaze of it is past, but a small thing would make it flame again: for the nobles receive so to heart the banishment of that worthy Coriolanus, that they are in a ripe aptness to take all power from the people, and to pluck from them their tribunes for ever. This lies glowing, I can tell you, and is almost mature for the violent breaking out.

Vol. Coriolanus banished!

Rom. Banished, sir. [*Enter Nicanor.*]

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 entertainment, and to be on foot at an hour's warning.

Rom. I am joyful to hear of their readiness, and am the man, I think, that shall set them in present action. So, sir, heartily well met, and most glad of your company.

Vol. You take my part from me, sir; I have the most cause to be glad of yours.

Rom. Well, let us go together. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.—Antium. Before Aufidius' 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.—

Save you, sir.

Old. And you.

Cor. Direct me, if it be possible,

Where great Aufidius flows: is he in the field?

Cit. He is, and feasts the nobles of the city

At his house this night.

Cor. Which is his house, please you?

Cit. This, here, before you.

Cor. Thank you, friends.

O world, thy slippery turns!

sworn,

Whose double bosoms seem to wear

Whose hours, whose bed, whose

exercise,

Are still together, who twin, as twins,

Unseparable, shall within this hour

On a dissension of a doit, break you

To bitterest enmity: so, fellows,

Whose passions and whose plots

their sleep

To take the one the other, by some

Some trick not worth an egg, shall

friends,

And interjoin their issues. So with

My birth-place hate I, and my love

This enemy town. 'T'll enter: if he

He does fair justice; if he give me

I'll do his country service.

SCENE V.—Antium. A Hall within

House.

Music within. Enter a Servant.

1 *Serv.* Wine, wine, wine!—

is here! I think our fellows are

Enter another Servant.

2 *Serv.* Where's Cotus! my

for him. Cotus!

Enter Coriolanus.

Cor. A goodly house; the feast

Appear not like a guest.

Re-enter the first Servant.

1 *Serv.* What would you

Whence are you? Here's no place

pray, go to the door.

Cor. I have deserved no better

In being Coriolanus.

Re-enter second Servant.

2 *Serv.* Whence are you,

porter his eyes in his head, that

trance to such companions!—

Cor. Away!

2 *Serv.* Away! Get you away!

Cor. Now, thou art troublesome.

2 *Serv.* Are you so heavy?

talked with anon.

Enter a third Servant.

3 *Serv.* What fellow's this?

1 *Serv.* A strange one as ever I

I cannot get him out of the

call my master to him.

3 *Serv.* What have you to do

Pray you, avoid the house.

Cor. Let me but stand; I will

3 *Serv.* What are you?

Cor. A gentleman.

Auf. Therefore, most absolute sir, if thou wilt have
The leading of thine own revenges, take
The one half of my commission; and set
down, — [know'st
As best thou art experienc'd, since thou
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, or destroy. But come in;
Let me commend thee first to those that shall
Say "Yea" to thy desires. A thousand wel-
And more a friend than e'er an enemy; [comes!
Yet, Marcius, that was much. Your hand:
most welcome!

[*Re-enter Coriolanus and Aufidius.*
1 *Serv.* [*Advancing.*] Here's a strange
alteration!

2 *Serv.* By my hand, I had thought to have
struck him with a cudgel; and yet my mind
gave me, his clothes made a false report of him.

1 *Serv.* What an arm he has! He turned
me about with his finger and his thumb, as
one would set up a top.

2 *Serv.* Nay, I knew by his face that there
was something in him: he had, sir, a kind of
face, methought, — I cannot tell how to term it.

1 *Serv.* He had so; looking as it were, —
Would I were hanged, but I thought there
was more in him than I could think.

2 *Serv.* So did I, I'll be sworn; he is simply
the rarest man i' the world.

1 *Serv.* I think he is; but a greater soldier
than he, you wot one.

2 *Serv.* Who, my master?

1 *Serv.* Nay, it's no matter for that.

2 *Serv.* Worth six on him.

1 *Serv.* Nay, not so neither: but I take him
to be the greatest soldier.

2 *Serv.* Faith, look you, one cannot tell how
to say that: for the defence of a town, our
general is excellent.

1 *Serv.* Ay, and for an assault too.

Re-enter third Servant.

3 *Serv.* O slaves, I can tell you news; news,
you rascals!

1, 2 *Serv.* What, what, what! let's partake.

3 *Serv.* I would not be a Roman, of all
nations; I had as lief be a condemned man.

1, 2 *Serv.* Wherefore? wherefore?

3 *Serv.* Why, here's he that was wont to
thwack our general, — Caius Marcius, [general?

1 *Serv.* Why do you say, thwack our

3 *Serv.* I do not say, thwack our general;
but he was always good enough for him.

2 *Serv.* Come, we are fellows and friends;
he was ever too hard for him; I have heard
him say so himself.

1 *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.

2 *Serv.* An he had been cannibally given,
he might have broiled and eaten him too.

1 *Serv.* But, more of thy news.

3 *Serv.* Why, he is so made on me
as if he were son and heir to Marcius;
upper end o' the table; no question
him by any of the senators, but
bald before him: our general, [thinks
a mistress of him; sanctifies [himself
hand, and turns up the white of the
discourse. But the bottom of the
general is out i' the middle, and [he
of what he was yesterday; for the
half, by the entreanty and grant of
table. He'll go, he says, and [leave
of Rome gates by the ears: he will
all before him, and leave his peace

2 *Serv.* And he's as like to do
I can imagine.

3 *Serv.* Do! he will do! [for
sir,) he has as many friends as [I
friends, sir, (as it were,) [durst not
sir,) show themselves (as we term it)
whilst he's in directitude.

1 *Serv.* Directitude! what's that?

2 *Serv.* But when they shall
crest up again, and the man in
will out of their burrows, like can
and revel all with him.

1 *Serv.* But when goes this for?

3 *Serv.* To-morrow; to-day, [we
shall have the drum struck up [thru'
'tis, as it were, a parcel of their [lives
be executed ere they wipe their [sweat
2 *Serv.* Why, then we shall have
rust again. This peace is not
rust iron, increase tailors, and [the
makers.

1 *Serv.* Let me have war, say I;
peace as far as day does night, [the
waking, audible, and full of voice,
very apoplexy, lethargy; muffled
insensible; a getter of more lethargy,
than war's a destroyer of men.

2 *Serv.* 'Tis so; and as war, [as
may be said to be a ravisher, [and
denied, but peace is a great maker
1 *Serv.* Ay, and it makes [men
another.

3 *Serv.* Reason; because they [are
one another. The wars for [not
hope to see Romans as cheap [as
They are rising, they are rising.

All. In, in, in, in!

SCENE VI.—Rome.

Enter Sicinius and Brutus.

Sic. We hear not of him, [but
fear him;

His remedies are tame i' the present
And quietness of the people, [whereas
Were in wild hurry. How do
friends

Blush that the world gone well [and
Though they themselves did [not
Dissentious numbers pestering [the

...singing in their shops, and
...functions friendly. [going
Enter Menenius.
...stood to't in good time. Is this
...his he: O, he is grown most
...Hall, sir! [kind

Hail to you both!
Your Coriolanus is not much miss'd,
...his friends: the commonwealth doth

...do, were he more angry at it.
...all's well; and might have been much
...have temporized. [better, if
Where is he, hear you?
Nothing: his mother and
...water from him. [his wife
The gods preserve you both!

Good-den, our neighbours.
Good-den to you all, good-den to you
[on our knees,
...our wives, our children,
...to pray for you both.

Live, and thrive!
...kind neighbours: we wish'd
...you as we did. [Coriolanus
Now the gods keep you!
Farewell, farewell.

[Exeunt Citizens.
...is a happier and more comely time
...these fellows ran about the streets

Caius Marcius was
...the war; but insolent,
...with pride, ambitious past all think-
...ing,
And affecting one sole throne,

I think not so. [tion,
...should by this, to all our lamenta-
...your forth consul, found it so.
...The gods have well prevented it, and
...and still without him. [Rome
Enter an Edile.

Worthy tribunes,
...whom we have put in prison,
...the Volscians with two several powers
...in the Roman territories;
...the deepest malice of the war
...that lies before them.

'Tis Aufidius,
...our Marcius' banishment,
...with his horns again into the world;
...isabel'd when Marcius stood for
...not once peep out. [Rome,
Come, what talk you

this rumourer whipp'd.—It
...date break with us. [cannot be
...That very well it can;
...examples of the like have been
...age. But reason with the fellow,

Before you punish him, where he heard this,
Lest you shall chance to whip your informa-
And beat the messenger who bids beware [tion,
Of what is to be dreaded.

Sic. Tell not me:
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
Nothing but his report. [raising;
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 Marcius,
Join'd with Aufidius, leads a power 'gainst
Rome,
And vows revenge as spacious as between
The young'st and oldest thing.

Sic. This is most likely!
Bru. Rais'd only, that the weaker sort may
Good Marcius home again. [wish
Sic. The very trick on't.
Men. This is unlikely:
He and Aufidius can no more atone,
Than violentest contrariety.

Enter another Messenger.
2 Mess. You are sent for to the senate:
A fearful army, led by Caius Marcius,
Associated with Aufidius, rages
Upon our territories; and have already
O'erborne their way, consum'd with fire, and
took

What lay before them.
Enter Cominius.
Com. O, you have made good work!
Men. What news! what news!
Com. You have help to ravish your own
daughters, and
To melt the city leads upon your paten:
To see your wives dishonour'd to your noses.—
Men. What's the news! what's the news?
Com. Your temples burned in their cement;
and
Your franchises, whereon you stood, confin'd
Into an auger's bore.

Men. Pray now, your news!—
You have made fair work, I fear me.—Pray,
your news!—
If Marcius should be join'd with Volscians,—
Com. If!

He is their god: he leads them like a thing
Made by some other deity than nature,
That shapes man better; and they follow him,
Against us brats, with no less confidence
Than boys pursuing summer butterflies,
Or butchers killing flies.

Men. You have made good work,

You and your apron-men; you that stood so
Upon the voice of occupation, and [much
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
Bru. But is this true, sir? [fair 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 valiant ignorance,
And perish constant fools. Who is't can
blame him?

Your enemies, and his, find something in him.
Men. We are all undone, unless
The noble man have mercy.

Com. Who shall ask it?
The tribunes cannot do't for shame; the people
Deserve such pity of him, as the wolf
Does of the shepherds: for his best friends, if
they [him, even
Should say, "Be good to Rome," they charg'd
As those should do that had deserv'd his hate,
And therein show'd like enemies.

Men. 'Tis true:
If he were putting to my house the brand
That should consume it, I have not the face
To say, "Beseech you, cease."—You have
made fair hands,

You and your crafts! you have crafted fair!
Com. You have brought
A trembling upon Rome, such as was never
So incapable of help.

Both Trib. Say not, we brought it.
Men. How! Was it we? We lov'd him;
but, like beasts

And cowardly nobles, gave way unto your
Who did hoot him out o' the city. [clusters,

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 cox-
combs,

As you threw caps up, will be tumble down,
And pay you for your voices. 'Tis no matter;
If he could burn us all into one coal,
We have deserv'd it.

Citizens. Faith, we hear fearful news.

1 Cit. For mine own part,
When I said, banish him, I said, 'twas pity.

2 Cit. And so did I.

3 Cit. And so did I; and, to say the truth, so
did very many of us: that we did, we did for

the best; and though we willingly
to his banishment, yet it was against
Com. You're goodly things, you are

Men. Good work, you and your cry!

Com. O, aye, what else!

Sic. Go, masters, get you home,
dismay'd:

These are a side that would be glad to
This true, which they so seem to
And show no sign of fear.

1 Cit. The gods be good to us!
masters, let's home. I ever said we
the wrong when we banished him.

2 Cit. So did we all. But, come, let's
[Exit Citizens]

Bru. I do not like this news.

Sic. Nor I.

Bru. Let's to the Capitol:—would
Would buy this for a lie!

Sic. Pray, let us go.

SCENE VII.—A Camp, at a small
from Rome.

Enter Aufidius and his Lieutenants.

Auf. Do they still fly to the Romans?

Lieu. I do not know what
him, but

Your soldiers use him as the grass
Their talk at table, and their hearts

And you are darken'd in this action
Even by your own.

Auf. I cannot help
Unless, by using means, I lame the
Of our design. He bears

prouder,
Even to my person, than I thought

When first I did embrace him:—
In that's no changeling; and I

What cannot be amended. Yet I
Lieu.

(I mean, for your particular)
Join'd in commission with him;—

Had borne the action of yourself;
To him had left it solely.

Auf. I understand thee well;
When he shall come to his account

not
What I can urge against him

And so he thinks, and is no less
To the vulgar eye, that he

fairly,
And shows good husbandry in

Fights dragon-like, and does as
As draw his sword; yet he hath

That which shall break his neck
Whene'er we come to our account

Lieu. Sir, I beseech you, let
carry Rome!

Auf. All places yield to him
And the nobility of Rome are

The senators and patricians love
The tribunes are no soldiers;

in the repeal, as hasty
 I think he'll be to Rome
 to the fish, who takes it
 of nature. First he was
 to them; but he could not
 even: whether 'twas pride,
 of daily fortune ever taints
 man; whether defect of judgment,
 to be disposing of those chances
 was lord of; or whether nature,
 other than one thing, not moving
 to the cushion, but command-
 with the same austerity and garb
 the war; but one of these
 with spices of them all, not all,
 to far free him,) made him fear'd,
 and so banish'd: but he has a merit
 in the offence. So our virtues
 the interpretation of the time:
 to unto itself most commendable,
 what so evident as a chair
 out one fire; one nail, one nail;
 this fouler, strengthen by strengths
 [thine,
 When, Caius, Rome is
 at of all; then shortly art thou
 [Exit.

ACT V.

A Public Place.

Cominius, Sicinius, Brutus, and others.
 not go: you hear what he
 sometimes his general; who lov'd
 particular. He call'd me father:
 that! Go, you that banish'd him;
 his tent fall down, and knee
 his mercy: nay, if he cry'd
 Cominius speak, I'll keep at home.
 He would not seem to know me.
 Do you hear?
 one time he did call me by my
 old acquaintance, and the drops
 have blest together. Coriolanus
 not answer to: forbade all names;
 of nothing, titleless,
 and forc'd himself a name i' the fire
 Why, so,—you have made good
 of violence, that have rack'd for Rome,
 a noble memory!
 him, how royal 'twas to
 less expected: he replied,
 more petition of a state
 they had punish'd.
 Very well: could he say less?
 I used to awaken his regard

For his private friends; his answer to me was,
 He could not stay to pick them in a pile
 Of noisome musty chaff: he said 'twas folly,
 For one poor grain or two, to leave unburnt,
 And still to nose the offence.

Men. For one poor grain or two I
 I am one of those; his mother, wife, his child,
 And this brave fellow too, we are the grains;
 You are the musty chaff; and you are smelt
 Above the moon: we must be burnt for you.

Sic. Nay, pray, be patient: if you refuse
 your aid

In this so never-needed help, yet do not
 Upbraid's with our distress. But, sure, if you
 Would be your country's pleader, your good
 tongue,

More than the instant army we can make,
 Might stop our countryman.

Men. No, I'll not meddle.

Sic. Pray you, go to him.

Men. What should I do?

Bru. Only make trial what your love can do
 For Rome, towards Marcius.

Men. Well, and say that Marcius
 Return me, as Cominius is return'd,
 Unheard; what then?

But as a discontented friend, grief-shot

With his unkindness? say't be so?

Sic. Yet your good will
 Must have that thanks from Rome, after the
 As you intended well. [measure

Men. I'll undertake it:
 I think, he'll hear me. Yet, to bite his lip,
 And hum at good Cominius, much unhearts
 He was not taken well; he had not din'd: [me.
 The veins unfill'd, our blood is cold, and then
 We pout upon the morning, are unapt

To give or to forgive; but when we have
 stuff'd [blood

These pipes and these conveyances of our
 With wine and feeding, we have suppler souls
 Than in our priest-like fasts: therefore I'll
 Till he be dieted to my request, [watch him
 And then I'll set upon him.

Bru. You know the very road into his
 And cannot lose your way. [kindness,

Men. Good faith, I'll prove him,
 Speed how it will. I shall ere long have
 knowledge

Of my success. [Exit.

Com. He'll never hear him.

Sic. Not?

Com. I tell you, he does sit in gold, his eye
 Red as 'twould burn Rome; and his injury

'Tis gaoler to his pity. I kneel'd before him;
 'Twas very faintly he said, "Rise;" diamas'd
 me [do,

Thus, with his speechless hand: what he would
 He sent in writing after me; what he would
 not,

Bound with an oath to yield to his conditions;
 So that all hope is vain,

Unless his noble mother, and his wife,

Who, as I hear, mean to solicit him

For mercy to his country. Therefore, let's hence,
And with our fair entreaties haste them on.
[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—*An advanced post of the Volscian Camp before Rome. The Guard at their stations.*

Enter to them, Menenius.

1 G. Stay: whence are you?

2 G. Stand, and go back.

Men. You guard like men; 'tis well: but, by your leave,

I am an officer of state, and come
To speak with Coriolanus.

1 G. From whence?

Men. From Rome.

1 G. You may not pass, you must return:
Will no more hear from thence. [our general]

2 G. You'll see your Rome embrac'd with
You'll speak with Coriolanus. [fire, before]

Men. Good my friends,
If you have heard your general talk of Rome,
And of his friends there, it is lots to blanks,
My name hath touch'd your ears: it is
Menenius.

1 G. Be it so; go back: the virtue of your
Is not here passable. [same]

Men. I tell thee, fellow,
Thy general is my lover: I have been [read]
The book of his good acts, whence men have
His fame unparallel'd, haply, amplified;
For I have ever verified my friends, [verity]
(Of whom he's chief,) with all the size that
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,
I must have leave to pass. [fellow,

1 G. Faith, sir, if you had told as many
lies in his behalf, as you have uttered words
in your own, you should not pass here; no,
though it were as virtuous to lie, as to live
chastely. Therefore, go back.

Men. Pr'ythee, fellow, remember my name
is Menenius, always factionary on the party of
your general.

2 G. Howsoever you have been his liar (as
you say you have), I am one that, telling true
under him, must say, you cannot pass.
Therefore, go back.

Men. Has he dined, canst thou tell? for I
would not speak with him till after dinner.

1 G. You are a Roman, are you?

Men. I am as thy general is.

1 G. Then you should hate Rome, as he
does. Can you, when you have pushed out
your gates the very defender of them, and, in
a violent popular ignorance, given your enemy
your shield, think to front his revenges with
the easy groans of old women, the virginal
palms of your daughters, or with the palsied
intercession of such a decayed dotant as you

seem to be? Can you think to live
intended fire your city is ready to
with such weak breath as this? No,
deceived; therefore, back to Rome,
pare for your execution: you are
our general has sworn you out of my
pardon.

Men. Sirrah, if thy captain know
here, he would use me with estimation

2 G. Come, my captain knows

Men. I mean, thy general.

1 G. My general cares not for you
I say, go; lest I let forth your blood;
blood;—back—that's the almost
having;—back.

Men. Nay, but, fellow, fellow—
Enter Coriolanus and another

Cor. What's the matter?

Men. Now, you companion, [I]
errand for you: you shall perceive
am in estimation; you shall perceive

Jack guardant cannot offend me
Coriolanus; guess, but by my name

with him, if thou stand'st not
hanging, or of some death more
tutorship, and crueler in suffering

now presently, and sworn for what
upon thee.—The glorious gods

ayn'd about thy particular prosper
thee no worse than thy old father

does! O my son, my son! thou art
ing fire for us; look thee, how

quench it. I was hardly moved
thee; but being assured none but

move thee, I have been blown
gates with sighs; and conjure thee

Rome, and thy petitionary country
good gods assuage thy wrath, and

drege of it upon this varlet here,
like a block, hath denied my access

Cor. Away!

Men. How! away!

Cor. Wife, mother, child, I know
Are servanted to others: though I

My revenge properly, my revenge
in Volscian breasts. That we

familiar,
Ingrate forgetfulness shall poison

Than pity note how much
gone.

Mine ears against your suits are
Your gates against my force.

thee,
Take this along; I writ it for thy

And would have sent it.

Menenius,
I will not hear thee speak.—Thou

Was my belov'd in Rome: you

Any. You keep a constant love

[*Exeunt Coriolanus and another*]

1 G. Now, sir, is your name

2 G. 'Tis a spell, you see, of
you know the way home again

Do you hear how we are absent for
 your greatness back! [swoon?]
 Cause, do you think, I have to
 such care for the world, nor your
 things as you, I can scarce
 to die by himself, fears it not from
 your general do his worst. For
 that you are, long; and your misery
 with your age! I say to you, as I was
 away!
 A noble fellow, I warrant him.
 The worthy fellow is our general: he
 the oak not to be wind-shaken.

[Exit.

III.—*The Tent of Coriolanus,
 Coriolanus, Aufidius, and others.*
 We will before the walls of Rome to-
 morrow.
 My partner in this action,
 report to the Volsian lords, how
 this business.

[plainly

Only their ends
 rejected; stopp'd your ears against
 out of Rome; never admitted
 whisper; no, not with such friends
 that them are of you.

This last old man,
 a crack'd heart I have sent to
 the measure of a father;
 no, indeed. Their latest refuge
 him; for whose old love, I have
 show'd sourly to him) once more

conditions, which they did refuse,
 now accept; to grace him only
 he could do more, a very little
 to: fresh embassies and suits,
 the state nor private friends, here-
 [shout is this?

[Shout within.] Ha! what
 tempted to infringe my vow
 time 'tis made! I will not.—

young Marcius, Virgilia, Volunian,
 Valeria, and
 foremost; then the honour'd
 the trunk was train'd, and in her
 child to her blood. [affection!
 privilege of nature, break!

But, out,
 court'st any worth? or those Joves'
 gods forsworn?—I melt, and

earth than others.—My mother
 to a molehill should
 follow not; and my young boy
 of intercession, which
 cries, "Deny not."—Let the

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
 Makes you think so. [changed,

Cor. Like a dull actor now,

I have forgot my part, and I am out,
 Even to a full disgrace. Best of my flesh,
 Forgive my tyranny; but do not say,

For that, "Forgive our Romans." O, a kiss

Long as my exile, sweet as my revenge!

Now, by the jealous queen of heaven, that kiss

I carried from thee, dear; and my true lip

Hath virgin'd it e'er since.—You gods! I pray,

And the most noble mother of the world

Leave unsaluted: sink, my knee, to the earth.

[Kneels.

Of thy deep duty more impression show

Than that of common sons.

Vol. O, stand up bless'd!

Whiles, with no softer cushion than the flint,

I kneel before thee; and unproperly

Show duty, as mistaken all this while

Between the child and parent. [Kneels.

Cor. What is this?

Your knees to me! to your corrected son?

Then let the pebbles on the hungry beach

Fillip the stars; then let the mutinous winds

Strike the proud cedars 'gainst the fiery sun;

Murd'ring impossibility, to make

What cannot be, slight work.

Vol. Thou art my warrior;

I help to frame thee.—Do you know this lady?

Cor. The noble sister of Publicola,

The moon of Rome; chaste as the icicle,

That's curdled by the frost from purest snow,

And hangs on Dian's temple:—dear Valeria!

Vol. This is a poor epitome of yours.

[Pointing to the child.

Which, by the interpretation of full time,

May show like all yourself.

Cor. The god of soldiers,

With the consent of supreme Jove, inform

Thy thoughts with nobleness; that thou mayst

prove

To shame invulnerable, and stick it the wars

Like a great sea-mark, standing every flaw,

And saving those that eye thee!

Vol. Your knee, sirrah.

Cor. That's my brave boy!

Vol. Even he, your wife, this lady, and my-
 Are suitors to you. [self,

Cor. I beseech you, peace:

Or, if you'd ask, remember this before,—

The things I have forsworn to grant may never

Be held by you denials. Do not bid me

Dismiss my soldiers, or capitulate

Again with Rome's mechanics:—tell me not

Wherein I seem unnatural: desire not

To allay my rages and revenges with

Your colder reasons.

Vol. O, no more, no more !
You have said you will not grant us anything ;
For we have nothing else to ask, but that
Which you deny already : yet we will ask,
That, if you fail in our request, the blame
May hang upon your hardness : therefore hear
us. [we'll

Cor. Aufidius, and you Volscues, mark ; for
Hear nought from Rome in private.—Your
request ? [our raiment,

Vol. Should we be silent and not speak,
And state of bodies, would bewray what life
We have led since thy exile. Think with thy-
self,

How more unfortunate than all living women
Are we come hither : since that thy sight,
which should [comforts,
Make our eyes flow with joy, hearts dance with
Constrains them weep, and shake with fear
and sorrow ;

Making the mother, wife, and child, to see
The son, the husband, and the father, tearing
His country's bowels out. And to poor we
Thine enmity's most capital : thou barr'st us
Our prayers to the gods, which is a comfort
That all but we enjoy ; for how can we,
Alas, how can we for our country pray,
Whereto we are bound,—together with thy
victory,

Whereto we are bound ? Alack, or we must
lose

The country, our dear nurse ; or else thy person,
Our comfort in the country. We must find
An evident calamity, though we had
Our wish, which side should win ; for either
Must, as a foreign recreant, be led [thou
With manacles through our streets, or else
Triumphantly tread on thy country's ruin,
And bear the palm, for having bravely shed
Thy wife and children's blood. For myself, son,
I purpose not to wait on fortune, till [these
These wars determine : if I cannot persuade
Rather to show a noble grace to both parts,
Than seek the end of one, thou shalt no sooner
March to assault thy country, than to tread
(Trust to't, thou shalt not) on thy mother's
womb,

That brought thee to this world.

Vir. Ay, and mine,
That brought you forth this boy, to keep your
living to thine. [name

Boy. He 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
The Volscues whom you serve, you might con-
demn us,

As poisonous of your honour : no ; our suit
Is, that you reconcile them : while the Volscues

May say, "This mercy we have done
Romans,

"This we receiv'd ;" and each in ear
Give the all-hail to thee, and cry, "This
For making up this peace !" That

great son,
The end of war's uncertain ; but this
That, if thou conquer Rome, thou shalt
Which thou shalt thereby reap, is such
Whose repetition will be done, as with
Whose chronicle thus writ,
noble,

But with his last attempt he would
Destroyed his country ; and his name
To the ensuing age abhorred.

son :
Thou hast affected the fire strain of
To imitate the graces of the gods
To tear with thunder the wide world
And yet to charge thy sulphur
That should but rive an oak.

Speak ?
Think'st thou it honourable for
Still to remember wrongs ?—Do
you :

He cares not for your weeping—
Perhaps thy childishness will move
Than can our reasons.—There is
the world

More bound to his mother ; yet he
Like one of the stocks. Thou
thy life

Show'd thy dear mother any comfort
When she, (poor hen!) had of
brood,

Has cluck'd thee to the wars
Loaden with honour. Say, my son,
And spurn me back : but if it be
Thou art not honest ; and the gods
thee,

That thou restrain'st from me the
To a mother's part belongs.—He
Down, ladies ; let us shame
knees.

To his surname, Coriolanus, down
Than pity to our prayers. Down
This is the last ;—so we will bow
And die among our neighbours.

us :

This boy, that cannot tell what he
But kneels and holds up hands to
Does reason our petition with
Than thou hast to deny't.—Come

This fellow had a Volscian wife
His wife is in Corioli, and his child
Like him by chance.—Yet give
I am hush'd until our city be
And then I'll speak a little.

Cor. [Holding Volantula by the
mother, mother ! Behold
What have you done ! Behold
The gods look down, and this
They laugh at. O my mother
You have won a happy victory

your son,—believe it, O, believe it,—
usually you have with him prevail'd,
I must mortal to him. But, let it come.—
though I cannot make true wars,
convenient peace. Now, good Au-

fusius,
in my stout, would you have heard
less or granted less, Aufidius?
I was mov'd withal.

I dare be sworn you were:
It is no little thing to make
you to sweat compassion. But, good sir,
peace you'll make, advise me: for my
to Rome, I'll back with you; and pray
me in this cause.—O mother! wife!
[Aside.] I am glad thou hast set thy
way and thy honour
in thee: out of that I'll work
a better fortune.

The ladies make signs to Coriolanus.
Ay, by and by;
and you shall hear
conditions, would have counter-seal'd.
with us. Ladies, you deserve
a temple built you: all the swords
and her confederate arms,
and have made this peace. [Exeunt.]

IV.—Rome. A Public Place.
Under Menenius and Sicilius.
See you yond' coigns o' the Capitol,
[Pointing to the Capitol]

what of that?
If it be possible for you to displace it
from little finger, there is some hope the
of Rome, especially his mother, may
with him. But I say, there is no hope
throats are sentenced, and stay upon
it possible that so short a time can
condition of a man?

There is difference between a grub
utterly; yet your butterfly was a grub.
Coriolanus is grown from man to dragon;
he's more than a creeping thing.
He loved his mother dearly.

So did he me: and he no more re-
his mother now, than an eight-year-
The tartness of his face sours ripe
when he walks, he moves like an en-
the ground shrinks before his tread-
to pierce a corselet with his eye;
his state, as a thing made for Alex-
What he bids be done, is finished
knell. He wants nothing of a god
Heaven to throne in.

Yea, mercy, if you report him truly.
I paint him in the character. Mark
his mother shall bring from him:
more mercy in him, than there is

in a male tiger; that shall our poor city
find: and all this is 'long of you.

Sic. The gods be good unto us!

Men. No, in such a case the gods will not
be good unto us. When we banished him,
we respected not them; and, he returning to
break our necks, they respect not us.

Enter a Messenger.
Mess. Sir, if you'd save your life, fly to your
house:

The plebeians have got your fellow-tribune,
And hale him up and down; all swearing, if
The Roman ladies bring not comfort home,
They'll give him death by inches.

Enter a second Messenger.
Sic. What's the news?

2 Mess. Good news, good news;—the ladies
have prevail'd.

The Volscians are dislodg'd, and Marcius gone;
A merrier day did never yet greet Rome,
No, not the expulsion of the Tarquins.

Sic. Friend,
Art thou certain this is true? Is it most certain?

2 Mess. As certain as I know the sun is fire:
Where have you lurk'd, that you make doubt
of it?

[Tide.]
Ne'er through an arch so hurried the blown
As the recomforted through the gates. Why,
hark you!

[Trumpets and hautboys sounded, and drums
beaten, all together. Shouting also within.
The trumpets, sackbuts, psalteries, and fifes,
Tabors, and cymbals, and the shouting Romans,
Make the sun dance. Hark you!]

[Shouting again.]
Men. This is good news;

I will go meet the ladies. This Volumnia
Is worth of consuls, senators, patricians;
A city full of tribunes, such as you, [day:
A sea and land full. You have pray'd well to-
This morning for ten thousand of your throats
I'd not have given a doit. Hark, how they joy!

[Shouting and music.]
Sic. First, the gods bless you for your
Accept my thankfulness. [tidings; next.]

2 Mess. Sir, we have all
Great cause to give great thanks.

Sic. They are near the city!

2 Mess. Almost at point to enter.

Sic. We will meet them,
And help the joy. [Going.]

Enter the ladies, accompanied by Senators,
Patricians, and people. They pass.

1 Sen. Behold our patroness, the life of
Rome!
Call all your tribes together, praise the gods,
And make triumphant fires; strew flowers
before them:

Unshout the noise that banish'd Marcius;
Repeal him with the welcome of his mother;
Cry,—"Welcome, ladies, welcome!"

All. Welcome, ladies,
Welcomes! [A flourish with drums and
trumpets. Exeunt.]

SCENE V.—Antium. *A Public Place.*

Enter Tullus Aufidius, with Attendants.

Auf. Go tell the lords of the city I am here:
Deliver them this paper: having read it,
Bid them repair to the market-place; where I,
Even in theirs, and in the commons' ears,
Will vouch the truth of it. Him I accuse,
The city ports, by this, hath enter'd, and
Intends to appear before the people, hoping
To purge himself with words: despach.

[Exeunt Attendants.]

Enter three or four Conspirators of Aufidius' faction.

Most welcome!

1 *Con.* How is it with our general?

Auf. Even so,
As with a man by his own alms empoison'd,
And with his charity slain.

2 *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.

3 *Con.* The people will remain uncertain,
whilst

'Twixt you there's difference; but the fall of
Makes the survivor heir of all. *[either]*

Auf. I know it;
And my pretext to strike at him admits
A good construction. I rais'd him, and I
paw'd *[heighten'd,*
Mine honour for his truth: who being so
He water'd his new plants with dews of
flattery,

Seducing so my friends; and, to this end,
He bow'd his nature, never known before
But to be rough, unswayable, and free.

3 *Con.* Sir, his stoutness
When he did stand for consul, which he lost
By lack of stooping,—

Auf. That I would have spoke of:
Being banish'd for't, he came unto my hearth;
Presented to my knife his throat: I took him;
Made him joint-servant with me; gave him way
In all his own desires; nay, let him choose
Out of my files, his projects to accomplish,
My best and freshest men; serv'd his design-
ments

In mine own person; help to reap the fame
Which he did end all his; and took some pride
To do myself this wrong: till, at the last,
I seem'd his follower, not partner; and
He wag'd me with his countenance, as if
I had been mercenary.

1 *Con.* So he did, my lord:
The army marvell'd at it; and, in the last,
When we had carried Rome, and that we look'd
For no less spoil than glory,—

Auf. There was it;—
For which my sinews shall be stretch'd upon
him.

At a few drops of women's rheum, which are

As cheap as lies, he sold the blood of
Of our great action: therefore shall he
And I'll renew me in his fall. *[Drums and trumpets sound, and shouts of the people.]*

1 *Con.* Your native town you enter'd
And had no welcomes home; but he
Splitting the air with noise.

2 *Con.* Whose children he hath slain,
With giving him glory.

3 *Con.* Therefore, at your
Bre he express himself, or move the people
With what he would say, let him fall
sword.

WHEN we will second. When he has
After your way his tale pronounced
His reasons with his body.

Auf. Here come the lords.

Enter the Lords of the city.
Lords. You are most welcome home.
Auf. I have not done.

But, worthy lords, have you with head
What I have written to you?

Lords. And glow'd
1 *Lord.* What faults he made before the law:
Might have found easy lines: but then
Where he was to begin, and give away
The benefit of our levies, answering
With our own charge, making a treaty
There was a yielding,—this admittance
Auf. He approaches: you shall see.

Enter Coriolanus, with drums and a crowd of Citizens with him.
Cor. Hall, lords! I am returned
soldier;

No more infected with my country's
Than when I parted hence, but still
Under your great command. You have
That prosperously I have attempted
With bloody passage, led your wars
The gates of Rome. Our spoils we have
home,

Do more than counterpoise, a full
The charges of the action.

peace,
With no less honour to the Antians
Than shame to the Romans; and
deliver,

Subscrib'd by the consuls and patres
Together with the seal of the senate,
We have compounded on.

Auf. Read it not, I pray you.
But tell the traitor, in the highest
He hath abus'd your powers.

Cor. Traitor! How now?
Auf. Ay, traitor!

Cor. Ay, Marcius, Calus Marcius
then think

I'll grace thee with that robbery
Coriolanus in Corioli!

And heads of the state, perfidiously
 betray'd your business, and given up,
 your city to his wife and mother;
 his oath and resolution, like
 rotten silk; never admitting
 of the war; but, at his nurse's tears,
 and roar'd away your victory;
 and blush'd at him, and men of heart
 wondering each at other.

Hear'st thou, Mars?
 Name not the god, thou boy of tears!

Ha!
 [Heart
 for what contains it. Boy! O

My lords, 'tis the first time that ever
 I loved to scold. Your judgments, my
 lords, give this cur the lie: and his own notion
 wears my stripes impress'd upon him;

My beating to his grave) shall join
 the lie unto him.

Peace, both, and hear me speak.
 Peace, Volscies; men and

your edges on me.—Boy! False
 writ your annals true, 'tis there,

as an eagle in a dove-cote, I
 your Volscians in Corioli:
 Did it.—Boy!

Why, noble lords,
 put in mind of his blind fortune,
 was your shame, by this unholy brag-

your own eyes and ears?
 Let him die for't.

[Speaking promiscuously.] Tear
 do it presently: he killed my

daughter;—he killed my cousin
 he killed my father.—

Peace, ho!—no outrage:—peace!
 noble, and his same folds in

of the earth. His last offence to us

Shall have judicious hearing.—Stand, Aufidius,
 And trouble not the peace.

Cor. O that I had him,
 With six Aufidiuses, or more, his tribe,
 To use my lawful sword!

Auf. Insolent villain!
 Conspirators. Kill, kill, kill, kill, kill him!

[Aufidius and the Conspirators draw, and
 kill Coriolanus, who falls: Aufidius
 stands on him.]

Lords. Hold, hold, hold, hold!
 Auf. My noble masters, hear me speak.

1 Lord. O Tullus!

2 Lord. Thou hast done a deed whereat
 valour will weep.

3 Lord. Tread not upon him.—Masters all,
 be quiet.—

Put up your swords.
 Auf. My lords, when you shall know (as in
 this rage,

Provok'd by him, you cannot) the great danger
 Which this man's life did owe you, you'll
 rejoice

That he is thus cut off. Please it your hon-
 To call me to your senate, I'll deliver [ours

Myself your loyal servant, or endure
 Your heaviest censure.

1 Lord. Bear from hence his body,—
 And mourn you for him!—let him be regarded

As the most noble corse that ever herald
 Did follow to his urn.

2 Lord. His own impatience
 Takes from Aufidius a great part of blame,
 Let's make the best of it.

Auf. My rage is gone;
 And I am struck with sorrow.—Take him
 up:—

Help, three o' the chiefest soldiers; I'll be
 one.—

Beat thou the drum, that it speak mournfully:
 Trail your steel pikes.—Though in this city he

Hath 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.]

THE LIFE AND DEATH OF JULIUS CÆSAR

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Julius Cæsar,
 Octavius Cæsar, } *Triumvirs, after the*
 Marcus Antonius, } *death of Julius Cæsar.*
 M. Æmil. Lepidus, }
 Cicero, Publius, } *Senators.*
 Popilius Lena, }
 Marcus Brutus, }
 Cassius, }
 Casca, }
 Trebonius, } *Conspirators against Julius*
 Ligarius, } *Cæsar.*
 Decius Brutus, }
 Metellus Cimber, }
 Cinna, }

Flavius and Marullus, *Tribunes.*
 Artemidorus, *a Sophist of Cildes.*
 A Soothsayer.
 Cinna, *a Poet. Another Poet.*
 Lucilius, Vitinius, Messala, *Young Cato's*
 Volumnius; *Friends to Brutus.*
 Cassius.
 Varro, Clitus, Claudius, Strato, *Leads*
 danius; *Servants to Brutus.*
 Pindarus, *Servant to Cassius.*
 Calphurnia, *Wife to Cæsar.*
 Portia, *Wife to Brutus.*
 Senators, Citizens, Guards, *Attendants*

SCENE.—Rome: afterwards near Sardis and Philippi.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—Rome. A Street.

Enter Flavius, Marullus, and a rabble of Citizens.

Flav. Hence! hence, home, you idle creatures, get you home;
 Is this a holiday? What! know ye not,
 Being mechanical, you ought not walk
 Upon a labouring day without the sign
 Of your profession?—Speak, what trade art

1 *Cit.* Why, sir, a carpenter. [thou?
 Mar. Where is thy leather apron, and thy rule?

What dost thou with thy best apparel on?—
 You, sir, what trade are you?

1 *Cit.* Truly, sir, in respect of a fine workman,
 I am but, as you would say, a cobbler.

Mar. But what trade art thou? Answer me directly.

2 *Cit.* A trade, sir, that, I hope, I may use
 with a safe conscience: which is, indeed, sir,
 a mender of bad soles.

Mar. What trade, thou knave? thou
 naughty knave, what trade?

2 *Cit.* Nay, I beseech you, sir, be not out
 with me: yet, if you be out, sir, I can mend you.

Mar. What meanest thou by that? Mend
 me, thou saucy fellow!

2 *Cit.* Why, sir, cobble you.

Flav. Thou art a cobbler, art thou?

2 *Cit.* Truly, sir, all that I live by is, with
 the awl: I meddle with no tradesman's mat-
 ters, nor women's matters, but with awl. I
 am, indeed, sir, a surgeon to old shoes; when

they are in great danger, I re-cover them
 proper men as ever trod upon them;
 have gone upon my handywork.

Flav. But wherefore art not in thy shop?
 Why dost thou lead these men

streets?
 2 *Cit.* Truly, sir, to wear out their
 get myself into more work. I do
 we make holiday, to see Cæsar, and
 in his triumph.

Mar. Wherefore rejoice? What
 brings he home?

What tributaries follow him to Rome,
 To grace in captive bonds his chariot wheels?
 You blocks, you stones, you worse than
 less things,

O you hard hearts, you cruel men of Rome,
 Knew you not Pompey? Many a man
 Have you climb'd up to walls and battlements,
 To towers and windows, yea, to the tops of
 Your infants in your arms, and then
 The live-long day, with patient eye,
 To see great Pompey pass the streets of Rome,
 And when you saw his chariot pass,
 Have you not made a universal shout,
 That Tiber trembled underneath his heels,
 To hear the replication of your voices
 Made in her concave shores?

And do you now put on your best apparel
 And do you now cull out a holiday?

And do you now strew flowers in his way,
 That comes in triumph over Pompey's

Be gone!

Run to your houses, fall upon your knees,
 Pray to the gods to intermit the triumph!

That needs must fight on this day!

What is it that you would impart to me?
If it be ought toward the general good,
Set honour in our eye, and death i' the other,
And I will look on both indifferently;
For, let the gods so speed me, as I love
The name of honour more than I fear death.

Cas. I know that virtue to be in you, Brutus,
As well as I do know your outward favour.
Well, honour is the subject of my story.—
I cannot tell what you and other men
Think of this life; but, for my single self,
I had as lief not be, as live to be
In awe of such a thing as I myself.

I was born free as Caesar; so were you:
We both have fed as well; and we can both
Endure the winter's cold as well as he:
For once, upon a raw and gusty day,
The troubled Tiber chafing with her shores,
Caesar said to me, "*Dar'st thou, Cassius, now
Leap in with me into this angry flood,*

And swim to yonder point!" Upon the word,
Accoutred as I was, I plunged in,
And bade him follow: so, indeed, he did.
The torrent roar'd; and we did buffet it
With lusty sinews, throwing it aside,
And stemming it, with hearts of controversy;
But ere we could arrive the point propos'd,
Caesar cried, "*Help me, Cassius, or I sink!*"

I, as *Aeneas*, our great ancestor,
Did from the flames of Troy upon his shoulder
The old Anchises bear, so from the waves of
Did I this tired Caesar: and this man [Tiber
Is now become a god; and Cassius is
A wretched creature, and must bend his body,
If Caesar carelessly but nod on him.

He had a fever when he was in Spain,
And, when the fit was on him, I did mark
How he did shake: 'tis true, this god did
shake:

His coward lips did from their colour fly;
And that same eye, whose bend doth awe the
world,
Did lose his lustre: I did hear him groan:
Ay, and that tongue of his, that bade the
Romans [books,
Mark him, and write his speeches in their
Alas, it cried, "*Give me some drink, Titinius,*"
As a sick girl. Ye gods, it doth amaze me,
A man of such a feeble temper should
So get the start of the majestic world,
And bear the palm alone. [*Flourish, and shout.*

Bru. Another general shout?
I do believe that these applauses are [Caesar.
For some new honours that are heap'd on
Cas. Why, man, he doth bestride the narrow
Like a Colossus; and we petty men [world,
Walk under his huge legs, and peep about
To find ourselves dishonourable graves.
Men at some time are masters of their fates:
The fault, dear Brutus, is not in our stars,
But in ourselves, that we are underlings.
Brutus, and Caesar: what should be in that
Caesar? [yours?
Why should that name be sounded more than

Write them together, yours is as fair as
Sound them, it doth become the man;
Weigh them, it is as heavy; conjure with
Brutus will start a spirit as soon as
Now, in the names of all the gods at once,
Upon what meat doth this our Caesar
That he is grown so great! *Ant.*
shun'd!

Rome, thou hast lost the breed of noble
When went there by an age, and
flood,
But it was fam'd with more than with
When could they say, till now, that

Rome,
That her wide walls encompass'd
Now is it Rome indeed, and room
When there is in it but one only
O, you and I have heard our fathers
There was a Brutus once, that

brook'd
Th' eternal devil to keep his state in
As easily as a king.
Bru. That you do love me, I am
jealous:

What you would work me to, I have
How I have thought of this, and of
I shall recount hereafter; for this
I would not, so with love I might
Be any further mov'd. What you
I will consider; what you have to
I will with patience bear; and that
Both meet to hear, and answer,
things.

Till then, my noble friend, chew upon
Brutus had rather be a villager,
Than to repute himself a son of
Under these hard conditions, as that
is like to lay upon us.

Cas. I am glad that my well
Have struck but thus much show
Brutus.

Re-enter Caesar and his
Bru. The games are done,
returning.

Cas. As they pass by, pluck
And he will, after his sour fashion,
What hath proceeded, worthy
Bru. I will do so: but, look!
The angry spot doth glow on
And all the rest look like a chide;
Calphurnia's cheek is pale; and
Looks with such ferret and such
As we have seen him in the
Being cross'd in conference by

Cas. Cassa will tell us what
Cas. Antonius.
Ant. Caesar.

Cas. Let me have men about me
Sleek-headed men, and such as
Yond' Cassius has a lean and hungry
He thinks too much; such men
Ant. Fear him not, Caesar; nor
ons;

He is a noble Roman, and well

Would he were fatter! but I fear him
 I know the man I should avoid
 that spare Cassius. He reads
 through the deeds of men; he loves no

Antony; he hears no music;
 he smiles; and smiles in such a sort,
 he mock'd himself, and scorn'd his spirit
 as he be never at heart's ease,
 they behold a greater than themselves;
 therefore are they very dangerous.
 I tell thee what is to be fear'd,
 I fear, for always I am Cæsar.
 my right hand, for this ear is deaf,
 tell me truly what thou think'st of him.

[*Exit Cæsar and his train, Casca
 stays behind.*]

I am pull'd me by the cloak; would
 I were with him, were you
 Ay, Cæsar; tell us what hath chanc'd
 Why, you were with him, were you

[*to-day,*
 [had chanc'd.
 I should not, then, ask Casca what
 Why, there was a crown offer'd
 of his hand, thus; and then the

What was the second noise for?
 Why, for that too.
 Why, for that too.
 Why, for that too. [last cry for]

Why, for that too. [last cry for]
 Why, for that too. [last cry for]
 Why, for that too. [last cry for]
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 Why, for that too. [last cry for]

Why, for that too. [last cry for]
 Why, for that too. [last cry for]
 Why, for that too. [last cry for]
 Why, for that too. [last cry for]

Casca. He fell down in the market-place,
 and foamed at mouth, and was speechless.

Bru. 'Tis very like, he hath the falling-sick-
 ness.

Cas. No, Cæsar hath it not; but you, and I,
 And honest Casca, we have the falling-sickness.

Casca. I know not what you mean by that;
 but, I am sure Cæsar fell down. If the tag-
 rag people did not clap him and hiss him, ac-
 cording as he pleas'd and displeas'd them, as
 they used to do the players in the theatre, I
 am no true man. [self]

Bru. What said he, when he came unto him?

Casca. Marry, before he fell down, when he
 perceiv'd the common herd was glad he re-
 fus'd the crown, he pluck'd me ope his doubt-
 let, and offer'd them his throat to cut:—an I
 had been a man of any occupation, if I would
 not have taken him at a word, I would I
 might go to hell among the rogues:—and so
 he fell. When he came to himself again, he
 said, if he had done or said anything amiss,
 he desired their worship to think it was his
 infirmity. Three or four wenches, where I
 stood, cried, "Alas, good soul!" and forgave
 him with all their hearts: but there's no heed
 to be taken of them; if Cæsar had stabbed
 their mothers, they would have done no less.

Bru. And after that, he came, thus and

Casca. Ay. [away]

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 i' the face again; but those that
 understood him, smiled at one another, and
 shook their heads; but, for mine own part, it
 was Greek to me. I could tell you more
 news too: Marullus and Flavius, for pulling
 scarfs off Cæsar's indiges, 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 promis'd forth.

Cas. Will you dine with me to-morrow?

Casca. Ay, if I be alive, and your mind
 hold, and your dinner worth the eating.

Cas. Good; I will expect you.

Casca. Do so: farewell, both. [Exit]

Bru. What a blunt fellow is this grown to be!

He was quick mettle when he went to school.

Cas. So is he now, in execution

Of any bold or noble enterprise,

However he puts on this tardy form.

This rudeness is a sauce to his good wit,

Which gives men stomach to digest his words

With better appetite. [you]

Bru. And so it is. For this time I will leave

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 dispos'd : therefore 'tis meet
That noble minds keep ever with their likes ;
For who so firm that cannot be seduc'd ?
Cæsar doth bear me hard ; but he loves
Brutus :

If I were Brutus now, and he were Cassius,
He should not humour me. I will this night,
In several hands, in at his windows throw,
As if they came from several citizens,
Writings, all tending to the great opinion
That Rome holds of his name ; wherein
obscurely

Cæsar's ambition shall be glanced at ;
And, after this, let Cæsar seat him sure ;
For we will shake him, or worse days endure.

[Exit.

SCENE III.—Rome. A Street.

Thunder and lightning. Enter from opposite
sides, Cæsar, with his sword drawn, and
Cicero.

Cic. Good even, Cæsar : brought you Cæsar
home ?

[so ?

Why are you breathless ? and why stare you
Cæsar. Are not you mov'd, when all the
sway of earth

Shakes like a thing unfirm ? O Cicero,
I have seen tempests, when the scolding winds
Have riv'd the knotty oaks ; and I have seen
The ambitious ocean swell, and rage, and foam,
To be exalted with the threatening clouds ;
But never till to-night, never till now,
Did I go through a tempest dropping fire.
Either there is a civil strife in heaven,
Or else the world, too saucy with the gods,
Incenses them to send destruction.

[ful ?

Cic. Why, saw you anything more wonder-
Cæsar. A common slave (you know him
well by sight)

[burn

Held up his left hand, which did flame and
Like twenty torches join'd ; and yet his hand,
Not sensible of fire, remain'd unscorch'd.
Besides, (I have not since put up my sword,)
Against the Capitol I met a lion,
Who glar'd upon me, and went surly by,
Without annoying me : and there were drawn
Upon a heap a hundred ghastly women,
Transformed with their fear ; who swore they
saw

Men, all in fire, walk up and down the streets.
And yesterday the bird of night did sit,
Even at noon-day, upon the market-place,
Hooting and shrieking. When these prodigies
Do so conjointly meet, let not men say,
" These are their reasons,—they are natural ;"
For, I believe, they are portentous things
Unto the climate that they point upon.

Cic. Indeed, it is a strange disposed time :
But men may construe things after their
fashion,
Clean from the purpose of the things them-
selves.

Comes Cæsar to the Capitol to-morrow ?

Cæsar. He doth ; for he did bid
Send word to you, he would be there to-morrow.
Cic. Good night, then, Cæsar ;
Is not to walk in.

Cæsar. Farewell, Cicero.
Enter Cassius.

Cas. Who's there ?
Cic. Cassius, by your leave.

Cæsar. Your ear is good.
night is this ?

Cas. A very pleasing night to honest
Cæsar. Who ever knew the heavens

so ?
Cas. Those that have known the world
For my part, I have walk'd about the streets
Submitting me unto the perilous night ;
And, thus unbraced, Cæsar, as you
Have har'd my bosom to the tempest
And, when the cross-blue lightning

open
The breast of heaven, I did present
Even in the aim and very flash of it.

Cæsar. But wherefore did you
tempt the heavens ?

It is the part of men to fear and tremble
When the most mighty gods, to astonish us,
Such dreadful heralds to astonish us.

Cas. You are dull, Cæsar ; and I am
That should be in a Roman you do not

Or else you use not. You look pale,
And put on fear, and cast yourself

To see the strange impatience of the times
But if you would consider the truth
Why all these fires, why all these lightnings

Why birds and beasts, from quality
Why old men, fools, and children

Why all these things change,
ordenance,

Their natures, and pre-ordained functions
To monstrous quality ;—why, you will
That heaven hath infus'd them with

spirits,
To make them instruments of fear

Unto some monstrous state.
Now could I, Cæsar, dance to the music

Most like this dreadful night ;
That thunders, lightens, opens graves

As doth the lion in the Capitol.
A man no mightier than thyself

In personal action ; yet prodigious
And fearful, as these strange

Cæsar. 'Tis Cæsar that you meet
Cassius ?

Cas. Let it be who it is ; for I
Have throwed and limbs like to tell

But, woe the while ! our fathers
dead,

And we are govern'd with our
Our yoke and sufferance show us

Cæsar. Indeed, they say, the
Mean to establish Cæsar as a king

And he shall wear his crown by
In every place save here in Italy

Cas. I know where I will wear it

He then unto the ladder turns his back,
Looks in the clouds, scorning the base degrees
By which he did ascend: so Cæsar may;
Then, lest he may, prevent. And, since the
quarrel

Will bear no colour for the thing he is,
Fashion it thus; that what he is, augmented,
Would run to these and these extremities:
And therefore think him as a serpent's egg,
Which, hatch'd, would, as his kind, grow
And kill him in the shell. [mischievous;

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.

Bru. Get you to bed again; it is not day.
Is not to-morrow, boy, the ides of March?

Luc. I know not, sir.

[word.

Bru. Look in the calendar, and bring me

Luc. I will, sir.

[Exit.

Bru. The exhalations, whizzing in the air,
Give so much light, that I may read by them.

[Opens the letter, and reads—

"*Brutus, thou sleep'st: awake, and see thyself.
Shall Rome, &c. Speak, strike, redress!*"

Brutus, thou sleep'st: awake!"

Such instigations have been often dropp'd
Where I have took them up.

"*Shall Rome, &c.*" Thus must I piece it out;
Shall Rome stand under one man's awe?
What, Rome?

My ancestors did from the streets of Rome
The Tarquin drive, when he was call'd a king.
"*Speak, strike, redress!*"—Am I entreated
To speak, and strike? O Rome, I make the
promise,

If the redress will follow, thou receiv'st
Thy full petition at the hand of Brutus!

Re-enter Lucius.

Luc. Sir, March is wasted fourteen days.

[Knocking within.

Bru. 'Tis good. Go to the gate; some-
body knocks.

[Exit Lucius.

Since Cassius first did whet me against Cæsar,
I have not slept.

Between the acting of a dreadful thing
And the first motion, all the interim is
Like a phantasma, or a hideous dream:
The genius, and the mortal instruments,
Are then in council; and the state of man,
Like to a little kingdom, suffers then
The nature of an insurrection.

Re-enter Lucius.

Luc. Sir, 'tis your brother Cassius at the
Who doth desire to see you.

[door,

Bru.

Is he alone?

Luc. No, sir, there are more with him.

Bru.

Do you know them?

Luc. No, sir; their hats are pluck'd about
their ears,

And half their faces buried in their cloaks,
That by no means I may discover them
By any mark of favour,

Bru.

Let them come.

They are the faction. O conspiracy!
Shun'st thou to show the dangerous trait?
When evils are most free! O, then, I see
Where wilt thou find a cavern dark
To mask thy monstrous visage!
Hide it in smiles and affability:
For if thou path, thy native countenance
Not Erebus itself were dim enough
To hide thee from prevention.

Enter Cassius, Casca, Decius, Cinna, Metellus, and Trebonius.

Cas. I think we are too bold upon your
Good morrow, Brutus! do we trouble you?

Bru. I have been up this hour; and yet
night.

Cas. Yes, every man of them; and yet
here,

But honours you; and every one doth
You had but that opinion of yourself,
Which every noble Roman bears of you.

This is Trebonius.

Bru. He is welcome. *He is welcome.*

Cas. This, Decius Brutus. *He is welcome.*

Bru. *He is welcome.*

Cas. This, Casca; this, Cinna;
And this, Metellus Cimber.

Bru. They are all welcome.

What watchful cares do interpose
Betwixt your eyes and night!

Cas. Shall I entreat a word?

Dec. Here lies the east; doth not the sun
rise here?

Casca. No.

Cin. O, pardon, sir, it doth; and yet it
lives

That fret the clouds, are men's imaginations
deceiv'd.

Here, as I point my sword, the sun
Which is a great way growing on the east,
Weighing the youthful season of the year,
Some two months hence, up to the sky
the north

He first presents his fire; and the
Stands, as the Capitol, directly seen.

Bru. Give me your hands all joined
Cassius. And let us swear our resolution.

Bru. No, not an oath: the time
The sufferance of our souls, the time
If these be motives weak, break off
And every man hence to his idle bed!

So let high-sighted tyranny range
Till each man drop by lottery.

As I am sure they do, bear like men
To kindle cowards, and to stand with
The melting spirits of women?

men,

What need we any spur, but our own
To prick us to redress? what other
Than secret Romans, that have eyes
And will not palter? and what

honesty engag'd,
 (him shall he, or we will fall for it)
 And cowards, and men cautelous,
 And suffering souls
 To wrongs; unto bad causes swear
 As men doubt; but do not stain
 The virtue of our enterprise,
 The unexpressive mettle of our spirits,
 That our cause or our performance
 Shall be an oath; when every drop of blood,
 Every Roman bears, and nobly bears,
 To break the smallest bastardy,
 To keep the promise that hath pass'd from him.
 But what of Cicerō? Shall we sound
 him?
 he will stand very strong with us.
 Let us not leave him out.

No, by no means.
 O let us have him; for his silver hairs
 Purchase us a good opinion,
 And men's voices to commend our deeds:
 He will, his judgment rul'd our hands;
 His wisdom and wildness shall no whit appear,
 O, name him not: let us not break
 the will never follow anything [with him;
 men begin.

Then leave him out.
 Indeed, he is not fit. [Cæsar?
 shall no one else be touch'd but only
 Decius, well urg'd:—I think it is not
 Antony, so well belov'd of Cæsar,
 who will find of him
 and contriver; and, you know, his means,
 improve them, may well stretch so far
 as all: which to prevent,
 Antony and Cæsar fall together.
 Our course will seem too bloody, Caius

the head off, and then hack the limbs,
 with death, and envy afterwards;
 Antony is but a limb of Cæsar:
 to sacrifice, but not butchers, Caius.
 And up against the spirit of Cæsar;
 the spirit of man there is no blood:
 that we could come by Cæsar's spirit,
 remember Cæsar! But, alas,
 blood for it! And, gentle friends,
 bid him boldly, but not wrathfully;
 bid him as a dish fit for the gods,
 our hearts, as subtle masters do,
 bear servants to an act of rage, [make
 seem to chide them. This shall
 necessary, and not envious;
 shall be call'd purgers, not murderers.
 Mark Antony, think not of him;
 do no more than Cæsar's arm,
 Cæsar's head is off.

Yet I fear him;
 O engrafted love he bears to Cæsar,—

Bru. Alas, good Cassius, do not think of
 If he love Cæsar, all that he can do [him:
 Is to himself, take thought, and die for Cæsar;
 And that were much he should; for he is given
 To sports, to wildness, and much company.

Treb. There is no fear in him; let him not
 die;
 For he will live, and laugh at this hereafter.

[Clock strikes.

Bru. Peace! count the clock.

Cas. The clock hath stricken three.

Treb. 'Tis time to part.

Cas. But it is doubtful yet,
 Whether Cæsar will come forth to-day, or no;
 For he is superstitious grown of late;
 Quite from the main opinion he held once
 Of fantasy, of dreams, and ceremonies:
 It may be, these apparent prodigies,
 The unaccustom'd terror of this night,
 And the persuasion of his augurers,
 May hold him from the Capitol to-day.

Dec. Never fear that: if he be so resolv'd
 I can o'ersway 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. [him.

Cas. Nay, we will all of us be there to fetch
Bru. By the eighth hour: is that the utter-
 most?

Cin. Be that the uttermost, and fail not then.
Met. Cains Ligarius doth bear Cæsar hard,
 Who rated him for speaking well of Pompey:
 I wonder none of you have thought of him.

Bru. Now, good Metellus, go along by him:
 He loves me well, and I have given him
 reasons;

Send him but hither, and I'll fashion him.

Cas. The morning comes upon us; we'll
 leave you, Brutus: [member

And, friends, disperse yourselves; but all re-
 What you have said, and show yourselves true
 Romans. [morally;

Bru. Good gentlemen, look fresh and
 Let not our looks put on our purposes;
 But bear it as our Roman actors do,
 With untir'd spirits and formal constancy;
 And so, good morrow to you every one.

[Exeunt all except Brutus.

Boy! Lucius! Fast asleep! It is no matter;
 Enjoy the heavy honey-dew of slumber:
 Thou hast no figures, nor no fantasies,
 Which busy care draws in the brains of men;
 Therefore thou sleep'st so sound.

Enter Portia.

Por. Brutus, my lord!

Bru. Portia, what mean you? Wherefore
 rise you now?

It is not for your health thus to commit
 Your weak condition to the raw-cold morning.

Por. Nor for yours neither. You've un-
 gently, Brutus,
 Stola from my bed; and yesternight, at supper,
 You suddenly arose, and walk'd about,
 Musing and sighing, with your arms across;
 And when I ask'd you what the matter was,
 You star'd upon me with ungentle looks:
 I urg'd you further; then you scratch'd your
 head,

And too impatiently stamp'd with your foot:
 Yet I insisted, yet you answer'd not;
 But, with an angry wafure of your hand,
 Gave sign for me to leave you: so I did;
 Fearing to strengthen that impatience,
 Which seem'd too much enkindled; and,

withal,
 Hoping it was but an effect of humour,
 Which sometime hath his hour with every man,
 It will not let you eat, nor talk, nor sleep;
 And, could it work so much upon your shape,
 As it hath much prevail'd on your condition,
 I should not know you, Brutus. Dear my lord,
 Make me acquainted with your cause of grief.

Bru. I am not well in health, and that is all.
Por. Brutus is wise, and were he not in
 health,

He would embrace the means to come by it.

Bru. Why, so I do: good Portia, go to bed.

Por. Is Brutus sick, and is it physical
 To walk unbraced, and mock up the humours
 Of the dank morning? What, is Brutus sick,
 And will he steal out of his wholesome bed,
 To dare the vile contagion of the night,
 And tempt the rheumy and unpurg'd air,
 To add unto his sickness? No, my Brutus;
 You have some sick offence within your mind,
 Which, by the right and virtue of my place,
 I ought to know of; and, upon my knees,
 I charm you, by my once commended beauty,
 By all your vows of love, and that great vow
 Which did incorporate and make us one,
 That you unfold to me, yourself, your half,
 Why are you heavy; and what men to-night
 Have had resort to you, for here have been
 Some six or seven, who did hide their faces
 Even from darkness.

Bru. Kneel not, gentle Portia.

Por. I should not need, if you were gentle
 Brutus.

Within the bond of marriage, tell me, Brutus,
 Is it excepted, I should know no secrets
 That appertain to you? Am I yourself
 But, as it were, in sort or limitation,
 To keep with you at meals, comfort your bed,
 And talk to you sometimes? Dwell I but in
 the suburbs

Of your good pleasures? If it be no more,
 Portia is Brutus' harlot, not his wife.

Bru. You are my true and honourable wife;
 As dear to me, as are the ruddy drops
 That visit my sad heart. [this secret.

Por. If this were true, then should I know
 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 them:
 I have made strong proof of my constancy,
 Giving myself a voluntary wound
 Here, in the thigh: can I bear that withal,
 And not my husband's secrets?

Bru.
 Render me worthy of this noble wife.

Hark, hark! one knocks: Portia, go to the door.
 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 mind and brow;
 Leave me with haste.

Lucius, who's that?
Enter Lucius and Ligarius.
Luc. Here is a sick man, that would
 with you.

Bru. Caius Ligarius, that Metellus
 Boy, stand aside.—Caius Ligarius,
Lig. Vouchsafe good morrow from a
 tongue.

Bru. O, what a time have you
 To wear a kerchief! Would you were
 Lig.

I am not sick, if Brutus have a
 Any exploit worthy the name of honour.

Bru. Such an exploit have I
 Ligarius,

Had you a healthful ear to hear of it.
Lig. By all the gods that Romans worship,
 I here discard my sickness! Soul of Rome,
 Brave son, deriv'd from honourable loins,
 Thou, like an exorcist, hast conjur'd up
 My mortified spirit. Now bid me run,
 And I will strive with things impossible;
 Yea, get the better of them. What's to do?

Bru. A piece of work that will make
 men whole.

Lig. But are not some whole that are
 men whole.

Bru. That must we also. What's to do?

Caius,
 I shall unfold to thee, as we are going,
 To whom it must be done.

Lig.
 And, with a heart new-fred, set on foot,
 To do I know not what: but it shall be
 That Brutus leads me on.

Bru.

SCENE II.—Rome. In Caesar's
Thunder and lightning. Enter Caesar

Cas. Nor heaven nor earth but
 peace to-night:
 Thrice hath Calphurnia in her sleep
 "Help, ho! They murder Caesar!"
 within!

Enter a Servant.
Serv. My lord!

Go bid the priests do present sacrifice,
 And let me hear their opinions of success.
 I will, my lord.

Enter Calphurnia.
 What mean you, Cæsar? Think you
 To walk forth?

Will not stir out of your house to-day.
 Cæsar shall forth: the things that

Amateur'd me,
 Look'd but on my back; when they shall
 See Cæsar, they are vanish'd. [see]

Amateur'd me,
 I never stood on ceremonies,
 Yet they fright me. There is one within,

Who shows the things that we have heard and seen,
 And tells of most horrid sights seen by the watch.

My wife hath told me, in the streets; [dead;
 My warriors yawn'd, and yielded up their

Arms, and squadrons, and right form of war,
 Drizzled blood upon the Capitol;

And the dead, and dying men did groan;
 And the ghosts did shriek and squeal about the

streets.
 These things are beyond all use,
 And I do fear them.

What can be avoided,
 Must be purposed by the mighty gods;
 And I shall go forth; for these predictions

When beggars die, there are no comets
 And the heavens themselves blaze forth the death

of princes.
 And towards die many times before their

death;
 I never taste of death but once.

It is the wondrous that I yet have heard,
 That death, a necessary end, [fear;
 When it will come.

Re-enter Servant.
 What say the augurers?

They would not have you to stir forth
 To-day.

The entrails of an offering forth,
 They would not find a heart within the beast.

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.

Cæsar shall not: Danger knows full well
 That Cæsar is more dangerous than he;
 And he shall go forth.

Alas, my lord,
 Freedom is consur'd in confidence.

Go forth to-day; call it my fear,
 But not my honour, and not your own.

Mark Antony to the senate-house;
 And say you are not well to-day:

Mark Antony shall say I am not well;
 And for my honour, I will stay at home.

Enter Decius.
 Here's Decius Brutus, he shall tell them so.

Dec. Cæsar, all hail! Good morrow, worthy
 Cæsar:

I come to fetch you to the senate-house.
Cas. 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 be false; and that I dare not, falser:
 I will not come to-day, tell them so, Decius.

Cal. Say he is sick.
Cas. Shall Cæsar send a lie?

Have I in conquest stretch'd mine arm so far,
 To be afraid to tell gray-beards the truth?

Decius, go tell them Cæsar will not come.
Dec. Most mighty Cæsar, let me know some
 cause,

Lest I be laugh'd at when I tell them so.
Cas. 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.
 Calphurnia here, my wife, stays me at home:

She dreamt to-night she saw my statue,
 Which, like a fountain with a hundred spouts,
 Did run pure blood; and many lusty Romans
 Came smiling, and did bathe their hands in it;
 And these does she apply for warnings, and
 portents,
 And evils imminent; and on her knee
 Hath begg'd that I will stay at home to-day.

Dec. This dream is all amiss interpreted:
 It was a vision fair and fortunate:
 Your statue spouting blood in many pipes,
 In which so many smiling Romans bath'd,
 Signifies that from you great Rome shall suck
 Reviving blood; and that great men shall
 press
 For tinctures, stains, relics, and cognizance.
 This by Calphurnia's dream is signified. [it.
Cas. And this way have you well expounded
Dec. I have, when you have heard what I
 can say:
 And know it now: the senate have concluded
 To give this day a crown to mighty Cæsar.
 If you shall send them word, you will not come,
 Their minds may change. Besides, it were a
 Apt to be render'd, for some one to say, [mock
 "Break up the senate till another time,
 When Cæsar's wife shall meet with better
 dreams."

If Cæsar hide himself, shall they not whisper,
 "Lo, Cæsar is afraid!"

Pardon me, Cæsar; for my dear dear love
 To your proceeding bids me tell you this;
 And reason to my love is liable. [Calphurnia]
Cas. How foolish do your fears seem now,
 I am ashamed I did yield to them.
 Give me my robe, for I will go:
*Enter Publius, Brutus, Ligarius, Metellus,
 Cæsar, Trebonius, and Cinna.*
 And look where Publius is come to fetch me.
Pub. Good morrow, Cæsar.
Cas. Welcome, Publius,—

What, Brutus, are you stirr'd so early too?—
Good morrow, Casca.—Caius Ligarius,
Caesar was ne'er so much your enemy,
As that same ague which hath made you
What is't o'clock? [Lenn.—

Br. Caesar, 'tis stricken eight.

Ces. I thank you for your pains and courtesy.

Enter Antony.

See! Antony, that revels long o' nights,
Is notwithstanding up.—Good morrow, An-
Ant. So to most noble Caesar. [Tony.

Ces. Bid them prepare within:
I am to blame to be thus waited for.

Now, Cinna: now, Metellus: what, Trebo-
I have an hour's talk in store for you; [nius!
Remember that you call on me to-day;
Be near me, that I may remember you.

Treb. Caesar, I will:—[Aside.] and so near
will I be, [forth.

That your best friends shall wish I had been
Cas. Good friends, go in, and taste some
wine with me; [together.

And we, like friends, will straightway go
Br. [Aside.] That every like is not the
same, O Caesar,

The heart of Brutus yearns to think upon.

[Exeunt.

SCENE III.—Rome. A Street near the
Capitol.

Enter Artemidorus, reading a paper.

Art. "Caesar, beware of Brutus; take heed
of Cassius; come not near Casca; have an eye
to Cinna; trust not Trebonius; mark well
Metellus Cimber; Decius Brutus loves thee
not; thou hast wronged Caius Ligarius.
There is but one mind in all these men, and
it is bent against Caesar. If thou be'st 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 sutor will I give him this,
My heart laments that virtue cannot live
Out of the teeth of emulation.
If thou read this, O Caesar, thou 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 pr'ythee, boy, run to the senate-house;
Stay not to answer me, but get thee gone.
Why dost thou stay?

Luc. To know my errand, madam.

Por. I would have had thee there, and here
again,
Ere I can tell thee what thou shouldst do
there,—

O constancy, be strong upon my side!
Set a huge mountain 'tween my heart and
tongue!

I have a man's mind, but a woman's might.

How hard it is for women to keep counsel!
Art thou here yet?

Luc. Madam, what should I do?
Run to the Capitol, and nothing else!

And so return to you, and nothing else!
Por. Yea, bring me word, boy, if thy lord
look well,

For he went sickly forth: and take heed
What Caesar doth, what sutors press to him!

Hark, boy! what noise is that?
Luc. I hear none, madam.

Por. Pr'ythee, hear me!
I heard a bustling rumour, like a Troy,
And the wind brings it from the Capitol.

Luc. Sooth, madam, I hear nothing.
Enter Artemidorus.

Por. Come hither, boy!

Which way hast thou been?

Art. At mine own house, madam.

Por. What is't o'clock?

Art. About the ninth hour, madam.

Por. Is Caesar yet gone to the Capitol?

Art. Madam, not yet: I go to see him.

To see him pass on to the Capitol.

Por. Thou hast some suit to Caesar?

Art. None that I know will be heard.

that I fear may chance.

Good morrow to you. Here the
The throng that follows Caesar at the house
Of senators, praetors, common sutors,
Will crowd a feeble man almost to death.

I'll get me to a place more void, and there
Speak to great Caesar as he comes along.

Por. I must go in. Ah me, how
The heart of woman is! O Brutus,

The heavens speed thee in this enterprise!

Sure, the boy heard me: Brutus took
That Caesar will not grant. O, I grow
Run, Lucius, and commend me to him.

Say I am merry: come to me soon.
And bring me word what he doth say.

ACT III

SCENE I.—Rome. The Capitol: a street
leading to the senate-house.

A crowd of people in the street lead-
ing to the Capitol, among them
the Soothsayer, Flurinus,
Brutus, Cassius, Casca, Decius,
Trebonius, Cinna, Antony,
Popilius, Publius, and others.

Cas. The Ides of March are come.

Sooth. Ay, Caesar; but not come to harm.

Art. Hail, Caesar! Road the

Yulius doth desire you to o'er-read,
 O' Caesar, read mine first; for mine's
 Caesar nearer: read it, great
 What touches us ourself shall be last
 Delay not, Caesar; read it instantly.
 What, is the fellow mad?

Strah, give place.
 What, urge you your petitions in the
 Capitol?

What, under the Capitol, the rest following.
 I wish your enterprise to-day may
 What enterprise, Popilius?

Thrive.
 Fare you well.
 [Advances to Caesar.]

What said Popilius Lena?
 He wish'd to-day our enterprise might
 Our purpose is discovered.

Thrive.
 Look, how he makes to Caesar: mark
 What he adds.

Caesar, be sudden, for we fear pre-
 What shall be done? If this be known,
 Caesar never shall turn back,
 I'll slay myself.

Cassius, be constant:
 Cassius speaks not of our purposes;
 You, he smiles, and Caesar doth not
 [you, Brutus,

Popilius knows his time; for, look
 Mark Antony out of the way.
 [Exit Antony and Trebonius.]

Where is Metellus Cimber? Let him
 I prefer his suit to Caesar. [Go.]
 He is address'd: press near and second

What, you are the first that rears your
 Are we all ready?

What is now amiss,
 Most high, most mighty, and most
 Caesar,
 Caesar throws before thy seat

I must prevent thee, Cimber.
 Thou art the blood of ordinary men,
 The first degree
 Of children. Be not fond,
 That Caesar bears such rebel blood,
 Will be thaw'd from the true quality
 Of which methinks fools; I mean, sweet

By decree is banish'd:
 And pray, and fawn for him,
 Like a cur out of my way.
 Thou dost not wrong, nor without
 Cause

These no voice more worthy than
 More sweetly in great Caesar's ear,
 Of my banish'd brother?

Bru. I kiss thy hand, but not in flattery,
 Caesar;

Desiring thee, that Publius Cimber may
 Have an immediate freedom of repeal.

Cas. What, Brutus!

Cas. Pardon, Caesar; Caesar, pardon:
 As low as to thy foot doth Cassius fall,
 To beg enfranchisement for Publius Cimber.

Cas. I could be well mov'd, if I were as you;
 If I could pray to move, prayers would move
 But I am constant as the northern star, [me:
 Of whose true-fix'd and resting quality
 There is no fellow in the firmament.

The skies are painted with unnumber'd sparks,
 They are all fire, and every one doth shine;
 But there's but one in all doth hold his place:

So, in the world, 'tis furnish'd well with men,
 And men are flesh and blood, and apprehen-
 Yet in the number I do know but one [save;
 That unassailable holds on his rank,
 Unshak'd of motion: and that I am he,
 Let me a little show it, even in this,
 That I was constant Cimber should be banish'd,
 And constant do remain to keep him so.

Cin. O, Caesar,—

Cas. Hence! Wilt thou lift up Olympus?

Dec. Great Caesar,—

Cas. Doth not Brutus bootless kneel?

Casca. Speak, hands, for me!

[Casca stabs Caesar in the neck. Caesar
 catches hold of his arm. He is then
 stabbed by several other conspirators,
 and last by Marcus Brutus.]

Cas. Et tu, Brute!—Then fall, Caesar!

[Dies.]

Cin. Liberty! Freedom! Tyranny is dead!
 Run hence, proclaim, cry it about the streets,

Cas. Some to the common pulpits, and cry
 out,

"Liberty, freedom, and enfranchisement!"

Bru. People, and senators, be not affrighted,
 Fly not; stand still:—ambition's debt is paid.

Casca. Go to the pulpit, Brutus.

Dec. And Cassius too.

Bru. Where's Publius?

Cin. Here, quite confounded with this
 mutiny.

Met. Stand fast together, lest some friend
 of Caesar's

Should chance— [cheer:]

Bru. Talk not of standing.—Publius, good
 There is no harm intended to your person,
 Nor to no Roman else: so tell them, Publius.

Cas. And leave us, Publius: lest that the
 people,

Rushing on us, should do your age some mis-
 Bru. Do so:—and let no man abide this
 But we, the doers. [deed,

Re-enter Trebonius.

Cas. Where's Antony?

Tre. Fled to his house amaz'd.
 Men, wives, and children, stare, cry out, and
 As it were doomsday.

[rum,

Bru. Fates, we will know your pleasures:—

That we shall die, we know; 'tis but the time,
And drawing days out, that men stand upon.

Casca. Why, be that cuts off twenty years
of life,
Cuts off so many years of fearing death.

Bru. Grant that, and then is death a benefit;
So are we Cæsar's friends that have abridg'd
His time of fearing death.—Stoop, Romans,
stoop,

And let us bathe our hands in Cæsar's blood
Up to the elbows, and besmear our swords;
Then walk we forth, even to the market-place,
And waving our red weapons o'er our heads,
Let's all cry, "*Peace, freedom, and liberty!*"

Cas. Stoop, then, and wash. How many
ages hence

Shall this our lofty scene be acted over,
In states unborn, and accents yet unknown!

Bru. How many times shall Cæsar bleed
in sport,

That now on Pompey's basis lies along,
No worthier than the dust!

Cas. So oft as that shall be,
So often shall the knot of us be call'd
The men that gave their country liberty.

Dec. What, shall we forth?

Cas. Ay, every man away:
Brutus shall lead; and we will grace his heels
With the most boldest and best hearts of
Rome.

Enter a Servant.

Bru. Soft! who comes here! A friend of
Antony's.

Serv. Thus, Brutus, did my master bid me
Thus did Mark Antony bid me fall down;
And, being prostrate, thus he bade me say:
Brutus is noble, wise, valiant, and honest;
Cæsar was mighty, bold, royal, and loving;
Say, I love Brutus, and I honour him;
Say, I fear'd Cæsar, honour'd him, and lov'd
If Brutus will vouchsafe that Antony
May safely come to him, and be resolv'd
How Cæsar hath deserv'd to lie in death,
Mark Antony shall not love Cæsar dead
So well as Brutus living, but will follow
The fortunes and affairs of noble Brutus
Thorough the hazards of this untrod state,
With all true faith. So says my master
Antony.

Bru. Thy master is a wise and valiant
I never thought him worse. [Roman;
Tall him, so please him come unto this place,
He shall be satisfied; and, by my honour,
Depart untouch'd.

Serv. I'll fetch him presently. [Exit.

Bru. I know that we shall have him well to
friend.

Cas. I wish we may; but yet have I a mind
That fears him much; and my misgiving still
Falls shrewdly to the purpose.

Re-enter Antony.

Bru. But here comes Antony.
Welcome, Mark Antony.

Ant. O mighty Cæsar! dost thou lie so low,
Are all thy conquests, glories, triumphs,
Shrunk to this little measure? Fare thee well!
I know not, gentlemen, what you intend,
Who else must be let blood, who else must die,
If I myself, there is no hour so fit
As Cæsar's death-hour; nor no instrument
Of half that worth as those your swords,
rich

With the most noble blood of all this world.
I do beseech you, if ye hear me hard,
Now, whilst your purpled hands do red,
Fulfil your pleasure. Live a thousand years,
I shall not find myself so apt to die;
No place will please me so, no mean of end,
As here by Cæsar, and by you cut off.
The choice and master spirits of this age

Bru. O Antony, beg not your death of us;
Though now we must appear bloody and
As, by our hands, and this our present
You see we do; yet see you but our hands,
And this the bleeding business they have done;
Our hearts you see not, they are pale as
And pity to the general wrong of Rome
(As fire drives out fire, so pity, pity)
Hath done this deed on Cæsar.
To you our swords have leaden points.

Antony;
Our arms no strength of malice, and our
Of brothers' temper, good thoughts,
With all kind love, good thoughts,
Cas. Your voice shall be as strong to
In the disposing of new dignities.

Bru. Only be patient till we have
The multitude, beside themselves with love,
And then we will deliver you the cause.
Why I that did love Cæsar when I saw him
Have thus proceeded.

Ant. I doubt not of your
Let each man render me his bloody
First, Marcus Brutus, will I shake hands with;
Next, Caius Cassius, do I take your hand;
Now, Decius Brutus, yours;—
Metellus;

Yours, Cinna; and, my valiant Cæsar's friend,
Though last, not least in love, I take you
Trebolius.

Gentlemen all,—alas, what shall I say?
My credit now stands on such slippery ground,
That one of two bad ways you must go on:
Either a coward or a flatterer.
That I did love thee, Cæsar, O, that I
If, then, thy spirit look upon us here,
Shall it not grieve thee dearer than his own,
To see thy Antony making his bow,
Shaking the bloody fingers of thy foes,
Most noble! in the presence of thy
Had I as many eyes as thou hast ears,
Weeping as fast as they stream from
It would become me better than this show,
In terms of friendship with thee to
Pardon me, Julius! Here was
brave heart;

Here didst thou fall; and here

By spoil, and crimson'd in thy lethe.
 Thou wast the forest to this hart;
 O world, the heart of thee.—
 A deer, stricken by many princes,
 Here lies he!

Mark Antony.—
 Pardon me, Caius Cassius:
 Of Cæsar shall say this;
 I know it is cold modesty.

I name you not for praising Cæsar so;
 Compact mean you to have with us?
 I prick'd in number of our friends;
 On, and not depend on you?
 Before, I look your hands; but was,

[Cæsar.]
 At the point, by looking down on
 I with you all, and love you all;
 Hope, that you shall give me reasons
 Wherein Cæsar was dangerous.
 Or else were this a savage spectacle.
 Are so full of good regard,

you, Antony, the son of Cæsar,
 Shall be satisfied.

That's all I seek:
 Moreover suitor that I may
 Be tudy to the market-place;
 The pulpit, as becomes a friend,
 In the order of his funeral,
 You shall, Mark Antony.

Brutus, a word with you.
 You know not what you do: do not
 speak in his funeral;
 How much the people may be mov'd
 Which he will utter!

By your pardon;—
 Into the pulpit first,
 The reason of our Cæsar's death:
 I shall speak, I will protest
 I leave and by permission;

we are contented Cæsar shall
 Advantage more than do us wrong.
 I know not what may fall; I like it not.
 Mark Antony, here, take you Cæsar's
 body.

not in your funeral speech blame us,
 you all good you can devise of Cæsar,
 you do't by our permission;
 you not have any hand at all
 funeral: and you shall speak
 pulpit whereto I am going,
 my speech is ended.

He it so;
 And follow us.
 [Exeunt all except Antony.]

Mark Antony, thou bleeding piece of
 and gentle with these butchers!
 In the ruins of the noblest man
 Now lies in the tide of times.
 Thou hand that shed this costly blood!
 How do I prophesy,—

Which, like dumb mouths, do ope their ruby
 lips,

To beg the voice and utterance of my tongue,—
 A curse shall light upon the limbs of men;
 Domestic fury, and fierce civil strife,
 Shall cumber all the parts of Italy;
 Blood and destruction shall be so in use,
 And dreadful objects so familiar,
 That mothers shall but smile when they behold
 Their infants quarter'd with the hands of war;
 All pity chok'd with custom of fell deeds:
 And Cæsar's spirit, ranging for revenge,
 With Atë by his side, come hot from hell,
 Shall in these confines, with a monarch's voice,
 Cry "Havoc!" and let slip the dogs of war;
 That this foul deed shall smell above the earth
 With carrion men, groaning for burial.—

[Enter a Servant.]
 You serve Octavius Cæsar, do you not?

Serv. I do, Mark Antony. [Rome.]

Ant. Cæsar did write for him to come to

Serv. He did receive his letters, and is
 coming;

And bid me say to you by word of mouth,—
 [Seeing the body.]

O Cæsar!— [weep.]

Ant. Thy heart is big, get thee apart and
 Passion, I see, is catching; for mine eyes,
 Seeing those beads of sorrow stand in thine,
 Began to water. Is thy master coming?

Serv. He lies to-night within seven leagues
 of Rome, [what hath chanc'd:]

Ant. Post back with speed, and tell him
 Here is a mourning Rome, a dangerous Rome,
 No Rome of safety for Octavius yet;
 Hie hence, and tell him so. Yet, stay a while;
 Thou shalt not back, till I have borne this
 corpse

Into the market-place: there shall I try,
 In my oration, how the people take
 The cruel issue of these bloody men;
 According to the which, thou shalt discourse
 To young Octavius of the state of things.
 Lend me your hand.

[Exeunt, with Cæsar's body.]

SCENE II.—Rome. The Forum.

Enter Brutus and Cassius, and a throng of
 Citizens.

Citizens. We will be satisfied; let us be
 satisfied. [hence, friends.]

Brutus. Then follow me, and give me audi-
 Cassius, go you into the other street,
 And part the numbers. [here;

Those that will hear me speak, let them stay
 Those that will follow Cassius, go with him;

And public reasons shall be rendered
 Of Cæsar's death.

1 CIL. I will hear Brutus speak.

2 CIL. I will hear Cassius; and compare their
 reasons.

When severally we hear them rendered.

[Exit Cassius, with some of the Citizens;
 Brutus goes into the rostrum.]

3 *Cit.* The noble Brutus is ascended: silence!
Bru. Be patient till the last.

Romans, countrymen, and lovers! hear me for my cause; and be silent, that you may hear: believe me for mine honour; and have respect to mine honour, that you may believe: censure me in your wisdom and awake your senses, that you may the better judge. If there be any in this assembly, any dear friend of Cæsar's, to him I say, that Brutus' love to Cæsar was no less than his. If, then, that friend demand why Brutus rose against Cæsar, this is my answer,—not that I lov'd Cæsar less, but that I lov'd Rome more. Had you rather Cæsar were living, and die all slaves; than that Cæsar were dead, to live all free men? As Cæsar lov'd me, I weep for him; as he was fortunate, I rejoice at it; as he was valiant, I honour him; but, as he was ambitious, I slew him: there is tears for his love; joy for his fortune; honour for his valour; and death for his ambition. Who is here so base, that would be a bondman? If any, speak; for him have I offended. Who is here so rude, that would not be a Roman? If any, speak; for him have I offended. Who is here so vile, that will not love his country? If any, speak; for him have I offended. I pause for a reply.

Citizens. None, Brutus, none.

Bru. Then none have I offended. I have done no more to Cæsar, than you shall do to Brutus. The question of his death is enroll'd in the Capitol; his glory not extenuated, wherein he was worthy; nor his offences enforced, for which he suffered death.

Enter Antony and others, with Cæsar's body.
 Here comes his body, mourn'd by Mark Antony: who, though he had no hand in his death, shall receive the benefit of his dying, a place in the commonwealth; as which of you shall not? With this I depart,—that, as I slew my best lover for the good of Rome, I have the same dagger for myself, when it shall please my country to need my death.

Citizens. Live, Brutus! live, live!

1 *Cit.* Bring him with triumph home unto his house.

2 *Cit.* Give him a statue with his ancestors.

3 *Cit.* Let him be Cæsar.

4 *Cit.* Cæsar's better parts shall be crown'd in Brutus.

1 *Cit.* We'll bring him to his house with shouts and clamours.

Bru. My countrymen,—

2 *Cit.* Peace, silence! Brutus speaks.

1 *Cit.* Peace, ho!

Bru. Good countrymen, let me depart alone, And, for my sake, stay here with Antony: Do grace to Cæsar's corse, and grace his speech

[*Antony.*
 Tending to Cæsar's glories; which Mark By our permission, is allowed to make.

I do entreat you, not a man depart, Save I alone, till Antony have spoke. [*Exit.*

1 *Cit.* Stay, ho! and let the people hear Antony.

3 *Cit.* Let him go up into the public place; We'll hear him. Noble Antony, go up.

Ant. For Brutus' sake, I am bound to speak to you.

4 *Cit.* What does he say of Brutus? He says, for Brutus' sake, I am bound to speak to you.

3 *Cit.* He finds himself beholden to us all.

4 *Cit.* 'Twere best he speak no more than Brutus here.

1 *Cit.* This Cæsar was a tyrant. Nay, that's not true.

3 *Cit.* We are bless'd that Rome is rid of him.

2 *Cit.* Peace! let us hear what Antony says.

Ant. You gentle Romans,—

Citizens. Peace, ho! let us hear.

Ant. Friends, Romans, countrymen, lend me your ears:

I come to bury Cæsar, not to praise him. The evil that men do lives after them;

The good is oft interred with their bones; So let it be with Cæsar. The noble Brutus Hath told you Cæsar was ambitious;

If it were so, it was a grievous fault; And grievously hath Cæsar answer'd it. Here, under leave of Brutus and the noble Romans, I come to speak to you.

(For Brutus is an honourable man.) So are they all, all honourable men.

Come I to speak in Cæsar's funeral. Come I to speak in Cæsar's funeral, and justly so; He was my friend, faithful and just to me;

But Brutus says he was ambitious; And Brutus is an honourable man.

He hath brought many captives home to Rome, whose ransoms did the general coffers fill: Did this in Cæsar seem ambitious?

When that the poor have cried, Cæsar hath wept: Ambition should be made of sterner stuff: Yet Brutus says he was ambitious;

And Brutus is an honourable man. You all did see that on the Lupercal I thrice presented him a kingly crown;

Which he did thrice refuse: was this ambition? Yet Brutus says he was ambitious;

And, sure, he is an honourable man. I speak not to disprove what Brutus says; But here I am to speak what I do believe.

You all did love him once, not without cause: What cause withholds you then, to speak against him?

O judgment, thou art fled to heaven; Ambition does not live;—

And men have lost their reason. Hear me; My heart is in the coffin there with Cæsar, And I must pause till it come to earth.

1 *Cit.* Methinks there is more in this than meets the eye.

2 *Cit.* If thou consider rightly of the matter, Cæsar has had great wrongs.

3 *Cit.* I fear there will a worse come in him.

4 *Cit.* Mark'd ye his words? I fear there will a worse come in him.

Therefore 'tis certain he was not a tyrant.

Show you sweat Caesar's wounds, poor, poor
dumb mouths, [Brutus,

And bid them speak for me: but were I
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.

Citizens. We'll mutiny.

1 *Cit.* We'll burn the house of Brutus.

3 *Cit.* Away, then! come, seek the con-
spirators. [me speak.

Ant. Yet hear me, countrymen; yet hear
Citizens. Peace, ho! Hear Antony, most
noble Antony. [not what:

Ant. Why, friends, you go to do you know
Wherein hath Caesar thus deserv'd your loves?
Alas, you know not; I must tell you, then:
You have forgot the will I told you of.

Citizens. Most true; the will: let's stay and
hear the will.

Ant. Here is the will, and under Caesar's
To every Roman citizen he gives, [seal:
To every several man, seventy-five drachmas.

2 *Cit.* Most noble Caesar! we'll revenge his

3 *Cit.* O royal Caesar! [death.

Ant. Hear me with patience.

Citizens. Peace, ho!

Ant. Moreover, he hath left you all his
walks, [ards,
His private arbours, and new-planted orchard
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!

1 *Cit.* Never, never! Come, away, away!
We'll burn his body in the holy place.

And with the brands fire the traitors' houses.
Take up the body. 2 *Cit.* Go fetch fire.

3 *Cit.* Pluck down benches. [thing.

4 *Cit.* Pluck down forms, windows, any-
[*Exeunt Citizens, with the body.*

Ant. Now let it work: mischief, thou art
Take thou what course thou wilt!— [about,

Enter a Servant.

How now, fellow!

Serv. Sir, Octavius is already come to Rome.

Ant. Where is he?

Serv. He and Lepidus are at Caesar's house.

Ant. And thither will I straight to visit him:
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. [people,

Ant. Belike they had some notice of the
How I had mov'd them. Bring me to Octavius.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—Rome. A Street.

Enter Cinna, the poet.

Cin. I dreamt to-night that I did feast with
Caesar,

And things unlucky charge my fantasy:

I have no will to wander forth of Rome.
Yet something leads me forth.

Enter Citizens.

1 *Cit.* What is your name?

2 *Cit.* Whither are you going?

3 *Cit.* Where do you dwell?

4 *Cit.* Are you a married man, or a bachelor?

2 *Cit.* Answer every man directly.

1 *Cit.* Ay, and briefly.

4 *Cit.* Ay, and wisely.

3 *Cit.* Ay, and truly; you were born

Cin. What is my name? Am I a
going? Where do I dwell? Then, to answer
man, or a bachelor? Then, to answer
man directly and briefly, wisely and

wisely I say, I am a bachelor.

2 *Cit.* That's as much as to say, you are
fools that marry: you'll hear me say
that, I fear. Proceed; directly.

Cin. Directly, I am going to Caesar's

1 *Cit.* As a friend, or an enemy?

Cin. As a friend.

2 *Cit.* That matter is answered directly.

4 *Cit.* For your dwelling, briefly.

Cin. Briefly, I dwell by the Capitol.

3 *Cit.* Your name, sir, truly.

Cin. Truly, my name is Cinna.

2 *Cit.* Tear him to pieces; he's a

Cin. I am Cinna the poet, I am Cinna the

poet.

4 *Cit.* Tear him for his bad verses.

Cin. I am not Cinna the conspirator.

2 *Cit.* It is no matter, his name is a

pluck but his name out of his heart,

him going.

3 *Cit.* Tear him, tear him! Prick him

ho! firebrands! To Brutus, to Cassius, to

all: some to Decius' house, and some to

some to Ligarius: away, go!

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—Rome. A Room in a

House.

Antony, Octavius, and Lepidus, seated at a

table.

Ant. These many, then, shall

names are prick'd.

Oct. Your brother too must die.

Lep. I do consent. Prick him down.

Oct. Upon condition Publius shall

Who is your sister's son, Mark Antony.

Ant. He shall not live; look,

damn him.

But, Lepidus, go you to Caesar's house,

Fetch the will thither, and we will

How to cut off some charge in it.

Lep. What, shall I find you there?

Oct. Or here, or at the Capitol.

Ant. This is a slight unmeet

But that my noble master will appear
Such as he is, full of regard and honour.

Bru. He is not doubted. A word, Lucilius;
How he receiv'd you, let me be resolv'd.

Lucil. With courtesy, and with respect
enough;

But not with such familiar instances,
Nor with such free and friendly conference,
As he hath us'd of old.

Bru. Thou hast describ'd
A hot friend cooling: ever note, Lucilius,
When love begins to sicken and decay,
It useth an enforced ceremony.

There are no tricks in plain and simple faith:
But hollow men, like horses hot at hand,
Make gallant show and promise of their mettle;
But when they should endure the bloody spur,
They fall their crests, and, like deceitful jades,
Sink in the trial. Comes his army on?

Lucil. They mean this night in Sardis to be
quarter'd;

The greater part, the horse in general,
Are come with Cassius.

Bru. Hark! he is arriv'd.
[*March within.*]

March gently on to meet him.
Enter Cassius and Soldiers.

Cas. Stand, ho!

Bru. Stand, ho! Speak the word along.

Within. Stand! *Within.* Stand!

Within. Stand! [*wrong.*]

Cas. Most noble brother, you have done me
Bru. Judge me, you gods! Wrong I mine
enemies!

And, if not so, how should I wrong a brother?

Cas. Brutus, this sober form of yours hides
And when you do them— [*wrongs;*]

Bru. Cassius, be content;
Speak your griefs softly, I do know you
well:—

Before the eyes of both our armies here, [us,
Which should perceive nothing but love from
Let us not wrangle: bid them move away;
Then in my tent, Cassius, enlarge your griefs,
And I will give you audience.

Cas. Pindarus,
Bid our commanders lead their charges off
A little from this ground. [in an
Bru. Lucilius, do you the like; and let no
Come to our tent, till we have done our con-
ference.

Let Lucius and Titinius guard our door.
[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.—*Within the Tent of Brutus.*
Enter Brutus and Cassius.

Cas. That you have wrong'd me doth appear
in this:

You have condemn'd and noted Lucius Pella
For taking bribes here of the Sardians;
Wherein my letters, praying on his side,
Because I knew the man, were slighted off.

Bru. You wrong'd yourself to write in such
a case.

But that my noble master will appear
Such as he is, full of regard and honour.

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Because I knew the man, were slighted off.

Bru. You wrong'd yourself to write in such
a case.

Cas. In such a time as this, it is not meet
That every nice offence should bear his com-
ment.

Bru. Let me tell you, Cassius, you yourself
Are much condemn'd to have an itching palm;
To sell and mart your offices for gold
To undeservers.

Cas. I an itching palm!
You know that you are Brutus that speak this,
Or, by the gods, this speech were else your
last.

Bru. The name of Cassius honours this cor-
ruption,

And chastisement doth therefore hide his head.
Cas. Chastisement! [remember]

Bru. Remember March, the ides of March
Did not great Julius bleed for justice' sake?
What villain touch'd his body, that did stab,
And not for justice? What, shall one of us,
That struck the foremost man of all this world,
But for supporting robbers, shall we now
Contaminate our fingers with base bribes,
And sell the mighty space of our large honours,
For so much trash as may be grasped thus?
I had rather be a dog, and bay the moon,
Than such a Roman.

Cas. Brutus, bay not me,
I'll not endure it: you forget yourself,
To hedge me in; I am a soldier, I,
Older in practice, abler than yourself
To make conditions.

Bru. Go to; you are not, Cassius.

Cas. I am.

Bru. I say, you are not.

Cas. Urge me no more, I shall forget my-
self;

Have mind upon your health, tempt me no
Bru. Away, slight man! [further.

Cas. Is't possible?

Bru. Hear me, for I will speak.
Must I give way and room to your rash choler?
Shall I be frighted, when a madman stares?

Cas. O ye gods, ye gods! Must I endure
all this? [heart break;

Bru. All this! ay, more: fret till your proud
Go show your slaves how choleric you are,
And make your bondmen tremble. Must I
budge?

Must I observe you? Must I stand and crouch
Under your testy humour? By the gods,
You shall digest the venom of your spleen,
Though it do split you; for, from this day forth,
I'll use you for my mirth, yea, for my laughter,
When you are waspish.

Cas. Is it come to this?

Bru. You say you are a better soldier:
Let it appear so; make your vaunting true,
And it shall please me well: for mine own part,
I shall be glad to learn of noble men.

Cas. You wrong me every way; you wrong
me, Brutus;

I said an elder soldier, not a better:

Did I say, better?

Bru. If you did, I care not.

Cas. When Caesar liv'd, he durst not
have mov'd me.

Bru. Peace, peace! you durst not!

Cas. I durst not!

Cas. What, durst not tempt him?

Bru. For your life you durst not.

Cas. Do not presume too much upon me;
I may do that I shall be sorry for.

Bru. You have done that you
sorry for.

There is no terror, Cassius, in your looks;
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

me;—
For I can raise no money by vile means;
By heaven, I had rather coin my head
And drop my blood for drachmas, than

wring
From the hard hands of peasants the tenth
By any indirection: I did send

To you for gold to pay my legions,
Which you denied me: was that

Should I have answer'd Cains?

When Marcus Brutus grows so covetous
To lock such rascal counters from his

Be ready, gods, with all your thunderbolts,
Dash him to pieces!

Cas. I denied you.

Bru. You did.

Cas. I did not; he was the

That brought my answer back.

riv'd my heart.

A friend should bear his friend's sorrows,
But Brutus makes mine greater than mine.

Bru. I do not, till you practice.

Cas. You love me not.

Bru. I do not like

Cas. A friendly eye could see

faults.

Bru. A flatterer's would not, but

do appear
As huge as high Olympus.

Cas. Come, Antony, and your

Revenge yourselves alone on Cassius,
For Cassius is aware of the web that

Hated by one he loves; brav'd by his

Check'd like a bondman; all

serv'd,
Set in a note-book, learn'd, and count

To cast into my teeth. O, I come

My spirit from mine eyes!—
dagger,

And here my naked breast, richer

Dearer than Plutus' mine, take

If that thou be'st a Roman, will

I, that denied thee gold, will give

Strike, as thou didst hate him, with

When thou didst hate him, with

Than ever thou lov'dst Cassius.

Bru. I shall

Be angry when you will, if shall

Do what you will, dishonour shall

You are yoked with a lamb
As the flint bears fire;
Much enforced, shows a hasty spark,
And is sold again.

Hath Cassius liv'd
With mirth and laughter to his Brutus,
And blood ill-temper'd, vexeth
[too.
When I spoke that, I was ill-temper'd
Do you confess so much? Give me
And my heart too, [your hand.

O Brutus,—
What's the matter?
Have not you love enough to bear
With my rash humour which my mother
[gave me
Yes, Cassius; and, from henceforth,
You are over-earnest with your Brutus,
Think your mother chides, and leave you.

[Noise within.
[Within.] Let me go in to see the
[grooms;
[Within.] Some grudge between them, 'tis not
[meet
[Within.] You shall not come to
[stay me.
[Within.] Nothing but death shall
[followed by Lucius and Titinius.
[Within.] What's the matter?
[Within.] You generals! What do

[be;
[Within.] More friends, as two such men should
[be;
[Within.] More years, I am sure, than ye.
[Within.] How vilely doth this cynic
[hence!
[Within.] You hence, sirrah; saucy fellow,
[Within.] I know his humour, when he knows
[hence!
[Within.] The wars do with these jiggling
[fools?
[Exit Port.
[Within.] Away, away, be gone!
[Exit Port.
[Within.] Lucius, bid the com-

and Titinius, bid the com-
panies to-night,
Come yourselves, and bring Mes-
sala with you,
Ready to us.

[Exit Lucilius and
Titinius, bid the com-
panies to-night,
Come yourselves, and bring Mes-
sala with you,
Ready to us.

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sala with you,
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Titinius, bid the com-
panies to-night,
Come yourselves, and bring Mes-
sala with you,
Ready to us.

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!

Enter Lucius, with wine and tapers.
Bru. Speak no more of her.—Give me a
bowl of wine.—

In this I bury all unkindness, Cassius. [Drinks.
Cas. My heart is thirsty for that noble
pledge,—

Fill, Lucius, till the wine o'erswell the cup;
I cannot drink too much of Brutus' love. [Drinks.

Re-enter Titinius, with Messala.
Bru. Come in, Titinius. 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 towards Philippi.

Mes. Myself have letters of the self-same
Bru. With what addition? [tenor.
Mes. That by proscription, and bills of out-
Octavius, Antony, and Lepidus, [lawry,
Have put to death a hundred senators.

Bru. Therein our letters do not well agree
Mine speak of seventy senators that died
By their proscriptions, Cicero being one.

Cas. Cicero one?
Mes. Cicero is dead,
And by that order of proscription.

Had you your letters from your wife, my lord?
Bru. No, Messala.

Mes. Nor nothing in your letters writ of
Bru. Nothing, Messala. [her?
Mes. That, methinks, is strange.
Bru. Why ask you? Hear you ought of
Mes. No, my lord. [her in yours?
Bru. Now, as you are a Roman, tell me true.
Mes. Then like a Roman bear the truth I tell:
For certain she is dead, and by strange manner.

Bru. Why, farewell, Portia. We must die,
Messala:

With meditating that she must die once,
I have the patience to endure it now.

Mes. Even so great men great losses should
endure.

Cas. I have as much of this in art as you,
But yet my nature could not bear it so.

Bru. Well, to our work alive. What do you
Of marching to Philippi presently? [think
Cas. I do not think it good.

Bru. Your reason?
Cas. This is it:
'Tis better, that the enemy seek us;
So shall he waste his means, weary his soldiers,

Doing himself offence; whilst we, lying still,
Are full of rest, defence, and nimbleness.

Bru. Good reasons must, of force, give place
to better.

The people 'twixt Philippi and this ground
Do stand but in a forc'd affection;
For they have grudg'd us contribution;
The enemy, marching along by them,
By them shall make a fuller number up, [ag'd;
Come on refresh'd, new-added, and encour-
From which advantage shall we cut him off,
If at Philippi we do face him there,
These people at our back.

Cas. Hear me, good brother.

Bru. Under your pardon. You must note
beside,

That we have tried the utmost of our friends,
Our legions are brim-full, our cause is ripe:
The enemy increaseth every day;
We, at the height, are ready to decline.
There is a tide in the affairs of men,
Which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune;
Omitted, all the voyage of their life
Is bound in shallows, and in miseries.
On such a full sea are we now afloat;
And we must take the current when it serves,
Or lose our ventures.

Cas. Then, with your will, go on;
We'll along ourselves, and meet them at
Philippi.

Bru. The deep of night is crept upon our
And nature must obey necessity; [talk,
Which we will niggard with a little rest.
There is no more to say!

Cas. No more. Good night:
Early to-morrow will we rise, and hence.

Bru. Lucius, my gown.—[*Exit Lucius.*]
Farewell, good Messala:

Good night, Titinius: noble, noble Cassius,
Good night, and good repose.

Cas. O my dear brother!
This was an ill beginning of the night;
Never come such division 'tween our souls!
Let it not, Brutus.

Bru. Everything is well.

Cas. Good night, my lord.

Bru. Good night, good brother.

Tit., Mes. Good night, lord Brutus.

Bru. Farewell, every one.

[*Exit Cas., Tit., and Mes.*]

Re-enter Lucius, with the gown.

Give me the gown. Where is thy instrument?

Luc. Here in the tent.

Bru. What, thou speak'st drowsily?
Poor knave, I blame thee not; thou art o'er-
watch'd.

Call Claudius, and some other of my men;
I'll have them sleep on cushions in my tent.

Luc. Varro and Claudius!

Enter Varro and Claudius.

Var. Calls my lord?

Bru. I pray you, sirs, lie in my tent, and
It may be I shall raise you by and by [sleep;
On business to my brother Cassius.

Var. So please you, we will stand, and wait
your pleasure.

Bru. I will not have it so: the door
It may be I shall otherwise betide me.
Look, Lucius, here's the book I sought for;
I put it in the pocket of my gown.

Luc. I was sure your lordship
it me.

Bru. Bear with me, good boy, I
Canst thou hold up thy heavy eyes a while?
And touch thy instrument a stroke or two?

Luc. Ay, my lord, as't please you.

Bru. I trouble thee too much, but thou
I know young bloods look for a time.

Luc. It is my duty, sir.

Bru. I should not urge thy duty;
I know young bloods look for a time.

Luc. I have slept, my lord, already.

Bru. It was well done; and thou
again;

I will not hold thee long; if I do
I will be good to thee.

This is a sleepy tune: O murderous
Lay'st thou thy leaden pipe upon my ear?

That plays thee music? Gentle
night;

I will not do thee so much wrong to wake
If thou dost nod, thou break'st thy watch;

I'll take it from thee; and, good
night.

Let me see, let me see;—is not the book
Where I left reading? Here it is, I see.

The Ghost of Caesar enters.

How ill this taper burns!—In it
I think it is the weakness of mine eyes

That shapes this monstrous appearance:
It comes upon me. Art thou some god,

Art thou some god, some angel, or some devil,
That mak'st my blood cold, and my hair un-
Speak to me what thou art.

Ghost. Thy evil spirit, Brutus.

Bru. Why comest thou?

Ghost. To tell thee thou shalt see
Philippi.

Bru. Well; then I shall see thee
Ghost.

Bru. Why, I will see thee
then.

Now I have taken heart thou comest again;
Ill spirit, I would hold more talk with thee.

Boy, Lucius!—Varro! Claudius!

Luc. The strings, my lord, are tuned.

Bru. He thinks he still is at his tent;
Lucius, awake!

Luc. My lord?

Bru. Didst thou dream, Lucius?

Luc. My lord, I do not know.

Bru. Yes, that thou didst: didst thou
Luc.

Bru. Nothing, my lord.

Bru. Sleep again, Lucius.

Var. Sleep again, Lucius.

Var. My lord!

Why did you so cry out, sirs, in your
 clasp. Did we, my lord? [sleep?
 Ay! saw you anything?
 No, my lord, I saw nothing.
 Nor I, my lord,
 commend me to my brother
 on his powers betimes before,
 It shall be done, my lord.
 [Exeunt.

ACT V.

SCENE I.—*The Plains of Philippi.*
Octavius, Antony, and their army.
 Now, Antony, our hopes are answer'd:
 The enemy would not come down,
 The hills and upper regions;
 Not so: their battles are at hand;
 Before we do demand of them.
 Yet I am in their bosoms, and I know
 They do it; they could be contented
 In other places; and come down
 With bravery, thinking by this face
 In our thoughts that they have
 [courage;

Enter a Messenger.
 Prepare you, generals:
 Soon comes on in gallant show;
 The sign of battle is hung out,
 And to be done immediately.
 Octavius, lead your battle softly on,
 Left hand of the even field. [Left.
 You the right hand I; keep thou the
 Why do you cross me in this exigent?
 I do not cross you; but I will do so.
 [March.
Enter Brutus, Cassius, and their army;
Titinius, Messala, and others.
 They stand, and would have parley.
 Titinius: we must out and
 [battle?

Antony, shall we give sign of
 Caesar, we will answer on their
 [words.
 The generals would have some
 not until the signal. [men?
 before blows: is it so, country-
 that we love words better, as you
 [strokes, Octavius.
 words are better than bad
 words:
 you made in Caesar's heart,
 hail, Caesar!"
 Antony,
 of your blows are yet unknown;
 your words, they rob the Hybla bees,
 and honeyless.

Not stingsless too.
 and soundless too;

For you have stol'n their buzzing, Antony,
 And very wisely threat before you sting.
 Ant. Villains, you did not so when your
 vile daggers
 Hack'd one another in the sides of Caesar:
 You show'd your teeth like apes, and fawn'd
 like hounds,
 And bow'd like bondmen, kissing Caesar's feet;
 Whilst 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 rul'd. [make us sweat,
 Oct. Come, come, the cause: if arguing
 The proof of it will turn to redder drops.—
 Look, I draw a sword against conspirators;
 When think you that the sword goes up again?
 Never, till Caesar's three and thirty wounds
 Be well aveng'd; or till another Caesar
 Have added slaughter to the sword of traitors.

Bru. Caesar, thou canst not die by traitors'—
 Unless thou bring'st them with thee. [hands,
 Oct. So I hope:
 I was not born to die on Brutus' sword.

Bru. O, if thou wert the noblest of thy
 strain, [able,

Young man, thou couldst not die more honour-
 Cas. A peevish schoolboy, worthless of such
 Join'd with a masker and a reveller! [honour,
 Ant. Old Cassius still!

Oct. Come, Antony, away;—
 Defiance, traitors, hurl we in your teeth;
 If you dare fight to-day, come to the field;
 If not, when you have stomachs.

[Exeunt Octavius, Antony, and their army.
 Cas. Why, now, blow wind, swell billow,
 and swim bark!

The storm is up, and all is on the hazard.
 Bru. Ho, Lucilius! hark, a word with you.
 Lucil. My lord!

[Brutus and Lucilius talk apart.

Cas. Messala,—
 Mes. What says my general?

Cas. Messala,

This is my birth-day; as this very day
 Was Cassius born. Give me thy hand, Messala:

Be thou my witness, that, against my will,
 As Pompey was, am I compell'd to set
 Upon one battle all our liberties.

You know that I held Epicurus strong,
 And his opinion: now I change my mind,
 And partly credit those that do presage.

Coming from Sardis, on our former ensign
 Two mighty eagles fell; and there they
 perch'd,

Gorging and feeding from our soldiers' hands;
 Who to Philippi here consorted us:

This morning are they fled away and gone;
 And in their stead do ravens, crows, and kites,
 Fly o'er our heads, and downward look on us,
 As we were sickly prey: their shadows seem
 A canopy most fatal, under which
 Our army lies, ready to give up the ghost.

Mes. Believe not so.
Cas. I but believe it partly;
 For I am fresh of spirit, and resolv'd
 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 man 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, determin'd to do?

Bru. Even by the rule of that philosophy,
 By which I did blame Cato for the death
 Which he did give himself: I know not how,
 But I do find it cowardly and vile,
 For fear of what might fall, so to prevent
 The time of life; arming myself with patience,
 To stay the providence of some high powers
 That govern us below.

Cas. Then, if we lose this battle,
 You are contented to be led in triumph
 Thorough the streets of Rome?

Bru. No, Cassius, no: think not, thou noble
 Roman,

That ever Brutus will go bound to Rome;
 He bears too great a mind. But this same day
 Must end that work the ides of March begun;
 And whether we shall meet again, I know not.
 Therefore, our everlasting farewell take:—
 For ever, and for ever, farewell, Cassius!
 If we do meet again, why, we shall smile;
 If not, why, then, this parting was well made.

Cas. For ever, and for ever, farewell, Brutus!
 If we do meet again, we'll smile indeed;
 If not, 'tis true, this parting was well made.

Bru. Why, then, lead on. O, that a man
 might know

The end of this day's business, ere it come!
 But it sufficeth, that the day will end,
 And then the end is known.—Come, ho! away.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—Philippi. *The Field of Battle.*

Alarum. Enter Brutus and Messala.

Bru. Ride, ride, Messala, ride, and give these
 bills

Unto the legions on the other side:

[*Loud alarum.*]

Let them set on at once; for I perceive
 But cold demeanour in Octavius' wing,
 And sudden push gives them the overthrow.
 Ride, ride, Messala: let them all come down.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.—Another Part of the Field.

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.

Tit. O Cassius, Brutus gave the word too
 early;

Who, having some advantage on Cæsar,
 Took it too eagerly: his soldiers, till to
 Whilst we by Antony are all confound'd.

[*Enter Pindarus.*]

Pin. Fly farther off, my lord, fly farther off:
 Mark Antony is in your tents, my lord.
 Fly, therefore, noble Cassius, fly far off.

Cas. This hill is far enough.

Titinius. Are those my tents where I perceive the
 Tit. They are, my lord.

Cas. Mount thou my horse, and ride thy
 him,

Till he have brought thee up to me:
 And here again; that I may see thee
 Whether yond' troops are indeed of mine.

Tit. I will be here again, even with a

Cas. Go, Pindarus, get higher on thy horse:
 My sight was ever thick; regard not
 And tell me what thou dost about thee.

This day I breathed first: time is come
 And where I did begin, there shall I end.
 My life is run his compass.—Sirrah, what's
Pin. [From the hill.] O my lord!

Cas. What news?

Pin. [Above.] Titinius is enclosed
 With horsemen, that make to him
 spur;

Yet he spurs on; now they are almost
 Now, Titinius! now some light!

Cas. He's ta'en; [Shout.] and, hark! they
 too:—

Cas. Come down; help! help!

O, coward that I am, to live so long,
 To see my best friend ta'en before me!

[*Enter Pindarus.*]

Come hither, sirrah:

In Parthia did I take thee prisoner,
 And then I swore thee, saving of thy life,

That whatsoever I did bid thee do,
 Thou shouldst attempt it.

Thine oath;

Now be a freeman; and, with this sword,
 That ran through Cæsar's bowels,

Stand not to answer; here, take the sword.

And, when my face is cover'd,
 Guide thou the sword.

Even with the sword that kill'd thy
 reveng'd,

Pin. So, I am free; yet would I
 been;

Durst I have done my will. O Cassius,
 Far from this country Pindarus shall
 Where never Roman shall take more

Re-enter Titinius, with Messala.

Mes. It is but change, Titinius:
 Is overthrow by noble Brutus' hand,
 As Cassius' legions are by Antony.

Tit. These tidings will well comfort

did you leave him?

All disconsolate,
His bondman, on this hill.

That he that lies upon the
ground?

He may not like the living. O my heart!
Is not that he?

No, this was he, Messala,
O setting sun,

Thou dost sink to-night,
And blood Cassius' day is set.

Our day is gone;
And dangers come; our deeds

Of my success hath done this deed,
Must of good success hath done

Error, melancholy's child,
Thou show to the apt thoughts of

That are not! O Error, soon
Thou canst not unto a happy birth,

At the mother that engender'd thee!
Pindarus! Where art thou,

Look him, Titinius, whilst I go to meet
Brutus, thrusting this report

I may say, thrusting it;
Of steel, and darts envenom'd,

As welcome to the ears of Brutus,
Of this sight.

Hie you, Messala,
Seek for Pindarus the while.

[Exit Messala.]
Thou send me forth, brave Cassius?

Thou dost not thy friends? and did not they
browns this wreath of victory,

me give it thee? Didst thou not hear
thou shouldst?

Thou misconstru'd everything!
Take this garland on thy brow;

Did me give it thee, and I
Midding.—Brutus, come apace,

I regarded Calus Cassius.—
Folds;—this is a Roman's part;

sword, and find Titinius' heart.
[Dies.]

Re-enter Messala, with Brutus,
Cato, Strato, Volumnius, and

where, Messala, doth his body
lender; and Titinius mourning it.

Roman's face is upward.
He is slain.

He is slain.
Thou art mighty yet!

Such men my friends, than enemies. Go on,
And see wh'er Brutus be alive, or dead;

And bring us word, unto Octavius' tent,
How everything is chang'd.

[Exit.]
SCENE V.—Another Part of the Field.

Enter Brutus, Dardanius, Clitus, Strato, and
Volumnius.

To this dead man, than you shall see me pay.
I shall find time, Cassius, I shall find time.

Come, therefore, and to Thassos send his body;
His funerals shall not be in our camp.

Best 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.
[Exit.]

SCENE IV.—Another Part of the Field.
Alarum. Enter, fighting, Soldiers of both

armies; then Brutus, Cato, Lucilius, and
others.

Brut. Yet, countryman, O, yet hold up your
heads!

[with me]
Cato. What bastard doth not! Who will go
I will proclaim my name about the field:

I am the son of Marcus Cato, ho!
A foe to tyrants, and my country's friend;

I am the son of Marcus Cato, ho!
[Charges the enemy.]

Brut. And I am Brutus, Marcus Brutus, I;
Brutus, my country's friend; know me for

Brutus! [Exit, charging the enemy.]
Cato is overpowered, and falls.

Lucil. O young and noble Cato, art thou
down!

Why, now thou diest as bravely as Titinius;
And mayst be honour'd being Cato's son.

1 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.
1 Sold. We must not. A noble prisoner!

2 Sold. Room, ho! Tell Antony, Brutus is
ta'en.

1 Sold. I'll tell the news: here comes the
general—

Enter Antony.
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 wh'er Brutus be alive, or dead;
And bring us word, unto Octavius' tent,

How everything is chang'd.
[Exit.]

SCENE V.—Another Part of the Field.
Enter Brutus, Dardanius, Clitus, Strato, and

Volumnius.

Brut. Come, poor remains of friends, rest
on this rock.

Cl. Statilius show'd the torch-light; but, my lord,
He came not back: he is or ta'en, or slain.

Bru. Sit thee down, Clitus: slaying is the word;

It is a deed in fashion. Hark thee, Clitus.
[*Whispering.*]

Cl. What, I, my lord? No, not for all the

Bru. Peace, then, no words. [world.]

Cl. I'll rather kill myself.

Bru. Hark thee, Dardanius. [Whispers.]

Dar. Shall I do such a deed?

Cl. O, Dardanius!

Dar. O, Clitus!

Cl. What ill request did Brutus make to thee?

Dar. To kill him, Clitus. Look, he meditates.

Cl. Now is that noble vessel full of grief,
That it runs over even at his eyes.

Bru. Come hither, good Volumnius; list a

Vol. What says my lord? [word.]

Bru. Why this, Volumnius:

The ghost of Cæsar hath appear'd to me

Two several times by night: at Sardis once,

And this last night here in Philippi fields,

I know my hour is come.

Vol. Not so, my lord.

Bru. Nay, I am sure it is, Volumnius.

Thou seest the world, Volumnius, how it goes;

Our enemies have beat us to the pit:

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 to-

gether:

Even for that our love of old, I pr'ythee,

Hold thou my sword-hilts, whilst I run on it.

Vol. That's not an office for a friend, my

lord. [Alarum still.]

Cl. Fly, fly, my lord; there is no tarrying

here.

Bru. Farewell to you;—and you;—and you,

Volumnius,—

Strato, thou hast been all this while asleep;

Farewell to thee too, Strato.—Countrymen,

My heart doth joy, that yet, in all my life,

I found no man but he was true to me.

I shall have glory by this losing day,

More than Octavius and Mark Antony

By this vile conquest shall attain unto,

So, fare you well at once; for Brutus' tongue

Hath almost ended his life's history:

Night hangs upon mine eyes; my house is

rest,

That have but labour'd to attain this

[Alarum. Cry within, Fly, fly, fly.]

Cl. Fly, my lord, fly. Hence! I will

Bru. [Exit Clitus, Dardanius, and Volumnius.]

I pr'ythee, Strato, stay thou by thy lord

Thou art a fellow of a good respect;

Thy life hath had some smatch of honour

Hold, then, my sword, and turn away thy

While I do run upon it. Wilt thou, Strato?

Str. Give me your hand first: I will

well, my lord.

Bru. Farewell, good Strato.—[He takes

his sword.] Cæsar, now be still;

I kill'd not thee with half so good a will.

[Alarum. Retreat. Enter Octavius, Messala, Lucilius, and Strato.]

Messala, Lucilius, and Strato,

Oct. What man is that?

Mes. My master's man. Strato,

thy master!

Str. Free from the bondage you

The conquerors can but make a fire of

For Brutus only overcame himself,

And no man else hath honour by his death.

Lucil. So Brutus should be found.

thee, Brutus,

That thou hast prov'd Lucilius' saying true.

Oct. All that serv'd Brutus, I will

them.

Fellow, wilt thou bestow thy time with

Str. Ay, if Messala will prefer me to

Oct. Do so, good Messala.

Mes. How died my master, and he did

Str. I held the sword, and he did

Mes. Octavius, then take him to my

That did the latest service to my

Ant. This was the noblest Roman

All the conspirators, save only he,

Did that they did in envy of great

He, only, in a general honest thought

And common good to all, made one of

His life was gentle; and the elements

So mix'd in him, that Nature might stand

And say to all the world, "This was a

Oct. According to his virtue let us

With all respect and rites of burial

Within my tent his bones to-night

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.

ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Triumvirs.

Friends to Antony.

Friends to Caesar.

Menas,
Menecrates, } Friends to Pompey.
Varrus, }

Taurus, Lieutenant-General to Caesar.

Canidius, Lieutenant-General to Antony.

Silius, an Officer under Ventidius.

Euphronius, Ambassador from Antony to Caesar.

Alexas, Mardian, Seleucus, and Diomedes,
Attendants on Cleopatra.

A Soothsayer. A Clown.

Cleopatra, Queen of Egypt.

Octavia, Sister to Caesar, and Wife to Antony.

Charinian, } Attendants on Cleopatra.
Iras, }

Officers, Soldiers, Messengers, and other Attendants.

SCENE,—Dispersedly in several Parts of the Roman Empire.

ACT I.

Alexandria. A Room in Cleopatra's Palace.

Enter Demetrius and Philo.

Say, but this dotage of our general's
measure: those his goodly eyes,
the files and musters of the war
lost, like plated Mars, now bend,and devotion of their view
toward front: his captain's heart,
the scuffles of great fights hath burst
on his breast, reneges all temper,and the bellow and the fan
pipe's lust. [Flourish within.]
Look where they come:Enter Antony and Cleopatra, with their
Attendants, fanning her.The pillar of the world transform'd.
Demetrius's fool: behold and see.But be love, indeed, tell me how much
more beggary in the love that can
surpass reckoning.I'll set a bourn how far to be lov'd.
Then must thou needs find out new
ways, new earth.

Enter an Attendant.

My good lord, from Rome.

Grates me: the sum,
hear them, Antony:

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, [sion
You must not stay here longer; your dismiss-
Is come from Caesar: therefore hear it, An-
tony.— [say? Both!—Where's Fulvia's process? Caesar's, I would
Call in the messengers.—As I am Egypt's
queen, [thineThou blushest, Antony; and that blood of
Is Caesar's homager: else so thy cheek pays
shame [sengers!When shrill-tongu'd Fulvia scolds. The mes-
Ant. Let Rome in Tiber melt, and the wide
archOf the rang'd empire fall! Here is my space.
Kingdoms are clay: our dungy earth alike
Feeds beast as man: the nobleness of lifeIs to do thus, [Embracing,] when such a
mutual pair,
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-
Cleo. Hear the ambassadors, [night?

Ant. Fie, wrangling queen!
Whom everything becomes,—to chide, to laugh,
To weep; whose every passion fully strives
To make itself, in thee, fair and admir'd!
No messengers but thine, and all alone,
To-night we'll wander through the streets, and
note

The qualities of people. Come, my queen;
Last night you did desire it:—speak not to us.

[*Exeunt Ant. and Cleo., with their train.*

Dem. Is Caesar with Antonius priz'd so
slight!

Phi. Sir, sometimes, when he is not Antony,
He comes too short of that great property
Which still should go with Antony.

Dem. I am full sorry
That he approves the common liar, who
Thus speaks of him at Rome: but I will hope
Of better deeds to-morrow. Rest you happy.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—Alexandria. Another Room in
the Palace.

*Enter Charmian, Iras, Alexas, and a Sooth-
sayer.*

Char. Lord Alexas, sweet Alexas, most any-
thing Alexas, almost most absolute Alexas,
where's the soothsayer that you praised so to
the queen? O! that I knew this husband,
which, you say, must charge his horns with
garlands!

Alex. Soothsayer!
Sooth. Your will?

Char. Is this the man? Is't you, sir, that
know things?

Sooth. In nature's infinite book of secrecy
A little I can read.

Alex. Show him your hand.
Enter Enobarbus.

Eno. Bring in the banquet quickly; wine
Cleopatra's health to drink. [enough

Char. Good sir, give me good fortune.
Sooth. I make not, but foresee.

Char. Pray, then, foresee me one.
Sooth. You shall be yet far fairer than you

Char. He means, in flesh. [are.

Iras. No, you shall paint when you are old.
Char. Wrinkles forbid!

Alex. Vex not his prescience; be attentive.
Char. Hush! [lov'd.

Sooth. You shall be more believing than be-
Char. I had rather heat my liver with drink.

Alex. Nay, hear him. [ing.

Char. Good now, some excellent fortunes!

Let me be married to three kings in a forenoon,
and widow them all: let me have a child at
fifty, to whom Herod of Jewry may do hom-
age: find me to marry me with Octavius
Caesar, and companion me with my mistress.

Sooth. You shall outlive the lady whom
serve.

Char. O excellent! I love long life.

Sooth. You have seen and proved a
Than that which is to approach [form

Char. Then, belike, my children [day

no names: prythee, how many [a

wenches must I have!

Sooth. If every of your wishes had a
And fertile every wish, a million

Char. Out, fool! I forgive thee [h

Alex. You think none but your [h

pry to your wishes.

Char. Nay, come, tell Iras how
Alex. We'll know all our fortunes

Eno. Mine, and most of our [h

night, shall be,—drunk to bed.

Iras. There's a palm-presser [h

nothing else.

Char. Even as the o'erflowing [h

Iras. Go, you wild bedfellow, you
soothsay.

Char. Nay, if an oily palm be not a
prognostication, I cannot scratch [h

Prythee, tell her but a worky-day [h

Sooth. Your fortunes are alike

Iras. But how! but how! I give [h

Sooth. I have said.

Iras. Am I not an inch of fortune [h

Char. Well, if you were but an [h

tune better than I, where would you [h

Iras. Not in my husband's [h

Char. Our worse thoughts, his [h

Alexas,—come, his fortune, his [h

let him marry a woman that can [h

I, I beseech thee: and let [h

give him a worse! and let [h

till the worst of all follow him [h

grave, fifty-fold a cuckold! [h

me this prayer, though thou [h

of more weight; good I, I [h

Iras. Amen. Dear goddess, [h

prayer of the people! for, as [h

breaking to sea a handsome [h

so it is a deadly sorrow to behold [h

uncuckolded: therefore, dear [h

corum, and fortune him accordingly [h

Char. Amen.

Alex. Lo, now, if it lay in [h

make me a cuckold, they would [h

selves whores, but they'd do't [h

Eno. Hush! here comes Antony [h

Char. [Not he!]

Enter Cleopatra.

Cleo. Saw you my lord?

Eno. No, lady.

Cleo. Was he not here?

Char. No, madam.

Cleo. He was dispos'd to [h

A Roman thought hath struck [h

Eno. Madam?

Cleo. Seek him, and bid [h

Where's Alexas?

Alex. Here, at your service.

with a Messenger and Attendants.

We will not look upon him; go with us.

[Exit.]
Fulvia, thy wife, first came into the
about my brother Lucius? [field.]

And when had end, and the time's state
of them, joining their forces
about Caesar?

Ant. In the war, from Italy,
encounter, drive them.

Well, what worst?
The nature of bad news infects the

when it concerns the fool, or coward.
[On:]
that was past, are done, with me. 'Tis

no true, though in his tale lie death,
to be flatter'd.

Labiens
[news] hath, with his Parthian force,
and from Euphrates;

some banner brook, from Syria
and to Iona; whilst—

Ant. say, thou wouldst say,—
my lead!

to me home, [general tongue,
as she is call'd in Rome;

to Fulvia's phrase; and taunt my
all licence, as both truth and malice

to utter. O, then we bring forth
quick winds lie still; and our illa

to you noble pleasure. [Exit.]
Seyon, ho, the news! Speak

man from Seyon,—is there such
he stays upon your will. [a one]

Let him appear.—
Egyptian letters I must break,
in dotage.—

Enter another Messenger.

What are you?
Fulvia thy wife is dead.

Where died she?
In Seyon;

of sickness, with what else more
to know, this bears. [serious]

[Giving a letter.]
Forbear me.

[Exit second Messenger.]
Thou spirit gone! Thus did I desire

again; the present pleasure,
lowering, does become

of itself: she's good, being gone;
and pluck her back, that shov'd

this enchanting queen break off;
become, more than the ill I know,
dash hatch. Ho, Enobarbus!

Enter Enobarbus.

Eno. What's your pleasure, sir?

Ant. I must with haste from hence.

Eno. Why, then, we kill all our women:
we see how mortal an unkindness is to them;
if they suffer our departure, death's the word.

Ant. I must be gone.

Eno. Under a compelling occasion, let
women die: it were pity to cast them away
for nothing; though, between them and a
great cause, they should be esteemed nothing.
Cleopatra catching but the least noise of this,
dies instantly; I have seen her die twenty
times upon far poorer moment: I do think
there is mettle in death, which commits some
loving act upon her, she hath such a celerity
in dying.

Ant. She is cunning past man's thought.

Eno. Alack, sir, no; her passions are made
of nothing but the finest part of pure love: we
cannot call her winds and 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 blessed withal, would have discredited
your travel.

Ant. Fulvia is dead.

Eno. Sir?

Ant. Fulvia is dead.

Eno. Fulvia!

Ant. Dead.

Eno. Why, sir, give the gods a thankful
sacrifice. When it pleaseth their deities to
take the wife of a man from him, it shows to
man the tailors of the earth; comforting there-
in, that when old robes are worn out, there
are members to make new. If there were no
more women but Fulvia, then had you indeed
a cut, and the case to be lamented: this grief
is crowned with consolation; your old smock
brings forth a new petticoat:—and, indeed,
the tears live in an onion that should water this
sorrow.

Ant. The business she hath broached in the
Cannot endure my absence. [state]

Eno. And the business you have broached
here cannot be without you; especially that
of Cleopatra's, which wholly depends on your
abode.

Ant. No more light answers. Let our officers
Have notice what we purpose. I shall break
The cause of our expedience to the queen,
And get her love to part. For not alone
The death of Fulvia, with more urgent touches
Do strongly speak to us; but the letters, too,
Of many our contriving friends in Rome
Petition us at home: Sextus Pompeius
Hath given the dare to Caesar, and commands
The empire of the sea: our slippery people
(Whose love is never link'd to the deserver,

Till his deserts are past) begin to throw
 Pompey the Great, and all his dignities,
 Upon his son; who, high in name and power,
 Higher than both in blood and life, stands up
 For the main soldier; whose quality, going on,
 The sides o' the world may danger; much is
 breeding,

Which, like the courser's hair, hath yet but life,
 And not a serpent's poison. Say, our pleasure,
 To such whose place is under us, requires
 Our quick remove from hence.

Eno.

I shall do it.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.—*Another Room in the Palace.*

Enter Cleopatra, Churrian, Iras, and Alexas.

Cleo. Where is he?

Char. I did not see him since.

Cleo. See where he is, who's with him, what
 he does:

I did not send you. If you find him sad,

Say I am dancing; if in mirth, report.

That I am sudden sick: quick, and return.

[*Exit Alex.*]

Char. Madam, methinks, if you did love

him dearly,

You do not hold the method to enforce

The like from him.

Cleo. What should I do, I do not?

Char. In each thing give him way, cross
 him in nothing.

Cleo. Thou teachest like a fool, the way to
 lose him.

Char. Tempt him not so too far; I wish,

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

It cannot be thus long, the sides of nature

Will not sustain it.

Ant. Now, my dearest queen,—

Cleo. Pray you, stand further from me.

Ant. What's the matter?

Cleo. I know, by that same eye, there's
 some good news.

What says the married woman? You may go:

Would she had never given you leave to come!

Let her not say 'tis I that keep you here,—

I have no power upon you; hers you are.

Ant. The gods best know,—

Cleo. O, never was there queen

So mightily betray'd! yet at the first

I saw the treasons planted.

Ant. Cleopatra,—

Cleo. Why should I think you can be mine,

and true,

Though you in swearing shake the throned

Who have been false to Fulvia? Riotous

madness,

To be entangled with these mouth-made vows,

Which break themselves in swearing!

Ant.

Cleo. Nay, pray you, seek no colour
 going,

But bid farewell, and go: when you shall
 Then was the time for words: no going

Eternity was in our lips and eyes,

Bliss in our brows bent; none our

But was a race of heaven: they are

Or thou, the greatest soldier of the

Art turn'd the greatest liar.

Ant.

Cleo. I would I had thy face,
 shouldst know

There were a heart in Egypt.

Ant.

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: Scarce

Makes his approaches to the part of

Equality of two domestic powers

Breeds scrupulous factions: the

to strength,

Are newly grown to love: the

Pompey,

Rich in his father's honour, creeps

Into the hearts of such as have not

Upon the present state, whose

threaten;

And quietness, grown sick of rest,

By any desperate change: my more

And that which most with you should

Is Fulvia's death.

Cleo. Though age from folly could

me freedom,

It does from childishness:—

Ant. She's dead, my queen;

Look here, and, at thy sovereign's

The garboils she awak'd; at the

See when and where she died.

Cleo.

Where be the sacred vials thou

With sorrowful water? Now I see

In Fulvia's death, how mine

Ant. Quarrel no more, but be

know

The purposes I bear; which are,

As you shall give the advice: by

That quickens Nilus' slime, I go

Thy soldier, servant; making

As thou affect'st.

Cleo. O, my love, Charmian

But let it be:—I am quickly

So Antony loves.

Ant.

And give true evidence to his

An honourable trial.

Cleo.

I prythee, turn aside, and weep

Then bid adieu to me, and say

Belong to Egypt: good now, play

Of excellent dissembling; and let

Like perfect honour.

Ant.

You'll heat my

can do better yet; but this is
Now, by my sword,—

And target.—Still he mends;
Is not the best:—look, prythee, Char-

merleus Roman does become
Of his chafe.

Thy leave you, lady.

Courteous lord, one word.
I must part—but that's not it:
I have loved—but there's not it;
I know well: something it is I would,—
It is a very Antony,
All forgotten.

But that your royalty
My subject, I should take you
Myself.

'Tis sweating labour
So near the heart,
But, sir, forgive me;
I know you kill me, when they do not
To you: your honour calls you hence;
I deal to my unpitied folly,
I go with you! upon your sword
I go to victory! and smooth success
Before your feet!

Let us go. Come;
I will abide, and flies;
I will abide here, go'st yet with me,
I will abide, here remain with thee.

[*Exeunt.*]

Caesar's House.
Caesar, Lepidus, and Attendants.

How may we see, Lepidus, and henceforth
Your natural vice to hate [know,
Your competitor: from Alexandria
He fishes, drinks, and wastes
His nights in revel: is not more man-

ner the queen of Ptolemy
Than he: hardly gave audience,
[And there
He had partners: you shall
Find the abstract of all faults
Follow.]

I must not think there are
In him all his goodness:
He seems as the spots of heaven,
By night's blackness; hereditary,
Which he cannot change,
Choose.

Let's grant, it
Is on the bed of Ptolemy;
Let him for a mirth; to sit
On a stool of tipping with a slave;
At noon, and stand the buffet
That small of sweat: say, this
Must be rare indeed,
Which cannot blench, yet must

No way excuse his soils, when we do bear
So great a weight in his lightness. If he fill'd
His vacancy with his voluptuousness,
Full surfeits and the dryness of his bones
Call on him for't: but, to confound such time,
That drums him from his sport, and speaks as
loud

As his own state and ours,—'tis to be child
As we rate boys; who, being mature in know-
ledge,
Pawn their experience to their present pleasure,
And so rebel to judgment.

Enter a Messenger.

Lep. Here's more news.

Mess. Thy biddings have been done; and
every hour,

Most noble Caesar, shalt thou have report
How 'tis abroad. Pompey is strong at sea;
And it appears, he is belov'd of those
That only have fear'd Caesar: to the ports
The discontents repair, and men's reports
Give him much wrong'd.

Cas. I should have known no less:
It hath been taught us from the primal state,
That he which is, was wish'd, until he were;
And the ebb'd man ne'er lov'd, till ne'er worth
love, [body,

Comes dear'd by being lack'd. This common
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,
Meneceates 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 'tis as soon
Taken as seen; for Pompey's name strikes more,
Than could his war resisted.

Cas. Antony,
Leave thy lascivious wassails. When thou once
Wast beaten from Modena, where thou slew'st
Hirtius and Pansa, consuls, at thy heel
Did famine follow; whom thou fought'st
against, [more

Though daintily brought up, with patience
Than savages could suffer: thou didst drink
The stale of horses, and the gilded puddle,
Which beasts would cough at: thy palate then
did deign

The roughest berry on the rudest hedge;
Yea, like the stag, when snow the pasture sheets,
The barks of trees thou brows'd'st; on the
Alps,

It is reported, thou didst eat strange flesh,
Which some did die to look on: and all this
(It wounds thy 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
Drive him to Rome: 'tis time we twain
Did show ourselves i' the field; and, to that end,

Assemble me immediate council: Pompey
Thrives in our idleness.

Lep. To-morrow, Caesar,
I shall be furnish'd to inform you rightly,
Both what by sea and land I can be able,
To front this present time.

Cæs. Till which encounter,
It is my business too. Farewell.

Lep. Farewell, my lord: what you shall know
meantime

Of stirs abroad, I shall beseech you, sir,
To let me be partaker.

Cæs. Doubt not, sir; I knew it for my bond.
[Exit.

SCENE V.—Alexandria. In the Palace.

Enter Cleopatra, Charmian, Iras, and Mardian.

Cleo. Charmian,—

Char. Madam,

Cleo. Ha, ha!

Give me to drink mandragora.

Char. Why, madam?

Cleo. That I might sleep out this great gap
My Antony is away. [of time,

Char. You think of him too much.

Cleo. O, 'tis treason!

Char. Madam, I trust, not so.

Cleo. Thou, eunuch Mardian,—

Mar. What's your highness' pleasure?

Cleo. Not now to hear thee sing; I take no
pleasure

In aught a eunuch has; 'tis well for thee,
That, being unseminar'd, thy freer thoughts
May not fly forth of Egypt. Hast thou affec-

Mar. Yes, gracious madam, [tions]

Cleo. Indeed! [nothing]

Mar. Not in deed, madam; for I can do
But what in deed is honest to be done;
Yet have I fierce affections, and think
What Venus did with Mars.

Cleo. O Charmian,
Where think'st thou he is now? Stands he,
or sits he?

Or does he walk? or is he on his horse?
O happy horse, to bear the weight of Antony!
Do bravely, horse! for wot'st thou whom thou
mov'st?

The demi-Atlas of this earth, the arm
And burgonet of men.—He's speaking now,
Or murmuring, "Where's my serpent of old
Nile?"

For so he calls me: now I feed myself
With most delicious poison:—think on me,
That am with Phœbus' amorous pinches black,
And wrinkled deep in time! Broad-fronted
Cæsar,

When thou wast here above the ground, I was
A morsel for a monarch: and great Pompey
Would stand, and make his eyes grow in my
brow;

There would he anchor his aspect, and die
With looking on his life.

Enter Alexas.

Alex. Sovereign of Egypt, hail!

Cleo. How much unlike art thou
Antony!

Yet, coming from him, that great motion
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 kisses.

This orient pearl:—his speech it was,
Cleo. Mine ear must pluck it from him.

Alex. "Good friend,"
"Say, the firm Roman to great Antony,
This treasure of an oyster: at some
To mend the petty present, I will give
Her opulent throne with kingdoms:—
Say thou, shall call her mistress:—
And soberly did mount an acre
Who neig'd so high, that whilom
Was beastly dumb'd by him."

Cleo. What, was he such?

Alex. Like to the time o' the year,
the extremes

Of hot and cold, he was not sad nor
Cleo. O well-divided disposition!

Note him, good Charmian, 'tis the
note him:

He was not sad; for he would show
That make their looks by his:

merry,
Which seem'd to tell them his joy;
In Egypt with his joy; but between
O heavenly mingle!—He's at thou and
The violence of either thee become
So does it no man else.—Met at thou
Alex. Ay, madam, twenty
Why do you send so thick?

Cleo. When I forget to send to Antony,
Shall die a beggar. Ink and paper,
Welcome, my good Alexas. Did I
Ever love Cæsar so?

Char. O that brave
Cleo. Be chok'd with such
Say the brave Antony.

Char. The valiant
Cleo. By Isis, I will give thee
If thou with Cæsar paragon again.

My man of men.
Char. By your most precious
I sing but after you.

Cleo. My salad days
When I was green in judgment:—
To say as I said then! But come,
Get me ink and paper:
He shall have every day a several
Or I'll unpeople Egypt.

ACT II.

SCENE I.—Messina. A Room in
House.

Enter Pompey, Menecrates, and
Pom. If the great gods be just,
The deeds of justest men.

Know, worthy Pompey,
While we are suitors to their throne,
We, ignorant of ourselves,

bring our own harms, which the wise
do us for good; so find we profit,
From our prayers.

I shall do well:
The sea is mine;
And my aspiring hope

Will come to the full. Mark Antony
Without doors: Caesar gets money
Lepidus flatters both,

but he neither loves,
Nor cares for him.

Caesar and Lepidus
Have strength they carry.
Where have you this? 'tis false.

From Silvius, sir.
He dreams: I know they are in Rome
together.

Antony. But all the charms of
Love, soft'ning thy want's lip!
I'll join with beauty, lust with both!

My time in a field of feasts:
With Epicurean cooks,
And feeding may prorogue his

honour,
Enter Varrus.
How now, Varrus!

I am most certain that I shall do
once every hour in Rome. [Enter
once he went from Egypt, 'tis
farther travel.

I could have given less matter
to Menas, I did not think
surfeiter would have down'd his

other twin: but let us rear
our opinion; that our stirring
the tap of Egypt's widow pluck
last-wearied Antony.

I cannot hope,
Antony shall well greet together:
That's dead, did trespasses to Caesar:

war'd upon him; although, I
think,
I know not, Menas,
enemies may give way to greater.

that we stand up against them all,
they should square between
I am entertained cause enough
their divisions, and bind up
we yet not know.

It only stands
to use our strongest hands.
[Exit.]

SCENE II.—Rome. A Room in Lepidus'
House.

Enter Enobarbus and Lepidus.

Lep. Good Enobarbus, 'tis a worthy deed,
And shall become you well, to entreat you
To soft and gentle speech. [Captain

Eno. I shall entreat him
To answer like himself: if Caesar move him,
Let Antony look over Caesar'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
Eno. Not if the small come first. [Way.]

Lep. Your speech is passion:
But, pray you, stir no embers up. Here comes
The noble Antony

Enter Antony and Ventidius.
Eno. And yonder, Caesar.
Enter Caesar, Mecenas, and Agrippa.

Ant. If we compose well here, to Parthia:
Hark you, Ventidius.

Cas. I do not know, Mecenas; ask Agrippa.

Lep. Noble friends,
That which combin'd us was most great, and
let not

A leaner action rend us. What's amiss,
May it be gently heard: when we debate
Our trivial difference loud, we do commit

Murder in healing wounds: then, noble part-
(The rather, for I earnestly beseech,) [Nervus,
Touch you the sourest points with sweetest
Nor carstness grow to the matter. [Terminus,
Ant. 'Tis spoken well.

Were we before our armies, and to fight,
I should do thus.

Cas. Welcome to Rome.
Ant. Thank you.

Cas. Sit. Ant. Sit, sir.

Cas. Nay, then.
Ant. I learn, you take things ill, which are
Or, being, concern you not. [Not so.]

Cas. I must be laugh'd at,
If, for nothing, or a little, I
Should say myself offended; and with you

Chiefly if the world: more laugh'd at, that I
should

Once name you derogately, when to sound
It not concern'd me. [Your name]

Ant. My being in Egypt, Caesar,
What was't to you? [Rome]

Cas. No more than my residing here at
Might be to you in Egypt: yet, if you there
Did practise on my state, your being in Egypt
Might be my question.

Ant. How intend you, practis'd?
Cas. You may be pleas'd to catch at mine
intent, [brother,
By what did here befall me. Your wife, and

Made wars upon me; and their contestation
Was theme for you, you were the word of war.

Ant. You do mistake your business; my
brother never

Did urge me in his act: I did enquire it;
And have my learning from some true reports,
That drew their swords with you. Did he not
Discredit my authority with yours; [rather
And make the wars alike against my stomach,
Having alike your cause! Of this my letters
Before did satisfy you. If you'll patch a
quarrel

As matter whole you have to make it with,
It must not be with this.

Cæs. You praise yourself
By laying defects of judgment to me; but
You patch'd up your excuses.

Ant. Not so, not so;
I know you could not lack, I am certain o't,
Very necessity of this thought, that I,
Your partner in the cause 'gainst which he
fought,

Could not with graceful eyes attend those wars
Which fronted mine own peace. As for my
wife,

I would you had her spirit in such another:
The third o' the world is yours; which with a
snaffle

You may pace easy, but not such a wife.

Eno. Would we had all such wives, that the
men might go to wars with the women!

Ant. So much uncurbable her garboils,
Cæs.

Made out of her impatience (which not wanted
Shrewdness of policy too), I grieving grant,
Did you too much disquiet: for that, you must
But say, I could not help it.

Cæs. I wrote to you,
When rioting in Alexandria: you
Did pocket up my letters, and with taunts
Did gibe my missive out of audience.

Ant. Sir,
He fell upon me, ere admitted: then
Three kings I had newly feasted, and did want
Of what I was i' the morning: but, next day,
I told him of myself; which was as much
As to have ask'd him pardon. Let this fellow
Be nothing of our strife; if we contend,
Out of our question wipe him.

Cæs. You have broken
The article of your oath; which you shall never
Have tongue to charge me with.

Lep. Soft, *Cæs.*

Ant. No, *Lepidus*, let him speak:
The honour's sacred which he talks on now,
Supposing that I lack'd it: but on, *Cæs.*
The article of my oath.

Cæs. To lend me arms and aid when I re-
The which you both denied. [quid them;

Ant. Neglected, rather;
And then, when poison'd hours had bound me
up [may,

From mine own knowledge. As nearly as I
I'll play the penitent to you: but mine honesty

Shall not make poor my greatness
power

Work without it. Truth is, that *Poly-*
To have me out of Egypt, made wars for
For which myself, the ignorant mother
So far ask pardon, as belia mine honour
To stoop in such a case. 'Tis notly ap-

Lep. further
Mec. If it might please you, to forget them

The griefs between ye: to forget them
Were to remember that the present
Speaks to atone you.

Lep. Worthily spoken, *Mec.*
Eno. Or, if you borrow one another
for the instant, you may, when you
more words of *Pompey*, return it
shall have time to wrangle in, while
nothing else to do.

Ant. Thou art a soldier only; speak
Eno. That truth should be almost
almost forgot.

Ant. You wrong this presence;
Eno. Go to, then; your countenance

Cæs. I do not much dislike the manner
The manner of his speech; for it
We shall remain in friendship, yet
So differing in their acts. Yes, I
What hoop should hold us staunch
O' the world I would pursue it.

Ag. Give me leave
Cæs. Speak, *Agrippa*.

Ag. Thou hast a sister by the name
Admir'd Octavia: great *Mark Antony*
Is now a widower.

Cæs. Say not so, *Agrippa*;
If *Cleopatra* heard you, your reputation
Were well deserv'd of rashness.

Ant. I am not married,
Agrippa further speak.

Ag. To hold you in perpetual amity
To make you brothers, and to knit
With an unslipping knot, take *Antony*
Octavia to his wife: whose beauty
No worse a husband than the look of
Whose virtue and whose general grace
That which none else can utter

marriage,
All little jealousies, which now
And all great fears, which now

dangers,
Would then be nothing: truths
Where now half tales be truths

both,
Would, each to other, and all love
Draw after her. Pardon what I
For 'tis a studied, not a present

By duty ruminated. Will *Cæs.*

Ant. Not till he hears how *Antony*
Cæs. With what is spoke already.

Ant. What power is it
If I would say, "Agrippa, be it
To make this good!"

The power of Caesar, and
into Octavia.

May I never
purpose, that so fairly shows,
impediment!—Let me have thy

act of grace; and from this hour
of brothers govern in our loves,
our great designs!

There is my hand,
whom no brother
have so dearly; let her live
kingdoms, and our hearts; and
[never
loves again!

Happily, amen!
to draw my sword
Pompey;

did not think
with strange courtesies, and great,
upon me: I must thank him only,
remembrance suffer ill report;
that, defy him.

Time calls upon us:
Pompey presently be sought,
he calls out us.

Where lies he?
the Mount Misenum.

What's his strength
and increasing: but by sea
absolute master.

So is the fame,
had spoke together! Haste we for it:
put ourselves in arms, despatch we
we have talk'd of.

With most gladness;
to my sister's view,
straight I'll lead you.

Let us, Lepidus,
your company.

Noble Antony,
should detain me.

Caesar, Antony, and
Lepidus,
come from Egypt, sir.

the heart of Caesar, worthy Me-
honourable friend, Agrippa!—
have cause to be glad that mat-
well digested. You stay'd well by

we did sleep day out of coun-
the night light with drinking.

wild boars roasted whole at a
and but twelve persons there; is

was but as a fly by an eagle; we
more monstrous matter of feast,
deserved nothing.

a most triumphant lady, if re-
to her.

the first met Mark Antony, she
heart, upon the river of Cydnus.

she appeared indeed; or my
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
Purple the sails, and so perfum'd, that [gold;
The winds were love-sick with them; the oars
were silver,

Which to the tune of flutes kept stroke, and
The water, which they beat, to follow faster,
As amorous of their strokes. For her own
person,

It beggar'd all description: she did lie
In her pavilion, (cloth-of-gold of tissue,)
O'er-picturing that Venus, where we see
The fancy out-work nature: on each side her
Stood pretty dimpled boys, like smiling Cupids,
With divers-colour'd fans, whose wind did
seem

To glow the delicate cheeks which they did
And what they undid, did.

Aggr. O, rare for Antony!

Eno. Her gentlewomen, like the Nereids,
So many mermaids, tended her i' the eyes,
And made their bends adornings: 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,
Enthron'd i' the market-place, did sit alone,
Whistling to the air; which, but for vacancy,
Had gone to gaze on Cleopatra too,
And made a gap in nature.

Aggr. Rare Egyptian!

Eno. Upon her landing, Antony sent to her,
Invited her to supper: she replied,
It should be better he became her guest,
Which she entreated: our courteous Antony,
Whom ne'er the word of "No" woman heard
speak,

Being barber'd ten times o'er, goes to the feast;
And, for his ordinary, pays his heart.
For what his eyes eat only.

Aggr. Royal wench!
She made great Caesar lay his sword to bed;
He plough'd her, and she crop'd'd.

Eno. I saw her once
Hop forty paces through the public street;
And having lost her breath, she spoke, and
panted

That she did make defect perfection,
And, breathless, power breathe forth.

Mec. Now Antony must leave her utterly.

Eno. Never; he will not:

Age cannot wither her, nor custom stale
Her infinite variety: other women cloy
The appetites they feed, but she makes hungry
Where most she satisfies: for vilest things
Become themselves in her; that the holy priests
Bless her when she is riggish.

Mec. If beauty, wisdom, modesty, can settle
The heart of Antony, Octavia is
A blessed lottery to him.

Ag. Let us go.—
 Good Enebarbus, make yourself my guest
 Whilst you abide here.

Ene. Humbly, sir, I thank you.
[Exit.]

SCENE III.—Rome. Caesar's House.

*Enter Caesar, Antony, Octavia between them;
 and Attendants.*

Ant. The world, and my great office, will
 Divide me from your bosom. *[sometimes]*
Oct. All which time,
 Before the gods my knee shall bow my prayers
 To them for you.

Ant. Good night, sir.—My Octavia,
 Read not my blemishes in the world's report:
 I have not kept my square; but that to come
 Shall all be done by the rule. Good night,
Oct. Good night, sir. *[dear lady.]*
Ces. Good night.

[Exit Caesar and Octavia.]

Enter Soothsayer.

Ant. Now, sirrah, you do wish yourself in
 Egypt? *[nor you thither!]*

Sooth. Would I had never come from thence,

Ant. If you can, your reason?

Sooth. I see it in my motion, have it not in
 my tongue: but yet lie you to Egypt again.

Ant. Say to me, whose fortunes shall rise
 Caesar's, or mine? *[higher,]*

Sooth. Caesar's.

Therefore, O Antony, stay not by his side:
 Thy demon, (that's thy spirit which keeps thee,) *[is,]*
 Noble, courageous, high, unmatchable,
 Where Caesar's is not; but, near him, thy
 angel

Becomes a Fear, as being o'erpower'd: there-
 Make space enough between you. *[fore,]*

Ant. Speak this no more.

Sooth. To none but thee; no more, but
 when to thee.

If thou dost play with him at any game,
 Thou art sure to lose; and, of that natural
 luck, *[thickens,]*

He beats thee 'gainst the odds: thy lustre
 When he shines by: I say again, thy spirit
 Is all afraid to govern thee near him;
 But, he away, 'tis noble.

Ant. Get thee gone:

Say to Ventidius, I would speak with him.—

[Exit Soothsayer.]

He shall to Parthia. Be it art, or hap,
 He hath spoken true: the very dice obey him;
 And, in our sports, my better cunning faints
 Under his chance: if we draw lots, he speeds;
 His cocks do win the battle still of mine,
 When it is all to nought; and his quails ever
 Beat mine, inhoop'd, at odds. I will to Egypt:
 And though I make this marriage for my peace,
 I'll eat my pleasure lies.

Enter Ventidius.

O, come, Ventidius,

You must to Parthia: your commission's ready;
 Follow me, and receive it. *[Exit.]*

SCENE IV.—Rome. *[A Street.]*
Enter Lepidus, Mecenas, and Agrippa.

Lep. Trouble yourselves no further
 Your generals after.

Ag. Sir, Mark Antony
 Will e'en but kiss Octavia, and we'll

Lep. Till I shall see you in your
 dress,

Which will become you both, *[Agrippa]*
Mec.

As I conceive the journey, he at the
 Before you, Lepidus. *[Your way is]*

Lep. My purposes do draw me much about
 You'll win two days upon me. *[Sir, go]*

Mec. *Ag.*

Lep. Farewell.

SCENE V.—Alexandria. *[A Room in the]*
Palace.]

Enter Cleopatra, Charmian, Iras, and
Attendant.

Cleo. Give me some music; none
 Of us that trade in love. *[The music]*

Attend. *Enter Mardian.*

Cleo. Let it alone; let's to billiards

Charmian.

Char. My arm is sore; best not

Cleo. As well a woman with a wound

As with a woman. Come, you'll play

Mar. As well as I can, madam.

Cleo. And when good will is show'd

come too short,

The actor may plead pardon. *[I'll not]*

Give me mine angle, — wall to the river

My mind playing far off, I will *[rest]*

Tawny-finn'd fishes; my bended

piece

Their slimy jaws; and, as I draw

I'll think them every one an Antony

And say, "Ah, ah! you're caught."

Char. "Two" *[two]*

You wager'd on your angling; when

Did hang a salt-fish on his hook,

With fervency drew up.

Cleo. That time I—

I laugh'd him out of patience; and

I laugh'd him into patience; and

Ere the ninth hour, I drunk him to

Then, put my tires and mantles on

I wore his sword Philippan.— O,

Enter a Messenger.

Ram thou thy fruitful tidings in

That long time have been barren.

Mess. Madam,

Cleo. Antony's dead! if thou

Thou kill'st thy mistress: but

If thou so yield him, there is gold

My bluest veins to kiss, a hand that

Have kiss'd, and trampled kisses

Mess. First, madam, he is

Why, there's more gold.
 mark, we use
 the dead are well: bringing it to that,
 I give them will I melt, and pour
 my blustering throat.
 Most madam, hear me.

Well, go to, I will;
 no goodness in thy face, if Antony
 and beautiful:—so tart a flavour
 of such good tidings! if not well,
 let come like a fury crown'd with
 a formal man.

Will't please you hear me?
 I have a mind to strike thee ere thou
 say Antony lives, is well,
 with Caesar, or not captive to him,
 in a shower of gold, and hail
 upon thee.

Madam, he's well.
 Well said,
 And friends with Caesar.

Thou'rt an honest man.
 Caesar and he are greater friends than
 make thee a fortune from me. [ever.

But yet, madam,—
 I do not like "but yet," it does allay
 confidence; lie upon "but yet!"

as a gaoler to bring forth
 your malefactor. Pr'ythee, friend,
 the pack of matter to mine ear,
 and had together: he's friends with

free.
 health, thou say'st, and thou say'st,
 madam! no; I made no such
 into Octavia.

[report:
 For what good turn?
 the best turn I the bed.

I am pale, Charmian.
 Madam, he's married to Octavia.
 the most infectious pestilence upon

[Strikes him down.
 madam, patience.
 What say you?—Hence,

[Strikes him again.
 or I'll spurn thine eyes
 before me; I'll unhair thy head:

[She hales him up and down.
 be whipp'd with wire, and stew'd
 in brine,

Gracious madam,
 the news, made not the match.
 He not so, a province I will give

[hadst
 thy fortunes proud: the blow thou
 thy justice, for moving me to rage;
 lead thee with what gift beside

He's married, madam.
 thou hast liv'd too long.
 [Draws a dagger.

Nay, then, I'll run.
 madam! I have made no
 [Exit.

Char. Good madam, keep yourself within
 The man is innocent. [yourself:

Cleo. Some innocents 'scape not the thunder-
 bolt.

Melt Egypt into Nile! and kindly creatures
 Turn all to serpents!—Call the slave again!
 Though I am mad, I will not bite him: call.

Char. He is afraid to come.
 Cleo. I will not hurt him:—

[Exit Attendant.
 These hands do lack nobility, that they strike
 A meaner than myself; since I myself
 Have given myself the cause.—

Re-enter Attendant, with Messenger.
 Come hither, sir.

Though it be honest, it is never good
 To bring bad news: give to a gracious message
 A host of tongues; but let ill tidings tell
 Themselves, when they be felt.

Mess. I have done my duty.
 Cleo. Is he married?

I cannot hate thee worse than I do,
 If thou again say, "Yes."

Mess. He's married, madam.
 Cleo. The gods confound thee! dost thou

hold there still?
 Mess. Should I lie, madam!

Cleo. O, I would thou didst,
 So half my Egypt were submerg'd, and made

A cistern for scald'd snakes! Go, get thee
 hence:
 Hadst thou Narcissus in thy face, to me

Thou 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 is married to
 Octavia. [of thee,

Cleo. O, that his fault should make a knave
 That art not what thou'rt sure of!—Get thee
 hence: [Rome

The merchandise which thou hast brought from
 Are all too dear for me: lie they upon thy
 hand,

And be undone by 'em! [Exit Messenger.
 Char. Good your highness, patience.

Cleo. In praising Antony, I have disprais'd
 Caesar.

Char. Many times, madam.
 Cleo. I am paid for't now.

Lead me from hence.
 I faint. O Iris!—Charmian!—"Tis no matter—

Go to the fellow, good Alexas; bid him
 Report the feature of Octavia, her years,
 Her inclination, let him not leave out

The colour of her hair: bring me word quickly.
 [Exit Alexas.

Let him for ever go:—let him not—Charmian,
 Though he be painted one way like a Gorgon,
 The other way's a Mars:—[To Mardian.]

Bid you Alexas

Bring me word, how tall she is.—Pity me,
 Charmian,
 But do not speak to me.—Lead me to my
 chamber. *[Exeunt.]*

SCENE VI.—Near Misenum.

Flourish. Enter Pompey and Menas, from one side, with drum and trumpet; from the other, Caesar, Antony, Lepidus, Enobarbus, with Soldiers marching.

Pom. Your hostages I have, so have you
 And we shall talk before we fight. *[mine;]*
Cas. Most meet,

That first we come to words; and therefore
 Our written purposes before us sent; [have we
 Which, if thou hast consider'd, let us know
 If 'twill tie up thy discontented sword,
 And carry back to Sicily much tall youth,
 That else must perish here.

Pom. To you all three,
 The senators alone of this great world,
 Chief factors for the gods,—I do not know
 Wherefore my father should revengers want,
 Having a son and friends; since Julius Caesar,
 Who at Philippi the good Brutus ghosted,
 There saw you labouring for him. What was't
 That mov'd pale Cassius to conspire? and what
 Made the all-honour'd, honest Roman, Brutus,
 With the arm'd rest, courtiers of beauteous
 freedom,

To drench the Capitol: but that they would
 Have one man but a man? And that is it
 Hath made me rig my navy; at whose burden
 The anger'd ocean foams; with which I meant
 To scourge the ingratitude that desp'iteful Rome
 Cast on my noble father.

Cas. Take your time.
Ant. Thou canst not fear us, Pompey, with
 thy sails;

We'll speak with thee at sea: at land, thou
 How much we do o'ercount thee. *[know'st]*

Pom. At land, indeed,
 Thou dost o'ercount me of my father's house;
 But, since the cuckoo builds not for himself,
 Remain in't as thou mayst.

Lep. Be pleas'd to tell us
 (For this is from the present) how you take
 The offers we have sent you.

Cas. There's the point.
Ant. Which do not be entreated to, but
 What it is worth embrac'd. *[weigh]*

Cas. And what may follow,
 To try a larger fortune.

Pom. You have made me offer
 Of Sicily, Sardinia; and I must
 Rid all the sea of pirates; then, to send
 Measures of wheat to Rome: this 'greed upon,
 To part with unhack'd edges, and bear back
 Our targets undinted.

Cas., Ant., Lep. That's our offer.
Pom. Know, then,

I came before you here, a man prepar'd
 To take this offer: but Mark Antony
 Put me to some impatience:—though I lose

The praise of it by telling, you must
 When Caesar and your brother were at
 Your mother came to Sicily, and did
 Her welcome friendly. *[I have heard it.]*

Ant. And am well studied for a liberal thank
 Which I do owe you. *[Let me have your]*

Pom. I did not think, sir, to have met you
Ant. The beds I the east and west

thanks to you,
 That call'd me, tineller than my
 For I have gain'd by it. *[Since I saw]*

Cas. There is a change upon you. *[Well, I have]*
Pom. What counts harsh fortune casts upon me

But in my bosom shall she move
 To make my heart her vessel. *[Till]*

Lep. *Pom.* I hope so, Lepidus.—
 agreed:

I crave, our composition may be writ
 And seal'd between us. *[That's the way]*

Cas. *Pom.* We'll feast each other, are
 Draw lots who shall begin. *[That will I]*

Ant. *Pom.* No, Antony, take the lot
 Or last, your fine Egyptian cookery

Shall have the fame. *[I have heard]*
 Grew fat with feasting there. *[You have heard]*

Ant. *Pom.* I have fair meanings, sir
Ant. And fair words

Pom. Then, so much have I heard
 And I have heard, Apollodorus

Eno. No more of that:—he did
Pom. A certain queen to Caesar

Eno. I know thee now: how
 And well am like to do; for, I perceive
 Four feasts are toward.

Pom. I never hated thee: I have seen thee
 When I have envied thy behaviour

Eno. I never lov'd you much; but I have
 When you have well deserv'd ten times as
 As I have said you did. *[Enjoy thy]*

Pom. It nothing ill becomes thee—
 Aboard my galley I invite you all:
 Will you lead, lords?

Cas., Ant., Lep. Show us the way
Pom. *[Exeunt all except Menas and Pompey]*

Men. [Aside.] Thy father, Pompey,
 ne'er have made this treaty.—You

known, sir.
Eno. At sea, I think.
Men. We have, sir.

Eno. You have done well by me

And you by land.
I will praise any man that will praise
me; it cannot be denied what I have
done.
Nor what I have done by water.
Yes, something you can deny for your
sake: you have been a great thief by

And you by land.
There I deny my land service. But
your hand, Menas: if our eyes had
not here they might take two thieves

All men's faces are true, whatso'er
they are.
But there is never a fair woman has a
true face.
We came hither to fight with you.
For my part, I am sorry it is turned
to fortune. Pompey doth this day laugh

at me.
I do so, sure, he cannot weep it back
at you. You have said, sir. We looked not
for Antony here: pray you, is he mar-

ried?
His sister is call'd Octavia.
True, sir: she was the wife of Caius
Antony.

And she is now the wife of Marcus
Antonius.
[Antony.]

And he, for ever knit
to me, I would not prophesy so.
I think, the policy of that purpose
in the marriage, than the love of

it.
I think so too. But you shall find,
that seems to tie their friendship
shall be the very strangler of their
friendship: Octavia is of a holy, cold, and still

temper.
Who would not have his wife so?

He will to his Egyptian dish
shall the sighs of Octavia blow
the strength of their amity, shall
be the author of their variance.

And thus it may be. Come, sir, will
you take it, sir: we have used our
best, let's away.

[Exeunt.]
[On board Pompey's Galley,
lying near Misenum.]
Enter two or three Servants, with a
banquet.

Here they'll be, man. Some o'
the world will blow them down.

2 Serv. Lepidus is high-coloured. [Drink.]

1 Serv. They have made him drink almost.

2 Serv. As they pinch one another by the
disposition, he cries out, "No more;" recon-
ciles them to his entreaty, and himself to the
drink.

1 Serv. But it raises the greater war between
him and his discretion.

2 Serv. Why, this it is to have a name in
great men's fellowship: I had as lief have a
reed that will do me no service, as a partisan
I could not heave.

1 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 sennet sounded. Enter Caesar, Antony,
Lepidus, Pompey, Agrippa, Menas,
Enobarbus, with other Captains.

Ant. [To Caesar.] Thus do they, sir: they
take the flow o' the Nile

By certain scales i' the pyramid; they know,
By the height, the lowness, or the mean, if
dearth,

Or foison, follow: the higher Nilus swells,
The more it promises: as it ebbs, the seeds-
man

Upon the slime and ooze scatters his grain,
And shortly comes to harvest.

Lep. You have strange serpents there?

Ant. Ay, Lepidus.

Lep. Your serpent of Egypt is bred, now, of
your mud by the operation of your sun: so is
your crocodile.

Ant. They are so. [Lepidus.]

Pom. Sit,—and some wine.—A health to

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.] Pompey, a word.

Pom. [Aside.] Say in mine ear: what is't?

Men. [Aside.] Forsake thy seat, I do be-
seech thee, captain,

And hear me speak a word.

Pom. [Aside.] Forbear me till anon. This
wine for Lepidus.

Lep. What manner o' thing is your croco-
dile?

Ant. It is shaped, sir, like itself; and it is
as broad as it hath breadth; it is just so high
as it is, and moves with its own organs; it
lives by that which nourisheth it; and the
elements once out of it, it transmigrates.

Lep. What colour is it of?

Ant. Of its own colour too.

Lep. 'Tis a strange serpent.

Ant. 'Tis so: and the tears of it are wet.

Caes. Will this description satisfy him?

Ant. With the health that Pompey gives
him, else he is a very epicure.

Pom. [*Aside to Men.*] Go hang, sir, hang!
Tell me of that I 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. [*The matter?*]

Pom. [*Aside to Men.*] I think, thou'rt mad,
[*Rises; and walks aside with Menas.*]

Men. I have ever held my cap off to thy
fortunes.

Pom. Thou hast serv'd me with much faith.
Be jolly, lords. [*What's else to say?*—

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?

Pom. How should that be? [*That's twice.*]

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 have't.

Pom. Show me which way.

Men. These three world-sharers, these com-
petitors,

Are in thy vessel: let me cut the cable;

And, when we are put off, fall to their throats:
All there is thine.

Pom. Ah, this thou shouldst have done,
And not have spoke on't! In me, 'tis villany;

In thee, 't had been good service. Thou must
know,

'Tis not my profit that does lead mine honour;
Mine honour, it. Repent that e'er thy tongue

Hath so betray'd thine act: being done un-
known,

I should have found it afterwards well done;
But must condemn it now. Desist and drink.

Men. [*Aside.*] For this,

I'll never follow thy pall'd fortunes more,—
Who seeks, and will not take, when once 'tis

Shall never find it more. [*Offer'd,*]

Pom. This health to Lepidus.

Ant. Bear him ashore.—I'll pledge it for
him, Pompey.

Eno. Here's to thee, Menas.

Men. Enobarbus, welcome.

Pom. Fill, till the cup be hid.

Eno. There's a strong fellow, Menas.

[*Pointing to the Attendant who carries off
Lepidus.*]

Men. Why?

Eno. He bears

The third part of the world, man; see'st not?

Men. The third part, then, is drunk: would
That it might go on wheels! [*It were all,*]

Eno. Drink thou; increase the reels.

Men. Come.

Pom. This is not yet an Alexandrian feast.

Ant. It ripens towards it.—*Drinks*
vessels, ho!

Here is to Caesar! I could well forbear it.

Eno. It's monstrous labour, when I wash my

And it grows fouler. He a child o' the time?

Ant. Possess it, I'll make answer;

But I had rather fast from all four days

Than drink so much in one. Ha, my brave emper-

Eno. [*To Ant.*] Ha, my brave emper-

Shall we dance now the Egyptian?—
And celebrate our drink?

Pom. Let's ha't, good

Ant. Come, let's all take hands,
Till that the conquering wine hath steep'd

sense.

In soft and delicate Lethe.

Eno. All the

Make battery to our ears with the loud

The while I'll place you: then, the

sing;

The holding every man shall bear, as best

As his strong sides can volley.

[*Music plays.* Enobarbus places

hand in hand.

SONG.

Come, thou monarch of the world,

Plumy Bacchus, with your

In thy vats 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

night. Good brother,

Let me request you off: our graver

Frowns at this levity. Gentle lords, be

You see, we have burnt our candles

Enobarbus

Is weaker than the wine; and mine

Splits what it speaks: the wild

almost

Antick'd us all. What needs more?

Good night.

Good Antony, your hand.

Pom. I'll try you on the

Ant. And shall, sir: give's your

Pom. Or Antony

You have my father's house—tak-

are friends.

Come, down into the boat.

Eno. Take heed, Caesar, Antony

[*Exeunt Pompey, Caesar, Antony*]

Attendant.

Menas, I'll not on shore.

Men. No, to my

These drums! these trumpets,

Let Neptune hear, we bid a loud

To these great fellows: sound, and

sound out!

Eno. Ho! says 'a.—There's my

Men. Ho!—noble captain, sound

ACT III.

SCENE I.—A Plain in Syria.

Ventidius, in triumph, Silius, and other
Officers, and Soldiers; the dead
body of Paccus borne before him.

Now, darling Parthia, art thou struck:
And how
And how does Marcus Crassus' death
revenge. Bear the king's son's body
away. Thy Paccus, Orodes,
for Marcus Crassus.

Noble Ventidius,
Parthian blood thy sword is
[Media,
Parthians follow: spur through
and the shelters whither
thy: so thy grand captain, Antony,
these on triumphant chariots, and
on thy head.

Silius, Silius,
enough: a lower place, note well,
too great an act; for learn this,

undone, than by our deed
such a fame, when him we serve's
Antony have ever won [away.

their officer, than person: Sossius,
place in Syria, his lieutenant,
annihilation of renown,
achiev'd by the minute, lost his

the wars more than his captain
his captain's captain: and ambition,
virtue, rather makes choice of
which darkens him.

to do Antonius good, [loss,
offend him; and in his offence
performance perish.

Then hast, Ventidius, that
which a soldier, and his sword,
distraction. Thou wilt write to

humbly signify what in his name,
word of war, we have effected;
lancers and his well-paid ranks,
cavalry horse of Parthia

led out o' the field.
Where is he now?
Athens: whither,

what haste
that convey with us will permit,
before him. On, there; pass
[Exeunt.

Antony. An Ante-chamber in
Caesar's House.

Antony and Enobarbus, meeting.
The brothers parted?
have despatch'd with Pompey;

are weeping. Octavia weeps
home; Caesar is sad; and Lepidus,

Since Pompey's feast, as Menas says, is troubled
With the green sickness.

Ag. 'Tis a noble Lepidus,
Eno. A very fine one: O, how he loves
Caesar! [Antony!

Ag. Nay, but how dearly he adores Mark
Eno. Caesar! Why, he's the Jupiter of men.
Ag. What's Antony? The god of Jupiter.

Eno. Spake you of Caesar? How! the
nonpareil!

Ag. O Antony! O thou Arabian bird!
Eno. Would you praise Caesar, say, "Caesar,"
—go no further.

Ag. Indeed, he plied them both with ex-
cellent praises. [Antony:
Eno. But he loves Caesar best, yet he loves

Ho! hearts, tongues, figures, scribes, bards,
poets, cannot

Think, speak, cast, write, sing, number, ho!
His love to Antony. But as for Caesar,
Kneel down, kneel down, and wonder.

Ag. Both he loves.
Eno. They are his shards, and he their
beetle.—So,— [Trumpets.

This is to horse.—Adieu, noble Agrippa.
Ag. Good fortune, worthy soldier; and
farewell.

Enter Caesar, Antony, Lepidus, and Octavia.
Ant. No further, sir. [self;
Ca. You take from me a great part of my-
Use me well in't. Sister, prove such a wife.

As my thoughts make thee, and as my farthest
band

Shall pass on thy approval. Most noble Antony,
Let not the piece of virtue, which is set
Betwixt us as the cement of our love,

To keep it builded, be the ram to batter
The fortress of it; for better might we
Have lov'd without this mean, if on both parts

This be not cherish'd.
Ant. Make me not offended
In your distrust.

Ca. I have said.
Ant. You shall not find,

Though you be therein curious, the least cause
For what you seem to fear: so, the gods keep
you,

And make the hearts of Romans serve your
ends!

We will here part. [well;
Ca. Farewell, my dearest sister, fare thee
The elements be kind to thee, and make

Thy spirits all of comfort! fare thee well.
Oct. My noble brother! [spring,
Ant. The April's in her eyes: it is love's
And these the showers to bring it on. Be
cheerful.

Oct. Sir, look well to my husband's house;
Ca. What, Octavia? [and—
Oct. I'll tell you in your ear.

Ant. Her tongue will not obey her heart,
nor can

Her heart obey her tongue; the swan's-down
feather,

That stands upon the swell at full of tide,
And neither way inclines.

Eno. [*Aside to Agr.*] Will Cæsar weep?

Agr. [*Aside to Eno.*] He has a cloud in's
face. [that, were he a horse;

Eno. [*Aside to Agr.*] He were the worse for
So is he, being a man.

Agr. [*Aside to Eno.*] Why, Enobarbus,
When Antony found Julius Cæsar dead,
He cried almost to roaring; and he wept,
When at Philippi he found Brutus slain.

Eno. [*Aside to Agr.*] That year, indeed, he
was troubled with a rheum;
What willingly he did confound, he wail'd:
Believe't till I weep too.

Cæs. No, sweet Octavia,
You shall hear from me still; the time shall not
Out-go my thinking on you.

Ant. Come, sir, come;
I'll wrestle with you in my strength of love:
Look, here I have you; thus I let you go,
And give you to the gods.

Cæs. Adieu; be happy!
Lep. Let all the number of the stars give
To thy fair way! [light

Cæs. Farewell, farewell!
[Kisses Octavia.
Farewell!

Ant. [Trumpets. *Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—Alexandria, A Room in the
Palace.

Enter Cleopatra, Charmian, Iras, and Alexas.

Cleo. Where is the fellow?

Alex. Half afeared to come.

Cleo. Go to, go to.

Enter a Messenger.
Come hither, sir.

Alex. Good majesty,
Herod of Jewry dare not look upon you,
But when you are well pleas'd.

Cleo. That Herod's head
I'll have; but how, when Antony is gone
Through whom I might command it? Come

Mess. Most gracious majesty,— [thou near.
Cleo. Didst thou behold

Octavia?

Mess. Ay, dread queen.

Cleo. Where?

Mess. Madam, in Rome
I look'd her in the face: and saw her led
Between her brother and Mark Antony.

Cleo. Is she as tall as me?

Mess. She is not, madam.
Cleo. Didst hear her speak? Is she shrill-
tongu'd, or low?

Mess. Madam, I heard her speak: she is
low-voic'd. [long.

Cleo. That's not so good: he cannot like her

Char. Like her! O Isis! 'tis impossible.

Cleo. I think so, Charmian: dull of tongue,
and dwarfish!

What majesty is in her gait? Remember,
If e'er thou look'dst on majesty,

Mess.

Her motion and her station are as one:
She shows a body rather than a life!

A statue, than a breather. [Is this visible?

Cleo.

Mess. Or I have no observation.
[Thou art a

Char.

Cannot make better note. [He's very know

Cleo.

I do perceive't: there's nothing in her yet.
The fellow has good judgment. [Excellent

Char.

Cleo. Guess at her years, I pray thee. [What

Mess.

She was a widow,— Widow! Charmian

Cleo.

Mess. And I do think she's thirty.
Cleo. Bear'st thou her face in mind?

Cleo.

long, or round? [long, or round?

Mess.

Round, even to faultiness.
Cleo. For the most part, too, they are

Cleo.

Her hair, what colour? [What colour?

Mess.

Brown, madam; and her face
As low as she would wish it. [There's gold in

Cleo.

Thou must not take my former sharpness
I will employ thee back again: I shall

Cleo.

Most fit for business: go, make thee
Our letters are prepar'd. [A proper

Char.

Cleo. Indeed, he is so: I suspect me
That so I hurried him. [Why, madam?

Char.

Nothing, madam.
Cleo. The man hath seen some majesty

Char.

should know.
Char. Hath he seen majesty?

Cleo.

And serving you so long! [Good

Cleo.

I have one thing more to say
But 'tis no matter: thou shalt be
Where I will write. All may be well

Char.

I warrant you, madam.
SCENE IV.—Athena. A Room in the

House.

Enter Antony and Octavia.
Ant. Nay, nay, Octavia, not only

Oct.

That were excusable, that, and the
Of semblable import,—but he had

Oct.

New wars 'gainst Pompey; made
To public ear: Spoke scantily of me; when

Oct.

But pay me terms of honour, and
He vented them; most narrow
me:
When the best hint was given
Or did it from his teeth. [O my

I shall pray, "O, bless my lord and
that prayer, by crying out as loud,
my brother! Husband win, win
and destroys the prayer; no midway
between extremes at all.

Gentle Octavia,
best love draw to that point, which
preserve it: if I lose mine honour,
yours so branchless. But, as you re-
quested,
shall go between us: the mean time,
the preparation of a war [lady,
your brother: make your soonest
haste: to my lord.

Thanks to my lord.
of power make me most weak, most
[be
Wara 'twixt you twain would
the world should cleave, and that slain
under up the rift. [men
it appears to you where this

displeasure that way; for our faults
be so equal, that your love
move with them. Provide your
[what cost
your own company, and command
[Exeunt.

V.—Athens. Another Room in
Antony's House.

Enobarbus and Eros, meeting.
Now now, friend Eros!
What strange news come, sir.

What man?
Cesar and Lepidus have made wars
this is old: what is the success?

They are old: what is the success?
Cesar, having made use of him in the
war, presently denied him
honour, and not resting here, accuses
him he had formerly wrote to Pom-
pey, his own appeal, seizes him: so the
world, till death enlarge his confine.

And thou hast a pair of chaps,
between them all the food thou hast,
and the one the other. Where's
[and spurns
walking in the garden—thus;
thou lies before him; cries, "Fool,

the throat of that his officer,
Pompey.

Our great navy's rigg'd.
Italy, and Caesar. More, Do-

comes you presently: my news
told herafter.

Eno. 'Twill be nought;
But let it be.—Bring me to Antony.
Eros. Come, sir. [Exeunt.

SCENE VI.—Rome. A Room in Caesar's
House.

Enter Caesar, Agrippa, and Mecenas.

Ces. Contemning Rome, he has done all
this and more.

In Alexandria: here's the manner of it:—
I' the market-place, on a tribunal silver'd,
Cleopatra and himself in chairs of gold
Were publicly enthron'd: at the feet sat
Cesarion, whom they call my father's son,
And all the unlawful issue, that their lust
Since then hath made between them. Unto her
He gave the 'stablishment of Egypt; made her
Of Lower Syria, Cyprus, Lydia,
Absolute queen.

Mec. This in the public eye?

Ces. I' the common show-place, where they
exercise,

His sons he there proclaim'd the kings of
Great Media, Parthia, and Armenia, [kings:
He gave to Alexander; to Ptolemy he assign'd
Syria, Cilicia, and Phoenicia: she
In the habiliments of the goddess Isis
That day appear'd; and oft before gave audi-
As 'tis reported, so. [cenes,

Mec. Let Rome be thus inform'd.

Agg. Who, queasy with his insolence already,
Will their good thoughts call from him.

Ces. The people know it; and have now
His accusations. [receiv'd

Agg. Whom does he accuse?

Ces. Caesar: and that, having in Sicily
Sextus Pompeius spoil'd, we had not rated him
His part o' the isle: then does he say, he lent
Some shipping unrestor'd: lastly, he frets, [me
That Lepidus of the triumvirate
Should be depos'd; and, being, that we detain
All his revenue.

Agg. Sir, this should be answer'd.

Ces. 'Tis done already, and the messenger
gone.

I have told him, Lepidus was grown too cruel;
That he his high authority abus'd,
And did deserve his change: for what I have
conquer'd,

I grant him part; but then, in his Armenia,
And other of his conquer'd kingdoms, I
Demand the like.

Mec. He'll never yield to that.

Ces. Nor must not, then, be yielded to in
[this, Enter Octavia.

Oct. Hail, Caesar, and my lord! hail, most
dear Caesar!

Ces. That ever I should call thee east-away!

Oct. You have not call'd me so, nor have
you cause. [You come not

Ces. Why have you stol'n upon us thus!
Like Caesar's sister: the wife of Antony
Should have an army for an usher, and
The neighs of horse to tell of her approach,

Long ere she did appear; the trees by the way
Should have borne men, and expectation
fainted,

Longing for what it had not; nay, the dust
Should have ascended to the roof of heaven,
Hail'd by your populous troops; but you are
come

A market-maid to Rome, and have prevented
The ostentation of our love, which, left un-
shown,

Is often left unlov'd: 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 it
Of my free-will. My lord, Mark Antony,
Hearing that you prepar'd for war, acquainted
My griev'd ear withal; whereon, I begg'd
His pardon for return.

Ces. Which soon he granted,
Being an obstruct 'tween his lust and him.

Oct. Do not say so, my lord.

Ces. I have eyes upon him,
And his affairs come to me on the wind.
Where is he now?

Oct. My lord, in Athens.

Ces. No, my most wrong'd sister; Cleo-
patra ^[Empire]
Hath nodded him to her. He hath given his
Up to a whore; who now are levying
The kings of the earth for war: he hath
assembled

Bocchus, the king of Lybia; 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 Amintas,
The kings of Mede, and Lycania,
With a more larger list of sceptres.

Oct. Ah me, most wretched,
That have my heart parted betwixt two friends,
That do afflict each other!

Ces. Welcome hither:
Your letters did withhold our breaking forth;
Till we perceiv'd, both how you were wrong'd,
And we in negligent danger. Cheer your heart:
Be you not troubled with the time, which drives
O'er your content these strong necessities;
But let determin'd things to destiny [Rome];
Hold unbewail'd their way. Welcome to
Nothing more dear to me. You are abus'd
Beyond the mark of thought: and the high
To you do justice, make their ministers [gods],
Of us and those that love you. Best of com-
And ever welcome to us. [fort];

Ant. Welcome, lady.

Mec. Welcome, dear madam.

Each heart in Rome does love and pity you:
Only the adulterous Antony, most large
In his abominations, turns you off;
And gives his potent regiment to a trull,
That noises it against us.

Oct. Is it so, sir?

Ces. Most certain. *Enter, welcome!*
you,
Be ever known to patience: my dear

SCENE VII.—Antony's Camp, near to the
Promontory of Actium.

Enter Cleopatra and Enobarbus.

Cleo. I will even with thee, should it be

Eno. But why, why, why?

Cleo. Thou hast forepoken my being to thee
And say'st, it is not fit. Well, is it not?

Eno. Cleo. If not denounc'd against me,

Be there in person!

Eno. [Aside.] Well, I could reply
If we should serve with horse and
together,

The horse were merely lost: the man
A soldier, and his horse.

Cleo. Your presence needs most

Eno. Antony;

Take from his heart, take from his love
What should not then be spared. He is
Traduc'd for levity; and 'tis said in Rome
That Photinus a cunuch, and your

Manage this war.

Cleo. Sink Rome; and their

That speak against us! A charge

i the war,
And, as the president of my kingdom,
Appear there for a man. Speak not

I will not stay behind. Nay, I have

Eno. Here comes the emperor.

Enter Antony and Canidius.
Ant. Is it not strange

That from Tarentum, and Brundisium,
He could so quickly cut the Ionian

And take in Torgue? You have

Cleo. Celerity is never more admir'd
Than by the negligent.

Ant. A good rebuke
Which might have well become the
To taunt at slackness. Canidius, we

Will fight with him by sea.

Cleo. By sea?

Can. Why will my lord do so?

Ant. For that he does

Eno. So hath my lord dar'd him to
fight.

Can. Ay, and to wage his battle
Where Caesar fought with Pompey; but

offers,
Which serve not for his vantage, but

And so should you.

Eno. Your ships are not well
Your mariners are multicolour'd, rough,

Ingress'd by swift impress: in Caesar's
Are those, that often have

fought;

Their ships are yare; your horse
grace

Will you for refusing him at sea,
[Exit] I'll fight at land.

By sea, by sea.
Most worthy sir, you therein throw
Your soldiership you have by land;
Your army, which doth most consist
Of renowned footmen; leave unexecuted
Your promises assurance; and
Yourself merely to chance and hazard,
For security.

I'll fight at sea,
I have sixty sails, Caesar none better.
Your overplus of shipping will we burn;
With the rest, full-mann'd, from the head
Of Actium
The approaching Caesar: but if we fail,
We can do't at land.

Enter a Messenger.
Thy business?
The news is true, my lord; he is
[Exit] taken Toryne.
Can he be there in person? 'tis im-
possible;
That his power should be.—Canidius,
Thou shalt hold by land,
Twelve thousand horse. We'll to our
ships; Thetis!

Enter a Soldier.
How now, worthy soldier!
O noble emperor, do not fight by sea;
Let's to rotten planks: do you misdoubt
Yourself, and these my wounds? Let the
Romans, go a ducking: we
Will conquer, standing on the earth,
And give foot to foot.

Well, well: away!
[Exit] Ant., Cleo., and Enobarbus.
By Hercules, I think I am 't the right.
Soldier, thou art; but his whole action
Shows power on't: so our leader's led,
By women's men.

You keep by land
And the horse whole, do you not?
Marcus Octavius, Marcus Justinius,
And Octavius, are for sea:
The whole by land. This speed of
[Exit] Caesar's
While he was yet in Rome,
Went out in such distractions,
Who's his lieutenant, hear you?
They say, one Taurus.

Enter a Messenger.
Well I know the man.
The emperor calls Canidius.
Now news the time's with labour;
[Exit] some,

SCENE VIII.—A Plain near Actium.

Enter Caesar, Taurus, Officers, and others.

Caes. Taurus,—
Taur. My lord!

Caes. Strike not by land; keep
Provoke not battle, till we have done at sea.
Do not exceed the prescript of this scroll;
Our fortune lies upon this jump. [Exit.]

Enter Antony and Enobarbus.

Ant. Set we our squadrons on yon 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. [Exit.]

Enter Canidius, marching with his land army
one way; and Taurus, the lieutenant of
Caesar, with his army, the other way.
After they are gone, the noise of a sea-fight
is heard.

Alarum. Re-enter Enobarbus.

Eno. Naught, naught, all naught! I can
behold no longer:

The Antoniad, the Egyptian admiral,
With all their sixty, fly, and turn the rudder:
To see't, mine eyes are blasted.

Enter Scarus.

Scar. Gods, and goddesses,
All the whole synod of them!

Eno. What's that passion?

Scar. The greater cantle of the world is lost
With very ignorance; we have kiss'd away
Kingdoms and provinces.

Eno. How appears the fight?

Scar. On our side like the token'd pestilence,
Where death is sure. You ribald-rid mug of
Egypt,

[Light,

Whom leprosy o'ertake! 't the midst o' the
When vantage like a pair of twins appear'd,
Both as the same, or rather ours the elder,
The brize upon her, like a cow in June,—
Hoists sails, and flies.

Eno. That I beheld;

Mine eyes did sicken at the sight, and could
Endure a further view. [not

Scar. She once being loof'd,
The noble ruin of her magic, Antony, [land,
Claps on his sea-wing, and like a doting fool
Leaving the fight in height, flies after her:
I never saw an action of such shame;
Experience, manhood, honour, ne'er before
Did violate so itself.

Eno. Alack, alack!

Enter Canidius.

Can. Our fortune on the sea is out of breath,
And sinks most lamentably. Had our general
Been what he knew himself, it had gone well:
O, he has given example for our flight,
Most grossly, by his own.

Eno. Ay, are you thereabouts? Why, then,
good night, indeed.

Can. Towards Peloponnesus are they fled.

Scar. 'Tis easy to't; and there I will attend
What further comes.

Can. To Caesar will I render
My legions, and my horse: six kings already
Show me the way of yielding.

Eno. I'll yet follow
The wounded chance of Antony, though my
Sits in the wind against me.

[*reason*
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IX.—Alexandria. A Room in the
Palace.

Enter Antony and Attendants.

Ant. Hark, the land bids me tread no more
upon't,
It is ashame'd to bear me!—Friends, come
I am so lated in the world, that I [hither,
Have lost my way for ever;—I have a ship
Laden with gold; take that, divide it, fly,
And make your peace with Caesar.

Attendants. Fly! not we.
Ant. I have fled myself; and have instructed
cowards

To run, and show their shoulders.—Friends, be
I have myself resolv'd upon a course, [gone;
Which has no need of you; be gone:
My treasure's in the harbour, take it.—O,
I follow'd that I blush to look upon:
My very hairs do mutiny; for the white
Reprove the brown for rashness, and they them
For fear and doting.—Friends, be gone: you
shall

Have letters from me to some friends, that will
Sweep your way for you. Pray you, look not
sad,

Nor make replies of leathiness; take the hint
Which my despair proclaims; let that be left
Which leaves itself: to the sea-side straight-
way:

I will possess you of that ship and treasure.
Leave me, I pray, a little: pray you now:—
Nay, do so; for, indeed, I have lost command,
Therefore I pray you:—I'll see you by and by.

[*Sits down.*

*Enter Eros and Cleopatra, led by Charmian
and Iras.*

Eros. Nay, gentle madam, to him, comfort
Iras. Do, most dear queen. [him.

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,—

[kept

Ant. Yes, my lord, yes;—he, at Philippi,
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 lieutenant, and no practice had
In the brave squares of war: yet now—No

Cleo. Ah, stand by. [matter.

Eros. The queen, my lord, the queen.

Iras. Go to him, madam, speak to him:
He is unqualified with very shame.

Cleo. Well then—sustain me—O!

Eros. Most noble sir, arise; the
approaches;

Her head's declin'd, and death will seize
Your comfort makes the reason.

Ant. I have offended reputation,
A most unnobble swerving.

Eros.

Ant. O, whither hast thou led me, Eros?
How I convey my shame out of thine eyes
By looking back what I have left behind
'Stroy'd in dishonour.

Cleo.

Forgive my fearful sails: I little thought
You would have follow'd.

Ant.

My heart was to thy rudder tied by the reins,
And thou shouldst tow me after: yet my
Thy full supremacy then know'st, and I
Thy beck might from the bidding of the gods

Command me.

Cleo.

O, my pardon! Now I

Ant.

To the young man send humble thanks
And palter in the shifts of lowliness;
With half the bulk o' the world plant
pleas'd,

Making and marring fortunes. You do
How much you were my conqueror; and

My sword, made weak by my affection,
Obey it on all cause.

Cleo.

Ant. Fall not a tear, I pray; nor
All that is won and lost: give me a kiss,
Even this repays me.—We seal our
master;

Is he come back?—Love, I am full of
Some wine, within there, and our
Fortune known.

We scorn her most when most she wails
[*Exit.*

SCENE X.—Caesar's Camp in Egypt.

Enter Caesar, Dolabella, Thigraus, and

Caes. Let him appear that's come to
Know you him!

Dol.

An argument that he's plac'd, when
He sends so poor a pindon of his will;

Which had superfluous kings for measure,
Not many moons gone by.

Caes.

Euphr. Such as I am, I come from
I was of late as petty to his mule,
As is the morn-dew on the myrtle leaf
To his grand sea.

Caes.

Euphr. Lord of his fortunes he
and

Requires to live in Egypt: which not
He lessens his requests; and to the
To let him breathe between the
A private man in Athens: this for he
Next, Cleopatra does confess thy

her to thy night; and of thee craves
of the Ptolemies for her heirs,
sought to thy grace.

For Antony,
nor desire, shall fail; so she
drive her all-disgraced friend,
his life there: this if she perform,
not see unheard. So to them both.
Antony pursues thee!

Bring him through the bands.
[Exit Euphronius.
To try thy eloquence, now 'tis
despatch:

Antony win Cleopatra: promise,
mine, what she requires; add more,
lure, offers: women are not
fortunes strong; but want will
[Thyreus;
thy cunning, try thy cunning,
edict for thy pains, which we
as a law.

Cesar, I go.
How Antony becomes his slave,
thou think'st his very action speaks
power that moves.

Cesar, I shall.
[Exit.
Alexandria. A Room in the
Palace.

Cleopatra, Enobarbus, Charmian, and
Iras.

What shall we do, Enobarbus?
Antony, or we, in fault for this?
Antony only, that would make his will
reason. What though you fled
great face of war, whose several

other, why should he follow?
his affection should not then
his captainship; at such a point,
to half the world oppos'd, he being
question: 'twas a shame no less
loss, to course your flying flags,
his navy gazing.

Pr'ythee, peace.
Antony, with Euphronius.
that his answer?
my lord.

queen shall, then, have courtesy,
[so she
He says so.

Let her know it.—
and this grizzled head,
all my wishes to the brim

That head, my lord!
tell him, he wears the
him; from which the world
note
particular; his coin, ships, legions,

May be a coward's; whose ministers would
Under the service of a child, as soon [prevail
As i' the command of Caesar: I dare him,
To lay his gay comparisons apart, [therefore
And answer me declin'd, sword against sword,
Ourselves alone: I'll write it: follow me.

[Exit Antony and Euphronius.
Eno. Yes, like enough, high-battled Caesar
will [show

Unstate his happiness, and be stag'd to the
Against a sword. I see, men's judgments are
A parcel of their fortunes; and things outward
Do draw the inward quality after them,
To suffer all alike. That he should dream,
Knowing all measures, the full Caesar will
Answer his emptiness!—Caesar, thou hast
His judgment too. [subdu'd

Enter an Attendant.
Att. A messenger from Caesar.
Cleo. What, no more ceremony? See, my
women! [noise,
Against the blown rose may they stop their
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 fallen lord,
Does conquer him that did his master conquer,
And earns a place i' the story.

Enter Thyreus.
Cleo. Caesar's will!

Thyr. Hear it apart.
Cleo. None but friends: say boldly.
Thyr. So, haply, are they friends to Antony.
Eno. He needs as many, sir, as Caesar has;
Or needs not us. If Caesar please, our master
Will leap to be his friend: for us, you know,
Whose he is, we are, and that is Caesar's.

Thyr. So,—
Thus then, thou most renown'd: Caesar en-
treats,
Not to consider in what case thou stand'st,
Further than he is Caesar.

Cleo. Go on: right royal.
Thyr. He knows, that you embrace not
Antony
As you did love, but as you fear'd him.

Cleo. O!
Thyr. The scars upon your honour, there-
Does pity, as constrained blemishes, [fore, he
Not as deserv'd.

Cleo. He is a god, and knows
What is most right: mine honour was not
But conquer'd merely. [yielded,
Eno. [Aside.] To be sure of that,
I will ask Antony.—Sir, sir, thou'rt so lenky,
That we must leave thee to thy sinking, for
Thy dearest quit thee. [Exit.

Thyr. Shall I say to Caesar
What you require of him? for he partly begs
To be desir'd to give. It much would please
him,

That of his fortunes you should make a staff
To lean upon: but it would warm his spirits,
To hear from me you had left Antony,
And put yourself under his shroud,
The universal landlord.

Cleo. What's your name?

Thyr. My name is Thyreus.

Cleo. Most kind messenger,
Say to great Caesar this,—in disputation
I kiss his conqu'ring hand: tell him, I am
prompt

To lay my crown at's feet, and there to kneel:
Tell him, from his all-obeying breath I hear
The doom of Egypt.

Thyr. 'Tis your noblest course.
Wisdom and fortune combating together,
If that the former dare but what it can,
No chance may shake it. Give me grace to lay
My duty on your hand.

Cleo. Your Caesar's father oft,
When he hath mus'd of taking kingdoms in,
Bestow'd his lips on that unworthy place,
As it rain'd kisses.

Re-enter Antony and Enobarbus.

Ant. Favours, by Jove that thunders!—
What art thou, fellow?

Thyr. One, that but performs
The bidding of the fullest man, and worthiest
To have command obey'd.

Eno. [Aside.] You will be whipp'd.

Ant. Approach, there!—Ay, you kite!—
Now, gods and devils!
Authority melts from me: of late, when I
cried, "ho!"

Like boys unto a muss, kings would start forth,
And cry, "Your will?"—Have you no ears?

Enter Attendants.

I am Antony yet. Take hence this Jack, and
whip him.

Eno. 'Tis better playing with a lion's whelp,
Than with an old one dying.

Ant. Moon and stars!
Whip him:—Were't twenty of the greatest
tributaries [them]

That do acknowledge Caesar, should I find
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 Anthony,—

Ant. Tug him away: being whipp'd,
Bring him again: this Jack of Caesar's shall
Bear us an errand to him.

[*Exeunt Attendants with Thyreus.*]
You were half blasted ere I knew you: ha!
Have I my pillow left unpress'd in Rome,
Forborne the getting of a lawful race,
And by a gem of women, to be abus'd
By one that looks on feeders?

Cleo. Good my lord,—

Ant. You have been a boggler ever:
But when we in our viciousness grow hard,
(O misery on't!) the wise gods seal our eyes

In our own filth; drop our clear judgment,
make us

Adore our errors; laugh at us, while we
To our confusion.

Cleo.

Ant. I found you as a morsel, cold
Dead Caesar's trencher; nay, you
fragment

Of Cæsar's Pompey's; besides what I have
Unregister'd in vulgar fame, you have
Luxuriously pick'd out: for, I am sure,
Though you can guess what temperance
You know not what it is.

Cleo.

Ant. To let a fellow that will take
And say, "God quit you!" be familiar
My playfellow, your hand! O, that I
And pligher of high hearts! to outstar
Upon the hill of liason, to outstar
The horn'd herd! for I have saved
And to proclaim it civilly, were like
A halter'd neck, which does the
For being yare about him.

Re-enter Attendants, with Thyreus.

1 Att. Soundly, my lord.

Ant. Cried he? and begg'd he?

1 Att. He did ask favour.

Ant. If that thy father live, let him
Thou wast not made his daughter; and
be sorry

To follow Caesar in his triumph, since
Thou hast been whipp'd for following
henceforth,

The white hand of a lady fever thee;
Shake thou to look on't. Get thee

Tell him thy entertainment: look, thou
He makes me angry with him; for he
Proud and disdainful, harping on what I
Not what he knew I was: he made me
And at this time most easy 'tis to do it.

When my good stars, that were
Have empty left their orbs, and shot
Into the abyss of hell. If he misdeed

My speech, and what is done, tell him
Hipparchus, my enfranchis'd hand,
He may at pleasure whip, or hang, or
As he shall like, to quit me: with it
Hence with thy stripes, begone.

Cleo. Have you done yet?

Ant. Alack, our tears
Is now eclips'd; and it portends
The fall of Antony!

Cleo. I must stay here.

Ant. To flatter Caesar's point?

With one that ties his point?

Cleo.

Ant. Cold-hearted toward me!

Cleo.

From my cold heart let heaven
And poison it in the source; and let
Drop in my neck: as it determines
Dissolve my life! The next

...the memory of my womb,
...with my brave Egyptians all,
...considering of this pelleted storm,
...till the flies and gnats of Nile
...eat them for prey!

I am satisfied.
...down in Alexandria; where
...his fate. Our force by land
...held; our sever'd navy, too,
...again, and fleet, threatening most
...like. [hear, lady!]
...thou been, my heart! Dost thou
...the field I shall return once more
...thus, I will appear in blood;
...sword will earn our chronicle:
...it's not yet.

That's my brave lord!
...treble-sinew'd, hearted,
...maliciously: for when mine hours
...and lucky, men did ransom lives
...; but now I'll set my teeth,
...in darkness all that stop me: come,
...one other gaudy night: call to me
...captains; fill our bowls; once more
...at the midnight bell.

It is my birthday:
...to have held it poor; but, since
...again, I will be Cleopatra, [my lord
...will yet do well.
...all his noble captains to my lord.
...so, we'll speak to them; and to-
...I'll force
...through their scars.—Come on,
...queen;
...yet. The next time I do fight,
...death love me; for I will contend
...his pestilent scythe.

[Exit all but Enobarbus.
...outstare the lightning. To
...[mood,
...frighted out of fear; and in that
...will peck the estridge; and I see still,
...in our captain's brain
...heart: when valour preys on reason,
...sword it fights with. I will seek
...to leave him. [Exit.

ACT IV.

Alexandria. Caesar's Camp.
...Caesar, reading a letter; Agrippa,
...Menas, and others.
...calls me boy; and chides, as he
...out of Egypt; my messenger
...whipp'd with rods; dares me to
...most combat.
...Antony: let the old ruffian know,
...other ways to die; meantime,
...challenge.

Caesar must think,

When one so great begins to rage, he's hunted
Even to falling. Give him no breath, but now
Make boot of his distraction: never anger
Made good guard for itself.

Cæs. Let our best heads
Know, that to-morrow the last of many battles
We mean to fight: within our files there are,
Of those that serv'd Mark Antony but late,
Enough to fetch him in. See it done:
And feast the army: we have store to do't,
And they have earn'd the waste. Poor Antony!
[Exit.

SCENE II.—Alexandria. A Room in the Palace.

Enter Antony, Cleopatra, Enobarbus, Char-
mian, Iras, Alexas, and others.

Ant. He will not fight with me, Demetrius.
Eno. No.

Ant. Why should he not?

Eno. He thinks, being twenty times of better
He is twenty men to one. [fortune,

Ant. To-morrow, soldier,
By sea and land I'll fight: or I will live,
Or bathe my dying honour in the blood [well!
Shall make it live again. Woot thou fight
Eno. I'll strike, and cry, "Take all."

Ant. Well said; come on.
Call forth my household servants: let's to-
Be bounteous at our meal. [night

Enter Servants.

Give me thy hand,
Thou hast been rightly honest;—so hast
thou;— [serv'd me well,
Thou,—and thou,—and thou;—you have
And kings have been your fellows.

Cleo. What means this?
Eno. [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.

Servants. The gods forbid!
Ant. Well, my good fellows, wait on me
to-night:

Scant not my cups; and make as much of me,
As when mine empire was your fellow too,
And suffer'd my command.

Cleo. [Aside to Eno.] What does he mean?
Eno. [Aside to Cleo.] To make his 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!

Eros. What mean you, sir,
To give them this discomfort? Look, they
weep;

And I, an ass, am onion-ey'd: 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 [hearts,

To burn this night with torches: know, my
I hope well of to-morrow; and will lead you,
Where rather I expect victorious life, [come,
Than death and honour. Let's to supper,
And drown consideration. [Exeunt.

SCENE III.—Alexandria. Before the Palace.
Enter two Soldiers, to their guard.

1 *Sold.* Brother, good night: to-morrow is
the day. [well.

2 *Sold.* It will determine one way; fare you
Heard you of nothing strange about the streets?

1 *Sold.* Nothing. What news?

2 *Sold.* Belike, 'tis but a rumour. Good
night to you.

1 *Sold.* Well, sir, good night.

Enter two other Soldiers.

2 *Sold.* Soldiers, have careful watch.

3 *Sold.* And you. Good night, good night.

[The first and second place themselves
at their posts.

4 *Sold.* Here we:

[The third and fourth take their posts.

And if to-morrow

Our navy thrive, I have an absolute hope

Our landmen will stand up.

3 *Sold.* 'Tis a brave army,

And full of purpose.

[Music as of haulboys underground.

4 *Sold.* Peace! what a noise!

1 *Sold.* List! list!

2 *Sold.* Hark!

1 *Sold.* Music! 't' the air.

3 *Sold.* Under the earth.

4 *Sold.* It signs well, does it not?

3 *Sold.* No.

1 *Sold.* Peace, I say! What should this mean?

2 *Sold.* 'Tis the god Hercules, whom Antony

Now leaves him. [lov'd,

1 *Sold.* Walk; let's see if other watchmen

Do hear what we do.

[They advance to another post.

2 *Sold.* How now, masters!

Soldiers. [Speaking together.] How now!

How now! do you hear this?

1 *Sold.* Ay; is't not strange?

3 *Sold.* Do you hear, masters! do you hear?

1 *Sold.* Follow the noise so far as we have

quarter;

Let's see how't will give off.

Soldiers. [Speaking together.] Content. 'Tis

strange. [Exeunt.

SCENE IV.—Alexandria. A Room in the
Palace.

*Enter Antony and Cleopatra; Charinus,
others, attending.*

Ant. Eros! mine armour, Eros!

Cleo. No, my chuck, Eros!

Ant. No, my chuck, Eros!

Enter Eros, with armour.
Come, good fellow, put mine iron on—
If fortune be not ours to-day, it is
Because we have her:—come, Nay, I'll help!

Cleo. What's this for?

Ant. Ah, let be, let be! I'll help!

The armourer of my heart:—false, false, false!

Cleo. Sooth, in, I'll help; thus it goes.

Ant. We shall thrive now. Seest thou, my
Go, put on thy defences. Briefly, in.

Eros. Eros is not this buckled well?

Ant. He that unbuckles this, till we do
To do! for our repose, shall hear
Thou fumblest, Eros; and my queen's
More tight at this, than thou: dep—
love,

That thou couldst see my wars to-day
The royal occupation! Thou shouldst
A workman in't.

Enter an Officer, armed.
Good morrow to thee; welcome!

Thou look'st like him that knows a
To business that we love, we also
And go to't with delight.

Off. A thousand
Early thought't be, have on their rivets
And at the port expect you.

[Shout. Flourish of trumpets.]
Enter other Officers and Soldiers.

2 *Off.* The morn is fair.—Good
All. Good morrow, general.

Ant. 'Tis well, boys.

This morning, like the spirit of a youth,
That means to be of note, begins to
So, so; come, give me that: this we
said.

Fare thee well, dame, what's'er become
This is a soldier's kiss;—[Kisses her.]

able,
And worthy shameful check it were,
On more mechanic compliment: I'll
Now, like a man of steel. You that
Follow me close; I'll bring you to
[Exeunt Ant., Eros, Officers, and
Char. Please you, retire to your
Cleo.

He goes forth gallantly. That in
might

Determine this great war in single
Then, Antony,—but now,—well,

Antony's Camp.
Enter Antony and Eros; a Soldier meeting them.

The gods make this a happy day to
 [once prevail'd]
 Would thou, and those thy scars, had
 me fight at land!

Had'st thou done so,
 that have revolted, and the soldier
 this morning left thee, would have
 thy heels.

Who's gone this morning?
 Who?

Who? call for Enobarbus,
 not hear thee; or from Caesar's camp
 am none of thine."

What say'st thou?
 Sir,

Sir, his chests and treasure
 with him.

Is he gone?

Most certain.
 Eros, send his treasure after; do it;

I charge thee: write to him
 gentle adieus, and greetings:

I wish he never find more cause
 to master. O, my fortunes have
 honest men! Despatch. — *Eno-*

[Exit.]
Before Alexandria. Caesar's Camp.

Enter Caesar, with Agrippa, Enobarbus, and others.

Agrippa, and begin the fight:
 Antony be took alive;

even.
 I shall.

[Exit.]
 time of universal peace is near:
 prosperous day, the three-nook'd

olive freely. *[world]*
Enter a Messenger.

Antony
 Go, charge Agrippa

that have revolted in the van;
 may seem to spend his fury

[Exit Caesar and his train.]
 old revolt; and went to Jewry

Antony; there did persuade
 to incline himself to Caesar,

master Antony: for this pains,
 would him. Caudius, and the rest

have entertainment, but
 I have done ill;

because myself so sorely,
 no more.

Enter a Soldier of Caesar's.
 Enobarbus, Antony

sent all thy treasure, with
 the messenger

guard; and at thy tent is now
 his mules.

Eros. I give it you.

Sold. Mock not, Enobarbus.

I tell you true: best you sa'd the bringer
 Out of the host; I must attend mine office,
 Or would have done't myself. Your emperor
 Continues still a Jove. *[Exit.]*

Eros. I am alone the villain of the earth,
 And feel I am so most. O Antony,
 Thou mine of bounty, how wouldst thou have
 My better service, when my turpitude *[paid]*
 Thou dost so crown with gold! This blows
 my heart:

If swift thought break it not, a swifter mean
 Shall outstrike thought: but thought will do't,
 I feel.

I fight against thee! — No: I will go seek
 Some ditch, wherein to die; the foul'st best fits
 My latter part of life. *[Exit.]*

SCENE VII.—*Field of Battle between the Camps.*

Alarum. Drums and trumpets. Enter Agrippa and others.

Agg. Retire, we have engaged ourselves too
 far:

Caesar himself has work, and our oppression
 Exceeds what we expected. *[Exit.]*

Alarum. Enter Antony and Scarus, wounded.
Scar. O my brave emperor, this is fought
 indeed!

Had we done so at first, we had driven them
 With clouts about their heads. *[home]*

Ant. Thou bleed'st apace.
Scar. I had a wound here that was like a T,
 But now 'tis made an H.

Ant. They do retire.
Scar. We'll beat them into bench-holes: I
 Room for six scotches more. *[have yet]*

Enter Eros.
Eros. They are beaten, sir; and our ad-
 For a fair victory. *[vantage serves]*

Scar. Let us score their backs,
 And snatch 'em up, as we take hares, behind:
 'Tis sport to maul a runner.

Ant. I will reward thee
 Once for thy sprightly comfort, and ten-fold
 For thy good valour. Come thee on.

Scar. I'll halt after. *[Exit.]*

SCENE VIII.—*Under the walls of Alexandria.*
Alarum. Enter Antony, marching; Scarus, and forces.

Ant. We have beat him to his camp: run
 one before,

And let the queen know of our gestic. To-
 morrow,

Before the sun shall see us, we'll spill the blood
 That has to-day escap'd. I thank you all;

For doughty-handed are you, and have fought
 Not as you serv'd the cause, but 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 [Miss

Wash the congealment from your wounds, and
The honour'd gashes whole. [To Scarus.]

Give me thy hand;

Enter Cleopatra, attended.

To this great fairy I'll commend thy acts,
Make her thanks bless thee.—O thou day o'
the world, [all,

Chain mine arm'd neck; leap thou, attire and
Through proof of harness to my heart, and
Ride on the pants triumphing. [there

Cleo. Lord of lords!
O infinite virtue! 'com'st thou smiling from
The world's great snare uncaught?

Ant. My nightingale,
We have beat them to their beds. What,
girl! though grey [yet have we

Do something mingle with our younger brown;
A brain that nourishes our nerves, and can
Get goal for goal of youth. Behold this man;

Commend unto his lips thy favouring hand:
Kiss it, my warrior:—he hath fought to-day,
As if a god, in hate of mankind, had

Destroy'd in such a shape.

Cleo. I'll give thee, friend,
An armour all of gold; it was a king's.

Ant. He has deserv'd it, were it carbuncled
Like holy Phoebus' car. 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 sup together,
And drink carouses to the next day's fate,
Which promises royal peril. Trumpeters,
With brazen din blast you the city's ear,
Make mingle with our rattling tabourines;
That heaven and earth may strike their sounds
together,

Applauding our approach. [Exeunt.

SCENE IX.—*Cæsar's Camp.*

Sentinels on their post.

1 *Sold.* If we be not reliev'd 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 if the morn.

2 *Sold.* This last day was
A shrewd one to us.

Enter Enobarbus.

Eno. O, bear me witness, night,—
3 *Sold.* What man is this?

2 *Sold.* Stand close, and list him.
Eno. Be witness to me, O thou blessed
When men revolted shall upon record [moon,

Bear hateful memory, poor Enobarbus did
Before thy face repent!—

1 *Sold.* Enobarbus!

3 *Sold.* Peace;
Hark further. [choly,

Eno. O sovereign mistress of true melan-
The poisonous damp of night dispunge upon
That life, a very rebel to my will, [me,

May hang no longer on me: throw up
Against the flint and hardness of my soul
Which, being dried with grief, will break out
powder,

And finish all foul thoughts. O Antony,
Nobler than my revolt is infamous;
Forgive me in thine own particular;
But let the world rank me in register
A master-leaver, and a fugitive.

O Antony! O Antony!
2 *Sold.* Let's speak to him,
1 *Sold.* Let's hear him, for the [thine

May concern Cæsar.
3 *Sold.* Let's do so. But he
1 *Sold.* Swoons rather; for so [and a

Was never yet for sleep. Go we to him.
2 *Sold.* Awake, sir, awake; speak to [Hear ye

3 *Sold.* Awake, sir, awake; speak to [Hear ye
2 *Sold.* [Drums
1 *Sold.* The hand of death hath reach'd [Hark! the

Demurely wake the sleepers. Let us [to

To the court of guard: he is of note; our
Is fully out. 3 *Sold.* Come on, then
He may recover yet. [Exeunt with drums

SCENE X.—*Between the two Camps.*

Enter Antony and Scarus, with forces.

Ant. Their preparation is to-day by sea.
We please them not by land. For both, [no

Scar. For both, [no

Ant. I would they'd fight 't the air;
the air;

We'd fight there too. But this [it; and

Upon the hills adjoining to the city
Shall stay with us: order for sea is [given

They have put forth the laven: further
Where their appointment wemay [be

And look on their endeavour.
Enter Cæsar, and his forces, marching.

Cæs. But being charg'd, we will [have

land,
Which, as I take't, we shall; for his [be

Is forth to man his galleys. To the [the

And hold our best advantage! [When

Re-enter Antony and Scarus.

Ant. Yet they are not join'd. [The

pine does stand.
I shall discover all: I'll bring thee [the

Straight, how 'tis like to go. [Swallows

Scar. In Cleopatra's sails their nests: the [the

Say, they know not,—they cannot tell,
grinly,

And dare not speak their knowledge.
Is valiant, and dejected; and, by [the

His fretted fortunes give him hope, [the

Of what he has, and has not.
[Alarum afar off, as at a [the

Re-enter Antony.

Ant. This foul Egyptian hath betrayed me.
My fleet hath yielded to the [the

their caps up, and carouse together
long lost.—Triple-turn'd whore!
me to this novice; and my heart
was on thee. Bid them all fly;
I am reveng'd upon my charm,
all: bid them all fly; be gone.
[Exit Scarnus.
My price shall I see no more:
Antony part here; even here
hands.—All come to this?—The

me at heels, to whom I gave
do discandy, melt their sweets
Cesar; and this pine is bark'd,
topp'd them all. Betray'd I am:
soul of Egypt! this grave charm.—
back'd forth my wars, and call'd
home;
was my crown'd, my chief end,—
silly, half, at first and loose,
to the very heart of loss,
Eros!

Enter Cleopatra.
Ah, thou spell! Avaunt!
is my lord enrag'd against his
or I shall give thee thy de-
[thee,
Cesar's triumph. Let him take
up to the shouting plebeians:
chariot, like the greatest spot
er; most monster-like, be shown
diminutives, for doits; and let
plough thy visage up
prepared nails.

[Exit Cleo.
'Tis well thou'rt gone,
to live; but better 'twere
into my fury; for one death
prevented many. Eros, ho!
mine is upon me: teach me,
mine ancestor, thy rage:
Lichas on the horns o' the moon;
hands, that grasp'd the heaviest
worthiest self. The witch shall die:
Roman boy she hath sold me,
plot; she dies for't. Eros, ho!

[Exit.
Alexandria. A Room in the
Palace.
Cleopatra, Charmian, Iras, and
Mardian.
[Mad
help me, my women! O, he is more
for his shield; the bear of
emboss'd.
[Thee saly
To the monument;
yourself, and send him word you
body rive not more in parting,
going off.
To the monument:—

Mardian, go tell him I have slain myself;
Say, that the last I spoke was "Antony."
And word it, pr'ythee, piteously: hence,
Mardian,
And bring me how he takes my death.—
To the monument! [Exit.

SCENE XII.—Another Room in the Palace.
Enter Antony and Eros.

Ant. Eros, thou yet behold'st me?
Eros. Ay, noble lord.
Ant. Sometimes we see a cloud that's
dragonish;
A vapour sometime like a bear or lion,
A tower'd citadel, a pendent rock,
A forked mountain, or blue promontory
With trees upon't, that nod unto the world,
And mock our eyes with air: thou hast seen
They are black vespers' pageants, [these 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
Even such a body: here I am Antony, [is
Yet cannot hold this visible shape, my knave.
I made these wars for Egypt; and the queen,—
Whose heart I thought I had, for she had mine;
Which, whilst it was mine, had annex'd unto't
A million more, now lost,—she, Eros, has
Pack'd cards with Caesar, and false play'd my
Unto an enemy's triumph.— [glory
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 lov'd thee, and her fortunes
With thine entirely. [mingled
Ant. Hence, saucy eunuch; peace!
She hath betray'd me, and shall die the death.
Mar. Death of one person can be paid but
once, [wouldst do,
And that she has discharg'd: what thou
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:—That thou depart'st hence
Does pay thy labour richly; go. [safe,
[Exit Mardian.
O, 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 a while.

[Exit Eros.]

I will o'ertake thee, Cleopatra, and
Weep for my pardon. So it must be, for now
All length is torture: since the torch is out,
Lie down, and stray no farther: now all labour
Mars what it does; yea, very force entangles
Itself with strength; seal then, and all is done.
Eros!—I come, my queen.—Eros! stay for
me:

Where souls do couch on flowers, we'll hand
And with our sprightly port make the ghosts
Dido and her *Aeneas* shall want troops, [gaze:]
And all the haunt be ours.—Come, Eros! Eros!

Re-enter Eros.

Eros. What would my lord?

Ant. Since Cleopatra died,
I have liv'd in such dishonour, that the gods
Detest my baseness. I, that with my sword
Quarter'd the world, and o'er green Neptune's
back

With ships made cities, condemn myself to lack
The courage of a woman; less noble mind
Than she, which by her death her Caesar tells,
"I am conqueror of myself." Thou art sworn,

Eros, [now]
That, when the exigent should come, (which
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, 'tis Caesar thou defeat'st.
Put colour in thy cheek.

Eros. The gods withhold me!
Shall I do that, which all the Parthian darts,
Though enemy, lost aim, and could not?

Ant. Eros,
Wouldst thou be window'd in great Rome,
and see

Thy master thus with pleach'd arms, bending
His corrigible neck, his face subdu'd [down]
To penetrative shame, whilst the wheel'd seat
Of fortunate Caesar, drawn before him, branded
His baseness that ensu'd?

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, swor'st
thou not then

To do this when I bade thee? Do it at once;
Or thy precedent services are all

But accidents unpurpos'd. Draw, and come.

Eros. Turn from me, then, that noble coun-
tenance,

Wherein the worship of the whole world lies.

Ant. Lo, thee! [Turning from him.]

Eros. My sword is drawn.

Ant.

The thing why thou hast drawn it.

Eros.

My captain, and my emperor, let me say,
Before I strike this bloody stroke, farewell.

Ant. 'Tis said, man; and farewell.

Eros. Farewell, great chief.

Ant.

Eros. Why, then, then?

Ant. Thus do I escape the sword.

Of Antony's death.

Ant. Thrice nobler than mine.

Thou teachest me, O valiant Eros, what

I should, and thou couldst not.

And Eros

Have, by their brave instruction, not mine.

A nobleness in record: but I will not

A bridegroom in my death, and run to bed

As to a lover's bed. Come, then, to do this

Thy master dies thy scholar; to do this

I learn'd of thee. How! not dead?

The guard, ho! O, despatch me!

Enter Decretus and Guard.

1 Guard. What's the word?

Ant. I have done my work ill.

Of what I have begun. The star is fallen.

2 Guard. And time is at his period.

1 Guard. And time is at his period.

Ant. Let him that loves me, strike me dead.

1 Guard. Nor I.

2 Guard. Nor any one.

3 Guard. Nor any one.

Der. Thy death and fortunes bid thy sword

ers fly.

This sword but shown to Caesar, with

Shall enter me with him.

Enter Diomedes.

Dio. Where's Antony?

Der. There, Diomed, there.

Dio. Lives he?

Der. Thou not answer, man? [Exit Der.]

Ant. Art thou there, Diomed?

Ant. Art thou there, Diomed?

sword, and give me

Sufficing strokes for death.

Dio. Most absolute

My mistress, Cleopatra, sent me to thee.

Ant. When did she send thee?

Dio. Now, my lord.

Ant. Where?

Dio. Lock'd in her monument.

prophesying fear

Of what hath come to pass; for when

(Which never shall be found) you did

She had dispos'd with Caesar, and I

would not be purg'd, she sent you

But, fearing since how it might work,

Me to proclaim the truth; and I am

I dread, too late.

Ant. Too late, good Diomed; call my

I pry'thee.

Enter some of the Guard.
Wha! ho, the emperor's guard! The
your lord calls! [Guard, what, ho!]

Ant. Dear me, good friends, where Cleopatra
is the last service that I shall command you.
Guard. Woe are we, sir, you may
not live to wear
our true followers out.

Most heavy day!
Ant. Nay, good my fellows, do not please
sharp fate
cross it with your sorrows: bid that wel-

come to punish us, and we punish it
to bear it lightly. Take me up:
Ant. You art: carry me now, good friends,
and have my thanks for all.

[*Exeunt, bearing Antony.*
Enter, above, Cleopatra, Charmian, and Iras.
O Charmian, I will never go from hence.
Ir. Be comforted, dear madam.

No, I will not:
our deaths and terrible events are welcome,
should to our cause, must be as great
that which makes it.

Enter, below, Diomedes.
How now! is he dead?

How now! is he dead?
Ant. Not o' the other side your monument;
but have brought him thither.

Antony, borne by the Guard.
O sun,
the great sphere thou mov'st in! dark-

ness stand
on the shore o' the world! O Antony,
Antony! Help, Charmian, help, Iras,
friends below; let's draw him hither.

Peace!
Antony's valour hath o'erthrown Antony,
Antony's hath triumphed on itself.

So it should be, that none but Antony
should conquer Antony: but woe 'tis so!
I am dying, Egypt, dying; only
my thousand kisses the poor last
upon thy lips.

I dare not, dear,—
Antony, pardon,—I dare not,
but fortune'd Caesar ever shall
be taken with me: if knife, drugs, serpents,

or operation, I am safe: [have
Octavia, with her modest eyes,
in conclusion, shall acquire no honour
upon me. But come, come,

Antony,—
my women,—we must draw thee
up;—
O, quick, or I am gone.

My women,—we must draw thee
up;—
O, quick, or I am gone.

Cleo. Here's sport indeed!—How heavy
weighs my lord!

Our strength is all gone into heaviness, [power,
That makes the weight: had I great Jove's
The strong-wing'd Mercury should fetch thee
up, [little,—

And set thee by Jove's side. Yet come a
Wishers were ever fools.—O, come, come,
come; [They draw Antony up.
And welcome, welcome! die where thou hast
liv'd:

Quickened 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
Provok'd by my offence. [wheel,

Ant. One word, sweet queen:
Of Caesar seek your honour, with your safety.

Cleo. They do not go together. [—O!
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 no sorrow at; but please your thoughts,
In feeding them with those my former fortunes
Wherein I liv'd, the greatest prince o' the world,

The noblest; and do now not basely die,
Not cowardly put off my helmet to
My countryman,—a Roman by a Roman
Valiantly vanquish'd. Now my spirit is going;
I can no more. [Antony dies.

Cleo. Noblest of men, woo't die!
Hast thou no care of me? shall I abide
In this dull world, which in thy absence is
No better than a sty?—O, see, my women,

The crown o' the earth doth melt:—my lord!—
O, wither'd is the garland of the war, [Girls
The soldier's pole is fallen: young boys and
Are level now with men; the odds is gone,
And there is nothing left remarkable
Beneath the visiting moon. [Faints.

Char. O, quietness, lady!
Iras. She is dead too, our sovereign.
Char. Lady,—
Iras. Madam.—

Char. O madam, madam, madam!—
Iras. Royal Egypt!
Empress!

Char. Peace, peace, Iras. [mandal
Cleo. No more, but e'en a woman; and com-
By such poor passion as the maid that milks,
And does the meanest chares.—It were for me
To throw my sceptre at the injurious gods;
To tell them that this world did equal theirs,
Till they had stolen our jewel. All's but
nought;

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? [Charmian!]
 What, what! good cheer! Why, how now, My noble girls!—Ah, women, women! look, Our lamp is spent, it's out!—Good wits, take heart:— [To the Guard below.
 We'll bury him; and then, what's brave, what's noble, Let's do it after the high Roman fashion, And make death proud to take us. Come, away! This case of that huge spirit now is cold: Ah, women, women! come; we have no friend But resolution, and the briefest end.
 [Exeunt; those above bearing off Antony's body.

ACT V.

SCENE I.—Alexandria. Caesar's Camp.

Enter Caesar, Agrippa, Dolabella, Mecenas, Gallus, Proculeius, and others.

Cas. Go to him, Dolabella, bid him yield; Being so frustrate, tell him, he mocks us by The praises that he makes.

Dol. Caesar, I shall. [Exit.

Enter Decretas, with the sword of Antony.

Cas. Wherefore is that! and what art thou, Appear thus to us? [that dar'st

Der. I am call'd Decretas; Mark Antony I serv'd, 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.

Cas. What is't thou say'st?

Der. I say, O Caesar, Antony is dead.

Cas. The breaking of so great a thing should A greater crack: the round world [make Should have shook lions into civil streets, And citizens to their dens: the death of Antony Is not a single doom; in the name lay A moiety of the world.

Der. He is dead, Caesar; Not by a public minister of justice, Nor by a hired knife; but that self hand, Which writ his honour in the acts it did, Hath, with the courage which the heart did lend Splitted the heart. This is the sword; [it, I rob'd his wound of it; behold it stained With his most noble blood.

Cas. Look you sad, friends? The gods rebuke me, but it is tidings To wash the eyes of kings.

Agg. And strange it is, That nature must compel us to lament Our most persisted deeds.

Mec. His taints and honours Wag'd equal with him.

Agg. A rarer spirit never Did steer humanity: but you, gods, will give us Some faults to make us man. Caesar is touch'd.

Mec. When such a spacious mirror
 He needs must see himself. O Antony!

Cas. I have follow'd thee to this,—but we do see
 Diseases in our bodies: I must perform
 Have shown to thee such a declining day,
 Or look on thine; we could not let me languish
 In the whole world: but yet let me languish
 With tears as sovereign as the blood of heaven
 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,
 Unreconcilable, should divide
 Our equalness to this. Fear me,
 friends,—

But I will tell you at some meeting
 Enter a Messenger.

The business of this man looks out of him
 We'll hear him what he says. Where's
 you?

Mec. A poor Egyptian yet. The queen
 Confin'd in all she has, her mourning
 Of thy intents desires instruction,
 That she preparedly may frame herself
 To the way she's forced to.

Cas. 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.

Mec. So the gods preserve him!

Cas. Come hither, Proculeius. Go
 We purpose her no shame: give her
 comforts

The quality of her passion shall regulate
 Lest, in her greatness, by some mortal
 She do defeat us; for her life in Rome
 Would be eternal in our triumph. Agg.
 And, with your speediest, bring us word
 And how you find of her.

Pro. Caesar, I shall.

Cas. Gallus, go you alone. Where's he?

To second Proculeius! Dolabella!

Agg. Mec.

Cas. Let him alone, for I remember
 How he's employ'd: he shall in time
 Go with me to my tent, where you shall see
 How hardly I was drawn into this war
 How calm and gentle I proceeded all
 In all my writings; go with me, and
 What I can show in this.

SCENE II.—Alexandria. The Messenger

Enter, above, Cleopatra, Charmian, and

Cleo. My desolation does begin to make
 A better life. 'Tis pity to see
 Not being Fortune, he's but Fortune's slave
 A minister of her will; and it is
 To do that thing that ends all other things
 Which shackles accidents, and binds up

and never palates more the dung,
 Caesar's nurse and Caesar's.
*Below, to the gates of the Monument,
 Proculeius, Gallus, and Soldiers.*
Pro. Caesar sends greeting to the queen of

Egypt;
 And bids thee study on what fair demands
 He hath to have him grant thee.
 What's thy name?

My name is Proculeius.
 Antony
 And of you, bade me trust you; but
 He gave no care to be deceiv'd,
 Have a queen his beggar, you must tell
 Me, to keep decorum, must [him,
 For more than a kingdom; if he please
 To conquer'd Egypt for my son,
 Give me to much of mine own, as I
 Said to him with thanks.

Be of good cheer;
 Be fallen into a princely hand, fear
 Nothing:
 I'll give thee full reference freely to my lord,
 That's full of grace, that it flows over
 That need: let me report to him
 Thy dependency; and you shall find
 That grace that will pray in aid for kindness
 For grace is kneel'd to.

Pray you, tell him
 Fortune's vassal, and I send him
 That he has got. I hourly learn
 Of obedience; and would gladly
 Of the face.

This I'll report, dear lady.
 That caus'd it.
 I know your plight is pitied
 And to Pro.] You see how easily she
 May be surpris'd.

And two of the Guard, ascend the
 Ladder, and come behind
 Some of the Guard unbar
 Over the gates, discovering the lower
 Part of the monument.

Pro.] Guard her till Caesar come.
 [Exit.

Alas queen!
 O Cleopatra! thou art taken, queen!
 Quick, quick, good hands.

[Drawing a dagger.
 Hold, worthy lady, hold!
 [Seizes and disarms her.
 Yourself such wrong, who are in this
 But not betray'd.

What, of death too,
 Of dogs of languish!

Cleopatra,
 Of your master's bounty, by
 Of yourself: let the world see
 How well acted, which your death
 Hath let come forth.

Where art thou, Death?
 Come, come, come, and take a
 Busy babes and beggars!
 [queen

Pro. O, temperance, lady!
 Cleo. Sir, I will eat no meat, I'll not drink,
 If idle talk will once be necessary; [sir:
 I'll not sleep neither: this mortal house I'll
 ruin,

Do Caesar what he can. Know, sir, that I
 Will not wait pinion'd at your master's court;
 Nor once be chastis'd with the sober eye
 Of dull Octavia. Shall they hoist me up,
 And show me to the shouting varletry
 Of censuring 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: as for the queen,
 I'll take her to my guard.

Pro. So, Dolabella,
 It shall content me best:—be gentle to her.
 [To Cleo.] To Caesar I will speak what you
 If you'll employ me to him. [shall please,
 Cleo. Say, I would die.

[Exeunt Proculeius and Soldiers.
 Dol. Most noble empress, you have heard
 Cleo. I cannot tell. [of me]

Dol. Assuredly, you know me.
 Cleo. No matter, sir, what I have heard, or
 known.

You laugh when boys or women tell their
 Is't not your trick? [dreams;]

Dol. I understand not, madam.
 Cleo. I dream'd there was an emperor
 Antony:—

O, such another sleep, that I might see
 But such another man!

Dol. If it might please you,—
 Cleo. His face was as the heavens; and
 therein stuck

A sun and moon, which kept their course, and
 The little O, the earth. [lighted]

Dol. Most sovereign creature,—
 Cleo. His legs bestrid the ocean: his roar'd
 arm

Crested the world: his voice was property'd
 As all the tun'd spheres, and that to friends;
 But when he meant to quail and shake the orb,
 He was as rattling thunder. For his bounty,
 There was no winter in't; an autumn 'twas,
 That grew the more by reaping: his delights
 Were dolphin-like; they show'd his back above
 The element they liv'd in; in his livery
 Walk'd crowns, and crownets; realms and
 islands were

As plates dropp'd from his pocket.
 Dol. Cleopatra,—

Cleo. Think you there was, or might be,
 As this I dream'd of? [such a man,

Dol. Gentle madam, no.
Cleo. You lie, up to the hearing of the gods.
 But, if there be, or ever were, one such,
 It's past the size of dreaming: nature wants
 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
 O'ertake pursued success, but I do feel, [never
 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 loth to tell you what I would you

Cleo. Nay, pray you, sir,— [knew.

Dol. Though he be honourable,—

Cleo. He'll lead me, then, in triumph!

Dol. Madam, he will; I know it.

[Within.] Make way there!—Caesar!

Enter Caesar, Gallus, Proculeius, Mecænas,

Seleucus, and Attendants.

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. [ber

Cleo. Sole sir o' the world,

I cannot project mine own cause so well

To make it clear; but do confess I have

Been laden with like frailties, which before

Have often sham'd our sex.

Cæs. Cleopatra, know,

We will extenuate rather than enforce:

If you apply yourself to our intents, [find

(Which towards you are most gentle,) you shall

A benefit in this change; but if you seek

To lay on me a cruelty, by taking

Antony's course, you shall bereave yourself

Of my good purposes, and put your children

To that destruction which I'll guard them from,

If thereon you rely. I'll take my leave.

Cleo. And may, through all the world: 'tis

yours; and we, [shall

Your scutcheons, and your signs of conquest,

Hang in what place you please. Here, my

good lord. [patra.

Cæs. You shall advise me in all for Cleo-

Cleo. [Giving a scroll.] This is the brief of

money, plate, and jewels,

I am possess'd of: 'tis exactly valu'd;

Not petty things admitted.—Where's Seleucus?

Sel. Here, madam.

Cleo. This is my treasurer: let him speak,

my lord;

Upon his peril, that I have reserv'd
 To myself nothing. Speak the truth, Seleucus.

Sel. Madam,

I had rather seal my lips, than, to my point,
 Speak that which is not.

Cleo. What have I kept back?
 Purchase what you will.

Sel. Enough to purchase what you will,
 made known.

Cæs. Nay, blush not, Cleopatra; I will
 Your wisdom in the deed.

Cleo. See, Caesar! O, mine will now be
 How pomp is follow'd! mine will now be
 And, should we shift estates, yours would be
 mine.

The ingratitude of this Seleucus does
 Even make me wild: O slave, of us now
 Than love that's hid!—What, if I should
 back I thou shalt

Go back, I warrant thee; but I'll satiate
 Though they had wings: slave,

O rarely base!

Cæs. Good quom, let's not
Cleo. O Caesar, what a wounding

That thou, vouchsafing here to visit
 Doing the honour of thy lordship

To one so meek, that mine own secret
 Parcel the sum of my disgrace by

Addition of his envy! Say, good
 That I some lady trifles have reserv'd,

Immortal toys, things of such dignity
 As we great modern friends would have

Some nobler token have I kept apart
 For Livia, and Octavia, to induce

Their mediation; most I be unwilling
 With one that I have bred! The

smites me
 Beneath the fall I have. [To Sel.]

go hence;
 Or I shall show the cinders of my name

Through the ashes of my shame;
 Thou wouldst have mercy on me.

Cæs. [To Sel.]

Cleo. Be it known, that we, who are
 are misthought

For things that others do; and, when we
 We answer others' merits in our own

Are therefore to be pitied. [Cleopatra]

Cæs. Not what you have reserv'd, nor what
 ledg'd,

Put we! the roll of conquest; still to
 Bestow it at your pleasure; and to

Caesar's no merchant, to make a price
 Of things that merchants sold.

heard;
 Make not your thoughts your price;

For we intend so to dispose you,
 Yourself shall give us counsel.

Our care and pity is so much upon you
 That we remain your friend; and my lord

Cleo. My master, and my lord.

Cæs. [Flourish. Exit Caesar]

His words me, girls, he words me, that
I should not
able to myself, but, hark thee, Charmian.

[Whispers Charmian.
Finish, good lady; the bright day is
for the dark.
[done,

Hie thee again;
and it is provided;

Madam, I will.
Behold, sir. [Exit.
Dolabella?
Where is the queen?

Madam, as thereto sworn by your
command,

my love makes religion to obey,
this: Caesar through Syria
his journey; and, within three days,
your children will be sent before;

your heat use of this: I have perform'd
measure, and my promise.

Remain your debtor.

I am your servant.
I must attend on Caesar.

Now, Iras, what think'st thou?
Egyptian puppet, shalt be shown

as well as I: mechanic slaves,
aprons, rules, and hammers, shall

be to the view; in their thick breaths,
of gross diet, shall we be enclouded,
to drink their vapour.

The gods forbid!
Iras: saucy

rhymers
at us, like strumpets; and scald
out of tune: the quick comedians

will stage us, and present
sadian revels; Antony

brought drunken forth, and I shall see
speaking Cleopatra boy my greatness
of a whore.

O, the good gods!
that is certain.

I'll never see it; for, I am sure, my
than mine eyes.

Why, that's the way
preparation, and to conquer
abroad intents.

Re-enter Charmian.
Now, Charmian,

my women, like a queen: go fetch
more; I am again for Cydnus,

Mark Antony: sirrah Iras, go;—
Charmian, we'll despatch indeed;
thou hast done this charge, I'll give
leave

my ill doer may.
Bring our crown and
[Exit Iras. A noise heard.

Enter one of the Guard.
Here is a rural fellow,

That will not be denied your highness' pre-
He brings you figs.

[sense;
Cleo. Let him come in. [Exit Guard.]
What poor an instrument,

May do a noble deed! he brings me liberty.
My resolution's plac'd, and I have nothing

Of woman in me; now from head to foot
I am marble-constant; now the fleeting moon
No planet is of mine.

Re-enter Guard, with a Clown, bringing in a
basket.

Guard. This is the man.
Cleo. Avoid, and leave him. [Exit Guard.

Hast thou the pretty worm of Nilus there,
That kills and pains not?

Clown. Truly, I have him: but I would
not be the party that should desire you to
touch him, for his biting is immortal; those
that do die of it, do seldom or never recover.

Cleo. Remember'st thou any that have died
on't?

Clown. Very many, men and women too.
I heard of one of them no longer than yester-
day: a very honest woman, but something
given to lie; as a woman should not do, but
in the way of honesty: how she died of the
biting of it, what pain she felt, truly, she

makes a very good report o' the worm; but
he that will believe all that they say, shall
never be saved by half that they do: but this
is most fallible, the worm's an odd worm.

Cleo. Get thee hence; farewell.
Clown. I wish you all joy of the worm.

[Sets down the basket.

Cleo. Farewell.
Clown. You must think this, look you, that
the worm will do his kind.

Cleo. Ay, ay, farewell.
Clown. Look you, the worm is not to be
trusted but in the keeping of wise people; for,
indeed, there is no goodness in the worm.

Cleo. Take thou no care; it shall be heeded.
Clown. Very good. Give it nothing, I pray
you, for it is not worth the feeding.

Cleo. Will it eat me?
Clown. You must not think I am so simple,
but I know the devil himself will not eat a
woman; I know that a woman is a dish for
the gods, if the devil dress her not; but, truly,
these same whoreson devils do the gods great
harm in their women; for in every ten that
they make, the devils mar five.

Cleo. Well, get thee gone; farewell.
Clown. Yes, forsooth; I wish you joy of the
worm. [Exit.

Re-enter Iras, with a robe, crown, &c.
Cleo. Give me my robe, put on my crown;
I have

Immortal longings in me: now no more
The juice of Egypt's grape shall moist this lip:
Yare, yare, good Iras; quick. Methinks I hear
Antony call; I see him rouse himself
To praise my noble act; I hear him mock
The luck of Caesar, which the gods give men

KING LEAR.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Physician.

Fool.

Officer, employed by Edmund.

Gentleman, Attendant on Cordelia.

A Herald.

Servants to Cornwall.

Goneril,

Regan,

Cordelia,

} Daughters to Lear.

Knights of Lear's train, Officers, Messengers,
Soldiers, and Attendants.

SCENE,—Britain.

ACT I.

A Room of State in King Lear's
Palace.

Enter Kent, Gloster, and Edmund.

I thought the king had more affected
Albany, than Cornwall.It did always seem so to us: but now,
Division of the kingdom, it appears notof the dukes he values most; for equal-
choice of either's moiety.

Is not this your son, my lord?

His breeding, sir, hath been at my
I have so often blushed to acknow-

ledge, that now I am brazed to it.

I cannot conceive you.

How this young fellow's mother could;

She grew round-wombed, and had,
A son for her cradle ere she had a

bed. Do you smell a fault?

I cannot wish the fault undone, the
Of being so proper.But I have a son, sir, by order of law,
More elder than this, who yet is no dearerto me: though this knave came some-
way into the world, before he wasknown at his mother's fair; there was
acknowledged, and the whoresonEdmund. Do you know this
No, my lord.The lord of Kent: remember him here-
fore my honourable friend.I must love you, and sue to know you
As I shall study deserving.Glo. He hath been out nine years, and away
he shall again.—The king is coming.

[Sennet within.]

Enter Lear, Cornwall, Albany, Goneril,

Regan, Cordelia, and Attendants.

Lear. Attend the lords of France and Bur-

gundy. I shall, my liege. [Gundy, Gloster.]

[Exeunt Gloster and Edmund.]

Lear. Meantime we shall express our darker

purpose. [divided]

Give me the map there.—Know, that we have

In three, our kingdom: and 'tis our fast intent

To shake all cares and business from our age;

Conferring them on younger strengths, while we

Unburden'd crawl toward death.—Our son of

Cornwall,

And you, our no less loving son of Albany,

We have this hour a constant will to publish

Our daughters' several dowers, that future strife

May be prevented now. The princes, France

and Burgundy,

Great rivals in our youngest daughter's love,

Long in our court have made their amorous

sojourn, [daughters,

And here are to be answer'd.—Tell me, my

(Since now we will divest us, both of rule,

Interest of territory, cares of state,)

Which of you, shall we say, doth love us most?

That we our largest bounty may extend

Where nature doth with merit challenge.—

Our eldest born, speak first. [Goneril,

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 lov'd, or father found;

A love that makes breath poor, and speech unable ;

Beyond all manner of so much I love you.

Cor. [*Aside.*] What shall Cordelia do ? Love, and be silent.

Lear. Of all these bounds, even from this line to this, [rich'd,

With shadowy forests, and with champains With plenteous rivers and wide-skirted meads,

We make thee lady : to thine and Albany's issue, [daughter,

Be this perpetual.—What says our second Our dearest Regan, wife to Cornwall ? Speak.

Reg. I am made of that self metal as my sister,

And prize me at her worth. In my true heart I find she names my very deed of love ;

Only she comes too short,—that I profess Myself an enemy to all other joys,

Which the most precious square of sense And find I am alone felicitate [possesses ;

In your dear highness' love.

Cor. [*Aside.*] Then, poor Cordelia ! And yet not so ; since, I am sure, my love's More richer than my tongue.

Lear. To thee and thine, hereditary ever, Remain this ample third of our fair kingdom ;

No less in space, validity, and pleasure, Than that conferr'd on Goneril.—Now, our joy, [love

Although our last, not least ; to whose young The vines of France, and milk of Burgundy,

Strive to be interest'd ; what can you say, to draw

A third more opulent than your sisters ? Speak.

Cor. Nothing, my lord.

Lear. Nothing ! *Cor.* Nothing.

Lear. Nothing will come of nothing : speak again.

Cor. Unhappy that I am, I cannot heave My heart into my mouth : I love your majesty According to my bond : nor more, nor less.

Lear. How, how, Cordelia ! mend your speech a little,

Lest you may mar your fortunes.

Cor. Good my lord, You have begot me, bred me, lov'd me : I Return those duties back as are right fit ;

Obey you, love you, and most honour you. Why have my sisters husbands, if they say

They love you all ? Haply, when I shall wed, That lord, whose hand must take my plight,

shall carry Half my love with him, half my care, and duty : Sure, I shall never marry like my sisters,

To love my father all.

Lear. But goes thy heart with this ?

Cor. Ay, good my lord.

Lear. So young, and so untender ?

Cor. So young, my lord, and true. [dower ;

Lear. Let it be so,—thy truth, then, be thy Port, 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 mine,

Hold thee, from this, for ever. The heavens

Or he that makes his generation men

To gorge his appetite, shall to my bosom

Be as well neighbour'd, pitied, and relieved, As thou my sometime daughter.

Kent. *Lear.* Peace, Kent ! Come not between the dragon and his wife ;

I lov'd her most, and thought to set my love On her kind nursery.—Hence, and avoid my sight !—

So be my grave my peace, as here I give Her father's heart from her !—Call France

who stirs ? Call Burgundy.—Cornwall, and Albany,

With my two daughters' dowers, dismiss

third : Let pride, which she calls plainness,

I do invest you jointly with my power, Pre-eminence, and all the large effects

That troop with majesty. Ourself, by course,

With reservation of a hundred knights, By you to be sustain'd, shall our abode

Make with you by due turns. Only, we retain

The name, and all th' additions to a king ; The sway,

Revenue, execution of the rest, Belov'd sons, be yours ; which to conduct

This coronet part between you.

Kent. Whom I have ever honour'd as my king,

Lov'd as my father, as my master, as As my great patron thought, [I have

prayers,—

Lear. The bow is bent and drawn, [hence

Kent. Let it fall rather, [hence

invade The region of my heart ; be Kent of mine

When Lear is mad. What would'st thou

old man ? Think'st thou that duty shall have

speak, When power to flattery bows ? To bow

honour's bound, When majesty falls to folly,

And, in thy best consideration, This hideous rashness : answer my

judgment, Thy youngest daughter does

Nor are those empty-hearted, whose

Reverbs no hollowness.

Lear. *Kent.* My life I never held for a

To wage against thine enemies ; Thy safety being the motive

Lear.

Gods, gods! 'tis strange, that from their cold'st neglect

My love should kindle to inflam'd 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
Shall buy this unpriz'd precious maid of me.—
Bid them farewell, Cordelia, though unkind;
Thou lovest here, a better where to find.

Lear. Thou hast her, France: let her be thine; for we

Have no such daughter, nor shall ever see
That face of hers again:—therefore, be gone
Without our grace, our love, our benison.
Come, noble Burgundy.

[*Flourish.* *Exeunt Lear, Burgundy, Cornwall, Albany, Gloucester, and Attendants.*]

France. Bid farewell to your sisters.

Cor. Ye jewels of our father, with wash'd eyes

Cordelia leaves you: I know you what you
And, like a sister, am most loath to call
Your faults as they are nam'd. Love well our father:

To your profess'd 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.

Gon. Prescribe not us our duty.

Reg. Let your study
Be to content your lord, who hath receiv'd you
At fortune's alms. You have obedience scanted,
And well are worth the want that you have wanted.

Cor. Time shall unfold what plighted cunning
Who covers faults, at last shame them derides.
Well may you prosper!

France. Come, my fair Cordelia,
[*Exeunt France and Cordelia.*]

Gon. Sister, it is not little I have to say of
what most nearly appertains to us both. I
think our father will hence to-night.

Reg. That's most certain, and with you;
next month with us.

Gon. You see how full of changes his age
is; the observation we have made of it hath
not been little: he always loved our sister most,
and with what poor judgment he hath now
cast her off, appears too grossly.

Reg. 'Tis the infirmity of his age: yet he
hath ever but slenderly known himself.

Gon. The best and soundest of his time hath
been but rash; then, must we look to receive
from his age, not alone the imperfections of
long-engrafted condition, but, therewithal, the
unruly waywardness that infirm and choleric
years bring with them.

Reg. Such unconstant starts are we like to
have from him, as this of Kent's banishment.

Gon. There is farther compliment of leav-
taking between France and him. Pray you,
let us hit together: if our father carry author-

ity with such dispositions as he bears, the
surrender of his will but offend us.

Reg. We shall further think of it.

Gon. We must do something, and I think

SCENE II.—A Hall in the East of the

Castle.

Enter Edmund, with a letter.

Edm. Thou, nature, art my goddess; law

My services are bound. Wherefore art thou
Stand in the plague of custom, and permit
The curiosity of nations to deprive me,
For that I am some twelve or fourteen

shines

Lag of a brother? Why bastard? When my

When my dimensions are as well as yours,
My mind as generous, and my shape as true,
As honest madam's issue? Why brand'st thou

With base? with baseness? bastardy?

Who, in the lusty stealth of nature, take

More composition and fierce quality

Than doth, within a dull, stale, tired

Go to the creating a whole tribe of

Got 'tween asleep and wake?—Well, then,

Legitimate Edgar, I must have your

Our father's love is to the bastard

As to the legitimate: fine word, well

Well, my legitimate, if this letter

And my invention thrive, Edmund

Shall top the legitimate. I grow; I

Now, gods, stand up for bastards!

Enter Gloucester.

Glo. Kent banished thus! And my

choler parted!

And the king gone to-night! All this done

Confin'd to exhibition! All this done

Upon the gad!—Edmund, how now?

Edm. So please your lordship, none

[*Putting up the letter.*]

Glo. Why so earnestly seek you

that letter?

Edm. I know no news, my lord.

Glo. What paper were you reading?

Edm. Nothing, my lord.

Glo. No! What needed, then, the

despatch of it into your pocket? I have

nothing hath not such need to

Let's see: come, if it be nothing, I

need spectacles.

Edm. I beseech you, sir, pardon me

a letter from my brother, that I have

o'er read; and for so much as I have

I find it not fit for your o'er-looking.

Glo. Give me the letter, sir.

Edm. I shall offend, either to

The contents, as in part I understand

Are to blame.

Edm. I hope, for my brother's sake,

he wrote this but as an essay or

virtue.

Glo. [Reads.] "This policy, and

the world bitter to the best of our
 fortunes from us, till our old-
 men relish them. I begin to find an
 bondage in the oppression of aged
 men, not as it hath power, but
 red. Come to me, that of this I
 know. If our father would sleep till
 you should enjoy half his revenue
 and live the beloved of your brother.—
 [Conspiracy.]—“Sleep till I
 should enjoy half his revenue.”
 [Edgar.] Had he a hand to write
 heart and brain to breed it in?—
 it was not brought me, my lord,
 of it; I found it thrown in
 of my closet. [Brother's!]
 you know the character to be your
 if the matter were good, my lord, I
 if it were his; but, in respect of that,
 I think it were not.

It is his hand, my lord; but I hope
 it is not in the contents.
 I have never heretofore sounded you

ever, my lord: but I have often
 maintain it to be fit, that, sons at
 and fathers declined, the father
 as ward to the son, and the son
 revenue.

Edg. Villain!—His very opinion
 [Edg.]—Abhorred villain! Unnatural,
 villain! worse than brutish!
 seek him; I'll apprehend him:
 villain!—Where is he?

I do not well know, my lord. If it
 you to suspend your indignation
 my brother, till you can derive from
 testimony of his intent, you shall
 course; where, if you violently
 against him, mistaking his purpose, it
 a great gap in your own honour,
 pieces the heart of his obedience. I
 down my life for him, that he hath
 to feel my affection to your honour,
 other pretence of danger.
 ask you so?

If your honour judge it meet, I will
 where you shall hear us confer
 as an arduous assurance have your
 order; and that without any further
 this very evening.

He cannot be such a monster—
 nor is not, sure.

Edg. My father, that so tenderly and
 loves him.—Heaven and earth!—
 him out; wind me into him, I
 from the business after your own
 I would mistake myself, to be in a
 solution.

Edg. I will seek him, sir, presently; con-
 sider the business as I shall find means, and
 you withal.

Glo. These late eclipses in the sun and
 moon portend no good to us: though the
 wisdom of nature can reason it thus and thus,
 yet nature finds itself scourged by the sequent
 effects: love cools, friendship falls off, bro-
 thers divide; in cities, mutinies; in countries,
 discord; in palaces, treason; and the bond
 cracked between 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, hol-
 lowness, treachery, and all ruinous disorders,
 follow us disquietly to our graves.—Find out
 this villain, Edmund; it shall lose thee no-
 thing; do it carefully.—And the noble and
 true-hearted Kent banished! his offence,
 honesty!—Strange! strange! [Exit.]

Edm. This is the excellent foppery of the
 world, that, when we are sick in fortune (often
 the surfeit of our own behaviour,) we make
 guilty of our disasters, the sun, the moon, and
 the stars: as if we were villains by necessity;
 fools, by heavenly compulsion; knaves, thieves,
 and treachers, by spherical predominance;
 drunkards, liars, and adulterers, by an enforced
 obedience of planetary influence; and all that
 we are evil in, by a divine thrusting on: an ad-
 mirable 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, it follows, I am rough and
 lecherous.—Tut! I should have been that I
 am, had the maidenliest star in the firmament
 twinkled on my bastardizing. Edgar—

Enter Edgar.

and pat he comes, like the catastrophe of the
 old comedy: my cue is villainous melancholy,
 with a sigh like Tom o' Bedlam.—O, these
 eclipses do portend these divisions! Fa, sol,
 la, mi.

Edg. How now, brother Edmund? What
 serious contemplation are you in?

Edm. I am thinking, brother, of a predic-
 tion I read this other day, what should follow
 these eclipses.

Edg. Do you busy yourself with that?

Edm. I promise you, the effects he writes
 of, succeed unhappily; as of unnaturalness
 between the child and the parent; death,
 dearth, dissolutions of ancient amities; divi-
 sions in state, menaces and malefactions
 against king and nobles; needless diffidences,
 banishment of friends, dissipation of cohorts,
 nuptial breaches, and I know not what.

Edg. How long have you been a sectary
 astronomical?

Edm. Come, come; when saw you my
 father last?

Edg. The night gone by.

Edm. Spake you with him?

Edg. Ay, two hours together.

Edm. Parted you in good terms? Found

you no displeasure in him, by word or countenance?

Edg. None at all.

Edm. Bethink yourself, wherein you may have offended him: and at my entreaty forbear his presence, till some little time hath qualified the heat of his displeasure; which at this instant so rageth in him, that with the mischief of your person it would scarcely allay.

Edg. Some villain hath done me wrong.

Edm. That's my fear. I pray you, have a continent forbearance, till the speed of his rage goes slower; and, as I say, retire with me to my lodging, from whence I will fitly bring you to hear my lord speak. Pray you, go: there's my key.—If you do stir abroad, go armed.

Edg. Armed, brother!

Edm. Brother, I advise you to the best; I am no honest man, if there be any good meaning toward you: I have told you what I have seen and heard, but faintly; nothing like the image and horror of it. Pray you, away.

Edg. Shall I hear from you anon?

Edm. I do serve you in this business.—

[Exit Edgar.]

A credulous father! and a brother noble,
Whose nature is so far from doing harms,
That he suspects none; on whose foolish
honesty

My practices ride easy!—I see the business.—
Let me, if not by birth, have lands by wit:
All with me's meet, that I can fashion fit.

[Exit.]

SCENE III.—A Room in the Duke of Albany's Palace.

Enter Goneril and Oswald.

Gon. Did my father strike my gentleman for chiding of his fool?

Osw. Ay, madam. *[Every hour]*

Gon. By day and night he wrongs me: 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 *[ing]*

On every trifle.—When he returns from hunt- 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.

[Horns within.]

Gon. Put on what weary negligence you please,

You and your fellows; I'd have it come to If he distrusts it, let him to my sister, Whose mind and mine, I know, in that are Not to be over-ruled. Idle old man, *[one]* That still would manage those authorities, That he hath given away!—Now, by my life, Old fools are babes again; and must be us'd With checks as flatteries,—when they are seen Remember what I have said. *[abund.]*

Osw. Well, madam.

Gon. And let his knights have colder looks among you;

What grows of it, no matter; advise your fellows so:

I would breed from hence occasion, shall,

That I may speak:—I'll write straight, To hold my course.—Prepare for dinner.

SCENE IV.—A Hall in the Duke of Albany's Palace.

Enter Kent disguised.

Kent. If but as well I other accounts, That can my speech diffuse, my good May carry through itself to that end, For which I raz'd my likeness.—Now,

Kent,

If thou canst serve where thou dost, So may it come, thy master, whom thou

Shall find these full of labours. *Enter Lear, Goneril, and Attendants.*

Lear. Let me not stay a jot for this, get it ready.—*[Exit an Attendant.]*

now! what art thou? *Kent.* A poor

Lear. What dost thou wouldst thou with us?

Kent. I do profess to be no better, seem; to serve him truly that will trust: to love him that is honest; to trust with him that is wise, and say a little judgment; to fight when I cannot, and to eat no fish.

Kent. A very honest-hearted fellow, poor as the king.

Lear. If thou be as poor for a while, is for a king, thou art poor enough, wouldst thou?

Kent. Service.

Lear. Whom wouldst thou serve?

Kent. You.

Lear. Dost thou know me, fellow?

Kent. No, sir; but you have that countenance, which I would fain call

Lear. What's that?

Kent. Authority.

Lear. What services canst thou do?

Kent. I can keep honest company,

mar a curious tale in telling it, and

plain message bluntly: that which

men are fit for, I am qualified in;

best of me is diligence.

Lear. How old art thou?

Kent. Not so young, sir, to love a

of singing; nor so old, to do a

thing: I have years on my back

Lear. Follow me: thou shalt

I like thee no worse after dinner,

part from thee yet.—Dinner, my

Where's my knave? my fool?

call my fool hither.

Enter Oswald.

You, you, sirrah, where's my daughter?

Osw. So please you,—

Lear. What says the fellow?

back. Where's my fool, ho?—I
world's asleep. How now! where's
[not well.]

he says, my lord, your daughter is
Why came not the slave back to me,
him?

Sir, he answered me in the roundest
he would not.

My lord, I know not what the
but, to my judgment, your high-
entertained with that ceremonious

as you were wont: there's a great
of kindness appears, as well in the
pedants, as in the duke himself

your daughter.
I sayest thou so?

I beseech you, pardon me, my lord,
taken; for my duty cannot be silent,
but rememberest me of mine

ception: I have perceived a most
act of late; which I have rather

mine own jealous curiosity, than as
ance and purpose of unkindness: I
further into't.—But where's my fool?

—I have seen him this two days.
Since my young lady's going into

the fool hath much pined him
no more of that; I have noted it

you, and tell my daughter I would
her.—

Re-enter Oswald.
Oswald, you come you hither, sir: who

my lady's father.
My lady's father! my lord's knave:

you slave! you cur!
I am none of these, my lord; I be-

your bandy looks with me, you
[Striking him.]

been tripped neither, you base foot-
[Tripping up his heels.]

I thank thee, follow; thou servest
I'll love thee,

Come, sir, arise, away! I'll teach you
away, away! If you will measure

your length again, tarry: but away!
have you wisdom! so.

[Pushes Oswald out.
My friendly knave, I thank
earnest of thy service.]

Re-enter Kent.
[Giving Kent money.]
I bid him too:—Here's my cox-

[Giving Kent his cap.]
How now, my pretty knave? how
sirrah, you were best take my cox-

Kent. Why, fool?

Fool. Why, for taking one's part that's out
of favour: nay, an' thou canst not smile as
the wind sits, thou'lt catch cold shortly: there,
take my coxcomb: why, this fellow has
banished two of his daughters, and did the
third a blessing against his will; if thou
follow him, thou must needs wear my cox-
comb.—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. [To Kent.] Sirrah, I'll teach thee a

Lear. Do. [speech.]

Fool. Mark it, nuncle:—

Have more than thou shinest,

Speak less than thou knowest,

Lend less than thou owest,

Ride more than thou goest.

Learn more than thou knowest,

Set less than thou throwest;

Leave thy drink and thy whore,

And keep in-a-door,

And thou shalt have more

Than two tens to a score.

Kent. This is nothing, fool.

Fool. Then, 'tis like the breath of an un-
fee'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.] Pr'ythee, tell him, so
much the rent of his land comes to: he will
not believe a fool.

Lear. A bitter fool!

Fool. Dost thou know the difference, my
boy, between a bitter fool and a sweet one?

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 molley 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 out, and loads too: they
will not let me have all fool to myself; they'll
be snatching.—Nuncle, give me an egg, and
I'll give thee two crowns.

Lear. What two crowns shall they be?

Fool. Why, after I have cut the egg 't the middle, and eat up the meat, the two crowns of the egg. When thou clovest thy crown 't the middle, and gavest away both parts, thou borest thine ass on thy back o'er the dirt: thou hadst little wit in thy bald crown, when thou gavest thy golden one away. If I speak like myself in this, let him be whipped that first finds it so.

[Singing.]

Fools had ne'er less grace in a year:

For wise men are grown foppish:

And know not how their wits to wear,

Their manners are so apish.

Lear. When were you wont to be so full 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 puttest down thine own breeches,

[Singing.]

Then they for sudden joy did weep,

And I for sorrow sung,

That such a king should play bo-peep,

And go the fools among.

Pr'ythee, nuncle, keep a school-master that can teach thy fool to lie; I would fain learn to lie. [whipped.]

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'll have me whipped for lying; and sometimes I am whipped for holding my peace. I had rather be any kind o' thing than a fool: and yet I would not be thee, nuncle; thou hast pared thy wit o' both sides, and left nothing 't 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 't the frown.

Fool. Thou wast a pretty fellow, when thou hadst no need to care for her frowning; now thou art an O without a figure: I am better than thou art now; I am a fool, thou art nothing.—[To Goneril.] Yes, forsooth, I will hold my tongue; so your face bids me, though you say nothing. Mum, mum,

He that keeps not crust nor crumb,

Weary of all, shall want some.

That's a shealed peascod. [Pointing to Lear.]

Gon. Not only, sir, this your all-licens'd But other of your insolent retinue. [Fool.]

Do hourly carp and quarrel; breaking forth In rank and not-to-be-endured riots. Sir, I had thought, by making this well known unto you,

To have found a safe redress; but now grow fearful,

By what yourself too late have spoke and done, That you protect this course, and put it on By your allowance; which if you should, the fault

Would not 'scape censure, nor your sleep.

Which, in the tender of a wholesome Might in their working do you that Which else were shame, that these Will call discreet proceeding.

Fool. For you trow, nuncle, The hedge-sparrow fed the cuckoo so, That it had its head bit off by its own bill.

So, out went the candle, and we were left in the dark.

Lear. Are you our daughter?

Gon. I would you would make use of your good wisdom,

Whereof I know you are fraught, and

These dispositions, which of late

From what you rightly are.

Fool. May not an ass know when he draws the horse?—Whoop, Jig!

Lear. Does any here know me?

not Lear: does Lear walk thus? or his discernings are lathargied.

Where are his eyes? Either his not waking?—Ha! sure 'tis not so.

that can tell me who I am!

Fool. Lear's shadow.

Lear. I would learn that; for, by

of sovereignty, knowledge and reason,

be false persuaded I had daughters.

Fool. Which they will make as

Lear. Your name, fair gentleman?

Gon. This admiration, sir, is most

favour

Of other your new pranks. I do

To understand my purposes aright:

As you are old and reverend, should

Here do you keep a hundred

squires:

Men so disorder'd, so debauch'd and

That this our court, infected with

manners,

Shows like a notorious inn; whose

Make it more like a tavern, or a

Than a grac'd palace. The shame

For instant remedy: be, then, down

By her, that else will take the train:

A little to disquantity your train;

And the remainder, that shall still

To be such men as may besort your

Which know themselves and you.

Lear. Saddle my horses; call my train

Degenerate bastard! I'll not trouble

Yet have I left a daughter.

Gon. You strike me people; and

order'd rabble

Make servants of their betters.

Enter Albany.

Lear. Woe, that too late

Is it your will? Speak, sir.—

horses.—

Ingratitude! thou marble-hearted

More hideous, when thou show'st

Than the sea-monster!

[To Gon.] Pray, sir, be patient.
 These are men of choice and rarest parts,
 Of the most exact regard support
 Whom thou in Cordelia show! [fault,
 Like an engine, wrenched my frame of
 Love, drew from my heart all
 To the gall. O Lear, Lear, Lear!
 That let thy folly in.
 [Striking his head,
 out!—Go, go, my
 dear judgment
 lord, I am guiltless, as I am
 you.
 It may be so, my lord,—
 dear goddess, hear!
 If thou didst intend
 this creature fruitful!
 To convey sterility!
 her organs of increase;
 To honour her! If she must teem,
 her child of spleen; that it may live,
 To thwart himself'd torment to her!
 To wrinkle in her brow of youth;
 To fret channels in her cheeks;
 To mother's pains and benefits
 and contempt; that she may feel
 more than a serpent's tooth it is
 a thankless child!—Away, away.

[Exit.
 gods that we adore, whereof
 this!
 Never afflict yourself to know the
 disposition have that scope [cause;
 give it.
 Re-enter Lear.
 Fifty of my followers, at a clap!

What's the matter, sir?
 I tell thee,—[To Gon.] Life and
 I am ashamed [thus;
 I have power to shake my manhood
 That tears, which break from me
 Upon thee!
 Upon thee! Blasts and fogs
 The worth them. Wounds of a father's curse
 I sense about thee!—Old fond eyes,
 Thou case again, I'll pluck you out,
 With the waters that you lose,
 To drown your daughter.
 Ha! let it be so:—
 As kind and comfortable;
 Shall hear this of thee, with her nails
 Thy woful visage. Thou shalt find
 The shape, which thou dost
 Think
 Re-enter Lear, Kent, and Attendants.
 How you mark that?
 I cannot be so partial, Goneril,
 As to 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 halter:
 So the fool follows after. [Exit.

Gon. This man hath had good counsel:—
 a hundred knights!

'Tis politic, and safe, to let him keep
 At point a hundred knights: yes, that, on
 every dream,

Each buzz, each fancy, each complaint, diallike,
 He may enguard his dotage with their powers,
 And hold our lives in mercy.—Oswald, I

Alb. Well, you may fear too far. [say!—
 Gon. Safer than trust too far:

Let me still take away the harms I fear,
 Not fear still to be taken: I know his heart.
 What he hath utter'd I have writ my sister:
 If she sustain him and his hundred knights,
 When I have show'd the unfitness,—

Re-enter Oswald.
 How now, Oswald!

What, have you writ that letter to my sister?
 Osw. Ay, madam.

Gon. Take you some company, and away to
 Inform her full of my particular fear; [horse:
 And thereto add such reasons of your own,
 As may compact it more. Get you gone;
 And hasten your return. [Exit Oswald.

No, no, my lord,
 This milky gentleness, and course of yours,
 Though I condemn not, yet, under pardon,
 You are much more attack'd for want of
 Than praised for harmful mildness. [wisdom,
 Alb. How far your eyes may pierce, I can-
 not tell:

Striving to better, oft we mar what's well.
 Gon. Nay, then—

Alb. Well, well; the event. [Re-enter.

SCENE V.—Court before the Duke of Albany's
 Palace.

Enter Lear, Kent, and Fool.

Lear. Go you before to Gloster with these
 letters. Acquaint my daughter no further
 with anything you know, than comes from her
 demand out of the letter. If your diligence
 be not speedy, I shall be there before you.

Kent. I will not sleep, my lord, till I have
 delivered your letter. [Exit.

Fool. If a man's brains were in a heels,
 were't not in danger of kibes?

Lear. Ay, boy.

Fool. Then, I prythee, be merry; thy wit
 shall not go slipshod.

Lear. Ha, ha, ha!

Fool. Shalt see, thy other daughter will use
 thee kindly: for though she's as like thee, as

a crab is like an apple, yet I can tell what I can tell. *Lear.* What canst tell, boy?

Fool. She will taste as like this, as a crab does to a crab. Thou canst tell why one's nose stands i' the middle on's face?

Lear. No.

Fool. Why, to keep one's eyes of either side's nose; that what a man cannot smell out, he may spy into. *Lear.* I did her wrong:—

Fool. Canst tell how an oyster makes his shell?

Lear. No.

Fool. Nor I neither; but I can tell why a snail has a house. *Lear.* Why?

Fool. Why, to put his head in; not to give it away to his daughters, and leave his horns without a case.

Lear. I will forget my nature.—So kind a father!—Be my horses ready?

Fool. Thy asses are gone about 'em. The reason why the seven stars are no more than seven is a pretty reason.

Lear. Because they are not eight?

Fool. Yes, indeed: thou wouldst make a good fool. *[Ingratitude!]*

Lear. To take it again perforce!—Monster

Fool. If thou wert my fool, nuncle, I'd have thee beaten for being old before thy time.

Lear. How's that?

Fool. Thou shouldst not have been old before thou hadst been wise. *[Heaven!]*

Lear. O, let me not be mad, not mad, sweet Keep me in temper: I would not be mad!

Enter Gentleman.

How now! Are the horses ready?

Gen. Ready, my lord.

Lear. Come, boy.

[my departure,

Fool. She that's a maid now, and laughs at Shall not be a maid long, unless things be cut shorter. *[Exeunt.]*

ACT II.

SCENE I.—A Court within the Castle of the Earl of Gloucester.

Enter Edmund and Curan, meeting.

Edm. Save thee, Curan.

Cur. And you, sir. I have been with your father, and given him notice, that the duke of Cornwall, and Regan his duchess, will be here with him to-night.

Edm. How comes that?

Cur. Nay, I know not: you have heard of the news abroad; I mean the whispered ones, for they are yet but ear-kissing arguments!

Edm. Not I: pray you, what are they?

Cur. Have you heard of no likely wars toward, 'twixt the dukes of Cornwall and

Edm. Not a word. *[Albany?]*

Cur. You may then, in time. Fare you well, sir. *[Exit.]*

Edm. The duke be here to-night! The better! best!

This weaves itself perforce into my business. My father hath set guard to take my father. And I have one thing, of a quony question. Which I must act:—brother, and brother's 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 Albany? He's coming hither, now, i' the night.

Edm. haste,

And Regan with him: have you nothing

Upon his party 'gainst the duke of Albany? Advise yourself.

Edm. I am sure on't, not a word.

Edm. I hear my father coming:—

In cunning, I must draw my sword: Draw: seem to defend yourself:—

you well.—

Yield:—come before my father.—

Fly, brother.—Torches, torches!—

Some blood drawn on me would be good:—

Of my more fierce endeavour: I have

drunkards

Do more than this in sport.—Father, stop, stop!—No help!

Enter Gloucester, and Servants with torches.

Glo. Now, Edmund, where's the villain?

Edm. Here stood he in the dark, with sword out,

Mumbling of wicked charms, conjuring To stand auspicious mistress:—

Glo. Look, sir, I bleed.

Glo. Where is the villain?

Edm. Fled this way, sir.

Glo. Pursue him, ho!—Go after: means he could—

Glo. Pursue him, ho!—Go after: some Servants.] "By no means."

Edm. Persuade me to the murder of lordship;

But that I told him, the ravens come 'Gainst parricides did all their haunt;

Spoke, with how manifold and terrible The child was bound to the father.

Seeing how loathly opposite I stood To his unnatural purpose, he charged

With his prepared sword, he charged My unprovided body, lance'd mine arm:

But when he saw my best alarm'd Bold in the quarrel's right, he smote

counter,

Or whether gasted by the noise I fell suddenly he fled. Let him fly.

Glo. Not in this land shall he remain. And found—despatch.—The noise master.

thy arch and patron, comes to-night :
 authority I will proclaim it, [thanks,
 which finds him shall deserve our
 the murderous coward to the stake ;
 I conceal him, death.

When I dissuaded him from his in-
 tended him pight to do it, with curse
 to discover him : he replied,
 "I will stand against thee, would the re-
 trust, virtue, or worth, in thee [possi-
 thy words faith'd ! No : what I should

I would ; ay, though thou didst pro-
 my character), I'd turn it all [durst
 suggestion, plot, and damned practice :
 thou must make a dullard of the world,
 I thought the profits of my death
 my payment and potential squire
 these such it."

Strong and fasten'd villain !
 deny his letter, said he ?—I never
 the duke's trumpets ! I know not
 [Tucket within.

I'll bar ; the villain shall not 'scape ;
 thou must grant me that : besides, his
 and far and near, that all the kingdom
 does note of him ; and of my land,
 a natural boy, I'll work the means
 thus capable.

Cornwall, Regan, and Attendants.
 How now, my noble friend ! since I
 can call but now,) I have heard
 of thee true, all vengeance comes too

to pursue th' offender. How dost, my
 madam, my old heart is crack'd—
 [your life ?

What, did my father's godson seek
 my father nam'd ? your Edgar ?
 O lady, shame would have it hid !
 Was he not companion with the
 upon my father ? [ristons knights

I know not, madam : 'tis too bad,
 yes, madam, he was of that consort.
 No marvel, then, though he were ill

to put him on the old man's death,
 the expense and waste of his revenues,
 the present evening from my sister
 all intern'd of them ; and with such

comes to sojourn at my house,
 Nor I, assure thee, Regan,—
 I hear that you have shown your
 [father

Twas my duty, sir.

Glo. He did bewray his practice ; and re-
 ceiv'd

This hurt you see, striving to apprehend him.
 Corn. Is he pursu'd ?

Glo. Ay, my good lord.
 Corn. If he be taken, he shall never more

Be fear'd of doing harm : make your own pur-
 pose, [Edmund,

How in my strength you please.—For you,
 Whose virtue and obedience doth this instant
 So much commend itself, you shall be ours :
 Natures of such deep trust we shall much need ;
 You we first seize on.

Edm. I shall serve you, sir,
 Truly, however else.

Glo. For him I thank your grace.
 Corn. You know not why we came to visit

you,— [ey'd night ;
 Reg. Thus out of season, threading dark-

Occasions, noble Gloster, of some poise,
 Wherein we must have use of your advice :—
 Our father he hath writ, so hath our sister,
 Of differences, which I best thought it fit
 To answer from our home ; the several mes-
 sengers [friend,

From hence attend despatch. Our good old
 Lay comforts to your bosom : and bestow
 Your needful counsel to our business,
 Which craves the instant use.

Glo. I serve you, madam :
 Your graces are right welcome. [Exeunt.

SCENE II.—Before Gloster's Castle.

Enter Kent and Oswald, severally.

Osw. Good dawning to thee, friend : art of
 this house ? Kent. Ay.

Osw. Where may we set our horses ?
 Kent. I' the mire.

Osw. Prythee, if thou love me, tell me.
 Kent. I love thee not.

Osw. Why, then, I care not for thee.
 Kent. If I had thee in Lipsbury pinfold, I

would make thee care for me.
 Osw. Why dost thou use me thus ? I know

thee not. Kent. Fellow, I know thee.
 Osw. What dost thou know me for ?

Kent. A knave ; a rascal ; an eater of broken
 meats ; a base, proud, shallow, beggarly,
 three-suited, hundred-pound, filthy, worsted-
 stocking knave ; a lily-liver'd, action-taking
 knave ; a whorson glass-gazing, super-ser-
 viceable, finical rogue ; one-trunk-inheriting
 slave ; one that wouldst be a bawd, in way of
 good service, and art nothing but the composi-
 tion of a knave, beggar, coward, pander, and
 the son and heir of a mongrel-bitch : one
 whom I will beat into clamorous whining, if
 thou deniest the least syllable of thy addition.

Osw. Why, what a monstrous fellow art thou,
 thus to rail on one, that is neither known of
 thee, nor knows thee !

Kent. What a brazen-faced varlet art thou,
 to deny thou knowest me ! Is it two days
 since I tripp'd up thy heels, and beat thee,

before the king? Draw, you rogue: for, though it be night, yet the moon shines; I'll make a sop o' the moonshine of you: Draw, you whoreson callionly 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. Strike, you slave; stand, rogue, stand; you neat slave, strike.

[Beating him.]

Osw. Help, oh! murder! murder!
[Enter Cornwall, Regan, Gloucester, Edmund, and Servants.]

Edm. How now! What's the matter?

Kent. With you, Goodman boy, if you please: come, I'll flesh you; come on, young master.

Glo. Weapons! arms! Where's the matter?

Corn. Keep peace, upon your lives; [here? He dies, that strikes again. What is the matter?

Reg. The messengers from our sister and the king.

Corn. What is your difference? speak.

Osw. I am scarce in breath, my lord.

Kent. No marvel, you have so bestirred your valour. You cowardly rascal, nature disclaims in thee: a tailor made thee.

Corn. Thou art a strange fellow: a tailor make a man?

Kent. Ay, a tailor, sir: a stone-cutter, or a painter, could not have made him so ill, though they had been but two hours at the trade.

Corn. Speak yet, how grew your quarrel?

Osw. This ancient ruffian, sir, whose life I at suit of his grey beard,— [have spar'd

Kent. Thou whoreson zed! thou unnecessary letter!—My lord, if you will give me leave, I will tread this unbolted villain into mortar, and daub the wall of a jakes with him.—Spare my grey beard, you wagtail!

Corn. Peace, sirrah!

You beastly knave, know you no revenge?

Kent. Yes, sir; but anger hath a privilege.

Corn. Why art thou angry? [a sword]

Kent. That such a slave as this should wear Who wears no honesty. Such smiling rogues as these,

Like rats, oft bite the holy cords atwain Which are too intrinse t' unloose; smooth every passion

That in the natures of their lords rebels; Bring oil to fire, snow to their colder moods; Reneged, affirm, and turn their halcyon beaks With every gale and vary of their masters, Knowing nought, like dogs, but following.—A plague upon your epileptic visage! Smile you my speeches, as I were a fool!

Goose, if I had you upon Sarah plain, I'd drive ye cackling home to Cambridgeshire.

Corn. What, art thou mad, old fellow?

Glo. How fell you out? say that.

Kent. No contraries hold more antipathy Than I and such a knave.

Corn. Why dost thou call him knave?

Kent. His countenance likes me not.

Corn. No more, perchance, does mine.

Kent. Sir, 'tis my occupation to be plain.

I have seen better faces in my time Than stands on any shoulder that I see Before me at this instant.

Corn. Who, having been prais'd for bluntness, affect

A saucy roughness, and constrains the truth

Quite from his nature: he cannot hate, An honest mind and plain,—he must

truth!

An they will take it, so; if not, he's plainness.

These kind of knaves I know, which

Harbour more craft, and more corruption Than twenty silly ducking observance.

That stretch their duties nicely.

Kent. Sir, in good sooth, in shrewd sooth, Under th' allowance of your grand

Whose influence, like the wreath of

On flickering Phoebus' front.

Corn. What mean'st thou?

Kent. To go out of my dated service, I

discommend so much. I know, sir, I

flatterer: he that beguiled you in a

cent was a plain knave; which, for

will not be, though I should win your

sure to entreat me to't.

Corn. What was the offence you

Osw. I never gave him any;

It pleas'd the king, his master, very

To strike at me, upon his misconstruction

When he, compact, and flattering

sure,

Tripp'd me behind; being down, I

And put upon him such a deal of

That worthied him, got praise of the

For him attempting who was self

And in the freshment of this deed

Drew on me here again.

Kent. None of these reasons, sir.

But Ajax is their fool.

Corn. Fetch forth the

You stubborn ancient knave, you

We'll teach you—

Kent. Sir, I am too old to

Call not your stocks for me: I know

On whose employment I was sent

You shall do small respect, show

malice

Against the grace and person of my

Stocking his messenger.

Corn. Fetch forth the

life and honour, there shall he sit
[night too.
Till noon / till night, my lord; and all
Way, madam, if I were your father's
should not use me so.

[dog,
Sir, being his knave, I will.

[Stocks brought out.

This is a fellow of the self-same colour
speaks of.—Come, bring away the

Let me beseech your grace not to do so:
is much, and the good king his master
back him for't: your purpos'd low cor-

as basest and contemn'd wretches,
and most common trespassers,
d with: the king must take it ill,
so slightly valu'd in his messenger,
have him thus restrain'd.

I'll answer that.

My sister may receive it much more
worse,
has her gentleman abus'd, assaulted,
following her affairs.—Put in his legs.—

[Kent is put in the stocks.

my lord, away.
[Exeunt Regan and Cornwall.

I am sorry for thee, friend; 'tis the
duke's pleasure,
disposition, all the world well knows,
not be rubb'd, nor stopp'd: I'll entreat for
thee.

Pray, do not, sir: I have watch'd,
and travel'd hard;
and I shall sleep out, the rest I'll whistle.

your war's fortune may grow out at heels:
you good morrow!
The duke's to blame in this; 'twill be
all taken.

God king, that must approve the
common saw,
out of heaven's benediction com'st
forth, thou beacon to this under globe,

thy comfortable beams I may
this letter!—Nothing, almost, sees
miracles.

I know 'tis from Cordelia,
most fortunately been inform'd
of your course; and shall find time
this enormous state,—seeking to give
their remedies.—All weary and o'er-

watched,
heavy eyes, not to behold
a good night.

Smile once more; turn
[He sleeps.

III.—A Part of the Heath.
Enter Edgar.

I heard myself proclaim'd;
the happy hollow of a tree
the hunt. No port is free; no place,
guard, and most unusual vigilance,

Does not attend my taking. While I may
'scape
I will preserve myself; and am bethought
To take the basest and most poorest shape,
That ever penury, in contempt of man,
Brought near to beast: my face I'll grime with
filth;

Blanket my loins; elf all my hair in knots;
And with presented nakedness 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, [Tom!
Enforce their charity.—Poor Tarlygod! poor
That's something yet:—Edgar I nothing am.

[Exit.

SCENE IV.—Before Gloster's Castle.

Enter Lear, Fool, and Gentleman.

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!

Mak'st thou this shame thy pastime?

Kent. No, my lord.

Fool. Ha, ha! he wears cruel garters,
Horses are tied by the head, dogs and bears
by the neck, monkeys by the loins, and men
by the legs: when a man is over-lusty at legs,
then he wears wooden nether-stocks.

Lear. What's he, that hath so much thy
To set thee here?

Kent. It is both he and she,—

Your son and daughter.

Kent. Yes. Lear. No, I say.

Kent. I say, yea.

Lear. No, no, they would not.

Kent. Yes, they have.

Lear. By Jupiter, I swear, no.

Kent. By Juno, I swear, ay.

Lear. They durst not do't;

They could not, would not do't; 'tis worse
than murder,

To do upon respect such violent outrage:
Resolve me, with all modest haste, which way
Thou mightst deserve, or they impose, this
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, there came a recking 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 summoned up their meiny, straight took
Commanded me to follow, and attend [horse ;
The leisure of their answer ; gave me cold looks ;
And meeting here the other messenger,
Whose welcome, I perceiv'd, had poison'd
(Being the very fellow which of late [mine,
Display'd so saucily against your highness,)
Having more man than wit about me, drew ;
He rais'd the house with loud and coward cries.
Your son and daughter found this trespass
The shame which here it suffers. [worth

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 wear bags,
Shall see their children kind.
Fortune, that arrant whore,
Ne'er turns the key to the poor.—*

But, for all this, thou shalt have as many
colours for thy daughters, as thou canst tell in
a year. [my heart !

Lear. O, how this mother swells up toward
Hysterica passio,—down, thou climbing sor-
row,

Thy element's below !—Where is this daugh-
Kent. With the earl, sir, here within. [ter ?

Lear. Follow me not ;
Stay here. [Exit.

Gen. Made you no more offence than what
Kent. None. [you speak off !

How chance the king comes with so small a
train !

Fool. And thou hadst been set i' the stocks
for that question, thou hadst well deserved it.

Kent. Why, fool ?

Fool. We'll set thee to school to an ant, to
teach thee there's no labouring in 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 stink-
ing. Let go thy hold when a great wheel runs
down a hill, lest it break thy neck with follow-
ing it ; but the great one that goes up the hill,
let him draw thee after. When a wise man
gives thee better counsel, give me mine again ;
I would have none but knaves follow it, since
a fool gives it.

*That sir, which serves and seeks for gain,
And follows but for form,*

*Will pack when it begins to rain,
And leave thee in the storm.*

*But I will tarry ; the fool will stay,
And let the wise man fly :*

*The knave turns fool that runs away ;
The fool no knave, perdy.*

Kent. Where learn'd you this, fool ?

Fool. Not i' the stocks, fool.

Re-enter Lear, with Gloster.

Lear. Deny to speak with me ! They are
sick ! They are weary !

They have travell'd hard to-night ! Mere
fetches ;

The images of revolt and flying off.
Fetch me a better answer. My dear look
Glo.

You know the fiery quality of the duke
How unremovable and fix'd he is
In his own course.

Lear. Vengeance ! plague ! death !
Fiery ! what quality ! Why, Gloster, Gloster,
I'd speak with the duke of Cornwall and
his wife.

Glo. Well, my good lord, I have inform'd
Lear. Inform'd them ! Dost thou think
Glo. Ay, my good lord.

Lear. The king would speak with Cornwall
the dear father

Would with his daughter speak, commends
Are they inform'd of this ?—My heart's
blood !—

Fiery ! the fiery duke !—Tell the hot duke
No, but not yet ;—may be, he is not well ;

Infirmary doth still neglect all others, [I feel
Where to our health is bound ; we are not well ;

When nature, being oppress'd, commands
To suffer with the body : I'll forbear ;

And am fallen out with my pure healing
To take the indispos'd and sickly
For the sound man. Death on my neck !

[Looking on Kent.]—Wherefore
Should he sit here ! This net personal
That this remotion of the duke and her
Is practice only. Give me my sword ;

Go, tell the duke and his wife, I'd speak with
them,

Now, presently : bid them come
Or at their chamber door I'll beat the duke
Till it cry sleep to death.

Glo. I would have all well betwixt you
and them.

Lear. O me, my heart, my rising heart,
but, down.

Fool. Cry to it, nuncle, as the cock
to the eels, when she put them i' the water ;
alive ; she rapt'd 'em o' the coxcombs, down
stick, and cried, "Down, wantons, down !"

'Twas her brother, that, in pure kindness
his horse, butt'r'd his lay.

Enter Cornwall, Regan, Gloster, and Servants.
Lear. Good morrow to you both.
Hall to your highness !

Reg. I am glad to see your highness
Lear. Regan, I think you are ; I have
reason

I have to think so : if thou shouldst
I would divorce me from thy mother's
Sepulchring an adultress.—[To Kent]

are you free ?

Some other time for that.—Belov'd
Thy sister's naught ; O Regan, she has
Sharp-tooth'd unkindness, like a vulture

here,—

I can scarce speak to thee ; thou'lt not
With how depriv'd a quality—O Regan,
Reg. I pray you, sir, take patience.

know how to value her desert,
to scant her duty.

Say, how is that?
I cannot think my sister in the least
to fall her obligation: if, sir, perchance,
I have restrain'd the riots of your followers,
on each ground, and to such wholesome
ends her from all blame.

[*Enter*]
My curses on her!

O, sir, you are old;
you stand on the very verge
of discretion, that discerns your state
better than you yourself. Therefore, I pray
you, to our sister you do make return; [you,
you have wrong'd her, sir.

Ask her forgiveness!
but mark how this becomes the house:

[*Kneeling*]
daughter, I confess that I am old;
and necessary: on my knees I beg
your pardon, sir, no more; these are unsightly
tricks:

Never, Regan:
I abate me of half my train; [tongue,
I speak upon me; struck me with her
dard vengeance of heaven fall
regretful top! Strike her young bones,
with lameness!

Fie, sir, fie!
blinding flames
corrupt eyes! Infect her beauty,
and blast her pride!

[*sun*]
O the best gods! So will you wish
the rash mood is on.

[*on me*]
No, Regan, thou shalt never have my
curse: the corrupted nature shall not give [curse;
to harshness: her eyes are fierce;

and not burn. 'Tis not in thee
my pleasures, to cut off my train,
silly words, to scant my sizes,
my coming in: thou better know'st
of nature, bond of childhood,
of courtesy, dues of gratitude;
and of the kingdom hast thou not forgot,
these endow'd.

Good sir, to the purpose.
Who put my man in the stocks?

[*Tucket within*]
What trumpet's that?

[*Enter Oswald*]
Oswald, my sister's; this approves
[*come*]
I shall soon be here.—Is your lady
a slave, whose easy-borrow'd
behold grace of her he follows.—
from my sight!

Corn. What means your grace?

Lear. Who stock'd my servant? Regan, I
have good hope [O heavens,
Thou didst not know of't. Who comes here?

[*Enter Goneril*]
If you do love old men, if your sweet away
Allow obedience, if yourselves are old,
Make it your cause; send down, and take my
part!— [beard!—

[*To Con.*] Art not ashamed to look upon this
O Regan, wilt thou take her by the hand?

Gon. Why not by the hand, sir? How
have I offended?

All's not offence that indiscretion finds,
And dotage terms so.

Lear. O sides, you are too tough;
Will you yet hold?—How came my man in
the stocks? [disorder]

Corn. I set him there, sir; but his own
Deserv'd much less advancement.

Lear. You! did you?
Reg. I pray you, father, being weak, seem so.
If, till the expiration of your month,
You will return and sojourn with my sister,
Dismissing half your train, come then to me:
I am now from home, and out of that provision

Which shall be needful for your entertainment.
Lear. Return to her, and fifty men dismiss'd!

No, rather I abjure all roofs, and choose
To wage against the enmity of the air;
To be a comrade with the wolf and owl,—
Necessity's sharp pinch!—Return with her!

Why, the hot-blooded France, that downy
took
Our youngest born, I could as well be brought
To kneel his throne, and, squire-like, pension
beg

To keep base life afoot.—Return with her!
Persuade me rather to be slave and sumpter
To this detested groom. [Looking at Oswald,

Gon. At your choice, sir.
Lear. I prythee, daughter, do not make me
mad!

I will not trouble thee, my child; farewell:
We'll no more meet, no more see one another:—
But yet thou art my flesh, my blood, my
daughter;

Or, rather, a disease that's in my flesh,
Which I must needs call mine: thou art a boil,
A plague-sore, an embossed carbuncle,
In my corrupted blood. But I'll not chide thee;
Let shame come when it will, I do not call it:
I do not bid the thunder-bearer shoot,
Nor tell tales of thee to high-judging Jove:
Mend when thou canst; be better at thy
leisure:

I can be patient; I can stay with Regan,
I and my hundred knights.

Reg. Not altogether so:
I look'd not for you yet, nor am provided
For your fit welcome. Give ear, sir, to my
sister;

For those that mingle reason with your passion,

Must be content to think you old, and so—
But she knows what she does.

Lear. Is this well spoken?

Reg. I dare avouch it, sir: what, fifty followers?

Is it not well? What should you need of more?
Yea, or so many, with that both charge and danger
[one house,
Speak 'gainst so great a number? How, in
Should many people, under two commands,
Hold amity? 'Tis hard; almost impossible.

Gon. Why might not you, my lord, receive attendance
[mine?
From those that she calls servants, or from

Reg. Why not, my lord? If then they chance'd to slack you,

We could control them. If you will come to
(For now I spy a danger,) I entreat you [me,
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 deposit—
But kept a reservation to be follow'd [aries;
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. [well-favour'd,

Lear. Those wicked creatures yet do look
When others are more wicked; not being the worst,

[go with thee:
Stands in some rank of praise.—[To Gon.] I'll
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
Are in the poorest thing superfluous: [beggars
Allow not nature more than nature needs,
Man's life is cheap as beast's. Thou art a
If only to go warm were gorgeous, [lady;
Why, nature needs not what thou gorgeous
wear'st, [true need,—
Which scarcely keeps thee warm. But, for
You heavens, give me that patience, patience
I need.

You see me here, you gods, a poor old man,
As full of grief as age; wretched in both!
If it be you that stir these daughters' hearts
Against their father, fool me not so much
To bear it tamely; touch me with noble anger!
O, let not women's weapons, water-drops,
Stain my man's cheeks!—No, you unnatural
I will have such revenges on you both, [bags,
That all the world shall—I will do such
things,— [shall be

What they are, yet I know not; but they
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!
Or ere I'll weep.—O fool, I shall go mad!

Corn. Let us withdraw; 'twill be a storm.
[Exeunt Lear, Gloster, Kent, and Cordelia.]

Storm heard at a distance.
Reg. This house is little: the old man

Cannot be well bestow'd.

Gon. 'Tis his own blame; hath put himself

And must needs taste his folly.

Reg. For his particular, I'll receive

But not one follower. So I am purposed.

Gon. Where is my lord of Gloster?

Reg. Follow'd the old man forth:—

Corn. Follow'd the old man forth:—

Re-enter Gloster. He is returned.

Glo. The king is in high rage. Whither is he gone?

Corn. He calls to horse; but will

whither.

Corn. 'Tis best to give him way; no more

Gon. My lord, entreat him by no means

stay.

Glo. Alack, the night comes on, and

Do sorely rattle; for many miles about

There's scarce a bush. O, air, to wild

Reg. The injuries that they themselves procure.

Must be their schoolmasters. Shut up

He is attended with a desperate hum to,

And what they may incense him to,

To have his ear abus'd, wisdom bids

Corn. Shut up your doors, my lord; 'twill

wild night:

My Regan counsels well: come out of

storm.

ACT III.

SCENE I.—A Heath.

A Storm, with thunder and lightning.
Kent and Gentleman, meeting.

Kent. Who's here, beside foul weather?

Gent. One minded, like the weather,

unquietly.

Kent. I know you. Where's the king?

Gent. Contending with the ivy of the

Bids the wind blow the earth into the

Or swell the curled waters 'bove the

That things might change or cease; or

white hair,

Which the impetuous blasts, with

Catch in their fury, and make

Strives in his little world of man

The to-and-fro-conflicting wind

This night, wherein the cub draws

The lion and the lolly-pinked

Keep their fur dry, unconnected

And bids what will take all.

Kent. None but the fool; who

Gent. None but the fool; who

His heart-struck injuries. Sir, I do

Kent.

upon the warrant of my note,
 a dear thing to you. There is
 yet the face of it be cover'd
 cunning, 'twixt Albany and
 Cornwall; (stars
 as who have not, that their great
 servants, who seem no
 to France the spies and speculations
 of our state; what hath been seen,
 in muffs and packings of the dukes;
 hard rein which both of them have
 the old kind king; or something
 [deeper,
 perchance, these are but furnish-
 [power
 it is, from France there comes a
 alter'd kingdom; who already,
 our negligence, have secret feet
 of our best ports, and are at point
 their open banner.—Now to you:
 your credit you dare build so far
 your speed to Dover, you shall find
 will thank you, making just report
 natural and bemoaning sorrow
 both cause to plain.
 a man of blood and breeding;
 in some knowledge and assurance,
 I will talk further with you. [offer

No, do not.
 out wall, open this purse, and take
 contains. If you shall see Cordelia,
 will tell you who that fellow is
 you do not know.—Pie on this storm!
 Give me your hand: have you no
 few words, but, to effect, more than
 we have found the king, (in which
 I'll this,) he that first lights on him,
 [Exit severally.

Another Part of the Heath.
 Storm continues.
 Enter Lear and Fool.
 Blow, winds, and crack your cheeks!
 Howl! blow!
 and hurricanes, spout
 Have drench'd our steeples, drown'd
 our towers and thought-executing fires,
 of oak-cleaving thunder-bolts,
 white head! And thou, all-shaking
 of the thick rotundity o' the world!
 moulds, all germens spill at
 once, this
 court holy-water in a dry
 more than this rain-water out o' door.

Good nurse, in, and ask thy daughters' blessing:
 here's a night pities neither wise men
 nor fools. [spout, rain!

Lear. Rumble thy bellyful! Spit, fire!
 Nor rain, wind, thunder, fire, are my daughters:
 I tax not you, you elements, with unkindness:
 I never gave you kingdom, call'd you children,
 You owe me no subscription: then, let fall
 Your horrible pleasure; here I stand, your
 slave,

A poor, infirm, weak, and despis'd old man:—
 But yet I call you servile ministers,
 That will with two pernicious daughters join
 Your high engender'd battles, 'gainst a head
 So old and white as this. O! O! 'tis foul!

Fool. He that has a house to put his head
 in, has a good head-piece.

The cod-piece that will house,

Before the head has any,

The head and he shall touse;—

So beggars marry many.

The man that makes his toe

What he his heart should make,

Shall of a corn cry woe,

And turn his sleep to wake.

—for there was never yet fair woman, but she
 made mouths in a glass.

Enter Kent.

Lear. No, I will be the pattern of all
 patience; I will say nothing.

Kent. Who's there?

Fool. Marry, here's grace, and a cod-piece;
 that's a wise man, and a fool.

Kent. Alas, sir, are you here? things that
 love night, [skies

Love not such nights as these; the wrathful
 Gallow the very wanderers of the dark,

And make them keep their caves: since I
 was man, [thunder

Such sheets of fire, such bursts of horrid
 Such groans of roaring wind and rain, I never

Remember to have heard: man's nature cannot
 Th' affliction, nor the fear. [carry

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 perjur'd, and thou simular of virtue

Thou art incestuous: catiff, to pieces shake,
 That under covert and convenient seeming

Hast practis'd on man's life;—close pent-up
 guilts,

Rive your concealing continents, and cry
 These dreadful summoners grace.—I am a man

More sinn'd against, than sinning.

Kent. Alack, bare-headed!
 Gracious my lord, hard by here is a hovel;

Some friendship will it lend you 'gainst the
 tempest:

Repose you there; while I to this hard house,
 (More hard than is the stone whereof 'tis rais'd,

Which even but now, demanding after you,
Denied me to come in) return and force
Their scantied courtesy.

Lear. My wits begin to turn.—
Come on, my boy: how dost, my boy? Art
cold? [fellow]

I am cold myself.—Where is this straw, my
The art of our necessities is strange,
That can make vile things precious. Come,
your hovel.—

Poor fool, and knave, I have one part in my
That's sorry yet for thee. [heart

Fool. [Singing.]

He that has, and a little tiny wit,—

With hey, ho, the wind and the rain,—

Must make content with his fortunes fit;

Though the rain it raineth every day.

Lear. True, boy.—Come, bring us to this
hovel. [Exit Lear and Kent.]

Fool. This is a brave night to cool a court-
ezan.— 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 squire in debt, nor no poor knight;

When slanders do not live in tongues;

Nor cutpurses come not to throngs;

When usurers tell their gold i' the field;

And bawds and whores do build;

Then shall the realm of Albion

Come to great confusion:

Then comes the time, who lives to see't,

That going shall be us'd with feet.

This prophecy Merlin shall make; for I live
before his time. [Exit.]

SCENE III.—A Room in Gloster's Castle.

Enter Gloster and Edmund.

Glo. Alack, alack, Edmund, I like not this
unnatural dealing. When I desired their leave
that I might pity him, they took from me the
use of mine own house; charged me, on pain
of their perpetual displeasure, neither to speak
of him, entreat for him, nor any way sustain

Edm. Most savage, and unnatural! [him.]

Glo. Go to; say you nothing. There is di-
vision between the dukes; and a worse matter
than that: I have received a letter this night;
—'tis dangerous to be spoken;—I have locked
the letter in my closet: these injuries the king
now bears will be revenged home: there is
part of a power already footed: we must in-
cline to the king. I will seek him and privily
relieve him; go you, and maintain talk with
the duke, that my charity be not of him per-
ceived: if he ask for me, I am ill, and gone to
bed. If I die for it, as no less is threatened
me, the king, my old master, must be relieved.
There is some strange thing toward, Edmund;
pray you, be careful. [Exit.]

Edm. This courtesy, forbid thee, shall the
duke

Instantly know; and of that letter too.
This seems a fair deserving, and must
That which my father loses, no less
The younger rises, when the old doth fall.

SCENE IV.—A Part of the Hovel.

Enter Lear, Kent, and Fool.

Kent. Here is the place, my lord;

lord, enter:

The tyranny of the open night's too
For nature to endure.

Storm still.

Lear. Let me alone.

Kent. Good my lord, enter here.

Lear. Will break up.

Kent. I'd rather break mine own

my lord, enter.

Lear. Thou think'st 'tis touch'd

Invades us to the skin; so 'tis to thee.

But where the greater malady is fix'd,

The lesser is scarce felt. Thou'ldst

But if thy flight lay toward the south,

Thou'ldst meet the bear i' the mouth

the mind's free,

The body's delicate: the tempest in

Doth from my senses take all feeling

Save what beats there.—Fill'd

Is it not as this mouth should bear

For lifting food to't?—But I will

home:—

No, I will weep no more.—In such a

To shut me out!—Pour on; I will

In such a night as this! O Jagan,

Your old kind father, whose frank

all,—

O, that way madness lies; let me

No more of that.

Kent. Good my lord,

Lear. Prythee, go in thyself

own ease:

This tempest will not give me leave

On things would hurt me more.—

[To the Fool.] In, boy; go first.—

less poverty,—

Nay, get thee in. I'll pray, and

sleep.

Poor naked wretches, wheresoe'er

That bide the pelting of this pitiless

How shall your houseless heads

sides,

Your loop'd and window'd rags

From seasons such as these? O,

Too little care of this! Take you

Expose yourself to feel what you

That then mayst shake the super-

And show the heavens more just.

Edg. [Within.] Fathom and

and half! Poor Tom!

[The Fool runs out.]

Fool. Come not in here, you

Help me, help me!

Kent. Give me thy hand.—Will

Edg. A spirit, a spirit: he says his name's
poor Tom,
What art thou that dost grumble

Edg. Away! the foul fiend follows me!
Edg. Didst thou give all to thy two daughters?
Edg. What art thou that dost grumble

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Edg. Away! the foul fiend follows me!
Edg. Didst thou give all to thy two daughters?
Edg. What art thou that dost grumble

brothels, thy hand out of plackets, thy pen
 from lenders' books, and defy the foul fiend.—
 Still through the hawthorn blows the cold
 wind: says suum, mun, nunny. Dolphin my
 boy, my boy; sessa! let him trot by.

[Storm still continues.]
Lear. Why, thou wert better in thy grave,
 than to answer with thy uncovered body this
 extremity of the skies.—Is man no more than
 this? Consider him well. Thou owest the
 worm no silk, the beast no hide, the sheep no
 wool, the cat no perfume.—Ha! here's three
 of us 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.—*[Tearing off his clothes.]*

Pool. Pr'ythee, nuncle, be contented; 'tis a
 naughty night to swim in.—Now a little fire in
 a wild field were like an old lecher's heart,—
 a small spark, all the rest on's body cold.—
 Look, here comes a walking fire.

Edg. This is the foul fiend Flibbertigibbet:
 he begins at curfew, and walks to the first
 cock; he gives the web and the pin, squints
 the eye, and makes the harelip; mildews the
 white wheat, and hurts the poor creature of
 earth.

St. Withold footed thrice the old;
 He met the night-mare, and her nine-fold;
 Bid her alight,
 And her troth plight,
 And, aroint thee, witch, aroint thee!

Kent. How fares your grace?
Enter Gloster, with a torch.
Lear. What's he?
Kent. Who's there? What is't you seek?
Glo. What are you there? Your names?

Edg. Poor Tom; that eats the swimming
 frog, the toad, the tadpole, the wall-newt, and
 the water-newt; that in the fury of his heart,
 when the foul fiend rages, eats cow-dung for
 sallots; swallows the old rat, and the ditch-
 dog; drinks the green mantle of the standing
 pool; who is whipped from tything to tything,
 and stock'd, punished, and imprisoned; who
 hath had three suits to his back, six shirts to
 his body, horse to ride, and weapon to wear;—
 But nice, and rats, and such small deer,
 Have been Tom's food for seven long year.

Glo. What, hath your grace no better com-
 pany?
Edg. The prince of darkness is a gentleman;
 Mado he's call'd, and Mahu.

Glo. Our flesh and blood, my lord, is
 grown so vile,
 That it doth hate what gets it.
Edg. Poor Tom's a-cold.

Glo. Go in with me; my duty cannot suffer
 To obey in all your daughter's hard com-
 mands:
 Though their injunction be to bar my doors,
 And let this tyrannous night take hold upon
 you,

Edg. Poor Tom's a-cold.
Glo. Go in with me; my duty cannot suffer
 To obey in all your daughter's hard com-
 mands:
 Though their injunction be to bar my doors,
 And let this tyrannous night take hold upon
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Glo. Go in with me; my duty cannot suffer
 To obey in all your daughter's hard com-
 mands:
 Though their injunction be to bar my doors,
 And let this tyrannous night take hold upon
 you,

Yet have I ventur'd to come seek you out,
And bring you where both fire and food is
ready.

Lear. First let me talk with this philoso-
What is the cause of thunder? [*phoe.*—

Kent. Good my lord, take his offer; go
into the house.

Lear. I'll talk a word with this same learned
What is your study? [Theban.—

Edg. How to prevent the fiend, and to kill
vermin.

Lear. Let me ask you one word in private.

Kent. Importune him to go once more, my
His wits begin to unsettle. [Lord;

Glo. Canst thou blame him?
His daughters seek his death:—ah, that good

Kent.—man!

He said it would be thus,—poor banish'd
Thou say'st the king grows mad: I'll tell thee,

friend,

I am almost mad myself: I had a son, [Life,
Now outlaw'd from my blood; he sought my

But lately, very lately, I lov'd him, friend—
No father his son dearer: true to tell thee,

[*Storm continues.*
The grief hath craz'd my wits.—What a
night's this!

I do beseech your grace,—

Lear. O, cry you mercy, sir.—

Noble philosopher, your company.

Edg. Tom's a-cold. [Thee warm.

Glo. In, fellow, there, into the hovel: keep

Lear. Come, let's in all.

Kent. This way, my lord.

Lear. With him;

I will keep still with my philosopher.

Kent. Good my lord, soothe him; let him

Glo. Take him you on. [Take the fellow.

Kent. Sirrah, come on; go along with us.

Lear. Come, good Athenian.

Glo. No words, no words;

Hush.

Edg. Child Rowland to the dark tower came,
His word was still,—Fie, foh, and fum,
I smell the blood of a British man.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.—A Room in Gloster'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, some-
thing fears me to think of.

Corn. I now perceive, it was not altogether
your brother's evil disposition made him seek
his death: but a provoking merit, set a-work
by a reproveable badness in himself.

Edm. How malicious is my fortune, that I
must repent to be just! This is the letter he
spoke of, which approves him an intelligent
party to the advantages of France. O heavens!
that this treason were not, or not I the de-
tector! *Corn.* Go with me to the duchess.

Edm. If the matter of this paper be
you have mighty business in hand.

Corn. True, or false, it hath made me
of Gloster. Seek out where thy father is,
he may be ready for our apprehension.

Edm. [Aside.] If I find him comfort-
[*To Corn.*] I will persevere in my com-
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.

SCENE VI.—A Chamber in an Outbuilding
adjoining the Castle.

Enter Gloster, Lear, Kent, Fool, and

Glo. Here is better than the open air;
it thankfully. I will piece out the
with what addition I can; I will not
from you.

Kent. All the power of his wits he
way to his impatience.—The gods reward
kindness!

Edg. Frateretto calls me; and tells me
is an angler in the lake of darkness,
innocent, and beware the foul fiend.

Fool. Pr'ythee, nuncle, tell me
madman be a gentleman, or a yeoman?

Lear. A king, a king!

Fool. No, he's a yeoman, that has a
man to his son; for he's a mad yeoman,
sees his son a gentleman before him.

Lear. To have a thousand with me,
Come whizzing in upon them.

Edg. The foul fiend bites my back.

Fool. He's mad, that trusts in the
of a wolf, a horse's health, a boy's love,
whore's oath.

Lear. It shall be done: I will and
straight.—

[*To Edg.*] Come, sit thou here, most
[*To the Fool.*] Thou, sapient sir, sit

Now, ye she foxes!

Edg. Look, where he stands and
Wantest thou eyes at trial, madam?

Come o'er the bourn, Bessy, to me.

Fool. Her boat hath a leak,
And she must not speak to me.

Why she dares not come over to me.

Edg. The foul fiend haunts poor Lear;
voice of a nightingale. Hopdance!

Tom's belly for two white herrings,
black angel; I have no food for thee.

Kent. How do you, sir? Stand!

amaz'd:

Will you lie down and rest upon the
Lear. I'll see their trial first.—

[*To Edg.*] Thou robed man of justice,
[*To the Fool.*] And thou, his fool,

equity,

Bench by his side:—[*To Kent.*] You are
commission,

Sit you too,

Let us deal justly.
 Thy sheep be in the corn;
 And for one blast of thy minikin mouth,
 Thy sheep shall take no harm.
 The cat is grey.
 Arra! her first; 'tis Goneril. I here
 Swear with before this honourable assembly,
 That I will not be the poor king her father.
 Come hither, mistress. Is your name
 Goneril? She cannot deny it.
 Ory you mercy, I took you for a joint-
 stocker. And here's another, whose warp'd
 tongue her heart is made on.—Stop her
 there!
 Arra, sword, fire!—Corruption in the
 palace, why hast thou let her 'scape?
 Bless thy five wits! [now,
 O pity!—sir, where is the patience
 you so oft have boasted to retain?
 [Aside.] My tears begin to take his
 part so much,
 That I fear my counterfeiting.
 The little dogs and all,
 Whine, Blanche, and Sweet-heart, see, they bark
 at me.
 Tom will throw his head at them.—
 O, you curs!
 O my mouth or black or white,
 With that poisons if it bite;
 Mad as a greyhound, mongrel grim,
 Or spaniel, brach or lynx,
 Or tumbler, or trundel-tail,—
 You would make them weep and wail;
 For, with throwing thus my head,
 You leap the hatch, and all are fled.
 O, do, do, do. Souse! Come, march to
 your old fairs, and market-towns.—Poor
 my horn is dry.
 Then let them anatomize Regan; see
 what breeds about her heart. Is there any
 of your nature, that makes these hard hearts?
 [To Edgar.] You, sir, I entertain you for
 all my hundred; only I do not like the
 show of your garments: you will say, they
 are stolen stiles; but let them be changed.
 Now, good my lord, lie here, and
 rest a while.
 Make no noise, make no noise; draw
 curtains: so, so, so: we'll go to supper i'
 the hall. And I'll go to bed at noon.
 Re-enter Gloucester.
 Come hither, friend: where is the king?
 Here, sir; but trouble him not, his
 wits are gone. [thy arms;
 Good friend, I pray thee, take him in
 a little ready; lay him in't,
 And drive toward Dover, friend, where thou
 shalt meet
 welcome and protection. Take up thy

If thou shouldst dally half an hour, his life,
 With thine, and all that offer to defend him,
 Stand in assured loss: take up, take up;
 And follow me, that will to some provision
 Give thee quick conduct.

Kent. Oppress'd nature sleeps:—
 This rest might yet have balm'd thy broken
 Which, if convenience will not allow, [senses,
 Stand in hard cure.—[To the Fool.] Come,
 help to bear thy master;
 Thou must not stay behind.

Glo. Come, come, away.
 [Exeunt Kent, Gloucester, and the Fool,
 bearing away Lear.]

Edg. When we our betters see bearing our
 woos,

We scarcely think our miseries our foes.
 Who alone suffers, suffers most i' the mind,
 Leaving free things and happy shows behind;
 But then the mind much sufferance doth o'er-
 skip, [ship,

When grief hath mates, and bearing fellow-
 How light and portable my pain seems now,
 When that which makes me bend, makes the
 king bow;

He childed, as I father'd!—Tom, away!
 Mark the high noises; and thyself bewray,
 When false opinion, whose wrong thought
 defiles thee,

In thy just proof, repeals and reconciles thee.
 What will hap more to-night, safe 'scape the
 king!

Lurk, lurk. [Exit.]

SCENE VII.—A Room in Gloucester's Castle.
 Enter Cornwall, Regan, Goneril, Edmund,
 and Servants.

Corn. Post speedily to my lord your hus-
 band; show him this letter:—the army of
 France is landed.—Seek out the traitor Glo-
 ster. [Exeunt some of the Servants.]

Reg. Hang him instantly.
 Gon. Pluck out his eyes.

Corn. Leave him to my displeasure.—
 Edmund, keep you our sister company: the
 revenges we are bound to take upon your
 traitorous father are not fit for your behold-
 ing. Advise the duke, where you are going, to
 a most festinate preparation: we are bound to
 the like. Our posts shall be swift and intelli-
 gent 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 questrists after him, met him at gate;
 Who, with some other of the lord's depend-
 ants,

Are gone with him toward 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 and Edmund.

Go seek the traitor Gloster,
Pinion him like a thief, bring him before us.

[*Exeunt* other Servants.

Though well we may not pass upon his life
Without the form of justice, yet our power
Shall do a courtesy to our wrath, which men
May blame, but not control.—Who's there?
The traitor?

Re-enter Servants, with Gloster.

Reg. Ingrateful fox! 'tis he.

Corn. Bind fast his corky arms.

Glo. What mean your graces? Good my
friends, consider [friends,

You are my guests: do me no foul play,

Corn. Bind him, I say. [*Servants bind him.*

Reg. Hard, hard.—O filthy traitor!

Glo. Unmerciful lady as you are, I am none.

Corn. To this chair bind him.—Villain,
thou shalt find—

[*Regan plucks his beard.*

Glo. By the kind gods, 'tis most ignobly
To pluck me by the beard. [done

Reg. So white, and such a traitor!

Glo. Naughty lady.

These hairs, which thou dost ravish from my
chin, [host:

Will quicken, and accuse thee: I am your
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? [truth,

Reg. Be simple answer'd, for we know the

Corn. And what confederacy have you with
late footed in the kingdom? [the traitors

Reg. To whose hands have you sent the
lunatic king? Speak.

Glo. I have a letter guessingly set down,
Which came from one that's of a neutral heart,
And not from one oppos'd.

Corn. Cunning.

Reg. And false.

Corn. Where hast thou sent the king?

Glo. To Dover.

Reg. Wherefore to Dover? Wast thou not
charg'd at peril—

Corn. Wherefore to Dover? Let him answer
that. [stand the course,

Glo. I am tied to the stake, and I must

Reg. Wherefore to Dover?

Glo. Because I would not see thy cruel nails
Pluck out his poor old eyes; nor thy fierce
In his anointed flesh stick boarish fangs. [sister

The sea, with such a storm as his bare head
In hell-black night endur'd, would have

And quench'd the starved fires: [buoy'd up,

Yet, poor old heart, he help the heavens to
rain. [time,

If wolves had at thy gate howl'd that stern
Thou shouldst have said, "Good porter, turn
the key,"

All cruels else subscrib'd; but I shall see
The wing'd vengeance overtake such children.

Corn. See it shall thou never—
hold the chair.—

Upon these eyes of mine I'll set my foot
Glo. He that will think to live till he be old

Give me some help!—O cruel!—O ye gods!
[*Gloster's eyes are plucked out.*

Reg. One side will mock another;
Corn. If you see vengeance,—

1 Serv. Hold your hand, for
I have served you ever since I was a child.

But better service have I never done you
Than now to bid you hold.

Reg. How now, you
If you did wear a beard upon your chin,

I'd shake it on this quarrel. What
Corn. My villain!

1 Serv. Nay then, come on, and take
chance of anger.

[*Draws. They fight.* Cornwall is
Reg. Give me thy sword.—A piece of
up thus!

[*Takes a sword from another servant*
and strikes him.

1 Serv. O, I am slain!—My lord, you
one eye left.

To see some mischief on him,—O!

Corn. Lest it see more, prevent it—
vile jelly!

Where is thy lustre now?

Glo. All dark and comfortless.—O my
son Edmund!

Edmund, enkindle all the sparks of
To quit this horrid act.

Reg. Out, treacherous
Thou call'st on him that hates thee!

That made the overture of thy treason!

Who is too good to pity thee.

Glo. Then Edgar was abus'd.—
Kind gods, forgive me that, and prosper

Reg. Go thrust him out at gate;
him small

His way to Dover.—How is't, my lord?

Corn. I have receiv'd a hurt;
lady.—

Turn out that eyeless villain;—
Upon the dunghill.—Regan, I bleed

Untimely comes this hurt: Give me
[*Exit* Cornwall, led by the Servants

and lead him out.

2 Serv. I'll never care what wicked
If this man come to good.

3 Serv. And, in the end, meet the old earl
Women will all turn monsters.

2 Serv. Let's follow the old earl
To lead him where he would; his

madness
Allows itself to anything.

3 Serv. Go thou: I'll fetch some
To apply to his bleeding face.

help him!

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—*The Heath.*

Enter Edgar.

Yet better thus, and known to be con-
[worst,
will condemn'd and flatter'd. To be
most dejected thing of fortune,
in experience, lives not in fear:
change is from the best;
returns to laughter. Welcome, then,
substantial air, that I embrace!
wretch, that thou hast blown unto the
[there?—
thing in thy blasts.—But who comes
Enter Gloucester, led by an Old Man.
poorly led?—World, world, O
[thee,
thy strange mutations make us hate
not yield to age.
O my good lord, I have been
tenant, and your father's tenant, these
years.
Away, get thee away; good friend, be-
[eyes;
fects can do me no good at all;
they may hurt.
Alack, sir, you cannot see your
[eyes;
I have no way, and therefore want no
when I saw: full oft 'tis seen,
secure us, and our mere defects
commodities.—Ah, dear son Edgar,
of thy abused father's wrath!
I had live to see thee in my touch,
[Aside.] O gods! Who's there?
[I am at the worst?] Who is't can say,
more than e'er was.
[Tis poor mad Tom.
And worse I may be yet: the
[This is the worst."
Fellow, where goest?
Is it a beggar-man?
[beg.
has some reason, else he could not
made me think a man a worm: my son
into my mind; and yet my mind
these scarce friends with him: I have
learn'd more since.
[wanton boys, are we to the gods,—
[Aside.]
[How should this be?—
the trade that must play fool to sorrow,
himself and others.—[To Glo.] Bless
thee, the naked fellow?
Ay, my lord.
Ay, my lord, get thee gone; if, for

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,
Whom I'll entreat to lead me.

Old Man. Alack, sir, he is mad,
Glo. 'Tis the times' plague, when madmen
lead the blind.

Do as I bid thee, or rather do thy pleasure;
Above the rest, be gone. [I have,

Old Man. I'll bring him the best 'parcel' that
Come on't what will. [Exit.

Glo. Sirrah, naked fellow,—

Edg. Poor Tom is a-cold.—[*Aside.*] I can-
not daub it further.

Glo. Come hither, fellow.

Edg. [*Aside.*] And yet I must.—[*To Glo.*]
Bless thy sweet eyes, they bleed.

Glo. Know'st thou the way to Dover?

Edg. Both stile and gate, horse-way and
footpath. Poor Tom had 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; Hob-
biddance, prince of dumbness; Mahu, of
stealing; Modo, of murder; and Flibberti-
gibbet, of mopping and mowing,—who since
possesses chamber-maids and waiting-women.
So, bless thee, master!

Glo. Here, take this purse, thou whom the
heavens' plagues

Have humbled to all strokes: that I am
wretched, [still]

Makes thee the happier:—Heavens, deal so
Let the superfluous and lust-dieted man,

That slaves your ordinance, that will not see
Because he doth not feel, feel your power

quickly;
So distribution should undo excess,

And each man have enough.—Dost thou know
Edg. Ay, master. [Dover?

Glo. There is a cliff, whose high and bend-
ing 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

I shall no leading need. [place
Edg. Give me thy arm;

Poor Tom shall lead thee. [Exit.

SCENE II.—*Before the Duke of Albany's
Palace.*

*Enter Goneril and Edmund; Oswald meeting
them.*

Gon. Welcome, my lord: I marvel our mild
husband [master?

Not met us on the way.—Now, where's your
Osw. Madam, within; but never man so

chang'd.
I told him of the army that was landed;

He smil'd at it: I told him you were coming;
His answer was, "The worse:" of Gloucester's

treachery,
And of the loyal service of his son,

When I inform'd him, then he call'd me sot,
And told me I had turn'd the wrong side
out:—

What most he should dislike, seems pleasant
What like, offensive.

Gon. [To Edmund.] Then, shall you go no
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
this way

May prove effects. Back, Edmund, to my
Hasten his masters, and conduct his powers:
I must change arms at home, and give the
distaff

Into my husband's hands. This trusty servant
Shall pass between us: ere long you are like
to hear,

If you dare venture in your own behalf,
A mistress's command. Wear this; spare
speech;

Decline your head: this kiss, if it dare speak,
Would stretch thy spirits up into the air:—
Conceive, and fare thee well.

Edm. Yours in the ranks of death.

Gon. My most dear Gloucester!

[*Exit Edmund.*]

O, the difference of man and man!

To thee a woman's services are due:

My fool usurps my body.

Osw. Madam, here comes my lord.

[*Exit.*]

Enter Albany.

Gon. I have been worth the whistle.

Alb. O Goneril!

You are not worth the dust which the rude wind
Blows in your face.—I fear your disposition:
That nature, which contemns its origin,
Cannot be border'd certain in itself;
She that herself will sliver and disbranch
From her material sap, perforce must wither,
And come to deadly use.

Gon. No more; the text is foolish.

Alb. Wisdom and goodness to the vile,
seem vile:

Filths savour but themselves. What have
Tigers, not daughters, what have you perform'd!
A father, and a gracious aged man,
Whose reverence the head-lugg'd bear would
lick,

Most barbarous, most degenerate! have you
Could my good brother suffer you to do it?

A man, a prince, by him so benefited!

If that the heavens do not their visible spirits
Send quickly down to tame these vile offences,
It will come,

Humanity must perforce prey on itself,
Like monsters of the deep.

Gon. Milk-liver'd man!
That bear'st a cheek for blows, a head for
wrongs;

Who hast not in thy brows an eye discerning
Thine honour from thy suffering: that not
knew'st,

Fools do those villains pity, who are punish'd

Ere they have done their mischief.

thy drum!

France spread his tanners in our
With plumed helm thy alayor is
Whilst thou, a moral fool, still'st all your

"Alack, why does he so?"

Alb. Proper deformity seems not in the soul.

So horrid, as in woman.

Gon. O vain fool!

Alb. Thou chang'd and self-corred

for shame.

Be-monster not thy feature. Were?

To let these hands obey my blood,

They are apt enough to dislocate and break

Thy flesh and bones:—how'er thou art

A woman's shape doth shield thee.

Gon. Marry, your manhood now

Enter a Messenger.

Alb. What news!

Mess. O, my good lord, the duke of

Slain by his servant, going to put on

The other eye of Gloucester.

Alb. Gloucester's eyes?

Mess. A servant that he bred, touch'd

Oppos'd against the act, bending his

To his great master; who, therat

Flew on him, and amongst them

dead;

But not without that harmful stroke

Hath pluck'd him after.

Alb. This shows you

You justicers, that these our

So speedily can vengeance!—But, O

Lost he his other eye?

Mess. Both, both.

This letter, madam, craves a speed

'Tis from your sister.

Gon. [Aside.] One way I like

But being widow, and my Gloucester

May all the building in my fancy

Upon my hateful life: another way

This news is not so tart.—[To *Mess.*]

and answer.

Alb. Where was his son, when

take his eyes?

Mess. Come with my lady hither.

Alb. No, my good lord; I

Alb. Knows he the wickedness

Mess. Ay, my good lord; 'twas

against him:

And quit the house, on purpose that

Might have the freer course.

Alb. To thank thee for the love thou

king,

And to revenge thine eyes—

Tell me what more thou know'st.

SCENE III.—The French Camp.

Enter Kent and Gloucester.

Kent. Why the king of France

denly gone back, know you the

Gen. Something he left imperfect in the
[which]
since his coming forth is thought of;
to the kingdom so much fear and
danger,
his personal return was most requir'd

Whom hath he left behind him,
[Le Far.]
The Mareschal of France, Monsieur
Did your letters pierce the queen to
demonstration of grief?
Ay, sir; she took them, read them in
my presence,
and then an ample tear trill'd down
her delicate cheek: it seem'd she was a queen
passion: who, most rebel-like,
to be king o'er her.

O, then it mov'd her.
patience and sorrow
[seen]
express her goodliest. You have
and rain at once: her smiles and tears
a better way: those happy smilets,
play'd on her ripe lip, seem'd not to
know
from guests were in her eyes; which parted
from diamonds dropp'd.—In brief,
to be a rarity most belov'd, if all
to become it.

Made she no verbal question?
Faith, once or twice she heav'd the
name of "father"
forth, as if it press'd her heart;
sisters!—Shame of ladies!
sisters! sisters!—What? & the storm!
the night?
any water from her heavenly eyes,
honour moisten'd: then away she started
with grief alone.

It is the stars,
our self mate and mate could not begot
different issues. You spoke not with her
[since?]
Was this before the king return'd?
No, since.
the poor distress'd Lear's
in the town,
sometime, in his better tune, remembers
that we are come about, and by no means
red to see his daughter.

Why, good sir?
his own unkindness
scold'd her from his benediction, turn'd
her carnalities, gave her dear rights
his dog-hearted daughters,—these things
and so venomously, that burning shame
him from Cordelia.

Gen. Alack, poor gentleman!
Kent. Of Albany's and Cornwall's powers
you heard not?

Gen. 'Tis so, they are afoot. [Lear,
Kent. Well, sir, I'll bring you to our master
And leave you to attend him: some dear cause
Will in concealment wrap me up a while;
When I am known aright, you shall not grieve
Lending me this acquaintance. I pray you, go
Along with me. [Exeunt.]

SCENE IV.—A Tent.

Enter Cordelia, Physician, and Soldiers.
Cor. Alack, 'tis he: why, he was met even
now

As mad as the vex'd sea: singing aloud;
Crown'd with rank fumiter, and furrow weeds,
With harlocks, hemlock, nettles, cuckoo-
flowers,

Darnel, and all the idle weeds that grow
In our sustaining corn.—A century send forth;
Search every acre in the high-grown field,
And bring him to our eye.—[Exit an Officer.]

What can man's wisdom,
In restoring his hereav'd sense?
He, that helps him, take all my outward worth.

Phy. 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 bless'd secrets,
All you unpuddish'd virtues of the earth,
Spring with my tears! be aidant and reme-
diate [him]!

In the good man's distress!—Seek, seek, for
Lest his ungovern'd rage dissolve the life
That wants the means to lead it.

Enter a Messenger.
Mess. News, madam;
The British powers are marching hitherward.
Cor. 'Tis known before; our preparation
stands

In expectation of them.—O dear father,
It is thy business that I go about;
Therefore great France [pity'd].
My mourning, and importun'd tears, hath
No blown ambition doth our arms incite,
But love, dear love, and our ag'd father's right,
Soon may I hear and see him! [Exeunt.]

SCENE V.—A Room in Gloster's Castle.

Enter Regan and Oswald.

Reg. But are my brother's powers set forth?
Osw. Ay, madam.

Reg. Himself in person there?
Osw. Madam, with much ado;

Your sister is the better soldier.
Reg. Lord Edmund spake not with your
lord at home!

Osw. No, madam.

Reg. What night import my sister's letter
to him?

Osw. I know not, lady.

Reg. 'Faith, he is posted hence on serious matter. [out.]

It was great ignorance, Gloster's eyes being To let him live: where he arrives he moves All hearts against us; Edmund, I think, is gone, In pity of his misery, to despatch His nighted life; moreover, to desery The strength o' the enemy. [my letter.]

Osw. I must needs after him, madam, with *Reg.* Our troops set forth to-morrow: stay The ways are dangerous. [with us.]

Osw. I may not, madam: My lady charg'd my duty in this business.

Reg. Why should she write to Edmund? Might not you

Transport her purposes by word? Belike Something—I know not what:—I'll love thee Let me unseal the letter. [much;]

Osw. Madam, I had rather—

Reg. I know your lady does not love her husband;

I am sure of that: and, at her late being here, She gave strange eyeliads, and most speaking looks [bosom.]

To noble Edmund. I know you are of her *Osw.* I, madam? [know it;]

Reg. I speak in understanding: you are, I Therefore I do advise you, take this note:

My lord is dead; Edmund and I have talk'd; And more convenient is he for my hand,

Than for your lady's:—you may gather more. If you do find him, pray you, give him this;

And when your mistress hears thus much 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 What party I do follow. [would show]

Reg. Fare thee well. [Exit.]

SCENE VI.—The Country near Dover.

Enter Gloster, and Edgar dressed like a peasant.

Glo. When shall I come to the top of that same hill? [labour.]

Edg. You do climb up it now: look, how we

Glo. Methinks the ground is even.

Edg. Horrible steep;

Hark, do you hear the sea?

Glo. No, truly.

Edg. Why, then your other senses grow By your eyes' anguish. [imperfect]

Glo. So may it be, indeed.

Methinks thy voice is altered; and thou

speak'st

In better phrase and matter than thou didst.

Edg. You're much deceiv'd; in nothing am

But in my garments. [I chang'd]

Glo. Methinks you're better spoken.

Edg. Come on, sir; here's the place: stand

still.—How fearful

And dizzy 'tis, to cast one's eyes so low! The crows, and choughs, that wing the way air,

Show scarce so gross as beetles! Half way Hangs one that gathers squalid trade!

Methinks he seems no bigger than his trade! The fishermen, that walk upon the beach,

Appear like mice; and you tall men, that walk Diminish'd to her cock; her cock, a lamp

Almost too small for sight: the muffled 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 topple down headlong.

Glo. Set me where you think fit.

Edg. Give me your hand: you are within a foot

Of the extreme verge: for all behold Would I not leap upright.

Glo. Let go my hand.

Here, friend, is another punishment; Well worth a poor man's taking:—fare you

prosper it with thee! Go thou first, and bid me farewell, and let me hear thee

Edg. Now fare you well, good sir. With all my heart.

Glo. Why I do trouble thee is done to cure it.

Glo. O you mighty gods!

This world I do renounce, and, in your Shake patiently my great affliction off;

If I could bear it longer, and not fall To quarrel with your great oppos'd will,

My snuff, and loathed part of nature, Burn itself out. If Edgar live, O, let me

Now, fellow, fare thee well. Gone, sir:—fare you well.

Edg. [Gloster leaps, and falls.]

[*Aside.*] And yet I know not how to yield to the thief: had he been

thought,

By this, had thought been past. [To *Glo.*] Ho, you sir! friend—fare you well.

Thus might he pass indeed:—yet he

What are you, sir? Away, and let me

Glo. Hadst thou been night but feathers, air,

So many fathom down precipitating Thou'dst shiver'd like an egg:—but

breathes;

Hast heavy substance; bland'st not Ten masts at each make not the ship

Which thou hast perpendicularly in Thy life's a miracle. Speak, yet

Glo. But have I fallen, or no? *Edg.* From the dread summit of

Look up a-height;—the shrill cannot be seen or heard: do but

Alack, I have no eyes.—
wretchedness depriv'd that benefit,
and itself by death? 'Twas yet some
comfort,
and misery could beguile the tyrant's rage,
and frustrate his proud will.

Give me your arm:
Feel you your legs?
Too well, too well.

[You stand.
This is above all strangeness,
the crown o' the cliff, what thing was
parted from you?

[that
A poor unfortunate beggar.
As I stood here below, methought his
eyes
two full moons; he had a thousand
whok'd and way'd like the enridg'd
was some bend; therefore, thou happy
father,
the dearest gods, who make them
humours
a responsibilities, have preserv'd thee.

I do remember now: henceforth I'll
behold, till it do cry out itself, [bear
though, enough, and die. That thing you
speak of,
I think it for a man: often 'twould say,
and, the bend; he led me to that
place.

Bear free and patient thoughts.—But
who comes here?

Anticlimax dressed with flowers.
This comes will ne'er accommodate
comes thus.

No, they cannot touch me for coin-
ing the king himself.

O, thou side-piercing sight!
Nature's above art in that respect.
Your press-money. That fellow
his how like a crow-keeper; draw
his piece.—Look, look, a mouse!

—There's my gauntlet; I'll prove it
gaunt.—Bring up the brown bills.—O,
give the world.

—Give the world.
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—Give the world.

I pardon that man's life.—What was thy
Adultery?—[cause?—
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 Gloster's bastard son
Was kinder to his father, than my daughters
Got 'tween the lawful sheets.

To't, luxury, pell-mell! for I lack soldiers.—
Behold you simpering dame,
Whose face between her forks presageth snow;
That minces virtue, and does shake the head
To hear of pleasure's name;

The fitchew, nor the soiled horse, goes to't
With a more riotous appetite.
Down from the waist they are centaurs,
Though women all above:

But to the girdle do the gods inherit,
Beneath is all the fiends; there's hell, there's
darkness, there is the sulphurous pit, burning,
scalding, stench, consumption;—He, he, he,
pah, pah! Give me an ounce of civet, good
apothecary, to sweeten my imagination:
there's money for thee.

Glo. O, let me kiss that hand! [tally.
Lear. Let me wipe it first; it smells of mor-
Glo. O ruin'd piece of nature! This great
world [me]
Shall so wear out to nought.—Dost thou know
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.

Glo. Were all the letters suns, I could not
see one.

Edg. [Aside.] I would not take this from
And my heart breaks at it. [report; it is,
Lear. Read.

Glo. What, with the case of eyes?
Lear. O, ho, are you there with me? No
eyes in your head, nor no money in your purse!
Your eyes are in a heavy case, your purse in a
light; yet you see how this world goes.

Glo. I see it feelingly.
Lear. What, art mad? A man may see
how this world goes, with no eyes. Look
with thine ears: see how your justice rails upon
you simple thief. Hark, in thine ear: change
places; and, handy-andy, which is the jus-
tice, which is the thief? Thou hast seen a
farmer's dog bark at a beggar?

Glo. Ay, sir.

Lear. And the creature run from the cur?
There thou might'st behold the great image of
authority: a dog's obey'd in office.—
Thou rascal beadle, hold thy bloody hand!
Why dost thou lash that whore? Strip thine
own back;

Thou hotly lust'st to use her in that kind
For which thou whipp'st her. The usurer
hangs the cozenor.

Through tatter'd clothes small vices do appear;
Robes and furr'd gowns hide all. Plate sin
with gold,

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with gold,

Through tatter'd clothes small vices do appear;
Robes and furr'd gowns hide all. Plate sin
with gold,

And the strong lance of justice hurtless break ;
Arm it in rags, a pigmy's straw doth 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 accuser's lips. Get thee glass eyes ;
And, like a scurvy politician, seem
To see the things thou dost not.—Now, now,
now, now ;

Pull off my boots :—harder, harder :—so.

Edg. [*Aside.*] O, matter and impertinency
Reason in madness ! [*Exit*]

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 :

Glo. Alack ! alack the day ! [*mark me.*]

Lear. When we are born, we cry that we
are come

To this great stage of fools.—This a good
It were a delicate stratagem, to shoe [block] ?—
A troop of horse with felt : I'll put it in proof ;
And when I have stolen upon these sons-in-
Then, kill, kill, kill, kill, kill, kill ! [*law,*

Enter Gentleman, with Attendants.

Gen. O, here he is : lay hand upon him.—
You most dear daughter— [*Sir,*

Lear. No rescue ! What, a prisoner ! I am
even

The natural fool of fortune.—Use me well ;
You shall have ransom. Let me have a sur-
I am cut to the brains. [*Gen.*]

Gen. You shall have anything.

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.

Gen. Good sir,—

Lear. I will die bravely, [*joyful* :
Like a smug bridegroom. What ! I will be
Come, come ; I am a king, my masters, know
you that !

Gen. You are a royal one, and we obey you.

Lear. Then there's life in it. Nay, an you
get it, you shall get it by running. Sa, sa, sa,
sa. [*Exit. Attendants follow.*]

Gen. A sight most pitiful in the meanest
wretch, [*daughter,*

Past speaking of in a king !—Thou hast one
Who redeems nature from the general curse
Which twain have brought her to.

Edg. Hail, gentle sir !

Gen. Sir, speed you : what's your will ?

Edg. Do you hear aught, sir, of a battle
toward ?

Gen. Most sure, and vulgar : every one
Which can distinguish sound. [*Hears that,*

Edg. But, by your favour,

How near's the other army ?

Gen. Near, and on speedy foot ; the main
Stands on the hourly thought, [*descri*

Edg.

Gen. Though that the queen on
Her army is mov'd on.

Edg.

Glo. You ever-gentle gods, take my soul
from me ;

Let not my worse spirit tempt me
To die before you please !

Edg.

Glo. Now, good sir, what are you ?

Edg. A most poor man, made lame
fortune's blows ;

Who, by the art of known and feeling
Am pregnant to good pity.

I'll lead you to some blinding. [*Hearty thanks.*

Glo.

The bounty and the benison of heaven
To boot, and boot !

Enter Oswald.

Osw. A proclaim'd prize ! Most
That eyeless head of thine was last

flesh

To raise my fortunes.—Thou old
traitor,

Briefly thyself remember :—the award
That must destroy thee.

Glo.

Now let thy friendly
Put strength enough to it. [*Edgar*

Osw. Wherefore, traitor ?

Dar'st thou support a publish'd traitor ?
Lest that infection of his fortune take

Like hold on thee. Let go his arm.

Edg. Ch'ill not let go, sir, without

Osw. Let go, slave, or thou diest.

Edg. Good gentleman, go your way
poor folk pass. And ch'ill not let go

ger'd out of my life, 'twould not be
long as 'tis by a vortnight. Nay, come

the old man ; keep out, che vor ye,
whether your costard or my hollow

harder. Ch'ill be plain with you.

Osw. Out, dunghill !

Edg. Ch'ill pick your teeth, sir, with
matter for your foins.

[*They fight ; and Edgar kills Oswald.*]

Osw. Slave, thou hast slain me.

Take my purse :

If ever thou wilt thrive, bury my body
And give the letters, which thou hast

To Edmund earl of Gloucester ; seek him out
Upon the British party :—O, with

Edg. I know thee well ; a service

As dutious to the vices of thy mind
As badness would desire. What

Glo.

Edg. Sit you down, father ; let's see
Let's see his pockets : these letters

speaks of,

May be my friends.—He's dead,
He had no other deathman.—

Leave, gentle war ; and, master,

not :

our enemies' minds, we'd rip their
papers, is more lawful.
[Hearts;
Let our reciprocal vows be re-
new'd: if your will want not, time and
place will be fruitfully offered. There is no
more, if he return the conqueror: then
the prisoner, and his bed my goal; from
that warmth whereof deliver me, and
the place for your labour.

"Four (wife, so I would say)
"affectionate servant,
"GONERIL."
"affecting space of woman's will!
upon her virtuous husband's life;
exchange, my brother!—Here, in the
winds,
I'll take up, the post unsanctified
mercenary lechers: and, in the mature
time,
this ungracious paper strikes the sight
of the death-practic'd duke: for him 'tis well,
of thy death and business I can tell.
The king is mad: how still is my vile

state;
I stand up, and have ingenious feeling
of my huge sorrows! Better I were distract:
I should my thoughts be sever'd from my
pride.
Now, by wrong imaginations, lose
knowledge of themselves.

"Methinks, I hear the beaten drum:
father, I'll bestow you with a friend,
[Exitant.

ACT VII.—A Tent in the French Camp.
a bed, asleep: Physician, Gentleman,
and others attending.

Enter Cordelia and Kent.
O thou good Kent! how shall I live
without thy goodness? My life will be too
short, to be acknowledg'd, madam, is o'er-
reporting go with the modest truth; [paid.
nor clipp'd, but so.

Be better suited;
Pardon, dear madam;
I make it, that you know me not,
and I think meet.

Then be't so, my good lord.—[To the
Madam, sleeps still.
O you kind gods,
stand and jarring senses, O, wind up
this child-changed father!

So please your majesty,
wake the king; he hath slept
long.

Cor. Be govern'd by your knowledge, and
proceed

I the sway of your own will. Is he array'd?
Gen. Ay, madam; in the heaviness of sleep,
We put fresh garments on him.

Phy. Be by, good madam, when we do
I doubt not of his temperance. [awake him:
Cor. Very well.

Phy. Please you, draw near.—Louder the
music there.

Cor. O my dear father! Restoration, hang
Thy medicine on my lips; and let this kiss
Repairs 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 challeng'd pity of them. Was this a face
To be expos'd against the warring winds?

To stand against the deep dread-bolted thun-
der in the most terrible and nimble stroke (der!
Of quick, cross lightning! to watch (poor
perdu!)

With this thin helm? Mine enemy's dog,
Though he had bit me, should have stood that
night

Against my fire; and wast thou fain, poor
To hovel thee with swine, and rogues forlorn,
In short and musty straw? Alack, alack!

'Tis wonder that thy life and wits at once
Had not concluded all.—He wakes; speak to

Phy. Madam, do you; 'tis fittest. [him.

Cor. How does my royal lord? How fares
your majesty? [the grave:—

Lear. You do me wrong, to take me out o'
Thou art a soul in bliss; but I am bound
Upon a wheel of fire, that mine own tears
Do scald like molten lead.

Cor. Sir, do you know me?

Lear. You are a spirit, I know; when did

Cor. Still, still, far wide. [you die?

Phy. He's scarce awake: let him alone
a while. [Fair day-light!—

Lear. Where have I been? Where am I?—
I am mightily abus'd.—I should even die with
pity, [say.—

To see another thus.—I know not what to
I will not swear these are my hands;—let's see;
I feel this pin prick. Would I were assur'd
Of my condition!

Cor. O, look upon me, sir,
And hold your hands in benediction o'er me:—
No, sir, you must not kneel.

Lear. Pray, do not mock me:

I am a very foolish fond old man,
Fourscore and upward, not an hour more or

And, to deal plainly, [Dess;
I fear I am not in my perfect mind. [man;

Methinks I should know you, and know this
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 [at me;

Where I did lodge last night. Do not laugh

For, as I am a man, I think this lady
To be my child Cordelia.

Cor. And so I am, I am!

Lear. Be your tears wet? Yes, 'Faith, I
pray, weep not:

If you have poison for me, I will drink it.

I know you do not love me; for your sisters

Have, as I do remember, done me wrong:

You have some cause, they have not.

Cor. No cause, no cause.

Lear. Am I in France?

Kent. In your own kingdom, sir.

Lear. Do not abuse me. [*rage,*

Phy. Be comforted, good madam: the great

You see, is cur'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't please your highness walk?

Lear. You must bear with me:

Pray you now, forget and forgive: I am old
and foolish.

[*Exeunt Lear, Cordelia, Physician,
and Attendants.*

Gen. Holds it true, sir, that the duke of
Cornwall was so slain?

Kent. Most certain, sir.

Gen. Who is conductor of his people?

Kent. As 'tis said, the bastard son of Gloster.

Gen. They say Edgar, his banish'd son, is
with the earl of Kent in Germany.

Kent. Report is changeable. 'Tis time to
look about; the powers of the kingdom ap-
proach apace.

Gen. The arbitrement is like to be bloody.
Fare you well, sir. [*Exit.*

Kent. My point and period will be thoroughly
wrought,

Or well or ill, as this day's battle's fought.
[*Exit.*

ACT V.

SCENE I.—*The Camp of the British Forces,
near Dover.*

*Enter, with drum and colours, Edmund,
Regan, Officers, Soldiers, and others.*

Edm. Know of the duke, if his last purpose
hold;

Or whether since he is advis'd by aught
To change the course: he's full of alteration,
And self-reproving;—bring his constant plea-
sure. [*To an Officer, who goes out.*

Reg. Our sister's man is certainly miscarried.

Edm. 'Tis to be doubted, madam.

Reg. Now, sweet lord,
You know the goodness I intend upon you:
Tell me,—but truly,—but then speak the truth,
Do you not love my sister?

Edm. In honour'd love.

Reg. But have you never found my brother's
To the forefended place?

Edm. That thought abuses you.

Reg. I am doubtful that you have
conjoint

And bosom'd with her, as far as we call
Edm. No, by mine honour, madam.

Reg. I never shall endure her; dear
Be not familiar with her.

Edm. Fear me not:
She, and the duke her husband.

Enter Albany, Goneril, and Soldiers.
Gen. [*Aside.*] I had rather lose the duke

than that sister

Should loosen him and me.

Alb. Our very loving sister, well be
Sir, this I hear,—the king is come to

daughter,

With others, whom the rigour of our state

Forc'd to cry out. Where I could not

honest,

I never yet was valiant: for this battle

It toucheth us, as France invades our

Not holds the king, with others, whom

Most just and heavy causes make opposi-

Edm. Sir, you speak nobly.

Reg. Why is this?

Gen. Combine together 'gainst the

For these domestic and particular truth

Are not the question here.

Alb. Let's then de-

With the ancient of war on our proceed

Edm. I shall attend you presently

Reg. Sister, you'll go with us?

Gen. No.

Reg. 'Tis most convenient; pray

Gen. [*Aside.*] O, ho! I know the

Alb. [*Aloud.*] I will go.

As they are going out enter Edgar, and

Edg. If e'er your grace had speech

Hear me one word.

Alb. I'll overtake you.

[*Exeunt Edmund, Regan, and*

Officers, Soldiers, and others.

Edg. Before you fight the battle,

letter.

If you have victory, let the trumpet

For him that brought it: wretched

seem,

I can produce a champion that will

What is avouch'd there. If you

Your business of the world hath

And machination ceases. Fortune

Alb. Stay till I have read the

Edg.

When time shall serve, let but the

And I'll appear again.

Alb. Why, fare thee well; I

thy paper.

Re-enter Edmund.

Edm. The enemy's in view;

powers.

Here is the guess of their true

forces

By diligent discovery;—but your

is now urg'd on you.

Alb. We will greet the

Edm. To both these sisters have I sworn
my love;
jealous of the other, as the stung
adder. Which of them shall I take?
one! or neither? Neither can be en-
joy'd.

Will remain alive: to take the widow,
poor wretch, makes mad, her sister Goneril;
and I shall I carry out my side,
and being alive. Now, then, we'll
[done,]
allowance for the battle; which being
done, who would be rid of him, devise
how to take off. As for the mercy
he intends to Lear, and to Cordelia,—
little does, and they within our power,
never see his pardon; for my state
on me to defend, not to debate. [*Exit.*]

II.—A Field between the two Camps.

within. Enter, with drum and
Edm., Lear, Cordelia, and their forces;
Edm. Enter Edgar and Gloucester.

Now, father, take the shadow of this
your good host; pray that the right may
return to you again, [thrive:]
and you comfort.

Grace go with you, sir!
[*Exit* Edgar. *Re-enter*

Edm. Away, old man, give me thy hand,

thou hath lost, he and his daughter ta'en;
thy hand; come on. [here,

What, in all thoughts again? Men
must endure
long patience, even as their coming hither:

Come on.

And that's true too.
[*Exit.*]

III.—The British Camp, near Dover.
in conquest, with drum and colours,
Edm., Lear and Cordelia, as prisoners;
Officers, Soldiers, &c.

Some officers take them away; good

with best meaning. We are not the first,
oppressed king, am I cast down;

not one these daughters, and these
sisters? [sisters?]
no, no, no, no. Come, let's away to

some will sing like birds i' the cage:
some dost ask me blessing, I'll kneel

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 sets of great ones,
That ebb and flow by the moon.

Edm. Take them away.
Lear. Upon such sacrifices, my Cordelia,
The gods themselves throw incense. Have I
caught thee? [heaven,

He that parts us shall bring a brand from
And fire us hence like foxes. Wipe thine eyes;
The conjurers shall devour them, flesh and fell,
Ere they shall make us weep: we'll see them
starve first.

Come. [*Exeunt* Lear and Cordelia, guarded.]

Edm. Come hither, captain; hark,
Take thou this note; [*Giving a paper.*] go,
follow them to prison:

One step I have advanc'd 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 [ment
Does not become a sword:—thy great employ-
Will not bear question; either say thou'lt do't,
Or thrive by other means.

Capt. I'll do't, my lord.
Edm. About it; and write happy, when
thou'st done.

Mark,—I say, instantly; and carry it so,
As I have set it down. [outs;]

Capt. I cannot draw a cart, nor eat dried
If it be man's work, I will do it. [*Exit.*]

Flourish. Enter Albany, Goneril, Regan,
Officers, and Attendants.

Alb. Sir, you have shown to-day your valiant
strain, [captives
And fortune led you well: you have the
Who were the opposites of this day's strife:
We do require them of you, so to use them,
As we shall find their merits and our safety
May equally determine.

Edm. Sir, I thought it fit
To send the old and miserable king
To some retention, and appointed guard;
Whose age has charms in it, whose title more
To pluck the common bosom on his side,
And turn our impress'd lances in our eyes,
Which do command them. With him I sent
the queen;

My reason all the same; and they are ready
To-morrow, or at further space, to appear
Where you shall hold your session. At this
time [friend;]

We sweat and bleed: the friend hath lost his
And the best quarrels, in the heat, are curs'd
By those that feel their sharpness:—
The question of Cordelia and her father
Requires a fitter place.

Alb. Sir, by your patience,
I hold you but a subject of this war,
Not as a brother.

Reg. That's as we list to grace him.
Methinks our pleasure might have been
demanded,

Ere you had spoke so far. He led our powers;
Bore the commission of my place and person;
The which immediacy may well stand up,
And call itself your brother.

Gon. Not so hot:
In his own grace he doth exalt himself,
More than in your addition.

Reg. In my rights,
By me invested, he compares the best.

Gon. That were the most, if he should hus-
band you.

Reg. Jesters do oft prove prophets.

Gon. Holla, holla!
That eye, that told you so, look'd but askint.
Reg. Lady, I am not well; else I should
answer

From a full-flowing stomach.—General,
Take thou my soldiers, prisoners, patrimony;
Dispose of them, of me; the walls are thine;
Witness the world, that I create thee here
My lord and master.

Gon. Mean you to enjoy him?

Alb. The let-alone lies not in your good
will.

Edm. Nor in thine, lord.

Alb. Half-blooded fellow, yes.
Reg. [To Edmund.] Let the drum strike,
and prove my title thine.

Alb. Stay yet; hear reason.—Edmund, I
arrest thee

On capital treason; and, in thy arrest,
[Pointing to Gon.] This gilded serpent.—For
your claim, fair sister,

I bar it in the interest of my wife;

'Tis she is sub-contracted to this lord,

And I, her husband, contradict your banns.

If you will marry, make your love to me,
My lady is bespoke.

Gon. An interlude!

Alb. Thou art arm'd, Gloster:—let the
trumpet sound:

If none appear to prove, upon thy person,
Thy heinous, manifest, and many treasons,
There is my pledge; [Throwing down a glove.]

I'll prove it on thy heart,
Ere I taste bread, thou art in nothing less
Than I have here proclaim'd thee.

Reg. Sick, O sick!

Gon. [Aside.] If not, I'll ne'er trust poison.

Edm. There's my exchange: [Throwing
down a glove.] what in the world he
is

That names me traitor, villain-like he lies:
Call by thy trumpet: he that dares approach,
On him, on you, (who not?) I will maintain
My truth and honour firmly.

Alb. A herald, ho!

Edm. A herald, ho! a herald!

Alb. Trust to thy single virtue; be
soldiers,
All levied in my name, have in my name
Took their discharges.

Reg. My sickness grows upon
Enter a Herald.

Alb. She is not well; convey her to my
[Exit Reg.]

Come hither, herald,—let the trumpet
And read out this.

Off. Sound, trumpet! [A trumpet
Herald reads.]

"If any man of quality, or degree,
The list of the army, will maintain
Edmund, supposed earl of Gloster, to be a
manifest traitor, let him appear at the
sound of the trumpet; he is bold in his own
[Edm. Sound!]
[Her. Again!]
[Her. Again!]

[Trumpet answers]
Enter Edgar, armed, preceded by a
[Alb. Ask him his purposes, why he
Upon this call of the trumpet. What art
[Her.]

Your name! your quality! and why you
This present summons!

Edg. Know, my name is
By treason's tooth bare-gnawn, and eaten out
Yet am I noble as the adversary
I come to cope withal.

Alb. Which is that adversary
Edg. What's he that speaks for
earl of Gloster?

Edm. Himself:—what say'st thou to
[Edg.]

That, if my speech offend a noble heart,
Thy arm may do thee justice: here I
Behold, it is the privilege of mine honour
My oath, and my profession: I swear
Maugre thy strength, youth, place,
eminence,

Despite thy victor sword and bloody
Thy valour and thy heart,—thou art
False to thy gods, thy brother, and thy
Conspirant 'gainst this high illustrious
And, from the extremest upward
head,

To the descent and dust below the
A most toad-spotted traitor. For
This sword, this arm, and my heart
bent

To prove upon thy heart, where'thine
Thou liest.

Edm. In wisdom, I should not
But, since thy outside looks so fair and
And that thy tongue some 'scintillation
breathes,

What safe and nicely I might well
By rule of knighthood, I should not
Back do I toss these treasons to my
With the hell-hated lie o'erwhelm'd
Which,—for they yet glance by,
bruise,—

word of mine shall give them instant way,
they shall rest for ever.—Trumpets,
speak!

Edmund falls.
They fight. Save him, save him!

This is practice, Gloucester:
thou wast not bound to

thou art not vanquish'd,
and beguill'd.

Shut your mouth, dame;
this paper shall I stop it:—hold, sir;

than any name, read thine own
—

lady; I perceive you know it.
[*Gives the letter to Edmund.*

say, if I do,—the laws are mine, not
straight me for't? [thine:]

Most monstrous!
Ask me not what I know.

[*Exit.*
After her; she's desperate; govern

[*To an Officer, who goes out.*
What have you charg'd me with, that

I done;
much more; the time will bring

out, and so am I.—But what art thou,
this fortune on me! If thou'rt noble,

Let's exchange charity.
I am more than thou art, Edmund;

Edgar, and thy father's son,
and of our pleasant vices

elements to plague us;
and vicious place where thee he got,

Thou hast spoken right, 'tis true;
has come full circle; I am here.

though the very gait did prophesy
—I must embrace thee:

split my heart, if ever I
Worthy!

Worthy prince, I know't:
have you hid yourself? [father:]

By pursuing them, my lord.—Last a
[burst:]

is told, O that my heart would
proclamation to escape, [ness:]

me so near, (O, our lives' sweet-
the pain of death would hourly die,

die at once!) taught me to shift
—I must assume a semblance

father with his bleeding rings,
and in this habit

new lost: became his
[despair:]

for him, and'd him from
half-hour past, when I was arm'd;

though hoping, of this good success,
bleeding, and from first to last

Told him my pilgrimage: but his flaw'd heart,
(Alack, too weak the conflict to support!)
'Twixt two extremes of passion, joy and grief,
Burst smilingly.

Edm. This speech of yours hath mov'd me,
And shall, perchance, do good: but speak you

on;
You look as you had something more to say.

Alb. If there be more, more woful, hold it in;
For I am almost ready to dissolve,
Hearing of this.

Edg. This would have seem'd a period
To such as love not sorrow; but another,
To amplify too much, would make much more,
And top extremity.

Whilst I was big in clamour, came there a man,
Who, having seen me in my worst estate,
Shunn'd my abhor'd society; but then, finding

Who 'twas that so endur'd, with his strong arms
He fasten'd on my neck, and bellow'd out
As he'd burst heaven; threw him on my father;

Told the most piteous tale of Lear and him,
That ever ear receiv'd: which in recounting,
His grief grew piteous, and the strings of life

Began to crack; twice then the trumpet sounded,
And there I left him, trans'd.

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 hastily, with a bloody knife
Gent. Help, help, O help!

Edg. What kind of help?
Alb. Speak, man.

Edg. What means that bloody knife?
Gent. 'Tis hot, it smokes;

It came even from the heart of—O, she's dead!
Alb. Who dead? speak, man. [sister]

Gent. Your lady, sir, your lady: and her
By her is poison'd; she hath confess'd it.

Edm. I was contracted to them both: all
Now marry in an instant. [three]

Edg. Here comes Kent.
Alb. Produce the bodies, be they alive or

dead!— [trample,
This judgment of the heavens, that makes us

Touches us not with pity. [*Exit Gentleman.*
Enter Kent.

O, is this he!

The time will not allow the compliment,
Which every 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
Seest thou this object, Kent? [Cordelia]—

Kent. Alack, why thus?
[The bodies of Conrail and Regan are

brought in.
Edm. Yet Edmund was belov'd

The one the other poison'd for my sake,
And after slew herself.

Alb. Even so.—Cover their faces, [to do,
Edm. I pant for life:—some good I mean
 Despite of mine own nature. Quickly send,—
 Be brief in it,—to the castle; for my writ
 Is on the life of Lear, and on Cordelia:—
 Nay, send in time.

Alb. Run, run, O run!
Edg. To whom, my lord?—Who has the
 office? send

Thy token of reprieve.

Edm. Well thought on: take my sword,
 Give it the captain.

Alb. Haste thee, for thy life.
[Exit Edgar.]

Edm. He hath commission from thy wife
 To hang Cordelia in the prison, and [and me
 To lay the blame upon her own despair,
 That she fordid herself.

Alb. The gods defend her!—Bear him
 hence a while. [Edmund is borne off.]

*Enter Lear, with Cordelia dead in his arms;
 Edgar, Officer, and others.*

Lear. Howl, howl, howl, howl!—O, you
 are men of stones!
 Had I your tongues and eyes, I'd use them so
 That heaven's vault should crack.—She's gone
 for ever!—

I know when one is dead, and when one lives;
 She'd dead as earth. Lend me a looking-glass;
 If that her breath shall mist or stain the stone,
 Why, then she lives.

Kent. Is this the promised end?
Edg. Or image of that horror?

Alb. Fall, and cease!

Lear. This feather stirs; she lives! if it be so,
 It is a chance which does redeem all sorrows
 That ever I have felt.

Kent. [Kneeling.] O, my good master!

Lear. Pr'ythee, away.

Edg. 'Tis noble Kent, your friend.

Lear. A plague upon you, murderers,
 traitors all! [ever!—

I might have sav'd her; now, she's gone for
 Cordelia, Cordelia! stay a little. Ha!

What is't thou say'st?—Her voice was ever soft,
 Gentle, and low; an excellent thing in
 woman.—

I kill'd the slave that was a hanging thee.

Off. 'Tis true, my lord, he did.

Lear. Did I not, fellow?

I have seen the day, with my good biting
 falchion

I would have made them skip: I am old now,
 And these same crosses spoil me.—Who are
 you? [straight.

Mine eyes are not o' the best:—I'll tell you

Kent. If fortune brag of two she lov'd and
 One of them we behold. [hated,

Lear. This is a dull sight:—are you not
 Kent?

Kent. The same,
 Your servant Kent. Where is your servant
 Caius?

Lear. He's a good fellow, I can tell you.
 He'll strike, and quickly too:—He's a
 rotten.

Kent. No, my good lord: I am the
 straight.

Lear. I'll see that straight.

Kent. That, from your first of all.

Lear. Have follow'd your sad steps.

Kent. You are welcome.

Kent. Nor no man else.—All's but a
 dark, and deadly;

Your eldest daughters have fordone their
 And desperately are dead. Ay, so I think.

Lear. He knows not what he says;—

That we present us to him. Very loudly.

Edg. Enter an Officer.

Off. Edmund is dead, my lord.

Alb. That's but a better thing.

Edg. You lords, and noble friends, know our
 What comfort to this great decay may come
 Shall be applied: for us, we will not
 During the life of this old majesty,
 To him our absolute power:—[To Kent,
 Kent.] you, to your rights;
 With boot, and such addition as your
 Have more than merited.—All but
 taste
 The wages of their virtue, and all for
 The cup of their deservings.—O, you
Lear. And my poor fool is hang'd!
 no life!
 Why should a dog, a horse, a rat, have life,
 And thou no breath at all? Thou
 Never, never, never, never, never,
 Pray you, undo this button: let me
 sir.—
 Do you see this? Look on her;
 Look there, look there!
Edg. He faints!—My lord, my lord,
Kent. Break, heart; I pray thee, look
Edg. Look on her;
Kent. Vex not his ghost: O, he
 he hates him,
 That would upon the rack of this tough
 Stretch him out longer. He is dead,
Edg. He is dead,
Kent. The wonder is he hath
 He but usurp'd his life.
Alb. Bear them from hence;—
 business
 Is general woe. [To Kent,
 Friends of my soul, you
 Rule in this realm, and the same
Kent. I have a journey, sir, ere
 My master calls me, I must not
Alb. The weight of this sad time
 obey,
 Speak what we feel, not what we
 The oldest hath borne many
 young,
 Shall never see so much, nor live so
 [Kneeling, with a

CYMBELINE, KING OF BRITAIN.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Cymbeline, King of Britain.
Queen, Mother to the Queen by a former Husband.
Posthumus, a gentleman, Husband
of Morgan.
Belarius, a banished Lord, disguised under the
names of Polydore
and Cadwal, supposed Sons to
Belarius.
Imogen, Daughter to Cymbeline, disguised
under the names of Polydore
and Cadwal, supposed Sons to
Belarius.
Philario, Friend to Posthumus, } Italians.
Philario, Friend to Philario, } General of the Roman Forces.

A Roman Captain.
Two British Captains.
Pisanio, Servant to Posthumus.
Cornelius, a Physician.
Two Lords of Cymbeline's Court.
Two Gentlemen of the same.
Two Gaolers.
Queen, Wife to Cymbeline. [Queen.
Imogen, Daughter to Cymbeline by a former
Helen, Woman to Imogen.
Lords, Ladies, Roman Senators, Tribunes,
Apparitions, a Soothsayer, Musicians, Of-
ficers, Captains, Soldiers, Messengers, and
other Attendants.

SCENE.—*Sometimes in Britain, sometimes in Italy.*

ACT I.

Britain. The Garden of Cym-
beline's Palace.
Enter two Gentlemen.

You do not meet a man but frowns;
As does the heavens, than our courtiers
But what's the matter?

His daughter, and the heir of's king-
dom, whom
he married, hath refus'd herself
a poor but worthy gentleman: she's
banish'd; she imprison'd: all
sorrow: though, I think, the king
at very heart.

None but the king?
That hath lost her, too: so is the
[courtier,
though they wear their faces to the bent
king's looks, hath a heart that is not
of the thing they scowl at.

And why so?
That hath mis'd the princess is
and for report: and he that hath her,
that married her,—alack, good man!—
therefore banish'd,) is a creature such
as will through the regions of the earth
be like, there would be something
that should compare. I do not think

So fair an outward, and such stuff within,
Endows a man but he.

2 Gen. You speak him far.
1 Gen. I do extend him, sir, within himself;
Crush him together, rather than unfold
His measure duly.

2 Gen. What's his name, and birth?
1 Gen. I cannot delve him to the root: his
father

Was called Sicilius, who did join his honour
Against the Romans, with Cassibelan;
But had his titles by Tenantius, whom
He serv'd with glory and admir'd success;
So gain'd the sur-addition, Leonatus:
And had, besides this gentleman in question,
Two other sons, who, in the wars o' the time,
Died with their swords in hand; for which
their father

(Then old and fond of issue) took such sorrow,
That he quit being; and his gentle lady,
Big of this gentleman, our theme, deceas'd
As he was born. The king he takes the babe
To his protection; calls him Posthumus
Leonatus; [chamber:

Breeds him, and makes him of his bed-
Puts to him all the learnings that his time
Could make him the receiver of; which he
As we do air, fast as 'twas minister'd; [took,
And in his spring became a harvest: liv'd in
court

(Which rare it is to do) most prais'd, most
lov'd: [nature,

A sample to the youngest; to the more
A glass that fented them: and to the graver,
A child that guided dotards: to his mistress,
For whom he now is banish'd,—her own price

Proclaims how she esteem'd him and his virtue;
By her election may be truly read
What kind of man he is.

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

1 Gen. His only child.
He had two sons, (if this be worth your hearing,
Mark it,) the eldest of them at three years old,
I' the swathing clothes the other, from their
nursery

Were stolen; and to this hour no guess in
Which way they went. [knowledge

2 Gen. How long is this ago?

1 Gen. Some twenty years.

2 Gen. That a king's children should be so
convey'd!

So slackly guarded! and the search so slow,
That could not trace them!

1 Gen. Hows'er 'tis strange,
Or that the negligence may well be laugh'd at,
Yet is it true, sir.

2 Gen. I do well believe you. [gentleman,

1 Gen. We must forbear: here comes the
The queen, and princess. [Exeunt.

SCENE II.—The Same.

Enter the Queen, Posthumus, and Imogen.

Queen. No, be assur'd, you shall not find
me, daughter,

After the slander of most stepmothers,
Evil-ey'd unto you: you are my prisoner, but
Your gaoler shall deliver you the keys
That lock up your restraint. For you, Post-
humus,

So soon as I can win the offended king,
I will be known your advocate: marry, yet
The fire of rage is in him; and 'twere good,
You lean'd unto his sentence, with what
Your wisdom may inform you. [patience

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 barr'd affections; though the
king

Hath charg'd you should not speak together.
[Exit Queen.

Imo. O
Dissembling courtesy! How fine this tyrant
Can tickle where she wounds!—My dearest
husband,

I something fear my father's wrath; but no—
(Always reserv'd my holy duty) what [thing
His rage can do on me: you must be gone;
And I shall here abide the hourly shot
Of angry eyes; not comforted to live,
But that there is this jewel in the world,
That I may see again.

Post. My queen! my mistress!
O lady, weep no more, lest I give cause
To be suspected of more tenderness
Than doth become a man! I will remain
The loyal'st husband that did e'er plight troth:

My residence in Rome at one Posthumus's
Who to my father was a friend, to me
Known but by letter: thither write, my
And with mine eyes I'll drink the wine
Though ink be made of gall.

Queen. [Re-enter Queen. He bid, I pray
If the king come, I shall incur I know
How much of his displeasure.—[Aside]

I'll move him

To walk this way: I never do him wrong
But he does buy my injuries, so be it
Pays dear for my offences.

Post. Should we be talking
As long a term as yet we have to live
The loathsomeness to depart would grow?

Imo. Nay, stay a little:

Were you but riding forth to air your
Such parting were too petty. Look how
This diamond was my mother's!

But keep it till you woo another wife,
When Imogen is dead.

Post. How, how! I shall
You gentle gods, give me but this [I shall
And sear up my embracements from a
With bonds of death!—Remain, remain
here [Putting on the crown]

While sense can keep it on! And, I
fairest,

As I my poor self did exchange for you,
To your so infinite loss; so in our
I still win of you: for my sake, wear it
It is a manacle of love; I'll place it
Upon this fairest prisoner.

[Putting a bracelet on her arm] O the
Imo.

When shall we see again?

Post. Enter Cymbeline and Iach
Cym. Thou basest thing, away!
from my sight!

If after this command thou transgress
With thy unworthiness, thou shalt
Thou'rt poison to my blood.

Post. The gods preserve
And bless the good remainder of thy
I am gone.

Imo. There cannot be a place
More sharp than this is. O disloyal
Cym.

That shouldst repair my youth, I have
A year's age on me!

Imo. I have
Harm not yourself with your
I am senseless of your wrath;

Subdues all pangs; all fears;
Cym. That I may
Imo. Past hope, and in despair,
past grace.

Cym. That mightst have had
Imo. O bless'd, that I may
And did avoid a puttock.

Cym. Thou took'st a beggar
A seat for baseness.

No; I rather added

O thou vile one!

Sir,

your fault that I have lov'd Posthumus;
and him as my play-fellow; and he is
worthy any woman; overbuys me
the sun he pays.

What, art thou mad?

Would I were

thy daughter, and my Leonatus
thy neighbour shepherd's son!

Re-enter Queen.

Thou foolish thing!

you have done
my command. Away with her,

Re-enter Queen.

Re-enter Queen.

Re-enter Queen.

Re-enter Queen.

Re-enter Queen.

Re-enter Queen.

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Re-enter Queen.

Re-enter Queen.

Re-enter Queen.

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

2 Lord. [Aside.] No, faith; not so much as

1 Lord. Hurt him! his body's a passable
carcass, if he be not hurt: it is a thoroughfare
for steel, if it be not hurt.

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

Clo. The villain would not stand me.

2 Lord. [Aside.] No; but he fled forward
still, toward your face.

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

2 Lord. [Aside.] As many inches as you
have oceans. Puppies!

Clo. I would they had not come between us.

2 Lord. [Aside.] So would I, till you had
measured how long a fool you were upon the
ground. [and refuse me!]

Clo. And that she should love this fellow,

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

1 Lord. Sir, as I told you always, her beauty
and her brain go not together: she's a good
sign, but I have seen small reflection of her wit.

2 Lord. [Aside.] She shines not upon fools,
lest the reflection should hurt her.

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

2 Lord. [Aside.] I wish not so; unless it
had been the fall of an ass, which is no great
hurt. You'll go with us!

1 Lord. I'll attend your lordship.

Clo. Nay, come, let's go together.

2 Lord. Well, my lord. [Exit.]

SCENE IV.—Britain. A Room in Cymbe-
line's Palace.

Enter Imogen and Pisanio.

Imo. I would thou grew'st unto the shores
of the haven,

And question'dst every sail: if he should write,
And I not have it, 'twere a paper lost,

As offer'd mercy is. What was the last
That he spake to thee?

Pis. It was, *His queen, his queen!*

Imo. Then wad'd his handkerchief?

Pis. And kiss'd it, madam.

Imo. Senseless linen! happier therein than I!

And that was all!

Pis. No, madam; for so long

As he could make me with his eye or ear
Distinguish him from others, he did keep

The deck, with glove, or hat, or handkerchief,
Still waving, as the fits and starts of his mind

Could best express how slow his soul sail'd on,
How swift his ship.

Imo. Thou shouldst have made him
As little as a crow, or less, ere left

To after-eye him.

Pis. Madam, so I did.

Imo. I would have broke mine eye-strings;
crack'd them, but

To look upon him; till the diminution
Of space had pointed him sharp as my needle;
Nay, follow'd him, till he had melted from
The smallness of a gnat to air; and then
Have turn'd mine eye, and wept.—But, good
When shall we hear from him? [Pisanio,
Pis. Be assur'd, madam,

With his next vantage.

Imo. I did not take my leave of him, but had
Most pretty things to say: ere I could tell him
How I would think on him, at certain hours,
Such thoughts and such; or I could make him
The shes of Italy should not betray [swear
Mine interest, and his honour; or have charg'd
him, [tough,

At the sixth hour of morn, at noon, at mid-
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
Shakes all our buds from growing. [worth,

Enter a Lady.

Lady. The queen, madam,
Desires your highness' company.

Imo. Those things I bid you do, get them
I will attend the queen. [despatch'd.—

Pis. Madam, I shall. [Exeunt.

SCENE V.—Rome. An Apartment in Philario's
House.

Enter Philario, Iachimo, a Frenchman.

Iach. Believe it, sir, I have seen him in
Britain: he was then of a crescent note; ex-
pected 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 admir-
ation; though the catalogue of his endow-
ments had been tailed 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 her value than his own) words him, I doubt
not, a great deal from the matter.

French. And, then, his banishment.—

Iach. Ay, and the approbation of those,
that weep this lamentable divorce, under her
colours, are wonderfully to extend him; be it
but to 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 acquaint-
ance?

Phi. His father and I were soldiers to-
gether; to whom I have been often bound for
no less than my life. [Enter Posthumus.]
Here comes the Briton; let him be so enter-

tained amongst you as suits, with good
of your knowing, to a stranger of his qual-
I beseech you all, he better know to
gentleman, whom I commend to you, as a
noble friend of mine: how worthy he is, I
leave to appear hereafter, rather than
him in his own hearing.

French. Sir, we have known together
Orleans.

Post. Since when I have been soldier
for courtesies, which I will be over to you
yet pay still.

French. Sir, you over-rate my cour-
ness: I was glad I did atone my country
and you; it had been pay you should
been put together with as mortal a pay
as then each here, upon impudence
alight and trivial a nature.

Post. By your pardon, sir, I was the
young traveller; rather shunned to
with what I heard, than in my way
be guided by others' experience: but
my mended judgment, (if I offend
it is mended,) my quarrel was not
slight.

French. Faith, yes, to be put to the
treatment of swords; and by such two
would, by all likelihood, have continued
the other, or have fallen both.

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

French. Safely, I think: 'twas a
in public, which may, without contum-
suffer the report. It was much like
ment that fell out last night, where
fell in praise of our country mistress;
gentleman at that time vouching
warrant of bloody affirmation; he to
fair, virtuous, wise, chaste, constant,
and less attainable, than any of
our ladies in France.

Iach. That lady is not now living;
gentleman's opinion, by this, was
Post. She holds her virtue still and
mind.

Iach. You must not so far pro-
ours in Italy.

Post. Being so far provoked as I
France, I would abate her nothing;
I profess myself her adorer, not her
Iach. As fair, and as good, (a
in-hand comparison,) had been
fair, and too good, for any lady
If she went before others I have
diamond of yours outlustered
beheld, I could not but believe
many: but I have not seen the
diamond that is, nor you the lady
Post. I praised her as I rated
my stone. Iach. What do you
Post. More than the world
Iach. Either your upbraidings
dead, or she's out-prized by a
Post. You are mistaken: she was

given, if there were wealth enough for
to possess, or merit for the gift: the other
thing for sale, and only the gift of the

Which the gods have given you?

Iach. By their graces, I will keep.

You may wear her in title yours: but,
I charge fowl light upon neighbour-
Your ring may be stolen, too; so,
of amizable estimations, the one
in a that-way-accomplished courtier,
and the winning both of first and

Your Italy contains none so accom-
plished to convince the honour of my
it is in the holding or loss of that,
I do nothing doubt, you
of thieves; notwithstanding, I fear

Let us have here, gentlemen.

Iach. I thank him, makes no stranger of
we are familiar at first.

With five times so much conversation,
I shall get ground of your fair mistress;
I shall go back, even to the yielding, had I
for no no.

I dare thereupon pawn the moiety of
to your ring; which, in my opinion,
is something: but I make my
against your confidence than her
and, to bar your offence herein
attempt it against any lady in the

You are a great deal abused in too bold
ness; and I doubt not you sustain what
of by your attempt.

What's that?

A repulse: though your attempt, as
gentlemen, enough of this: it came
lightly; let it die as it was born, and,
I would I had put my estate, and my
on the approbation of what I

What lady would you choose to as-
sue; whom in constancy, you think,
I will lay you ten thousand
to your ring, that, commend me to the
that your lady is, with no more ad-
I will bring from thence that
I will wage against your gold, gold to
I hold dear as my finger; 'tis part

You are a friend, and therein the
if you pay ladies' flesh at a million a
you cannot preserve it from tainting;
and you have some religion in you, that

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

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

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

Phi. I will have it no lay.

Iach. By the gods, it is one.—If I bring you
no sufficient testimony, that I have enjoyed
the dearest bodily part of your mistress, my
ten thousand ducats are yours; so is your
diamond too; if I come off, and leave her in
such honour as you have trust in, she your
jewel, this your jewel, and my gold are yours;
—provided I have your commendation for my
more 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 that
you have prevail'd, I am no further your
enemy: she is not worth our debate: if she re-
main unseduced, (you not making it appear
otherwise,) for your ill opinion, and the assault
you have made to her chastity, you shall
answer me with your sword.

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

Post. Agreed.

[Exeunt Posthumus and Iachimo.]
French. Will this hold, think you?

Phi. Signior Iachimo will not from it. Pray,
let us follow 'em. [Exeunt.]

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

Enter Queen, Ladies, and Cornelius.

Queen. Whiles yet the dew's on ground,
gather those flowers;

Milke hasts: who has the note of them?

I Lady. I, madam.

Queen. Despatch. [Exeunt Ladies.]

Now, master doctor, have you brought those
drugs?

Cor. Please 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
Which are the movers of a languishing death:

But, though slow, deadly?

Queen. I wonder, doctor,
Thou ask'st me such a question. Have I not
been

Thy pupil long? Hast thou not learn'd me
To make perfumes? distill? preserve? yea, so

That our great king himself doth woo me oft
For my confections! Having thus far pro-
ceeded,

(Unless thou think'st me dev'lish,) is't not
That I did amplify my judgment in [meet
Other conclusions? I will try the forces
Of these thy compounds on such creatures as
We count not worth the hanging, (but none
human.)

To try the vigour of them, and apply
Allayments to their act; and by them gather
Their several virtues and effects.

Cor. Your highness
Shall from this practice but make hard your
heart:

Besides, the seeing these effects will be
Both noisome and infectious.

Queen. O, content thee.—

Enter Pisanio.

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

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

Queen. [To Pisanio.] Hark thee, a word.

Cor. [Aside.] I do not like her. She doth
think she has

[*Spirit,*
Strange lingering poisons: I do know her
And will not trust one of her malice with
A drug of such damn'd nature. Those she has
Will stupify and dull the sense a while;
Which first, perchance, she'll prove on cats
and dogs,

Then afterwards 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.

Queen. Weeps she still, say'st thou? Dost
thou think, in time

She will not quench, and let instructions enter
Where folly now possesses? Do thou work:
When thou shalt bring me word she loves my
son,

I'll tell thee on the instant thou art then
As great as is thy master; greater; for
His fortunes all lie speechless, and his name
Is at last gasp: return he cannot, nor
Continue where he is: to shift his being,
Is to exchange one misery with another;
And every day that comes, comes to decay
A day's work in him. What shalt thou expect,
To be dependor on a thing that leans,—
Who cannot be new-built, nor has no friends,

[*The Queen drops the box: Pisanio
takes it up.*

So much as but to prop him?—Thou tak'st up

Thou know'st not what; but take up
labour;

It is a thing I made, which hath the name
Five times redeem'd from death.—I do
know

What is more cordial—say, I pray thee
It is an earnest of a further good

That I mean to thee. Tell thy mistress
The case stands with her; do't as from thy

Think what a chance thou changes't
think

Thou hast thy mistress still,—to look on
Who shall take notice of thee: I'll

To any shape of thy preferment, such
As thou'lt desire; and then myself, I'll

That set thee on to this desert, an honest
To load thy merit richly. Call my

Think on my words. A sly and constant

Not to be shak'd: the agent for his master
And the remembrancer of her, to hold

The handfast to her lord.—I have given
Which, if he takes, shall quite unprop
Of leigers for her sweet; and which shall

Except she bend her humour, shall be
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. [*Exit Queen and Ladies.*
And shall do

Pis. But when to my good lord I prove wrong
I'll choke myself: there's all I'll do for

SCENE VII.—*Another Room in the Palace.*
Enter Imogen.

Imo. A father cruel, and a step-mother
A foolish sutor to a wedded lady,—

That hath her husband banish'd,—
husband!

My supreme crown of grief! and of
Verations of it! Had I been that

As my two brothers, happy! had I been
able

Is the desire that's glorious; blessed
How mean see'er, that have their

Which seasons comfort.—Where now
Fie!

Enter Pisanio and Ladies.
Pis. Madam, a noble gentleman

Comes from my lord with letters.
Ladies. Change your

The worthy Leonatus is in safety;
And greets your highness dearly.

Imo. You are kindly welcome.

Lach. [Aside.] All of her, that is
most rich!

If she be furnish'd with a mind as good
She is alone the Arabian bird; and

and his wager. Boldness be my friend!
 instantly, from head to foot!
 the Partisan, I shall flying fight;
 directly fly.
 He is one of the noblest note,
 I am most infinitely tied,
 you him accordingly, as you value
 Leonatus."

head aloud:
 the very middle of my heart
 by the rest, and takes it thankfully.
 welcome, worthy sir, as I
 to bid you; and shall find it so,
 I can do.

Thanks, fairest lady.—
 Hath nature given
 men mad? Hath nature given
 eyes
 the vaulted arch, and the rich crop
 land, which can distinguish 'twixt
 the above, and the twinn'd stones
 the number'd beach? and can we not
 make with spectacles so precious
 and soul?

What makes your admiration?
 cannot be i' the eye; for apes and
 such shes, would chatter this way,
 with mows the other: nor i' the
 judgment;
 In this case of favour, would
 definite: nor i' the appetite;
 to such neat excellence oppos'd,
 make desire vomit emptiness,
 what'd to feed.

What is the matter, trow?
 The cloy'd will,
 yet unsatisfied desire
 both fill'd and running, ravening
 long after for the garbage. [First

What, dear sir,
 Are you well?
 Thanks, madam: well.—[To Pis.]
 seek you, sir, desire
 the blood where I did leave him: he
 and peevish.

I was going, sir,
 Continue well, my lord! His health,
 Well, madam.
 to be dispos'd to mirth! I hope he is.
 Exceeding pleasant; none a stranger
 and so game some: he is call'd
 a reveller.

When he was here,
 to sadness; and oft-times
 knowing why.

I never saw him sad.
 Frenchman, his companion, one,
 and moustier, that, it seems, much
 at home: he furnaces [loves
 him; while the jolly
 [cries,
 I mean] laughs from his free lungs.

"O, can my sides hold, to think, that man,—
 who knows

By history, report, or his own proof,
 What woman is, yea, what she cannot choose
 But must be,—with his free hours languish for
 Assured bondage!"

Imo. Will my lord say so?
 Iach. Ay, madam; with his eyes in flood
 it is a recreation to be by, [with laughter:
 And hear him mock the Frenchman. But,
 heavens know,
 Some men are much to blame.

Imo. Not he, I hope.
 Iach. Not he: but yet heaven's bounty
 towards him might [much;
 Be us'd more thankfully. In himself, 'tis
 In you,—which I count his, beyond all talents,
 Whilst I am bound to wonder, I am bound
 To pity too.

Imo. What do you pity, sir?
 Iach. Two creatures, heartily.

Imo. Am I one, sir?
 You look on me: what wreck discern you in
 Deserves your pity? [me,

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 do seem to know
 Something of me, or what concerns me: pray
 you,

(Since doubting things go ill, often hurts more
 Than to be sure they do; for certainties
 Either are past remedies, or, timely knowing,
 The remedy then born;) discover to me
 What both you spur and stop.

Iach. Had I this check
 To bathe my lips upon; this hand, whose
 touch,

Whose every touch, would force the feeler's
 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)
 Slayer with lips as common as the stairs
 That mount the Capitol; join gripe with
 hands

Made hard with hourly falsehood, (falsehood, as
 With labour;) then by-peeping in an eye,
 Base and unlustrous as the smoky light
 That's fed with stinking tallow,—it were fit
 That all the plagues of hell should at one time
 Encounter such revolt.

Imo. My lord, I fear,
 Has forgot Britain.

Iach. And himself. Not I,
 Inclined to this intelligence, pronounce
 The beggary of his change; but 'tis your
 graces

That, from my muteest conscience, to my
Charms this report out.

Imo. Let me hear no more.

Jach. O dearest soul, your cause doth strike
my heart

With pity, that doth make me sick! A lady
So fair, and fasten'd to an empery,
Would make the great'st king double,—to be
partner'd

With tomboys, hir'd with that self-exhibition
Which your own coffers yield! with disease'd
ventures,

That play with all infirmities for gold [stuff,
Which rottenness can lend nature! such boil'd
As well might poison poison! Be reveng'd;
Or she that bore you was no queen, and you
Recoil from your great stock.

Imo. Reveng'd!

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

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

Imo. What, ho, Pisanio!

Jach. Let me my servicetender on your lips.

Imo. Away!—I do condemn mine ears, that
have

So long attended thee.—If thou wert honour-
Thou would'st have told this tale for virtue,
not

For such an end thou seek'st, as base, as
Thou wrong'st a gentleman, who is as far
From thy report, as thou from honour; and
Solicit'st here a lady, that disdains [sanio!—
Thee and the devil alike.—What, ho, Pi-

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 Roman stew, and to expound

His beastly mind to us,—he hath a court
He little cares for, and a daughter whom
He not respects at all.—What, ho, Pisanio!

Jach. O, happy Leonatus! I may say:
The credit that thy lady hath of thee [ness
Deserves thy trust; and thy most perfect good-
Her assur'd credit.—Blessed live you long!

A lady to the worthiest sir, that ever
Country call'd his! and you his mistress, only
For the most worthiest fit. Give me your
pardon.

I have spoken this, to know if your affiance
Were deeply rooted; and shall make your lord,
That which he is, new o'er; and he is one
The truest manner'd; such a holy witch,
That he enchants societies into him;
Half all men's hearts are his.

Imo. You make amends,

Jach. He sits 'mongst men, like a
He hath a kind of honour sets him off.

More than a mortal seeming. He has
Most mighty princess, that I have adventur'd

To try your taking of a false report; which
Honour'd with confirmation your great

In the election of a sir so rare,
Which, you know, cannot err: the love

him
Made me to fan you thus; but the gods

Unlike all others, chaffless. Pray, you
don.

Imo. All's well, sir: take my leave.
Jach. My humble thanks. I had

forgot
To entreat your grace but in a small

And yet of moment too, for it concerns
Your lord; myself, and other noble

Are partners in the business. Pray, you
Imo.

Jach. Some dozen Romans of us, have
lord,

(The best feather of our wing,) have
To buy a present for the emperor;

Which I, the factor for the rest, have
In France: 'tis plate of rare device, and

Of rich and exquisite form: their value
And I am something curious, better

To have them in safe storage: may it
To take them in protection?

Imo.
And pawn mine honour for their safe

My lord hath interest in them, I
In my bedchamber.

Jach. They are in a
Attended by my men: I will make

To send them to you, only for their
I must aboard to-morrow.

Imo.
Jach. Yes, I beseech; or I shall

word,
By lengthening my return.

I cross'd the seas on purpose, and to
To see your grace.

Imo. I thank you for
But not away to-morrow! O, I must

Jach.
Therefore I shall beseech you, if you

To greet your lord with writing; which
I have outstood my time; which is

To the tender of our present. I will
Imo.

Send your trunk to me; it shall
And truly yielded you. You're not

ACT II.

SCENE I.—Britain. Court before
Palace.

Enter Cloten and two Lords.

Clot. Was there ever man but
when I kiss'd the jack, upon an

way! I had a hundred pound on't: and a thousand jackanapes must take me up as if I borrowed nine oaths of heaven. What got he by that? You have got into with your bowl.

[*Aside.*] If his wit had been like mine, it would have run all out. When a gentleman is disposed to be not for any standers-by to curtail [the ears of them.] No, my lord; [*Aside.*] nor crop Thomson down!—I give him satisfaction. I had been one of my rank! [*Aside.*] To have smelt like a fool. I am not vexed more at anything in the world. A par on't! I had rather not be with the queen my mother: every jackanape of the queen my mother: every jackanape with his belly full of fighting, and I must be down like a cock that nobody can

beat. [*Aside.*] You are cock and capon and you crow, cock, with your comb on. Sayest thou?

It is not fit your lordship should have every companion that you give to you.

So I know that; but it is fit I should be known to my inferiors.

As, it is fit for your lordship only.

Why, so I say.

Did you hear of a stranger, that's a stranger, and I not know on't!

[*Aside.*] He is a strange fellow and knows it not.

There's an Italian come; and, 'tis one of Leonatus' friends.

Leonatus! a banished rascal; and he's a what-ever he be. Who told you of

one of your lordship's pages.

Is it fit I want to look upon him? Is

degradation in't?

You cannot derogate, my lord.

[*Aside.*] You are a fool, granted; but being foolish, do not

come. I'll go see this Italian; what I

shall find out to-day at howls, I'll win to-night, of

your lordship.

[*Recount Cloten and first Lord.*]

And right the world this age! a woman, that

is like two from her brain; and this her son

is like two from twenty, for his heart,

is like two from twenty, for his heart,

is like two from twenty, for his heart,

is like two from twenty, for his heart,

is like two from twenty, for his heart,

is like two from twenty, for his heart,

is like two from twenty, for his heart,

is like two from twenty, for his heart,

Of thy dear husband, than that horrid act
Of the divorce he'd make! The heavens hold
firm

The walls of thy dear honour; keep unshak'd
That temple, thy fair mind; that thou mayst
stand,

To enjoy thy banish'd lord, and this great
land! [*Exit.*]

SCENE II.—A Bedchamber: on one side, a
trunk.

Imogen reading in her bed; a Lady attending.

Imo. Who's there? my woman, Helen?

Lady. Please you, madam.

Imo. What hour is it?

Lady. Almost midnight, madam.

Imo. I have read three hours, then; mine
eyes are weak:

Fold down the leaf where I have left; to bed;
Take not away the taper, leave it burning;
And if thou canst awake by four of the clock,
I pray thee, call me. Sleep has 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.

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

Repairs itself by rest. Our Tarquin thus
Did softly press the rushes, ere he waken'd
The chastity he wounded.—Cytherea, [*Silly!*]
How bravely thou becom'st thy bed! fresh
And whiter than the sheets! That I might
touch!

But kiss: one kiss!—Rubies unparagon'd,
How dearly they do't!—'Tis her breathing that
Perfumes the chamber thus: the flame of the
taper

Bows toward her; and would under-peep her
To see the enclosed lights, now canopied
Under these windows, white and azure, lac'd
With blue of heaven's own tinct.—But my
design,

To note the chamber: I will write all down:—
Such and such pictures;—there the window;
—such

Th' adornment of her bed;—the arras, figures,
Why, such and such;—and the contents o'
the story.

Ah, but some natural notes about her body,
Above ten thousand meaner moveables
Would testify, to enrich mine inventory:
O sleep, thou ape of death, lie dull upon her!
And be her senses but as a monument,
Thus in a chapel lying!—Come off, come off;—
[*Taking off her bracelet.*]

As slippery as the Gordian knot was hard!
'Tis mine; and this will witness outwardly,
As strongly as the conscience does within,
To the madding of her lord. On her left breast
A mole cinque spotted, like the crimson drops
I' the bottom of a cowslip: here's a voucher,
Stronger than ever law could make: this secret

Will force him think I have pick'd the lock,
and ta'en [what end?]

The treasure of her honour. No more. To
Why should I write this down, that's riveted,
Screw'd to my memory? She hath been read-
ing late [down]

The tale of Terens; here the leaf's turn'd
Where Philomel gave up.—I have enough:
To the trunk again, and shut the spring of it.
Swift, swift, you dragons of the night, that
dawning

May bare the raven's eye! I lodge in fear;
Though this a heavenly angel, hell is here.

[Clock strikes.

One, two, three,—time, time!

[Goes into the trunk. The Scene closes.

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

Enter Cloten and Lords.

1 Lord. Your lordship is the most patient
man in loss, the most coldest that ever turned
up ace.

Clo. It would make any man cold to lose.

1 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 cour-
age. If I could get this foolish Imogen, I
should have gold enough. It's almost morn-
ing, is't not?

1 Lord. Day, my lord.

Clo. I would this music would come: I am
advised to give her music o' mornings; they
say it will penetrate.—

Enter Musicians.

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

SONG.

Hark, hark! the lark at heaven's gate sings,
And Phoebus 'gins arise,

His steeds to water at those springs
On challic'd flowers that lie;

And winking Mary-buds begin
To ope their golden eyes;

With everything that pretty is,
My lady sweet, arise;

Arise, arise!

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

[Exit Musicians.

Enter Cymbeline and Queen.

2 Lord. Here comes the king.

Clo. I am glad I was up so late; for that's
the reason I was up so early: he cannot choose

but take this service I have done, for
Good morrow to your majesty, and to
gracious mother.

Cym. Attend you here the deed of our
daughter?

Will she not forth? [Prochaites no]

Clo. I have assail'd her with music, and

Cym. The exile of her minion is too

She hath not yet forgot him: some

Must wear the print of his remembrance

And then she's yours.

Queen. You are most bound to this

Who lets go by no vantages that may

Prefer you to his daughter. Pray you

To orderly sollicit, and befriend

With aptness of the season; make

Increase your services; so soon, as if

You were inspir'd to do those duties

You tender to her; that you in all

Save when command to your damsel

And therein you are senseless.

Clo. [Enter a Messenger]

Mess. So like you, sir, ambasci

The one is Caius Lucius, A worthy

Cym. [Enter a Messenger]

Albeit he comes on angry purpose

But that's no fault of his: we must

According to the honour of his

And towards himself, his goodness

on us, Our duty

We must extend our notice. Our

When you have given good

mistress, attend the queen and us; we shall

To employ you towards this

our queen.

[Exit Cym., Queen, Lords]

Clo. If she be up, I'll speak with

Let her lie still, and dream.—By

ho!

I know her women are about her:

If I do lose one of their hands,

Which buys admittance; or if

and makes

Diana's rangers false themselves,

Their deer to the stand o' the

gold

Which makes the true man kill,

Nay, sometime hangs both thier

Can it not do, and undo? I will

One of her women lawyer to me;

I yet not understand the case my

By your leave.

Lady. Who's there, that knock

Clo.

Lady.

Clo. Yes, and a gentlewoman's

Lady.

Than some, who's tailors are

Can justly boast of. What's

pleasure!

Clo. Your lady's person: it is

chamber.
[good report.
How! my good name? or to report

of you
I shall think is good!—The princess!
Enter Imogen.

Good morrow, fairest; sister, your sweet
head.
[Exit Lady.
Good morrow, sir. You lay out too

much pains
pursuing but trouble; the thanks I give,
you that I am poor of thanks,

Still, I swear, I love you.
If you but said so, 'twere as deep with

as still, your recompense is still
I need it not.

That that you shall not say I yield,
being silent,
I pray you, spare me:
equal discourtesy [faith,

your best kindness: one of your great
knowing
being taught, forbearance.

To leave you in your madness, 'twere
[my sin:
Fools are not mad folks.

Do you call me fool?
As I am mad, I do:
patient, I'll no more be mad;

As I am bold, I am much sorry, sir,
I will not forget a lady's manners,
so verbal; and learn now, for all,

which know my heart, do here pro-
fess
very truth of it, I care not for you;
to hear the lack of charity,

myself, I hate you; which I had
than make 't my boast. [rather
You sin against

which you owe your father. For
pretend with that base wretch,
of alms, and foster'd with cold

[none:
of the court, it is no contract,
it be allow'd in meaner parties,
than he more mean? to knit their

there is no more dependency
and beggary) in self-figur'd knot;
out'd from that enlargement by

quence of the crown; and must not
note of it with a base slave,
for a livery, a squire's cloth,

Profane fellow!
the son of Jupiter, and no more
than art besides, thou wert too base

room; thou wert dignified enough,
point of envy, if 'twere made

Comparative for your virtues, to be styl'd
The under-hangman of his kingdom, and hated
For being prefer'd so well.

Clo. The south-fog rot him!
Imo. He never can meet more mischance
than come [ment

To be but nam'd of thee. His meanest gar-
That ever hath but clipp'd his body, is dearer
In my respect than all the hairs above thee,
Were they all made such men.—How now,
Pisanio?

Enter Pisanio.
Clo. His garment! Now, the devil—
Imo. To Dorothy my woman his thee pre-

Clo. His garment! [sently,—
Imo. I am sprighted with a fool;
Frighted, and anger'd worse:—go, bid my

Search for a jewel, that too casually [woman
Hath left mine arm: it was thy master's;
If I would lose it for a revenue [shrew me,
Of any king's in Europe. I do think

I saw't this morning: confident I am,
Last night 'twas on mine arm; I kiss'd it:
I hope it be not gone to tell my lord
That I kiss aught but he.

Pis. 'Twill not be lost.
Imo. I hope so; go, and search.

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

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

Clo. I will inform your father.

Imo. Your mother too:
She's my good lady; and will conceive, I hope,
But the worst of me. So I leave you, sir,
To the worst of discontent. [Exit.

Clo. I'll be reveng'd:—
His meanest garment!—Well. [Exit.

SCENE IV.—Rome. An Apartment in
Philario's House.

Enter Posthumus and Philario.

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

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
scur'd hopes,

I barely gratify your love; they failing,
I must die much your debtor.

Phi. Your very goodness, and your company,
O'erpays all I can do. By this, your king
Hath heard of great Augustus: Caius Lucius
Will do's commission thoroughly: and I think
He'll grant the tribute, send the arrearsages,
Or look upon our Romans, whose remem-
Is yet fresh in their grief. [urance

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 Caesar
Smil'd at their lack of skill, but found their
courage

Worthy his frowning at: their discipline
(Now mingled with their courage) will make
known

To their approvers, they are people, such
That mend upon the world.

Phi. See! Iachimo!

Enter 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
The speediness of your return. [*made*]

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 tenor 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.

Iach. Not a whit,

Your lady being so easy.

Post. Make not, sir,
Your loss your sport: I hope you know that we
Must not continue friends.

Iach. Good sir, we must,
If you keep covenant. Had I not brought
The knowledge of your mistress home, I grant
We were to question further: but I now
Profess myself the winner of her honour,
Together with your ring; and not the wronger
Of her, or you, having proceeded but
By both your wills.

Post. If you can make't apparent
That you have tasted her in bed, my hand,
And ring, is yours: if not, the foul opinion
You had of her pure honour, gains, or loses,
Your sword, or mine; or masterless leaves both
To 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 would
You'll give me leave to spare, when you
You need it not.

Post. Proceed.

Iach. First, her bedchamber
(Where I confess I slept not, but, perchance,
Had that was well worth watching.)

hang'd
With tapestry of silk and silver; the chamber
Proud Cleopatra, when she met her lover,
And Cydrius swell'd above the banks of the Nile

The press of hosts, or pride: a piece of work
So bravely done, so rich, that it did grow
In workmanship and value; which, I would
Could be so rarely and exactly wrought

Since the true life on't was—

Post. This is too long.

And this you might have heard of her

Or by some other.

Iach. More particulars

Must justify my knowledge. So they may

Post. Or do your honour injury.

Iach. The chamber

Is south the chamber; and the chamber

Chaste Dian, bathing: never saw I

So likely to report themselves; the room

Was as another nature, dumb; outward

Motion and breath left out. This is too long

Post. Which you might from relation

Being, as it is, much spoke of.

Iach. The roof of the chamber

With golden cherubins is fretted; here

(I had forgot them) were two windows

Of silver, each on one foot standing,

Depending on their bands. This is too long

Post. Let it be granted you have seen all

praise

Be given to your remembrance, the diamond

Of what is in her chamber, nothing more

The wager you have laid. To be too long

Iach. Be pale: I beg but leave to all

see!—

And now 'tis up again: it must be too long

To that your diamond; I'll keep the

Post. Once more let me behold it: is it that

Which I left with her?

Iach. Sir, (thank you)

She stripp'd it from her arm: I saw

Her pretty action did outsell her

And yet enrich'd it too: she gave it

said,

She priz'd it once.

Post. To send it me.

Iach. She writes so to you

Post. O, no, no, no! 'tis too long

this too;

It is a basilisk unto mine eye,

Kills me to look on't.—Let there be

There is beauty; truth, where sem-
blance; love,
there's another man; the vows of
women
more bondage be, to where they are
to their virtues; which is no-
[thing.—
Have patience, sir,
take your ring again; 'tis not yet won:
I'm sure if one of her women, being cor-
rupted,
can get it from her?

Very true;
I hope, he came by't.—Back my ring,
to me some corporal sign about her,
resolent than this; for this was stolen.
By Jupiter, I had it from her arm.
Mark you, he swears; by Jupiter he
—nay, keep the ring,—'tis true. I
could not lose it: her attendants are
so, and honourable:—they induc'd to
a stranger!—No, he hath enjoy'd her:
because of her incontinency
—she hath bought the name of whore
dearly.—
Take thy hire; and all the fiends of
hell
Sir, be patient:
I'm strong enough to be believ'd
persecuted well of—

Never talk on't;
If you seek
a satisfying, under her breast
the pressing) lies a mole, right proud
of delicate lodging: by my life,
and it gave me present hunger
again, though full. You do remember
upon her?

Ay, and it doth confirm
as big as hell can hold,
there's no more but it.

Will you hear more?
Spare your arithmetic: never count
the terms;
that a million!

I'll be sworn,—
No swearing.
I'll swear you have not don't, you lie;
I'll kill thee, if thou dost deny
made me cuckold.

I will deny nothing.
O that I had her here, to tear her
from there, and do't; I'll the court; be-
—I'll do something—
[Exit.
Quite beside
patience!—You have won:

Let's follow him, and pervert the present
He hath against himself. [wrath
lach. With all my heart.
[Exit.

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 [seem'd

Made me a counterfeit: yet my mother
The Dian of that time; so doth my wife
The nonpareil of this.—O, vengeance, ven-
geance!

Me of my lawful pleasure she restrain'd,
And pray'd me oft forbearance; did it with
A pudency so rosy, the sweet view on't
Might well have warm'd old Saturn; that I
thought her [devils!—

As chaste as unsunn'd snow;—O, all the
This yellow lachino, in an hour,—was't not?—
Or less,—at first: perchance he spoke not, but,
Like a full-acorn'd boar, a German one,
Cried, "oh!" and mounted; found no oppo-
sition [she

But what he looked for should oppose, and
Should from encounter guard.—Could I find
out [motion

The woman's part in me! For there's no
That tends to vice in man, but I affirm
It is the woman's part: be it lying, note it,
The woman's; flattering, hers; deceiving,
hers; [hers;

Last and rank thoughts, hers, hers; revenges,
Ambitions, covetings, change of prides, dis-
Nice longing, slanders, mutability, [daim,
All faults that may be nam'd, nay, that hell
knows,

Why, hers, in part, or all; but, rather, all:
For even to vice

They are not constant, but are changing still
One vice, but of a minute old, for one
Not half so old as that. I'll write against
them, [skill,

Detest them, curse them:—yet 'tis greater
In a true hate, to pray they have their will:
The very devils cannot plague them better.

[Exit.

ACT III.

SCENE I.—Britain. A Room of State in
Cymbeline's Palace.

Enter, at one door, Cymbelins, Queen, Cloten,
and Lords; and at another, Caius Lucius,
and Attendants.

Cym. Now say, what would Augustus
Cæsar with us?

Luc. When Julius Caesar (whose remembrance yet [tongues
Lives in man's eyes, and will to ears and
Be theme and hearing ever) was in this Britain,
And conquer'd it, Cassibelan, thine uncle
(Famous in Caesar's praises, no whit less
Than in his feats deserving it,) for him,
And his succession, granted Rome a tribute,
Yearly three thousand pounds; which by thee
Is left untender'd. [lately

Queen. And, to kill the marvel,
Shall be so ever.

Clo. There be many Caesars,
Ere such another Julius. Britain is
A world by itself; and we will nothing pay
For wearing our own noses.

Queen. That opportunity,
Which then they had to take from us, to re-
sume

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, ribb'd and pal'd in
With rocks unscaleable, and roaring waters;
With sands, that will not bear your enemies'

boats, [conquest
But suck them up to the top-mast. A kind of
Caesar made here; but made not here his brag
Of "came," and "saw," and "overcame;"
with shame [carried

(The first that ever touch'd him) he was
From off our coast, twice beaten; and his
shipping,

(Poor ignorant baubles!) on our terrible seas,
Like egg-shells mov'd upon their surges,
crack'd

As easily 'gainst our rocks: for joy whereof
The fam'd Cassibelan, who was once at point
(O gilot fortune!) to master Caesar's sword,
Made Lud's town with rejoicing fires bright,
And Britons strut with courage.

Clo. Come, there's no more tribute to be
paid; our kingdom is stronger than it was at
that time; and, as I said, there is no more
such Caesars: other of them may have
crook'd noses; but, to owe such straight
arms, none.

Cym. Son, let your mother end.

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

Cym. You must know,
Till the injurious Romans did extort
This tribute from us, we were free: Caesar's
ambition, [stretch
(Which swell'd so much, that it did almost
The sides o' the world,) against all colour,
here

Did put the yoke upon us; which to shake off,
Becomes a warlike people, whom we reckon

Ourselves to be. We do say, though, that
Our ancestor was that Malmudius, which
Ordain'd our laws (whose use the

Caesar
Hath too much margled; whose repair
Shall, by the power we hold, be no
dead,

Though Rome be therefore angry
[marius made our laws,
Who was the first of Britain which did
His brows within a golden crown, and
Himself a king.

Luc. I am sorry, Cymbeline,
That I am to pronounce Augustus (who
(Caesar, that hath more kings his
than

Thyself domestic officers,) thine enemy,
Receive it from me, then:—your and
In Caesar's name, pronounce I [Caesar
look

For fury not to be resisted.—Then deliver
I thank thee for myself.

Cym. Thou art well-wish'd to
Thy Caesar knighted me; my youth
Much under him; of him I gather'd
Which he, to seek of me again, perform'd
Behoves me keep at utterance. I
That the Pannonians and Dalmatians
Their liberties, are now in arms;
Which not to read would show the
So Caesar shall not find them.

Luc. Let protest
His majesty bids you welcome
pastime with us a day or two, or
O master! what a strange infection
you seek us afterwards in other
shall find us in our salt-water grove
beat us out of it, it is yours; if you
adventure, our crowns shall fare like
you; and there's an end.

Luc. So, sir.
Cym. I know your master's pleasure.
All the remain is, welcome.

SCENE II.—Another Room in Cym-
beline's Palace.

Enter Pisanio, reading a letter.
Pis. How! of adultery! What
you not

What monster's her accuser?—Is
O master! what a strange infection
Is fallen into thy ear! What tale
(As poisonous tongued, as hand)
vail'd

On thy too ready hearing?—O, how
She's punish'd for her truth; and
More goddess-like than wife—O, how
As would take in some virtue—O,
Thy mind to her is now as low,
Thy fortunes.—How! that I
Upon the love, and truth, and
Have made to thy command—
If it be so to do good service—
Let me be counted servicable—
That I should seem to lack

as this fact comes to?—[Reading.]
Let's the letter
How canst thou, by her own command
Give me this opportunity?"—O damn'd
paper!
Is the ink that's on thee! Senseless

foolery for this act, and look'st
like without!—I, here she comes.
Enter Imogen.
Madam, here is a letter from my lord.

What thy lord? that is my lord,—
Indeed were that astronomer
the stars as I his characters:
they the future open.—You good gods,
that is here contain'd relish of love,
his health, of his content,—yet not,
two are asunder; let that grieve

—[then,
gods are med'cinable; that is one of
physic love)—of his content,
that!—Good wax, thy leave:—
[Lovers,
that make these locks of counsel
in dangerous bonds, pray not alike:
lofters you cast in prison, yet
—Good news,

—[then,
gods are med'cinable; that is one of
physic love)—of his content,
that!—Good wax, thy leave:—
[Lovers,
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in dangerous bonds, pray not alike:
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—Good news,

—[then,
gods are med'cinable; that is one of
physic love)—of his content,
that!—Good wax, thy leave:—
[Lovers,
that make these locks of counsel
in dangerous bonds, pray not alike:
lofters you cast in prison, yet
—Good news,

We'll talk of that hereafter. Pr'ythee, speak,
 How many score of miles may we well ride
 'Twixt hour and hour?

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

Imo. Why, one that rode to his execution,
 man,

Could never go so slow; I have heard of
 riding wagers,

Where horses have been nimbler than the
 That run in the clock's behalf:—but this is

foolery:—
 Go, bid my woman feign a sickness; say
 She'll home to her father; and provide me

presently
 A riding suit, no costlier than would fit
 A franklin's housewife.

Pis. Madam, you're best consider.

Imo. I see before me, man: nor here, nor
 here,

Nor what ensues, but have a fog in them,
 That I cannot look through. Away, I pr'y-

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

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

Enter Belarius, Guiderius, and Arviragus.

Bel. A goodly day not to keep house, with
 such [this gate

Whose roof's as low as ours! Stoop, boys:
 Instructs you how to adore the heavens, and

bows you
 To morning's holy office: the gates of monarchs
 Are arch'd so high, that giants may jet through

And keep their impious turbans on, without
 Good morrow to the sun.—Hail, thou fair

heaven,
 We house i' the rock, yet use thee not so
 As prouder livers do. [Hardly

Qui. Hail, heaven!
Arr. Hail, heaven!

Bel. Now for our mountain sport: up to
 you hill: [Consider,

Your legs are young; I'll tread these flats.
 When you above perceive me like a crow,

That it is place which lessens and sets off:
 And you may then revolve what tales I have

told you,
 Of courts, of princes, of the tricks in war:
 This service is not service, so being done,

But being so allow'd: to apprehend thus
 Draws us a profit from all things we see;

And often, to our comfort, shall we find
 The sharded beetle in a safer hold,

Than is the full-wing'd eagle. O, this life
 Is nobler, than attending for a cheek;

Richer, than doing nothing for a babe;
 Prouder, than rustling in unpaid-for silk:

Such gain the cap of him that makes them fine,
 Yet keeps his book uncross'd. No life to ours.

Qui. Out of your proof you speak; we, poor
 untledg'd,

Have never wing'd from view o' the nest: nor know not

What air's from home. Haply this life is
If quiet life be best; sweeter to you, [best,
That have a sharper known; well correspond-
With your stiff age: but unto us it is [ing
A cell of ignorance; travelling abed;
A prison for a debtor, that not dares
To stride a limit.

Arv. What should we speak of
When we are as 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 of the war,
A pain that only seems to seek out danger
I' the name of fame and honour; which dies
I' the search,

And hath as oft a slanderous epitaph,
As record of fair act; nay, many times,
Doth ill deserve by doing well; what's worse,
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 lov'd me;

And when a soldier was the theme, my name
Was not far off: then was I as a tree,
Whose boughs did bend with fruit; but, in one night,

A storm, or robbery, call it what you will,
Shook down my mellow hangings, nay, my
And left me bare to weather. [leaves,
Gul. 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 banishment; and, this twenty years,

This rock, and these demesnes, have been my world:

Where I have liv'd at honest freedom, paid
More pious debts to heaven, than in all
The fore-end of my time.—But, up to the mountains!

This is not hunter's 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 need you to the valleys.
[*Exeunt Cym. and Arv.*]
How hard it is to hide the sparks of nature!

These boys know little they are alive
king;

Nor Cymbeline dreams that they are alive
They think they are mine: and, though I
up thus meanly

I' the cave wherein they bow, their throne
The roofs of palaces; and nature's prison
them,

In simple and low things, to prince it out
Beyond the trick of others. The Polynian
The heir of Cymbeline and Britain, who

The king his father call'd Guiderius, who
When on my three-foot stool I sit, and he
The warlike feats I have done, his speech

out
Into my story: say, "Thus mine was
And thus I set my foot on his neck!"

then
The princely blood flows in his cheek
Strains his young nerves, and puts him in

posture
That acts my words. The younger son
(Once Arviragus,) in as like a figure, I see

Strikes life into my speech, and shows more
more

His own conceiving.—Hark, this Cymeline!
O Cymbeline! heaven, and my own

knows
Thou didst unjustly banish me: when
At three, and two years old, I stole thee

Thinking to bar thee to succession
Thou reit'st me of my lands. But thou
Thou wast their nurse; they fondly

their mother,
And every day do honour to her grave
Myself, Belarius, that am Morgan's son,
They take for natural father. The poor

SCENE IV.—Near Milford Hill.
Enter Pisanius and Imogen.

Imo. Thou told'st me, when we were
horse, the place

Was near at hand:—ne'er long'd my eyes
To see me first, as I have now—
Man!

Where is Posthumus? What is he to do
That makes these stare thus? Woe'st thou

that sigh
From th' inward of thee! One, who
Would be interpreted a thing of sorrow

Beyond self-explication: put thyself
Into a 'haviour of less fear, ere thou
Vanquish my staidler senses. What

matter!
Why tender'st thou that paper to me
A look under? I't be some new
Smile to't before; if winterly, the

But keep that countenance still
band's hand!
That drag-damn'd Italy hath cut me

at some hard point.—Speak, man:
thy tongue
take off some extremity, which to read
be even mortal to me.

Please you, read;
disdain'd of fortune.

[Reals.] *Thy mistress, Pisanio,*
the trumpet in my bed; the tes-
whereof lie bleeding in me. I speak
weak surmises; but from proof as
my grief, and as certain as I expect
That part, thou, Pisanio, must
if thy faith be not tainted with the
of hers. Let thine own hands take
my life; I shall give thee opportunity at
Madam: she hath my letter for the
where, if thou fear to strike, and to
certain it is done, thou art the
to her dishonour, and equally to me

What shall I need to draw my sword?

the paper
her throat already.—No, 'tis slander,
edge is sharper than the sword; whose
[breath
some all the worries of Nile; whose
in the posting winds, and doth belie
of the world: kings, queens, and

nations, nay, the secrets of the grave
sland'ring enters.—What cheer,

False to his bed! What is it, to be false?
watch there, and to think on him?
twist clock and clock? if sleep charge

it with a fearful dream of him,
myself awake! that's false to his bed,

Also good lady!
[Iachimo,
false! Thy conscience witness:—
must accuse him of incontinency;
then look'd like a villain; now, me-

looks,
her good enough.—Some jay of Italy,
another was her painting, hath betray'd

me;
I am stale, a garment out of fashion;
I am richer than to hang by the walls,
be ripp'd:—to pieces with me!—O,

there are women's traitors! All good
revolt, O husband, shall be thought
so for villainy; not born where't grows,
a bait for ladies.

Good madam, hear me.
men being heard, like
[weeping
time, thought false; and Sinon's
many a holy tear; took pity
wretchedness: so thou, Post-

the heaven on all proper men;

Goodly and gallant, shall be false and perjur'd,
From thy great fail.—Come, fellow, be thou
honest:

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

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

Imo. Why, I must die;
And if I do not by thy hand, thou art
No servant of thy master's. Against self-
There is a prohibition so divine, [slaughter
That cravens my weak hand. Come, here's
my heart:— [defence;

Something's afore't:—Soft, soft! we'll no
[Takes some Letters from her bosom.

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 [betray'd

Believe false teachers: though those that are
Do feel the treason sharply, yet the traitor
Stands in worse case of woe.

And thou, Posthumus, that didst set up
My disobedience 'gainst the king my father,
And make me put into contempt the suits
Of princely fellows, shalt hereafter find
It is no act of common passage, but
A strain of rareness; and I grieve myself
To think, when thou shalt be disord'g'd by her
That now thou fir'st on, how thy memory
Will then be pang'd by me.—Pr'ythee, de-
spatch: [knife!

The lamb entreats the butcher: where's thy
Thou art too slow to do thy master's bidding,
When I desire it too.

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

Imo. Do't, and to bed, then.

Pis. I'll wake mine eye-balls blind first.

Imo. Wherefore, then,
Didst undertake it? Why hast thou abus'd
So many miles with a pretence! this place!
Mine action, and thine own? our horses' labour!
The time inviting thee? the perturb'd court,
For my being absent; whereunto I never
Purpose return? Why hast thou gone so far,
To be absent, when thou hast ta'en thy stand,
The elected deer before thee?

Pis. But to win time
To lose so bad employment; in the which
I have consider'd of a course: good lady,
Hear me with patience.

Imo. Talk thy tongue weary; speak:
I have heard I am a strumpet; and mine ear,

Therein false struck, can take no greater
Nor tent to bottom that. But speak. [wound,

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 abus'd:

Some villain, ay, and singular in his art,
Hath done you both this cursed injury.

Imo. Some Roman courtizan.
Pis. No, on my life.

I'll give but notice you are dead, and send him
Some bloody sign of it; for 'tis commanded
I should do so: you shall be miss'd at court,
And that will well confirm it.

Imo. Why, good fellow,
What shall I do the while! where bide! how
live!

Or in my life what comfort, when I am
Dead to my husband?

Pis. If you'll back to the court,—
Imo. No court, no father; nor no more ado

With that harsh, noble, simple nothing;
That Cloten, whose love-suit hath been to me
As fearful as a siege.

Pis. If not at court,
Then not in Britain must you bide.

Imo. Where then?
Hath Britain all the sun that shines! Day,

night, [volume
Are they not but in Britain? 'T' the world's
Our Britain seems as of it, but not in it;
In a great pool, a swan's nest: pr'ythee, think
There's liver out of Britain.

Pis. I am most glad
You think of other place. The ambassador,
Lucius the Roman, comes to Milford-Haven
To-morrow: now, if you could wear a mind
Dark as your fortune is, and but disguise
That which, to appear itself, must not yet be
But by self-danger, you should tread a course
Pretty, and full of view; yea, haply, near
The residence of Posthumus; so nigh, at
least,

That though his actions were not visible, yet
Report should render him hourly to your ear,
As truly as he moves.

Imo. O, for such means!
Though peril to my modesty, not death on't,
I would adventure.

Pis. Well, then, here's the point:
You must forget to be a woman; change
Command into obedience, fear, and niceness,
(The handmaids of all women, or, more truly,
Woman its pretty self,) into a waggish courage;
Ready in gibes, quick-answer'd, saucy, and
As quarrelous as the weasel; nay, you must
Forget that rarest treasure of your cheek,
Exposing it (but, O, the harder heart!
Alack, no remedy!) to the greedy touch
Of common-kissing Titan; and forget

Your labour-some and dainty trim, whence
You made great Juno angry. *Nay, to what?*

Imo. I see into thy end, and am almost
A man already.

Pis. First, make yourself but like a man,
Forethinking this, I have already it

(Tis in my cloak-bag) doublet, hat, hose,
That answer to them: would you, in

serving,
And with what imitation you can borrow

From youth of such a season, 'twould
Lucius

Present yourself, desire his service, tell him
Wherein you are happy, (which you'll

him know,
If that his head have ear in music, do you

With joy he will embrace you; for he's
ourable,

And, doubling that, most holy.
You have me, rich; and I will never

Beginning nor supplement.
Imo. Thou art all the

The gods will diet me with. Pr'ythee
There's more to be consider'd; but will

All that good time will give us: this
I'm soldier to, and will abide it with

A prince's courage. Away, I pr'ythee.
Pis. Well, madam, we must take a

farewell,
Lest, being miss'd, I be suspected of

Your carriage from the court. My
Here is a box: I had it from the queen

What's in't is precious; if you are such
Or stomach-quail'd at land, a dram

Will drive away distemper.—To some
And fit you to your manhood.—May

Direct you to the best!
Imo. Amen. I thank you.

Imo. Amen. I thank you.

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

Enter Cymbeline, Queen, Cloten, Lucius,
Lords,

Cym. Thus far; and so, farewell. *Thanks, my*

Luc. My emperor hath wrote; I must report
And am right sorry that I must report

My master's enemy. *Our subjects*

Cym. Will not endure his yoke; and for
To show less sovereignty than

Appear unkinglike. *So, sir, I leave*

Luc. A conduct over land to Milford-Haven.
Madam, all joy befall your grace.

Cym. My lords, you are appointed
office:

The due of honour in no point omit
So, farewell, noble Lucius. *Your hand*

Luc. *Clo.* Receive it friendly; but, for

forth
I wear it as your enemy.

Sir, the event

name the winner: fare you well.

Leave not the worthy Lucius, good

my lords,

has crossed the Severn.—Happiness!

[Exeunt Lucius and Lords.]

He goes hence frowning; but it

honours us,

we have given him cause.

'Tis all the better;

Lucius hath wrote already to the

emperor

It fits us therefore, ripely,

sharots and horsemen be in readiness:

that he already hath in Gallia

can be drawn to head, from whence he

for Britain.

'Tis not sleepy business;

Our expectation that it would be thus

as forward. But, my gentle queen,

is our daughter? She hath not ap-

peared

the Roman, nor to us hath tender'd

of the day: she looks us like

more made of malice, than of duty:

we noted it.—Call her before us; for

have been too slight in sufferance.

[Exit an Attendant.]

Royal sir,

of Posthumus, most retir'd

life been; the cure whereof, my lord,

must do, Beseech your majesty,

sharp speeches to her: she's a lady

of rebukes, that words are strokes,

make death to her.

Re-enter Attendant.

Where is she, sir? How

contempt be answer'd?

Please you, sir,

are all lock'd; and there's no

My lord, when last I went to visit

me to excuse her keeping close;

into constrain'd by her infirmity,

would that duty leave unpaid to you,

daily she was bound to proffer; this

would me to make known; but our great

me to blame in memory.

[Court]

Her doors lock'd?

Grant, heavens, that which I

[Exit.]

Son, I say, follow the king.

That man of hers, Pisanio, her old

not seen these two days.

[servant.]

Go, look after.—

[Exit Cloten.]

then that stand't at so for Posthumus!—

take a drug of mine; I pray, his absence

swallowing that; for he believes

It is a thing most precious. But for her,
Where is she gone! Haply, despair hath
seiz'd her;

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

Re-enter Cloten.

How now, my son!

Cloten. 'Tis certain she is fled.

Go in and cheer the king: he rages; none

Dare come about him.

Queen. All the better: may

This night forestall him of the coming day!

[Exit.]

Cloten. I love, and hate her: for she's fair and

royal, [quarrel]

And that she hath all courtly parts, more ex-

Than lady, ladies, woman; from every one

The best she hath, and she, of all compounded,

Outsells them all,—I love her therefore; but,

Disdaining me, and throwing favours on

The low Posthumus, slanders so her judg-

ment, [point]

That what's else rare is chok'd; and in that

I will conclude to hate her, nay, indeed,

To be reveng'd upon her. For, when fools

shall—

Enter Pisanio.

Who is here? What, are you packing, sirrah?

Come hither: ah, you precious pander!

Villain,

Where is thy lady? In a word; or else

Thou art straightway with the fiends.

Pis. O, good my lord!

Cloten. Where is thy lady? or, by Jupiter—

I will not ask again. Close villain,

I'll have this secret from thy heart, or rip

Thy heart to find it. Is she with Posthumus?

From whose so many weights of baseness

cannot

A dram of worth be drawn.

Pis. Alas, my lord,

How can she be with him? When was she

He is in Rome. [miss'd]

Cloten. Where is she, sir? Come nearer;

No farther halting: satisfy me home

What is become of her?

Pis. O, my all-worthy lord!

Cloten. All-worthy villain!

Discover where thy mistress is at once,

At the next word,—no more of worthy lord,—

Speak, or thy silence on the instant is

Thy condemnation and thy death.

Pis. Then, sir,

This paper is the history of my knowledge

Touching her flight. [Presenting a letter.]

Cloten. Let's see't.—I will pursue her

Even to Augustus's throne.

Pis. [Aside.] Or this, or perish.

She's far enough; and what he learns by this,

May prove his travel, not her danger.

Cloten. Humph!

Pis. [*Aside.*] I'll write to my lord she's dead.
O Imogen,

Safe mayst thou wander, safe return again!

Clo. Sirrah, is this letter true?

Pis. Sir, as I think.

Clo. It is Posthumus' hand; I knew't.—
Sirrah, if thou wouldst not be a villain, but do
me true service, undergo those employments
wherein I should have cause to use thee with a
serious industry,—that is, what villainy soe'er
I bid thee do, to perform it directly and truly,
—I would think thee an honest man: thou
shouldest neither want my means for thy relief,
nor my voice for thy preferment.

Pis. Well, my good lord,

Clo. Wilt thou serve me?—For since
patiently and constantly thou hast stuck to the
bare fortune of that beggar Posthumus, thou
canst not, in the course of gratitude, but be a
diligent follower of mine:—wilt thou serve me?

Pis. Sir, I will.

Clo. Give me thy hand; here's my purse.
Hast any of thy late master's garments in thy
possession?

Pis. I have, my lord, at my lodging, the
same suit he wore when he took leave of my
lady and mistress.

Clo. The first service thou dost me, fetch
that suit hither: let it be thy first service; go.

Pis. I shall, my lord. [*Exit.*]

Clo. Meet thee at Milford-Haven:—I forgot
to ask him one thing; I'll remember't anon:
—even there, thou villain Posthumus, will I
kill thee.—I would these garments were come.
She said upon a time (the bitterness of it I now
belch from my heart) that she held the very
garment of Posthumus in more respect than
my noble and natural person, together with
the adornment of my qualities. With that
suit upon my back, will I ravish her: first kill
him, and in her eyes; there shall she see my
valour, which will then be a torment to her
contempt. He on the ground, my speech of
insultment ended on his dead body,—and when
my lust hath dined (which, as I say, to vex
her, I will execute in the clothes that she so
praised)—to the court I'll knock her back, foot
her home again. She hath despised me re-
joicingly, and I'll be merry in my revenge.

Re-enter Pisanio, with the clothes.

Be those the garments?

Pis. Ay, my noble lord. [*Milford-Haven?*]

Clo. How long is't since she went to Mil-

Pis. She can scarce be there yet.

Clo. Bring this apparel to my chamber; that
is the second thing that I have commanded
thee: the third is, that thou wilt be voluntary
mate to my design. Be but duteous, and true
preferment shall tender itself to thee.—My
revenge is now at Milford: would I had wings
to follow it!—Come, and be true. [*Exit.*]

Pis. Thou bidd'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
And find not her whom thou pursuest.
flow,
You heavenly blessings, on her!—This
speed
Be cross'd with slowness; labour to the

SCENE VI.—*Before the Cave of Pisanio.*
Enter Imogen, in boy's clothes.

Imo. I see, a man's life is a tedious one.
I have tir'd myself; and for two days
gether
Have made the ground my bed. I should
But that my resolution helps me.—Alas!
When from the mountain top Pisanio
thee,
Thou wast within a ken: O Jove! I thought
Foundations fly the wretched soul.
Where they should be reliev'd. Two
told me

I could not miss my way; will poor souls
That have afflictions on them, know
A punishment, or trial? Yes; no more
When rich ones scarce tell true of
fulness
Is sorer, than to lie for need; and then
Is worse in kingly than beggary.

lord!
Thou art one o' the false ones; now I
My hunger's gone; but even before I
At point to sink for food.—But some
Here is a path to it: 'tis some cavity
I were best not call; I dare not

famine,
Ere clean it o'erthrow nature, make it
Plenty, and peace, breads cowardly
ever

Of hardness is mother.—Ho! Who's
If anything that's civil, speak; (I
Take, or lend.—Ho!—No answer!
enter.

Best draw my sword; and if mine enemy
But fear the sword like me, he'll scarce
on't.

Such a foe, good heavens! [*Goes into the cave.*]

Enter Belarius, Guiderius, and Arviragus.
Bel. You, Polydore, have prov'd

man, and
Are master of the feast: Cadwal and I
Will play the cook and wait.

match:—
The sweat of industry would dry
But for the end it works to.

stomachs
Will make what's homely, savoury
Can snore upon the flint, when rest

Finds the down pillow hard.—
Poor house, that keep'st thyself
I am through

Gui.
Are I am weak with toll,
appetite.

Gui. There is cold meat I'll
Whilst what we have kill'd be eat

oppositions: yet this imperseverant thing loves him in my despite. What mortality is! Post-humus, 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, hardly, be a little angry for my so rough usage; but my mother, having power of his testiness, shall turn all into my commendations. My horse is tied up safe: out, sword, and to a sore purpose! Fortune, put them into my hand! This is the very description of their meeting-place; and the fellow dares not deceive me.

[Exit.]

SCENE II.—Before the Cave.

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

Bel. [To Imogen.] You are not well: remain here in the cave;

We'll come to you after hunting.

Arv. [To Imogen.] Brother, stay here: Are we not brothers?

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

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 Is breach of all. I am ill; but your being by Cannot amend me: society is no comfort [me 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 base:

Nature hath meal and bran, contempt and I am not their father; yet who this should be, Doth miracle itself, lov'd before me,— 'Tis the ninth hour o' the morn.

Arv. Brother, farewell.

Imo. I wish ye sport.

Arv. You health.—So please, sir,

Imo. [Aside.] These are kind creatures. Gods, what lies I have heard!

Our courtiers say, all's savage but at court! Experience, O, thou disprove it! report! The imperious seas breed monsters; for the Poor tributary rivers as sweet fish. I am sick still; heart sick.—Phanilo, I'll now taste of thy drug.

Gui.

He said, he was gentle, but unfortunate! Dishonestly afflicted, but yet honest.

Arv. Thus did he answer me: I might know more.

Bel. To the field, to the field! [To Imo.] We'll leave you for this time, in, and rest.

Arv. We'll not be long away.

Bel. For you must be our housewife.

Imo. I am bound to you.

Bel. And shall be ever.

This youth, how'er distressed, appears to Good ancestors.

Arv.

Gui. But his neat cookery! he outdoes in characters;

And sauc'd our broth, as Juno had her own.

Arv.

A smiling with a sigh; as if the sigh Was that it was, for not being such a

The smile mocking the sigh, that it would From so divine a temple, to commit

With winds that sailors rail at.

Gui.

That grief and patience, rooted in his breast, Mingle their spurs together.

Arv.

And let the stinking elder, grief, His perishing root with the increased

Bel. It is great morning. Who's there!

Arv.

Clot. I cannot find these roses; Hath mock'd me:—I am faint

Bel.

Means he not us! I partly know him, Cloten, the son o' the queen.

I saw him not these many years, and I know 'tis he.—We are held

Arv.

Gui. He is but one: you and me What companies are near: pray you, Let me alone with him.

Arv.

Clot. That fly me thus! some villain answer I have heard of such.—What slave

Gui.

More slavish did I ne'er, than to know A "slave" without a knock.

Clot.

A law-breaker, a villain: yield thee

Gui.

Thou art a law-breaker, a villain: yield thee

Clot.

Thou art a law-breaker, a villain: yield thee

To whom? to thee? What art thou?
Have not I
As big as thou? a heart as big?
I grant, are bigger; for I wear not
In my mouth. Say what thou art,
I could yield to thee!

Thou villain base,
Not by my clothes?
No, nor thy tailor, rascal,
Thy grandfather: he made those
As it seems, make thee. [clothes,
Thou precious varlet,
Made them not.

Hence, then, and thank
Those that gave them thee. Thou art some
To beat thee. [fool;
Thou injurious thief,
My name, and tremble.

What's thy name?
[name,
Cloten, thou villain, be thy
Tremble at it: were it toad, or adder,
I'd move me sooner. [spider,
To thy further fear,
Thy mere confusion, thou shalt know
To the queen.

I'm sorry for't; not seeming
As thy birth.
Those that I reverence, those I fear,—
I laugh, not fear them. [the wise;
Die the death:
I have slain thee with my proper hand,
Those that even now fled hence,
The gates of Lud's town set your heads:
Remember Belarius and Arviragus,
To company's abroad. [him, sure,
None in the world: you did mistake
I cannot tell:—long is it since I saw
[favour
Thou hast nothing blurr'd those lines of
Then he wore; the snatches in his voice,
I am ab-
[solute
In this place we left them:
My brother make good time with him,
May be he is so fell.

Being scarce made up,
Suffering terrors; for defect of judgment
The cause of fear. But see, thy brother.
This Cloten was a fool, an empty
person,—
I have no money in't: not Hercules
I have knock'd out his brains, for he had
I was doing this, the fool had borne [none:
I, as I do this.

What hast thou done?
Cloten's head,
I'll give thee, after his own report; [swore,
I'll call me traitor, mountaineer; and

With his own single hand he'd take us in,
Displace our heads, where (thank the gods!)
And set them on Lud's town. [they grow,
Bel. We are all undone.
Gai. Why, worthy father, what have we to
lose,
But that he swore to take our lives! The law
Protects not us: then why should we be tender
To let an arrogant piece of flesh threat us,
Play judge and executioner, all himself,
For we do fear the law! What company
Discover you abroad?

Bel. No single soul
Can we set eye on; but in all safe reason
He must have some attendants. Though his
humour
Was nothing but mutation,—ay, and that
From one bad thing to worse,—not frenzy, not
Absolute madness could so far have ray'd,
To bring him here alone: although, perhaps,
It may be heard at court, that such as we
Cave here, hunt here, are outlaws, and in time
May make some stronger head; the which he
hearing,
(As it is like him,) might break out, and swear
He'd fetch us in; yet is't not probable
To come alone, either he so undertaking,
Or they so suffering: then, on good ground
If we do fear this body hath a tail [we fear,
More perilous than the head.

Art. Let ordinance
Come as the gods foresay it: howsoever,
My brother hath done well.
Bel. I had no mind
To hunt this day: the boy Fidele's sickness
Did make my way long forth.
Gai. With his own sword,
Which he did wave against my throat, I have
ta'en
His head from him: I'll throw't into the creek
Behind our rock; and let it to the sea,
And tell the fishes he's the queen's son, Cloten:
That's all I reck. [Exit.
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'Would, Polydore, thou had'st not done't!
Becomes thee well enough. [though valour
Art. 'Would I had done't,
So the revenge alone pursu'd me!—Polydore,
I love thee brotherly; but envy much
Thou hast robb'd me of this deed: I would
revenges,
That possible strength might meet, would
And put us to our answer. [seek us through,
Bel. Well, 'tis done:—
We'll hunt no more to-day, nor seek for danger
Where there's no profit. I pry thee, to our
You and Fidele play the cooks: I'll stay [rock;
Till hasty Polydore return, and bring him
To dinner presently.

Art. Poor sick Fidele!
I'll willingly to him: to gain his colour,
I'd let a parish of such Clotens' blood,
And praise myself for charity. [Exit.
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With his own single hand he'd take us in,
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To dinner presently.

Thou divine Nature, how thyself thou blazon'st
In these two princely boys! They areas gentle
As zephyrs, blowing below the violet,
Not wagging his sweet head; and yet as rough,
Their royal blood enshaf'd, as the rud'at wind,
That by the top doth take the mountain pine,
And make him stoop to the vale. 'Tis wonder,
That an invisible instinct should frame them
To royalty unlearn'd; honour untaught;
Civility not seen from other; valour,
That wildly grows in them, but yields a crop
As if it had been sow'd! Yet still it's strange,
What Cloten's being here to us portends,
Or what his death will bring us.

Re-enter Guiderius.

Gui. Where's my brother?
I have sent Cloten's clotpoll down the stream,
In embassy to his mother; his body's hostage
For his return. *[Solemn music.]*

Bel. My ingenious instrument!
Hark, Polydore, it sounds! but what occasion
Hath Cadwal now to give it motion! Hark!

Gui. Is he at home?
Bel. He went hence, even now.
Gui. What does he mean? since death of
my dear'st mother

It did not speak before. All solemn things
Should answer solemn accidents. The matter?
Triumphs for nothing, and lamenting toys,
Is jollity for apes, and grief for boys.
Is Cadwal mad?

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

Bel. Look, here he comes,
And brings the dire occasion in his arms
Of what we blame him for!

Arv. The bird is dead,
That we have made so much on. I had rather
Have skip'd from sixteen years of age to sixty,
To have turn'd my leaping time into a crutch,
Than have seen this.

Gui. O, sweetest, fairest lily!
My brother wears thee not the one-half so
well,
As when thou grew'st thyself.

Bel. O melancholy!
Who ever yet could sound thy bottom? find
The ooze, to show what coast thy sluggish
crure

Might easiliest harbour in!—Thou bless'd
thing!

Jove knows what man thou might'st have
made; but I,
Thou diedst, a most rare boy, of melancholy!—
How found you him?

Arv. Stark, as you see:
Thus smiling, as some fly had tickled slumber,
Not as death's dart, being laugh'd at; his
right cheek
Reposing on a cushion.

Gui. Where?
Arv. O the floor;
His arms thus leagu'd: 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 shew'd

If he be gone, he'll make his grave a bed;
With female fairies will his tomb be haunted;
And worms will not come to thee.

Arv. With faeries down
While summer lasts, and I live here, I'll
I'll sweeten thy sad grave: thou shalt not grow
The flower that's like thy face, pale primrose,

nor
The azur'd hare-bell, like thy veins; no,
The leaf of eglantine, whom not to clasp,
Out-sweeten'd not thy breath: the cold

would,
With charitable bill (O bill, sorrow-shanted
Those rich-leaf'd hairs, that let their tresses
Without a monument!) bring thee all
Yes, and fur'd moss besides, when flowers
To winter-ground thy corse.

Gui. Pythias, have
And do not play in wench-like words with me,
Which is so serious. Let us bury him.
And not protract with admiration what
Is now due debt.—To the grave.

Arv. Say, where shall'st thy
Gui. By good Euriphile, our mother.

Arv. And let us, Polydore, though now our
Have got the mannish cracks, sing him
ground,

As once our mother: use like note and
Save that Euriphile must be false.

Gui. Cadwal,
I cannot sing: I'll weep, and woe
thee;

For notes of sorrow, out of time, are
Than priests and fates that lie.

Arv. We'll speak it
Bel. Great griefs, I see, will come
for Cloten

Is quite forgot. He was a queen's
And, though he came our enemy,
He was paid for that: though
mighty, rotting

Together, have one dust, yet reverence
(That angel of the world) will make the
Of place 'tween high and low. Our
princely;

And though you took his life, as he
Yet bury him as a prince.
Pray you, fetch him.

Gui. Thersites' body is as good as Ajax.
When neither are alive. If you'll go
Arv.

We'll say our song the whilst.—
Arv.

Gui. Nay, Cadwal, we must lay
to the east:

My father hath a reason for't.
Arv.

Gui. Come on, then, and recover
Arv.

(Unless my sins abuse my divination)
Success to the Roman host.

Luc. Dream often so,
And never false.—Soft, ho! what trunk is here,
Without his top? The ruin speaks, that some-
times

It was a worthy building.—How! a page!—
Or dead, or sleeping on him? But dead, rather;
For nature doth abhor to make his bed
With the defunct, or sleep upon the dead.—
Let's see the boy's face.

Cap. He is alive, my lord.
Luc. He'll, then, instruct us of this body.—
Young one,

Inform us of thy fortunes: for it seems
They crave to be demanded. Who is this,
Thou mak'st thy bloody pillow? Or who was
That, otherwise than noble nature did, [he,
Hath alter'd that good picture? What's thy
interest

In this sad wreck? How came it? Who is it?
What art thou?

Imo. I am nothing; or if not,
Nothing to be were better. This was my
A very valiant Briton, and a good, [master,
That here by mountaineers lies slain:—alas!
There are no more such masters: I may
wander

From east to occident, cry out for service,
Try many, all good, serve truly, never
Find such another master.

Luc. Lack, good youth!
Thou mov'st no less with thy complaining, than
Thy master in bleeding; say his name, good
friend. [He, and do

Imo. Richard du Champ.—[*Aside.*] If I do
No harm by it, though the gods hear, I hope
They'll pardon it.—Say you, sir?

Luc. Thy name?

Imo. Fidele, sir.

Luc. Thou dost approve thyself the very
name:

Thy name well fits thy faith; thy faith, thy
Wilt take thy chance with me? I will not say,
Thou shalt be so well master'd: but, be sure,
No less below'd. The Roman emperor's letters,
Sent by a consul to me, should not sooner
Than thine own worth prefer thee: go with me.

Imo. I'll follow, sir. But first, an't please
the gods,

I'll hide my master from the flies, as deep
As these poor pickaxes can dig: and when
With wild wood-leaves and weeds I have
strew'd his grave,

And on it said a century of prayers,
Such as I can, twice o'er, I'll weep and sigh;
And, leaving so his service, follow you,
So please you entertain me.

Luc. Ay, good youth;
And rather father thee, than master thee.—
My friends,
The boy hath taught us manly duties: let us
Find out the prettiest daisied plot we can,
And make him with our pikes and partisans

A grave: come, arm him.—Boy, he is
By thee to us; and he shall be inter'd,
As soldiers can. Be cheerful: wipe thine eyes.
Some falls are means the happier to some.

SCENE III.—*A Room in Cymbeline's Palace.*
Enter Cymbeline, Lords, Pleurion, and
Attendants.

Cym. Again; and bring me word how
with her.—

A fever with the absence of her son;
A madness, of which her life's in danger.
Heavens,

How deeply you at once do touch me! For
The great part of my comfort, gone; my
Upon a desperate bed, and in a time
When fearful wars point at me: her son,
So needful for this present, it strikes me
The hope of comfort.—But for this, I
Who needs must know of her departure,
Dost seem so ignorant, we'll enforce it
By a sharp torture.

Pis. Sir, my life is yours;
I humbly set it at your will: but, my
mistress,

I nothing know where she remains, why
Nor when she purposes return. Good my
Hold me your loyal servant.

1 Lord. Good my
The day that she was missing he was
I dare be bound he's true, and shall
All parts of his subjection loyally.

For Cloten,—
There wants no diligence in seeking her;
And will, no doubt, be found.

Cym. The time is trod
[*To Pis.*] We'll slip you for a season
Does yet depend.

1 Lord. So please your
The Roman legions, all from Gallia
Are landed on your coast: with a war
Of Roman gentlemen, by the senate

Cym. Now for the counsel of a
I am amaz'd with matter. Good my
1 Lord. Good my

Your preparation can affront no less
Than what you hear of: come now, I
you're ready:

The want is, but to put those powers
That long to move.

Cym. I thank you. Let's
And meet the time as it seeks us;
What can from Italy annoy us?—A way
We grieve at chances here.—[*Exeunt*]

Pis. I heard no letter from my
I wrote him Imogen was slain;
Nor hear I from my mistress, who
To yield me often tidings: not that
What is betid to Cloten; but that
Perplex'd in all:—the heavens still
Wherein I am false, I am bound
be true:

present wars shall find I love my country,
 I'll note o' the king, or I'll fall in them.
 I'll doubt, by time let them be clear'd;
 I'll bring in some bouts that are not
 clear'd.

[Exit.

IV.—*Before the Cave of Belarius.*
Belarius, Guiderius, and Arviragus.
 The noise is round about us.

Let us from it.
 What pleasure, sir, find we in life, to
 action and adventure? [Look it

Nay, what hope
 we in hiding us? this way, the Romans
 for Britons slay us, or receive us
 for their use, and slay us after.

Sons,
 to the mountains; there secure us.
 Your party there's no going: newness
 of death (we being not known, not

may drive us to a render
 we have liv'd; and so extort from's
 we have done, whose answer would be
 with torture.

This is, sir, a doubt,
 dying us.

It is not likely,
 they hear the Roman horses neigh,
 their quarter'd fires, have both their eyes
 so they'd importantly as now,
 they will waste their time upon our note,
 from whence we are.

O, I am known
 in the army; many years,
 when I was then but young, you see, not
 my remembrance. And, besides, the
 I'd my service, nor your loves;
 in my exile the want of breeding,
 of this hard life; aye hopeless
 the courtesy your cradle promis'd,
 I still hot summer's tawlings, and
 thinking slaves of winter.

Than he so,
 Pray, sir, to the army:
 my brother are not known; yourself,
 of thought, and thereto so o'ergrown,
 question'd.

By this sun that shines,
 what thing is it that I never
 can die I scarce ever look'd on blood,
 of coward hares, hot goats, and

I and a horse, save one that had
 on his heel? I am ashamed
 upon the holy sun, to have
 of his bless'd beams, remaining
 a poor unknown.

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!

[Exit.

So say I: Amen.

Bel. No reason I, since of your lives you set
 So slight a valuation, should reserve [boys!
 My crack'd one to more care. Have with you,
 If in your country wars you chance to die,
 That is my bed too, lads, and there I'll lie:
 Lead, lead.—[Aside.] The time seems long;
 their blood thinks scorn,
 Till it fly out, and show them princes born.

[Exit.

ACT V.

SCENE I.—*Britain. A Field between the
 British and Roman Camps.*

Enter Posthumus, with a bloody handkerchief.

Post. Yen, bloody cloth, I'll keep thee; for
 I wish'd

Thou shouldst be colour'd thus. You married
 ones,

If each of you should take this course, how
 many

Must murder wives much better than them-
 selves,

For wrying but a little!—O Pisanio!

Every good servant does not all commands:
 No bond, but to do just ones.—Gods! if you
 Should have ta'en vengeance on my faults, I
 never

Had liv'd to put on this; so had you sav'd
 The noble Imogen to repent; and struck

Me, wretch, more worth your vengeance.
 But, alack,

You snatch some hence for little faults; that's
 love.

To have them fall no more; you some permit
 To second ills with ills, each elder worse,
 And make them dread it, to the doer's thrift.
 But Imogen is your own: do your best wills,
 And make me bless'd to obey!—I am brought
 hither

Among the Italian gentry, and to fight
 Against my lady's kingdom: 'tis enough

That, Britain, I have kill'd thy mistress; peace!
 I'll give no wound to thee. Therefore, good
 heavens,

Hear patiently my purpose; I'll disrobe me
 Of these Italian weeds, and suit myself

As does a Briton peasant: so I'll fight
 Against the part I come with; so I'll die

For thee, O Imogen! even for whom my life
 Is, every breath, a death: and thus, unknown,

Pitied nor hated, to the face of peril
 Myself I'll dedicate. Let me make men know

More valour in me, than my habits show,
 Gods, put the strength o' the Leonati in me!

To shame the guise o' the world, I will begin
 The fashion, less without, and more within.

[Exit.

SCENE II.—The Same.

Enter, from one door, Lucius, Imogen, Iachimo, and the Roman Army; the British at another; Leonatus Posthumus, following like a poor soldier. They march over and go out. Then enter again in skirmish, Iachimo and Posthumus: he vanquisheth and disarmeth Iachimo, and then leaves him.

Iach. The heaviness and guilt within my bosom

Takes off my manhood: I have belied a lady, The princess of this country, and the air on't Revengingly enfeebles me; or could this carl, A very drudge of nature's, have subdu'd me In my profession?—Knighthoods and honours, As I wear mine, are titles but of scorn. [borne If that thy gentry, Britain, go before This lost, as he exceeds our lords, the odds Is, that we scarce are men, and you are gods.

[*Exit.*

The battle continues; the Britons fly; Cymbeline is taken; then enter, to his rescue, Belarius, Guiderius, and Arviragus.

Bel. Stand, stand! We have the advantage of the ground;

The lane is guarded: nothing routs us, but The villainy of our fears.

Gul., Arv. Stand, stand, and fight!

Re-enter Posthumus, and seconds the Britons; they rescue Cymbeline, and exeunt: then, enter Lucius, Imogen, and Iachimo.

Luc. Away, boy, from the troops, and save thyself;

For friends kill friends, and the disorder's such As war were hood-wink'd.

Iach. 'Tis their fresh supplies.

Luc. It is a day turn'd strangely: or betimes Let's re-inforce, or fly. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—Another part of the Field.

Enter Posthumus and a British Lord.

Lord. Cam'st thou from where they made the stand?

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

Lord. I did.

Post. No blame be to you, sir; for all was lost,

But that the heavens fought; the king himself Of his wings destitute, the army broken, And but the backs of Britons seen, all flying Through a strait lane; the enemy full-hearted, Lolling the tongue with slaughtering, having work

More plentiful than tools to do't, struck down Some mortally, some slightly touch'd, some falling

Merely through fear; that the strait pass was With dead men hurt behind, and cowards fly- To die with lengthen'd shame.

Lord. Where was this lane?

Post. Close by the battle, ditch'd, and wall'd with turf;

Which gave advantage to an ancient soldier. An honest one, I warrant; who does't breed So long a breeding as his white beard. In doing this for his country:—adieu, lane,

He, with two striplings, [made more alive to] The country base, than to commit slaughter;

With faces fit for masks, or rather fairer Than those for preservation and'd, or shaming

Made good the passage; cried to those that fled,

"Our Britain's hearts die flying, not your backs To darkness fleet, souls that fly back."

Stand!

Or we are Romans, and will give you the Like beats, which you show deadly, and save,

But to look back in frown: stand, stand, stand!

These three, Three thousand confident, in act as these

(For three performers are the tale, when The rest do nothing,) with this word,

stand!

Accommodated by the place, most of them With their own nobleness, (which could A distaff to a lance,) gilded pale looks

Part shame, part spirit renew'd; then turn'd coward

But by example (O, a sin in war, Damn'd in the first beginners!) you to

The way that they did, and to gain the Upon the pikes of the hunters; none

A stop if the chaser, a retire; none A rout, confusion thick: forthwith

Chickens, the way which they stay'd slaves,

The strides their victors made; and towards

(Like fragments in hard voyages) heaving The life o' the need; having found

door open Of the unguarded hearts, Heaven

Some slain before; some dying friends

O'er-borne if the former wave; for Are now each one the slaughter-monger

Those that would die or are ready to die The mortal bugs o' the field.

Lord. This was done A narrow lane, an old man, and made

Post. Nay, do not wonder at the things made

Rather to wonder at the things Than to work any. Will you fly

And vent it for a mockery? Here "Two boys, an old man twice a day

Preserv'd the Britons, was the Lord.

Lord. Nay, be not angry, who dares not stand his foe,

Post. For if he'll do, as he is made to I know he'll quickly fly my

You have put me into rhyme.

Farewell; you are angry.

[Exit.

O noble

going!—This is a lord! O noble

field, and ask, what news, of me!

how many would have given their

carcasses! took heel to

too! I, in mine own woe

Death where I did hear him

he struck: being an ugly

hides him in fresh cups, soft

or hath more ministers than we

knives i' the war.—Well, I will

now a favourer to the Briton,

I have resum'd again

in: fight I will no more,

to the veriest hind that shall [is

by the Romans; great the slaughter

[death: for me, my ransom's

comes to spend my breath:

here I'll keep, nor bear again,

by some means for Imogen.

British Captains, and Soldiers,

Great Jupiter be praised! Lucius

the old man and his sons were

There was a fourth man, in a silly

the affront with them.

So 'tis reported: who

can be found.—Stand! who

not now been drooping here, if

Lay hands on him; a dog!—

shall not return to tell

have peck'd them here;—he brags

of note: bring him to the king.

Cymbeline, attended: Belarius, Gui-

arrigus, Pisanio, and Roman Cap-

The Captains present Posthumus to

who delivers him over to a

after which, all go out.

Act IV.—Britain. A Prison.

Posthumus and two Gaolers.

[Enter Posthumus and two Gaolers.

You shall not now be stolen, you have

upon you;

you had pasture.

Ay, or a stomach.

[Exit Gaolers.

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Posthumus and two Gaolers.

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You shall not now be stolen

Moth. With marriage wherefore was he
To be exil'd, and thrown [mock'd,
From Leonati's seat, and cast
From her his dearest one,
Sweet Imogen?

Sici. Why did you suffer Iachimo,
Slight thing of Italy,
To taint his nobler heart and brain
With needless jealousy;
And to become the geck and scorn
O' the other's villainy?

2 Bro. For this, from stiller seats we came,
Our parents, and us twain,
That, striking in our country's cause,
Fell bravely, and were slain;
Our fealty, and Tenuantius' fight,
With honour to maintain.

1 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 dolours turn'd?

Sici. Thy crystal window ope; look out;
No longer exercise,
Upon a valiant race, thy harsh
And potent injuries.

Moth. Since, Jupiter, our son is good,
Take off his miseries.

Sici. Peep through thy marble mansion;
Or we poor ghosts will cry, [help]
To the shining synod of the rest,
Against thy deity.

2 Bro. Help, Jupiter! or we appeal,
And from thy justice fly.

*Jupiter descends in thunder and lightning,
sitting upon an eagle: he throws a thunder-
bolt. The ghosts fall on their knees.*

Jup. No more, you petty spirits of region low,
Offend our hearing: hush! How dare you
ghosts

Accuse the thunderer, whose bolt, you know,
Sky-planted, batters all rebelling coasts?
Poor shadows of Elysium, hence; and rest
Upon your never-withering banks of flowers:

Be not with mortal accidents oppress'd:

No care of yours it is; you know 'tis ours.

Whom best I love, I cross; to make my gift,
The more delay'd, delighted. Be content;

Your low-laid son our godhead will uplift:

His comforts thrive, his trials well are spent.

Our jovial star reign'd at his birth, and in
Our temple was he married.—Else, and

He shall be lord of lady Imogen, [fade!—
And happier much by his affliction made.

This tablet lay upon his breast; wherein
Our pleasure his full fortune doth confine:

And so, away: no further with your din
Express impatience, lest you stir up mine.—

Mount, eagle, to my palace crystalline.

[*Ascends.*

Sici. He came in thunder; his
breath

Was sulphurous to smell: the holy
Stoop'd, as to foot us: his ascension
More sweet than our bless'd holds;
Prunes the immortal wing, and cloys
As when his god is pleas'd. Thanks,

All. The marble pavement
enter'd

His radiant roof.—Away! and, to be
Let us with care perform his great

Post. [Waking.] Sleep, thou hast
grandeur, and begot

A father to me; and thou hast created
A mother, and two brothers: but (O
Gone! they went hence so soon as they

born;

And so I am awake. Poor wretch,
On greatness' favour, dream as I have

Wake, and find nothing. But, alas, I
Many dream not to find, neither dream
And yet are steep'd in favours; so and
That have this golden chance, and yet

why.

What fairies haunt this ground! A
Be not, as is our fangled world, a
Nobler than that it covers: let thy

So follow, to be most unlike our
As good as promise.

[*Reacts.*] "When as a lion's
to himself unknown, without seeking
be embraced by a piece of cedar
when from a stately cedar shall
branches, which, being dead
shall after revive, be jointed to the
and freshly grow; then shall Posthumus
his miseries, Britain be fortunate,
in peace and plenty."

'Tis still a dream, or else such stuff
Tongue, and brain not: either

thing:

Or senseless speaking, or a speaking
As sense cannot untie. Be what it
The action of my life is like it, which
I'll keep, if but for sympathy.

Enter Gaoler.

Gaol. Come, sir, are you ready?

Post. Over-roasted, rather: I am
Gaol. Hanging is the word;

ready for that, you are well cool'd.

Post. So, if I prove a good
spectators, the dish pays the meat.

Gaol. A heavy reckoning for
the comfort is, you shall be taver

payments, fear no more taver

are often the sadness of part

curing of mirth; you come in
of meat, depart feeling with too

sorry that you have paid too much

that you are paid too much: the

both empty,—the brain the

too light the purse too light

of this contradiction you shall
 (Call—) the charity of a penny cord!
 up thousands in a trice: you have no
 and-cressitor but it; of what's past,
 to come, the discharge:—your neck,
 you took, and counters; so the ac-
 follows.
 I am surrier to die, than thou art to
 Indeed, sir, he that sleeps feels not
 ache; but a man that were to sleep
 and a hangman to help him to
 he would change places with his
 for, look you, sir, you know not which
 shall go.

Yes, indeed do I, fellow.
 Your death has eyes in'a head, then;
 and seen him so pictur'd: you must
 be directed by some that take upon
 know, or take upon yourself, that
 I am sure you do not know; or jump
 enquiry on your own peril: and how
 I'll speed in your journey's end, I think
 never return to tell one.
 Tell these, fellow, there are none want
 direct them the way I am going, but
 will, and will not use them.
 What an infinite mock is this, that a
 I have the best use of eyes to see
 of blindness! I am sure, hanging's
 of winking.

Enter a Messenger.
 Kneel off his manacles;—bring your
 to the king.
 You bring't good news,—I am call'd
 I'll be hang'd, then.
 You shall be then fearer than a gaoler;
 for the dead.

[Exeunt Pothamus and Mess.
 Unless a man would marry a gallows,
 of young gibbets, I never saw one so
 on my conscience, there are
 and there be some of them too, that
 their wills; so should I, if I were
 and we were all of one mind, and
 good: O, there were desolation of
 and gallowses! I speak against my
 profit, but my wish hath a preferment
 [Exeunt.]

SCENE V.—Cymbeline's Tent.
 Cymbeline, Belarius, Guiderius, Arviragus,
 Lords, Officers, and Attendants.
 Stand by my side, you whom the
 have made
 of my throne. Woo is my heart,
 that so richly fought,
 should gilded arms, whose naked
 [found:]
 before targets of proof, cannot be
 can make him so.

Bel. I never saw
 Such noble fury in so poor a thing;
 Such precious deeds in one that promis'd
 But beggary and poor looks. [nought]

Cym. No tidings of him!
 Pis. He hath been search'd among the
 But no trace of him. [dead and living,

Cym. To my grief, I am
 The heir of his reward: which I will add
 [To Bel., Gu., and Arv.]

To you, the liver, heart, and brain of Britain,
 By whom, I grant, she lives. 'Tis now the
 To ask of whence you are:—report it. [time]

Bel. Sir,
 In Cambria are we born, and gentlemen:
 Further to boast, were neither true nor
 Unless I add, we are honest. [modest,

Cym. Bow your knees.
 Arise, my knights of the battle: I create you
 Companions to our person, and will fit you
 With dignities becoming your estates.

Enter Cornelius and Ladies.
 There's business in these faces:—Why so
 sadly

Greet you our victory? you look like Romans,
 And not o' the court of Britain.

Cor. Hail, great king!
 To sour your happiness, I must report
 The queen is dead.

Cym. Whom worse than a physician
 Would this report become? But I consider,
 By medicine life may be prolong'd, yet death
 Will seize the doctor too.—How ended she?

Cor. With horror, madly dying, like her
 life;

Which, being cruel to the world, concluded
 Most cruel to herself. What she confess'd,
 I will report, so please you: these her women
 Can trip me, if I err; who with wet cheeks
 Were present when she finish'd.

Cym. Prythee, say.
 Cor. First, she confess'd she never lov'd
 you; only

Affected greatness got by you, not you:
 Married your royalty, was wife to your place;
 Abhor'd your person.

Cym. She alone knew this;
 And, but she spoke it dying, I would not
 Believe her lips in opening it. Proceed.

Cor. Your daughter, whom she bore in hand
 With such integrity, she did confess [to love
 Was as a scorpion to her sight; whose life,
 But that her sight prevented it, she had
 Ta'en off by poison.

Cym. O most delicate fiend!
 Who isn't can read a woman!—Is there more?

Cor. More, sir, and worse. She did con-
 fess, she had

For you a mortal mineral; which, being took,
 Should by the minute feed on life, and linger-
 ing, [pos'd]

By inches waste you: in which time she pur-
 By watching, weeping, tendance, kissing, to
 O'ercome you with her show: yes, and in time,

(When she had fitted you with her craft,) to work

Her son into the adoption of the crown :
But, failing of her end by his strange absence,
Grew shameless-desperate ; open'd, in despite
Of heaven and men, her purposes ; repented
The evils she hatch'd were not effected ; so,
Despairing, died.

Cym. Heard you all this, her women ?

1 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,

Than though her like her seeming ; it had
To have mistrusted her : yet, O my daughter !
That it was folly in me thou may'st say,
And prove it in thy feeling. Heaven mend all !
*Enter Lucius, Imthimo, the Soothsayer, and
other Roman Prisoners, guarded : Posthu-
mus behind, and Imogen.*

Thou com'st not, Cains, now for tribute ; that
The Britons have raz'd out, though with the
loss

Of many a bold one : whose kinsmen have
That their good souls may be appeas'd with
slaughter

Of you their captives, which ourself have
So, think of your estate.

Luc. Consider, sir, the chance of war : the
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
Will have it thus, that nothing but our lives
May be call'd ransom, let it come : sufficeeth,
A Roman with a Roman's heart can suffer ;
Augustus lives to think on't : and so much
For my peculiar care. This one thing only
I will entreat : my boy, a Briton born,
Let him be ransom'd : never master had
A page so kind, so duteous, diligent,
So tender over his occasions, true,
So feat, so nurse-like ; let his virtue join
With my request, which I'll make bold your
highness

Cannot deny ; he hath done no Briton harm,
Though he have serv'd a Roman : save him,
And spare no blood beside.

Cym. I have surely seen him :
His favour is familiar to me.—Boy,
Thou hast look'd thyself into my grace,
And art mine own,—I know not why, nor
wherefore,

To say, live, boy : ne'er thank thy master ;
And ask of Cymbeline what boon thou wilt,
Pitting my bounty and thy state, I'll give it ;
Yea, though thou do demand a prisoner,
The noblest ta'en.

Imo. I humbly thank your highness.

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

Imo. No, no ; no ; no ; no ; no ; no ; no ;
There's other work in hand : I see a thing

Bitter to me as death : your life, good
Must shuffle for itself.

Luc. The boy disdains
He leaves me, scorns me : briefly

Joys,
That place them on the truth of

Why stands he so perplex'd ?
Cym. What wouldst thou

I love thee more and more : I think
more

What's best to ask. Know'st him then
on I speak ;

Wilt have him live ? Is he thy
Imo. He is a Roman : no more

Than I to your highness ; who, being
Am something nearer.

Cym. Wherefore cry'st
Imo. I'll tell you, sir, in private

To give me hearing. Ay, with all my
Cym. attention

And lend my best attention. What
Imo. Fidele, sir.

Cym. Thou art my good youth, my
I'll be thy master : walk with me ;

[*Cymbeline and Imogen come
Beh.* Is not this boy reviv'd from death ?
One

Amn. Not more resembles : that sweet rosy
Who died, and was Fidele. What

Out. The same dead thing alive.
Bel. Peace, peace ! see further ; he

not ; forbear ;
Creatures may be alike : wasn't he

He would have spoke to us. But we saw
Gui. It is my

Bel. Be silent ; let's see further. It is my
Pis. [Aside.] Since she is living, let the time run

To good, or bad.
[*Cymbeline and Imogen*

Cym. Come, stand thou by
Make thy demand aloud.—[*To Imogen*

step you forth ;
Give answer to this boy, and do it

Or, by our greatness, and the good
Which is our honour, utter to him

Winnow the truth from falsehood
to him.

Imo. My boon is, that this gentleman
Of whom he had this ring.

Post. [Aside.] What's that ?
Cym. That diamond upon your

How came it yours ?
Imo. Thou'rt torture me to learn

Which is to be spoke, would torture
Cym.

Imo. I am glad to be acquainted
that

Which torments me to know
I got this ring : 'twas I that

Whom thou didst banish ; and
may grieve thee

As it doth me) a nobler sin than
'Twixt sky and ground.

Al! that belongs to this.
That paragon, thy daughter,—
Whom my heart drops blood, and my
Spirits to remember,—Give me leave; I faint.

My daughter! what of her? Renew
My strength:
I rather thou shouldst live while nature
Will.

Upon a time, (unhappy was the clock
Of the hour!) it was in Rome, (ac-
cording to the hour!) 'twas at a feast, (O,
which I hear'd to head!) the good
Posthumus,

Which I hear'd to head!) the good
Posthumus,

Which I hear'd to head!) the good
Posthumus,

Which I hear'd to head!) the good
Posthumus,

Which I hear'd to head!) the good
Posthumus,

Which I hear'd to head!) the good
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Which I hear'd to head!) the good
Posthumus,

Which I hear'd to head!) the good
Posthumus,

Which I hear'd to head!) the good
Posthumus,

Which I hear'd to head!) the good
Posthumus,

Of hope, not longing, mine Italian brain
'Can in your duller Britain operate
Most vilely; for my vantage, excellent;
And, to be brief, my practice so prevail'd,
That I return'd with similar proof enough
To make the noble Leonatus mad,
By wounding his belief in her renown
With tokens thus, and thus; averring notes
Of chamber-hanging, pictures, this her bracelet,
(O cunning, how I got it!) nay, some marks
Of secret on her person, that he could not
But think her bond of chastity quite crack'd,
I having ta'en the forfeit. Whereupon,—
Methinks I see him now,—

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

Imo. Peace, my lord; hear, hear—
Post. Shall's have a play of this? Thou
scornful page,

There lie thy part. [Striking her: she falls.
Pis. O, gentlemen, help!

Mine, and your mistress!—O, my lord Post-
humus! [help!—
You ne'er kill'd Imogen till now.—Help,
Mine honour'd lady!

Cym. Does the world go round?
Post. How comes these staggers on me?

Pis. Wake, my mistress!
Cym. If this be so, the gods do mean to
To death with mortal joy. [strike me

Pis. How fares my mistress?
Imo. O, get thee from my sight:
Thou gav'st me poison: dangerous fellow,
hence!

Breathe not where princes are.
Cym. The tune of Imogen!

Pis. Lady,
The gods throw stones of sulphur on me, if
That box I gave you was not thought by me
A precious thing: I had it from the queen.

Cym. New matter still?
Imo. It poison'd me.

Cor. O gods!
I left out one thing which the queen confess'd,
Which must approve thee honest: "If *Pisa-*
nio [confection

Have," said she, "given his mistress that

Which I gave him for cordial, she is serv'd
As I would serve a rat."

Cym.

What's this, Cornelius?
Cor. The queen, sir, very oft importun'd me
To temper poisons for her; still pretending
The satisfaction of her knowledge only
In killing creatures vile, as cats and dogs,
Of no esteem: I, dreading that her purpose
Was of more danger, did compound for her
A certain stuff, which, being ta'en, would
cease

The present power of life; but, in short time,
All offices of nature should again
Do their due functions.—Have you ta'en of it?

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

Bel.

My boys,
There was our error.

Gui.

This is, sure, Fidele.

Imo. Why did you throw your wedded lady
from you?

Think that you are upon a rock; and now
Throw me again.

Post.

Hang there like fruit, my soul,
Till the tree die!

Cym.

How now, my flesh, my child?
What, mak'st thou me a dullard in this act?
Wilt thou not speak to me?

Imo. [Kneeling.]

Your blessing, sir.

Bel. [To Gui. and Arv.]

Though you did
love this youth, I blame ye not;
You had a motive for't.

Cym.

My tears that fall,
Prove holy water on thee! Imogen,
Thy mother's dead.

Imo.

I am sorry for't, my lord.
Cym. O, she was naught; and 'long of her
it was,

That we meet here so strangely: but her son
Is gone, we know not how, nor where.

Pis.

My lord,
Now fear is from me, I'll speak truth. Lord
Upon my lady's missing, came to me [Cloten,
With his sword drawn; foam'd at the mouth,
and swore,

If I discover'd not which way she was gone,
It was my instant death. By accident,
I had a feign'd letter of my master's
Then in my pocket; which directed him
To seek her on the mountains near to Milford;
Where, in a frenzy, in my master's garments,
Which he enforc'd from me, away he posts
With unchaste purpose, and with oath to
violate

My lady's honour: what became of him,
I further know not.

Gui.

Let me end the story:
I slew him there.

Cym.

Marry, the gods forfend!
I would not thy good deeds should from my lips
Pluck a hard sentence: pr'ythee, valiant youth,
Deny't again.

Gui.

I have spoke it, and I did it.

Cym.

He was a prince.

Gui.

A most uncivil one: the wrongs he did

Were nothing prince-like; for he did prove
me

With language that would make me spare
If it could so roar to me: I cut off's head!
And am right glad he is not standing
To tell this tale of mine.

Cym.

By thine own tongue thou art condemn'd.
Endure our law: thou art dead.

Imo.

I thought had been my lord.

Cym.

And take him from our presence.

Bel.

This man is better than the man he slays.
As well descended as thyself; and his
More of thee merited, than a hand of
Had ever scar for.—[To the Guards]

Arv.

They were not born for bondage.

Cym.

Wilt thou undo the worth thou art now
By tasting of our wrath?

Arv.

As good as we!

Cym.

And thou shalt die for't.

Bel.

But I will prove that two of us are as good
As I have given out him.—My son, I
For mine own part, unfold a dangerous
Though, haply, well for you.

Arv.

And our good his.

Gui.

By leave:—thou hadst, great king,
Was call'd Belarius.

Cym.

A banish'd traitor.

Bel.

Assum'd this age: indeed, a banish'd
I know not how a traitor.

Cym.

The whole world shall not save him.

Bel.

First pay me for the nursing of the
And let it be confiscate all, so soon
As I have receiv'd it.

Cym.

Nursing of my
Bel. I am too blunt and saucy:
Ere I arise, I will prefer my sons;

Cym.

Then, spare not the old father.

Bel.

These two young gentlemen, that
father,

And think they are my sons, are none of mine
They are the issue of your loins, my son,
And blood of your begetting.

Cym.

Bel. So sure as you your father's
Morgan,

Am that Belarius whom you
Your pleasure was my mere offence

ishment

Itself, and all my treason: that I
Was all the harm I did.

well and so they are) these twenty years
I train'd up: those arts they have, as I
put into them; my breeding was, sir, as
your highness knows. Their nurse, Euriphile,
was for the theft I wedded, stole these
children

my punishment: I mov'd her to't;
I was ready'd the punishment before,
that which I did then: beaten for loyalty,
I sent me to treason: their dear loss,
of you 'twas felt, the more it shap'd
my end of standing them. But, gracious

are your sons again; and I must lose
of the sweetest companions in the world:
I see on their heads like dew I for they are
only heaven with stars. [worthy

Thou weep'st, and speak'st.
Thou than this thou tell'st: I lost my
children;
to they, I know not how to wish
of worthier sons.

Be pleas'd a while.—
I call Polydore,
worthy prince, as yours, is true Guiderius:
gentleman, my Cadwal, Arviragus,
younger princely son; he, sir, was lepp'd
most curious mantle, wrought by the hand
of queen mother, which, for more proba-
tion, with ease produce.

Guiderius had
a mark of wonder.
his neck a mole, a sanguine star;
a mark of wonder.

This is he;
his bath upon him still that natural stamp:
his nature's end in the donation,
his evidence now.

O, what, am I
to the birth of three? Ne'er mother
delivered more. Blest pray you be,
after this strange starting from your orbs,
may reign in them now!—O Imogen,
lost by this a kingdom.

No, my lord;
two worlds by't.—O my gentle
brothers,
he that met! O, never say hereafter,
I was but your sister; I you brothers,
you were so indeed.

Did you e'er meet?

And at first meeting lov'd;
so, until we thought he died.
By the queen's dream she swallow'd.

O rare instinct!
I hear all through! This scarce
circumstantial branches, which
should be rich in.—Where? how
[tive?]

How came you to serve our Roman cap-

How parted with your brothers? how first met
them? [These,

Why fled you from the court? and whither?
And your three motives to the battle, with
I know not how much more, should be de-
manded;

And all the other by-dependencies, [place,
From chance to chance: but nor the time, nor
Will serve our long inter'gatories. See,
Posthumus anchors upon Imogen; [eye
And she, like harmless lightning, throws her
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 Bel.] Thou art my brother; so we'll hold
these ever.

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

Cym. All o'erjoy'd
Save these in bonds: let them be joyful too,
For they shall taste our comfort.

Imo. My good master,
I will yet do you service.

Luc. Happy be you!

Cym. The forlorn soldier, that so nobly
fought,

He would have well become this place, and
The thankings of a king. [grac'd

Post. I am, sir,
The soldier that did company these three
In poor beseeching; 'twas a fitment for
The purpose I then follow'd; that I was he.

Speak, Iachimo: I had you down, and might
Have made you finish.

Iach. [Kneeling.] I am down again:
But now my heavy conscience sinks my knee,
As then your force did. Take that life, be
seech 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.

Arr. You help us, sir,
As you did mean indeed to be our brother;
Joy'd are we, that you are. [of Rome.

Post. Your servant, princes.—Good my lord
Call forth your soothsayer: as I slept, me-
Giant Jupiter, upon his eagle sprack'd, [thought
Appear'd to me, with other spritely shows
Of mine own kindred: when I wak'd, I found
This label on my bosom; whose containing
Is so from sense in hardness that I can
Make no collection of it: let him show
His skill in the construction.

Luc. Philarmenus!

Sooth. Here, my good lord.

Luc. Read, and declare the meaning.

Sooth. [Reads.] "When as a lion's whelp shall, to himself unknown, without seeking find, and be embraced by a piece of tender air; and when from a stately cedar shall be lopped branches, which, being dead many years, shall after revive, be jointed to the old stock, and freshly grow; then shall Posthumus end his miseries, Britain be fortunate, and flourish in peace and plenty."

Thou, Leonatus, art the lion's whelp;
The fit and apt construction of thy name,
Being Leo-natus, doth import so much.

[*To Cym.*] The piece of tender air, thy virtuous daughter,

Which we call *mollis aer*; and *mollis aer*
We term it *mutier*; which *mutier*, I divine,
Is this most constant wife; who, even now,
Answering the letter of the oracle,
Unknown to you, [*To Post.*] unsought, were
With this most tender air. [*clipp'd about*
Cym. This hath some seeming.

Sooth. The lofty cedar, royal Cymbeline,
Personates thee; and thy lopp'd branches point
Thy two sons forth; who, by Belarius stolen,
For many years thought dead, are now reviv'd,
To the majestic cedar join'd; whose issue
Promises Britain peace and plenty.

Cym. Well,
My peace we will begin:—and, Caius Lucius,
Although the victor, we submit to Caesar,
And to the Roman empire; promising

To pay our wonted tribute, from the which
We were dissuaded by our wicked queen
Whom heavens, (in justice, both on her and
hers,)
Have laid most heavy hand.

Sooth. The fingers of the powers above do
tune

The harmony of this peace. The vision,
Which I made known to Lucius ere the stroke
Of this yet scarce-cold battle, at this instant
Is full accomplish'd; for the Roman eagle,
From south to west on wing soaring aloft,
Lessen'd herself, and in the beams o' the sun
So vanish'd: which foreshow'd our privacy

eagle,
The Imperial Caesar, should again unite
His favour with the radiant Cymbeline,
Which shines here in the west.

Cym. Land we the gods;
And let our crooked smokes climb to their
nostrils

From our bless'd altars! Publish we this peace
To all our subjects. Set we forward: let
A Roman and a British ensign wave
Friendly together: so through Led's town
march:

And in the temple of great Jupiter
Our peace we'll ratify; seal it with feasts.
Set on there;—Never was a war did cease,
Ere bloody hands were wash'd, with such a
peace. [*Alarum*]

THE TRAGEDY OF MACBETH.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

King of Scotland.
 His Sons.
 Generals of the King's Army.
 Noblemen of Scotland.

Son to Banquo.
 Earl of Northumberland, General of
 the English Forces.

SCENE, — Scotland; in the end of the fourth Act, in England.

Young Siward, his Son.
 Seyton, an Officer attending Macbeth.
 Boy, Son to Macduff.
 An English Doctor.
 A Scotch Doctor.
 A Soldier. A Porter. An Old Man.
 Lady Macbeth.
 Lady Macduff.
 Gentlewoman attending on Lady Macbeth.
 Hecate, and three Witches.
 Lords, Gentlemen, Officers, Soldiers, Mur-
 derers, Attendants, and Messengers. The
 Ghost of Banquo, and other apparitions.

ACT I.

SCENE I. — An open Place.

Thunder and Lightning. Enter three Witches.

Witch. When shall we three meet again,
 Under the lightning, or in rain?
 Witch. When the hurlyburly's done,
 When the battle's lost and won.
 Witch. That will be ere the set of sun.
 Witch. Where the place?

Witch. There to meet with Macbeth.
 Al. Taddock calls: — Anon!
 Al. A foul, and foul is fair:
 Through the fog and filthy air.

Upon the heath.

Enter King Duncan, Mal-

comore, Lennox, with Attendants,

What bloody man is that? He can

be told by his plight, of the revolt [report,

What bloody man is that? He can

be told by his plight, of the revolt [report,

What bloody man is that? He can

be told by his plight, of the revolt [report,

What bloody man is that? He can

be told by his plight, of the revolt [report,

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What bloody man is that? He can

be told by his plight, of the revolt [report,

What bloody man is that? He can

Of Kernes and Gallowglasses is supplied;
 And Fortune, on his damnd quarry smiling,
 Show'd like a rebel's whore: but all's too weak:
 For brave Macbeth, (well he deserves that
 name,)

Disdaining Fortune, with his brandish'd steel,
 Which smok'd with bloody execution,
 Like valour's minion,
 Carv'd out his passage till he fac'd the slave;
 Which ne'er shook hands, nor bade farewell
 to him, [chops,
 Till he unseam'd him from the naves to the
 And fix'd his head upon our battlements.

Dun. O valiant cousin! worthy gentleman!
 Sold. As whence the sun 'gins his reflection
 Shipwrecking storms and direful thunders
 break; [to come,

So from that spring, whence comfort seem'd
 Discomfort swells. Mark, king of Scotland,
 mark:

No sooner justice had, with valour arm'd,
 Compell'd these skipping Kernes to trust their
 heels,

But the Norweyan lord, surveying vantage,
 With furbish'd arms, and new supplies of men,
 Began a fresh assault.

Dun. Dismay'd not this
 Our captains, Macbeth and Banquo?

Sold. Yes;
 As sparrows eagles, or the hare the lion.
 If I say sooth, I must report they were
 As cannons overcharg'd with double cracks;
 So they doubly redoubled strokes upon the foe:
 Except they meant to bathe in reeking wounds,
 Or memorize another Golgotha,
 I cannot tell:

But I am faint, my gashes cry for help

Dun. So well thy words become thee as thy wounds;
They smack of honour both.—Go, get him
surgeons. *[Exit Soldier, attended.*

Enter Rosse.

Who comes here?

Mal. The worthy thane of Rosse.
Len. What a haste looks through his eyes!
So should he look, that seems to speak things
Rosse. God save the king! *[strange.*

Dun. Whence cam'st thou, worthy thane?
Rosse. From Fife, great king;
Where the Norweyan banners flout the sky
And fan our people cold.

Norway himself, with terrible numbers,
Assisted by that most disloyal traitor,
The thane of Cawdor, began a dismal conflict;
Till that Bellona's bridegroom, lapp'd in proof,
Confronted him with self-comparisons,
Point against point rebellious, arm 'gainst arm,
Curbing his lavish spirit: and, to conclude,
The victory fell on us;—

Dun. Great happiness!

Rosse. That now
Sweno, the Norwey's king, craves composition;
Nor would we deign him burial of his men
Till he disburs'd, 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 pre-
sent death,

And with his former title greet Macbeth.

Rosse. I'll see it done.

Dun. What he hath lost, noble Macbeth
hath won. *[Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—A Heath.

Thunder. *Enter the three Witches.*

1 *Witch.* Where hast thou been, sister?
2 *Witch.* Killing swine.
3 *Witch.* Sister, where thou? *[lap,*
1 *Witch.* A sailor's wife had chestnuts in her
And mounch'd, and mounch'd, and mounch'd, and
mounch'd:—"Give me," quoth I:—
"Aroint thee, witch!" the rump-fed ronyon
cries.

Her husband's to Aleppo gone, master o' the
But in a sieve I'll thither sail, *[Tiger:*
And, like a rat without a tail,
I'll do, I'll do, and I'll do.

2 *Witch.* I'll give thee a wind.

1 *Witch.* Thou art kind.

3 *Witch.* And I another.

1 *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'll drain him dry as hay:

Sleep shall neither night nor day

Hang upon his pent-house lid;

He shall live a man forbid:

Weary sev'n-nights, nine times nine,

Shall he dwindle, peak, and pine:

Though his bark cannot be lost,
Yet it shall be tempest-tost.
Look what I have.

2 *Witch.* Show me, show me

1 *Witch.* Here I have a pilot's thumb,

Wreck'd as homeward he did come. *[Dramatic sound.*

3 *Witch.* A drum, a drum!

Macbeth doth come.

All. The weird sisters, hand in hand,

Posters of the sea and land,

Thus do go about, about:

Thrice to thine, and thrice to mine,

And thrice again, to make up nine!

Peace!—the charm's wound up.

Enter Macbeth and Banquo.

Macb. So foul and fair a day I have not

Ban. How far is't call'd to Forres?

Macb. Are these,

So wither'd, and so wild in their attire,

That look not like th' inhabitants o' the earth,

And yet are on't?—Live you? or are ye no?

That man may question? You seem to me

stand me,

By each at once her choppy finger laying

Upon her skinny lips:—You should be waded

And yet your beards forbid me to interpret

That you are so.

Macb. Speak, if you can;—what are ye?

1 *Witch.* All hail, Macbeth! *[thane of Cawdor]*

thane of Glamis!

2 *Witch.* All hail, Macbeth! *[thane of Cawdor]*

3 *Witch.* All hail, Macbeth! *[thane of Cawdor]*

king hereafter.

Ban. Good sir, why do you start and

Things that do sound so fair?—I' the

Are ye fantastical, or that indeed

Which outwardly ye show? My noble

You greet with present grace, and good

diction

Of noble having, and of royal hope,

That he seems rapt withal: to me you

If you can look into the seeds of time,

And say which grain will grow, and which

not,

Speak then to me, who neither beg, nor

Your favours, nor your hate.

1 *Witch.* Hail!

2 *Witch.* Hail!

3 *Witch.* Hail!

1 *Witch.* Lesser than Macbeth, and

2 *Witch.* Not so happy, yet much

3 *Witch.* Thou shalt get kings, though

be none:

So, all hail, Macbeth and Banquo!

1 *Witch.* Banquo and Macbeth, and

Macb. Stay, you imperfect speakers,

more:

By Sinel's death, I know, I am

But how of Cawdor? the thane o' the

A prosperous gentleman; and to be

Stands not within the prospect of

No more than to be Cawdor. Say,

You owe this strange intelligence,

The blasted heath you stop our way
Such prophetic greeting:—speak, I
charge you.

[Witches vanish.]
The earth hath bubbles, as the water

lakes,
And these are of them: whither are they

vanish'd?
Up, into the air; and what seem'd cor-

poral, melted
Away into the wind.—'Would they had

Were such things here as we do speak
To eat on of the insane root, [about?]

That takes the reason prisoner?
Your children shall be kings.

And thane of Cawdor too: went it
Not so?
[Who's here?]

To the self-same tune and words.
Enter Ross and Angus.

The king hath happily received, Mac-

beth, of his success: and when he reads
Of your personal venture in the rebels' fight,

Should be thine, or his: silenc'd with
Silence in the rest o' the self-same day,

And shar'd of what thyself didst make,
As thick as tale,

And every one did bear
Them down before him.

We are sent
Toward thee into his sight, not pay thee.

And, for an earnest of a greater
[Cawdor:]
What, can the devil speak true?

Who was the thane, lives yet;
Who's heavy judgment bears that life
To lose. Whether he was

of Norway; or did line the rebel
help or vantage, or that with

in his country's wreck, I know
not:—

Glance, and thane of Cawdor:
Thanks for your

Do you not hope your children
Will be kings,

Those that gave the thane of Cawdor to
That, trusted home,

Will be kings,
Those that gave the thane of Cawdor to
That, trusted home,

Will be kings,
Those that gave the thane of Cawdor to
That, trusted home,

Will be kings,
Those that gave the thane of Cawdor to
That, trusted home,

Will be kings,
Those that gave the thane of Cawdor to
That, trusted home,

Will be kings,
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That, trusted home,

Will be kings,
Those that gave the thane of Cawdor to
That, trusted home,

Will be kings,
Those that gave the thane of Cawdor to
That, trusted home,

Will be kings,
Those that gave the thane of Cawdor to
That, trusted home,

Will be kings,
Those that gave the thane of Cawdor to
That, trusted home,

The instruments of darkness tell us truths;
Win us with honest trifles, to betray us
In deepest consequence.—

Cousins, a word, I pray you.

Macb. [Aside.] Two truths are told,
As happy prologues to the swelling act
Of the imperial theme.—I thank you, gentle-

[Aside.] This supernatural soliciting
[men,
Cannot be ill; cannot be good:—if ill,

Why hath it given me earnest of success,
Commencing in a truth? I am thane of

Cawdor:

If good, why do I yield to that suggestion
Whose horrid image doth unfix my hair,
And make my seated heart knock at my ribs,
Against the use of nature? Present fears

Are less than horrible imaginings: [Instinct,
My thought, whose murder yet is but fan-

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. 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
But with the aid of use. [mould,

Macb. [Aside.] Come what come may,
Time and the hour runs through the roughest
day. [leisure,

Ban. Worthy Macbeth, we stay upon your
Macb. Give me your favour: my dull brain
was wrought [pains

With things forgotten. Kind gentlemen, your
Are register'd where every day I turn
The leaf to read them.—Let us toward the
king.— [time,

Think upon what hath chanc'd; and, at more
The interim having weigh'd it, let us speak
Our free hearts each to other.

Ban. Very gladly.
Macb. Till then, enough. Come, friends. [Exeunt,

SCENE IV.—FORRES. A Room in the Palace.
Flourish. Enter Duncan, Malcolm, Donal-

bain, Lenox, and Attendants.

Dun. Is execution done on Cawdor? Are
Those in commission yet return'd? [not

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;
Implor'd your highness' pardon; and set forth
A deep repentance: nothing in his life
Became him like the leaving it; he died
As one that had been studied in his death,
To throw away the dearest thing he ow'd,
As 'twere a careless trifle.

Dun. There's no art
To find the mind's construction in the face;
He was a gentleman on whom I built
An absolute trust.—

Enter Macbeth, Banquo, Rosse, and Angus.

O worthless 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

deserv'd; [ment
That the proportion both of thanks and pay-
Might have been mine! only I have left to say,
More is thy due than more than all can pay.

Macb. The service and the loyalty I owe,
In doing it, pays itself. Your highness' part
Is to receive our duties: and our duties
Are to your throne and state, children and

servants: [everything
Which do but what they should, by doing
Safe toward your love and honour.

Dun. Welcome hither:
I have begun to plant thee, and will labour
To make thee full of growing.—Noble Banquo,
That hast no less deserv'd, nor must be known
No less to have done so, let me infold thee,
And hold thee to my heart.

Ban. There if I grow,
The harvest is your own.

Dun. My plenteous joys
Wanton in fulness, seek to hide themselves
In drops of sorrow.—Sons, kinsmen, thanes,
And you whose places are the nearest, know,
We will establish our estate upon [after,
Our eldest, Malcolm; whom we name here-
The prince of Cumberland: which honour

Not, unaccompanied, invest him only; [must
But signs of nobleness, like stars, shall shine
On all deservers.—From hence to Inverness,
And bind us further to you. [for you;

Macb. The rest is labour, which is not us'd
I'll be myself the harbinger, and make joyful
The hearing of my wife with your approach;
So, humbly take my leave.

Dun. My worthy Cawdor!
Macb. [Aside.] The prince of Cumberland!
that is a step,

On which I must fall down, or else o'erleap,
For in my way it lies. Stars, hide your fires;
Let not light see my black and deep desires:
The eye wink at the hand! yet let that be,
Which the eye fears, when it is done, to see.

[Exit.
Dun. True, worthy Banquo; he is full so
And in his commendations I am fed; [valiant;
It is a banquet to me. Let us after him,
Whose care is gone before to bid us welcome:
It is a peerless kinsman. [Flourish. *Exeunt.*

SCENE V.—Inverness. A Room in Macbeth's
Castle.

Enter Lady Macbeth, reading a letter.

Lady M. "They met me in the day of
success; and I have learned by the perfectest
report, they have more in them than mortal
knowledge. When I burned in desire to
question them further, they made themselves
air, into which they vanished. Whiles I stood

rapt in the wonder of it, came mine ever-
king, who all-hail'd me, 'Thane of Cawdor'
by which title, before, these weird sisters
me, and referred me to the coming on of
with, 'Hail, king that shalt be!' That
thought good to deliver thee, my dearest
of greatness, that thou mightest not fear
duces of rejoicing, by being ignorant of
greatness is promised thee. Lay it to thy
and farewell."

Glamis thou art, and Cawdor; and shall be,
What thou art promis'd:—yet do I fear the
nature;

It is too full o' the milk of human kindness
To catch the nearest way: thou wouldst
Art not without ambition; but without
The illness should attend it. What thou
wouldst highly,

That thou wouldst holily; wouldst not
And yet wouldst wrongly win: thou'ldst
great Glamis,
That which cries, "Thus thou must do,"

have it;
And that which rather thou dost fear to do
Than wishest should be undone."—Hither,

That I may pour my spirits in thine ear;
And chastise with the valour of my tongue
All that impedes thee from the golden crown,
Which fate and metaphysical aid doth seem
To have thee crown'd withal.

Enter an Attendant.
What is your business?

Atten. The king comes here tonight.
Lady M. Thou'rt mad to say so.

Is not thy master with him? who were he
Would have inform'd for preparation.

Atten. So please you, it is true: he is
is coming:
One of my fellows had the speed of him
Who, almost dead for breath, bad news
Than would make up his message.

Lady M. He brings great news.—[Exit Attendant.
The raven himself is hoarse
That croaks the fatal entrance of Duncan
Under my battlements. Come, you men
That tend on mortal thoughts, awake!
And fill me, from the crown to the sole of my foot,
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
The effect and it! Come to my chamber,
breasts,
And take my milk for gall, you murdering
Wherever in your sightless substance
You wait on nature's mischief! Come,
night,
And pull thee in the dunest amulet of
That my keen knife see not the wound of my
Nor heaven peep through the blanket of the
dark,
To cry, "Hold, hold!"

Enter Macbeth.

Great Glamis! worthy Cawdor!
 Enter both, by the all-hail hereafter!
 Enter both, by the all-hail hereafter!
 Enter both, by the all-hail hereafter!

My dearest love,

And when goes hence?

Tomorrow, as he purposes,

O, never

that morrow see!

face, my thine, is as a book where men

read strange matters. To beguile the time,

and, your tongue: look like the inno-

cent flower,

the serpent under't. He that's coming

provided for: and you shall put

great business into my despatch; I

shall to all our nights and days to come

sovereign away and masterdom.

We will speak further,

Only look up clear;

your favour ever is to fear:

all the rest to me.

[*Exit.*]

VI.—Inverness. Before the Castle.

Enter Duncan, Malcolm, Don-

albano, Banquo, Lenox, Macduff, Rosse,

and Attendants.

This castle hath a pleasant seat; the

air

is sweetly recommends itself

to our gentle senses.

This guest of summer,

the dawning martlet, does approve,

our mansionry, that the heaven's breath

is so perfumed here: no jutty, frieze,

nor eagle's beak, nor pendent eave,

nor ornament of masonry

but doth his pendent bed, and procreant

most breed and haunt, I have

observed.

Enter Lady Macbeth.

See, see, our honour'd hostess!

How follows us sometime is our

love. Herein I teach

you shall bid God 'tild us for your pains,

that thank us for your trouble.

All our service,

point twice done, and then done

over and single business to contend

with those honours deep and broad, where-

fore our house: for those of old,

late dignities heap'd up to them,

yeat hermits.

Where's the thane of Cawdor?

him at the heels, and had a purpose

to have parveyor: but he rides well; (him

his guest love, sharp as his spur, hath holp

To his home before us. Fair and noble hostess,
 We are your guest to-night.

Lady M. Your servants ever
 Have theirs, themselves, and what is theirs, in

compt,
 To make their audit at your highness' pleasure,
 Still to return your own.

Dun. Give me your hand;
 Conduct me to mine host: we love him highly,
 And shall continue our graces towards him.

By your leave, hostess. [*Exit.*]

SCENE VII.—Inverness. A Room in the

Castle.

Hanbays and torches. Enter, and pass over
the stage, a Sewer, and divers Servants with
dishes and service. Then, enter Macbeth.

Macb. If it were done when 'tis done, then
 'twere well

it were done quickly: if the assassination
 Could trammel up the consequence, and catch,
 With his surcease, success; that but this blow

Might be the be-all and the end-all here,
 But here, upon this bank and shoal of time,

We'd jump the life to come. But in these cases,
 We still have judgment here; that we but teach

Bloody instructions, which, being taught, re-
 turn

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-tongu'd, against
 The deep damnation of his taking-off;

And pity, like a naked new-born babe,
 Striding the blast, or heaven's cherubim, hors'd

Upon the sightless couriers of the air,
 Shall blow the horrid deed in every eye,

That tears shall drown the wind.—I have no
 spur

To prick the sides of my intent, but only
 Vaulting ambition, which o'erleaps itself,
 And falls on the other—

Enter Lady Macbeth.

How now! what news!
Lady M. He has almost supp'd: why have

you left the chamber?
Macb. Hath he ask'd for me?

Lady M. Know you not he has?
Macb. We will proceed no further in this

business:
 He hath honour'd me of late; and I have

bought
 Golden opinions from all sorts of people,
 Which would be worn now in their newest

Not cast aside so soon. [*Gloss,*

Lady M. Was the hope drunk,
Wherein you dress'd yourself? hath it slept
since?

And wakes it now, to look so green and pale
At what it did so freely? From this time,
Such I account thy love. Art thou afraid
To be the same in thine own act and valour,
As thou art in desire? Wouldst thou have that
Which thou esteem'st the ornament of life,
And live a coward in thine own esteem,
Letting "I dare not" wait upon "I would,"
Like the poor cat i' the adage?

Macb. Prythee, 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 me:
I would, while it was smiling in my face,
Have pluck'd my nipple from his boneless
gums,

And dash'd the brains out, had I so sworn as
you

Have done to this.

Macb. If we should fail?

Lady M. We fail!
But screw your courage to the sticking-place,
And we'll not fail. When Duncan is asleep,—
Whereto the rather shall his day's hard journey
Soundly invite him,—his two chamberlains
Will I with wine and wassail so convince,
That memory, the warder of the brain,
Shall be a fume, and the receipt of reason
A limbeck only: when in swinish sleep
Their 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 undaunted mettle should compose
Nothing but males. Will it not be receiv'd,
When we have mark'd with blood those sleepy
two

Of his own chamber, and us'd their very daggers,
That they have don't?

Lady M. Who dares receive it other,
As we shall make our griefs and clamour roar
Upon his death?

Macb. I am settled, and bend up
Each corporal agent to this terrible feat.
Away, and mock the time with fairest show:
False face must hide what the false heart doth
know

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT II.

SCENE I.—Inverness. Court within the Castle.
*Enter Banquo and Fleance, with a Servant
bearing a torch.*

Ban. How goes the night, boy?
Fle. The moon is down; I have not seen
the clock.

Ban. And she goes down at twelve.
Fle. I take't, 'tis later.

Ban. Hold, take my sword:
bawdry in heaven,
Their candles are all out: take thee that
A heavy summons lies like lead upon me,
And yet I would not sleep: merciful powers,
Restrain in me the cursed thoughts that
Gives way to in repose!—Give me my sword.

Who's there?

Enter Macbeth, and a Servant with a torch.
Macb. A friend.

Ban. What, sir, not yet at rest? The
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
In measureless content.

Macb. Being unprepared,
Our will became the servant to delight;
Which else should free have wrought.

Ban. I dreamt last night of the three weird
To you they have show'd some truth.

Macb. I think not of them.
Yet, when we can entreat an hour to serve,
We would spend it in some words to you.
If you would grant the time.

Ban. At your kind request,
Macb. If you shall cleave to my counsel,
It shall make honour for you.

Ban. Good repose to you,
In seeking to augment it, but still keep
My bosom franchis'd, and allegiance free.
I shall be counsel'd.

Macb. Good repose to you,
Ban. Thanks, sir; the like to you.
[*Exeunt Banquo and Fleance.*]

Macb. Go bid thy mistress, when my
is ready,
She strike upon the bell. Get thee to bed,
To-morrow.

Is this a dagger which I see before me,
The handle toward my hand? Come, let me
clutch thee:—

I have thee not, and yet I see thee still.
Art thou not, fatal vision, sensible
To feeling as to sight? or art thou but
A dagger of the mind, a false creation,
Proceeding from the heat-oppress'd brain?

I see thee yet, in form as palpable
As this which now I draw.

Thou marshall'st me the way that leads to
And such an instrument I was to use.

Mine eyes are made the tools of this; but
[*Exeunt.*]

with all the rest: I see thee still;
thy blade and dudgeon gouts of blood,
not so before.—There's no such

bloody business, which informs
mine eyes.—Now o'er the one half

world seems dead, and wicked dreams abuse
their sleep; witchcraft celebrates
Macbeth's offerings; and wither'd murder,

ord' by his sentinel, the wolf, [pace,
howl'd his watch, thus with his stealthy
quain's ravishing strides, toward his

like a ghost.—Thou sure and firm-set
not my steps, which way they walk, for

comes prate of my whereabouts,
the present horror from the time,
now suits with it. Whiles I threat, he

to the heat of deeds too cold breath
it is done; the bell invites me.
[A bell rings.]
Duncan; for it is a knell

summons thee to heaven or to hell.
[Exit.]

SCENE II.—The Same.
Enter Lady Macbeth.

M. That which hath made them drunk
made me bold;
hath made them hath given me fire.

—Peace!
—That shriek'd, the fatal bellman,
gives the stern'st good-night.—He is

it;
are open; and the surfeited grooms
their charge with snores: I have

and nature do contend about them,
they live, or die.
[Knocking.] Who's there? what, ho!

M. Alack, I am afraid they have
not done. The attempt, and not the
deed.—Hark!—I laid their daggers

ready;
not miss them.—Had he not resem-
bled me?—I had done't.—My

Enter Macbeth.
I have done the deed.—Didst thou
hear a noise?

M. I heard the owl scream, and the
crickets cry.
When?

Now.
As I descended?

Mach. Hark!
Donalbain.
[Looking on his hands.] This is a

very night.

Lady M. A foolish thought, to say a sorry
night.

Mach. There's one did laugh in's sleep, and
one cried, "murder!" [hears them:]
That they did wake each other: I stood and
But they did say their prayers, and address'd
Again to sleep.

[them]
Lady M. There are two lodg'd together.

Mach. One cried "God bless us!" and,

"Amen," the other:

As they had seen me with these hangman's
Listening their fear, I could not say "Amen,"
When they did say, "God bless us!"

Lady M. Consider it not so deeply.

Mach. But wherefore could not I pronounce

"Amen?"

I had most need of blessing, and "Amen"
Stuck in my throat.

Lady M. These deeds must not be thought
After these ways; so, it will make us mad.

Mach. Methought I heard a voice cry,

"Sleep no more!" [sleep,
Macbeth does murder sleep,"—the innocent

Sleep that knits up the ravell'd sleeve of care,
The death of each day's life, sore labour's bath,
Balm of hurt minds, great nature's second

course,

Chief nourisher in life's feast,—

Lady M. What do you mean?

Mach. Still it cried, "Sleep no more!" to

all the house:

[Knocking.]
"Glamis hath murder'd sleep, and therefore

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.

Mach. I'll go no more:

I am afraid to think what I have done;

Look on't again, I dare not.

Lady M. Infirm of purpose!

Give me the daggers: the sleeping, and the

dead,

Are but as pictures: 'tis the eye of childhood

That fears a painted devil. If he do bleed,

I'll gild the faces of the grooms withal;

For it must seem their guilt.

[Exit. Knocking heard.]

Mach. Whence is that knocking?

How is't with me, when every noise appals me?

What hands are here? Ha! they pluck out

mine eyes!

Will all great Neptune's ocean wash this blood

Clean from my hand? No; this my hand

will rather

The multitudinous seas incarnadine,

Making the green—one red.

Re-enter Lady Macbeth.

Lady M. My hands are of your colour; but I shame [hear a knocking] To wear a heart so white.—[*Knocking.*] At the south entry:—retire we to our chamber: A little water clears us of this deed: How easy is it then! Your constancy Hath left you unattended.—[*Knocking.*] Hark! more knocking: Get on your night-gown, lest occasion call us, And show us to be watchers:—be not lost So poorly in your thoughts.

Macb. To know my deed,—'twere best not know myself. [*Knocking.*] Wake Duncan with thy knocking! I would thou couldst! [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.—*The Same.*

Knocking heard. Enter a Porter.

Porter. Here's a knocking, indeed! If a man were porter of hell-gate, he should have old turning the key.—[*Knocking.*] Knock, knock, knock! Who's there, i' the name of Beelzebub! Here's a farmer, that hanged himself on the expectation of plenty; come in time; have napkins enough about you; here you'll sweat for't.—[*Knocking.*] Knock, knock! Who's there, in the other devil's name!—'Faith, here's an equivocator, that could swear in both the scales against either scale; who committed treason enough for God's sake, yet could not equivocate to heaven: O, come in, equivocator.—[*Knocking.*] Knock, knock, knock! Who's there!—'Faith, here's an English tailor come hither, for stealing out of a French hose: come in, tailor; here you may roast your goose.—[*Knocking.*] Knock, knock; never at quiet! What are you?—But this place is too cold for hell. I'll devil-porter it no further: I had thought to have let in some of all professions, that go the primrose way to the everlasting bonfire. [*Knocking.*] Anon, anon! I pray you, remember the porter. [Opens the gate.]

Enter Macduff and Lenox.

Macd. Was it so late, friend, ere you went That you do lie so late? [to bed,

Port. 'Faith, sir, we were carousing to the second cock: and drink, air, is a great provoker of three things. [clally provoke?]

Macd. What three things does drink espe-

Port. Marry, sir, nose-painting, sleep, and urine. Lechery, sir, it provokes, and unprovokes; it provokes the desire, but it takes away the performance: therefore, much drink may be said to be an equivocator with lechery: it makes him, and it mars him; it sets him on, and it takes him off; it persuades him, and disheartens him; makes him stand to, and not stand to; in conclusion, equivocates him in a sleep, and, giving him the lie, leaves him.

Macd. I believe, drink gave thee the lie last night.

Port. That it did, sir, i' the very throat o'

me: but I requited him for his lie; and I think, being too strong for him, though he took up my legs sometime, yet I made a cast him.

Macd. Is thy master stirring?

Enter Macbeth.

Our knocking has awak'd him; here he

Len. Good morrow, noble sir. Good morrow, noble sir.

Macb. Is the king stirring, worthy lenox?

Macb. He did command me to call you.

Macb. He did command me to call you.

Macb. I have almost slipp'd the hour.

Macb. I know this is a joyful time.

Macb. I know this is a joyful time.

Macb. But yet 'tis one.

Macb. The labour we delight in physics

This is the door.

Macd. I'll make so bold to call

For 'tis my limited service.

Len. Goes the king hence to-day?

Macb. He does: he did appoint

Len. The night has been unruly: since

lay,

Our chimneys were blown down; and

Lamentings heard i' the air; strange

of death;

And prophesying, with accents terrible

Of dire combustion, and conflagration,

New hatch'd to the fearful time: the

bird

Clamour'd the livelong night: some say

Was feverous, and did shake. 'Twas a rough

Macb.

Len. My young remembrance cannot

A fellow to it.

Re-enter Macduff.

Macd. O horror! horror! horror! horror!

Cannot conceive, nor name thee! What's the

Macb., Len.

Macd. Confusion now hath

master piece!

Most sacrilegious murder hath broke

The Lord's anointed temple, and stole

The life o' the building!

Macb. What is't you say? the light

Len. Mean you his majesty?

Macd. Approach the chamber, and

your sight

With a new Gorgon:—do not bid me

See, and then speak yourselves. Awake, and

Ring the alarm-bell. Murder and

Banquo and Donaldbain! Malchimo!

Shake off this downy sleep, death's

And look on death itself! Malchimo!

The great doom's image! Malchimo!

As from your graves rise up, and

spirits

To countenance this horror! Rise, and

Enter Lady Macbeth.

Lady M. What's the business?

hollow trumpet calls to parley
 O gentle lady,
 not for you to hear what I can speak :
 repetition, in a woman's ear,
 murder as it fell.—

Enter Banquo.

O Banquo, Banquo,
 royal master's murder'd !
 Woe, alas !

Too cruel, anywhere.
 I pry'these, contradict thyself,
 it is not so.

Re-enter Macbeth and Lenox.
 Had I but died an hour before this

bloody time ; for, from this in-
 stant, serious in mortality : [stant,
 toys ; renown and grace is dead ;
 life is drawn, and the mere lees
 doth vault to brag of.

Re-enter Malcolm and Donalbain.
 What is amiss ?

You are, and do not know't ;
 the head, the fountain of your

the very source of it is stopp'd.
 Your royal father's murder'd.

O, by whom ?
 I don't :
 as it seem'd, [blood ;
 their faces were all badg'd with
 their daggers, which, unwip'd, we
 [tracted ;
 pillows : they star'd, and were dis-
 like was to be trusted with them.
 O, yet I do repent me of my fury,
 that I did them.

Wherefore did you so ?
 Who can be wise, amaz'd, temperate
 and furious,
 neutral, in a moment. No man :

condition of my violent love
 the panser, reason. Here lay Duncan,
 after skin he'd with his golden blood ;

his wash'd slabs look'd like a breach in
 nature, [murderers,
 his wasteful entrance : there, the
 colours of their trade, their

breach'd with gore : who could
 have made his love known ?

Help me hence, ho !
 [tongues,
 [And to Don.] Why do we hold our
 [And to Mal.] What should be

late, hid in an anger-hole,
 and seize us ? Let's away : our

yet brow'd,

Mal. [Aside to Don.] Nor our strong sorrow
 Upon the foot of motion.

Ban. Look to the lady :—
 [Lady Macbeth is carried out.]

And when we have our naked frailties hid,
 That suffer in exposure, let us meet,
 And question this most bloody piece of work,
 To know it further. Fears and scruples
 shake us :

In the great hand of God I stand ; and thence,
 Against the undivulg'd pretence I fight
 Of treasonous malice.

Macd. 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 Mal. and Don.]

Mal. What will you do ? Let's not consort
 with them :

To show an unfelt sorrow is an office
 Which the false man does easy. I'll to Eng-
 land. 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
 The nearer bloody.

Mal. This murderous shaft that's shot
 Hath not yet lighted, and our safest way
 Is to avoid the aim. Therefore, to horse ;

And let us not be dainty of leave-taking,
 But shift away : there's warrant in that theft
 Which steals itself, when there's no mercy left.

[Exeunt.]

SCENE IV.—Inverness. Without the Castle.

Enter Rosse and an Old Man.

Old M. Threescore and ten I can remember
 well :

Within the volume of which time I have seen
 Hours dreadful, and things strange ; but this
 Hath trifled former knowings.

Rosse. Ah, good father,

Thou seest, the heavens, as troubled with
 man's act,

Threaten his bloody stage : by the clock, 'tis
 And yet dark night strangles the travelling
 lamp :

Is't night's predominance, or the day's shame,
 That darkness does the face of earth entomb,
 When living light should kiss it ?

Old M. 'Tis unnatural,
 Even like the deed that's done. On Tuesday

A falcon, towering in her pride of place, [last,
 Was by a mousing owl hawk'd at, and kill'd.

Rosse. And Duncan's horses, (a thing most
 strange and certain.)

Beauteous and swift, the minions of their race,
 Turn'd wild in nature, broke their stalls, flung
 out,

Contending 'gainst obedience, as they would
 Make war with mankind.

Old M. 'Tis said, they eat each other.

Rosse. They did so,—to the amazement of
 mine eyes,

That look'd upon't. Here comes the good
Macduff.—

Enter Macduff.

How goes the world, sir, now?

Macd. Why, see you not?
Rosse. Is't known who did this more than
bloody deed?

Macd. Those that Macbeth hath slain.

Rosse. 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.

Rosse. 'Gainst nature still:
Thrillless ambition, that wilt rav'n up
Thine own life's means!—Then 'tis most like
The sovereignty will fall upon Macbeth.

Macd. He is already nam'd; and gone to
To be invested. [Scene

Rosse. Where is Duncan's body?

Macd. Carried to Colme-kil;

The sacred store-house of his predecessors,
And guardian of their bones.

Rosse. Will you to Scone?

Macd. No, cousin, I'll to Fife.

Rosse. Well, I will thither.

Macd. Well, may you see things well done
there; adieu!

Lest our old robes sit easier than our new!

Rosse. Farewell, father. [with those

Old M. God's benison go with you; and

That would make good of bad, and friends of
foes! [Exeunt.

ACT III.

SCENE I.—*Forres. A Room in the Palace.*

Enter Banquo.

Ban. Thou hast it now, King, Cawdor,
Glamis, all,

As the weird women promis'd; and, I fear,
Thou play'dst most foully for't: yet it was

It should not stand in thy posterity; [said,

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; Lenox, Rosse,

Lords, Ladies, and Attendants.

Macb. Here's our chief guest.

Lady M. If he had been forgotten,

It had been as a gap in our great feast,

And all thing unbecoming.

Macb. To-night we hold a solemn supper,

And I'll request your presence. [sir,

Ban. Let your highness

Command upon me; to the which my duties

Are with a most indissoluble tie

For ever knit.

Macb. Ride you this afternoon?

Ban. Ay, my good lord.

Macb. We should have else desired

(Which still hath been both grave and

perous)

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

"Twixt this and supper: go not my horse

better,

I must become a borrower of the night

For a dark hour, or twain. Fall not our

Macb.

Ban. My lord, I will not.

Macb. We hear, our bloody courses

In England, and in Ireland; not content

Their cruel parricide, filling their hearths

With strange invention: but of this

tomorrow;

When, therewithal, we shall have

Craving us jointly. Hie you to horse: to-morrow

Till you return at night. Good-night. [Exeunt

you?

Ban. Ay, my good lord: our thanks

Macb. I wish your horses swift, and

foot,

And so I do commend you to their

Farewell.—

Let every man be master of his time

Till seven at night; to make society

The sweeter welcome, we will keep company

Till supper-time alone: while than

with you!

[Exeunt Lady Macbeth, Lords, Ladies, and

Sirrah, a word with you: attend these

Our pleasure?

Atten. They are, my lord.

Macb. Bring them before us.—

To be thus is nothing;

But to be safely thus—our fears in

Stick deep; and in his royalty of

Reigns that which would be fear'd:

he dares;

And, to that dauntless temper of

He hath a wisdom that doth guide

To act in safety. There is none

Whose being I do fear: and, under

My Genius is rebuk'd; as, it is said,

Mark Antony's was by Caesar.

When first they put the name of

me,

And bade them speak to him: to

They hail'd him father to a line of

Upon my head they plac'd a crown;

And put a barren sceptre in my

Thence to be wretch'd with an

No son of mine succeeding.

For Banquo's issue have I fil'd

For them the gracious Duncan has

Put rancours in the vessel of my

Only for them; and mine eternal

Given to the common enemy of

To make them kings, the seed

Rather than so, come, fate, into

champion me to the utterance!—Who's there?

Attendant, with two Murderers.

Go to the door, and stay there till we call.

It was not yesterday we spoke together?

Mac. It was, so please your highness.

Well, then, now you consider'd of my speeches? Know,

It was he, in the times past, which held

under fortune; which you thought had

the innocent self: this I made good to you

with you, [the instruments]

you were borne in hand, how cross'd,

that might, and all things else

thus did Banquo.

You made it known to us.

I did no; and went further, which

point of second meeting. Do you find

patience so predominant in your nature,

that you can let this go? Are you so gospel'd,

for this good man, and for his issue,

that heavy hand hath bow'd you to the

ward yours for ever?

We are men, my liege.

We are men, my liege.

And the catalogue ye go for men,

Aminals, curs,

water-rugs, and demi-wolves, are

of the name of dogs: the val'd file

qualifies the swift, the slow, the subtle;

house-keeper, the hunter, every one

bring to the gift which bounteous nature

gave him clos'd; whereby he does receive

addition, from the bill

of you them all alike; and so of men.

I will put that manhood, say it;

the worst rank of manhood, say it;

creation takes your enemy off;

you to the heart and love of us,

our health but sickly in his life,

in his death were perfect.

I am one, my liege,

no more, that I am reckless what

to the world.

And I another,

tugg'd with fortune,

would set my life on any chance,

it, or be rid on't.

Both of you

was your enemy.

True, my lord.

and in such bloody

of his being thrusts

of life; and though I could

my heart's of life;

of life; and though I could

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of life; and though I could

With barefac'd 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

Whom I myself struck down: and thence it is,

That I to your assistance do make love;

Masking the business from the common eye

For sundry weighty reasons.

2 Mur. We shall, my lord,

Perform what you command us.

1 Mur. Though our lives—

Macb. Your spirits shine through you.

Within this hour, at most,

I will advise you where to plant yourselves;

Acquaint you with the perfect spy o' the time,

The moment on't; for't must be done to-

night,

And something from the palace; always

thought,

That I require a clearness: and with him,

(To leave no rubs nor botches in the work.)

Pleance 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.

2 Mur. We are resolv'd, my lord.

Macb. I'll call upon you straight: abide

within. [Exit Murderers.]

It is concluded. Banquo, thy soul's flight,

If it find heaven, must find it out to-night.

[Exit.]

SCENE II.—Forres. Another Room in the

Palace.

Enter Lady Macbeth and a Servant.

Lady M. Is Banquo gone from court?

Serv. Ay, madam, but returns again to-

night. [His leisure]

Lady M. Say to the king, I would attend

For a few words.

Serv. Madam, I will. [Exit.]

Lady M. Nought's had, all's spent,

Where our desire is got without content:

'Tis safer to be that which we destroy,

Than, by destruction, dwell in doubtful joy.

Enter Macbeth.

How now, my lord! why do you keep alone,

Of sorriest fancies your companions making;

Using those thoughts, which should indeed

have died

[all remedy,

With them they think on? Things without

Should be without regard: what's done, is

done. [Kill'd it:]

Macb. We have scotch'd the snake, not

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
Than on the torture of the mind to lie [peace,
In restless ecstasy. Duncan is in his grave;
After life's fitful fever, he sleeps well; [poison,
Treason has done his worst; nor steel, nor
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
Let your remembrance apply to Banquo;
Present him eminence, both with eye and
Unsafe the while, that we [longue:
Must lave our honours in these flattering
streams;

And make our faces vizards to our hearts,
Disguising what they are.

Lady M. You must leave this.
Macb. O, full of scorpions is my mind, dear
wife!

Thou know'st that Banquo, and his Fleance,
Lady M. But in them nature's copy's not
etern.

Macb. There's comfort yet; they are as-
then be thou jocund: ere the bat hath flown
His cloister'd flight; ere, to black Hecate's
summons,

The shard-borne beetle, with his drowsy hums,
Hath rung night's yawning peal, there shall
A deed of dreadful note. [be done

Lady M. What's to be done!

Macb. Be innocent of the knowledge, dearest
chuck,

Till thou applaud the deed.—Come, sealing
night,

Scarf up the tender eye of pitiful day;
And with thy bloody and invisible hand,
Cancel, and tear to pieces, that great bond
Which keeps me pale!—Light thickens; and
the crow

Makes wing to the rooky wood:
Good things of day begin to droop and drowse;
Whiles night's black agents to their preys do
rouse. [still;

Thou marvell'st at my words: but hold thee
Things, had begun, make strong themselves
by ill:

So, pr'ythee, go with me. [Exeunt.

SCENE III.—Forres. *A Park, with a path
leading to the Palace gate.*

Enter three Murderers.

1 *Mur.* But who did bid thee join with us?

3 *Mur.* Macbeth.

2 *Mur.* He needs not our mistrust; since
he delivers

Our offices, and what we have to do,
To the direction just.

1 *Mur.* Then stand with us.
The west yet glimmers with some streaks of
day:

Now spurs the lated traveller space,

To gain the timely inn; and near approach
The subject of our watch.

3 *Mur.* Mark! I hear horses.

Ban. [Within.] Give us a light there, ho!

2 *Mur.* Then, 'tis he; the

That are within the note of expectation.

Already are i' the court.

1 *Mur.* His horses go away.

3 *Mur.* Almost a mile; but he does march.

So all men do, from hence to the palace gate.

Make it their walk.

2 *Mur.* A light, a light!

3 *Mur.* Stand to't.

Enter Banquo and Fleance, Servant and a

torch.

Ban. It will be rain to-night.

1 *Mur.* Let it come down.

Ban. O, treachery!—Fly, good Fleance!

Thou may'st revenge.—O slave! [Dies. Fleance and Servant

3 *Mur.* Who did strike out the field?

1 *Mur.* Was't not the way?

3 *Mur.* There's but one down, the

2 *Mur.* We have lost best half of our

1 *Mur.* Well, let's away, and my

is done.

SCENE IV.—*A Room of State in the Palace.*

A banquet prepared. Enter Macbeth, and

Macbeth, Rosse, Lenox, Lords, and

tendants.

Macb. You know your own degrees.

And last, the hearty welcome. [Drops

Lords. Thanks to your

Macb. Ourself will mingle with

And play the humble host.

Our hostess keeps her state; but, in

Our will require her welcome.

Lady M. Pronounce it for me, not

our friends;

For my heart speaks, they are welcome.

Enter first Murderer, to the

Macb. See, they encounter thee with

hearts' thanks;

Both sides are even: here I'll sit, I'll

Be large in mirth; anon, we'll drink up

The table round.—There's blood upon

Mur. 'Tis Banquo's, then.

Macb. 'Tis better thee without

Is he despatch'd?

Mur. My lord, his throat is cut;

for him.

Macb. Then art the best o' the

That did the like for Fleance: if thou

Thou art the nonpareil.

Mur. Most royal

Fleance is 'scaped.

Macb. Then comes my

else been perfect;

Whole as the marble, founded as the

As broad and general as the casing

When now I think you can behold such sights,
And keep the natural ruby of your cheeks,
When mine are blanch'd with fear.

Rosse. What sights, my lord?
Lady M. I pray you, speak not; he grows
worse and worse;

Question enrages him: at once, good night:—
Stand not upon the order of your going,
But go at once.

Len. Good night; and better health
Attend his majesty!

Lady M. A kind good night to all!
[*Exeunt all except Macbeth and Lady Macbeth.*]

Macb. It will have blood; they say, blood
will have blood: [speak;]
Stones have been known to move, and trees to
Augurs, and understood relations, have
By magot-pies, and choughs, and rooks,
brought forth

The secret'st man of blood.—What is the night?
Lady M. Almost at odds with morning,
which is which.

Macb. How say'st thou, that Macduff
At our great bidding? [denies his person]

Lady M. Did you send to him, sir?

Macb. I hear it by the way; but I will send:
There's not a one of them, but in his house
I keep a servant feed. I will to-morrow
(And betimes I will) to the weird sisters:
More shall they speak; for now I am bent to
know, [good,

By the worst means, the worst. For mine own
All causes shall give way: I am in blood
Stept in so far, that should I wade no more,
Returning were as tedious as go o'er;
Strange things I have in head, that will to
hand;

Which must be acted ere they may be scann'd.

Lady M. You lack the season of all natures,
sleep. [self abuse]

Macb. Come, we'll to sleep. My strange and
Is the initiate fear, that wants hard use:—
We are yet but young in deed. [Exeunt.]

SCENE V.—The Heath.

Thunder. Enter Hecate meeting the three
Witches.

1 *Witch.* Why, how 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 bear my part,
Or show the glory of our art?

And, which is worse, all you have done
Hath been but for a wayward son,
Spiteful and wrathful; who, as others do,
Loves for his own ends, not for you.
But make amends now: get you gone,
And at the pit of Acheron

Meet me i' the morning; thither he
Will come to know his destiny:
Your vessels and your spells provide,
Your charms and every thing beside,
I am for the air; this night I'll spend
Unto a dismal and a fatal end:
Great business must be wrought ere
Upon the corner of the moon
There hangs a vaporous drop profound
I'll catch it ere it come to ground;
And that, distill'd by magic sleight,
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
His hopes 'bove wisdom, grace, and fear,
And, you all know, security
Is mortals' chiefest enemy.

[*Song within, "Come away, away," &c.*]

Hark! I am call'd; my little spirit,
Sits in a foggy cloud, and stays for me.
1 *Witch.* Come, let's make haste
soon be back again.

SCENE VI.—Forres. A Room in the Palace.
Enter Lenox and another Lord.

Len. My former speeches have but little
thoughts,

Which can interpret further: only,
Things have been strangely born;
cious Duncan

Was pitied of Macbeth:—no more,
And the right-valiant Banquo walk'd
Whom, you may say, if I please you,
kill'd,

For Fleance fled. Men must not walk
Who cannot want the thought, how
It was for Malcolm and for Donalbain

To kill their gracious father? damned be
How it did grieve Macbeth! did he not
In pious rage, the two delinquents

That were the slaves of drink, and
Was not that nobly done? Ay, and
For 'twould have angered any heart
To hear the men deny't. So that, I
He has borne all things well: and
That, had he Duncan's sons under

(As, an't please heaven, he shall
should find

What 'twere to kill a father; so should
But, peace!—for from broad words
he fail'd

His presence at the tyrant's feast,
Macduff lives in disgrace: sir, can
Where he bestows himself?

Lord. The man I mean
From whom this tyrant holds the
Lives in the English court; and is
Of the most pious Edward with
That the malevolence of fortune

Takes from his high respect; that
Is gone to pray the holy king, open
To wake Northumberland and waken

Thunder. An Apparition of a bloody child
rises.

App. Macbeth! Macbeth! Macbeth!—
Macb. Had I three ears, I'd hear thee.

App. Be bloody, bold, and resolute; laugh
to scorn

The power of man, for none of woman born
Shall harm Macbeth. [*Descends.*]

Macb. Then live, Macduff: what need I
fear of thee?

But yet I'll make assurance double sure,
And take a bond of fate: thou shalt not live;
That I may tell pale-hearted fear it lies,
And sleep in spite of thunder. What is this,

Thunder. An Apparition of a child crowned,
with a tree in his hand, rises.

That rises like the issue of a king,
And wears upon his baby brow the round
And top of sovereignty?

All. Listen, but speak not to't.

App. Be lion-mettled, proud; and take no
care

Who chafes, who frets, or where conspirers are:
Macbeth shall never vanquish'd be, until
Great Birnam wood to high Dunsinane hill
Shall come against him. [*Descends.*]

Macb. That will never be:
Who can impress the forest; bid the tree
Unfix his earth-bound root? sweet bodements!
good!

Rebellious head, rise never, till the wood
Of Birnam rise, and our high-plac'd Macbeth
Shall live the lease of nature, pay his breath
To time and mortal custom.—Yet my heart
Throbs to know one thing: tell me, (if your art
Can tell so much,) shall Banquo's issue ever
Reign in this kingdom?

All. Seek to know no more.

Macb. I will be satisfied: deny me this,
And an eternal curse fall on you! Let me
know:—

Why sinks that cauldron? and what noise
1 *Witch.* Show! [*Handboys.*]

2 *Witch.* Show! 3 *Witch.* Show!

All. Show his eyes, and grieve his heart;
Come like shadows, so depart.

*Eight kings appear, and pass in order; the
last with a glass in his hand: Banquo fol-
lowing.*

Macb. Thou art too like the spirit of
Banquo; down! [*hair,*]
Thy crown does sear mine eyeballs:—and thy
Thou other gold-bound brow, is like the
first:—

A third is like the former.—Filthy hags!
Why do you show me this?—A fourth?—
Start, eyes!—

What, will the line stretch out to the crack of
doom?—

Another yet?—A seventh?—I'll see no more:—
And yet the eighth appears, who bears a glass,
Which shows me many more; and some I see,
That two-fold balls and treble sceptres carry;
Horrible sight!—Now, I see, 'tis true;

For the blood-bolter'd Banquo smiles upon
And points at them for his.—What, is this so?

1 *Witch.* Ay, sir, all this is so; but why
Stands Macbeth thus amazedly?
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 antique round;
That this great king may kindly say,
Our duties did his welcome pay.

[*Music.* The Witches dance, and then
vanish.

Macb. Where are they? Gone?—
pernicious hour
Stand aye accursed in the calendar!
Come in! without there!

Enter Lenox.
What's your grace's business?

Len. Saw you the weird sisters?

Macb. Came they not by you?

Len. No, indeed, my lord.

Macb. Infected be the air whereon they ride,
And damn'd all those that trust them!

hear
The galloping of horse: who was't that cry'd?

Len. 'Tis two or three, my lord, that cry'd,
Macduff is fled to England.

Macb. Fled to England?

Len. Ay, my good lord.

Macb. Time, thou anticipat'st my
Seize upon Fife; give to the edge of the sword

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 that

and done:
The castle of Macduff I will surprise;
Seize upon Fife; give to the edge of the sword

His wife, his babes, and all unfortunate
That trace him in his line. No longer will

a fool;
This deed I'll do, before this purpose
But no more sights!—Where are the

men?
Come, bring me where they are.

SCENE II.—Fife. A Room in Macduff's
Castle.

Enter Lady Macduff, her Son, and Ross.

L. Macd. What has he done to my little
fly the land?

Rosse. You must have patience, my lady.

L. Macd. His flight was madness: when our friends
Our fears do make us traitors.

Rosse. Whether it was his wisdom, or his fear,
I leave his babes,

L. Macd. Wisdom! to leave his babes,
His mansion, and his titles in a place
From whence himself does fly?
He wants the natural touch; for the

The most diminutive of birds, will be
The most diminutive of birds, will be

young ones in her nest, against the owl.
In the fear, and nothing is the love;
This is the wisdom, where the flight
Is against all reason.

My dearest coz',
I school yourself: but, for your hus-
band, wise, judicious, and best knows
the season. I dare not speak much
further;
I do not know the times, when we are traitors,
nor what we fear, yet know not what we
fear, and move. I take my leave of you:
I shall be long but I'll be here again:
at the worst will cease, or else climb
upward

and they were before.—My pretty cousin,
I am so much a fool, should I stay
longer,
I would be my disgrace, and your discomfort.
[Exit.]

Sirrah, your father's dead:
As birds do now! How will you
live?
What, with worms and flies?
With what I get, I mean; and so do

thou'dst never fear
the gin, nor lime,
nor net, nor snare,
I, mother! Poor birds
are not set for.

Yes, he is dead: how wilt thou
say, how will you do for a husband?
Why, I can buy me twenty at
my market.

Then you'll buy 'em to sell again.
I can ret, I faith,
enough for thee.

Was my father a traitor, mother?
Ay, that he was.
What is a traitor?

Why, one that swears and lies.
And be all traitors that do so?
Macd. Every one that does so is a traitor,
and must be hanged.

Must they all be hanged, that
do so?
Macd. Every one.

Who must hang them?
Macd. Why, the honest men.
There are liars and swearers are fools;
But there are honest men, and hang up them.

Now God help thee, poor mon-
ster! But how wilt thou do for a father?
If he were dead, you'd weep for him:

if you would not, it were a good sign that I
should quickly have a new father.

L. Macd. Poor prattler, how thou talk'st!
Enter a Messenger.

Mess. Bless you, fair dame! I am not to
you known,

Though in your state of honour I am perfect.
I doubt some danger does approach you
nearly;

If you will take a homely man's advice, [tones.
Be not found here; hence, with your little
To fright you thus, methinks, I am too savage;
To do worse to you were fell cruelty,
Which is too nigh your person. Heaven pre-
serve you!

I dare abide no longer. [Exit.]
L. Macd. Whither should I fly?

I have done no harm; but I remember now
I am in this earthly world; where, to do harm
Is often laudable; to do good, sometime
Accounted dangerous folly; why then, alas!
Do I put up that woman's defence, [faces?]
To say I have done no harm? What are these

Enter Murderers.
Mur. Where is your husband?

L. Macd. I hope, in no place so unsanctified,
Where such as thou may'st find him.

Mur. He's a traitor.
Son. Thou liest, thou shag-eared villain.

Mur. What, you egg!
Young fry of treachery! [Stabbing him.]

Son. He has kill'd me, mother:
Run away, I pray you! [Dies.]

[Exit Lady Macduff, crying "Murder!"
and pursued by the Murderers.]

SCENE III.—England. The King's Palace.
Enter Malcolm and Macduff.

Mal. Let us seek out some desolate shade,
Weep our sad bosoms empty. [and there]

Macd. Let us rather
Hold fast the mortal sword; and, like good
men, [morn,

Bestride our down-fall'n birthdom: each new
New widows howl, new orphans cry; new
sorrows

Strike heaven on the face, that it resounds
As if it felt with Scotland, and yell'd out
Like syllable of doleour.

Mal. What I believe, I'll wail;
What know, believe; and what I can redress,
As I shall find the time to friend, I will.
What you have spoke, it may be so per-
chance. [tongues,

This tyrant, whose sole name blisters our
Was once thought honest: you have lov'd
him well; [but something
He hath not touch'd you yet. I am young:
You may deserve of him through me; and
wisdom

To offer up a weak, poor, innocent lamb
To appease an angry god.

Macd. I am not treacherous.
Mal. But Macbeth is

A good and virtuous nature may recoil,
In an imperial charge. But I shall crave your
pardon;
That which you are, my thoughts cannot
Angels are bright still, though the brightest
fall:

Though all things foul would wear the brows
Yet grace must still look so.

Macd. I have lost my hopes.
Mal. Perchance, even there, where I did
find my doubts.

Why in that rawness left you wife and child
(Those precious motives, those strong knots of
Without leave-taking?—I pray you, (love)
Let not my jealousies be your dishonours,
But mine own safeties:—you may be rightly
Whatever I shall think.

Macd. Bleed, bleed, poor country!
Great tyranny, lay thou thy basis sure,
For goodness dares not check thee! wear thou
thy wrongs,

The title is affeard!—Fare thee well, lord:
I would not be the villain that thou think'st,
For the whole space that's in the tyrant's
And the rich East to boot.

Mal. Be not offended:
I speak not as in absolute fear of you.
I think our country sinks beneath the yoke;
It weeps, it bleeds; and each new day a gash
Is added to her wounds: I think, withal,
There would be hands uplifted in my right;
And here, from gracious England, have I offer
Of goodly thousands; but, for all this,
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.

Macd. What should he be?
Mal. It is myself I mean: in whom I know
All the particulars of vice so grafted,
That, when they shall be open'd, black Macbeth
Will seem as pure as snow; and the poor state
Esteem him as a lamb, being compared
With my confineless harms.

Macd. Not in the legions
Of horrid hell can come a devil more damn'd
In evil to top Macbeth.

Mal. I grant him bloody,
Luxurious, avaricious, false, deceitful,
Sudden, malicious, smacking of every sin
That has a name; but there's no bottom, none,
In my voluptuousness: your wives, your
daughters,
Your matrons, and your maids, could not fill
The cistern of my lust; and my desire
All continent impediments would o'rbear,
That did oppose my will: better Macbeth,
Than such a one to reign.

Macd. Boundless intemperance
In nature is a tyranny: it hath been
Th' 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 waste
wink.

We have willing daimers enough; these
That vulture in you, to devour so many
As will to greatness dedicate themselves,
Finding it so inclin'd.

Mal. With this, they even
In my most ill-compounded affection, each
A stanchless avarice, that, were I king,
I should cut off the nobles for their lands;
Desire his jewels, and this other's home:
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.

Macd. Sticks deeper; grows with more imperious
Than summer-seeming lust; and it has eat
The sword of our slain kings: yet do you
Scotland hath fountains that fill up your
Of your mere own: all these are passions
With other graces weigh'd.

Mal. But I have none: the time
As justice, verity, temperance, honesty,
Bounty, perseverance, mercy, lowliness,
Devotion, patience, courage, fortitude,
I have no relish of them; but I should
In the division of such several crimes,
Acting it many ways. Nay, had I power,
Pour the universal peace on mine enemies!
Uproar the universal peace, on mine enemies!
All unity on earth.

Macd. O Scotland, Scotland!
Mal. If such a one be fit to govern,
I am as I have spoken.

Macd. Fit to govern!
No, not to live.—O nation miserable,
With an untitled tyrant bloody-scepter'd,
When shalt thou see thy wholesome sons
again?

Since that the truest issue of thy throne,
By his own interdiction stands accus'd,
And does blasphemy his breed—
thy father

Was a most sainted king: the queen
Off'n'r upon her knees than on her feet,
Died every day she lived. Fair is the
These evils thou repeat'st upon thyself:
Have banish'd me from Scotland.

Macd. Thy hope ends here!
Mal. Macbeth, this child
Child of integrity, hath from my soul
Wip'd the black scruples, accus'd my
thoughts

To thy good truth and honour,
By many of these trains hath sought to
Into his power; and modest wisdom
From over-credulous haste; but my poor
Deal between thee and me! for even so
I put myself to thy direction, and
Unspeak mine own detraction: hence
The taints and blames I laid upon myself

Convey to my nature. I am yet
to woman: never was forsworn;
I have covet'd what was mine own;
I have not spill'd my faith; would not betray
to his fallow; and delight

than life: my first false speak-
near myself: what I am truly, (ing
and my poor country's, to command:
indeed, before thy here-approach,
with ten thousand warlike men,
at a point, were setting forth:
together; and the chance of good-

was warranted quarrel! Why are you
Such welcome and unwelcome things
to reconcile.

Enter a Doctor.
Well, more anon.—Comes the king
with you?—
No, he is not here: there are a crew of wretched
of art; but, at his touch,
both heaven given his hand,
heavenly amend.

I thank you, doctor.
[Exit Doctor.]
What's the disease he means?
This call'd the evil:
In this good king;
since my here-remain in Eng-

him do. How he solicits heaven,
I don't know: but strangely-visited
And clearest, pitiful to the eye,
A golden stamp about their necks,
with holy prayers; and 'tis spoken,
his benediction. With this strange
heavenly gift of prophecy;
his full of grace.

See, who comes here?
My countryman; but yet I know him
My ever-gentle cousin, welcome
[not.]
I know him now!—good God, betimes
that makes us strangers.

Sir, amen.
[remove]
I would know it: I cannot
know it, but our grave: where
nothing, is once seen to smile;
and groans, and shrieks that
mark'd; where violent sorrow

the dead man's knell
is call'd, for whom; and good
lives

the dead man's knell
is call'd, for whom; and good
lives

the dead man's knell
is call'd, for whom; and good
lives

the dead man's knell
is call'd, for whom; and good
lives

the dead man's knell
is call'd, for whom; and good
lives

the dead man's knell
is call'd, for whom; and good
lives

Expire before the flowers in their cups,
Dying ere they sicken.

Macd. O, relation
Too nice, and yet too true!

Mal. What's the newest grief?
Rosse. That of an hour's age doth hiss the
Each minute teems a new one.

Macd. How does my wife?

Rosse. Why, well.

Macd. And all my children?

Rosse. Well too.

Macd. The tyrant has not batter'd at their
peace?

Rosse. No; they were well at peace, when
Macd. Be not a niggard of your speech:
how goes it?

Rosse. When I came hither to transport the
Which I have heavily borne, there ran a
Of many worthy fellows that were out; [rumour
Which was to my belief witness'd the rather,
For that I saw the tyrant's power a-foot:
Now is the time of help; your eye in Scotland
Would create soldiers, make our women light,
To doff their dire distresses.

Mal. Be it their comfort,
We are coming thither: gracious England
hath

Lent us good Siward, and ten thousand men;
An older, and a better soldier, none
That Christendom gives out.

Rosse. Would I could answer
This comfort with the like! But I have words,
That would be howl'd out in the desert air,
Where hearing should not latch them.

Macd. What concern they?
The general cause? or is it a fee-grief,
Due to some single breast?

Rosse. No mind that's honest
But in it shares some woe: though the main
Pertains to you alone.

Macd. If it be mine,
Keep it not from me, quickly let me have it.

Rosse. Let not your ears despise my tongue
for ever,
Which shall possess them with the heaviest
That ever yet they heard.

Macd. Humph! I guess at it.

Rosse. Your castle is surpris'd: your wife
and babes
Savagely slaughter'd: to relate the manner,
Were, on the quarry of these murder'd dear,
To add the death of you.

Mal. Merciful heaven!
What, man! ne'er pull your hat upon your
brows;

Give sorrow words: the grief, that does not
Whisper the o'er-fraught heart, and bids it
Macd. My children too?

Rosse. Wife, children, servants, all
That could be found.

Macd. And I must be from thence!—
My wife kill'd too?

Rosse. I have said.

Mal. Be comforted:

Let's make us medicine of our great revenge,
To cure this deadly grief.

Macd. He has no children.—All my pretty
Did you say, all?—O hell-kite!—All! [sings]
What, all my pretty chickens, and their dam,
At one fell swoop!

Mal. Dispute it like a man.
Macd. I shall do so;

But I must also feel it as a man:
I cannot but remember such things were,
That were most precious to me.—Did heaven

look on,
And would not take their part? Sinful Mac-

They were all struck for thee! naught that I am,
Not for their own demerits, but for mine,
Fell slaughter on their souls; heaven rest them

now! [let grief
Mal. Be this the whetstone of your sword:
Convert to anger; blunt not the heart, enrage it.

Macd. O, I could play the woman with mine
eyes,

And braggart with my tongue!—But, gentle
Cut short all intermission; front to front,
Bring thou this fiend of Scotland, and myself;

Within my sword's length set him; if he 'scape,
Heaven forgive him too!

Mal. This tune goes manly.
Come, go we to the king; our power is ready;

Our lack is nothing but our leave: Macbeth
Is ripe for shaking, and the powers above
Put on their instruments. Receive what cheer

you may;
The night is long that never finds the day.

[Exit.]

ACT V.

SCENE I.—Dunsinane. A Room in the Castle.

Enter a Doctor of Physic and a waiting
Gentlewoman.

Doct. I have two nights watched with you,
but can perceive no truth in your report. When
was it she last walked?

Gen. Since his majesty went into the field,
I have seen her rise from her bed, throw her
night-gown upon her, unlock her closet, take
forth paper, fold it, write upon it, 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 slumbry agitation,
besides her walking and other actual perform-
ances, what, at any time, have you heard her
say?

Gen. That, sir, which I will not report after
her.

Doct. You may, to me; and 'tis most meet
you should.

Gen. Neither to you, nor any one; having
no witness to confirm my speech.—[Enter
Lady Macbeth, with a lighted taper.] Lo
you, here she comes! This is her very guise;

and, upon my life, fast asleep. O, my life,
stand close.

Doct. How came she by that light?
Gen. Why, it stood by her: she has light
by her continually; 'tis her command.

Doct. You see, her eyes are open.
Gen. Ay, but their sense is shut. Look, look!

Doct. What is it she does now? Look, look!
she rubs her hands.

Gen. It is an accustomed action with her,
seem thus washing her hands; I have
her to continue in this a quarter of an hour.

Lady M. Yet here's the spot.
Doct. Hark! she speaks: I will set you
what comes from her, to satisfy my

brance the more strongly.
Lady M. Out, damned spot! out, I say!

One, two; why, then, 'tis time to light.
is murky!—Fie, my lord, fie! a soldier,
afraid! What need we fear who know
when none can call our power to

Yet who would have thought the old man
have had so much blood in him!

Doct. Do you mark that?
Lady M. The thane of Fife had

where is she now?—What, will these
ne'er be clean!—No more o' that, my lord;
more o' that: you mar all with this

Doct. Go to, go to; you have known
you should not.

Gen. She has spoke what she should
am sure of that: Heaven knows what she

Lady M. Here's the smell of the blood
all the perfumes of Arabia will not sweeten
this little hand.—Oh, oh, oh!

Doct. What a sigh is there! The lady
sorely charged.

Gen. I would not have such a heart
bosom, for the dignity of the whole body.

Doct. Well, well, well, sir.
Gen. Pray God, it be, sir.

Doct. This disease is beyond my power,
yet I have known those who have had it
their sleep, who have died holily in

Lady M. Wash your hands; I feel
night-gown; look not so pale!—I feel
again, Banquo's buried; he cannot come
on's grave.

Doct. Even so.
Lady M. To bed, to bed; there's my
at the gate: come, come, come, come,
me your hand; what's done, cannot be

Doct. Will she go now to bed?
Gen. Directly.

Doct. Foul whisperings are abroad;
Do breed unnatural troubles: infected
To their deaf pillows will disclose
secrets:

More needs she the divine, than
God, God, forgive us all! Look, look!
Remove from her the means of all
And still keep eyes upon her
night:

and she has mated, and amaz'd my sight:
I had dare not speak.

Good night, good doctor.
[Exit.]

—The Country near Dunsinane.
Angus, Lenox, and Soldiers.

The English power is near, led on by
Seward, and the good Macduff:

turn in them; for their dear causes
the lacerating, and the grim alarm,
the mortified man.

Will meet them; Near Birnam wood
is certain, sir, he is not: I have a file
country: there is Seward's son,
through youths, that even now
these first of manhood.

What does the tyrant?
he mad: others, that lesser hate
fury: but, for certain, (him,
his distemper'd cause

Now does he feel
revolts upbraid his faith-breath;
move only in command,
now does he feel his title
about him, like a giant's robe

Who, then, shall blame
that is within him does condemn
being there?

Well, march we on,
the medicine of the sickly weal;
pour we, in our country's purge,

Or so much as it needs,
the sovereign flower, and drown the
march toward Birnam. [Exeunt.]

—Dunsinane. A Room in the
Castle.

Macbeth, Doctor, and Attendants.

Bring me no more reports; let them
and with fear. What's the boy

of woman! The spirits that
[thus,—
Macbeth; no man that's born of
[false thanes,
with the English epicures!

The mind I away 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-fac'd!

Where got'st thou that goose look! [Exit]
Serv. There is ten thousand—

Macb. Geese, villain!
Serv. Soldiers, sir.

Macb. Go prick thy face, and over-red thy
fear.

Thou lily-liver'd boy. What soldiers, patch!
Death of thy soul! those linen cheeks of thine
Are counsellors to fear. What soldiers, whey-

face!
Serv. The English force, so please you.

Macb. Take thy face hence.—Seyton!—I
am sick at heart,

When I behold—Seyton, I say!—this push
Will cheer me ever, or dis-seat me now.

I have liv'd long enough: my way of life
Is fall'n into the ear, 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
Seyton! [dare not.]

Enter Seyton.
Sey. What is your gracious pleasure?

Macb. What news more?
Sey. All is confirm'd, my lord, which was
reported.

Macb. I'll fight till from my bones my flesh
Give me my armour. [He looks.]

Sey. 'Tis not needed yet.
Macb. I'll put it on.

Send out more horses, skirr the country round;
Hang those that talk of fear.—Give me mine
How does your patient, doctor? [Armour.]

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 diseas'd;

Pluck from the memory a rooted sorrow;
Raze out the written troubles of the brain;

And, with some sweet oblivious antidote,
Cleanse the stuff'd bosom of that perilous
Which weighs upon the heart? [stuff.]

Doct. Therein the patient
Must minister to himself.

Macb. Throw physic to the dogs, I'll none
of it.—

Come, put mine armour on; give me my
staff.—

Seyton, send out.—Doctor, the thanes fly from
me.—

Come, sir, despatch.—If thou couldst, doctor,
The water of my land, find her disease,

And purge it to a sound and pristine health,
I would applaud thee to the very echo,
That should applaud again.—Pull't off, I say,—

What rhubarb, senna, or what purgative drug,
Would scour these English hence? Hear'st
thou of them?

Doct. Ay, my good lord; your royal pre-
Makes us hear something. *[Paration*

Macb. Bring it after me.—
I will not be afraid of death and bane,
Till Birnam forest come to Dunsinane.

[Exeunt all except Doctor.]
Doct. Were I from Dunsinane away and
clear,
Profit again should hardly draw me here.

[Exit.]

SCENE IV.—Country near Dunsinane: a
Wood in view.

*Enter, with drum and colours, Malcolm, old
Siward and his Son, Macduff, Menteith,
Caithness, Angus, Lenox, Rosse, and Sol-
diers, marching.*

Mal. Cousins, I hope the days are near at
That chambers will be safe. *[Hand*

Men. We doubt it nothing.

Stw. What wood is this before us?

Men. The wood of Birnam.

Mal. Let every soldier hew him down a
bough, *[shadow*
And bear't before him: thereby shall we
The numbers of our host, and make discovery
Err in report of us.

Sold. It shall be done.

Sin. We learn no other but the confident
tyrant

Keeps still in Dunsinane, and will endure
Our setting down before't.

Mal. 'Tis his main hope:
For where there is advantage to be given,
Both more and less have given him the revolt;
And none serve with him but constrained
things,

Whose hearts are absent too.

Macb. Let our just censures
Attend the true event, and put we on
Industrious soldiership.

Sin. The time approaches,
That will with due decision make us know
What we shall say we have, and what we owe.
Thoughts speculative their unsure hopes
relate;

But certain issue strokes must arbitrate:

Towards which, advance the war.

[Exeunt, marching.]

SCENE V.—Dunsinane. Within the Castle.

*Enter, with drum and colours, Macbeth,
Seyton, and Soldiers.*

Macb. Hang out our banners on the out-
ward walls;

The cry is still, "They come;" our castle's
strength

Will laugh a siege to scorn: here let them lie,
Till famine and the ague eat them up:

Were they not forc'd with those that should
be ours,

We might have met them drench'd,
beard,

And beat them backward home. *[A cry within of women.]*

Sey. It is the cry of women, my good lord.

Macb. I have almost forgot the
fears:

The time has been, my senses would
To hear a night-shriek; and my tell of
Would at a dismal treatise rouse, and
As life were in't: I have supp'd full
horrors;

Direness, familiar to my slaughterous
Cannot once start me.—Wherefore
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
To the way to dusty death. Out, out,
candle!

Life's but a walking shadow; a poor
That struts and frets his hour upon the stage,
And then is heard no more: it is a tale
Told by an idiot, full of sound and fury,
Signifying nothing.

Enter a Messenger.

Thou com'st to use thy tongue; say,
quickly.

Mess. Gracious my lord,
I should report that which I say I saw;
But know not how to do it.

Macb. Well, say.

Mess. As I did stand my watch upon
hill,

I look'd towards Birnam, and saw
The wood began to move.

Macb. Liar! *[Striking him.]*

Mess. Let me endure your wrath, if
so;

Within this three mile may you see it
I say, a moving grove.

Macb. If thou speak'st
Upon the next tree shalt thou hang
Till famine cling thee: if thy speech
I care not if thou dost for me as much;
I pull in resolution; and begin
To doubt the equivocation of the
That lies like truth: "Fair and foul
wood

Do come to Dunsinane;"—and now
Comes toward Dunsinane.—Die,
If this which he avouches does appear;
There is nor flying hence, nor tarrying;
I 'gin to be a-weary of the sun,
And wish th' estate o' the world
undone.—

Ring the alarum bell!—Blow,
wreck!

At least we'll die with harness on
our back.

Macb.—Dunsinane. A Plain before
the Castle.

Macb.—Dunsinane. A Plain before
the Castle. *Macb.*—Dunsinane, Old
Macduff, do, and their army, with

near enough; your leafy screens
down.

Like those you are.—You, worthy

my cousin, your right-noble son,
in battle: worthy Macduff, and we,
upon us what else remains to do,
to our order.

Fare you well.
and the tyrant's power to-night,
when, if we cannot fight,

to take all our trumpets speak; give
all breath,

ominous harbingers of blood and
[*Exeunt. Alarums.*]

Macb.—Another part of the Plain.
Macb.—Enter Macbeth.

They have tied me to a stake; I
must fight the course. What's
born of woman! Such a one

What is this name?
Thou'lt be afraid to hear it.
No; though thou call'st thyself a

My name's Macbeth.
The devil himself could not pro-
nounce a title

No, nor more fearful.
Thou'lt be afraid to hear it.
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Thou'lt be afraid to hear it.
No; though thou call'st thyself a

The day almost itself professes yours,
And little is to do.

Mal. We have met with foes
That strike beside us.

Siw. Enter, sir, the castle.
[*Exeunt. Alarums.*]

Re-enter Macbeth.
Macb. Why should I play the Roman fool,
and die

On mine own sword? whiles I see lives, the
Do better upon them. [gasbes]

Re-enter Macduff.

Macb. Turn, hell-hound, turn!
Macb. Of all men else I have avoided thee:
But get thee back; my soul is too much

With blood of thine already. [chag'd]

Macb. I have no words,
My voice is in my sword: thou bloodier villain
Than terms can give thee out! [They fight.]

Macb. Thou lovest labour:
As easy may'st thou the intrenchant air

With thy keen sword impress, as make me
Let fall thy blade on vulnerable crests; bleed:

I bear a charmed life, which must not yield
To one of woman born.

Macb. Despair thy charm;
And let the angel whom thou still hast serv'd

Tell thee, Macduff was from his mother's womb
Untimely ripp'd.

Macb. Accurs'd be that tongue that tells me
For it hath cow'd my better part of man! [so,

And be these juggling fiends no more believ'd,
That palter with us in a double sense;

That keep the word of promise to our ear,
And break it to our hope.—I'll not fight with

Macb. Then yield thee, coward, [thee.
And live to be the show and gaze o' the time;

We'll have thee, as our rarer monsters are,
Painted upon a pole, and underwrit,

"Here may you see the tyrant."

Macb. I will not yield,
To kiss the ground before young Malcolm's

feet,
And to be baited with the rabble's curse.

Though Birnam wood be come to Dunsinane,
And thou oppos'd, being of no woman born,

Yet I will try the last: before my body
I throw my warlike shield: lay on, Macduff;

And damn'd be he that first cries, "Hold,
enough!" [Exeunt, fighting.]

*Retreat. Flourish. Re-enter, with drum and
colours, Malcolm, Old Siward, Rosse, Thanex,
and Soldiers.*

Mal. I would the friends we miss were safe
arriv'd. [I see,

Siw. Some must go off: and yet, by these
So great a day as this is cheaply bought. [son.

Mal. Macduff is missing, and your noble
Rosse. Your son, my lord, has paid a soldier's

He only liv'd but till he was a man; [debt:
The which no sooner had his prowess confirm'd

In the unshrinking station where he fought,
But like a man he died.

Siw. Then he is dead!

Rosse. Ay, and brought off the field: your
cause of sorrow
Must not be measur'd by his worth, for then
It hath no end.

Siw. Had he his hurts before?

Rosse. Ay, on the front.

Siw. Why then, God's soldier be he!
Had I as many sons as I have hairs,
I would not wish them to a fairer-death:
And so, his knell is knoll'd.

Mal. He's worth more sorrow,
And that I'll spend for him.

Siw. He's worth no more:
They say he parted well, and paid his score:
And so, God be with him!—Here comes newer
comfort.

Re-enter Macduff, with Macbeth's head.

Macd. Hail, king! for so thou art: behold,
where stands

The usurper's curs'd head: the time is free:
I see thee compass'd with thy kingdom's pearl,
That speak my salutation in their minds;

Whose voices I desire aloud with mine,
Hail, king of Scotland!
All. Hail, king of Scotland!

Mal. We shall not spend a large expence
Before we reckon with your several loves,
And make us even with you. My thanes
kinsmen,

Henceforth be earls, the first that ever
In such an honour nam'd. What's more
Which would be planted newly with the time,
As calling home our exil'd friends abroad
That fled the snares of watchful tyranny;
Producing forth the cruel ministers
Of this dead butcher, and his fiend-like
Who, as 'tis thought, by self and violent means
Took off her life;—this, and what need
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.]

HAMLET, PRINCE OF DENMARK.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Marcellus, } Officers.
Bernardo, }
Francisco, a Soldier.
Reynaldo, Servant to Polonius.
A Captain. Ambassadors.
Ghost of Hamlet's Father.
Fortinbras, Prince of Norway.
Two Clowns, Grave-diggers.
Gertrude, Queen of Denmark and Mother to Hamlet.
Ophelia, Daughter to Polonius.
Lords, Ladies, Officers, Soldiers, Players,
Sailors, Messengers, and Attendants.

SCENE,—Elsinore.

ACT I.

A Platform before the Castle.

Enter to him Bernardo.

Enter to him Bernardo.

Enter to him Bernardo.

Enter to him Bernardo.

Enter to him Bernardo.

Enter to him Bernardo.

Enter to him Bernardo.

Enter to him Bernardo.

Enter to him Bernardo.

Enter to him Bernardo.

Enter to him Bernardo.

Enter to him Bernardo.

Enter to him Bernardo.

Enter to him Bernardo.

Enter to him Bernardo.

Enter to him Bernardo.

Enter to him Bernardo.

Ber. I have seen nothing.
Mar. Horatio says 'tis but our fantasy,
And will not let belief take hold of him,
Touching this dreaded sight, twice seen of us:
Therefore I have entreated him along
With us to watch the minutes of this night;
That, if again this apparition come,
He may approve our eyes, and speak to it.
Hor. Tush, tush, 'twill not appear.
Ber. Sit down awhile;
And let us once again assail your ears,
That are so fortified against our story,
What we two nights have seen.
Hor. Well, sit we down,
And let us hear Bernardo speak of this.
Ber. Last night of all, [pole,
When yon same star, that's westward from the
Had made his course to illume that part of
heaven
Where now it burns, Marcellus and myself,
The bell then beating one,— [comes again
Mar. Peace! break thee off; look, where it
Enter Ghost.
Ber. In the same figure, like the king that's
dead. [Horatio.
Mar. Thou art a scholar; speak to it,
Ber. Looks it not like the king? mark it,
Horatio. [and wonder.
Hor. Most like:—it harrows me with fear
Ber. It would be spoke to.
Mar. Question it, Horatio.
Hor. What art thou, that usurp'st this time
of night,
Together with that fair and war-like form,
In which the majesty of buried Denmark
Did sometimes march? by heaven, I charge
Mar. It is offended. [thee, speak!

Ber. See, it stalks away.

Hor. Stay! speak, speak! I charge thee, speak! [*Exit Ghost.*]

Mar. 'Tis gone, and will not answer.

Ber. How now, Horatio! you tremble, and look pale:

Is not this something more than fantasy?

What think you on't?

Hor. Before my God, I might not this believe, Without the sensible and true avouch Of mine own eyes.

Mar. Is it not like the king?

Hor. As thou art to thyself:

Such was the very armour he had on, When he the ambitious Norway combated; So frown'd he once, when, in an angry parle, He smote the sledded Polacks on the ice. 'Tis strange!

Mar. Thus, twice before, and just at this dead hour,

With martial stalk hath he gone by our watch.

Hor. In what particular thought to work, I know not;

But, in the gross and scope of my opinion, This bodes some strange eruption to our state.

Mar. Good now, sit down, and tell me, he that knows,

Why this same strict and most observant watch

So nightly toils the subject of the land;

And why such daily cast of brazen cannon,

And foreign mart for implements of war; [task

Why such impress of shipwrights, whose sore

Does not divide the Sunday from the week;

What might be toward, that this sweaty haste

Doth make the night joint labourer with the

Who is't that can inform me? [*day:*

Hor. That can I;

At least, the whisper goes so. Our last king,

Whose image even but now appear'd to us,

Was, as you know, by Fortinbras of Norway,

Thereto prick'd on by a most emulate pride,

Dar'd to the combat; in which our valiant

Hamlet [*him*]

(For so this side of our known world esteem'd

Did slay this Fortinbras: who, by a seal'd

Well ratified by law and heraldry, [compact,

Did forfeit, with his life, all those his lands

Which he stood seiz'd of, to the conqueror:

Against the which, a moiety competent

Was gaged by our king; which had return'd

To the inheritance of Fortinbras,

Had he been vanquisher; as, by the same

And carriage of the article design'd, [eo-mart,

His fell to Hamlet. Now, sir, young Fortinbras,

Of unimproved metal hot and full,

Hath in the skirts of Norway, here and there,

Shar'd up a list of landless resolute

For food and out, to some enterprise

That hath a stomach in't: which is no other

(As it doth well appear unto our state)

But to recover of us, by strong hand

And terms compulsative, those foresaid lands

So by his father lost: and this, I take it,

Is the main motive of our preparations,

The source of this our watch, and the

Of this post-haste and romage in the

Ber. I think it be no other, but

Well may it sort, that this portentous

Comes armed through our watch;

king

That was, and is, the question of the

Hor. A mote it is to trouble the

In the most high and palmy state of

A little ere the mightiest Julius fell,

The graves stood tenantless, and the

Did squeak and gibber in the Roman

As, stars with trains of fire, and dews

Disasters in the sun; and the most

Upon whose influence Neptune's empire

Was sick almost to doomsday with

And even the like precursors of the

As harbingers preceding with the

And prologue to the omen coming

Have heaven and earth together

Unto our climatures and countries

Re-enter Ghost.

But, soft, behold! lo, where it comes!

I'll cross it, though it blast me—[*Exit*

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,

Speak to me:

If thou art privy to thy country's fate,

Which, happily, foreknowing may

O, speak!

Or if thou hast upheard in the wood

Extorted treasure in the womb of earth

For which, they say, you spirits are

death,

Speak of it;—stay, and speak!

cellus.

Mar. Shall I strike at it with my

Hor. Do, if it will not stand.

Ber.

Hor.

Mar. 'Tis gone!

We do it wrong, being so majestical

To offer it the show of violence;

For it is, as the air, invulnerable;

And our vain blows maliciously

Ber. It was about it started,

Hor. And then it started,

Upon a fearful summons.

The cock, that in the trumpet

Doth with his lofty and shrill

Awake the god of day; and

Whether in sea or fire, in

Th' extravagant and erring

To his confine; and of the

This present object made

Mar. It faded on the crown

Some say, that ever

Wherein our Saviour's

This bird of dawn

And then, they say,

The nights are whole

strike,

But, you must know, your father lost a father;
That father lost, lost his; and the survivor
In filial obligation, for some term [bound,
To do obsequious sorrow: but to persevere
In obstinate condolence, is a course
Of impious stubbornness; 'tis unmanly grief:
It shows a will most incorrect to heaven;
A heart unfortified, a mind impatient;
An understanding simple and unschool'd:
For what we know must be, and is as common
As any the most vulgar thing to sense,
Why should we, in our peevish opposition,
Take it to heart? Fie! 'tis a fault to heaven,
A fault against the dead, a fault to nature,
To reason most absurd; whose common theme
Is death of fathers, and who still hath cried,
From the first corse till he that died to-day,
"This must be so." We pray you, throw to
earth

This unprevailing woe; and think of us
As of a father: for let the world take note,
You are the most immediate to our throne;
And, with no less nobility of love
Than that which dearest father bears his son,
Do I impart toward you. For your intent
In going back to school in Wittenberg,
It is most retrograde to our desire:
And we beseech you, bend you to remain
Here, in the cheer and comfort of our eye,
Our chiefest courtier, cousin, and our son.

Queen. Let not thy mother lose her prayers,
Hamlet:

I pray thee, stay with us; go not to Wittenberg.
Ham. I shall in all my best obey you,
madam.

King. Why, 'tis a loving and a fair reply;
Be as ourself in Denmark.—Madam, come;
This gentle and unford'd accord of Hamlet
Sits smiling to my heart: in grace whereof,
No jocund health that Denmark drinks to-day,
But the great cannon to the clouds shall tell;
And the king's rouse the heaven shall bruit
again,

Re-speaking earthly thunder. Come away.
[Exeunt all except Hamlet.]

Ham. O, that this too too solid flesh would
Thaw, and resolve itself into a dew; [melt,
Or that the Everlasting had not fix'd
His canon 'gainst self-slaughter! O God! O
How weary, stale, flat, and unprofitable [God!
Seems to me all the uses of this world!
Fie on't! O fie! 'tis an unweeded garden
That grows to seed; things rank and gross in
nature

Possess it merely. That it should come to this!
But two months dead!—nay, not so much,
not two:

So excellent a king; that was, to this,
Hyperion to a satyr: so loving to my mother,
That he might not betwixt the winds of heaven
Visit her face too roughly. Heaven and earth!
Must I remember? why, she would hang on
As if increase of appetite had grown [him,
By what it fed on: and yet, within a month,—

Let me not think on't,—Fidelity, [By
woman!—

A little month, or ere those shoes were
With which she follow'd my poor father's
Like Niobe, all tears;—why she, even
O God! a beast, that wants discourse of
Would have mourn'd longer,—methinks I see
mine uncle,

My father's brother! but no more
Than I to Hercules: within a month—
Ere yet the salt of most unrighteousness
Had left the flushing in her ruddy cheek,
She married!—O, most wicked speed,
With such dexterity to incestuous sheets!
It is not, nor it cannot come to good,
But break, my heart, for I must
tongue!

Enter Horatio, Marcellus, and [
Hor. Hail to your lordship!

Ham. I am glad to see you
Horatio,—or I do forget myself.

Hor. The same, my lord, and your
servant ever.

Ham. Sir, my good friend; I'll
name with you:

And what make you from Wittenberg?
Marcellus?

Mar. My good lord,—

Ham. I am very glad to see you.
But what, in faith, make you from Wittenberg?

Hor. A truant disposition, good my lord.

Ham. I would not hear your student
Nor shall you do mine ear that name.

To make it trustful of your own
Against yourself: I know you are not.

But what is your affair in Elsinore?
We'll teach you to drink deep ere you
Hor. My lord, I came to see
funeral.

Ham. I pray thee, do not mention
I think it was to see my mother's

Hor. Indeed, my lord, it follow'd
Ham. Thrift, thrift, Horatio! the

back'd meats
Did coldly furnish forth the banquet

Would I had met my dearest father
Ere I had ever seen that day.

My father,—methinks I see him
Hor. O, where, my lord?

Ham. In my mind's eye, Horatio.

Hor. I saw him once; the next time
Ham. He was a man, take heed, he was

I shall not look upon his like
Hor. My lord, I think I saw him

Ham. Saw who?

Hor. My lord, the king your father

Ham. Season your admiration
With an attend ear; tell me, I pray you,

Upon the witness of these gentlemen
This marvel to you.

Ham. For God's love, let me
Hor. Two nights together,

men,

and Bernardo, on their watch,
and fast and middle of the night,
encounter'd. A figure like your
father's exactly, cap-à-pé, [father,
before them, and with solemn march
and stately by them: thrice he walk'd
cross'd and fear-surprised eyes,
brunchcon's length; whilst they,
fully with the act of fear,
and speak not to him. This to me
seem'd the third night kept the watch:
they had deliver'd, both in time,
the thing, each word made true and
fulfill'd comes: I knew your father;
which are not more like.

But where was this?
My lord, upon the platform where
you not speak to it?

My lord, I did;
made it none; yet once, me-
thinks, like as it would speak:
the morning cock crew loud;
the sound it shrunk in haste away,
from our sight.

'Tis very strange,
do live, my honour'd lord, 'tis
think it writ down in our duty
know of it.

Indeed, sir, but this troubles
the watch to-night?
[me.
say you? We do, my lord.

Arta'd, my lord.
From top to toe?
Then, saw you not his face?
O yes, my lord: he wore his beaver up.
[What, look'd he frowningly?
A countenance more
than in anger.

Pale, or red?
And fix'd his eyes upon you?
Most constantly.

I would I had been there!
I should have much amaz'd you.
Stay'd it long?

Very like,
while one with moderate haste might
have said a hundred.

Longer, longer,
His heard was grizzled,—no?
It was, as I have seen it in his life,
I will watch to-night;
I will walk again.

Hor.

I warrant it will.
Ham. If it assume my noble father's person,
I'll speak to it, though hell itself should gape,
And bid me hold my peace. I pray you all,
If you have hitherto conceal'd this sight,
Let it be tenable in your silence still,
And whatsoever else shall hap to-night,
Give it an understanding, but no tongue:
I will requite your loves. So, fare you well:
Upon the platform, 'twixt eleven and twelve,
I'll visit you.

All.

Our duty to your honour.
Ham. Your loves, as mine to you: farewell.
[*Exeunt Hor., Mar., and Ber.*
My father's spirit in arms! all is not well;
I doubt some foul play: would the night were
come!
Till then sit still: my soul: foul deeds will rise,
Though all the earth o'erwhelm them, to men's
eyes. [Exit.

SCENE III.—A Room in Polonius' House.

Enter Laertes and Ophelia.

Laer. My necessities are embark'd: fare-
And, sister, as the winds give benefit, [well!
And convoy is assistant, do not sleep,
But let me hear from you.

Oph. Do you doubt that?
Laer. For Hamlet, and the trifling of his
Hold it a fashion, and a toy in blood; [favour,
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 soil nor cautel doth besmirch
The virtue of his will: but you must fear,
His greatness weigh'd, his will is not his own;
For he himself is subject to his birth:
He may not, as unvalu'd persons do,
Carve for himself; for on his choice depends
The safety and the health of the whole state;
And therefore must his choice be circumscrib'd
Unto the voice and yielding of that body,
Whereof he is the head: then, if he says he
loves you,

It fits your wisdom so far to believe it,
As he in his particular act and place
May give his saying deed; which is no further
Than the main voice of Denmark goes withal.
Then weigh what loss your honour may sustain,
If with too credent ear you list his songs;
Or lose your heart; or your chaste treasure
To his unmaster'd importunity. [open
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 herself 'scapes not calumnious strokes,
The canker galls the infants of the spring,
Too oft before their buttons be disclos'd;
And in the morn and liquid dew of youth
Contagious blastments are most imminent.
Be wary, then; best safety lies in fear:
Youth to itself rebels, though none else near.

Oph. I shall th' effect of this good lesson keep,
As watchman to my heart. But, good my
Do not, as some ungracious pastors do,
Show me the steep and thorny way to heaven;
Whilst, like a puff'd and reckless libertine,
Himself the primrose path of dalliance treads,
And recks not his own rude.

Laer. O, fear me not.
I stay too long:—but here my father comes.

Enter Polonius.
A double blessing is a double grace;
Occasion smiles upon a second leave. [*Shame!*]
Pol. Yet here, Laertes! aboard, aboard, for
The wind sits in the shoulder of your sail,
And you are stay'd for. There,—my blessing
with you!

[*Laying his hand on Laertes' head.*]
And these few precepts in thy memory
Look thou character. Give thy thoughts no
tongue,

Nor any unproportion'd thought his act.
Be thou familiar, but by no means vulgar.
The friends thou hast, and their adoption tried,
Grapple them to thy soul with hoops of steel;
But do not dull thy palm with entertainment
Of each new-hatch'd, unfledg'd comrade.

Beware
Of entrance to a quarrel; but, being in,
Bear't, that th' opposed may beware of thee.
Give every man thine 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 most select and generous, chief in that.
Neither a borrower, nor a lender be;
For loan oft loses both itself and friend;
And borrowing dulls the edge of husbandry.
This above all,—to thine own self be true;
And it must follow, as the night the day,
Thou canst not then be false to any man.
Farewell: my blessing season this in thee!

Laer. Most humbly do I take my leave, my
lord.

Pol. The time invites you; go, your servants
Laer. Farewell, Ophelia; and remember
What I have said to you.

Oph. 'Tis in my memory lock'd,
And you yourself shall keep the key of it.

Laer. Farewell.

Pol. What is't, Ophelia, he hath said to you?
Oph. So please you, something touching the
lord Hamlet.

Pol. Marry, well bethought;
'Tis told me, he hath very oft of late
Given private time to you; and you
Have of your audience been most
bounteous:

If it be so, (as so 'tis put on me,
And that in way of caution,) I must
You do not understand yourself so
As it behoves my daughter, and your
What is between you? give me up the
Oph. He hath, my lord, of late made
Of his affection to me.

Pol. Affection! pooh! you speak
green girl,

Unsuited in such perilous circumstances.
Do you believe his tenders, as you call
Oph. I do not know, my lord, what to
think.

Pol. Marry, I'll teach you: think you
That you have ta'en those tenders for love,
Which are not sterling?

more dearly;
Or,—not to crack the wind of the poor
Wrangling it thus,—you'll tender me a
Oph. My lord, he hath importuned me
In honourable fashion.

Pol. Ay, fashion you may call it; but
Oph. And hath given countenance to
speech, my lord,

With almost all the holy vows of
Pol. Ay, springs to catch women's
know,

When the blood burns, how prodigal
Lends the tongue vows: these blazes,
Giving more light than heat,—are
Even in their promise, as it is a fire that
You must not take for fire. These are
Be somewhat scatter'd of your
senses;

Set your entreatments at a higher rate
Than a command to parley. For he
Believe so much in him, that he will
And with a larger tether may he
Than may be given you: in few words
Do not believe his vows; for they are
brokers,—

Not of that dye which their invention
But mere implorators of unholy
Breathing like sanctified and pious
The better to beguile. This is the
I would not, in plain terms, from
forth,

Have you so slander any moment
As to give words or talk with the
Look to't, I charge you; come your
Oph. I shall obey, my lord.

SCENE IV.—The Palace.

Enter Hamlet, Horatio, and others.

Ham. The air bites shrewdly; it is a cold
Hor. It is a nipping and an angry day.

Ham. What hour now?

Hor. I think it is about the middle of the
Mar. No, it is struck.

I heard it not: then it draws
the season,
the spirit held his wont to walk.
A flourish of trumpets, and ordnance
shot off, within.
this man, my lord!
the king doth wake to-night, and
his rouse,
and the swaggering up-spring
he drains his draughts of Rhenish
And trumpet thus bray out
of his pledge.

Is it a custom?
Ay, marry, is't:—though I am native here,
and a summer born,—it is a custom
ward in the breach than the observ-
ance. Led revel, east and west, [dance,
and tax'd of other nations:
as drunkards, and with swinish
behaviour; and, indeed, it takes
achievments, though perform'd at
the narrow of our attribute.
Advances in particular men,
and vicious mole of nature in them,
birth, (wherein they are not guilty,
cannot choose his origin,)
growth of some complexion,
down the pales and forts of
the body, that too much o'er-leavens
of plausible manners;—that these
may, the stamp of one defect,
and a literary, or fortune's star,—
in a man may undergo,
the general censure take corruption
of particular fault: the dram of ill
in the noble substance often dunt,
and murther.

Enter Ghost.
Look, my lord! it comes.
Angels and ministers of grace, defend
us!—
of health, or goblin damn'd,
from these airy forms from heaven, or blasts
of hell,
wicked, or charitable,
in such a questionable shape,
I'll speak to thee: I'll call thee,
Royal Dane: O, answer me!
I am dead in ignorance; but tell
me, if thou canst, the cause of these
portents: why the sepulchre,
and the ponderous and marble jaws,
are open'd again! What may this mean,
that the dead corse, again, in complete steel,
is thus the glimmers of the moon,

Making night hideous; and we fools of nature,
So horribly to shake our disposition,
With thoughts beyond the reaches of our
souls?

Say, why is this? wherefore? what should we
do? [The Ghost beckons Hamlet.

Hor. It beckons you to go away with it,
As if it some impartment did desire
To you alone.

Mar. Look, with what courteous action
It waves you to a more removed ground:
But do not go with it.

Hor. No, by no means.

Ham. It will not speak; then, will I follow.

Hor. Do not, my lord. [it.

Ham. Why, what should be the fear?

I do not set my life at a pin's fee;

And, for my soul, what can it do to that,

Being a thing immortal as itself?

It waves me forth again:—I'll follow it.

Hor. What if it tempt you toward the flood,

my lord,

Or to the dreadful summit of the cliff,

That beetles o'er his base into the sea,

And there assume some other horrible form,

Which might deprive your sovereignty of
reason,

And draw you into madness? think of it:

The very place puts toys of desperation,

Without more motive, into every brain

That looks so many fathoms to the sea,

And hears it roar beneath.

Ham. It waves me still.—Go on; I'll follow.

Mar. You shall not go, my lord. [thee.

Ham. Hold off your hands.

Hor. Be rul'd; you shall not go.

Ham. My fate cries out,

And makes each petty artery in this body

As hard as the Nemean lion's nerve.

[Ghost beckons.

Still am I call'd:—unhand me, gentlemen;—

[Breaking from them.

By heaven, I'll make a ghost of him that lets

I say, away!—Go on; I'll follow thee. [me:—

[Exeunt Ghost and Hamlet.

Hor. He waxes desperate with imagination.

Mar. Let's follow; 'tis not fit thus to obey

him. [come!

Hor. Have after.—To what issue will this

Mar. Something is rotten in the state of

Hor. Heaven will direct it. [Denmark.

Mar. Nay, let's follow him.

[Exeunt.

SCENE V.—A more remote Part of the

Platform.

Enter Ghost and Hamlet.

Ham. Whither wilt thou lead me? speak;

Ghost. Mark me. [I'll go no further.

Ham. I will.

Ghost. My hour is almost come,

When I to sulphurous and tormenting flames

Must render up myself.

Ham. Alas, poor ghost!

Ghost. Pity me not; but lend thy serious
To what I shall unfold. [hearing]

Ham. Speak; I am bound to hear.

Ghost. So art thou to revenge, when thou

Ham. What? [shalt hear.

Ghost. I am thy father's spirit;

Doom'd for a certain term to walk the night,
And, for the day, confin'd to fast in fires,
Till the foul crimes, done in my days of nature,
Are burnt and purg'd away. But that I am
To tell the secrets of my prison-house, [forbid
I could a tale unfold, whose lightest word
Would harrow up thy soul; freeze thy young
blood;

Make thy two eyes, like stars, start from their
Thy knotted and combin'd locks to part,
And each particular hair to stand on end,
Like quills upon the fretful porcupine:
But this eternal blazon must not be
To ears of flesh and blood.—List, list, O list!
If thou didst ever thy dear father love,—

Ham. O God!

Ghost. Revenge his foul and most unnatural

Ham. Murder? [murder.

Ghost. Murder most foul, as in the best it is;
But this most foul, strange, and unnatural.

Ham. Haste me to know it, that I, with
wings as swift

As meditation, or the thoughts of love,
May sweep to my revenge.

Ghost. I find thee apt;

And duller shouldst thou be than the fat weed
That rots itself in ease on Lethæa wharf,
Wouldst thou not stir in this. Now, Hamlet,
hear;

'Tis given out, that, sleeping in mine orchard,
A serpent stung me; so the whole ear of Den-
is by a forg'd process of my death [mark
Rav'dly abus'd: but know, thou noble youth,
The serpent that did sting thy father's life
Now wears his crown.

Ham. O my prophetic soul! my uncle!

Ghost. Ay, that incestuous, that adulterate
beast,

With witchcraft of his wit, with traitorous gifts,
[O wicked wit, and gifts, that have the power
So to seduce!] won to his shameful lust
The will of my most seeming-virtuous queen:
O Hamlet, what a falling off was there!
From me, whose love was of that dignity,
That it went hand in hand even with the vow
I made to her in marriage; and to decline
Upon a wretch whose natural gifts were poor
To those of mine!

But virtue, as it never will be mov'd,
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 mine orchard,
My custom always in the afternoon,
Upon my secure hour thy uncle stole,
With juice of cursd hebenon in a vial,

And in the porches of mine ears did pour
The leoprous distillment; whose effect
Holds such an enmity with blood, that
That, quick as quicksilver, it cometh to
The natural gates and alleys of the body;
And, with a sudden vigour, it doth pos-
And curd, like eager droppings into blood;
The thin and wholesome blood; so did it
And a most instant tetter bark'd about
Most Lazar-like, with vile and loathsome
All my smooth body.

Thus was I, sleeping, by a brother's hand
Of life, of crown, of queen, at once depri'd:
Cut off even in the blossoms of my age,
Unhous'd, disappointed, unanointed,
No reckoning made, but sent to my
With all my imperfections on my head;
O, horrible! O, horrible! most horrible!
If thou hast nature in thee, hear it out.
Let not the royal bed of Denmark be
A couch for luxury and damned incest.
But, howsoever thou pursu'st this act,
Taint not thy mind, nor let thy soul
Against thy mother aght; leave her alone
And to those thorns that in her bosom
To prick and sting her. Fare thee well
once!

The glow-worm shows the matin's wake,
And gins to pale his unfeather'd tongue.
Adieu, adieu! Hamlet, remember!

Ham. O all you host of heaven!

What else!

And shall I couple hell!—O, hell!

And you, my sinews, grow not stiff;
But bear me stiffly up!—Remember!

Ay, thou poor ghost, while night
sent

In this distracted globe. Remember!

Yea, from the table of my memory
I'll wipe away all trivial fondness,
All saws of books, all forms, all pressures
That youth and observation do there
And thy commandment all alone
Within the book and volume of my brain,
Unmix'd with baser matter:

O most pernicious woman!

O villain, villain, smiling, damnd!

O villain, villain, smother'd in my
My tables, my tables—most
That one may smile, and smile, and
At least I'm sure it may be so!

So, uncle, there you are. Now
It is, "Adieu, adieu! Remember!"

I have sworn't.

Hor. [Within.] My lord's not here.

Mar. [Within.] Lord Hamlet!

Hor. [Within.] So be it!

Mar. [Within.] Hello, lo, lo, lo!

Hor. [Within.] Hello, lo, lo, lo!

Ham. Hello, ho, ho, ho, ho!

Enter Horatio and Mar.

Mar. How is't, my noble lord?

Hor. What?

Ham. O, wonderful!

Good my lord, tell it.

No;

Ham. And therefore as a stranger give it welcome.

There are more things in heaven and earth,
Horatio,

Than are dreamt of in your philosophy.

But come;—

Here, as before, never, so help you mercy,

How strange or odd so'er I bear myself,

As I, perchance, hereafter shall think meet

To put an antic disposition on,—

That you, at such times seeing me, never shall,
With arms encumber'd thus, or this head-
shake,

Or by pronouncing of some doubtful phrase,

As, "Well, well, we know;"—or, "We could,
an if we would;"

Or, "If we list to speak;"—or, "There be,
an if they might,"—

Or such ambiguous giving out, to note

That you know aught of me:—this not to do,
So grace and mercy at your most need help
Swear.

Ghost. [*Beneath.*] Swear.

[*gentlemen,*

Ham. Rest, rest, perturbed spirit.—So,

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 friendship to

you, [*together;*

God willing, shall not lack. Let us go in

And still your fingers on your lips, I pray.

The time is out of joint:—O cursed spite,

That ever I was born to set it right!

Nay, come, let's go together. — [*Exeunt.*

ACT II.

SCENE I.—A Room in Polonius' House.

Enter Polonius and Reynaldo.

Pol. Give him this money and these notes,

Rey. I will, my lord. [*Reynaldo.*

Pol. You shall do marvellous wisely, good
Reynaldo,

Before you visit him, to make enquiry

Of his behaviour.

Rey. My lord, I did intend it.

Pol. Marry, well said; very well said. Look
you, sir,

Enquire me first what Daneskers are in Paris;

And how, and who, what means, and where
they keep,

What company, at what expense; and finding,
By this encompassment and drift of question,

That they do know my son, come you more
nearer

Than your particular demands will touch it;

Take you, as 'twere, some distant knowledge
of him:

As thus, "I know his father, and his friends,
And, in part, him;"—do you mark this, *Rey.*

Rey. Ay, very well, my lord. [*Pol.*

Pol. "And, in part, him; but," you may
say, "not well;

Nor I, my lord.

Nor I, my lord.

Nor I, my lord.

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Nor I, my lord.

But if't be he I mean, he's very wild;
Addicted so and so;—and there put on him
What forgeries you please; marry, none so
rank

As may dishonour him; take heed of that;
But, sir, such wanton, wild, and usual slips,
As are companions noted and most known
To youth and liberty.

As gaming, my lord?
Pol. Ay, or drinking, fencing, swearing,
Drabbing;—you may go so far. [quarrelling,
Rey. My lord, that would dishonour him.

Pol. Faith, no; as you may season it in the
charge.

You must not put another scandal on him,
That he is open to incontinency;
That's not my meaning: but breathe his
faults so quaintly,
That they may seem the taints of liberty;
The flash and outbreak of a fiery mind;
A savageness in unreckon'd blood,
Of general assault.

But, my good lord,—
Pol. Wherefore should you do this?
Rey. Ay, my lord,
I would know that.

Pol. Marry, sir, here's my drift;
And, I believe, it is a fetch of warrant:
You laying these slight sullies on my son,
As 'twere a thing a little soil'd i' the working,
Mark you,
Your party in converse, him you would sound,
Having ever seen in the predominate crimes
The youth you breathe of guilty, be assur'd,
He closes with you in this consequence;
"Good sir," or so; or "friend," or "gentle-
man."

According to the phrase, or the addition,
Of man, and country.

Very good, my lord.
Pol. And then, sir, does he this,—he does—
What was I about to say? [Rey. I
was about to say something:—where did I

Rey. At "closes in the consequence,"
Pol. At "friend or so," and "gentleman." [marry;
At "closes in the consequence,"—ay,
He closes with you thus:—"I know the gentle-
man; I saw him yesterday, or the other day, [man;
Or then, or then; with such, or such; and,
as you say,

There was he gaming; there o'ertook in's
There falling out at tennis;" or perchance,
"I saw him enter such a house of sale,"—
Videlicet, a brothel,—or so forth.—

See you now:
Your bait of falsehood takes this carp of truth;
And thus do we of wisdom and of reach,
With windlasses, and with assays of bias,
By indirections find directions out:
So, by my former lecture and advice,
Shall you my son.

You have me, have you
Rey. My lord, I have.
Pol. God be wi' you; fare you well.
Rey. Good my lord!

Pol. Observe his inclination in your son.

Rey. I shall, my lord.

Pol. And let him ply his music.

Rey. Farewell!

Enter Ophelia.

How now, Ophelia! what's the matter?

Oph. Alas, my lord, I have been much
Pol. With what, in the name of God?

Oph. My lord, as I was sewing in my
Lord Hamlet,—with his doublet all
No hat upon his head; his stockings
Ungarter'd, and down-gyved to his
Pale as his shirt; his knees knocking
other;

And with a look so piteous to behold,

As if he had been loosed out of hell
To speak of horrors,—he comes before me.

Pol. Mad for thy love?

Oph. Mad for thy love?

Pol. He took me by the wrist, and held me
hard;

Then goes he to the length of all his arm;

And, with his other hand, thus o'er his eyes,

He falls to such perusal of my face,

As he would draw it. Long stay'd he

At last,—a little shaking of mine arm,

And thrice his head thus waving up and
down,—

He rais'd a sigh so piteous and profound,

That it did seem to shatter all his bones;

And end his being; that done, he bow'd,

And with his head over his shoulder,

He seem'd to find his way without his feet;

For out o' doors he went without his head,

And, to the last, bended his head,

And, to the last, bended his head,

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Scene II.—A Room in the Castle.

King, Queen, Rosencrantz, Guilden-
stern, and Attendants.

Welcome, dear Rosencrantz, and
Guildenstern!

How much did long to see you,
And how much do I long to see you now.

Something have you heard
Of the transformation; so I call it,

That it was. What it should be,
I cannot tell; but thus hath

From the understanding of himself,
I entreat you both, [him,
To so young days brought up with

To speak of horrors,—he comes before me.

Pol. Mad for thy love?

Oph. Mad for thy love?

Pol. He took me by the wrist, and held me
hard;

Then goes he to the length of all his arm;

And, with his other hand, thus o'er his eyes,

He falls to such perusal of my face,

As he would draw it. Long stay'd he

At last,—a little shaking of mine arm,

And thrice his head thus waving up and
down,—

He rais'd a sigh so piteous and profound,

That it did seem to shatter all his bones;

And end his being; that done, he bow'd,

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And, to the last, bended his head,

And, to the last, bended his head,

And, to the last, bended his head,

As it hath us'd to do) that I have found
The very cause of Hamlet's lunacy.

King. O, speak of that; that do I long to
hear.

Pol. Give first admittance to the ambas-
sadors;—My news shall be the fruit to that great feast.

King. Thyself do grace to them, and bring
them in. [Exit Polonius.

He tells me, my dear Gertrude, he hath found
The head and source of all your son's dis-
temper.

Queen. I doubt, it is no other but the main,
His father's death, and our o'erhasty marriage.

King. Well, we shall sift him.

Re-enter Polonius, with Voltimand and
Cornelius.

Welcome, my good friends!
Say, Voltimand, what from our brother
Norway!

Pol. Most fair return of greetings, and
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 th' 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.

Re-enter Voltimand and Cornelius.

This business is well ended.
My liege, and madam, to expostulate
What majesty should be, what duty is,
Why day is day, night night, and time is time,
Were nothing but to waste night, day, and
time.

Therefore, since brevity is the soul of wit,
And tediousness the limbs and outward
flourishes,

I will be brief:—your noble son is mad:
Mad call I it; for, to define true madness,
What is't, but to be nothing else but mad!
But let that go.

Queen. More matter, with less art.

Pol. Madam, I swear I use no art at all. That he is mad, 'tis true: 'tis true 'tis pity; And pity 'tis 'tis true: a foolish figure; But farewell it, for I will use no art. Mad let us grant him, then: and now remains, That we find out the cause of this effect,— Or rather say, the cause of this defect; For this effect defective comes by cause: Thus it remains, and the remainder thus. Perpend.

I have a daughter, have while she is mine, Who, in her duty and obedience, mark, Hath given me this: now, gather, and surmise. [Reads.] "To the celestial, and my soul's idol, the most beautified Ophelia."

That's an ill phrase, a vile phrase, "beautified" is a vile phrase; but you shall hear. Thus [Exit.]

[Reads.] "In her excellent white bosom, these,"

Queen. Came this from Hamlet to her? Pol. Good madam, stay awhile; I will be faithful.

[Reads.] "Doubt thou the stars are fire; Doubt that the sun doth move; Doubt truth to be a liar, But never doubt I love."

"O dear Ophelia, I am ill at these numbers; I have not art to reckon my groans: but that I love thee best, O most best, believe it. Adieu."

"Thine evermore, most dear lady, whilst this machine is to him, HAMLET."

This, in obedience, hath my daughter shown And more above, hath his solicitings, (me; As they fell out by time, by means and place, All given to mine ear.

King. But how hath she Received his love?

Pol. What do you think of me? King. As of a man faithful and honourable.

Pol. I would fain prove so. But what might you think,

When I had seen this hot love on the wing, (As I perceived it, I must tell you that, Before my daughter told me,) what might you, Or my dear majesty, your queen here, think, If I had play'd the desk, or table-book; Or given my heart a winking, mute and dumb; Or look'd upon this love with idle sight;— What might you think? no, I went round to work,

And my young mistress thus I did bespeak: "Lord Hamlet is a prince, out of thy sphere; This must not be:" and then I precepts gave her,

That she should lock herself from his resort, Admit no messengers, receive no tokens. Which done, she took the fruits of my advice; And he, repulsed, (a short tale to make,) Fell into a sadness; then into a fast; Thence to a watch; thence into a weakness; Thence to a lightness; and by this declension, Into the madness wherein now he raves, And all we wail for.

King. Do you think 'tis this?

Queen. It may be, very likely. Pol. Hath there been such a time, (I will know that.)

That I have positively said, "I will know that." When it prov'd otherwise?

King. Pol. Take this from this, if it be so, [Pointing to his head and heart.] I will that I should know it. If circumstances lead me, though it were but within the centre.

King. How may we try it? Pol. You know, sometimes he will come here in the lobby.

Queen. So he does, indeed. Pol. At such a time I'll loose my daughter, and be not from his reason taken. Mark the encounter: if he love her, let me be no assistant for a state, But keep a farm, and carters.

King. Enter Hamlet, reading. Queen. But look, where early the wretch comes reading.

Pol. Away, I do beseech you, lest I'll board him presently. O, give him leave.

[Exit King.] How does my good lord Hamlet? Ham. Well, God-a-mercy.

Pol. Do you know me, my lord? Ham. Excellent well; you are a lady.

Pol. Not I, my lord. Ham. Then I would you were so.

Pol. Honest, my lord? Ham. Ay, sir; to be honest, as you goos, is to be one man jacked up to the thousand.

Pol. That's very true, my lord. Ham. For if the sun loved a dead dog, being a good kitchen maid, Have you a daughter?

Pol. I have, my lord. Ham. Let her not walk in your sun: conception is a blessing; but not as you may conceive:—friend, look not at my daughter;—you are a harp on my daughter;—yet truly, he is far gone, far gone; and truly, I suffered much extremity for her, this. I'll speak to him again.

Pol. Words, words, words. Ham. What is the matter, my lord? Pol. Between whom?

Ham. I mean, the matter that you are a harp on my daughter;—yet truly, he is far gone, far gone; and truly, I suffered much extremity for her, this. I'll speak to him again.

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Ham. A dream itself is but a shadow. Ros. Truly, and I hold ambition of so airy and light a quality, that it is but a shadow's shadow.

Ham. Then are our beggars bodies, and our monarchs and outstretched heroes the beggars' shadows. Shall we to the court? for, by my fay, I cannot reason.

Ros. Quil. We'll wait upon you. Ham. No such matter: I will not sort you with the rest of my servants: for, to speak to you like an honest man, I am most dreadfully attended. But, in the beaten way of friendship, what make you at Elsinore?

Ros. To visit you, my lord; no other occasion. Ham. Beggar that I am, I am even poor in thanks; but I thank you: and sure, dear friends, my thanks are too dear, a half-penny. Were you not sent for? Is it your own inclining? Is it a free visitation? Come, deal justly with me: come, come; may, speak.

Quil. What should we say, my lord? Ham. Why anything,—but to the purpose. You were sent for; and there is a kind of confession in your looks, which your modesties have not craft enough to colour: I know the good king and queen have sent for you.

Ros. To what end, my lord? Ham. That you must teach me. But let me conjure you, by the rights of our fellowship, by the consonancy of our youth, by the obligation of our ever-preserved love, and by what more dear a better proposer could charge you withal, be even and direct with me, whether you were sent for, or no!

Ros. [Aside to Quil.] What say you? Ham. [Aside.] Nay, then, I have an eye of you.—If you love me, hold not off.

Quil. My lord, we were sent for. Ham. I will tell you why; so shall my anticipation prevent your discovery, and your secrecy to the king and queen mould no feather. I have of late (but wherefore I know not) lost all my mirth, foregone all custom of exercises; and, indeed, it goes so heavily with my disposition, that this goodly frame, the earth, seems to me a sterile promontory; this most excellent canopy, the air, look you,—this brave o'erhanging firmament, this majestical roof fretted with golden fire,—why, it appears no other thing to me but a foul and pestilent congregation of vapours. What a piece of work is a man! How noble in reason! how infinite in faculty! in form, in moving, how express and admirable! in action, how like an angel! in apprehension, how like a god! the beauty of the world! the paragon of animals! And yet, to me, what is this quintessence of dust! man delights not me; no, nor woman neither, though, by your smiling, you seem to say so.

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Ros. To think, my lord, if you delight not in man, what Lenten entertainment the players shall receive from you: we coted them on the way; and hither are they coming, to offer you service.

Ham. He that plays the king, shall be welcome,—his majesty shall have tribute of me; the adventurous knight shall use his foil and target; the lover shall not sigh gratis; the humorous man shall end his part in peace; the clown shall make those laugh, whose lungs are tickled o' the sere; and the lady shall say her mind freely, or the blank verse shall halt for't. What players are they?

Ros. Even those you were wont to take delight in, the tragedians of the city.

Ham. How chances it they travel? their residence, both in reputation and profit, was better both ways.

Ros. I think, their inhibition comes by the means of the late innovation.

Ham. Do they hold the same estimation they did when I was in the city? Are they so?

Ros. No, indeed, they are not. [followed]

Ham. How comes it? Do they grow rusty?

Ros. Nay, their endeavour keeps in the wonted pace; but there is, sir, an airy of children, little eyases, that cry out on the top of question, and are most tyrannically clapped for't! these are now the fashion; and so berattle the common stages, (so they call them,) that many, wearing rapiers, are afraid of goose quills, and dare scarce come thither.

Ham. What are they children? who maintains them? how are they escoted? Will they pursue the quality no longer than they can sing? will they not say afterwards, if they should grow themselves to common players, (as it is most like, if their means are no better,) their writers do them wrong, to make them exclaim against their own succession?

Ros. Faith, there has been much to do on both sides; and the nation holds it no sin, to tarre them on to controversy: there was, for a while, no money bid for argument, unless the poet and the player went to cuffs in the question.

Ham. Is it possible?

Guil. O, there has been much throwing about of brains.

Ham. Do the boys carry it away?

Ros. Ay, that they do, my lord; Hercules, and his load too.

Ham. It is not strange; for my uncle is king of Denmark, and those that would make mows at him while my father lived, give twenty, forty, fifty, a hundred ducats a piece, for his picture in little. 'Sblood, there is something in this more than natural, if philosophy could find it out. [Flourish of trumpets within.]

Guil. There are the players.

Ham. Gentlemen, you are welcome to Elsinore. Your hands,—come: 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, may prove fairly outward,) should more appear to them than to you. 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 hand-saw.

Enter Polonius.

Pol. Well be with you, gentlemen!

Ham. Hark you, Guildenstern: you see there, is not yet out of his clouts.

Ros. Haply, he's the second time come to them; for, they say, an old man is a child.

Ham. I will prophesy, he comes to the players; mark it.—You say so, indeed, a Monday morning; 'twas so, indeed.

Pol. My lord, I have news to tell.

Ham. My lord, I have news to tell.

Pol. When Roscius was an actor in Rome.

Ham. The actors are come hither, to see.

Pol. Buz, buz!

Pol. Upon my honour,—

Ham. Then came each actor on his own part;—

Pol. The best actors in the world, tragedy, comedy, history, pastoral, comical, historical-pastoral, tragical-comical, historical-pastoral, or what you will, indivisible, or poem unlimited, or what you will, nor Plautus too little, nor law of writ, and the liberty, these men.

Ham. O Jephthah, Judge of Levi!

Pol. What a treasure had he in his house!

Ham. Why?

Pol. "One fair daughter and no more,"

Ham. Am I not i' the right, old Jephthah?

Pol. If you call me Jephthah, I will answer you as I am.

Ham. Nay, that follows not.

Pol. What follows, then, my lord?

Ham. Why,

Pol. As by lot, God knows.

Ham. And then, you know,

Pol. "It came to pass, as most like it did,"

Ham. The first row of the pious old men,

Pol. You more; for look, where the first comes.

Enter four or five Players.

You are welcome, masters; welcome, all. You are glad to see these well-welcome friends.—O, my old friend, I have heard since I saw thee last, that thou hadst been in Denmark. Welcome, lady and mistress! By'r lady, your ladyship is nearer heaven, than when you were the altitude of a chop-lane.

Ham. A piece of uncurrent gold, he not within the ring.—Masters, you are welcome. Well 'em to't like French!

Pol. At anything we see: we'll have a taste of it, come, give us a taste of your wit.

Ham. A passionate speech.

Pol. What speech, my lord?

Ham. He never speaks me a speech once, for the play, I remember, pleased me; 'twas a caviare to the general: I received it, and others, whose

Pol. I am glad to hear it, and others, whose

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And like a neutral to his will nail venther,

Did nothing.

But, as we often see, against some storm,

A silence in the heavens, the rack stand still,

The bold winds speechless, and the orb below

As hush as death, anon the dreadful thunder

Doth rend the region; so, after Pyrrhus' pause,

Aroused vengeance sets him new a-work;

And never did the Cyclops' hammers fall

On Mars's armour, forged for proof alone,

With less remorse than Pyrrhus' bleeding sword

Now falls on Priam.—

Out, out, thou strumpet, Fortune! All you gods,

In general synod, take away her power;

Break all the spokes and felloes 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.—Pr'ythee, say on:—he's for a jig, or a tale of bawdry, or he sleeps:—say on;—come to Hecuba.

1 Play. "But who, O, who had seen the mobled queen?"

Ham. The mobled queen.

Pol. That's good; mobled queen is good.

1 Play. "Run barefoot up and down, threat'ning the flames"

"With bisson rheum; a clout upon that head,

"Where late the diadem stood; and, for a robe,

"About her lank and all o'ertempered 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

"But if the gods themselves did see her then,

"When she saw Pyrrhus make malicious sport

"In minding with his sword her husband's limbs,

"The instant burst of clamour that she made

"(Unless things mortal move them not at all)

"Would have made milch the burning eyes of heaven,

"And passion in the gods."

Pol. Look, whether he has not turned his colour, and has tears in his eyes. Pr'ythee, 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 abstracts and brief chronicles of the time; after your death you were better have a bad epitaph than their ill report while you live.

Pol. My lord, I will use them according to their desert.

Ham. God's bodikins, 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 except the first.*] Dost thou hear me, old friend; can you play the murder of Gonzago?

1 Play. Ay, my lord.
Ham. We'll have it to-morrow night. You could, for a need, study a speech of some dozen or sixteen lines, which I would set down and insert in't, could you not?

1 Play. Ay, my lord.
Ham. Very well.—Follow that lord; and look you mock him not. [*Exit 1 Player.*]
[*To Ros. and Guil.*] My good friends, I'll leave you till night: you are welcome to Elsinore.

Ros. Good my lord!
[*Exeunt Rosencrantz and Guildenstern.*]
Ham. Ay, so, God be wi' you!—Now I am alone.

O, what a rogue and peasant slave am I!
Is it not monstrous, that this player here,
But in a fiction, in a dream of passion,
Could force his soul so to his own conceit,
That, from her working, all his visage wann'd,
Tears in his eyes, distraction in's aspect,
A broken voice, and his whole function suiting
With forms to his conceit? and all for nothing!
For Hecuba!

What's Hecuba to him, or he to Hecuba,
That he should weep for her? What would he do,

Had he the motive and the cue for passion,
That I have? He would drown the stage with tears,

And cleave the general ear with horrid speech;
Make mad the guilty, and appal the free,
Confound the ignorant; and amaze, indeed,
The very faculties of eyes and ears.
Yet I,

A dull and muddy-mettled rascal, peak,
Like John-a-dreams, unpregnant of my cause,
And can say nothing; no, not for a king,
Upon whose property, and most dear life,
A damn'd defeat was made. Am I a coward?
Who calls me villain? breaks my pate across?
Plucks off my beard, and blows it in my face?
Tweaks me by the nose? gives me the lie i' the throat,

As deep as to the lungs? Who does me this?
Ha!

Why, I should take it: for it cannot be,
But I am pigeon-liver'd, and lack gall
To make oppression bitter; or, are this,
I should have fatted all the region kites
With this slave's offal: bloody, bawdy villain!
Remorseless, treacherous, lecherous, kindless
O, vengeance!

[*villain!*]
Why, what an ass am I! This is most brave,
That I, the son of a dear father murder'd,
Prompted to my revenge by heaven and hell,
Must, like a whore, unpack my heart with words,
And fall a cursing, like a very drab, [words,
A scullion]

Fie upon't! foh! About, my brain!
[*heard,*]

That guilty creatures, sitting at a play,
Have by the very cunning of the scene
Been struck so to the soul, that presently
They have proclaim'd their malefactions;
For murder, though it have no tongue,
Will speak

With most miraculous organ. I'll have
Play something like the murder of my father
Before mine uncle: I'll observe his looks;
I'll tent him to the quick; if he but stir,
I know my course. The spirit that I have
May be the devil; and the devil hath power
To assume a pleasing shape; yea, and
Out of my weakness, and my melancholy,
(As he is very potent with such spirits)
Abuses me to damn me: I'll have grounds
More relative than this: the play; the play!
Wherein I'll catch the conscience of the king.

ACT III.

SCENE I.—A Room in the Castle.

Enter King, Queen, Polonius, Rosencrantz, and Guildenstern.

King. And can you, by no drift of circumstance,

Get from him why he puts on this confusion,
Grating so harshly all his days of quiet
With turbulent and dangerous insanity?

Ros. He does confess he feels himself
tracted;

But from what cause, he will by no means
Guil. Nor do we find him forwardly
sounded;

But, with a crafty madness, keeps aloof
When we would bring him on to our confession
Of his true state.

Queen. Did he receive you
Most like a gentleman?

Ros. Most like a gentleman.
Guil. But with much forcing of his wit.

Ros. Niggard of question; but most free in his reply.

Queen. Did you see him
To any pastime?

Ros. Madam, it so fell out, that
We o'er-raught on the way, of that he
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
This night to play before him.

Pol. And he beseech'd me to entreat your
To hear and see the matter.

King. With all my heart; and I will
To hear him so inclin'd.

Good gentlemen, give him a further
And drive his purpose on to these

Ros. We shall, my lord.
[*Exeunt Rosencrantz and Guildenstern.*]

And the queen, too, and that presently.
Did the players make haste.

[Exit Polonius.]
You two help to hasten them.
Gull. We will, my lord.

[Re-enter Rosencrantz and Guildenstern.]
What, ho, Horatio!

Enter Horatio.
How, sweet lord, at your service.
Horatio, thou art e'en as just a man
As my conversation cop'd withal.

O, my dear lord,—
Nay, do not think I flatter:
That advancement may I hope from thee,
To revenue hast, but thy good spirits,
And clothe thee? Why should the
Poor be flatter'd?—
The candied tongue lick absurd pomp,
Break the pregnant hinges of the knee,
While swift may follow fawning. Dost thou

Not know thy dear soul was mistress of her choice,
And could of men distinguish, her election
Hast thou for herself: for thou hast
Is suffering all, that suffers nothing;
The world's a fool, that fortune's buffets and rewards
Doth go with equal thanks; and bless'd are
Those whose bad and judgment are so well co-
ordinated, that stoop she please. Give me that

Not passion's slave, and I will wear him
As my heart's core, ay, in my heart of heart,
To do thee.—Something too much of this.—
To play to-night before the king;
I have told thee, of my father's death:
When thou shalt see that act a-foot,
With the very comment of thy soul
To mine uncle: if his occulted guilt
It self unkenneled in one speech,
My imaginations are as foul
As mine uncle's. Give him heedful note:
For my eyes will rivet to his face;
And we will both our judgments join
In censure of his seeming.

Well, my lord:
I caught the whilst this play is playing,
And have detected him, I will pay the theft.

They are coming to the play; I must
Creep in my place.

A flourish. Enter King,
Polonius, Ophelia, Rosencrantz,
Guildenstern, and others.
How now our cousin Hamlet?

Excellent, I faith; of the chameleon's kind;
I eat the air, promise-crammed: you
that have nothing with this answer,
These words are not mine.

No, nor mine now.—[To Polonius.]

My lord, you played once in the university,
you say?

Pol. That did I, my lord; and was ac-
counted a good actor.

Ham. And what did you enact?

Pol. I did enact Julius Caesar: I was kill'd
i' the Capitol; Brutus kill'd 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

Ham. Lady, shall I lie in your lap? [that!]
[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 mat-

Oph. I think nothing, my lord. [Tears!]

Ham. That's a fair thought to lie between
maids' legs.

Oph. What is, my lord?

Ham. Nothing.

Oph. You are merry, my lord.

Ham. Who, I? Oph. Ay, my lord.

Ham. O God! your only jig-maker. What
should a man do, but be merry? for, look you,
how cheerfully my mother looks, and my
father died within these two hours.

Oph. Nay, 'tis twice two months, my lord.

Ham. So long? Nay, then, let the devil
wear black, for I'll have a suit of sables. O
heavens! die two months ago, and not for-
gotten 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."

Trumpet sounds. The dumb show enters.

Enter a King and a Queen, very lovingly;
the Queen embracing him, and he her. She
kneels, and makes show of protestation unto
him. He takes her up, and declines his hand
upon her neck: lays him down upon a bank
of flowers: she, seeing him asleep, leaves
him. Anon comes in a fellow, takes off his
crown, kisses it, and pours poison in the
King's ears, and exit. 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 wooes the Queen with
gifts: she seems loth and unwilling awhile:
but in the end accepts his love. [Exit.

Oph. What means this, my lord?

Ham. Marry, this is mitching mallecho; it
means mischief.

Oph. Belike, this show imports the argu-
ment 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 will 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 sleeping to your clemency,
We beg your hearing patiently."

Ham. Is this a prologue, or the posy of a play?

Oph. 'Tis brief, my lord. [ring]

Ham. As woman's love.

Enter a King and a Queen.

P. King. Full thirty times had Phoebus' car gone round

Neptune's salt wash, and Tellus' orb'd ground;

And thirty dozen moons, with borrow'd sheen,
About the world have times twelve thirties

been; [hands]
Since love our hearts, and Hymen did our
Unite committal in most sacred bands.

P. Queen. So many journeys may the sun
and moon

Make us again count o'er, ere love be done!

But, woe is me, you are so sick of late,
So far from cheer, and from your former state,

That I distrust you. Yet, though I distrust,
Discomfort you, my lord, it nothing must:

For women's fear and love hold quantity;
In neither aught, nor in extremity. [know]

Now, what my love is, proof hath made you
And as my love is, so, my fear is so:

Where love is great, the littlest doubts are fear;
Where little fears grow great, great love grows

there. [shortly too]

P. King. Faith, I must leave thee, love, and
My operant powers their functions leave to do:

And thou shalt live in this fair world behind,
Honour'd, belov'd; and, haply, one as kind
For husband shalt thou—

P. Queen. O, confound the rest!
Such love must needs be treason in my breast:

In second husband let me be accurst!
None wed the second, but who kill'd the first.

Ham. [Aside.] Wormwood, wormwood.

P. Queen. The instances, that second marriage move,
Are base respects of thrift, but none of love:

A second time I kill my husband dead,
When second husband kisses me in bed.

P. King. I do believe you think what now
you speak;

But what we do determine, oft we break.
Purpose is but the slave to memory;

Of violent birth, but poor validity;
Which now, like fruit unripe, sticks on the tree;

But fall, 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 enactures with themselves destroy:

Where joy most revels, grief doth most abound;
Grief joys, joy grieves, on slender ground.

This world is not for aye; nor 'tis not strange
That even our love should with our fortune change.

For 'tis a question left us yet to prove,
Whether love lead fortune, or else fortune love:

The great man down, you mark his fall;
The poor advanc'd makes friends of enemies;

And hitherto doth love on fortune tend;
For who not needs, shall never lack friends;

And who in want a hollow friend doth find,
Tis paid that he himself has paid no mind.

But, orderly to end where I began,
Directly seasons him his enemy.

But, orderly to end where I began,
Our wills and fates do so contrary run,

That our devices still are overthrown;
Our thoughts are ours, their ends none of our own:

So think thou wilt no second husband find;
And die thy thoughts, when thy first life doth

dead.

P. Queen. Nor earth to me give food,
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 lot;
Each opposite that blunts the face of it

Meet what I would have well, and fit to do;
Both here and hence, pursue me like a god;

If, once a widow, ever I be wifed!

Ham. If she should break it now!

P. King. 'Tis deeply sworn.

My spirits grow dull, and fain I would
The tedious day with sleep. [Sleep rock]

P. Queen. And never come mischance between us,
Ham.

Ham. Madam, how like you this play?

Queen. The lady doth protest too much,
methinks.

Ham. O, but she'll keep her word.

King. Have you heard the argument,
there no offence in't?

Ham. No, no, they do but jest;
jest; no offence in't the world.

King. What do you call the play?

Ham. The mouse-trap. Marry, my lord,
it is the image of your

pity. This play is the image of your
pity. This play is the image of your

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pity. This play is the image of your

Still better, and worse.

So you must take your husbands.

Remember; leave thy damnable faces,
and come: the croaking raven doth

be revenge;

Thoughts black, hauds apt, drugs fit,
and time agreeing;

Season, else no creature seeing;
nature rank, of midnight weeds col-

oured;

Thou'lt have a ban thrice blasted, thrice infect-
ed, and some life usurp immediately.

[Ed,]
He poisons him i' the garden for his

mate's Gonzago: the story is ex-
cellent; how the murderer gets the love

of his wife.

What the king rises.

What frightened with false fire!

How fares my lord?

Give me some light: away.

[Exeunt all except Hamlet and Horatio.]

Why let the stricken deer go weep,
the hart ungalled play;

So must we watch, while some must
sleep: so must we watch, while some must

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sleep: so must we watch, while some must

into some frame, and start not so wildly from
my affair.

Ham. I am tame, sir: pronounce.

Guil. The queen, your mother, in most
great affliction of spirit, hath sent me to you.

Ham. You are welcome.

Guil. Nay, good my lord, this courtesy is
not of the right breed. If it shall please you

to make me a wholesome answer, I will do
your mother's commandment: if not, your

pardon and my return shall be the end of my
business.

Ham. Sir, I cannot.

Guil. What, my lord?

Ham. Make you a wholesome answer; my
wit's diseased: but, sir, such answer as I can

make, you shall command; or, rather, as you
say, my mother: therefore no more, but to the

matter: my mother, you say—

Ros. Then, thus she says: your behaviour
hath struck her into amazement and admiration.

Ham. O wonderful son, that can so astonish
a mother!—But is there no sequel at the heels

of this mother's admiration? impart.

Ros. She desires to speak with you in her
closet, ere you go to bed.

Ham. We shall obey, were she ten times
our mother. Have you any further trade with

Ros. My lord, you once did love me. [us]

Ham. So I do still, by these pickers and
stealers.

Ros. Good my lord, what is your cause of
distemper? you do, surely, bar the door upon

your own liberty, if you deny your griefs to
your friend.

Ham. Sir, I lack advancement.

Ros. How can that be, when you have the
voice of the king himself for your succession in

Denmark?

Ham. Ay, sir, but "while the grass grows,"
—the proverb is something musty.

Enter the Players, with recorders.

O, the recorders! let me see one. To with-
draw with you—why do you go about to re-
cover the wind of me, as if you would drive

me into a toll?

Guil. O, my lord, if my duty be too bold,
my love is too unmannerly.

Ham. I do not well understand that. Will
you play upon this pipe?

Guil. My lord, I cannot.

Ham. I pray you.

Guil. Believe me, I cannot.

Ham. I do beseech you.

Guil. I know no touch of it, my lord.

Ham. 'Tis an 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 of me! You would play

This was your husband. Look you now,
what follows :

Here is your husband ; like a mildew'd ear,
Blasting his wholesome brother. Have you
eyes ?

Could you on this fair mountain leave to feed,
And batten on this moor ? Ha ! have you
eyes ?

You cannot call it love ; for, at your age,
The hey-day in the blood is tame, it's humble,
And waits upon the judgment : and what
judgment [have,

Would step from this to this ? Sense, sure, you
Else, could you not have motion : but, sure,
that sense

Is apoplex'd : for madness would not err ;
Nor sense to ecstasy was ne'er so thrall'd
But it reserv'd some quantity of choice,
To serve in such a difference. What devil
was't

That thus hath cozen'd you at hoodman-blind ?
Eyes without feeling, feeling without sight,
Ears without hands or eyes, smelling sans all,
Or but a sickly part of one true sense
Could not so mope.

O shame ! where is thy blush ? Rebellious hell,
If thou canst mutine in a matron's bones,
To flaming youth let virtue be as wax,
And melt in her own fire : proclaim no shame
When the compulsive ardour gives the charge,
Since frost itself as actively doth burn,
And reason panders will.

Queen. O Hamlet, speak no more.
Thou turn'st mine eyes into my very soul ;
And there I see such black and grain'd spots,
As will not leave their tinct.

Ham. Nay, but to live
In the rank sweat of an enseamed bed,
Stew'd in corruption, honeying and making
Over the musty sty,— [love

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 outpurse of the empire and the rule,
That from a shelf the precious diadem stole,
And put it in his pocket !

Queen. No more !

Ham. A king of shreds and patches,—

Enter Ghost.

Save me, and hover o'er me with your wings,
You heavenly guards !—What would your
gracious figure ?

Queen. Alas, he's mad !

Ham. Do you not come your tardy son to
chide,

That, laps'd in time and passion, lets go by
The important acting of your dread command ?
O, say !

Ghost. Do not forget : this visitation
Is but to whet thy almost blunted purpose.
But, look, amazement on thy mother sits ;

O, step between her and her fighting soul !
Conceit in weakest bodies strongest work !
Speak to her, Hamlet.

Ham. How is it with you,

Queen. Alas, how is't with you,
That you do bend your eye on vacancy,
And with the incorporal air do hold discourse ?
Forth at your eyes your spirits wildly pour
And, as the sleeping soldiers in the alarm,
Your bedded hair, like life in excrescence,
Starts up, and stands on end. O gentle
Upon the heat and flame of thy distracted
Sprinkle cool patience. Whereon do you

Ham. On him, on him ! Look you,
pale he glares !
His form and cause conjoid, pale
Would make them capable,—Do not
upon me,

Lest with this piteous action you concur
My stern effects : then, what I have to
Will want true colour ; tears, perchance
blood.

Queen. To whom do you speak the ?

Ham. Do you see nothing ?

Queen. Nothing at all ; yet all, that I

Ham. Nor did you nothing hear ?

Queen. No, nothing but sound.

Ham. Why, look you there ! look you

steals away !

My father, in his habit as he liv'd !

Look, where he goes, even now, at

portal !

Queen. This is the very coinage of

This bodiless creation ecstasy

Is very cunning in.

Ham. Ecstasy !

My pulse, as yours, doth temperance

time,

And makes as healthful music : it is my

That I have utter'd : bring me to the

And I the matter will re-word ;

ness

Would gambol from. Mother, to

Lay not that flattering unaction to

That not your trespass, but my

speaks :

It will but skin and film the ulcers that

Whilst rank corruption, mining all

Infects unseen. Confess yourself to the

Repent what's past ; avoid what's to come

And do not spread the compost on the

To make them ranker. Forgive me

For in the fatness of these pursy times

Virtue itself of vice must pardon

Yea, curb and woo, for leave to do

Queen. O Hamlet, thou hast slain

in twain.

Ham. O, throw away the worst of

And live the purer with the other

Good night ; but go not to mine

Assume a virtue, if you have it not

That monster, custom, who all

Of habit's devil, is angel yet in this

That to the use of actions fair and good

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—*The Same.**Enter King, Queen, Rosencrantz, and Guildenstern.**King.* There's matter in these sighs, these profound heaves:You must translate: 'tis fit we understand
Where is your son? [then:]*Queen.* [To Ros. and Guil.] 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 contendWhich is the mightier: in his lawless fit,
Behind the arras hearing something stir,He whips his rapier out, and cries, "A rat, a
And, in his brainish apprehension, kills [rat]"

The unseen good old man.

King. O heavy deed!
It had been so with us, had we been there:His liberty is full of threats to all;
To you yourself, to us, to every one.Alas, how shall this bloody deed be answer'd?
It will be laid to us, whose providenceShould have kept short, restrain'd, and out of
haunt, [love,This mad young man: but so much was our
We would not understand what was most fit;But, like the owner of a foul disease,
To keep it from divulging, let it feedEven 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 deedWe must, with all our majesty and skill,
Both countenance and excuse.—Ho, Guilden-stern!
*Re-enter Rosencrantz and Guildenstern.*Friends both, go join you with some further
Hamlet in madness hath Polonius slain, [aid:And from his mother's closet hath he dragg'd
him: [bodyGo seek him out: speak fair, and bring the
into the chapel. I pray you, haste in this.[*Exeunt Ros. and Guil.*
Come, Gertrude, we'll call up our wisest

friends;

And let them know, both what we mean to do,
And what's untimely done: so, haply, slander,Whose whisper o'er the world's diameter,
As level as the cannon to his blank,Transports his poison'd shot, may miss our
name,And hit the woundless air.—O, come away!
My soul is full of discord and dismay. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—Another Room in the Castle.

*Enter Hamlet.**Ham.* Safely stowed. [Exit]*Ros., Guil. [Within.]* Hamlet! lord Hamlet!*Ham.* What noise? who calls on Hamlet?
O! here they come.*Enter Rosencrantz and Guildenstern.**Ros.* What have you done, my lord, with the dead body?*Ham.* Compounded it with dust, whereto 'tis*Ros.* Tell us where 'tis: that we may take

And bear it to the chapel. [Exit Ros., Guil.]

Ham. Do not believe it.*Ros.* Believe what?*Ham.* That I can keep your counsel, and not mine own. Besides, to be demanded of a sponge!—what replication should be made by the son of a king?*Ros.* Take you me for a sponge, my lord?*Ham.* Ay, sir; that soaks up the king's countenance, his rewards, his authorities. But such officers do the king best service in the end: he keeps them, like an ape doth nuts, 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*Guil.* A thing, my lord! [Exit Ros., Guil.]*Ham.* Of nothing: bring me to him. Hide fox, and all after. [Exit Ros., Guil.]

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, [Even]

But never the offence. To bear all smooth and

This sudden sending him away must seem

Deliberate pause: diseases, desperate grown,

By desperate appliance are reliev'd,

Or not at all.

*Enter Rosencrantz.**How now! what hath befallen?**Ros.* Where the dead body is bestow'd, my

We cannot get from him. [Exit Ros.]

King. But where is he?*Ros.* Without, my lord; guarded, to know*King.* Bring him before us. [Your 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 e'en at him. Your worm is your emperor for diet: we fat all creatures else to fat us, and we fat ourselves for maggots; we feed ourself the king, and your lean beggar, is but your fool's service; two dishes, but to one table; thus the end.*King.* Alas, alas!*Ham.* A man may fish with the worm that hath eat of a king, and eat of the fish that hath fed of that worm.*King.* What dost thou mean by that?*Ham.* Nothing, but to show you how a man may go a progress through the guts of a*King.* Where is Polonius?*Ham.* In heaven; send thither to see if your messenger find him not there, and if i' the other place yourself. But, look'd on, find him not within this month, you shall see him as you go up the stairs into the lobby.*King.* [To some Attendants.] Go, and*Ham.* He will stay till you come. [Exit Attendants.]*King.* Hamlet, this deed, for thine own safety,—

Which we do tender, as we dearly grieve

For that which thou hast done,—

thou hence

With fiery quickness: therefore provide thee

The bark is ready, and the wind at help;

The associates tend, and everything is left

For England.

Ham. For England?*King.* Ay, Hamlet.*Ham.* So is it, if thou knew'st our parents*Ham.* I see a cherub that sees them: come; for England! Farewell, dear mother.*King.* Thy loving father, Hamlet.*Ham.* My mother: father and mother, man and wife; man and wife is one

so, my mother. Come, for England! Follow him at foot; tempt him with

speed aboard;

Delay it not; I'll have him hence to-day! for everything is seal'd and

That else leans on the affair: pray you, haste.

Ham. And, England, if my love thou hold'st dear, (As my great power thereof may win)

Since yet thy cicatrice looks raw and red After the Danish sword, and thy

Pays homage to us,) then must not our sovereign process; which imports

By letters conjuring to that effect, The present death of Hamlet.

land;

For like the hectic in my blood he rages, And thou must cure me: till I know

Howe'er my hope, my joys were

SCENE IV.—A Plain in Denmark.
Enter Fortinbras and forces, marching.
 Fort. Go, captain, from me greet the Danish King;
 Tell him that, by his licence, Fortinbras (King;
 In the conveyance of a promis'd march
 Hath his kingdom. You know the rendezvous.
 But his majesty would fight with us,
 And he'll express our duty in his eye;

Go, the costly on. [*Exeunt For. and forces.*]
 Ham. Good sir, whose powers are these?
 For. They are of Norway, sir.

How purpos'd, sir,
 Against some part of Poland.

Who
 [Bras.] The nephew to old Norway, Fortin-
 bras, Gave it against the main of Poland,
 [sir,] To take some frontier.
 Fort. Truly to speak, and with no addition,
 To take a little patch of ground,
 That hath in it no profit but the name.

Will it yield to Norway, or the Pole,
 Three times the worth it should be sold in fee.

Why, then, the Poleack never do
 Yield, 'tis already garrison'd. [*Send it.*]
 Fort. Two thousand souls, and twenty thou-

sand dukats,
 And debate the question of this straw:
 For the imposthume of much wealth and

power,
 Breaks, and shows no cause with-
 out. I humbly thank you, sir.

God be wi' you, sir.
 Will please you go, my lord?
 Ham. I will with you straight. Go a little

before.
 [Exeunt all except Hamlet.]
 Ham. All occasions do inform against me,
 And cry my dull revenge! What is a man,
 That chafes his sleep, and market of his time,
 That made us with such large dis-

cretion, before and after, gave us not [course,
 To think in us unwe'd, Now, whether it be
 A thought, which, quarter'd, hath but one part
 Of three parts toward, I do not know.

Ham. I live to say, "This thing's to do!"
 And will, and strength, and

Examples, gross as earth, exhort me:
 Yet here I am, of such mass and charge,
 That but my simple and tender prince;
 Whose mouth is the invisible event;
 Whose what is mortal and unsure,
 All that torture, 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, [then,
 When honour's at the stake. How stand I,
 That have a father kill'd, a mother stain'd,
 Excitements of my reason and my blood,
 And let all sleep? while, to my shame, I see
 The imminent death of twenty thousand men,
 That, for a fantasy and trick of fame,
 Go to their graves like beds; fight for a plot
 Whereon the numbers cannot try the cause,
 Which is not tomb enough, and continent,
 To hide the slain! O, from this time forth,
 My thoughts be bloody, or be nothing worth!
 [*Exit.*]

SCENE V.—Elsinore. A Room in the Castle.

Enter Queen and Horatio.

Queen. I will not speak with her.
 Hor. She is importunate; indeed, distract:
 Her mood will needs be pitied.

Queen. What would she have?
 Hor. She speaks much of her father; says
 she hears [beats her heart;

There's tricks i' the world; and hems, and
 Spurns enviously at straws; speaks things in
 doubt, [nothing,

That carry but half sense: her speech is
 Yet the unshaped use of it doth move
 The hearers to collection; they aim at it,
 And botch the words up fit to their own

thoughts;
 Which, as her winks, and nods, and gestures
 yield them, [thought,

Indeed, would make one think, there might be
 Though nothing sure, yet much unhappily.
 '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 unmiss;
 So full of artless jealousy is guilt,
 It spills itself in fearing to be spilt.

Re-enter Horatio, with Ophelia.

Oph. Where is the beauteous majesty of
 Queen. How now, Ophelia! [Denmark?]
 Oph. [*Singing.*]

How should I your true love know
 From another one?
 By his cockle hat and staff,
 And his sandal shoe. [song!]

Queen. Alas, sweet lady, what imports this?
 Oph. Say you? nay, pray you, mark.
 [*Singing.*]

He is dead and gone, lady,
 He is dead and gone;
 At his head a grass-green turf,
 At his heels a stone.

O, ho!
 Queen. Nay, but Ophelia,—
 Oph. Pray you, mark
 [*Singing.*]

White his shroud as the mountain snow.

Enter King.

Queen. Alas, look here, my lord.

Oph. [Singing.]

Larded with sweet flowers;

Which bewept to the grave did go,

With true-love showers.

King. How do you, pretty lady?

Oph. Well, God 'ield 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

[Singing.] [this:]

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 down'd his clothes,

And dugg'd the chamber door;

Let in the maid, that out a maid

Never departed more.

King. Pretty Ophelia!

Oph. Indeed, la, without an oath, I'll make

[Singing.] [an end on't:]

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 promis'd me to wed.

So would I ha' done, by yonder sun,

An thou hadst not come to my bed.

King. How long has she been thus?

Oph. I hope all will be well. We must be patient: but I cannot choose but weep, to think that they should lay him in the cold ground. My brother shall know of it: and so I thank you for your good counsel.—Come, my coach! Good night, ladies; good night, sweet ladies; good night, good night. [Exit.]

King. Follow her close; give her good watch, I pray you. [Exit Horatio.]

O, this is the poison of deep grief; it springs all from her father's death. O Gertrude, Gertrude,

When sorrows come, they come not single But in battalions. First, her father slain: Next, your son gone; but he most violent author

Of his own just remove; the people muddied, Thick and unwholesome in their thoughts and whispers, [but greenly,] For good Polonius' death; and we have done in hagger-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 beguiled, Will nothing stick our person to accuse. In ear and ear. O my dear Gertrude, Like to a murdering-piece, in many places Gives me superfluous death. [A noise within.] Alack, what noise!

Queen.

Enter a Gentleman.

King. Where are my Switzers? Let them guard the door.

What is the matter?

Gen.

Save yourself, my lord! The ocean, overpeering of his list, Eats not the flats with more impetuous haste Than young Laertes, in a riotous head, O'erbears your officers. The rabble call 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 shall be king."

Queen. How cheerfully on the

they cry!

O, this is counter, you false Danish

King. The doors are broke. [Noise within.]

Enter Laertes, armed. Dances, Laertes

Laer. Where is the king?—[Noise within.]

Danes. No, let's come in. I pray you, give me

Laer. I pray you, give me

Danes. We will, we will

[They retire without noise.]

Laer. I thank you—keep the doors

Give me my father! Calmly, good Laertes

Queen. That drop of blood

Laer. That drop of blood

claims me bastard;

Cries cuckold to my father; brands the

Even here, between the chaste

Of my true mother.

King. What is the cause

That thy rebellion looks so plain?

Let him go, Gertrude: do not fear

There's such divinity doth hedge a king

That treason can but peep to what it can

Acts little of his will.—Tell me, Laertes

Why thou art thus incensed—

Speak, man.

Laer. Where is my father?

King.

Queen.

King. Let him demand his father

Laer. How came he dead? I'll not

To hell, allegiance! vows, to the

devil!

Conscience and grace, to the profound

I dare damnation: to this point I stand

That both the worlds I give to negligence

Let come what comes; only I'll be true

Most thoroughly for my father.

King.

Laer. My will, not all the

And, for my means, I'll husband them

They shall go far with little.

Good Laertes,
 I desire to know the certainty [revenge,
 of your dear father's death, is't writ in your
 face, sweetface, you will draw both friend
 and lover] [and foe,
 none but his enemies.
 Will you know them, then?
 To his good friends thus wide I'll open
 my arms;
 And, like the kind life-rendering pelican,
 feed them with my blood.

Why, now you speak
 like a good child, and a true gentleman.
 I am guiltless of your father's death,
 and as most sensibly in grief for it,
 I'll be as level to your judgment pierce,
 as any does to your eye.

[Within.] Let her come in.
 How now! what noise is that?
 Re-enter Ophelia. [salt,
 dry up my brains! tears seven times
 more on the sense and virtue of mine eye!
 O, how my soul turns the beam! O rose of May!
 I'll not be so mortal as an old man's wits
 are in love; and, where 'tis fine,
 I'll be some precious instance of itself
 to the thing it loves.

[Singing.]
 They bore him barefaced on the bier;
 They nonnony, nonny, hey nonny;
 And on his grave rain'd many a tear,—
 Hadst thou thy wits, and didst per-
 ceive not move thus. [suade revenge,
 You must sing, "Down a-down, and
 call him a-down-a." O how the wheel
 turns! It is the false steward, that stole
 my master's daughter.

This nothing's more than matter.
 There's rosemary, that's for remem-
 brance; pray, love, remember: and there is
 a document in madness,—thoughts
 whose embassage fitted.

There's fennel for you, and colum-
 bine: there's rue for you; and here's some
 you may call it herb of grace o' Sun-
 daisy: there's a daisy:—I would give you
 violets, but they withered all when my
 father died:—they say he made a good end,—

For honey sweet Robin is all my joy,—
 Oph. Thought and affliction, passion, hell
 turn to favour, and to prettiness. [itself,
 [Singing.]
 And will he not come again?
 No, no, he is dead,
 Go to thy death-bed,
 He never will come again.

His beard was as white as snow,
 All flaxen was his poll:
 He is gone, he is gone,
 And we cast away moan.
 God ha' mercy on his soul!

And of all Christian souls! I pray God.—God
 be wi' you! [Exit.

Laer. Do you see this, O God! [grief,

King. Laertes, I must commune with your
 Or you deny me right. Go but apart, [will,
 Make choice of whom your wisest friends you
 And they shall hear and judge 'twixt you and
 If by direct or by collateral hand [me:]

They find us touch'd, we will our kingdom give,
 Our crown, our life, and all that we call ours,
 To you in satisfaction; but if not,
 Be you content to lend your patience to us,
 And we shall jointly labour with your soul
 To give it due content.

Laer. Let this be so;
 His means of death, his obscure funeral,
 No trophy, sword, nor hatchment, o'er his
 No noble rite, nor formal ostentation, [bones,
 Cry to be heard, as 'twere from heaven to
 That I must call't in question. [earth,

King. So you shall;
 And, where the offence is, let the great axe
 I pray you go with me. [fall.

[Exeunt.

SCENE VI.—Another Room in the Castle.

Enter Horatio and a Servant.

Hor. What are they that would speak with
 me? [for you.

Serv. Sailors, sir: they say, they have letters

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.

1 Sail. God bless you, sir.

Hor. Let Him bless thee too.

1 Sail. He shall, sir, an't please Him.
 There's a letter for you, sir; it comes from
 the ambassador that was bound for England:
 if your name be Horatio, as I am 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 appointment gave us chase.
 Finding ourselves too slow of sail, we put on a
 compelled valour: 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
 haste as thou wouldst fly death. I have words
 to speak in thine ear will make thee dumb; yet
 are they much too light for the bore of the
 matter. These good fellows will bring thee
 where I am. Rosenkrantz and Guildenstern

hold their course for England: of them I have much to tell thee. Farewell.

"He that thou knowest thine, HAMLET."

Come, I will give 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 acquittance seal,

And you must put me in your heart for friend, Sith you have heard, and with a knowing ear, That he, which hath your noble father slain, Pursu'd 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, greatness, wisdom, all things You mainly were stir'd up? [else,

King. O, for two special reasons; Which may to you, perhaps, seem much unsinew'd,

But yet to me they are strong. The queen, Lives almost by his looks; and for myself, (My virtue, or my plague, be it either which,) She's so conjunctive to my life and soul, That, as the star moves not but in his sphere, I could not but by her. The other motive, Why to a public count I might not go, Is the great love the general gender bear him; Who, dipping all his faults in their affection, Would, like the spring that turneth wood to stone,

Convert his gyves to graces; so that my arrows, Too slightly 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 I lov'd your father, and we love ourself; And that, I hope, will teach you to imagine,—

Enter a Messenger.

How now! what news?

Mess. Letters, my lord, from Hamlet: This to your majesty; this to the queen.

King. From Hamlet! who brought them?

Mess. Sailors, my lord, they say; I saw them not:

They were given me by Claudio, he received 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 eyes: when I shall, first asking your pardon thereunto, recount the occasions of my fall and more strange return."

What should this mean? Are all the come back,

Or is it some abuse, and no such thing?

Laer. Know you the hand?

King. 'Tis Hamlet's character:—

And, in a postscript here, he says,

Can you advise me?

Laer. I'm lost in it, my lord. But it warms the very sickness in my heart, That I shall live and tell him to his teeth,

"Thus diddest thou."

King. If it be so, Laertes,

As how should it be so? how otherwise?

Will you be rul'd by me?

Laer. Ay, my lord.

So you will not o'er-rule me to a peace.

King. To thine own peace. If he

return't,

As checking at his voyage, and that he

No more to undertake it, I will work

To an exploit, now ripe in my device,

Under the which he shall not choose to

And for his death no wind of blame

breathe;

But even his mother shall uncharge the

And call it accident.

Laer. My lord, I will be

The rather, if you could devise it so

That I might be the organ.

King. It falls

King. You have been talk'd of since your brother

And that in Hamlet's hearing, for a

Wherein, they say, you shine: your

parts

Did not together pluck such even

As did that one; and that, in my

Of the unworldest siege.

Laer. What part is that?

King. A very riband in the cap of

Yet needful too; for youth no less

The light and careless livery that is

Than settled age his sables and his

Importing health and graveness—

Here was a gentleman of Normandy

I've seen myself, and serv'd against

And they can well on horseback

gallant

Had witchcraft in't; he grew unto

And to such wondrous doing brought

As he had been incorp'd and dross

With the brave beast: so far he

thought,

That I, in forgery of shapes and tricks

Come short of what he did.

Laer. A Norman?

King. Upon my life, Lamord.

Laer. Upon my life, Lamord.

King.

I know him well; he is the brooch,
 Of all the nation. [Indeed,
 He made confession of you;
 And gave you such a masterly report,
 Of art and exercise in your defence,
 As he cried out, 'twould be a sight indeed,
 If we could match you: the scrimers of their
 nation,
 Had neither motion, guard, nor eye,
 To oppose them. Sir, this report of his
 Hath so envenom'd with his envy,
 That he would nothing do, but wish and beg
 Out of this,—

What out of this, my lord?
 King. Laertes, was your father dear to you?
 Or did you like the painting of a sorrow,
 A face without a heart?

Why ask you this?
 King. Not that I think you did not love
 your father;

But that I know love is begun by time;
 And that I see, in passages of proof,
 Time qualifies the spark and fire of it.
 Three loves within the very flame of love
 Do kind of wick, or snuff, that will abate it;
 Goodness, growing to a pluriety,
 Uses his own too-much: that we would do,
 "We would" changes,

And hath abatements and delays as many,
 As there are tongues, are hands, are accidents;
 And then this "should" is like a spendthrift's

But, to the quick o' this
 What would you under-

To cut his throat i' the church.
 No place, indeed, should murder
 Sanctuarize;

And should have no bounds. But, good

Laertes, keep close within your

chamber. [Home:
 And put on those shall praise your excellence,
 A double varnish on the fame
 The Frenchman gave you; bring you, in fine,

together,

And wage on your heads: he, being remiss,
 Will not perceive the foils; so that, with ease,
 With a little shuffling, you may choose
 A sword unbated, and, in a pass of practice,

I will do't:
 For that purpose, I'll anoint my sword.

With an action of a mountebank,
 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, [point

That is but scratch'd withal: I'll touch my
 With this contagion, that, if I gall him slightly,
 It may be death.

King. Let's further think of this:
 Weigh, what convenience, both of time and
 means,

May fit us to our shape: if this should fail,
 And that our drift look through our bad per-
 formance,

'Twere better not assay'd: therefore this pro-
 ject [hold,

Should have a back, or second, that might
 If this should blast in proof. Soft!—let me see:
 We'll make a solemn wager on your cunning:
 I ha't:

When in your motion you are hot and dry
 (As make your boats more violent to that end),
 And that he calls for drink, I'll have prepar'd
 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.
 How now, sweet queen!

Queen. One woe doth tread upon another's
 heel,

So fast they follow: your sister's drown'd,
 Laer. Drown'd! O, where? [Laertes.

Queen. There is a willow grows aslant a
 brook, [stream;

That shows his hear leaves in the glassy
 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: [weeds

There, on the pendent boughs her coronet
 Clambering to hang, an envious slyver broke;
 When down her weedy trophies, and herself,
 Fell in the weeping brook. Her clothes spread
 wide,

And, mermaid-like, a while 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 indu'd
 Unto that element: but long it could not be,
 Till that her garments, heavy with their drink,
 Pull'd the poor wretch from her melodious lay
 To muddy death.

Laer. Alas, then, she is drown'd!
 Queen. Drown'd, drown'd. [Ophelia,

Laer. Too much of water hast thou, poor
 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.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT V.

SCENE I.—A Churchyard.

Enter two Clowns, with spades, &c.

1 *Clow.* Is she to be buried in Christian burial,
that wilfully seeks her own salvation?

2 *Clow.* I tell thee, she is; and therefore make
her grave straight: the crowner hath set on
her, and finds it Christian burial.

1 *Clow.* How can that be, unless she drowned
herself in her own defence?

2 *Clow.* Why, 'tis found so.

1 *Clow.* It must be *se offendendo*; it cannot
be else. For here lies the point: if I drown
myself wittingly, it argues an act: and an act
hath three branches; it is, to act, to do, and
to perform: argal, she drowned herself wittingly.

2 *Clow.* Nay, but hear you, Goodman Delfer.

1 *Clow.* Give me leave. Here lies the water;
good: here stands the man; good: if the
man go to this water, and drown himself, it is,
will he, nill he, he goes; mark you that? but
if the water come to him, and drown him, he
drowns not himself: argal, he that is not guilty
of his own death, shortens not his own life.

2 *Clow.* But is this law?

1 *Clow.* Ay, marry, is't; crowner's-quest law.

2 *Clow.* Will you ha' the truth on't? If this
had not been a gentlewoman, she should have
been buried out of Christian burial.

1 *Clow.* Why, there thou say'st; and the more
pity, that great folk should have countenance
in this world to drown or hang themselves,
more than their even Christian.—Come, my
spade. There is no ancient gentlemen but
gardeners, ditchers, and grave-makers: they
hold up Adam's profession.

2 *Clow.* Was he a gentleman?

1 *Clow.* He was the first that ever bore arms.

2 *Clow.* Why, he had none.

1 *Clow.* What, art a heathen? How dost
thou understand the Scripture? The Scripture
says, Adam digged: could he dig without
arms? I'll put another question to thee: if
thou answerest me not to the purpose, confess
thyself—

2 *Clow.* Go to.

1 *Clow.* What is he that builds stronger than
either the mason, the shipwright, or the car-
penter?

2 *Clow.* The gallows-maker; for that frame
outlives a thousand tenants.

1 *Clow.* I like thy wit well, in good faith: the
gallows does well; but how does it well? it
does well to those that do ill: now, thou dost
ill to say the gallows is built stronger than the
church: argal, the gallows may do well to
these. To't again, come.

2 *Clow.* Who builds stronger than a mason,
a shipwright, or a carpenter?

1 *Clow.* Ay, tell me that, and nay, say.

2 *Clow.* Marry, now I can tell.

1 *Clow.* To't.

2 *Clow.* Mass, I cannot tell.

Enter Hamlet and Horatio at a distance.

1 *Clow.* Oudgel thy brains no more about

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 we

makes, last till doomsday. Go, get thee

Yaughan; fetch me a stoop of liquor.

[*Exit 2 Clow.*]

[*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 dear,

O, methought, there was nothing so sweet.

Ham. Has this fellow no feeling of his

business, that he sings at grave-making?

Hor. Custom hath made it in him a

perjury of easiness.

Ham. 'Tis e'en so: the hand of time

playment hath the daintier sense,

1 *Clow.* [Sings.]

But age, with his stealing step,

Hath clau'd me in his clasp,

And hath shipped me in his bow,

As if I had never been such.

[*Thence up a walk.*]

Ham. That skull had a tongue in it,

could sing once: how the knave

the ground, as if it were Cain's jaw-bone,

did the first murder! This might be the

of a politician, which this ass now

one that would circumvent God, might

Hor. It might, my lord.

Ham. Or of a courtier; which could

"Good-morrow, sweet lord! How dost

good lord?" This might be my lord

one, that praised my lord such-a-one,

when he meant to beg it; might it not?

Hor. Ay, my lord.

Ham. Why, e'en so; and now my

Worm's; chapless, and knock'd about the

mazard with a sexton's spade: here

revolution, an we had the trick to

these bones cost no more the breathing

play at loggats with them? mine

1 *Clow.* [Sings.]

A pick-axe, and a spade, a shovel,

For and a shroud to cover

O, a pit of clay for to be made,

For such a guest is made.

[*Thence up a walk.*]

Ham. There's another: why may it

be the skull of a lawyer? Where

lits now, his quilllets, his cases,

and his tricks? why does he

knave now to knock him about the

dirty shovel, and will not tell him of his

of battery? Hum! This fellow

a great buyer of land, with his statutes, recognizances, his fines, his double vouchers, his recoveries: is this the fine of his fines, the recovery of his recoveries, to have his fine full of fine dirt? will his vouchers come him no more of his purchases, and his one too, than the length and breadth of valentines? The very conveyances the inheritor himself have no more, ha? *Ham.* Not a jot more, my lord. *[Skins?]* *Hor.* Is not parchment made of sheep-skins? *Ham.* They are sheep, and calves, which we call assurance in that. I will speak to you of grave's this, sir? *Alas, sir. [Sings.]*
O, a pit of clay for to be made
For each a guest is meet.

Ham. I think it be thine, indeed; for thou thou dost lie out on't, sir, and therefore it is mine. *Ham.* Thou dost lie in't, to be in't, and say as thou dost thou dost. *Ham.* 'Tis a quick lie, sir; 'twill away from me to you. *Ham.* What man dost thou dig it for? *Ham.* For no man, sir. *Ham.* What woman, then? *Ham.* For none, neither. *Ham.* Who is to be buried in't? *Ham.* One that was a woman, sir; but, she's dead. *Ham.* How absolute the knave is! we must not give the card, or equivocation will undo us. *Ham.* By the card, Horatio, these three years I have note of it; the age is grown so picked, the tatter'd peasant comes so near the courtier, he galls his kibe.—How long hast thou been a grave-maker? *Ham.* Of all the days i' the year, I came to that day that our last king Hamlet over-

Ham. How long is that since? *Ham.* 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.* Why, because he was mad: he shall have his wits there; or, if he do not, 'tis no more his wits there. *Ham.* Twill not be seen in him there; he will more than ever be mad as he. *Ham.* Very strangely, they say. *Ham.* Faith, e'en with losing his wits. *Ham.* Upon what ground? *Ham.* Why, here in Denmark: I have been

Ham. How long will a man lie i' the earth ere he rot?

1 Clo. Faith if he be not rotten before he die, (as we have many pocky corpses now-a-days, that will scarce hold the laying in,) he will last you some eight year or nine year: a tanner will last you nine year.

Ham. Why he more than another?

1 Clo. Why, sir, his hide is so tanned with his trade, that he will keep out water a great while; and your water is a sore decayer of your whoreson dead body. Here's a skull now; this skull hath lain you i' the earth three and twenty years.

Ham. Whose was it?

1 Clo. A whoreson mad fellow's it was: whose do you think it was?

Ham. Nay, I know not.

1 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? *1 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 kissed I know not how oft. Where be your gibes now? your gambols? your songs? your flashes of merriment, that were wont to set the table on a roar? Not one now, to mock your own grinning? quite 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.—Pr'ythee, Horatio, tell me one thing.

Hor. What's that, my lord? *[Thinking.]*

Ham. Dost thou think Alexander looked o' this fashion i' the earth? *Hor.* E'en so.

Ham. And smelt so? pah! *[Puts down the skull.]*

Hor. E'en so, my lord. *[Skull.]*

Ham. To what base uses we may return, Horatio! Why may not imagination trace the noble dust of Alexander, till he find it stopping a bung-hole?

Hor. 'Twere to consider too curiously, to consider so.

Ham. No, faith, not a jot; but to follow him thither with modesty enough, and likelihood to lead it: as thus; Alexander died, Alexander was buried, Alexander returneth into dust; the dust is earth; of earth we make loam; and why of that loam whereto he was converted, might they not stop a beer-barrel?

Imperial Caesar, dead and turn'd to clay,
 Might stop a hole to keep the wind away:

O, that that earth, which kept the world in awe,

Should patch a wall t' expel the winter's flaw!

But soft! but soft! aside!—here comes the king.

Enter Priests, &c., in procession: the corpse of Ophelia, Laertes and mourners following; King, Queen, their trains, &c.
 The queen, the courtiers: who is that they follow?
 And with such malméd rites? This doth be-
 The corpse they follow did with desperate hand
 Fordo its own life: 'twas of some estate.
 Conch we a while, and mark.

[Retiring with Horatio.]

Laer. What ceremony else?

Ham. That is Laertes,

A very noble youth; mark.

Laer. What ceremony else?

1 Priest. Her obsequies have been as far
 enlarg'd

As we have warrant: her death was doubtful;
 And, but that great command o'ersways the
 order,

She should in ground unsanctified have lodg'd,
 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
 Of ball and burial.

Laer. Must there no more be done?

1 Priest. No more be done:
 We should profane the service of the dead,
 To sing a requiem, and such rest to her
 As to peace-parted souls.

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 hast howl'd.

Ham. What, the fair Ophelia!

Queen. Sweet to the sweet: farewell!

[Scattering flowers.]
 I hop'd thou shouldst have been my Hamlet's
 wife;

I thought thy bride-bed to have deck'd, sweet
 And not have strew'd thy grave.

Laer. O, treble woe
 Fall ten times treble on that curs'd head,
 Whose wicked deed thy most ingenious sense
 Depriv'd thee of! Hold off the earth awhile,
 Till I have caught her once more in mine arms;

[Leaping into the grave.]
 Now pile your dust upon the quick and dead,
 Till of this flat a mountain you have made,
 To o'er-top old Pelion, or the skyish head
 Of Moe Olympus.

Ham. *[Advancing.]* What is he, whose grief
 Bears such an emphasis? whose phrase of
 sorrow

Conjures the wandering stars, and makes them
 Like wander-wounded hearers? this is I,
 Hamlet the Dane.

[Leaping into the grave.]

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 splenetic and rash,

Yet have I in me something dangerous,
 Which let thy wisdom fear: hold off thy hand.
 King. Pluck them asunder.

Queen.

All. Gentlemen, — Good my lord, be
 Hor. Good my lord, be

*[The Attendants part them, and lay out
 out of the grave.]*

Ham. Why, I will fight with him upon
 Until my eyelids will no longer wag.

Queen. O my son, what theme!

Ham. I lov'd Ophelia: forty thousand
 brothers

Could not, with all their quantity of love,
 Make up my sum. What wilt thou do for me?

King. O, he is mad, Laertes.

Queen. For love of God, forbear him.
 Ham. 'Swounds, show me wnat thou wilt!

Woo't weep? woo't fight? woo't fast? woo't
 tear thyself?

Woo't drink up Esil? eat a crocodile?
 I'll do't. Dost thou come here to whine?

To outface me with leaping in her grave?
 Be buried quick with her, and so will I:

And, if thou prate of mountains, let them
 Millions of acres on us; till our ground
 Singeing his pate against the burning zone,
 Make Ossa like a wart! Nay, an thou
 I'll rant as well as thou.

Queen. This is mere madness.

And thus a while the fit will work on him:
 Anon, as patient as the female dove,
 When that her golden tapers are all dross,
 His silence will sit drooping.

Ham. Hear you, sir?

What is the reason that you use me thus?
 I lov'd you ever: but it is no matter;
 Let Hercules himself do what he may,
 The cat will mew, and dog will have his day.

[Exit.]

King. I pray you, good Horatio, watch him,
 him.

[To Laertes.] Strengthen your patience in our
 last night's speech;

We'll put the matter to the present;
 Good Gertrude, set some watch over him;
 This grave shall have a living monument.

An hour of quiet shortly shall we see;
 Till then, in patience our proceeding

SCENE II.—A Hall in the Castle.
Enter Hamlet and Horatio.

Ham. So much for this, sir: now we must
 see the other:

You do remember all the circumstances
 Hor. Remember it, my lord.

Ham. Sir, in my heart there was a time
 That would not let me sleep: the business of the day
 Worse than the mutines in the bottom;
 And prais'd be rashness for it: let us know
 Our indiscretion sometimes serves us well;
 When our deep plots do pall: and that

teach us,

...a divinity that shapes our ends,
...how them how we will.

Up from my cabin,
That is most certain.

...to find out them: had my desire;
...their packet; and, in fine, withdrew

...own room again: making so bold,
...forgetting manners, to unseal

...grand commission; where I found,
Horatio,—

...knavery!—an exact command,
...with many several sorts of reasons,

...Denmark's health, and England's
...such bugs and goblins in my life,

...the supervise, no leisure bated,
...to stay the grinding of the axe,

...should be struck off.
Here's the commission: read it at

...leisure.
...then hear me how I did proceed!

I beseech you,
...Being thus benetted round with

...could make a prologue to my brains,
...I had begun the play. I sat me down;

...a new commission; wrote it fair;
...old hold it, as our statists do,

...to write fair, and labour'd much
...forget that learning; but, sir, now

...ye woman's service: wilt thou know
...of what I wrote?

...An earnest conjuration from the king,
...England was his faithful tributary;

...between them like the palm might
...should still her wheaten garland

...hand a comma 'twixt their amities;
...many such like uses of great charge,—

...on the view and know of these contents,
...detachment further, more or less,

...should the bearers put to sudden death,
...driving-time allow'd.

Why, even in that was heaven
...How was this seal'd?

...my father's signet in my purse,
...that was the model of that Danish seal;

...the writ up in form of the other;
...gave't th' impression; plac'd it

...the changing never known. Now, the next
...light; and what to this was

...now'st already.
...So Guildenstern and Rosencrantz go

Why, man, they did make love to
...by their own insinuation grow:

...dangerous, when the baser nature comes
...the pass and fell incensed points

...opposites.

Hor. Why, what a king is this!
Ham. Does it not, think'st thee, stand me

now upon—
He that hath kill'd my king, and whor'd my

Popp'd in between the election and my hopes;
Thrown out his angle for my proper life,

And with such cozenage—is't not perfect
conscience, [damn'd,

To quit him with this arm? and is't not to be
To let this canker of our nature come

In further evil? [England,
Hor. It must be shortly known to him from

What is the issue of the business there.
Ham. It will be shortly: the interim is mine;

And a man's life's no more than to say, one.
But I am very sorry, good Horatio,

That to Laertes I forgot myself;
For, by the image of my cause, I see

The portraiture of his: I'll count his favours;
But, sure, the bravery of his grief did put me

Into a towering passion.
Hor. Peace! who comes here!

Enter Osrick.
Osr. Your lordship is right welcome back

to Denmark.
Ham. I humbly thank you, sir.—Dost know

this water-fly?
Hor. No, my good lord.

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. Your bonnet to its right use; 'tis
for the head.

Osr. I thank your lordship, 'tis very hot.
Ham. No, believe me, 'tis very cold; the

wind is northerly.
Osr. It is indifferent cold, my lord, indeed.

Ham. But yet, methinks, it is very sultry,
and hot; or my complexion—

Osr. Exceedingly, my lord; it is very sultry,
—as 'twere,—I cannot tell how.—But, my

lord, his majesty bade me signify to you, that
he has laid a great wager on your head: Sir,

this is the matter,—
Ham. I beseech you, remember—
[Hamlet moves him to put on his hat.

Osr. Nay, in good faith; for mine ease, in
good faith. Sir, here is newly come to court,

Laertes; believe me, an absolute gentleman,
full of most excellent differences, of very soft

society, and great showing; indeed, to speak
feelingly of him, he is the card or calendar of

gentry; for you shall find in him the continent
of what part a gentleman would see.

Ham. Sir, his disfigurement suffers no per-
dition in you:—though, I know, to divide him

inventorically, would dizzy the arithmetic of

memory; and yet but raw 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 semblable is his mirror; and who else would trace him, his umbrage, nothing more.

Osr. Your lordship speaks most infallibly of him.

Ham. The concernancy, sir? why do we wrap the gentleman in our more rawer breath?

Osr. Sir!

Ham. Is't not possible to understand in another tongue? You will do't, sir, really.

Ham. What imports the nomination of this gentleman?

Osr. Of Laertes!

Ham. His purse is empty already; all his golden words are spent.

Ham. Of him, sir.

Osr. I know you are not ignorant—

Ham. I would you did, sir; in faith, if you did, it would not much approve me. Well, sir.

Osr. You are not ignorant of what excellence Laertes is—

Ham. I dare not confess that, lest I should compare with him in excellence; but, to know a man well, were to know himself.

Osr. I mean, sir, for his weapon; but in the imputation laid on him by them, in his need he's unfollowed.

Ham. What's his weapon?

Osr. Rapier and dagger.

Ham. That's two of his weapons; but, well.

Osr. The king, sir, hath wagered with him six Barbary horses; against the which he has imputed, 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 responsive to the hills, most delicate carriages, and of very liberal conceit.

Ham. What call you the carriages?

Osr. I knew you must be edified by the margin, ere you had done.

Osr. The carriages, sir, are the hangers.

Ham. The phrase would be more german to the matter, if we could carry cannon by our sides: I would it might be hangers till then.

But, on: six Barbary horses against six French swords, their assigns, and three liberal-conceited carriages; that's the French bet against the Danish. Why is this imputed, as you call it?

Osr. The king, sir, hath laid, that in a dozen passes between yourself and him, he shall not exceed you three hits: he hath laid, on twelve for nine; and it would come to immediate trial, if your lordship would vouchsafe the answer.

Ham. How, if I answer, no?

Osr. I mean, my lord, the opposition of your person in trial.

Ham. Sir, I will walk here in the hall: if it please his majesty, it is the breathing time of day with me; let the foils be brought, the gentlemen willing, and the king hold his purpose, I will win for him, if I can; if not, I

will gain nothing but my shame, and the scoldings of my mother.

Osr. Shall I deliver you so?

Ham. To this effect, sir: after what manner your nature will.

Osr. I commend my duty to your lordship.

Ham. Yours, yours.—*[Exit Osrick.]*

Does well to commend it himself; there are tongues else for's turn.

Hor. This lapwing runs away with the lead on his head.

Ham. He did comply with his dog, he sucked it. Thus has he (and many more) of the same breed, that I know, the time of age dotes on) only got the taint of the time, and outward habit of encounter; a strong yesty collection, which carries them through and through the most fond and wildest opinions; and do but blow them to their bubbles are out.

Enter a Lord.

Lord. My lord, his majesty commended to you by young Osrick, who brings me word, that you attend him in the hall: to know, if your pleasure hold to play with Laertes, or that you will take longer time.

Ham. I am constant to my purpose; I follow the king's pleasure: if his fitness mine is ready; now, or whenever, provided I be so able as now.

Lord. The king, and queen, and all are coming down.

Ham. In happy time. The queen desires you to use no gentle entertainment to Laertes, lest he fall to play.

Ham. She well instructs me.

Hor. You will lose this wager, my lord.

Ham. I do not think so; since he is French, I have been in continual practice; I shall win at the odds. But thou wast wont to think, how ill all's here about my heart; but it is no matter.

Ham. It is but foolery; but it is such a woman.

Hor. If your mind dislike anything, I will forestall their repair hither, and are not fit.

Ham. Not a whit, we duly accept of it: it is a special providence in the fall of man. If it be now, 'tis not to come; if it be not now, it will be now; if it be not now, it will come: the readiness is all: since that we have aught of what he leaves, what's to betimes?

Enter King, Queen, Laertes, Lord, and Attendants, each with a foil.

King. Come, Hamlet, come, and lay your hand from me.

[The King puts the hand of Hamlet that of Hamlet.]

Ham. Give me your pardon, sir: I have but forgot to give you mine.

But pardon't, as you are a gentleman.

will gain nothing but my shame, and the scoldings of my mother.

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But pardon't, as you are a gentleman.

knows, and you must needs have heard.

Ham. I have heard, and you must needs have heard.

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Ham. I have heard, and you must needs have heard.

Ham. I have heard, and you must needs have heard.

The cannons to the heavens, the heavens to earth.

Ham. Now the king drinks to Hamlet!—*[Begin.]*—Come, And you, the judges, bear a wary eye.

Ham. Come on, sir.

Laer. Come, my lord. *[They play.]*

Ham. One.

Laer. No.

Ham. Judgment.

Osr. A hit, a very palpable hit.

Laer. Well;—again.

King. Stay; give me drink.—Hamlet, this pearl is thine;

Here's to thy health. Give him the cup.

[Trumpets sound; and cannon shot off within.]

Ham. I'll play this bout first; set it by a while.

Come.—[They play.] Another hit; what say you?

Laer. A touch, a touch, I do confess.

King. Our son shall win.

Queen. He's fat, and scant of breath.

Here, Hamlet, take my napkin, rub thy brows: The queen carouses to thy fortune, Hamlet.

Ham. Good madam!

King. Gertrude, do not drink.

Queen. I will, my lord; I pray you, pardon me.

King. *[Aside.]* It is the poison'd cup; it is Hamlet. I dare not drink yet, madam; by and by.

Queen. Come, let me wipe thy face.

Laer. My lord, I'll hit him now.

King. I do not think it.

Laer. *[Aside.]* And yet it is almost against my conscience.

Ham. Come, for the third, Laertes; you but I pray you, pass with your best violence; I am afeard you make a wanton of me.

Laer. Say you so? come on. *[They play.]*

Osr. Nothing, neither way.

Laer. Have at you now.

[Laertes wounds Hamlet; then, in scuffling, they change rapiers, and Hamlet wounds Laertes.]

King. Part them; they are incens'd.

Ham. Nay, come, again. *[The Queen falls.]*

Osr. Look to the queen there, ho!

Ham. They bleed on both sides. How is it, Osr?

Osr. How is it, Laertes? *[My lord!]*

Laer. Why, as a woodcock to mine own springe, Osrick;

I am justly kill'd with mine own treachery.

Ham. How does the queen?

King. She swoons to see them bleed.

Queen. No, no, the drink, the drink,—O my dear Hamlet!

The drink, the drink;—I am poison'd. *[Dies.]*

Ham. O villainy!—Ho! let the door be lock'd:

Treachery! seek it out. *[Laertes falls.]*

Laer. It is here, Hamlet; Hamlet, thou art slain;

No medicine in the world can do thee good;

In thee there is not half an hour of life;
The treacherous instrument is in thy hand,
Unbated, and envenom'd: the foul practice
Hath turn'd itself on me; lo, here I lie,
Never to rise again: thy mother's poison'd;
I can no more:—the king, the king's to blame.

Ham. The point, envenom'd too!—
Then, venom, do thy work. [*Stabs the King.*]

Alf. Treason! treason! [*Hurt.*]

King. O, yet defend me, friends; I am but

Ham. Here, thou incestuous, murderous,
damned Dane,

Drink off this potion:—is thy union here?
Follow my mother. [*King dies.*]

Laer. He is justly serv'd;
It is a poison temper'd by himself.
Exchange forgiveness with me, noble Hamlet;
Mine and my father's death come not upon thee;
Nor thine on me! [*Dies.*]

Ham. Heaven make thee free of it! I follow
thee.

I am dead, Horatio. Wretched queen, adieu!
You that look pale and tremble at this chance,
That are but nutes or audience to this act,
Had I but time, (as this fell sergeant, Death,
Is strict in his arrest,) O, I could tell you—
But let it be.—Horatio, I am dead;
Thou liv'st; report me and my cause aright
To the unsatisfied.

Hor. Never believe it:
I am more an antique Roman than a Dane:
Here's yet some liquor left.

Ham. As thou'rt a man,
Give me the cup: let go; by heaven, I'll
have it.

O good Horatio, what a wounded name,
Things standing thus unknown, shall live be-
hind me!

If thou didst ever hold me in thy heart,
Absent thee from felicity a while,
And in this harsh world draw thy breath in
To tell my story. [*pain,*]

[*March afar off, and shot within.*]
What warlike noise is this?

Osr. Young Fortinbras, with conquest come
from Poland,
To the ambassadors of England gives
This warlike volley.

Ham. O, I die, Horatio;
The potent poison quite o'er-crows my spirit:
I cannot live to hear the news from England;
But I do prophesy the election lights
On Fortinbras: he has my dying voice:
So tell him, with the occurrents, 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!

[*March within.*]
Why does the drum come hither?

*Enter Fortinbras, the English Ambassadors,
and others.*

Fort. Where is this sight?
Hor. What is it you would

If aught of woe or wonder, cease your search.

Fort. This quarry cries on havoc.
death,

What feast is toward in thine eternal diet,
That thou so many princes at a shot

So bloodily hast struck? [*The sight is shown.*]

I Amb. The sight is shown.
And our affairs from England come to this

The ears are senseless that should
hearing,

To tell him his commandment is follow'd
That Rosenkrantz and Guildenstern

Where should we have our thanks?
Hor. Not from you.

Had it the ability of life to thank you
He never gave commandment for the same.

But since, so jump upon this bloody stage,
You from the Pollack wars, and you

England,
Are here arriv'd, give order that these men

High on a stage be placed to the view,
And let me speak to the yet unknowing

How these things came about:—
hear

Of carnal, bloody, and unnatural acts,
Of accidental judgments, casual deaths,

Of deaths put on by cunning, and for cause,
And in this upshot, purposes mistook,

Fall'n on the inventors' heads: all this
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 world

Which, now to claim, my vantage doth
me.

Hor. Of that I shall have some
speak,

And from his mouth whose voice will be
more:

But let this same be presently perform'd,
Even while men's minds are wild with it.

mischance
On plots and errors happen.

Fort. Let us haste to hear it,
And call the noblest to the audience.

Bear Hamlet, like a soldier, to the stage,
For he was likely, had he been put on,

To have prov'd most royally:—
passage,

The soldiers' music, and the rites of war,
Speak loudly for him.

Take up the bodies: such a sight
Becomes the field, but here shows

Go, bid the soldiers shoot.
[*A dead march. Exeunt.*]

The dead bodies:—
ordnance is shot off.

ROMEO AND JULIET.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Prince of Verona.	[Prince.] Sampson, } Servants to Capulet.
Young Nobleman, Kinsman to the	Gregory, }
Heads of two Houses at variance	Peter, another Servant to Capulet.
with each other.	Abram, Servant to Montague.
Man, Kinsman to Capulet.	An Apothecary. Three Musicians.
Man, Kinsman to Montague.	Chorus. Page to Mercutio; Page to Paris;
Man, Kinsman to the Prince, and Friend	an Officer.
to Montague.	Lady Montague, Wife to Montague.
Nephew to Montague, and Friend	Lady Capulet, Wife to Capulet.
to Montague.	Juliet, Daughter to Capulet.
Nephew to Lady Capulet.	Nurse to Juliet.
Laurence, a Franciscan.	Citizens of Verona; male and female Rela-
How many of the same order.	tions to both Houses; Maskers, Guards,
Man, Servant to Romeo.	Watchmen, and Attendants.

SCENE.—Verona: Once, (in the Fifth Act) at Mantua.

PROLOGUE.

Chorus.

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 the fatal loins of these two foes
A pair of star-cross'd lovers take their life;
Whose misadventur'd piteous overthrows
Doth cover up their parents' strife.
What but their death-bury their parents' love,
And their continuance of their parents' rage,
Which but their children's end, nought could
Remove,
Doth move the two hours' traffic of our stage;
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, armed with
swords and bucklers.
Gregory, o' my word, we'll not carry
this.
Samp. No, for then we should be colliers.
Greg. Ay, while you live, we'll draw.
Samp. I strike quickly, being moved.
Greg. But thou art not quickly moved to
strike.
Samp. A dog of the house of Montague moves

Gre. To move is to stir; and to be valiant
is to stand: therefore, if thou art moved, thou
run'st away.

Samp. 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.

Samp. 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.

Samp. 'Tis all one, I will show myself a
tyrant: when I have fought with the men, I
will be cruel with the maids, I will cut off their
heads. The heads of the maids? [heads.]

Samp. 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.

Samp. Me they shall feel, while I am able to
stand: and 'tis known I am a pretty piece of
flesh.

Gre. 'Tis well thou art not fish; if thou
hadst, thou hadst been poor John. Draw thy
tool; here comes two of the house of the Mon-
tagues.

Samp. My naked weapon is out: quarrel, I
will back thee.

Gre. How! turn thy back, and run!

Samp. Fear me not.

Gre. No, marry; I fear thee!

Samp. Let us take the law of our side; let
them begin. [take it as they list.]

Gre. I will frown as I pass by; and let them

Sam. Nay, as they dare. I will bite my thumb at them; which is a disgrace to them, if they bear it.

Enter Abram and Balthasar.

Abr. Do you bite your thumb at us, sir?

Sam. I do bite my thumb, sir.

Abr. Do you bite your thumb at us, sir?

Sam. [Aside to *Gre.*] Is the law of our side,

Gre. [Aside to *Sam.*] No. [If I say ay]

Sam. No, sir, I do not bite my thumb at you, sir; but I bite my thumb, sir.

Gre. Do you quarrel, sir?

Abr. Quarrel, sir? no, sir.

Sam. If you do, sir, I am for you: I serve as good a man as you.

Abr. No better.

Sam. Well, sir.

Gre. [Aside to *Sam.*] Say, better; here comes one of my master's kinsmen.

Sam. Yes, better, sir.

Abr. You lie.

Sam. Draw, if you be men. Gregory, remember thy swashing blow. [They fight.]

Enter Benvolio.

Ben. Part, fools! put up your swords; you know not what you do.

[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 persons of both Houses, who join the fray; then enter Citizens, with clubs and partisans.

Citizens. Clubs, bills, and partisans! strike! beat them down!

Down with the Capulets! down with the Montagues! [Enter Capulet, in his gown; and Lady Capulet.]

Cap. What noise is this? Give me my long sword, ho!

La. Cap. A crutch, a crutch! Why call you for a sword?

Cap. My sword, I say! Old Montague is and flourishes 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 one foot to seek a foe.

Enter Prince, with Attendants.

Prin. Rebellious subjects, enemies to peace,
Profaners of this neighbour-stained steel,—
Will they not hear? what ho! you men, you
hearts,

That quench the fire of your pernicious rage
With purple fountains issuing from your veins,
On pain of torture, from those bloody hands

Throw your mistemper'd weapons to the
ground,

And hear the sentence of your moved
Three civil brawls, bred of an airy word,
By thee, old Capulet, and Montague,
Have thrice disturb'd the quiet of our
And made Verona's ancient citizens
Cast by their grave beseeming ornaments
To wield old partisans, in hands as old,
Cank'rd with peace, to part your cankers.
If ever you disturb our streets again,
Your lives shall pay the forfeit of the law.
For this time, all the rest depart away!
You, Capulet, shall go along with us.
And, Montague, come you this after-noon.
To know our further pleasure in this
To old Free-town, our common
place.

Once more, on pain of death, all
[Exeunt Prince and Attendants.]
Lady Capulet, Tybalt, Citizens,
Servants.

Mon. Who set this ancient quarrel
Speak, nephew, were you by when it
Began. Here were the servants of your
sary,

And yours, close fighting ere I did
I drew to part them: in the instant
The fiery Tybalt, with his sword
Which, as he breath'd defiance to my ears,
He swung about his head, and cut the air
Who, nothing hurt withal, heard the
While we were interchanging
blows,

Came more and more, and fought
Till the prince came, who parted us.

La. Mon. O, where is Romeo?—
to-day?

Right glad I am he was not at this
Brawl.

Ben. Madam, an hour before the
Peer'd forth the golden window of the
A troubled mind drove me to walk
Where, underneath the grove of arched
That westward rooteth from the city
So early walking did I see your son
Towards him I made; but he was
And stole into the covert of the church.
I, measuring his affections by my own,
That most are hawk'd when they are
Pursu'd my humour, not pursuing
And gladly shunn'd who gladly lov'd.

Mon. Many a morning hath
seen,
With tears augmenting the fo'c
Adding to clouds more clouds with rain
But all so soon as the all-cheerful sun
Should in the furthest east begin
The shady curtains from Aurora's bed
Away from light steals home my heavy son
And private in his chamber locks
Shuts up his windows, locks down
And makes himself an artificial night.
Black and portentous must this
Unless good counsel may the case

My noble uncle, do you know this
[him.]
I neither know it, nor can learn of
Have you importun'd him by any
Both by myself, and many other

his own affections' counsellor,
[him.]—I will not say how true,—
[him.]—I will not say how true,—
[him.]—I will not say how true,—
[him.]—I will not say how true,—

the bad bit with an envious worm,
spread his sweet leaves to the air,
out learn from whence his sorrows
willingly give cure, as know.
where he comes; so please you,
his grievance, or be much denied.
would, thou wert so happy by thy

—Come, madam, let's away.
[Exeunt Montague and Lady.]
Enter Romeo.
morrow, cousin.

Is the day so young!
Ah me! and hours seem long.

What went hence so fast!
What sadness lengthens
Not having that, which, having, makes
[them short.]

Out—
[of love]
But of her favour, where I am in love.
Alas, that love, so gentle in his view,
so tyrannous and rough in proof!

Alas, that love, whose view is muffled
without eyes, see pathways to his will!
[O me! what fray was

not, for I have heard it all,
to do with hate, but more with

O hawling love! O loving hate!
Of nothing first create!
Of nothing first create!
Of nothing first create!

Of nothing first create!
Of nothing first create!
Of nothing first create!
Of nothing first create!

Of nothing first create!
Of nothing first create!
Of nothing first create!
Of nothing first create!

Of nothing first create!
Of nothing first create!
Of nothing first create!
Of nothing first create!

Of nothing first create!
Of nothing first create!
Of nothing first create!
Of nothing first create!

Love is a smoke raised with the fumes of
sighs;

Being purg'd, a fire sparkling in lovers' eyes;
Being vex'd, a sea nourish'd with lovers' tears;
What is it else? a madness most discreet,
A choking gall, and a preserving sweet.
Farewell, my coz. [Going.]

Ben. Soft! I will go along:
An if you leave me so, you do me wrong.

Rom. Tut, I have lost myself; I am not
here;

This is not Romeo, he's some other where.
Ben. Tell me in sadness, who is that you
love.

Rom. What, shall I groan, and tell thee?
Ben. Groan! why, no;

But sadly tell me who.
Rom. Bid a sick man in sadness make his
will;

Ah, word ill urg'd to one that is so ill!
In sadness, cousin, I do love a woman.

Ben. I aim'd so near, when I suppos'd you
lov'd.

Rom. A right good marks-man! And she's
fair I love. [Exit.]

Ben. A right fair mark, fair coz, is soonest
Rom. Well, in that hit, you miss; she'll not
be hit

With Cupid's arrow; she hath Dian's wit;
And, in strong proof of chastity well arm'd,
From love's weak childish bow she lives un-
harm'd.

She will not stay the siege of loving terms,
Nor bide the encounter of assailing eyes,
Nor ope her lap to saint-seducing gold;

O, she is rich in beauty; only poor,
That, when she dies, with beauty dies her store.

Ben. Then she hath sworn that she will still
live chaste!

Rom. She hath, and in that sparing makes
huge waste;

For beauty, starv'd with her severity,
Cuts beauty off from all posterity.

She is too fair, too wise; wisely too fair,
To merit bliss by making me despair:

She hath forsworn to love; and in that vow
Do I live dead, that live to tell it now.

Ben. Be rul'd by me, forget to think of 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.

[Exit.]

SCENE II.—A Street.

Enter Capulet, Paris, and Servant.

Cap. But Montague is bound as well as I,
In penalty alike; and 'tis not hard, I think,
For men so old as we to keep the peace.

Par. Of honourable reckoning are you both;
And pity 'tis you liv'd at odds so long.
But now, my lord, what say you to my suit?

Cap. But saying o'er what I have said
before:

My child is yet a stranger in the world,
She hath not seen the change of fourteen years;
Let two more summers wither in their pride,
Ere we may think her ripe to be a bride.

Par. Younger than she are happy mothers
made. [made.]

Cap. And too soon marr'd are those so early
Earth hath swallow'd all my hopes but she,
She is the hopeful lady of my earth:
But woo her, gentle Paris, get her heart,
My will to her consent is but a part;
An she agree, within her scope of choice
Lies my consent and fair according voice.
This night I hold an old accusom'd feast,
Whereto I have invited many a guest,
Such as I love; and you, among the store,
One more, most welcome, makes my number
more.

At my poor house look to behold this night
Earth-treading stars, that make dark heaven
light:

Such comfort as do lasty young men feel,
When well-appareld April on the heel
Of limping winter treads, even such delight
Among fresh female buds shall you this night
Inherit at my house; hear all, all see,
And like her most, whose merit most shall be:
Such, amongst view of many, mine being one,
May stand in number, though in reckoning
none.

Come, go with me. *[To the Serv.]* Go, sirrah,
trudge about

Through fair Verona; find those persons out,
Whose names are written there, *[Giving a
paper.]* and to them say,

My house and welcome on their pleasure stay.
[Exit Capulet and Paris.]

Serv. Find them out, whose names are
written here! It is written, that the shoe-
maker should meddle with his yard, and the
tailor with his last, the fisher with his pencil,
and the painter with his nets; but I am sent
to find those persons, whose names are here
writ, and can never find what names the
writting person hath here writ. I must to the
learned;—in good time.

Enter Benvolio and Romeo.

Ben. Tut, man, one fire burns out another's
burning;

One pain is lessen'd by another's anguish;
Turn giddy, and be holp by backward turning;
One desperate grief cures with another's
languish:

Take thou some new infection to thy eye,
And the rank poison of the old will die.

Rom. Your plantain leaf is excellent

Ben. For what, I pray thee?

Rom. For your brother's

Ben. Why, Romeo, art thou mad?

Rom. Not mad, but bound mad

madman is;

Shut up in prison, kept without my

Whipp'd and tormented, and—Good

fellow,

Serv. God gi' good den.—I pray,

Rom. Ay, mine own fortune in my

Serv. Perhaps you have heard a

book; but, I pray, can you

you see?

Rom. Ay, if I know the letter

Serv. Ye say honestly; rest you

Rom. Stay, fellow; I can read

"Signior Martino, and his

daughters; County Anselmo, and his

ous sisters; the lady widow of

Signior Placentio, and his brother

Mercutio, and his brother

uncle, Capulet, his wife, and

fair niece, Rosaline; Livio, Signior

and his cousin Tybalt; Lucio, and

Helena."

A fair assembly: *[Gives back the*

whither should they come?

Serv. Up.

Serv. To supper; to our house

Rom. Whose house?

Rom. Indeed, I should have

before.

Serv. Now I'll tell you with

my master is the great rich Capulet;

you be not of the house of Montague;

come and crush a cup of wine

merry!

Ben. At this same ancient feast

Supps the fair Rosaline, whom I love

With all the admired beauties of

Go thither; and, with unattainted

Compare her face with some that I

And I will make thee think my

Rom. When the devout religion

Maintains such falsehood, then

fires;

And these,—who, often drawn

Transparent heretics, be

One fairer than my love! the all-

Ne'er saw her match, since first I

Ben. Tut, you saw her

Herself pois'd with herself in

But in that crystal scales, how

Your lady's love against some

That I will show you shining

And she shall seem above well

best.

Rom. I'll go along, no

But to rejoice in splendour of

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 everything in extremity. I must hence to wait; I beseech you, follow straight. [stays.]

La. Cap. We follow thee. Juliet, the county Nurse. Go, girl, seek happy nights to happy days. [Exit.]

SCENE IV.—*A Street*

Enter Romeo, Mercutio, Benvolio, with five or six Maskers, Torch-bearers, and others.

Rom. What, shall this speech be spoke for Or shall we on without apology? [four excuse,

Ben. The date is out of such prolixity: We'll have no Cupid hood-wink'd with a scarf, Bearing a Tartar's painted bow of lath, Scaring the ladies like a crow-keeper; Nor no without-book prologue, faintly spoke After the prompter, for our entrance: But, let them measure us by what they will, We'll measure them a measure, and begone.

Rom. Give me a torch: I am not for this ambling;

Being but heavy, I will bear the light.

Mer. Nay, gentle Romeo, we must have you dance. [shoes]

Rom. Not I, believe me: you have dancing With nimble soles; I have a soul of lead, So stakes me to the ground, I cannot move.

Mer. You are a lover; borrow Cupid's wings,

And soar with them above a common bound.

Rom. I am too sore empierced with his shaft, To soar with his light feathers; and so bound, I cannot bound a pitch above dull woe: Under love's burden do I sink.

Mer. And, to sink in it, should you burden Too great oppression for a tender thing. [love;]

Rom. Is love a tender thing? it is too rough, Too rude, too boisterous; and it pricks like thorn. [with love;]

Mer. If love be rough with you, be rough Prick love for pricking, and you beat love down. Give me a case to put my visage in:

A visor for a visor!—what care I, What curious eye doth quote deformities? Here are the beetle-brows shall blush for me.

Ben. Come, knock and enter; and no sooner But every man betake him to his legs. [in.]

Rom. A torch for me: let wantons light of heart,

Tickle the senseless rushes with their heels; For I am proverb'd with a grandsire phrase; I'll be a candle-holder, and look on; The game was ne'er so fair, and I am done.

Mer. Tut, dun's the mouse, the constable's own word:

If thou art dun, we'll draw thee from the mire Of this sir-reverence, love, wherein thou stick'st

Up to the ears. Come, we burn daylight, ho!

Rom. Nay, that's not so.

Mer.

We waste our lights in vain, like lamps, Take our good meaning, for our judgment Five times in that, ere once in our lives

Rom. And we mean well, in going But 'tis no wit to go.

Mer.

Rom. I dreamt a dream to-night

Mer.

Rom. Well, what was your dream?

Mer.

Rom. In bed asleep, while they do things true.

Mer. O then, I see, Queen Mab

She is the fairies' midwife; and she comes In shape no bigger than an agate-stone

On the fore-finger of an alderman, Drawn with a team of little atomies

Athwart men's noses as they lie asleep; Her waggon-spokes made of long spinners

The cover, of the wings of grasshoppers; The traces, of the smallest spider's web;

The collars, of the moonshine's water; Her whip, of cricket's bone; the lash,

Her waggoner, a small grey-coated wren; Not half so big as a round little wren;

Prick'd from the lazy finger of a maid; Her chariot is an empty hazel nut,

Made by the joiner squirrel, or old ape; Time out of mind the fairies' coach

And in this state she gallops night by night Through lovers' brains, and there she treads

Of love; O'er courtiers' knees, that dream of love

O'er lawyers' fingers, who straight up to fees;

O'er ladies' lips, who straight up to the

Which off the hungry Mab with sweet

Because their breaths with sweet

are:

Sometimes she gallops o'er a courtier's

And then dreams he of smelling of a

And sometimes comes she with a

Tickling a parson's nose as he

Then dreams he of another law

Sometimes she driveth o'er a soldier's

And then dreams he of cutting for

Of breaches, ambuscades, Spanish

Of healths five fathom deep; and then

Drums in his ear, at which he

wakes;

And, being thus frighted, sweet

And sleeps again. This is that which

That plucks the naves of horses to the

And makes the elf-locks in foul sluttish

Which, once untangled, leads him to

bodes:

This is the hag, when maids lie on

That presses them, and makes them

bear,

Making them women of good

This is she—

Rom. Peace, peace,

Thou talk'st of nothing.

True, I talk of dreams;

Nothing but vain fantasy;

As this substance as the air;

More inconstant than the wind, who woos

The frozen bosom of the north,

And being anger'd, puffs away from thence,

Leaving his face to the dew-dropping south.

This wind, you talk of, blows us from

Ourselves;—

—I fear, and we shall come too late.

—I fear, too early: for my mind mis-

gives,

And consequence, yet hanging in the stars,

Already begins his fearful date

For this night's revel; and expire the term

Of my short life, closed in my breast,

By this vile forfeit of untimely death:

But that hath the steorage of my course,

Myself I sell.—O, lusty gentlemen.

[Re-enter.]

Y.—A Hall in Capulet's House.

Musicians waiting. Enter Servants.

Where's Potpan, that he helps not

away! he shift a trencher! he scrape

a plate!

When good manners shall lie all in

two men's hands, and they unwashed

together!

Away with the joint-stools, remove

the cupboard, look to the plate. Good

meat me a piece of marchpane; and,

lovet me, let the porter let in Susan

and Nell. Antony! and Potpan!

Ay, boy; ready.

You are looked for, and called for,

and sought for in the great chamber.

—We cannot be here and there

at once.

Cheerly, boys: be brisk awhile,

and the longer liver take all.

[They retire behind.]

Capulet, &c., with the Guests and the

Maskers.

Welcome, gentlemen! Ladies that have

your toes

plac'd with corns, will have a bout with

my mistresses! which of you all [you,

deny to dance? she that makes

corns!

[Now?]

—I have seen near you

your mistress! I have seen the day,

when you were a fair lady's ear, [gone;

—'tis gone, 'tis gone, 'tis gone, 'tis

gone, gentlemen! Come, musi-

—I give room! and foot it, girls.

[Music plays, and they dance.]

—You know, and turn the tables up,

and the room has grown too

small, this unlook'd-for sport comes well.

Nay, sit, nay, sit, good cousin Capulet;

For you and I are past our dancing days:

How long is't now, since last yourself and I

Were in a mask?

2 Cap. By'r lady, thirty years.

Cap. What, man! 'tis not so much, 'tis not

'Tis since the nuptial of Lucentio, [so much:

Come Pentecost as quickly as it will, [mask'd,

Some five and twenty years; and then we

2 Cap. 'Tis more, 'tis more, his son is elder,

His son is thirty. [sir.

Cap. Will you tell me that?

His son was but a ward two years ago.

Rom. What lady is that, which doth enrich

Of yonder knight? [the hand

Serv. I know not, sir. [bright]

Rom. O, she doth teach the torches to burn

It seems she hangs upon the cheek of night

Like a rich jewel in an Ethiope'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. [hand.

And, touching hers, make blessed my rude

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 Mon-

tague. [slaves

Fetch me my rapier, boy. What, dares the

Come hither, cover'd with an antique face,

To leer 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 this town,

Here in my house do him disparagement:

Therefore be patient, take no note of him,

It is my will; the which if thou respect,

Show a fair presence, and put off these frowns,

An ill-beseeming semblance for a feast.

Tyb. It fits, when such a villain is a guest:

I'll not endure him.

Cap. He shall be endur'd.

What, Goodman boy! I say, he shall; go to;

Am I the master here, or you? Go to.

You'll not endure him! God shall mend my

soul,

You'll make a mutiny among my guests!

You will set cock-a-hoop! you'll be the man!

Tyb. Why, uncle, 'tis a shame.

Cap. Go to, go to;

You are a saucy boy; is't so, indeed? [what:

This trick may chance to scath you, I know

You must contrary me! marry, 'tis time.
Well said, my hearts!—You are a prince; go:
Be quiet, or—More light, more light!—For
shame!

I'll make you quiet.—What, cheerly, hearts!

Tyb. Patience perforce with wilful choler
meeting,
Makes my flesh tremble in their different
I will withdraw; but this intrusion shall,
Now seeming sweet, convert to bitter gall.

[*Exit.*]

Rom. [To Juliet.] If I profane with my
unworthiest hand

This holy shrine, the gentle fine is this:

My lips, two blushing pilgrims, ready stand
To smooth that rough touch with a tender
kiss.

[*Too much.*]

Jul. Good pilgrim, you do wrong your hand
Which mannerly devotion shows in this;

For saints have hands that pilgrims' hands do
touch,

And palm to palm is holy palmers' kiss.

Rom. Have not saints lips, and holy palmers
too?

[*prayer.*]

Jul. Ay, pilgrim, lips that they must use in
Rom. O, then, dear saint, let lips do what
hands do;

[*despair.*]

They pray, grant thou, lest faith turn to
Jul. Saints do not move, though grant for
prayers' sake,

[*effect I take.*]

Rom. Then move not, while my prayers
Thus from my lips, by yours, my sin is purg'd.

[*Kissing her.*]

Jul. Then have my lips the sin that they
have took.

Rom. Sin from my lips! O trespass sweetly
Give me my sin again.

[*urg'd!*]

Jul. You kiss by the book.

Nurse. Madam, your mother craves a word
Rom. What is her mother?

[*with you.*]

Nurse. Marry, bachelor,
Her mother is the lady of the house,

And a good lady, and a wise, and virtuous:
I nurs'd her daughter, that you talk'd withal;

I tell you, he that can say hold of her
Shall have the chinks.

Rom. Is she a Capulet?

O dear account! my life is my foe's debt.

Ben. Away, begone; the sport is at the best.

Rom. Ay, so I fear; the more is my unrest.

Cap. Nay, gentlemen, prepare not to be
gone;

We have a trifling foolish banquet towards.
Is it even so? Why then, I thank you all;

I thank you, honest gentlemen; good night.
More torches here! Come on, then, let's to bed.

[*To 2 Cap.*] Ah, sirrah, by my fay, it waxes
late:
I'll to my rest.

[*Exeunt all except Juliet and Nurse.*]

Jul. Come hither, nurse. What is yond'
gentleman?

Nurse. The son and heir of old Tiberio.

Jul. What's he, that now is going out of
door?

Nurse. Marry, that, I think, is
Petruchio.

Jul. What's he, that follows there, that
Nurse, I know not.

Jul. Go, ask his name:—if he be
My grave is like to be my wedding-bed.

Nurse. His name is Romeo, and a Montague,
The only son of your great enemy.

Jul. My only love sprung from my
hate!

Too early seen unknown, and known too
Prodigious birth of love it is to me,
That I must love a loathed enemy.

Nurse. What's this? what's this?
A rhyme I learn'd even
Of one I dan'd withal.

[*One calls within, "Juliet."*]

Nurse. Come, let's away: the strangers are all
hate!

Enter Chorus.

Now old desire doth in his death-bed lie,
And young affection gapes to be his heir;

That fair, for which love groan'd so long,
die,

With tender Juliet match'd, is now
Now Romeo is belov'd, and loves again.

Alike bewitch'd by the charm of love,
But to his foe suppos'd he must comply,

And she steal love's sweet bait from
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 must
To meet her new-belov'd anywhere.

But passion lends them power, time
Tempering extremities with extreme rage.

ACT II.

SCENE I.—An open place adjoining
Garden.

Enter Romeo.

Rom. Can I go forward, when my heart
here?

Turn back, dull earth, and find thy
[*He climbs the wall, and looks in*]

Enter Benvolio and Mercutio.

Ben. Romeo! my cousin Romeo!

Mer. And, on my life, hath stolen into
Ben. He ran this way, and

Call, good Mercutio. Nay, I'll
[*He follows.*]

Rom. humours! madman! peace!

Appear thou in the likeness of a
Speak but one rhyme, and I am gone!

Cry but "Ah me!" pronounce but
dove;

Speak to my gossip Verna one fair
One nick-name for her purblind son

O, that I were a glove upon that hand,
That I might touch that cheek !

Jul. Ah me !
Rom. She speaks :
O speak again, bright angel ! for thou art
As glorious to this night, being o'er my head,
As is a winged messenger of heaven
Unto the white-upturned wond'ring eyes
Of mortals, that fall back to gaze on him,
When he bestrides the lazy-pacing clouds,
And sails upon the 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.

Rom. [*Aside.*] Shall I hear more, or shall I
speak at this ?

Jul. 'Tis but thy name, that is my enemy ;
Thou art thyself though, not a Montague.
What's Montague ? it is nor hand, nor foot,
Nor arm, nor face, nor any other part
Belonging to a man. O, be some other name !
What's in a name ? that which we call a rose,
By any other name would smell as sweet ;
So Romeo would, were he not Romeo call'd,
Retain that dear perfection which he owes,
Without that title. Romeo, doff thy name ;
And for 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 baptiz'd ;
Henceforth I never will be Romeo.

Jul. What man art thou, that, thus be-
screen'd in night,
So stumblest on my counsel?

Rom. By a name
I know not how to tell thee who I am :
My name, dear saint, is hateful to myself,
Because it is an enemy to thee ;
Had I it written, I would tear the word.

Jub. My ears have not yet drunk a hundred words
Of that tongue's utterance, yet I know the sound:

Art thou not Romeo, and a Montague? [Like.
Rom. Neither, fair saint, if either thee dis-
Jul. How can'st thou hither, tell me, and
 wherefore?

The orchard walls are high, and hard to climb;
And the place death, considering who thou art,
If any of my kinsmen find thee here.

Rain. With love's light wings did I o'erperch
these walls ;
For stony limits cannot hold love out :

And what love can do, that dares love attempt;
Therefore, thy kinsmen are no let to me. [thee.
Jul. If they do see thee, they will murder

Rom. Alack, there lies more peril in thine eye,
Than twenty of their swords: look thou but
And I am proof against their enmity. [Sweet

Jul. I would not for the world they saw
thee here. [their sight :
Edm. I have night's cloak to hide me from

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? [enquire]

Rom. By Love, who first did prompt me to
He lent me counsel, and I lent him eyes.
I am no pilot; yet, wert thou as far
As that vast shore, wash'd with the farthest sea,
I would adventure for such merchandise.

Jul. Thou know'st the mask of night is on
my face;

Else would a maiden blush bepaint my cheek,
For that which thou hast heard me speak to-
night.

Fain would I dwell on form, fain, fain deny
What I have spoke: but farewell compliment!
Dost thou love me? I know thou wilt say—Ay;
And I will take thy word: yet, if thou swear'st,
Thou may'st prove false; at lovers' perjuries,
They say, Jove laughs. O gentle Romeo,
If thou dost love, pronounce it faithfully:
Or if thou think'st I am too quickly won,
I'll frown, and be perverse, and say thee nay,
So thou wilt woo; but else, not for the world.
In truth, fair Montague, I am too fond;
And therefore thou may'st think my 'haviour
light:

But trust me, gentleman, I'll prove more true
Than those that have more cunning to be
strange. [fess]

I should have been more strange, I must con-
fess. But that you over-heard'st, ere I was 'ware,
My true love's passion: therefore, pardon me;
And not impute this yielding to light love,
Which the dark night hath so discovered.

Rom. Lady, by yonder blessed moon I
swear,

That tips with silver all these fruit-tree tops,—

Jul. O, swear not by the moon, the in-
constant moon,

That monthly changes in her circled orb,
Lest that thy love prove likewise variable.

Rom. What shall I swear by?

Jul. Do not swear at all;

Or, if thou wilt, swear by thy gracious self,
Which is the god of my idolatry,

And I'll believe thee.

Rom. If my heart's dear love—

Jul. Well, do not swear: although I joy in
I have no joy of this contract to-night: [thee]
It is too rash, too unadvis'd, too sudden;
Too like the lightning, which doth cease to be,
Ere one can say, It lightens. Sweet, good
night!

This bud of love, by summer's ripening breath,
May prove a beauteous flower when next we
meet. [rest]

Good night, good night! as sweet repose and
Come to thy heart, as that within my breast!

Rom. O, wilt thou leave me so unsatisfied?

Jul. What satisfaction canst thou have to-
night?

Rom. The exchange of thy love's faithful
vow for mine.

Jul. I gave thee mine before thou didst
quest it:

And yet I would it were to give again.

Rom. Wouldst thou withdraw it? for what
purpose, love?

Jul. But to be frank, and give it thee again.
And yet I wish but for the thing I have.
My bounty is as boundless as the sea,
My love as deep; the more I give to thee,
The more I have, for both are infinite.

[Nurse calls within]
I hear some noise within; dear love, adieu!
Anon, good nurse! Sweet Montague, to-morrow
Stay but a little, I will come again.

Rom. O blessed, blessed night! I am a
Being in night, all this is but a dream,
Too flattering-sweet to be substantial.

Re-enter Juliet, alone.
Jul. Three words, dear Romeo, and good
night indeed.

If that thy bent of love be honourable,
Thy purpose marriage, send me word to-morrow,
By one that I'll procure to come to thee,
Where, and what time, thou wilt perform the rite;
And all my fortunes at thy foot I'll lay,
And follow thee my lord throughout the world.

Nurse. [Within.] Madam!

Jul. I come, anon.—But if thou
I do beseech thee,—

Nurse. [Within.] Madam!

Jul. By and by; I come, anon.—

To-morrow will I send.

Rom. So thrive my soul—

Jul. A thousand times good night!

Rom. A thousand times the wonted
thy light.

Love goes toward love, as schoolboys
But love from love, toward school boys
looks.

Re-enter Juliet, alone.
Jul. Hist! Romeo, hist! O, for a
To lure this tassel-gentle back again!
Bondage is hoarse, and may not so
Else would I tear the cave where Echo
And make her airy tongue more sweet
With repetition of my Romeo's name.

Rom. It is my soul, that calls
name:

How silver-sweet sound lovers' names!
Like softest music to attending ears!

Jul. Romeo!

Rom. My dear!

Jul. At what o'clock
Shall I send to thee?

Rom. At the hour of
Jul. I will not fail: 'tis a sweet
I have forgot why I did call thee
Rom. Let me stand here till thou
Jul. I shall forget, to have thee
there,
Remembering how I love thy company.

And I'll still stay, to have thee still
 In any other home but this, [forget,
 'Tis almost morning; I would have
 thee gone:
 I'll not go further than a wanton's bird;
 I'll let it hop a little from her hand,
 Come to her prisoner in his twisted gyves,
 With a silk thread plucks it back again,
 Jealous of his liberty.
 I would I were thy bird.

Sweet, so would I:
 Should I kill thee with much cherishing,
 Good night! parting is such sweet
 sorrow,

I shall say good night, till it be morrow.
 Sleep dwell upon thine eyes, peace in
 thy breast!

[Exit above.]
 I were sleep and peace, so sweet to rest!
 I'll go to my ghostly father's cell,
 And my dear hap to tell.

[Exit.]

ACT III.—Friar Laurence's Cell.

Enter Friar Laurence, with a basket.

The grey-eyed morn smiles on the
 dawning night,
 And darkness like a drunkard reels
 From day's path and Titan's fiery wheels:
 Advance his burning eye,
 To cheer, and night's dank dew to dry,
 O'er all this orbed cage of ours,
 Flow'rs, and precious-juiced
 herbs,

With that's nature's mother, is her tomb;
 In her womb children of divers kind
 On her natural bosom find;
 For many virtues excellent,
 Some, and yet all different,
 She is the powerful grace that lies
 In plants, stones, and their true
 qualities:

So vile that on the earth doth live,
 To the earth some special good doth give;
 To good, but, strain'd from that
 seed, turns vice, being misapplied;
 Or sometime's by action dignified.

Within the infant rind of this small flower
 Resides the power,
 Being small, with that part cheers
 all parts;

Man's life all senses with the heart.
 As well as herbs,—grace, and rule will;
 Where the weaker is predominant,
 Exceeds the canker death eats up that plant.

Enter Romeo.

Good morrow, father!

Benedicite!
 My 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 couch his limbs, there golden sleep doth
 reign:
 Therefore thy earliness doth me assure,
 Thou art up-ris'n'd 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.

[Rosaline.]
 Fri. L. God pardon sin! wast thou with
 Rom. With Rosaline, my ghostly father! no;
 I have forgot that name, and that name's woe.

Fri. L. That's my good son: but where hast
 thou been, then?

Rom. I'll tell thee, ere thou ask it me again.
 I have been feasting with mine enemy;
 Where, on a sudden, one hath wounded me,
 That's by me wounded: both our remedies
 Within thy help and holy physic lies:
 I bear no hatred, blessed man; for, lo,
 My intercession likewise stands my foe.

Fri. L. Be plain, good son, and homely in
 thy drift;
 Riddling confession finds but riddling shrift.

Rom. Then plainly know, my heart's dear
 love is set
 On the fair daughter of rich Capulet:
 As mine on hers, so hers is set on mine;
 And all combin'd, save what thou must com-
 bine

By holy marriage: when, and where, and how,
 We met, we woo'd, and made exchange of vow,
 I'll tell thee as we pass; but this I pray,
 That thou consent to marry us to-day.

Fri. L. Holy Saint Francis! what a change
 is here!

Is Rosaline, whom thou didst love so dear,
 So soon forsaken? young men's love, then, lies
 Not truly in their hearts, but in their eyes.

Jesu Maria! what a deal of brine
 Hath wash'd thy sallow cheeks for Rosaline!
 How much salt water thrown away in waste,
 To season love, that of it doth not taste!

The sun not yet thy sighs from heaven clears,
 Thy old groans ring yet in my ancient ears;
 Lo, here upon thy cheek the stain doth sit
 Of an old tear that is not wash'd off yet;
 If e'er thou wast thyself, and these woes thine,
 Thou and these woes were all for Rosaline:
 And art thou chang'd? pronounce this sentence,
 then,

Women may fall, when there's no strength in
 men.
 Rom. Thou child'st me oft for loving
 Rosaline.

Fri. L. For doting, not for loving, pupil
 Rom. And bad'st me bury love.

[mine.]
 Fri. L. Not in a grave,
 To lay one in, another out to have. [love now,
 Rom. I pray thee, chide not: she, whom I

Doth grace for grace, and love for love allow;
The other did not so.

Fri. L. O, she know 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
Come he not home to-night? *[He?]*

Ben. Not to his father's; I spoke with his
man.

Mer. Ah, that same pale hard-hearted
wench, that Rosaline,

Torments him so, that he will sure run mad.

Ben. Tybalt, the kinsman of old Capulet,
Hath sent a letter to his father's house.

Mer. A challenge, on my life!

Ben. Romeo will answer it.

Mer. Any man, that can write, may answer
a letter.

Ben. Nay, he will answer the letter's master,
how he dares, being dared.

Mer. Alas, poor Romeo, he is already dead!
stab'd with a white wench's black eye; shot
thorough the ear with a love-song; the very
pin of his heart cleft with the blind bow-boy's
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 compli-
ments. He fights as you sing prick-song,
keeps time, distance, and proportion; rests
me his minim rest, one, two, and the third in
your bosom: the very butcher of a silk button,
a duellist, a duellist: a gentleman of the very
first house, of the first and second cause: ah,
the immortal passado! the punto reverso!
the hay!

Ben. The what?

Mer. The pox of such antick, hisping, affect-
ing fantasticoes, these new tuners of accents!
—"By Jesu, a very good blade!—a very tall
man!—a very good whore!"—Why, is not this
a lamentable thing, grandsire, that we should
be thus afflicted with these strange flies,
these fashion-mongers, these *pardonnez-mois*,
who stand so much on the new form, that
they cannot sit at ease on the old bench? O
their *bons*, their *bons*!

Enter Romeo.

Ben. Here comes Romeo, here comes Romeo.

Mer. Without his roe, like a dried herring:
O flesh, flesh, how art thou fishified! Now
is he for the numbers that Petrarch flow'd in:
Laura, to his lady, was at a kitchen-wench;

marry, she had a better love to be thy
Dido, a dowdy; Cleopatra, a slattern; and
and Hero, hildings and harlots; and
grey eye or so, but not to the purpose.
Romeo, *bon jour*! there's a French salu-
to your French slop. You gave us the coun-
feit fairly last night.

Rom. Good morrow to you both.
counterfeit did I give you?

Mer. The slip, sir, the slip; can you

Rom. Pardon, good Mercutio, my
was great; and in such a case as mine,
may strain courtesy.

Mer. That's as much as to say—*Spoke*
as yours constrains a man to bow in the

Rom. Meaning—to court'ry.

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?

Mer. Well said: follow me this

till thou hast worn out thy pump; then

the single soul of it is worn, the

remain, after the wearing, solely

Rom. O single-soled jest, solely

the singleness!

Mer. Come between us, good

Rom. Switch and spurs, switch

or I'll cry a match.

Mer. Nay, if thy wits run the

chase, I have done; for thou hast

wild-goose in one of thy wits, than

I have in my whole five: was I wild

for the goose?

Rom. Thou wast never with me

thing, when thou wast not here for

Mer. I will bite thee by the ear for

Rom. Nay, good goose, bite not.

Mer. Thy wit is a very bitter

a most sharp sauce.

Rom. And is it not well served in

Mer. O, here's a wit of

stretches from an inch narrow to an

Rom. I stretch it out for that

which added to the goose, proves

wide a broad goose.

Mer. Why, is not this

groaning for love? now art thou

art thou Romeo; now art thou

by art as well as by nature: for

love is like a great natural, that

up and down to hide his

Ben. Stop there, stop there.

Mer. Thou desirest me to stop

against the hair.

Ben. Thou wouldst else have

large.

Mer. O, thou art deceived: I

made it short: for I was come to

depth of my tale; and must

occupy the argument no longer.

Rom. Here's goodly gear!

Enter Nurse and Peter.

A sail, a sail, a sail!
Two, two: a shirt, and a smock.

My Ian, Peter.

God Peter, to hide her face; for her
fair face.

God ye good morrow, gentlemen.
Is it good den?

Is no less, I tell you; for the bawdy
dial is now upon the prick of noon.

Out upon you, what a man are you.
Gentlewoman, that God hath

By my troth, it is well said;—for
to mar, quotha?—Gentlemen, can any

tell me where I may find the young
man?

I can tell you; but young Romeo
older when you have found him, than

when you sought him: I am the
of that name, for fault of a worse.

You say well.

Is the worst well? very well
with; wisely, wisely.

If you be he, sir, I desire some con-
fession.

Will indite him to some supper.

A bawd, a bawd, a bawd! So ho!
What hast thou found?

No hare, sir, unless a hare, sir, in a
pace, that is something stale and hoar

As an old hare hour,
And an old hare hour,

Is very good meat in Lent;
But a hare that is hoar,

Is too much for a score,
When it hoars ere it be spent."

Will you come to your father's? we'll
thither.

I will follow you.

Farewell, ancient lady; farewell,
lady.

[Exit Nurse and Benvolio.]

Marry, farewell!—I pray you, sir,
my merchant was this, that was so full

of a gentleman, nurse, that loves to
talk; and will stand to in a month.

An' a speak anything against me,
An' a were lustier than he

that shall. Scurvy knave! I
of his shirt-colls: I am none of his

And thou must stand by, too,
scurvy knave to use me at his pleasure!

I have no man near you at his pleasure;
my weapon should quickly have been

strait you; I dare draw as soon as

another man, if I see occasion in a good
quarrel, and the law on my side.

Nurse. Now, afore God, I am so vexed that
every part about me quivers. Scurvy knave!
—Pray you, sir, a word; and as I told you, my
young lady bade me enquire you out; what
she bid me say, I will keep to myself: but first
let me tell ye, if ye should lead her into a fool's
paradise, as they say, it were a very gross kind
of behaviour, as they say: for the gentle-
woman is young; and, therefore, if you should
deal double with her, truly, it were an ill thing
to be offered to any gentlewoman, and very
weak dealing.

Rom. Nurse, commend me to thy lady and
mistress. I protest unto thee,—

Nurse. Good heart! and, i' faith, I will
tell her as much. Lord, Lord! she will be a
joyful woman.

Rom. What wilt thou tell her, nurse? thou
dost not mark me.

Nurse. I will tell her, sir—that you do pro-
test; which, as I take it, is a gentlemanlike
offer.

Rom. Bid her devise
Some means to come to shrift this afternoon;

And there she shall, at friar Laurence's cell,
Be shriv'd, and married. Here is for thy pains.

Nurse. No, truly, sir; not a penny.

Rom. Go to; I say, you shall. [Exit Nurse.]
Nurse. This afternoon, sir? well, she shall

Rom. And stay, good nurse, behind the
abbey-wall:

Within this hour my man shall be with thee,
And bring thee cords made like a tackled stair;

Which to the high top-gallant of my joy
Must be my convoy in the secret night.
Farewell; be trusty, and I'll quit thy pains;
Farewell; commend me to thy mistress.

Nurse. Now, God in heaven bless thee!—
Hark you, sir.

Rom. What say'st thou, my dear nurse?

Nurse. Is your man secret? Did you ne'er
hear say,
Two may keep counsel, putting one away?

Rom. I warrant thee, my man's as true as
steel.

Nurse. Well, sir; my mistress is the sweet-
est lady—Lord, Lord!—when 'twas a little
prating thing,—O,—there's 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 pro-
per man; but, I'll warrant you, when I say
so, she looks as pale as any clout in the varsal
world. Doth not rosemary and Romeo begin
both with a letter? [Exit Nurse.]

Rom. Ay, nurse: what of that? both with
Nurse. Ah, mocker! that's the dog's name;
R is for the dog. No; I know it begins with
some other letter:—and she had the prettiest
sententious of it, of you and rosemary, that it
would do you good to hear it.

Rom. Commend me to thy lady.

Nurse. Ay, a thousand times. — [*Exit*
Romeo.] Peter!

Pet. Anon!

Nurse. Peter, take my fan and go before.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V.—Capulet's Garden.

Enter Juliet.

Jul. The clock struck nine, when I did send
the nurse;

In half an hour she promis'd to return. [so.—
Perchance, she cannot meet him:—that's not
O, she is lame! love's heralds should be
thoughts,

Which ten times faster glide than the sun's
Driving back shadows over lowering hills:

Therefore do nimble-pinion'd doves draw love,
And therefore hath the wind-swift Cupid wings.

Now is the sun upon the highmost hill

Of this day's journey; and from nine till twelve

Is three long hours,—yet she is not come.

Had she affections, and warm youthful blood,

She'd be as swift in motion as a ball;

My words would bandy her to my sweet love,

And his to me:

But old folks, many feign as they were dead;

Unwieldy, slow, heavy and pale as lead,

O God, she comes!—

Enter Nurse and Peter.

O honey nurse! what news?

Hast thou met with him? Send thy man away.

Nurse. Peter, stay at the gate. [*Exit* Peter.

Jul. Now, good sweet nurse,—O Lord!

why look'st thou sad?

Though news be sad, yet tell them merrily;

If good, thou sham'st the music of sweet news

By playing it to me with so sour a face.

Nurse. I am aweary, give me leave awhile:—

Fie, how my bones ache! What a jaunt have

I had!

Jul. I would thou hadst my bones, and I

Nay, come, I pray thee, speak;—good, good

nurse, speak.

Nurse. Jesu, what haste! can you not stay

Do you not see that I am out of breath?

Jul. How art thou out of breath, when thou

hast breath

To say to me—that thou art out of breath?

The excuse that thou dost make in this delay

Is longer than the tale thou dost excuse.

Is thy news good, or bad? answer to that;

Say either, and I'll stay the circumstance:

Let me be satisfied, is't good or bad?

Nurse. Well, you have made a simple

choice; you know not how to choose a man:

Romeo! no, not he; though his face be better

than any man's, yet his leg excels all men's;

and for a hand, and a foot, and a body,—

though they be not to be talked on, yet they

are past compare; he is not the flower of

courtesy,—but, I'll warrant him, as gentle as

a lamb.—Go thy ways, wench; serve God.—

What, have you dined at home?

Jul. No, nor 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,

back!

Bestrew your heart for sending me about

To catch my death with jaunting up and down

Jul. I' faith, I am sorry that thou art

well.

Sweet, sweet, sweet nurse, tell me, what news?

Nurse. Your love says, like an honest

gentleman,

And a courteous, and a kind, and a true

And, I warrant, a virtuous!—Where's your

mother?

Jul. Where is my mother?—How oddly

Where should she be? How oddly

ply'st!

"Your love says, like an honest gentleman"

Where is your mother?

Nurse. O, God's lady! what

Are you so hot? Marry, come up, I trow,

Is this the poultice for my aching bones?

Henceforward do your messages yourself.

Jul. Here's such a coil!—Come, what news?

Nurse. Have you got leave to go to

Romeo?

Jul. I have.

Nurse. Then hie you hence to find your

cell,

There stays a husband to make you a wife.

Now comes the wanton blood up to your

cheeks,

They'll be in scarlet straight at any new

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 you're

I am the drudge, and toil in your del

But you shall hear the turlow

Go; I'll to dinner; he you to the cell.

Jul. Hie to high fortune!—hence I

farewell.

SCENE VI.—Friar Laurence's Cell.

Enter Friar Laurence and Romeo.

Fri. L. So smile the heavens upon this

act,

That after-hours with sorrow chide us not.

Rom. Amen, amen! but come what will,

It cannot counterveil the exchange of life

That one short minute gives me in her

Do thou but close our hands with holy

Then love-devouring death do what he will.

It is enough I may but call her mine.

Fri. L. These violent delights have violent

And in their triumph die; like fire that feeds

Which, as they kiss, consume; the more

Is leathern in his own deliciousness.

And in the taste confounds the appetite.

Therefore, love moderately; long

Too swift arrives as tardy as too slow.

Enter Juliet.

times the lady.—O, so light a foot
may wear out the everlasting flint:

may bestride the gossamer

in the wanton summer air,

yet not fall; so light is vanity.

Good even to my ghostly confessor,

Romeo shall thank thee, daughter,

for us both.

As much to him, else are his thanks

too much.

Ab, Juliet, if the measure of thy joy

be like mine, and that thy skill be

more

than sweeten with thy breath

the unimag'd happiness, that both

live in either by this dear encounter.

Conceit, more rich in matter than in

words,

of assistance, not of ornament:

we are but beggars that can count their

worth;

my true love is grown to such excess,

that sum up half my sum of wealth.

Ab, Come, come with me, and we will

make short work;

for your leaves, you shall not stay alone,

but my church incorporate two in one.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT III.

SCENE I.—A public Place.

Enter Mercutio, Benvolio, Page, and Servants.

I pray thee, good Mercutio, let's re-

turn; for the day is hot, the Capulets abroad, [*fire*]

if we meet, we shall not 'scape a brawl;

for these hot days, is the mad blood

stirring.

Mer. Thou art like one of those fellows that,

when they see the confines of a tavern, claps

up his sword upon the table, and says, "God

send me no need of thee!" and, by the opera-

tion of the second cup, draws it on the drawer,

indeed, there is no need.

Am I like such a fellow?

Mer. Come, come, thou art as hot a Jack in

the mood, as any in Italy; and as soon moved

as a fool, and as soon moody to be moved.

And what to?

Mer. Nay, an there were two such, we

should have none shortly, for one would kill

the other. Thou! why, thou wilt quarrel with

a man for cracking nuts, having no other

business on thy mind; but thou hast: thou wilt quarrel

with a man for wearing a new cap?

Why, because thou hast hazel eyes?

Quarrel! Thy head is as full of quar-

rels as an egg is full of meat; and yet thy

head has been beaten as addis 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
ribbons? and yet thou wilt tutor me from
quarrelling!

Ben. An I were so apt to quarrel as thou
art, any man should buy the ice-simple of my
life for an hour and a quarter.

Mer. The ice-simple! O simple!

Enter Tybalt and others.

Ben. By my head, here come the Capulets.

Mer. By my heel, I care not.

Tyb. Follow me close, for I will speak to
them. Gentlemen, good den: a word with
one of you.

Mer. And but one word with one of us?
Couple it with something; make it a word
and a blow.

Tyb. You shall find me apt enough to that,
sir, if you will give me occasion.

Mer. Could you not take some occasion
without giving?

Tyb. Mercutio, thou consort'st with Romeo,—

Mer. Consort! What, dost thou make us
minstrels? an thou make minstrels of us, look
to hear nothing but discords: here's my fiddle-
stick; here's that shall make you dance.

[*men:*]
'Zounds, consort!

Ben. We talk here in the public haunt of
Either withdraw unto some private place,
And reason coldly of your grievances,
Or else depart; here all eyes gaze on us.

Mer. Men's eyes were made to look, and let
them gaze:

I will not budge for no man's pleasure, I.

Enter Romeo.

Tyb. Well, peace be with you, sir! here
comes my man. [livery:]

Mer. But I'll be hang'd, sir, if he wear your
Marry, go before to field, he'll be your follower;
Your worship, in that sense, may call him—
man.

Tyb. Romeo, the hate I bear thee, can afford
No better term than this—thou art a villain.

Rom. Tybalt, the reason that I have to love
thee

Doth much excuse the appertaining rage
To such a greeting:—villain am I none;
Therefore farewell: I see thou know'st me not.

Tyb. Boy, this shall not excuse the injuries
That thou hast done me, therefore turn, and
draw.

Rom. I do protest, I never injured thee;
But love thee better than thou canst devise,
Till thou shalt know the reason of my love:
And so, good Capulet,—which name I tender
As dearly as my own,—be satisfied.

Mer. O calm, dishonourable, vile submission!
Alla stoccata carries it away. [*Draws.*]

Tybalt, you ratcatcher, will you walk!

Tyb. What wouldst thou have with me?

Mer. Good king of cats, nothing but one of
your nine lives; that I mean to make bold

withal, and, as you shall use me hereafter, dry-beat the rest of the night. Will you pluck your sword out of his pitcher by the ears? make haste, lest mine be about your ears ere it be out.

Tyb. [Drawing.] I am for you.

Rom. Gentle Mercutio, put thy rapier up.

Mer. Come, sir, your passado. [They fight.]

Rom. Draw, Benvolio; beat down their weapons.

Gentlemen, for shame, forbear this outrage:

Tybalt, — Mercutio, — the prince expressly hath forbidden bandying in Verona streets:

Hold, Tybalt! — good Mercutio, —

[*Exeunt Tybalt and his partisans,*

Mer. I am hurt; —

A plague o' both the houses! — I am sped; — Is he gone, and hath nothing?

Ben. What, art thou hurt?

Mer. Ay, ay, a scratch, a scratch; marry, 'tis enough. —

Where is my page? — Go, villain, fetch a surgeon. [Exit Page.]

Rom. Courage, man; the hurt cannot be much.

Mer. No, 'tis not so deep as a well, nor so wide as a church door; but 'tis enough, 'twill serve; ask for me to-morrow, and you shall find me a grave man. I am peppered, I warrant, for this world; — a plague o' both your houses! — 'Zounds, a dog, a rat, a mouse, a cat, to scratch a man to death! a braggart, a rogue, a villain, that fights by the book of arithmetic! — Why the devil came you between us? I was hurt under your arm.

Rom. I thought all for the best.

Mer. Help me into some house, Benvolio, Or I shall faint. — A plague o' both your houses! They have made worms' meat of me: I have it soundly too; — your houses!

[*Exeunt Mercutio and Benvolio.*

Rom. This gentleman, the prince's near ally,

My very friend, hath got his mortal hurt In my behalf; my reputation stain'd With Tybalt's slander, Tybalt, that an hour Hath been my kinsman: O sweet Juliet, Thy beauty hath made me effeminate, And in my temper soften'd valour's steel!

[*Re-enter Benvolio.*

Ben. O Romeo, Romeo, brave Mercutio's dead!

That gallant spirit hath aspir'd the clouds, Which too untimely here did scorn the earth.

Rom. This day's black fate on more days doth depend:

This but begins the woe, others must end.

[*Re-enter Tybalt.*

Ben. Here comes the furious Tybalt back again.

Rom. Alive in triumph! and Mercutio A way to heaven, respective lenity, [slain!]

And fire-eyed 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.

Tyb. Thou wretched boy, that dost so hurt Shalt with him hence.

Rom. This shall determine [They fight: Tybalt slain.]

Ben. Romeo, away, begone! The citizens are up, and Tybalt slain!

Stand not amaz'd: — the prince will doom thee If thou art taken: — hence, begone, away!

Rom. O, I am fortune's fool!

Ben. Why dost thou say so? [Exit Romeo.]

[*Enter Citizens, &c.*

1 Cit. Which way ran he that kill'd Mercutio?

Tybalt, that murderer, which way ran he?

Ben. There lies that Tybalt. Up, sir, go with me.

1 Cit. I charge thee in the prince's name, obey.

Enter Prince, attended; Montague, &c.

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 nephew, child! —

O prince! — O husband! — O, the blood Of my dear kinsman! — Prince, as thou art, For blood of ours, shed blood of Montague.

O cousin, cousin!

Prin. Benvolio, who began this blood?

Ben. Tybalt, here slain, whom Romeo's hand did slay;

Romeo, that spoke him fair, bade him retire, Now nice the quarrel was, and urg'd with love.

Your high displeasure: — all this, uncle, With gentle breath, calm look, kneeled unto,

bow'd, — Could not take truce with the unruly rage Of Tybalt, deaf to peace, but that he kill'd me.

With piercing steel at bold Mercutio's breast, Who, all as hot, turns deadly point to point,

And, with a martial scorn, with one man's hand Cold death aside, and with the other hand It back to Tybalt, whose dexterity

Retorts it: — Romeo he cries aloud, "Hold, friends! friends, part!" and

His agile arm beats down their fatal blows, And 'twixt them rushes; underneath

an arm, An envious thrust from Tybalt hit the heart Of stout Mercutio, and then Tybalt himself

But by and by comes back to Romeo, Who had but newly entertained violence

And to't they go like lightning; for, as they Could draw to part them, was Romeo

slain;

Act 2.

And as he fell, did Romeo turn and fly:
Is he the truth, or let Benvolio die.
He is a kinsman to the Montague;
Makes him false, he speaks not true:
Twenty of them fought in this black
shroud;
All these twenty could but kill one life.
For justice, which thou, prince, must
give,
Thou Tybalt, Romeo must not live.
Romeo slew him, he slew Mercutio;
Now the price of his dear blood doth owe!
Not Romeo, prince, he was Mercutio's
friend;
He concludes but what the law should end,
Of Tybalt.

And for that offence,
Which doth interest in your hate's proceeding,
Brawling, your rule brawls doth lie a
blasting;
You shall all repent the loss of mine:
I'll be dead in pleading and excuses;
Nor prayers, shall purchase out
shades,
Where none: let Romeo hence in haste,
When he's found, that hour is his last.
Hence this body, and attend our will:
But murders, pardoning those that kill.
[Exeunt.]

SCENE II.—A Room in Capulet's House.
Enter Juliet.

Callop' apace, you fiery-footed steeds,
Drawing my plumed mansion: such a waggoner
Shall whip you to the west,
Lest in cloudy night immediately
Close-curtain, love-performing
eyes may wink, and Romeo
To these arms, untalk'd of and unseen,
In his own beauties; or, if love be blind,
It will admit me to the holy shrine,
The silver-scented matron, all in black,
For a pair of stainless maidenhoods:
My unmann'd blood, bating in my
cheeks,
Thy black mantle; till strange love,
Acted simple modesty,
Come, Romeo,—come, then day
Will lie upon the wings of night
Gently: night; come, loving, black-
brewn'd night,
Be my Romeo; and, when he shall die,
I will make him out in little stars,
For 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
But Romeo's name, speaks heavenly eloquence.
[Enter Nurse, with cords.]

Now, nurse, what news? What hast thou
there? the cords
That Romeo bade thee fetch?

Nurse. Ay, ay, the cords.
[Throws them down.]
Jul. Ah me! what news! why dost thou
wring thy hands! [He's dead!]
Nurse. Ah well-a-day! he's dead, he's dead,
We are undone, lady, we are undone!—
Alack the day!—he's gone, he's kill'd, he's
Jul. Can heaven be so envious? [Dead!]
Nurse. Romeo can,
Though heaven cannot:—O Romeo, Romeo!—
Who ever would have thought it!—Romeo!
Jul. What devil art thou, that dost torment
me thus?

This torture should be roar'd in dismal hell.
Hath Romeo slain himself? say thou but I,
And that bare vowel, I, shall poison more
Than the death-darting eye of cockatrice:
I am not I, if there be such an I;
Or those eyes shut, that make thee answer, I.
If he be slain, say—I; or if not—No:
Brief sounds determine of my weal or woe.

Nurse. I saw the wound, I saw it with mine
eyes,
God save the mark!—here on his manly breast:
A piteous corse, a bloody piteous corse;
Pale, pale as ashes, all bedaub'd in blood,
All in gore blood;—I swoonded at the sight.

Jul. O break, my heart!—poor bankrupt,
break at once!
To prison, eyes! ne'er look on liberty!
Vile earth, to earth resign; end motion here;
And thou, and Romeo, press one heavy bier!

Nurse. O Tybalt, Tybalt, the best friend I
had!
O courteous Tybalt! honest gentleman!
That ever I should live to see thee dead!

Jul. What storm is this that blows so con-
trary?
Is Romeo slaughter'd, and is Tybalt dead?
My dear-lov'd cousin, and my dearer lord!—
Then, dreadful trumpet, sound the general
doom!

For who is living, if those two are gone?
Nurse. Tybalt is gone, and Romeo ban-
ished;
Romeo, that kill'd him, he is banished.

Jul. O God!—did Romeo's hand shed
Tybalt's blood?
Nurse. It did, it did; alas the day, it did!
Jul. O serpent heart, hid with a flowering
Did ever dragon keep so fair a cave! [face]
Beautiful tyrant! fiend angelical!

Dove-feather'd raven! wolfish-ravelling lamb!
 Despis'd substance of divinity show!
 Just opposite to what thou justly seem'st,
 A damn'd saint, an honourable villain!
 O, nature! what hadst thou to do in hell,
 When thou didst bower the spirit of a fiend
 In mortal paradise of such sweet flesh?
 Was ever book containing such vile matter,
 So fairly bound? O, that deceit should dwell
 In such a gorgeous palace!

Nurse. There's no trust,
 No faith, no honesty in men; all perjur'd,
 All forsworn, all naught, all dissemblers.
 Ah, where's my man? give me some *acqua*
vita!—

These griefs, these woes, these sorrows make
 Shame come to Romeo! *[The old.*

Jul. Blister'd be thy tongue,
 For such a wish! he was not born to shame:
 Upon his brow shame is ashamed to sit:
 For 'tis a throne where honour may be crown'd
 Sole monarch of the universal earth.
 O, what a beast was I to chide at him!

Nurse. Will you speak well of him that
 kill'd your cousin?

Jul. Shall I speak ill of him that is my
 husband? *[thy name,*

Ah, poor my lord, what tongue shall smooth
 When I, thy three-hours' wife, have mangled
 it?— *[cousin?*

But, wherefore, villain, didst thou kill my
 That villain cousin would have kill'd my hus-
 band?

Back, foolish tears, back to your native spring;
 Your tributary drops belong to woe,
 Which you, mistaking, offer up to joy.

My husband lives, that Tybalt would have
 slain; *[husband;*

And Tybalt's dead, that would have slain my
 All this is comfort; wherefore weep I, then?
 Some word there was, worse than Tybalt's
 death,

That murder'd me: I would forget it fain;
 But O, it presses to my memory,
 Like damned guilty deeds to sinners' minds:

"Tybalt is dead, and Romeo—banished;"
 That—"banished," that one word—"ban-
 ished," *[death]*

Hath slain ten thousand Tybalts. Tybalt's
 Was woe enough, if it had ended there:
 Or,—if sour woe delights in fellowship,
 And needily will be rank'd with other griefs,—

Why follow'd not, when she said—"Tybalt's
 dead,

Thy father, or thy mother, nay, or both,
 Which modern lamentation might have mov'd?
 But, with a rear-ward following Tybalt's death,

"Romeo is banished,"—to speak that word,
 Is father, mother, Tybalt, Romeo, Juliet,
 All slain, all dead:—"Romeo is banished,"—

There is no end, no limit, measure, bound,
 In that word's death; no words can that woe
 sound.—

Where is my father, and my mother, nurse?

Nurse. Weeping and wallowing over Tybalt's
 corpse:

Will you go to them? I will bring you thither.
Jul. Wash they his wounds with tears,
 mine shall be spent.

When theirs are dry, for Romeo's banish'd
 Take up those cords:—poor ropes, you
 beguil'd,

Both you and I; for Romeo is exil'd:
 He made you for a highway to my bed;
 But I, a maid, die maiden-widowed.

Come, cords; come, nurse; I'll to my wedding
 bed;

And death, not Romeo, take my maiden
Nurse. Life to your chamber! I'll
 Romeo

To comfort you:—I wot well where he is.
 Hark ye, your Romeo will be here to-night:
 I'll to him; he is hid at Laurence's cell.

Jul. O, find him! give this ring to my
 knight,
 And bid him come to take his last farewell.

SCENE III.—Friar Laurence's Cell.

Enter Friar Laurence.

Fri. L. Romeo, come forth; come to
 thou fearful man:
 Affliction is enamour'd of thy parts,
 And thou art wedded to calamity.

Enter Romeo.
Rom. Father, what news? what is
 prince's doom?

What sorrow craves acquaintance at my
 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 doomsday
 prince's doom?

Fri. L. A gentler judgment vouch'd
 Not body's death, but body's banishment.

Rom. Ha! banishment? be merciful,
 death;

For exile hath more terror in his look,
 Much more than death: do not say so.

Fri. L. Hence from Verona are those
 Be patient, for the world is broad and
Rom. There is no world without
 But purgatory, torture, hell itself.

Hence banished is banish'd from the world,
 And world's exile is death:—then, banish'd
 Is death mis-term'd: calling death
 ment,

Thou cutt'st my head off with a golden
 And smil'st upon the stroke that
Fri. L. O deadly sin! O rude

ness!
 Thy fault our law calls death; but
 Taking thy part, hath rush'd in to
 And turn'd that black word
 ment:

This is dear mercy, and thou wouldest

Thy wit, that ornament to shape and love,
Mis-shapen in the conduct of them both,
Like powder in a skill-less soldier's flask,
Is set afire 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 misbehav'd and sullen wench,
Thou pout'st upon thy fortune and thy love:
Take heed, take heed, for such die miserable.
Go, get thee to thy love, as was decreed,
Ascend her chamber, hence and comfort her:
But look thou stay not till the watch be set,
For then thou canst not pass to Mantua;
Where thou shalt live, till we can find a time
To blaze your marriage, reconcile your friends,
Beg pardon of the prince, and call thee back
With twenty hundred thousand times more joy
Than thou went'st forth in lamentation.
Go before, nurse: commend me to thy lady;
And bid her hasten all the house to bed,
Which heavy sorrow makes them apt unto:
Romeo is coming.

[the night,
Nurse. O Lord, I could have stay'd here all
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,

[you, sir,
Nurse. Here, sir, a ring she bid me give
Hie you, make haste, for it grows very late.

[Exit.
Rom. How well my comfort is reviv'd by
this!

[stands all your state:
Fri. L. Go hence; good night; and here
Either be gone before the watch be set,
Or by the break of day disguis'd from hence!
Sojourn in Mantua; I'll find out your man,
And he shall signify from time to time
Every good hap to you, that chances here:
Give me thy hand; 'tis late: farewell; good
night.

Rom. But that a joy past joy calls out on me,
It were a grief, so brief to part with thee:
Farewell!

[Exit.

SCENE IV.—A Room in Capulet's House.

Enter Capulet, Lady Capulet, and Paris.

Cap. Things have fallen out, sir, so un-
luckily,

That we have had no time to move our
daughter:

Look you, she lov'd her kinsman Tybalt dearly,
And so did I;—well, we were born to die.—
'Tis very late, she'll not come down to-night:
I promise you, but for your company,
I would have been a-bed an hour ago.

Par. These times of woe afford me to
woo.

Madam, good night: commend me to
daughter.

La. Cap. I will, and know her mind
To-night she's mew'd up to her heaviness.

Cap. Sir Paris, I will make a day
tender

Of my child's love: I think she will be
In all respects by me; nay, more, I think

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
But, soft! What day is this?

Monday, sir.
Par. Well, Wednesday

Cap. Monday! ha, ha! Well, Wednesday
is too soon:

O' Thursday let it be:—o' Thursday, tell
She shall be married to this noble earl.

Will you be ready? do you like this?—
We'll keep no great ado, a friend or two;

For, hark you, Tybalt being slain so late,
It may be thought we hold him carelessly.

Being our kinsman, if we revel much,
Therefore we'll have some half a dozen guests.

And there an end. But what say you
Thursday?

Par. My lord, I would that Thursday
Cap. Well, get you gone:—o' Thursday

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!

Afore me, it's so very late, that we
May call it early by and by:—good night.

SCENE V.—Juliet's Chamber.

Enter Romeo and Juliet.

Jul. Wilt thou be gone? it is not yet
day:

It was the nightingale, and not the lark,
That pierc'd the fearful hollow of thine ear;

Nightly she sings on the yew-pomegranate tree:
Believe me, love, it was the nightingale.

Rom. It was the lark, the heralding
morn,

No nightingale: look, love, what eastern light
Do lace the severing clouds in yonder east.

Night's candles are burnt out, and
Stands tiptoe on the misty mountain tops.

I must be gone and live, or stay and
die.

Jul. You light it is not daylight,
It is some meteor that the sun exiles.

To be to thee this night a torch-beacon,
And light thee on thy way to Mantua.

Therefore stay yet,—thou need'st not
gone.

Rom. Let me be ta'en, let me be
I am content, so thou wilt have it so.

I'll say you grey is not the morning;
'Tis but the pale reflex of Cynthia's bow.

Nor that is not the lark, whose noise
The vaulty heaven so high above her doth

More care to stay, than will to go:
 death, and welcome! Juliet wills it so.
 It is, my soul; let's talk, it is not day.
 It is, he hence, begone, away!
 The lark that sings so out of tune,
 Harsh discords, and displeasing

Chorus.
 The lark makes sweet division;
 Such not as, for she divideth us; [eyes;
 The lark and loathed toad change
 I would they had chang'd voices too!
 From their own that voice doth us affray,
 And their keen hearts are here to-day.
 More light and light it grows.
 More light and light!—more dark
 And dark our woes.

Enter Nurse.
 Nurse!
 Your lady mother's coming to your
 chamber;
 I broke; be wary, look about.

Then, window, let day in, and let life
 Out. [Exit.]
 Farewell, farewell! one kiss, and I'll
 Descend.

Art thou gone so? my love! my lord!
 My friend!
 I have from thee every day in the hour,
 For this point I shall be much in years
 Behold my Romeo.

Farewell! I will omit no opportunity
 To convey my greetings, love, to thee.
 O, think'st thou we shall ever meet

I doubt it not: and all these woes
 Shall serve
 To discourse in our time to come.
 O God, I have an ill-divining soul:
 I see thee, now thou art below,
 Dead in the bottom of a tomb;

And trust me, love, in my eye so do
 You.
 Now drinks our blood. Adieu! adieu!
 O fortune, fortune! all men call thee

Fickle.
 Thou art fickle, what dost thou with him?
 That down'd for faith! Be fickle, fortune;
 I hope, thou wilt not keep him long,
 But break his back.

Cap. [Within.] Ho, daughter! are you
 mother?
 Who let's that calls? is it my lady

Not down so late, or up so early?
 Enter Lady Capulet.
 Why, how now, Juliet?

Madam, I am not well.
 Evermore weeping for your coun-
 sel's death!
 Will thou wash him from his grave with

And if thou couldst, thou couldst not make
 him live; [of love;
 Therefore, have done: some grief shows much
 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
 Which you weep for. [the 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. Villain and he be many miles asunder.
 God pardon him! I do, with all my heart;
 And yet no man, like he, doth grieve my heart.

La. Cap. That is, because the traitor mur-
 derer lives. [my hands:
 Jul. Ay, madam, from the reach of these
 Would none but I might venge my cousin's
 death! [thou not:

La. Cap. We will have vengeance for it, fear
 Then weep no more. I'll send to one in
 Mantua,—

Where that same banish'd runagate doth live,—
 Shall give him such an unaccustom'd dram,
 That he shall soon keep Tybalt company:
 And then, I hope, thou wilt be satisfied.

Jul. Indeed, I never shall be satisfied
 With Romeo, till I behold him—dead—
 Is my poor heart so for a kinsman vex'd:
 Madam, if you could find out but a man
 To bear a poison, I would temper it;

That Romeo should, upon receipt thereof,
 Soon sleep in quiet. O, how my heart abhors
 To hear him nam'd,—and cannot come to
 him,—

To wreak the love I bore my cousin Tybalt
 Upon his body that hath slaughter'd him!
 La. Cap. Find thou the means, and I'll find
 such a man.

But now I'll tell thee joyful tidings, girl.
 Jul. And joy comes well in such a needy
 time:

What are they, I beseech your ladyship?
 La. Cap. Well, well, thou hast a careful
 father, child;

One who, to put thee from thy heaviness,
 Hath sorted out a sudden day of joy,
 That thou expect'st not, nor I look'd not for.
 Jul. Madam, in happy time, what day is
 that? [day morn,

La. Cap. Marry, my child, early next Thurs-
 The gallant, young, and noble gentleman,
 The county Paris, at Saint Peter's church,
 Shall happily make thee there a joyful bride.

Jul. Now, by Saint Peter's church, and
 Peter too,

He shall not make me there a joyful bride.
 I wonder at this haste; that I must wed
 Ere he, that should be husband, comes to woo:
 I pray you, tell my lord and father, madam,

I will not marry yet; and, when I do, I swear,
It shall be Romeo, whom you know I hate,
Rather than Paris:—these are news indeed!

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
But for the sunset of my brother's son, [dew;
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
Without a sudden calm, will overset [them,—
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, wife. [thanks?

How! will she none? doth she not give us
Is she not proud? doth she not count her
bless'd,

Unworthy as she is, that we have wrought
So worthy a gentleman to be her bridegroom?

Jul. Not proud, you have; but thankful,
that you have:

Proud can I never be of what I hate;
But thankful even for hate, that is meant love.

Cap. How now, how now, chop-logic! What
is this?

Proud,—and, I thank you,—and, I thank you
not:—

And yet not proud:—mistress minion, you,
Thank me no thankings, nor proud me no
prouds,

But fettle your fine joints 'gainst Thursday
To go with Paris to Saint Peter's church, [next,
Or I will drag thee on a hurdle thither.

Out, you green-sickness carrion! out, you
You tallow-face! [baggage!

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! dis-
obedient wretch!

I tell thee what,—get thee to church o' Thurs-
day,

Or never after look me in the face;
Speak not, reply not, do not answer me;

My fingers itch.—Wife, we scarce thought us
bless'd,

That God had lent us but this only child;
But now I see this one is one too much,

And that we have a curse in having her:
Out on her, hilding!

Nurse. God in heaven bless her!—
You are to blame, my lord, to rate her so.

Cap. And why, my lady wisdom! hold
tongue,

Good prudence; smatter with your gossip!

Nurse. I speak no treason.

Cap. O God ye good

Nurse. May not one speak!

Cap. Peace, you mumbling

Cap. 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,

Alone, in company, still my care hath

To have her match'd: and having now

A gentleman of noble parentage,

Of fair demesnes, youthful, and nobly

Stuff'd (as they say) with honourable

Proportion'd as one's thought would

man,—

And then to have a wretched puling

A whining mammet, in her fortune

To answer—"I'll not wed,"—"I

love,"—"

"I am too young,"—"I pray you

me;"—

But, an you will not wed, I'll punish

Graze where you will, you shall

with me.

Look to't, think on't, I do not use to

Thursday is near; lay hand on heart,

An you be mine, I'll give you to my

An you be not, hang, beg, starve,

streets,

For, by my soul, I'll ne'er acknowledge

Nor what is mine shall never do the

Trust to't, bethink you; I'll not be

Jul. Is there no pity sitting in the

That sees into the bottom of my grief?

O, sweet my mother, call me not away!

Delay this marriage for a month,

Or, if you do not, make the bridal

In that dim monument where Tybalt

La. Cap. Talk not to me, for I'll not

word:

Do as thou wilt, for I have done with

Jul. O God!—O nurse, how shall

prevented!

My husband is on earth, my faith

How shall that faith return again to me?

Unless that husband send it me

By leaving earth!—comfort me, nurse!

Alack, alack, that heaven should

stratagems

Upon so soft a subject as myself!

What say'st thou? hast thou not a

Some comfort, nurse?

Nurse. Faith, here it is

Is banish'd; and all the world to

That he dares ne'er come back to me

Or, if he do, it needs must be by

Then, since the case so stands with

I think it best you married with

A thing like death to chide away this shame,
That cop'st with death himself to 'scape from
And, if thou dar'st, I'll give thee remedy. [it ;

Jul. O, bid me leap, rather than marry
Paris,

From off the battlements of yonder tower ;
Or walk in thievish ways ; or bid me lurk
Where serpents are ; chain me with roaring
bears ;

Or shut me nightly in a charnel-house,
O'er-cover'd quite with dead men's rattling
bones,

With reeky shanks, and yellow chapless skulls ;
Or bid me go into a new-made grave,
And hide me with a dead man in his shroud ;
Things that, to hear them told, have made me
tremble ;

And I will do it without fear or doubt,
To live an unstain'd wife to my sweet love.

Fri. L. Hold, then ; go home, be merry,
give consent

To marry Paris ; Wednesday is to-morrow ;
To-morrow night look that thou lie alone,
Let not thy nurse lie with thee in thy chamber ;
Take thou this phial, 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 liv'st ;
The roses in thy lips and cheeks shall fade
To pale 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
Then (as the manner of our country is) [dead :
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 meantime, 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 hear thee hence to Mantua.
And this shall free thee from this present
shame ;

If no unconstant toy, nor womanish fear,
Abate thy valour in the acting it.

Jul. Give me, give me ! O, tell me not of fear !
Fri. L. Hold ; get you gone, be strong and
prosperous

In this resolve : I'll send a friar with speed
To Mantua, with my letters to thy lord.

Jul. Love, give me strength ! and strength
shall help afford.

Farewell, dear father ! [Exit.

SCENE II.—Hall in Capulet's House.
Enter Capulet, Lady Capulet, Nurse, and
Servants.

Cap. So many guests invite as here are
[Re-enter Juliet]

Sirrah, go hire me twenty cunning cooks.
2 Serv. You shall have none ill, sir ; for
try if they can lick their fingers.

Cap. How canst thou try them so ?
2 Serv. Marry, sir, 'tis an ill cook that
lick his own fingers ; therefore he that
lick his fingers, goes not with me.

Cap. Go, begone.
We shall be much unfurnish'd for this time.

Nurse. Ay, forsooth.

Cap. Well, he may chance to do some good.
A peevish self-will'd harlotry it is.

Nurse. See, where she comes from
with merry look.

Enter Juliet.
Cap. How now, my headstrong ! where
you been gadding !

Jul. Where I have learn'd to know
Of disobedient opposition

To you and your behests ; and am enjoin'd
By holy Laurence to fall prostrate here,
And beg your pardon.—pardon, I beseech you.

Henceforward I am ever rul'd by you.

Cap. Send for the county ; go tell him
I'll have this knot knit up to-morrow.

Jul. I met the youthful lord at Laurence's
cell ;

And gave him what becom'd love I could,
Not stepping o'er the bounds of modesty.

Cap. Why, I am glad on't ; this is
stand up—

This is as't should be.—Let me see the
Ay, marry, go, I say, and fetch him.

Now, afore God, this reverent holy
All our whole city is much bound to him.

Jul. Nurse, will you go with me
closet,

To help me sort such needful ornaments
As you think fit to furnish me to-morrow.

La. Cap. No, not till Thursday ; that
time enough.

Cap. Go, nurse, go with her ;
[Exit Juliet and Nurse]

La. Cap. We shall be short in our
Tis now near night.

Cap. Tush, I will stay
And all things shall be well, I warrant you.

Go thou to Juliet, help to deck up her ;
I'll not to bed to-night ; let me about it.

I'll play the housewife for this once.
ho !—

They are all forth : well, I will wait
To county Paris, to prepare him up.

Against to-morrow : my heart is
light,

Since this same wayward girl is gone.

SCENE III.—Juliet's Chamber.

Enter Juliet and Nurse.

Nurse. Ay, those attires are best:—but, gentle Juliet,

leave me to myself to-night;

I have need of many orisons

to have the heavens to smile upon my state,

well thou know'st, is cross and full of woe.

Enter Lady Capulet.

Lady Cap. What, are you busy, ho! need you my help?

Nurse. No, madam; we have cull'd such necessaries

behoveful for our state to-morrow:

you, let me now be left alone,

and the nurse this night sit up with you;

no more, you have your hands full all,

to sudden business.

Lady Cap. Good night:

What, are you busy, ho! need you my help?

Nurse. No, madam; we have cull'd such necessaries

behoveful for our state to-morrow:

you, let me now be left alone,

and the nurse this night sit up with you;

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and the nurse this night sit up with you;

no more, you have your hands full all,

to sudden business.

Lady Cap. Good night:

What, are you busy, ho! need you my help?

Nurse. No, madam; we have cull'd such necessaries

behoveful for our state to-morrow:

you, let me now be left alone,

and the nurse this night sit up with you;

Environed with all these hideous fears?
And madly play with my forefathers' joints?
And pluck the mangled Tybalt from his shroud?

And, in this rage, with some great kinsman's
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.

[Throws herself on the bed.]

SCENE IV.—Capulet's Hall.

Enter Lady Capulet and Nurse.

Lady Cap. Hold, take these keys, and fetch more spices, nurse.

Nurse. They call for dates and quinces in the 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 bak'd meats, good Angelica:

Spare not for cost.

Nurse. Go, go, you cot-quean, go;
Get you to bed: 'faith, you'll be sick to-morrow
For this night's watching.

Cap. No, not a whit; what! I have watch'd ere now

All night for lesser cause, and ne'er been sick.

Lady Cap. Ay, you have been a mouse-hunt in your time;

But I will watch you from such watching now.

[Exit Lady Capulet and Nurse.]

Cap. A jealous-hood, a jealous-hood!—
Now, fellow,

Enter Servants, with spits, logs, and baskets.

What's there?

1 Serv. Things for the cook, sir; but I know

Cap. Make haste, make haste. [Exit 1 Serv.]

Sirrah, fetch drier logs:

Call Peter, he will show thee where they are.

2 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 whore-son, ha!

Thou shalt be logger-head.—Good faith, 'tis

The county will be here with music straight;

[Music within.]

For so he said he would:—I hear him near.—

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. [Exit.]

SCENE V.—Juliet's Chamber; Juliet on the bed.

Enter Nurse.

Nurse. Mistress!—what, mistress!—Juliet!

—fast, I warrant her, she:—

Why, lamb!—why, lady!—lie, you slug-a-bed!

—

Why, love, I say!—madam! sweet-heart!—
why, bride!— [worths now;
What, not a word!—you take your penny-
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 needs must wake her.—Madam, madam,
madam!—

Ay, let the county take you in your bed;
He'll fright you up, if faith.—Will it not be!
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 *agua viva*, ho!—my lord! my lady!

Enter Lady Capulet.

La. Cap. What noise is here?

Nurse. O lamentable day!

La. Cap. 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.

Nurse. She's dead, deceas'd, she's dead;
alack the day!

La. Cap. Alack the day! she's dead, she's
dead! she's dead! [cold;

Cap. Ha! let me see her:—out, alas! she's
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 wail,

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 morn-
ing's face,

And doth it give me such a sight as this!

La. Cap. Accurs'd, unhappy, wretched,
hateful day!

Most miserable hour, that e'er time saw
In lasting labour of his pilgrimage!
But one, poor one, one poor and loving child,
But one thing to rejoice and solace in,
And cruel death hath catch'd it from my sight.

Nurse. O woe! O woful, woful day!
Most lamentable day, most woful day,
That ever, ever, I did yet behold!
O day! O day! O day! O hateful day!
Never was seen so black a day as this:
O woful day, O woful day!

Par. Beguil'd, divorced, wrangled,
slain!

Most detestable death, by thee beguil'd,
By cruel cruel thee quite overthrown!

O love! O life!—not life, but love, marry,
Cap. Despis'd, distressed, hated, marry,

kill'd!

Uncomfortable time, why can't thou now
To murder, murder our solemnity!

O child! O child!—my soul, and my
child!

Dead art thou!—alack, my child is dead!
And with my child my joys are buried!

Fri. L. Peace, ho, for shame! con-
cure lives not

In these confusions. Heaven and your
Had part in this fair maid; now heaven

And all the better is it for the maid:
Your part in her you could not keep

death;

But heaven keeps his part in eternal life.
The most you sought was her promotion;

For 'twas your heaven she should be crown'd;
And weep ye now, seeing she is so crown'd!

Above the clouds, as high as heaven's top;
O, in this love, you love your child so well

That you run mad, seeing that she is well;
She's not well married that lives married!

But she's best married that dies married;
Dry up your tears, and stick your fingers

On this fair course; and, as the custom
In all her best array bear her to church:

For though fond nature bids us all lament,
Yet nature's tears are reason's memento.

Cap. All things that we ordained funeral
Turn from their office to black funeral;

Our instruments to melancholy bells,
Our wedding cheer, to a sad burial

Our solemn hymns to sullen dirges change,
Our bridal flowers serve for the buried

And all things change them to the funeral.
Fri. L. Sir, go you in, and, with him

with him:—
And go, sir Paris;—every one prepare

To follow this fair corpse unto her grave;
The heavens do lower upon you, for

Move them no more, by accident, I
will. [*Exeunt Capulet, Friar*

Paris, and Nurse.

1 Mus. 'Faith, we may put up our
and be gone.

Nurse. Honest good fellows, I
put up, for, well you know, the

case.

1 Mus. Ay, by my truth, the case is
amended.

Enter Peter.
Pet. Musicians. O musicians!

That's ease! "O, an ye will have me
 Hear't ease!"
 Why "Hear't ease!"
 O musician, because my heart itself
 My heart is full of woe: "O, play me
 a dump, to comfort me."
 Not a dump we; 'tis no time to
 play now.
 You will not, then?
 I will, then, give it you soundly.
 What will you give us?
 No money, on my faith; but the glee:
 Give you the minstrel.
 Then will I give you the serving-
 creature.
 Then will I lay the serving-creature's
 on your pate. I will carry no crotchets:
 I'll fa you; do you note me?
 Answer us, and fa us, you note us.
 Pray you, put up your dagger, and
 let your wit
 Then have at you with my wit! I will
 answer you with an iron wit, and put up my
 sword. Answer me like men:
 This gripping grief the heart doth wound,
 And dailie dumps the mind oppress,
 And sound, with her silver sound—
 "Silver sound!" why "music with her
 sound!" — What say you, Simon Cat-
 her. Mary, sir, because silver hath a
 [beck?
 I say "silver sound," because musi-
 cians sound for silver.
 Pretty too! — What say you, James
 [Soundpost?
 Pith, I know not what to say.
 O I cry you mercy; you are the
 silver sound, because musicians have
 gold for sounding: —
 With music with her silver sound,
 With speedy help doth lend redress."
 [Exit.
 What a pestilent knave is this same!
 Hang him, Jack! — Come, we'll in
 for the mourners, and stay dinner.
 [Exeunt.

ACT V.

SCENE I.—Mantua. A Street.

Enter Romeo.

It may trust the flattering truth of
 sleep,
 When's lord sits lightly in his throne;
 All this day an unaccustom'd spirit
 Above the ground with cheerful
 thoughts,
 My lady came and found me dead,
 (That gives a dead man leave
 to think),
 And breath'd such life with kisses in my lips,

That I reviv'd, and was an emperor.
 Ah me! how sweet is love itself possess'd,
 When but love's shadows are so rich in joy!
 Enter Balthasar.
 News from Verona! — How now, Balthasar!
 Hast thou not bring me letters from the friar?
 How doth my lady? Is my father well?
 How fares my Juliet? That I ask again;
 For nothing can be ill, if she be well.
 Bal. Then she is well, and nothing can be
 Her body sleeps in Capels' monument, [ill;
 And her immortal part with angels lives.
 I saw her laid low in her kindred's vault,
 And presently took post to tell it you:
 O, pardon me for bringing these ill news,
 Since you did leave it for my office, sir.
 Rom. Is it even so? then I defy you, stars! —
 Thou know'st my lodging: get me ink and
 paper,
 And hire post-horses; I will hence to-night.
 Bal. I do beseech you, sir, have patience:
 Your looks are pale and wild, and do import
 Some misadventure.
 Rom. Tush, thou art deceiv'd:
 Leave me, and do the thing I bid thee do:
 Hast thou no letters to me from the friar?
 Bal. No, my good lord.
 Rom. No matter: get thee gone,
 And hire those horses: I'll be with thee
 straight. [Exit Balthasar.
 Well, Juliet, I will lie with thee to-night.
 Let's see for means: — O mischief, thou art
 swift
 To enter in the thoughts of desperate men!
 I do remember an apothecary, —
 And hereabouts he dwells, — which late I noted
 In tatter'd weeds, with overwhelming brows,
 Culling of simples; meagre were his looks,
 Sharp misery had worn him to the bones:
 And in his needy shop a tortoise hung,
 An alligator stuff'd, and other skins
 Of ill-shaped fishes; and about his shelves
 A beggarly account of empty boxes,
 Green earthen pots, bladders, and musty seeds,
 Remnants of packthread, and old cakes of
 roses,
 Were thinly scatter'd, to make up a show.
 Noting this penury, to myself I said,
 An if a man did need a poison now,
 Whose sale is present death in Mantua,
 Here lives a caitiff wretch would sell it him.
 O, this same thought did but fore-run 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 discharg'd of breath
As violently, as hasty powder fir'd
Doth hurry from the fatal cannon's womb.

Ap. Such mortal drugs I have; but Mantua's law

Is death to any he that utters them.

Rom. Art thou so bare and full of wretchedness,

And fear'st to die? famine is in thy cheeks,
Need and oppression starveth in thine eyes,
Contempt and beggary hang 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, but not thy will.

Ap. Put this in any liquid thing you will,
And drink it off; and, if you had the strength
Of twenty men, it would despatch you straight.

Rom. There is thy gold; worse poison to men's souls,

Doing more murders in this loathsome world,
Than these poor compounds that thou may'st not sell:

I sell thee poison, thou hast sold me none.
Farewell: buy food, and get thyself in flesh.
Come, cordial, and not poison, go with me
To Juliet's grave; for there must I use thee.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—Friar Laurence's Cell.

Enter Friar John.

Fri. J. Holy Franciscan friar! brother, ho!

Enter Friar Laurence.

Fri. L. This name should be the voice of friar John.

Welcome from Mantua: What says Romeo?
Or, if his mind be writ, give me his letter.

Fri. J. Going to find a bare-foot brother out,
One of our order, to associate me,
Here in this city visiting the sick,
And finding him, the searchers of the town,
Suspecting that we both were in a house
Where the infectious pestilence did reign,
Seal'd up the doors, and would not let us forth;
So that my speed to Mantua there was stay'd.

Fri. L. Who bare my letter, then, to Romeo?

Fri. J. I could not send it,—here it is
Nor get a messenger to bring it thee, [again,—
So fearful were they of infection.

Fri. L. Unhappy fortune! by my brother—
The letter was not nice, but full of charge,
Of dear import; and the neglecting it
May do much danger. Friar John, go hence
Get me an iron crow, and bring it straight
Unto my cell.

Fri. J. Brother, I'll go and bring it thee.

[*Exit.*]

Fri. L. Now must I to the monument alone;
Within this three hours will fair Juliet wake:
She will beshrew me much, that Romeo
Hath had no notice of these accidents;
But I will write again to Mantua,

And keep her at my cell till Romeo come;
Poor living corse, clos'd in a dead man's tomb.

SCENE III.—A Church-yard: In it a Monument belonging to the Capulets.

Enter Paris, and his Page, bearing flowers and a torch.

Par. Give me thy torch, boy; here I stand aloof;

Yet put it out, for I would not be seen.
Under yond' yew-tree lay these all alone,
Holding thine ear close to the hollow ground;
So shall no foot upon the church-yard tread,
Being loose, unfirm, with digging up of graves;
But thou shalt hear it: whistle then to me
As signal that thou hear'st something; or, if thou
Givest me those flowers, do as I bid thee.

Page. [Aside.] I am almost afraid to stand alone

Here in the church-yard; yet I will adventure.

Par. Sweet flower, with flowers thy bed I strew;

O woe, thy canopy is dust and stones;
Which with sweet water nightly I will wash;
Or, wanting that, with tears distilled by moonlight.
The obsequies that I for thee will use,
Nightly shall be, to strew thy grave and sing to thee.

The boy gives warning something will 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!

Enter Romeo and Balthasar, with a mattock, &c.

Rom. Give me that mattock, and the burning iron.

Hold, take this letter; early in the morning
See thou deliver it to my lord and father;
Give me the light: upon thy life, I charge thee,
Whate'er thou hear'st or see'st, stand close about me,
And do not interrupt me in my course;
Why I descend into this bed of death,
Is, partly, to behold my lady's face;
But, chiefly, to take thence a precious ring.

A precious ring, a ring that I must have
In dear employment: therefore hear me,
But, if thou, jealous, dost return to pry
In what I further shall intend to do,
By heaven, I will tear thy jointure out,
And strew this hungry church-yard with thy limbs:

The time and my intents are savage-fierce,
More fierce, and more inexorable far,
Than empty tigers, or the roaring lion.

Bal. I will be gone, sir, and not trouble you.

Rom. So shalt thou show me thy love.

Take thou that:

Live, and be prosperous: and farewell.

[Aside.] For all this same, I'll hide me
about:

But, and his intents I doubt.

[Retires.]
Thou detestable maw, thou womb of

the dearest morsel of the earth,

before thy rotten jaws to open,

how soon I'll cram thee with more food!

This is that banish'd haughty Monta-

guere's love's cousin,—with which

posed, the fair creature died,—[grief,
there is come to do some villainous shame

to these ladies: I will apprehend him.—
[Advancing.]

He pursu'd farther than death?

Wilt thou go with me; for thou must die.

Must, indeed; and therefore came I

to thee, youth, tempt not a desperate man;

and leave me: think upon these

words, I beseech thee, youth,

and I will go to my head,

I love thee better than myself,

and I'll go to my head, and hereafter say—

to go to my head, and hereafter say—

to go to my head, and hereafter say—

to go to my head, and hereafter say—

to go to my head, and hereafter say—

to go to my head, and hereafter say—

to go to my head, and hereafter say—

to go to my head, and hereafter say—

to go to my head, and hereafter say—

to go to my head, and hereafter say—

to go to my head, and hereafter say—

to go to my head, and hereafter say—

to go to my head, and hereafter say—

to go to my head, and hereafter say—

to go to my head, and hereafter say—

to go to my head, and hereafter say—

to go to my head, and hereafter say—

to go to my head, and hereafter say—

to go to my head, and hereafter say—

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

To sunder his that was thine enemy? [twain,

Forgive me, cousin!—Ah, dear Juliet,

Why art thou yet so fair? Shall I believe

That unsubstantial death is amorous;

And that the lean, abhorred monster keeps

Thee here in dark to be his paramour?

For fear of that, I still will stay with thee;

And never from this palace of dim night

Depart again: here, here will I remain

With worms that are thy chamber-mails; O,

Will I set up my everlasting rest;

And shake the yoke of insupportable stars

From this world-wearied flesh.—Eyes, look

your last!

Arms, take your last embrace! and, lips, O you

The doors of breath, seal with a righteous kiss

A dateless bargain to engrossing death!

Come, bitter conduct, come, unsavoury guide!

Thou desperate pilot, now at once run on

The dashing rocks thy sea-sick weary bark!

Here's to my love! [Drinks.] O true apothecary!

Thy drugs are quick.—Thus with a kiss I die.

[Dies.]

Enter at the other end of the Church-yard Friar

Laurence, with a lantern, crow, and spade.

Fri. L. Saint Francis be my speed! how oft

to-night [there?]

Have my old feet stumbled at graves!—Who's

that? Here's one, a friend, and one that knows

you well. [my friend,

Fri. L. Bliss be upon you! Tell me, good

What torch is yond', that vainly lends his light

To grubs and eyeless skulls! as I discern,

It burneth in the Capels' monument.

Bal. It doth so, holy sir; and there's my

One that you love, [master,

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. [Approaching the tomb.] Romeo!—

Alack, alack; what blood is this, which stains

The stony entrance of this sepulchre?

What mean these masterless and gory swords,

To lie discolour'd by this place of peace?

[Enters the tomb.]

Romeo! O, pale!—Who else? what, Paris too!

And steep'd in blood!—Ah, what an unkind
Is guilty of this lamentable chance!— [hour
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?

[Noise within.

Fri. L. I hear some noise,—Lady, come
from that nest

Of death, contagion, and unnatural sleep:
A greater Power than we can contradict
Hath thwarted our intents: come, come away:
Thy husband in thy bosom there lies dead;
And Paris too: come, I'll dispose of thee
Among a sisterhood of holy nuns:
Stay not to question, for the watch is coming:
Come, go, good Juliet.—[Noise again.] I dare
no longer stay.

Jul. Oo, get thee hence, for I will not away.

[Exit Fri. L.

What's here? a cup, clos'd in my true love's
hand?

Poison, I see, hath been his timeless end:
O churl! drink all, and leave no friendly drop
To help me after!—I will kiss thy lips:
Haply, some poison yet doth hang on them,
To make me die with a restorative.

[Kisses him.

Thy lips are warm!

1 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 rest,
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.

1 Watch. The ground is bloody; search
about the church-yard;

Go, some of you; whoe'er you find, attach.

[Exeunt some of the Watch.

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:—

[Exeunt others of the Watch.

We see the ground whereon these woes do lie;
But the true ground of all these piteous woes,
We cannot without circumstance descry.

Re-enter some of the Watch, with Balthasar.

2 Watch. Here's Romeo's man; we found
him in the church-yard. [come hither.

1 Watch. Hold him in safety, till the prince

Re-enter other of the Watch, with Friar
Laurence.

3 Watch. Here is a friar, that trembles,
sighs, and weeps;

We took this mattock and this spade from him,
As he was coming from this church-yard side.

1 Watch. A great suspicion: stay the friar
too,

Enter the Prince and Attendants.

Prince. What misadventure is so early
That calls our person from our morning rest?

Enter Capulet, Lady Capulet, and others.

Cap. What should it be, that they so early

abroad?

La. Cap. The people in the street cry
Some Juliet, and some Paris; and all

With open outcry, toward our mansion.

Prince. What fear is this, which starts you
from our ears?

1 Watch. Sovereign, here lies the dead
And Romeo dead; and Juliet, dead too,

Warm and new-hill'd.

Prince. Search, seek, and know how
foul murder comes.

1 Watch. Here is a friar, and stabb'd
With instruments upon them, fit to open

These dead men's tombs. [daughters

Cap. O heaven!—O wife, look to, look to,
This dagger hath mista'en,—for, lo, his

Is empty on the back of Montague;
And is mis-sheathed in my daughter's womb.

La. Cap. O me! this night of death's
That warns my old age to a sepulchre.

Enter Montague and others.

Prince. Come, Montague; for thou art
up,

To see thy son and heir more early down;
Mon. Alas, my liege, my wife is dead

night;

Grief of my son's exile hath stopp'd her breath;
What further woe conspires against mine?

Prince. Look, and thou shalt see.

Mon. O thou untaught! what manners

To press before thy father to a grave!

Prince. Seal up the mouth of outrage now,
Till we can clear these ambiguities,

And know their spring, their head, their

descent;

And then will I be general of your woes,
And lead you even to death; meantime

And let mischance be slave to patience.
Bring forth the parties of suspicion.

Fri. L. I am the greatest, able to do
Yet most suspected, as the time and place

Doth make against me, of this dismal night,
And here I stand, both to impeach and

Myself condemned, and myself excus'd.
Prince. Then say at once what thou

know in this.

Fri. L. I will be brief, for my short tale
Is not so long as is a tedious tale.

Romeo, there dead, was husband to
Juliet;

And she, there dead, that Romeo's faithful
I married them; and their stolen marriage

Was Tybalt's dooms-day, whose death
Banish'd the new-made bridegroom

For whom, and not for Tybalt, Juliet
You, to remove that sleep of death from

Betroth'd, and would have married

force,

Paris: then comes she to me;
 With wild looks, bid me devise some means
 To take her from this second marriage,
 And give I her, (so tutor'd by my art,)
 A sleeping potion; which so took effect
 As I intended, for it wrought on her
 The death: meantime I writ to Romeo,
 To take her from her borrow'd grave,
 At the time the potion's force should cease.
 But she, which bore my letter, friar John,
 Came by accident; and yesternight
 Delivered my letter back. Then, all alone,
 To take her from her kindred's vault;
 To keep her closely at my cell,
 Whence I could send to Romeo:
 But when I came, (some minute ere the time
 Of waking,) here untimely lay
 The pale Paris, and true Romeo, dead.
 And I entreated her come forth,
 To do 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,
 (For I know) did violence on herself.
 And to the marriage
 I know: and, if aught in this
 Concerned by my fault, let my old life
 Pay the requital of severest law.
 [man.] We still have known thee for a holy
 Romeo's man? what can he say in
 Death;
 I brought my master news of Juliet's
 Death;
 In the same place, to this same monument.
 He early bid me give his father;
 And he bade me with death, going in the
 Vault,
 He departed not, and left him there.

Prince. Give me the letter; I will look on it.
 Where is the county's page, that rais'd the
 watch?

Sirrah, what made your master in this place?

Page. He came with flowers to strew his
 lady's grave;

And bid me stand aloof, and so I did;

Anon, comes one with light to ope the tomb;

And, by and by, my master drew on him;

And then I ran away to call the watch.

Prince. This letter doth make good the
 friar's words,

Their course of love, the tidings of her death:

And here he writes, that he did buy a poison

Of a poor 'pothecary; and therewithal

Came to this vault to die, and lie with Juliet,

Where be these enemies!—Capulet!—Montague!—

See what a scourge is laid upon your hate,

That heaven finds means to kill your joys
 with love!

And I, for winking at your discords too,

Have lost a brace of kinsmen:—all are
 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.]

OTHELLO, THE MOOR OF VENICE.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Duke of Venice.
 Brabantio, a Senator.
 Other Senators.
 Gratiano, Brother to Brabantio.
 Lodovico, Kinsman to Brabantio.
 Othello, a noble Moor; General in the Venetian Service.
 Cassio, 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.
 Officers, Gentlemen, Messengers, Sailors, Attendants, &c.

SCENE,—The first Act, in Venice; during the rest of the Play, at a Sea-port in Cyprus.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—Venice. A Street.

Enter Roderigo and Iago.

Rod. Tush! Never tell me; I take it much unkindly

That thou, Iago, who hast had my purse
 As if the strings were thine, shouldst know of this.

Iago. 'Sblood, but you will not hear me;—
 If ever I did dream of such a matter,
 Abhor me.

Rod. Thou told'st me thou didst hold him
 in thy hate.

Iago. Despise me, if I do not. Three great ones of the city,

In personal suit to make me his lieutenant,
 Off-capp'd to him:—and, by the faith of man,
 I know my price, I am worth no worse a place:
 But he, as loving his own pride and purposes,
 Evades them, with a bombast circumstance
 Horribly stuff'd with epithets of war;

And, in conclusion, [He,
 Nonsuits my mediators; for, "Certes," says
 "I have already chose my officer." And what
 was he?

Forsooth, a great arithmetician,
 One Michael Cassio, a Florentine,
 A fellow almost damn'd in a fair wife;
 That never set a squadron in the field,
 Nor the division of a battle knows [theorick,
 More than a spinster; unless the bookish
 Wherein the tog'd consuls can propose

As masterly as he: mere prattle, without
 practice, [election:

Is all his soldiership. But he, sir, had the
 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;

He, in good time, must his lieutenant be,
 And I, (God bless the mark!) his Moorish
 ancient.

Rod. By heaven, I rather would have
 Iago. Why, there's no remedy; 'tis the
 of service,

Preferment goes by letter and affection,
 Not by the old gradation, where each
 Stood heir to the first. Now, sir, be-
 yourself,

Whether I in any just terms am allow'd
 To love the Moor.

Rod. I would not follow him
 Iago. O, sir, content you;

I follow him to serve my turn upon him;
 We cannot all be masters, nor all
 Cannot be truly follow'd. You shall not
 Many a duteous and knee-crooking Moor,
 That, doting on his own obsequious
 Wears out his time, much like his master's,
 For nought but provender; and when he
 cashier'd:

Whip me such honest knaves. Other
 Who, trimm'd in forms and visages of
 Keep yet their hearts attending on themselves,
 And, throwing but shows of service on their

lords,

Do well thrive by them, and, when they
 lined their coats,

Do themselves homage: these fellows
 And such a one I do profess myself to be.

It is as sure as you are Roderigo,
 Were I the Moor, I would not be Iago.

In following him, I follow but my
 Heaven is my judge, not I for love and
 But seeming so, for my peculiar end.

For when my outward action doth
 The native act and figure of my heart

In compliment extern, 'tis not long
 But I will wear my heart upon my sleeve

For daws to peck at: I am not what I seem.

What a full fortune does the thick lips
Carry't thus!

Call up her father;
make after him, poison his delight,
in the streets; incense her
senses;

though he in a fertile climate dwell,
him with flies; though that his joy be
throw such changes of vexation on't, [joy,
that he may lose some colour.

Is he in her father's house; I'll call
[dire yell,
Do; with like timorous accent and
by night and negligence, the fire
in populous cities.

What, ho, Brabantio! [brantio, ho!
Awake! what, ho, Brabantio! singular Bra-
bantio! thieves!

to your house, your daughter, and your
[brantio, ho!
Brabantio, above, at a window.

What is the reason of this terrible
the matter there? [summons]
Signior, is all your family within?

Are your doors lock'd?
Why, wherefore ask you this?
Zounds, sir, you are robb'd; for

that is burst, you have lost half your
now, very now, an old black ram
your white ewe. Arise, arise;
the snorting citizens with the bell,
the devil will make a grandsire of you;

What, have you lost your wits?
Most reverend signior, do you know
Not I: what are you? [my voice]
My name is Roderigo.

The worse welcome!
charg'd thee not to haunt about my
doors:

plainness thou hast heard me say,
laughter is not for thee; and now, in
madness,

fall of supper and distemp'ring
of malicious bravery, dost thou come
to my quiet.

Sir, sir,—
But thou must needs be sure,
what and my place have in them power
to make this bitter to thee.

Patience, good sir.
What tell'st thou me of robbing? this
is Venice;
is not a grange.

Most grave Brabantio,
I come to you.

And pure soul I come to you. Be-
cause, sir, you are one of those that
we come to do you service, and you
are ruffians, you'll have your daughter

with a Barlary horse; you'll have
a neigh to you: you'll have
aphews for cousins, and gennets for germanns.
What profane wretch art thou?

Iago. I am one, sir, that comes to tell you,
your daughter and the Moor are now making
the beast with two backs.

Bra. Thou art a villain.

Iago. You are—a senator.

Bra. This thou shalt answer; I know thee,
Roderigo. [beseech you,

Rod. Sir, I will answer anything. But, I
if't be your pleasure, and most wise consent,
(As partly, I find, it is,) that your fair daughter,
At this odd-even and dull watch o' the night,
Transported, with no worse nor better guard,
But with a knave of common hire, a gondolier,
To the gross clasps of a lascivious Moor,—

If this be known to you, and your allowances,
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 rever-
ence: [leave,—
Your daughter,—if you have not given her
I say again, hath made a gross revolt:

Tying her duty, beauty, wit, and fortunes,
In an extravagant and wheeling stranger,
Of here and everywhere. 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. Strikes 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 produc'd (as, if I stay, I shall)
Against the Moor: for, I do know, the state,—
However this may gall him with some check,—
Cannot with safety cast him; for he's embark'd
With such loud reason to the Cyprus wars,
(Which even now stand in act,) that, for their
souls,

Another of his fathom they have none,
To lead their business: in which regard,
Though I do hate him as I do hell pains,
Yet, for necessity of present life,
I must show out a flag and sign of love,
Which is indeed but sign. That you shall
surely find him,

Lead to the Sagittary the raised search;
And there will I be with him. So, farewell.
[Exit.

Enter below, Brabantio, and Servants with
torches.

Bra. It is too true an evil: gone she is;
And what's to come of my despised time,
Is nought 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
Rod. Truly, I think they are. *[you?]*

Bra. O heaven!—How got she out!—O, treason of the blood!

Fathers, from hence trust not your daughters' minds *[charms,*

By what you see them act.—Are there not By which the property of youth and maid-
hood

May be abus'd! Have you not read, Roderigo, Of some such thing?

Rod. Yes, sir, I have indeed.

Bra. Call up my brother.—O, that you had had her!

Some one way, some another.—Do you know Where we may apprehend her and the Moor?

Rod. I think I can discover him, if you please

To get good guard, and go along with me.

Bra. Pray you, lead on. At every house I'll call;

I may command at most.—Get weapons, ho! And raise some special officers of night.—

Go, good Roderigo;—I'll deserve your pains. *[Exeunt.]*

SCENE II.—Venice. Another Street.

Enter Othello, Iago, and Attendants, with torches.

Iago. Though in the trade of war I have slain men,

Yet do I hold it very stuff of the conscience To do no contriv'd murder: I lack iniquity

Sometimes to do me service: nine or ten times I had thought to have jerk'd him here under

Oth. 'Tis better as it is. *[the ribs.]*

Iago. Nay, but he prated, And spoke such scurvy and provoking terms

Against your honour, That, with the little godliness I have,

I did full hard forbear him. But, I pray, sir, Are you fast married? for, be sure of this,

That the magnifico is much below'd; And hath, in his effect, a voice potential

As double as the duke's: he will divorce you; Or put upon you what restraint and grievance

The law (with all his might to enforce it on) Will give him cable.

Oth. Let him do his spite: My services, which I have done the signiory,

Shall out-tongue his complaints. 'Tis yet to know,—

Which, when I know that boasting is an honour, I shall promulgate,—I fetch my life and being

From men of royal siege; and my demerits May speak, unbonneted, to as proud a fortune

As this that I have reach'd: for know, Iago, But that I love the gentle Desdemona,

I would not my unbowed free condition Put into circumscription and confine

For the sea's worth. But, look! what lights come yonder!

Enter Cassio, and certain Officers, with torches.

Iago. Those are the raised father, and you were best go in.

Oth. Not I; I must be gone.

My parts, my title, and my perfect shall manifest me rightly. *[Is it?]*

Iago. By Janus, I think so.

Oth. The servants of the duke and lieutenant.—

The goodness of the night upon you, What is the news!

Cas. The duke does greet you, And he requires your haste-post-haste

Even on the instant. What is the matter, *[Oth.]*

Cas. Something from Cyprus, as I divine:

It is a business of some heat: the policy Have sent a dozen sequent messengers

This very night at one another's heels; And many of the consuls, rais'd and

Are at the duke's already: you have hotly call'd for;

When, being not at your lodging to be The senate hath sent about three several

To search you out. 'Tis well I am found by

Oth. I will but spend a word here in the Ancient, what makes he

And go with you. *Cas.* Ancient, what makes he

Iago. 'Faith, he to-night hath boarded a carrack:

If it prove lawful prize, he's made for ever. He's married.

Cas. I do not understand. *Iago.* He's married.

Cas. Re-enter Othello.

Iago. Marry, to—Come, captain, will you go!

Oth. Have with you.

Cas. Here comes another troop to meet you.

Enter Brabantio, Roderigo, and Officers, with torches and weapons.

Iago. It is Brabantio:—general, He comes to bad intent.

Oth. Holla! stand down!

Rod. Signior, it is the Moor.

Bra. Down with him!

Iago. You, Roderigo! come, oh, I stow'd my daughter!

Damn'd as thou art, thou hast enchanted me! For I'll refer me to all things of sense

If she in chains of magic were not! Whether a maid so tender, fair, and young

So opposite to marriage, that she should

...silly curled darlings of our nation,
...to incur a general mock,
...her garriote to the sooty bosom
...a thing as thou, to fear, not to delight.
...the world; if 'tis not gross in sense,
...that practis'd on her with foul
...her delicate youth with drugs, or
...motion; I'll hav't disputed on;
...able, and palpable to thinking.
...we apprehend and do attach thee,
...of the world, a practiser
...upon him: if he do resist,
...at his peril.

Hold your hands,
...of my inclining, and the rest: [it
...me to fight, I should have known
...a prompler.—Where will you that I
...your charge?
...To prison; till fit time
...and course of direct session,
...to answer.

What if I do obey?
...the duke be therewith satisfied,
...angers are here about my side,
...present business of the state,
...me to him?

'Tis true, most worthy signior;
...in council, and your noble self,
...is sent for.

How! the duke in council!
...not an idle cause: the duke himself,
...of my brothers of the state,
...feel this wrong, as 'twere their own;
...such actions may have passage free,
...slaves and pagans shall our statesmen be.

[Exeunt.
SCENE III.—A Council Chamber.
The Duke, and Senators, sitting at a table,
Officers attending.

There is no composition in these news,
...over them credit.

Indeed, they are disproportion'd;
...say, a hundred and seven galleys.
...And mine, a hundred and forty.

And mine, two hundred;
...though they jump not on a just account,
...in these cases, where the aim reports,
...with difference,) yet do they all confirm
...Turkish fleet, and bearing up to Cyprus.
... Nay, it is possible enough to judg-
...not to secure me in the error, [ment:
...the main article I do approve

[Within.] What, ho! [what, ho!
...Enter a Sailor.
...a messenger from the galleys.

Now, the business!
...The Turkish preparation makes for
...I did report here to the state, [Rhodes;
...Angelo.

Duke. How say you by this change?

1 Sen. This cannot be,
By no assay of reason: 'tis a pageant,
To keep us in false gaze. When we consider
The importance of Cyprus to the Turk;
And let ourselves again but understand,
That, as it more concerns the Turk than
Rhodes,

So may he with more facile question bear it,
For that it stands not in such warlike brace,
But altogether lacks the abilities
That Rhodes is dress'd in:—if we make
thought of this,

We must not think the Turk is so unskillful,
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
Off. Here is more news. [Rhodes.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. The Ottomites, reverend and gracious,
Steering with due course towards the isle of
Rhodes,

Have there enjoined them with an after fleet.
1 Sen. Ay, so I thought. How many, as
you guess? [stem

Mess. Of thirty sail: and now they do re-
Their backward course, leaving with frank
appearance [Montano,

Their purposes toward Cyprus. Signior
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 Lucians, is not he in town?

1 Sen. He's now in Florence.

Duke. Write from us to him; post-post-
haste despatch.

1 Sen. Here comes Brabantio, and the
valiant Moor.

Enter Brabantio, Othello, Iago, Roderigo,
and Officers.

Duke. Valiant Othello, we must straight
employ you
Against the general enemy Ottoman.—

[To Bra.] I did not see you; welcome, gentle
signior;

We lack'd your counsel and your help to-night.
Bra. So did I yours. Good your grace,
pardon me;

Neither my place, nor aught I heard of business,
Hath rais'd me from my bed; nor doth the
general care

Take hold of me; for my particular grief
Is of so flood-gate and o'erbearing nature,
That it engulfs and swallows other sorrows,
And it is still itself.

Duke. Why, what's the matter?

Bra. My daughter! O, my daughter!

Duke and Senators. Dead!

Bra. Ay, to me;
She is abus'd, stol'n from me, and corrupted
By spells and medicines bought of mounte-
For nature so preposterously to err,—[banks;

Being not deficient, blind, or lame of sense,—
Sans witchcraft could not.

Duke. Whoe'er he be that in this foul pro-
Hath thus beguiled your daughter of herself,
And you of her, the bloody book of law
You shall yourself read in the bitter letter,
After your own sense; yea, though our proper
Stood in your action.

Bra. Humbly I thank your grace.
Here is the man, this Moor; whom now, it
seems,
Your special mandate, for the state affairs,
Hath hither brought.

Duke and Senators. We are very sorry for it.
Duke. [To Oth.] What, in your own part,
can you say to this?

Bra. Nothing, but this is so.
Oth. Most potent, grave, and reverend sig-
nors,

My very noble and approv'd good masters,—
That I have taken 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. Kudo am I in my
speech,

And little bless'd with the soft phrase of peace;
For since these arms of mine had seven years'
pith,

Till now some nine moons wasted, they have
Their dearest action in the tented field; [us'd
And little of this great world can I speak,
More than pertains to feats of broil and battle;
And therefore little shall I grace my cause,
In speaking for myself. Yet, by your gracious
patience,

I will a round unvarnish'd tale deliver
Of my whole course of love; what drugs,
what charms,

What conjuration, and what mighty magic,
For such proceeding I am charg'd 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, everything,—
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 conjur'd to this effect,
He wrought upon her.

Duke. To vouch this is no proof,
Without more certain and more overt test
Than these thin habits and poor likelihoods
Of modern seeming do prefer against him.

1 Sen. But, Othello, speak:
Did you by indirect and forc'd courses

Subdue and poison this young maid's affec-
tions?

Or came it by request, and such fair persua-
sions?

Oth. As soul to soul affordeth! 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 wisdom
Even fall upon my life.

Duke. Fetch Desdemona hither.
Oth. Ancient, conduct thine; you shall see
the place.

[*Exeunt Iago and Attendants.*]
And, till she come, as truly as to heaven
I do confess the vices of my blood,
So justly to your grave ear I'll present
How I did thrive in this fair lady's love,
And she in mine.

Duke. Say it, Othello.
Oth. Her father lov'd me; oft invited me
Still question'd me the battles, sieges, dangers,
From year to year, the battles, sieges, dangers,
That I have pass'd.

I ran it through, even from my boyhood
To the very moment that he made me
Wherein I spake of most disastrous field,
Of moving accidents by flood and field,
Of hair-breadth scapes I 'th' imminent danger
Of being taken by the insolent foe,
And sold to slavery; of my redemption
Wherein of antres vast, and deserts idle,
Rough quarries, rocks, and hills whose
touch heaven,

It was my hint to speak,—such was the
And of the Cannibals that each other
The Anthropophagi, and men whose
Do grow beneath their shoulders. This
Would Desdemona seriously incline;
But still the house affairs would draw her
thence;

Which ever as she could with haste
She'd come again, and with a joyful
Devour up my discourse; which I
Took once a pliant hour; and found
means

To draw from her a prayer of exchange;
That I would all my pilgrimage dilate,
Whereof by parcels she had something
But not intensively: I did consent,
And often did beguile her of her tears,
When I did speak of some distress
That my youth suffer'd. My story
She gave me for my pains a world of
She swore,—in faith, 'twas
passing strange;

'Twas pitiful, 'twas wondrous piteous,
She wish'd she had not heard it, yet
That heaven had made her such a woman,
thank'd me;

And bade me, if I had a friend that
I should but teach him how to love

that would woo her. Upon this hint I
set:

Of one for the dangers I had pass'd;
And of her that she did pity them.

Thus of the witchcraft I have said;
And thus of her, the bloody book of law
I think this tale would win my
[daughter too.—
And thus mangled matter at the best:
And their broken weapons rather use,
Than their bare hands.

I pray you, hear her speak.
And on my head if my bad blame
Fall.

Man! Come hither, gentle
Desdemona, in all this noble company,
And you owe obedience!

My noble father,
I am bound for life and education;
And education both do learn me
To respect you; you are the lord of duty;
And your daughter; but here's my
dilemma:

Each duty as my mother show'd
Teaching me before her father,
And challenge that I may profess
To the Moor my lord.

And be with you!—I have done.—
Your grace, on to the state affairs;
And to adopt a child than get it.—
But thou hast already, with all my heart,
Kept from thee.—For your sake,

I will not teach me tyranny;
Let me speak like yourself; and lay
Myself in your power, may help these lovers
And the worst, which late on hopes de-
stroyed.

A mischief that is past and gone,
I cannot be preserv'd when fortune takes,
My injury a mockery makes.
I smile, that smiles, steals something from
myself; that spends a bootless grief,
Tears up, so long as we can smile.
The sentence well, that nothing bears
The comfort which from thence he

Both the sentence and the sorrow,
Must of poor patience borrow
To sugar, or to gall, [row,
on both sides, are equivocal:

But words are words; I never yet did hear,
That the bruise'd heart was pierc'd through the
ear.

Beseech you, now to the affairs of state.
Duke. The Turk with a most mighty prepa-
ration makes for Cyprus:—Othello, the for-
titude of the place is best known to you; and
though we have there a substitute of most
allowed sufficiency, yet opinion, a sovereign
mistress of effects, throws a more safer voice
on you: you must, therefore, be content to
slubber the gloss of your new fortunes with
this more stubborn and boisterous expedition.

Oth. The tyrant custom, most grave senators,
Hath made the flinty and steel couch of war
My thrice-driven bed of down; I do agnize
A natural and prompt alacrity
I find in hardness; and do undertake
These present wars against the Ottomites.

Most humbly, therefore, bending to your state,
I crave fit disposition for my wife;
Due reference of place and exhibition;
With such accommodation, and besort,
As levels with her breeding.

Duke. If you please,
Be't at her father's.

Bra. I'll not have it so.
Oth. Nor I.
Des. Nor I; I would not there reside,
To put my father in impatient thoughts,
By being in his eye. Most gracious duke,
To my unfolding lend your gracious ear;
And let me find a charter in your voice,
To assist my simpleness.

Duke. What would you, Desdemona?
Des. That I did love the Moor to live with
him,
My downright violence and storm of fortunes
May trumpet to the world: my heart's subdu'd
Even to the very quality of my lord;
I saw Othello's visage in his mind;
And to his honours, and his valiant parts,
Did I my soul and fortunes consecrate.
So that, dear lords, if I be left behind,
A moth of peace, and he go to the war,
The rites for which I love him are bereft me,
And I a heavy interim shall support
By his dear absence. Let me go with him.

Oth. Let her have your voices.
Vouch with me, heaven, I therefore beg it not,
To please the palate of my appetite;
Nor to comply with heat (the young affects
In me defunct) and proper satisfaction;
But to be free and bounteous to her mind;
And heaven defend your good souls, that you
think
I will your serious and great business scant,
For she is with me; no, when light-wing'd
toys
Of feather'd Cupid seal with wanton dulness
My speculative and offic'd instruments;
That my disports corrupt and taint my busi-
ness,
Let housewives make a skillet of my helm,

And all indign and base adversities
Make head against my estimation!

Duke. Be it as you shall privately determine,
Either for her stay, or going: the affair cries,
And speed must answer it. [Haste]

1 Sen. You must away to-night.

Oth. With all my heart.

Duke. At nine if the morning here we'll
meet again.

Othello, leave some officer behind,
And he shall our commission bring to you;
With such things else of quality and respect,
As doth import you.

Oth. 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
To be sent after me. [Think]

Duke. Let it be so.
Good night to every one.—[To Bra.] And,
noble signior,

If virtue be delighted beauty lack,
Your son-in-law is far more fair than black.

1 Sen. Adieu, brave Moor! use Desdemona
well. [See]

Bra. Look to her, Moor, if thou hast eyes to
see: She has deceiv'd her father, and may thee.

[Exeunt Duke, Senators, Officers, &c.]
Oth. My life upon her faith! Honest Iago,
My Desdemona must I leave to thee:

I prithee, let thy wife attend on her;
And bring them after in the best advantage.—
Come, Desdemona; I have but an hour
Of love, of worldly matters, and direction,
To spend with thee: we must obey the time.

[Exeunt Othello and Desdemona.]

Rod. Iago.—
Iago. What say'st thou, noble heart?

Rod. What will I do, thinkest thou?

Iago. Why, go to bed, and sleep.

Rod. I will incontinently drown myself.

Iago. Well, if thou dost, I shall never love
thee after. Why, thou silly gentleman!

Rod. It is silliness to live, when to live is
torment; and then have we a prescription to
die, when death is our physician.

Iago. O villainous! I have looked upon the
world for four times seven years; and since I
could distinguish betwixt a benefit and an
injury, I never found man that knew how to
love himself. Ere I would say, I would drown
myself for the love of a Guinea-hen, I would
change my humanity with a baboon.

Rod. What should I do? I confess it is
my shame to be so fond; but it is not in my
virtue to amend it.

Iago. Virtue! a fig! 'tis in ourselves that
we are thus, or thus. Our bodies are gardens;
to the which, our wills are gardeners: so that
if we will plant nettles, or sow lettuce; set
hyssop, and weed up thyme; supply it with
one gender of herbs, or distract it with many:
either to have it sterile with idleness, or
manured with industry; why, the power and

corrigible authority of this lies in our will;
the balance of our lives had not one scale
reason to poise another of sensuality; the
and baseness of our natures would conduct us
to most preposterous conclusions: but we
reason, to cool our raging passions, our
stings, our unbitted lusts; whereof I tell you,
that you call love, to be a snail, or a snail.

Rod. It cannot be.

Iago. It is merely a lust of the blood;
a permission of the will. Come, be a
drown thyself! drown cats and blind
I have professed me thy friend, and I
me knit to thy deserving with cables of
durable toughness; I could never better
thee than now. Put money in thy purse;
low these wars; defeat thy favour;
usurped beard; I say, put money in thy
It cannot be, that Desdemona should
continue her love to the Moor; it was a
thy purse, nor be his to her: it was a
commencement, and thou shalt see an
able requitation.—Put that money in
purse.—These Moors are changeable;
will;—fill thy purse with money:—
that to him now is as hushion as cold;
be to him shortly as bitter as gall.
She must change for youth; when she is
sated with his body, she will find the change
her choice: she must have money, and
therefore put money in thy purse. She
needs damn thyself, do it a more delicate
than drowning. Make all the money
canst: if sanctimony and a superstition
an erring barbarian and a superstitious
tribe of hell, thou shalt enjoy her; but
make money. A por of drowning is
is clean out of the way: seek thou rather
hanged in compassing thy joy;
drowned and go without her.

Rod. Will thou be fast to my purpose,
depend on the issue?

Iago. Thou art sure of me:—
money:—I have told thee often, and I
these again and again, I hate the Moor;
cause is hearted: thine hath no other
Let us be conjunctive in our revenge;
him: if thou canst cuckold him, I give
thyself a pleasure, me a mark;
many events in the womb of time;
be delivered. Traverse; get money;
money. We will have more of this
Adieu.

Rod. Where shall we meet?

Iago. At my lodging.

Rod. I'll be with thee betimes.

Iago. Go to; farewell. Do you
Iago. Go to; farewell.

Rod. What say you?

Iago. No more of drowning; I'll sell you
Rod. I am chang'd; I'll sell you
Iago. Go to; farewell: put money
in your purse.—

Thus do I ever make my fool my purse.

Is come on shore: the Moor himself's at sea,
And is in full commission here for Cyprus.

Mon. I am glad on't; 'tis a worthy go-
vernor.

3 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
With foul and violent tempest. [parted]

Mon. True heaven be he;
For I have serv'd him, and the man commands
Like a full soldier. Let's to the sea-side, he
As well to see the vessel that's come in,
As to throw out our eyes for brave Othello,
Even till we make the main, and the aerial
An indistinct regard. [blue]

3 Gent. Come, let's do so;
For every minute is expectancy
Of more arrival.

Enter Cassio.

Cas. Thanks, you, the valiant of this war-
like isle,
That so approve the Moor! O, let the heavens
Give him defence against the elements,
For I have lost him on a dangerous sea!

Mon. Is he well shipp'd?

Cas. His bark is stoutly timber'd, and his
Of very expert and approv'd allowance;
Therefore my hopes, not surfeited to death,
Stand in bold cure.

[Within.] A sail, a sail, a sail!

Enter a fourth Gentleman.

Cas. What noise?

4 Gent. The town is empty; on the brow o'
Stand ranks of people, and they cry, "A sail!"

Cas. My hopes do shape him for the go-
vernor. [Guns heard.]

2 Gent. They do discharge their shot of
Our friends, at least. [courtesy:]

Cas. I pray you, sir, go forth,
And give us truth who 'tis that is arriv'd.

2 Gent. I shall. [Exit.]

Mon. But, good lieutenant, is your general
wiv'd?

Cas. Most fortunately: he hath achiev'd
That paragons description and wild fame;
One that excels the quirks of blazoning pens,
And in the essential vesture of creation,
Does tire the ingener.—

Re-enter second Gentleman.

How now! who has put in?

2 Gent. 'Tis one Iago, ancient to the general.

Cas. He has had most favourable and happy
speed: [winds]

Tempests themselves, high seas, and howling
The gutter'd rocks, and congregated sands,—
Traitors ensteep'd to clog the guiltless keel,—
As having sense of beauty, do omit
Their mortal natures, letting go safely by
The divine Desdemona.

Mon. What is she

Cas. She that I spake of, our great captain's
Left in the conduct of the bold Iago; [captain,
Whose footing here anticipates our thoughts,

A se'nnight's speed. Great love, 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!—O, behold,
*Enter Desdemona, Emilia, Iago, Roderigo,
and Attendants.*

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 arriv'd; nor know I
aught.

But that he's well, and will be shortly here.

Des. O, but I fear—How lost you company?

Cas. The great contention of the sea and
skies

Parted our fellowship:—

[Within, "A sail, a sail!"

But, hark! a sail.

2 Gent. They give their greeting to the

This likewise is a friend.

Cas. See for the news.—

[Exit Gentleman.

Good ancient, you are welcome.—*[To Emilia.]*

welcome, mistress:—

Let it not gall your patience, good Iago,

That I extend my manners: 'tis my breeding

That gives me this bold show of courtesy.

[Kissing her.

Iago. Sir, would she give you so much of

her lips,

As of her tongue she oft bestows on me,

You'd have enough.

Des. Alas, she has no speech.

Iago. In faith, too much:

I find it still, when I have list to sleep:

Marry, before your ladyship, I grant,

She puts her tongue a little in her heart,

And chides with thinking.

Emil. You have little cause to say so.

Iago. Come on, come on; you are pictures

out of doors,

Bells in your parlours, wild cats in your

Saints in your injuries, devils being offended,

Players in your housewifery, and housewives

in your beds.

Des. O, fie upon thee, slanderer!

Iago. Nay, it is true, or else I am a Turk:

You rise to play, and go to bed to work.

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

Iago. Ay, madam.

Des. I am not merry; but I do beguile

The thing I am, by seeming otherwise.

Come, how wouldst thou praise me?

Iago. I am about it; but, indeed, my

comes from my pate, as birdlime does from

frize;

It plucks out brains and all; but my

And thus she is deliver'd.

If she be fair and wise, fairness and wit,

The one's for use, the other's for the eye.

Des. Well prais'd! How if she be black?

Iago. If she be black, and thereto

wit,

She'll find a white that shall her black

Des. Worse and worse.

Emil. How if fair and foolish?

Iago. She never yet was foolish that

For even her folly help'd her to avoid it.

Des. These are old fond paradoxes, you

fools laugh! 't is the alchemists' dream

able praise hast thou for her that is

foolish?

Iago. There's none so fool, and

thereunto,

But does foul pranks which fool and

Des. O heavy ignorance! thou

worst best. But what praise couldst

bestow on a deserving woman?

that, in the authority of her merit,

put on the vouch of very malice itself,

Iago. She that was ever true,

proud;

Had tongue at will, and yet was never

Never lack'd gold, and yet was never

Fled from her wish, and yet was never

may:

She that, being anger'd, her revenge

Bade her wrong stay, and her displeasure

She that in wisdom never was so happy

To change the odd's head for the even's

She that could think, and never did

mind;

See suitors following, and not look

She was a wight,—if ever such

Des. To do what?

Iago. To suckle fools, and christen

Des. O most lame and impotent

—Do not learn of him, Emilia, though

thy husband. How say you,

not a most profane and liberal

Cas. He speaks home, making

relish him more in the soldier's

scholar.

Iago. *[Aside.]* He takes her to

ay, well said, whisper: with a little

this, will I ensnare as great a

Ay, smile upon her, do! I will

thine own courtship. You say that

indeed; if such tricks as these

of your lieutenant, it had been

had not kissed your three fingers

now again you are most apt to play

Very good; well kissed, and

'tis so, indeed. Yet again your

lips! Would they were riveted

[To trumpet heard.] The Moor! I

in truly so.

Let's meet him, and receive him.

Des. Whom he comes.

Enter Othello and Attendants.

My fair warrior!

My dear Othello!

It gives me wonder great as my con-

stant here before me. O my soul's joy!

How ever tempest come such calms,

How will blow till they have waken'd

the labouring bark climb hills of seas,

And duck again as low

as to be most happy; for, I fear,

that her content so absolute,

her comfort like to this

unknown fate.

The heavens forbid

that our loves and comforts should in-

crease,

And to that, sweet powers!

And to that, sweet powers!

And to that, sweet powers!

And to that, sweet powers!

And to that, sweet powers!

And to that, sweet powers!

And to that, sweet powers!

And to that, sweet powers!

And to that, sweet powers!

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And to that, sweet powers!

And to that, sweet powers!

And to that, sweet powers!

And to that, sweet powers!

And to that, sweet powers!

And to that, sweet powers!

And to that, sweet powers!

And to that, sweet powers!

and to give satiety a fresh appetite,—loveliness
in favour, sympathy in years, manners, and
beauties; all of which the Moor is defective
in: now, for want of these required conveni-
ences, her delicate tenderness will find itself
abused, begin to leave 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 unforsed position,—who
stands so eminently in the degree of this for-
tune, as Cassio does! a knave very voluble;
no further conscionable, than in putting on
the mere form of civil and humane seeming,
for the better compassing of his salt and most
hidden loose affection! why, none; why,
none; a subtle slippery knave; a funder-out
of occasions; that has an eye can stamp and
counterfeit advantages, though true advantage
never present itself: a devilish knave! be-
sides, 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 women hath found him already.

Rod. I cannot believe that in her; she is full
of most blessed condition.

Iago. Blessed fig's end! the wine she drinks
is made of grapes; if she had been blessed,
she would never have loved the Moor: blessed
pudding! Didst thou not see her paddle with
the palm of her hand? didst thou not mark that?

Rod. Yes, that I did; but that was but
coarseness.

Iago. Lechery, by this hand; an index and
obscure prologue to the history of lust and
foul thoughts. They met so near with their
lips, that their breaths embraced together.
Villainous thoughts, Roderigo! when these
mutualities so marshal the way, hard at hand
comes the master and main exercise, the incor-
porate conclusion: pish!—But, sir, be you
ruled by me: I have brought you from Venice.
Watch you to-night; for the command, I'll
lay't upon you: Cassio knows you not—I'll
not be far from you: do you find some occa-
sion to anger Cassio, either by speaking too
loud, or tainting his discipline; or from what
other course you please, which the time shall
more favourably minister.

Rod. Well.

Iago. Sir, he is rash, and very sudden in
choler, and, haply, may strike at you: provoke
him, that he may; for even out of that will I
cause these of Cyprus to mutiny; whose quali-
fication shall come into no true taste again,
but by the displanting of Cassio. So shall you
have a shorter journey to your desires, by the
means I shall then have to prefer them; and
the impediment most profitably removed,
without the which there were no expectation
of our prosperity.

Rod. I will do this, if I can bring it to any
opportunity.

Iago. I warrant thee. Meet me by and by

Oth. Why, how now, ho! from whence ariseth this?
Are we turn'd Turks, and to ourselves do that
Which heaven hath forbid the Ottomites?
For Christian shame, put by this barbarous brawl!

He that stirs next to carve for his own rage,
Holds his soul light; he dies upon his motion.
Silence that dreadful bell! it frights the 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,
In quarter, and in terms like bride and groom,
Divesting them for bed, and then, but now,
(As if some planet had unwitting men,)
Swords out, and tilting one at other's breast,
In opposition bloody. I cannot speak
Any beginning to this peevish odds;
And would in action glorious I had lost
Those legs, that brought me to a part of it!

Oth. How comes it, Michael, you are thus forgot?

Cas. I pray you, pardon me; I cannot speak.

Oth. Worthy Montano, you were wont to be
The gravity and stillness of your youth [civil;
The world hath noted, and your name is great
In mouths of wisest censure: what's the matter,
That you unlance your reputation thus,
And spend your rich opinion, for the name
Of a night-brawler? I give me answer to it.

Mon. Worthy Othello, I am hurt to danger:
Your officer, Iago, can inform you,—
While I spare speech, which something now
offends me,—

Of all that I do know: nor know I aught
By me that's said or done amiss this night;
Unless self-charity be sometimes a vice,
And to defend ourselves it be a sin,
When violence assails us.

Oth. Now, by heaven,
My blood begins my safer guides to rule:
And passion, having my best judgment collid,
Assays to lead the way: if I once stir,
Or do but lift this arm, the best of you
Shall sink in my rebuke. Give me to know
How this foul rout began, who set it on;
And he that is approv'd in this offence,
Though he had twin'd with me, both at a
Shall lose me. What! in a town of war, [birth
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 assur'd, or leagu'd in office,
Thou dost deliver more or less than truth,
Then art no soldier.
Iago. Touch me not so near:
I had rather have this tongue cut from my
month,
Than it should do offence to Michael Cassio;
Yet, I persuade myself, to speak the truth

Shall nothing wrong him.—Thus it is, I
Montano and myself being in speech,
There comes a fellow, crying out to help;
And Cassio following him with shouting
sword.

To execute upon him. Sir, this gentleman,
Steps in to Cassio, and subverts his peace:
Myself the crying fellow did pursue,
Lest by his clamour (as it so fell out)
The town might fall in fright; he, swift of
Outran my purpose; and I return'd, to
For that I heard the clink and fall of
And Cassio high in oath; which did tell me
I ne'er might any more see him.

(For this was brief; I found them close at
At blow and thrust; even as again say
When you yourself did not remark
More of this matter can I not repeat;
But men are men; the best sometimes lose
Though Cassio did more than his share;
As men in rage strike those that were their friends;
Yet, surely, Cassio, I believe, received
From him that fled some strange wound;
Which patience could not pass.

Oth. Thy honesty and love doth mince this
Making it light to Cassio. Cassio, I have
But never more be officer of mine.

Enter Desdemona, attended.
Look, if my gentle love be not coming;
[To Cas.] I'll make these an army.

Des. Oth. All's well now, sweetest;—
to bed.

Oth. All's well now, sweetest;—
to bed.

Des. Oth. All's well now, sweetest;—
to bed.

Oth. All's well now, sweetest;—
to bed.

Des. Oth. All's well now, sweetest;—
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to bed.

Oth. All's well now, sweetest;—
to bed.

Des. Oth. All's well now, sweetest;—
to bed.

Oth. All's well now, sweetest;—
to bed.

Des. Oth. All's well now, sweetest;—
to bed.

Oth. All's well now, sweetest;—
to bed.

and speak parrot! and squabble!
sweet! and discourse fustian with
shadow!—O thou invisible spirit
of Cassio, hast no name to be known by,
What was he that you followed with
know not.

Iago. Is't possible?
I remember a mass of things, but
distinctly; a quarrel, but nothing
in their mouths, to steal away their
that we should, with joy, plesance,
and applause, transform ourselves into

Why, but you are now well enough;
I have thus recovered?
I have thus recovered?
I have thus recovered?

Why, but you are now well enough;
I have thus recovered?
I have thus recovered?
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I have thus recovered?
I have thus recovered?

Why, but you are now well enough;
I have thus recovered?
I have thus recovered?
I have thus recovered?

Why, but you are now well enough;
I have thus recovered?
I have thus recovered?
I have thus recovered?

Why, but you are now well enough;
I have thus recovered?
I have thus recovered?
I have thus recovered?

Why, but you are now well enough;
I have thus recovered?
I have thus recovered?
I have thus recovered?

Iago. And what's he, then, that says I play
the villain?

When this advice is free I give, and honest,
Probal to thinking, and, indeed, the course
To win the Moor again? For 'tis most easy
The inclining Desdemona to subdue
In any honest suit: she's fram'd as fruitful
As the free elements. And, then, for her
To win the Moor,—were't to renounce his bap-

tism,
All seals and symbols of redeemed sin,
His soul is so enfeather'd to her love,
That she may make, unmake, do what she list,
Even as her appetite shall play the god
With his weak function. How am I, then, a
villain,

To counsel Cassio to this parallel course,
Directly to his good? Divinity of hell!
When devils will the blackest sins put on,
They do suggest at first with heavenly shows,
As I do now: for while this honest fool
Plies Desdemona to repair his fortunes,
And she for him pleads strongly to the Moor,
I'll pour this pestilence into his ear,
That she repeals him for her body's lust;
And, by how much she strives to do him good,
She shall undo her credit with the Moor.
So will I turn her virtue into pitch;
And out of her own goodness make the net
That shall enmesh them all.

Re-enter Rodrigo.
How now, Rodrigo!

Rod. I do follow here in the chase, not like
a bound that hunts, but one that fills up the
cry. My money is almost spent; I have been
to-night exceedingly well outgalled; 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 witch-
craft;
And wit depends on dilatory time.

Does't not go well? Cassio hath beaten thee,
And thou by that small hurt, hast cashiered
Cassio;

Though other things grow fair against the sun,
Yet fruits that blossom first will first be ripe:
Content thyself a while.—By the mass, 'tis
morning; [short,—
Pleasure and action make the hours seem
Retire thee; go where thou art billeted:
Away, I say; thou shalt know more hereafter:
Nay, get thee gone. [Exit Rod.] Two things
are to be done,—
My wife must move for Cassio to her mistress;
I'll set her on:
Myself, the while, to draw the Moor apart,
And bring him jump when he may Cassio find
Soliciting his wife—ay, that's the way;
Dull not device by coldness and delay. [Exit.

ACT III.

SCENE I.—Cyprus. *Before the Castle.**Enter Cassio, and some Musicians.*

Cas. Masters, play here,—I will content your pains,—
Something that's brief; and bid "good-morrow, general."

[Music.]

Enter Clown.
Clo. Why, masters, have your instruments been in Naples, that they speak i' the nose thus?

1 Mus. How, sir, how?

Clo. Are these, I pray you, wind instruments?

1 Mus. Ay, marry, are they, sir. *[Mutes.]*

Clo. O, thereby hangs a tale.

1 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.

1 Mus. Well, sir, we will not.

Clo. If you have any music that may not be heard, to't again: but, as they say, to hear music the general does not greatly care.

1 Mus. We have none such, sir.

Clo. Then put up your pipes in your bag, for I'll away. Go; vanish into air; away!

[Exit Musicians.]

Cas. Dost thou hear, mine honest friend?

Clo. No, I hear not your honest friend; I hear you.

Cas. Pr'ythee, keep up thy quillets. There's a poor piece of gold for thee: if the gentleman that attends the general's wife be stirring, tell her there's one Cassio entreats her a little favour of speech: wilt thou do this?

Clo. She is stirring, sir: if she will stir hither, I shall seem to notify unto her.

Cas. Do, good my friend. *[Exit Clown.]*

Enter Iago.

In happy time, Iago.

Iago. You have not been a-bed, then?

Cas. Why, no; the day had broke Before we parted. I have made bold, Iago, To send in to your wife: my suit to her is, that she will to virtuous Desdemona Procure me some access.

Iago. I'll send her to you presently; And I'll devise a mean to draw the Moor Out of the way, that your converse and business may be more free.

Cas. I humbly thank you for't.—*[Exit Iago.]*
I never knew A Florentine more kind and honest.

Enter Emilia.

Emil. Good morrow, good lieutenant: I am sorry For your displeasure; but all will sure be well. The general and his wife are talking of it; And she speaks for you stoutly: the Moor replies,

That he you hurt is of great famy in Cyprus And great affinity, and that in wisdom

He might not but refuse you; but he professes he loves you,

And needs no other suitor but his liking, To take the safest occasion by the front,

To bring you in again. Yet, I beseech you, Give me advantage of some brief discourse

With Desdemona alone. 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.

Cas. *[Exit.]*

SCENE II.—A Room in the Castle.

Enter Othello, Iago, and Gentlemen.
Oth. These letters give, Iago, to the post. And, by him, do my duty to the senate. That done, I will be walking on the walls. Repair there to me.

Iago. Well, my good lord, I'll see't.

Oth. This fortification, gentlemen, shall see't.

Gen. We'll wait upon your lordship.

SCENE III.—Before the Castle.

Enter Desdemona, Cassio, and Emilia.

Des. Be thou assur'd, good Cassio, I warrant All my abilities in thy behalf.

Emil. Good madam, do! I warrant, As if the case were his.

Des. O, that's an honest fellow.—Do I doubt, Cassio,

But I will have my lord and you again As friendly as you were.

Cas. Bounteous Desdemona, Whatever shall become of Michael Cassio, He's never anything but your true servant.

Des. I know't, I thank you.

my lord:

You have known him long; and he shall in strangeness stand no further Than in a politic distance.

Ay, but, lady,

Cas. That policy may either last so long, Or feed upon such nice and watery grounds, Or breed itself so out of circumstance, That, I being absent, and my place supplied, My general will forget my love and service.

Des. Do not doubt that; before I part, I give thee warrant of thy place: if I do vow a friendship, I'll perform it To the last article: my lord shall never I'll watch him tame, and talk him down into patience;

His bed shall seem a school, his board a table; I'll intermingle every thing he does With Cassio's suit: therefore be merry, Cassio.

Whom shall I rather die,
Than see my cause away.
[Enter Othello and Iago.]
Madam, here comes my lord.
Madam, I'll take my leave.
Why, stay, and hear me speak.
Madam, not now: I am very ill at ease,
And for mine own purpose,
Well, do your discretion.

[Exit Cassio.]
O! I like not that.

What dost thou say?
My lord: or if—I know not
[wife!]
Was not that Cassio parted from my
Cassio, my lord? No, sure, I cannot
think it.
You would steal away so guilty-like,
And come.

I do believe 'twas he.
How now, my lord?
I was talking with a suitor here,
Who that languishes in your displeasure.
Who is't you mean?
[my lord,
Why, your lieutenant, Cassio. Good
grace or power to move you,
I present reconciliation take;
If he be not one that truly loves you,
I'll be in ignorance, and not in cunning,
To call him back.

Went he hence now?
Ay, sooth; so humbled,
That he left part of his grief with me,
And with him. Good love, call him back.
Not now, sweet Desdemona; some other
time. But shall't he shortly?
[time.
The sooner, sweet, for you.
To-morrow dinner, then?
No, not to-night.
I shall not dine at home;
I shall not dine at the citadel.
Why then, to-morrow night; or Tues-
day morn;
To-morrow noon, or night; on Wednesday
morn, or night; but let it not
be three days: in faith, he's penitent;
And yet his trespass, in our common reason,
Examples of their best,) is not almost a fault
To turn a private cheek. When shall he come?
Othello: I wonder in my soul,
What you could ask me that I should deny,
And so hammering on. What! Michael
Cassio,
That came wooing with you; and so many a
time, I have spoke of you dispraisingly,
And yet your part; to have so much to do
In him! Trust me, I could do much.—
O! if I had thee, no more; let him come when
he will; I deny thee nothing.

Why, this is not a boon;

For such things, in a false disloyal knave,
Are tricks of custom; but in a man that's just,

'Tis as I should entreat you wear your gloves,
Or feed on nourishing dishes, or keep you warm,
Or sue to you to do a peculiar profit
To your own person: say, when I have a suit
Wherein I mean to touch your love indeed,
It shall be full of poise and difficult weight,
And fearful to be granted.

Oth. I will deny thee nothing!
Whereon, I do beseech thee, grant me this,
To leave me but a little to myself. [lord.
Des. Shall I deny you? no: farewell, my
Oth. Farewell, my Desdemona; I'll come
to thee straight.

Des. Emilia, come.—Be as your fancies teach
Whate'er you be, I am obedient. [you;
[Exit, with Emilia.]

Oth. Excellent wretch! Perdition catch my
soul,
But I do love thee! and when I love thee not,
Chaos is come again.

Iago. My noble lord,—
Oth. What dost thou say, Iago?
Iago. Did Michael Cassio, when you woo'd
Know of your love?
[my lady,
Oth. He did, from first to last; why dost
thou ask?
Iago. But for a satisfaction of my thought;
No further harm.

Oth. Why of thy thought, Iago?
Iago. I did not think he had been acquainted
with her.

Oth. O, yes; and went between us very oft.
Iago. Indeed!
Oth. Indeed! ay, indeed:—discern'st thou
Is he not honest?
[ought in that?
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: [that,
I heard thee say but now,—thou lik'd'st not
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 cri'd'st,
"Indeed!" [gether,
And didst contract and purse thy brow to—
As if thou then hadst shut up in thy brain
Some horrible conceit; if thou dost love me,
Show me thy thought.

Iago. My lord, you know I love you.
Oth. I think thou dost;
And,—for I know thou art full of love and
honesty, [them breath,—
And weigh'st thy words before thou giv'st
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
That passion cannot rule. [heart,

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 is an honest
man.

Oth. Nay, yet there's more in this:
I pray thee, speak to me as to thy thinkings,
As thou dost ruminate; and give thy worst of
The worst of words. [thoughts

Iago. Good my lord, pardon me:
Though I am bound to every act of duty,
I am not bound to that all slaves are free to.
Utter my thoughts! Why, say they are vile
and false;

As where's that palace whereinto foul things
Sometimes intrude not? who has a breast so
But some uncleanly apprehensions [pure,
Keep leets and law-days, and in session sit
With meditations lawful?

Oth. Thou dost conspire against thy friend,
Iago.

If thou but think'st him wrong'd, and mak'st
A stranger to thy thoughts. [his ear

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
From one that so imperfectly conceits, [yet,
Would take no notice; nor build yourself a
trouble

Out of his scattering and unsure observance.
It were not for your quiet, nor your good,
Nor for my manhood, honesty, or wisdom,
To let you know my thoughts.

Oth. What dost thou mean?

Iago. Good name in man and woman, dear
my lord,

Is the immediate jewel of their souls:
Who steals my purse, steals trash; 'tis some-
thing, nothing; [thousands;

'Twas mine, 'tis his, and has been slave to
But he, that filches from me my good name,
Robs me of that, which not enriches him,
And makes me poor indeed.

Oth. By heaven, I'll know thy thoughts.

Iago. You cannot, if my heart were in your
hand;

Nor shall not, whil'st 'tis in my custody.

Oth. Ha!

Iago. O, beware, my lord, of jealousy;
It is the green-ey'd monster, which doth mock
The meat it feeds on: that cuckold lives in
bliss,

Who, certain of his fate, loves not his wronger;
But, O, what damned minutes tells he o'er,
Who dotes, yet doubts; suspects, yet strongly
Oth. O misery!

[loves]

Iago. Poor and content is rich, and rich
enough;

But riches needless is as poor as
To him that ever fears he shall be poor;

Good heaven, the souls of all my tribe do
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 resolv'd: exchange me for a fool
When I shall turn the business of my soul
To such exsufflicate and blown surmises,
Matching thy inference. 'Tis not to make
jealous,

To say my wife is fair, feeds well, loves
Is free of speech, sings, plays, and dances
Where virtue is, these are more virtuous
Nor from mine own weak merits will I draw
The smallest fear, or doubt of her revolt:
For she had eyes, and chose me. No, I do not
I'll see before I doubt; when I doubt, I'll
And, on the proof, there is no more but
Away at once with love, or jealousy!

Iago. I am glad of it; for now I shall have
reason
To show the love and duty that I bear you
With franker spirit: therefore, as I am bound
Receive it from me:—I speak not yet of
Look to your wife; observe her well
Cassio;

Were your eye thus,—not jealous, nor
I would not have your free and noble
Out of self-bounty, be abus'd; look to't.
I know our country disposition well:
In Venice they do let heaven see the males
They dare not show their husbands; their
conscience

Is, not to leave undone, but keep unknown.
Oth. Dost thou say so?

Iago. She did deceive her father, marry
you;

And, when she seem'd to shake, and fall
She lov'd them most.

Oth. And so she did.

Iago. Why, so to speak,
She that, so young, could give out
seeming,

To seal her father's eyes up, close as oak,
He thought 'twas witchcraft:—but I am sure
to blame;

I humbly do beseech you of your pardon
For too much loving you.

Oth. I am bound to thee.

Iago. I see, this hath a little
Oth. Not a jot, not a jot.

Iago. Trust me, I see you are not
I hope you will consider what is spoken
Comes from my love:—but, I do see you
mov'd:—

I am to pray you nor to strain my speech
To grosser issues, nor to larger reach.
Than to suspicion.

Oth. I will not.

Should you do so, my lord,
My thoughts aim not at. Cassio's my
worthy friend:—

I see you are mov'd.

No, not much mov'd:—
Desdemona's honest.

Long live she so! and long live you
to think so!

And, yet, how nature erring from it—
[self,—

Ay, there's the point:—as,—to be
old with you,—

To affect many proposed matches

Of our own climate, complexion, and degree,

As we, in all things nature tends,—

One may smile in such a will most rank,

Disproportion, thoughts unnatural.

Polonius me: I do not in position

Speak of her; though I may fear

Recalling to her better judgment,

And to match you with her country forms,

Apply repent.

Farewell, farewell.

More than dost perceive, let me know more;

My wife to observe: leave me, Iago.

Why, I take my leave. [Going.

Why did I marry!—This honest

creature, doubtless, [unfolds.

And knows more, much more, than he

Deserves. [Re-entering.] My lord, I would I might

Entreat your honour

Not to touch this thing no further; leave it to time:

Though 'tis fit that Cassio have his place,—

He fills it up with great ability,—

Which by that perceive him and his means:

If your lady strain his entertainment

With strong or vehement importunity;

It will be seen in that. In the mean time,

For my cause I have to fear I am,—

And hold her true, I do beseech your honour.

Fear not my government. [Exit.

Once more take my leave. [Exit.

What fellow's of exceeding honesty,

And knows all qualities with a learned spirit

Human dealings. If I do prove her haggard,

That her jesses were my dear heart-

strings,

I'll whistle her off, and let her down the wind,

And play upon her fortune. Haply, for I am black,

And here not those soft parts of conversation

That chamberers have; or, for I am declin'd

In the vale of years,—yet that's not much,—

I am abus'd; and my relief

Is to loathe her. O curse of marriage,

That we can call these delicate creatures ours,

And not their appetites! I had rather be a

Even then this fork'd plague is fated to us,
When we do quicken.—

Re-enter Desdemona and Emilia.

Desdemona comes:

If she be false, O, then heaven mocks itself!

I'll not believe it.

Des. How now, my dear Othello!

Your dinner and the generous islanders,

By you invited, do attend your presence.

Oth. I am to blame. [not well!

Des. Why is your speech so faint! are you

Oth. I have a pain upon my forehead here.

Des. Faith, that's with watching: 'twill away

again:

Let me but bind it hard, within this hour

It will be well.

Oth. Your napkin is too little;

[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.

[Exit Oth. and Des.

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 conjur'd her she should ever keep it,—

That she reserves it evermore about her,

To kiss, and talk to. I'll have the work ta'en

out,

And give't Iago: what he will do with it,

Heaven knows, not I;

I nothing, but to please his fantasy.

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

Emil. Ha!

Iago. To have a foolish wife.

Emil. O, is that all? What will you give

For that same handkerchief? [me now

Iago. What handkerchief?

Emil. What handkerchief!

Why, that the Moor first gave to Desdemona:

That which so often you did bid me steal.

Iago. Hast stolen it from her? [hence,

Emil. No, 'faith; she let it drop by negli-

And, to the advantage, I, being here, took't up.

Look, here it is.

Iago. A good wench; give it me.

Emil. What will you do with't, that you

have been so earnest

To have me fetch it!

Iago. Why, what's that to you?

[Snatching it.

Emil. If it be not for some purpose of import,

Give't me again: poor lady, she'll run mad

When she shall lack it.

Iago. Be not acknown on't; I have use for it.

Go, leave me.— [Exit Emilia.

I will in Cassio's lodging lose this napkin,

And let him find it. Trifles, light as air,

Are to the jealous confirmations strong

As proofs of holy writ. This may do something.
The Moor already changes with my poison :
Dangerous conceits are, in their natures,

poisons,
Which at the first are scarce found to distaste ;
But, with a little act upon the blood,
Burn like the mines of sulphur. I did say
so :— [dragons]

Look, where he comes ! Not poppy, nor man-
Enter Othello.

Nor all the drowsy syrups of the world,
Shall ever medicine thee to that sweet sleep
Which thou ow'dst yesterday.

Oth. Ha ! ha ! false to me !

Iago. Why, how now, general ! no more of
that. [the rack :—]

Oth. A vaunt ! begone ! thou hast set me on
I swear, 'tis better to be much abus'd,
Than but to know't a little.

Iago. How now, my lord ?

Oth. What sense had I of her stolen hours
of lust ?

I saw't not, thought it not, it harm'd not me ;
I slept the next night well, was free and merry ;
I found not Cassio's kisses on her lips ;
He that is robb'd, not wanting what is stolen,
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 counter-
farewell ! Othello's occupation's gone ! [exit]

Iago. Is it possible, my lord ? [where]

Oth. Villain, be sure thou prove my love a
Be sure of it ; give me the ocular proof ;

[Seizing him by the throat.]

Or, by the worth of mine eternal soul,
Thou hadst been better have been born a dog,
Than answer my wak'd wrath.

Iago. Is't come to this ?

Oth. Make me to see't ; or, at the least, so
prove it,

That the probation bear no hinge nor loop
To hang a doubt on ; or woe upon thy life !

Iago. My noble lord,—

Oth. If thou dost slander her, and torture me,
Never pray more ; abandon all remorse ;
On horror's head horrors accumulate ;
Do deeds to make heaven weep, all earth
amaz'd ;

For nothing canst thou to damnation add
Greater than that.

Iago. O grace ! O heaven defend me !

Are you a man ? have you a soul, or sense !—

God be wi' you ; take mine office.—[Othello exits]

fool,

That liv'st to make thine honesty a vice !
O monstrous world ! Take note, take note

O world,

To be direct and honest is not safe.
I thank you for this profit ; and, from hence
I'll love no friend, since love breeds

offence.

Oth. Nay, stay :—then shouldst be honest
Iago. I should be wise ; for honesty's a fool
And loses that it works for.

Oth. By the way,

I think my wife be honest, and think she is
I think that thou art just, and think thou art

I'll have some proof ; her name, that was
fresh

As Dian's visage, is now begrudg'd and
As mine own face. If there be clouds, or sun,
Poison, or fire, or suffocating steam,

I'll not endure it.—Would I were satisfied
Iago. I see, sir, you are eaten up with
I do repent me that I put it to you.

You would be satisfied ! Would I, I would !

Oth. And may ; but how ! how ! how !

my lord ?

Would you, the supervisor, grossly gape on
Behold her tupp'd !

Oth. Death and damnation ! I have
Iago. It were a tedious difficulty, I think,
To bring them to that prospect.

then,

If ever mortal eyes do see them together,
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
As ignorance made drunk. But yet, I say,

If imputation, and strong circumstance,
Which lead directly to the door of truth,
Will give you satisfaction, you may have it.

Oth. Give me a living reason why I
Iago. I do not like the office :

But, sith I'm 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 murder their wives ;

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 he
As if he pluck'd up kisses by the roots,

That grew upon my lips : then he doth
Over my thigh, and sigh'd, and sigh'd,

then

Cried, " Cursed fate, that gives me access
Oth. O monstrous ! monstrous !

Nay, this was but his dream.

But this denoted a foregone conclusion:

And this may help to thicken other

proofs, I'll tear her all to pieces!

Nay, but be wise; yet we see nothing

done;—

Tell me but this,—

—sometimes seen a handkerchief,

I gave her such a one; 'twas my first

gift.

I know not that: but such a handker-

—so wipe his beard with.

If it be that,—

—against her with the other proofs.

O, that the slave had forty thousand

lives!

—too poor, too weak for my revenge.

—I see 'tis true.—Look here, Iago;

—may find love thus do I blow to heaven:

—black vengeance, from the hollow hell!

—O love, thy crown, and hearted

—tyrannous hate! swell, bosom, with thy

—of aspics' tongues!

—Pray, be content.

O, blood, Iago, blood!

—may change.

—Never, Iago. Like to the Pontick sea,

—his current and compulsive course

—the Propontick, and the Hellespont,

—so my bloody thoughts, with violent

—never look back, ne'er ebb to humble love,

—that a capable and wide revenge

—heaven.

—due reverence of a sacred vow, [Kneels.

—do not rise yet.—

[Kneels.

—you ever-burning lights above,

—that here Iago doth give up

—the execution of his wit, hands, heart,

—to obey shall be in me remorse. [mand,

—what bloody work soever.

[They rise.

I greet thy love,

—and with acceptance

—will upon the instant put thee to't;

—these three days let me hear thee say

—that Cassio's not alive.

—O, my friend is dead; 'tis done at your

—request;

—O, 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. [Exit.

SCENE IV.—The Same.

Enter Desdemona, Emilia, and Clown.

Des. Do you know, sirrah, where Lieutenant Cassio lies?

Clo. I dare not say he lies anywhere.

Des. Why, man?

Clo. He is 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 anything 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 enquire him out, and be edified by report?

Clo. I will catechise the world for him; that is, make questions, and by them answer.

Des. Seek him, bid him come hither: tell him I have moved my lord in his behalf, and hope all will be well.

Clo. To do this is within the compass of man's wit; and therefore I will attempt the doing. [Exit.

Des. Where should I lose that handkerchief,

Emil. I know not, madam. [Emilia]

Des. Believe me, I had rather have lost my purse

Full of cruzadoes: and, but my noble Moor
Is true of mind, and made of no such baseness
As jealous creatures are, it were enough
To put him to ill thinking.

Emil. Is he not jealous?

Des. Who, he? I think the sun, where he
Drew all such humours from him. [was born,

Emil. Look, where he comes.

Des. I will not leave him now, till Cassio
Be call'd to him.—

Enter Othello.

How is't with you, my lord?

Oth. 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. [sorrow.

Des. It yet hath felt no age, nor known no

Oth. This argues fruitfulness, and liberal heart:— [quires

Hot, hot, and moist: this hand of yours re-
A sequester from liberty, fasting and prayer,
Much castigation, exercise devout;

For here's a young and sweating devil here,
That commonly rebels. 'Tis a good hand,
A frank one.

Des. You may, indeed, say so;

For 'twas that hand that gave away my heart.

Oth. A liberal hand: the hearts of old gave hands;
But our new heraldry is—hands, not hearts.

Des. I cannot speak of this. Come now, your

Oth. What promise, chuck! [promise.

Des. I have sent to bid Cassio come speak with you.

Oth. I have a salt and sorry rheum offends
Lend me thy handkerchief. [me:

Des. Here, my lord.

Oth. That which I gave you.

Des. I have it not about me.

Oth. Not!

Des. No, indeed, my lord.

Oth. That is a fault.

That handkerchief

Did an Egyptian to my mother give;

She was a charmer, and could almost read

The thoughts of people: she told her, while
she kept it, [father

'Twould make her amiable, and subdue my

Entirely to her love; but if she lost it,

Or made a gift of it, my father's eye [hunt

Should hold her loathed, and his spirits should

After new fancies: she, dying, gave it me;

And bid me, when my fate would have me

wive,

To give it her. I did so: and take heed on't;

Make it a darling like your precious eye;

To lose 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; [silk;

The worms were hallow'd that did breed the

And it was dy'd in mummy, which the skillful

Conserv'd of maidens' hearts.

Des. Indeed! is't true?

Oth. Most veritable; therefore look to't well.

Des. Then would to heaven that I had never

Oth. Ha! wherefore? [seen it!

Des. Why do you speak so startlingly and

raah!

Oth. Is't lost? is't gone? speak, is it out o'

Des. Heaven bless us! [the way!

Oth. Say you?

Des. It is not lost: but what an if it were?

Oth. How!

Des. I say, it is not lost.

Oth. Fetch't, let me see't.

Des. Why, so I can, sir; but I will not now.

This is a trick, to put me from my suit:

Pray you, let Cassio be receiv'd again.

Oth. Fetch me the handkerchief: my mind

Des. Come, come; [misgives.

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;

Shar'd dangers with you;

Oth. The handkerchief!

Des. In sooth, you are to blame.

Oth. Away!

Emil. Is not this man jealous?

Des. I ne'er saw this before.

Sure, there's some wonder in this handkerchief.

I am most unhappy in the loss of it.

Emil. 'Tis not a year or two shows us a man.

They are all but stomachs, and we all but

They eat as hungrily, and when they are

They belch us.—Look you,—Cassio, and

husband.

Enter Iago and Cassio.

Iago. There is no other way;

do't:

And, lo, the happiness! go and baptize

Des. How now, good Cassio! what's

news with you?

Cas. Madam, my former suit: I do

That by your virtuous means I may again

Exist, and be a member of his love,

Whom I, with all the office of my heart,

Entirely honour: I would not be delay'd

If my offence be of such mortal kind,

That nor my service past, nor present service

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 lord's 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

Were he in favour, as in humour, altered.

So help me every spirit sanctified,

As I have spoken for you all my best,

And stood within the blank of his displeasure

For my free speech! You must avail

patient:

What I can do, I will; and more I will

Than for myself I dare: let that suffice

Iago. Is my lord angry?

Emil. He went hence but now

And, certainly, in strange unquietness.

Iago. Can he be angry? I have seen

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

him:

There's matter in't, indeed, if he be

Des. I pray thee, do so.—[Exit Iago.]

thing, sure, of state,

Either from Venice, or some unhabit'd

Made demonstrable here in Cyprus to

Hath puddled his clear spirit;—and

cases,

Men's natures wrangle with inferior

Though great ones are their objects.

For let our finger ache, and it imports

Our other healthful members ev'n to

Of pain: nay, we must think men are

—What do you mean by this
 Let the devil and his dam haunt you!
 You gave me by that same handker-
 take it. I must take out the work!—
 piece of work, that you should find it
 chamber, and not know who left it
 This is some mix's token, and I must
 at the work! There, give it your hobby-
 where's ever you had it, I'll take out no
 [how now!
 [Aside.] By heaven that should be my
 well!
 An you'll come to supper to-night,
 say; an you will not, come when you
 out prepared for.
 After her, after her.
 Faith, I must; she'll rail in the street
 Will you sup there?
 Faith, I intend so.
 Well, I may chance to see you; for I
 very fair speak with you.
 By thee, come; will you?
 Go to; say no more. [Exit Cassio.
 [Advancing.] How shall I murder
 Did you perceive how he laughed at
 O, Iago!
 And did you see the handkerchief?
 Was that mine?
 Yours, by this hand: and to see how
 the foolish woman your wife! she
 him, and he hath given it his whore.
 I would have him nine years a kill-
 A fine woman! a fair woman! a sweet
 May, you must forget that.
 Ay, let her rot, and perish, and be
 to-night; for she shall not live. No,
 it is turned to stone; I strike it, and
 my hand.—O, the world hath not a
 creature; she might lie by an em-
 side, and command him tasks,
 Nay, that's not your way.
 Hang her! I do but say what she
 delicate with her needle! An admir-
 of a bear! O, she will sing the savage
 invention! Of so high and plenteous
 She's the worse for all this.
 O, a thousand thousand times. And
 no gentle a condition!
 Ay, too gentle.
 Nay, that's certain:—but yet the pity
 if you are so fond over her iniquity,
 patent to offend; for, if it touch not
 I will chop her into messes:—cuckold
 O, 'tis foul in her.
 With mine officer!
 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 under-
 taker: you shall hear more by midnight.
 Oth. Excellent good.—[A trumpet heard.]
 What trumpet is that same?
 Iago. Something from Venice, sure. 'Tis
 Lodovico.
 Come from the duke: and see, your wife is
 with him.
 Enter Lodovico, Desdemona, and Attendants.
 Lod. 'Save you, worthy general!
 Oth. With all my heart, sir.
 Lod. The duke and senators of Venice greet
 you. [Giving him a packet.
 Oth. I kiss the instrument of their pleasures.
 [Opens the packet, and reads.
 Des. And what's the news, good cousin
 Lodovico?
 Iago. I am very glad to see you, signior;
 Welcome to Cyprus.
 Lod. I thank you. How does Lieutenant
 Iago. Lives, sir. [Cassio!
 Des. Cousin, there's fallen between him and
 my lord
 An unkind breach: but you shall make all
 Oth. Are you sure of that? [well.
 Des. My lord!
 Oth. [Reading.] "This fail you not to do,
 as you will."
 Lod. He did not call; he's busy in the paper.
 Is there division 'twixt my lord and Cassio?
 Des. A most unhappy one: I would do much
 To atone them, for the love I bear to Cassio.
 Oth. Fire and brimstone!
 Des. My lord!
 Oth. Are you wise?
 Des. What, is he angry?
 Lod. May be, the letter mov'd him;
 For, as I think, they do command him home,
 Deputing Cassio in his government.
 Des. Trust me, I am glad on't.
 Oth. Indeed!
 Des. My lord!
 Oth. I am glad to see you mad.
 Des. How, sweet Othello?
 Oth. Devil!
 Des. I have not deserved this.
 Lod. My lord, this would not be believ'd in
 Venice,
 Though I should swear I saw it: 'tis very much;
 Make her amends; she weeps.
 Oth. O devil, devil!
 If that the earth could teem with woman's tears,
 Each drop she falls would prove a crocodile.—
 Out of my sight!
 Des. I will not stay to offend you.
 [Going.

Look. Truly, an obedient lady:—
I do beseech your lordship, call her back.

Oth. Mistress!

Des. My lord?

Oth. What would you with her, sir?

Look. Who, I, my lord?

Oth. Ay; you did wish that I would make

Sir, she can turn, and turn, and yet go on,

And turn again; and she can weep, sir, weep;

And she's obedient, as you say,—obedient,—

Very obedient.—Proceed you in your tears.—

Concerning this, sir,—O well-painted pas-

sion!

I am commanded home.—Get you away;

I'll send for you anon.—Sir, I obey the man-

date,

And will return to Venice.—Hence, avaunt!

[Exit Desdemona.]

Cassio shall have my place. And, sir, to-night,

I do entreat that we may sup together:

You are welcome, sir, to Cyprus.—*[Exit.]*

Look. Is this the noble Moor whom our full

senate

Call all-in-all sufficient? Is this the noble nature

Whom passion could not shake? whose solid

virtue

The shot of accident, nor dart of chance,

Could neither graze nor pierce?

Iago. He is much chang'd.

Look. Are his wits safe? Is he not light of

brain?

Iago. He's that he is: I may not breathe

my censure.

What he might be,—if, what he might, he is

I would to heaven he were!

Look. What, strike his wife!

Iago. 'Faith, that was not so well; yet would

That stroke would prove the worst. [I knew

Is it his use?

Look. Or did the letters work upon his blood,

And new-create this fault?

Iago. Alas, alas!

It is not honesty in me to speak [serve him;

What I have seen and known. You shall ob-

And his own courses will denote him so,

That I may save my speech: do but go after,

And mark how he continues.

Look. I am sorry that I am deceived in him.

SCENE II.—A Room in the Castle.

Enter Othello and Emilia.

Oth. You have seen nothing, then?

Emil. Nor ever heard, nor ever did suspect.

Oth. Yes, you have seen Cassio and her

together.

Emil. But then I saw no harm; and then I

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 glove, her handker-

Emil. Never, my lord. That's strange.

Oth. 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 you.

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 purport of my tale

Is foul as slander.

Emil. Bid her come hither.

Oth. She says enough;—yet she's a simple lady.

That cannot say as much. This is a

where,

A closet-lock-and-key of villainous secrets.

And yet she'll kneel and pray: I have seen

her do't.

Re-enter Emilia with Desdemona.

Des. My lord, what is your will?

Oth. Pray, chuck, come hither.

Des. What is your pleasure?

Oth. Let me see your face.

Des. Look in my face.

Oth. [To Emilia.] What horrible fancy's this?

mistress;

Leave procreants alone, and shut the door!

Cough, or cry hem, if anybody come;

Your mystery, your mystery;—*[Exit Desdemona.]*

Des. Upon my knees, what doth your lordship

I understand a fury in your words,

But not the words.

Oth. Why, what art thou?

Des. Your wife, my lord; I am none.

And loyal wife.

Oth. Come, swear it, damn thyself,

Least, being like one of heaven, thou

thyself

Should fear to seize thee: therefore do

Swear thou art honest.

Des. Heaven doth truly

Oth. Heaven truly knows that thou art

as hell.

Des. To whom, my lord?

Oth. O Desdemona!—away! away!

Des. Alas, the heavy day!

Emil. Weep!

Am I the occasion of these tears, my lord?

If, haply, you my father do suspect

An instrument of this your calling home,

Lay not your blame on me; if you do love

Why, I have lost him too.

Oth. Had I not

To try me with affliction; had they not

All kinds of sores, and shames, and sorrows,

Steep'd me in poverty to the very lips,

Given to captivity me and my innocent

I should have found in some pastime

A drop of patience: but, alas, to make me

And figure, for the time of scorn

His slow unmoving finger at!

where I have garner'd up my heart,

Must live, or bear no life,

From the which my current runs,

As a stream, for foul toads [there,

gender in!—Turn thy complexion

Thou young and rose-lipp'd cheru-

Look grim as hell!

My noble lord esteems me honest,

As summer flies are in the

even with blowing. O thou weed,

That senseless aches at these, would thou

What ignorant sin have I com-

With this fair paper, this most goodly

write where upon? What committed!

—O thou public commoner!

Thou makest very forges of my cheeks,

That speak thy deeds.—What committed!

Thou speakest the nose at it, and the moon

within, that kisses all it meets,

And the hollow mine of earth,

What committed!

By heaven, you do me wrong.

Are not you a strumpet?

No, as I am a Christian:

My other foul unlawful touch,

To be a strumpet, I am none.

What, not a whore?

No, as I shall be saved.

Heaven forgive us!

I cry you mercy, then;

Thou cunning whore of Venice,

Partner with Othello. *[Re-enter Emilia.]*

Have the office opposite to Saint Peter,

Done our course; there's money for

your palat.

Alas, the key, and keep our counsel.

What does this gentleman con-

vey, madam? how do you, my good

madam, what's the matter with

Whom?

Why, with my lord, madam.

He that is yours, sweet lady.

Have none; do not talk to me, Emilia;

weep; nor answer have I none.

But what should go by water. Prythee, to-

night

Lay on my bed my wedding sheets,—re-

And call thy husband hither.

Emil. Here is a change indeed!

Des. 'Tis meet I should be us'd so, very meet.

How have I been behav'd, that he might stick

The small'st opinion on my least misuse?

Re-enter Emilia, with Iago.

Iago. What is your pleasure, madam?

How is it with you?

Des. I cannot tell. Those that do teach

young babes,

Do it with gentle means and easy tasks:

He might have chid me so; for, in good faith,

I am a child to chiding.

Iago. What's the matter, lady?

Emil. Alas, Iago, my lord hath so bewhord

her,

Thrown such despite and heavy terms upon

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

Could not have laid such terms upon his callet.

Iago. Why did he so?

Des. I do not know; I am sure I am none.

Iago. Do not weep, do not weep. Alas the

day!

Emil. Has she forsook so many noble

Her father, and her country, and her friends,

To be call'd whore? would it not make one

Des. It is my wretched fortune.

Iago. Beshrew him for it.

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 cogging, cozening slave, to get some

office,

Have not devis'd this slander; I'll be hang'd

Iago. Fie, there is no such man: it is im-

possible.

Des. If any such there be, heaven pardon

Emil. A halter pardon him! and hell gnaw

his bones!

Why should he call her whore? who keeps her

company?

What place? what time? what form? what

likelihood?

Emil. The Moor's abused by some most villainous

Some base notorious knave, some scurvy

follow:—

O heaven, that such companions thou'dst un-

fold,

And put in every honest hand a whip,

To lash the rascals naked through the world,

Even from the east to the west!

Iago. Speak within door.

Emil. O, be upon them! some such squires

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 where,—
It does abhor me, now I speak the word;
To do the act that might the addition earn,
Not the world's mass of vanity could make me.

Iago. I pray you be content; 'tis but his humour:

The business of the state does him offence,
And he does chide with you.

Des. If 'twere no other,—

Iago. 'Tis but so, I warrant.

[*Trumpets heard.*]

Hark, how these instruments summon to supper!

The messengers of Venice stay the meat.
Go in, and weep not; all things shall be well.

[*Exeunt Desdemona and Emilia.*]

Enter Roderigo.

How now, Roderigo!

Rod. I do not find that thou deal'st justly
Iago. What in the contrary? [with me.

Rod. Every day thou dall'st me with some device, Iago; and rather, as it seems to me now, keep'st from me all conveniency, than suppliest me with the least advantage of hope. I will, indeed, no longer endure it; nor am I yet persuaded, to put up in peace what already I have foolishly suffered.

Iago. Will you hear me, Roderigo?

Rod. Faith, I have heard too much; for your words and performances are no kin together.

Iago. You charge me most unjustly.

Rod. With nought but truth. I have wasted myself out of my means. The jewels you have had from me, to deliver to Desdemona, would half have corrupted a votarist: you have told me she has received them, and returned me expectations and comforts of sudden respect and acquaintance; but I find none.

Iago. Well; go to; very well.

Rod. Very well! go to! I cannot go to, man; nor 'tis not very well; by this hand, I say, it is very scurvy; and begin to find myself fobbed in it.

Iago. Very well.

Rod. I tell you, 'tis not very well. I will

make myself known to Desdemona; if she return me my jewels, I will give over my suit, and repent my unlawful solicitation; if not, assure yourself, I will seek satisfaction of you.

Iago. You have said now.

Rod. Ay, and I have said nothing, but I protest intendment of doing.

Iago. Why, now I see there's nought in you and even, from this instant, do build on a better opinion than ever before. Give me hand, Roderigo: thou hast taken against me a most just exception; but yet, I protest, have dealt most directly in this affair.

Rod. It hath not appeared.

Iago. I grant, indeed, it hath not appeared, and your suspicion is not without warrant of judgment. But, Roderigo, if thou hast in thee indeed, which I have greater cause to believe now than ever,—I mean, purpose of rage, and valour,—this night show it; if the next night following enjoy not Desdemona, take me from this world with treachery, devise engines for my life.

Rod. Well, what is it? Is it within compass?

Iago. Sir, there is especial consultation made from Venice, to depute Cassio in Othello's place.

Rod. Is that true? Why, then Othello, Desdemona return again to Venice.

Iago. O, no, he goes into Mantua, and takes away with him the fair Desdemona; less his abode be lingered here by some accident; wherein none can be so determined as the removing of Cassio.

Rod. How do you mean, removing of Cassio?

Iago. Why, by making him uncapable of Othello's place,—knocking out his brains.

Rod. And that you would have me do?

Iago. Ay, if you dare do yourself a right, and a right.

He sups to-night with the king, and thither will I go to him; if you will of his honourable fortune.

If you will, his going thence, (which I will do) out between twelve and one, you may find him at your pleasure; I will be near to your attempt, and he shall fall.

Come, stand not amazed at it, but let's go with me; I will show you such a way to put it on him. It is now high noon, and the night grows to waste; about it.

Rod. I will hear further reason.

Iago. And you shall be satisfied.

SCENE III.—Another Room in the Palace.

Enter Othello, Lodovico, Desdemona, and Attendants.

Lod. I do beseech you, sir, trouble me no further.

Oth. O, pardon me; 'twill do me good to put it on him. It is now high noon, and the night grows to waste; about it.

Lod. Madam, good night; I leave you your ladyship.

Des. Your honour is most welcome.

Will you walk, sir?—

My lord!

Go forthwith; dismiss your attendant
that he did.

My lord.

Othello, Lodovico, and Attendants.
How goes it now? he looks gentler
than he did.

He says he will return incontinent:
he commanded me to go to bed,

and to dismiss you.

Dismiss me!

It was his bidding; therefore, good

night, and adieu:

I would you had never seen him!

So would not I: my love doth so ap-
pear him,

with his stubbornness, his checks, his
frowns,—

unpin me,—have grace and favour in
I have laid those sheets you bade me

on the bed.
All's one.—Good father! how foolish

are our minds!—
I have laid those sheets,

pr'ythee, shroud me.
Come, come, you talk.

My mother had a maid call'd Barbara;
she lov'd her; and he she lov'd prov'd mad,

and she had a song of
it, which was, but it express'd her fortune,

and singing it: that song, to-night,
I have much to do,

to hang my head all at one side,
like poor Barbara.—Pr'ythee,

shall I go fetch your night-gown?
No, unpun me here.—

A very handsome man.
A very handsome man.

I know a lady in Venice would have
surrender to Palestine for a touch of

his hand.
[Sings.]

And will sighing by a yew-tree,
And a green willow;

And on her bosom, her head on her knee,
Willow, willow;

And when she runs by her, and murmur'd
Willow, willow;

And when she falls from her, and susten'd the
Willow, willow;

And when she lies down, willow, willow;
And when she rises, willow, willow;

And when she is alone, willow, willow;
And when she is with him, willow, willow;

And when she is not next, willow, willow;
And when she is the wind,

Willow, willow;
[Knocks]

Des. [Singing.]

I call'd my love false love; but what said he
Sing willow, willow, willow;

If I court more women, you'll couch with more
So, get thee gone; good night. Mine eyes do

Doth that bode weeping? [Itch;]

Emil. 'Tis neither here nor there.

Des. I have heard it said so.—O, these men,
these men!— [Emilia,—]

Dost thou in conscience think,—tell me,
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

Emil. Why, would not you? [The world!]

Des. No, by this heavenly light!

Emil. Nor I neither by this heavenly light;
I might do't as well i' the dark, [The world!]

Des. Wouldst thou do such a deed for all

Emil. The world is a huge thing: 'tis a great
For a small vice. [Price]

Des. In troth, I think thou wouldst not.

Emil. In troth, I think I should; and undo't
when I had done. Marry, I would not do

such a thing for a joint-ring, nor a measure of
lawn, nor for gowns, petticoats, nor caps, nor
any petty exhibition; but, for the whole world,

—why, who would not make her husband a
cuckold, to make him a monarch? I should
venture purgatory for't.

Des. Beshrew me, if I would do such a
wrong for the whole world.

Emil. Why, the wrong is but a wrong i'
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 [play'd for].
To the vantage, as would store the world they
But I do think it is their husbands' faults,
If wives do fall. Say, that they slack their

duties,
And pour our treasures into foreign laps;
Or else break out in peevish jealousies, [us,

Throwing restraint upon us; or, say, they strike
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, [sour,
And have their palates, both for sweet and
As husbands have. What is it that they do,

When they change us for others? Is it sport?
I think it is; and doth affection breed it?

I think it doth. Is't frailty that thus errs?
It is so too:—and have not we affections,

Desires for sport, and frailty, as men have?
Then, let them use us well: else, let them know,
The ills we do, their ills instruct us so.

Des. Good night, good night: heaven me
such usage send,

Not to pick bad from bad, but by bad mend!

[Exit.]

ACT V.

SCENE I.—Cyprus. A Street.

Enter Iago and Roderigo.

Iago. Here, stand behind this bulk; straight will he come:

Wear thy good rapier bare, and put it home: Quick, quick; fear nothing; I'll beat thy elbow: It makes us, or it mars us; think on that, And fix most firm thy resolution.

Roderigo. Be near at hand; I may miscarry in't.

Iago. Here, at thy hand; be bold, and take thy stand. *[Retires to a little distance.]*

Roderigo. I have no great devotion to the deed; And yet he has given me satisfying reasons:—'Tis but a man gone—forth, my sword; he dies.

Iago. I have rubb'd this young quat almost And he grows angry. Nay, whether he kill Cassio,

Or Cassio him, or each do kill the other, Every way makes my game: live Roderigo, He calls me to a restitution large Of gold and jewels that I bobb'd from him, As gifts to Desdemona;

It must not be: if Cassio do remain, He hath a daily beauty in his life, That makes me ugly; and, besides, the Moor May unfold me to him; there stand I in much peril:

No, he must die:—be't so; I hear him coming.

Enter Cassio.

Roderigo. I know his gait, 'tis he.—Villain, thou diest!

[Rushing forth, and making a pass at Cassio.]

Cassio. That thrust had been mine enemy indeed,

But that my coat is better than thou know'st: I will make proof of thine.

[Draws, and wounds Roderigo.]

Roderigo. O, I am slain!

[Iago rushes forth, cuts Cassio behind in the leg, and exits.]

Cassio. I am maim'd for ever.—Help, ho! murder! murder!

*[Falls.]**Enter Othello, at a distance.*

Othello. The voice of Cassio:—Iago keeps his word.

Roderigo. O, villain that I am!

Cassio. O, help, ho! light! a surgeon!

Othello. '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 hies: strumpet, I come! Forth of my heart those charms, thine eyes, are blotted;

Thy bed, lust-stain'd, shall with lust's blood be spotted.

*[Exit.]**Enter Lodovico and Gratiano, at a distance.*

Cassio. What, ho! no watch! no passage! murder! murder!

Graz. 'Tis some mischance; the voice is very low.

Cassio. O, help!

Lodovico. Hark!

Roderigo. O wretched villain!

Lodovico. Two or three groans:—it is a lady's night:

These may be counterfeits; let's think more on't.

To come in to the cry, without more help.

Roderigo. Nobody comes! then shall I blow out light and weapons.

Lodovico. Hark!

Graz. Here's one comes in his shirt, with light and weapons.

Re-enter Iago, with a light.

Iago. Who's there? whose noise is this?

Lodovico. We do not know.

Iago. Did not you hear a cry of murder?

Roderigo. Here, here! for heaven's sake, take me up.

Cassio. Here, here! a chair, a chair, a chair!

Iago. This is Othello's ancient, as I take it.

Lodovico. The same indeed; a very valiant gentleman.

Iago. What are you here, that cry of murder?

Cassio. What are you here, that cry of murder?

Iago. O, I am spoil'd, undone!

Cassio. Iago! O, I am spoil'd, undone!

Iago. Give me some help.

Cassio. O me, lieutenant! what villain has done this to me?

Iago. I think that one of them is a villain.

Cassio. And cannot make away.

Iago. O treacherous villain!

Cassio. What are you there? what are you there?

Iago. [To Lodovico and Gratiano.] What are you there? in, and give some help.

Roderigo. O, help me here.

Cassio. That's one of them.

Iago. O murderous slave!

Roderigo. O, damn'd Iago!

Cassio. O, O, O!

Iago. Kill men! 'tis the dark!—Where are the bloody thieves?—

How silent is this town!—He! he! he! murder!

What may you be? are you of good name?

Lodovico. As you shall prove us, good or bad.

Iago. Signior Lodovico!

Lodovico. He, sir.

Iago. I cry you mercy.

Graz. Cassio!

Iago. How is it, brother?

Cassio. My leg is cut in two.

Iago. Light, gentlemen; I'll bind it with a napkin.

Lodovico. What is the matter, Lodovico?

Iago. Who is't that cried?

Lodovico. O my dear Cassio!

Cassio. O Cassio, Cassio!

Iago. O notable strumpet!

Lodovico. Who they should be, that have thus abused me.

Cassio. No.

Graz. I am sorry to find you thus.

Iago. I am sorry to find you thus.

Lodovico. I am sorry to find you thus.

Cassio. I am sorry to find you thus.

Iago. I am sorry to find you thus.

Lodovico. I am sorry to find you thus.

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Lodovico. I am sorry to find you thus.

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Lodovico. I am sorry to find you thus.

Cassio. I am sorry to find you thus.

Iago. I am sorry to find you thus.

Oth. That handkerchief, which I so lov'd,
Thou gav'st to Cassio. [and gave thee]

Des. No, by my life and soul!
Send for the man, and ask him.

Oth. Sweet soul, take heed,
Take heed of perjury; thou'rt on thy death.

Des. Ay, but not yet to die. [bed.]

Oth. Yes, presently:
Therefore confess thee freely of thy sin;
For to deny each article with oath, [ception
Cannot remove, nor choke, the strong con-
That I do groan withal. Thou art to die.

Des. Then, Lord have mercy on me!

Oth. I say, amen.
Des. And have you mercy too!—I never did
Offend you in my life; never lov'd Cassio,
But with such general warranty of heaven
As I might love; I never gave him token.

Oth. By heaven, I saw my handkerchief in's
hand.

O perjur'd woman! thou dost stone my heart,
And mak'st me call, what I intend to do,
A murder, which I thought a sacrifice:
I saw the handkerchief.

Des. He found it, then;
I never gave it him:—send for him hither;
Let him confess a truth.

Oth. He hath confess'd.
Des. What, my lord?

Oth. That he hath—used thee.

Des. How? unlawfully?

Oth. Ay.
Des. He will not say so.

Oth. No, his mouth is stopp'd;
Honest Iago hath ta'en order for't. [dead?

Des. O, my fear interprets!—what, is he
Oth. Had all his hairs been lives, my great
Had stomach for them all. [revenge

Des. Alas, he is betray'd, and I undone!

Oth. Out, strumpet! weep'st thou for him
to my face?

Des. O, banish me, my lord, but kill me not!

Oth. Down, strumpet!

Des. Kill me to-morrow; let me live to-
Oth. Nay, if you strive,— [night!

Des. But half an hour!

Oth. Being done,
There is no pause.

Des. But while I say one prayer!

Oth. It is too late. [Smothers her.

Emil. [Within.] My lord, my lord! what,
ho! my lord, my lord!

Oth. What noise is this!—Not dead? not
yet quite dead?

I, that am cruel, am yet merciful;
I would not have thee linger in thy pain:

So, so. [lord!

Emil. [Within.] What, ho! my lord, my
Oth. Who's there?

Emil. [Within.] O, good my lord, I would
speak a word with you! [dead.—

Oth. Yes:—'tis Emilia:—by and by.—She's
'Tis like she comes to speak of Cassio's death;
The noise was high.—Ha! no more moving!

Still as the grave.—Shall she come in?—What's
good?

I think she stirs again:—no.—What's her
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 adfrighted

Should yawn at alteration. I do beseech you

Emil. [Within.] O, good my lord, I would
That I may speak with you, O, come in, come in

Oth. I had forgot thee: O, come in, come in
Soft,—by and by:—let me the curtains draw

Where art thou? [Unlocks the door.]
What's the matter with these men?

Emil. O, my good lord, yonder's foul murder
Oth. What, now?

Emil. But now, my lord,
Oth. It is the very error of the moon;
She comes more near the earth than usual

And makes men mad.
Emil. Cassio, my lord, has kill'd

Call'd Roderigo. Roderigo kill'd!

Oth. Roderigo kill'd!

And Cassio kill'd! No, Cassio is not kill'd

Emil. Not Cassio kill'd! then murder's done
of tune,

And sweet revenge grows harsh.
Des. O, falsely, falsely murder'd!

Emil. Alas, what cry is that?
Oth. That! what!

Emil. Out, and alas! that was my
Help! help, ho! help!—O lady, speak

Sweet Desdemona! O sweet mistress, speak
Des. A guiltless death I die. O, who hath

Emil. This deed?

Des. Nobody; I myself. Forgive
Commend me to my kind lord: O heaven

Oth. Why, how should she be murder'd?
Emil. Alas, who

Oth. You heard her say herself, it was
Emil. She said so: I must needs believe

truth.
Oth. She's, like a liar, gone to burn

"Twas I that kill'd her. O, the more angry

Emil. And you the blacker devil!

Oth. She turn'd to folly, and she was
whore.

Emil. Thou dost belie her, and thou art
Oth. She was false as water.

Emil. Thou art rash as fire, to say
That she was false: O, she was heaven-sent

Oth. Cassio did top her; ask thy
elate.

O, I were damn'd beneath all depths in hell,
But that I did proceed upon just grounds

To this extremity. Thy husband!

Emil. My husband!

Oth. Thy husband.

That she was false to wedlock!
 Ay, with Cassio. Nay, had she been
 would make me such another world
 alive and perfect chrysolite,
 have sold her for it.
 My husband!
 Ay, 'twas he that told me first:
 man he is, and hates the slime
 of filthy deeds.

What needs this iteration, woman? I
 thy husband. [with love!
 O mistress, villainy hath made mocks
 I said she was false!
 He, woman;
 thy husband: dost understand the word!
 If he say so, may his pernicious soul
 find a grain a day! he lies to the heart:
 too fond of her most filthy bargain.

Do thy worst:
 of thine is no more worthy heaven,
 than wast worthy her.

Peace! you were best.
 Thou hast not half the power to do

me harm,
 as to be hurt. O gull! O dolt!
 I have to do with dirt! thou hast done a deed,—
 for thy sword; I'll make thee known,
 I lost twenty lives.—Help! help, ho!

murder!
 They have kill'd my mistress! Murder!
 Montano, Gratiano, and Iago.

What is the matter? How now,
 general!

O, are you come, Iago? you have done
 must lay their murders on your neck.

What is the matter?
 Disprove this villain, if thou be'st a

man:
 says thou told'st him that his wife was

false!
 thou didst not, thou'rt not such a

villain:
 for my heart is full. I told him what I thought; and told

no more
 what he found himself was apt and true.

But did you ever tell him she was
 I did.

You told a lie; an odious, damned
 soul, a lie; a wicked lie:— [lie;
 false with Cassio!—Did you say with

Cassio? [your tongue.
 I will not charm my tongue; I am

bound to speak:
 O heavens! here lies murder'd in her bed,—

And your reports have set the murder
 on.

Nay, stare not, masters: it is true,
 'Tis a strange truth— [indeed.
 O monstrous act!

Emil. Villainy, villainy, villainy!
 I think upon't,—I think,—I smell't; O vil-
 lainy!

I thought so then;—I'll kill myself for grief:—
 O villainy, villainy! [get you home.

Iago. What, are you mad? I charge you,
Emil. Good gentlemen, let me have leave
 to speak:

'Tis proper I obey him, but not now.—
 Perchance, Iago, I will ne'er go home.

Oth. O! O! O! [Falling 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. O, she was fond!—
 [Rising.

I scarce did know you, uncle: there lies your
 niece,

Whose breath, indeed, these hands have newly
 stopp'd:

I know, this act shows terrible and grim.
Gra. Poor Desdemona! I am glad thy
 father's dead.

Thy match was mortal to him, and pure grief
 Shore his old thread in twain: did he live now,
 This sight would make him do a desperate turn,
 Yea, curse his better angel from his side,
 And fall to reprobation.

Oth. 'Tis pitiful; but yet Iago knows
 That she with Cassio hath the act of shame
 A thousand times committed; Cassio con-
 fess'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. 'Twill out, 'twill out:—I hold my
 peace, sir? no;

I'll be in speaking liberal as the air:
 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 offers to stab his wife.
 Fie!

Gra. Your sword upon a woman!
Emil. O thou dull Moor! that handker-
 chief thou speak'st of,

I found by fortune, and did give my husband;
 For often, with a solemn earnestness,
 More than, indeed, belong'd to such a trifle,
 He begg'd of me to steal it.

Iago. Villainous whore!
Emil. She gave it Cassio! no, alas! I found
 And I did give't my husband. [ll,

Iago. Filth, thou liest!
Emil. By heaven, I do not, I do not, gentle-
 men.

O murderous coxcomb! what should such a
 Do with so good a wife? [fool

[Iago slabs Emilia; runs out.

Oth. Are there no stones in heaven,
But what serve for the thunder!—Precious
villain!

Gra. The woman falls; sure, he has kill'd
his wife.

Emil. Ay, ay: O, lay me by my mistress'
Gra. He's gone, but his wife's kill'd. [side.

Mon. 'Tis a notorious villain. Take you
this weapon,

Which I have here recover'd from the Moor:
Come, guard the door without; let him not
pass,

But kill him rather. I'll after that same vil-
For 'tis a damned slave. [lain,

[*Exeunt Montano and Gratiano,*

Oth. I am not valiant neither,
But every puny whipster gets my sword:
But why should honour outlive honesty?
Let it go all.

Emil. What did thy song bode, lady?
Hark, canst thou hear me? I will play the
swan,

And die in music:—"Willow, willow, wil-
low."

Moor, she was chaste; she lov'd thee, cruel
Moor;

So come my soul to bliss, as I speak true:
So speaking as I think, I die,—I die. [*Dies.*

Oth. I have another weapon in this chamber;
It is a sword of Spain, the ice-brook's tem-
per:

O, here it is.—Uncle, I must come forth.

Gra. [*Within.*] If thou attempt it, it will
cost thee dear;

Thou hast no weapon, and perforce must suffer.

Oth. Look in upon me, then, and speak with
Or, naked as I am, I will assault thee. [*Ine,*

Re-enter Gratiano,

Gra. What is the matter?

Oth. Behold, I have a weapon;
A better never did itself sustain

Upon a soldier's thigh: I have seen the day,
That, with this little arm and this good sword,
I have made my way through more impedi-
ments

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
wretch!

Pale as thy smock! when we shall meet at
This look of thine will hurl my soul from
heaven,

And fiends will snatch at it. Cold, cold, my
Even like thy chastity.—O, curs'd slave!

Whip me, ye devils,
From the possession of this heavenly sight!
Blow me about in winds! roast me in sulphur!

Wash me in steep-down gulfs of all hell!—
O Desdemona! Desdemona! dead!

Enter Lodovico, Montano, Cassio, Roderigo,
a chair, and Officers, with Iago, Verona,

Lod. Where is this rash and most unhon-
our'd man?

Oth. That's he that was Othello;—
am.

Lod. Where is that viper?—bring the man
here.

Oth. I look down towards his cell:
That's a fable.—

If that thou be'st a devil, I cannot kill thee!

Lod. Wrench his sword from him!

Iago. I bleed, sir; but not hurt.

Oth. I am not sorry neither: I'd have
For, in my sense, 'tis happiness to die.

Lod. O thou Othello! that wert once a man,
Fall'n in the practice of a damned slave,

What shall be said to thee? Why, nothing.

Oth. An honourable murderer, if you will;
For nought did I in hate, but all in honour.

Lod. This wretch hath part confest of
villainy:

Did you and he consent in Cassio's death?

Oth. Ay.

Cas. Dear general, I never gave you
leave.

Oth. I do believe it, and I ask your pardon.

Will you, I pray, demand that bastard
Why he hath thus ensnar'd my soul and body?

Iago. Demand me nothing: what you know
you know:

From this time forth I never will speak
word.

Lod. What, not to pray?

Gra. Torments will ope your tongue.

Oth. Well, thou dost best.

Lod. Sir, you shall understand what he
means.

Which, as I think, you know not. His
letter,

Found in the pocket of the slain Roderigo,
And here another: the one of them
The death of Cassio to be underlook'd
By Roderigo.

Oth. O villain!

Cas. Most heathenish, and most
discontented!

Lod. Now, here's another discontented
Found in his pocket too; and this, it
Roderigo meant to have sent this villain
villain:

But that, belike, Iago in the interim
Came in and satisfied him.

Oth. O, the pernicious
How came you, Cassio, by that handkerchief?

That was my wife's? I found it in my chamber.

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!
Cas. There is, besides, in Roderigo's letter,
How he upbraids Iago, that he made him
Brave me upon the watch; whereas, it was
That I was cast; and even but now he

long seeming dead,—Iago hurt him,
[with us :
Lod. You must forsake this room, and go
your power and your command is taken off,
Castro rules in Cyprus. For this slave,
there be any cunning cruelty [long,
can torment him much, and hold him
shall be his. You shall close prisoner rest,
that the nature of your fault be known
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 it ;—
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
me that lov'd, not wisely, but too well ;
one not easily jealous, but, being wrought,
replev'd in the extreme ; of one, whose hand,
like the base Indian, threw a pearl away,
worse than all his tribe ; of one, whose sub-
lim'd eyes,
thrust unused to the melting mood,
drop tears as fast as the Arabian trees

Their medicinal gum. Set you down this ;
And say, besides,—that in Aleppo once,
Where a malignant and a turban'd Turk
Beat a Venetian, and traduc'd the state,
I took by the throat the circumcised dog,
And smote him—thus. [Stabs himself.]

Lod. O bloody period !

Gra. All that's spoke is marr'd.

Oth. I kiss'd thee, ere I kill'd thee :—no way
but this,

Killing myself, to die upon a kiss. [Dies.]

Cas. This did I fear, but thought he had no
weapon ;

For he was great of heart.

Lod. [To Iago.] O Spartan dog,
More fell than anguish, hunger, or the sea !
Look on the tragic loading of this bed ;
This is thy work : the object poisons sight ;
Let it be hid.—Gratiano, keep the house,
And seize upon the fortunes of the Moor,
For they succeed on you.—To you, lord
governor,
Remains the censure of this hellish villain ;
The time, the place, the torture,—O, enforce it !
Myself will straight abroad ; and to the state
This heavy act with heavy heart relate.

[Exeunt.]

TITUS ANDRONICUS.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Saturninus, Son to the late Emperor of Rome, and afterwards declared Emperor.

Bassianus, Brother to Saturninus; in love with Lavinia.

Titus Andronicus, A Roman Patrician General against the Goths.

Marcus Andronicus, Tribune of the People; and Brother to Titus.

Lucius, Quintus, } Sons to Titus Andronicus.

Martius, Mutius, } cus,

Young Lucius, a Boy, Son to Lucius.

Publius, Son to Marcus, the Tribune.

Sempronius, } Kinsmen of Titus.

Caius, }

Valentine, }

Æmilius, a noble Roman.

Alarbus, } Sons to Tamora.

Demetrius, }

Chiron, } beloved by Tamora.

Aaron, a Moor, Messenger, and Clown.

A Captain, Tribune, Messenger, and Clown.

Romans.

Goths and Romans.

Tamora, Queen of the Goths.

Lavinia, Daughter to Titus Andronicus.

A Nurse, and a black Child.

Senators, Tribunes, Officers, Soldiers, and

Attendants.

SCENE.—Rome, and the Country near it.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—Rome. Before the Capitol.

The tomb of the Andronici appearing; the Tribunes and Senators aloft. Enter, below, Saturninus and his followers, on one side, and Bassianus and his followers, on the other; with drum and colours.

Sat. Noble patricians, patrons of my right,
Defend the justice of my cause with arms;
And, countrymen, my loving followers,
Plead my successive title with your swords:
I am his first-born son, that was the last
That wore the imperial diadem of Rome;
Then let my father's honours live in me,
Nor wrong mine age with this indignity.

Bas. Romans, friends, followers, favourers
If ever Bassianus, Cæsar's son, [of my 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.

Mar. Princes, that strive by factions and by friends

Ambitiously for rule and empery,
Know that the people of Rome, for whom we stand

A special party, have, by common voice,
In election for the Roman empery,
Chosen Andronicus, surnamed Pius,

For many good and great deserts to Rome;
A nobler man, a braver warrior,
Lives not this day within the city walls:
He by the senate is accited home,
From weary wars against the barbarous Goths,
That, with his sons, a terror to our foes,
Hath yok'd a nation strong, train'd up in arms,
Ten years are spent since first he undertook
This cause of Rome, and chastised with arms
Our enemies' pride: five times he hath returned
Bleeding to Rome, bearing his valiant soul
In coffins from the field;
And now at last, laden with honour's spoils,
Returns the good Andronicus to Rome,
Renowned Titus, flourishing in arms,
Let us entreat,—by honour of his name,
Whom worthily you would have now succeed
And in the Capitol and senate's right,
Whom you pretend to honour and adore,
That you withdraw you, and abate your
strength;

Dismiss your followers, and, as suitors should,
Plead your deserts in peace and humbleness.

Sat. How fair the tribune speaks to suit
my thoughts!

Bas. Marcus Andronicus, so I do assay
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 humbly bent,
Gracious Lavinia, Rome's rich ornament,
That I will here dismiss my loving friends,
And to my fortunes, and the people's choice,
Commit my cause in balance to be weigh'd.
[Exit the followers of Bassianus]

Friends, that have been thus forward
To my right,
To you all, and here dismiss you all;
To the love and favour of my country
Myself, my person, and the cause.
(Exit the followers of Saturninus.)
He is as just and gracious unto me,
The gates, and kind to thee.
And let me in.
And me, a poor competitor.
(Flourish.) Sat. and Bir. go up into the Capitol.

SCENE II.—The Same.

Enter a Captain and others.

Romans, make way: the good Andronicus, Rome's best champion, is in the battles that he fights, and with fortune is return'd to yoke, the enemies of Rome. *(Enter Martius and others.)* After them, two men bearing a coffin covered with black; then Lucius and Titus Andronicus; and then Tamora, with Alarbus, Chiron, Demetrius, Aaron, and other Goths, prisoners. Soldiers and people following. The bearers set down the coffin, and Titus Andronicus, victorious in thy mourning weeds, that hath discharg'd her freight, with precious lading to the bay, whose at first she weigh'd her anchorage, Andronicus, bound with laurel boughs, to bring his country with his tears, great joy for his return to Rome. Of five and twenty valiant sons, the number that king Priam had, that the poor remains, alive and dead, that I bring unto their latest home, I bury amongst their ancestors: my sword, my sword, and careless of thine own, I bury at thou thy sons, unburied yet, on the dreadful shore of Styx I lay them by their brethren.

(The tomb is opened.)
To sleep in peace, slain in your country's receptacle of my joys, [wars!
Of many sons of mine hast thou in store, that thou wilt never render to me more!
Give us the proudest prisoner of the Goths, who may have his limbs, and on a pile his father's sacrifice his flesh,

Before this earthy prison of their bones;
That so the shadows be not unappeas'd,
Nor we disturb'd with prodigies on earth.

Tit. I give him you, the noblest that sur-
The eldest son of this distressed queen. [vives,

Tam. Stay, Roman brethren! Gracious conqueror,

Victorious Titus, rue the tears I shed,
A mother's tears in passion for her son:
And, if thy sons were ever dear to thee,
O, think my son to be as dear to me!
Sufficeeth not, that we are brought to Rome,
To beautify thy triumphs and return,
Captive to thee and to thy Roman yoke;
But must my sons be slaughter'd in the streets,
For valiant doings in their country's cause?
O, if to fight for king and commonweal
Were piety in thine, it is in these.

Andronicus, stain not thy tomb with blood:
Wilt thou draw near the nature of the gods?
Draw near them, then, in being merciful:
Sweet mercy is nobility's true badge:
Thrice-noble Titus, spare my first-born son.

Tit. Patient yourself, madam, and pardon me. [beheld

These are their brethren, whom your Goths
Alive and dead; and for their brethren slain,
Religiously they ask a sacrifice:

To this your son is mark'd; and die he must,
To appease their groaning shadows that are gone. [straight]

Luc. Away with him! and make a fire
And with our swords, upon a pile of wood,
Let's hew his limbs till they be clean consum'd.

(Exit Lucius, Quintus, Martius, and Mutius, with Alarbus.)

Tam. O cruel, irreligious piety!

Chir. Was ever Scythia half so barbarous!

Dem. Oppose not Scythia to ambitious Rome.

Alarbus goes to rest; and we survive
To tremble under Titus' threatening look.
Then, madam, stand resolv'd; but hope withal,
The self-same gods, that arm'd the queen of
With opportunity of sharp revenge. [Troy
Upon the Thracian tyrant in his tent,
May favour Tamora, the queen of Goths,
(When Goths were Goths, and Tamora was queen.)

To quit the bloody wrongs upon her foes.

(Re-enter Lucius, Quintus, Martius, and Mutius, with their swords bloody.)

Luc. See, lord and father, how we have perform'd

Our Roman rites: Alarbus' limbs are lopp'd,
And entrails feed the sacrificing fire, [sky,
Whose smoke, like incense, doth perfume the
Remaineth nought, but to inter our brethren,
And with loud 'larums welcome them to Rome.

Tit. Let it be so; and let Andronicus
Make this his latest farewell to their souls.

(Trumpets sounded, and the coffins 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 dammed grudges ; here are no storms,

No noise, but silence and eternal sleep :

Enter Lavinia.

In peace and honour rest you here, my sons !

Lav. In peace and honour live lord Titus long ;

My noble lord and father, live in fame !
Lo, at this tomb my tributary tears
I render, for my brethren's obsequies ;
And at thy feet I kneel, with tears of joy,
Shed on the earth, for thy return to Rome :
O, bless me here with thy victorious hand,
Whose fortunes Rome's best citizens applaud !

Tit. Kind Rome, that has thus lovingly reserv'd

The cordial of mine age to glad my heart !

Lavinia, live ; outlive thy father's days,

And fame's eternal date, for virtue's praise !

Enter Marcus Andronicus, Saturninus, Bassianus, and others.

Mar. Long live lord Titus, my beloved brother,

Gracious triumpher in the eyes of Rome !

Tit. Thanks, gentle tribune, noble brother Marcus. [ful wurs,

Mar. And welcome, nephews, from success-
You that survive, and you that sleep in fame !
Fair lords, your fortunes are alike in all,
That in your country's service drew your swords :

But safer triumph is this funeral pomp,
That hath aspir'd to Solon's happiness,
And triumphs over chance in honour's bed.
Titus Andronicus, the people of Rome,
Whose friend in justice thou hast ever been,
Send thee by me, their tribune and their trust,
This palliant of white and spotless hue ;
And name thee in election for the empire,
With these our late-deceased emperor's sons :
Be *candidatus*, then, and put it on,
And help to set a head on headless Rome.

Tit. A better head her glorious body fits,
Than his, that shakes for age and feebleness ;
What should I don this robe, and trouble you ?
Be chosen with proclamations to-day,
To-morrow yield up rule, resign my life,
And set abroad new business for you all ?
Rome, I have been thy soldier forty years,
And led my country's strength successfully,
And buried one and twenty valiant sons,
Knights in field, slain manfully in arms,
In right and service of their noble country.
Give me a staff of honour for mine age,
But not a sceptre to control the world :
Upright he held it, lords, that held it last.

Mar. Titus, thou shalt obtain and ask the empery.

Sat. Proud and ambitious tribune, canst thou

Tit. Patience, prince Saturninus. [tell]

Sat.

Patricians, draw your swords, and slay
them not

Till Saturninus be Rome's emperor,
Andronicus, would thou wert slipp'd to hell,
Rather than rob me of the people's hearts !

Luc. Proud Saturnine, interpreter of
good

That noble-minded Titus means to thee !

Tit. Content thee, prince ; I will not move
thee

The people's hearts, and wear them from their
selves.

Bas. Andronicus, I do not flatter thee,
But honour thee, and will do till I die.
My faction if thou strengthen with thy friends,
I will most thankful be ; and thanks to me
Of noble minds, is honourable reward.

Tit. People of Rome, and people's tribune,
I ask your voices and your suffrages : [long]

Will you bestow them friendly on Andronicus,
Tribune. To gratify the good Andronicus,

And gratulate his safe return to Rome,
The people will accept when he admits.

Tit. Tribunes, I thank you ; and this I
I make,

That you create your emperor's eldest son,
Lord Saturnine ; whose virtues will, I hope,

Reflect on Rome, as Titus'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 em-
peror !"

Mar. With voices and applause of Rome,
Patricians and plebeians, we create

Lord Saturninus Rome's great emperor, [long]

And say,—"Long live our emperor [A loud flourish]

nine !"

Sat. Titus Andronicus, for thy love and
To us in our election this day,

I give thee thanks in part of thy demands,
And will with deeds requite thy gentleness.

And, for an onset, Titus, to advance
Thy name and honourable family,

Lavinia will I make my empress,
Rome's royal mistress, mistress of my bed.

And in the sacred Pantheon her espousal
Tell me, Andronicus, doth this motion please
thee ?

Tit. It doth, my worthy lord ; and is
match

I hold me highly honour'd of your grace,
And here, in sight of Rome, to Saturninus

King and commander of our commonwealth
The wide world's emperor, do I present

My sword, my chariot, and my person
Presents well worthy Rome's inspired lord.

Receive them, then, the tribute that I owe,
Mine honour's ensigns humbled at thy feet.

Sat. Thanks, noble Titus, father of my
How proud I am of thee and of thy name,
Rome shall record ; and, when I do forget
The least of these unspeakable deserts,
Romans, forget your fealty to me.

[To TAMORA.] Now, madam, are you
 answer to an emperor ;
 But, for your honour and your state,
 you nobly, and your followers,
 a goodly lady, trust me ; of the hus-
 band would choose, were I to choose anew.—
 fair queen, that cloudy countenance :
 chance of war hath wrought this
 change of cheer,
 I shall be thy usage every way.
 my word, and let not discontent
 all your hopes : madam, he comforts
 you greater than the queen of
 you are not displeased with this !
 Not I, my lord ; with true nobility
 these words in princely courtesy.
 Thanks, sweet Lavinia.—Romans, let
 us go ;
 here we set our prisoners free ;
 our honours, lords, with trump and
 drum. *[Flourish. Saturninus courts
 Tamora in dumb show.]*
 Lord Titus, by your leave, this maid
 is mine. *[Seizing Lavinia.]*
 Now, sir ! Are you in earnest, then,
 my lord ?
 Ay, noble Titus ; and resolv'd withal,
 to myself this reason and this right.
[peror's guard ?]
[peror's guard ?]
 justice is our Roman justice :
 And that he will, and shall, if Lucius
 Traitors, avaunt ! Where is the em-
 peror's guard ?
 my lord, Lavinia is surpris'd !
 By whom ?
 By him that justly may
 be robb'd from all the world away.
*[Exeunt Marcus and Bassianus,
 with Lavinia.]*
 Brothers, help to convey her hence
 away ;
 with my sword I'll keep this door safe.
[Exeunt Lucius, Quintus, and Martius.]
 Follow, my lord, and I'll soon bring
 my lord, you pass not here.
 What, villain boy !
 my way in Rome !
[Stabbing Mutius.]
 Help, Lucius, help !
[Dict.]
Re-enter Lucius.
 My lord, you are unjust ; and, more
 than so,
 Nor thou, nor he, are any sons of
 mine ;
 would never so dishonour me :
 restore Lavinia to the emperor.
 I'll lead, if you will ; but not to be his
 another's lawful promis'd love. *[wife,
 Exit.]*

Sat. No, Titus, no ; the emperor needs her
 Nor her, nor thee, nor any of thy stock : [not,
 I'll trust, by leisure, him that mocks me once ;
 These never, nor thy trait'rous haughty sons,
 Confederates all thus to dishonour me.
 Was none in Rome to make a stale,
 But Saturnine ! Full well, Andronicus,
 Agreed these deeds with that proud brag of
 thine,

That saidst, I begg'd the empire at thy hands.

Tit. O monstrous ! what reproachful words
 are these ! *[ing piece]*

Sat. But go thy ways : go, give that change-
 To him that flourish'd for her with his sword ;
 A valiant son-in-law thou shalt enjoy :
 One fit to bandy with thy lawless sons,
 To ruffle in the commonwealth of Rome.

Tit. These words are razors to my wounded
 heart.

Sat. And therefore, lovely Tamora, queen
 of Goths, *[nymphs,*

That, like the stately Phœbe 'mongst her
 Dost overshadow the gallant'st dames of Rome,
 If thou be pleas'd with this my sudden choice,
 Behold, I choose thee, Tamora, for my bride,
 And will create thee empress of Rome.
 Speak, queen of Goths, dost thou applaud my
 choice ?

And here I swear by all the Roman gods,
 Sith priest and holy water are so near,
 And tapers burn so bright, and everything
 In readiness for Hymeneus stand.
 I will not re-salute the streets of Rome,
 Or climb my palace, till from forth this place
 I lead espous'd my bride along with me.

Tam. And here, in sight of Heaven, to
 Rome I swear,
 If Saturnine advance the queen of Goths,
 She will a handmaid be to his desires,
 A loving nurse, a mother to his youth.

Sat. Ascend, fair queen, Pantheon.—Lords,
 accompany

Your noble emperor and his lovely bride,
 Sent by the heavens for prince Saturnine,
 Whose wisdom hath her fortune conquered :
 There shall we consummate our spousal rites ;

*[Exeunt Saturninus and his followers ; Ta-
 mora, and her sons ; Aaron and Collis.]*

Tit. I am not bid to wait upon this bride :—
 Titus, when wert thou wont to walk alone,
 Dishonour'd thus, and challeng'd of wrongs !
*Re-enter Marcus, Lucius, Quintus, and
 Martius.*

Mar. O Titus, see, O see what thou hast
 In a bad quarrel slain a virtuous son. *[done !]*
Tit. No, foolish tribune, no ; no son of
 mine,—

Nor thou, nor these, confederates in the deed
 That hath dishonour'd all our family ;
 Unworthy brother, and unworthy sons !

Luc. But let us give him burial, as becomes ;
 Give Mutius burial with our brethren.

Tit. Traitors, away ! he rests not in this
 tomb :

And father and his traitorous sons,
I sued for my dear son's life;
And they know what 'tis to let a queen
Come, come, sweet emperor,—come,
Andronicus;
[Heart
in this good old man, and cheer the
in tempest of thy angry frown.
Rise, Titus, rise; my empress hath
perish'd.]

I thank your majesty, and her, my lord;
These looks, these looks, infuse new life in me.
Thus, I am incorporate in Rome,
As now adopted happily.

Must advise the emperor for his good.
I'll all quarrels die, Andronicus;
It be mine honour, good my lord,
I have reconcil'd your friends and you.

prince Bassianus, I have pass'd
and promise to the emperor,
I will be more mild and tractable:
not, lords; and you, Lavinia,
advise, all humbled on your knees,
I shall ask pardon of his majesty.

We do; and vow to heaven, and to his
highness,
That we did wax mildly as we might,
our sister's honour and our own.

But, that, on mine honour, here I do pro-
test,
I say, and talk not; trouble us no more.
I say, nay, sweet emperor, we must all
be friends;

And his nephews kneel for grace;
I will not be denied. Sweet heart, look back;
Marcus, for thy sake, and thy brother's
my lovely Tamora's entreats, [here,
I will omit these young men's heinous faults:

And, though you left me like a churl,
I am a friend; and sure as death I swore,
I will not set part a bachelor from the priest.

If the emperor's court can scant two
brides,
I am my guest, Lavinia, and your friends:
To-morrow, an it please your majesty
I will hunt the panther and the hart with me,
and hound we'll give your grace

bed. He it so, Titus, and gramercy too.
[Exeunt.]

ACT II.

Before the Palace.

Now climbeth Tamora Olympus' top,
And sits aloft,
And looks down on Fortune's crack and lightning flash:
Above pale envy's threatening reach,
The golden sun salutes the morn,
And, hailing, bids the ocean with his beams,

Gallops the zodiac in his glistering coach,
And overlooks the highest-peering hills;
So Tamora:
Upon her wit doth earthly honour wait,
And virtue stoops and trembles at her frown.

Then, Aaron, arm thy heart, and fit thy
thoughts,
To mount aloft with thy imperial mistress,
And mount her pitch, whom thou in triumph
long

Hast prisoner held, fetter'd in amorous chains,
And faster bound to Aaron's charming eyes,
Than is Prometheus tied to Caucasus.

Away with slavish weeds, and servile thoughts!
I will be bright, and shine in pearl and gold,
To wait upon this new-made empress.

To wait, said I! to wanton with this queen,
This goddess, this Semiramis, this nymph,
This syren, that will charm Rome's Saturnine,
And see his shipwreck, and his commonweal's.

Holla! 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 grac'd;
And may, for aught thou know'st, affected be.

Chir. Demetrius, thou dost over-ween in all;
And so in this, to bear me down with braves.
'Tis not the difference of a year or two
Makes me less gracious, or thee more for-

I am as able and as fit as thou, [tunate;
To serve, and to deserve my mistress' grace;
And that my sword upon thee shall approve.

And plead my passions for Lavinia's love.
Aur. Clubs, clubs! these lovers will not
keep the peace. [advise'd,

Dem. Why, boy, although our mother, un-
gave you a dancing rapier by your side,
Are you so desperate grown, to threaten your
friends? [sheath,

Go to; have your lath glued within your
Till you know better how to handle it. [have,
Chir. Meanwhile, sir, with the little skill I
Full well shalt thou perceive how much I dare.

Dem. Ay, boy, grow ye so brave!
[They draw.

Aur. 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, [cerns;
The cause were known to them it most con-
nor would your noble mother for much more
Be so dishonour'd in the court of Rome.

For shame, put up.
Dem. Not I, till I have sheath'd
My rapier in his bosom, and withal
Thrust those reproachful speeches down his
throat,

That he hath breath'd in my dishonour here.
Chir. For that I am prepar'd and full resolv'd,
Fool-spoken coward, that thunder'st with thy
tongue,
And with thy weapon nothing dar'st perform.

Aar. Away, I say!
Now, by the gods that warlike Goths adore,
This pretty babble will undo us all.
Why, lords,—and think you not how dangerous
It is to put upon a prince's right?
What, is Lavinia, then, become so loose,
Or Bassianus so degenerate,
That for her loves such quarrels may be brouc'd,
Without contrivance, justice, or revenge?
Young lords, beware! an should the empress
know [please.
This discord's ground, the music would not
Chi. I care not, I, knew she and all the
world:

I love Lavinia more than all the world.

Dem. Youngling, learn thou to make some
meaner choice:

Lavinia is thine elder brother's hope.

Aar. Why, are ye mad? or know ye not, in
How furious and impatient they be, [Rome
And cannot brook competitors in love?
I tell you, lords, you do but plot your deaths
By this device.

Chi. Aaron, a thousand deaths
Would I propose, to achieve her whom I love.

Aar. To achieve her!—How?

Dem. Why ask'st thou it so strange?
She is a woman, therefore may be woo'd;
She is a woman, therefore may be won;
She is Lavinia, therefore must be lov'd.
What, man! more water glideth by the mill
Than wots the miller of; and easy it is
Of a cut loaf to steal a shive, we know:
Though Bassianus be the emperor's brother,
Better than he have worn Vulcan's badge.

Aar. Ay, and as good as Saturninus may.

Dem. Then, why should he despair, that
knows to court it

With words, fair looks, and liberality?
What, hast thou not full often struck a doe,
And borne her cleanly by the keeper's nose?

Aar. Why, then, it seems, some certain
Would serve your turns. [snatch or so

Chi. Ay, so the turn were serv'd.

Dem. Aaron, thou hast hit it.

Aar. Would you had hit it too;
Then should not we be tir'd with this ado.

Why, lark ye, lark ye, and are you such fools,
To square for this? Would it offend you, then,
That both should speed?

Chi. Faith, not me.

Dem. Nor me, so I were one.

Aar. For shame, be friends, and join for
that you jar:

'Tis policy and stratagem must do
That you affect; and so must you resolve,
That what you cannot as you would achieve,
You must perforce accomplish as you may.
Take this of me, Lucrece was not more chaste
Than this Lavinia, Bassianus' love,
A speedier course than lingering languishment
Must we pursue, and I have found the path.
My lords, a solemn hunting is in hand;
There will the lovely Roman ladies troop:

The forest walks are wide and spacious;
And many unfrequented plots there are,
Fitted by kind for rage and rivalry;
Single you thither, then, this dainty doe,
And strike her home by force, if not by wile;
This way, or not at all, stand you behest;
Come, come, our empress, with her sacred
To villainy and vengeance consecrate,
Will we acquaint with all that we intend;
And she shall file our engines with advice.
That will not suffer you to square your aims
But to your wishes' height advances you;
The emperor's court is like the house of a
The palace full of tongues, of eyes, and ears;
The woods are ruthless, dreadful, dead,
dull:

There speak, and strike, brave boys, and
your turns;

There serve your lust, shadow'd from heaven,
And revel in Lavinia's treasury.

Chi. Thy counsel, lad, smacks of uncowardice;
Dem. Sit fast and nefas, till I find the means
To cool this heat, a charm to calm these
Per Stygia, per manes echo.

Per Stygia, per manes echo.

SCENE II.—A Forest near Rome.
Horns and cry of hounds heard. Enter Titus,
Andronicus, with hunters, Lucius, Quintus, and Martius.

Tit. The hunt is up, the morn is bright and
grey,

The fields are fragrant, and the woods are
Uncouple here, and let us make a bay,
And wake the emperor and his lovely boy,
And rouse the prince, and rig a hunter's
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 morn,
But dawning day new comfort hath brought me.

[A cry of hounds and horns heard.]
Enter Saturninus, Tamora, Bassianus, Titus,
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 pack;
Somewhat too early for new-married
Bassianus, how say you?

Lav. I say, my lord,
I have been broad awake two hours and more,
Sat. Come on, then; horse and chariot.

us have,
And to our sport.—[To Tamora.] Now shall you
Our Roman hunting.

Mar. I have dogs, my lord,
Will rouse the proudest panther in the wood,
And climb the highest promontory by the
And I have horse will follow
Makes way, and run like swallows
plain.

Dem. [Aside.] Chiron, we hunt not
But hope to pluck a dainty doe to

Iasciuous 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.

Chi. And this for me, struck home to show
my strength.

Lav. Ay, come, Semiramis, nay, barbarous
Tamora,
For no name fits thy nature but thy own.

Tam. Give me thy poniard; you shall know,
my boys,
Your mother's hand shall right your mother's
wrong.

Dem. Stay, madam, here is more belongs to
First, thrash the corn, then after burn the
This minion stood upon her chastity, [straw]
Upon her nuptial vow, her loyalty,
And with that painted hope braves your
mightiness:

And shall she carry this unto her grave!

Chi. An if she do, I would I were a eunuch.
Drag hence her husband to some secret hole,
And make his dead trunk pillow to our lust.

Tam. But when ye have the honey ye desire,
Let not this wasp outlive, us both to sting.

Chi. I warrant you, madam, we will make
that sure.

Come, mistress, now perforce we will enjoy
That nice preserved honesty of yours. [face,—

Lav. O Tamora! thou burst a woman's
Tam. I will not hear her speak; away with
her!

Lav. Sweet lords, entreat her hear me but a
word.

Dem. Listen, fair madam: let it be your
glory

To see her tears; but be your heart to them,
As unrelenting flint to drops of rain.

Lav. When did the tiger's young ones teach
the dam!

O, do not learn her wrath, she taught it thee;
The milk thou suck'dst from her did turn to
marble;

Even at thy teat thou hadst thy tyranny.
Yet every mother breeds not sons alike:

[To Chiron.] Do thou entreat her show a
woman pity.

Chi. What, wouldst thou have me prove
myself a bastard?

Lav. 'Tis true, the raven doth not hatch a
Yet have I heard,—O, could I find it now:—
The lion, moved with pity, did endure
To have his princely paws par'd all away:
Some say that ravens foster forlorn children,
The whilst their own birds furnish in their
nests:

O, be to me, though thy hard heart say no,
Nothing so kind, but something pitiful.

Tam. I know not what it means: away with
her!

Lav. O let me teach thee! by my father's
sake,

That gave thee life, when will he might have
slain thee,

Be not obdurate, open thy dear ears.
Tam. Hadst thou in person us'd our father's
Even for his sake am I pitiless.

Remember, boys, I pour'd forth tears in
To save your brother from the scorpion's
But fierce Andronici would not relent:

Therefore, away with her, and use her as
The worse to her, the better lov'd of me.

Lav. O Tamora, be call'd a gentle woman
And with thine own hands kill me in this prison:
For 'tis not life that I have begg'd or long
Poor I was slain when Bassianus died.

Tam. What begg'st thou, then? I found you
let me go.

Lav. 'Tis present death I beg; and death
more,

That womanhood denies my tongue to tell
O, keep me from their worse than filth
And tumble me into some loathsome pit,
Where never man's eye may behold me.

Do this, and be a charitable monster:
Tam. So should I rob my sweet son of his
No, let them satisfy their lust on thee.

Dem. Away! for thou hast stay'd too long,
too long.

Lav. No grace! no womanhood!
beastly creature!

The blot and enemy to our general name
Confusion fall—

Chi. Nay, then I'll stop your mouths.
This is the hole where Aaron hid us [voice]
[Demetrius throws the body of Bassianus
the pit: then exclaimeth Demetrius]
Chiron, dragging off Lavinia.

Tam. Farewell, my sons: see, that you
her sure:

Ne'er let my heart know merry cheer
Till all the Andronici be made away.

Now will I hence to seek my lovely boy
And let my epicureal sons this truth

SCENE IV.—The Same.

Enter Aaron, with Quintus and Marcius.
Aar. Come on, my lords, the better
before:

Straight will I bring you to the loathsome
Where I espied the panther fast asleep.

Quin. My night is very dull, what
bodes.

Mart. And mine, I promise you:—
Well could I leave our sport to sleep

Quin. What art thou fallen?

Whose mouth is cover'd with red
briars,

Upon whose leaves are drops of
blood,

As fresh as morning's dew distill'd on
leaves!

And place it seems to me. [fall!]
brother, hast thou hurt thee with the
brother, with the diabolical object

eye with sight made heart lament.
[voice.] Now will I fetch the king to
him here,

thence may give a likely guess,
were they that made away his
brother.

Why dost not comfort me, and help
out.

an hollow'd and blood-stained hole?
I am surprised with an uncouth fear;
I cannot stand or run my trembling joints;
I suspect more than my eye can see.

To prove thou hast a true-divining
heart,

look down into this den,
a fearful sight of blood and death.

Aaron is gone; and my compassion—
peril mine eyes once to behold
whereat it trembles at surmise:
how it is, for ne'er till now
I could, to fear I know not what.

Lo! Bassianus lies embrew'd here,
like to a slaughter'd lamb,
dark, blood-drinking pit.

If it be dark, how dost thou know
his?

Upon his bloody finger he doth wear
a ring, that lightens all the hole,
like a taper in some monument,
upon the dead man's earthly cheeks,
the caged entrails of the pit:
by night lay bath'd in maiden blood.

help me with thy fainting hand,—
make thee faint, as me it hath,—
as Coereus' misty month.

reach me thy hand, that I may help
the out:

strength to do thee so much good,
I hap'd into the swallowing womb
my pit, poor Bassianus' grave.

strength to pluck thee to the brink.
No! I no strength to climb without
thy help.

The hand once more; I will not loose
thine art here aloft, or I below: [again,
I will not come to me: I come to thee.

Falls in.
Re-enter Aaron with Saturninus.

Along with me: I'll see what hole is
that now is leap'd into it.

the hollow of the earth?

The unhappy son of old Andronicus;
in a most unlucky hour,
my brother Bassianus dead.

Just;
my brother dead! I know thou dost but

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. [alive;

Mart. We know not where you left him all
But, out alas! here have we found him dead.

*Enter Tamora, with Attendants; Titus
Andronicus, and Lucius.*

Tam. Where is my lord, the king?

Sat. Here, Tamora; though griev'd with
killing grief.

Tam. Where is thy brother Bassianus?

Sat. Now to the bottom dost thou search
my wound:

Poor Bassianus here lies murdered.
Tam. Then, all too late I bring this fatal
writ,

[Giving a letter.
The comploit of this timeless tragedy;
And wonder greatly, that man's face can fold
In pleasing smiles such murderous tyranny.

Sat. [Reads.] "And if we miss to meet him
handsomely,

Sweet huntsman, Bassianus 'tis we mean,
Do thou so much as dig the grave for him;
Thou know'st our meaning. Look for thy
reward

Among the nettles at the elder-tree,
Which overshades the mouth of that same pit,
Where we decreed to bury Bassianus.

Do this, and purchase us thy lasting friends."

O Tamora! was ever heard the like?

This is the pit, and this the elder-tree;

Look, sirs, if you can find the huntsman out,
That should have murder'd Bassianus here.

Aar. My gracious lord, here is the bag of
gold.

Sat. [To Titus.] Two of thy whelps, fell curs
of bloody kind,

Have here bereft my brother of his life.
Sirs, drag them from the pit unto the prison;
There let them bide, until we have devis'd
Some never-heard-of torturing pain for them.

Tam. What, are they in this pit? O
wondrous thing!

How easily murder is discovered!

Tit. High emperor, upon my feeble knee
I beg this boon, with tears not lightly shed,
That this fell fault of my accursed sons,—
Accursed, if the fault be prov'd in them,—

Sat. If it be prov'd! 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
fellow 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.

Tit. Andronicus, I will entreat the king:
Fear not thy sons; they shall do well enough.
Tit. Come, Lucina, come; stay not to talk
with them. [Exit severally.]

SCENE V.—*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, an if thy tongue can
speak, [these]
Who 'twas that cut thy tongue, and ravish'd
Chi. Write down thy mind, bewray the
meaning so,
An if thy stumps will let thee play the scribe.

Dem. See, how with signs and tokens she
can scrawl. [thy hands.]

Chi. Go home, call for sweet water, wash
Dem. She hath no tongue to call, nor hands
to wash;

And so let's leave her to her silent walks.
Chi. An 'twere my ease, I should go hang
myself. [the cord.]

Dem. If thou hadst hands to help thee knit
[Exit Demetrius and Chiron.]
Enter Marcus, from hunting.

Mar. Who's this? my niece, that lies away
so fast!

Cousin, a word: where is your husband?
If I do dream, 'would all my wealth would
wake me!

If I do wake, some planet strike me down,
That I may slumber in eternal sleep!
Speak, gentle niece; what stern ungentle hands
Have lop'd and hew'd and made thy body bare
Of her two branches, those sweet ornaments,
Whose circling shadows kings have sought to
sleep in,

And might not gain so great a happiness,
As half thy love! Why dost not speak to me?
Alas, a crimson river of warm blood,
Like to a bubbling mountain stirr'd with wind,
Doth rise and fall between thy rosed lips,
Coming and going with thy honey breath.
But, sure, some Tereus hath deflower'd thee,
And, lest thou shouldst detect him, cut thy
tongue.

Ah, now thou turn'st away thy face for shame!
And, notwithstanding all this loss of blood,
As from a conduit with three issuing spouts,
Yet do thy cheeks look red as Titan's face
Blushing to be encounter'd with a cloud.
Shall I speak for thee? shall I say 'tis so?
O, that I knew thy heart; and knew the beast,
That I might rail at him, to ease my mind!
Sorrow conceal'd, like an oven stopp'd,
Doth burn the heart to cinders where it is.
Fair Philomela, she but lost her tongue,
And in a tedious sampler sew'd her mind:
But, lovely niece, that mean is cut from thee;
A craftier Tereus, cousin, hast thou met,
And he hath cut those pretty fingers off,
That could have better sew'd than Philomel.
O, had the monster seen those lily hands

Tremble, like aspen leaves, upon a lute,
And make the silken strings delight to

them,
He would not, then, have touch'd them.
Or, had he heard the heavenly harmony
Which that sweet tongue hath made,
He would have dropp'd his knife, and fell
As Cerberus at the Thracian poet's feet.
Come, let us go, and make thy father's eyes
For such a sight will blind a father's eyes.
One hour's storm will drown the

meads;
What will whole months of tears the
Do not draw back, for we will mourn with thee.
O, could our mourning ease thy misery!

ACT III.

SCENE I.—*Rome.*

Enter Senators, Tribunes, and Officers
Justice, with Martins and Quintus
passing on to the place of execution,
going before, pleading.

Tit. Hear me, grave fathers! noble
stay!

For pity of mine age, whose youth was
In dangerous wars, whilst you were
For all my blood in Rome's great

shed;
For all the frosty nights that I have
And for these bitter tears, which now
Filling the aged wrinkles in my cheek,
Be pitiful to my condemned sons,
Whose souls are not corrupted as
For two and twenty sons I never
Because they died in honour's lot,
For these, these, tribunes, in the
[He throws himself on the ground.]

[The Judges pass by him.]
My heart's in languor, and my
Let my tears staunch the earth's dry
My sons' sweet blood will make it
lush. [Exit Senators.]

O earth, I will befriend thee more
Than that shall distil from these two
Than youthful April shall with all
In summer's drought, I'll drop
In winter with warm tears I'll
And keep eternal spring-time on
So thou refuse to drink my dear

Enter Lucius, with his sword.
O reverend tribunes! O gentle
Unbind my sons, reverse the doom
And let me say, that never wept
My tears are now prevailing o'er
Luc. O noble father, you have
The tribunes hear you not; we will
And you recount your sorrows to

Tit. Ah, Lucius, for thy
plead.
Grave tribunes, once more I entreat

My gracious lord, no tribune hears you
[hear.]
Why, 'tis no matter, man; if they did
would not mark me; or if they did mark,
I would not pity me; yet pleas'd I must,
I tell my sorrows to the stones;
though they cannot answer my distress,
in some sort they're better than the tri-
bunes.

That they will not intercept my tale:
I do weep, they humbly at my feet
my tears, and seem to weep with me;
they but attired in grave weeds,
could afford no tribune like to these,
in soft as wax, tribunes more hard
than stones:

Titus is silent, and offendeth not;
tribunes with their tongues doom men to
death.

Wherefore stand'st thou with thy weapon
drawn?
[Rites.]
To rescue my two brothers from their
which attempt the judges have pronounc'd
a dreadful doom of banishment. [Thee.]
O happy man! they have befriended
my noble Lucius, dost thou not perceive
home is but a wilderness of tigers!

I must prey; and Rome affords no prey
and mine: how happy art thou, then,
these devourers to be banish'd!—
Kiss Marcus and Lavinia.

Titus, prepare thy aged eyes to weep;
[Thee.]
I am so, thy noble heart to break:
Will it consume me? let me see it, then.

Why, Marcus, so she is.
Ah me, this object kills me!
[Thee.]
That hearted boy, arise, and look upon
Lavinia, what accursed hand [her.]
would thus handless in thy father's sight!

Foot bath added water to the sea,
a faggot to bright-burning Troy?
was at the height before thou can'st;
like Nilus, it disdaineth bounds.

A sword, I'll chop off my hands too;
they have fought for Rome, and all in
vain;

they have nurs'd this woe in feeding life;
these prayer have they been held up,
they have serv'd me to effectual use:

all the service I require of them,
that the one will help to cut the other.
Lavinia, that thou hast no hands;
to do Rome service, are but vain.

Break, gentle sister, who hath martyr'd
[thoughts.]
O that delightful engine of her
solaced them with such pleasing eloquence,
forth that pretty hollow cage,
like a sweet melodious bird, it sung
varied notes, enchanting every ear.

Luc. O, say thou for her, who hath done
this deed? [park.]

Mar. O, thus I found her straying in the
Seeking to hide herself, as doth the deer,
That hath receiv'd some unrecuring wound.

Tit. It was my dear; and he that wounded
her

Hath hurt me more, than had he kill'd me
For now I stand as one upon a rock, [dead:]
Environ'd with a wilderness of sea; [wave:]
Who marks the waxing tide grow waves by
Expecting ever when some envious surge
Will in his brinish bowels swallow him.

This way to death my wretched sons are gone;
Here stands my other son, a banish'd man;
And here my brother, weeping at my woes:
But that which gives my soul the greatest spurn,
Is dear Lavinia, dearer than my soul.

Had I but seen thy picture in this plight,
It would have maddened me: what shall I do
Now I behold thy lovely body so?

Thou hast no hands to wipe away thy tears;
Nor tongue, to tell me who hath martyr'd thee:
Thy husband he is dead; and for his death
Thy brothers are condemn'd, and dead by this.
Look, Marcus! ah, son Lucius, look on her!
When I did name her brothers, then fresh
tears

stood on her cheeks, as doth the honey-dew
Upon a gather'd lily almost wither'd.

Mar. Perchance, she weeps because they
kill'd her husband;

Perchance, because she knows them innocent.

Tit. If they did kill thy husband, then be
joyful.

Because the law hath ta'en revenge on them.

No, no, they would not do so foul a deed;

Witness the sorrow that their sister makes.

Gentle Lavinia, let me kiss thy lips;

Or make some sign how I may do thee ease:

Shall thy good uncle, and thy brother Lucius,

And thou, and I, sit round about some foun-
tain,

Looking all downwards, to behold our cheeks

How they are stain'd like meadows yet not

With miry slime leften them by a flood? [dry:]

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.

Luc. Sweet father, cease your tears; for, at
your grief,

See how my wretched sister sobs and weeps.

Mar. Patience, dear niece. Good Titus, dry
thine eyes.

Tit. Ah, Marcus, Marcus! brother, well I
wot

Thy napkin cannot drink a tear of mine ;
For thou, poor man, hast drown'd it with
thine own.

Luc. Ah, my Lavinia, I will wipe thy cheeks.

Tit. Mark, Marcus, mark ! I understand her
signs :

Had she a tongue to speak, now would she
That to her brother which I said to thee :
His napkin, with his true tears all bewet,
Can do no service on her sorrowful cheeks.
O, what a sympathy of woe is this,
As far from help as Limbo is from bliss !

Enter Aaron.

Aar. Titus Andronicus, my lord the em-
peror
Sends thee this word,—that, if thou love thy
Let Marcus, Lucius, or thyself, old Titus,
Or any one of you, chop off your hand,
And send it to the king : he for the same,
Will send thee hither both thy sons alive ;
And that shall be the ransom for their fault.

Tit. O gracious emperor ! O gentle Aaron !
Did ever raven sing so like a lark,
That gives sweet tidings of the sun's uprise ?
With all my heart, I'll send the emperor
My hand :

Good Aaron, wilt thou help to chop it off ?

Luc. Stay, father ! for that noble hand of
thine,

That hath thrown down so many enemies,
Shall not be sent : my hand will serve the turn :
My youth can better spare my blood than you ;
And therefore mine shall save my brothers'
lives.

Mar. Which of your hands hath not de-
And rear'd aloft the bloody battle-axe,
Writing destruction on the enemy's castle ?
O, none of both but are of high desert :
My hand hath been but idle ; let it serve
To ransom my two nephews from their death ;
Then have I kept it to a worthy end.

Aar. Nay, come, agree whose hand shall
go along.

For fear they die before their pardon come.

Mar. 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.

Mar. 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

Luc. Then I'll go fetch an axe.

Mar. But I will use the axe.

[Exit Lucius and Marcus.]

Tit. Come hither, Aaron ; I'll deceive them
both :

Lend me thy hand, and I will give thee mine.

Aar. If that be call'd deceit, I will be hon-
And never, whilst I live, deceive men so : [Exit,

[Aside.] But I'll deceive you in another way,
And that you'll say, ere half an hour past.

[Exit of Titus.]

Re-enter Lucius and Marcus.

Tit. Now stay your strife : what shall I
is despatch'd.

Good Aaron, give his majesty my hand !
Tell him it was a hand that war'd him
From thousand dangers ; bid him bury it
More bath it merited, than let it have.
As for my sons, say I account of them
As jewels purchas'd at an easy price ;
And yet dear too, because I bought mine own.
Aar. I go, Andronicus : and for thy hand,
Look by and by to have thy sons with thee.

[Aside.] Their heads, I mean. O, how the
villainy
Doth fat me with the very thoughts of it !
Let fools do good, and fair men call for good.
Aaron will have his soul black like his face.

Tit. O, here I lift this one hand up to heaven,
And bow this feeble ruin to the earth,
If any power pities wretched tears,
To that I call !—[To Luc.] What, wilt thou
kneel with me ?

Do, then, dear heart ; for heaven shall hear
our prayers ;

Or with our sighs we'll breathe the welkin
And stain the sun with fog, as sometimes
When they do hug him in their melting tears.

Mar. O brother, speak with possibility
And do not break into these deep extremes.

Tit. Is not my sorrow deep, having
bottom ?

Then, be my passions bottomless with grief.

Mar. But yet let reason govern thy passion.

Tit. If there were reason for these tears,
Then into limits could I bind my woe ;
When heaven doth weep, doth not the sea
overflow ?

If the winds rage, doth not the sea vent
Threat'ning the welkin with his big-swoln
And wilt thou have a reason for this do ?

I am the sea ; hark, how her sighs do
She is the weeping welkin, I the earth ;
Then must my sea be moved with her sighs ;
Then must my earth with her continual
Become a deluge, overflow'd and drown'd ;
For why ? my bowels cannot hold her tears ;
But like a drunkard must I vomit them out.
Then give me leave ; for losers will have
To ease their stomachs with their
tongues.

Enter a Messenger, with two heads and a sword.

Mess. Worthy Andronicus, I have brought thee
For that good hand thou sent'st at the emperor's
Here are the heads of thy two noble sons ;
And here's thy hand, in scorn to show thee
back ;

Thy griefs their sports, thy remembrance
That woe is me to think upon thy woe ;
More than remembrance of my father's fall.

Now let hot Aëna cool in Sicily,
 Let my heart an ever-burning hell!
 My sorrows are more than may be borne.
 With them that weep doth ease some

As I that this sight should make so
 deep a wound,
 Yet doth death should let life bear his name,
 Which hath no more interest but to breathe!

Alas, poor heart! that kiss is comfort-
 [Lavinia kisses him.]
 When will this fearful slumber have an
 end!

Now, farewell, flattery: die, Androni-
 cus, and not slumber; see thy two sons' heads,
 Like Ireland, thy mangled daughter here;
 One pale and bloodless; and thy brother, I,

Has a stony image, cold and numb.
 No more will I control thy griefs:
 Of thy silver hair, thy other hand [sight
 with thy teeth; and be this dismal

One up of our most wretched eyes:
 A time to storm; why art thou still?
 To the, ha, ha!
 Why dost thou laugh! it fits not with
 this hour.

Why, I have not another tear to shed;
 This sorrow is an enemy,
 Which would usurp upon my watery eyes,
 Which way shall I find Revenge's cave?

These two heads do seem to speak to me,
 Three me; I shall never come to bliss,
 All these mischiefs be return'd again,
 Let me see what task I have to do.

Let me see what task I have to do.
 Heavy people, circle me about,
 May turn me to each one of you,
 And enter into my soul to right your wrongs.

Let me see what task I have to do.
 Come, brother, take a head;
 In this hand the other will I bear.
 Thou shalt be employ'd in these things:

Let me see what task I have to do.
 My hand, sweet wench, between thy
 teeth.
 Boy, go get thee from my sight;
 Art an exile, and thou must not stay;

Let me see what task I have to do.
 To the Goths, and raise an army there:
 If you love me, as I think you do,
 Kiss and part, for we have much to do.

Let me see what task I have to do.
 [Re-enter Titus, Marcus, and Lavinia.]
 Well, Andronicus, my noble father,
 Thou shalt not man that ever liv'd in Rome:
 I have his plagues dearer than his life:
 Lavinia, my noble sister;
 Now thou wert as thou 'fore hast been!
 Nor for Lucius nor Lavinia lives,
 But in oblivion and hateful griefs.
 Now live, he will requite your wrongs;
 And these proud Saturnine and his empress

Be at the gates, like Tarquin and his queen.
 Now will I to the Goths, and raise a power,
 To be reveng'd on Rome and Saturnine. [Exit.]

SCENE II.—A Room in Titus's House. A
 Banquet set out.

Enter Titus, Marcus, Lavinia, and young
 Lucius, a boy.

Tit. So, so; now sit: and look you eat no
 more

Than will preserve just so much strength in us
 As will revenge these bitter woes of ours.
 Marcus, unknot that sorrow-wreath knot:

Thy niece and I, poor creatures, want our
 hands,

And cannot passionate our tenfold grief
 With folded arms. This poor right hand of
 Is left to tyrannize upon my breast; [Lavinia
 And when my heart, all mad with misery,
 Beats in this hollow prison of my flesh,
 Then thus I thump it down.

[To Lav.] Thou map of woe, that thus dost
 talk in signs! [Lavinia
 When thy poor heart beats with outrageous

Thou canst not strike it thus to make it still.
 Wound it with sighing, girl, kill it with groans;
 Or get some little knife between thy teeth,

And just against thy heart make thou a hole;
 That all the tears that thy poor eyes let fall,
 May run into that sink, and, soaking in,
 Drown the lamenting fool in sea-salt tears.

Mar. Fie, brother, fie! teach her not thus
 to lay

Such violent hands upon her tender life.

Tit. How now! has sorrow made thee dote
 already?

Why, Marcus, no man should be mad but I.
 What violent hands can she lay on her life!

Ah, wherefore dost thou urge the name of
 hands;

To bid Aeneas tell the tale twice o'er,
 How Troy was burnt, and he made miserable!

O! handle not the theme, to talk of hands,
 Lest we remember still that we have none.

Fie, fie, how frantically I square my talk,
 As if we should forget we had no hands.

If Marcus did not name the word of hands!
 Come, let's fall to; and, gentle girl, eat this:

Here is no drink! Hark, Marcus, what she
 I can interpret all her martyr'd signs; [Lavinia
 She says, she drinks no other drink but tears,
 Brew'd with her sorrow, mesh'd upon her

cheeks:

Speechless complainer, I will learn thy thought;
 In thy dumb action will I be as perfect

As begging hermits in their holy prayers.
 Thou shalt not sigh, nor hold thy stumps to

heaven,
 Nor wink, nor nod, nor kneel, nor make a sign,
 But I of these will wrest an alphabet. [Lucius
 And by still practice learn to know thy mean-

Boy. Good grandsire, leave these bitter deep
 lamenta:

Make my aunt merry with some pleasing tale.

Mar. Alas! the tender boy, in passion mov'd,
Doth weep to see his grandsire's heaviness.

Tit. Peace, tender sapling; thou art made
of tears,

And tears will quickly melt thy life away.

[*Marcus strikes the dish with a knife.*
What dost thou strike at, Marcus, with thy
knife?

Mar. At that that I have kill'd, my lord,—
a fly.

Tit. Out on thee, murderer! thou kill'st my
heart;

Mine eyes are cloy'd with view of tyranny:

A deed of death, done on the innocent,

Becomes not Titus' brother: get thee gone;

I see, thou art not for my company.

Mar. Alas, my lord, I have but kill'd a fly.

Tit. But how, if that fly had a father and a
mother?

How would he hang his slender gilded wings,

And buzz lamenting doings in the air!

Poor harmless fly,

That with his pretty buzzing melody,

Came here to make us merry! and thou hast
kill'd him.

Mar. Pardon me, sir, it was a black ill-
favour'd fly,

Like to the empress' Moor; therefore I kill'd

Tit. O, O, O, [him.

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 Tainora.

Ah, sirrah!

Yet I think we are not brought so low,

But that between us we can kill a fly.

That comes in likeness of a coal-black Moor.

Mar. Alas, poor man! grief has so wrought
on him,

He takes false shadows for true substances.

Tit. Come, take away, Lavinia, go with me:

I'll to thy closet; and go read with thee

Sad stories, chanced in times of old.

Come, boy, and go with me: thy sight is
young,

And thou shalt read, when mine begins to dazzle.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—Rome. Before Titus' House.

*Enter Titus and Marcus. Then enter young
Lucius, running, with books under his
arm, and Lavinia running after him.*

Boy. Help, grandsire, help! my aunt La-
vinia

Follows me everywhere, I know not why:

Good uncle Marcus, see how swift she comes!

Alas, sweet aunt, I know not what you mean.

Mar. Stand by me, Lucius; do not fear
thine aunt.

Tit. She loves thee, boy, too well to do thee
harm.

Boy. Ay, when my father was in Rome,
did.

Mar. What means my niece Lavinia by this?

Tit. Fear her not, Lucius: somewhat of it
she meant:

See, Lucius, see, how much she makes of it!

Some whither would she have then go with

Ah, boy, Cornelia never with more care

Read to her sons, than she hath read to thee

Sweet poetry, and Tully's Orator.

Mar. Canst thou not guess wherefore she
plies thee thus?

Boy. My lord, I know not, I, nor

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

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

Which made me down to throw my book

fly,

Causeless, perhaps. But pardon me, my

And, madam, if my uncle Marcus go,

I will most willingly attend your lady.

Mar. Lucius, I will.

[*Lavinia turns over the books which*

had let fall.

Tit. How now, Lavinia! Marcus, what

Some book there is that she desires to

Which is it, girl, of these? Open them.

But thou art deeper read, and better skill'd

Come, and take choice of all my library.

And so beguile thy sorrow, till the book

Reveal the damn'd contriver of this deed.

Why lifts she up her arms in sequence

Mar. I think she means that there was

than one

Confederate in the fact: ay, more than

Or else to heaven she heaves them for

Tit. Lucius, what book is that she

so?

Boy. Grandsire, 'tis Ovid's *Metamorphoses*.

My mother gave it me.

Mar. For love of her that

Perhaps she cull'd it from among the

Tit. Soft! how busily she turns the

Help her:

What would she find?—Lavinia, shall I

This is the tragic tale of Philomel,

And treats of Tereus' treason and his rape.

And rape, I fear, was root of thine

Mar. See, brother, see; note how she

the leaves.

Tit. Lavinia, wert thou thus surpris'd,

girl,

Bavish'd and wrong'd, as Philomel

Per'd in the ruthless, vast, and gloomy

See, see!

Ay, such a place there is, where we

(O, had we never, never hunted there)

by that the poet here describes,
made for murders, and for rapes.
O, why should nature build so foul a
the gods delight in tragedies! [den,
Give signs, sweet girl, for here are none
but friends,
that Roman land it was durst do the deed:
and not Saturnine, as Tarquin erst,
let the camp to sin in Lucrece' bed?
Mar. Sit down, sweet niece: brother, sit
down by me.
Lucius, I'llas, Jove, or Mercury,
I'll swear, that I may this treason find!
Mar. Look here; look here, Lavinia:
the bloody plot is plain; guide, if thou canst,
down after me.

[He writes his name with his staff, and
guides it with feet and mouth.

I have writ my name,
and the help of any hand at all;
and in that heart, that forc'd us to this shift!
Mar. Thou, good niece; and here display at
last
that thou wilt have discover'd for revenge:
guide thy pen to print thy sorrows
plain;
and we may know the traitors, and the truth!
[She takes the staff in her mouth, and guides
it with her stumps, and writes,
To, O, do you read, my lord, what she hath
writ.]

Chiron—Demetrius. [Tamora
Mar. What, what!—the lustful sons of
the murderers of this heinous, bloody deed!
O, Magni dominator polii,
Mar. O, calm thee, gentle lord, although I
know

there is enough written upon this earth,
to stir a mutiny in the mildest thoughts,
to arm the minds of infants to exclaims.
Mar. Kneel down with me; Lavinia, kneel;
kneel, sweet boy, the Roman Hector's
hope;
and swear with me, as, with the woful seere,
and father, of that chaste dishonour'd dame,
that we will prosecute, by good advice,
our revenge upon these traitorous Goths,
or their blood, or die with this reproach.
Mar. 'Tis sure enough, as you knew how;
if you hunt these bear-whelps, then be-
ware:

the dam will wake; and, if she wind you once,
and tells him whilst she playeth on her back,
when he sleeps will she do what she list.
Mar. A young huntsman, Marcus: let it alone;
I will go get a leaf of brass,
and with a gad of steel will write these words,
And lay it by: the angry northern wind
will blow these sands, like Sibyl's leaves,
abroad,
And where's your lesson, then?—Boy, what

Boy. I say, my lord, that if I were a man,
Their mother's bed-chamber should not be
safe.

For these bad bondmen to the yoke of Rome.

Mar. Ay, that's my boy! thy father hath
full oft.

For his ungrateful country done the like.

Boy. And, uncle, so will I, an if I live.

Tit. Come, go with me into mine armoury;
Lucius, I'll hit thee; and withal, my boy
shall carry from me to the empress' sons
Presents, that I intend to send them both:
Come, come; thou'lt do thy message, wilt thou
not?

Boy. Ay, with my dagger in their bosoms,

Tit. No, boy, not so; I'll teach thee another
course.

Lavinia, come. Marcus, look to my house:

Lucius and I'll go braye it at the court;

Ay, marry, will we, sir; and we'll be waited on.

[Exeunt Titus, Lavinia, and Boy.

Mar. O heavens, can you hear a good man
groan,

And not relent, or not compassion him?

Marcus, attend him in his ecstasy,

That hath more scars of sorrow in his heart,

Than foemen's marks upon his batter'd shield;

But yet so just, that he will not revenge.

Revenge, ye heavens, for old Andronicus!

[Exit.

SCENE II.—Rome. A Room in the Palace.

Enter, from one side, Aaron, Demetrius, and
Chiron; from the other, young Lucius, and
an Attendant, with a bundle of weapons
and verses writ upon them.

*Chi. Demetrius, here's the son of Lucius;

He hath some message to deliver us.

Aar. Ay, some mad message from his mad
grandfather.

Boy. My lords, with all the humbleness I

I greet your honours from Andronicus. [sings,
[Aside.] And pray the Roman gods, confound
you both!

[news]

Dem. Gramercy, lovely Lucius: what's the

Boy. [Aside.] That you are both decipher'd,

that's the news,

For villains mark'd with rape. [To them.]

May it please you,

My grandsire, well advis'd, hath sent by me,

The goodliest weapons of his armoury,

To gratify your honourable youth,

The hope of Rome: for so he bade me say;

And so I do, and with his gifts present

Your lordships, that whenever you have need,

You may be armed and appointed well:

And so I leave you both,—[Aside.] like bloody
villains.

[Exeunt Boy and Attendants.

Dem. What's here? A scroll; and written
round about?

Let's see:—

[Reads.] "Integer viles, acclerisque purus,

Non eget Mauri jaculis, nec arcu."

Chi. O, 'tis a verse in Horace; I know it
I read it in the grammar long ago. [well:]

Aar. Ay, just; a verse in Horace; right,
you have it.

[*Aside.*] Now, what a thing it is to be an ass!
Here's no sound jest! the old man hath found
their guilt; [lines,

And sends them weapons wrapp'd about with
That wound, beyond their feeling, to the quick.
But were our witty empress well a-foot,
She would applaud Andronicus' conceit:
But let her rest in her unrest a while.

[*To them.*] And now, young lords, was't not
a happy star

Led us to Rome, strangers, and more than so,
Captives, to be advanced to this height?
It did me good, before the palace gate
To brave the tribune in his brother's hearing.

Dem. But me more good, to see so great a
Basely insinuate, and send us gifts. [lord

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. [more.]

Chi. And that would she for twenty thousand

Dem. Come, let us go; and pray to all the
For our beloved mother in her pains. [gods

Aar. [*Aside.*] Pray to the devils; the gods
have given us over. [Trumpets sound.

Dem. Why do the emperor's trumpets
flourish thus?

Chi. Belike, for joy the emperor hath a son.

Dem. Soft! who comes here?

*Enter a Nurse, with a black-a-moor Child in
her arms.*

Nur. Good morrow, lords: O, tell me, did
Aaron the Moor? [you see

Aar. Well, more or less, or ne'er a whit at
all,

Here Aaron is; and what with Aaron now?

Nur. O gentle Aaron, we are all undone!

Now help, or woe betide thee evermore!

Aar. Why, what a caterwauling dost thou
keep!

What dost thou wrap and fumble in thine arms?

Nur. O, that which I would hide from
heaven's eye, [grace!

Our empress' shame, and stately Rome's dis-
She is deliver'd, lords,—she is deliver'd.

Aar. To whom?

Nur. I mean, she's brought to bed.

Aar. Well, God

Give her good rest! What hath he sent her?

Nur. A devil.

Aar. Why, then she's the devil's dam; a
joyful issue.

Nur. A joyless, dismal, black, and sorrowful
issue:

Here is the babe, as loathsome as a toad

Amongst the fairest breeders of our climate:

The empress sends it thee, thy crump, the which
And bids thee christen it with thy daughter's
point.

Aar. 'Zounds, ye whore! is black so loath-
Sweet blowse, you are a lecherous woman.

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.

Woe to her chance, and damn'd her lordship!
Accurs'd the offspring of so foul a blood!

Chi. It shall not live.

Aar. It shall not live. It shall not die.

Nur. Aaron, it must; the mother will it so.

Aar. What, must it, nurse? then let an ass
but I

Do execution on my flesh and blood:

Dem. I'll broach the tadpole on my rapier.

point:

Nurse, give it me; my sword shall plough
the bowels up.

Aar. Sooner this sword shall plough
the bowels up.

[*Takes the Child from the Nurse, and says,*

Stay, murderous villains! will you kill
brother?

Now, by the burning tapers of the sky,

That shone so brightly when this boy was born,

He dies upon my scimitar's sharp point.

That touches this my first-born son and heir!

I tell you, younglings, not Eneadaus,

With all his threatening band of Typhoeus' blood,

Nor great Alcides, nor the god of war,

Shall seize this prey out of his father's hand.

What, what, yea sanguine, shallow-hearted,

Ye white-lim'd walls! ye alabaster palaces,

Coal-black is better than another hue!

In that it accords to bear another hue!

For all the water in the ocean

Can never turn the swan's black legs to white.

Although she have them hourly in the sea.

Tell the empress from me, I am of age

To keep mine own, excuse it how she can.

Dem. Wilt thou betray thy noble name
thus?

Aar. My mistress is my mistress; this
The vigour, and the picture of my youth.

This, before all the world, do I prefer.

This, maugre all the world, will I keep.

Or some of you shall smoke for it in Rome.

Dem. By this our mother is for ever lost.

Chi. Rome will despise her for this
escape.

Nur. The emperor, in his rage, will
Chi. I blush to think upon this ignominy.

Aar. Why there's the privilege your
bears:

Fie, treacherous hue that will betray
The close enacts and counsels of the mind.

Here's a young lad fram'd of another hue.

Look, how the black alays smiles on
father,

As who should say, "Old lad, I am thy
father."

(Pointing to the Nurse.)
 needs bestow her funeral;
 near, and you are gallant
 do that you take no longer days,
 send the midwife presently to me.
 and the nurse well made away,
 let the ladies tattle what they please.
 — Aaron, I see, thou wilt not trust the air
 with secrets.
 — I am
 myself and hers are highly bound to thee.
 (Exeunt Dem. and Chi. bearing off the
 Nurse.

So that perforce you must needs stay a time.

Tit. He doth me wrong to feed me with
I'll dive into the burning lake below, [delays,
And pull her out of Acheron by the heels,
Marcus, we are but shrubs, no cedars we,
No big-bon'd man, fram'd of the Cyclops' size;
But metal, Marcus, steel to the very back,
Yet wrang with wrongs, more than our backs
can bear:

And, sith there's no justice in earth nor hell,
We will solicit heaven, and move the gods,
To send down Justice for to wreak our wrongs.
Come, to this gear.—You are a good archer,
Marcus. [*He gives them the arrows.*]

Ad Jovem, that's for you: here, *ad Apollin*
Ad Martem, that's for myself: [*rem:*—

Here, boy, to Pallas: here, to Mercury:
To Saturn, Calus, not to Saturnine;
You were as good to shoot against the wind.
To it, boy. Marcus, loose when I bid.
O' my word, I have written to effect;

There's not a god left unsolicited. [*the court:*
Mar. Kinamen, shoot all your shafts into
We will afflict the emperor in his pride.

Tit. Now, masters, draw. [*They shoot.*] O,
well said, Lucius!

Good boy, in Virgo's lap; give it Pallas.

Mar. My lord, I aim a mile beyond the
Your letter is with Jupiter by this. [*moon:*]

Tit. Ha! Publius, Publius, what hast thou
done!

See, see, thou hast shot off one of Taurus' horns.

Mar. This was the sport, my lord: when
Publius shot,

The bull, being gall'd, gave Aries such a knock,
That down fell both the ram's horns in the
court,

And who should find them but the empress'
villain:

She laugh'd, and told the Moor, he should not
choose

But give them to his master for a present.

Tit. Why, there it goes: God give his lord-
ship joy!

Enter a Clown, with a basket and two pigeons.
News, news from heaven! Marcus, the post is
come.

Sirrah, what tidings! have you any letters?
Shall I have justice? what says Jupiter?

Clo. Ho, 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?

Clo. Alas, sir, I know not Jupiter; I never
drank with him in all my life.

Tit. Why, villain, art not thou the carrier?

Clo. Ay, of my pigeons, sir; nothing else.

Tit. Why, didst thou not come from heaven?

Clo. From heaven! alas, sir, I never came
there: God forbid, I should be so bold to press
to heaven in my young days. Why, I am going
with my pigeons to the tribunal plobs, to take
up a matter of brawl betwixt my uncle and
one of the imperial's men.

Mar. Why, sir, that is as fit as can be, to

serve for your oration; and let him deliver
pigeons to the emperor from you.

Tit. Tell me, can you deliver an oration
the emperor with a grace?

Clo. Nay, truly, sir, I could never say
in all my life.

Tit. Sirrah, come hither: make no more
But give your pigeons to the emperor:

By me thou shalt have justice at his hand.
Hold, hold; meanwhile, here's money for
Give me pen and ink.

Sirrah, can you with a grace deliver a
cation?

Clo. Ay, sir.

Tit. Then here is a supplication for
And when you come to him, at the
proach, you must kneel; then kiss his
then deliver up your pigeons; and then
for your reward. I'll be at hand, sir: say
do it bravely.

Clo. I warrant you, sir, let me alone.

Tit. Sirrah, hast thou a knife? Can
me see it.

Here, Marcus, fold it in the oration;
For thou hast made it like a humble sup-
And when thou hast given it to the emperor,
Knock at my door and tell me what he say.

Clo. God be with you, sir; I will.

Tit. Come, Marcus, let us go.
follow me.

SCENE IV.—Rome. *Before the Palace.*

Enter Saturninus, Tamora, Demetrius,
Lords, and others: Saturninus

arrows in his hand that Titus shot

Sat. Why, lords, what wrongs
Was ever seen

An emperor of Rome thus overborne,
Troubled, confronted thus; and, for the
Of legal justice, us'd in such contempt?

My lords, you know, as do the multitude
(However these disturbers of our peace
Buz in the people's ears,) there have

pass'd,
But even with law, against the will

Of old Andronicus. And what an
His sorrows have so overwhelm'd his
Shall we be thus afflicted in his wrongs?

His fits, his frenzy, and his bitterness!
And now he writes to heaven for help.

See, here's to Jove, and this to Mars;
This to Apollo; this to the god of war.

Sweet scrolls to fly about the streets
What's this but libelling against the
And blazoning our injustice everywhere?

A goodly humour, is it not, my lords?
As who would say, in Rome no justice

But if I live, his feign'd estates
Shall be no shelter to these outrageous

But he and his shall know, that justice
In Saturninus' health; whom, if he
He'll so awake, as she in fury shall

Out off the proud conspirator's
Tam. My gracious lord, my lovely

of my life, commander of my thoughts,
And bear the faults of Titus' age,
Who hath pierc'd him deep, and scarr'd
his heart;
And comfort his distressed plight,
To prosecute the meanest, or the best,
In those contempt. — [Aside.] Why, thus it
shall become
to wit Tamora to gloze with all:
Thus, I have touch'd thee to the quick,
And bleed out: if Aaron now be wise,
The anchor's in the port.
Enter Clown.

Good fellow! wouldst thou speak
[Imperial]
Yes, smooth, an your mastership be
Empress I am, but yonder sits the
[you good den:
God, and saint Stephen, give
brought you a letter, and a couple of
poena here.

Saturninus reads the letter.
Go, take him away, and hang him
presently.

How much money must I have?
Hang'd! By'r lady, then I have brought
a sack to a fair end.

[Exit, guarded.]
Dreadful and intolerable wrongs!
I curse this monstrous villainy!

From whence this same device proceeds.
To come to home! — as if his traitorous sons,
By law for murder of our brother,
By my means been butcher'd wrong-
fully.

Will the villain hither by the hair;
And now, nor honour, shall shape privilege;
I shall proud mock, I'll be thy slaughter-man;
Wretch, that holp'st to make me
great.

Thyself should govern Rome and me.
Enter Amilius.

Arm, arm, my lord; — Rome never
had more cause!

[power
Goths have gather'd head; and with a
determined men, bent to the spoil,
Their march amain, under conduct
Of their son to old Andronicus;
In course of this revenge, to do
As ever Coriolanus did.

Is Lucius general of the Goths?
I have slain me; and I hang the head
Of him with frost, or grass beat down with
flourish.

How begin our sorrows to approach:
The common people love so much;
I have often heard them say,
I have walk'd like a private man,
In banishment was wrongfully,
And they have wish'd that Lucius were their
emperor.

Why should you fear? Is not your city

Sat. Ay, but the citizens favour Lucius,
And will revolt from me to succour him.

Tam. King, be thy thoughts imperious, like
thy name.

Is the sun dimm'd, that gnats do fly in it?
The eagle suffers little birds to sing,
And is not careful what they mean thereby,
Knowing that with the shadow of his wing
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 [ous,
With words more sweet, and yet more danger-
Than baits to fish, or honey-stalks to sheep;
Whence the one is wounded with the bait,
The other rotted with delicious feed.

Sat. But he will not entreat his son for us.

Tam. If Tamora entreat him, then he will:

For I can smooth and fill his aged ear

With golden promises; that, were his heart

Almost impregnable, his old ears deaf,

Yet should both ear and heart obey my tongue.

[To Amil.] Go thou before, be our ambassador:

Say that the emperor requests a parley

Of warlike Lucius, and appoint the meeting,

Even at his father's house, the old Andronicus.

Sat. Amilius, do this message honourably:

And if he stand on hostage for his safety,

Bid him demand what pledge will please him

best.

Amil. Your bidding shall I do effectually.

[Exit Amilius.]

Tam. Now will I to that old Andronicus,

And temper him with all the art I have,

To pluck proud Lucius from the warlike

Goths.

And now, sweet emperor, be blithe again,

And bury all thy fear in my devices.

Sat. Then go successfully, and plead to him.

[Exit.]

ACT V.

SCENE I. — Plains near Rome.

Flourish. Enter Lucius, and an army of
Goths, with drums and colours.

Luc. Approved warriors, and my faithful
friends,

I have received letters from great Rome,

Which signify what hate they bear their

emperor,

And how desirous of our sight they are.

Therefore, great lords, be, as your titles

witness,

Imperious, and impatient of your wrongs;

And, wherein Rome hath done you any seath,

Let him make treble satisfaction.

I, Goth, Brave slip, sprung from the great

Andronicus, [comfort;

Whose name was once our terror, now our

Whose high exploits and honourable deeds,

Ingrateful Rome requites with foul contempt,

Be bold in us: we'll follow where thou lead'st,

And find out murderers in their guilty caves ;
And when thy car is laden with their heads,
I will dismount, and by the waggon-wheel,
Trot, like a servile footman, all day long,
Even from Hyperion's rising in the east,
Until his very downfall in the sea :
And day by day I'll do this heavy task,
So thou destroy Rapine and Murder there.

Tam. These are my ministers, and come with me. [call'd?]

Tit. Are they thy ministers? what are they?

Tam. Rapine and Murder; therefore called so,

'Cause they take vengeance of such kind of men.

Tit. Good Lord, how like the empress' sons they are!

And you, the empress! but we worldly men
Have miserable, mad, mistaking eyes.

O sweet Revenge, now do I come to thee;

And, if one arm's embracement will content thee,

I will embrace thee in it by and by.

[Exit above.]

Tam. This closing with him fits his lunacy :
Whate'er I forge to feed his brain-sick fits,
Do you uphold and maintain in your speeches,
For now he firmly takes me for Revenge ;
And, being credulous in this mad thought,
I'll make him send for Lucius, his son ;
And, whilst I at a banquet hold him sure,
I'll find some cunning practice out of hand,
To scatter and disperse the giddy Goths,
Or, at the least, make them his enemies.
See, here he comes, and I must ply my theme.

Enter Titus, below.

Tit. Long have I been forlorn, and all for thee.

Welcome, dread Fury, to my woful house :
Rapine and Murder, you are welcome too ;
How like the empress and her sons you are !
Well are you fitted, had you but a Moor :
Could not all hell afford you such a devil !
For well I wot the empress never wags,
But in her company there is a Moor ;
And, would you represent our queen aright,
It were convenient you had such a devil :
But welcome, as you are. What shall we do !

Tam. What wouldst thou have us do, Andronicus?

Dem. Show me a murderer, I'll deal with him.

Chi. Show me a villain that hath done a rape,
And I am sent to be reveng'd on him.

Tam. Show me a thousand that have done thee wrong,

And I will be revenged on them all.

Tit. Look round about the wicked streets of Rome ;

And when thou find'st a man that's like thyself,
Good Murder, stab him ; he's a murderer.

Go thou with him ; and when it is thy hap

To find another that is like to thee,

Good Rapine, stab him ; he is 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 portion,

For up and down she doth resemble thee.
I pray thee, do on them some violent deed.
They have been violent to me and mine.

Tam. Well hast thou lesson'd us, that we do.

But would it please thee, good Andronicus,
To send for Lucius, thy thrice valiant son,

Who leads towards Rome a band of Goths,

And bid him come and banquet at thy house,
When he is here, even at thy solemn feast,

I will bring in the empress and her sons,
The emperor himself, and all thy foes ;

And at thy mercy shall they stoop and kneel,
And on them shalt thou ease thy angry soul.

What says Andronicus to this device?
Tit. Marcus, my brother! 'tis and Titus.

Enter Marcus.
Go, gentle Marcus, to thy nephew Lucius,

Thou shalt inquire him out among the Goths,
Bid him repair to me, and bring with him

Some of the chiefest princes of the Goths,
Bid him encamp his soldiers where they please,

Tell him the emperor, and the empress, shall
Feast at my house, and he shall feast with them.

This do thou for my love ; and so bid him
As he regards his aged father's life.

Mar. This will I do, and soon return to thee.

Tam. Now will I hence about thy business,
And take my ministers along with me.

Tit. Nay, nay, let Rape and Murder go
with me ;

Or else I'll call my brother back again,
And cleave to no revenge but Lucius'.

Tam. [Aside to them.] What say you?
Will you abide with him?

Whiles I go tell my lord the emperor,
How I have govern'd our detraction.

Yield to his humour, smooth and easy,
And tarry with him till I turn again.

Tit. [Aside.] I know them all, they will
suppose me mad ;

And will o'er-reach them in their own craft,
A pair of curs'd bell-hounds, and the like.

Dem. [Aside to Tam.] Madam, I have
pleasure ; leave us here.

Tam. Farewell, Andronicus ; I have
To lay a compass to betray thy son.

Tit. I know thou dost ; and, sweet, farewell.

Chi. Tell us, old man, how shall we
farewell.

Tit. Tut, I have work enough to do
Publius, come hither, Caius, and Valerius.

Enter Publius and others.
Pub. What is your will?

Tit. Know you these two?

Pub. The empress' sons,
I take them, Chiron and Demetrius.

Publius, As! thou art too much
 Murder, Rape is the other's name;
 Therefore bind them, gentle Publius;
 And Valentine, lay hands on them;
 You heard me wish for such an hour,
 Now I had it; therefore bind them sure;
 Their mouths, if they begin to cry.
 [Enter Titus, Publius, &c., seize Chiron
 and Demetrius.] [sobs.
 Villains, forbear! we are the empress'
 And therefore do we what we are com-
 manded. [word.
 Bind their mouths, let them not speak a
 word, nor look that you bind them
 And Andronicus, with Lavinia; she
 being a virgin, and he a knife.
 Come, come, Lavinia; look, thy foes are
 bound. Their mouths, let them not speak to
 thee. Hear what fearful words I utter.
 Chiron and Demetrius!
 The spring whom you have stain'd
 With blood!
 My summer with your winter mix'd.
 Your husband; and, for that vile fault,
 Whose brothers were condemn'd to death,
 Went off, and made a merry jest;
 And sweet hands, her tongue, and that
 Which was her dear
 Or tongue, her spotless chastity,
 Traitors, you constrain'd and forc'd.
 Would you say, if I should let you speak?
 For shame you could not beg for grace.
 Wretch! how I mean to martyr you.
 And yet is left to cut your throats,
 That Lavinia 'tween her stumps doth
 Receive that receives your guilty blood.
 Now your mother means to feast with me,
 And herself Revenge, and thinks me mad;
 With your blood and it I'll make a paste;
 And paste a collar I will rear,
 And paste of your shameful heads;
 To the earth, swallow her own increase.
 To the feast that I have bid her to,
 And the banquet she shall surfeit on;
 Than Phoenice you and my daughter,
 Than Pygme I will be reveng'd:
 Prepare your throats. Lavinia, come,
 [He cuts their throats.
 The blood; and when that they are
 Dead,
 To grind their bones to powder small,
 And mix this hateful liquor temper it;
 And that paste let their vile heads be
 Laid.
 And be every one officious
 To this banquet; which I wish may prove
 More and bloody than the Centaurs' feast.

So, now bring them in, for I will play the cook,
 And see them ready 'gainst their mother comes.
 [Exeunt, bearing the dead bodies.]

SCENE III.—*The Same. A Pavilion.*

Enter Lucius, Marcus, and Goths, with Aaron,
 prisoner.

Luc. Uncle Marcus, since it is my father's
 That I repair to Rome, I am content. [sobs.
 I Goth. And ours, with thine, befall what
 fortune will. [Moan.

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! unshallow'd
 slave!

Sirs, help our uncle to convey him in.

[Exeunt Goths with Aaron. Flourish
 heard.]

The trumpets show the emperor is at hand.

Enter Saturninus and Tamora, with Amilius,
 Tribunes, Senators, and others.

Sat. What, hath the firmament more suns
 than one? [sobs.]

Luc. What boots it thee, to call thyself a
 Man. Rome's emperor, and nephew, break
 the parle;

These quarrels must be quietly debated.

The feast is ready, which the careful Titus
 Hath ordain'd to an honourable end. [Rome:
 For peace, for love, for league, and good to
 Please you, therefore, draw nigh, and take
 your places.

Sat. Marcus, we will. [your places.
 [Haulboys 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 Goths; welcome, Lucius;
 And welcome, all; although the cheer be poor,
 'Twill fill your stomachs; please you eat of it.

Sat. Why art thou thus attir'd, Andronicus?
 Tit. Because I would be sure to have all
 well,

To entertain your highness, and your empress.
 Tam. We are beholden to you, good An-
 dronicus. [you were.]

Tit. And if your highness knew my heart,
 My lord the emperor, resolve me this:

Was it well done of rash Virginius,
 To slay his daughter with his own right hand,

Because she was enforced, stain'd, and de-
 bas'd?

Sat. It was, Andronicus. [Rower'd.]

Tit. Your reason, mighty lord!

Sat. Because the girl should not survive
her shame,
And by her presence still renew his sorrows.

Tit. A reason mighty, strong, and effectual;
A pattern, precedent, and lively warrant,
For me, most wretched, to perform the like:
Die, die, Lavinia, and thy shame with thee;

[*Kills Lavinia.*]

And, with thy shame, thy father's sorrow die!

Sat. What hast thou done, unnatural and
unkind?

[*made me blind.*]

Tit. Kill'd her, for whom my tears have
I am as woful as Virginius was,
And have a thousand times more cause than he
To do this outrage; and it now is done.

Sat. What, was she ravish'd? tell who did
the deed.

Tit. Will't please you eat? will't please your
highness feed?

Tam. Why hast thou slain thine only
daughter thus?

Tit. Not I; 'twas Chiron and Demetrius:
They ravish'd her, and out away her tongue:
And they, 'twas they, that did her all this
wrong.

Sat. Go, fetch them hither to us presently.

Tit. Why, there they are both, baked in
that pie;

Whereof their mother daintily hath fed,
Eating the flesh that she herself hath bred.

'Tis true, 'tis true; witness my knife's sharp
point.

[*Kills Tamora.*]

Sat. Die, frantic wretch, for this accursed
deed!

[*Kills Titus.*]

Luc. Can the son's eye behold his father
bleed?

[*deed!*]

There's need for meed, death for a deadly

[*Kills Saturninus. A great tumult. The
people in confusion disperse. Marcus,
Lucius, and their partisans, ascend the
steps of Titus' house.*]

[*of Rome.*]

Mar. You sad-fac'd men, people and sons
By uproar sever'd, like a flight of fowl

Scatter'd by winds and high tempestuous gusts,
O, let me teach you how to knit again

This scatter'd corn into one mutual sheaf,
These broken limbs again into one body;

Lest Rome herself be bane unto herself,
And she, whom mighty kingdoms court'ay to,

Like a forlorn and desperate cast-away,
Do shameful execution on herself.

But if my frosty signs and chaps of age,
Grave witnesses of true experience,

Cannot induce you to attend my words,
[*To Lucius.*] Speak, Rome's dear friend: as

erst our ancestor,

When with his solemn tongue he did discourse
To love-sick Dido's sad attending ear,

The story of that baleful burning night [Troy.
When subtle Greeks surpris'd king Priam's

Tell us what Sinon hath bewitch'd our ears,
Or who hath brought the fatal engine in,

That gives our Troy, our Rome, the civil
wound.

My heart is not compact of flint, nor steel;
Nor can I utter all our latter griefs.
But floods of tears will drown my oratory.
And break my very utterance, even 'till
When it should move you to attend
Lending your kind commiseration.
Here is a captain, let him tell the tale.
Your hearts will throb and weep to hear
speak.

Luc. Then, noble auditory, be it known
That curst Chiron and Demetrius

Were they that murder'd our sister
brother;

And they it were that ravish'd our sister
For their full faults our brother

headed;

Our father's tears despa'd, and head'd
Of that true hand that fought Rome's

And sent her enemies unto the grave.
Lastly, myself unkindly banish'd.

The gates shut on me, and turn'd weep'd
To beg relief among Rome's enemies;

Who drown'd their enmity in my tears,
And op'd their arms to embrace me

friend:

I am the turn'd-forth, be it known to you
That have preserv'd her welfare in my

And from her bosom took the enemy's
Sheathing the steel in my adventure.

Alas, you know I am no vaunter;
My scars can witness, dumb although they be,

That my report is just and full of truth.
But, soft! methinks I do digress too far.

Citing my worthless praises: O, pardon me
For when no friends are by, men praise

selves.

Mar. Now is my turn to speak.
child,—

[*Pointing to the child in the arms of
Attendant.*]

Of this was Tamora deliver'd;
The issue of an irreligious Moor.

Chief architect and plotter of these evils,
The villain is alive in Titus' house.

Damn'd as he is, to witness this is true,
Now judge what cause had Titus' tears.

These wrongs, unspeakable, past patience,
Or more than any living man could bear.

Now you have heard the truth, what shall
Romans?

Have we done aught amiss? Show me
And, from the place where you behold

The poor remainder of Andronicus,
Will, hand in hand, all howling

And on the ragged stones beat their breasts,
And make a mutual closure of our

Speak, Romans, speak; and if you
shall,

Lo, hand in hand, Lucius and I will
Amil. Come, come, thou reverend

Rome,
And bring our emperor gently in thy

Lucius, our emperor; for well I know
The common voice do cry, it shall be

kindness, and take leave of him.

(E. devent.

PERICLES, PRINCE OF TYRE.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Antiochus, *King of Antioch.*
 Pericles, *Prince of Tyre.*
 Helicanus, } *two Lords of Tyre.*
 Escanes, }
 Simonides, *King of Pentapolis.*
 Cleon, *Governor of Tharsus.*
 Lysimachus, *Governor of Mitylene.*
 Cerimon, *a Lord of Ephesus.*
 Thaliard, *a Lord of Antioch.*
 Philemon, *Servant to Cerimon.*
 Leonine, *Servant to Dionyza.*
 Marshal,

A Pander.
 Boul, *his Servant.*
 Gower, *as Chorus.*
 The Daughter of Antiochus.
 Dionyza, *Wife to Cleon.*
 Thaisa, *Daughter to Simonides.*
 Marina, *Daughter to Pericles and Thaisa.*
 Lychorida, *Nurse to Marina.*
 Diana.
 A Bawd.
 Lords, Ladies, Knights, Gentlemen, &c.
 Pirates, Fishermen, and Messengers.

SCENE, — *Dispersedly in various Countries.*

ACT I.

Before the Palace of Antioch.

Enter Gower.

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 pheere,
 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:
 By custom what they did begin,
 Was with long use account no sin.
 The beauty of this sinful dame
 Made many princes thither frame,
 To seek her as a bed-fellow,
 In marriage pleasures play-fellow:

Which to prevent, he made a law,
 To keep her still, and men in awe,
 That whoso ask'd her for his wife
 His riddle told not, lost his life.
 So for her many a wight did die,
 As yon grim looks do testify.
 What now ensues, to the judgment of you,
 I give, my cause who best can justify.

SCENE I. — *Antioch. A Room in the Palace.*
Enter Antiochus, Pericles, and Attendants.

Ant. Young prince of Tyre, you have
 large receiv'd
 The danger of the task you undertake.
Per. I have, Antiochus; and, with
 Embolden'd with the glory of her
 Think death no hazard in this enterprise.
Ant. Bring in our daughter, who
 bride,
 For the embraces even of Jove
 At whose conception, till Lucina
 Nature this dowry gave, to glad
 The senate-house of planets all the
 To knit in her their best perfection.
Enter the Daughter of Antiochus.
Per. See where she comes, appearing
 the spring,
 Graces her subjects, and her thoughts
 Of every virtue gives renown to men;
 Her face the book of praises, which
 Nothing but curious pleasures, or
 Sorrow were ever ras'd, and let it
 Could never be her mild companion.
 Ye gods, that made me man, and
 That have inflam'd desire in my
 To taste the fruit of yon celestial
 Or die in the adventure, be my

and servant to your will,
 such a boundless happiness !
 Prince Pericles, —
 that would be son to great Antiochus.
 Before then stands this fair Hesperides,
 a fruit, but dangerous to be touch'd;
 like dragons here alight thee hard :
 like heaven, anticeth thee to view
 — glory, which desert must gain ;
 reach, without desert, because thine eye
 to reach, all thy whole heap must die.
 famous princes, like thyself,
 report, adventurous by desire,
 with speechless tongues, and sem-
 pte pale,
 about roving, save yon field of stars,
 stand martyrs, slain in Cupid's wars ;
 dead chiefs advise thee to desist,
 on death's net, whom none resist.
 Antiochus, I thank thee, who hath
 mortality to know itself, [taught
 those fearful objects to prepare
 like to them, to what I must :
 remember'd should be like a mirror,
 us, life's but breath ; to trust it,
 my will, then : and, as sick men do,
 the world, see heaven, but feeling
 at earthly joys, as erst they did :
 with a happy peace to you,
 good men, as every prince should do ;
 to the earth from whence they
 [To the Daughter of Antiochus,
 completed fire of love to you.
 for the way of life or death,
 sharpest blow, Antiochus, [then ;
 seeking advice ; read the conclusion
 and not expounded, 'tis decreed,
 before thee, thou thyself shalt bleed,
 of all, 'say'd yet, mayst thou prove
 persons !
 say'd yet, I wish thee happiness !
 a bold champion, I assume the
 advice of any other thought [lists,
 and courage.
 [Reads the riddle.
 no tiger, yet I feed
 on flesh which did me breed :
 to husband, in which labour,
 that kindness in a father :
 father, son, and husband mild,
 her, wife, and yet his child ;
 they may be, and yet in two,
 will live, resolve it you,
 'twere the last : but, O you powers !
 heaven countless eyes to view men's
 and they not their sights perpetually,
 — which makes me pale to read
 [Takes the hand of the Princess.
 of light, I lov'd you, and could still,
 — this glorious casket stor'd with ill :
 I tell you, — now my thoughts revolt ;

For he's no man on whom perfection wait,
 That, knowing sin within, will touch the gate,
 You're a fair viol, and your sense the strings ;
 Who, finger'd to make man his lawful music,
 Would draw heaven down, and all the gods to
 hearken ;
 But being play'd upon before your time,
 Hell only danceth at so harsh a chime.
 Good sooth, I care not for you.
Ant. Prince Pericles, touch not, upon thy
 For that's an article within our law, [life,
 As dangerous as the rest. Your time's expir'd :
 Either expound now, or receive your sentence.
Per. Great king,
 Few love to hear the sins they love to act :
 'Twould braid yourself too near for me to tell it,
 Who has a book of all that monarchs do,
 He's more secure to keep it shut than shown :
 For vice repeated, is like the wandering wind,
 Blows dust in others' eyes, to spread itself ;
 And yet the end of all is bought thus dear,
 The breath is gone, and the sore eyes see clear ;
 To stop the air would hurt them. The blind
 mole casts
 Copp'd hills towards heaven, to tell the earth
 is through'd
 By man's oppression ; and the poor worm doth
 die for't. [will ;
 Kings are earth's gods ; in vice their law's their
 And if Jove stray, who dares say Jove doth ill !
 It is enough you know ; and it is fit,
 What being more known grows worse, to
 smother it.
 All love the womb that their first being bred,
 Then give my tongue like leave to love my
 head.
Ant. [Aside.] Heaven, that I had thy head !
 he has found the meaning :
 But I will gloze with him. — [Aloud.] Young
 prince of Tyre,
 Though by the tenour of our strict edict,
 Your exposition misinterpreting,
 We might proceed to cancel of your days ;
 Yet hope, succeeding from so fair a tree
 As your fair self, doth tune us otherwise :
 Forty days longer we do respite you ;
 It by which time our secret be undone,
 This mercy shows we'll joy in such a son :
 And until then your entertain shall be,
 As doth befit our honour, and your worth.
 [Exeunt all but Pericles.
Per. How courtesy would seem to cover sin !
 When what is done is like a hypocrite,
 The which is good in nothing but in sight !
 If it be true that I interpret false,
 Then were it certain you were not so bad,
 As with foul incest to abuse your soul ;
 Where now you're both a father and a son,
 By your untimely clasps with your child,
 (Which pleasure fits a husband, not a father) ;
 And she an eater of her mother's flesh,
 By the defiling of her parent's bed ; [feed
 And both like serpents are, who though they
 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 the
To have his head. [which we mean
He must not live to trumpet forth my infamy,
Nor tell the world, Antiochus doth sin
In such a loathed manner;
And therefore instantly this prince must die;
For by his fall my honour must keep high.
Who attends us there?

Enter Thaliard.

Thal. Doth your highness call?

Ant. Thaliard,
You're of our chamber, and our mind partakes
Her private actions to your secrecy:
And for your faithfulness we will advance you.
Thaliard, behold, here's poison, and here's gold;
We hate the prince of Tyre, and thou must
kill him:

It fits thee not to ask the reason why,
Because we bid it. Say, is it done?

Thal. My lord,
'Tis done.

Ant. Enough.—

Enter a Messenger.

Let your breath cool yourself, telling your
haste.

Mess. My lord, prince Pericles is dead.

Ant. As thou
Wilt live, fly after: and, as an arrow, shot
From a well-experienc'd archer, hits the mark
His eye doth level at, so thou ne'er return
Unless thou say "Prince Pericles is dead."

Thal. My lord,
If I can get him within my pistol's length,
I'll make him sure: so, farewell to your high-
ness.

Ant. Thaliard, adieu. [Exit Thal.

Till Pericles be dead,
My heart can lend no succour to my head.

[Exit.

SCENE II.—Tyre. The Palace.

*Enter Pericles, Helicanus, and other Lords
apart.*

Per. Let none disturb us.—

Why should this change of thoughts,
The sad companion, dull-ey'd melancholy,
Be my so us'd a guest, as not an hour,
In the day's glorious walk, or peaceful night,
(The tomb where grief should sleep,) can breed
me quiet? [shun them;
Here pleasures court mine eyes, and mine eyes

And danger, which I fear'd, is at Antioch.
Whose arm seems far too short to hit me.
Yet neither pleasure's art can joy my spirit,
Nor yet the other's distance comfort me.
Then it is thus: the passions of the mind
That have their first conception by care,
Have after-nourishment and life by care.
And what was first but fear what might
be done,

Grows elder now, and cares it be not done.
And so with me:—the great Antiochus,
(Gainst whom I am too little to contend,
Since he's so great, can make his will his
Will think me speaking, though I speak
silence;

Nor boots it me to say I honour him,
If he suspect I may dishonour him:
And what may make him blush in battle?
He'll stop the course by which it might
be known.

With hostile forces he'll o'erspread the land,
And with the ostent of war will look on us.
Amazement shall drive courage from the soul,
Our men be vanquish'd ere they do reach
And subjects punish'd that ne'er did
offence:

Which care of them, not pity of my self,
(Who am no more but as the tops of trees,
Which fence the roots they grow by, and
fend them.)

Makes both my body pine, and soul to fear,
And punish that before, that he would
[Hel. and Lords

1 Lord. Joy and all comfort in your
breast!

2 Lord. And keep your mind, till you
turn to us,

Peaceful and comfortable.

Hel. Peace, peace, and give experience
They do abuse the king, that flatter him.
For flattery is the bellows blows up
The thing the which is flatter'd, but a
To which that blast gives heat and
glowing:

Whereas reproof, obedient, and in order
Fits kings, as they are men, does
When signior South, here, does
peace,

He flatters you, makes war upon your
Prince, pardon me, or strike me, if I
[Kneeling.] I cannot be much lower than
knees.

Per. All leave us else: but let
o'er-look

What shipping and what landing's in
And then return to us.— *Helicanus*

Hast mov'd us: what seest thou in
Hel. An angry brow, dread lord.

Per. If there be such a deed
How durst thy tongue move about it?

Hel. How dare the plaus look
from whence

They have their nourishment!

But since my landing I have understood
Your lord hath betook himself to unknown
travels,

My message must return from whence it came.

Hel. We have no reason to desire it,
Commended to our master, not to us:
Yet, ere you shall depart, this we desire,
As friends to Antioch, we may feast in Tyre.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.—*Tharsus. A Room in the
Governor's House.*

Enter Cleon, Dionyza, and Attendants.

Cle. My Dionyza, shall we rest us here,
And by relating tales of others' griefs,
See if 'twill teach us to forget our own?

Dio. That were to blow at fire in hope to
quench it;

For who digs hills because they do aspire,
Throws down one mountain to cast up a
higher.

O my distressed lord, even such our griefs;
Here they're but felt, and seen with mischief's
eyes,

But like to groves, being topp'd, they higher

Cle. O Dionyza, [rise.]
Who wanteth food, and will not any he wants
Or can conceal his hunger, till he furnish? [it,
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; [want,
That, if hear'n slumber, while their creatures
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
Dio. I'll do my best, sir. [tears.

Cle. This Tharsus o'er which I have the
government,
A city on whom plenty held full hand,
For riches strew'd herself even in the streets;
Whose towers bore heads so high they kiss'd
the clouds,

And strangers ne'er beheld, but wonder'd at;
Whose men and dames so jettied, and adorn'd
like one another's glass to trim them by:
Their tables were stor'd full, to glad the sight,
And not so much to feed on as delight;
All poverty was scorn'd, and pride so great,
The name of help grew odious to repeat.

Dio. O, 'tis too true. [four change,
Cle. But see what heaven can do! By this
These mouths, whom but of late, earth, sea,
and air,

Were all too little to content and please,
Although they gave their creatures in abund-
As houses are fill'd for want of use, [ance,
They are now starv'd for want of exercise:
Those palates, who, not yet two summers
younger,

Must have inventions to delight the taste,
Would now be glad of bread, and beg for it:
Those mothers, who, to nuzzle up their babes,
Thought nought too curious, are ready now

To eat those little darlings whom they lov'd
So sharp are hunger's teeth, that man and wife
Draw lots, who first shall die to lengthen life.
Here stands a lord, and there a lady weeping,
Here many sink, yet those which see them
Have scarce strength left to give them burial.

Is not this true?
Dio. Our cheeks and hollow eyes do witness
Cle. O, let those cities, that of plenty
And her prosperities so largely taste,
With their superfluous riots, hear these tears
The misery of Tharsus may be theirs.

Enter a Lord.
Lord. Where's the lord governor?

Cle. Here.
Speak out thy sorrows which thou bring'st
For comfort is too far for us to expect.

Lord. We have descried, upon our
bouring shore,
A portly sail of ships make litherward.
Cle. I thought as much.
One sorrow never comes, but brings an ill
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
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
Of their white flags display'd, they bring
peace,
And come to us as favourers, not as down-
Cle. Thou speak'st like him's a nation
repeat:
Who makes the fairest show means most
But bring they what they will, and what
What need we fear?
The ground's the lowest, and we are
there.

Go tell their general we attend him
To know for what he comes, and what
And what he craves.
Lord. I go, my lord.
Cle. Welcome is peace, if he on
If wars, we are unable to resist.
Enter Pericles, with Attendants.
Per. Lord governor, for so we hear
Let not our ships and number of our
Be like a beacon fir'd, to amaze your
We have heard your miseries as far as
And seen the desolation of your streets.
Nor come we to add sorrow to your
But to relieve them of their heavy load.
And these our ships you happily may
Are, like the Trojan horse, war-stor'd
With bloody veins, expecting overthrow.
Are stor'd with corn to make your nobles
And give them life whom hunger starv'd
dead.

All. [Kneeling.] The gods of Greece
And we'll pray for you. *Rise, I pray you.*
Per. We do not look for reverence,
but for pity.

...for our self, our ships, and
 ...which when any shall not gratify,
 ...with unthankfulness in thought,
 ...wires, our children, or ourselves,
 ...of heaven and men succeed their
 ...[seen,]
 ...[the which, I hope, shall ne'er be
 ...is welcome to our town and us.
 ...which welcome we'll accept; feast here
 ...stars that frown lend us a smile.
 ...[Exeunt.]

ACT II.

Enter Gower.

Here have you seen a mighty king
 ...I wis, to incest bring;
 ...prince, and benign lord,
 ...will prove awful both in deed and word.
 ...then, as men should be,
 ...shall pass'd necessity.
 ...you those in troubles reign,
 ...a mountain gain.
 ...in conversation
 ...I give my benison)
 ...at Tharsus, where each man
 ...all is with he spoken can:
 ...remember what he does,
 ...his statue to make him glorious:
 ...ings to the contrary
 ...thought your eyes: what need speak I?
 ...Dumb Show.

*From one side, Pericles, talking with
 ...their trains with them. Enter,
 ...the other side, a Gentleman, with a
 ...in Pericles; who shows the letter to
 ...then gives the Messenger a reward,
 ...brought him. Exeunt Pericles, Cleon,
 ...generally.*

Good Helicane hath stay'd at home,
 ...to all honey like a drone,
 ...their labours; for though he strive
 ...hills bad, keep good alive;
 ...to fulfil his prince's desire,
 ...soul of all that haps in Tyre:
 ...Thallard came full bent with sin,
 ...not intent to murder him;
 ...in Tharsus was not best
 ...for him to make his rest.
 ...knowing so, put forth to seas,
 ...when men been, there's seldom ease;
 ...the wind begins to blow;
 ...such inquiet, and deeps below,
 ...house him safe, that the ship
 ...good prince, is wreck'd and split;
 ...from coast to coast is tost;
 ...perish of man, of self,
 ...might escape but himself;
 ...fortune, he'd with doing bad,
 ...him ashore, to give him glad:

And here he comes. What shall he next,
 Pardon old Gower,—this Tongs the text.
 [Exit.]

SCENE I.—Pentapolis. *An open Place by the Sea-side.*

Enter Pericles, wet.

Per. Yet cease your ire, you angry stars of
 heaven! [man
 Wind, rain, and thunder, remember, earthly
 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, [breath
 Wash'd me from shore to shore, and left me
 Nothing to think on, but ensuing death:
 Let it suffice the greatness of your powers,
 To have bereft a prince of all his fortunes;
 And having thrown him from your watery
 grave,

Here to have death in peace is all he'll crave.

Enter three Fishermen.

1 *Fish.* What, ho, Pilch!
 2 *Fish.* Ho, come, and bring away the nets!
 1 *Fish.* What, Patch-breech, I say!
 3 *Fish.* What say you, master?
 1 *Fish.* Look how thou stirrest now! come
 away, or I'll fetch thee with a wauion.
 3 *Fish.* Faith, master, I am thinking of the
 poor men, that were cast away before us even
 now.

1 *Fish.* Alas, poor souls! it grieved my
 heart to hear what pitiful cries they made to
 us to help them, when, well-a-day, we could
 scarce help ourselves.

3 *Fish.* Nay, master, said not I as much,
 when I saw the porpus, how he bounced and
 tumbled! they say, they are half fish, half
 flesh: a plague on them! they ne'er come,
 but I look to be washed. Master, I marvel
 how the fishes live in the sea.

1 *Fish.* Why, as men do a-land,—the great
 ones eat up the little ones: I can compare our
 rich misers to nothing so fitly as to a whale:
 'a plays and tumbles, driving the poor fry be-
 fore him, and at last devours them all at a
 mouthful: such whales have I heard on o' the
 land, who never leave gaping, till they've
 swallowed the whole parish, church, steeple,
 bells, and all.

Per. [Aside.] A pretty moral.

3 *Fish.* But, master, if I had been the sexton,
 I would have been that day in the belfry.

2 *Fish.* Why, man!

3 *Fish.* Because he should have swallowed
 me too: and when I had been in his belly, I
 would have kept such a jangling of the bells,
 that he should never have left, till he cast bells,
 steeple, church, and parish, up again. But if
 the good king Simonides were of my mind,—

Per. [Aside.] Simonides!

3 *Fish.* We would purge the land of these
 drones, that rob the bee of her honey.

Per. [Aside.] How from the funny subject
 of the sea

These fishers tell the infirmities of men :
And from their watery empire recollect
All that may men approve, or men detect !—
[*Aloud.*] Peace be at your labour, honest
fishermen.

2 *Fish.* Honest ! good fellow, what's that ?
if it be a day fits you, search out of the calendar,
and nobody look after it.

Per. You may see, the sea hath cast me on
your coast.

2 *Fish.* What a drunken knave was the sea,
to cast thee in our way !

Per. A man whom both the waters and the
wind,

In that vast tennis-court, have made the ball
For them to play upon, untreats you pity him ;
He asks of you, that never us'd to beg.

1 *Fish.* No, friend, cannot you beg ? here's
them in our country of Greece, gets more with
begging, than we can do with working.

2 *Fish.* Canst thou catch any fishes, then ?

Per. I never practis'd it.

2 *Fish.* Nay, then thou wilt starve, sure ;
for here's nothing to be got now-a-days, unless
thou canst fish for't.

Per. What I have been, I have forgot to
But what I am, want teaches me to think on ;
A man throng'd up with cold : my veins are
chill,

And have no more of life, than may suffice
To give my tongue that heat to ask your help ;
Which if you shall refuse, when I am dead,
For that I am a man, pray see me buried.

1 *Fish.* Die, quoth-a ! Now, gods forbid
it ! I have a gown here ; come, put it on ;
keep thee warm. Now, afore me, a hand-
some fellow ! Come, thou shalt go home, and
we'll have flesh for holidays, fish for fasting
days, and moreo'er puddings and flap-jacks ;
and thou shalt be welcome.

Per. I thank you, sir.

1 *Fish.* Hark you, my friend, you said you
could not beg.

Per. I did but crave.

2 *Fish.* But crave ! Then I'll turn craver
too, and so I shall 'scape whipping.

Per. Why, are all your beggars whipped,
then ?

2 *Fish.* O, not all, my friend, not all ; for if
all your beggars were whipped, I would wish
no better office than to be beadle. But,
unstar, I'll go draw up the net.

[*Exit with third Fisherman.*]

Per. How well this honest mirth becomes
their labour !

1 *Fish.* Hark you, sir ; do you know where
Per. Not well.

1 *Fish.* Why, I'll tell you : this is called
Pentapolis, and our king, the good Simonides.

Per. The good king Simonides, do you call
him ?

1 *Fish.* Ay, sir ; and he deserves to be so
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 ?

1 *Fish.* Marry, sir, half a day's journey,
and I'll tell you, he hath a fair daughter, and
to-morrow is her birth-day ; and there are
princes and knights come from all parts of
the world, to just and tourney for her love.

Per. Were my fortunes equal to my desires,
I could wish to make one there.

1 *Fish.* O, sir, things must be as they may
and what a man cannot get, he may lawfully
deal for ;—his wife's son.

*Re-enter second and third Fishermen, drawing
up a net.*

2 *Fish.* Help, master, help ! here's a fish
hangs in the net, like a poor man's right in the
law ; 'twill hardly come out. Ha ! hold on ;
'tis come at last, and 'tis turned to a money
armour.

Per. An armour, friends ! I pray you, let
Thanks, fortune, yet, that after all my craving
Thou giv'st 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 will,
"Keep it, my Pericles ; it hath been a sword
'Twixt me and death ;"—and pointed to the
brace ;—

"For that it sav'd me, keep it ; in like manner
The which the gods protect thee from I will
defend thee."

It kept where I kept, I so dearly lov'd it,
Till the rough seas, that spare not any man,
Took it in rage, though, calld, they
gave't again :

I thank thee for't : my shipwreck now is
Since I have here my father's gift in'state.

1 *Fish.* What mean you, sir ?

Per. To beg of you, kind friends, this sword
For it was sometime target to a king ;

I know it by this mark. He lov'd me
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 fortunes better
I'll pay your bounties ; till then, good friends,
debtor.

1 *Fish.* Why, wilt thou tourney for this sword ?

Per. I'll show the virtue I have borrow'd from it.

1 *Fish.* Why, do ye take it ; and let me
give thee good on't !

2 *Fish.* Ay, but hark you, my friend,
we that made up this garment through
rough seams of the water ; there are
condolements, certain vails. I hope, you
thrive, you'll remember from whence you
came.

Per. Believe it, I will.

By your furtherance I am cloth'd in steel.
And, spite of all the rupture of the sea,
This jewel holds his building on my arm.

thy value will I mount myself
 on my career, whose delightful steps
 make the gazer joy to see him tread.
 My friend, I yet am unprovided
 of all these.
 We'll sure provide: thou shalt have
 all given to make thee a pair; and I'll
 then to the court myself.
 Then honour be but a goal to my will,
 which I'll rise, or else add ill to ill.

[*Exeunt.*]

[*Enter*—Pentapolis. *A Platform leading
 to the Lute. A Pavilion near it, for the
 reception of the King, Princess, Ladies,
 &c.*]

Enter Simonides, Thaisa, Lords, and
 Attendants.

Are the knights ready to begin the
 tilt? They are, my liege: [triumph!]
 your coming to present themselves.
 Return them, we are ready: and our

daughter,
 of whose birth these triumphs are,
 like beauty's child, whom nature gat
 to see, and seeing wonder at.

[*Exit a Lord.*]

It pleaseth you, my royal father, to

express
 commendations great, whose merit's less.
 'Tis fit it should be so: for princes are
 which heaven makes like to itself:

lose their glory if neglected,
 their renown, if not respected.

your honour, daughter, to explain
 of each knight in his device.

Which, to preserve mine honour, I'll
 perform.

A knight; he passes over, and his Squire
 presents his shield to the Princess.

Who is the first that doth prefer him-
 [father;]

A knight of Sparta, my renowned
 the device he bears upon his shield

Luc tua vita mihi,
 He loves you well that holds his life of

[The second Knight passes over.

Thaisa. A prince that presents himself!

A prince of Macedon, my royal father;
 the device he bears upon his shield

And crown you king of this day's happiness.
 Per. 'Tis more by fortune, lady, than by

merit. [yours:]
 Sim. Call it by what you will, the day is

And here, I hope, is none that envies it.
 In framing an artist, art hath thus decreed,

To make some good, but others to exceed;
 And you're her labour'd scholar.—Come, queen

o' the feast, [place:]
 (For, daughter, so you are,) here take your

Marshal the rest, as they deserve their grace.
 Knights. We are honour'd much by good

Simonides.

Sim. Which shows that beauty hath his power
 and will,
 Which can as well inflame, as it can kill.

[The fifth Knight passes over.

Thaisa. The fifth, a hand environed with
 clouds,

Holding out gold that's by the touchstone tried:
 The motto thus, *Sic spectanda fides*.

[The sixth Knight passes over.

Sim. And what's the sixth and last, the
 which the knight himself

With such a graceful courtesy deliver'd!
 Thaisa. He seems to be a stranger; but his

present is
 A wither'd branch, that's only green at top;
 The motto, *In hac spe vivo*.

Sim. A pretty moral;
 From the dejected state wherein he is,

He hopes by you his fortune yet may flourish.
 1 Lord. He had need mean better, than his

outward show
 Can any way speak in his just command;
 For, by his rusty outside, he appears

To have practis'd more the whipstock, than the
 lance. [comes]

2 Lord. He well may be a stranger, for he
 To an honour'd triumph strangely furnished.

3 Lord. And on set purpose let his armour
 Until this day, to scour it in the dust. [rust]

Sim. Opinion's but a fool, that makes us
 The outward habit by the inward man. [scan]

But stay, the knights are coming: we'll with-
 Into the gallery. [draw]

[*Exeunt.* Great shouts, and all cry,
 "The mean knight!"]

SCENE III.—Pentapolis. *A Hall of State; a
 Banquet prepared.*

Enter Simonides, Thaisa, Marshal, Ladies,
 Lords, Attendants, and the Knights from

tilting.

Sim. Knights,
 To say you're welcome were superfluous.

To place upon the volume of your deeds,
 As in a title-page, your worth in arms,

Were more than you expect, or more than's fit,
 Since every worth in show commends itself.

Prepare for mirth, for mirth becomes a feast:
 You are princes, and my guests.

Thaisa. But you, my knight and guest;
 To whom this wreath of victory I give,

And crown you king of this day's happiness.
 Per. 'Tis more by fortune, lady, than by

merit. [yours:]
 Sim. Call it by what you will, the day is

And here, I hope, is none that envies it.
 In framing an artist, art hath thus decreed,

To make some good, but others to exceed;
 And you're her labour'd scholar.—Come, queen

o' the feast, [place:]
 (For, daughter, so you are,) here take your

Marshal the rest, as they deserve their grace.
 Knights. We are honour'd much by good

Simonides.

Sim. Your presence glads our days: honour we love,

For who hates honour, hates the gods above.

Marshall. Sir, yond's your place.

Per. Some other is more fit.

1 Knight. Contend not, sir; for we are gentlemen,

That neither in our hearts, nor outward eyes, Envy the great, nor do the low despise.

Per. You are right courteous knights.

Sim. Sit, sir, sit.

Per. [*Aside.*] By Jove, I wonder, that is king of thoughts,

These cates resist me, she but thought upon.

Thai. [*Aside.*] By Juno, that is queen Of marriage, all the viands that I eat

Do seem unsavoury, wishing him my meat.

Sure, he's a gallant gentleman. [*men;*]

Sim. [*Aside.*] He's but a country gentleman. He has done no more than other knights have done;

He has broken a staff, or so; so, let it pass.

Thai. [*Aside.*] To me he seems like diamond to glass. [*father's picture,*

Per. [*Aside.*] Yon king's to me like to my 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 veil their crowns to his supremacy: [*night,*

Where now his son's like a glow-worm in the

The which bath fire in darkness, none in light:

Whereby I see that Time's the king of men;

For he's their parent, and he is their grave,

And gives them what he will, not what they

Sim. What, are you merry, knights? [*crave.*

1 Knight. Who can be other, in this royal

presence! [*brim,*

Sim. Here, with a cup that's stor'd unto the

(As you do love, fill to your mistress' lips.)

We drink this health to you.

Knights. We thank your grace.

Sim. Yet pause a while;

Yon knight doth sit too melancholy,

As if the entertainment in our court

Had not a show might countervail his worth.

Note it not you, Thaisa?

Thai. What is it

To me, my father?

Sim. O, attend, my daughter:

Princes, in this, should live like gods above,

Who freely give to every one that comes

To honour them:

And princes, not doing so, are like to gnats,

Which make a sound, but kill'd are wonder'd at.

Therefore, to make his entrance more sweet,

Here, say we drink this standing-bowl of wine

to him.

Thai. Alas, my father, it befits not me

Unto a stranger knight to be so bold:

He may my proffer take for an offence,

Since men take women's gifts for impudence.

Sim. How!

Do as I bid you, or you'll move me else.

Thai. [*Aside.*] Now, by the gods, he will not please me better.

Sim. And further tell him, we desire to know

Of whence he is, his name, and parentage.

Thai. The king my father, sir, has desired

Per. I thank him.

Thai. Wishing it so much blood unto

life.

Per. I thank both him and you, and know

Thai. And, further, he desires to know

you,

Of whence you are, your name and parentage.

Per. A gentleman of Tyre (my name, Tyre)

My education been in arts and arms.

Who, looking for adventures in the world,

Was by the rough seas rest of ships and men

And, after shipwreck, driven upon the shore

Thai. He thanks your grace; name yours.

A gentleman of Tyre,

Who only by misfortune of the seas

Bereft of ships and men, cast on this shore.

Sim. Now, by the gods, I pity his misfortune.

And will awake him from his melancholy.

Come, gentlemen, we sit too long on trifles.

And waste the time which looks for other men.

Even in your armours, as you are address'd.

Will very well become a soldier's dance.

I will not have excuse, with saying, that

Loud music is too harsh for ladies' heads;

Since they love men in arms, as well as we.

[*The Knights dance.*]

So, this was well ask'd, 'twas so well paid.

Come, sir;

Here is a lady that wants breathing too.

And I have often heard, you knights of Tyre

Are excellent in making ladies trip;

And that their measures are as excellent.

Per. In those that practise them, they are

my lord.

Sim. O, that's as much, as you would

Of your fair courtesy.

[*The Knights and Ladies dance.*]

Thanks, gentlemen, to all; all have done

[*To Pericles.*] But you the best—

lights, to conduct

These knights unto their several lodgings.

We have given order to be next our own

Per. I am at your grace's pleasure.

Sim. Princes, it is too late to talk

And that's the mark I know you love all

Therefore, each one betake him to his rest

To-morrow all for speeding do their best.

SCENE IV.—Tyre. A Room in the Palace.

Enter Helicanus and Escanes.

Hel. No, Escanes; know this of me

Antiochus from incest liv'd not free

For which, the most high gods, not free

To withhold the vengeance that they

Due to this heinous capital offence,

Even in the height and pride of all his

He was seated, and his daughter with
 a heart of inestimable value, [him,
 from heaven came, and shrivell'd up
 her body, even to loathing: for they so
 much, that those eyes ador'd them ere their fall,
 and their hand should give them burial.
 'Twas very strange.
 And yet but just; for though
 his was great, his greatness was no
 heaven's shaft, but sin had his reward.
 Enter three Lords.
 See, not a man, in private conference
 with respect with him but he.
 He shall no longer grieve without
 [it.
 And cur'd be he that will not second
 Follow me, then. Lord Helicane,
 With me! and welcome. Happy day,
 [the top,
 Know, that our griefs are risen to
 at length they overflow their banks.
 Your griefs! for what! wrong not the
 prince you love. [Helicane:
 Wrong not yourself, then, noble
 the prince do live, let us salute him,
 know what ground's made happy by his
 death.
 The world he live, we'll seek him out;
 he were he rest, we'll find him there;
 he would he lives to govern us,
 gives cause to mourn his funeral,
 us to our free election.
 Whose death's, indeed, the strongest
 in our censure:
 knowing this kingdom is without a head,—
 all buildings left without a roof,
 to ruin,—your noble self, [reign,
 know at how to rule and how to
 submit unto,—our sovereign.
 Live, noble Helicane! [rages:
 For honour's cause, forbear your sull-
 your wish, I leap into the seas,
 a month longer, let me entreat you
 the absence of your king;
 which time exult'd, he not return,
 with aged patience bear your yoke.
 I cannot win you to this love,
 like nobles, like noble subjects,
 your search spend your adventurous
 you find, and win unto return, [worth;
 To wisdom he's a fool that will not
 our travels will endeavour it.
 Then you love us, we you, and we'll
 hands;
 thus knit, a kingdom ever stands.
 [Exeunt.

SCENE V.—Pentapolis. A Room in the Palace.

Enter Simonides, reading a letter: the Knights meet him.

1 Knight. Good morrow to the good Simon-
 ides. [You know,
 Sim. Knights, from my daughter this I let
 That for this twelvemonth she'll not undertake
 A married life.
 Her reason to herself is only known,
 Which yet from her by no means can I get.
 2 Knight. May we not get access to her,
 my lord? [strictly tied her
 Sim. Faith, by no means; she hath so
 To her chamber, that it is impossible, [lively so
 One twelve moons more she'll wear Diana's
 This by the eye of Cynthia hath she vow'd,
 And on her virgin honour will not break it.
 3 Knight. Though loth to bid farewell, we
 take our leaves. [Exeunt.
 Sim. So, [letter:
 They're well despatch'd; now to my daughter's
 She tells me here, she'll wed the stranger
 knight,
 Or never more to view nor day nor light.
 'Tis well, mistress; your choice agrees with
 mine;
 I like that well: nay, how absolute she's in't,
 Not minding whether I dislike or no!
 Well, I commend her choice;
 And will no longer have it be delay'd.
 Soft! here he comes; I must dissemble it.
 Enter Pericles.
 Per. All fortune to the good Simonides!
 Sim. To you as much, sir! I am beholden
 to you,
 For your sweet music this last night: I do
 Protest, my ears were never better fed
 With such delightful pleasing harmony.
 Per. It is your grace's pleasure to commend;
 Not my desert.
 Sim. Sir, you are music's master.
 Per. The worst of all her scholars, my good
 Sim. Let me ask you one thing. [lord.
 What do you think of my daughter, sir?
 Per. As of a most virtuous princess.
 Sim. And she is fair too, is she not?
 Per. As a fair day in summer, wondrous
 fair. [500;
 Sim. Sir, my daughter thinks very well of
 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
 Per. [Aside.] What's here? [else.
 A letter, that she loves the knight of Tyre!
 'Tis the king's subtilty, to have my life.
 [Aloud.] 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
A villain. [thou art

Per. By the gods, I have not;
Never did thought of mine levy offences;
Nor never did my actions yet commence

A deed might gain her love, or your dis-
Sim. Traitor, thou liest. [pleasure.

Per. Traitor!
Sim. Ay, traitor.

Per. Even in his throat,—unless it be the
That calls me traitor, I return the lie. [king,—

Sim. [Aside.] Now, by the gods, I do applaud
his courage.

Per. My actions are as noble as my thoughts,
That never relish'd of a base descent.
I came unto your court for honour's cause,
And not to be a rebel to her state;
And he that otherwise accounts of me,
This sword shall prove he's honour's enemy.

Sim. No!
Here comes my daughter, she can witness it.

Enter Thaisa.
Per. Then, as you are as virtuous as fair,
Resolve your angry father, if my tongue
Did e'er solicit, or my hand subscribe
To any syllable that made love to you.

Thai. Why, sir, say if you had,
Whotakes offence at that would make me glad?

Sim. Yea, mistress, are you so peremptory?
[Aside.] I am glad on't, with all my heart.

[To her.] I'll tame you; I'll bring you in sub-
Will you, not having my consent, [jection.
Bestow your love and your affections
Upon a stranger! [Aside.] who, for aught I
May be (nor can I think the contrary) [know,
As great in blood as I myself. [frame

[Aloud.] Therefore, hear you, mistress; either
Your will to mine,—and you, sir, hear you,
Kither be ral'd 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 pleas'd?

Thai. Yes, if you love me, sir.

Per. Even as my life, my blood that fosters
Sim. What, are you both agreed? [it.

Both. Yes, if I please your majesty. [you wed;
Sim. It pleaseth me so well, that I will see
Them, with what haste you can, get you to bed.

[Exeunt.

ACT III.

Enter Gower.

Gow. Now sleep yslak'd hath the rout;
No din but snores the house about,
Made louder by the o'er-fed breast
Of this most pompous marriage feast.
The cat, with eyes of burning coal,
Now couches 'fore the mouse's hole;
And crickets sing at the oven's mouth,
As the blither for their drouth.

Hymen hath brought the bride to bed,
Where, by the loss of maidenhead,
A babe is moulded.—Be attent;
And time that is so briefly spent,
With your fine fancies quaintly whee!
What's dumb in show, I'll plain with speech.

Dumb Show.

Enter, from one side, Pericles and Simonides with Attendants; a Messenger meets them, kneels, and gives Pericles a letter; he shows it to Simonides; the Lords kneel to Pericles. Then, enter Thaisa with child, and by choridai: Simonides shows his daughter the letter; she rejoices: she and Pericles take leave of her father, and depart with Pericles and their Attendants. Then, exeunt Simonides and the rest.

Gow. By many a dear and painful pang,
Of Pericles the careful search,
By the four opposing coignes,
Which the world together joins,
Is made with all due diligence
That horse, and sail, and high expense,
Can stand the quest. At last from Tyre
(Fame answering the most strange enquiry)
To the court of king Simonides
Are letters brought, the tenor thus:
Antiochus and his daughter dead;
The men of Tyre on the head
Of Helicanus would set on
The crown of Tyre, but he will none.
The mutiny he there hastes to suppress;
Says to them, 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,
Yraved the regions round,
And every one with claps and 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 dole
(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 hand
Varies again; the grisly north
Disgorges such a tempest forth,
That, as a duck for life that dives,
So up and down the poor ship drives.
The lady shrieks, and, well-a-wee,
Does fall in travail with her fear.
And what ensues in this fell storm
Shall for itself itself perform.
I will relate, action may
Conveniently the rest convey;
Which might not what by and is told
In your imagination hold.
This stage the ship, upon whom death
The sea-lost Pericles appears to speak.

SCENE I.—On a Ship at Sea.

Enter Pericles.

Thou God of this great vast, rebuke
these surges, [that hast
wash both heaven and hell; and thou,
the winds command, bind them in brass,
and call'd them from the deep! O, still
desp'ning, dreadful thunders; gently
[Lychorida,
sulphurous flashes!—O, how,
my queen!—Thou storm, venom-
ously spit all thyself!—The seaman's
whisper in the ears of death, [whistle
—Lychorida!—Lucius, O,
patroness, and midwife gentle
that cry by night, convey thy deity
our dancing boat; makeswift the pangs
queen's travails!—

Enter Lychorida, with an infant.
Here is a thing too young for such a
it had conceit, would die, as I [place,
to do: take in your arms this piece
dead queen.

How, how, Lychorida!
Patience, good sir; do not assist the
storm,
all that is left living of your queen,
your daughter: for the sake of it,
and take comfort.

O you gods!
do you make us love your goodly gifts,
and match them straight away! We, here
follow,
not what we give, and therein may
concur with you.

Patience, good sir,
for this charge.
Now, mild may be thy life!
more blust'rous birth had never babe:
and gentle thy conditions! for
the rudest welcom'd to this world,
what was prince's child. Happy what
as chiding a nativity, [follows!
water, earth, and heaven can make,
these from the womb: even at the

first,
is more than can thy portage quit,
all thou canst find here.—Now, the good
their best eyes upon it! [gods
Enter two Sailors.

What courage, sir? God save you!
Courage enough: I do not fear the

done to me the worst. Yet for the love
the poor infant, this fresh new sea-farer,
it would be quiet.

Black the bolins there; thou wilt
blow, and split thyself.

But sea-room,—an the brine and
allow kiss the moon,—I care not.

Sir, your queen must overboard!

the sea works high, the wind is loud, and will
not lie till the ship be cleared of the dead.

Per. That's your superstition.

1 Sail. Pardon us, sir; with us at sea it
hath been still observed, and we are strong in
custom. Therefore briefly yield her; for she
must overboard straight. [queen!

Per. As you think meet.—Most wretched
Lyc. Here she lies, sir. [dear;

Per. A terrible child-bed hast thou had, my
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 aye-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 Alexander

Bring me the satin coffer: lay the babe
Upon the pillow. Hie thee, whiles I say

A priestly farewell to her; suddenly, woman.
[Exit Lychorida.

2 Sail. Sir, we have a chest beneath the
hatches, caulk'd and bitumed ready.

Per. I thank thee. Mariner, say what coast
2 Sail. We are near Tharsus. [is this?

Per. Thither, gentle mariner, [reach it!
Alter thy course for Tyre. When canst thou

2 Sail. By break of day, if the wind cease.
Per. O, make for Tharsus.

There will I visit Cleon, for the babe
Cannot hold out to Tyrrus: there I'll leave it

At careful nursing. Go thy ways, good mar-
I'll bring the body presently. [iner:
[Exit.

SCENE II.—Ephesus. A Room in Cerimon's House.

Enter Cerimon, 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:
It has been a turbulent and stormy night.

Serv. I have been in many; but such a night
Till now I ne'er endur'd. [as this,

Cer. Your master will be dead ere you
return;

There's nothing can be minister'd to nature,
That can recover him.—[To Phil.] Give this to

And tell me how it works. [the apothecary,
[Exit all except Cerimon.

Enter two Gentlemen.

1 Gent. Good morrow, sir,
2 Gent. Good morrow to your lordship.

Cer. Gentlemen,
Why do you stir so early?

1 Gent. Sir,
Our lodgings, standing bleak upon the sea,

Shook, as the earth did quake;
The very principals did seem to rend,

And all to topple; pure surprise and fear
Made me to quit the house.

2 *Gent.* That is the cause we trouble you so
Tis not our husbandry.

Cer. O, you say well.
1 *Gent.* But I much marvel that your lord-
ship, having

Rich fire about you, should at these early hours
Shake off the golden slumber of repose.

Tis most strange,
Nature should be so conversant with pain,
Being thereto not compell'd.

Cer. I held 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. 'Tis known, I ever
Have studied physic, through which secret art,
By turning o'er authorities, I have

Together with my practice made familiar
To me and to my aid, the blest infusions
That dwell in vegetives, in metals, stones;
And can speak of the disturbances that nature
Works, and of her cures; which doth give me
A more content in course of true delight,
Than to be thirsty after tottering honour,
Or tie my treasure up in silken bags,
To please the fool and death. [pours forth]

2 *Gent.* Your honour has through Ephesus
Your charity, and hundreds call themselves
Your creatures, who by you have been restor'd;
And not your knowledge, your personal pain,
but even

Your purse, still open, hath built lord Cerimon
Such strong renown as time shall never—
Enter two Servants, with a chest.

1 *Serv.* So; lift there.

Cer. What is that?

1 *Serv.* Sir, even now
Did the sea toss upon our shore this chest:

'Tis of some wreck.

Cer. Set it down; let's look upon't.

2 *Gent.* 'Tis like a coffin, sir.

Cer. What'er it be,
'Tis wondrous heavy. Wrench it open straight:

If the sea's stomach be o'ercharged with gold,
'Tis a good constraint of fortune it belches
upon us.

2 *Gent.* 'Tis so, my lord.

Cer. How close 'tis caulk'd and bitum'd!

Did the sea cast it up?

1 *Serv.* I never saw so huge a billow, sir,
As toss'd it upon shore.

Cer. Wrench it open;
Soft!—it smells most sweetly in my sense.

2 *Gent.* A delicate odour.

Cer. As ever hit my nostril. So,—up with
O you most potent gods! what's here! a corpse!

1 *Gent.* Most strange!

Cer. Shrouded in cloth of state; balm'd and
entreasur'd

With full bags of spices! A passport too!—
[Unfolds a scroll.]

Apollo, perfect me in the characters!

[Reads.]

"Here I give to understand,
(If'er this coffin drive a land.)

1, King Pericles, have lost
This queen, worth all our mundane care;

Who finds her, give her burying;
She was the daughter of a king;

Besides this treasure for a fee,
The gods requite his charity!

If thou liv'st, Pericles, thou hast a heart
That even cracks for woe! This chamber'd

night.

2 *Gent.* Most likely, sir.

Cer. Nay, certainly to night
For look, how fresh she looks! They were

rough,

That threw her in the sea. Make fire within
Fetch hither all the boxes in my closet—
[Exit 2 Servants.]

Death may usurp on nature many hours,
And yet the fire of life kindle again

The o'erpress'd spirits. I heard of an Egyptian
That had nine hours lien dead;

Who was by good appliance recovered.
Re-enter 2 Servants, with boxes, napkins, and
fire.

Well said, well said; the fire and cloth—
The rough and woful music that we have
Cause it to sound, beseech you.

The vial once more;—how thou stir'st,
block!

The music there!—I pray you, give her
Gentlemen,

This queen will live: nature awakes; a woman
Breathes out of her: she hath not been

trans'd

Above five hours. See, how she gives
Into life's flower again!

1 *Gent.* The heavens
Through you increase our wonder, and

Your fame for ever.

Cer. She is alive! [Leads her up.]
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
live,

And make us weep to hear your tale,
creature,

Rare as you seem to be!

Thai. O dear Diana! What
Where am I! Where's my lord? What

is this?

2 *Gent.* Is not this strange?

1 *Gent.* Most rare.

Cer. Hush, gentle souls,
Lend me your hands; to the next chamber

Get linen: now this matter must be kept
For her relapse is mortal. Come, come,
And Esculapius guide us!

[Exit, carrying Thaisa.]

III.—Thaisa. A Room in Cleon's
House.

Pericles, Cleon, Dionysa, and Lycho-
rida, with Marina.

Most honour'd Cleon, I must needs be
your mouth are expir'd, and Tyrus

from my heart all thankfulness! the gods
the rest upon you!

your shafts of fortune, though they hurt
me mortally,

case full wanderingly on us.

O your sweet queen!

brought her hither,

mead mine eyes!

We cannot but obey
the son she lies in, yet the end

My gentle babe Marina (whom,
born at sea, I have nam'd so) here

your charity withal, and leave her
of your care; beseeching you

princely training, that she may
as she is born.

Fear not, my lord, but think
that fed my country with your

the people's prayers still fall upon
your child be thought on. If neglec-

make me vile, the common body,
reliev'd, would force me to my duty;

that my nature need a spur,
revenge it upon me and mine,

and of generation!

I believe you;

your vows. Till she be married,
Diana, whom we honour, all

shall this hair of mine remain,
I show it in't. So I take my leave.

make me blessed in your care
up my child.

I have one myself,
not be more dear to my respect,

Madam, my thanks and prayers.

Will bring your grace e'en to the edge
of the shore;

are won up to the mask'd Neptune, and
winds of heaven.

I will embrace
Come, dearest madam.—O, no
tears:

your little mistress, on whose grace
depend hereafter. Come, my lord.

[Exit.]

[Exit.]

[Exit.]

[Exit.]

[Exit.]

[Exit.]

[Exit.]

[Exit.]

[Exit.]

[Exit.]

[Exit.]

[Exit.]

[Exit.]

[Exit.]

[Exit.]

[Exit.]

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
At your command. Know you the character!

Thai. It is my lord's.

That I was shipp'd at sea, I well remember,
Even on my yearning 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 you
Diana's temple is not distant far, [speaks]

Where you may bide until your date expire.
Moreover, if you please, a niece of mine

Shall there attend you.

Thai. My recompense is thanks, that's all;
Yet my good will is great, though the gift

small. [Exit.]

[Exit.]

[Exit.]

[Exit.]

[Exit.]

[Exit.]

[Exit.]

[Exit.]

[Exit.]

[Exit.]

[Exit.]

[Exit.]

[Exit.]

[Exit.]

[Exit.]

[Exit.]

[Exit.]

[Exit.]

[Exit.]

[Exit.]

[Exit.]

[Exit.]

[Exit.]

[Exit.]

[Exit.]

[Exit.]

[Exit.]

[Exit.]

[Exit.]

[Exit.]

[Exit.]

In Philoten all graceful marks,
That Cleon's wife, with envy rare,
A present murderer does prepare
For good Marina, that her daughter
Might stand peerless by this slaughter.
The sooner her vile thoughts to stead,
Lychorida, our nurse, is dead;
And cursed Dionyza hath
The pregnant instrument of wrath
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 doth appear,
With Leonine, a murderer. [Exit.]

SCENE I.—*Tharsus. An open Place near the Sea-shore.*

Enter Dionyza and Leonine.

Dion. Thy oath remember; thou hast sworn to do't:

'Tis but a blow, which never shall be known.
Thou canst not do a thing if the world so soon,
To yield thee so much profit. Let not conscience,

Which is but cold, inflaming love in thy bosom,
Inflame too nicely; nor let pity, which
Even women have cast off, melt thee, but be
A soldier to thy purpose. [creature,

Leon. I'll do't; but yet she is a goodly

Dion. The fitter, then, the gods should have her.

Here she comes weeping for her only mistress'
Thou art resolv'd? [death.

Leon. I am resolv'd.

Enter Marina, with a basket of flowers.

Mar. No, I will rob Tellus of her weed,
To strew thy green with flowers: the yellows,
The purple violets, and marigolds, [blues,
Shall, as a carpet, hang upon thy grave,
While summer days do last. Ah me! poor maid,

Born in a tempest, when my mother died,
This world to me is like a lasting storm,
Whirling me from my friends.

Dion. How now, Marina! Why do you keep alone? [not

How chance my daughter is not with you? Do
Consume your blood with sorrowing: you have
A nurse of me. Lord, how your favour's
chang'd

With this unprofitable woe! Come,
Give me your flowers; ere the sea mar them.
Walk with Leonine; the air is quick there,
And it pierces and sharpens the stomach.
Come,

Leonine, take her by the arm, walk with her.

Mar. No, I pray you;

I'll not bereave you of your servant.

Dion. Come, come;

I love the king your father, and yourself,
With more than foreign heart. We every day

Expect him here: when he shall come, and find
Our paragon to all reports thus blasted,
He will repent the breadth of his great voyage;
Blame both my lord and me, that we have
taken

No care to your best courses. Go, I pray you,
Walk, and be cheerful once again; reserve
That excellent complexion, which did steal
The eyes of young and old. Care not for old
I can go home alone.

Mar.

But yet I have no desire to it.
Dion. Come, come, I know 'tis good for you.
Walk half-an-hour, Leonine, at least
Remember what I have said.

Leon.

Dion. I'll leave you, my sweet lady, but
while;

Pray you walk softly, do not heat your blood.
What! I must have care of you.

Mar.

Is this wind westerly that blows? South-west
Leon. When I was born, the wind was north-west.
Mar. My father, as nurse said, did never
fear,
But cried "good seamen!" to the sailors,
His kindly hands, hauling ropes;
And, clasping to the mast, endure'd a sea
That almost burst the deck.

Leon.

Mar. When I was born:
Never were waves nor wind more violent
And from the ladder-tackle washes of
A canvas-climber. "Ha!" says one, "say so,"
And with a dropping industry they skip
From stem to stern: the boatswain whistles,
The master calls, and tumbles their craft.

Leon.

Mar. Come, say your prayers.
What more can I say?

Mar.

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
To do my work with haste.

Mar.

Leon. To satisfy my lady.
Mar. Why would she have me kill'd?
Now, as I can remember, by my truth,
I never did her hurt in all my life:
I never spake bad word, nor did ill turn
To any living creature: believe me, I
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 peace?
My life imply her any danger?

Leon.

Is not to reason of the dead, but do it.
Mar. You will not do't for all the world's
hope.

Mar.

You are well-favour'd, and your looks
You have a gentle heart. I saw you

you caught hurt in parting two that fought :
 and sooth, it show'd well in you : do so now ;
 why seeks my life ; come you between,
 and save poor me, the weaker.

I am sworn,

will despatch.
Enter Pirates, whilst Marina is struggling.
 Pirate. Hold, villain ! *Leonine runs away.*
 Pirate. A prize ! a prize !
 Pirate. Half-part, mates, half-part. Come,
 I have her aboard suddenly.

Exit Pirates with Marina.

SCENE II.—*The Same.*
Enter Leonine.

These roving thieves serve the great
 pirate Valdes ;
 they have seiz'd Marina. Let her go :
 I have no hope she'll return. I'll swear she's
 thrown into the sea. But I'll see further ;
 they will but please themselves upon
 her aboard. If she remain, [her,
 they have ravish'd must by me be slain.

Exit.

SCENE III.—*Mitylene. A Room in a*
Brothel.
Enter Pander, Bawd, and Boul.

Boul. Search the market narrowly ; Mity-
 lena is full of gallants. We lost too much
 this morn'g by being too wenchless.
 We were never so much out of
 our wits as we have but poor three, and they
 do no more than they can do : and they
 continual action are even as good as

dead. Therefore, let's have fresh ones,
 and we pay for them. If there be not a
 dozen to be used in every trade, we shall
 not prosper.

Bawd. Thou say'st true : 'tis not the bring-
 ing up of poor bastards,—as, I think, I have
 done.

Boul. Ay, to eleven ; and brought them
 again. But shall I search the market ?
 Bawd. What else, man ? The stuff we have
 is wholly sodden.

Boul. Thou say'st true ; they're too un-
 derdone, o' conscience. The poor Tran-
 sylvanian is dead, that lay with the little

boy. Ay, she quickly pooped him ; she
 has him roast-meat for worms.—But I'll go
 search the market.

Bawd. Three or four thousand chequins
 will give over.

Boul. Why to give over, I pray you ! is it
 to get when we are old ?

Pand. O, our credit comes not in like the
 commodity ; nor the commodity wages not
 with the danger : therefore, if in our youths
 we could pick up some pretty estate, 'twere
 not amiss to keep our door hatchel. Besides,
 the sore terms we stand upon with the gods,
 will be strong with us for giving over.

Bawd. Come, other sorts offend as well as we.

Pand. As well as we ! ay, and better too ;
 we offend worse. Neither is our profession
 any trade ; it's no calling.—But here comes
 Boul.

Re-enter Boul, with Marina and the Pirates.

Boul. [To Mar.] Come your ways. My
 masters, you say she's a virgin !

1 Pirate. O, sir, we doubt it not.

Boul. Master, I have gone thorough for this
 piece, you see : if you like her, so ; if not, I
 have lost my earnest.

Bawd. Boul, has she any qualities ?

Boul. She has a good face, speaks well,
 and has excellent good clothes : there's no
 further necessity of qualities can make her be
 refused.

Bawd. What's her price, Boul ?

Boul. I cannot be bated one doit of a thou-
 sand pieces.

Pand. Well, follow me, my masters, you
 shall have your money presently. Wife, take
 her in ; instruct her what she has to do, that
 she may not be raw in her entertainment.

Exit Pander and Pirates.

Bawd. Boul, take you the marks of her,—
 the colour of her hair, complexion, height,
 her 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.

Boul. Performance shall follow. *Exit.*

Mar. Alack, that Leonine was so slack, so
 slow !

He should have struck, not spoke ; or that
 these pirates,

(Not enough barbarous,) had not o'erboard
 For to seek my mother ! *[thrown me]*

Bawd. Why lament you, pretty one !

Mar. That I am pretty.

Bawd. Come, the gods have done their part

Mar. I accuse them not. *[in you.]*

Bawd. You are lit into my hands, where you
 are like to live.

Mar. The more my fault,

To 'scape his hands where I was like to die.

Bawd. Ay, and you shall live in pleasure.

Mar. No.

Bawd. Yes, indeed, shall you, and taste
 gentlemen of all fashion : you shall fare well ;
 you shall have the difference of all com-
 plexions. 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.

Baud. Marry, whip them, goading: I think I shall have something to do with you. Come, you are a young foolish sapling, and must be bowed as I would have you.

Mar. The gods defend me!

Baud. If it please the gods to defend you by men, then men must comfort you, men must feed you, men must stir you up.—Boul's returned.

Re-enter Boul.

Now, sir, hast thou cried her through the market?

Boul. I have cried her almost to the number of her hairs; I have drawn her picture with my voice.

Baud. And I pray thee, tell me, how dost thou find the inclination of the people, especially of the younger sort?

Boul. 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.

Baud. We shall have him here to-morrow with his best ruff on.

Boul. To-night, to-night. But, mistress, do you know the French knight that cowers 't the hams?

Baud. Who, monsieur Veroles?

Boul. Ay: he offered to cut a caper at the proclamation; but he made a groan at it, and swore he would see her to-morrow.

Baud. Well, well; as for him, he brought his disease hither: here he does but repair it. I know he will come in our shadow, to scatter his crowns in the sun.

Boul. Well, if we had of every nation a traveller, we should lodge them with this sign.

Baud. Pray you, come hither a while. You have fortunes coming upon you. Mark me: you must seem to do that fearfully, which you commit willingly; to despise profit, where you have most gain. To weep that you live as you 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 blushes of hers must be quenched with some present practice.

Baud. Thou say'st 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,—

Baud. Thou may'st cut a morsel off the spit.

Boul. I may so.

Baud. Who should deny it?—Come, young one, I like the manner of your garments well.

Boul. Ay, by my faith, they shall not be changed yet.

Baud. Boul, spend thou that in the town: report what a sojourner we have; you'll lose

nothing by custom. When nature framed this piece, she meant thee a good turn; thoufore say what a paragon she is, and thou hast the harvest out of thine own report.

Boul. I warrant you, mistress, thunders shall not so awake the beds of eels, as my going out her beauty stir up the lewdly inclined.

Baud. 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!

Baud. What have we to do with Diana? Pray you, will you go with us?

Mar. If fires be hot, knives sharp, or waters deep,

Untied I still my virgin knot will keep. Diana aid my purpose!

Baud. What have we to do with Diana? Pray you, will you go with us?

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Mar. If fires be hot, knives sharp, or waters deep,

Untied I still my virgin knot will keep. Diana aid my purpose!

Baud. What have we to do with Diana? Pray you, will you go with us?

Mar. If fires be hot, knives sharp, or waters deep,

as an enterprise of kindness,
 I'll leave it to your sole daughter.

Heavens forgive it! [hears,]
 And as for Pericles, [hears,]
 I should be say! We wept after her
 as you yet we mourn: her monument
 hath it, and her epitaph
 her golden characters express
 her praise to her, and care in us
 at some expense 'tis done.

Thou art like the harpy,
 that with thine eagle's face,
 and thine eagle's talons,
 You are like one, that superstitiously
 is near to the gods, that winter kills the

But I know you'll do as I advise. [Exit.
 Enter Gower, before the monument of Marina
 and Tharsus.

Thustime we waste, and longest leagues
 make short;

As in eagles; have, and wish but for't:
 (to take your imagination)

As you being pardon'd, we commit no crime
 in our language, in each several clime,
 our scenes seem to live. I do beseech

you
 Marina of me, who stand i' the gaps to teach
 the stages of our story. Pericles [you,

again thwarting the wayward seas,
 landed on by many a lord and knight,
 his daughter, all his life's delight.

Pericles, whom Helicanns late
 found in time to great and high estate,
 to govern. Bear you it in mind,

Helicanns goes along behind. [brought
 sailing ships, and bounteous winds, have
 king to Tharsus, (think his pilot thought;
 with his storeage shall your thoughts grow

black his daughter home, who first is gone.
 shadows and shadows see them move a while;
 as far unto your eyes I'll reconcile.

Dumb Show.
 Enter from one side, Pericles with his train;
 Cleon and Dionysa from the other. Cleon
 shows Pericles the tomb of Marina;
 several Pericles makes lamentation, puts
 on sackcloth, and in a mighty passion
 weeps. Exit the rest.

How belief may suffer by foul show!
 Pericles' passion stands for true old woe;
 Pericles, in sorrow all devour'd,
 with shot through, and biggest tears
 or shower'd.

Tharsus, and again embarks. He swears
 to wash his face, nor cut his hairs:
 puts on sackcloth, and to sea. He hears
 trumpet, which his mortal vessel tears,
 yet he rides it out. Now, please you, wit
 what is for Marina writ

[mont.
 Reads the inscription on Marina's monu-

"The fairest, sweetest, and best, lies here,
 Who wither'd in her spring of years.
 She was of Tyros, the king's daughter,
 On whom foul death hath made this slaughter:
 Marina was she call'd; and at her birth,
 Thetis, being proud, swallow'd some part o' the
 earth:

Therefore the earth, fearing to be d'erfland'd,
 Hath Thetis' birth-child on the heavens bestow'd:
 Wherefore she does (and swears she'll never
 slint)

Make raging battery upon shores of flint."
 No visor does become black villainy,
 So well as soft and tender flattery.

Let Pericles believe his daughter's dead,
 And bear his courses to be order'd
 By lady Fortune; while our scene must play
 His daughter's woe and heavy well-a-day,
 In her unholy service. Patience, then,
 And think you now are all in Mitylen. [Exit.

SCENE V.—Mitylene. A Street before the
 Brothel.

Enter, from the Brothel, two Gentlemen.

1 Gent. Did you ever hear the like!

2 Gent. No, nor never shall do in such a place
 as this, she being once gone.

1 Gent. But to have divinity preached there!
 did you ever dream of such a thing!

2 Gent. No, no. Come, I am for no more
 bawdy-houses: shall we go hear the vestals sing?

1 Gent. I'll do anything now that is virtuous;
 but I am out of the road of rutting for ever.

[Exit.

SCENE VI.—The Same. A Room in the
 Brothel.

Enter Pander, Bawd, and Boult.

Pand. Well, I had rather than twice the
 worth of her, she had ne'er come here.

Bawd. Fie, fie upon her! she is able to
 freeze the god Priapus, and unto a whole
 generation. We must either get her ravished,
 or be rid of her. When she should do for
 clients her flimmet, and do me the kindness of
 our profession, she has me her quirks, her
 reasons, her master-reasons, her prayers, her
 knees; that she would make a puritan of the
 devil, if he should cheapen a kiss of her.

Boult. Faith, I must ravish her, or she'll
 dishurnish us of all our cavaliers, and make all
 our swearers priests. [ness for me]

Pand. Now, the pox upon her green-sick-
 Bawd. Faith, there's no way to be rid on't,
 but by the way to the pox.—Here comes the
 lord Lysimachus, disguised.

Boult. We should have both lord and lown,
 if the peevish baggage would but give way to
 customers.

Enter Lysimachus.

Lys. How now! How a dozen of virginities?

Bawd. Now, the gods to-bless your honour!

Boult. I am glad to see your honour in good
 health.

Lys. You may so; 'tis the better for you that your resorters stand upon sound legs. How now, wholesome iniquity! have you that a man may deal withal, and defy the surgeon?

Bawd. We have here one, sir, if she would—but there never came her like in Mitylene.

Lys. If she'd do the deed of darkness, thou would'st say. [well enough.]

Bawd. Your honour knows what 'tis to say,

Lys. Well, call forth, call forth.

Boult. For flesh and blood, sir, white and red, you shall see a rose; and she were a rose indeed, if she had but—

Lys. What, pr'ythee?

Boult. O, sir, I can be modest. [Exit.]

Lys. That dignifies the renown of a bawd, no less than it gives a good report to a number to be chaste.

Bawd. Here comes that which grows to the stalk;—never plucked yet, I can assure you.—

Re-enter Boult with Marina.

Is she not a fair creature?

Lys. Faith, she would serve after a long voyage at sea. Well, there's for you: leave us.

Bawd. I beseech your honour, give me leave: a word, and I'll have done presently.

Lys. I beseech you do.

Bawd. [To Marina, apart.] First, I would have you note, this is an honourable man.

Mar. I desire to find him so, that I may worthily note him.

Bawd. Next, he's the governor of this country, and a man whom I am bound to.

Mar. If he govern the country, you are bound to him indeed; but how honourable he is in that, I know not.

Bawd. Pray you, without any more virginal fencing, will you use him kindly? He will line your apron with gold.

Mar. What he will do graciously, I will thankfully receive.

Lys. Have you done?

Bawd. My lord, she's not paced yet: you must take some pains to work her to your manage.—Come, we will leave his honour and her together.—Go thy ways.

[Re-enter Bawd, Pander, and Boult.]

Lys. Now, pretty one, how long have you been at this trade?

Mar. What trade, sir?

Lys. Why, I cannot name it, but I shall

Mar. I cannot be offended with my trade. Please you to name it.

Lys. How long have you been of this profession? Ever since I can remember.

Lys. Did you go to it 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 it? 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 sells seeds and roots of shame and iniquity. O, you have heard something of my power, and stand aloof for more serious wooing. But I protest to thee, pretty one, my authority shall not see thee, or else look friendly upon thee. Come, bring me to some private place: come.

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.

Mar. For me,

That am a maid, though most ungentle fortune hath plac'd me in this sty, where, since I came, Diseases have been sold dearer than physic.

O, that the gods

Would set me free from this unhallow'd place. Though they did change me to the meanest kind

That dies 't the purer air!

Lys. I did not think

Thou couldst have spoke so well; no dream'dst thou couldst.

Had I brought hither a corrupted mind, Thy speech had alter'd it. Hold, here's gold

for thee:

Perséver in that clear way thou goest, And the gods strengthen thee!

Mar. The good gods preserve you!

Lys. For me, be you thoughtful. That I came with no ill intent; for to me

The very doors and windows savour villainy. Fare thee well. Thou art a piece of virtue.

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 From me, it shall be for thy good.

Re-enter Boult.

Boult. I beseech your honour, one place for me.

Lys. Arsaunt, thou damned door-keeper! But for this virgin that doth prop it, would

Sink, and overwhelm you. Away! [Exit.]

Boult. Now's this? We must take another course with you. If your peevish

which is not worth a breakfast in the chequer country under the cops, shall undo a

household, let me be gelded like a spaniel. Come your ways.

Mar. Whither would you have me?

Boult. I must have your maidenhead sold 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 Lyonesse.

Bawd. O, abominable!

She makes our profession as it were
 the face of the gods.
 Mar. Hang her up for ever!
 The nobleman would have dealt with
 a nobleman, and she sent him away as
 a snow-ball; saying his prayers, too.
 Boul. Take her away; use her at thy
 crack the glass of her virginity, and
 the rest malleable.

An if she were a thornier piece of
 than she is, she shall be ploughed.
 Hark, hark, ye gods!

She conjures away with her!
 she had never come within my doors!
 Mar. Hang you!—she's born to undo us.
 you not go the way of women-kind?
 Come, mistress; come your ways with
 and says, my dish of chastity with rose-
 [Exit.]

Whither wilt thou have me? [me.]
 To take from you the jewel you hold

Pythee, tell me one thing first. [be!]
 Come now, your one thing.

What canst thou wish thine enemy to
 Why, I could wish him to be my
 or rather, my mistress.

Neither of these are so bad as thou art,
 they do better thee in their command.

at a place, for which the pained'st
 would not in reputation change:
 art the damn'd door-keeper to every

other comes enquiring for his Tib;
 choleric fisting of each rogue thy ear
 thy food is such

been beloh'd an by infected lungs.
 What would you have me do? go to

would you? where a man may serve
 years for the loss of a leg, and have not
 enough in the end to buy him a wooden

Empty
 Do anything but this thou doest.
 spectacles, or common sewers, of filth;

of indure to the common hangman:
 of these ways are yet better than this;

What thou professest, a baboon, could he
 speak,
 own a name too dear.—O, that the

could safely deliver me from this place!—
 here's gold for thee.

thy master would gain by me,
 claim that I can sing, weave, sew, and dance,

other virtues, which I'll keep from
 boast;

I will undertake all these to teach.
 does not but this populous city will
 and many scholars.

Mar. But can you teach all this you speak
 [of!]
 Prove that I cannot, take me home

and prostitute me to the basest groom
 that frequent your house.

Doubt. Well, I will see what I can do for
 thee: if I can place thee, I will.

Mar. But, amongst honest women.

Boul. 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. [Ezeunt.]

ACT V.

Enter Gower.

Gow. Marina thus the brothel escapes, and
 chances

Into an honest house, our story says.

She sings like one immortal, and she dances

As goddess-like to her admir'd lays;

Deep clerks she dumbs; and with her neck

composes [Cherry,

Nature's own shape, of bud, bird, branch, or

That even her art sisters the natural roses;

Her inkle, silk, twin with the rubied cherry:

That pupils lacks she none of noble race,

Who pour their bounty on her; and her gain

She gives the curs'd 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 arriv'd

Here where his daughter dwells; and on this

coast

Suppose him now at anchor. The city striv'd

God Neptune's annual feast to keep; from

Lysimachus our Tyrian ship espies, [whence

His banners sable, trimm'd with rich expense;

And to him in his barge with fervour lies.

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 Mity-

lene. A Pavillion on deck, with a curtain

before it; Pericles within it, reclining on

a couch. A Barge lying beside the Tyrian

vessel.

Enter two Sailors, one belonging to the Tyrian

vessel, the other to the barge.

Tyr. Sail. [To Mit. Sail.] Where's the lord

Helicanus? he can resolve you.

O, here he is.—

Enter Helicanus.

Sir, there's a barge put off from Mitylene,

And in it is Lysimachus, the governor,

Who craves to come aboard. What is your

will?

Hel. That he have his. Call up some gentle-

men.

Tyr. Sail. Ho, gentlemen! my lord calls.

Enter two or three Gentlemen.

2 *Gent.* Doth your lordship call?

Hel. Gentlemen,

There is some of worth would come aboard:
Greet him fairly.

[*I pray,*

*Gentlemen and Sailors descend, and go
on board the barge.*

*Enter, from thence, Lysimachus and Lords;
the Gentlemen, and the two Sailors.*

Tyr. Sail. Sir,

This is the man that can, in aught you would,
Resolve you.

[*you*

Lys. Hail, reverend sir! The gods preserve

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

Hel. Sir, [before,

Our vessel is of Tyre, in it the king;

A man, who for this three months hath not
To any one, nor taken sustenance,

But to prorogue his grief.

[*spoken*

Lys. Upon what ground is his distemper-

Hel. 'Twould be too tedious to repeat;

But the main grief springs from the loss

Of a beloved daughter and a wife.

Lys. May we not see him?

Hel. You may;

But bootless is your sight; he will not speak
To any.

Lys. Yet, let me obtain my wish.

Hel. Behold him.—[*Pericles discovered.*] This
was a goodly person,

Till the disaster that, one mortal night,
Drove him to this.

Lys. Sir king, all hail! the gods preserve
Hail, royal sir!

[*you*

Hel. It is in vain; he will not speak to you.

I *Lord.* Sir, we have a maid in Mitylene, I
Would win some words of him. [durst wager,

Lys. 'Tis well bethought,

She, questionless, with her sweet harmony,
And other choice attractions, would allure,

And make a battery through his deafen'd parts,
Which now are midway stopp'd:

She is all happy as the fair'st of all,

And, with her fellow-maids, is now upon

The leafy shelter that abuts against

The island's side.
[*Whispers first Lord, who puts off in the barge.*

Hel. Sure, all's effectless; yet nothing we'll
omit,

[*kindness*

That bears recovery's name. But since your
We have stretched thus far, let us beseech you

further,

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 graft would send a caterpillar,
And so afflict our province. Yet once more
Let me entreat to know at large the cause
Of your king's sorrow.

Hel. Sit, sir, I will recount it to you:

But see, I am prevented.

*Re-enter, from the barge, first Lord, with
Marina, and a young Lady.*

Lys. O, here is Welcome, fair one!

The lady that I sent for. Wellcome, fair one!

Is't not a goodly presence? She's a gallant lady.

Hel. *Lys.* She's such a one, that were I well
assur'd

Came of a gentle kind, and noble stock,
I'd wish no better choice, and think me rarely

well.

Fair one, all goodness that consists in beauty
Expect even here, where is a kingly patient:

If that thy prosperous and artificial loss
Can draw him but to answer thee in aught,

Thy sacred physic shall receive such pay
As thy desires can wish.

Mar. Sir, I will use
My utmost skill in his recovery,

Provided

That none but I and my companion maid
Be suffer'd to come near him.

Lys. Come, let us leave her,
And the gods make her prosperous!

[*Marina stops*

Lys. Mark'd be your music!

Mar. No, nor look'd on as

Lys. See, she will speak to him.

Mar. Hail, sir! my lord, lend ear—

Per. Hum! ha!

Mar. I am a maid,

My lord, that ne'er before invited eyes,
But have been gaz'd on like a countess

speaks,

My lord, that, may be, hath endur'd a trial
Might equal yours, if both were justly

Though wayward fortune did malign me

My derivation was from ancestors
Who stood equivalent with mighty kings

But time hath rooted out my parentage,
And to the world and awkward casualties

Bound me in servitude.—[*Aside.*] I will do it
But there is something glows upon my cheek
And whispers in mine ear, "Go not

Per. My fortunes—parentage—root parentage—
To equal mine!—was it not thus? what say you?

Mar. I said, my lord, if you did know my
parentage,

You would not do me violence.

Per. I do think so. Pray you, turn your
eyes upon me.

You are like something that—What country
Here of these shores?

Mar. No, nor of any, sir,
Yet I was mortally brought forth, and am
No other than I appear.

Per. I am great with woe, and shall deliver weeping.
 My dearest wife was like this maid, and such a daughter might have been: my queen's square brows;
 stature to an inch; as wand-like straight;
 silver-voic'd; her eyes as jewel-like,
 and as richly; in pace another Juno;
 she staves the ears she feeds, and makes them hungry,
 more she gives them speech.—Where do you live?
Mar. Where I am but a stranger: from the place I may discern the place.
 [deck] Where were you bred?
 How achy'd you these endowments, which I make more rich to owe!

Per. Should I tell my history, should seem like lies, disdain'd in the report:
 I'll die, speak; [ing.] cannot come from thee; for thou look'st
 as justice, and thou seem'st a palace in the crown'd truth to dwell in: I'll believe thee,
 make my senses credit thy relation points that seem impossible; for thou look'st
 as thou not say, when I did push thee back, speak when I perceiv'd thee,) that thou good descending?
 [can't] So indeed I did.

Per. Report thy parentage. I think thou hadst been toss'd from wrong to injury, that thou thought'st thy griefs might equal mine,
 were open'd. Some such thing and said no more but what my thoughts warrant me was likely.

Per. Tell thy story; I'll consider'd prove the thousandth part of thy endurance, thou art a man, and I have suffer'd like a girl: yet thou dost look like patience, gazing on kings' graves, and smiling
 out of act. What were thy friends? Kind virgin? Thy name, my most account, I do beseech thee: come, sit by me.
Mar. My name is Marina.

Per. O, I am mock'd, and thou by some incens'd god sent hither to make the world to laugh at me.
 [Where I'll cease.] Patience, good sir,

Nay, I'll be patient. A little know'st how thou dost startle me, to call thyself Marina.

The name given me by one that had some power, father, and a king.
 How! a king's daughter?

Mar. You said you would believe me; But, not to be a troubler of your peace, I will end here.

Per. But are you flesh and blood? Have you a working pulse? and are no fairy? Motion?—Well; speak on. Where were you And wherefore call'd Marina. [thorn?]

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.—[Aloud.] Well;—where were you bred?

I'll hear you more, to the bottom of your story, And never interrupt you.

Mar. You'll scarce believe me; 'twere best I did give o'er.

Per. I will believe you by the syllable Of what you shall deliver. Yet, give me leave:—How came you in these parts? where were you bred? [leave me;]

Mar. The king, my father, did in Tharsus Till cruel Cleon, with his wicked wife, Did seek to murder me: and having woo'd A villain to attempt it, who having drawn to do't,

A crew of pirates came and rescu'd me; Brought me to Mitylene. But, good sir, whither Will you have me? Why do you weep? It may be,

You think me an impostor: no, good faith; I am the daughter to king Pericles, In good king Pericles' bed.

Per. Ho, Helicanus! *Hel.* Calls my lord?

Per. Thou art a grave and noble counsellor, Most wise in general: tell me, if thou canst, What this maid is, or what is like to be; That thus hath made me weep!

Hel. I know not; but Here is the regent, sir, of Mitylene, Speaks nobly of her.

Lys. She would never tell Her parentage; being demanded that, She would sit still and weep.

Per. O Helicanus, strike me, honour'd sir; Give me a gash, put me to present pain; Lest this great sea of joys rushing upon me, O'bear the shores of my mortality; [hither, And drown me with their sweetness. O, come Thou that begett'st him that did thee beget; Thou that wast born at sea, buried at Tharsus, And found at sea again!—O Helicanus, Down on thy knees, thank the holy gods as loud

As thunder threatens us: this is Marina.—What was thy mother's name? tell me but that,

For truth can never be confirm'd enough,
Though doubts did ever sleep.

Mar. First, sir, I pray,
What is your title?

Per. I am Pericles of Tyre; but tell me now
My drownd'd queen's name, as in the rest you
said [doms,
Thou hast been godlike perfect, the heir of king-
And another life to Pericles thy father.

Mar. Is it no more to be your daughter,
than

To say my mother's name was Thaisa?
Thaisa was my mother, who did end
The minute I began.

Per. Now, blessing on thee! rise; thou art
my child.

Give me fresh garments. Mine own, Helicanus;
She is not dead at Tharsus, as she should have
been,

By savage Cleon; she shall tell thee all;
When thou shalt kneel, and justify in knowledge
She is thy very princess. Who is this?

Hel. Sir, 'tis the governor of Mitylene,
Who, hearing of your melancholy state,
Did come to see you.

Per. I embrace you.
Give me my robes. I am wild in my behold-
ing. [music!—

O heavens, bless my girl!—But, hark! what
Tell Helicanus, my Marina, tell him
O'er, point by point, for yet he seems to doubt,
How sure you are my daughter.—But, what

Hel. My lord, I hear none. [music!
Per. None!

The music of the spheres!—list, my Marina.

Lys. It is not good to cross him; give him
way.

Per. Rarest sounds! Do ye not hear?

Lys. Music! My lord, I hear—
Per. Most heavenly music!

It nips me unto list'ning, and thick slumber
Hangs upon mine eyes; let me rest. [He sleeps.

Lys. A pillow for his head.
So leave him all.—Well, my companion-friends,

If this but answer to my just belief,
I'll well remember you.

[Exeunt all except Pericles.

SCENE II.—The Same.

Pericles on the deck asleep; Diana appearing
to him in a vision.

Dia. My temple stands in Ephesus; hie thee
thither,

And do upon mine altar sacrifice.
There, when my maiden priests are met to-
Before the people all, [gether,

Reveal how thou at sea didst lose thy wife;
To mourn thy crosses, with thy daughter's, call,
And give them repetition to the life.

Or perform my bidding, or thou liv'st in woe;
Do it, and happy; by my silver bow
Awake, and tell thy dream. [Diana disappears.

Per. Celestial Dian, goddess
I will obey thee.—Helicanus!

Enter Helicanus, Lysimachus, and Marina.
Hel. Sir!

Per. My purpose was for Tharsus, there to
The inhospitable Cleon; but I am [Marina

For other service first: toward Ephesus
Turn our blown sails; ere long I'll tell thee why.

[To Lys.] Shall we refresh us, sir, upon your
And give you gold for such provision [Marina

As our intents will need?
Lys. Sir, with all my heart; and when you
I have another suit. [come ashore,

Per. You shall prevail,
Were it to woo my daughter; for it seems
You have been noble towards her.

Lys. Sir, lend me your arm.
Per. Come, my Marina. [Erewhile

Enter Gower, before the Temple of Diana at
Ephesus.

Gow. Now our sails are almost run;
More a little, and then dumb.

This, as 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 ditty,
The regent made in Mitylin,

To greet the king. So he arriv'd,
That he is promis'd to be wif'd

To fair Marina; but in no wise
Till he had done his sacrifice,

As Dian bade; whereto being bound,
The interim, pray you, all counten.

In feather'd briefness sails are fill'd,
And wishes fall out as they're will'd.

At Ephesus, the temple see,
Our king, and all his company.

That he can hither come so soon,
Is by your fancy's thankful boon. [Exit

SCENE III.—The Temple of Diana at Ephesus;
Thaisa standing near the altar, as high

priestess; a number of Virgins on each
side; Cerimon and other inhabitants of

Ephesus attending.

Enter Pericles, with his train; Lysimachus
Helicanus, Marina, and a Lady.

Per. Hail, Dian! to perform thy just com-
mand,

I here confess myself the king of Tyre;
Who, frighted from my country, did wed

At Pentapolis, the fair Thaisa.
At sea in childhood died she, but brought forth

A maid-child call'd Marina; who, O goddess,
Wears yet thy silver livery. She at Tharsus

Was nurs'd with Cleon, whom at fourteen
years

He sought to murder; but her better star
Brought her to Mitylene; 'gainst whose

Riding, her fortunes brought the maid alone
us,

Where, by her own most clear remembrance
she

Made known herself my daughter.

Per. Voice and favour!
Thais. you are—O royal Pericles!

Per. What means the woman? *[She faints.*
Thais. Noble sir, she dies!
Per. You have told Diana's altar true,
 This is your wife.

Thais. Reverend appearer, no;
 I over her o'erboard with these very arms.
Per. Upon this coast, I warrant you.

Thais. 'Tis most certain.
 Look to the lady;—O, she's but o'er-
 come one blustering morn this lady was [joy'd.
 upon this shore. I op'd the coffin;
 and there rich jewels; recover'd her, and
 in Diana's temple. *[plac'd her*

Per. Great sir, they shall be brought you to
 my house.

Thais. I invite you.—Look, Thaisa is re-
 turn'd. O, let me look! *[cover'd.*

Per. To be none of mine, my sanctity
 will not bend to licentious ear,
 to see it, spite of seeing. O, my lord,
 you not Pericles? Like him you speak,
 and him you are: did you not name a tem-
 pest, and death? *[peet,*

Thais. The voice of dead Thaisa!
Per. That Thaisa am I, supposed dead, and
 immortal Dian! *[drown'd.*

Thais. Now I know you better.
 We with tears parted Pentapolis,
 and you, my father, gave you such a ring.

Per. This, this: no more, you gods! your
 present kindness

Thais. My past miseries sport: you shall do
 me the touching of her lips I may [well,
 and no more be seen. O, come, be buried
 around time within these arms.

Per. My heart
 has gone into my mother's bosom.

Thais. *[Kneels to Thaisa.*
 Look, who kneels here! Flesh of thy
 flesh, Thaisa;

Per. You were at the sea, and call'd Marina,
 and you was yielded there.

Thais. Bless, and mine own!
Per. Hall, madam, and my queen!

Thais. I know you not,
 I know you not, when I did
 see you from Tyre,

Per. You remember an ancient substitute:
 I have nam'd him oft.

Thais. 'Twas Helicanus, then,
 still confirmation;

Per. Still confirmation;
 embrace him, dear Thaisa: this is he.

Now do I long to hear how you were found;
 How possibly preserv'd; and whom to thank,
 Besides the gods, for this great miracle.

Thais. Lord Cerimon, my lord; this man,
 Through whom the gods have shown their
 power; that can
 From first to last resolve you.

Per. Reverend sir,
 The gods can have no mortal officer
 More like a god than you. Will you deliver
 How this dead queen re-lives?

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, [ter,
 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.

Thais. Lord Cerimon hath letters of good
 credit, sir,
 My father's dead.

Per. Heavens make a star of him! Yet there,
 my queen,

We'll celebrate their nuptials, and ourselves
 Will in that kingdom spend our following days;
 Our son and daughter shall in Tyros reign.

Lord Cerimon, we do our longing stay,
 To hear the rest untold:—Sir, lead the way.

[Exeunt.
Enter Gower.

Gow. In Antiochus, and his daughter, you
 have heard

Of monstrous lust the due and just reward;
 In Pericles, his queen, and daughter, seen
 (Although assail'd with fortune fierce and keen)

Virtue preserv'd 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 learn'd charity aye wears:

For wicked Cleon and his wife, when fame
 Had spread their curs'd deed, and honour'd
 name

Of Pericles, to rage the city turn,
 That him and his they in his palace burn;
 The gods for murder seem'd so content

To punish them, although not done, but meant,
 So on your patience evermore attending,
 New joy wait on you! Here our play hath
 ending.

POEMS.

VENUS AND ADONIS.

TO THE
RIGHT HONOURABLE HENRY WRIOTHESLY,
MARL OF SOUTHAMPTON, AND BARON OF TITCHFIELD.

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 proved deformed, I shall be sorry it had so noble a godfather, and never after ear so barren a land, for fear it yield me still so bad a harvest. I leave it to your honourable survey, and your honour to your heart's content; which I wish may always answer your own wish, and the world's hopeful expectation.

Your Honour's in all duty,
WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

1.
EVEN as the sun with purple-colour'd face
Had ta'en his last leave of the weeping morn,
Rose-cheek'd Adonis hied him to the chase;
Hunting he lov'd, but love he laugh'd to scorn:
Sick-thoughted Venus makes amain unto him,
And like a bold-fac'd suitor 'gins to woo him.

2.
"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.

3.
"Vouchsafe, thou wonder, to alight thy steed,
And rein his proud head to the saddle-bow;
If thou wilt deign this favour, for thy meed,
A thousand honey-secrets shalt thou know:
Here come and sit, where never serpent
hisses,
And being set, I'll smother thee with kisses;

4.
"And yet not cloy thy lips with loath'd satiety,
But rather furnish them amid their plenty,
Making them red and pale with fresh variety,
Ten kisses short as one, one long as twenty:
A summer's day will seem an hour but short,
Being wasted in such time-beguiling sport."

5.
With this she seizeth on his sweating palm,
The precedent of pith and livelihood,
And, trembling in her passion, calls it balm,
Earth's sovereign salve to do a goddess good:
Being so enrag'd, desire doth lend her force,
Courageously to pluck him from his horse.

6.
Over one arm the lusty courser's rein,
Under her other was the tender boy,
Who blush'd and pouted in a dull disdain,
With leaden appetite, unapt to toy:
She red and hot, as coals of glowing fire,
He red for shame, but frosty in desire.

7.
The studded bridle on a ragged hough
Nimble she fastens; (O how quick is love!)
The steed is stalled up, and even now
To tie the rider she begins to prove;
Backward she push'd him, as she would he
thrust,
And govern'd him in strength, though not
in lust.

8.
So soon was she along, as he was down,
Each leaning on their elbows and their hips;
Now doth she stroke his cheek, now doth he
frown,
And 'gins to chide, but soon she stops his lips:
And kissing speaks, with lustful language
broken,
"If thou wilt chide, thy lip shall never open."

9.
He burns with bashful shame: she with her
tears
Doth quench the maiden burning of his cheek;
Then with her windy sighs, and golden hairs,
To fan and blow them dry again she seeks:
He saith, she is immodest, blames her;
What follows more, she murders with a look.

10.
Even as an empty eagle, sharp by fast
Tires with her beak on feathers, flesh, and bones,
Shaking her wings, devouring all in haste,
Till either gorge be stuff'd, or prey be gone;

And where she ends, she doth anew begin.

11.

And where she ends, she doth anew begin.
To content, but never to obey,
And he lies, and breatheth in her face;
And smells on the steam, as on a prey,
Wishing her cheeks were gardens full of
flowers,
So they were dew'd with such distilling
showers.

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18.

"Over my altars hath he hung his lance,
His batter'd shield, his uncontrolled crest,
And for my sake hath learn'd to sport and
dance,
To toy, to wanton, dally, smile, and jest;
Scorning his churlish drum, and ensign red,
Making my arms his field, his tent my bed.

19.

"Thus he that overrul'd, I oversway'd,
Leading him prisoner in a red-rose chain:
Strong-temper'd steel his stronger strength
obey'd,
Yet was he servile to my coy disdain.
O be not proud, nor brag not of thy might,
For mastering her that foil'd the god of
fight!

20.

"Touch but my lips with those fair lips of
thine,
(Though mine be not so fair, yet are they red,)
The kiss shall be thine own as well as mine:—
What seest thou in the ground? hold up thy
head;
Look in mine eyeballs, there thy beauty lies:
Then why not lips on lips, since eyes in
eyes?

21.

"Art thou asham'd 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.

22.

"The tender spring upon thy tempting lip
Shows thee unripe; yet mayst thou well be
tasted;
Make use of time, let not advantage slip:
Beauty within itself should not be wasted:
Fair flowers that are not gather'd in their
prime,
Rot and consume themselves in little time.

23.

"Were I hard-favour'd, foul, or wrinkled-old,
I'll-nurture'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 were
not for thee;
But having no defects, why dost abhor me?

24.

"Thou canst not see one wrinkle in my brow:
Mine eyes are grey, and bright, and quick in
turning;
My beauty as the spring doth yearly grow,
My flesh is soft and plump, my marrow burn-
ing;
My smooth moist hand, were it with thy
hand felt,
Would in thy palm dissolve, or seem to melt.

25.

"Bid me discourse, I will enchant thine ear,
Or, like a fairy, trip upon the green,
Or, like a nymph, with long dishevell'd hair,
Dance on the sands, and yet no footing seen:
Love is a spirit all compact of fire,
Not gross to sink, but light, and will aspire.

26.

"Witness this primrose bank whereon I lie;
These forceless flowers like sturdy trees support me;
Two strengthless doves will draw me through
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?

27.

"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.

28.

"Torches are made to light, jewels to wear,
Dainties to taste, fresh beauty for the use,
Herbs for their smell, and sappy plants to bear;
Things growing to themselves are growth's
Seeds spring from seeds, and beauty breedeth
beauty;

Thou wast begot,—to get it is thy duty.

29.

"Upon the earth's increase why shouldst thou
feed?
Unless the earth with thy increase be fed?
By law of nature thou art bound to breed,
That thine may live, when thou thyself art dead;
And so in spite of death thou dost survive,
In that thy likeness still is left alive."

30.

By this, the love-sick queen began to sweat;
For, where they lay, the shadow had forsook
them,
And Titan, 'tired in the midday heat,
With burning eye did hotly overlook them;
Wishing Adonis had his team to guide,
So he were like him, and by Venus' side.

31.

And now Adonis with a lazy sprite,
And with a heavy, dark, disliking eye,
His lowering brows o'erwhelming his fair sight,
Like misty vapours, when they blot the sky,
Souring his cheeks, cries, "Fie, no more of
love!

The sun doth burn my face; I must remove."

32.

"Ah me," quoth Venus, "young, and so
unkind!
What bare excuses mak'st thou to be gone!

I'll sigh celestial breath, whose gentle wind
Shall cool the heat of this descending sun;
I'll make a shadow for thee of my hair;
If they burn too, I'll quench them with my
tears.

33.

"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.

34.

"Art thou obdurate, flinty, hard as steel,
Nay, more than flint, for stone at rain re-
lenteth?
Art thou a woman's son, and canst not feel
What 'tis to love? how want of love tor-
menteth?

O had thy mother borne so hard a mind,
She had not brought forth thee, but died
unkind.

35.

"What am I that thou shouldst contemn me?
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
Give me one kiss, I'll give it thee again,
And one for interest, if thou wilt have twice."

36.

"Fie, lifeless picture, cold and senseless stone,
Well-painted idol, image, dull and dead,
Statue, contenting but the eye alone,
Thing like a man, but of no woman bred;
Thou art no man, though of a man's com-
plexion,
For men will kiss even by their own desire."

37.

This said, impatience chokes her pleading
tongue,
And swelling passion doth provoke a passion
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 swears
speak,

And now her sobs do her intendments break."

38.

Sometimes she shakes her head, and then she
hard,
Now gazeth she on him, now on the ground;
Sometimes her arms infold him like a dove,
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.

39.

"Fondling," she saith, "since I have known
thee here,
Within the circuit of this ivory pale,

to a park, and thou shalt be my deer;
 Where thou wilt, on mountain or in dale:
 These on my lips; and if those hills be dry,
 Run lower, where the pleasant fountains lie.

40.
 Within this limit is relief enough,
 Bottom-grass, and high delightful plain,
 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 lack."

41.
 Adonis smiles, as in disdain,
 To each cheek appears a pretty dimple;
 He made those hollows, if himself were slain,
 Might be buried in a tomb so simple;
 Knowing well, if there he came to lie,
 Why there Love liv'd, and there he could
 not die.

42.
 These lovely caves, these round enchanting pits,
 Whence their mouths to swallow Vennus' liking,
 Had before, how doth she now for wits!
 Striking!
 Your queen of love, in thine own law forlorn,
 To give a cheek that smiles at thee in scorn!

43.
 Which way shall she turn? what shall she
 say!
 Her words are done, her woes the more in-
 creasing;
 Time is spent, her object will away,
 From her twining arms doth urge releasing:
 "Fie!"—she cries—"some favour—some
 remorse!"—
 As he springs, and hasteth to his horse.

44.
 From forth a copse that neighbours by,
 A maddening jennet, lusty, young, and proud,
 A trampling courser doth espy,
 From 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.

45.
 Suddenly he leaps, he neighs, he bounds,
 And now his woven girths he breaks asunder;
 The beating earth with his hard hoof he
 wounds,
 His hollow womb resounds like heaven's
 [thunder]
 The iron bit he crushes 'tween his teeth,
 Controlling what he was controlled with,

46.
 His prick'd; his braided hanging mane
 His compass'd crest now stand on end;
 He nostrils drink the air, and forth again,
 From a furnace, vapours doth he send;
 His eye, which scornfully glisters like fire,
 Shows his hot courage and his high desire.

47.
 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
 And this I do to captivate the eye [tried]
 Of the fair breeder that is standing by.

48.
 What reckoneth he his rider's angry stir,
 His flattering *Holla*, or his *Stand, I say!*
 What cares he now for curb, or pricking spur!
 For rich caparisons, or trapping gay!
 He sees his love, and nothing else he sees,
 Nor nothing else with his proud sight agrees.

49.
 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.

50.
 Round-hoof'd, short-jointed, fetlocks shag and
 long, [wide]
 Broad breast, full eye, small head, and nostril
 High crest, short ears, straight legs, and pass-
 ing strong, [hide]
 Thin mane, thick tail, broad buttock, tender
 Look what a horse should have, he did not
 lack,
 Save a proud rider on so proud a back.

51.
 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 wher' he run, or fly, they know not
 whether; [sings]
 For thro' his mane and tail the high wind
 Fanning the hairs, who wave like feather'd
 wings.

52.
 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, [kind]
 She puts on outward strangeness, seems un-
 spurns at his love, and scorns the heat he
 feels, [heels]
 Beating his kind embracements with her

53.
 Then, like a melancholy malcontent,
 He vails his tail, that, like a falling plume,
 Cool shadow to his melting buttock lent:
 He stamps, and bites the poor flies in his fume.
 His love, perceiving how he is enrag'd,
 Grew kinder, and his fury was assuag'd.

54.
 His testy master goeth about to take him;
 When, lo, the unback'd breeder, full of fear,
 Jealous of catching, swiftly doth forsake him,
 With her the horse, and left Adonis there:

As they were mad, unto the wood they hie
 them, (them.)
 Outstripping crows that strive to over-fly

55.

All swollen with chasing, down Adonis sits,
 Hanning his boisterous and unruly beast;
 And now the happy season once more fits,
 That love-sick Love by pleading may be blest;
 For lovers say, the heart hath treble wrong,
 When it is barr'd the aidance of the tongue.

56.

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.

57.

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.

58.

O, what a sight it was, wistly to view
 How she came stealing to the wayward boy!
 To note the fighting conflict of her hue,
 How white and red each other did destroy!
 But now her cheek was pale, and by and by
 It flash'd forth fire, as lightning from the sky.

59.

Now was she just before him as he sat,
 And like a lowly lover down she kneels:
 With one fair hand she heaveth up his hat,
 Her other tender hand his fair cheek feels:
 His tenderer cheek receives her soft hand's
 print,
 As apt as new-fallen snow takes any dint.

60.

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; [wooing;
 Her eyes woo'd still, his eyes disdain'd the
 And all this dumb play had his acts made
 plain [rain.
 With tears, which, chorus-like, her eyes did

61.

Full gently now she takes him by the hand,
 A lily prison'd in a gail of snow,
 Or ivory in an alabaster band;
 So white a friend engirts so white a foe:
 This beauteous combat, wilful and unwill-
 ing, [bidding,
 Show'd like two silver doves that sit a-

62.

Once more the engine of her thoughts began:
 "O fairest mover on this mortal round,

Would thou wert as I am, and I a man,
 My heart all whole as thine, thy heart my
 wound;
 For one sweet look thy help I would assure
 Though nothing but my body's bone would
 cure thee."

63.

"Give me my hand," saith he, "why dost
 thou feel it?" [should have it;
 "Give me my heart," saith she, "and thou
 O, give it me, lest thy hand heart do steel it;
 And being steel'd, soft sighs can never graven;
 Then love's deep groans I never shall regard,
 Because Adonis' heart hath made mine
 hard."

64.

"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."

65.

Thus she replies: "Thy palfrey, as he should
 Welcomes the warm approach of sweet desire;
 Affection is a coal that must be coof'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

66.

"How like a jade he stood, tied to the tree,
 Servilely master'd with a leathern rein!
 But when he saw his love, his youth's fair foe,
 He held such petty bondage in disdain:
 Throwing the base thong from his bridle,
 crest,
 Enfranchising his mouth, his back, his loins."

67.

"Who sees his true-love in her naked bed,
 Teaching the sheets a whiter hue than white,
 But, when his glutton eye no full hath fed,
 His other agents aim at like delight!
 Who is so faint, that dare not be so bold
 To touch the fire, the weather being cold?"

68.

"Let me excuse thy courser, gentle boys,
 And learn of him, I heartily beseech thee,
 To take advantage on presented joy;
 Though I were dumb, yet his proceedings teach
 thee:

69.

O learn to love; the lesson is but plain,
 And once made perfect, never lost again."

70.

"I know not love," quoth he, "nor will I
 know it,
 Unless it be a boar, and then I chase it;
 'Tis much to borrow, and I will not lend 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 that
 breath."

70.

Wears a garment shapeless and un-
shap'd;
As the bud before one leaf put forth;
Young things be any jot diminish'd,
Whether in their prime, prove nothing
[young,
The col that's back'd and burden'd being
With his pride, and never waxeth strong.

71.

Hurt my hand with wringing; let us part,
Leave this idle theme, this bootless chat;
Your siege from my unyielding heart;
Alarms it will not ope the gate:
[battery;
Where a heart is hard, they make no
[battery.]

72.

Canst thou talk?" quoth she, "hast
thou a tongue?
Shouldst thou hadst not, or I had no hearing!
[mermaid's voice hath done me double
wrong;
My load before, now press'd with bear-
[sounding,
Alarms discord, heavenly tune harsh
And deep-sweet music, and heart's deep-
sore wounding.

73.

No eyes, but ears, my ears would love
toward beauty and invisible;
I deaf, thy outward parts would move
part in me that were but sensible:
Though neither eyes nor ears, to hear nor
see,
Should I be in love, by touching thee.

74.

That the sense of feeling were bereft me,
I could not see, nor hear, nor touch,
Nothing but the very smell were left me,
Would my love to thee be still as much;
For from the still story of thy face exelling
[breath perfume'd, that breedeth love
by smelling.

75.

O, what banquet wert thou to the taste,
And person and feeder of the other four!
They not wish the feast might ever last,
[Suspicion double-lock the door;
And jealousy, that sour unwelcome guest,
Should, by his stealing in, disturb the feast."

76.

More the ruby-colour'd portal open'd,
Which to his speech did honey passage yield;
[red morn, that ever yet betoken'd
[to the seaman, tempest to the field,
[woe unto the birds,
[foul slaws to herdsmen and to
herds.

77.

Presage advis'dly she marketh:
The wind is hush'd before it raineth,

Or as the wolf doth grin before he barketh,
Or as the berry breaks before it staineth,
Or like the deadly bullet of a gun,
His meaning struck her ere his words began.

78.

And at his look she flaily falleth down,
For looks kill love, and love by looks reviveth:
A smile recures the wounding of a frown;
But blessed bankrupt, that by love so thriveth!
The silly boy, believing she is dead,
Claps her pale cheek, till clapping makes it
red;

79.

All amaz'd brake off his late intent,
For sharply he did think to reprehend her,
Which cunning Love did wittily prevent:
Fair fall the wit that can so well defend her!
For on the grass she lies as she were slain,
Till his breath breatheth life in her again.

80.

Hewrings her nose, he strikes her on the cheeks,
He bends her fingers, holds her pulses hard,
He chafes her lips; a thousand ways he seeks
To mend the hurt that his unkindness marr'd:
He kisses her; and she, by her good will,
Will never rise, so he will kiss her still.

81.

The night of sorrow now is turn'd to day:
Her two blue windows faintly she upheaveth,
Like the fair sun, when in his fresh array
He cheers the morn, and all the world re-
lieveth:
And as the bright sun glorifies the sky,
So is her face illumin'd with her eye;

82.

Whose beams upon his hairless face are fix'd,
As if from thence they borrow'd all their shine.
Were never four such lamps together mix'd,
Had not his clouded with his brows' repine;
But hers, which through the crystal tears
gave light,
Shone like the moon in water seen by night.

83.

"O where am I?" quoth she; "in earth or
heaven,
Or in the ocean drench'd, or in the fire!
What hour is this? or morn, or weary even?
Do I delight to die, or life desire?
But now I liv'd, and life was death's annoy;
But now I died, and death was lively joy."

84.

"O thou didst kill me:—kill me once again:
Thy eyes shrowd tutor, that hard heart of thine,
Hath taught them scornful tricks, and such
disdain, [mine;
That they have murder'd this poor heart of
And these mine eyes, true leaders to their
queen,
But for thy piteous lips no more had seen."

114.
 "And when thou hast on foot the purblind
 hare, [bles,
 Mark the poor wretch, to overshoot his trou-
 How he outruns the winds, and with what care
 He cranks and crosses with a thousand doubles;
 The many mazes through the which he goes,
 Are like a labyrinth to amaze his foes.

115.
 "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:

116.
 "For there his smell with others being ming-
 gled, [doubt,
 The hot scent-snuffing hounds are driven to
 Ceasing their clamorous cry till they have
 singled

With much ado the cold fault cleanly out;
 Then do they spend their mouths; Echo re-
 plies,
 As if another chase were in the skies.

117.
 "By this, poor Wat, far off upon a hill,
 Stands on his hinder legs with listening ear,
 To harken if his foes pursue him still:
 Anon their loud alarms he doth hear;
 And now his grief may be compar'd well
 To one sore sick that hears the passing-bell.

118.
 "Then shalt thou see the dew-bedabbled
 wretch
 Turn, and return, indenting with the way;
 Each envious brier his weary legs doth scratch,
 Each shadow makes him stop, each murmur
 For misery is trodden on by many, [stay:
 And being low, never reliev'd by any.

119.
 "Lie quietly, and hear a little more;
 Nay, do not struggle, for thou shalt not rise:
 To make thee hate the hunting of the boar,
 Unlike myself thou hear'st me moralize,
 Applying this to that, and so to so;
 For love can comment upon every woe.

120.
 "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.

121.
 "But if thou fall, O then imagine this,
 The earth, in love with thee, thy footing trips,

And all is but to rob thee of a kiss.
 Rich preys make true men thieves; so do thy
 lips

Make modest Dian cloudy and forlorn,
 Lest she should steal a kiss and die forsworn.

122.
 "Now of this dark night I perceive the reason,
 Cynthia for shame obscures her silver sheen,
 Till forging Nature be condemn'd of treason,
 For stealing moulds from heaven that were
 divine;

Wherein she fram'd thee, in high heaven's
 despite,
 To shame the sun by day, and her by night

123.
 "And therefore hath she brib'd the Destinies
 To cross the curious workmanship of Nature,
 To mingle beauty with infirmities,
 And pure perfection with impure defeature;
 Making it subject to the tyranny
 Of mad mischances and much misery;

124.
 "As burning fevers, agues pale and faint,
 Life-poisoning postilions, and frenzies weak,
 The marrow-eating sickness, whose attack
 Disorder breeds by heating of the blood;
 Surfeits, imposthumes, grief, and dam'd
 despair,

Swear Nature's death for framing thee so fair

125.
 "And not the least of all these maladies
 But in one minute's sight brings beauty dead;
 Both favour, savour, hue, and qualities
 Whereat the impartial gazer late did stand;
 Are on the sudden wasted, thaw'd, and dross
 As mountain snow melts with the midday sun

126.
 "Therefore, despite of fruitless chastity,
 Love-lacking vestals, and self-loving maids,
 That on the earth would breed a scarcity
 And barren dearth of daughters and of maids,
 Be prodigal: the lamp that burns by night
 Dries up his oil to lend the world his light

127.
 "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 Judas
 Sith in thy pride so fair a hope is slain

128.
 "So in thyself thyself art made away;
 A mischief worse than civil home-bred wars,
 Or theirs whose desperate hands themselves
 slay,
 Or butcher-sire, that reaves his son of his
 Foul cankerous rust the hidden
 frets,
 But gold that's put to use more gold begets

129.

"quoth Adon, "you will fall again
 your knee overhauled theme:
 I gave you is bestow'd in vain,
 all in vain you strive against the stream;
 by this black-fac'd night, desire's foul
 mine, {worse,
 Your treatise makes me like you worse and

130.

Love have lent you twenty thousand
 tongues,
 and every tongue more moving than your own,
 making like the wanton mermaid's songs,
 to mine ear the tempting tune is blown;
 I know, my heart stands armed in mine
 ear,
 And will not let a false sound enter there;

131.

Let the deceiving harmony should run
 the quiet closure of my breast;
 And then my little heart were quite undone,
 to my bedchamber to be hur'd of rest,
 I say, no; my heart longs not to groan,
 but soundly sleeps, while now it sleeps alone.

132.

And have you urg'd that I cannot reprove!
 my path is smooth that leadeth on to danger;
 I do not love, but your device in love,
 my leads embraces unto every stranger.
 You do it for increase: O strange excuse,
 your reason is the bawd to lust's abuse!

133.

And not love, for Love to heaven is fled,
 and on earth usurp'd his name;
 whose simple semblance he hath fed
 with fresh beauty, blotting it with blame;
 which the hot tyrant stains, and soon be-
 comes pillars do the tender leaves. [groaves,

134.

Love comforteth like sunshine after rain,
 but Love's effect is tempest after sun;
 when gentle spring doth always fresh remain,
 and winter comes ere summer half be done;
 Love sunsets not, Love like a glutton dies:
 Love is all truth, Love full of forged lies.

135.

I could tell, but more I dare not say;
 before, in sadness, now I will away:
 Love is full of shame, my heart of teen;
 Love's ears, that to your wanton talk attended,
 have turn themselves for having so offended."

136.

Love's breaketh from the sweet embrace
 his arms which bound him to her
 [space;
 Love through the dark laund runs
 upon her back deeply distress'd,
 how a bright star shooteth from the
 sky,
 and glides he to the night from Venus' eye;

137.

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 sight.

138.

Whereat amaz'd, as one that unaware
 Hath dropp'd a precious jewel in the flood,
 Or 'stonish'd as night-wanderers often are,
 Their light blown out in some mistrustful
 wood;
 Even so confounded in the dark she lay,
 Having lost the fair discovery of her way.

139.

And now she beats her heart, whereat it
 groans, [troubled,
 That all the neighbour-caves, as seeming
 Make verbal repetition of her moans;
 Passion on passion deeply is redoubled:
 "Ah me!" she cries, and twenty times,
 "woe, woe!"
 And twenty echoes twenty times cry so.

140.

She, marking them, begins a wailing note,
 And sings extemp'rally a woful ditty:
 How love makes young men thrall, and old
 men dote;
 How love is wise in folly, foolish-witty:
 Her heavy anthem still concludes in woe,
 And still the choir of echoes answer so.

141.

Her song was tedious, and outwore the night,
 For lovers' hours are long, though seeming
 short: [light
 If pleas'd themselves, others, they think, do-
 In such like circumstance, with such like sport;
 Their copious stories, oftentimes begun,
 End without audience, and are never done.

142.

For who hath she to spend the night withal,
 But idle sounds, resembling parasites;
 Like shrill-tongued tapsters answering every
 Soothing the humour of fantastic wits [scall,
 She says, "'Tis so:" they answer all, "'Tis
 so;"
 And would say after her, if she said, "No."

143.

Lo, here the gentle lark, weary of rest,
 From his moist cabinet mounts up on high,
 And wakes the morning, from whose silver
 The sun ariseth in his majesty; [breast
 Who doth the world so gloriously behold,
 That cedar-tops and hills seem burnish'd gold.

144.

Venus salutes him with this fair good-morrow,
 "O thou clear god, and patron of all light,
 From whom each lamp and shining star doth
 borrow
 The beautiful influence that makes him bright,

There lives a son, that suck'd an earthly
mother, [other.]
May lend thee light, as thou dost lend to

145.

This said, she hasteth to a myrtle grove,
Musing the morning is so much o'erworn,
And yet she hears no tidings of her love:
She hearkens for his hounds, and for his horn;
Anon she hears them chant it lustily,
And all in haste she coasteth to the cry.

146.

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.

147.

By this, she hears the hounds are at a bay;
Whereat she starts, like one that spies an
adder
Wreath'd up in fatal folds, just in his way,
The fear whereof doth make him shake and
shudder:

Even so the timorous yelping of the hounds
Appals her senses, and her spright confounds.

148.

For now she knows it is no gentle chase,
But the blunt boar, rough bear, or lion proud,
Because the cry remaineth in one place,
Where fearfully the dogs exclaim aloud:
Finding their enemy to be so curst, [first,
They all strain courtesy who shall cope him

149.

This dismal cry rings sadly in her ear,
Through which it enters to surprise her heart;
Who, overcoms by doubt and bloodless fear,
With cold-pale weakness numbs each feeling
part;
Like soldiers, when their captain once doth
yield,
They basely fly, and dare not stay the field.

150.

Thus stands she in a trembling ecstasy;
Till, cheering up her senses sore 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:— [boar;
And with that word she spied the hunted

151.

Whose frothy mouth, bepainted all with red,
Like milk and blood being mingled both to-
gether,
A second fear through all her sinews spread,
Which madly hurries her she knows not
whither: [further,
This way she runs, and now she will no
But back retires to rate the boar for murder.

152.

A thousand spleens bear her a thousand ways;
She treads the path that she untreads again;
Her more than haste is mated with delays,
Like the proceedings of a drunken brain,
Full of respects, yet nought at all respect-
ing: [ing
In hand with all things, nought at all effect-

153.

Here kennel'd in a brake she finds a hound,
And asks the weary catiff for his master;
And there another licking of his wound, [her;
'Gainst venom'd gores the only sovereign plas-
ter:
And here she meets another sadly howling,
To whom she speaks, and he replies with
howling.

154.

When he hath ceas'd his ill-resounding noise,
Another flap-mouth'd mourner, black and
grim,
Against the welkin volleys out his voice;
Another and another answer him, [below,
Clapping their poud tails to the ground,
Shaking their scratch'd ears, bleeding at
they go.

155.

Look, how the world's poor people are amaz'd
At apparitions, signs, and prodigies,
Whereon with fearful eyes they long have gaz'd,
Infusing them with dreadful prophecies:
So she at these sad signs draws up her
breath,
And, sighing it again, exclaims on Death.

156.

"Hard-favour'd tyrant, ugly, meagre, lewy,
Hateful divorce of love" (thus chides she
Death), [doth thou mean
"Grim-grinning ghost, earth's worm,
To stifle beauty, and to steal his breath,
Who when he liv'd, his breath and beauty
Gloss on the rose, smell to the violet?"

157.

"If he be dead,—O no, it cannot be,
Seeing his beauty, thou shouldst strike at it;
O yes, it may; thou hast no eyes to see,
But hatefully at random dost thou hit.
Thy mark is feeble age; but thy false dart
Mistakes that aim, and cleaves an infant's
heart.

158.

"Hast thou but bid beware, thou hast
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
And not Death's ebon dart, to strike him dead."

159.

"Dost thou drink tears, that thou provok'st
such weeping?
What may a heavy groan advantage thee?"

Thy hast then cast into eternal sleeping
Thy eyes that taught all other eyes to see?
Now Nature cares not for thy mortal vigour,
Where her best work is ruin'd with thy rigour."

160.

How overcome, as one full of despair,
She wail'd her eyelids, who, like sluices, stopp'd
The crystal tide that from her two cheeks fair
In the sweet channel of her bosom dropp'd;
But through the floodgates breaks the silver
rain,
And with his strong course opens them again.

161.

How her eyes and tears did lend and borrow!
Thy eyes seen in the tears, tears in her eye;
Like crystals, where they view'd each other's
sorrow,
How, that friendly sighs sought still to dry;
And like a stormy day, now wind, now rain,
Sighs dry her cheeks, tears make them wet
again.

162.

How variable passions through her constant woe,
How striving who should best become her grief;
How entertain'd, each passion labours so,
That every present sorrow seemeth chief,
None is best: then join they all together,
Like many clouds consulting for foul
weather.

163.

How far off she hears some huntsman holla:
How a song ne'er pleas'd her babe so well:
How dire imagination she did follow
The sound of hope doth labour to expel;
For now reviving joy bids her rejoice,
And batters her it is Adonis' voice.

164.

How want her tears began to turn their tide,
How prison'd in her eye, like pearls in glass;
How sometimes falls an orient drop beside,
Which her cheek melts, as scorning it should
pass,
How wash the foul face of the sluttish ground,
Who is but drunken when she seemeth
drown'd.

165.

How hard-believing love, how strange it seems
Not to believe, and yet too credulous!
How woe and woe are both of them extremes;
How despair and hope make thee ridiculous;
How one doth flatter thee in thoughts unlikely,
How likely thoughts the other kills thee quickly.

166.

How she unweaves the web that she hath
wrought;
How Adonis lives, and Death is not to blame;
How she adds honours to his hateful name;
How she cleaves him king of graves, and grave
for kings,
How imperious supreme of all mortal things.

35

167.

"No, no," quoth she, "sweet Death, I did but
Yet pardon me, I felt a kind of fear, [jest;
Whenas 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."

168.

"Tis not my fault: the boar provok'd my
tongue;
Be wreak'd on him, invisible commander;
'Tis he, foul creature, that hath done thee
wrong;
I did but act, he's author of my slander: [yet,
Grief hath two tongues; and never woman
Could rule them both, without ten women's
wit."

169.

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.

170.

"O Jove," quoth she, "how much a fool was I,
To be of such a weak and silly mind,
To wail his death who lives, and must not die,
Till mutual overthrow of mortals kind!
For he being dead, with him is beauty slain,
And, beauty dead, black chaos comes again."

171.

"Fie, fie, fond love, thou art so full of fear,
As one with treasure laden, hemm'd with
thieves;
Trifles, unwitness'd with eye or ear,
Thy coward heart with false bethinking grieves."
Even at this word she hears a merry horn,
Whereat she leaps that was but late forlorn.

172.

As falcon to the lure, away she flies;
The grass stoops not, she treads on it so light;
And in her haste unfortunately spies
The foul boar's conquest on her fair delight;
Which seen, her eyes, as murder'd with the
view, [drew:
Like stars asham'd of day, themselves with-

173.

Or, as the snail, whose tender horns being hit,
Shrinks backwards 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:

174.

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 perplex'd in his throne,
By their suggestion gives a deadly groan,

175.

Whereat each tributary subject quakes;
As when the wind, imprison'd in the ground,
Struggling for passage, earth's foundation
shakes, [found:
Which with cold terror doth men's minds con-
This mutiny each part doth so surprise,
That from their dark beds once more leap
her eyes;

176.

And, being open'd, threw unwilling light
Upon this wide wound that the boar had
trench'd
In his soft flank: whose wonted lily white
With purple tears, that his wound wept, was
drench'd;
No flower was nigh, no grass, herb, leaf, or
But stole his blood, and seem'd with him to
bleed.

177.

This solemn sympathy poor Venus noteth;
Over one shoulder doth she hang her head;
Dumbly she passions, frantically she doteth;
She thinks he could not die, he is not dead:
Her voice is stopp'd, her joints forget to bow!
Her eyes are mad that they have wept till
now.

178.

Upon his hurt she looks so steadfastly, [three;
That her sight dazzling makes the wound seem
And then she reprehends her mangling eye,
That makes more gashes where no breach
should be;
His face seems twain, each several limb is
For oft the eye mistakes, the brain being
troubled.

179.

"My tongue cannot express my grief for one,
And yet," quoth she, "behold two Adons dead!
My sighs are blown away, my salt tears gone,
Mine eyes are turn'd to fire, my heart to lead:
Heavy heart's lead, melt at mine eyes' red fire!
So shall I die by drops of hot desire.

180.

"Alas, poor world, what treasure hast thou [lost!
What face remains alive that's worth the view-
ing?
Whose tongue is music now? what canst thou
Of things long since, or anything ensuing?
The flowers are sweet, their colours fresh
and trim;

But true sweet beauty liv'd and died with him.

181.

"Bonnet nor veil henceforth no creature wear!
Nor sun nor wind will ever strive to kiss you:
Having no fair to lose, you need not fear;
The sun doth scorn you; and the wind doth
kiss you:

But when Adonis liv'd, sun and sharp air
Lurk'd like two thieves, to rob him of his fair:

182.

'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.

183.

"To see his face the lion walk'd along [him
Behind some hedge, because he would not fear
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.

184.

"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

185.

"But this foul, grim, and urchin-snooled bear,
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 [so
He thought to kiss him, and hath kill'd him

186.

"'Tis true, 'tis true; thus was Adonis slain:
He ran upon the boar with his sharp spear,
Who did not whet his teeth at him again,
But by a kiss thought to persuade him there:
And nuzzling in his flank, the loving swine
Sheath'd, unaware, the tusk in his soft groin.

187.

"Had I been tooth'd like him, I must conclude,
With kissing him I should have kill'd him first;
But he is dead, and never did he bleed
My youth with his,—the more am I accurs'd.
With this she falleth in the place she trod,
And stains her face with his congealed blood.

188.

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 woful words she told;
She lifts the coffer-lids that close his eyes,
Where, lo! two lamps, burnt out, in dark-
ness lies.

189.

Two glasses where herself herself beheld
A thousand times, and now no more reflect;
Their virtue lost, wherein they late exult'd,
And every beauty robb'd of his effect:
"Wonder of time," quoth she, "this is my
spite,

That, you being dead, the day should yet be

190.

"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;

settled equally, but high or low; [was.
 All love's pleasure shall not match his

191.

shall be sickle, false, and full of fraud;
 and be blasted in a breathing while;
 bottom poison, and the top o'erstraw'd
 reveals that shall the truest sight beguile:
 the strongest body shall it make most weak,
 make the wise dumb, and teach the fool to speak.

192.

shall be sparing, and too full of riot,
 making decrepit age to tread the measures;
 wearing ruffian shall it keep in quiet,
 down the rich, enrich the poor with
 treasures;
 shall be raging mad, and silly mild,
 make the young old, the old become a child.

193.

shall suspect where is no cause of fear;
 shall not fear where it should most mistrust;
 shall be merciful, and too severe,
 most deceiving when it seems most just;
 reverse it shall be where it shows most
 toward,
 for fear to valour, courage to the coward.

194.

shall be cause of war and dire events,
 and set dissension 'twixt the son and sire;
 and servile to all discontents,
 to any combustion matter is to fire:
 in his prime death doth my love destroy,
 say that love best, their loves shall not
 enjoy."

195.

love, 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, check'd with
 white, [blood
 Resembling well his pale cheeks, and the
 Which in round drops upon their whiteness
 stood.

196.

She bows her head, the new-sprung flower to
 Comparing it to her Adonis' breath; [smell,
 And says, within her bosom it shall dwell,
 Since he himself is reft from her by death:
 She crops the stalk, and in the breach appears
 Green dropping sap, which she compares to
 tears.

197.

"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.

198.

"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, [night:
 My throbbing heart shall rock thee day and
 There shall not be one minute in an hour,
 Wherein I will not kiss my sweet love's
 flower."

199.

Thus weary of the world, away she hies,
 And yokes her silver doves; by whose swift aid
 Their mistress, mounted, through the empty
 skies
 In her light chariot quickly is convey'd;
 Holding their course to Paphos, where their
 queen
 Means to immure herself, and not be seen.

LUCRECE.

TO THE

RIGHT HONOURABLE HENRY WRIOTHESLY,

EARL OF SOUTHAMPTON, AND BARON OF TITCHFIELD.

My love I dedicate to your Lordship is without end; whereof this pamphlet, without begin-
 ning, 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 happiness.

Your Lordship's in all duty,

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

THE ARGUMENT.

LUCRECE TARQUINIUS, (for his excessive pride surnamed Superbus,) after he had caused his
 father-in-law, Servius Tullius, to be cruelly murdered, and contrary to the Roman laws

and customs, not requiring or staying for the people's suffrages, had possessed himself of the kingdom, went, accompanied with his sons and other noblemen of Rome, to besiege Ardea. During which siege the principal men of the army meeting one evening at the tent of Sextus Tarquinius, the king's son, in their discourses after supper, every one commended the virtue of his own wife; among whom, Collatinus extolled the incomparable chastity of his wife Lucretia. In that pleasant humour they all posted to Rome; and intending, by their secret and sudden arrival, to make trial of that which every one had before avouched, the other ladies finds his wife (though it were late in the night) spinning amongst her maids: the other ladies were all found dancing and revelling, or in several disports. Whereupon the noblemen yielded Collatinus the victory, and his wife the fame. At that time Sextus Tarquinius, being inflamed with Lucrece's beauty, yet smothering his passions for the present, departed with the rest back to the camp; from whence he shortly after privily withdrew himself, and was (according to his estate) royally entertained and lodged by Lucrece at Collatium. The same night he treacherously stealth into her chamber, violently ravished her, and early in the morning speedeth away. Lucrece, in this lamentable plight, hastily despatcheth messengers, one to Rome for her father, and another to the camp for Collatine. They came, the one accompanied with Junius Brutus, the other with Publius Valerius; and finding Lucrece attired in mourning habit, demanded the cause of her sorrow. She, first taking an oath of them for her revenge, revealed the actor, and the 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 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.

1.

From the besieged Ardea all in post,
Borne by the trustless wings of false desire,
Lust-breathed Tarquin leaves the Roman host,
And to Collatium bears the lightless fire
Which, in pale embers hid, looks to aspire,
And girdle with embracing flames the waist.
Of Collatine's fair love, Lucrece the chaste.

2.

Haply that name of "chaste" unhappily set
This hateful 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.

3.

For he the night before, in Tarquin's tent,
Unlock'd the treasure of his happy state;
What priceless wealth the heavens had him
In the possession of his beauteous mate; [sent
Reckoning his fortune at such high-proud rate,
That kings might be espoused to more fame,
But king nor peer to such a peerless dame.

4.

O happiness enjoy'd but of a few!
An, if possessed, as soon decay'd and done,
As is the morning's silver-melting dew
Against the golden splendour of the sun!
An expir'd date, cancell'd are well begun:
Honour and beauty, in the owner's arms,
Are weakly fortress'd from a world of harms.

5.

Beauty itself doth of itself persuade
The eyes of men without an orator;

What needeth, then, apology be made,
To set forth that which is so singular?
Or why is Collatine the publisher
Of that rich jewel he should keep unknown
From thievish ears, because it is his own?

6.

Perchance his boast of Lucrece's sovereignty
Suggested this proud issue of a king;
For by our ears our hearts oft taunted be!
Perchance that envy of so rich a thing,
Braving compare, disdainfully did sting
His high-pitched thoughts, that meane man
should vaunt
That golden hap which their superiour want.

7.

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!

8.

When at Collatium this false lord arriv'd,
Well was he welcom'd by the Roman dame,
Within whose face beauty and virtue arriv'd
Which of them both should underprop her
fame:
When virtue bragg'd, beauty would blush to
When beauty boasted blushes, in despite
Virtue would stain that's er with silver white.

9.

But beauty, in that white intitled,
From Venus' doves doth challenge that
field:

virtue claims from beauty beauty's red,
 virtue gave the golden age, to gild
 silver cheeks, and call'd it then their
 shield;
 teaching them thus to use it in the fight,—
 when shame assail'd, the red should fence
 the white.

10.

heraldry in Lucrece' face was seen,
 beauty by beauty's red, and virtue's white:
 neither's colour was the other queen,
 moving from world's minority their right:
 their ambition makes them still to fight;
 the sovereignty of either being so great,
 that oft they interchange each other's seat.

11.

gent war of lilies and of roses,
 Tarquin view'd in her fair face's field,
 pure ranks his traitor eye encloses;
 there, betwixt them both it should be
 kill'd,
 toward captive vanquish'd doth yield
 to those two armies, that would let him go,
 rather than triumph in so false a foe.

12.

she thinks he that her husband's shallow
 tongue
 the rugged prodigal that prais'd her so)
 that high task hath done her beauty wrong,
 that far exceeds his barren skill to show:
 therefore that praise which Collatine doth owe,
 Tarquin answers with surmise,
 the silent wonder of still-gazing eyes.

13.

the earthly saint, ador'd by this devil,
 she suspecteth the false worshipper;
 she sustain'd thoughts do seldom dream on
 she never him'd no secret bushes fear: [evil;
 she securely gives good cheer
 and reverent welcome to her princely guest,
 whose inward ill no outward harm express'd;

14.

that he colour'd with his high estate,
 filling base sin in plaits of majesty;
 that nothing in him seem'd inordinate,
 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.

15.

she, that never cop'd with stranger eyes,
 could pick no meaning from their parling looks,
 nor read the subtle shining secreties
 set 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.

16.

stories to her ears her husband's fame,
 when in the fields of fruitful Italy;

And decks with praises Collatine's high name,
 Made glorious by his manly chivalry,
 With bruised arms and wreaths of victory:
 Her joy with heav'd-up hand she doth ex-
 press,
 And, wordless, so greets heaven for his success.

17.

Far from the purpose of his coming thither,
 He makes excuses for his being there:
 No cloudy show of stormy blustering weather
 Doth yet in this fair welkin once appear;
 Till sable Night, mother of Dread and Fear,
 Upon the world dim darkness doth display,
 And in her vaulty prison stows the day.

18.

For then is Tarquin brought unto his bed,
 Intending weariness with heavy spright;
 For, after supper, long he questioned
 With modest Lucrece, and wore out the night:
 Now leaden slumber with life's strength doth
 fight;
 And every one to rest themselves betake,
 Save thieves and cares, and troubled minds
 that wake.

19.

As one of which doth Tarquin lie revolving
 The sundry dangers of his will's obtaining;
 Yet ever to obtain his will resolving,
 Though weak-built hopes persuade him to
 abstaining:
 Despair to gain doth traffic oft for gaining;
 And when great treasure is the meed pro-
 pos'd, [suppos'd.
 Though death be adjunct, there's no death

20.

Those that much covet are with gain so fond,
 That what they have not, that which they
 possess,
 They scatter and unloose it from their bond,
 And so, by hoping more, they have but less;
 Or, gaining more, the profit of excess
 Is but to surfeit, and such griefs sustain,
 That they prove bankrupt in this poor-rich
 gain.

21.

The aim of all is but to nurse the life
 With honour, wealth, and ease, in waning age;
 And in this aim there is such thwarting strife,
 That one for all, or all for one we gage;
 As life for honour in fell battles' rage:
 Honour for wealth; and oft that wealth
 doth cost
 The death of all, and all together lost.

22.

So that, in venturing ill, we leave to be
 The things we are, for that which we expect;
 And this ambitious foul infirmity,
 In having much, torments us with defect
 Of that we have: so then we do neglect
 The thing we have; and, all for want of wit,
 Make something nothing, by augmenting it.

23.

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?

24.

Now stole upon the time the dead of night,
When heavy sleep had closed up mortal eyes:
No comfortable star did lend his light, fories;
No noise but owls' and wolves' death-boding
Now serves the season that they may surprise
The silly lambs: pure thoughts are dead and
still,
While lust and murder wake to stain and kill.

25.

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 fearfully
harm;
But honest fear, bewitch'd with lust's foul
Doth too too oft betake him to retire,
Beaten away by brain-sick rude desire.

26.

His falchion on a flint he softly smiteth,
That from the cold stone sparks of fire do fly;
Whereat a waxen torch forthwith he lighteth,
Which must be lode-star to his lustful eye;
And to the flame thus speaks advisedly:
"As from this cold flint I enforce'd this fire,
So Lucrece must I force to my desire."

27.

Here pale with fear he doth premeditate
The dangers of his loathsome enterprise,
And in his inward mind he doth debate
What following sorrow may on this arise:
Then looking scornfully, he doth despise
His naked armour of still-slaughter'd lust,
And justly thus controls his thoughts unjust:

28.

"Fair torch, burn out thy light, and lend it
not
To darken her whose light excelleth thine;
And die, unhallow'd thoughts, before you blot
With your uncleanness that which is divine:
Offer pure incense to so pure a shrine:
Let fair humanity abhor the deed
That spots and stains love's modest snow-
white weed.

29.

"O shame to knighthood and to shining arms!
O foul dishonour to my household's grave!
O insidious act, including all foul harms!
A martial man to be soft fancy's slave!
True valour still a true respect should have;
Then my disgrace is so vile, so base,
That it will live engraven in my face,

30.

"Yea, though I die, the scandal will survive,
And be an eyesore in my golden coat;
Some loathsome dash the herald will contrive,
To cipher me how fondly I did dote;
That my posterity, sham'd with the note,
Shall curse my bones, and hold it for no shame
To wish that I their father had not been.

31.

"What win I, if I gain the thing I seek?
A dream, a breath, a froth of fleeting joy,
Who buys a minute's mirth to wait a week?
Or sells eternity to get a toy?
For one sweet grape who will the vine destroy?
Or what fond beggar, but to touch the crown,
Would with the sceptre straight be stricken
down!

32.

"If Collatinus dream of my intent,
Will he not wake, and in a desperate rage
Post hither, this vile purpose to prevent?
This siege that hath engirt his marriage,
This blur to youth, this sorrow to the sage,
This dying virtue, this surviving shame,
Whose crime will bear an ever-during blame!

33.

"O what excuse can my invention make,
When thou shalt charge me with so black a
deed?
Will not my tongue be mute, my frail
Mine eyes forego their light, my false
bleed?
The guilt being great, the fear doth still
And extreme fear can neither fight nor fly,
But, coward-like, with trembling terror

34.

"Had Collatinus kill'd my son or sire,
Or lain in ambush, so betray my life,
Or were he not my dear friend, this desire
Might have excuse to work upon his wife:
As in revenge or quittance of such strife;
But as he is my kinsman, my dear friend,
The shame and fault finds no excuse nor

35.

"Shameful it is;—ay, if the fact be known!
Hateful it is;—there is no hate in loving!
I'll beg her love;—but she is not her own!
The worst is but denial, and reproving!
My will is strong, past reason's weak remotion,
Which in a moment doth confound and
Who fears a sentence, or an old man's
Shall by a painted cloth be kept in awe.

36.

Thus, graceless, holds he disputation
Tween frozen conscience and hot-burning will,
And with good thoughts makes disputation
Urging the worse sense for vantage still;
Which in a moment doth confound and
All pure effects, and doth so far proceed
That what is vile shows like a virtuous

37.

Quoth he, "She took me kindly by the hand,
And gaz'd for tidings in my eager eyes,

Receiv'some hard news from the warlike band,
 How her beloved Collatinus lies,
 How her fear did make her colour rise |
 And red as roses that on lawn we lay,
 Then white as lawn, the roses took away.

38.

And how her hand, in my hand being lock'd,
 Bore it to tremble with her royal fear !
 Which struck her sad, and then it faster rock'd,
 Till her husband's welfare she did hear ;
 Which smil'd with so sweet a cheer,
 That had Narcissus seen her as she stood,
 Self-love had never drown'd him in the flood.

39.

Why hunt I, then, for colour or excuses |
 When colours are dumb when beauty pleadeth ;
 When witches have remorse in poor abuses ;
 And thieves not in the heart that shadows
 Drowneth :

Attention is my captain, and he leadeth ;
 And when his gaudy banner is display'd,
 The coward fights, and will not be dismay'd.

40.

Childish fear, avaunt ! debating, die !
 Not and reason, wait on wrinkled age !
 My heart shall never countermine mine eye :
 Calm and deep regard beseech the sage ;
 My parts youth, and bends these from the stage ;
 Where my pilot is, beauty my prize ; [lies !]
 When who fears sinking where such treasure

41.

Scorn'd grown by weeds, so heedful fear
 Almost chok'd by narsisted lust.
 My heart shall with open listening ear,
 Of foul hope, and full of fond mistrust ;
 Which, as servitors to the unjust,
 Cross him with their opposite persuasion,
 That now he vows a league, and now invasion.

42.

In his thought her heavenly image sits,
 And in the nefarious sent sits Collatine :
 His eye which looks on her confounds his wits ;
 His eye which him beholds, as more divine,
 Into a view so false will not incline ;
 Out with a pure appeal seeks to the heart,
 Which, once corrupted, takes the worsen
 part ;

43.

And therein heartens up his servile powers,
 Which scatter'd by their leader's jocund show,
 Scatter'd up his lust, as minutes fill up hours :
 As for their captain, so their pride doth grow,
 Paying more slavish tribute than they owe.
 My reprobate desire thus madly led,
 The Roman lord marcheth to Lucrece's bed.

44.

As he looks between her chamber and his will,
 As he looks on by him enforc'd, retires his ward ;
 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-wand'ring weasels shriek to see him
 there ;
 They fright him, yet he still pursues his fear.

45.

As each unwilling portal yields him way,
 Through little vents and crannies of the place
 The wind wars with his torch, to make him
 And blows the smoke of it into his face, [stay,
 Extinguishing his conduct in this case ;
 But his hot heart, which fond desire doth
 scorch,

Puffs forth another wind that fires the torch :

46.

And being lighted, by the light he spies
 Lucretia's glove, wherein her needle sticks :
 He takes it from the rushes where it lies,
 And gripping it, the needl his finger pricks ;
 As who should say, this glove to wanton tricks
 Is not inn'd ; return again in haste ;
 Thou see'st our mistress's ornaments are
 chaste.

47.

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
 He takes for accidental things of trial ; [him,
 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.

48.

"So, so," quoth he, "these lets attend the time,
 Like little frosts that sometime threat the
 To add a more rejoicing to the prime, [spring,
 And give the uncap'd birds more cause to sing.
 Pain pays the income of each precious thing ;
 Huge rocks, high winds, strong pirates,
 shelves and sands, [sands."
 The merchant fears, ere rich at home he

49.

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 heaven should countenance his sin.

50.

But in the midst of his unfruitful prayer,
 Having solicited the eternal power, [fair,
 That his foul thoughts might compass his fair
 And they would stand auspicious to the hour
 Even there he starts :—quoth he, "I must de-
 flower ;

The powers to whom I pray abhor this fact
 How can they, then, assist me in the act !

51.

"Then love and fortune be my gods, my guide !
 My will is back'd with resolution : [tried ;
 Thoughts are but dreams till their effects be
 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."

52.

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
Lies at the mercy of his mortal sting. [thing,

53.

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 watchword to his hand full
soon,

To draw the cloud that hides the silver moon.

54.

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; [enclosed.

But blind they are, and keep themselves

55.

O, had they in that darksome prison died!
Then had they seen the period of their ill;
Then Collatine again, by Lucrece' side,
In his clear bed might have reposed still:
But they must ope, this blessed league to kill;
And holy-thoughted Lucrece to their sight
Must sell her joy, her life, her world's delight.

56.

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 admir'd of lewd unhallow'd eyes.

57.

Without the bed her other fair hand was,
On the green coverlet! whose perfect white
Show'd like an April daisy on the grass,
With pearly sweat, resembling dew of night.
Her eyes, like marigolds, had sheath'd their
And canopied in darkness sweetly lay, [light,
Till they might open to adorn the day.

58.

Her hair, like golden threads, play'd with her
breath;

O modest wantons! wanton modesty!
Showing life's triumph in the map of death,
And death's dim look in life's mortality:
Each in her sleep themselves so beautify,

As if between them twain there were no strife,
But that life liv'd in death and death in life.

59.

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 Targuin new ambition bred;
Who, like a foul usurper, went about
From this fair throne to heave the owner out.

60.

What could he see but mightily he not'd!
What did he note but strongly he desir'd!
What he beheld, on that he firmly doted,
And in his will his wilful eye he fir'd.
With more than admiration he admir'd
Her azure veins, her alabaster skin,
Her coral lips, her snow-white dimpled chin.

61.

As the grim lion fawneth o'er his prey,
Sharp hunger by the conquest satisfied,
So o'er this sleeping soul doth Targuin stay,
His rage of lust by gazing qualified; [slept
Slack'd, not suppress'd; for standing by her
His eye, which late this mutiny restrain'd,
Unto a greater uproar tempts his veins;

62.

And they, like straggling slaves for pillage
fighting,
Obdurate vassals, fell exploits effecting,
In bloody death and ravishment delighting,
Nor children's tears, nor mother's groans re-
specting,

Swell in their pride, the onset still expecting;
Anon his beating heart, alarm striking,
Gives the hot charge, and bids them do their
liking.

63.

His drumming heart cheers up his burning eye,
His eye commands the leading to his hand;
His hand, as proud of such a dignity, [stand
Smoking with pride, march'd on to make his
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.

64.

They, mustering to the quiet cabinet
Where their dear governess and lady lies,
Do tell her she is dreadfully beset,
And fright her with confusion of their cries;
She, much amaz'd, breaks ope her lock'd-up
eyes,

Who, peeping forth this tumult to behold,
Are by his flaming torch dimur'd and cool'd.

65.

Imagine her as one in dead of night
From forth dull sleep by dreadful fancy waken'd
That thinks she hath beheld some ghastly vision
Whose grim aspect sets every joint a-shaking
What terror 'tis! but she, in worse case taking
From sleep disturb'd, heedfully doth view
The sight which makes supposed terror true.

66.

app'd and confounded in a thousand fears,
 To a new-kill'd bird she trembling lies;
 dares not look; yet, winking, there appears
 quick shifting antics, ugly in her eyes:
 shadows are the weak brain's forgeries;
 Who, angry that the eyes fly from their
 lights, [sighs]
 In darkness daunts them with more dreadful

67.

hand, that yet remains upon her breast,
 To ram, to batter such an ivory wall!
 To feel her heart (poor citizen!) distress'd,
 To send itself to death, rise up and fall,
 To hug 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.

68.

Yet, like a trumpet, doth his tongue begin
 To sound a parley to his heartless foe;
 To o'er the white sheet peers her whiter chin,
 To mark the signs of this rash alarm to know,
 To see by dumb demeanour seeks to show;
 To see with vehement prayers urge still
 Under what colour he commits this ill.

69.

He replies: "The colour in thy face
 That even for anger makes the lily pale,
 And the red rose blush at her own disgrace)
 Shall plead for me, and tell my loving tale:
 Under that colour am I come to scale
 Thy never-conquer'd fort: the fault is thine,
 For those thine eyes betray thee unto mine.

70.

Thus I forestall thee, if thou mean to chide:
 Thy beauty hath ensnar'd thee to this night,
 Where thou with patience must my will abide;
 I will that marks thee for my earth's delight,
 That I to conquer sought with all my might;
 But as reproof and reason beat it dead,
 By thy bright beauty was it newly bred.

71.

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;
 My 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.

72.

What have debated, even in my soul, [breed;
 What wrong, what shame, what sorrow I shall
 Do 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."

73.

Thus said, he shakes aloft his Roman blade,
 Which, like a falcon towering in the skies.

Coucheth the fowl below with his wing's shade,
 Whose crooked beak threatens if he mount he
 So under his insulting falchion lies [dies:
 Harmless Lucretia, marking what he tells
 With trembling fear, as fowl hear falcon's
 bells.

74.

[joy thee:

"Lucrece," quoth he, "this night I must en-
 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

75.

"So thy surviving husband shall remain
 The scornful mark of every open eye;
 Thy kinsmen hang their heads at this disdain,
 Thy issue blurr'd with nameless bastardy:
 And thou, the author of their obloquy,
 Shall have thy trespass cited up in rhymes,
 And sung by children in succeeding times.

76.

"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.

77.

[sake,

"Then, for thy husband and thy children's
 Tender my suit: bequeath not to their lot
 The shame that from them no device can take,
 The blemish that will never be forgot;
 Worse than a slavish wipe, or birth-hour's blot:
 For marks descried in men's nativity
 Are nature's faults, not their own infamy."

78.

Here with a cockatrice' dead-killing eye
 He rouseth up himself, and makes a pause;
 While she, the picture of pure piety,
 Like a white hind under the grype's sharp claws,
 Pleads in a wilderness, where are no laws,
 To the rough beast that knows no gentle
 Nor aught obeys but his foul appetite, bright,

79.

But when a black-fac'd cloud the world doth
 threaten
 In his dim mist the aspiring mountains hiding,
 From earth's dark womb some gentle gust doth
 get, [biding,
 Which blows these pitchy vapours from their
 Hindering their present fall by this dividing;

So his unhallow'd haste her words delays,
 And moody Pluto winks while Orpheus plays.

80.

Yet, foul night-waking cat, he doth but dally,
 While in his holdfast 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 plaining:
Tears harden lust, though marble wear with
raining.

81.

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.

82.

She conjures him by high almighty Jove,
By knighthood, gentry, and sweet friendship's
oath,

By her untimely tears, her husband's love,
By holy human law, and common troth,
By heaven and earth, and all the power of both,
That to his borrow'd bed he make retire,
And stoop to honour, not to foul desire.

83.

Quoth she, "Reward not hospitality [tended;
With such black payment as thou hast pre-
Mud not the fountain that gave drink to thee;
Mar not the thing that cannot be amended;
End thy ill aim, before thy shoot be ended:
He is no woodman that doth bend his bow
To strike a poor unseasonable doe.

84.

"My husband is thy friend,—for his sake spare
me;
Thyself art mighty,—for thine own sake leave
Myself a weakling,—do not, then, ensnare me;
Thou look'st not like deceit,—do not deceive
me.
My sighs, like whirlwinds, labour hence to heave
If ever man were mov'd with woman's moans,
Be mov'd with my tears, my sighs, my groans.

85.

"All which together, like a troubled ocean,
Beat at thy rocky and wreck-threatening heart,
To soften it with their continual motion;
For stones dissolv'd, to water do convert.
O, if no harder than a stone thou art,
Melt at my tears, and be compassionate!
Soft pity enters at an iron gate.

86.

"In Tarquin's likeness I did entertain thee:
Hast thou put on his shape to do him shame?
To all the host of heaven I complain me,
Thou wrong'st his honour, wound'st his princely
name.
Thou art not what thou seem'st; and if the
Thou seem'st not what thou art, a god, a
king;
For kings like gods should govern everything.

87.

"How will thy shame be seed'd in thine age,
When thus thy vices bud before thy spring?
If in thy hope thou dar'st do such outrage,
What dar'st thou not when once thou art a
O be remember'd, no outrageous thing [thing!
From vassal actors can be wip'd away;
Then kings' misdeeds cannot be hid in clay.

88.

"This deed will make thee only lov'd for fear:
But happy monarchs still are fear'd for love;
With foul offenders thou perforce must bear,
When they in thee the like offences prove:
If but for fear of this, thy will remove;
For princes are the glass, the school, the
book,
Where subjects' eyes do learn, do read, do
[learn!

89.

"And wilt thou be the school where Lust shall
Must be in thee read lectures of such shame!
Wilt thou be glass, wherein it shall discern
Authority for sin, warrant for blame,
To privilege dishonour in thy name?
Thou back'st reproach against long-lived laud,
And mak'st fair reputation but a bawd.

90.

"Hast thou command? by him that gave it
From a pure heart command thy rebel will:
Draw not thy sword to guard iniquity,
For it was lent thee all that brood to kill.
Thy princely office how canst thou fulfil,
When, pattern'd by thy fault, foul sin may
say,
He learn'd to sin, and thou didst teach the
[thee!

91.

"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 discern
This guilt would seem death-worthy in (a)
brother.
O, how are they wrapp'd in with infamy,
That from their own misdeeds askance their
eyes!

92.

"To thee, to thee, my heav'd-up hands appeal
Not to seducing lust, thy rash relief;
I sue for exil'd majesty's repeal:
Let him return, and flatterer thoughts retire!
His true respect will 'prison false desires,
And wipe the dim mist from thy doating eyes,
That thou shalt see thy state, and pity
mine."

93.

"Have done," quoth he: "my uncontented
Turns not, but swells the higher by this look
Small lights are soon blown out, huge fires
And with the wind in greater fury beat about
The petty streams that pay a daily debt
To their salt sovereign, with their fresh
haste
Add to his flow, but alter not his taste."

94.
"Thou art," quoth she, "a sea, a sovereign king;
And lo, there falls into thy boundless flood
Black lust, dishonour, shame, misgoverning,
To seek to stain the ocean of thy blood.
All these petty ills shall change thy good,
Thy sea within a puddle's womb is hears'd,
And not the puddle in thy sea dispers'd.

95.
"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.

96.
"So let thy thoughts, low vassals to thy state"—
[hear thee:
No more," quoth he; "by heaven, I will not
Yield to my love; if not, enforced hate, [thee;
And of love's coy touch, shall rudely tear
That done, despitefully I mean to hear thee
Unto the base bed of some rascal groom,
To be thy partner in this shameful doom."

97.
"He said, he sets his foot upon the light,
For light and lust are deadly enemies:
He folds up in blind concealing night,
The most unseen, then most doth tyrannize.
The wolf hath seiz'd his prey, the poor lamb
cries; [troll'd
Till with her own white fleece her voice con-
founds her outcry in her lips' sweet fold:

98.
"He wears the nightly linen that she wears,
He hears 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.

99.
"But she hath lost a dearer thing than life,
And he hath won what he would lose again:
This forced league doth force a further strife;
This momentary joy breeds months of pain;
This hot desire converts to cold disdain:
Pure Chastity is rifled of her store,
And Lust, the thief, far poorer that before.

100.
"Look, as the full-fed hound or gorged hawk,
Thirst for tender smell or speedy flight,
Like slow pursuit, or altogether balk
The prey wherein by nature they delight;
So selfish-taking Tarquin fares this night:
His taste delicious, in digestion souring,
Devours his will, that liv'd by foul devouring.

101.
"O, deeper sin than bottomless conceit
Can comprehend in still imagination!
Drunken Desire must vomit his receipt,
Ere he can see his own abomination.
While lust is in his pride, no exclamation
Can curb his heat, or rein his rash desire,
Till, like a jade, self-will himself doth tire.

102.
"And then with lank and lean discolour'd cheek,
With heavy eye, knit brow, and strengthless
pace,
Feeble Desire, all recreant, poor, and meek,
Like to a bankrupt beggar wails his case:
The flesh being proud, desire doth fight with
grace,
For there it revels; and when that decays,
The guilty rebel for remission prays.

103.
"So fares it with this faultful lord of Rome,
Who this accomplishment so hotly chas'd;
For now against himself he sounds this doom,—
That through the length of times he stands
disgrac'd:
Besides, his soul's fair temple is defac'd;
To whose weak ruins muster troops of cares,
To ask the spotted princess how she fares.

104.
"She says, her subjects with foul insurrection
Have batter'd down her consecrated wall,
And by their mortal fault brought in subjection
Her immortality, and made her thrall
To living death, and pain perpetual:
Which in her prescience she controll'd still,
But her foresight could not forestall their will.

105.
"Even in this thought through the dark night
he stealth,
A captive victor that hath lost in gain;
Bearing away the wound that nothing healeth,
The scar that will, despite of cure, remain;
Leaving his spoil perplex'd in greater pain.
She bears the load of lust he left behind,
And he the burden of a guilty mind.

106.
"He like a thievish dog creeps sadly thence;
She like a wearied lamb lies panting there:
He scowls, and hates himself for his offence;
She, desperate, with her nails her flesh doth
He faintly flies, sweating with guilty fear; [fear;
She stays, exclaiming on the direful night;
He runs, and chides his vanish'd leath'd
delight.

107.
"He thence departs a heavy convertite;
She there remains a hopeless castaway;
He in his speed looks for the morning light;
She prays she never may behold the day;
"For day," quoth she, "night's scapes doth
open lay,
And my true eyes have never practis'd how
To cloak offences with a cunning brow."

108.

"They think not but that every eye can see
The same disgrace which they themselves be-
hold ;

And therefore would they still in darkness be,
To have their unseen sin remain untold ;
For they their guilt with weeping will unfold,
And grave, like water that doth eat in steel,
Upon my cheeks what helpless shame I feel."

109.

Here she exclaims against repose and rest,
And bids her eyes hereafter still be blind,
She wakes her heart by beating on her breast,
And bids it leap from thence, where it may
find

Some purer chest to close so pure a mind.
Frantic with grief, thus breathes she forth her
Against the unseen secrecy of night : [spite

110.

"O comfort-killing night, image of hell !
Dim register and notary of shame !
Black stage for tragedies and murders fell !
Vast sin-concealing chaos ! nurse of blame !
Blind muffled bawd ! dark harbour for de-
fame !

Grim cave of death ! whispering conspirator,
With close-tongu'd treason and the ravisher !

111.

"O hateful, vaporous, and foggy night !
Since thou art guilty of my cureless 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,
Kuit poisonous clouds about his golden head.

112.

"With rotten damps ravish the morning air ;
Let their exhal'd unwholesome breaths make
The life of purity, the supreme fair, [sick
Ere he arrive his weary noontide prick ;
And let thy misty vapours march so thick,
That in their smoky ranks his smother'd
light

May set at noon, and make perpetual night.

113.

"Were Tarquin night, (as he is but night's
child,)
The silver-shining queen he would disdain ;
Her twinkling handmaids too, by him defil'd,
Through night's black bosom should not peep
again :
So should I have copartners in my pain ;
And fellowship in woe doth woe assuage,
As palmers' chat makes short their pilgrim-
age.

114.

"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.

115.

"O night, thou furnace of foul-reeking smoke,
Let not the jealous day behold that line
Which underneath thy black all-hiding cloak
Immediately 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 sepulcher'd in thy shade !

116.

"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.

117.

"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 doleful
Will tie the hearers to attend each line,
How Tarquin wrong'd me, I Collatine.

118.

"Let my good name, that senseless reputation
For Collatine's dear love be kept unspotted ;
If that be made a theme for disputation,
The branches of another root are rotted,
And undeserv'd reproach to him allotted,
That is as clear from this attain of mine,
As I, ere this, was pure to Collatine.

119.

"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-alar,
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 !

120.

"If, Collatine, thine honour lay in me,
From me by strong assault it is bereft.
My honey lost, and I, a drone-like bee,
Have no perfection of my summer left,
But robb'd and ransack'd by injurious theft.
In thy weak hive a wandering wasp hath
crept,
And suck'd the honey which thy chaste bee

121.

"Yet am I guilty of thy honour's wreck,—
Yet for thy honour did I entertain him ;
Coming from thee, I could not put him back,
For it had been dishonour to disdain him ;
Besides, of weariness he did complain blow,
And talk'd of virtue :—O unlook'd-for evil,
When virtue is profan'd in such a devil !

Why should the worm intrude the maiden
bad?
The hatch'd cuckoo hatch in sparrows' nests?
Or leads infect fair founts with venom mud?
Or truant folly lurk in gentle breasts?
Or kings be breakers of their own behests?
But no perfection is so absolute,
That some impurity doth not pollute.

The aged man that coffers up his gold
plagued with cramps, and gout, and pain-
ful fits;
And scarce hath eyes his treasure to behold,
Not like still-pining Tantalus he sits,
And useless barns the harvest of his wits:
Having no other pleasure of his gain,
But torment that it cannot cure his pain.

So then he hath it, when he cannot use it,
And leaves it to be master'd by his young;
Who in their pride do presently abuse it:
Their father was too weak, and they too strong,
To hold their curst-blessed fortune long.
The sweets we wish'd for turn to loathed
sours,
Even in the moment that we call them ours.

Unuly blasts wait on the tender spring;
Unwholesome weeds take root with precious
flowers;
The sadder hisses where the sweet birds sing;
And what virtue breeds, iniquity devours:
We have no good that we can say is ours,
But ill-annexed Opportunity
Who kills his life, or else his quality.

Opportunity, thy guilt is great!
Thou that exult'st the traitor's treason;
Thou sett'st the wolf where he the lamb may
get;
Thou plott'st the sin, thou point'st the season:
Thou that spurn'st at right, at law, at
reason; [him,
And in thy shady cell, where none may spy
him,
Sits Sin, to seize the souls that wander by

Thou mak'st the vestal violate her oath;
Thou blow'st the fire when temperance is
thaw'd:
Thou smother'st honesty, thou murder'st troth:
Thou foul abettor! thou notorious bawd!
Thou plantest scandal, and displacest land:
Thou ravisher, thou traitor, thou false chief,
Thy honey turns to gall, thy joy to grief!

Thy secret pleasure turns to open shame,
Thy private feasting to a public fast,
Thy smoothing titles to a ragged name,
Thy sugar'd tongue to bitter wormwood taste;
Thy violent vanities can never last.

How comes it, then, vile Opportunity,
Being so bad, such numbers seek for thee!

When wilt thou be the humble suppliant's
friend,
And bring him where his suit may be obtain'd?
When wilt thou sort an hour great strifes to
end? [chain'd!
Or free that soul which wretchedness hath
Give physic to the sick, ease to the pain'd!
The poor, lame, blind, halt, creep, cry out
for thee;
But they ne'er meet with Opportunity.

The patient dies while the physician sleeps;
The orphan pines while the oppressor feeds:
Justice is feasting while the widow weeps!
Advice is sporting while infection breeds:
Thou grant'st no time for charitable deeds:
Wrath, envy, treason, rape, and murder's
rages, [pages,
Thy heinous hours wait on them as their

When truth and virtue have to do with thee,
A thousand crosses keep them from thy aid:
They buy thy help; but Sin ne'er gives a fee,
He gratis comes; and thou art well appay'd
As well to hear as grant what he hath said.
My Collatine would else have come to me
When Tarquin did, but he was stay'd by
thee.

Guilty thou art of murder and of theft,
Guilty of perjury and subornation;
Guilty of treason, forgery, and shift,
Guilty of incest, that abomination;
An accessory by thine inclination
To all sins past, and all that are to come,
From the creation to the general doom.

Mis-shapen Time, copesmate of ugly night,
Swift subtle post, carrier of grisly care,
Eater of youth, false slave to false delight,
Base watch of woes, sin's pack-horse, virtue's
snare;
Thou nursest all, and murderest all that are:
O, hear me, then, injurious, shifting Time!
Be guilty of my death, since of my crime.

Why hath thy servant, Opportunity,
Betray'd the hours thou gav'st me to repose,
Cancell'd my fortunes, and enchained me
To endless date of never-ending woes?
Time's office is to fine the hate of foes;
To eat up errors by opinion bred,
Not spend the dowry of a lawful bed.

Time's glory is to calm contending kings,
To unmask falsehood, and bring truth to light,
To stamp the seal of time in aged things,
To wake the morn, and sentinel the night,
To wrong the wronger till he render right,

To ruinate proud buildings with thy hours,
And smear with dust their glittering golden
towers ;

133.

"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 ;

137.

[daughter,
'To show the beldam daughters of her
To make the child a man, the man a child,
To slay the tiger that doth live by slaughter,
To tame the unicorn and lion wild,
To mock the subtle, in themselves beguil'd ;
To cheer the ploughman with increaseful
crops, [drops,
And waste huge stones with little water-

138.

"Why work'st thou mischief in thy pilgrimage,
Unless thou couldst return to make amends !
One poor retiring minute in an age [friends,
Would purchase thee a thousand thousand
Lending him wit that to bad debtors lends :
O, this dread night, wouldst thou one hour
come back, [wrack !
I could prevent this storm, and shun thy

139.

"Thou ceaseless lackey to eternity,
With some mischance cross Tarquin in his
Devise extremes beyond extremity, [flight :
To make him curse this cursed criminal night :
Let ghastly shadows his lewd eyes affright ;
And the dire thought of his committed evil
Shape every bush a hideous shapeless devil.

140.

"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 ; let pity not his moans :
Stone him with harden'd hearts, harder than
stones ; [ness,
And let mild women to him lose their mild-
Wildner to him than tigers in their wildness.

141.

"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.

142.

"Let him have time to see his friends his foes,
And merry fools to mock at him resort ;
Let him have time to mark how slow time goes
In time of sorrow, and how swift and short
His time of folly and his time of sport ;
And ever let his unrecalling crime
Have time to wait the abusing of his time.

143.

"O Time, thou tutor both to good and bad,
Teach me to curse him that thou taught'st at this
ill !

At his own shadow let the thief run mad,
Himself himself seek every hour to kill !
Such wretched hands such wretched blood
should spill :

For who so base would such an office have
As slanderous death's - man to so base a
slave !

144.

"The baser is he, coming from a king,
To shame his hope with deeds degenerate :
The mightier man, the mightier in the thing,
That makes him honour'd, or begets him hate ;
For greatest scandal waits on greatest state,
The moon being clouded presently is mis'd,
But little stars may hide them when they list.

145.

"The crow may bathe his coal-black wings in
mire,
And unperceiv'd fly with the filth away ;
But if the like the snow-white swan desire,
The stain upon his silver down will stay. [stay !
The state upon his silver down will stay. [glorious
Poor grooms are sightless night, kings glorious
Gnats are innated wheresoe'er they fly,
But eagles gaz'd upon with every eye.

146.

"Out, idle words, servants to shallow fools !
Unprofitable sounds, weak arbitrators !
Busy yourselves in skill-contenting schools !
Debate where leisure serves with dull debates,
To trembling clients be you mediators :
For me, I force not argument a straw,
Since that my case is past the help of law.

147.

"In vain I rail at Opportunity,
At Time, at Tarquin, and uncheerful Night !
In vain I cavil with my infamy,
In vain I spurn at my confirm'd despise :
This helpless smoke of words doth me no right.
The remedy indeed to do me good,
Is to let forth my foul defiled blood.

148.

"Poor hand, why quiver'st thou at this decree !
Honour thyself to rid me of this shame ;
For if I die, my honour lives in thee ;
But if I live, thou liv'st in my defame.
Since thou couldst not defend thy loyal dame,
And wast afraid to scratch her wicked foe,
Kill both thyself and her for yielding so.

149.

This sad, from her betumbled couch she
starteth,
To find some desperate instrument of death ;
But this no slaughter-house no tool in parteth,
To make more vent for passage of her breath ;
Which, thronging through her lips, so vainly
As smoke from Ætna, that in air consumes
Or that which from discharged cannon issues

150.

In vain, "quothe she, "I live, and seek in vain
A happy mean to end a hapless life,
Which by Tarquin's falshion to be slain,
For the selfsame purpose seek a knife:
When I fear'd, I was a loyal wife:
Am I now:—O no, that cannot be:
Of that true type hath Tarquin rifled me.

151.

That is gone for which I sought to live,
Therefore now I need not fear to die,
To clear this spot by death, at least I give
A change of fame to slander's livery:
My life to living infamy:
For helpless help, the treasure stol'n away,
To turn the guiltless casket where it lay!

152.

Well, dear Collatine, thou shalt not
Be nam'd taste of violated troth; [know
I will not wrong thy true affection so,
To make thee with an infring'd oath;
Thy bastard graft shall never come to growth;
He shall not boast, who did thy stock pollute,
That thou art dotting father of his fruit.

153.

How shall he smile at thee in secret thought,
Though with his companions at thy state:
How shall he know thy interest was not bought
With gold, but stolen from forth thy gate.
I am the mistress of my fate,
And with my trespass never will dispense,
Till life to death acquit my forc'd offence.

154.

I will not poison thee with my attaint
To tell my fault in cleanly-coin'd excuses;
I will not ground of sin I will not paint,
The truth of this false night's abuses:
My tongue shall utter all; mine eyes, like
A mountain-spring that feels a dale,
Shall gush pure streams to purge my impure
Tale."

155.

Thy lamenting Philomel had ended
The well-tun'd warble of her nightly sorrow,
And solemn night with slow-sad gait descended
To lonely hell; when, lo, the blushing morrow
Made light to all fair eyes that light will
Narrow:
But cloudy Lucrece shames herself to see,
And therefore still in night would cloister'd
be.

156.

Revealing day through every cranny spies,
And seems to point her out where she sits
weeping:
To whom she sobbing speaks: "O eye of eyes,
Why pry'st thou through my window? leave
thy peeping: [sleeping:
Back with thy tickling beams eyes that are
Blind not my forehead with thy piercing
light, [night:
For day hath nought to do what's done by

157.

Thus cavs she with everything she sees;
True grief is fond and testy as a child, [agrees:
Who wayward once, his mood with nought
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.

158.

So she, deep-drenched in a sea of care,
Holds disputation with each thing she views,
And to herself all sorrow doth compare;
No object but her passion's strength renews;
And as one shifts, another straight ensues:
Sometime her grief is dumb, and hath no
words;
Sometime 'tis mad, and too much talk affords.

159.

The little birds that tune their morning's joy,
Make her moans mad with their sweet melody:
For mirth doth search the bottom of annoy;
Sad souls are slain in merry company;
Grief best is pleas'd with grief's society:
True sorrow then is feelingly suffic'd,
When with like semblance it is sympathiz'd.

160.

'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; [good:
Great grief grieves most at that would do it
Deep woes roll forward like a gentle flood,
Who, being stopp'd, the bounding banks
o'erflows;
Grief dallied with, nor law nor limit knows.

161.

[entomb
"You mocking birds," quothe she, "your tunes
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 woful hostess brooks not merry guests:)
Relish your nimble notes to pleasing ears:
Distress likes dumps when time is kept with
tears.

162.

"Come, Philomel, that sing'st of ravishment,
Make thy sad grove in my dishevell'd hair:
As the dank earth weeps at thy languishment,
So I at each sad strain will strain a tear,
And with deep groans the diapason bear;
For burthen-wise I'll hum on Tarquin still,
While thou on Tereus descant'st better skill.

163.

[part,
"And whiles against a thorn thou bear'st thy
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 fets upon an instrument,
Shall tune our heartstrings to true languish-
ment.

164.
 "And for, poor bird, thou sing'st not in the day,
 As shaming any eye should thee behold,
 Some dark deep desert, seated from the way,
 That knows nor parching heat nor freezing cold,
 We will find out; and there we will unfold
 To creatures stern sad tunes, to change their
 kinds: [minds.]
 Since men prove beasts, let beasts bear gentle

165.
 As the poor frighted deer, that stands at gaze,
 Wildly determining which way to fly,
 Or one encompass'd with a winding maze,
 That cannot tread the way out readily;
 So with herself is she in mutiny,
 To live or die which of the twain were better,
 When life is sham'd, and death reproach's
 debtor.

166.
 "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, [fusion.]
 Than they whose whole is swallow'd in con-
 That mother tries a merciless conclusion,
 Who, having two sweet babes, when death
 takes one,
 Will slay the other, and be nurse to none.

167.
 "My body or my soul, which was the dearer,
 When the one pure, the other made divine?
 Whose love of either to myself was nearer,
 When both were kept for heaven and Collatine?
 Ah me! the bark peel'd from the lofty pine,
 His leaves will wither, and his sap decay;
 So must my soul, her bark being peel'd away.

168.
 "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.

169.
 "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.

170.
 "Mine honour I'll bequeath unto the knife
 That wounds my body so dishonour'd.
 'Tis honour to deprive dishonour'd life;
 The one will live, the other being dead:
 So of shame's ashes shall my fame be bred;
 For in my death I murder shameful scorn:
 My shame so dead, mine honour is new-born.

171.
 "Dear lord of that dear jewel I have lost,
 What legacy shall I bequeath to thee?
 My resolution, love, shall be thy boast,
 By whose example thou reveng'd may'st be.
 How Tarquin must be us'd, read it in me:
 Myself, thy friend, will kill myself, thy foe
 And, for my sake, serve thou false Tarquin so

172.
 "This brief abridgment of my will I make:
 My soul and body to the skies and ground;
 My resolution, husband, do thou take; [wouldst]
 Mine honour be the knife's that makes my
 My shame be his that did my fame confound,
 And all my fame that lives disburied
 To those that live, and think no shame of me.

173.
 "Thou, Collatine, shalt oversee this will:
 How was I overseen that thou shalt see it?
 My blood shall wash the slander of mine ill;
 My life's foul deed, my life's fair end shall
 free it. [is to]
 Faint not, faint heart, but stoutly say, "So be
 Yield to my hand; my hand shall conquer
 thee: [the]
 Thou dead, both die, and both shall victor

174.
 This plot of death when sadly she had laid,
 And wip'd the brinish pearl from her bright
 eyes, [maid]
 With untun'd tongue she hoarsely call'd her
 Whose swift obedience to her mistress liv'd
 For fleet-wing'd duty with thought's feather
 flies.
 Poor Lucrece' cheeks unto her maid recur'd
 As winter meads when sun doth melt them
 snow.

175.
 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 a livery?)
 But durst not ask of her anxiously
 Why her two suns were cloud-capp'd and
 Nor why her fair cheeks over-wash'd with
 woe.

176.
 But as the earth doth weep, the sun being hid,
 Each flower moisten'd like a melting eye;
 Even so the maid with swelling drops [gave out]
 Her circled eyne, enforc'd by sympathy
 Of those fair suns, set in her mistress' sky,
 Who, in a salt-way, docean quench their light
 Which makes the maid weep like the dew
 night.

177.
 A pretty while these pretty creatures stand
 Like ivory conduits corn cisterns filling:
 One justly weeps; the other takes in tears
 No cause, but company, of her drops spilling:
 Their gentle sex to weep are often willing;

Whispering themselves to guess at others'
[their hearts.
And then they drown their eyes, or break
178.

For men have marble, women waxen, minds,
And therefore are they form'd as marble will;
The weak oppress'd, the impression of strange
kinda
form'd in them by force, by fraud, or skill:
They 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.

179.
Their smoothness, like a goodly champaign
plain,
Lies open all the little worms that creep;
Even, as in a rough-grown grove, remain
Concealing evils that obscurely sleep:
Though crystal walls each little mote will peep:
Though men can cover crimes with bold
stern looks, [books,
These women's faces are their own faults'

180.
No man inveigh against the wither'd flower,
Nor chide rough winter that the flower hath
kill'd:
Not that devour'd, but that which doth devour,
More worthy blame. O, let it not be hild
For women's faults, that they are so fulfill'd
With men's abuses; those proud lords, to
blame, [shame,
Make weak-made women tenants to their

181.
No precedent whereof in Lucrece view,
Kill'd by night with circumstances strong
Of present death, and shame that might ensue
That her death, to do her husband wrong:
Danger to resistance had belong,
That dying fear through all her body spread;
And who cannot abuse a body dead!

182.
For this, mild patience bid fair Lucrece speak
To the poor counterfeit of her complaining:
"My girl," quoth she, "on what occasion break
Thou tears from thee that down thy cheeks
are raining!
If thou dost weep for grief of my sustaining,
Know, gentle wench, it small avails my mood:
If tears could help, mine own would do me
good.

183.
"Tell me, girl, when went"—(and there
she stay'd
After a deep groan) "Tarquin from hence?"
"Adam, ere I was up," replied the maid,
"I've more to blame my sluggard negligence:
Yet with the fault I thus far can dispense;
Myself was stirring ere the break of day,
And, ere I rose, was Tarquin gone away.

184.
But, lady, if your maid may be so bold,
I would request to know your heaviness."

"O peace!" quoth Lucrece; "if it should be
The repetition cannot make it less: [told,
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.

185.
"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
Bid thou be ready, by and by, to bear [men
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."

186.
Her maid is gone, and she prepares to write,
First hovering o'er the paper with her quill:
Conceit and grief an eager combat fight;
What wit sets down is blotted straight with
will;
This is too curious-good, this blunt and ill:
Much like a press of people at a door,
Through her inventions, which shall go before,

187.
At last she thus begins: "Thou worthy lord
Of that unworthy wife that greeteth thee,
Health to thy person! next vouchsafe to 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."

188.
Here folds she up the tenor of her woe,
Her certain sorrow writ uncertainly.
By this short schedule Collatine may know
Her grief, but not her grief's true quality:
She dares not thereof make discovery,
Lest he should hold it her own gross abuse,
Ere she with blood had stain'd her stain'd
excuse.

189.
Besides, the life and feeling of her passion
She hoards, to spend when he is by to hear
her; [the fashion
When sighs, and groans, and tears may grace
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 [better.
With words, till action might become them

190.
To see sad sights moves more than hear them
For then the eye interprets to the ear [told;
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.

191.

Her letter now is seal'd, and on it writ,
 "At Ardea to my lord with more than haste."
 The post attends, and she delivers it,
 Charging the sour-fac'd groom to his as fast
 As lagging fowls before the northern blast.
 Speed more than speed but dull and slow
 she deems:
 Extremity still urgeth such extremes.

192.

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 lie.
 But they whose guilt within their bosoms lie
 Imagine every eye beholds their blame;
 For Lucrece thought he blush'd to see her
 shame;

193.

When, silly groom! God wot, it was defect
 Of spirit, life, and bold audacity.
 Such harmless creatures have a true respect
 To talk in deeds, while others saucily
 Promise more speed, but do it leisurely;
 Even so, this pattern of the worn-out age
 Pawn'd honest looks, but laid no words to
 gage.

194.

His kindled duty kindled her mistrust,
 That two red fires in both their faces blas'd;
 She thought he blush'd, as knowing Tarquin's
 lust,
 And, blushing with him, wistly on him gaz'd;
 Her earnest eye did make him more amaz'd:
 The more she saw the blood his cheeks
 replenish, [blemish,
 The more she thought he spied in her some

195.

But long she thinks till he return again,
 And yet the duteous vassal scarce is gone.
 The weary time she cannot entertain,
 For now 'tis stale to sigh, to weep, and groan:
 So woe hath wearied woe, moan tired moan,
 That she her plaints a little while doth stay,
 Pausing for means to mourn some newer
 way.

196.

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,
 Threat'ning cloud-kissing Ilion with annoy;
 Which the conceited painter drew so proud,
 As heaven (it seem'd) to kiss the turrets
 bow'd.

197.

A thousand lamentable objects there,
 In scorn of nature, art gave lifeless life:
 Many a dry drop seem'd a weeping tear,
 Shed for the slaughter'd husband by the wife:
 The red blood reek'd, to show the painter's
 strife:

And dying eyes gleam'd forth their ashy
 lights,
 Like dying coals burnt out in tedious nights.

198.

There might you see the labouring pioneer
 Begrim'd with sweat, and smeared all with
 dust;
 And from the towers of Troy there would
 The very eyes of men through loopholes 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.

199.

In great commanders grace and majesty
 You might behold triumphing in their faces;
 In youth, quick bearing and dexterity;
 And here and there the painter interlaced
 Pale cowards, marching on with trembling
 paces;
 Which heartless peasants did so well re-
 present, That one would swear he saw them quake
 and tremble.

200.

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 govern-
 ment.

201.

There pleading might you see grave Nestor
 stand,
 As 'twere encouraging the Greeks to fight;
 Making such sober action with his hand,
 That it beguill'd attention, charm'd the sight:
 In speech, it seem'd, his beard, all silver white,
 Wag'd up and down, and from his lips did
 fly
 Thin winding breath, which pur'd up to the

202.

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.

203.

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 bold;
 Another, smother'd, seems to pelt and swear;
 And in their rage such signs of rage they bear,
 As, but for loss of Nestor's golden words,
 It seem'd they would debate with angry
 swords.

204.

so much imaginary work was there ;
deceitful, so compact, so kind,
for Achilles' image stood his spear,
in an armed hand ; himself, behind,
left unseen, save to the eye of mind :
a hand, a foot, a face, a leg, a head,
needed for the whole to be imagin'd.

205.

from the walls of strong-besieg'd Troy,
their brave hope, bold Hector, march'd
to field,
many Trojan mothers, sharing joy
their youthful sons bright weapons
wield ;
to their hope they such odd action yield,
that through their light joy seem'd to
appear [fear-
like bright things stain'd] a kind of heavy

206.

from the strand of Dardan, where they
fought,
reeby banks, the red blood ran,
waves to imitate the battle sought
swelling ridges : and their ranks began
to break upon the galled shore, and then
retire again, till, meeting greater ranks,
they join, and shoot their foam at Simois'
banks.

207.

well-painted piece is Lucrece come,
had a face where all distress is stell'd.
any one sees where cares have carv'd some,
some where all distress and dolour dwell'd,
the despairing Hecuba beheld,
singing on Priam's wounds with her old
eyes, [lies,
which bleeding under Pyrrhus' proud foot

208.

the painter had anatomiz'd [reign ;
ruin, beauty's wreck, and grim care's
cheeks with chaps and wrinkles were dis-
guis'd :
what she was no semblance did remain :
blue blood chang'd to black in every vein,
Waiting the spring that those shrunk pipes
had fed,
show'd life imprison'd in a body dead.

209.

this and shadow Lucrece spends her eyes,
And shapes her sorrow to the beldame'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.

210.

"Poor instrument," quoth she, "without a
sound,
To tune thy woes with my lamenting tongue ;

And drop sweet balm in Priam's painted wound,
And rail on Pyrrhus that hath done him wrong ;
And with my tears quench Troy that burns so
long ;
And with my knife scratch out the angry
Of all the Greeks that are thine enemies.

211.

"Show me the strumpet that began this stir,
That with my nails her beauty I may tear.
Thy heat of lust, fond Paris, did incur [bear ;
This load of wrath, that burning Troy doth
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.

212.

"Why should the private pleasure of some one
Become the public plague of many mo !
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 ?

213.

"Lo, here weeps Hecuba, here Priam dies,
Here manly Hector faints, here Troilus
awounds,
Here friend by friend in bloody channel lies,
And friend to friend gives unadvised wounds,
And one man's lust these many lives confounds :
Had doting Priam check'd his son's desire,
Troy had been bright with fame, and not
with fire."

214.

Here feelingly she weeps Troy's painted woes :
For sorrow, like a heavy-hanging bell,
Once set on ringing, with his own weight goes :
Then little strength rings out the doleful knell :
So Lucrece, set a-work, sad tales doth tell
To pencil'd pensiveness and colour'd sorrow ;
She lends them words, and she their looks
doth borrow.

215.

She throws her eyes about the painting round,
And whom she finds forlorn she doth lament :
At last she sees a wretched image bound,
That piteous looks to Phrygian shepherds lent :
His face, though full of cares, yet show'd con-
tent : [goes,
Onward to Troy with the blunt swains he
So mild, that Patience seem'd to scorn his
woes.

216.

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.

217.

But, like a constant and confirmed devil,
He entertain'd a show so seeming just,

And therein so unscone'd his secret evil,
That jealousy itself could not mistrust
False-creeping craft and perjury should thrust
Into so bright a day such black-fac'd storms,
Or blot with hell-born sin such saint-like
forms.

218.

The well-skill'd workman this mild image drew
For perjurd Sinon, whose enchanting story
The credulous old Priam after slew; [glory
Whose words, like wild-fire, burnt the shining
Of rich-built Ilion, that the skies were sorry,
And little stars shot from their fix'd places,
When their glass fell wherein they view'd
their faces.

219.

This picture she advis'dly perus'd,
And chid the painter for his wondrous skill,
Saying, some shape in Sinon's was abus'd;
So fair a form lodg'd not a mind so ill:
And still on him she gaz'd; and gazing still,
Such signs of truth in his plain face she spied,
That she concludes the picture was belied.

220.

"It cannot be," quoth she, "that so much
guile,"— [look;
(She would have said,) "can lurk in such a
But Tarquin's shape came in her mind the
while, [not" took;
And from her tongue "can lurk" from "can-
"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:

221.

"For even as subtle Sinon here is painted,
So sober-sad, so weary, and so mild,
(As if with grief or travail he had fainted,)
To me came Tarquin armed; so beguil'd
With outward honesty, but yet deil'd
With inward vice: as Priam him did cherish,
So did I Tarquin: so my Troy did perish.

222.

"Look, look, how listening Priam wets his
To see those borrow'd tears that Sinon sheds!
Priam, why art thou old, and yet not wise?
For every tear he falls a Trojan bleeds:
His eye drops fire, no water thence proceeds;
Those round clear pearls of his, that move
thy pity,
Are balls of quenchless fire to burn thy city.

223.

"Such devils steal effects from lightless hell;
For Sinon in his fire doth quake with cold,
And in that cold hot-burning fire doth dwell;
These contraries such unity do hold,
Only to flatter fools, and make them bold:

So Priam's trust false Sinon's tears doth
flatter, [water."
That he finds means to burn his Troy with

224.

Here, all enrag'd, such passion her assails,
That patience is quite beaten from her breast.

She tears the senseless Sinon with her nails,
Comparing him to that unhappy guest
Whose deed hath made herself herself detest:
At last she smilingly with this gives o'er;
"Fool, fool!" quoth she, "his wounds will
not be sore."

225.

Thus ebbs and flows the current of her sorrow,
And time doth weary time with her complain-
ing. [morrow,
She looks for night, and then she longs for
And both she thinks too long with her remain-
ing: [tain;
Short time seems long in sorrow's sharp num-
Though woe be heavy, yet it seldom aches;
And they that watch see time how slow it
creeps,

226.

Which all this time hath overslipp'd her
thought,
That she with painted images hath spent;
Being from the feeling of her own grief brought
By deep surmise of others' detriment;
Losing her woes in shows of discontent.
It easeth some, though none it ever cur'd,
To think their dolor others have endur'd.

227.

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.

228.

Which when her sad-beholding husband saw,
Amazed in her sad face he stares; [saw
Her eyes, though sod in tears, look'd red and
Her lively colour kill'd with deadly care,
He hath no power to ask her how she fares;
Both stood, like old acquaintance in a
trance, [chance
Met far from home, wondering each other's

229.

At last he takes her by the bloodless hand,
And thus begins: "What uncouth ill event
Hath thee befallen, that thou dost tremble
stand?" [saw
Sweet love, what spite hath thy fair colour
Why art thou thus attir'd in discontent?
Unmask, dear dear, this moody heaviness,
And tell thy grief, that we may give redress.

230.

Three times with sighs she gives her sorrow
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

231.

How this pale swan in her watery nest
The and dirge of her certain ending:
"For words," quoth she, "shall sit the trees
As best,
No excuse can give the fault amending:
More woe than words are now depending;
And my laments would be drawn out too
Long,
To tell them all with one poor tired tongue.

232.

How be this all the task it hath to say:—
My husband, in the interest of thy bed
Longer came, and on that pillow lay
Than thou wast wont to rest thy weary head;
What wrong else may be imagined
Of foul enforcement might be done to me,
From that, alas! thy Luorece is not free.

233.

For in the dreadful dead of dark midnight,
When shining falchion in my chamber came
To slay me, with a flaming light,
I cry'd aloud, "Awake, thou Roman dame,
To entertain my love; else lasting shame
On thee and thine this night I will inflict,
If thou my love's desire do contradict.

234.

For some hard-favour'd groom of thine,
Quoth he,
Thou yoke thy liking to my will, [thee,
Thou murder straight, and then I'll slaughter
The groom I found you where you did fulfill
The shameful act of lust, and so did kill
The lechers in their deed: this act will be
To my fame, and thy perpetual infamy."

235.

With this, I did begin to start and cry;
And then against my heart he set his sword,
Saying, unless I took all patiently,
I would not live to speak another word;
And never be forgot in mighty Rome
The adulterate death of Luorece and her
groom.

236.

When my enemy was strong, my poor self weak,
And far the weaker with so strong a fear:
My bloody judge forbade my tongue to speak;
My rightful plea might plead for justice there:
That my poor beauty had purloin'd his eyes;
And when the judge is robb'd, the prisoner
dies.

237.

To teach me how to make mine own excuse!
At the least, this refuge let me find,—
Through my gross blood be stain'd with this
alone,
Uncorrupted and spotless is my mind;
That was not forc'd; that never was inclin'd
To accessory yieldings, but still pure
In her poison'd closet yet endure."

238.

Lo, here, the helpless merchant of this loss,
With head declin'd, and voice damm'd up with
woe,
With sad-set eyes, and wretched arms across,
From lips new-waxen pale begins to blow
The grief away that stops his answer so:
But, wretched as he is, he strives in vain;
What he breathes out his breath drinks up
again.

239.

As through an arch the violent roaring tide
Outruns the eye that doth behold his haste,
Yet in the eddy boundeth in his pride
Back to the strait that forc'd him on so fast;
In rage sent out, recall'd in rage, being past;
Even so his sighs, his sorrows, make a saw,
To push grief on, and back the same grief
draw.

240.

Which speechless woe of his poor she attendeth,
And his untimely frenzy thus awaketh:
"Dear lord, thy sorrow to my sorrow lendeth
Another power; no flood by raining slaketh.
My woe, too sensible, thy passion maketh
More feeling painful: let it, then, suffice
To drown one woe, one pair of weeping eyes.

241.

[so,
"And for my sake, when I might charm thee
For she that was thy Luorece,—now attend me:
Be suddenly revenged on my foe,
Thine, mine, his own: suppose thou dost
defend me [lend me
From what is past: the help that thou shalt
Comes all too late, yet let the traitor die;
For sparing justice feeds iniquity.

242.

"But ere I name him, you, fair lords," quoth
she,
[Speaking to those that came with Collatine,]
"Shall plight your honourable faiths to me,
With swift pursuit to venge this wrong of mine:
For 'tis a meritorious fair design
To chase injustice with revengeful arms:
Knights, by their oaths, should right poor
ladies' harms."

243.

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, [me!]

244.

"How may this forced stain be wiped from
"What is the quality of mine offence,
Being constrain'd with dreadful circumstance!
May my pure mind with the foul act dispense,
My low-declin'd honour to advance?
May any terms acquit me from this chance?
The poison'd fountain clears itself again;
And why not I from this compelled stain!"

245.

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, cur'd in it with tears.

"No, no," quoth she, "no dame, hereafter
living,

By my excuse shall claim excuse's giving."

246.

Here with a sigh, as if her heart would break,
She throws forth Tarquin's name: "He, he,"
she says,

But more than "he" her poor tongue could not
Till after many accents and delays, [speak;
Untimely breathings, sick and short assays,
She utters this: "He, he, fair lords, 'tis he,
That guides this hand to give this wound to
me."

247.

Even here she sheathed in her harmless breast
A harmful knife, that thence her soul un-
sheath'd;

That blow did ball it from the deep unrest
Of that polluted prison where it breath'd
Her contrite sighs unto the clouds bequeath'd.
Her winged sprite, and through her wounds
doth fly

Life's lasting date from cancell'd destiny.

248.

Stone-still, astonish'd with this deadly deed,
Stood Collatine and all his lordly crew;
Till Lucrece' father, that beholds her bleed,
Himself on her self-slaughter'd body threw;
And from the purple fountain Brutus drew
The murderous knife, and as it left the place,
Her blood, in poor revenge, held it in chase;

249.

And bubbling from her breast, it doth divide
In two slow rivers, that the crimson blood
Circles her body in on every side,
Who, like a late-sack'd island, vastly stood
Bare and unpeopled in this fearful flood.

Some of her blood still pure and red remain'd,
And some look'd black, and that false Tar-
quin stain'd.

250.

About the mourning and congeal'd 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 putrefied.

251.

"Daughter, dear daughter," old Lucretius
cries, [depriv'd.
"That life was mine which thou hast here
If in the child the father's image lies,
Where shall I live now Lucrece is unliv'd!
Thou wast not to this end from me deriv'd.
If children predecease progenitors,
We are their offspring, and they none of ours."

252.

"Poor broken glass, I often did behold
In thy sweet semblance my old age now born,
But now that fair fresh mirror, dim and old,
Shows me a barebon'd 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!"

253.

"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 strongest,
And leave the faltering feeble souls alive!
The old bees die, the young possess their hive:
Then live, sweet Lucrece, live again, and live!
Thy father die, and not thy father thee!"

254.

By this, starts Collatine as from a dream,
And bids Lucretius give his sorrow place;
And then in key-cold Lucrece's 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.

255.

The deep veration 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 doth pour
Weak words, so thick come in his poor heart's
aid,

That no man could distinguish what he said.

256.

Yet sometime "Tarquin" was pronounced plain,
But through his teeth, as if the name he fear'd,
This windy tempest, till it blew up rain,
Held back his sorrow's tide, to make it more;
At last it ruins, and busy winds give o'er;
Then son and father weep with equal ardor,
Who should weep most, for daughter or for
wife.

257.

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."

258.

"O," quoth Lucretius, "I did give that life,
Which she too early and too late hath spill'd;
"Wee, wee," quoth Collatine, "she was my
wife,
I lov'd her, and 'tis mine that she hath kill'd."
"My daughter" and "My wife" with clamorous
fill'd
The dispers'd air, who, holding Lucrece's name,
Answer'd their cries, "My daughter" and
"My wife."

How much more praise deserv'd thy beauty's
use,
If thou couldst answer—"This fair child of
Shall sum my count, and make my old ex-
Proving his beauty by succession thine!"—
This were to be new-mads when thou art old,
And see thy blood warm when thou feel'st it
cold.

3.

Look in thy glass, and tell the face thou viewest,
Now is the time that face should form another;
Whose fresh repair if now thou not renewest,
Thou dost beguile the world, unless some
mother.

For where is she so fair, whose unear'd womb
Disdains the tillage of thy husbandry?
Or who is he so fond will be the tomb
Of his self-love, to stop posterity?
Thou art thy mother's glass, and she in thee
Calls back the lovely April of her prime;
So thou through windows of thine age shalt see,
Despite of wrinkles, this thy golden time.
But if thou live, remember'd not to be,
Die single, and thine image dies with thee.

4.

Unthrifty loveliness, why dost thou spend
Upon thyself thy beauty's legacy?
Nature's bequest gives nothing, but doth lend,
And being frank, she lends to those are free.
Then, beauteous niggard, why dost thou abuse
The bounteous largess given thee to give?
Profitless usurer, why dost thou use
So great a sum of sums, yet canst not live?
For having traffic with thyself alone,
Thou of thyself thy sweet self dost deceive.
Then how, when nature calls thee to be gone,
What acceptable audit canst thou leave?
Thy unus'd beauty must be tomb'd with thee,
Which, us'd, lives thy executor to be.

5.

Those hours, that with gentle work did frame
The lovely gaze where every eye doth dwell,
Will play the tyrants to the very same,
And that unfair which fairly doth excel;
For never-resting time leads summer on
To hideous winter, and confounds him there;
Sap check'd with frost, and lusty leaves quite
gone,

Beauty o'ersnow'd, and bareness everywhere;
Then, were not summer's distillation left,
A liquid prisoner pent in walls of glass,
Beauty's effect with beauty were bereft,
Nor it, nor no remembrance what it was;

But flowers distill'd, though they with winter
meet, [lives sweet.
Leese but their show, their substance still

6.

Then let not winter's ragged hand deface
In thee thy summer, ere thou be distill'd;
Make sweet some phial; treasure thou some
place
With beauty's treasure ere it be self-kill'd.

That use is not forbidden nary,
Which happens those that pay the willing loan;
That's for thyself to breed another thou,
Or ten times happier, be it ten for one;
Ten times thyself were happier than thou art,
If ten of thine ten times richer'd thee;
Then what could death do, if thou should'st
depart,

Leaving the living in posterity!
Be not self-will'd, for thou art much too fair
To be Death's conquest, and make worms
thine heir.

7.

Lo, in the orient when the gracious light
Lifts up his burning head, each under eye
Doth homage to his new-appearing sight,
Serving with looks his sacred majesty;
And having clim'd the steep-up heavenly hill,
Resembling strong youth in his middle age,
Yet mortal looks adore his beauty still,
Attending on his golden pilgrimage;
But when from high-moost pitch, with weary ear,
Like feeble age, he reeleth from the day,
The eyes, fore-duteous, now converted are
From his low tract, and look another way:
So thou, thyself outgoing in thy noon,
Unlook'd on diest, unless thou get a son.

8.

Music to hear, why hear'st thou music sadly?
Sweets with sweets war not, joy delights in joy.
Why lov'st thou that which thou receiv'st not
gladly,

Or else receiv'st with pleasure thine annoy?
If the true concord of well-tuned sounds,
By unions married, do offend thine ear,
They do but sweetly chide thee, who confound'st
In singleness the parts that thou shouldst join:
Mark how one string, sweet husband to another,
Strikes each in each by mutual ordering;

Resembling sire and child and happy mothers,
Who, all in one, one pleasing note do sing:
Whose speechless song, being many, [sums
one, [singing
Sings this to thee, "Thou single wilt prove

9.

Is it for fear to wet a widow's eye
That thou consum'st thyself in single life?
Ah! if thou issueless shalt hap to die,
The world will wall thee, like a makeless wife;
The world will be thy widow, and still weep
That thou no form of thee hast left behind,
When every private widow well may keep
By children's eyes, her husband's shape in
mind.

Look, what an unthrif in the world doth spend,
Shifts but his place, for still the world enjoys him!
But beauty's waste hath in the world an end,
And kept unused, the user so destroys it.
No love toward others in that bosom sits,
That on himself such murderous shame
commits.

10.

Thine I deny that thou bear'st love to any,
For thyself art so unprovident,
If thou wilt, thou art below'd of many,
That thou none lov'st is most evident;
Thou art so possess'd with murderous hate,
That thyself thou stick'st not to conspire,
Against that beauteous roof to ruinate,
Which to repair should be thy chief desire.
O change thy thought, that I may change my
mind!
Thou shalt be fairer lodg'd than gentle love!
Thy presence is, gracious and kind,
To thyself, at least, kind-hearted prove:
Make thee another self, for love of me,
That beauty still may live in thine or thee.

11.

As thou shalt wane, so fast thou growest
Of thine, from that which thou departest;
And that fresh blood which youngly thou be-
stowest, [convertest.
Thou mayst call thine, when thou from youth
Lives wisdom, beauty, and increase;
But about this, folly, age, and cold decay;
If thou were minded so, the times should cease,
And three-score years would make the world
away, [store,
Where whom Nature hath not made for
Age, featureless, and rude, barrenly perish:
Where, when she best endow'd, she gave the
move; [cherish:
Thou art her bounty's gift thou shouldst in bounty
Share; 'd thee for her seal, and meant thereby
Thou shouldst print more, nor let that copy
die.

12.

I do count the clock that tells the time,
And see the brave day sunk in hideous night;
I behold the violet past prime,
And sable curls all silver'd o'er with white;
Where lofty trees I see barren of leaves,
Whence summer's green all girded up in sheaves,
Where on the bier with white and bristly beard,
Thy beauty do I question make,
How thou among the wastes of time must go,
While sweets and beauties do themselves for-
sake,
And die as fast as they see others grow;
And nothing 'gainst Time's scythe can make
defence, [thence,
Save toaved, to leave him when he takes thee

13.

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.
But should that beauty which you hold in lease
No determination: then you were
Not yourself again, after yourself's decease, [bear.
When your sweet issue your sweet form should
Take as 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 I know
O! none but unthrifths:—dear my love, you
You had a father; let your son say so.

14.

Not from the stars do I my judgment pluck;
And yet methinks I have astronomy,
But not to tell of good or evil luck,
Of plagues, of dearths, or seasons' quality;
Nor can I fortune to brief minutes tell,
Pointing to each his thunder, rain, and wind,
Or say with princes if it shall go well,
By oft predict that I in heaven find:
But from thine eyes my knowledge I derive,
And, constant stars, in them I read such art,
As truth and beauty shall together thrive,
If from thyself to store thou wouldst convert:
Or else of thee this I prognosticate,—[date.
Thy end is truth's and beauty's doom and

15.

When I consider everything that grows
Holds in perfection but a little moment,
That this huge state presenteth nought but
shows,
Whereon the stars in secret influence comment;
When I perceive that men as plants increase,
Cheer'd and check'd ever by the selfsame sky;
Vaunt in their youthful sap, at height decrease,
And wear their brave state out of memory;
Then the conceit of this inconstant stay
Sets you most rich in youth before my sight,
Where wasteful Time debateth with decay,
To change your day of youth to sullied night;
And, all in war with Time, for love of you,
As he takes from you, I engraft you new.

16.

But wherefore do not you a mightier way,
Make war upon this bloody tyrant, Time?
And fortify yourself in your decay [rhyme!
With means more blessed than my barren
Now stand you on the top of happy hours;
And many maiden gardens, yet unset,
With virtuous wish would bear you living
flowers,
Much liker than your painted counterfeit:
So should the lines of life that life repair,
Which this, Time's pencil, or my pupil pen,
Neither in inward worth, nor outward fair,
Can make you live yourself in eyes of men.
To give away yourself, keeps yourself still;
And you must live, drawn by your own
sweet skill.

17.

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 [parts.
Which hides your life, and shows not half your
If I could write the beauty of your eyes,
And in fresh numbers number all your graces,
The age to come would say, "This poet lies,
Such heavenly touches ne'er touch'd earthly
faces."

So should my papers, yellow'd with their age,
Be scorn'd, like old men of less truth than
tongue;

And your true rights be term'd a poet's rage,
And stretch'd metre of an antique song;

But were some child of yours alive that time,
You should live twice,—in it, and in my
rhyme.

18.

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 sometimes declines,
By chance, or nature's changing course, un-
trimm'd;

But thy eternal summer shall not fade,
Nor lose possession of that fair thou owest;
Nor shall Death brag thou wander'st in his
shade,

When in eternal lines to time thou growest:
So long as men can breathe, or eyes can see,
So long lives this, and this gives life to thee.

19.

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 fleets,
And do whate'er thou wilt, swift-footed Time,
To the wide world, and all her fading sweets;
But I forbid thee one most heinous crime;
O, carve not with thy hours my love's fair brow,
Nor draw no lines there with thine antique pen;
Him in thy course untainted do allow,
For beauty's pattern to succeeding men. [wrong,

Yet, do thy worst, old Time; despite thy
My love shall in my verse ever live young.

20.

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; [rolling,

An eye more bright than theirs, less false in
Gilding the object whereupon it gazeth;
A man in hue, all hues in his controlling,
Which steals men's eyes, and women's souls
amazeth.

And for a woman wert thou first created;
Till Nature, as she wrought thee, fell a-doting,
And by addition me of then defeated,
By adding one thing to my purpose nothing.

But since she prick'd thee out for woman's
pleasure, [treasure,

Mine be thy love, and thy love's use their
21.

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, [rare

With April's firstborn flowers, and all things
That heaven's air in this huge roundness hears:
O, let me, true in love, but truly write,
And then believe me, my love is as fair
As any mother's child, though not so bright
As those gold candles fix'd in heaven's air:

Let them say more that like of hearsay well;
I will not praise, that purpose not to sell.

22.

My glass shall not persuade me I am old,
So long as youth and thou are of one date;
But when in thee time's furrows I behold,
Then look I death my days should expiate.
For all that beauty that doth cover thee,
Is but the seemly raiment of my heart,
Which in thy breast doth live, as thine in me;
How can I, then, be older than thou art?
O, therefore, love, be of thyself so wary,
As I, not for myself, but for thee will;
Bearing thy heart, which I will keep so chary
As tender nurse her babe from faring ill.

Presume not on thy heart when mine is laid;
Thou gav'st me thine, not to give back again.

23.

As an unperfect actor on the stage,
Who with his fear is put besides his part,
Or some fierce thing replete with too much rage,
Whose strength's abundance weakens his own
heart;
So I, for fear of trust, forget to say
The perfect ceremony of love's rite,
And in mine own love's strength seem to decay,
O'ercharg'd with burden of mine own love's
night,

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 not
wit.

24.

Mine eye hath play'd the painter, and
Thy beauty's form in table of my heart;
My body is the frame wherein 'tis hold,
And perspective it is best painter's art.
For through the painter must you see his
work,
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
done;

Mine eyes have drawn thy shape, and thine
Are windows to my breast, where-through
sun

Delights to peep, to gaze therein on thee;
Yet eyes this cunning want to grace their
view:
They draw but what they see, know not the
heart.

25.

Of those who are in favour with their stars,
 Public honour and proud titles boast,
 I, whom fortune of such triumph bare,
 Would for joy in that I honour most.
 My princely favourites their fair leaves spread,
 As the marigold at the sun's eye;
 As themselves their pride lies buried,
 At a frown they in their glory die.
 A painful warrior famoused for fight,
 With a thousand victories once foil'd,
 From the book of honour raz'd quite,
 And all the rest forgot for which he toil'd:
 Then happy I, that love and am lov'd,
 Where I may not remove, nor be remov'd.

26.

Of my love, to whom my vassalage
 My heart hath my duty strongly knit,
 I send this written embassy,
 To show my duty, not to show my wit.
 My 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
 Thy soul's thought, all naked, will bestow it;
 And whatsoever star that guides my moving,
 On me graciously with fair aspect,
 Doth shine apparel on my tatter'd loving,
 Shall make me worthy of thy sweet respect:
 Then may I dare to boast how I do love
 Thee;
 And then, not show my head where thou
 mayst prove me.

27.

Every with toil, I haste me to my bed,
 To dear repose for limbs with travel tir'd;
 But then begins a journey in my head,
 Which work my mind, when body's work's ex-
 tir'd, and my thoughts (from far where I abide)
 Find me a zealous pilgrimage to thee,
 And keep my drooping eyelids open wide,
 Looking on darkness which the blind do see:
 And thus my soul's imaginary sight
 Turns thy shadow to my sightless view,
 Like a jewel hung in ghastly night,
 Black night beauteous, and her old face new.
 Lo, thus, by day my limbs, by night my
 thoughts, for thee and for myself no quiet find.

28.

How can I, then, return in happy plight,
 When day's oppression is not eas'd by night,
 And night by night, and night by day, oppress'd?
 And each, though enemies to either's reign,
 In consent shake hands to torture me;
 One by the other, the other to complain
 Of the day, still further off from thee.
 Tell the day, to please him, thou art bright,
 And dost him grace when clouds do blot the
 heaven:
 So tell the swart-complexion'd night;
 When sparkling stars twine not, thou gild'st
 the even.

But day doth daily draw my sorrows longer,
 And night doth nightly make grief's length
 seem stronger.

29.

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,
 Featur'd like him, like him with friends pos-
 sess'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 [gate;
 From sullen earth) sings hymns at heaven's
 For thy sweet love remember'd, such wealth
 brings, [things.
 That then I scorn to change my state with

30.

When to the sessions of sweet silent thought
 I summon up remembrance of things past,
 I sigh the lack of many a thing I sought,
 And with old woes now wail my dear time's
 waste:
 Then can I drown an eye unus'd to flow,
 For precious friends hid in death's dateless
 night, [woe,
 And weep afresh love's long-since cancell'd
 And moan the expense of many a vanish'd
 night.

31.

Thy bosom is endeared with all hearts,
 Which I by lacking have supposed dead;
 And there reigns love, and all love's loving
 parts,
 And all those friends which I thought buried.
 How many a holy and obsequious tear
 Hath dear religious love stol'n from mine eye,
 As interest of the dead, which now appear
 But things remov'd, that hidden in thee lie!
 Thou art the grave where buried love doth
 live,
 Hung with the trophies of my lovers gone,
 Who all their parts of me to thee did give,
 That due of many now is thine alone:
 Their images I lov'd I view in thee,
 And thou (all they) hast all the all of me.

32.

If thou survive my well-contented day,
 When that churl Death my bones with dust
 shall cover,
 And shalt by fortune once more re-survey
 These poor rude lines of thy deceased lover,—

Compare them with the bettering of the time;
And though they be outstripp'd by every pen,
Reserve them for my love, not for their rhyme,
Exceeded by the height of happier men.
O, then vouchsafe me but this loving thought,—
“Had my friend’s muse grown with this grow-
ing 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,
Thine for their style I’ll read, his for his
love.”

33.

Full many a glorious morning have I seen
Flatter the mountain-tops with sovereign eye,
Rising with golden face the meadows green,
Gilding pale streams with heavenly alchemy;
Anon permit the basest clouds to ride
With ugly rack on his celestial face,
And from the forlorn world his visage hide,
Stealing unseen to west with this disgrace:
Even so my sun one early morn did shine,
With all triumphant splendour on my brow;
But, out! alack! he was but one hour mine,
The regent cloud hath mask’d him from me
now.

Yet him for this my love no whit disdaineth;
Suns of the world may stain, when heaven’s
sun staineth.

34.

Why didst thou promise such a beauteous day,
And make me travel forth without my cloak,
To let base clouds o’ertake me in my way,
Hiding thy bravery in their rotten smoke?
’Tis not enough that through the cloud thou
break,
To dry the rain on my storm-beaten face,
For no man well of such a salve can speak,
That heals the wound, and cures not the dis-
grace:
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.

35.

No more be griev’d at that which thou hast
done:
Roses have thorns, and silver fountains mud;
Clouds and eclipses stain both moon and sun,
And loathsome canker lives in sweetest bud.
All men make faults, and even I in this,
Authorising thy trespass with compare,
Myself corrupting, salving thy amiss,
Excusing thy sins more than thy sins are:
For to thy sensual fault I bring in sense,
(Thy adverse party is thy advocate,)
And ’gainst myself a lawful plea commence:
Such civil war is in my love and hate,
That I an accessory needs must be
To that sweet thief, which sourly robs from

36.
Let me confess that we two must be twain,
Although our undivided loves are one:
So shall those blots that do with me remain,
Without thy help, by me be borne alone.
In our two loves there is but one respect,
Though in our lives a separable spite,
Which though it alter not love’s sole effect,
Yet doth it steal sweet hours from love’s day:
I may not evermore acknowledge thee, (light
I may not evermore acknowledge thee, light
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.

37.

As a decrepit father takes delight
To see his active child do deeds of youth,
So I, made lame by fortune’s dearest spite,
Take all my comfort of thy worth and truth;
For whether beauty, birth, or wealth, or wit,
Or any of these all, or all, or more,
Entitled in thy parts do crowned sit,
I make my love engrafted to this store:
So then I am not lame, poor, nor despis’d,
Whilst that this shadow doth such substance show;
That I in thy abundance am enrich’d,
And by a part of all thy glory live.
Look what is best, that best I wish in thee:
This wish I have: thou ten times happier be’st

38.

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
worth
Than those old nine, which rhymers invent;
And be that calls on thee, let him bring forth
Eternal numbers to outlive long date.
If my slight Muse do please these careless days,
The pain be mine, but thine shall be the
praise.

39.

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
And what is’t but mine own, when I praise
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 dost deserve;
O absence, what a torment wouldst thou prove,
Were it not thy sour leisure gave sweet leave
To entertain the time with thoughts of love,
(Which time and thoughts so sweetly do
deceive.)
And that thou teachest how to make
By praising him here, who doth hence

40.

all my loves, my love, yea, take them all;
Hast thou then more than thou hadst
before?

[call;

Love, my love, that thou mayst true love
show was thine, before thou hadst this
more.

For my love thou my love receivest,
I cannot blame thee, for my love thou ushest;
As yet he blam'd, if thou thyself deceivest
By failing what thyself thyself refusest.
O, if thou steal thee all my poverty;
Yet, love knows, it is a greater grief
To bear love's wrong, than hate's known in-
jury.

Compassionate grace, in whom all ill well shows,
Will me with spites; yet we must not be foes.

41.

How pretty wrongs that liberty commits,
When I am sometimes absent from thy heart,
That beauty and thy years full well befits,
Which all temptation follows where thou art.

Thou art, and therefore to be won,
As precious thou art, therefore to be assail'd;
When a woman woos, what woman's son
So early leave her till she have prevail'd?
But yet thou mightst my seat forbear,
To chide thy beauty and thy straying youth,
Who lead thee in their riot even there,
Where thou art forc'd to break a two-fold
truth.

By thy beauty tempting her to thee,
By thy beauty being false to me.

42.

When hast thou, it is not all my grief,
Yet it may be said I lov'd her dearly;
She hath thee, is of my wailing chief,
In love that touches me more nearly.
Sweet offender, thus I will excuse ye:
You do love her, because thou know'st I
love her;

For my sake even so doth she abuse me,
Calling my friend for my sake to approve her;
If I lose thee, my loss is my love's gain, [loss;
And each other, and I lose both twain,
And yet both for my sake lay on me this cross:
Sweet flattery!—then she loves but me alone.

43.

How most I wink, then do mine eyes best see,
For all the day they view things unrespected;
And when I sleep, in dreams they look on thee,
And darkly bright, are bright in dark directed;
Then, whose shadow shadows doth make
Bright, [show
How would thy shadow's form form happy
Show to mine eyes with thy much clearer light,
Than to mine eyes thy shade shines so!
I 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 nightless eyes doth
stay!

All days are nights to see, till I see thee,
And nights, bright days, when dreams do
show thee me.

44.

If the dull substance of my flesh were thought,
Injurious distance should not stop my way;
For then, despite of space, I would be brought,
From limits far remote, where thou dost stay,
No matter then, although my foot did stand
Upon the farthest earth remov'd from thee;
For nimble thought can jump both sea and
land,

As soon as think the place where he would be.
But ah, thought kills me, that I am not
thought, [gone,

To leap large lengths of miles when thou art
But that, so much of earth and water wrought,
I must attend time's leisure with my moan;
Receiving nought by elements so slow
But heavy tears, badges of either's woe:

45.

The other two, slight air and purging fire
Are both with thee, wherever I abide;
The first my thought, the other my desire,
These present-absent with swift motion slide.
For when these quicker elements are gone
In tender embassy of love to thee,
My life, being made of four, with two alone
Sinks down to death, oppress'd with melan-
Until life's composition be recur'd [choly;
By those sweet messengers return'd from thee,
Who even but now come back again, assur'd
Of thy fair health, recounting it to me:

This told, I joy; but then no longer glad,
I send them back again, and straight grow
sad.

46.

Mine eye and heart are at a mortal war
How to divide the conquest of thy sight; [bar,
Mine eye my heart thy picture's sight would
My heart mine eye the freedom of that right.
My heart doth plead that thou in him dost
lie,—

[A closet never pierc'd with crystal eyes,
But the defendant doth that plea deny,
And says in him thy fair appearance lies.
To 'cide this title is impannelled

A quest of thoughts, all tenants to the heart;
And by their verdict is determin'd [part:
The clear eye's moiety, and the dear heart's
As thus,—mine eye's due is thine outward
part, [heart.

And my heart's right thine inward love of

47.

Betwixt mine eye and heart a league is took,
And each doth good turns now unto the other;
When that mine eye is furnish'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; [move,
For thou not farther than my thoughts canst
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 de-
light.

48.

How careful was I when I took my way,
Each trifle under truest bars to thrust,
That to my use it might unused stay [trust!
From hands of falsehood, in sure wards of
But thou, to whom my jewels trifles are,
Most worthy comfort, now my greatest grief,
Thou, best of dearest, and mine only care,
Art left the prey of every vulgar thief.
Thou have I not lock'd up in any chest,
Save where thou art not, though I feel thou
Within the gentle closure of my breast, [art,
From whence at pleasure thou mayst come and
part;

And even thence thou wilt be stolen, I fear,
For truth proves thievish for a prize so dear.

49.

Against that time, if ever that time come,
When I shall see thee frown on my defects,
Whenas thy love hath cast his utmost sun,
Call'd to that audit by advis'd respects; [pass,
Against that time when thou shalt strangely
And scarcely greet me with that sun, thine eye,
When love, converted from the thing it was,
Shall reasons find of settled gravity,—
Against that time do I ensconce me here,
Within the knowledge of mine own desert,
And this my hand against myself uprear,
To guard the lawful reasons on thy part:

To leave poor me thou hast the strength of
laws,

Since, why to love, I can allege no cause.

50.

How heavy do I journey on the way,
When what I seek,—my weary travel's end,—
Doth teach that ease and that repose to say,
"Thus far the miles are measur'd from thy
friend!"

The beast that bears me, tired with my woe,
Plods dully on, to bear that weight in me,
As if by some instinct the wretch did know
His rider lov'd not speed, being made from thee:
The bloody spur cannot provoke him on
That sometimes anger thrusts into his hide;
Which heavily he answers with a groan,
More sharp to me than spurring to his side;

For that same groan doth put this in my
mind,

My grief lies onward, and my joy behind.

61.

'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
Till I return, of posting is no need. [thence?

O, what excuse will my poor beast then find,
When swift extremity can seem but slow!
Then should I spur, though mounted on the
wind,

In winged speed no motion shall I know:
Then can no horse with my desire keep pace;
Therefore desire, of perfect love being made,
Shall neigh (no dull flesh) in his fiery race;
But love, for love, thus shall excuse my jade,
Since from thee going he went wilful slow,
Towards thee I'll run, and give him leave
to go.

52.

So am I as the rich, whose blessed boy
Can bring him to his sweet up-lock'd treasure,
The which he will not every hour survey,
For blunting the fine point of seldom pleasure.
Therefore are feasts so solemn and so rare,
Since, seldom coming, in the long year not,
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-bleat,
By new unfolding his imprison'd pride.
Blessed are you, whose worthiness gives scope
Being had, to triumph, being lock'd, to hope.

53.

What is your substance, whereof are you made,
That millions of strange shadows on you feed?
Since every one hath, every one, one shade,
And you, but one, can every shadow lead,
Describe Adonis, and the counterfeit
Is poorly imitated after you;
On Helen's cheek all art of beauty set,
And you in Grecian tires are painted new;
Speak of the spring, and foison of the year,
The one doth shadow of your beauty show,
The other as your bounty doth appear;
And you in every blessed shape we know,
In all external grace you have some part,
But you like none, none you, for constant
heart.

54.

O, how much more doth beauty beauteous seem,
By that sweet ornament which truth doth give!
The rose looks fair, but fairer we if down,
For that sweet odour which doth in it live.
The canker-blooms have full as deep a dye,
As the perfum'd tincture of the roses,
Hang on such thorns, and play as wantonly
When summer's breath their masked buds unclose;
But, for their virtue only is their show, [blow
They live unwood'd, and unrespected fade;
Die to themselves. Sweet roses do not so;
Of their sweet deaths are sweetest odours made;

And so of you, beauteous and lovely youth,
When that shall fade, by verse distill'd you
truth.

55.

Not marble, nor the gilded monuments
Of princes, shall outlive this powerful rhyme,

shall shine more bright in these con-
[time.
washed stone, besmeared with sluttish
wasteful war shall statues overturn,
his root out the work of masonry,
his sword nor war's quick fire shall
record of your memory. [burn
death and all-oblivious enmity
pace forth; your praise shall still
the eyes of all posterity [find room,
near this world out to the ending doom.
till the judgment that yourself arise,
live in this, and dwell in lovers' eyes.

56.

renew thy force; be it not said,
should blunter be than appetite,
not today by feeding is allay'd,
sharpen'd in his former might:
be thou; although to-day thou fill
every eye, even till they wink with
now see again, and do not kill [fulness,
of love with a perpetual dullness.
interim like the ocean be [new
parts the shore, where two contracted
daily to the banks, that, when they see
of love, more best may be the view;
till it winter, which, being full of care,
summer's welcome thrice more wish'd,
more rare.

57.

your slave, what should I do but tend
the hours and times of your desire?
precious time at all to spend,
to do, till you require.
I chide the world-without-end hour,
my sovereign: watch the clock for
the bitterness of absence sour, [you,
you have bid your servant once adieu;
I question with my jealous thought
you may be, or your affairs suppose,
sad slave, stay and think of nought,
where you are, how happy you make
a fool is love, that in your will, [those,
though you do anything, he thinks no ill.

58.

and forbid, that made me first your
slave, [pleasure,
and in thought control your times of
your hand the account of hours to crave,
your vassal, bound to stay your leisure]
I suffer, being at your beck,
person'd absence of your liberty;
to patience, time to sufferance, bids each
wailing you of injury. [check,
where you list, your charter is so strong,
yourself may privilege your time
to pardon of self-doing crime.
to wait, though waiting so be hell;
to blame your pleasure, be it ill or well.

59.

be nothing new, but that which is
as before, how are our brains begull'd,

Which, labouring for invention, bear amiss
The second burden of a former child!
O, that record could with a backward look,
Even of five hundred courses of the sun,
Show me your image in some antique book,
Since mine at first in character was done!
That I might see what the old world could say
To this compos'd wonder of your frame;
Whether we are mended, or wher better they,
Or whether revolution be the same.
O! sure I am, the wits of former days
To subjects worse have given admiring
praise.

60.

Like as the waves make towards the pebbled
So do our minutes hasten to their end; [shore,
Each changing place with that which goes
before,
In sequent toil all forwards do contend.
Nativity, once in the main of light,
Crawls to maturity, wherewith being crown'd,
Crook'd eclipses 'gainst his glory fight,
And Time, that gave, doth now his gift con-
found.
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.

61.

Is it thy will thy image should keep open
My heavy eyelids to the weary night;
Dost thou desire my slumbers should be broken,
While shadows, like to thee, do mock my
sight?
Is it thy spirit that thou send'st from thee
So far from home, into my deeds to pry;
To find out shames and idle hours in me,
The scope and tenor of thy jealousy?
O, no! thy love, though much, is not so great;
It is my love that keeps mine eye awake;
Mine own true love that doth my rest defeat,
To play the watchman ever for thy sake:
For thee watch I, whilst thou dost wake
elsewhere,
From me far off, with others all too near.

62.

Sin of self-love possesseth all mine eye,
And all my soul, and all my every part;
And for this sin there is no remedy,
It is so grounded inward in my heart.
Methinks no face so gracious is as mine,
No shape so true, no truth of such account;
And for myself mine own worth do define,
As I all other in all worths surmount.
But when my glass shows me myself indeed
Beated and chopp'd with tann'd antiquity,
Mine own self-love quite contrary I read;
Self so self-loving were iniquity.
'Tis thee (myself) that for myself I praise,
Painting my age with beauty of thy days.

Some suspect of ill mask'd not thy show,
 Then thou alone kingdoms of hearts shouldst

71.

[owe.

Anger mourn for me when I am dead,
 You shall hear the surly sullen bell
 Warning to the world that I am fled [dwell;
 This vile world, with vilest worms to
 If you read this line, remember not
 That I writ it; for I love you so,
 That your sweet thoughts would be forgot,
 Thinking on me then should make you woe.
 If I say you look upon this verse,
 I perhaps compounded am with clay,
 Not so much as my poor name rehearse;
 But your love even with my life decay;
 Let the wise world should look into your
 Mean,
 And mock you with me after I am gone.

72.

Let the world should task you to recite
 That merit liv'd in me, that you should love
 My death,—dear love, forget me quite,
 You in me can nothing worthy prove;
 You would devise some virtuous lie,
 To hang more praise upon deceased I
 No safeguard truth would willingly impart:
 Your true love may seem false in this,
 That you for love speak well of me untrue,
 My name be buried where my body is,
 And I am sham'd by that which I bring forth,
 And so should you, to love things nothing

73.

[worth.

At time of year thou mayst in me behold
 Those yellow leaves, or none, or few, do hang
 Upon those boughs which shake against the
 Cold, [sang.
 And ruin'd choirs, where late the sweet birds
 Then meet the twilight of such day
 After sunset fadeth in the west;
 By and by black night doth take away,
 Thy second self, that seals up all in rest.
 Thou seest the glowing of such fire,
 But on the ashes of his youth doth lie,
 At the death-bed whereon it must expire,
 Consum'd with that which it was nourish'd by.
 This thou perceiv'st, which makes thy love
 More strong, [long.
 To love that well which thou must leave ere

74.

Be contented: when that fell arrest
 Without all bail shall carry me away,
 My life hath in this line some interest,
 Which thou memorial still with me shall stay.
 When thou reviewest this, thou dost review
 The very part was consecrate to thee:
 To earth can have but earth, which is his due;
 My spirit is thine, the better part of me:
 And thou hast but lost the dregs of life,
 The prey of worms, my body being dead;
 And thou shalt conquer of a wretch's knife,
 To base of thee to be remembered.

30

The worth of that, is that which it contains,
 And that is this, and this with thee remains.

75.

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 fleching age will steal his treasure:
 Now counting best to be with you alone, [sure:
 Then better'd that the world may see my plea:
 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.

76.

Why is my verse so barren of new pride,
 So far from variation or quick change?
 Why, with the time, do I not glance aside
 To new-found methods and to compounds

strange?

Why write I still all one, ever the same,
 And keep invention in a noted weed,
 That every word doth almost tell my name,
 Showing their birth, and where they did pro-
 O, know, sweet love, I always write of you, [ceed!
 And you and love are still my argument;
 So all my best is dressing old words new,
 Spending again what is already spent:
 For as the sun is daily new and old,
 So is my love still telling what is told.

77.

Thy glass will show thee how thy beauties wear,
 Thy dial how thy precious minutes waste;
 The vacant leaves thy mind's imprint will bear,
 And of this book this learning mayst thou taste.
 The wrinkles which thy glass will truly show,
 Of mouth'd graves will give thee memory;
 Thou by thy dial's shady stealth mayst know
 Time's thievish progress to eternity.
 Look, what thy memory cannot contain,
 Commit to these waste blanks, and thou shalt
 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.

78.

So oft have I involv'd thee for my Muse,
 And found such fair assistance in my verse,
 As every alien pen hath got my use,
 And under thee their poesy disperse.
 Thine eyes, that taught the dumb on high to
 And heavy ignorance aloft to fly, [sing,
 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 grac'd be;
 But thou art all my art, and dost advance
 As high as learning my rude ignorance.

79.

Whilst I alone did call upon thy aid,
My verse alone had all thy gentle grace;
But now my gracious numbers are decay'd,
And my sick Muse doth give another place.
I grant, sweet love, thy lovely argument
Deserves the travail of a worthier pen;
Yet what of thee thy poet doth invent,
He robs thee of, and pays it thee again.
He lends thee virtue, and he stole that word
From thy behaviour; beauty doth he give,
And found it in thy cheek; he can afford
No praise to thee but what in thee doth live.
Then thank him not for that which he doth say,
Since what he owes thee thou thyself dost pay.

80.

O, how I faint when I of you do write,
Knowing a better spirit doth use your name,
And in the praise thereof spends all his might,
To make me tongue-tied, speaking of your
fame!
But since your worth (wide as the ocean is)
The humble as the proudest sail doth bear,
My saucy bark, inferior far to his,
On your broad main doth wilfully appear.
Your shallowest help will hold me up afloat,
Whilst he upon your soundless deep doth ride;
Or, being wreck'd, I am a worthless boat,
He of tall building, and of goodly pride:
Then, if he thrive, and I be cast away,
The worst was this,—my love was my decay.

81.

Or I shall live your epitaph to make,
Or you survive when I in earth am rotten;
From hence your memory death cannot take,
Although in me each part will be forgotten.
Your name from hence immortal life shall have,
Though I, once gone, to all the world must die:
The earth can yield me but a common grave,
When you entomb'd in men's eyes shall lie.
Your monument shall be my gentle verse,
Which eyes not yet created shall o'er-read;
And tongues to be, your being shall rehearse,
When all the breathers of this world are dead;
You still shall live (such virtue hath my pen)
Where breath most breathes,—even in the
mouths of men.

82.

I grant thou wert not married to my Muse,
And therefore mayst without attaint o'erlook
The dedicated words which writers use
Of their fair subject, blessing every book.
Thou art as fair in knowledge as in hue,
Finding thy worth a limit past my praise;
And therefore art enforce'd to seek anew
Some fresher stamp of the time-bettering days.
And do so, love; yet when they have devis'd
What strained touches rhetoric can lend,
Thou, truly fair, wert truly sympathiz'd
In true plain words by thy true-telling friend:
And their gross painting might be better us'd
Where cheeks need blood,—in thee it is
abus'd.

83.

I never saw that you did painting need,
And therefore to your fair no painting set;
I found, or thought I found, you did exceed
The barren tender of a poet's debt:
And therefore have I slept in your report,
That you yourself, being extant, well might
show
How far a modern quill doth come too short,
Speaking of worth, what worth in you doth
This silence for my sin you did impute, (since
Which shall be most my glory, being dumb;
For I impair not beauty, being mute,
When others would give life, and bring a tomb.)
There lives more life in one of your fair eyes
Than both your poets can in praise devise.

84.

Who is it that says most? which can say more
Than this rich praise,—that you alone are you?
In whose confine impur'd is the store
Which should example where your equal grow.
Lean penury within that pen doth dwell,
That to his subject lends not some small glory;
But he that writes of you, if he can tell
That you are you, so dignifies his story,
Let him but copy what in you is writ,
Not making worse what nature made so clear,
And such a counterpart shall fame his wit,
Making his style admired everywhere.
You to your beauteous blessings add a curse,
Being fond on praise, which makes your
praises worse.

85.

My tongue-tied Muse in manners holds her still,
While comments of your praise, richly com-
Reserve their character with golden quill,
And precious phrase by all the muses mild.
I think good thoughts, while others write good
words,
And, like unletter'd clerk, still cry "Amen"
To every hymn that able spirit affords,
In polish'd form of well-refined pen.
Hearing you prais'd, I say, "Tis so, 'tis true,"
And to the most of praise add something more;
But that is in my thought, whose love to you
Though words come hindmost, holds his rank
before.

Then others for the breath of words mo-
spect;—
Me for my dumb thoughts, speaking in effect.

86.

Was it the proud full sail of his great vessel,
Bound for the prize of all-too-precious you,
That did my ripe thoughts in my brain in-volve,
Making their tomb the womb wherein they
grew?
Was it his spirit, by spirits taught to write
Above a mortal pitch, that struck me dead?
No, neither he, nor his compass, by night,
Giving him aid, my verse astonished.
He, nor that affable familiar ghost,
Which nightly gulls him with intelligence,

Victors of my silence cannot boast;
I am not sick of any fear from thence;
But when your countenance fill'd up his line,
Then lack'd I matter; that enfeebled mine.

87.

How well I thou art too dear for my possessing,
To like enough thou know'st thy estimate;
The charter of thy worth gives thee releasing;
My bonds in thee are all determinate.

How low do I hold thee but by thy granting?
For that riches where is my deserving?
The cause of this fair gift in me is wanting,
And so my patent back again is swerving.

Thyself thou gav'st, thy own worth then not knowing,
To me, to whom thou gav'st it, else mistaking;
And so thy great gift, upon misprision growing,
From me comes again, on better judgment making.

Thus have I had thee, as a dream doth flatter,
In sleep a king, but, waking, no such matter.

88.

When thou shalt be dispos'd to set me light,
And place my merit in the eye of scorn,
Against thy side against myself I'll fight, [sworn
To prove thee virtuous, though thou art for-

With mine own weakness being best ac-
quainted; my part I can set down a story [squand,
Of faults conceal'd, wherein I am attainted;
For thou, in losing me, shalt win much glory:

And I by this will be a gainer too;
For sending all my loving thoughts on thee,
To injure that to myself I do,
Losing thee vantage, double-vantage me.

Such is my love, to thee I so belong,
That for thy right myself will bear all wrong.

89.

Why that thou didst forsake me for some fault,
And I will comment upon that offence:
Against thy lameness, and I straight will halt;
Against thy reasons making no defence.

Thou canst not, love, disgrace me half so ill,
To set a form upon desired change,
As I'll myself disgrace: knowing thy will,
I will acquaintance strangle, and look strange;

Be absent from thy walk; and in my tongue
Thy sweet-beloved name no more shall dwell,
And simply of our old acquaintance tell.
For thee, against myself I'll vow debate,

For I must ne'er love him whom thou dost
hate.

90.

Then hate me when thou wilt; if ever, now;
Now, while the world is bent my deeds to cross,
Join with the spite of fortune, make me bow,
And do not drop in for an after-loss: [row,
Ah, do not, when my heart hath scap'd this sor-

Come in the rearward of a conquer'd woe;
Give not a windy night a rainy morrow,
To linger out a purpos'd overthrow.
If thou wilt leave me, do not leave me last,

When other petty griefs have done their spite,
And in the last night of my life I do
Lie on my back, with no one else to fight.

But in the onset come: so shall I taste
At first the very worst of fortune's might;
And other strains of woe, which now seem
Woe,

Compar'd with loss of thee will not seem so.

91.

Some glory in their birth, some in their skill,
Some in their wealth, some in their body's
force;
Some in their garments, though new-fangled
Some in their hawks and hounds, some in their
horses;

And every humour hath his adjunct pleasure,
Wherein it finds a joy above the rest;
But these particulars are not my measure;
All these I better in one general best.

Thy love is better than high birth to me,
Richer than wealth, prouder than garments' cost,
Of more delight than hawks or horses be;
And, having thee, of all men's pride I boast;

Wretched in this alone, that thou mayst take
All this away, and me most wretched make.

92.

But do thy worst to steal thyself away,
For term of life thou art assur'd mine;
And life no longer than thy love will stay,
For it depends upon that love of thine.

Then need I not to fear the worst of wrongs,
When in the least of them my life hath end.
I see a better state to me belongs
Than that which on thy humour doth depend:

Thou canst not vex me with inconstant mind,
Since that my life on thy revolt doth lie.
O, what a happy title do I find,
Happy to have thy love, happy to die!

But what's so blessed-fair that fears no blot?
Thou mayst be false, and yet I know it not:

93.

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 mine eye,
Therefore in that I cannot know thy change.
In many's looks the false heart's history
Is writ in moods, and frowns, and wrinkles;

But heaven in thy creation did decree [strange;
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
How like Eve's apple doth thy beauty grow,
If thy sweet virtue answer not thy show!

94.

They that have power to hurt, and will do none,
That do not do the thing they most do show,
Who, moving others, are themselves as stone,
Unmoved, cold, and to temptation slow;

They rightly do inherit heaven's graces,
And husband nature's riches from expense;
They are the lords and owners of their faces,
Others but stewards of their excellence.

The summer's flower is to the summer sweet,
Though to itself it only live and die;
But if that flower with base infection meet,
The basest weed outbraves his dignity: [deeds;
For sweetest things turn sourest by their
Lilies that fester smell far worse than weeds.

95. [shame,

How sweet and lovely dost thou make the
Which, like a canker in the fragrant rose,
Doth spot the beauty of thy budding name!
O, in what sweets dost thou thy sins enclose!
That tongue that tells the story of thy days,
Making lascivious comments on thy sport,
Cannot dispraise but in a kind of praise;
Naming thy name blesses an ill report.
O, what a mansion have those vices got
Which for their habitation chose out thee,
Where beauty's veil doth cover every blot,
And all things turn to fair that eyes can see!
Take heed, dear heart, of this large privilege;
The hardest knife ill-us'd doth lose his edge.

96.

Some say thy fault is youth, some wantonness;
Some say thy grace is youth and gentle sport;
Both grace and faults are lov'd of more and
less:

Thou mak'st faults graces that to thee resort.
As on the finger of a throned queen
The basest jewel will be well esteem'd,
So are those errors that in thee are seen
To truths translated, and for true things deem'd.
How many lambs might the stern wolf betray,
If like a lamb he could his looks translate!
How many gazers 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.

97.

How like a winter hath my absence been
From thee, the pleasure of the fleeting year!
What freezings have I felt, what dark days seen!
What old December's bareness everywhere!
And yet this time remov'd was summer's time;
The teeming autumn, big with rich increase,
Bearing the wanton burden of the prime,
Like widow'd womb after their lord's decease:
Yet this abundant issue seem'd to me
But hope of orphans, and unfather'd fruit;
For summer and his pleasures wait on thee,
And, thou away, the very birds are mute;
Or, if they sing, 'tis with so dull a cheer,
That leaves look pale, dreading the winter's
near.

98.

From you have I been absent in the spring,
When proud-pied April, dress'd in all his trim,
Hath put a spirit of youth in everything, [him.
That heavy Saturn laugh'd and leap'd with
Yet nor the lays of birds, nor the sweet smell
Of different flowers in odour and in hue,
Could make me any summer's story tell,
Or from their proud lap pluck them where
they grew:

Nor did I wonder at the filices white,
Nor praise the deep vermillion 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:

99.

The forward violet thus did I chide:—
Sweet thief, whence didst thou steal thy sweet
that smells,
If not from my love's breath? The purple pride,
Which on thy soft cheek for complexion dwells,
In my love's veins thou hast too grossly dy'd.
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.

100.

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, restive 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
[little, crooked]

101.

O truant Muse, what shall be thy amends
For thy neglect of truth in beauty dy'd?
Both truth and beauty on my love depends;
So dost thou too, and therein dignified.
Make answer, Muse, wilt thou not haply say,
"Truth needs no colour, with his colour'd bay;
Beauty no pencil, beauty's truth to lay;
But best is best, if never intermix'd?"
Because he needs no praise, wilt thou be dumb?
Excuse not silence so; for't lies in thee,
To make him much outlive a gilded tomb,
And to be prais'd of ages yet to be.

Then do thy office, Muse; I teach thee how
To make him seem long hence as he shows
now.

102.

My love is strengthen'd, though more weak in
I love not less, though less the show appear;
That love is merchandiz'd, whose rich accom-
ing
The owner's tongue doth publish everywhere

When love was new, and then but in the spring,
When I was wont to greet it with my lays;
Philonel in summer's front doth sing,
And stops her pipe in growth of riper days:
That the summer is less pleasant now
Than when her mournful hymns did hush the
night,
That wild music burthens every bough,
And sweets grown common lose their dear
delight.
[tongue,
Therefore, like her, I sometimes hold my
tongue,
Because I would not dull you with my song.

103.

Ah, what poverty my Muse brings forth,
That having such a scope to show her pride,
The argument, all bare, is of more worth,
Than when it hath my added praise beside!
I name me not, if I no more can write!
You are in your glass, and there appears a face
That over-goes my blunt invention quite,
Shaming my lines, and doing me disgrace.
Were it not sinful, then, striving to mend,
To mar the subject that before was well?
To write no other than my verses tend,
Of your graces and your gifts to tell:
And more, much more, than in my verse can
be said.
[In it.
Your own glass shows you, when you look
on it.

104.

To me, fair friend, you never can be old,
As you were when first your eye I eyed,
Which seems your beauty still. Three winters
cold
[pride,
Have from the forests shook three summers'
prime,
And yet the beauties of your face
In process of the seasons have I seen, [turn'd
Three April perfumes in three hot Junes burn'd,
And yet doth beauty, like a dial-hand,
Steal from his figure, and no pace perceiv'd;
But your sweet hue, which methinks still doth
stand,
[dead.
Nath motion, and mine eye may be deceiv'd:
For fear of which, hear this, thou age un-
bred,—
[dead.
Kne you were born, was beauty's summer

105.

Let not my love be called idolatry,
Nor my beloved as an idol show,
Since all alike my songs and praises be
To one, of one, still such, and ever so.
Kind is my love to-day, to-morrow kind,
Still constant in a wondrous excellence;
Therefore my verse, to constancy confin'd,
One thing expressing, leaves out difference.
"Fair, kind, and true," is all my argument,
"Fair, kind, and true," is all my argument,
And in this change is my invention spent,
Three themes in one, which wondrous scope
affords.
[alone,
"Fair, kind, and true," have often liv'd
Which three, till now, never kept seat in one.

106.

When in the chronicle of wasted time
I see descriptions of the fairest wights,
And beauty making beautiful old rhyme,
In praise of ladies dead, and lovely knights;
Then, in the blazon of sweet beauty's best,
Of hand, of foot, of lip, of eye, of brow,
I see their antique pen would have express'd
Even such a beauty as you master now.
So all their praises are but prophecies
Of this our time, all you prefiguring;
And, for they look'd but with divining eyes,
They had not skill enough your worth to sing:
For we, which now behold these present days,
Have eyes to wonder, but lack tongues to
praise.

107.

Nor mine own fears, nor the prophetic soul
Of the wide world dreaming on things to come,
Can yet the lease of my true love control,
Suppos'd as forfeit to a confin'd doom.
The mortal moon hath her eclipse endur'd,
And the sad augurs mock their own presage;
Incertainties now crown themselves assur'd,
And peace proclaims olives of endless age.
Now with the drops of this most balmy time
My love looks fresh, and death to me subscribes,
Since, spite of him, I'll live in this poor rhyme,
While he insults o'er dull and speechless tribes;
And thou in this shalt find thy monument,
When tyrants' crests and tombs of brass are
spent.

108.

What's in the brain, that ink may character,
Which hath not figur'd to thee my true spirit?
What's new to speak, what new to register,
That may express my love, or thy dear merit?
Nothing, sweet boy; but yet, like prayers
divine,
I must each day say o'er the very same;
Counting no old thing old, thou mine, I thine,
Even as when first I hallow'd thy fair name.
So that eternal love in love's fresh case
Weighs not the dust and injury of age,
Nor gives to necessary wrinkles place,
But makes antiquity for aye his page;
Finding the first conceit of love there bred,
Where time and outward form would show
it dead.

109.

O, never say that I was false of heart,
Though absence seem'd my flame to qualify I
As easy might I from myself depart,
As from my soul, which in thy breast doth lie:
That is my home of love; if I have rang'd,
Like him that travels, I return again,
Just to the time, not with the time exchang'd,
So that myself bring water for my stain.
Never believe, though in my nature reign'd
All frailties that besiege all kinds of blood,
That it could so preposterously be stain'd,
To leave for nothing all thy sum of good;
For nothing this wide universe I call,
Save thou, my rose; in it thou art my all.

110.

Alas, 'tis true I have gone here and there,
And made myself a motley to the view,
Gor'd mine own thoughts, sold cheap what is
Made old offences of affections new; [most dear,
Most true it is that I have look'd on truth
Alike and strangely: but, by all above,
These blenches gave my heart another youth,
And worse essays prov'd thee my best of love.
Now all is done, save what shall have no end:
Mine appetite I never more will grind
On newer proof, to try an older friend,
A god in love, to whom I am confin'd.

Then give me welcome, next my heaven the
best, [breast,
Even to thy pure and most most loving

111.

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. [brand;
Thence comes it that my name receives a
And almost thence my nature is subdu'd
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 eyself 'gainst my strong infection;
No bitterness that I will bitter think,
Nor double penance, to correct correction.
Pity me, then, dear friend, and I assure ye,
Even that your pity is enough to cure me.

112.

Your love and pity doth th' impression fill
Which vulgar scandal stamp'd upon my brow;
For what care I who calls me well or ill,
So you o'ergreen my bad, my good allow?
You are my all-the-world, and I must strive
To know my shames and praises from your
tongue;
None else to me, nor I to none alive, [wrong,
That my steel'd sense or changes right or
In so profound abyss I throw all care
Of others' voices, that my adder's sense
To critic and to flatterer stopped are.
Mark how with my neglect I do dispense:
You are so strongly in my purpose bred,
That all the world besides methinks are dead.

113.

Since I left you, mine eye is in my mind;
And that which governs me to go about
Doth part his function, and is partly blind,
Seems seeing, but effectually is out;
For it no form delivers to the heart
Of bird, of flower, or shape, which it doth latch:
Of his quick objects hath the mind no part,
Nor his own vision holds what it doth catch;
For if it see the red'st or gentlest sight,
The most sweet favour, or deformed'st creature,
The mountain or the sea, the day or night,
The crow or dove, it shapes them to your feature.
Incapable of more, replete with you, [fare:
My most true mind thus maketh mine untrue.

114.

Or whether doth my mind, being crown'd with
you,
Drink up the monarch's plague, this flattery!
Or whether shall I say, mine eye saith true,
And that your love taught it this alchemy,
To make of monsters and things indigest
Such cherubins as your sweet self resemble,
Creating every bad a perfect best,
As fast as objects to his beams assemble?
O, 'tis the first; 'tis flattery in my seeing,
And my great mind most kingly drinks it up:
Mine eye well knows what with his gust is
'greeing,
And to his palate doth prepare the cup:
If it be poison'd, 'tis the lesser sin
That mine eye loves it, and doth first begin.

115.

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 decays of
kings,
Tan sacred beauty, blunt the sharp'st intents,
Divert strong minds to the course of altering,
Alas, why, fearing of Time's tyranny, [blame;
Might I not then say, "Now I love you best,"
When I was certain o'er uncertainty,
Crowning the present, doubting of the rest?
Love is a babe; then might I not say so,
To give full growth to that which still doth
grow!

116.

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
Within his bending sickle's compass come:
Love alters not with his brief hours and weeks,
Love alters not with his brief hours and weeks,
But bears it out even to the edge of doom.
If this be error, and upon me prov'd,
I never writ, nor no man ever lov'd.

117.

Accuse me thus:—that I have scan'd all
Wherein I should your great deserts enjoy;
Forgot upon your dearest love to call,
Whereto all bonds do tie me day by day;
That I have frequent been with unknown youths
And given to time your own dear-purchased
right;
That I have hoisted sail to all the winds
Which should transport me furthest from your
sight.

both my wilfulness and errors down,
 on just proof surmise accumulate;
 'Tis within this level of your frown,
 I shoot not at me in your waken'd hate;
 My appeal says I did strive to prove
 The constancy and virtue of your love.

118.

to make our appetites more keen,
 our eager compounds we our palate urge;
 To prevent our maladies unseen,
 I am so taken to shun sickness when we purge:
 And so, being full of your ne'er-cloying
 sweetness,
 Better sauces did I frame my feeding;
 Sick of welfare, found a kind of meanness
 In diseas'd, ere that there was true needing.
 My policy in love, to anticipate
 That were not, grew to faults assur'd,
 And brought to medicine a healthful state,
 But rank of goodness, would by ill be cur'd;
 And thence I learn, and find the lesson true,
 And poison him that so fell sick of you.

119.

What potions have I drunk of Syren tears,
 I from limbeck fowl as hell within,
 Drawing tears to hopes, and hopes to fears,
 Ere I was waken'd when I saw myself to win!
 Wretched errors hath my heart committed,
 Which it hath thought itself so blessed never!
 How have mine eyes out of their spheres been
 fitted,
 To this distraction of this madding fever!
 I profit of ill! now I find true
 That better is by evil still made better;
 And would love, when it is built anew,
 Fairer than at first, more strong, far
 greater.
 And I return rebuk'd to my content,
 And gain by ill thrice more than I have spent.

120.

That you were once unkind befriends me now,
 And for that sorrow, which I then did feel,
 Comfort must I under my transgression bow,
 While my nerves were brass or hammer'd steel.
 For if you were by my unkindness shaken,
 As I by yours, you've pass'd a hell of time;
 And I, a tyrant, have no leisure taken
 To weigh how once I suffer'd in your crime.
 O, that our night of woe might have remem-
 ber'd
 My deepest sense, how hard true sorrow hits,
 And soon to you, as you to me, then tender'd
 The humble gauge which wounded bosoms fit:
 But that your trespass now becomes a fee;
 Mine ransoms yours, and yours must ransom
 me.

121.

'Tis better to be vile than vile esteem'd,
 When not to be, receives reproach of being;
 And the just pleasure lost, which is so deem'd
 And by our feeling, but by others' seeing:
 For why should others' false adulterate eyes
 Give salutation to my sportive blood?

Or on my frailties why are frailer spies, [good]
 Which in their wills count bad what I think
 No,—I am that I am; and they that level
 At my abuses, reckon up their own:
 I may be straight, though they themselves be
 hovel; [shown];
 By their rank thoughts my deeds must not be
 Unless this general evil they maintain,—
 All men are bad, and in their badness reign.

122.

Thy gift, thy tables, are within my brain
 Full character'd with lasting memory,
 Which shall above that idle rank remain,
 Beyond all date, even to eternity:
 Or, at the least, so long as brain and heart
 Have faculty by nature to subsist;
 Till each to raz'd oblivion yield his part
 Of thee, thy record never can be miss'd.
 That poor retention could not so much hold,
 Nor need I tallies thy dear love to score;
 Therefore to give them from me was I bold,
 To trust those tables that receive thee more:
 To keep an adjunct to remember thee,
 Were to import forgetfulness in me.

123.

No, Time, then shalt not boast that I do change:
 Thy pyramids built up with never 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, [told]
 Not wondering at the present nor the past;
 For thy records and what we see do lie,
 Made more or less by thy continual haste:
 This I do vow, and this shall ever be,
 I will be true, despite thy scythe and thee.

124.

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
 No, it was builded far from accident; [gather'd]
 It suffers not in smiling pomp, nor falls
 Under the blow of thrall'd discontent,
 Whereto 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
 To this I witness call the fools of time, [crime]
 Which die for goodness, who have liv'd for

125.

Were't aught to me I bore the canopy,
 With my extern the outward honouring,
 Or laid great praises for eternity,
 Which prove more short than waste or ruining!
 Have I not seen dwellers on form and favour
 Lose all, and more by paying too much rent,
 For compound sweet foregoing simple savour
 Pitiful thrivers, in their gazing spent!

No; let me be obsequious in thy heart,
And take thou my oblation, poor but free,
Which is not mix'd with seconds, knows no art,
But mutual render, only me for thee.

Hence, thou suborn'd informer! a true soul,
When most impeach'd, stands least in thy
control.

126.

O thou, my lovely boy, who in thy power
Dost hold Time's fickle glass, his sickle, hour;
Who hast by waning grown, and therein
show'st

Thy lovers withering, as thy sweet self grow'st;
If Nature, sovereign mistress over wrack [back,
As thou goest onwards, still will pluck thee
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.

127.

In the old age black was not counted fair,
Or if it were, it bore not beauty's name;
But now is black beauty's successive heir,
And beauty slander'd with a bastard shame:
For since each hand hath put on nature's power,
Fairing the foul with art's false borrow'd face,
Sweet beauty hath no name, no holy hour,
But is profan'd, if not lives in disgrace.
Therefore my mistress' eyes are raven black;
Her eyes so suited, and they mourners seem
At such, who, not born fair, no beauty lack,
Slandering creation with a false esteem:

Yet so they mourn, becoming of their woe,
That every tongue says, beauty should look
no.

128.

How oft, when thou, my music, music play'st,
Upon that blessed wood whose motion sounds
With thy sweet fingers, when thou gently
away'st

The wiry concord that mine ear confounds,
Do I envy those jacks that nimble leap
To kiss the tender inward of thy hand, [reap,
Whilst my poor lips which should that harvest
At the wood's boldness by thee blushing stand!
To be so tickled, they would change their state
And situation with those dancing chips,
O'er whom thy fingers walk with gentle gait,
Making dead wood more bless'd than living
lips.

Since saucy jacks so happy are in this,
Give them thy fingers, me thy lips to kiss.

129.

The expense of spirit in a waste of shame
Is lust in action: and till action, lust
Is perjur'd, murderous, bloody, full of blame,
Savage, extreme, rude, cruel, not to trust;
Enjoy'd no sooner, but despis'd straight;
Past reason hunted; and no sooner had,
Past reason hated, as a swallow'd bait,
On purpose laid to make the taker mad:

Mad in pursuit, and in possession so;
Had, having, and in quest to have, extreme;
A bliss in proof,—and prov'd, a very woe;
Before, a joy propos'd; behind, a dream.

All this the world well known; yet none
knows well

To shun the heaven that leads men to this
hell!

130.

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' necks.
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,— [ground,
My mistress, when she walks, treads on the

And yet, by heaven, I think my love as rare
As any she belied with false compare.

131.

Thou art as tyrannous, so as thou art, [cruel;
As those whose beauties proudly make them
For well thou know'st to my dear doating heart
Thou art the fairest and most precious jewel.
Yet, in good faith, some say that thee behold,
Thy face hath not the power to make love
groan:

To say they err, I dare not be so bold,
Although I swear it to myself alone.
And, to be sure that is not false I swear,
A thousand groans, but thinking on thy face,
One on another's neck, do witness hear
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.

132.

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 besem thy heart
To mourn for me, since mourning doth thee
And suit thy pity like in every part. [grace,
Then will I swear beauty herself is black,
And all they foul that thy complexion lack.

133.

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 hold
Me from myself thy cruel eye hath taken,
And my next self thou harder hast engross'd;
Of him, myself, and thee, I am forsaken;
A torment thrice three-fold thus to be cross'd!

Placed my heart in thy steel bosom's ward,
But then my friend's heart let my poor heart
hall;
Whoe'er keeps me, let my heart be his guard;
Thou canst not then use rigour in my gaol:
And yet thou wilt; for I, being pent in thee,
Perforce am thine, and all that is in me.

134.

So, now I have confess'd that he is thine,
And I myself am mortgag'd to thy will;
Myself I'll forfeit, so that other mine
Thou wilt restore, to be my comfort still;
But thou wilt not, nor he will not be free,
For thou art covetous, and he is kind;
He learn'd but, surety-like, to write for me,
Under that bond that him as fast doth bind.
The statute of thy beauty thou wilt take,
Thou usurer, that putt'st forth all to use,
And sue a friend, came debtor for my sake;
So him I lose through my unkind abuse.
Him have I lost; thou hast both him and me:
He pays the whole, and yet am I not free.

135.

Whoever hath her wish, thou hast thy Will,
And Will to boot, and Will in over-plus;
More than enough am I that vex thee still,
To thy sweet will making addition thus.
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.

136.

If thy soul check thee that I come so near,
Swear to thy blind soul that I was thy Will;
And will, thy soul knows, is admitted there;
Thus far for love, my love-suit, sweet, fulfil.
Will will fulfil the treasure of thy love,
Ay, fill it full with wills, and my will one.
In things of great receipt with ease we prove,
Among a number one is reckon'd none:
Then in the number let me pass unfold,
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, [Will,
And then thou lov'st me,—for my name is

137.

Thou blind fool, Love, what dost thou to mine
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,
Whereto the judgment of my heart is tied?

Why should my heart think that a several plot,
Which my heart knows the wide world's com-
mon place?

Or mine eyes, seeing this, say this is not,
To put fair truth upon so foul a face?
In things right true my heart and eyes have
err'd,
And to this false plague are they now trans-

138.

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,
Unlearn'd in the world's false subtleties.
Thus vainly thinking that she thinks me young,
Although she knows my days are past the best,
Simply I credit her false-speaking tongue:
On both sides thus is simple truth suppress'd.
But wherefore says she not she is unjust?
And wherefore says 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.

139.

O, call not me to justify the wrong
That thy unkindness lays upon my heart;
Wound me not with thine eye, but with thy
tongue;
Use power with power, and slay me not by art.
Tell me thou lov'st elsewhere; but in my sight,
Dear heart, forbear to glance thine eye aside:
What need'st thou wound with cunning, when
thy might
Is more than my o'erpress'd defence can 'hide?
Let me excuse thee: ah, my love well knows
Her pretty looks have been my enemies;
And therefore from my face she turns my foes,
That they elsewhere might dart their injuries:
Yet do not so; but since I am near slain,
Kill me outright with looks, and rid my pain.

140.

Be wise as thou art cruel; do not press
My tongue-tied patience with too much disdain;
Lest sorrow lend me words, and words express
The manner of my pity-wanting pain.
If I might teach thee wit, better it were,
Though not to love, yet, love, to tell me so;—
As testy sick men, when their deaths be near,
No news but health from their physicians
know;—
For, if I should despair, I should grow mad,
And in my madness might speak ill of thee:
Now this ill-wresting world is grown so bad,
Mad slanderers by mad ears believed be,
That I may not be so, nor thou believ'd,
Bear thine eyes straight, though thy proud
heart go wide.

141.

In faith, I do not love thee with mine eyes,
For they in thee a thousand errors note;
But 'tis my heart that loves what they despise,
Who, in despite of view, is pleas'd to dote;

Nor are mine ears with thy tongue's tune
delighted,
Nor tender feeling; to base touches prone,
Nor taste, nor smell, desire to be invited
To any sensual feast with thee alone:
But my five wits nor my five senses can
Blaspheme one foolish heart from serving thee,
Who leaves unsway'd the likeness of a man,
Thy proud heart's slave and vassal wretch to
be:

Only my plague thus far I count my gain,
That she that makes me sin, awakes me pain.

142.

Love is my sin, and thy dear virtue hate,
Hate of my sin, grounded on sinful loving:
O, but with mine compare thou thine own state,
And thou shalt find it merits not reproving;
Or, if it do, not from those lips of thine,
That have profan'd their scarlet ornaments,
And seal'd false bonds of love as oft as mine,
Robb'd others' beds' revenues of their rents.
Be it lawful I love thee, as thou lov'st those
Whom thine eyes woo as mine importune thee:
Root pity in thy heart, that when it grows,
Thy pity may deserve to pitied be.

If thou dost seek to have what thou dost hide,
By self-example mayst thou be denied!

143.

Lo, as a careful housewife runs to catch
One of her feather'd creatures broke away,
Sets down her babe, and makes all quick
despatch

In pursuit of the thing she would have stay;
Whilst her neglected child holds her in chase,
Cries to catch her whose busy care is bent
To follow that which flies before her face,
Not prizing her poor infant's discontent:
So runn'st thou after that which flies from thee,
Whilst I thy babe chase thee afar behind;
But if thou catch thy hope, turn back to me,
And play the mother's part, kiss me, be kind:
So will I pray that thou mayst have thy Will,
If thou turn back, and my loud crying still.

144.

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
Templeth my better angel from my side,
And would corrupt my saint to be a devil,
Wooling his purity with her foul pride.
And whether that my angel be turn'd fiend,
Suspect I may, but not directly tell;
But being both from me, both to each friend,
I guess one angel in another's hell:
Yet this shall I ne'er know, but live in doubt,
Till my bad angel fire my good one out.

145.

Those lips that Love's own hand did make,
Breath'd forth the sound that said, "I hate,"
To me that languish'd for her sake:
But when she saw my woful state,
Straight in her heart did mercy come,
Chiding that tongue, that ever sweet
Was us'd in giving gentle doom;
And taught it thus anew to greet:
"I hate," she alter'd with an end,
That follow'd it as gentle day
Doth follow night, who, like a fiend,
From heaven to hell is flown away:
"I hate," from hate away she threw,
And sav'd my life, saying—"not you."

146.

Poor soul, the centre of my sinful earth,
Fool'd by those rebel powers that thee array,
Why dost thou pine within, and suffer dearth,
Painting thy outward walls so costly gay?
Why so large coost, having so short a lease,
Dost thou upon thy fading mansion spend?
Shall worms, inheritors of this excess,
Eat up thy charge? Is this thy body's end?
Then, soul, live thou upon thy servant's loss,
And let that pine to aggravate thy store;
Buy terms divine in selling hours of dross;
Within be fed, without be rich no more:
So shalt thou feed on Death, that feeds on men,
And, Death once dead, there's no more
dying then.

147.

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,
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.

148.

O me, what eyes hath Love put in my head,
Which have no correspondence with true sight!
Or, if they have, where is my judgment fled,
That censures falsely what they see aright?
If that be fair whereon my false eyes dote,
What means the world to say it is not so?
If it be not, then love doth well denote
Love's eye is not so true as all men's: no,
How can it? O, how can Love's eye be true,
That is so vex'd with watching and with tears?
No marvel then, though I mistake my view;
The sun itself sees not till heaven clears.
O cunning Love! with tears thou keep'st me
blind,
Lest eyes well-seeing thy foul faults should find.

149.

Canst thou, O cruel! say I love thee not,
When I, against myself, with thee purtake
Do I not think on thee, when I forgot
Am of myself, all tyrant, for thy sake!

Who hateth thee that I do call my friend?
 Whom frown'st thou that I do fawn upon?
 Nay, if thou lovest 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; [blind.]
 Those that can see thou lov'st, and I am

150.

from what power hast thou this powerful
 night,
 With insufficiency my heart to sway?
 To make me give the lie to my true sight, [day?
 And swear that brightness doth not grace the
 face 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 rais'd love in me,
 More worthy I to be lov'd of thee.

151.

Love is too young to know what conscience is;
 Yet who knows not, conscience is born of love?
 O gentle cheater, urge not my amiss,
 Lest guilty of my faults thy sweet self prove;
 For, thou betraying me, I do betray
 My nobler part to my gross body's treason:
 My soul doth tell my body that he may
 Triumph in love; flesh stays no further reason;
 But, rising at thy name, doth point out thee
 As his triumphant prize. Proud of this pride,
 He is contented thy poor drudge to be,
 To stand in thy affairs, fall by thy side.
 No want of conscience hold it that I call
 My love, for whose dear love I rise and fall.

152.

In loving thee thou know'st I am forsworn, [ing;
 But thou art twice forsworn, to me love swear-

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 kind-
 ness,
 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!

153.

Cupid laid by his brand, and fell asleep:
 A maid of Dian's this advantage found,
 And his love-kindling fire did quickly steep
 In a cold valley-fountain of that ground;
 Which borrow'd from this holy fire of Love
 A dateless lively heat, still to endure,
 And grew a seething bath, which yet men prove
 Against strange maladies a sovereign cure.
 But at my mistress' eye Love's brand new-fired,
 The boy for trial needs would touch my breast;
 I, sick withal, the help of bath desir'd,
 And thither hied, a sad distemper'd guest,
 But found no cure: the bath for my help lies
 Where Cupid got new fire,—my mistress'
 eyes.

154.

The little Love-god, lying once asleep,
 Laid by his side his heart-inflaming brand,
 Whilst many nymphs that vow'd chaste life to
 keep,
 Came tripping by; but in her maiden hand
 The fairest votary took up that fire
 Which many legions of true hearts had warm'd;
 And so the general of hot desire
 Was sleeping, by a virgin hand disarm'd.
 This brand she quenched in a cool well by,
 Which from Love's fire took heat perpetual,
 Growing a bath and healthful remedy
 For men diseas'd; but I, my mistress' thrall,
 Came there for cure, and this by that I
 prove,
 Love's fire heats water, water cools not love.

A LOVER'S COMPLAINT.

1.

From off a hill whose concave womb reworded
 A plaintive story from a sistering vale,
 My spirits to attend this double voice accorded,
 And down I laid to list the sad-tun'd tale:
 How long espied a fickle maid full pale,
 Tearing of papers, breaking rings a-twain,
 Mourning her world with sorrow's wind and
 rain.

2.

Upon her head a platted hive of straw,
 Which fortified her visage from the sun,
 Whereon the thought might think sometime fit
 The carcase of a beauty spent and done; [saw
 Time had not scythed all that youth begun,
 Nor youth all quit; but, spite of Heaven's fell
 rage, [age.]
 Some beauty peep'd through lattice of scard

3.
 Oft did she heave her napkin to her eyne,
 Which on it had conceited characters,
 Laundering the silken figures in the brine
 That season'd woe had pelleted in tears,
 And often reading what contents it bears;
 As often shrieking undistinguish'd woe,
 In clamours of all size, both high and low.

4.
 Sometimes her levell'd eyes their carriage ride,
 As they did battery to the spheres intend;
 Sometime, diverted, their poor balls are tied
 To th' 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.

5.
 Her hair, nor loose, nor tied in formal plat,
 Proclaim'd in her a careless hand of pride;
 For some, untuck'd, descended her sheav'd hat,
 Hanging her pale and pin'd cheek beside;
 Some in her threaden fillet still did bide,
 And, true to bondage, would not break from
 thence,
 Though slackly braided in loose negligence.

6.
 A thousand favours from a maund she drew,
 Of amber, crystal, and of beaded jet,
 Which one by one she in a river threw,
 Upon whose weeping margin she was set;
 Like usury, applying wet to wet,
 Or monarch's hands, that let not bounty fall
 Where want cries, "Some," but where excess
 begs all.

7.
 Of folded schedules had she many a one, [blood;
 Which she perus'd, sigh'd, tore, and gave the
 Crack'd many a ring of posied gold and bone,
 Bidding them find their sepulchres in mud;
 Found yet more letters sadly penn'd in blood,
 With sleided silk feat and affectedly
 Enswath'd, and seal'd to curious secrecy.

8.
 These often bath'd she in her fluxive eyes,
 And often kiss'd, and often 'gan to tear;
 Cried, "O false blood, thou register of lies,
 What unapproved witness dost thou bear!
 Ink would have seem'd more black and damned
 here!"

This said, in top of rage the lines she rents,
 Big discontent so breaking their contents.

9.
 A reverend man that graz'd his cattle nigh,
 Sometime a blusterer, that the ruffle knew
 Of court, of city, and had let go by
 The swiftest hours, observed as they flew,
 Towards this afflicted fancy fastly drew;
 And, privileg'd by age, desires to know
 In brief the grounds and motives of her woe.

10.
 So slides he down upon his grain'd hat,
 And comely-distant sits he by her side;

When he again desires her, being sat,
 Her grievance with his hearing to divide;
 If that from him there may be aught applied
 Which may her suffering ecstasy assuage,
 'Tis promis'd in the charity of age.

11.
 "Father," she says, "though in me you behold
 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 look'd a dwelling, and made him her
 place;
 And when in his fair parts she did abide,
 She was new lodg'd, and newly deified.

12.
 "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 look'd a dwelling, and made him her
 place;
 And when in his fair parts she did abide,
 She was new lodg'd, and newly deified.

13.
 "His browny locks did hang in crooked curls;
 And every light occasion of the wind
 Upon his lips their silken parcels hurle.
 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 seen.

14.
 "Small show of man was yet upon his chin;
 His phoenix down began but to appear,
 Like unshorn velvet, on that termless skin,
 Whose bare out-brugg'd the web it seem'd to
 wear:

Yet show'd his visage by that cost most dear;
 And nice affections wavering stood in doubt
 If best were as it was, or best without.

15.
 "His qualities were beauteous as his form,
 For maiden-tongu'd he was, and thereof free;
 Yet, if men mov'd him, was he such a storm
 As oft 'twixt May and April is to see,
 When winds breathe sweet, unruly though they
 His rudeness so with his authoriz'd youth [see
 Did livery falseness in a pride of truth.

16.
 "Well could he ride, and often men would say,
 'That horse his mettle from his rider takes':
 Proud of subjection, noble by the way,
 What rounds, what bounds, what course, what
 stop he makes!"

And controversy hence a question takes,
 Whether the horse by him became his deed,
 Or he his manage by the well-doing steed.

17.
 "But quickly on this side the verdict went:
 His real habitude gave life and grace
 To appertainings and to ornament,
 Accomplish'd in himself, not in his case:
 All ails, themselves made fairer by their place,

for additions; yet their purpos'd trim
 would not his grace, but were all grac'd by
 him.

18.

On the tip of his subduing tongue
 A kind of arguments and question deep,
 A replication prompt, and reason strong,
 For his advantage still did wake and sleep;
 To make the weeper laugh, the laugher weep,
 He had the dialect and different skill,
 Fetching all passions in his craft of will:

19.

That he did in the general bosom reign
 Young, of old: and sexes both enchanted,
 To dwell with him in thoughts, or to remain
 Personal duty, following where he haunted:
 Elements bewitch'd, ere he desire, have granted;
 And dialogu'd for him, what he would say,
 And their own wills, and made their wills
 obey.

20.

Many there were that did his picture get,
 To serve their eyes, and in it put their mind;
 And fools that in the imagination set
 The goodly objects which abroad they find
 In lands and mansions, theirs in thought
 assign'd; [them,
 And labouring in more pleasures to bestow
 Than the true gouty landlord which doth owe
 them.

21.

So many have, that never touch'd his hand,
 Yet suppos'd them mistress of his heart,
 And woful self, that did in freedom stand,
 And was my own fee-simple, (not in part,)
 That with his art in youth, and youth in art,
 He drew my affections in his charmed power,
 And drest the stalk, and gave him all my flower.

22.

Yet did I not, as some my equals did,
 Demand of him, nor, being desired, yielded;
 Holding myself in honour so forbid,
 With safest distance I mine honour shielded:
 Experience for me many bulwarks builded
 Of proofs new-bleeding, which remain'd the
 Of this false jewel, and his amorous spoil. [foil

23.

But, ah, who ever shunn'd by precedent
 The destin'd ill she must herself assay?
 Or forc'd examples, 'gainst her own content,
 To put the by-pass'd perils in her way?
 Counsel may stop a while what will not stay;
 For when we rage, advice is often seen
 By blunting us to make our wits more keen.

24.

Nor gives it satisfaction to our blood,
 That we must curb it upon others' proof:
 To be forbid the sweets that seem so good,
 For fear of harms that preach in our behoof.
 Appetite, from judgment stand aloof!
 No one a palate hath that needs will taste,
 Though reason weep, and cry, 'It is thy last.'

25.

"For further I could say, 'This man's untrue,'
 And knew the patterns of his foul beguiling;
 Heard where his plants in others' orchards grew,
 Saw how deceits were gilded in his smiling;
 Knew vows were ever brokers to defiling;
 Thought characters and words merely but art,
 And bastards of his foul adulterate heart.

26.

"And long upon these terms I held my city,
 Till thus he 'gan besiege me: 'Gentle maid,
 Have of my suffering youth some feeling pity,
 And be not of my holy vows afraid:
 That's to you sworn, to none was ever said;
 For feasts of love I have been call'd unto,
 Till now did ne'er invite, nor never vow.

27.

"All my offences that abroad you see
 Are errors of the blood, none of the mind:
 Love made them not: with acture they may
 Where neither party is nor true nor kind: [be,
 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.

28.

"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: [charm'd;
 Harm have I done to them, but ne'er was
 Kept hearts in liveries, but mine own was free,
 And reign'd, commanding in his monarchy.

29.

"Look here, what tributes wounded fancies
 sent me,
 Of pal'd pearls, and rubies red as blood;
 Figuring that they their passions likewise lent
 Of grief and blushes, aptly understood [me
 In bloodless white and the encrimson'd mood;
 Effects of terror and dear modesty,
 Encamp'd in hearts, but fighting outwardly.

30.

"And, lo, behold these talents of their hair,
 With twisted metal amorously impleach'd,
 I have receiv'd from many a several fair,
 (Their kind acceptance weepingly beseech'd,)
 With the annexions of fair gems enrich'd,
 And deep-brain'd sonnets that did amplify
 Each stone's dear nature, worth, and quality.

31.

"The diamond,—why, 'twas beautiful and
 Whereto his invis'd properties did tend;
 The deep-green emerald, in whose fresh regard
 Weak sights their sickly radiance do amend;
 The heaven-hued sapphire and the opal blend
 With objects manifold: each several stone,
 With wit well blazon'd, smil'd or made some
 mean.

32.

"Lo, all these trophies of affections hot,
 Of pensiv'd and subdu'd desires the tender,

Nature hath charg'd me that I heard them not,
But yield them up where I myself must render,
That is, to you, my origin and end;
For these, of force, must your oblations be,
Since I their altar, you empatron me.

83.

"O, then, advance of yours that phraseless
hand, [praise;
Whose white weighs down the airy scale of
Take all these smiles to your own command,
Hallow'd with sighs that burning lungs did
Whut me your minister, for you obey, [raise;
Works under you; and to your audit comes
Their distract parcels in combined sums.

84.

"Lo, this device was sent me from a nun,
Or sister sanctified, of holiest note;
Which late her noble suit in court did shun,
Whose rarest havings made the blossoms dote;
For she was sought by spirits of richest coat,
But kept cold distance, and did thence remove,
To spend her living in eternal love.

85.

"But, O my sweet, what labour is't to leave
The thing we have not, mastering what not
strives,—

Paling the place which did no form receive,
Playing patient sports in unconstrained gyves!
She that her fame so to herself contrives,
The scars of battle 'scape by the flight,
And makes her absence valiant, not her might.

86.

"O, pardon me, in that my boast is true:
The accident which brought me to her eye,
Upon the moment did her force subdue,
And now she would the caged cloister fly:
Religious love put out Religion's eye;
Not to be tempted, would she be immur'd,
And now, to tempt, all liberty procur'd.

87.

"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
Must for your victory us all congest, [strong,
As compound love to physic your cold breast.

88.

"My parts had power to charm a sacred nun,
Who, disciplin'd and dieted in grace,
Believ'd her eyes when they to assual 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.

89.

"When thou impresses, what are precepts
Of stale example! When thou wilt inflame,
How coldly those impediments stand forth
Of wealth, of filial fear, law, kindred, fame!
Love's arms are peace, 'gainst rule, 'gainst
sense, 'gainst shame;

And sweetens, in the suffering pangs it bears,
The woes of all forces, shocks, and fears.

90.

"Now all these hearts that do on mine de-
pend, [prize;
Feeling it break, with bleeding groans they
And, supplicant, their sighs to you extend,
To leave the battery that you make 'gainst mine,
Lending soft audience to my sweet design,
And credent soul to that strong-bonded oath,
That shall prefer and undertake my troth."

91.

"This said, his watery eyes he did dismount,
Whose sights till then were level'd on my face;
Each cheek a river running from a fount,
With brinish current, downward flow'd space;
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 en-
closes,

92.

"O father, what a hell of witchcraft lies
In the small orb of one particular tear!
But with the inundation of the eyes
What rocky heart to water will not wear!
What breast so cold that is not warmed here!
O cleft effect! cold modesty, hot wrath,
Both fire from hence and chill extincture hath.

93.

"For, lo, his passion, but an art of craft,
Even there resolv'd my reason into tears!
There my white stole of chastity I daff'd,
Shook off my sober guards, and civil fears;
Appear to him, as he to me appears,
All melting; though our drops this difference
bore,
His poison'd me, and mine did him restore.

94.

"In him a plentitude of subtle matter,
Applied to caustics, all strange forms receives,
Of burning blushes, or of weeping water,
Or swooning paleness; and he takes and leaves,
In either's aptness, as it best deceives,
To blush at speeches rank, to weep at woes,
Or to turn white and swoon at tragic shows:

95.

"That not a heart which in his level came
Could 'scape the hail of his all-hurting aim,
Showing fair nature is both kind and tame;
And, veil'd in them, did win whom he would
main:
Against the thing he sought he would exclaim;
When he most burn'd in heart-wish'd luxury,
He preach'd pure maid, and prais'd cold chas-
tity.

96.

"Thus merely with the garment of a Grace
The naked and conceal'd fiend he cover'd;
That th' unexperienc'd gave the tempter place,
Which, like a cherubin, above them hover'd.
Who, young and simple, would not be so
lover'd!

Ah me ! I fell ; and yet do question make
What I should do again for such a sake,
47.
"O, that infected moisture of his eye,
O, that false fire which in his cheek so glow'd,

O, that forc'd thunder from his heart did fly,
O, that sad breath his spungy lungs bestow'd,
O, that all borrow'd motion, seeming ow'd,
Would yet again betray the fore-betray'd,
And new pervert a reconciled maid !"

THE PASSIONATE PILGRIM.

1.

SWEET Cythera, 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
She told him stories to delight his ear ; [queen.
She show'd him favours to allure his eye ;
To win his heart, she touch'd him here and
Touches so soft still conquer chastity. [there :
But whether unripe years did want conceit,
Or he refus'd to take her figur'd proffer,
The tender nibbler would not touch the bait,
But smile and jest at every gentle offer :
Then fell she on her back, fair queen, and
toward :

She told the youngling how god Mars did try
And as he fell to her, so she fell to him. [her,
"Even thus," quoth she, "the warlike god
embrac'd me,"
And then she clipp'd Adonis in her arms ;
"Even thus," quoth she, "the warlike god
unlac'd 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 not the seizure :
And as she fetch'd breath, away he skips,
And would not take her meaning nor her
Ah, that I had my lady at this bay, [pleasure.
To kiss and clip me till I run away !

5.

He rose and ran away ; ah, fool too forward !
2.
Scarce had the sun dried up the dewy morn,
And scarce the herd gone to the hedge for
When Cythera, all in love forlorn, [shade,
A longing tarriance for Adonis made,
Under an osier growing by a brook,
A brook where Adon us'd to cool his spleen :
Hot was the day ; she hotter that did look
For his approach, that often there had been.
Anon he comes, and throws his mantle by,
And stood stark naked on the brook's green
brim :

Did not the heavenly rhetoric of thine eye,
'Gainst whom the world could not hold argu-
Persuade my heart to this false perjury ! [ment,
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 gained cures all disgrace in me.
My vow was breath, and breath a vapour is ;
Then thou, fair sun, that on this earth dost
Exhale this vapour vow ; in thee it is : [shine,
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 !

6.

The sun look'd on the world with glorious eye,
Yet not so wistly as this queen on him.
He, spying her, bound'd in, whereas he
stood : [blood !"
"O Jove," quoth she, "why was not I a

Fair is my love, but not so fair as fields ;
Mild as a dove, but neither true nor trusty ;
Brighter than glass, and yet, as glass is, brittle ;
Softer than wax, and yet, as iron, rusty ;
A lily pale, with damask dye to grace her,
None fairer, nor none faster to deface her.
Her lips to mine how often hath she join'd, [ting !
Between each kiss her oaths of true love swear-
How many tales to please me hath she coin'd,
Dreading my love, the less thereof still fearing !
Yet in the midst of all her pure protestings,
Her faith, her oaths, her tears, and all were
jestings.

Fair was the morn, when the fair queen of love,
[Line lost.]
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, [grounds ;
Forbade the boy he should not pass those
"Oace," quoth she, "did I see a fair sweet
youth

She burn'd with love, as straw with fire flameth ;
She burn'd out love, as soon as straw out-
burneth ; [framing ;
She fram'd the love, and yet she foil'd the
She bade love last, and yet she fell a-turning.
Was this a lover, or a lecher whether ?
Bad in the best, though excellent in neither.

7.

Here in these brakes deep-wounded with a boar,
Deep in the thigh, a spectacle of ruth ! [score.
See, in my thigh," quoth she, "here was the
She showed hers : he saw more wounds than
And blushing fled, and left her all alone, [one,

If music and sweet poetry agree,
As they must needs, the sister and the brother,

Venus, with young Adonis sitting by her,
Under a myrtle shade, began to woo him :

Then must the love be great 'twixt thee and me,
Because thou lov'st the one, and I the other.
Dowland to thee is dear, whose heavenly touch
Upon the lute doth ravish human sense;
Spenser to me, whose deep conceit is such,
As, passing all conceit, needs no defence.
Thou lov'st to hear the sweet melodious sound
That Phoebus' lute, the queen of music, makes;
And I in deep delight am chiefly drown'd,
Whenas himself to singing he betakes.

One god is god of both, as poets feign;
One knight loves both, and both in thee
remain.

8.

[vaded,
Sweet rose, fair flower, untimely pluck'd, soon
Pluck'd in the bud, and vaded in the spring!
Bright orient pearl, alack, too timely shaded!
Fair creature, kill'd too soon by death's sharp
sting!

Like a green plum that hangs upon a tree,
And falls, through wind, before the fall
should be.

I weep for thee, and yet no cause I have;
For why thou left'st me nothing in thy will:
And yet thou left'st me more than I did crave;
For why I craved nothing of thee still:

O yes, dear friend, I pardon craves of thee,—
Thy discontent thou didst bequeath to me.

9.

Crabbed age and youth
Cannot live together:
Youth is full of pleasure,
Age is full of care;
Youth like summer morn,
Age like winter weather;
Youth like summer brave,
Age like winter bare.
Youth is full of sport,
Age's breath is short;
Youth is nimble, age is lame;
Youth is hot and bold,
Age is weak and cold;
Youth is wild, and age is tame.
Age, I do abhor thee;
Youth, I do adore thee;
O, my love, my love is young!
Age, I do defy thee:—
O, sweet shepherd, hie thee,
For methinks thou stay'st too long.

10.

Beauty is but a vain and doubtful good;
A shining glass, that vadeth suddenly;
A flower that dies, when first it 'gins to bud;
A brittle glass, that's broken presently:
A doubtful good, a gloss, a glass, a flower,
Lost, vaded, broken, dead within an hour.

And as goods lost are sold or never found,
As fading gloss no rubbing will refresh,
As flowers dead lie wither'd on the ground,
As broken glass no cement can redress,
So beauty, blemish'd once, for ever's lost,
In spite of physic, painting, pain, and cost.

11.

[share:
Good night, good rest. Ah, neither be my
She bade good night, that kept my rest away;
And daff'd me to a cabin hang'd with care,
To desert on the doubts of my decay.
"Farewell," quoth she, "and come again
to-morrow."
[sorrow.

Fare well I could not, for I sup'd with
Yet at my parting sweetly did she smile,
In scorn or friendship, nill I construe whether;
"T may be, she joy'd to jest at my exile,
"T may be, again to make me wander thither:
"Wander," a word for shadows like myself.
As take the pain, but cannot pluck the pail.

12.

Lord, how mine eyes throw gazes to the east!
My heart doth charge the watch; the morning
Doth cite each moving sense from idle rest. [rise
Not daring trust the office of mine eyes,

While Philomela sits and sings, I stand mark,
And wish her lays were tuned like the lark;
For she doth welcome daylight with her ditty,
And drives away dark dismal-dreaming night:
The night so pack'd, I post unto my pretty;
Heart hath his hope, and eyes their wished
sight;

Sorrow chang'd to solace, solace mix'd with
sorrow;

For why, she sigh'd, and bade me come to-
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.

13.

It was a lord's daughter, the fairest one of
three,
That liked of her master as well as well might
Till looking on an Englishman, the fair'st that
Her fancy fell a-turning. [eye could see

Long was the combat doubtful, that love with
love did fight,

To leave the master loveless, or kill the gallant
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
For of the two the trusty knight was wounded

Alas, she could not help it! [with disdain.
Thus art, with arms contending, was victor of
the day,

Which by a gift of learning did bear the maid
Then, lullaby, the learned man hath got the
For now my song is ended, [lady gay;

14.

My books feed not,
My ewes breed not,
My rams speed not,
All is amiss:

Love is dying,
Faith's denying,
Heart's denying,
Cause of this.
All my merry jigs are quite forgot,
All my lady's love is lost, God wot:
Where her faith was firmly fix'd in love,
There a nay is plac'd without remove.
One silly cross
Wrought all my loss;
O frowning Fortune, curs'd, 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!—
Frighted 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.
With sighs so deep
Procures to weep,
In howling wise, to see my doleful plight.
How sighs resound
Through heartless ground, [light!
Like a thousand vanquish'd men in bloody
Clear wells spring not,
Sweet birds sing not,
Green plants bring not
Forth; they die;
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.

15.

Whenas thine eye hath chose the dame,
And stall'd the deer that thou shouldst smite,
Let reason rule things worthy blame,
As well as fancy partial might:
Take counsel of some wiser head,
Neither too young, nor yet unwed.
And when thou com'st thy tale to tell,
Smooth not thy tongue with filed talk,
Lest she some subtle practice smell;
(A cripple soon can find a halt:)

But plainly say thou lov'st her well,
And set thy person forth to sell.

What though her frowning brows be bent,
Her cloudy looks will 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 shall 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'll not stick to round me i' th' ear,
To teach my tongue to be so long:
Yet will she blush, here be it said,
To hear her secrets so bewray'd.

16.

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;
Everything did banish moan,
Save the nightingale alone:
She, poor bird, as all forlorn,
Lean'd her breast up-till a thorn,
And there sung the dolefull'st ditty,
That to hear it was great pity:
"Fie, fie, fie," now would she cry;
"Teru, Teru!" by and by;

That to hear her so complain,
 Scarce I could from tears refrain;
 For her griefs, so lively shewn,
 Made me think upon mine own.
 Ah, thought I, thou mourn'st in vain!
 None takes pity on thy pain:
 Senseless trees, they cannot hear thee;
 Ruthless beasts, they will not cheer thee.
 King Pandion, he is dead;
 All thy friends are lapp'd in lead;
 All thy fellow-birds do sing,
 Careless of thy sorrowing.
 Even so, poor bird, like thee,
 None alive will pity me.
 Whilst as fickle Fortune smil'd,
 Thou and I were both beguil'd.
 Every one that flatters thee
 Is no friend in misery.
 Words are easy, like the wind;
 Faithful friends are hard to find:
 Every man will be thy friend,
 Whilst thou hast wherewith to spend;

But if store of crowns be scant,
 No man will supply thy want.
 If that one be prodigal,
 Bountiful they will him call,
 And with such-like flattering,
 "Pity but he wera a king."
 If he be addict to vice,
 Quickly him they will entice;
 If to women he be bent,
 They have him at commandment;
 But if Fortune once do frown,
 Then farewell his great renown;
 They that fawn'd on him before,
 Use his company no more.
 He that is thy friend indeed,
 He will help thee in thy need:
 If thou sorrow, he will weep;
 If thou wake, he cannot sleep;
 Thus, of every grief in heart,
 He with thee doth bear a part.
 These are certain signs to know
 Faithful friend from flattering foe.

THE PHOENIX AND TURTLE.

(From the additional poems to CHAKSTON'S *Love's Martyr*, or *Rosalin's Complaint*, 1601.)

LET the bird of loudest lay
 On the sole Arabian tree,
 Herald sad and trumpet be,
 To whose sound chaste wings obey.
 But thou, shrieking harbinger,
 Foul pre-cursor of the fiend,
 Augur of the fever's end,
 To this troop come thou not near.
 From this session interdict
 Every fowl of tyrant wing,
 Save the eagle, feather'd king;
 Keep the obsequy so strict.
 Let the priest in surplice white,
 That defunctive music can,
 Be the death-divining swan,
 Lest the requiem lack his right.
 And thou, treble-dated crow,
 That thy sable gender mak'st
 With the breath thou giv'st and tak'st,
 'Mongst our mourners shalt thou go.
 Here the anthem doth commence:—
 Love and constancy is dead;
 Phoenix and the turtle fled
 In a mutual flame from hence,
 So they lov'd, as love in twain
 Had the essence but in one;
 Two distinct, division none:
 Number there in love was slain.
 Hearts remote, yet not asunder;
 Distance, and no space was seen
 'Twixt the turtle and his queen:
 But in them it were a wonder.
 So between them love did shine,
 That the turtle saw his right

Flaming in the phoenix' sight;
 Either was the other's mine.
 Property was thus appall'd,
 That the self was not the same;
 Single nature's double name
 Neither two nor one was call'd.
 Reason, in itself confounded,
 Saw division grow together,
 To themselves yet either-neither,
 Simple were so well compounded;
 That it cried, How true a twain
 Seemeth this concordant one!
 Love hath reason, reason none,
 If what parts can so remain.
 Whereupon it made this threne
 To the phoenix and the dove,
 Co-supremes and stars of love,
 As chorus to their tragic scene.

THERNOS.

Beauty, truth, and rarity,
 Grace in all simplicity,
 Here enclos'd in cinders lie.
 Death is now the phoenix' nest;
 And the turtle's loyal breast
 To eternity doth rest,
 Leaving no posterity:—
 'Twas not their infirmity,
 It was married chastity.
 Truth may seem, but cannot be;
 Beauty brag, but 'tis not she;
 Truth and beauty buried be.
 To this urn let those repair
 That are either true or fair;
 For these dead birds sigh a prayer.

GLOSSARY.

Subjects, the lowest people.
able, to qualify or uphold.
Absolute, highly accomplished.
Abused, deceived. [perfect].
Abz, to pay dear for.
Abysm, abyss.
Accite, to call or summon.
Acknow, to acknowledge.
Aconatum, wolf's bane.
Action, direction by mute signs, charge or accusation.
Action, action.
Address, to make ready.
Addressed, or *address*, ready.
Advertisement, admonition.
Advise, to consider, recollect.
Advised, not precipitant, cool.
Affect, to love. [cautious].
Affected, confirmed.
Affid, betrothed.
Affined, joined by affinity.
Affray, to alight.
Affront, to face or confront.
Affs, to betroth in marriage.
Aglet-baby, a diminutive being the size of the tag of a lace.
Agnice, acknowledge, confess.
Alder-lieft, beloved above all things, from *leve* (dear), *alder* (of all).
Almain, a German. [the dice].
Ames-ace, the lowest chance of
Amort, sunk and dispirited.
An, as, if.
Anchor, anchor.
Ancient, an insign or standard bearer. [bal].
Anthropophagium, a cannibal.
Antick, the fool of the old.
Antres, caves and dens. [farces].
Apple John, species of apple that will keep for two years.
Appointment, preparation.
Apprehension, opinion. [stand].
Apprehensive, quick to understand.
Approbation, entry on probation.
Approof, proof, approbation.
Approved, felt, experienced, convicted by proof.
Argal, a corruption of *ergo*, therefore.
Argier, Algiers.
Argosies, ships of burthen.

Argument, subject.
Arm-gaunt, to make thin by use of armour.
Arant, avant, begone.
Art, practice as distinguished from theory. [cles].
Articulate, to enter into articulation, exhibited in art. [cles].
Asperion, sprinkling.
Assinego, an ass driver, a fool.
Assured, affianced. [ish fellow].
Astringer, a falconer.
Atomies, minute particles discernible in a ray of sunshine in a dark room.
Atone, to reconcile, set at one.
Atasked, taken to task, corrected.
Attent, attentive.
Audacious, spirited, animated.
Audrey, a corruption of Etheldreda.
Augurs, auguries or prognostications.
Aukward, adverse. [tifications].
Authentic, an epithet applied to the learned.
Avaunt, contemptuous dismissal.
Averring, confirming. [sion].
Avies, salutation.
Aweful, reverend, worshipful.
Awless, not producing awe.
Aye, for ever.

Baccare, give place; but of doubtful meaning.
Bale, misery, calamity.
Balked, bathed or piled up.
Ballona, a cudgel.
Ban, a curse. [tiff].
Bandog, a village dog, or mas-banning, cursing.
Bar, barrier.
Barbe, a kind of veil.
Barful, full of impediments.
Barm, yeast.
Barn, a child.
Barnacle, a kind of shell-fish.
Base, dishonoured.
Base, a rustic game, called prison base.
Bases, a kind of loose breeches worn by knights on horseback.

Basilisks, a species of cannon.
Basta, enough.
Bastard, raisin wine.
Bat, a club or staff.
Bate, strife, contention.
Bate, to flutter as a hawk.
Battel, an instrument with which washerwomen beat
Batten, to grow fat. [clothes].
Bawin, brushwood.
Bawcock, a jolly cock.
Bay, the space between the main beams of a roof.
Bay-curtal, a bay docked horse.
Beadsman, one who prays for another.
Beard, to oppose in a hostile manner, to set at defiance.
Bearing-cloth, a mantle used at christenings.
Beal, in falconry, to flutter.
Beaver, helmet in general.
Beck, a salutation made with the head.
Beetle, to hang over the base, being, abode. [a mallet].
Belongings, endowments.
Be-mete, be-measure. [mired].
Be-mailed, be-draggled, be-bending, unequal to the weight.
Bent, the utmost degree of any passion. [able].
Benumbed, inflexible, immovable.
Benvenuto, welcome. [dance].
Bergomask, a kind of rustic
Beshrew, ill befall.
Bestraught, distraught or distracted. [to permit or suffer].
Beteem, to give, to pour out.
Betray, betray.
Bewoman, a term of reproach.
Biggin, a kind of cap.
Bilberry, the whortleberry.
Bilbo, a Spanish swordblade.
Bilboes, a species of fetters used for sailors.
Bill, a weapon carried by watchmen, articles of accusation.
Bin, is.
Bird-bolt, a species of arrow.
Bisson, blind.
Blank, the white mark at which an arrow is shot.

- Blast*, burst. [sign of contempt.
Blasted, or *blast*, an expres-
clear, to deceive.
Blench, to start off.
Blent, bleaded, mixed.
Blind-worm, the slow-worm.
Blood-hollered, dandied with
 blood.
Blown, puffed or swollen.
Blows, swells.
Blunt, stupid, insensible.
Bourl, to accost, to address.
Bob, to trick, to make a fool of.
Bodged, botched, make bung-
 ling work.
Boikin, a small dagger.
Boitier, a box to hold a snave.
Bollet, sifted, refined.
Hollered, bedaubed.
Bolting-hutch, the receptacle
 in which the meal is bolted.
Bombard, or *bumbard*, a barrel.
Bombast, the stuffing of clothes.
Boat, profit, advantage, some-
 thing over and above.
Bore, demeaned.
Bore, the calibre of a gun, the
 capacity of the barrel.
Bores, stabs or wounds.
Bosky, woody. [a horse.
Bots, worms in the stomach of
Bottled-spider, a bloated spider.
Bourn, boundary.
Bow, yoke. [state of defence.
Brace, armour for the arm,
Brack, a species a hound.
Brack, to salt.
Braid, crafty, strange.
Brake, a thicket, furze-bush.
Brands, part of the antrion.
Brave, to make fine or splendid.
Bravel, a kind of dance.
Breast, voice, surface.
Breath, breathing, voice.
Breathed, injured by constant
 practice.
Breathing, complimentary.
Breeched, sheathed.
Breadbate, a breeder of strife,
 the bounds of good behaviour
 overpassed. [or enumeration.
Brief, a short account, letter,
Brize, the gad, or horse-fly.
Bronched, spitted, transfixd.
Brock, a badger.
Broken, toothless.
Broker, a matchmaker, a pro-
Brown, height. [cress or pimp.
Brownist, the name of a sect.
Bruit, noise, report.
Bristled, reported with clam-
Brush, detrition, decay. [sur.
Buckle, to bend, to yield to
 pressure.
- Bugs*, bugbears, terrors.
Bulk, the body. [a skylark.
Bunting, a bird outwardly like
Burgonet, a kind of helmet.
Bush, the sign of a public-
 house.
Busky, woody. See *Bosky*.
Butt-shaft, an arrow to shoot
 at butts with. [command.
Buzom, obedient, under good
By, according to, by means of.
Byrlakin, by our ladykin or
 little lady.
- Caddis*, a narrow worsted gal-
Caddises, worsted lace. [loom.
Cade, a barrel.
Cadent, falling.
Cage, a prison.
Cain-coloured, yellow. Cain
 was always painted of that
 colour in old times—hence
 yellow for jealousy.
Caiff, a prisoner, a slave, a
 scoundrel. [phesy.
Calculate, to foretell or pro-
Caliver, a species of musket.
Callet, a lewd woman.
Calm, quail. [wine.
Canary, a sprightly dance.
Candle-waisters, those who
 sit up all night to drink.
Canker, the dog-rose.
Cantick, candlestick.
Cantel, or *candle*, a corner or
 piece of anything.
Cantons, cantos.
Canvas, to sift.
Canvas-climber, a sailor who
 climbs to adjust the sails.
Cap, the top, the principal.
Cap, to salute by taking off
 the cap.
Capable, perceptible, intelli-
 gent, ample, capacious.
Capitulate, to make head.
Capricious, lascivious. [ent.
Captious, capacious or recipi-
Carack, a Spanish ship of
 great bulk.
Carbonadoed, scarred.
Card, perhaps a sea-chart.
Carevez, the motion of a horse:
 (met.) the bounds of good
 behaviour overpassed.
Carikanet, necklace or chain.
Carl, clown or husbandman.
Carlot, peasant.
Carper, a critic.
Carpet-consideration, on a car-
 pet, a festivity.
Carriage, import.
Carried, conducted or man-
Carry, to prevail over. [aged.
- Cart*, a chariot.
Case, to strip naked.
Casques, helmets. [coat.
Cassock, a horseman's great-
Cast, to empty as a pond, to
 dismiss or reject.
Cast, cast up, reckoned. [term.
Castilian, an opprobrious
Castilano vulgo, a cast term
Cataian, a liar. [of contempt.
Calling, a small lute-string
 made of catgut.
Cautelous, insidious, cautious.
Cavalerones, airy, gay fellows.
Caviare, a delicacy made of
 the roes of sturgeon—"too
 good."
Cease, de cease, die, to stop.
Conserve, judgment, opinion.
Centuries, companies of an
 hundred men each.
Ceremonious, superstitious.
Certes, certainty, in truth.
Cess, measure.
Chace, a term at tennis.
Chair, throne. [gun.
Chamber, a species of great
Chamberers, men of intrigue.
Champaign, an open country.
Chance, fortune.
Changingel, a child changed.
Channell, a kennel.
Character, description, hand-
 writing. [strongly.
Character, to write, to insin-
Characterly, the matter with
 which letters are made.
Chares, task-work.
Charge, to put to expense.
Charge, commission, employ-
 ment.
Charge-house, the free-school.
Chariest, most cautious.
Chariness, caution.
Charitable, dear, endearing.
Charles's-wann, the constella-
 tion called the Bear.
Charneco, a sort of sweet wine.
Chaudron, entrails.
Cheater, escheator, an officer
 in the exchequer, a gamester.
Check, command, control.
Check, to object to, to rebuke.
Checks, probably for ethics.
Cheer, countenance.
Cherry-pit, pitching cherry-
 stones into a little hole.
Cheveril, soft or kid leather.
Cheue, to ruminate, consider.
Chevet, a mangle.
Chide, to respond, to echo, to
 scold, to be clamorous.
Chiding, sound.
Chiding, noisy.

- Chapine*, a high shoe or clog worn in Venice.
Chough, a bird of the daw kind.
Christom, the white cloth put on a new-baptized child.
Crystals, eyes. [dearment.
Chuck, chicken, a term of endearment.
Chuff, rich, avaricious.
Cuque pace, a kind of dance.
Circumstance, detail of an argument, a circumlocution.
Cital, recital.
Cite, to incite, to show, to utter.
Cittern, a guitar. [prove.
Civil, grave or solemn.
Civil, human creature, anything human.
Black-dish, a beggar's dish.
Clave, to flatter.
Clear-story, a species of windows in a church, clerestory.
Clerkly, like a scholar.
Clap, a key in music.
Cling, to shrink or shrivel up.
Clinguant, glittering, shining.
Clip, to embrace, to infold.
Clout, the white mark at which archers take aim. [families.
Clown, a licensed jester in a street quarrel.
Clubs, a popular cry on a street quarrel.
Clutch, grasped.
Coach-fellow, one who draws with a confederate. [ing.
Coasting, conciliatory, inviting.
Cobloaf, a crusty, uneven loaf.
Cock, cock-boat.
Cockle, a weed.
Cockled, shelled like a cockle.
Cock-shut-time, twilight.
Codling, anciently an immature apple. [pie.
Coffin, the cavity of a raised dog, to falsify, to lie, to defraud.
Cognizance, the badge or token. [ken.
Coin, bustle, stir.
Cold, naked. [ation.
Collect, to assemble by observation.
Collection, corollary, consequence. [coal.
Collied, black, smutted with soot.
Collier, formerly a term of reproach for imposition.
Colour, pretence.
Colourable, specious.
Colours, appearances, deceptions.
Coll, to fool, to trick.
Co-mart, a joint bargain.
Cominate, betrothed.
Combine, to blind. [ment.
Combined, bound by agreement.
Commended, committed.
Commission, authority, power.
Commodity, interest, profit.
Commodity, a comedy.
Compact, made up of.
Companion, fellow.
Company, companion.
Comparative, a dealer in comparisons.
Compare, comparison.
Compassed, round.
Compassionate, plaintive.
Competitors, confederates or associates.
Complements, accomplishments.
Complexion, humour. [ments.
Comply, to compliment.
Compose, to come to a composition.
Composition, contract or bargain, consistency, concordancy.
Composure, composition, composure.
Comptible, submissive. [post.
Con, to study. [thought.
Conceit, fanciful conception.
Concent, connected harmony in general. [solution.
Conclusion, determination, resolution.
Conclusions, experiments.
Concupy, concupiscence.
Condition, temper, character, qualities, vocations, or inclinations.
Condolence, sorrow.
Conduct, conductor.
Coney-catch, a deceitful, cheated.
Coney-catcher, a cheat, or sharper.
Confession, profession.
Confound, to destroy, to expend, to consume.
Confounded, worn or wasted.
Conject, conjecture.
Conjecture, suspicion.
Consigned, sealed.
Consist, to stand upon.
Consort, to keep company with.
Constancy, consistency, stability. [fluctuation.
Constantly, certainly, without intermission.
Contemptible, contemptuous.
Continent, the thing which contains.
Continents, banks of rivers.
Continuous, uninterrupted.
Contraction, marriage contract.
Contrarious, different. [tract.
Contrive, to spend and wear out.
Control, to confute. [out.
Consent, to serve or agree.
Convened, cited, summoned.
Conversation, familiar intercourse, conduct, behaviour.
Converse, interchange.
Conversion, change of condition.
Convertible, convert. [tion.
Convey, to perform sleight of hand, to manage artfully.
Conveyance, theft, fraud.
Convicted, overpowered, baffled.
Convulse, to overpower, subdue, convict.
Convulse, to feast.
Cope, to encounter, to engage.
Cope, covering.
Copped, rising to a cop or head.
Cory, theme.
Coragio, courage.
Corley, dry, withered, husky.
Corollary, surplus.
Corrigible, corrected.
Costard, the head.
Costermonger, a dealer in costers or costards, which were a kind of apple.
Cote, to overtake. [regarded.
Coted, quoted, observed, or observed.
Cotswale, Cotswold in Gloucestershire.
Count, to make account, to reckon upon. [nobleman.
Count, *Confect*, a spacious countenance, false appearance, hypocrisy. [trait.
Counterfeit, a likeness, a portrait.
Counterpoints, counterpoints.
County, count, earl.
Covered, hollow. [a large tub.
Cowl-staff, a staff for carrying a cowl.
Coy, to soothe or stroke. [ingly.
Coyed, condescended unwillingly.
Coystril, a coward cook, a mean or drunken fellow.
Crier, a tailor or butcher.
Crab, a wild apple.
Crack, dissolution.
Crack, a boy or child, a boy.
Cranks, windings. [child.
Cranks, chants.
Crave, a small trading vessel.
Craven, a degenerate, dispirited cock.
Craven, mean, cowardly, to make cowardly. [up.
Create, compounded or made.
Credent, probable, also credulous.
Cressets, a light set on a cresset, increasing. [beacon.
Crest, the top, the height.
Crestless, those who have no right to arms.
Crisp, curling, winding, curled.
Critic, cynic. [bent, hollow.
Critical, censorious.
Crone, an old worn-out woman.
Crosses, money stamped with a cross, to exult over. [a cross.

Crow-keeper, a scare-crow.
Crown, to conclude.
Crowned, dignified, adorned.
Crownet, last purpose.
Crush, to drink.
Cry, a troop or pack.
Cuisse, armour for the thighs.
Cullion, a despicable fellow.
Cunning, sagacity, knowledge.
Curb, to bend or buckle.
Curiosity, finical delicacy, scrupulousness or captiousness.
Curious, scrupulous.
Curled, ostentatiously dressed.
Currents, occurrences.
Curst, petulant, crabbed, shrewdly, vehemently, un-
Curstness, ill-humour. [cry.
Curtail, a dog which mutes the game.
Curtal, a docked horse.
Curtle-ix, or *cullace*, a broadsword. [custard or pie.
Custard-coffin, the crust of a
Customer, a common woman.
Out, a horse.
Cuttle, a knife used by sharpeners.
Cyprus, a transparent stuff.

Daff or doll, to do off, to put
Daily, to play or trifle. [aside.
Damn, condemn.
Dank, wet, rotten.
Dankers, natives of Denmark.
Darling, in the dark.
Darraig, to arrange, put in
Daub, to disguise. [order.
Daubery, falsehood and im-
Day-bed, a couch. [position.
Day-woman, dairy-maid.
Dear, best, important, dire.
Deary, direful, lonely, solitary.
Death-tokens, spots appearing
on those infected by the
Deboshed, debauched. [plague.
Deck, to cover, a pack of cards.
Declined, the fallen.
Deem, opinion, surmise.
Defeat, to free, to disembarass.
Defeatures, change of features
for the worse.
Defence, art of fencing.
Defend, to forbid. [droitness.
Defly, dexterously, with a-
Defy, to refuse, to disdain.
Degrees, steps.
Delay, to let slip.
Demerits, merits.
Denise, to grant.
Denay, denial. [Franch sou.
Denier, the twelfth part of a
Denotements, indications or
discoveries.
Denude, strip or divest.

Depart, part.
Departing, separation.
Depend, to be in service.
Deprive, to disinherit. [roots.
Deracinate, to force up by the
Derogate, degraded, blotted.
Descant, a term in music, or
to harangue about.
Desert, merit.
Design, to mark out.
Despatched, bereft.
Desperate, bold, adventurous.
Detected, suspected or charged.
Determined, sometimes for
ended.
Dibble, an instrument used by
gardeners.
Dich, dit or do it.
Dickon, familiarly for Richard.
Die, gaining.
Diet, to oblige to fast.
Diffused, extravagant, irregu-
Digression, transgression. [lar.
Dildo, the burden of a song.
Disable, to undervalue.
Disappointed, unprepared.
Discandy, to melt sweets, dis-
Disclose, to hatch. [solve.
Discontenting, discontented.
Discourse, reason.
Disdain, disdainful. [lent.
Disease, uneasiness, discom-
Dislimns, unpaints, obliterates.
Dismes, tenths.
Disperse, to sprinkle [sponge-
Dispose, discharge as a
Dispose, to make terms, to
settle matters.
Disposition, frame.
Disputable, disputations.
Dispute, to talk over.
Dissemble, to gloss over.
Dissembling, putting dis-
similar things together.
Distaste, to corrupt, to change
to a worse state.
Disenchantment, perturbation.
Disempered, ruffled, out of
humour. [separate bottles.
Dissections, detachments.
Distraught, distracted.
Diverted, turned out of the
course or nature.
Division, the pauses or parts
of musical composition.
Doctrina, skill.
Dole, lot, allowance. [France.
Dolphin, the daughter of
Don, to do on, to put on.
Done, expended, consumed.
Dotant, dotard.
Double, full of duplicity.
Dout, to do out, extinguish.
Dovle, a feather.

Down-gyved, hanging down
like the cinetars which con-
fine the fetters round the
Draught, the jakes. [arches.
Drazen, embowelled, axon-
Drew, assembled. [fated.
Dribbling, a term of contempt.
Drive, to fly with impetuosity.
Droffery, a show performed by
Drugs, drudges. [puppets.
Drumble, to act lazily and
stupidly. [him to me.
Ducane, duc ad me, bring
Dudgeon, the handle of a
dagger. [grace.
Dur, to endure, to dock, to
Dull, melancholy, gentle,
soothing. [sensible.
Dull, to render callous, in-
Bullard, a person stupidly
unconcerned.
Drump, a mournful elegy.
Dup, to do up, to lift up.

Eager, sour, sharp, harsh.
Easings, lambs just dropt
Ear, to plough.
Ear-kissing, whispering.
Eazy, slight, inconsiderable.
Echo, to eke out. [madness.
Ectasy, alienation of mind.
Edward shovel-boards, Edward
ing shovel-board.
Effects, affects, or affections.
Eftest, defeat, rendient.
Eld, old time, or persons.
Eloquent, initiation, previous
Elf, a fairy. [practical.
Emballed, distinguished by
the ball, the emblem of
royalty. [view.
Embarr, expose, display to
Embossed, inclosed, swelled.
Empers, dominion, sovereign
command. [tious contention.
Emulation, rivalry, envy, fac-
Engrave, to hide. [sion.
Enfeoff, to invest with power.
Engross, to fatten, to paragon.
Engrossments, accumulations.
Enkindle, to stimulate.
Ennue, to coop up.
Enscence, to protect as with a
Enscanned, greasy. [port.
Enshield, shielded.
Entertain, to retain in service.
Entertainment, the pay of an
army, admission to office.
Entreatments, the objects of
entreaty.
Ephesian, a cant term for a
Ercheile, just now. [toper.
Escoted, paid.

- Eel*, a river.
Eperance, the motto of the
Esquels, spies. [Perey family.
Essential, existent, real.
Estimate, price.
Estimation, conjecture.
Eterne, eternal.
Even, to act up to.
Excrescent, the beard.
Excrescents, the hair, nails,
 feathers of birds, &c. [use.
Escoute, to employ, to put to
Execution, employment or
 exercise.
Executioners, executioners.
Exempt, excluded.
Exerciss, exhortation, lecture,
 or confession.
Eschale, hale or lug out.
Exhibition, allowance.
Exigent, end.
Exorcist, a person who can lay
Expect, expectation. [spirits.
Expedient, expeditious.
Expiate, tully completed.
Expostulate, to inquire or dis-
 posture, exposure. [ous.
Express, to reveal.
Expulsed, expelled.
Exuvial, contemptible, a-
Exult, to seize. [ominable.
Exult, in law, violence in
Extern, outward. [general.
Extripped, rooted out.
Extracting, that which draws
 away from everything but
 its own object.
Extravagant, wandering.
Eyases, nestling hawks.
Eyes musket, the smallest
 hawk, used for a small child.
Eye, a small shade of colour.
Eylands, glances, looks. See
Eyne, eyes. [Ocellada.
Face, to carry a foolish ap-
 pearance.
Faced, turned up with facings.
Facinorous, wicked.
Fact, guilt.
Factions, active.
Faculties, medicinal virtues,
 office, exercise of power.
Fadge, to suit or fit.
Fading, the burthen of a song.
Fain, fond. [ness.
Fair, beauty, complexion, fair-
Fair-betrothed, fairly contract-
 ed, honourably affianced.
Faitors, traitors, rascals.
Fall, an ebb.
False, to make false.
Falsing, falsifying.
Familiar, a demon.
Fancy, love. [power of love.
Fancy-free, exempt from the
Fang, to seize or gripe.
Fanged, possessed of fangs.
Fantastical, creatures of fancy.
Fap, drunk.
Far, extensively.
Farced, stuffed.
Fashions, furbans or farcy.
Fate, determined, fixed.
Fat, dull. [by fate.
Fate, an action predetermined
Favour, countenance, features.
Feat, ready, dexterous.
Feat, an exploit.
Feath, formed, made neat.
Feature, beauty in general,
 cast and make of the face.
Federary, a confederate.
Feeder, an eater, a servant.
Fee-grief, a peculiar sorrow.
Feere or *phere*, a companion,
Feet, footing. [a husband.
Fell, skin.
Fell-feats, savage practices.
Fellow, companion. [fence.
Fence, the art of, or skill in, de-
Feddary, an accomplice, a con-
Fester, to corrupt. [fuderate.
Festively, hastily.
Festive terms, splendid phra-
Set, fetched. [aeology.
Fico, a fig.
Fielded, in the field of battle.
Fierce, proud, hasty, venge-
Fig, to insult. [ment, rapid.
Fights, clothes hung round a
 ship to conceal the men from
Filed, defiled. [the enemy.
Filed, gone at equal pace with.
Fills, the shafts.
Filths, common sewers.
Finch-egg, a term of reproach
 for gandy drom.
Fine, the conclusion.
Fine, full of finesse, artful.
Fine, for final.
Virago, for *Virago*.
Fire-drake, will-o'-the-wisp, or
 a fire-work.
Fire-new, brand-new, new from
Firk, to chastise. [the forge.
Fir, a division of a song.
Fitchew, a polecat.
Fitty, exactly.
Fives, a distemper in horses.
Flap-dragon, a small inflam-
 mable substance, which
 topers swallow in a glass of
Flap-jacks, pan-cakes. [wine.
Flaw, sudden violent gust of
Played, stripped. [wind.
Flecked, spotted, dappled.
Fleet, to float. [streaked.
Fleeting, inconstant.
Fleshment, first act of military
 service. [chaps of a hound.
Flewed, having the fews or
Flickering, fluttering like the
 motion of a flame.
Flight, a sort of shooting.
Flote, wave.
Flourish, ornament.
Flush, mature, ripe.
Foeman, an enemy in war.
Foin, to thrust in fencing.
Foison, plenty.
Folly, depravity of mind.
Fond, foolish, or prized by folly.
Fonder, more weak or foolish.
Fond-done, foolishly done.
Fools' minix, baubles with the
 head of a fool.
Forbid, under interdiction.
Force, power.
Force, to enforce, to urge.
Force, to stuff.
Forced, false.
Fordid, destroyed.
Fordo, to undo, to destroy.
Foredone, overcome.
Foreign, employed in foreign
 embassies.
Forepast, already had. [lotter.
Fore-slew, to be dilatory, to
Foretell, to prevent by anti-
 cipation. [den.
Forfended, prohibited, forbid-
Forgetive, inventive, imagin-
Forked, horned. [ative.
Formal, not out of form.
Former, foremost. [regular.
Forspent, wasted, exhausted.
Forspoke, contradicted, spoken
 against.
Forthecoming, in custody.
Forwearing, worn out.
Foul, homely, not fair.
Fox, a cant word for a sword.
Foxship, mean, cunning.
Frampold, peevish, fretful, of
Frank, a sty. [cross.
Franklin, a freeholder or yeo-
 man.
Fret, the stop of a musical
 instrument, which regulates
 the vibration of the string.
Friend, a lover, a term applica-
 ble to both sexes, a par-
Friend, friendship. [amour.
Friend, to befriend.
Frippery, a shop where old
 clothes were sold.
Frize, a cloth made in Wales.
From, in opposition to.
Fronted, opposed.
Frontier, forehead.
Frontlet, a forehead cloth.

Frush, to break or bruise.
Frustrate, frustrated.
Fulfilling, filling till there be no room for more.
Fulham, a cant term for false.
Full, complete. [dice].
Fumier, fumitory.
Furnished, dressed. [cant term].
Fustilian, from *fustly*, a

Gaberdine, a loose felt cloak.
Gad, a pointed instrument.
Gone upon the gait means done on the spur of the moment.

Gain-giving, misciving.
Galliard, an ancient dance.
Galliasse, a species of galleys.
Gallow, to scare or frighten.
Gallowglasses, heavy-armed.
Gailymanufry, a medley. [foot].
Garbois, commotion, stir.
Gariah, gaudy, showy.
Garner, to treasure up.
Gasted, frightened.
Gauds, baubles, toys.
Gaze, attention.

Gear, a general word for
Geck, a fool. [things or matters].
General, generality.
General, commendious.
Generation, children.
Generosity, high birth.
Generous, most noble.
Gentility, urbanity.
Gentle, noble, high-minded, belonging to gentry.

Gentry, complaisance.
German, alcin.
Germin, seeds begun to sprout.
Gest, a stage or journey.

Gib, a name for a cat.
Giglot, a wanton wench. [or 2s].
Gilder, a coin valued at 1s. 6d.
Gilt, gilding, golden money.
Gimmel, a ring or engine.

Ging, a gang. [emotion].
Gird, a sarcasm or gibe.
Gleek, to joke or scoff, to beguile. [upon].

Glose, to expound, to comment.
Glut, to englut or swallow up.

Gnarled, knotted.
Good-deed, indeed, in very deed.

Good-den, good evening.
Good-fer, gougere, morbus gallicus. [turn].

Good-life, of a moral or jovial.
Gorbellied, fat and corpulent.

Goss, whins.
Gourds, a species of dice.
Gouts, drops.

Grace, acceptableness, favour.
Grace, to bless, to make happy.

Gracious, graceful, lovely.
Grained, furrowed, like the grain of wood, dyed in grain or indented. [thanks].

Grantercy, grand mercy, great.
Grange, the farm-house of a monastery; a lone house.

Gratuity, gratuity.
Gratulate, gratifying, accept-
Grave, to entomb. [able].

Graves, or *greaves*, armour for.
Greasily, grossly. [the legs].

Green, stripes, not fully formed.
Greenly, awkwardly, unskill-
Greets, pleases. [fully].

Grievances, sorrows, sorrowful.
Gries, a step. [affections].

Grossly, palpably.
Groundlings, the frequenters
 of the pit in the playhouse,
 who used to stand or sit on
 the ground.

Growing, accruing.
Guarded, ornamented.

Guards, badges of dignity.
Guardon, reward.

Guerdonist, rewarded.
Guiled, treacherous.

Gules, red, a term in heraldry.
Gulf, the swallow, the throat.

Gun-stones, cannon-balls.
Gurnet, a fish.

Gust, taste, rashness.
Gyve, to catch, to shackle.
Gyves, shackles.

Hack, to become cheap and
 vulgar.

Haggard, a species of hawk.
Haggard, wild. [of judgment].

Halidom, sentence at the day.
Hand-saw, corrupted from
 harnshaw.

Hardiment, bravery, stoutness.
Harlock, wild mustard.

Harlot, a cheat.
Harp, to touch on a passion.

Harrois, to conquer, to sub-
 due.

Harry, to use roughly, to
 haught, haughty. [harass].

Haughty, high, elevated.
Havut, company.

Having, estate or fortune, pro-
 motion, allowance of ex-
Haviour, behaviour. [pense].

Hav, a term in the fencing-
 school.

Head, the source, the fountain.
Head, body of forces.

Heat, heated.
Heat, violence of resentment.

Heavy, slow.
Hebenon, henbane.

Hefted, heaved.
Hefts, heavings. [pylon].

Hell, an obscure dangeon in a
Helmed, steered through.

Hence, henceforward.
Henchman, a page of honour.

Hent, seized or taken posses-
 sion of.

Hereby, as it may happen.
Hermits, headmen.

Hest, behest, command.
High-fantastical, fantastical
 to the height. [utmost].

High-repentant, repented to the
Hight, called. [follow].

Hiding, a paltry cowardly
Hue, the old poss. case.

Hut, to agree.
Hob-nob, let it happen or not.

Hoist, hoisted.
Hold, taking, bear handling.

Holy, faithful.
Home, completely, in full ex-
Honest, chaste. [tent].

Honestly, liberality.
Honey-stalks, clover-flowers.

Honour, acquired reputation.
Hoodman-blind, blindman's
Hoop, a measure. [buff].

Hose, to ham-string.
Hull, to drive to and fro upon
 the water, without sails or
 rudder. [noise].

Humorous, changeable, humid.
Hungry, sterile, unprolific.

Hunt-counter, base tyke.
Hunt's-up, the name of a tune,
 a morning song.

Hurly, noise.
Hurling, to push violently.

Ice-brooke, tempered by being
 placed into an icy brook.

I jacks, in faith.
Ignomy, ignominy.

Ill-inhabited, ill-dodged.
Ill-nurtured, ill-educated.

Images, children, representa-
 tives. [power of imagination].

Imaginary, produced by the
Imbare, to lay open or display
 to view. [ness].

Immanity, barbarity, savage.
Immediacy, close connection.

Impair, unsuitable. [partial].
Impartial, sometimes used for
Impaired, waged & staked.

Impeach, to bring into question.
Impeachment, reproach or im-
 putation, hindrance.

Imperious, imperial.
Imperverant, perseverant.

Impetico, to impeticoat or
 frapocket.

- Importance, importunity.*
Importance, the thing imported.
Importing, implying, denoting.
Impose, injunction, command.
Impositions, commands.
Impout, to supply.
Impress, to compel to serve.
Impress, a device or motto.
Impugn, to oppose, to controvert. [colour.
Incarmedine, to stain of a red
Incensed, incited, suggested.
Inclining, compliant.
Inclip, to embrace.
Include, to shut up, to con-
clude, enclosed. [clude.
Incumb, or kony, fine, delicate.
Incorrect, ill-regulated.
Indent, to bargain and article.
Index, something preparatory.
Indifferent, sometimes for dif-
ferent, impartial.
Indite, to convict.
Induction, entrance, begin-
ning, preparations. [tion.
Indurance, delay, procrastina-
tion, extent or power.
Engaged, sometimes for unen-
gaged.
Ingen, an ingenious person.
Ingrat, rooted, settled.
Inhabitable, not habitable.
Inherit, to possess.
Inhibit, to forbid.
Inhooped, enclosed, confined.
Inkhorn-mate, a book-mate.
Inkle, a kind of tape, crewel,
or worsted.
Inland, civilized, not rustic.
Insance, to fortify.
Insculped, engraven.
Inseparate, inseparable.
Instances, motives.
Insuit, solicitation.
Intend, to pretend.
Intending, regarding.
Intendant, intention or dis-
position. [ing.
Intenable, incapable of remain-
ing, eagerness of desire.
Intention, with full attention.
Interested, interested.
Interrogatories, interrogatories.
Intrenchant, that which can-
not be cut.
Intrinsic, intrinsic.
Invention, imagination.
Inwardness, intimacy, confi-
dence, to make uneasy. [dence.
Iron-clad, in armour.
Irregular, lawless, licentious.
Issues, consequences, conclu-
sions. [tion.
Iteration, citation, or recita-
- Jack, a term of contempt.*
Jack-a-lent, a puppet thrown
at in Lent.
Jack-guardant, a jack in office,
Jaded, treated with contempt,
worthless.
Jar, the noise made by the
pendulum of a clock.
Jaunting, jaunting.
Jesses, straps of leather by
which the hawk is held on
the fist.
Jest, to play a part in a mask.
Jet, to strut.
Journal, daily.
Jonial, belonging to Jove.
Jump, to agree with, to put
into agitation.
Jump, hazard, to venture at.
Jump, just.
Justicer, justice, judge.
Jut, to encroach.
Jutty, to project.
Juvenal, a youth.
- Kam, crooked.*
Keckey, hemlock.
Keck, a solid lump or mass.
Keel, to cool.
Keisar, Caesar. [soldiers.
Kernes, light-armed Irish foot
key-cold, as cold as iron. [wife.
Kicksey-wicksey, a pet name for
Kiln-hole, a place into which
coals are put under a stove.
Kind, nature, species.
Kindless, unnatural.
Kindly, naturally.
Kindly, kindred.
Kinged, ruled by.
Kinsman, near relative.
Kirtle, part of a woman's dress.
Knave, servant.
Knife, a sword or dagger.
Knots, figures planted in box.
Know, to acknowledge.
Know of, to consider.
- Labras, hips.* [town.
Laced mutton, a woman of the
Lackey, moving like a lackey
Lag, the lag-end. [or page.
Lances, lance-men.
Land-damn, to banish.
Lands, landing-places.
Lapsed, time suffered to slip.
Large, licentious.
Lass-lorn, forsaken of his mis-
Latch, to lay hold of. [tress.
Latched, or latched, licked over.
Late, lately.
Lated, belated, benighted.
Latten, thin as a lath.
Laund, lawn.
- Lavollas, a kind of dances.*
Lay, a wager.
Leaguer, the camp.
Leasing, lying. [apple.
Leather-coats, a species of
Leave, to part with, to give
Leech, a physician. [away.
Leer, feature, complexion.
Leet, court-leet, or court of the
manor.
Legerity, lightness, nimbleness.
Leges, alleges.
Lenger, resident.
Leman, lover, mistress.
Lenton, short and spare.
Leuway, moral or conclusion
Let, to hinder. [of a poem.
Let be, to desist.
Leud, ignorant, idle, wicked.
Leudly, wickedly.
Libberty, or libbary, a leopard.
Liberal, licentious or gross in
language.
Liberty, libertinism.
Licence, an appearance of
licentiousness.
Lie, to reside, to be imprisoned.
Lieft, dearest.
Lieger, an ambassador at a
Lifter, a thief. [foreign court.
Light o' love, a dance tune.
Lightly, commonly, in ordinary
Lightness, levity. [course.
Like, to compare.
Likelihood, similitude. [virtue.
Likeness, specious or seeming
Liking, condition of body.
Limbeck, a vessel used in dis-
tilling.
Limbo narium, in confinement
Line, bird-line. [or prison.
Line, to cement, to put line
in sack.
Lined, entangled or caught, as
with bird-line.
Limit, appointed time.
Limited, appointed, regular,
orderly.
Limits, estimates, calculations.
Lined, delineated.
Link, a torch of pitch.
Linstock, the staff to which the
match is fixed when ordnance
is fired.
List, the bound or limit.
Lither, flexible, yielding.
Little, miniature.
Livelihood, appearance of life.
Livery, a law phrase belonging
to the feudal tenures.
Living, estate, property.
Living, speaking, manifest,
Loach, a small fish. [actual.
Lob, looby, a term of contempt.

Lockram, some kind of cheap
Lode-star, the pole-star. [linen.
Lodged, laid by the wind.
Loose, to laugh.
Loggats, a game played with
 pins of wood.
Longing, longed for.
Longly, longingly. [the wind.
Loof, to bring a vessel close to
 Lorn, or town, a base fellow.
Lop, the branches.
Lot, a prize.
Lottery, allotment.
Lover, a mistress.
Lovied, treated with contempt.
Lovts, clowns.
Lozel, a dishonest fellow.
Lunes, innacy, frenzy.
Lurch, to purloin, to deprive.
Lure, a thing stuffed to tempt
 the hawk.
Lush, rank, a dark full colour.
Lustick, lusty, cheerful, plea-
Lusty, saucy. [sant.
Luxurious, lascivious.
Luxuriously, wantonly.
Luxury, lust.
Lym, a blood-hound.

Mace, a sceptre.
Magnifico, a chief man or
 grandee at Venice.
Magot-pie, magpie.
Mailed, wrapped up, covered.
Makest, dost.
Malick, a wicked art. [wench.
Malkin, a scullion, a coarse
 Mall, Mrs., alias Mary Frith,
 or Moll Cutpurse.
Mallecho, mischief.
Malt-worms, tipplers.
Mammering, hesitating.
Mammets, puppets.
Mammoth, to cut in pieces.
Man, to tame a hawk. [tion.
Manage, conduct, administra-
Mandrake, a root supposed to
 have the shape of a man.
Mankind, masculine.
Marches, the borders, limits,
 or confines. [meat.
Marchpane, a species of sweet-
Martlemas, the latter spring.
Match, an appointment, a com-
 mate, to confound. [pact.
Mated, amazed, dismayed.
Meacocks, a dastardly creature.
Mealed, sprinkled or mingled.
Mean, the tenor in music.
Mean, the middle.
Means, interest, pains.
Measure, the reach.
Measure, a stately solemn
Measure, means. [dance.

Measles, lepers.
Medal, portrait.
Medicine, a she-physician.
Meed, reward.
Meed, merit, desert, excellence.
Meet, a match.
Meiny, people, domestics.
Mell, to meddle with.
Memory, memorial.
Mephistophilus, the name of a
 spirit or familiar.
Mercatante, a merchant.
Mere, exact, entire, absolute.
Mered, mere.
Messes, degrees about court.
Metal, temper.
Metaphysical, supernatural.
Mete-yard, measuring-yard.
Meased, confined. [thief.
Micher, a truant, a lurking
Miching, playing truant,
 skulking about.
Mien, countenance.
Mince, to walk with affected
 delicacy.
Mindling, calling to remem-
 brance, reminding.
Mineral, a mine.
Minnow, a small river fish, a
 term of contempt.
Minstrelsy, office of minstrel.
Misconceived, misconceivers.
Miscreate, ill-begotten, ille-
 gitimate.
Mindoubt, to suspect.
Misery, avarice.
Misprised, mistaken.
Misprising, despising, or un-
 dervaluing.
Missives, messengers.
Mistaken, misrepresented.
Mistemperd, angry.
Misthink, to think ill.
Mistress, the jack in bowling.
Mobbed, or mabled, veiled,
 muffled up. [things.
Mode, the form or state of
 Model, image, representative,
 copy. [pretty.
Modern, trite, common, meanly
Modesty, moderation.
Module, model, pattern.
Moe, or move, to make months.
Moiety, a portion. [softening.
Mollification, pacification.
Mome, a dull stupid blockhead.
Momentary, momentary.
Mood, anger, resentment.
Moody, melancholy. [manner.
Moon-calf, an inanimateshape-
 less mass.
Moonish, variable.
Mope, to appear stupid.
Moral, secret meaning.

Morisco, Moor or Moorish, or
 morris.
Morris-pike, Moorish pike.
Mortal-sloring, that which
 stares fatally.
Mortified, ascetic, religious.
Moss, greatest.
Motion, a kind of puppet-show.
Motion, divinitary agitation.
Motion, desire.
Motions, indignation.
Motive, assistant or mover,
 that which contributes to
 Mould, earth. [motion.
Mouse, to mummock, to tear to
Mouse-hunt, a vessel. [pieces.
Moy, a piece of money or a
 measure of corn.
Much, an expression of disdain.
Much, strange, wonderful.
Much-water, drain of a dung
 hill.
Muffler, a kind of dress for the
 lower part of the face.
Mulsters, muleteers. [ed.
Mulled, softened and dispirited.
Multipled, multitudinous.
Multiplying, multiplied.
Multitudinous, full of multi-
 tudes. [from animals.
Mummy, the liquor procured
 Mundane, worldly.
Mure, a wall.
Murky, dark.
Murrain, a plague in cattle.
Muse, to admire, to wonder.
Muss, a scramble.
Mutine, to rise in mutiny.
Mutines, mutineers.

Napkin, handkerchief.
Napless, threadbare.
Nature, natural parent.
Nay-word, a watch-word or
Neat, finical. [by-word.
Neb, or nib, the mouth.
Need, needle.
Neif, list. [lineal descendant.
Nephew, a grandson or any
Nether-stocks, stockings.
Neut, the aft.
Nest, nearest.
Nice, silly, trifling.
Nick, reckoning or count.
Nick, to set a mark of folly on.
Nighted, made dark as night.
Night-rule, frolic of the night.
Nill, shall not.
Nine men's morris, a game.
Nobility, distinction, eminence.
Nobless, nobleness.
Noddy, fool, a game at cards.
Noice, on purpose, for the
 turn.

- Nock-shotten*, that which shoots into capes.
Noontide-nick, noontide point on the dial. [clown].
Northern-man, vir borealis, a North-pole, round-headed, cropt.
Nurle, to nurdle a fondling.
Novum, game at dice.
Nowl, a head.
Nurture, education.
Nuthood, a catchpole.
Obligations, bonds.
Obsequious, serious, as at funeral obsequies, careful of.
Observing, religiously attentive.
Obstacle, obstinate, [business].
Occupation, men occupied in.
Occurents, incidents.
Of, a circle, [eye]. See *Eyeliads*.
Ofliad, a coat or glance of the eye-dyed, dyed too much.
Over-parted, having too considerable a part.
Over-raught, over-reached.
Over-vested, wrested beyond of, through. [the truth].
Of, frequent, more than.
Old age, ages past. [enough].
Oneyers, accountants, bankers.
Operant, active. [character].
Opinion, obstinacy, conceit.
Opposite, adverse, hostile, ad-
Opposition, combat. [versary].
Or, before. [on the ground].
Or, rings made by the fairies.
Order, measures.
Ordinance, rank.
Orgulous, proud, disdainful.
Ory, refuse.
Osgrey, a kind of eagle.
Osten, show, ostentation.
Ostentation, show, appearance.
Ounce, a small tiger, or tiger.
Ouph, fairy, goblin. [cat].
Ousel-cock, the cock blackbird.
Out, begone.
Out, full, complete.
Outlook, to face down.
Outrived, defeated, a term at the game of glock. [affairs].
Outward, not in the secret of.
Overblow, to drive away, to keep off.
Overture, opening or discovery.
Owe, to own, possess, govern.
Ox-lip, the greater cowslip.
Pack, to make a bargain.
Pack, combined, an accom-
Plice, [hand contrivances].
Packings, plottings, under-
Paddock, toad.
Pageant, a dumb show.
Paid, punished.
Pain, penalty.
Pains, labour, toil.
Pajock, in the north of England pajock is used for peacock.
Palabras, words. [a crown].
Pale, to empale, encircle with.
Pall, to wrap, to invest.
Palled, vapid.
Palmers, holy pilgrims.
Palmy, victorious.
Palter, to juggle or shuffle.
Paper, to write down, or ap-
point by writing.
Paper, written securities.
Parcel, reckon up.
Parcel-gift, gift only on certain parts.
Parish-top, a large top formerly kept in every village to be whipped for exercise.
Paritor, an apparitor, an officer of the bishop's court.
Parle, parley.
Parlous, peridious.
Parlous, keen, shrewd.
Part, to depart.
Partake, to participate.
Parted, shared.
Parted, endowed with parts.
Participate, participant, par-
Partisan, a pike. [icipating].
Parts, party.
Pash, a head.
Pash, to strike with violence.
Pashed, bruised, crushed.
Pass, to decide, to assure or convey. [common bounds].
Pass, to exceed, to go beyond.
Passed, excelling, past all ex-
pression or bounds.
Passes, what has passed.
Passing, eminent, egregious.
Passion, suffering, [sensations].
Passionate, a prey to mournful.
Passioning, being in a passion.
Passy-measure, a dance.
Pastry, the room where pastry was made.
Patch, a fool, from his wearing a parti-coloured coat.
Path, to walk.
Pathetical, deeply affected.
Patient, to make patient, to compose.
Patines, round bread plates.
Paucus, few.
Pavin, a dance.
Pay, to beat, to hit.
Peat, little pet.
Pedascule, a pedant.
Peer, to come out, to appear.
Peevish, foolish.
Peize, to balance, to keep in suspense, to weigh down.
Pelting, paltry, petty, incon-
siderable.
Pennons, small flags.
Perch, a measure of five yards and a half.
Perturable, lasting.
Perdy, par dien, a French oath.
Perfect, certain, well informed.
Perfections, liver, brain, and heart.
Periapt, charms sewed up and worn about the neck.
Perjure, a perjured person.
Person, the old word for parish, the "person" of a parish. "Garrard was person of Honle Lane." *Holinshead*.
Perspectives, telescopes, glasses.
Pervert, to avert.
Pew-fellow, a companion.
Phere. See *Feere*.
Phere, to tease or beat, to comb or curry.
Pia mater, the membrane covering the substance of
Pick, to pitch. [the brain].
Picked, nicely dressed, foppish.
Pickers, the hands.
Picking, insignificant. [site].
Pick-thank, an officious para-
Piece, a word of contempt for
Piel'd, shaven. [a woman].
Pight, pitched, fixed.
Pilcher, a pilche, the scabbard.
Pilled, pillaged. [eye].
Pin and web, disorders of the
Pinnace, a small ship of burden.
Pioned, dug, cultivated.
Pix, a small chest in which the consecrated host was kept.
Placket, a petticoat.
Plague, to punish.
Plain song, the chant, in *plano*
Plainly, openly. [cantu].
Plaited, complicated, involved.
Planchet, made of planks.
Plants, the feet.
Platforms, plans, schemes.
Plausive, gracious, pleasing, popular.
Pleached, folded in each other.
Plot, piece or portion.
Point, a metal hook fastened to the hose or breeches.
Point, the utmost height.
Point-de-vie, exactly.
Points, tags to the laces.
Poise, weight or moment.
Polled, lured, cleared.
Pomander, a ball made of per-
fumes.
Pomewater, a species of apple.

Poor-john, hake dried and
Popinjay, a parrot. [salted.
Popularity, plebeian inter-
Port, external pump. [course,
Port, a gate.
Portable, bearable.
Portance, carriage, behaviour.
Possess, to inform, to make to
 understand.
Possessed, acquainted with,
 fully informed.
Possessed, afflicted with mad-
Polch, to push violently. [mess.
Potents, potentates. [perfume.
Pounce-box, a small box for
Power, force, an army.
Practice, unlawful or insidious
 stratagem.
Practisants, confederates in
 stratagems. [able arts.
Practise, to employ unwarrant-
Prank, to adorn, to dress os-
 tentatiously, to plume.
Precedent, original draft.
Precept, a justice's warrant.
Precession, a great pretender
 to sanctity. [vance.
Prefer, to recommend, to ad-
Pregnancy, readiness.
Pregnant, ready, plain, evi-
 dent, apposite. [mankind.
Pregnant enemy, the enemy of
Prejudice, sent before the time.
Prenominate, already named.
Pre-ordinance, ordinance, al-
 ready established.
Presence, the presence-cham-
 ber, a public room.
Presence, dignity of mien,
Prest, ready. [form, figure.
Pretence, design, intention.
Pretend, to intend, design.
Pretended, purposed or in-
 present to anticipate. [tended.
Prick, the point on the dial.
Pricks, prickles, skewers.
Prig, to flitch.
Prime, youth.
Prime, prompt. [important.
Primer, more urgent, more
Primer, a game at cards.
Principals, rafters of a build-
 ing.
Princox, a cockcomb, or spoiled
Probal, probable. [child.
Process, summons.
Procure, to bring. [ous.
Prodigious, portentous, omin-
Proface, much good may it do
 you. [coming.
Profession, and end purpose of
Progress, a royal journey of
 state.
Project, to shape or form.

Prompture, suggestion, tempt-
 ation. [prompt.
Prone, sometimes humble, or
Proof, confirmed state of man-
 hood.
Propagate, to advance or im-
Propagation, getting. [prove.
Proper, well-looking, hand-
 some.
Proper-false, proper or fair,
 and false or deceitful.
Propertied, taken possession of.
Properties, incidental neces-
 saries to a theatre.
Property, due performance.
Property, a thing quite at dis-
 posal.
Propose, to image, to imagine.
Proposing, conversing. [state.
Propriety, regular, and proper
Prologue, to lengthen or pro-
Provand, provender. [long.
Provincial, Provencal, from
 Provence. [province.
Provincial, belonging to one's
Provost, sheriff or gaoler.
Prune, to plume.
Pugging, thievish.
Puke, a colour between russet
Pun, to pound. [and black.
Purchase, stolen goods.
Purchased, acquired by unjust
 methods.
Purlien, border, enclosure.
Persuivants, heralds.
Putter-in, one who instigates.
Putter-out, one who places out
 money at interest.
Putting-on, spur, incitement.
Puttock, a degenerate species
 of hawk.
Put to know, compelled to ac-
 knowledge.
Quail, to faint, to sink.
Quaint, fantastical.
Quaint-gazes, a game running
 the figure of eight. [tion.
Quaked, thrown into trepida-
Qualify, to lessen, moderate.
Quality, confederates. [of life.
Quality, profession, condition
Quarrel, a quarreller, the
 cause of a quarrel. [killed.
Quarry, the game after it is
Quart d'ecu, fourth part of
 a French crown. [station.
Quarter, the allotted posts.
Quat, a pimple. [unsettled.
Queasy, squeamish, delicate.
Quell, to murder, to destroy.
Quern, a hand-mill.
Quest, inquest or jury, search,
 expedition.

Question, conversation.
Questrist, one who goes in
 search of another.
Quests, reports.
Quick, lively, spritely, living.
Quicken, to animate.
Quiddits, subtleties.
Quillets, law chicanery.
Quintain, a post set up for
 various exercises.
Quips, reproaches and scoffs.
Quire, to play in concert.
Quil, quitted.
Quil, to requite or answer.
Quittance, return of obliges.
Quiver, nimble, active. [tious.
Quote, to observe or regard.
Rabato, an ornament for the
 neck.
Rabbit-sucker, a weasel.
Race, original disposition, in-
 born qualities, a snatch or
Rack, wreck. [flavour.
Rack, to exaggerate.
Rack, to harass by exactions.
Rack, the fleeting away of the
 highest clouds.
Racking, in rapid motion.
Rag, an opprobrious epithet.
Ragged, rugged.
Rake, to cover.
Rampallion, a ramping low
Rank, rate or pace. [creature.
Rank, grown up to a great
 height and strength.
Rapt, rapturously affected.
Rapture, a fit.
Rarely, curiously, happily.
Rascal, applied to lean deer.
Rash, heady, thoughtless,
 quick, violent.
Rash remonstrance, premature
Rated, chided. [discovery.
Reached, reached.
Ravin, to devour eagerly.
Ravin, ravenous.
Ravined, glatted with prey.
Raw, ignorant, unripe, unskil-
 ful.
Rawly, young and helpless.
Rayed, bewrayed.
Razed, slashed, raised.
Rear-mouse, a bat.
Reason, discourse.
Reason, to talk, to argue for.
Rebeck, an old musical instru-
Receipt, receptacle. [ment.
Receiving, ready apprehension.
Recheate, a sound by which the
 dogs are called back.
Reck, to care for, to mind, to
 attend to. [flagrant.
Recorder, a kind of flute or

- Secure*, to recover.
Sed-lattice, the sign of an ale-house.
Sed-plague, erysipelas. [house.
Seduce, to bring back.
Seedy, discoloured by smoke,
 smoky, greasy.
Seftell, to refuse.
Sefer, to reserve to.
Seeward, look. [rily.
Seignment, government, author-
 ity, exchange of salutation.
Seignior, recompense, re-
 turn. [connected.
Seignior, nearly related, or
 remembered, remembering.
Seignior, admonition.
Seignior, pity, tenderness of
 heart. [ness.
Seignior, removal or remote.
Seignior, remote, requested.
Seignior, to describe.
Seignior, a confession, an ac-
 cuse, to renounce. [count.
Seignior, to renounce.
Seignior, to recall.
Seignior, reporters.
Seignior, confusion.
Seignior, to resist.
Seignior, boasting of.
Seignior, to be firmly persuaded,
 resolve, to dissolve. [satisfied.
Seignior, consideration, caution.
Seignior, respectable, re-
 spectful, formal.
Seignior, cool, considerate.
Seignior, respectfully.
Seignior, handed down.
Seignior, to reverberate.
Seignior, revolters.
Seignior, to enclose.
Seignior, to destroy.
Seignior, split.
Seignior, wanton.
Seignior, just, even.
Seignior, drawn in a right
 line, a circle. [cause.
Seignior, environed, encircled.
Seignior, come to the height.
Seignior, the bank or shore.
Seignior, equal rank.
Seignior, partners.
Seignior, to burst, to fire.
Seignior, vagrants.
Seignior, rummage.
Seignior, a despicable person.
Seignior, the cross.
Seignior, to squat down.
Seignior, roguery.
Seignior, abusive language.
Seignior, a provincial name for
 ox.
Seignior, rough, unceremonious.
Seignior, whispered.
Seignior, a country dance.
- Round*, whispering.
Roundure, circle.
Rouse, a draught of jollity.
Royal, due to a king.
Royalty, nobleness, supreme
 excellence.
Royish, mangy, or scabby.
Ruddock, the redbreast.
Ruff, the folding of the tops of
 boots.
Ruffle, to riot, to create dis-
 ruffling, rustling. [turbance.
Ruin, displeasure producing
 ruin, pity, compassion. [ruin.
Sacring-bell, bell announcing
 the approach of the host.
Sadly, seriously.
Sadness, seriousness.
Saggy, or swaggy, to sink down.
Sallet, a helmet, a salad.
Saltiers, satyrs.
Sanded, of a sandy colour.
Satisfy, rest with satisfaction.
Savage, sylvan, uncultivated.
Savage, wildness. [wild.
Saw, not a proverb, but the
 whole tenor of any discourse.
Say, all.
Say, a sample, a taste or relish.
Scarf, the gallery part of
 the theatre. [poor, filthy.
Scald, a word of contempt.
Scale, to disperse, to put to
 scale, over-reached. [flight.
Scaling, weighing.
Scall, an old word of reproach.
Scamble, to scramble.
Scamell, a limpet.
Scan, to examine nicely.
Scant, to be deficient in, to
 contract. [tion.
Scantling, measure, propor-
 tion of wit, sallies, irregu-
 larities.
Scarfed, decorated with flags.
Scath, destruction, harm.
Scath, to do an injury. [tive.
Scathful, mischievous, destruc-
 tive, the head, or a petty
 fortification.
Scotched, cut slightly.
Scotmen, fencers.
Scorp, a writing, a list.
Scorvles, scabby fellows.
Sculls, great numbers of fishes
 swimming together.
Scutched, whipt, carted.
Seal, to strengthen or com-
 mend, lard. [plete.
Seam, lard.
Seamell, the sea-mew.
Sear, to stigmatize, to close.
See Sore. [impres-
Season, to temper, to mix, to
- Seasoned*, established or settled
Seat, throne. [by time.
Seet, a cutting in gardening.
Seel, to sew up.
Seeling, blinding.
Seeming, specious, hypocritical.
Seeming, seemingly.
Seem, versed, practised.
Seld, seldom.
Semblably, in resemblance,
Seniory, seniority. [allike.
Sennet, a flourish on cornets.
Sense, reason, natural affec-
 tion, feeling, sensual passion.
Sensible, having sensation.
Septentrion, the north.
Sequestration, separation.
Sere, or sear, dry.
Serppo, a kind of letter.
Serve, to fulfill.
Serve, to accompany.
Sessa, be quiet.
Set, seated.
Sotobos, a species of devil. [ated
Several, separated, appropri-
Sever, an officer who placed
 the dishes on the table.
Shame, to disgrace.
Shame, modesty.
Shard-burne, borne by shards
 or scaly wings.
Shards, the wings of a beetle.
Shards, broken pots or tiles.
Sharked, picked up as a shark
 collects his prey. [lustre.
Sheen, shining, splendour,
Sheer, pellucid, transparent.
Shent, scolded, rebuked,
 ashamed, disgraced.
Shent, to reprove harshly.
Sheriff's-post, a large post set
 up at the door of that officer
 for affixing proclamations.
Shive, a slice. [(&c.
Shot, a shooter. [dog.
Shoughs, shocks, a species of
Shouldered, rudely thrust into.
Shovel-board, a game.
Shrewd, having the qualities
Shrift, confession. [of a shrew.
Shrive, to confess, to call to
 confession.
Shut-up, to conclude.
Side-sleeves, long sleeves.
Siege, stool, seat, rank.
Sight, the perforated part of a
 sightless, unsightly. [helmet.
Sign, to show, to denote.
Silly, simple or rustic.
Silly, sooth, plain, simple truth.
Sincere, honest.
Sinew, strength.
Single, weak, debile, small,
 void of duplicity or guile.

- Sink-a-pace*, cinque-pace, a dance.
- Sir-reverence*, a corruption of *Sith*, since. [*save-reverence*.]
- Sithence*, thence.
- Sizes*, allowances of victuals.
- Skins-mates*, loose companions.
- Skinker*, a tapster. [Jonn.]
- Skirr*, to scour, to ride hastily.
- Slack*, to neglect.
- Slave*, to treat as a slave.
- Sleave*, the unravelled knotty part of the silk. [sledge.]
- Sledged*, riding in a sled or sledge, subtle practices.
- Slips*, a contrivance of leather, to start two dogs at the same time.
- Sliver*, to cut a piece or slice.
- Slops*, loose breeches, or trousers.
- Slough*, the skin which the serpent annually throws off.
- Slubber*, to do anything carelessly, imperfectly, to obscure.
- Smirched*, soiled or obscured.
- Sneap*, to check or rebuke, a *sneaping*, nipping. [rebutte.]
- Snack-up*, a cant phrase, "go hang yourself."
- Snuff*, hasty anger.
- Snuffs*, dislikes.
- Spot*, spot, turpitude, reproach.
- Solely*, alone.
- Sollicit*, courtship.
- Sollicit*, to excite.
- Soliciting*, information.
- Solidares*, an unknown coin.
- Sometimes*, formerly.
- Sooth*, truth.
- Sooth*, sweetness.
- Sorel*, a deer during his third year.
- Sorriest*, worthless, vile, [year.]
- Sorry*, sorrowful or dismal.
- Sort*, a company, a pack, ranks and degrees of men.
- Sort*, to happen, to agree.
- Sort*, the lot.
- Sort and suit*, figure and rank.
- Sot*, a fool.
- Soul-fearing*, soul-appalling.
- Sound*, to declare or publish.
- Sound*, soundly.
- Sound*, to pull by the ears.
- Souter*, perhaps the name of a *Spanned*, measured. [bound.]
- Specialty*, particular rights.
- Sped*, the fate decided.
- Speed*, event. [bars, &c.]
- Sperr*, to shut up, defend by *Spleen*, humour, caprice, spirit, resentment. [ous speed.]
- Spleen*, violent hurry, tumult.
- Spleens*, inclination to spiteful *Spot*, stain or disgrace. [mirth.]
- Spotted*, wicked.
- Sprag*, or *spacket*, apt to learn.
- Spread*, to stand separately.
- Sprighted*, haunted.
- Sprightly*, ghostly.
- Sprights*, spirits. [to horses.]
- Springhall*, a disease incident *Springing*, blooming in the spring of life.
- Spurs*, the longest and largest roots of trees.
- Square*, to quarrel.
- Square*, regular, equitable, just, suitable.
- Square*, compass, comprehension, or complement.
- Squarer*, a quarrelsome fellow.
- Squash*, an immature peacock.
- Squiny*, to look askint.
- Squire*, a square or rule. [tion.]
- Sluggers*, delirious perturbation.
- Stale*, a bait or decoy to catch *Stale*, a pretence. [birds.]
- Stale*, to allure.
- Stand*, to withstand, to resist.
- Standing bowls*, bowls elevated on feet. [hawk.]
- Stannylat*, the common stone-slar, a scar of that appearance.
- Stark*, stiff.
- Starkly*, stiffly.
- Starred*, destined.
- State*, a chair with a canopy *State*, standing. [over it.]
- State*, official state, dignity.
- States*, persons of high rank.
- Station*, the act of standing.
- Statist*, statesman.
- Staves*, the wood of the lances.
- Slay*, a hinderer, a supporter.
- Stead*, to assist or help.
- Sticking-place*, the stop in a machine. [aidemen.]
- Sticklers*, arbitrators, judges.
- Stigmatical*, marked or stigmatized.
- Stigmatick*, one on whom nature has set a mark of deformity.
- Still*, constant or continual.
- Stint*, to stop, to retard.
- Stith*, an anvil. [a rapier.]
- Stocata*, a thrust or stab with *Stock*, a term in fencing.
- Stock*, stocking.
- Stomach*, passion, pride, stubborn resolution, constancy, resolution.
- Stoop*, a measure somewhat more than half a gallon.
- Sloup*, a kind of flagon.
- Stover*, a kind of thatch.
- Strachy*, probably some kind of domestic office.
- Straight*, immediately.
- Strain*, descent, lineage.
- Strain*, difficulty, doubt.
- Strait*, narrow, avaricious.
- Straited*, put to difficulties.
- Strange*, odd, alien, becoming a stranger, a stranger.
- Strangely*, wonderfully.
- Strangeness*, shyness, distant.
- Stranger*, an alien. [behaviour.]
- Strangle*, to suppress.
- Stratagem*, great or dreadful [event.]
- Strict*, hard.
- Strive*, to contend.
- Stuck*, a thrust in fencing.
- Stuff*, baggage.
- Stuff*, substance or essence.
- Submerged*, whelmed under water.
- Subscribe*, to agree to, to yield, to surrender.
- Subscription*, obedience.
- Subtily*, deception.
- Subtle*, smooth, level.
- Success*, succession.
- Successive*, belonging to the succession.
- Successively*, by order of success. [cession.]
- Sudden*, violent.
- Sufficiency*, abilities.
- Suggest*, to tempt, to prompt, to instigate.
- Suggestion*, hint.
- Suggestions*, temptations. [tempt.]
- Suited*, dressed.
- Sullen*, obstinately troublesome.
- Summer-swelling*, that which swells or expands in summer.
- Summoners*, summoning officers.
- Sumpter*, a horse that carries necessities on a journey.
- Superfluous*, over-clothed.
- Superstitious*, serving with superstitious attention.
- Supposed*, counterfeited, imagined. [surly.]
- Sure*, safe, out of danger.
- Sur-reined*, over-worked, ridden.
- Suspire*, to breathe. [follow.]
- Swaggerer*, a roaring, fighting *Swart*, or *swarth*, black or dark brown.
- Swashing*, noisy, bullying.
- Swath*, the grass a mower cuts down by one stroke of his scythe. [child.]
- Swath*, the dress of a new-born *Sway*, the whole weight, momentum.
- Swetting*, a species of apple.

- Stoof*, ready.
Stange-bucklers, rakes, rioters.
Sweep, the descent of a bird of prey.
Unwounded, fainted.
Table, a tablet, the palm of the hand extended.
Table, a picture. [randoms].
Tables, table-books for memorabilia.
Tabourine, a small drum. [pace].
Tag, the lowest of the population.
Taint, to throw a slur upon.
Take-up, to contradict, to call to an account.
Take-up, to levy.
Tall, stout, bold, courageous.
Tallow-knee, the fat of an ox.
Tame, ineffectual. [for cow].
Tamest, flat, spiritless. [yellow].
Tame-snake, a contemptible.
Tarte, to stimulate, to excite, provoke.
Tartar, Tartarus, the fabled place of future punishment.
Task, to keep busied with acropies.
Tassel-gentle, i.e., *tercel gentle*, a species of hawk.
Tandry, a kind of necklaces worn by country girls.
Tazation, censure or satire.
Ten, sorrow, grief.
Temper, to mould like wax.
Temper, temperament, constitution.
Temperance, temperature.
Tempered, rendered pliable.
Tend, to attend upon, to wait for. [tion].
Tender, to regard with affection.
Tendering, watching with tenderness.
Tent, to take up residence.
Termagant, the supposed god of the Saracens.
Termagant, furious.
Testern, gratified with a tester, or sixpence.
Tetchy, touchy, peevish, fretful.
Tharborough, thirdborough, a peace officer.
Theoric, theory.
Thieves, muscular strength.
Thick, in quick succession.
Thick-pleached, thickly interwoven.
Thill, the shafts of a cart.
Thought, melancholy. [ging].
Thrausical, boastful, brag.
Thread, to pass through.
Three-man-beetle, an implement used for driving piles.
Three-pile, rich velvet.
Thrift, a state of prosperity.
Throes, emits as in parturition.
Thrum, the extremity of a weaver's warp.
Thrumm'd, made of coarse woollen cloth.
Tib, a wanton.
Tickle, ticklish.
Tickle-brain, a strong liquor.
Tight, handy, adroit.
Tightly, cleverly, adroitly.
Tilly-valley, an interjection of [contempt].
Till, tillage.
Timeless, untimely.
Tinct, tincture.
Tire, headdress. [con].
Tire, to fasten, to fix the talons.
Tire, to be idly employed on.
Tired, adorned with ribands.
Tod, to yield or produce a tod, or twenty-eight pounds.
Tokened, spotted as in the plague.
Toll, to enter on the toll-book.
Tolling, taking toll. [girl].
Tomboy, a masculine, forward.
Topless, that which has nothing above it, supreme.
Topple, to tumble. [feeling].
Touch, sensation, sense, or.
Touch, exploit or stroke.
Touch, a spice or particles.
Touch, touchstone.
Touched, tried.
Touche, features.
Toward, in a state of readiness.
Toys, rumours, idle reports, fancies, freaks of imagination.
Toze, to pull or pluck. [tion].
Trace, to follow.
Trade, a custom, an established habit.
Tradition, traditional practices.
Traditional, adherent to old customs. [age of the game].
Trail, the scent left by the past.
Tranect, a ferry.
Translate, to transfer, to explain.
Trash, a hunting plume, to.
Travel, to stroll. [correct].
Traverse, a term in military.
Traversed, across. [exercise].
Tray-trip, kind of game at draughts.
Treachers, treacherous persons.
Trenchal, cut, curved. [sons].
Trick, trick of the times.
Trick, peculiarity of voice, face, &c.
Trick, unsared, painted, in.
Tricking, dress. [heraldry].
Tricky, clever, adroit. [farina].
Trigon, Arics, Leo, and Sagittarius.
Triumph, masques, revels.
Trojan, cant word for a thief.
Troll, to sing trippingly.
Trol-my-dames, a game.
Trowsers, trousers.
Trow, to believe.
Truth, honesty.
Tucket, or tucket, sonorous, a flourish.
Turlygood, or turlypin, a gipsy.
Turn, to become accented.
Turquoise, a precious stone.
Twangling, an expression of contempt.
Twigg, wickered.
Twilled, adorned with twill-pants, i.e., cuplike water-flowers.
Tyed, limited, circumscribed.
Type, distinguishing mark, show, or emblem. [district].
Tything, division of a place, a.
Umber, a dusky yellow-coloured earth.
Unbered, discoloured.
Unaccustomed, unseasonal, indecent. [unction].
Unanled, without extreme.
Unavoided, unavoidable.
Unbarbed, uncovered, beard.
Unbated, not blunted. [less].
Unbolt, to open, explain.
Unbolted, coarse.
Unbonneted, without an addition from dignities.
Unbookish, ignorant.
Unbreathed, unexercised, unpractised. [fox-hunting].
Uncease, to dig out, a term in.
Uncharged, unattacked.
Unclew, to draw out, to exhaust. [adorned].
Uncoined, real, unrelined, unconfirmed, unpractised in the ways of the world.
Under generation, the antipodes.
Undergo, to be subject to.
Under-shinker, a tapster, an under-drawer.
Undertaker, one who takes upon himself the quarrel of another. [obey].
Underwrite, to subscribe, to.
Under-ought, under-worked, undetermined.
Undeserving, undeserved.
Unsub, scarcely, not easily.
Unexpressive, inexpressible.
Unhappy, unlucky.
Unhatched, not gut or silvered over. [cares].
Unhoused, free from domestic

- Unhousel'd*, not having received the sacrament.
Union, a species of pearl.
Unkind, contrary to kind or nature.
Unmastered, licentious.
Unnoed, that which has no owner.
Unproper, common.
Unqualitied, unmanned, disarmed of his faculties.
Unquestionable, unwilling to be conversed with.
Unready, undressed.
Unrespective, inattentive to consequences.
Unstated, untried.
Unstinting, always opening, never at rest.
Unsmirched, clean, not defiled.
Unsquar'd, unadapted to their subject.
Unstanch'd, incontinent.
Untraced, singular, not in common use.
Untrimmed, undressed.
Unvalued, invaluable.
Up-spring, upstart.
Urchins, hedgehogs.
Usance, usury.
Use, to make a practice of.
Use, interest.
Used, behaved.
Utis, a merry festival.
Utter, to vend by retail.
Utterance, the extremity of defiance.
Vade, to fade.
Vail, to condescend to look, to let down, to bow, to sink.
Vailing, lowering.
Vain, vanity.
Valance, fringed with a beard.
Validity, value.
Vanbrace, armour for the arm.
Varlet, a servant or footman to a warrior.
Vase, waste, dreary. [before.
Vaunt, the avant, what went
Vaward, the fore part.
Velure, velvet.
Venew, a bout, a term in fencing.
Vent, rumour, matter for discourse.
Ventages, the holes of a flute.
Venys, hits in fencing.
Verbal, verbose, full of talk.
Very, immediate. [tion.
Via, a cant phrase of exultation, the fool of the old mode.
Vice, to advise. [ralities.
Vice, grasp.
Virginalling, playing on the virginal, a spinnet.
Virtue, the most efficacious part, valour.
Virtuous, salutiferous.
Virtuous, belonging to good breeding.
Vixen, or *fixen*, a female fox.
Vizaments, advisements.
Votarist, supplicant.
Vouchsafed, vouchsafing.
Voz, tone or voice.
Vulgar, common.
Vulgarly, publicly.
Waft, to beckon.
Wage, to fight, to combat, to prescribe to.
Waist, the middle.
Wannion, vengeance. [ceased.
Wappened, decayed or dis-
Ward, guardianship.
Warden, a species of pears.
Warder, guard, sentinel.
Warn, to summon.
Wassels, meetings of rustic mirth.
Water-rug, a kind of dog.
Water-work, water-colours.
Waxen, increase.
Wealth, weal or prosperity.
Ween, to think, to imagine.
Weet, to know.
Welkin, the colour of the sky, blue. [excellence.
Well-found, of acknowledged
Wend, to go.
Whelked, varied with protuberances.
Wh'er, whether. [berances.
Where, whereas.
Whiffler, an officer who walks first in processions.
Whiles, until.
Whipstok, a carter's whip.
Whirring, hurrying away.
Whist, silence.
White-death, the chlorosis.
Whiting-time, bleaching time.
Whitsters, the bleachers of linen.
Whittle, a species of knife.
Whooping, measure or reckoning.
Wilderness, wildness.
Will, wilfulness.
Wimple, a hood or veil.
Winking-gates, gates hastily closed in time of danger.
Wis, to know.
Wish, to recommend.
Wit, to know.
Wits, senses.
Witty, judicious, cunning.
Woman-tired, hen-pecked.
Wondered, able to perform wonders.
Wood, crazy, frantic.
Woolward, clothed in wool as pilgrims and penitentiaries.
World, to go to the, to be married.
Worth, wealth or fortune, the value, full quota or proportion.
Worts, cabbage.
Wot, to know.
Wrest, an instrument for tuning the harp.
Wrested, obtained by violence.
Writhled, wrinkled.
Wrought, worked, agitated.
Wrung, pressed, strained.
Wrying, deviating.
Yare, ready.
Yarely, readily, nimbly.
Yearns, grieves or vexes.
Yeasty, or *yeasty*, foaming or frothy.
Yeild, to inform of, condescend to.
Yeild, to reward.
Yellowness, jealousy.
Yeoman, a bailiff's follower.
Zany, a buffoon, a Merry Andrew.
Zed, a term of contempt.



Δημόσια Κεντρική Βιβλιοθήκη Βέροιας

Υ ΚΑΙ ΕΠΙΣΤΗΜΩΝ



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